**Fooling with Nudity**

by[Mostodd07](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=207676&page=submissions)©

"Hell, no! I love you, Beth, but you can't go out like that!" Christian had been waiting for more than a half hour for Beth to be ready. He had grown used to waiting. They had been a couple for nearly two years. She was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, with luxuriant dark curls framing her rosy cheeks and pouting lips, with her deep blue eyes that changed rapidly from teasing to innocent, with her long, lithe legs, tiny waist, and Jane Russell breasts. And that was the problem again today.  
  
Beth appeared wearing a sheer coral blouse, with no undergarment. Her nipples perched high and tight on smooth pink mounds that wobbled with each step she took on her high, high heels. The flimsy skirt fell loosely to near mid-thigh, giving a clear view of the seamed dark stockings that hugged her narrow thighs and calves. Beth pivoted with her arms extended so he could get a near-blinding eyeful. "You like?" she purred.  
  
Christian had been holding his breath, looking at her. When he exhaled, he did it with a kind of laugh. "Okay. April Fools' again. I remember last year. You wore a see-through blouse, but didn't let me know it until we were in the cinema, and the lights went down. Even then, every sneaky eye was glued to you, ignoring the explosions on the screen."  
  
"I like to make my own excitement," she said.  
  
"Not tonight, darling," he said. "Now change, please." Despite the warm weather so unusual for this time of year, Christian, as usual, was dressed impeccably, in sports coat, shined shoes, and crisply pressed slacks. He strove to look as good as possible when he was with her. Every man in the bar would be drooling over Beth, and trying to judge whether he might have a chance to replace Christian on Beth's arm. So far, Beth had met no one who even came close to measuring up to Christian's athletic body, chiseled jaw with slight beard, piercing gray eyes, thick dark hair, and the air of money that dripped from his shoulders. So, Beth was the envy of every gold-digger in the city, but she never worried about losing Christian to anyone else, not even those younger 21-year-olds who were now showing up in the bars where they partied.  
  
Beth unbuttoned the blouse, her back to Christian. The wispy fabric slid languorously over her smooth, rose-tinged shoulders. She looked back at him with a pout as she moved toward her bedroom to change. She turned profile at the doorway, just to remind Christian of the gravity-defying lift of her warm breasts.  
  
Christian's pulse raced. He hated to be manipulated this way, even by a woman as skilled at teasing as Beth. "Please, go change." He carefully placed his hands on her arm and her back to push her into her bedroom. At the touch, she gasped slightly and smiled. She loved to be touched, caressed and stroked, but now was not the time. They had to show up at the bar.  
  
Beth's feet became tangled, and she lost her balance, falling into Christian's arms. She let her face rest against his shoulder. Christian instinctively wrapped his arms around her narrow frame. He swore he could feel the insistent poke of her tiny nipples through the fabric of his own clothes. As she found her balance, her leg crowded between his own. She lifted her thigh until she found his penis, hanging to the right as usual.  
  
With great effort, Christian separated himself from Beth, who smiled sheepishly and said, "That wasn't supposed to happen."  
  
Christian bundled her into the bedroom and closed the door after her. He called to her, "Come on, we're late. If you don't want to go to the bar, we can stay home."  
  
"No," she called back through the closed door. "I want to go. I haven't been to my dad's bar in too long."  
  
Christian had been successful in keeping her away from her father's neighborhood dive, named "Owen's Oasis." It had been open 30 years, longer than Beth had been alive, but still the place she had been raised. Since dating Christian, he introduced her to the finer things in life — restaurants with cloth napkins and expensive wine lists, artist's opening shows, Broadway and Lincoln Center even though both were 1,000 miles away, and week-long vacations on luxury yachts and private islands. Given all the choices Beth could have made, he was surprised that she only wanted to go to her father's place. So, he would indulge her.  
  
Beth came out wearing a little azure dress that was deeply cleft in front. She wasn't wearing a bra, and was apparently proud of the fact, letting Christian see a generous portion of her breasts. It wasn't indecent, exactly, just extremely suggestive. He hoped she would remember to keep her back straight the entire night, otherwise the girls might have a rollicking night out.  
  
"If you turn too quickly, you'll be arrested for indecent exposure," Christian said.  
  
Beth laugh, "You think so?" She made a couple of quick twists, but the dress stayed put pretty well. Beth held up a roll of tape. "Double-sided tape." She tossed it into her matching over-sized purse.  
  
She still wore the high, high heels and the seamed stockings. Golden earrings dangled, a golden necklace twisted toward her décolleté, and golden bracelets clinked on her wrists. Because it was so warm, she refused any wrap over the dress. As they left her apartment, he wondered how she kept her seamed stockings tight and straight, since it was obvious, looking at her from behind, that she wore no underwear.  
  
Christian's throat felt dry, he struggled to swallow, but smiled.  
  
At Owen's Oasis, nothing had changed since the last time Christian had been in there. In 30 years, something must have changed though. The bowling machine must have been replaced by video games. At some point a dance floor and powerful speakers would have drowned out most conversation. Betting machines had been added. The Oasis's current incarnation seemed a quieter place, where you could watch sports, order greasy snacks to complement the wide variety of beers, and forget about the fact you lived in this neighborhood. The air of calm was deceptive.  
  
Beneath the seeming calm, Owen's Oasis was an unpredictable place, with impromptu wet t-shirt contests, truth or dare games, or some tipsy beauty dancing naked on the bar for her friends. Not every night, but frequently enough to keep the patrons titillated and coming back, without attracting a rowdier crowd. Christian never pressed Beth too hard about her younger days. She had matured, she said, and brushed off any rumors of craziness in her youth. "You think my father would stand for that? He shut the whole place down early one night rather than let me enter a best bikini contest — and I was already 21 by then! Would you let me enter? Maybe with a pretty yellow string thong, with tiny triangles for the bra?"  
  
Christian knew she was teasing, but his blood pressure spiked anyway. "Hell, no, Beth! Do you have any idea what men think when they see a woman in a string bikini?"  
  
"Hmmm, yes. I think so," she said with a sly smile.  
  
"Forget it." Then he added, "Please forget it."  
  
Beth was in her element at Owen's Oasis. She sidled up to Barry, the emaciated old barfly with the perpetually smoldering cigarette, gray head of stringy hair, and watery eyes. She kissed his cheek. She couldn't get much closer without sitting on his lap. No need to worry about grabby hands, since he wouldn't let go of his drink or his cigarette. Vera the blond waitress took orders, delivered food and drinks, said almost nothing to anyone, even her boyfriend, Warren. Still she got lots of tips, because she was a blond wearing a too-tight skit and even tighter top, cropped to show her excellent abs and even better breast curves. Her outfit was reluctantly approved by Owen at the the insistence of her boyfriend, Warren. Warren thought at least one night a week she should be topless, since the bar would love to see her like that and the tips would be fantastic. When Vera threatened to quit rather than be topless, his plan was put on hold.  
  
Despite the warm weather, Warren wore his Harley-Davidson jacket. He had a pair of faded and ripped blue jeans held up by a wide leather belt. He wore large Buddy Holly glasses. His face glowed golden from the sun and wind, right through his scruffy beard. When he smiled his teeth glowed white, which together with eyes the color of a summer sky, made him irresistible. Add to that the lure of the loud, throbbing motorcycle vibrating between her legs, and Christian could justify Vera staying with Warren. Any woman might.  
  
Debbie Duz was another bar regular, thin as a straw, thirstier than a camel, and easier than Sunday morning. Christian heard the rumors that one night Debbie had given everybody who wanted a blowjob a free one in the back room. She claimed she was giving a seminar to the ladies who wouldn't suck, to show just how easy and fun it could be. She always ended up leaving with some guy at the end of the night.  
  
When Beth saw Warren sitting alone, watching Vera, nursing a beer, she pulled up a chair next to him. Christian followed, feeling like an afterthought. Already she was leaning too far forward, giving Warren a spectacular view down the front of her dress. Warren smiled broadly, his eyes glancing from Christian to Vera to Beth, and down Beth's front again.  
  
Christian said to Beth, "Time to put on that double-sided tape."  
  
Beth smiled, and adjusted her dress a little. The tape stayed in the purse.  
  
Vera stopped at their table. Christian turned and found himself staring into her tight, tanned tummy. He swallowed hard before he placed his drink order, and when Vera turned to Beth, he couldn't help himself from ogling her long, smooth tan legs. As she left, each buttock swayed suggestively. No wonder she commanded the best tips!  
  
Owen's Oasis got hotter. Because it was only April, Owen refused to turn on the air-conditioning. The heat didn't slow Beth down. She greeted nearly everyone in the place, and left Christian with Warren at the table. Warren leaned in to him, and said, "You are a lucky son-of-a-gun, Christian."  
  
Christian smiled, and said, "Thanks. Vera seems like a lovely girl, too."  
  
Warren laughed a loud barking sound. "You can say that again. She's got it going on! But she's not like Beth. Vera's more self-contained. She needs a lot of encouragement to remind her of how sexy she really is. Not Beth, no, sir-ree! What you see, you're gonna get. Am I right? She loves living. She has real versatile name, too. She used to call herself Liz, then Liza, then Ellie. I wouldn't be surprised to see her call herself Betty next!"  
  
"Elizabeth is a pretty flexible name, I guess," said Christian.  
  
Warren watched Beth as she floated from table to table, from the bar to the dance floor. Christian danced with Beth of course, but also watched Vera. Vera allowed plenty of looking by patrons, even down her front briefly, but no touching. She was quick to remove a hand on her ass or on her narrow waist. She was even quicker to slap anyone who pinched or poked her. Sometimes twice. No words were spoken by her as she went about her job.  
  
Around 11:30, it was still so warm and close in the bar that Christian was surprised that people didn't just leave. Owen did not seem concerned about losing any customers. And sure enough, an impromptu contest began. It appeared to be a cross between a wet t-shirt contest, best booty and tiniest bikini. The rules were loose enough to entice many of the girlfriends and single ladies in the place to be persuaded to enter. If there was a prize to the winner, Christian didn't notice. It was almost as though the women needed the opportunity to show themselves off, and the men needed to cheer and encourage them.  
  
Warren struck out when he tried to convince Vera to enter. She gave him a withering stare that warned him to make sure nobody had spit in his drink. Warren turned his bright smile to Beth. "You're sure to win, little filly."  
  
Beth adjusted her dress, then turned quickly to check with her father behind the bar. Christian held his breath, waiting to see whether her quick twist exposed one or both of her wondrous breasts. Warren looked like a vulture perched to look down at anything she might reveal.  
  
Owen said nothing; he just shook his head. Beth's shoulders slumped, revealing more than the sudden twist. Christian smiled to himself. "The old man still looks after his daughter. Good for him."  
  
The contest started on a makeshift stage that used to hold live bands. One of the cooks stepped up for emcee duties, a job he'd perfected on several prior occasions. He kept up a patter that encouraged the crowd, and teased and challenged the participants. Debbie Duz needed little encouragement. Her clothes were loosened and ready to fall off even before it was her turn on stage.  
  
The combination of thumping music and crowd chants and cheers prevented Christian from appreciating the way each lady reacted to being ogled. Warren reveled in the show. Beth demurely covered her eyes as the women lost their bras, and some removed their panties. She smiled broadly though, and Christian knew she was turned on by the nudity and flashing. He'd seen it before when they had vacationed in remote islands with nude beaches. She loved seeing those bodies in the sun, and she was quick to reveal her own body. He didn't mind when they were far from anyone they knew. Closer to home, he demanded she act a lot more conservatively. It was one of those things about which they disagreed.  
  
The crowd got louder, the music more insistent, and the girls — well, there wasn't much more they could take off. Now it was a question of personality. Who could engage the crowd and make the crowd clap and cheer the most?  
  
Christian excused himself to go to the men's room. As he left the table, Beth and Warren exchanged a look, and Warren sat back in his seat with a smile. That should have been a red flag.  
  
When Christian came back from the bathroom, both Beth and Warren were gone. She even took her large purse. When Vera saw Christian's confusion, she frowned and came over.  
  
"Your girlfriend and my crappy boyfriend left together. She left you a note." She handed him an index card with Beth's writing on it.  
  
He read, "Warren would kill to see the coral blouse you wouldn't let me wear. He's an old friend, so I knew you wouldn't mind. Love & Kisses."  
  
Christian ripped the card. Vera shrugged and said, "Did she break up with you for Warren? That's probably good news for you. I know it's good news for me."  
  
Before Christian ran out, he paid the bar tab for the table, including for Vera an overly-generous tip. She gave the first hint of a smile that he had seen on her face the entire evening. Then it stopped. "You need help finding them?" she asked. "I want a few words with Warren myself."  
  
Christian said, "She probably went to her apartment. If you weren't working, you could come with."  
  
Vera untied the tiny apron and called to Owen, "I gotta go, Owen. See you tomorrow." She tossed the white cloth across the bar to Owen, who shook his head, and said, "Don't get busted. I'm not bailin' none of youse out. Hey, Vera, since you're not workin' now, you wanna get inta da contest?"  
  
"In your dreams, Owen." She fluffed out her hair, and followed Christian to his BMW. "No chauffeur, Mr. Big Shot?"  
  
"He's taking his driver's test."  
  
"Ha. At night?"  
  
"He's blind so it doesn't matter. Just get in."  
  
Christian wasn't sure Vera's long legs would fit in his i8 Sports hybrid, but she knew how to fold them discretely. Even so, Christian noticed how smooth, long and slim those legs were.  
  
"What kind of car is this?" she asked.  
  
"Prototype.They needed someone to test it. Hold on." He punched the accelerator, and it nearly became airborne. If it impressed Vera, she didn't show it.  
  
They parked. Christian used the front key Beth had given him, then ran up the stairs to her apartment. He pounded at the door, listened but heard nothing. He pounded again, still nothing but the gentle trod of Vera on the steps behind him. He used the key and opened the apartment door, and ran through the apartment. "They're not here!" he shouted from the rear.  
  
Vera held up the azure dress that Beth had been wearing, and said, "They've been here. But she's changed her outfit."  
  
Christian felt wild at the sight of the dress. The coral blouse she had so blithely shuffled off earlier was no longer on the floor, and not in her closet or drawers. "She's wearing almost nothing! In front of that Warren." He tried calling but she wouldn't pick up, so he left a voice message. "Call me. Where are you?" Then he texted, "Where are you?"  
  
Vera poked through Beth's closets, and found a pair of unworn, new jeans that might fit, and a stylish emerald-shaded blouse. She held it up before a mirror, and Christian saw that the color made her hazel eyes seem more green. She took the clothes into the bedroom. "Don't worry, I'll work out something with Beth," she said.  
  
She pulled the door closed behind her, but it didn't shut. It tended to open a little unless firmly closed. Christian tried not to look as she slipped out of the waitress top she had been wearing, but her golden skin was too tempting not to take just one peek. Her back was long and lean, with a hint of rib cage. Her tousled golden hair bounced off shoulders that seemed too fragile to support the tits that made the bar notorious. He would have peeped longer, but his phone chirped with a message from Beth. Vera looked over her shoulder at the sound and caught him red-faced. She slipped on the emerald blouse, then unbuttoned her Daisy Dukes to tease him, and firmly shut the door.  
  
He read her text. "I want to see the world, and the world to see me!"  
  
He texted, "Where are you now?"  
  
"Home," she responded.  
  
"I'm at your home!" he pounded into the keys and pressed send, just as Vera emerged from the bedroom. She looked completely different from the wench that served beer at Owen's Oasis. She had picked stylish clothes that emphasized her caramel skin tone, and honey-colored hair, while flattering her gorgeous figure. Christian wished that Beth had that much style in the clothes she wore. Instead, Beth pushed the envelope of how much of her body she could show. When he thought of that, he remembered what she was wearing right now, and looked back at his phone.  
  
She had texted back. "Well, I'm at your home! I love the balcony!"  
  
Christian's condo had a balcony that rose over the entire city. He remembered how frequently Beth liked to parade naked out there, daring the world to look at her. He always hoped the perverts with the telescopes were looking somewhere else until he could coax her back inside.  
  
Vera walked like she was on a catwalk with a thousand eyes appraising her, even though it was only Christian in the apartment. "Well, Mr. Big Shot? Where to next?"  
  
"My condo. Come on." He took her elbow, and guided her down the stairs. He half-expected to be slapped at least once, the way the men in the Oasis that touched her were slapped. Instead, she permitted him to guide her. They walked briskly down the staircase, and then out to his BMW. Although he wanted to just dive into the car, he escorted her to the passenger door, opened it, and accepted her smile before she slid her shapely ass into the leather seats and swung her long legs into the well, folding them again. He couldn't help but watch as she settled, and then he firmly closed the door.  
  
The BMW didn't rattle or shake even at the high speeds he cruised across the city to his condo. He didn't slow down as he approached the private garage underneath the building, and nearly collided with the garage door that seemed to open too slowly.  
  
Christian punched the penthouse button, and then the wall, but the private elevator moved at the same pace as always. Vera tried to hide her smile at his impatience.  
  
When they reached the top floor, he squeezed out of the elevator before the door had completely opened. He ran down the hallway. His door stood open. He went in, and looked around. The sliding doors to the balcony were open, but no one was there. Inside, he ran through the condo, but he already knew he would not find them. At his bedroom door, he paused to scrutinize his bed covers and the pillows. He satisfied himself that they had not used his bed.

When he came out, he saw Vera on the balcony, breathing deeply the warm air. She said, "I feel rain coming. There's a change in the air. Look," she pointed to the far side of the city, "heat lightning."  
  
"Where are they?" Christian asked. "She said she was here."  
  
Vera held up a pair of seamed stockings that draped lifelessly in her hand. "They were here. They left you something."  
  
Christian sat on the balcony chair, and held his head in his hands.  
  
Vera lay down on a chaise lounge, her legs too long to be held entirely its frame. "Why do you care? Why do you put up with her? You're not bad looking. You have the bucks. You could have any woman you want. So why that bitch?"  
  
Christian shrugged. He knew it was true. He had gone through sororities of women before he met Beth. No one had lasted longer than a month. Then he met her. Now, he had been in her power for the past two years. He offered a sad smile to Vera.  
  
She nodded. "Yeah. You're pussy-whipped."  
  
"No!" he shouted. "She challenges me."  
  
"She challenges you?" Vera smirked, then whispered, "Pussy-"  
  
"That's not it."  
  
"-Whipped."  
  
His phone chirped again. Beth's text read, "We're at W's gf's place. W bought her a bikini she never wore."  
  
Christian showed the text to Vera. "That bitch better not touch any of my things," she hissed.  
  
"You're one to talk. Whose clothes are you wearing right now?"  
  
Vera shrugged. "That's different. You probably bought them for her, and she never wore them. Right?"  
  
Christian nodded. Beth never appreciated anything he bought her, though other women would have been pleased at simple bracelet. He had seen the clothes still in boxes in her closet, and jewelry still in cases. "Whatever," he said, "you can't complain about her trying your clothes while you're wearing hers."  
  
Vera smirked again. "I ain't taking 'em off so you can just forget that, Mr. Big Shot. If you want your money back, I'll pay you."  
  
"Each one is worth more than you make in a month," he taunted.  
  
"You might be surprised, Mr. Big Shot." She shook her head as if to clear it. "Anyway, I thought you wanted to find your woman. I need to find Warren." She leaned forward on the lounge, and said, "Warren was always pissed I wouldn't wear that yellow bikini he bought."  
  
Christian leaned in as well. "You're not shy. You look presentable." She chuckled at that, but didn't interrupt him. "You could pull off any swim wear, I would think."  
  
"Not that. It's not my style."  
  
"Why not, Vera?"  
  
She hesitated. He was surprised to see her blush, and look away from his eyes as she recalled the suit. "I'll be surprised if anyone would wear it, even Beth."  
  
Christian sat up straighter. "Beth would have worn some pretty outrageous bikinis if I hadn't been there to stop her, protect her from herself."  
  
Vera stood up. Despite the darkness on the balcony, her face was framed by the golden highlights in her hair. Christian could not see her eyes or her lips clearly, but her white teeth showed through her slightly parted teeth. She said, "At least once, you should let her wear her outrageous bikinis."  
  
"You don't know what she had in mind. You don't know what men think when they see a nearly naked woman in a bikini."  
  
"Don't be naive, Mr. Big Shot. I know exactly what men think. Why do you think I won't wear it?"  
  
"My God!" he said, "How bad is it?"  
  
"There is no back besides small yellow cord that barely holds the tiny triangle in front. Even smaller triangles draw attention to a woman's breast. Are they covered? I don't think so, but Warren swears the cops would never arrest me. Of course, he wanted me to wear them to topless beaches, if we ever went. I won't go there. He's a sick puppy."  
  
Christian took the seamless stockings, rolled them into a ball, and stuffed them into his jacket pocket. He locked the sliding balcony doors and secured the front apartment door before descending in the elevator to retrieve the car. Vera gave him directions to her small shared flat on the north side of town. He drove more slowly than earlier, enjoying Vera's company.  
  
Vera asked, "Don't you get enough challenges from your businesses?"  
  
It took Christian a second to understand where Vera was coming from. "Business is pressure, competition, and finally victory. If I'm challenged in business, I know how to react. But when Beth challenges me, she's challenging my own idea of me. She's creating a contest in my own mind. She forces me to reconsider who I am." He turned onto Vera's street. "And who doesn't want to constantly improve?"  
  
He stopped the car. They both saw that there was no Harley motorcycle in the driveway or on the scrub lawn. "Another wild goose chase," she said.  
  
Then Christian found the coral blouse on the stairs leading to the front door. He lifted it up for Vera to see that his own hand was clearly visible through the fabric.  
  
"Sexy, I guess," she said.  
  
"Not your style?"  
  
"Not in anyway my style," she said. "Well, we've found Beth's dress, her blouse, her hosiery. She can't be wearing much more than her jewelry and underpants now." Thunder grumbled in the sky. "It's going to rain for sure." She unlocked her front door.  
  
"I don't think she was wearing panties." Christian's feet were heavy on the stairs. He followed Vera into the flat, where she flipped on a light. The interior small, but very neat. Her home was organized and uncluttered. Even a desk in the corner showed its entire top, without papers, laptop or note pads. "A clean desk..."  
  
"I know how the saying goes: ...is a sign of a sick mind. Sorry, but I want things to be neat."  
  
She checked her closets and several dresser drawers. The only thing out of place was a piece of yellow cord with some small pink designs on it. She held it up for Christian to see. "This was part of the tiny bikini Warren bought me. I never even tried it on, but now it looks like that bitch has taken it." A smile crossed her face. "She won't get far without this cord to hold the triangles on her boobs."  
  
Christian grimaced at the thought of his rosy-fleshed Beth riding on a pulsating hog, with only a small piece of fabric between her legs, one hand around Warren's biker jacket, and the other trying to keep two other small triangles in place over her nipples. He just knew that Warren would be trying to ride as crazily as possible, so that she would have to use both hands to keep her balance. That meant their was nothing to hold the bikini top in place.  
  
"Where would they go, Vera? We have to find them."  
  
A few heavy raindrops splashed around them as they climbed into the car. The drops sounded like someone dropping eggs on the windshield. "I should have thought of this before," she said. "Warren's ranch. He has a secluded place, including a private lake, not much bigger than a pond really. He likes to take girls there to get them to skinny dip."  
  
"You've been there?" asked Christian.  
  
"I've been there. It's dark, secluded. Who doesn't like to skinny dip where no one can see?"  
  
"Warren can see."  
  
"He's blind without his glasses, and I won't let him come close enough to grab me. It's pretty safe, when I think about it, and really relaxing."  
  
Christian followed Vera's directions out of the city toward the ranch on the west side. Christian didn't say much. He had trouble erasing the thought of Vera shucking her clothes, testing the dark pond, and enjoying skinny-dipping in front of tough guy Warren.  
  
"What are you thinking about?" she asked him.  
  
"Nothing really."  
  
"About Beth, or about me?"  
  
He coughed at her honesty. "Busted. Okay, if you must know, it was about you."  
  
She settled back in the seat, satisfied with his answer. "Not a surprise to me anymore. It's more a surprise when a guy says he's not thinking things about me."  
  
"I was wondering," Christian started, "you know what challenges me — business and Beth, of course. But what challenges you, Vera? What makes you better?"  
  
Vera let her fingers stray along her thighs, then tap on her knees. "Maybe I like myself just the way I am."  
  
"You don't. What is it, Vera? Who is it that drives you?"  
  
She turned in the seat to face him. Her shoulder heavy against the back of the seat, turned on her hip. An image flashed in his mind of the way she would look lying on his bed next to him. She smiled as she answered. "I challenge myself. I haven't met the man or woman yet who could bring me a challenge bigger than any I set for myself."  
  
"Is that why you work at the Oasis?"  
  
"Just until I finish my masters thesis."  
  
Christian looked at her again. She was much more than met the eye.  
  
"Don't look so impressed, Mr. Big Shot. It's a Masters in Literature. That and a few bucks might get you a cup of coffee."  
  
The road to Warren's ranch branched at a sharp angle from the highway. The gate to the ranch hung open. "Looks like Warren's expecting company," she said.  
  
As they approached the house, Christian saw the pond about a hundred yards from the house, past a small copse that gave some privacy. The rain fell with some intensity now; Christian had his wipers on low. A flash of lightning showed there were two people on the porch.  
  
Christian jumped from the car, straining to see through the rain and the darkness who was on the porch, and more importantly, what were they wearing. Vera calmly exited the car, and took lovely strides in the direction of the pond. At the end of the house, she reached for a group of electrical switches. She threw the first one, and the pond was bathed in warm light. Raindrops marred the perfect surface of the pond. She flipped a second switch, and the porch was lit.  
  
Christian's eyes burned until he adjusted to the brightness. When he did, he saw his Beth, holding her large purse by three fingers. He looked at her legs — seamed stockings in place. The azure dress still draped her body, although there was serious threat that her boobs would pop into the warm air.  "April Fool!" Beth shouted. "April Fool! I got you, didn't I? I wish I could have seen your face! You thought I was riding around bare-assed, didn't you? Whoo-hoo!"  
  
Christian blushed as he realized she had played him. But he was also relieved to know that Beth hadn't been flashing the city. She was still his woman; challenging, frustrating, fun, and crazy, but his woman all the same. Then out of the corner of his eye, he saw Vera. She was tall, cool, long and dynamic. The rain soaked her hair, her jeans and her blouse. First she pulled at the blouse, to keep the wet fabric away from her skin. Then she loosened the blouse, and tossed it. Her bra glowed white in the dim light.  
  
With a smooth motion, Vera unzipped the jeans. Leaning against the side of the ranch house, she pulled the ends of the legs until the jeans slipped over her perfect ass. She tossed the jeans to make a pile with the blouse. She luxuriated in the warm rain, wearing a white semi-thong to match her bra. "Perfect night for a little swim," she said.  
  
Beth laughed. She skipped down the steps and stood next to Christian. "You want to swim?" she asked, her fingers playing with his lips and his chin.  
  
"It's not safe, Beth. There's lightning."  
  
"Okay, you stay here with Warren, okay?" Then in a move so sudden it caught him by surprise, Beth shrugged her shoulders, and her dress crumpled around her ankles. She pulled his hands toward her waist, but Christian wanted the full view. He had been right — she wasn't wearing any underwear. Her gold necklace and bracelet glittered, making her skin seem softer. She angled her right knee in and rounded her shoulders. The effect was to make her breast seem heavy on her chest, and her hips rounder, flaring from such a small waist. Her pussy hair was dark, lush, softly curling. She threw her hips lasciviously, approaching Vera. Warren stood up on the porch, wearing his Buddy Holly glasses. His eyes were glued to Beth's undulating ass.  
  
Good joke, Christian thought, damn good prank. All it took was another outfit in her large bag, with items dropped at convenient intervals. Christian absentmindedly fingered the seamed stockings in his jacket pocket. Vera seemed to read his mind, because she knelt in front of Beth, and unrolled the seamed stockings down the right thigh, past her narrow knee, down her calf, and around her dainty ankle. She lifted the right foot, and starting at the heel, stripped the last of the stocking off. Then she repeated the performance with Beth's left leg. At each touch of Vera's hands, Beth quivered a little in the warm rain. Beth opened her arms to the shower, and lifted them skyward, her head back. Her breasts were lifted high on her chest. Christian thought he saw moisture dropping from her pussy hair.  
  
Vera stood, her underwear glowing in the dim light, then turned toward the pond. Beth reached out and grabbed the elastic in her panties. She pulled them down to Vera's knees. Vera stepped out of her panties, and shrugged out of her bra. With her back still to Christian, she called to him, "Nothing you haven't see before, is it?" Then she took off at a jog toward the pond. Christian watched her run, strong and graceful. He was surprised when Beth grasped his hand, pulling him toward the copse of trees and the lake.  
  
Warren took off his rain-smeared glasses and stumbled toward the pond until Beth took him by the hand, too. "Here," she said, placing his hand on her right hip. "Follow me to the pond, Warren." Warren's hand slipped from the top of her hip until he had a handful of ass, which he squeezed softly. At this point, Vera would have slapped, but not Beth Christian heard Beth hum contentedly, "Mmmmmh," and he realized again how much she loved to be touched and caressed. Somehow, the knowledge that Warren could barely see Beth's fine pink body flushed with excitement made Warren's caress of Beth more acceptable to Christian. It was almost like giving alms to a beggar. Meanwhile, Christian had full use of his five senses, and he knew he'd be using them all tonight.  
  
He heard a splash. Vera had jumped into the water and swam to the raft in the center of the pond.  
  
Christian undressed and put his clothes carefully on the dock that jutted into the pond. The clothes were probably ruined, but old habits died hard. Beth led Warren to the end of the dock, and prepared to dive in. Warren stopped her, turning her so that she faced him. "Little help?" he asked. If Warren hadn't seen her boobs earlier at the Oasis, he was getting the full experience right now.  
  
Beth ran her hands over his shoulders, down to his belt, and unloosened it. She unzipped his jeans. Warren had an erection, but his dick was still contained. Beth had him lean on her while she pulled off each boot and sock. Then she slipped his biker jacket from his shoulders, and ran her hands down his arms again. Then she unbuttoned his shirt, while leaning heavily into him.  
  
With his shirt off, Warren was surprisingly well-muscled. Beth tugged at the jeans until each hip was revealed, then slid the jeans off his butt, using her hands for leverage. Finally the only thing holding up his jeans was his raging hard-on. Beth tugged on the jeans, and they puddled at his ankles. His dick sprang forward like a diving board. He stepped out of his jeans, still leaning on Beth.  
  
"Thanks for the assist, little filly," he said.  
  
Beth used her index finger to make his dick bounce up and down. She shivered again at the sight, then hugged him, pressing every part of her front against his hairy, muscular, frame, tucking his dick to the side. She was about to stop hugging when Warren put his arms around her, which caused Beth to hug even more. Warren's hands drifted south until they gently stroked her buttocks. His finger traced the crack in her ass, and she tipped her hips into him more insistently.  
  
Christian watched the show, his own cock bulging at the performance. He knew those breasts, those thighs, that ass, better than Warren could ever dream. He had cum on her tits when she gave him a titty-fuck. Her hands were dainty, yet surprisingly strong and facile. She could coax the cum out of him after the toughest day. And don't get him started on the tricks her tongue knew. Even as Warren's finger grazed Beth's asshole, Christian's own prick trembled at the memory of plunging into her from behind.  
  
Beth broke the hug. Before she left Warren, bowed down and kissed the tip of his penis, causing it to undulated wildly. Christian chuckled as she backed away more, and then turned toward the lake. She dove in still wearing her gold and swam strongly to the raft. Vera helped her up using a fireman's hold — hands on forearms, and lift.  
  
The warm rain had intensified, so that it was difficult to see clearly even the few yard to the raft. Christian saw Beth and Vera standing on the raft, but it was as if he were looking through a veil. They were shadowy outlines. He saw Warren wrestle with his thick glasses, trying to keep the water from fogging and smearing them.  
  
It was late, probably after 2:00. The rain fell more heavily, but the air had only a slight chill. Christian tested the pond, and found it surprisingly warm. "Nice!" he said to Warren.  
  
"Some kind of thermal spring. Keeps it right at about 80 degrees year round. Almost too warm in summer, except at night." Warren's own erection had shrunk in the cooler air. Christian dove into the water and swam to within a few feet of the raft. The veil that had separated his view of Beth and Vera had parted.  
  
Beth stood facing him, her chin on her shoulder. The colder air had raised goosebumps on her lets and arms, and tightened her nipples into hard little berries. Vera stood behind her and slightly offset. Christian could see the contrast of their wonderful bodies. He was very familiar with Beth's healthy flushed skin, her delicious curves, and soft pubic hair. Vera's body was still new to him, with its golden tan, softer looking breasts, areolae that seemed almost yellow, and honey-colored pubic hair. Her abs were better defined than Beth's but her knees seemed to pucker a little, while Beth's were straight. Vera grabbed Beth's breasts from behind, kneading them gently while Beth let her head roll back. Vera's fingers found the nubs of Beth's nipples and began to roll them into even harder berries. Beth moaned, then reached back with her right hand to search for and find Vera's pussy. Once she found it, she inserted her middle finger into the warm cleft. Vera responded by dropping her left hand from the boob to the cunt, and began to tease Beth's clit.  
  
Christian saw Beth knees tremble and shake as she enjoyed fingering Vera, and being explored by her. Beth turned to face Vera and put her arms around her neck so she wouldn't collapse. Vera kept up her fingering, and ran her other hand down Beth's ass. Christian didn't think his boner could get any bigger watching the women.  
  
Vera leaned forward and kissed Beth on the mouth. Beth, who looked surprised for a moment, studied Vera's face and then gave herself completely to the pleasure of Vera's touch. She opened her mouth and let their tongues explore for a long time. Christian accepted it, too. Vera was enjoying Beth's excitement. He could almost see Vera's pussy dripping with warm juices. No wonder she didn't allow men to touch her while she wore her waitress outfit. It wasn't a man's cock she wanted between her legs, and never had been.  
  
Another set of headlights bounced up the roadway toward the ranch. When it reached the farmhouse, Christian saw an old Chevy he'd seen around the Oasis. The door creaked open. Owen struggled his heavy frame out, wearing a baseball cap and a rain jacket.  
  
Christian swam closer to the raft. "It's your father, Beth! You don't want him to see you." Christian didn't think Owen could distinguish his daughter from that distance in this rain, but he didn't want to take chances. "Get in the water until he leaves."

Vera laughed, and rubbed a little more vigorously on Beth's clit. Beth squeaked like a toy mouse, and arched her pelvis so Vera could be even more thorough.  
  
"Who ya got out dere, Warren?" Owen said in his booming voice. "Is that Vera? She never could say no ta a midnight swim. Who's she got wid her?"  
  
Warren held up his rain-soaked glasses, as if that explained his reluctance to identify the women kissing on the raft. Owen lumbered toward him, and the two men embraced. Then they kissed.  
  
Christian felt gobsmacked, but now understood how Vera and Warren kept together as a couple. They were each a kind of bait for the other's sexual interests. Beth's eyes rolled back in her head, and she seemed oblivious to anything that didn't involve her own body. She hadn't noticed her father kissing the biker dude. He wondered whether she'd known all along.  
  
Beth screamed with pleasure, but it was drowned out by a clap of thunder. She collapsed at Vera's feet, gasping like a sprinter after the race. She rolled on her back, her arms and legs outstretched, while the rain pelted her thighs, abdomen, tits, and shoulders. She covered her face, but seemed to weak to stand up or swim.  
  
Vera was proud of what she had accomplished, but looked unsatisfied herself. Beth was too exhausted to return the favors, and the rain was washing a little harder now. Vera approached the edge of the platform to dive in, when Christian grabbed one of her ankles. She looked down her long torso at him.  
  
"I'm not going to fuck you, Mr. Big Shot," she said.  
  
"I don't want to fuck you, Vera. Sit down." Christian positioned Vera on the edge of the raft with her legs spread wide apart. He swam between them, and Vera's breath quickened. "You are beautiful, but I know I'm not your type. Still, I think I know what you like. After your performance in this April Fools' prank, I think you deserve some TLC yourself."  
  
Vera leaned back and didn't fight it when Christian used his tongue to part her labia. His own dick was rock hard, too stupid to know that this goddess would never touch it. His mind foolishly thought that maybe, just maybe, Vera was bisexual. He tongued her golden hairs until she fell backwards on the raft, her arms extended, her back arched in anticipation of the climax building within her. He lightened his licks, which made her whimper a little, so he toughened the lapping again. It was clear she enjoyed that more. He thrust his tongue deeper, isolating the nub of her clitoris, which was bigger than any he had held between his teeth before.  
  
When Vera came, she shuddered and bucked for nearly an entire minute. Then she exhaled and relaxed. Juices poured from her onto Christian's face. He laughed in surprise as he wiped his eyes.  
  
"Are you sure you're not a woman, Mr. Big Shot?" Vera purred.  
  
"Are you sure you don't like cock?"  
  
Vera sat up, threw her arms around his head, and pushed him under the water. He came up sputtering. "Okay," he said. "You don't like cock."  
  
Beth swam up to Christian. "I think it's your turn," she whispered in his ear.  
  
Christian tossed his head in the direction of the ranch house. "That's your dad up there. I thought he was rather protective."  
  
She swam around him, so that he was treading water in a circle. "He is protective. He'll probably cut your nuts off when he sees what you and I are doing."  
  
"We're not doing anything," Christian said.  
  
Beth pushed him into the shallower water until they could both feel the soft earth between their toes. Then she put her arm around his neck and pulled him close for a lingering kiss. He tried to distinguish the taste of her tongue from what might be left of Vera's kisses. Instead he was lost in the excitement of her frenzied tongue. Her ardor didn't decrease as she grasped his dick in her hand, using her fingers to comb the tip of his penis. She guided it into her pussy where she let it lay warm, surrounded by her soft tissue.  
  
Christian wondered whether Beth was bisexual and what that might mean for them both as they went forward. At a minimum, she was polymorphously perverse, as Woody Allen would say; she receives sexual pleasure from being caressed anywhere on her body. And what did it say about him, that he was able to give sexual pleasure to a woman like Vera who was clearly gay?  
  
He thrust into Beth, and she thrust back, an underwater dance that gave him a controlled buildup of sexual tension. Beth watched is face as they enjoyed each other, almost as if her body were not the one being fucked. The water roiled around them. As he came, the rain stopped abruptly. Vera dove off the raft and swam to the dock. She climbed up the steps, more slowly than necessary, Christian thought, but he was grateful for the lovely show.  
  
Owen and Warren waved to Vera, then walked hand in hand into the ranch house. Vera gathered the clothes she had been wearing and when she reached the ranch house, threw the switch. Beth and Christian found themselves in deep darkness. The rain clouds had given way to insistent stars. Christian let Beth lean into him, and pull back, as she wished. She seemed to know how to play him, and he appreciated how she challenged him.  
  
While Christian pulled on his clothes, Beth found the yellow bikini. She eased into the bottoms, leaving her ass fully exposed. Then she found the two triangles that comprised the top. She pulled out the two-sided tape, and stuck two pieces to the tiny triangles. She positioned the triangles over her nipples and slapped to affix them. Even in the near darkness, the effect reminded Christian of Beth's nudity, rather than that she was barely covered.  
  
"What do you think?" asked Beth. "Someday?"  
  
"I like it," he said. "Wear it all you want."  
  
She walked demurely toward him, which seemed so at odds with her nudity, and kissed him until he touched her with his hands. He noticed Vera had been watching from a chair on the porch. She gave him a double thumbs up. He made a mental note to send Vera some lovely jewelry. He wondered whether he could handle a three-way.  
  
Beth smiled at him and at Vera. The ambiguity of the situation made him realize that he was nothing but an April Fool.