**College Sports**

by[**HStoner**](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1564334&page=submissions)©

I have had a somewhat odd career. I went straight through college and law school. I spent 15 years working for a large law firm. That experience left me frustrated and bored. In my mid-30s, I felt forced to reassess my life and direction. I asked myself what did I really love? The answer was that I really loved sports. I was fortunate because I was able to get a job on the marketing team in the athletic department at a large FBS university.

In a dozen years at the university I was able to work my way up to associate athletic director. However, that job took its toll also. Two of our football players raped a coed. One of our basketball players punched a city police department horse. Our number two women's doubles tennis team was being paid to throw matches for gamblers. I had never known that people bet on college women's tennis.

I was very ready for a move when a friend told me that a small school in the Great Lakes region was looking for an athletic director. I did some research on the school. It was very small. There was no football team, and the men's and women's basketball teams had been horrid for years. What the school's sports program was very good at were the "country club sports:" golf, tennis, and swimming & diving.

I also learned that the campus was beautiful, set on rolling hills with lots of trees. The school was just outside a small town which depended on the college. A major city with which I was very familiar was about 50 miles away. The school was academically rigorous and very, very liberal. I sent in my resume.

To make a long story a bit shorter, I was hired as the school's athletic director at a salary surprisingly close to what my colleagues in the Big Ten were making. The school also gave me the down-payment on a house on a wooded lot about two miles from campus. I thought that I had hit a home run.

I started in the summer. Most of the students were gone until August. It seemed a good time to sit down with our coaches one-on-one to see where our teams were and where they were headed. The first coach I met with was Sarah Smathers, our swimming and diving coach. Technically, the college had both men's and women's swimming. In fact, we had no male swimmers. We only had a women's team.

The highlight of Sarah's resume was two fourth-places finishes at the Beijing Olympics in 2008. She had retired from competition after those Olympics and had been hired as coach at the school that fall. She had been successful. Her team had won the conference team title each year since she had been coach, and she had several individual conference champions. She had sent several swimmers and divers to the NCAA championships. She was reputed to be a very good teacher. What had really burnished her reputation was that three of her girls had swum for different countries at the London Olympics in 2012.

What the resume and reputation did not tell you was that Sarah was drop-dead beautiful. She had shoulder-length blonde hair, a perfect figure, and a face that I cannot even describe. Every so often, she would get a mischievous gleam in her eye that made you very curious to know what she was really thinking. She was also extremely bright and a kind and caring person. Even her voice was sexy. Believe it or not, Sarah was more-or-less perfect.

Sarah had only one assistant coach, Glenda. She also had a very strong team. Over the three years she had been coach, she had been able to recruit several top high school swimmers. Three of her girls were strong candidates to make the Rio games. That was not a small feat at a school that did not give athletic scholarships. Largely due to her personal charisma, the school had built a state-of-the-art natatorium which had opened the spring before I arrived.

Sarah and I quickly came to agreement that swimming & diving were the center-piece of the school's athletic program. The challenge was to make some money on it or, at least, to draw some spectators. No one goes to swim meets except other swimmers, boyfriends and girlfriends, and, sometimes, parents. Drawing people to our swim meets was going to be a real challenge, one to which we did not have an immediate solution.

I had been in my job about three months when the collegiate swimming season was about to start. One morning, Sarah called me and asked if we could have a meeting and if she could bring three of her swimmers. No opportunity to see Sarah was to be passed up, so I instantly agreed.

Sarah arrived in my small office just after lunch with two of her top female swimmers and her top female diver. With five people in the office, we were sitting very close together.

"What's up," I asked.

Sarah had that gleam in her eye. "I think I'll just let Haley, Dawn, and Rebecca tell you."

Another thing that I should mention is that Sarah not only recruited good swimmers, her swimmers were also physically very attractive. That was an understatement as applied to the three girls sitting in my office. They were damned near as beautiful as their coach.

Haley, a redheaded sprinter, started the conversation. "We've got a very good team, but no one comes to our meets, right? So what we need is something out of the ordinary to draw people. We have an idea. We've discussed it among ourselves and we think it might work. Our first meet is a girls-only meet here against Redford. I know some of the girls who swim for Redford, so I called them. They are willing to give our idea a try."

"Ok, what is your idea?" I asked.

There was a moment of silence and some blushing. Finally, Dawn, the diver, spoke up.

"Our idea is to have the meet in the nude."

I began to think that I was the butt of some sort of joke. "Excuse me, what did you say?"

Rebecca, a distance swimmer, responded. "What she said was that we and the girls at Redford have agreed that everyone swimming or diving at our meet with them will be naked. That should draw some people."

I looked at the three athletes. "You'd do that?"

"Hey," Haley said, "if showing my bare ass and tits puts some butts in the seats, I'll do it gladly." The other two girls nodded.

Feeling a bit trapped and disbelieving, I looked at Sarah. She smiled and shrugged.

"This wasn't my idea, but I think that it might work. I've talked to Gail, the coach at Redford. She's ok with it. Besides, it should be fun for the girls. It really is more fun to swim naked than wearing a suit."

"You're serious about this?" I asked again.

In unison, all four women gave an emphatic "yes."

"What about meet officials?" I asked, hoping for an out.

Sarah had an answer for that too. "I talked to Sherry Bauer, supervisor for this region. She called around to the officials who usually work our meets. They are fine with the idea, and Sherry says that there is nothing in the rulebook that requires swimmers to wear suits. I guess it is just assumed that they will."

"When is the Redford meet?" I asked.

"A month from Saturday," Haley informed me.

"Well, if we do this, it will be controversial. I'm not going to approve this idea on my own authority. Let me talk to President Stevenson. Don't get your hopes up." I paused. "As I think about it, I think that we all should meet with the President."

I had only met Susan Stevenson, the college president, once. I called her secretary and asked whether I could have a meeting. I added that I wanted to bring one of our coaches and a few athletes. The secretary said that the President had a half-hour at 10:00 a.m. the following morning.

When I arrive at the door to the college president's office at 9:55 the next morning, Sarah and her assistant, Glenda, were already in the hall. So was our entire women's swim team. All 20 girls.

The president's secretary opened the door, looked at the crowd, and said "Oh, my. Are you all here for this one meeting?" On our affirmative response, she said "Give me a minute."

Eventually, we all crammed into the President's office. Haley, Dawn, and Rebecca made their pitch for a naked swim meet. The President didn't ask any questions while the three ladies spoke. When they finished, Ms. Stevenson sat silently for a moment. Finally, she spoke.

"Beth," the president had singled out a freshman who had just turned 18, "are you willing to do this and let people see you stark naked?"

Beth, who was also a very attractive girl, broke into a broad smile. "Absolutely, I think it will be a blast."

The President pondered for another minute. "We cultivate a reputation for being extremely progressive here. I suppose this will help that. Do you intend to publicize the fact that the girls will be competing naked?"

Haley answered that. "Certainly. How do we use it as a drawing card if people don't know that we'll all be naked?"

"I see your point," the President said. She smiled. "OK. Do it. Let me know when the meet is so that I can be there."

Our female swimmers had their approval to swim and dive naked at a meet. I doubled as sports information director so it was my job to get the word out.

I called the sportswriter at the town's weekly paper.

"You're kidding, right?" The sportswriter said. I assured him that I was dead serious. "Oh shit. This is going to be huge," the writer said.

The writer was correct. ESPN called and asked if it could tape footage to show on Sports Center. HBO wanted to broadcast the meet. We denied those requests, having decided that no photography would be allowed. Sports Illustrated ran a long opinion piece excoriating us for exploiting our athletes. Little did SI know that the idea originated from the athletes. The piece trashing us was followed a week later by an article updating a piece SI had run back in the 1970s about nudity in sport. I have no idea what Rush Limbaugh and Fox "News" said about us.

Three weeks before the nude meet, I was at the natatorium with Sarah and Glenda trying to plan out the details. The natatorium had seating on three sides of the pool. I had a dope-slap moment when I realized that I had forgotten that there was seating behind the starting blocks.

Pointing, I said "We'll have to rope those seats off. Otherwise, each girl will be on full display."

Glenda replied to me, laughing. "Hell no. Just charge more for those seats, premium seating."

Sarah added, "Really, Harry, the girls won't mind."

It was just before practice and the girls were coming out of the locker room. As if to illustrate her coaches' point, Beth, the freshman, stopped in front of me.

"I want to thank you again Mr. Stone for getting the nude meet approved. This is going to be a lot of fun. I've just gotten a boyfriend and he hasn't seen me naked yet. I'm saving that for the meet." Pointing to the seats behind the starting blocks, she added "He's got a ticket right there."

Ok, if the swimmers want to flash their cunts and assholes to the crowd, who am I to deny them? We were walking along the side of the pool. Sarah stopped and turned to me.

"Harry, I've talked with Gail at Redford. We've agreed that we are going to swim everyone, so everyone gets a chance to flash her bare ass. We've also agreed that the coaches should be naked for the duration of the meet. That raises a small problem. Gail has two assistants and one of them is a guy. It really isn't fair to make him the only naked guy at the meet. Would you go nude at the meet?"

I think I blushed. What I didn't do was respond.

All of her swimmers were out getting ready for practice. Sarah blew her whistle and called them together.

"Girls, as I've told you, Glenda and I and the Redford coaches will be naked at the Redford meet. One of Redford's assistant coaches is a man. It doesn't seem fair to me that he should be the only naked man at the meet. What do you think? Should Mr. Stone go naked at the Redford meet?"

A loud "yes" filled the building. I, however, was shaking my head. Haley stepped forward.

"Mr. Stone, with respect, we're baring our tits, asses, and cunts to make some money for this program. The least you can do is put your dick out there as an act of solidarity with us."

Beth walked up beside Haley. "Please Mr. Stone?"

What do you do when several beautiful women ask you to take all of your clothes off? I hesitantly agreed. Walking out of the natatorium so that Sarah and Glenda could run their practice, I asked myself what I had gotten myself into.

Walking back to my office, I ran into our ticket manager, Christine. Chris was a former swimmer at the college who had graduated last spring and needed the job. She was also very attractive, but was annoyingly upbeat, all of the time.

"Hey Boss! Great news! We've sold out the Redford swim meet already! All 5,000 tickets are gone. That's $100,000 gross!"

That was good news. Having gone over our business records, I knew that it was, by a substantial margin, the highest amount of revenue ever from an athletic event at the college.

"Boss!" Chris exclaimed.

"Yes?"

"Question! You know that I swam with most of the girls on the team, right?"

"Yes, I knew that."

"Would it be ok if I went naked at the meet to support them?"

Damn. Everyone in my department wanted to get out of their clothes. Fortunately, my department was mostly women.

"Sure. Why not if you're comfortable doing it. I suppose I should tell you, you'll hear it anyway, Sarah and Glenda got me to agree to go naked at the meet."

Chris's permanent smile brightened a few thousand watts. She hugged me, then stood back and looked me up and down.

"That's great! I can't wait to see you out of your clothes." Chris walked away, swishing her ass a bit more than usual.

I turned down almost all of the media requests for passes. After talking with Sarah and Glenda, I sent passes to two female reporters. One, from a woman's magazine, wanted to interview a few of the swimmers after the meet about the experience of being naked in front of a crowd. Sarah said that her girls would be ok with that.

The meet came sooner than I really wanted it to. Walking into the natatorium about two hours before the meet, I ran into Brenda, one of our two athletic trainers. They were our only professional athletic trainers and were assisted by a staff of six students, three guys and three girls. Brenda informed me that their whole crew would be on duty today.

"Oh, Harry, we took a vote last night. All six of our students want to go naked at the meet."

By this point, I was beyond worrying about how much bare flesh would be on display, including my own. I just sighed. "What about you and Glen (the other trainer)?" I asked.

"That coward called in sick a few minutes ago. I'm stripping off."

Moving on, I walked into the pool area. The Redford team was already there, lounging around resting. I had seen their bus outside.

I very thin middle-aged lady wearing a polo shirt with "Redford Swimming" embroidered on it walked up to me.

"Mr. Stone, I don't think we've met. I'm Gail Johnson (the Redford head coach). I want to thank you for letting us do this. My girls have wanted to have a nude meet for some time. I'm glad our two schools were willing to allow it." Turning to the younger man and woman standing behind her, also wearing Redford polos, Ms. Johnson said, "I'd like to introduce my assistants, Trish Baxter and Jeff Countz."

The man stepped forward. "I'd really like to thank you for agreeing to go naked today. I'll feel better about it that my dick and balls aren't the only ones on display."

The female assistant interjected, "Jeff, really. Stripping off yourself is a small price to pay to see a bunch of attractive athletic young women naked."

I was not sure that this conversation was helping me any. I walked away and into Sarah's and Glenda's office.

Sarah said, "Hi Harry. Please sit down. Here's how we're going to do this. The girls need to stay warm between races, so they'll stay in their warm-ups and strip off just before taking the blocks. The divers will strip off before they climb up to the board. What Gail and I thought the rest of us would do is come out into the pool area in warm-ups. This is a historic event, so Gail and I will each say something quick. Then, we'll all take off our warm-ups and be naked underneath. Are you ok with that?"

"Sure," I said.

"Great, come back in about an hour. I'll give you a set of swimming team warm-ups. You, Glenda, and I can put them on here in the office."

It finally hit me that I would be getting naked with the beautiful Sarah. That realization had a physiological effect.

Pointing at my crotch, Sarah asked, "Getting a bit excited Harry? You should be. I've got a great ass." Her eyes had that gleam and her smile almost made me weak-kneed.

That last hour passed very quickly. Soon, I was back in the coaches' office. Sarah and Glenda were both sitting, still dressed. They smiled as I walked in.

Glenda said, "Boss, you ready to get naked with us?"

Trying to act a bit in control, I replied "I can't think of two better people to get naked with."

Glenda smiled. "Damn straight."

Sarah, smiling also, handed me a pair of warm-up pants and a jacket. Also a pair of shower shoes. "Keep the shoes on when you strip off. It should save you the hassle of athlete's foot. You ready to get undressed?"

"I suppose I am," I replied.

Sarah stood up and pulled the polo shirt she was wearing over her head. She did not have anything on underneath. Her breasts were firm and perfectly shaped. Glenda whipped off her shirt too. Glenda's chest was almost as lovely as Sarah's. Both ladies unbuttoned their coaching shorts and pushed them down. Neither lady wore panties so they were both now gloriously naked. Nothing looked very, very good on both of them.

Glenda said, "Come on Boss, get with the program."

I unbuttoned my shirt and hung it over a chair. Then I kicked my shoes off. I wasn't wearing socks. Removing my trousers and shorts was going to be embarrassing because the sight of two very beautiful women, whom I knew, standing naked in front of me was getting me hard. Still, I preserved. Down went my pants and shorts in one push. Freed from its covering, my erect dick flipped into its upright position.

"Nice," Glenda said.

"Very nice," Sarah added. Pointing at my erection, she said "I'm glad that you appreciate us."

Another fact dawned on me. Sarah and Glenda both had allover tans. I mentioned that.

"Harry, Glenda and I both belong to Ponderosa Pines, the clothing-optional resort outside of Jefferson. When the weather warms up, you ought to come with us sometime."

We put on our warm-ups and went into the locker room. What confronted me was 20 college girls fully or partially nude. None of them were ugly.

Sarah clapped her hands. "Ok. Get your warm-ups on; it's time to go out. Remember, we're going to have fun with this, but it is still a real meet and we need to win. Your times count, so don't waste all the work you've put in. Have fun going naked but swim hard."

With that, we followed Sarah and Glenda out into the pool area. The Redford team was walking out of their locker room too. There was some mild booing when the spectators saw everyone in warm-up suits. Sarah walked to a table and picked up a microphone.

"I'm Sarah Smathers, head swimming coach here. I'd like to welcome you to a historic event. This is the first NCAA sanctioned competition in any sport that will be contested in the nude." That brought applause. "Please be respectful of the athletes and others who are participating in today's event without clothing."

Sarah handed the microphone to the Redford coach who spoke a few words. Then she asked the coaches for both teams to come forward. Glenda grabbed my elbow and took me with her. The six of us lined up halfway along the length of the pool facing the full stands. At a nod from Sarah, we all six took off our warm-up jackets and then our warm-up pants. The spectators applauded as we stood naked in front of them.

I was surprised. I had expected to be very uncomfortable when I had to get naked. Instead, standing naked in front of 5,000 people felt good, real good.

As we walked back to the team area, Sarah whispered in my ear, "Its fun, isn't it?"

The meet began. Before each race, the girls removed their warm-ups, climbed onto the blocks, and gave the fans behind the blocks the full view. Before her first race, I saw Beth in her warm-ups talking to a young man in the first row. Her race was called. She walked to the blocks, stripped off, then turned and waved to the young man. Beth also looked very good naked.

Sarah had forewarned me to expect slower times than usual because the modern suits streamlined the body in the water more than swimming nude. In general, that was true. However, Haley smoked her 200 free, setting a new national small college record. When she got out of the water and saw her time, Haley was ecstatic. Still naked, she ran to the team area and began hugging everyone, including me. That was also good, real good.

The meet went well. The fans were respectful of the athletes. We won most of the races. At the end of the meet, Sarah took my arm and led me, with Glenda, to the pool deck behind the blocks. This was a team tradition that they all made a huddle and shouted the college name after winning a meet. The swimmers shucked off their warm-ups and bunched around us. Bare female flesh was pressing against me on all sides. Sarah was in front of me with her back to me. She bent forward some and reached back to pull me close to her. My dick was in the crack of Sarah's ass. As she straightened back up, her hips closed on me. The team gave their cheer. Sarah turned around to face me.

"I'm not in any hurry to get dressed. You?"

I certainly wasn't either. Sarah took my hand and we walked together to her office. Glenda was sitting in the office still nude. She was talking to a very fit looking young man in a state trooper's uniform. "What now?" I thought.

Unabashed, Sarah led me into the office. To the officer, she said "Hi Bob. Did you see the meet?"

The officer responded, "Sure did. Great idea. I go on duty in an hour. That's why I'm in uniform."

Sarah turned to me. "Harry, this is Bob, Glenda's husband. When he's not working, he usually joins us at Ponderosa Pines. It is too bad. Glenda has a man to escort her when she gets naked but I don't." Sarah gave me a look.

Turning to Glenda, Sarah said, "If Bob's on duty, I guess you're free the rest of the day."

"Sure am," Glenda replied.

"Great." Turning back to me, Sarah said, "Let's go talk to the team."

Naked, we walked out into the locker room. The swimmers were lounging around, talking and joking. All of the girls were naked too.

Sarah went to the center of the room and clapped her hands. The talking stopped. "Well, what did you think?" Sarah asked her team.

Haley stood up. "I thought it was great." She looked around at her teammates who nodded agreement. "Mr. Stone, did we make any money?"

"Yes, we did. In fact, this one event grossed more than all of our athletic events last year," I announced. That brought a round of applause.

Beth stood up. "If we made a lot of money, why don't we swim all of our meets, at least home meets, in the nude? I sure like it better than wearing a suit."

Another girl called out, "That boyfriend of yours likes it better too."

Beth smiled. "Of course he does. Did anyone's boyfriend complain?" I could see heads shaking "no."

Sarah said, "We can look into that, can't we Harry?"

"Of course."

Dawn, the diver, stood up. Together, she and Haley walked up to me. Haley spoke. "Mr. Stone, on behalf of the whole team, we want to thank you for taking your clothes off with us." Dawn and Haley both hugged me. Then Dawn added, "Mr. Stoner, you actually look real good naked. You ought to go that way more often."

Sarah came up and put her arm around my back. "I definitely agree with that. Ok girls. Good work. Get showered off, get dressed, and get out of here. See you Monday."

Sarah and I walked back to her office. We walked in as a naked Glenda was hugging her police officer husband. After they broke their embrace, Sarah gave Bob a peck on the cheek.

After we all sat down, Sarah said "Harry, do you think that we could swim all of our home meets nude? I actually think that would help our recruiting. Maybe we could get the men's team going again."

I thought for a moment. The day had been, in my mind, a success. "I don't see why not so long as the other teams agree."

"Great." Looking at Glenda, Sarah asked "Coming over?"

"Sure."

Sarah looked at me, "Harry you're welcome too. Just over to my place. Please."

There was something very magnetic in how Sarah had said that. "I'd love to."

"Wonderful. Just grab your wallet and put your warm-ups on. Your other clothes will be safe here. I'll bring you back, eventually."

Sarah lived outside of town, about a mile from me. Her house, while not a mansion, was very nice. As she let us in the front door, Sarah explained, "No, I did not afford this off of what you pay me. I inherited some money when my parents died." Once she closed the door, Sarah was taking her warm-up suit off. She said, "I keep the house warm because I never wear clothes in here. Harry, get that damned warm-up off. Dawn's right. You do look a lot better naked."

By this time, I was genuinely enjoying being naked, so I stripped of the warm-up suit quickly. Sarah came up to me, very close.

"Nude feels better, doesn't it?" she asked. "Here's something else that feels better naked." With that, Sarah embraced my tightly and kissed me. I returned the kiss. I suddenly realized that I had fallen for my swim coach, hard.

As we embraced, Sarah was rubbing her pelvis against my dick. When we broke the embrace, I had another hard-on. "Look, Glenda," Sarah said, "I think that he likes me." More softly, to me, "I hope that you like me."

Without even thinking, I said, "Sarah, you are the most extraordinary lady I've ever met. I don't like you, I love you."

"Good. That's what I was aiming for," Sarah responded.

Sarah grabbed my dick and led me into her living room. She backed me up to a chair and gently pushed me down into it. "Don't worry about Glenda. She's my best friend. She's seen me do just about everything," Sarah told me. Then she kneeled down and took my dick in her mouth. Sarah gave a superb blow job. I came embarrassingly quickly.

I stood up as Sarah swallowed my cum. I gently spun her around to in front of the chair. "My turn," I said. Sarah sat down and spread her gorgeous legs. Sarah kept her pubic hair trimmed short, but it felt soft and wonderful against my face and I began to tongue her clit. The lady even tasted good. I worked my tongue deeper into her.

Suddenly, Sarah shouted "There. Right there."

I kept my tongue working exactly where it was. She soon clamped her thighs hard around my head. I could feel tremors in her body. I was in no hurry to leave this position, but Sarah relaxed after a few minutes.

As she helped me up, she said to Glenda, who had watched the whole thing, "He's pretty good. We need to have him go down on you sometime this evening." Then Sarah said, "I'm hungry. Is pizza ok?"

Glenda and I answered affirmatively so Sarah picked up a phone and made a delivery order. About 25 minutes later, we heard her door chime. Sarah picked up her wallet from a counter, looked at me, and said, "Come on Harry, let's get the pizza."

We went to the door naked. Sarah opened the door all the way. "How much, Jim?" she asked the delivery guy. He told her. She paid. I was handed a large pizza.

As she shut the door, Sarah said "Jim's been delivering pizzas to me for about a year. I don't think that he's ever seen me with any clothes on. That's one of the things I love about this place. You think I'd get away with that if I was coaching at UCLA or Alabama?"

The three of us sat naked around Sarah's table eating pizza and drinking wine. After eating dinner, I had my opportunity to eat Glenda, which was much nicer than the pizza. Either I got her off or she's a very actress.

Sarah, Glenda, and I spent the night together. Bob picked Glenda up from Sarah's house early Sunday morning. A bit later, Sarah and I had a light, naked breakfast.

Sarah asked, "Do you have anything you must do today?"

"No."

"Then, why don't you stay here and stay naked with me."

"I'd love to."

Sarah had a glassed-in porch on the back of her house. A bit later she led me out there. With a glass ceiling and three glass walls, the room was bathed in light and quite warm. Sarah's porch looked out only on her backyard and the woods beyond. No houses or road was in sight.

Sarah began stroking me to get me hard. Once she was satisfied, she said "on your back." I lay on the floor rug on my back. Sarah straddled me and slowly lowered herself onto my erect penis. Entering Sarah was always an exquisite experience. Not surprising for an athlete, she had excellent muscle control and knew how to use it. Each time inside Sarah was a little different than every other.

Sarah was riding me hard and I was just about to come when we heard giggles outside. Sarah and I both looked over. We saw a smiling Haley and a young man standing outside watching us. Through the glass I could hear Haley say "Go ahead and finish." We did. Then Sarah got off of me and, with a bit of my cum running down her thigh, opened the door for Haley and the young man.

"Sorry to be voyeurs," Haley said. We were checking to see if you were home. Once we saw the two of you, well, it was just too nice to stop watching." I was standing there, still partially erect, with Sarah's fluids glistening on my dick in the sunlight. Looking at me, Haley said, "That's pretty nice Mr. Stone."

"Haley, given what you've seen, you can call me Harry."

"Thank you. Harry, this is my boyfriend Drake." The young man extended his hand and we shook.

Sarah turned to me. "Harry, Haley drops in from time to time. She's always welcome. I'm sort of a big sister to her as well as her coach."

Haley pertly asked, "May we take our clothes off?"

Haley was lovely, and I'd seen her nude the day before. I had no objection. Sarah said simply "Of course." Turning to explain to me again, Sarah said "Haley usually gets naked when she visits. This is the first time I've had the pleasure of Drake's nudity though."

Haley elaborated. "Coach Smathers told me about Ponderosa Pines when I was a freshman. I've been a member there since sophomore year. Once Drake and I started dating, he joined there."

Sarah went to the kitchen to make more coffee. I led the now naked Haley and Drake into Sarah's living room. While Sarah was out of the room, Haley lowered her voice and said to me, "You know, our whole team has been hoping that you and Coach Smathers would hook up. Other than my parents and Drake, you and she are the only people I've dealt with whom have never broken any of their promises to me. Coach is pretty hot, isn't she?"

I smiled. "Your coach is a wonderful lady."

Sarah walked back in. "The coffee will be ready in a minute." Turning towards me, Sarah added, "Its nice to know I've had my team's support. I've been hoping that we'd hook up since you interviewed here. I was having a damned time thinking of a way to approach you that wouldn't put you off."

I stood and stepped in front of Sarah. I took both of her hands. "You couldn't 'put me off.' You're a very beautiful lady and an exceptional person. I'm glad that we 'hooked up.' I hope that we stay 'hooked up.'"

Haley did a fist pump and said "Yes!"

Haley was in her senior year and had come to talk to Sarah about what she would be doing after graduation. Haley threw out several ideas and blew each of them up herself. She summarized her predicament. "I think that Drake and I are staying together, at least for a while. Drake's going starting on his MBA at the University (referring to the large university in the nearest city), so I'd really like to stay around this area. The thing I'm most interested in is swimming. I know that I set a record yesterday, but that was just adrenaline. I'm not fast enough to keep going beyond college, and being a lifeguard isn't starting a career path."

Sarah had taken this all in. A troubled look came over her beautiful face. "I really shouldn't be saying this, especially with Harry here. But, there may, and I emphasize may, be a solution here."

We all looked at Sarah waiting for the rest. She obliged. "Gail is retiring from Redford at the end of the season. Her husband's retired and they want to move to Florida. I'm pushing Glenda to take Gail's place. Redford isn't that far away so it won't really interfere with Bob's job. Redford has a culture a lot like here. And it is a head coaching slot so it would be a move up for Glenda. I think that she has a good chance. Gail's assistants just aren't ready to take the lead. So, if Glenda gets the Redford job, I'll need a new assistant."

Haley looked at me. "Would you let Coach hire me?"

I smiled. "I think the coaches should pick their assistants."

Haley let out a small yelp. "That would be great." She got up and hugged Sarah. Then she hugged me. That was the second time in two days that Haley and I had hugged naked. That was a nice streak.

Haley looked down at my dick and then looked at Sarah. Nodding her head towards me, Haley asked Sarah "How is he?"

Sarah smiled. "Pretty damn good, actually."

Haley replied, "Maybe, one of these days, I'll ask you if we can share."

College Sports Ch. 02

by[**HStoner**](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1564334&page=submissions)©

There was considerable fall-out from our nude swim meet. Shortly after my arrival in the office on Monday morning, I received a call from an NCAA investigator. I pointed out that there was no rule against nude swimming. The investigator mentioned some general rules against immoral conduct and actions which bring college athletics into disrepute. He demanded a video of the meet. I informed him that there was no video and there were no photographs. We had been extremely vigilant about that. The investigator found that response "highly unsatisfactory."

By Tuesday, there were investigators on our campus and at Redford interviewing every athlete involved in the meet. Our girls and Redford's must have done a good job because that was the last I ever heard on the issue from the NCAA.

Also on Tuesday, Sarah and I were on a conference call with the other ADs and swim coaches in our conference. Having been persuaded that doing more nude meets was a good idea, I was very candid about the issues we encountered staging the meet (which were few), and the net revenue it generated. I was surprised to hear that the coaches at the eight colleges not involved in the meet had polled their swimmers on swimming nude in meets. I was more surprised to learn that, across all eight women's teams, only seven swimmers out of 165 swimmers and divers said that they would not wish to swim nude in a meet open to the public. Even those seven said that they would have no problem participating in a meet in which other swimmers were nude. Most astounding was the report that 110 of the women said that they would prefer to swim nude in meets.

The men's team results were more mixed. Just over half (50.6%) of the male swimmers expressed willingness to swim nude in a public meet. Another 30 percent said that they would not swim nude but had no problem if other competitors were nude. Just fewer than 20% said that they would be unwilling to swim in a meet in which any competitors were nude.

The strong positive response from the women's teams, coupled with the money we had made, led the coaches and ADs to make a recommendation to the college presidents that competitors be permitted to swim nude in any meets between conference teams provided that (1) all competitors consented to allow nude swimmers and (b) everyone participating in the meet was over 18. This second qualification meant no nude meets with two of our conference schools because they had swimmers on their teams who were 17.

The recommendation by the ADs and coaches was adopted by the conference presidents on Wednesday. President Stevenson told me that her communications from alumni and donors were running 15 to 1 in favor of the nude meet. Nude swimming had come to small college sports in the upper Midwest.

The next thing that happened was that I was approached by members of our men's and women's tennis teams asking for a trial of nude matches in the spring season. A quick look in the rulebook revealed that we couldn't do that. Tennis did have rules mandating what competitors must wear. I was also approached by members of our cross-country teams, that suggestion was put on hold. Cross-country was a fall sport and it frequently got cool enough early in the fall to make nude running uncomfortable. Perhaps, if we were hosting a meet and knew that it would be warm, we could look into it.

Perhaps the biggest thing that happened in the week following the meet happened on Friday. That was the day that the women's magazine which had sent a writer hit the newsstands with their story about the meet. The story was very positive. It quoted some of our swimmers and some of Redford's saying things like, "it makes the sport more fun," "I have much more self-confidence now than I did last Friday," and "there was absolutely nothing sexual about it." The story largely dissipated what little criticism we had received after the fact.

The season went on. Since we had no men's team, we did not run into any issues with that. The team's regular season was entirely against schools in our conference. Our meet with the two schools with underage swimmers was changed from two duals to one meet with all three teams. It was at our place and was entirely suited. It was not well attended. All of the other regular season meets were almost entirely nude, usually including the coaches.

It was decided early on to split the men's and women's conference championships. Since we had the best facility, we hosted the women's meet. The two underage swimmers had turned 18 by the time of the conference meet, so everyone had the option to swim nude. Whether it was peer pressure, I don't know; but only two girls swam in suits at our conference championships.

Since we were the host school, I had a great deal to do and had to be present at the pool throughout the competition. I had thought that it would be a bit more dignified if I were clothed. However, Sarah, Glenda, and the team made it perfectly clear to me that that they would consider it a hostile act if I did not strip off. I must confess that it was actually very pleasant going naked among a large number of naked college girls (although the swimmers wore warm-ups between races to stay warm) and their predominately female coaches. Despite the opposition of the two men who coached at Hamm (who had stayed clothed when our girls swam there), the conference coaches decided that all coaches would be nude while in the pool area.

One problem we ran into was that, with the large number of competitors, we had to use some spectator seats to accommodate all the teams. That cut about a third off of our paid attendance. Beth in particular was dismayed that we seated swimmers behind the blocks.

Our team maintained Sarah's streak and again won the team title. Haley, Beth, and three other of our swimmers won individual titles. Indeed, Haley won the freestyle and fly at 100 and 200 meters. Beth won the 100 and 200 meter back and the 100 meter breast. Haley and Beth's times were both good enough to qualify for the NCAA regionals in those events.

Another thing that was progressing was my relationship with Sarah. Apart from the sexual attraction, Sarah was excellent company and we discovered that we shared a number of interests and a general outlook on life. Sarah was a fair bit less inhibited than me, but she was working on that. By the time of the conference championships, we were effectively living together.

Going to the small college regionals, Sarah made a confession to me. "Harry, I think that I may have fucked up. I was having so much fun with the nude meets that I wasn't focused on getting the girls ready for regionals. They have to wear suits at regionals. Usually, you'd expect better times swimming in today's suits than swimming nude. But, Haley and Beth have gotten so used to competing nude that I'm not sure how they will adapt."

Sarah's concern was partially well-founded. Haley's first race at regionals was lackluster. When she sat down with us afterwards, she said, "It just isn't fun in a suit. I'm not motivated." Haley tried to get focused, but she ended up missing nationals by one place in her best finish.

Beth, however, had become a dynamo. Her times had gone down through the season and putting her suit back on did nothing to impede that trend. Beth was going to nationals as a freshman in the 100 and 200 back. In order to be financially able to send Beth, Sarah, and Glenda to nationals, I stayed home. Beth finished third in the 100 and fifth in the 200.

Once the college swim season ended, Gail Johnson retired at Redford and Glenda was announced as her replacement. We were happy that Glenda was moving up and happy that she wasn't moving too far away. Sarah and I promised Haley that she'd be hired as Glenda's replacement, but we wanted to wait to announce it until Haley received her degree. Haley got her degree, with high honors, in May and she was hired as assistant swim coach the next day.

After the school year ended, things slowed down a bit. Sarah and I, and often Haley, began spending time at Ponderosa Pines. Another thing that happened was that I began to have a medical problem. I started having to get up at night to piss, a lot. During the day, I could take a leak and ten minutes later feel like I needed to go again. When I needed to go, I needed to go right now. I came very close to embarrassing myself a couple of times.

That was enough for Sarah who insisted that I see a doctor. I had only been in town a year and hadn't had time to find a doctor. That wasn't sufficient excuse for Sarah. She made me an appointment with her primary care doctor, a pleasant young lady named Dr. Chambers. Sarah went to the appointment with me. Between us, we described the problem.

Dr. Chambers said, "Before I do anything else, I want to do some blood work." Looking at us both, the Doctor asked "Are you sexual partners?"

Sarah gave an emphatic "yes."

"In that case, I'd like to do some blood work on you both, if you don't mind."

Sarah and I both gave blood and made an appointment to come back in ten days. At the second appointment, Dr. Chambers, reading from the lab reports, said, "Mr. Stone, your PSA is normal. You are both negative for STDs. I'd like to refer you to an urologist in the City."

I shrugged my agreement.

"Well," Dr. Chambers said, "I need to tell you something. I want to refer you to Dr. Satokis. Dr. Satokis is one of the best. She is also a woman. Are you ok with that?"

I started to object, but Sarah's anticipatory glare caused me to choke back my words. Instead, what I said was "If she's the best then that's who I should see."

"Good," said Dr. Chambers. "I'll dictate a short report for her and fax that over with your labs. Here's her number. I'd call for an appointment as soon as you can."

With Sarah policing me, I made the call shortly after we left Dr. Chambers' office. To my surprise, I was able to get an appointment the following week. Sarah checked her calendar and said, "I'm going with you." Well, Sarah can go anywhere with me.

Dr. Satokis's office was in one of those 'health-plex' facilities in an upscale suburb of the City, about 55 miles away. We arrived about ten minutes early and I was surprised that we were shown directly into an examining room. Dr. Satokis walked in exactly at the time of my appointment.

Dr. Satokis was an attractive, olive-skinned lady with straight, black shoulder length hair. I guessed her at about 40. We shook hands and, when the Doctor looked somewhat questioningly at Sarah, Sarah introduced herself as my "significant other."

Dr. Satokis said, "OK, let me get the questions you are thinking but won't ask out of the way. My father was Indian and my mother American. I went to medical school at the University and did my residency at University Hospital. Satokis is my married name; my husband's family is Greek. Why did I choose urology?" The Doctor got a broad smile. "What can I say? I like penises."

Remaining standing, Dr. Satokis said, "The lab work Dr. Chambers sent over looks entirely normal. I have some suspicions, but I need to do an exam. Mr. Stone, I'm going to have to ask you to drop your trousers and underwear."

Having spent so much time naked over the last several months, her request didn't cause me any hesitation. I was wearing slip-on shoes which I kicked off. Then I stood, undid my belt and zipper, and pushed my trousers and shorts down in one motion. I bent over to get them off over my feet and folded them over a chair back.

Dr. Satokis commented, "Mr. Stone, you are much less reticent than most of my patients."

Sarah responded, "Well, we're nudists."

"Really?" Dr. Satokis seemed genuinely interested. "My husband and I go naked a lot at home. We've talked about trying social nudism, but, I guess, we're both a bit chicken. I'd really like to talk to you about that some time."

While she was saying that, the Doctor was squeezing a tube of something onto her index finger. Then she said, "Mr. Stone, if you'd turn around and bend forward slightly."

Before I could say it, Sarah asked, "Don't you wear a glove?"

Dr. Satokis answered very seriously. "In addition to latex allergies, there are some few patients who react to the other common materials used for gloves. The rectum is not a place where you'd enjoy an allergic reaction. Also, no matter the glove, I can feel more with my bare finger. Believe it or not, I can tell a lot from texture."

I bent forward and she got on with it. Unlike the prostate exams I had undergone before, this was actually very pleasant. After a few moments, Dr. Satokis took her finger out of my ass and washed her hands at a sink in the exam room.

"That shouldn't have been too bad," the Doctor commented. "I'm told I do a very nice prostate massage."

The Doctor picked up the phone in the room, punched one number, and asked someone to bring the something-or-other scope. Then she filled a large syringe without a needle with fluid.

"I need to take a look up your urethra. I don't know if you've had that done before. It used to be very unpleasant. Now we use very small fiber optics. Still, I'm going to inject this topical anesthetic into your urethra first. It will take a couple of minutes to work."

We heard a knock on the door. Dr. Satokis said "yes" and the door was opened by a young lady pushing a cart. Dr. Satokis said to us, "This is my PA, Cindy." To Cindy, she said "Mr. Stone and his friend are nudists, so I'm dispensing with the usual draping."

"Nudists," Cindy said. "That's interesting." Cindy was fitting something that looked like a very slender, clear rod into a cable coming out of the machine. Finished with that, Cindy washed her hands.

Dr. Satokis explained, "Cindy is going to insert the fiber optic probe into your penis. The machine produces a real-time image which I will be reading on the video screen. Ready?"

I nodded that I was. Cindy took my penis bare-handed and began feeding in the probe. I glanced at Sarah, who had that gleam in her eye. She silently mouthed the word "trooper" at me.

While it was not painful, I could distinctly feel the probe passing up and through my prostate. Occasionally, Dr. Satokis would ask Cindy to twist the probe, which Cindy did very carefully. Finally, the Doctor said, "ok." Cindy very slowly withdrew the probe from my dick, removed it from the cable, and threw it away. She washed her hands again and left with the cart.

Dr. Satokis said, "You can put your pants back on, or not as you prefer." While I was getting dressed, Dr. Satokis went on. "It is, I'm sure, what I suspected. You've had this problem to a lesser extent your whole life, haven't you?"

I acknowledged that was correct. The Doctor went on. "Your prostate is naturally larger than normal. As you age, it naturally gets larger still and hardens. Since you started larger, this natural aging process has given you a problem."

The Doctor continued. "There is a surgical solution, but that has a number of undesirable side effects. For one thing, it could render you sterile. We can revisit that option if we have to, but I want to try a non-invasive therapy which I expect will give you relief." She pulled a prescription pad. "I'm giving you a prescription for a drug that shrinks the prostate. As far as we know, it has no side-effects. Along with the drug, you need to ejaculate. A lot, at least three times per day every day." Glancing at Sarah, the Doctor asked "Will that be a problem?"

"Not at all," Sarah said, smiling.

Idiot me asked, "For how long do I stay on this therapy?"

Dr. Satokis smiled. "The rest of your life."

Not long after my appointment with Dr. Satokis, Sarah and I had a real disappointment. Towards the end of the season, Sarah had been contacted by a high school swimmer from one of Chicago's North Shore burbs. Some checking disclosed that the girl was an exceptionally talented swimmer. The girl and her parents had told Sarah that the fact that our swimmers were now competing in the nude was, for them, a very attractive aspect of our program. They didn't care that we could not give athletic scholarships. Sarah was excited about the chance to get the girl and had asked for high school transcripts and boards scores.

Sarah walked into my office with a look of dejection and frustration. She dropped some papers on my desk. "Jenny Storm's grades and test scores." I looked and my heart sank. The girl's grades and test scores were well above Big Ten minimums (which are higher than NCAA minimums). There was no doubt in my mind that the girl would have no trouble being accepted at any school in that conference except, maybe, Northwestern. She wasn't going to get into our small college, however.

While it was not written down anywhere, our coaches and I knew that the Admissions Office had minimum GPA and test scores standards for all students, athletes or not. Those minimum standards were based on the mean GPAs and test scores for the most recent freshman classes at Northwestern and University of Chicago. I had argued against this since I took the job. My point was that the inputs Admissions was using for their minimum were means, which meant that both NU and U of C were admitting students with lower numbers. Did we really think, I asked, that we were superior to two of the finest universities in the entire world? Apparently we did because my protestations were ignored at all levels.

Sarah was also taking Dr. Satokis's treatment recommendations very seriously. Sarah considered it her duty to make sure that I had at least three ejaculations a day, and took my pill. I wasn't complaining. Every instance of sex with Sarah was very special. Of course, just cleaning the dinner plates with Sarah was special. She was (and is) that extraordinary.

My appointment with Dr. Satokis had been in mid-June. In early July, Sarah was going to a four day coaches' convention on the West Coast. Our athletic budget had the money to send Sarah, but there was no way to justify my going on the school's nickel. We decided to save our personal money for a really good trip the following summer. Sarah was going to California by herself.

I drove Sarah to the City's airport, about 65 miles away. As we neared the airport, Sarah said, "Hey. I know how you are about health matters. I've told Haley about your prostate issue and it is her job to make sure that you stay on your treatment while I'm gone." I started to say something, but Sarah raised a hand and cut me off. "No arguments. I've told Haley that you need at least three ejaculations per day and it doesn't count unless she has direct perception of each one." I thought that Sarah had to be joking.

I carried Sarah's one small bag to baggage check and walked with her as far as security. We hugged and kissed for a long time. Then, Sarah was through security and gone.

Driving back to school, I realized that, since that weekend of the first swim meet last October, Sarah and I had been together for at least part of every single day. The knowledge that she would be gone until Friday afternoon left me feeling a bit hollow.

I drove straight through and was back in my office by early afternoon. In order to reconcile my own salary with the goal of putting as much of our budget as possible into our teams, I had opted not to have a secretary or administrative assistant. That left a fair amount of clerical work which I tended to put off. I was catching up on that when Haley poked her head in my door.

"Have you eaten?" she asked. I shook my head no. "Great, I brought sandwiches from Wally's (a really good sandwich shop a couple of blocks off of campus). Iced tea ok?"

Sitting in my office eating lunch with Haley, I was reminded how beautiful she was (and is). Haley was probably, by only a slight difference, the second-most beautiful lady I had ever met. Like her coach and mentor, Sarah, Haley was very bright, funny, and a joy to be around. Haley was perpetually enthusiastic and energetic, but she had mastered the art of not being enthusiastic and energetic to the point of being obnoxious.

We finished eating. Haley said, "Sarah told you that I'm supposed to ensure that you stay on your treatment while she's gone?" I nodded, still thinking that this was a joke. Haley pulled a towel from her bag and spread it on my now empty desktop. "Ok big boy. Time for your mid-day ejaculation. Pull it out and start playing with it."

Still thinking this was a joke Sarah and Haley worked out, I thought that I'd call Haley's bluff. I started to unzip my pants. She didn't say anything. I stopped when my zipper was down, thinking she'd call a halt.

Haley just smiled. "Hey, don't be shy. I've seen yours plenty of times before. I've even seen it in action, remember? This is medical necessity. You need to be jacking off."

Apparently, she was serious. Feeling like I was being unfaithful to Sarah, I pulled my erect dick out of my pants and began stroking myself over the towel. Haley was smiling and had a gleam in her eye like Sarah sometimes had. My mixed feelings caused me to take some time before I shot a little bit.

Haley said, "You need to use lotion." Looking at the towel, Haley said, "That just won't do. I'm going to have to use plan B. This will be fun. See you later."

Haley gathered the towel and left my office. I was glad that there were never too many people around, and fewer in the summer. I hated to think what would happen if I was caught jacking off in front of our assistant swim coach.

Another benefit of summer was that I left the office for the day fairly early. It was just after 5:00 p.m. when I pulled in the drive of Sarah's house, where I now lived too. Haley's car was already parked there. That wasn't too surprising. Sarah had given Haley a key sometime before I had started at the college. As I had learned at an inopportune time, Haley showed up whenever she felt like it. That said, Haley was a friend and had become a very close friend of Sarah's. She was always welcome.

Haley was in the kitchen. "Sarah was also worried that you'd not eat right. I made a fresh salad and," pulling a baking dish from Sarah's oven, "baked chicken parm. No fat added."

We had a pleasant dinner. Haley had spent the afternoon overseeing a contractor trying to fix a problem with the filter in the practice pool. Her description of the contractor's efforts made it sound like an old Marx Brothers routine. We were probably going to have to find another contractor.

After we ate, Haley said, "Just put the dishes in the sink. We'll clean them later. I have something I need to do." She walked off.

A few minutes later, I heard Haley call from Sarah's enclosed porch, "Harry, can you come here?" I walked into the porch. It was still light out and the room was warm from a day of sun. Haley stood there, stark naked.

Haley smiled. "You need another ejaculation. I promised Sarah that I'd make sure you had them. Letting you jerk off doesn't do much, so we're going to have to do the full intercourse treatment. That should be better for both of us." She walked over to me.

A voice in my head said that I shouldn't be doing this, but Haley looked so beautiful and sexy. She had a broad smile and a Sarah-like gleam in her eye, framed by her copper-color hair. She grabbed the tail of my polo shirt. I raised my hands and let her pull it off. I kicked off my shoes. Haley undid my belt and pulled down my zipper. She pushed my pants and my shorts to my feet. I stepped out of them.

Haley and I kissed as she reached down and fondled my balls. I put a hand between her legs and started stroking her clit. Haley was already wet. She put both hands on my shoulders and gently pressed me down. We both went to our knees on Sarah's rug. Haley ran a finger under the head of my dick, and then lay back onto the rug, spreading her legs. I moved over her. She reached a hand to my dick and guided me into her. She felt so good that I entered her very slowly, savoring each second of the penetration. When I was well in, Haley wrapped her strong legs around my waist.

Sex with Haley was a lot like sex with Sarah. Both ladies had excellent control of their pelvic muscles and could relax or clamp down completely or exert any pressure in between. Like Sarah, Haley talked during sex and was very good at telling me what I was doing that worked for her or where I should aim. Like Sarah, Haley would moan, laugh, giggle, and bite my neck. Unlike Sarah, Haley used her legs around me to indicate the pace I should maintain. A strong pull around me told me I was going to slow. If she relaxed her legs, I was going too fast. Haley slid her legs up and down me, from around my waist to behind my ass. At no time could I pull out unless Haley chose to let me.

Pulling out was not in my mind. While Haley's legs, arms, and vagina held me firmly, there was something more to this than just sex. There was something loving on both sides. We spent quite a while just enjoying each other. Then Haley's legs began jerking me. I sped up and she was soon breathing very hard. I was breathing hard too. Haley started a staccato series of "uhs" and her legs clamped me so strongly that I could hardly move. I was determined to watch Haley's face as she came. Like Sarah, Haley's already beautiful face became more beautiful during sex. Also like Sarah, Haley smelled wonderful during sex.

Haley began making a low moan. Her legs held me so tightly that it hurt. I could feel a powerful shot coming up in me. Fortunately, Haley came a moment before I did so I did see her face as she came. Like Sarah's face during orgasm, it was beyond any words I know to describe. Maybe five seconds later, I came. I lost vision for a moment.

When Haley relaxed, I pulled out and rolled off to her side. We lay side-by-side on the floor looking into each other's eyes. Just as Haley leaned forward to kiss me, the phone rang.

Haley jumped up and grabbed a cordless phone from its cradle. I heard half of a conversation.

"Hey! Good flight?"

"Yes, he's here."

"Yes. I tried plan A and wasn't impressed."

Haley laughed. "Yes, we did, just now."

Haley laughed again. "Great!"

Apparently, the subject changed. "Oh. You did? "

"I think that's a great idea."

"Yeah, I think he's recovered."

After that last, Haley handed the phone to me, confirming what I already knew. "It's Sarah."

I put the phone to my ear as I sat down on Sarah's sofa. "Hello Beautiful."

"Hello Harry. Did you just fuck Haley?"

"Well, yes."

Sarah laughed the laugh that really gets me. "That's great. You may not care about your health, but I don't want you to have any disfiguring surgery and I sure don't want you sterile. (What did that mean?) You need your ejaculations. If you can't have them in me, then I want you to have them in Haley. I'm not jealous because Haley is my very, very god friend; and I know that you see more in me than just the drop-dead gorgeous face, killer bod, and our great sex."

I replied, "That last part is true."

"What do you mean?"

"You do have the most beautiful face and body I've ever seen. We do have great sex. And those facts aren't even the best things about you." Deciding to change the subject, I quickly ask, "How's the convention so far?"

Sarah laughed again. "There's a guy from \_\_\_\_ (naming a huge Southern California swim club). The word is that he gets laid by someone different at each one of these events. I think that he had his sights on me this type because he started hitting on me at registration."

"Really?"

"Yes. I politely told him that I was taken and that he couldn't hope to measure up to the guy I have at home." Changing the subject herself, Sarah went on. "Hey, there was a really good HS swimmer from out here at the opening with her parents. I think they're trying to generate interest in her, which shouldn't be hard because she's really talented from what I've heard. And she got the grades. Anyway, I talked to her and her parents. Was that legal?"

"As long as you didn't invite them and they initiated it, yes you're ok."

"Good. They all said that they like what they've heard about the school and the program. They are all three hanging up some on the nudity thing. I suggested that they come up around Labor Day. School will be started by then. All the girls will be back. I can hook them up with Beth and a few of the others and I'll bet they'll leave feeling good about it. Is that ok?"

"We can't pay for their travel."

"They know that and that we don't give scholarships. I did some research online a bit ago. The girl's dad is some sort of venture capitalist. He makes more in a day than you and I combined in a year. Travel costs are nothing to these folks. Can we pick them up at the airport?"

"I think so, but I'll check. They're definitely coming to visit?"

"Yeah. I want you to meet her. You'll love her. Very sweet, and she's gorgeous. Hey, I need to run. A group of us female coaches are having an early dinner and drinks."

"Ok. Have a good time."

"Harry?"

"Yes?"

"Harry, I love you."

"Sarah, I love you too."

With another laugh, Sarah said, "Harry, you keep coming in Haley until I get back. Just don't come in anyone else. Bye."

Sarah hung up and I put the phone back in its cradle. Several things had been said that had me thinking. Almost against my will, I was imaging what it would be like to be with Sarah when we were both old and wrinkled. Frankly, the idea seemed pretty attractive.

Haley was standing there, naked, looking at me with another of her huge smiles. "That's the first time you've said 'I love you' to Sarah, isn't it?"

I nodded.

"And that's the first time she's said "I love you" to you?"

"Yes."

"And you're starting to think about making this a permanent relationship, aren't you?"

Haley's ability to read my mind was a bit scary. I didn't say anything for a couple of minutes. Then I said, "You've been along for the whole ride. How long have we been together? About ten months? Am I getting ahead of things?"

Haley responded, "That sounds right, but you've known Sarah for over a year. That's plenty of time to figure out if she's the one."

"Well," I said, "I could never find anyone remotely comparable to Sarah. But . . . ."

"The M word is going through your mind," Haley said, again exhibiting her mind-reading ability.

"What if I ask and she says no. That screws our working relationship."

Haley laughed. "You've been screwing her for months and you've still got a great working relationship." Haley plopped her bare butt next to mine on the sofa. "Harry, Sarah and I talk about everything. We had a long talk about you last weekend. She called you 'the guy I've always been looking for.' She's hoping that you'll ask her to marry you. She'll say yes in a millisecond."

I sort of croaked out "Really?"

Haley kissed me. "This is a lot to hit you at once. Think about it. Now, we've got dishes to wash."

Haley and I went into the kitchen, naked, and did the dinner dishes. When we were done, Haley went to the table and opened her laptop. "I need to do a little work. The HS coaches sent me the training programs for those two freshman sprinters who are coming in. I need to see how to mesh what they're used to with what Sarah and I do."

I was still thinking about the earlier conversations with Sarah and with her. Haley spoke again. "Hey. It is just after 8:00. I'm pretty sure that the Cubs are on ESPN. Watch the game for a while."

How did Haley know that I'm a Cubs fan? What all had Sarah told her? Anyway, I watched the game for about an hour. The Cubs were up on Cincinnati by five in the sixth when Haley came to get me. "Come on. Bed time. We get up early."

I followed Haley's lovely ass upstairs. When she started doing something else in the bedroom, I went into the adjoining bath to brush my teeth. A couple of minutes later, Haley came in saying "I've got to pee." To my extreme surprise, Haley sat down on the commode right next to me and began to piss. My shock must have registered in my face.

Haley giggled. "Harry, you are still too uptight. Don't worry. I'm not about to take a dump in front of you." Haley finished her business, flushed, and put the toilet seat up as I finished my teeth. It may have been power of suggestion, but I now needed to piss. Haley had just started on her teeth. After her performance, I could hardly ask her to leave. As I thought about it for a second, I didn't want to ask her to leave. So, I stood in front of the toilet.

Ordinarily, I absolutely cannot piss with anyone watching me. I had reached a level of comfort with Sarah where I had no trouble pissing in front of her. Oddly, I felt the same comfort with Haley. I did my business and shook off the last drops.

"Shake it more than twice and you're playing with it," Haley giggled.

"Where'd you hear that?" I asked.

"My high school boyfriend," Haley responded. "I need to keep an eye on you. Playing with it is my job while Sarah's gone."

We went to sleep, holding each other like Sarah and I did. The alarm went off at 5:00 a.m. because Sarah and I usually got up, went to the pool, and worked out. For Sarah, that usually meant about an hour and a half in the water, which she did with virtually no breaks. I lifted each day, alternating upper and lower body. When the school built the new natatorium, it included a pretty good weight room. A perk of our jobs was the privilege of working out in the school's facilities.

Haley was her usual cheery self, even at 5:00 a.m. Usually, perpetually cheery people annoy me. From Haley, it seemed perfectly natural and rather endearing. We took my car to the natatorium. The building was dark and mine was the only car around. "What are you doing this morning?" I asked Haley.

"Weights," she replied. "Sarah says that you're a very good lifter. I'd like you to assess my technique. Wait a second while I can, my workout stuff is in the coaches' office." I drove over in my workout clothes. I had a decent shirt and slacks on a hanger.

Haley started to open the door for the swim team's locker room, but then stopped. She got a grin. "We're the only people here. Do you want to work out naked? I know that you and Sarah do."

By that morning, I had gotten to enjoy being naked in close proximity with Haley. I smiled and nodded my head yes. I followed her through the locker room, into another hall, and into the weight room. We turned on the lights. We didn't air condition the weight room in the summer, so it was already warm. We were both sweating slightly when we had finished stripping off.

Mostly, the weight room was equipped for free weight workouts. However, just after I arrived on campus, Sarah had persuaded me that the swimmers needed an abductor/adductor machine. The machine was in the 'legs open' position when Haley sat on it, naked, and put her legs on the arms of the machine.

"Let me tell you my weight workout and you can suggest any changes," Haley said. Her legs were fully spread and she was fully exposed. I was trying not to look.

"Harry," Haley said in a slightly annoyed tone. "You can look at me. I like it. Besides, your sex is exposed any time you are naked. It is only fair that I expose mine."

How could I argue? Although I had seen Haley fully exposed as recently as the night before, there was still a thrill looking at someone as physically beautiful as Haley, or Sarah, in that position. The fact that she was a good friend added to the thrill.

Haley's basic weight program made sense for a swimmer, and I told her so. "Ok," she said, "I want you to check my form and I may want to do some forced reps. First, team stretches. Stand right there."

Haley got off of the weight machine and stood about three feet in front of me. Suddenly, she lifted her left leg up and placed her ankle on my shoulder. I was impressed with her flexibility. She held that position for a full minute, and then repeated the process with her right leg.

"I know that you're not the flexible," Haley said, "but I can help. Find something to hold onto for balance and relax your legs." I braced my hands against a plate rack. Haley bent down and grasped my left ankle. Slowly, she lifted my leg out to my side. When she got my leg to about waist height, she asked, "Is that stretching or hurting?"

"Just now starting to hurt," I said. Haley lowered my leg a fraction and held it there. Then we repeated the process to the right.

When Haley lowered my right leg, she smacked my bare ass. "That's better than I expected from you. It shows off your balls nicely, too."

We went through the rest of Haley's stretching routine. Then she asked, "Where are you starting?"

"Bench," I responded.

Haley said, "Ok, I'll spot you."

I went to the bench, loaded 225 lbs on the bar and did a twelve rep warm-up. Then, I added another 60 lbs and started my bench workout, five sets of five.

Seeing my work weight, Haley said, "Shit. I can't spot that." I didn't expect her to.

Standing up after my first set, I said "I try to bring the bar down exactly on my nipples because I think that is my point of maximum power with least stress on my shoulders." Looking at Haley's bare, perfectly formed, breasts, I continued "You probably want to find a different point on your chest."

Haley laughed. Pointing at a Universal gym left over from the previous weight room, she said "I usually do bench on that for that reason. I'm only going to do the bar today so that I can see you spot me." A single spotter on the bench press (technically improper) stands at the end of the bench nearest the bar, almost directly over the lifter's face. If I spotted Haley, she would be directly under my dick and balls.

I did my five sets and then spotted Haley for four sets of ten at 175. She was a strong girl and obviously spent more time with a free bar than she had said. She brought the bar down to her ribcage, just below her tits.

Haley finished her last set and got off of the bench. "Pretty nice view from down there," she said smiling.

I moved on to bent rows while Haley went to lat pulls. As I finished my last set, Haley called, "Harry, this is my last set. Can you help me with some forced reps?"

I walked over, and was impressed. Haley was doing behind the neck pulls with about 70 pounds more than she weighed. As she started her ninth rep, she slowed and gasped "Help."

I came right up behind her and pressed down on the handle to reduce the load on her slightly so that she could finish the rep. As I did that, the head of my dick rubbed against her sweaty bare back.

"Another," Haley grunted, indicating that she wanted to do another rep with my help. We did that twice more.

"Good work," I said as Haley stood out of the machine's seat.

"I just wanted that rubbing against me," she replied, pointing at my dick.

Haley did some leg work while I did shoulders, triceps, and curls. We held each other's feet for medicine ball sit-ups, although that started to get playful as Haley spread her legs each time she came up.

We'd been going a bit over an hour, and were both very sweaty, when Haley said, "Enough. Come on, there's still no one here. You can shower with me in the coaches' office."

Naked, I followed her through the locker room and into the roomy office which she shared with Sarah. I noticed that Haley closed the door.

Haley faced me and smiled. "You haven't had your first ejaculation yet." She began stroking my dick. When I was hard, she pushed me gently against the edge of her desk. "Help me up," she said.

I put my hands on her sweaty, bare hips and gave her a boost. She wrapped her legs around me and I helped her lower herself onto me and me into her.

"You got me trapped here," I said. "You're leading."

It was an odd position, but Haley made it work. Again, I got to see the incredible beauty of her face as she orgasmed. My orgasm was not as forceful as the night before, but Haley was satisfied.

"You know," Haley said, "I really like having you in me. I need to work out some long term sharing arrangement with Sarah."

We both went into the coaches' shower cubicle. It was designed for one person at a time. We didn't mind.

Finished, we toweled off. Haley put on one of the older style one-piece suits, cut very high on her hips and very form fitting. Hers was orange, which looked great with her hair. Her nipples, clearly visible through the thin fabric also looked great. She pulled on a pair of shorts.

"You doing anything important today," she asked.

"Not really, why?"

"I thought we could go into the City and I can help you buy Sarah's engagement ring."

"Wearing that?" I asked.

"You think this is too revealing?" Haley looked at herself in a mirror. "Maybe it is." She grabbed a man's style broadcloth shirt with buttons up the front. She put it on like a jacket, leaving it unbuttoned. "Problem solved" she declared.

The Haley giggled. "Your workout clothes and street clothes are in the weight room. Well, you'll just have to go get them like that. No covering up, either."

I was so used to being naked around Haley that I had forgotten that I was. I strode out of the coaches' office. I didn't expect anyone else in that part of the building except, maybe, the couple of swimmers who had stayed here over the summer. They had seen me nude before. Haley followed me into the weight room and watched me dress.

Dressed, I said, "Ok, we can go into the City, but I don't have a clue about a jeweler."

"That's why I'm along," Haley said brightly.

We got into my car and drove the twenty miles to the expressway and then the thirty miles into the downtown business district. During the drive, I risked asking Haley, "What's happened with Drake?" Drake was Haley's boyfriend through graduation.

"He started his B-school classes this summer. He dumped me. He's dating some girl in B-school, I think."

"Drake made a really bad judgment," I said.

"It is really my fault. Drake is a little insecure and requires a lot of attention from his girlfriend. I've been so tied up getting into my job that I just wasn't giving him the maintenance he longs for."

"He still made a bad judgment. He will never in his life find anyone remotely comparable to you."

"You really mean that, don't you Harry. That's sweet."

I smiled. "Hey, you're almost the greatest lady I know."

"I don't claim to be as great as Sarah. No one is, "Haley said.

As we drove on, Haley told me some of her background.

"I grew up in Bloomington, Indiana. You know, Indiana University? Mom teaches in the music school there. Dad used to work on Wall Street, and I think he made a lot of money. Dad's a very moralistic person, although by his own set of morals. He got very sour on Wall Street and decided to leave. Mom got the gig at IU so they both moved to Bloomington and Dad makes furniture now. Most of this part is what they have told me. I was born in Bloomington."

"Any way, I don't know whether you know this, but there are a lot of abandoned quarries in the Bloomington area. Over the years they filled with water and became man-made lakes. From what I've heard, IU students have used them to skinny-dip for decades."

"Of course, all we townies knew about the skinny-dipping. Around the end of my freshman year of high school, I and some of my friends were hanging around with another swimmer who was a junior. It was a really warm Saturday in the spring when she suggested that we go out to one of the quarries. Of course, I and my freshman and sophomore friends were titillated by the idea of seeing naked college guys and agreed right away."

"My friend the junior has her license and a car, so she drove us out of town and went down this dirt road. At the end of the road was a field where there must have been thirty cars parked. The older girl led us down a path. As we got closer to the quarry, we could hear happy voices and laughter. It sounded like a lot of people having a great time."

"We walked out of the trees into the clearing around the edge of the quarry. I stopped and my eyes must have bugged. There were probably a hundred people. No one had a stitch of clothes on. People were jumping in the water. Naked guys were hugging naked girls. People were playing Frisbee. People were just lying in the sun showing the whole world their naked bodies."

"We went a little ways off by ourselves and spread out beach towels. The older girl started undressing. One of my other friends asked what she was doing and she said that no one was wearing clothes so we shouldn't either. I'm not sure why, but that was exactly what I wanted to hear. I had all of my clothes off in an instant. Since I and the older girl had stripped off, the rest of my friends had no choice so they got naked too. Fortunately, the older girl had thought to bring plenty of sunscreen."

"Once I had my clothes off, I felt wonderful. We were obviously younger, and I already had this build, so the guys were all looking at me. I don't know why, but that felt very good also. I got hooked right then on going naked and I learned that I enjoyed people seeing me. I spent as much time as I could at the quarries all through high school and, as a swimmer, I had a lot of opportunities to expose myself 'accidentally.' I was a good swimmer, a good student, and, otherwise, a good kid; so I got away with it. I'm sure Mom and Dad knew. Mom had been in theater and had experience with people going naked on stage. Dad is really a hippy at heart."

Haley giggled again. "I got a lot of attention at the quarries until my sister started coming out with me. She's two years younger than me. She started coming with me summer after my junior year, after her freshman year. She really has a body. Once she stripped off, no one paid attention to me anymore."

"I do not believe that," I said.

Haley laughed. "She's really hot. She's in school out in San Diego and playing golf. I don't think she's good enough for the LPGA but that's ok. She goes to Black's Beach a lot. We'd both rather be naked. Anyway, she met some Navy lieutenant at Black's Beach and I guess they are getting serious. That's what Mom says."

"You should also know that I've known Sarah longer than you may think. My junior year of high school, she was part of a seminar for swimmers in Indy that I went to. It was not long after Beijing so Sarah was a big deal. I kind of cornered her after the session at which she spoke. Something clicked between us instantly. We e-mailed all the time and I probably called her once a week through the rest of high school. There was never any question but that Sarah would be my college coach. I think that we're kindred spirits."

"Another thing you should know is that Sarah and the team had been trying to get a nude meet since my freshman year. A certain kind of girl comes to school here and everyone on the team all four years really wanted to do it."

"Why didn't you?"

"Your predecessor was way too straight-laced. He wouldn't discuss the idea, much less advocate for it. We were really happy when he moved on and you came in. Sarah said to me after her first meeting with you that she was sure you would be different. We had hoped for one nude meet. You got us an entire season of swimming naked. I am absolutely serious when I tell you that every single girl on the team was thrilled. We have to keep it going. I really think that it will help us recruit too."

We were in the City. "Oh shit," Haley said. "Tell me to stop talking and take that exit now!"

I crossed over two lanes, but made it onto a Downtown exit without accident. Haley directed me to a parking garage and we went out onto the City streets. It was a very warm, sunny day, but there was a breeze blowing Haley's shirt open so the top half of her swimsuit was visible. Needless to say, Haley got a lot of looks.

Haley led me directly to a very high-end looking jewelry store. "Appearances aside," she said, "this place has a reputation for high quality at a fair price."

I followed the 23 year-old copper-haired beauty into the store. Conversation in the store stopped for a moment as Haley walked in. Three of the male salespeople literally ran to wait on us. When he heard that we were looking for an engagement ring, he offered congratulations and gave me a leer.

Haley caught that. "He's not marrying me," she told the salesman. "He's marrying my best friend. If you like me, you'd die for her."

We, or primarily Haley, found a ring that we thought Sarah would like. When we got to the details, I stopped dead. "Shit, I don't know Sarah's ring size," I said.

"I know it, silly," Haley said. She gave it to the salesman. "When can this be ready?" she asked.

"Any time Friday" was the answer.

Haley turned to me. "Sarah's plane gets in at 3:00, right?"

I confirmed that she was correct.

"Good, you stop here on the way to the airport."

The ring ordered, Haley led me a couple of blocks on to a place designed to imitate an English pub with some tables outside along the sidewalk. "These guys make great salads and a pretty good burger. Let's get lunch. I think we're also allowed a beer."

As we sat in the sunshine and ate, Haley gave me instructions for proposing to Sarah. "She's been eating out all week. She'll want to eat at home Friday. You'll need to make something special. Don't worry; I'll help you with the prep. I know where you can get some really good, really fresh lake perch. Sarah loves fish. Do that in a white wine sauce with lemon, angel hair pasta. You'll be fine. Feed her before you propose. Sarah gets a little dumb when she's had a lot to eat."

Haley grinned as she said her last sentence. Lunch consumed, we walked hand-in-hand back to the car. On the expressway just beyond the City's sprawl was a rest area. At mid-afternoon on a weekday, it was empty.

Haley pointed and said, "In there."

I pulled into the rest area and parked the car. Haley led me to a roofed picnic table at the far end of the rest area. She gestured for me to sit down. I sat.

Haley smiled. "Time for your second ejaculation." She lowered my zipper and pulled me out. She knelt on the concrete slab the table sat on. She had left her shirt in the car and was wearing only her shorts over her suit. Haley slid the straps of her suit off of her shoulders and pushed the suit to her waist. "Can you get it up for just my tits?" she asked. I could.

Haley took my dick in her warm hands. She blew lightly on my head as she ran a finger up the underside of my shaft. We heard a semi downshift on the expressway. Haley giggled and took me in her mouth. Haley had a way of running her tongue all the way around the head of my dick. She would do that several times, and then run her tongue down the underside of my shaft. Then she literally sucked on my dick. It wasn't long before I shot into her mouth. Haley swallowed, stood up, and put the top of her suit back up.

"That was good," she said. I had to agree. As we walked back to the car, I thought I heard Haley say softly, "one hole to go," but I'm not sure about that.

We got back to the school about 40 minutes later. We each went to our respective offices and worked for a couple of hours. Then I walked to the natatorium to get Haley to go home. I walked into the coaches' office. Haley was sitting there, dressed, talking with two naked college girls. No one reacted at all as I walked in.

Haley smiled at me. "You remember Chris and Jenny? They've stayed the summer and are working out with me. They just showered and wanted to talk. Sit down. There's nothing you can't hear."

Like everyone on the team, Chris and Jenny were very attractive.

Chris languidly raised a hand and said "Afternoon Mr. Stone."

Jenny smiled, looked at Haley, and said, "I like him better naked." Of course, the whole team had seen me naked several times.

Haley laughed and said, "So do I."

Haley and her swimmers finished their talk. The two girls walked out of Haley's office with, perhaps, a bit more twitch in their bare asses than strictly necessary.

Haley lowered her voice for effect and said, "I really shouldn't tell you this because it will inflate your head, both of them, but every girl on the team thinks that you are reasonably hot."

I knew Haley was teasing me with that.

We went home to Sarah's house and had leftover chicken parm. After dinner, Haley smiled and said, "I have something to do." She walked off. She was gone for a while and I heard the toilet flush upstairs. Finally, I heard the expected voice from the sun porch, "Harry, get your clothes off and get in here."

I followed orders. Haley was standing there, naked, with a tube of something in her hand.

"Harry," she said, "we're going to try something I've never done before and I know that you and Sarah haven't either. You're going to fuck me in the ass." She squeezed stuff from the tube into her hand and began smearing it on my dick. "This is lube. From what I read online, we need a lot of it." She stopped. "Just so you know; I cleaned my colon out thoroughly upstairs."

She finished lubing my dick, turned around, and bent over. Speaking through her legs, Haley said "Put a lot of that lube as far into my asshole as you can get."

I started lubing her. "Ooh, that's cold," she said. After I had put an awful lot in as best I could, Haley told me to stop.

"This is part of what's tricky. Enter me very slowly. I'm not used to this and the natural reaction to something coming into your ass is for the sphincter to tense up. Give me time to relax."

I very gently started pushing the head of my dick into Haley's asshole. "Use your hand to work in it a bit," Haley suggested. We got my head past her sphincter. "Slowly," Haley cautioned. I was about halfway in when Haley said, "Ok, that's better." I could feel her relaxing a little. "Now," she said, "started pumping me, but be gentle."

I felt different, but pretty good. I got no sense that it was doing much for Haley. I reached a hand down and started fingering her clit. "Good idea," she said.

I had worked out a position where I could comfortably buttfuck her and finger her. Haley braced her hands against the sofa. "Pick it up a bit," she instructed. I started thrusting a bit faster and a bit farther. "That's actually better," Haley said.

Haley's ass felt good, but I think it was the sheer outrageousness of the situation, that I had my dick in the ass of one of the two most gorgeous ladies I knew, that got me to come. Once I had, Haley said, "Out. Please."

I pulled out gently. Haley had left a bunch of tissues on the coffee table. I said, "Please stay there for a moment. I'm going to clean you up." I wiped as much of my own come from her ass and asshole as I could. I'd never really thought of anyone's asshole as beautiful before, but Haley's was. I needed to take a closer look at Sarah's.

Haley straightened up and took a deep breath. "That's one I've got on Sarah," she said. "You've come in my ass but not in hers."

"How do you know that?" I asked.

Haley gave me an arch look. "Sarah tells me absolutely everything."

Changing the subject, I said, "That didn't do much for you, did it?"

"To be honest, no," Haley confessed.

I grabbed a towel she had brought from the bathroom and spread it on the sofa. "Sit down there and spread your legs," I instructed. Haley sat and spread. I knelt on the rug in front of her. Her clit looked excited. I flicked it with my tongue a few times. Then, I began sucking it.

Right then, the phone rang. Haley said, "Don't stop" and answered.

I was working my tongue more deeply into her as Haley talked with Sarah.

"Hey. Everything going ok?"

"Yes, we did."

"Not so much for me, really."

Sarah apparently spoke for several seconds.

Haley said into the phone, "Well, he's eating me right NOW!" The last word was a yelp. I had found her spot again.

Somewhat breathlessly, Haley said into the phone, "call you back." She clicked the phone off.

I kept working around the spot that produced the yelp. Haley was breathing harder. Then she clamped her thighs on either side of my head. (There are a lot of worse positions to be in). I kept at it. Finally, Haley gave a long, low moan and relaxed her legs. She leaned over and kissed the top of my head.

"Shit, we need to call Sarah back. You do it. I'm out of breath."

I knew Sarah's cell number by heart and punched it into the phone. Sarah was laughing as she answered.

"So, you can't please my assistant coach with anal sex ad had to eat her out," Sarah said.

"True," I responded, "but I hope there's no one in earshot of you."

"Only four of my colleagues," Sarah teased. "They already think we're kinky because we go naked at the meets."

"So," I asked, "how is the convention going?"

"Well, I was only half joking a moment ago. The nude meets have generated a lot of interest. There are a few people who think that we're corrupting young girls and will burn in hell. I'd say that the majority is, at least, open-minded about it and a few are enthusiastic, although no one thinks that they could do it at their school or club."

"Keep trying to show them the light," I said. "Still getting back Friday afternoon?"

"Yes, and you'd better be at the airport."

With complete sincerity, I said, "I wish that I was with you right now. Of course I'll be at the airport."

"I know. Hey, I actually do have colleagues sitting here and the want to go. I love you."

"I love you too."

Haley was smiling.

Wednesday and Thursday followed the same pattern, with the trip to buy a ring. Thursday, Haley took me to get fresh fish for Friday's proposal dinner. Sarah's Thursday night call altered my plans. Among other things, Sarah said, "Harry. I talked again to that high school swimmer I mentioned Monday. This is looking better. Can you bring Haley with you to the airport? I really want to talk with her as soon as I get back."

I told Haley. She said, "No problem. I'll bring my car here. Sarah and I will talk coming back from the airport, that's about two hours on a Friday afternoon. When we get here, I'll vanish."

We both met Sarah just past security the next afternoon. Sarah looked incredible, like she always does. She came straight to me, kissed me and hugged me tightly. Then she squeezed my ass. She winked as she said, "I missed that."

Sarah and Haley hugged and started talking about the high school swimmer in California before we had even picked up Sarah's bag. It was another very warm, sunny day. Sarah and Haley's conversation continued in the car going out of the airport and onto the expressway.

As we passed the first sign for the rest area, Sarah said, "Harry, would you please pull into that rest area?"

Of course, I did. Sarah said, park away from the other cars. I parked all the way at one end. Sarah got out and walked to the driver's side, the car screening her from the others in the rest area.

"I've spent four days in clothes the whole time except when I was sleeping. I have to get naked." With that, Sarah pulled her sundress over her head. She undid her bra, pushed down her panties, opened the rear car door, and threw the lot in the back seat.

Haley said, "Great idea." She was wearing her swimsuit shorts combination again. She pulled off the shorts and peeled off the suit. She threw her clothes in the backseat.

The two naked women looked at me. Without a word, I pulled off my shirt, kicked off my shoes, and dropped my pants and shorts in one go. My clothes went in the back seat.

"Everyone in front," Sarah giggled. "You first Haley. I want the middle next to Harry."

We drove naked to Sarah's, the three of us in the front seat laughing and having a wonderful time. I parked the car and we walked naked into Sarah's house. "I've got something a bit special for dinner," I said.

Sarah asked, "Do you have enough for Haley too?"

Haley interjected, "No, Sarah, I've got to go."

"Bullshit," Sarah said. "You don't have anything to do tonight. Stay here and eat. We'll make sure there's enough for you."

Haley looked at me and shrugged. "At least, Sarah, go sit down and let me help Harry with dinner." Sarah went along with that.

Haley and I started on dinner in the kitchen. Still naked, of course.

Haley said, "Well, this is a switch in plans. At least I can help with dinner."

"I guess I'll do it another time," I said.

"No. Stick with Plan A," Haley said. "I'm not that bad an audience am I?"

I laughed. After what we had done together the last four days, I loved Haley only slightly less than I loved Sarah. "No. Of course not."

The dinner was good, thanks to Haley. The three of us sat naked around Sarah's dining room table and ate, drank wine, and listened to Sarah tell u s about California.

After Haley and I cleared the dishes, Haley said, "We didn't make dessert, but Harry's got something to say." Haley nodded at me.

I reached to Sarah's buffet where I had sort of hidden the ring box. Sarah was sitting half turned from the table. I got down on a knee in front of her. I looked up at her intelligent, beautiful face framed in blonde hair. I knew this was what I wanted.

"Um, Sarah, I did a lot of thinking while you were gone. I have a question: Will you marry me?" I brought the ring box from behind my back and opened it.

Sarah put her hands to her mouth. She sat speechless for a moment. My anxiety was starting to redline.

Sarah reached for my hand as she stood up, guiding me up with her. We stood about a quarter inch apart as she looked in my eyes.

Finally, Sarah smiled and her eyes had that gleam. "Of course I will. What took you so long to ask?"

Sarah started laughing and then gave me the best naked hug yet. We each had both hands on the other's ass and were pulling ourselves tighter together. We looked at each other for a very long time. Then we kissed, deeply, for a very long time.

Suddenly Sarah broke the kiss. "Oh shit," she said. Looking at Haley, who was standing in the corner of the room, Sarah pulled an arm away from me and said "Get over here."

Haley sprinted over and the naked hug between Sarah and me became a three-way naked hug.

After a long hug, Sarah looked at Haley and said, "He did it right, didn't he?"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

Sarah explained. "You just spent all week fucking the most beautiful, sexy girl I know and you decided that you want to marry me. What higher tribute could I ask for?"

Looking at both Haley and me, Sarah said "No matter. Harry and I are getting married, but Haley is part of the family too."

In unison, Haley and I said "agreed."

After a moment, Haley asked said, "You should do a nude wedding. The team will love that."

Sarah laughed. "Actually, so will my Mom and Dad."