**Exhibition Game**

by [MaleThonger](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1009787&page=submissions)©

Today was the day. If I didn't chicken out, today was the day. I admired myself in the mirror one last time. Everything was ready. Everything was in place. All I needed to do was to do it. I grabbed my towel, my suntan lotion, a book, threw on a light robe and headed out the door.

For weeks, I'd been planning this. I had scoped out the route, the traffic patterns, the visibility, the water temperature, the sun and shade, I left nothing to chance. Today was the day.

Today I would wear a thong to the apartment complex swimming pool.

I've always worn thong underwear. Difficult to find for men, but doable if you don't mind dealing with the general society stigmas. First of all, you can't just walk into Wal-mart and expect to find them. You gotta shop certain establishments. Next is this weird assumption that if you wear thongs you must be gay. I don't see what one has to do with the other. (I'm bi, for the record.) Swimwear is nigh impossible to find unless you shop on line, then it's difficult to fit, etc, etc, etc.

Having overcome all those hurdles next is where do you plan on wearing the damn thing? Most pools have restrictions against minimal swimwear, and unless you're fortunate enough to live in South Beach, you have some planning to do. I want to show off, but I don't want to go to jail.

I knew the pool would be relatively deserted this time of day, I knew maintenance had already cleaned it, and I knew the wooden fence surrounding the pool offered enough privacy that no one would see I didn't want to. I also knew there was a coed who liked to go tanning and wore a tiny bikini herself.

The pool area was empty as I had planned. Quickly I set about moving some chairs so that only two of the loungers were in the sun, and then nervously shucked my robe.

The warm sun beat down on my body, nearly all of it. The thong I'd purchased for this was a very minimal yellow number with tie string sides and a true T-back that hid in the crevice between my cheeks and left my ass fully exposed. The pouch was small, and I was poured into it creating a very sizable bulge up front. I closed my eyes for just a second, and listened. A soft summer breeze rustled the leaves of a nearby oak tree, somewhere off in the residential neighborhood behind the apartments, someone was mowing their lawn, and poolside the water lapped invitingly against the steps.

I descended the steps, slowly getting used to the cool water before immersing myself entirely. I swam the full length of the pool underwater, and when I broke the surface on the far end, she had arrived.

I knew her name was Kara from a conversation in the laundry room once when I was fortunate enough to bump into her. I knew she lived in my building, and I knew she attended the same university classes as me, but on different days. Today, I knew was her pool day. Some might call it stalking; I like to think of it as careful planning.

She spread her towel out on the lounger next to mine that would afford her the most sun, and quickly stripped out of her shorts and t-shirt. Kara had quite the bikini collection. I had seen her before in a white with blue pinstripes bikini, and last week she wore a metallic gold one. I remember how it shimmered in the sun every time she moved. Today was a stunning deep green two piece that offset her auburn hair. The triangular top held up her ample breasts (but still allowed plenty of play) and the bottoms were cut high on her hips and plunged low in the front. She turned away, and I could see just the hint of her butt peeking out above the elastic. When she looked back around, she noticed me in the water, and gave a smile and a wave, which I returned. Then she settled in to sun worship.

I made a few laps of the pool, making sure to draw attention to myself whenever I was on her end. Finally, when I could wait no longer, I hoisted myself up out of the pool via the ladder, and began the slow walk around the deck toward my chair. The ladder was farther away than the steps, but I wanted to give her the opportunity to see.

I know this sounds vain, but damn I was impressive. I slicked my hair back and water streamed down off my body, over my chest and down across my stomach, drawing attention to the bulge in my thong. It beaded up on my bare ass and reflected the sun in the droplets as I padded my way slowly across the deck. She watched me approach, and even behind her sunglasses I knew her eyes were following me every step of the way.

"Hello." I said.

"Hi. Nice suit."

"Thanks. I like yours too."

"Oh, well, mine's not quite as revealing."

I became instantly aware I was not displaying a bulge up front, but a raging hard on. My cock was standing up and out from my body, and the form fitting Lycra suit pouch had molded itself to me. Every throbbing vein was visible. I was so hard; the thong was actually pulling away from my body. If she had been standing instead of sitting, she easily would have seen all of me just by looking down.

I was about to stammer something, when the tie string sides betrayed me. Wet, then loosed by my vigorous lap swimming, the knots were pulled to the breaking point by my erection. I felt the right one slip and give way, but couldn't move fast enough to prevent the thong from falling off. There I stood, with my dick out, my thong half on and half off.

Kara, without missing a beat or acting surprised or shocked, said, "Wow. You better put some lotion on that thing before it burns in the sun." Humiliated, I stammered an apology and tried to string back up. "You don't have to put it away." She said, sitting up. "But I was serious about the lotion." She held out her bottle to my right hand, offering a squirt. I had no choice but to let go of the strings I was trying to re-tie in vain and accept her offering. "Now," she said, sitting back in her chair again, her full attention on me, "rub that in nice and good."

My dick was burning from the attention, and the first touch of the cool lotion caused a twitch of pleasure to run between my legs. I started to dab the lotion on. "No, rub it in." She repeated. "Nice and good. I'm sure you know how."

I reversed my hand and began smearing the white lotion all over my dick, then cupped my hand to rub it in, effectively masturbating in front of her. "There you go." This was crazy, way beyond anything I had ever thought or dreamed would happen. I used my idol left hand to pull the string loose on the other side, and my wet thong dropped to the deck. I stood before Kara completely naked, my lean body glistening in the sun, masturbating my suntan lotion covered cock. It may have been the most turned on I had ever been in my life.

She made no comments, content to watch as I pleasured myself, my fist pumping up and down my long shaft, lotion squirting out from my enclosed fingers every time I reached my bulbous head. Pre-cum was starting to ooze from the tip of my dick, and I knew I wouldn't be able to keep up the pace much longer. Kara sensed it too, for she sat up, rapt with attention, fully focused on my swollen efforts.

"Are you there?" I nodded. "I've never seen this before. My last boyfriend wouldn't do this for me."

"Where do you want me to...?" It was an effort to get the words out.

She cupped her palms and held them out before her like someone about to receive communion. The movement caused her breasts to squish together and move forward, inviting me to cum. I took a half step forward, breathing hard, and with one final strong down stroke, surrendered to the pleasure.

The orgasm forced me up on my toes, and with a primal cry, I fired a laser beam cum stream into her cupped hand, lotion mingling with the essence of me as it pooled into the bottom of her hands. The second one wasn't as strong, but still resulted in a wad of cum rolling into her palms. I lost count of the ecstasy, lost in the moment, surrounded by windows, naked in public, warm sun, bare skin, her gorgeous looking... well everything.

She tentatively reached for me, her fingers locking onto my flagging but still hard member, and milked the last of my cum into her remaining hand. God, the feel of her! I finally sagged back onto the balls my feet just as my balls were empty. It was such a turn on, I felt like I had drained them entirely. She released me, almost hesitantly, looking back and forth from my cock to the pool of cum in her hand.

"Looks like that might fit back into your suit now." She said finally. I was spent, and could only nod. I stooped to gather up the thong and begin the process of retying the strings. When I looked back at her, the cum was gone from her hands, and she was settling back into the lounger. "Thank you for this. It was..." and the hint of a smile played at her lips—lips that bore just a hint of my glaze. "It was fun."

"Maybe sometime..." I started.

"Maybe." She agreed.

I had the feeling after this wearing a thong to the pool would be easier. And something I would be doing a lot more of...