**Heat Wave**

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Hot.  
  
Make that hot and bored.  
  
For a fifth straight day the temperature hovered in the mid-90s. My room retained heat and gave no quarter even during the night.  
  
My parents, the two greenest people on earth, refused to have air conditioning in the house. They even frowned upon fans because of the extra electricity they used.   
  
"Dress coolly and let your mind overcome your discomfort," offered Mom.  
  
As if yoga or meditation could defeat tropical conditions. My summer job with a landscaper meant I was outside all day. I would drag my butt home and stay in a cool shower until I lowered my body temperature. Of course, my parents would get on me about wasting water. At least, I countered, I was not using hot water, which used energy to heat.  
  
This weekend's forecast was the worst yet. The temps were predicted to hit 100. My parents opted to go hiking and camping in the mountains, where it would be cooler. They offered to take me, but I had to work on Saturday morning. Also, the thought of the three hour ride in a car with no AC was not appealing.  
  
By one o'clock on Saturday I was home, showered and naked.  
  
Without anyone around, I decided to just not bother with clothes. It was much cooler, well, it was at least much less hot. I was still baking.  
  
My phone buzzed. I opened a text from Myra. She was at home and wondered what I was up to.  
  
Myra is my best friend from grade school up to now. Although we attend different colleges, we still texted, talked and got together a lot.   
  
I texted her that I was just hanging around waiting until my blood boiled and finally put an end to my misery.  
  
My phone rang and I answered.  
  
"Hey, I hear it's hot."  
  
"Myra, I wish I had your ability to identify even the most obscure fact."  
  
"A natural talent," she retorted.  
  
We chatted for a bit.   
  
"Hey, why don't you come over here? I'm sitting by the pool and it's not too bad. When I get too fried, I jump in."  
  
"Sounds tempting," I said. "But it may be too much effort."  
  
"What? Just ride your bike over. What else do you have to do?"  
  
"Get dressed for one thing."  
  
"Ooh, am I talking to a naked guy? This is getting kinky."  
  
I laughed. Myra and I had always kidded around about sex, but never took any of it seriously. We each had dated others through high school and the first two years of college, but never drifted into a sexual relationship with each other.   
  
"Well, if you could see me dripping sweat from every bit, you probably wouldn't call it sexy."  
  
"Every bit?" she said teasing me, "Even Mr. Dingleberry?"  
  
When we were kids her mother used to call her brother's penis a dingleberry. Since then, Myra liked to make jokes using that term.  
  
"Well, it's not dripping off him," I said. "He's resting on the floor and the sweat is just puddling there."  
  
Myra laughed and said, "In your dreams."  
  
"Hey, asshole, put on whatever and get over here. Besides, I'm bored. My brother and his girlfriend are gone to the mall and the parental units are visiting Granny. Have the place to myself. We could probably even sneak a couple beers."  
  
Myra and I both were under twenty-one, but not unaccustomed to malt refreshments.  
  
I pulled on a swim suit, t-shirt and sneakers and got my bike from the garage. I made it to Myra's house in a half hour.   
  
I pushed my bike around back and entered from the gate. I didn't see anyone and called out.  
  
"Be right out," came a voice from inside. "Want a beer?"  
  
"At least one," I shouted back.  
  
I put my helmet on a table and peeled off my soaked shirt. Kicking off my shoes, I went to the pool and dove in. The water was not freezing cold, but refreshing enough to cool me. I was treading in the deep end, when Myra appeared.  
  
"Make yourself at home," she said.  
  
"You did invite me," I replied.  
  
"Just kidding."  
  
She was holding a tray with two beers and a bowl of chips.  
  
I pulled myself out of the pool.  
  
Myra set the tray on the table under the shade umbrella. She turned and looked me up and down.  
  
"Zach, don't take this the wrong way, but you're looking hot—and not just because of the weather."  
  
I did a mock body builder pose that made her crack up.  
  
"Well, I've been working my ass off," I said reaching for the beer.  
  
"Really?" she said. "Turn around."  
  
I turned my back to her. Next I felt my bathing suit being jerked down. In a second my entire ass was exposed.  
  
"No way, dude," Myra said laughing, "it's still there."  
  
I put down my beer and pulled up my suit. I started chasing her. She ran, but I caught her in a couple strides. I hoisted her over my shoulder and trotted back to the pool. I pulled her down into my arms and then tossed her into the water.  
  
She bobbed to the surface and I did a cannonball next to her, sending water cascading into her face.  
  
We began a splashing war that lasted until we wore ourselves out. With the exception of her pantsing me, which she had never done before, it was like we were twelve again.  
  
Climbing up on the apron, we looked at each other. She made a feint toward grabbing my suit. I reacted by pushing her away. My hands landed on her boobs. I felt the soft and firm mass under my palms. I pushed harder and she went flying back into the water screaming.  
  
I walked over and got my beer.   
  
"Wow," I thought. "I just touched her boobs."  
  
Myra was now standing dripping next to me.  
  
"That was a cheap shot," she said.  
  
"I thought you were going to pants me again."  
  
"So that gives you permission to grope the goodies?"  
  
I was worried I had offended her.  
  
I started to apologize when she cracked up.  
  
"I hope you enjoyed it at least."  
  
"What there was to enjoy," I shot back.  
  
"Prick," she said  
  
"Cunt," I replied.  
  
"Asshole," she continued.  
  
"Twat," I said.  
  
We kept this up until one of us could not think of a gross or sexual body part to offer as a retort. We'd been doing this routine since we were teens.   
  
Still laughing at how silly we could be together, we plopped down in recliners next to the pool.  
  
"God, I miss you so much when I'm at school," she said. "There is absolutely no one who gets my humor. They look at me like I've got two heads. Zach, you make me laugh and that's why I love you."  
  
"Not my awesome ass?"  
  
"Well, I never saw it before today, but I guess I could add it to the list."   
  
We tipped beer bottles and relaxed.   
  
One of the great things about our relationship is we don't need to fill every second with talking. Sometimes we can just hang out and be comfortable with silence.  
  
I looked over at Myra. She had on a blue two-piece. I guess it was accidently touching her boobs that made me consider her more as a woman than just a girl who's a friend. We were close to the same height, which makes her a tad tall for a girl and me a tad short for a guy. She inherited her mother's Italian looks of dark hair, almost black eyes and olive complexion. Myra is a runner and her legs are always toned and tight. She acquired a bellybutton piercing last year at college and it sets of her smooth stomach. Her chest is not large, but there is plenty to admire. Best of all is her face. She has a natural smile that showcases white teeth that benefitted from her father, an orthodontist. She's been my friend for so long that I sometimes forget she is a beautiful young woman. Today, however, was not one of those days.  
  
She turned and caught me looking at her.  
  
"What?" she asked. "Do I have spinach in my teeth or something?"  
  
"Nah," I said. "You still look as geeky as ever."  
  
"Fart head."  
  
"Douche bag."  
  
I offered to get us more beers. Returning I found Myra had put the recliner all the way flat and was lying face down. He top was undone.  
  
I put the beers on the table.  
  
"Getting some sun, I see."  
  
"And you accuse me of overstating the obvious?" she said.  
  
She reached under her chair and grabbed a bottle of sunscreen.  
  
"Do my back, please"  
  
I knelt next to her and squeezed some lotion onto her shoulders. I rubbed it in and let my hands glide up and down her back.  
  
"Have you been working out?" I ask feeling her muscles.  
  
"Been doing a lot of cardio and some weights," she said, sighing as I massaged her.  
  
"Legs?" I asked.  
  
"Please."  
  
With my hands covered in lotion, I slid up and down her thighs and calves. She moved her legs slightly apart and I covered the insides of her thighs, but did not stray close to her sex parts.  
  
"Mmm, feels good," she said.  
  
I returned to her back and rubbed a few more times, my hands just touching the sides of her boobs.  
  
I looked down at her butt covered with the bikini bottom. Maybe it was the heat or the two beers, but I lifted the waistband and looked inside. I gazed at the two white mounds. They looked perfect to me.  
  
"Hey," she called out.  
  
"Fair is fair," I said. "You saw mine."  
  
"Yeah, but yours is a guy's."  
  
"That makes a difference?" I said as I continued to hold up the bottom and admire her rump as she clinched her cheeks.  
  
"Of course it does, dufus."  
  
Although she made a point of sounding angry, she did not tell me to cover her back up.  
  
"Maybe you might need some sunscreen there," I said half-kidding.  
  
"Duh, I think the suit protects me enough," she said, but still not telling me to stop looking.  
  
"Well, what if you didn't have the suit on...?"  
  
Silence, but not like the comfortable silence of before.  
  
Finally, Myra spoke softly.  
  
"I guess I could stand to get rid of some more tan lines."  
  
She lifted her butt off the recliner. I was frozen for a second, but then eased her bikini bottom gently off her butt and slid it down her legs. I tossed it on the ground.  
  
I was staring at her naked back.  
  
"Well, are you going to let my ass burn or what?"  
  
I squirted two dollops on each cheek and began working it in. Her smooth ass was a wonder. It was both soft and muscular. All the years together, I had never seen any major part of her naked. Now, I was massaging a super nice ass.  
  
"Don't take this the wrong way, Myra," I said as my hands ran over her cheeks, "you have a really nice ass. I mean for a complete fuckwad."  
  
"That's so sweet coming from a dork breath," she said. "Zach, I think my ass is totally sun protected by now."  
  
I let my hands linger on the white flesh. I then smacked her and sat back on my recliner.  
  
"Jerk-off," she yelled.  
  
"Ass-flasher," I said.  
  
We broke up. She asked for her beer and I handed it to her. She rose up on her elbows to drink it and I could see the side of her boob hanging down, but could not make out the nipple.  
  
She lay back down and we talked about school and just caught up on things.  
  
"I'm getting toasted enough on this side," she said.  
  
"Oh," was the best I could manage.  
  
"Would it totally freak you out if I flipped over?"  
  
"You mean with all your cootie parts showing?"  
  
She laughed and said, "Yeah, all of them."  
  
"I guess I could stand it. If I run in the house to puke, don't get mad at me."  
  
She flipped me the bird and flipped herself over.  
  
I know it's impolite to stare, but I could not help myself. Myra is fabulous naked.  
  
She sat up and looked over at me. Her breasts were larger than I had imagined. They were white, round and rested proudly on her chest. Her dark nipples stood out from her tan colored areolas. Between her legs was a trim strip of dark curly hair.   
  
"God, Zach, say something."  
  
"You've got tits," I exclaimed in mock horror. "And, you don't have a dingleberry between your legs. Oh my god, you're a girl."  
  
Myra cracked up and threw the plastic bottle of sunscreen at me, bouncing it off my head.  
  
I picked up the bottle and gave her my best impression of a lecherous leer.  
  
"I can do the front as well as the back, my dear" I said.  
  
"Toss it back, slimeball. I can handle it myself."  
  
I threw her the lotion. She spread it over her breasts, making them bounce. She tweaked her nipples, I'm sure just to tease me. She covered her stomach and legs with lotion. She then glanced at me and slowly rubbed lotion into her pubic hair and all around her pussy.   
  
"Mmm, this feels so good. God, if only I had a real man to take care of me."  
  
I pumped my chest and said in a deep voice, "At your service, my dear."  
  
Myra looked me up and down and shook her head.   
  
"Come back when you grow up, little boy."  
  
"Hey, who are you calling a little boy," I whined.  
  
"The kid who's sitting there in a swim suit while a beautiful naked women is sprawled before him."  
  
"You're not sprawled," I mock protested, "you're sitting up."  
  
Myra laid back in her recliner, opened her legs slightly and ran her hands up and down her naked body.  
  
"Uh, no fair. Now you're sprawling and making lewd gestures."  
  
"Little boy," was all Myra said.  
  
"Hey, Myra, you really want me to, you know, drop trou?"  
  
"Why not?" she said. "It's not like we're going to jump each other's bones. Be a little daring."  
  
I finished my beer and stood. Untying my suit I eased it down past my now erect penis and let it fall to the ground.  
  
"Wow," said Myra, "I'll never call you a little boy again."  
  
We both looked at my hard-on.  
  
"Honestly, Zach, all these years we've been friends and you never let me know what you had. That's just not fair."  
  
I stood still as she watched. I never thought she would be interested in what was under my pants. But, I was also happy that she liked what she saw.  
  
"Well, we never played 'show-me-yours' before," I said.  
  
"Not officially," Myra said.  
  
"What do you mean?"  
  
"I mean I know you almost broke your neck trying to look down my blouse a bunch of times and when I wear a skirt I can feel your creepy eyes trying to x-ray me."  
  
"I'm offended that you think I would stoop to such behavior," I said. "I was just trying to see if you were inadvertently exposing some part. I could then caution you that there may be perverts who would take advantage of the view. Besides, you always wore a damn bra and I couldn't see a freaking thing."  
  
"Right," she said. "Anyway, we've got all that behind us, or, in this case, in front of us."  
  
"So, what now?" I asked.  
  
"Let's swim."  
  
We jumped in the pool and splashed around for a bit. I began to relax and my hard-on released its death grip on me.  
  
After climbing back out, Myra looked at my now limp member.  
  
"I like Mr. Dingleberry when he's not all in my face," she said.  
  
"Technically, he was not in your face," I kidded. "But, if you want..."  
  
"No thanks, Hairy Balls."  
  
"Ouch, that hurts," I said. "I think it's rather masculine to demonstrate my high testosterone level by the fuzzy-ness of my heuvos. And, might I add that your grooming needs some attention, StubbleCrotch."  
  
Myra laughed out loud, "Good one."  
  
Running her hands over her shaved pubes, she said, "Guess I should have let Lady Gillette out for a walk in the garden today."  
  
"Well, if you ever need a hand..."  
  
Raising her arms, Myra said, "See, I already have two. Thank you very much."  
  
"Just trying to be a friend."  
  
We smiled at each other. It struck me we were talking and kidding each other just as we always did, only now we sat across from each other naked.  
  
"After that plunge in the pool," I said, "I bet a lot of that sunscreen washed off. I think I should help you protect yourself."  
  
"I think I need protection from you," she said.  
  
Then, grinning widely, Myra tossed me the bottle and laid back.  
  
"Serious?" I asked her.  
  
"What? You need a written invitation?"  
  
I knelt beside her once more. Squirting a pool of lotion onto her stomach, I smoothed some over her breasts. Feeling them for a fleeting moment before, while they were contained behind her bra, in no way compared to the sensation I was now experiencing. Her breasts were pliable pillows under my touch. I cupped each one, forcing her nipples to stand up. After releasing them, I let my fingers explore her areolas and nipples. Myra kept her eyes closed, but smiled as I rubbed her breasts. I knew I should stop, but I could not control my hands. I longed to take her nipple in my mouth. I started to bend toward her breast.  
  
Myra opened her eyes. "Hey, there's more to me than a nice set of tits," she said.  
  
I pulled back and spread more lotion on her stomach and the fronts of her thighs and shins. I was now at the crux, so to speak, of a dilemma. Do I touch her sex or not.  
  
"Contrary to popular myth," Myra said, "it doesn't have teeth and won't bite you."  
  
I dabbed some lotion on my hands and started rubbing around her strip. I let my fingers play through her tight curls and play along the rough stubble. I touched the insides of her thighs next to her lips. She spread her legs. I slid one finger along her slit.  
  
"Ouch," I yelled.  
  
"What?" she said.  
  
"I know you said there weren't any teeth here, but you should have warned me I could get burned. That thing is on fire."  
  
"Keep doing it, Gonad Groper, and you'll find some liquid to help sooth your pain."  
  
True to her prediction, I soon found my finger covered with a strong-smelling wetness. I used some of it to cover her now partially exposed clit. Myra thrust up her hips. I made small circles around the hard bud and she groaned. I placed my other hand at her opening and slowly pushed a finger inside, while I increased the pressure on her clit.  
  
Myra started pulling her nipples and urging me on through her thrusts. Adding a second finger, I slowly pumped in and out while keeping steady pressure on her clit.   
  
Soon, her breathing shortened and she let out a small cry. I could feel her vagina spasm around my fingers and more liquid flowed over my hand. Myra placed her hand on mine and eased me out of her intimate canal.  
  
I looked at her as I brought my fingers to my mouth and sucked them clean. It was a sweet taste, made more so because it belonged to Myra.  
  
"Probably didn't cool you off much," I said.  
  
"Like I give a shit," she said and sat up to kiss me on the mouth. "Thanks, Zach, that was very nice. Also, very needed since I was seriously horny."  
  
"My pleasure, and I mean that in every way possible."  
  
We kissed again. Myra looked down at my hard-on.  
  
"Lay back. Mr. Dingleberry needs some attention."  
  
"Do you think we should?" I asked.  
  
"Christ, you're thick sometimes, Zach."  
  
Myra put a small amount of lotion on her palms and reached for me. She ran her hand up and down my shaft sending sensations flying through my body.  
  
She cradled my balls in one hand and increased the tempo of pumping with the other. The fact that it was Myra jerking me off and the pure sensation of it made me rush quickly to the inevitable.  
  
"I'm about there."  
  
"Let it rip."  
  
Myra pumped a couple more times and I exploded. I covered my chest and stomach through a series of five spurts. Myra kept working me until I was soft and the last drops nestled in my pubic hair.  
  
She raised her hand to her mouth and licked the residue from her fingers.  
  
"Not bad, Penis Breath. You must have a healthy diet."  
  
I pulled her down on top of me and we kissed.  
  
"Wow, what a show!"  
  
We startled at the sound of a woman's voice.  
  
We looked up to see a tall blond standing a few feet away.  
  
"Sandra!"  
  
"Hi, Myra. Your brother dropped me off because he had to swing by the office for a couple hours. Didn't know you were entertaining friends. I take it this is Zach."  
  
"How long have you been watching," asked Myra as she stood and searched for a towel to cover herself. Of course, now I was openly exposed to this woman.  
  
"Long enough to appreciate that you have one well-hung friend."  
  
"Well, it's not what it looks like," said Myra as she wrapped a towel around her.  
  
"It never is, sweetie," said Sandra kindly.  
  
Sandra was dressed in yellow shorts with a white tube top. She was taller than Myra and appeared to have a full figure.  
  
"Zach and I are just friends," Myra continued trying to explain.  
  
"Myra, I think what you and your friend do is none of my business. I admire that you can feel free to enjoy each other. I won't tell your brother. He's kinda up-tight about some things. Like, he never wants to get naked around my apartment. I, on the other hand, could live without clothes. Actually, I like that this pool now seems to be clothing optional. I've been wanting to skinny-dip since I got here."

Sandra pulled her top off revealing large, natural breasts. She dropped her shorts and panties in one motion, and stepped out of them. She had a closely cropped thin strip of blond that allowed her prominent sex lips to show.  
  
She walked to the edge and dove in.  
  
Myra looked at me and shrugged.  
  
"Guess she must be suffering heat stroke or something and needed an emergency cooling off" I offered.  
  
"Probably."  
  
"What do we do now?" I asked.  
  
"Go for a swim."  
  
"Brilliant idea, Semen Sucker."  
  
Myra laughed and punched my arm.  
  
"Don't get any ideas that this will become a regular thing," she said  
  
"Define regular."  
  
"Well, definitely not more than three or four times a day."  
  
"I can live with that," I said.  
  
"Hey, are you guys coming in? The water's fine."  
  
"Actually," I thought, "everything is fine."  
  
With Myra's hand in mine, we took the plunge.  
  
####  
  
MR. FIX-IT  
  
The heat wave was making everyone crazy.  
  
My girlfriend took the call from her sister and kept looking at me as she spoke.   
  
"I'm sure Brad would be happy to help," she said with a smile in my direction.  
  
Sheila clicked off and said, "Caty is going out of her mind. You have to help her."  
  
Sheila's sister was two years older and a relatively sane person. I was at a loss as to what was driving her crazy.  
  
"What's up?"  
  
"Her air conditioner died. Jerome is gone until the end of the month and she is not supposed to leave the house. She's wondering if you could go over and take a look. She tried calling a repair person but they're all tied up on service calls. She does not want to pay double for a weekend service visit."  
  
Caty lived about 20 miles away. Her husband was a salesman who covered much of the mid-west. It was not unusual for him to be gone for weeks at a time. What really made matters worse is that Caty is six months pregnant. Her doctor has ordered her to bed rest for the remainder of her pregnancy.  
  
I'm Sheila's family's semi-official fix-it guy. I run a small electronics repair business and have always worked with my hands. In spite of my degree in electrical engineering, I prefer being on my own rather than in a large company.  
  
"I can go take a look," I said. "Wanna come along?"  
  
"I'm supposed to go over to Mom's tonight to decorate for Caty's baby shower. Actually, I was thinking of staying over there and we can finish up tomorrow. Would you mind going by yourself?"  
  
I agreed. I grabbed my toolkit and threw it in the back of my truck. I thought I'd better bring some fans, just in case I couldn't get the AC working.  
  
Sheila called Caty and told her I was on my way.  
  
I pulled into the driveway about 40 minutes later. The traffic was heavy at this time on a Friday afternoon. I took my toolkit and knocked on the door.  
  
Caty opened it and welcomed me in. The house felt like a sauna. Caty was red-faced and looked as uncomfortable as a person could.   
  
"Brad, thank you so much. I hope you can do something, because I cannot stand this for another minute. To tell the truth, before you arrived I was sitting here naked. I can't stand even the feel of these clothes. Please tell me you can fix it."  
  
Caty was wearing a long maternity-style sun dress. I momentarily flashed on what her body would look like without it. Caty is pretty, blond and petite. She is still pretty and blond, but now her small frame is overshadowed by her protruding belly. Her face is slightly puffy, but I think most of that is from the heat.  
  
I had my fantasies regarding Caty. Before she became pregnant, she had the tightest little body. Her smallish breasts always looked so tempting in the tight shirts she liked to wear. Like her sister, she displayed a full rump and shapely legs. She and I got along fine and we did a bit of innocent flirting. Sheila was always around and thought it was cute. The three of us shared a mutual attraction, but it was never more than a lot of double entendres and a slap on the butt now and then. It also didn't include Jerome, who was a bit of a jerk and often not around.  
  
"Well, let me take a look. It may take a while."  
  
I went out back to check the central unit. Their backyard was small, in keeping with the modest ranch-style house. It did have a pool. Jerome said they weren't looking for one when they bought, but they liked everything else about the place, so they accepted the hassle of maintaining the pool.  
  
I pulled the cover and killed the power. I checked all the connections and looked for obvious problems. Finding none, I powered it back on. I soon discovered that the pump was not working. It was old and had probably just worn out.   
  
I turned it back off and went in to report to Caty.  
  
I slid open the kitchen door and heard a shriek.   
  
I glanced at the naked back of my sister-in-law ducking around the corner.  
  
"Oops," I called out, "sorry."  
  
"Shit, I thought you'd be out there longer. I couldn't stand my clothes. Can you hand me my dress, it's on the floor by the island."  
  
I picked up the light cotton garment and reached around the corner. A hand reached around and took it from me. In a moment she reappeared, now dressed.  
  
"God, that's embarrassing," she said.  
  
"It's ok, Caty," I reassured her.  
  
"But you saw me naked."  
  
"Just a quick glimpse of your back," I told her.  
  
"Well, with the size of my ass these days, I'm sure it was more than enough."  
  
"Don't be so hard on yourself. You're pregnant. You should put on some weight. And, don't go thinking that I'm saying you're fat. Actually, you looked beautiful."  
  
Caty laughed. "Right. You're sweet, Brad. But, a jumbo butt is not beautiful."  
  
"I guess you haven't looked in a mirror lately," I said grinning. "What I saw is not a jumbo butt. It was a great butt."  
  
I realized I might have crossed the line with that last comment. I started to apologize but Caty cut me off.  
  
"It's ok, Brad. Thanks for the compliment. They're in short supply these days."  
  
I didn't press her on that last comment.  
  
"So, what's the verdict?"  
  
"Classic good and bad news."  
  
She arched an eyebrow.  
  
"Good news is that I discovered you have a blown pump. It's relatively easy to fix and not all that expensive. Bad news is I doubt I can get a part tonight. I may be able to find one in the morning, depending if the plumbing suppliers are open on a Saturday."  
  
"Shit."  
  
I thought she was going to cry.  
  
"Hey, I wish I could do something else, but..."  
  
"Oh, Brad, I'm not upset with you. I appreciate you coming out here. I know you're doing everything you can. It's just that I should be in bed and resting. But, it is so freaking hot in that bedroom, I can hardly stand it. Now, I may have to put up with this for another couple days if you can't find a part. I'm just feeling sorry for myself. That's all."  
  
Her eyes teared up. I was tempted to give her a hug to comfort her. I think she sensed my awkwardness and walked toward me.  
  
"Brad, I won't bite."   
  
I smiled and opened my arms. She rested her head on my chest and I gently squeezed her. She began sobbing openly.  
  
I rubbed her back and could feel the heat emanating from her body.  
  
I had no words, so remained silent and hugged her. I had never been this close to a pregnant body. I was amazed at how hard her stomach felt pushing against me. I was also a bit shocked to feel how big her breasts felt against my chest and the hardness of her nipples since they were only shielded by the thin cotton dress.  
  
In a few minutes, she got herself under control.  
  
She broke free and I kissed the top of her head.  
  
"It'll work out, Caty. I promise you."  
  
"Thanks. And, thanks for putting up with a hormonally challenged crazy lady."   
  
She ran her fingers through her short blond hair, damp with sweat.   
  
"God, I must look a mess. I think I'll rinse off. Then I'll make you something to eat before you go back."  
  
"Take your shower, but then right into bed. I'll fix us some supper. You need to be off your feet. And, I brought some fans. I'm going to set them up in your bedroom. It may help cool it a bit."  
  
She squeezed my arm and headed off toward her master bedroom.  
  
I brought two window fans and one floor fan with me. I carried them into the bedroom. I could hear the water running in the master bath shower.  
  
Their bedroom was in an ell at the back of the house and had two windows on opposite walls. I put one fan in a window and set it to blow in and the other across from it, set to pull air out. In this way, I created a strong breeze to pull out the hot air trapped in the room. I set the floor fan in a corner and pointed it at the bed. I adjusted it so it would oscillate and blow across the bed. I turned it on low. I thought the temperature in the room already felt lower.  
  
The water in the shower stopped. I called out to Caty that I was in her bedroom. She opened the door with a towel held in front of her. Her hair was plastered to her head and she was dripping onto the bathroom floor.  
  
"Hey, it feels better in here."  
  
She walked into the room and crossed to stand in front of her bed. The artificial breeze from the window fans blew across her, while the floor fan raked back and forth, hitting her front.  
  
She turned and let the breezes hit her back. Her entire rear was uncovered.  
  
"Oh," I said.  
  
"Sorry, Brad, but I need to cool off. You've already seen my ass, so I figure no harm done."  
  
"Yeah, sure, no problem, Caty."  
  
I was uncomfortable, but yet enjoyed seeing her undraped back. Her ass really did look good.  
  
"Hey, would you mind grabbing a towel from the bathroom," she said.  
  
I went in and pulled a dry towel from a stack on a shelf by the sink.  
  
"Could you wipe my back off," she asked. "I can do the front."  
  
"Sure, I get the least fun job," I kidded.  
  
"Well, you said you liked my ass," she kidded back.  
  
We both laughed. I began patting her dry. She took her towel off and was wiping her front at the same time. The fact that my girl friend's sister was now essentially nude in front of me caused a shift of my blood flow. I hoped my thickening dick would not show under my shorts.  
  
I moved from her shoulders downward. I did each leg and then, after a few seconds' hesitation, dried her butt. Caty bent forward to dry the tops of her thighs. Her legs spread slightly and I caught a peek of her sex between her legs.   
  
"Can you reach around and get my shins and feet? They're so hard for me to reach them." Kneeling behind her, I dried each of her lower legs.  
  
I knelt straight up and was looking directly at her pink rump. On a crazy impulse, that I should have resisted, I leaned forward and kissed her right cheek.  
  
"Whoa," she said.  
  
"God, sorry, Caty. I don't know why I did that."  
  
"It's ok, Brad, I think."  
  
"No, really, I'm sorry. It just looked so cute."  
  
She laughed.  
  
"Well, ok, I'll forgive you. I think this heat must be affecting all of us."  
  
She looked over her shoulder at me.  
  
"Cute?"  
  
I nodded.  
  
"You need to have your eyes checked."  
  
With that she wiggled her butt and giggled.  
  
I figured what the hell, and kissed the other cheek.  
  
She laughed out loud.  
  
"Make that having your head and your eyes checked."  
  
She wrapped the towel around her and turned to face me.  
  
She looked up at me with a strange look in her eyes. It was almost she was seeing something for the first time.  
  
"How about I fix something to eat?" I offered.  
  
"Sure," she answered. "I'm going to lie down. Think we can eat in here?"  
  
"No problem," I said. "Want something to drink in the meantime?"  
  
"Ice water would be super."  
  
I went to the kitchen and fixed a tall glass of ice water. I returned to find Caty sitting in bed, with the just the sheet covering her. It was pulled up over her breasts and tucked under her arms to keep it in place.  
  
She took the glass and sipped.  
  
"Mmm, just what I need."  
  
I left to see what I could make for a meal. I found some cold chicken and a plate of cold ziti. I decided on chicken salad and a cold pasta salad. I chopped some celery and mixed it with the chicken and mayo. I dressed the ziti with Italian dressing and chopped cherry tomatoes and olives.  
  
I found some pita bread in the pantry and cut a couple pieces into quarters. Piling everything on a tray I headed back to the bedroom.  
  
Caty was still sitting up. She looked hot, even with the fans blowing on her.  
  
"How the hell hot is it outside?"  
  
I told her probably mid-90s, even though it was after six in the evening.  
  
I set the tray on the foot of the bed.   
  
"Brad, I hope you don't think I'm being a tease, but I cannot stand to have anything on me now. Would you mind if I took the sheet off?  
  
"Caty, I should leave. Then you can be comfortable."  
  
"Brad, I can be comfortable with you here. I just don't want you to get the wrong idea."  
  
"But, you will be naked," I said.  
  
"You know, it's kinda funny. Ever since I started getting huge, I have become less and less concerned about modesty. So, to put it bluntly, I don't give a shit if you see me naked. I can't stand any covering right now."  
  
"But, do you think Jerome or Sheila would look at it the same way?"  
  
Caty thought for a second and then picked up her cell phone.  
  
"Hey, sis, how's it going?" she said.  
  
After listening, she said, "Well, Brad found the problem, a blown pump, but he won't be able to do anything about it until tomorrow. He's rigged up some fans in my bedroom, and that's helping."  
  
She listened to Sheila and laughed out loud.  
  
"Yeah, that's why I'm calling. I'm sitting in bed with the sheet and I just want to have nothing on me. Brad said he should leave. He's concerned what you would think."  
  
She listened and nodded.  
  
"Well, he's going to try to fix it tomorrow. I was thinking he should stay here. It's silly to drive all the way back and forth."  
  
"Sheila wants to talk with you."  
  
I took the phone, "Hi, babe."  
  
"So you're afraid of my sister's pregnant body?" she said in a teasing way.  
  
"It's not her body, it's that it would be naked," I said looking at Caty.  
  
"Brad, Caty has told me that she can't stand clothes in this heat. I never gave it a thought when you went over, but I don't have a problem with it. If it makes her feel better, then don't let it bother you."  
  
"Ok, I guess."  
  
"And, why don't you stay the night?" she continued. "You can get an early start tomorrow. It's really important that you get the AC working. You know this pregnancy is driving her blood pressure up. She needs to be cool and keep her feet elevated, if possible. You should offer to do all the chores. Ok, sweetie?"  
  
"Sure. No problem."  
  
After saying goodbye I handed the phone back to Caty. They chatted and then Caty put the pone down.  
  
"So, did mommy say it was ok for you to sleep over and look at a naked fat girl?"  
  
I laughed.   
  
"Yes," I said. "Seriously, Caty, I can just leave the supper here and go into the living room."  
  
"Brad, I'm not trying to be provocative. But, I do not give a shit if you see me naked. I just want to be cooler. Besides that living room is an oven."  
  
I nodded and lifted the tray from the bed. Caty pulled the sheet down exposing her breasts and round tummy. She kicked with her feet and the sheet bunched around her ankles. She asked me to pull it the rest of the way and I complied while balancing the tray in one hand.  
  
"Welcome to Shamu of Kansas City," she said. She splayed her legs and let as much air reach all her parts as possible.  
  
Her breasts appeared to be about twice the size that I imagined they were before. The nipples were huge and really dark. I had no idea the size or shape of her areolas before, but now they were large and also deep pink, almost rose-colored. Her breasts rested heavily on her chest.   
  
Her stomach was large and just dominated her small frame. Her naval was pushing out. I knew she had an innie from the times when she wore a two-piece bathing suit. He blond bush was thick and wide. I don't know if she never trimmed it or just abandoned the habit when she became pregnant.  
  
"Pretty fuckin' gross," she said while making a disgusted face.  
  
"Caty, you are beautiful. Simply beautiful. I wish you could see yourself as I do."  
  
Caty looked away and began to cry.  
  
"Shit," I thought, "I did not mean to cause this."  
  
"Uh, Caty..."  
  
She held up a hand and I stopped talking. She reached for a paper towel from the tray and wiped her eyes. Taking a deep breath, Caty looked back at me.  
  
"God, Brad, I am really crazy these days. I know it's my hormones, but I can't control my emotions from one moment to the next."  
  
I sat on the bed and took her hand.   
  
She squeezed hard and I smiled at her.  
  
"Thanks," Caty says softly.  
  
"For what?"  
  
"For lying so well."  
  
"Not lying, Caty. You are beautiful. I don't think I've ever seen a woman look so, well, womanly."  
  
Caty laughed and squeezed my hand.   
  
"Well, you should have seen me naked before I was pregnant."  
  
My dick jumped at that image. My face must have shown what I was thinking.  
  
"Oh, I didn't mean it to come out that way, Brad. But, I am grateful for your kind comments."  
  
"Hey, don't go overboard. After all, I'm the one getting to see you naked."  
  
We both laughed. Then she got a strange smile.   
  
"Go to the closet and on the top shelf there's a blue plastic box. Bring it to me, please."  
  
I found it and brought it to her. She opened it and rummaged around and pulled out a large manila envelope.  
  
She handed it to me. Grinning, Caty watched me open the envelope and withdraw a stack of color photographs. My heart skipped a beat when I saw the one on top. Caty sat on a dark couch, her head thrown back and her legs apart. She was totally naked.  
  
I looked up at Caty.  
  
"Now, you can appreciate the before."  
  
"You look fabulous," I said as I examined each photograph. There were full frontals, rear shots and some artistic partial nudes.  
  
"Who took these?"  
  
"Sheila."  
  
I knew my girlfriend was into photography, but never knew she did nudes. I slipped the pictures back into the envelope and replaced it and the box.  
  
Caty was sweating heavily. She asked if I could get her a couple more paper towels. After returning from the kitchen, I handed them to her. She folded them and lifting each boob, placed one underneath each.  
  
"They just feel yucky and sweaty lying on bare skin."  
  
She cupped each one and inspected them.  
  
"Can you believe them?" she asked. "God, as you could see, I had nice little titties and now I have humongous boobs."  
  
She offered so I looked closely.  
  
"Well your, uh, your nipples look a lot different."  
  
"Hell, yes," she said. "These things look like rubber daggers. The other thing is they've become super-sensitive."   
  
I continued to look.  
  
"Wanna feel them?"  
  
I must have paled.  
  
"It's ok," she said  
  
I did not move.  
  
"I know it's weird," she said. "A couple months ago, I would not dare sit here nude or offer to have you feel my boobs. Since I've gotten big, I sort have a different relationship with my body. Obviously, it's still mine, but when your belly is just right out there, everyone is looking at your body. I guess I disassociate my inner self from my big body. I can't tell you how many times total strangers have placed their hands on my stomach and ask me how I'm doing. That freaked me out at first, but then I became less and less concerned. So, now I'm sitting here offering you my tit and it's no big deal."  
  
I look at her large breast and say, "Well, I would never say it's not big."  
  
She laughed and took my hand to her left breast.  
  
I touched her nipple. It was hard and stiff. A soft moan escaped her lips as my fingers touched the dark nub. I lifted her breast and felt its heft.  
  
"I guess they're getting ready for milk," said Caty  
  
"Awesome," I said.  
  
I hugged her and we sat side by side on her bed and ate our dinner.  
  
After cleaning up and doing the dishes, I rejoined Caty in the bedroom. She said she was getting tired. It was around nine o'clock and still must be in the high 80s. I was drenched.

"Brad, you look done in," Caty said.  
  
"Yeah, I am even more determined to get the AC working. You cannot live like this."  
  
"Why don't you take a dip in the pool to cool off?"  
  
"Well, I wasn't planning to stay over," I said, "so I didn't bring a change of clothes, let alone a swim suit."  
  
"I'm sitting here bare-assed. Go skinny-dipping. The neighbors can't see you. I go all the time."  
  
"Really?"  
  
"Absolutely," she said. "I'll make a deal. If you go right away, I'll join you. It will cool me off and I can sleep better."  
  
"Would that be ok with your doctor? Aren't you supposed to stay in bed?"  
  
"She told me I could go in the pool for a bit. It's not like I'm going to be doing laps. I just kinda move around like a whale."  
  
I helped Caty off the bed and we went out back.  
  
She eased herself down the ladder. "Ooh, this feels so good. Hurry."  
  
With only mild apprehension, I pulled off my shirt and dropped my shorts.  
  
"Maybe I should leave my boxers on," I said.  
  
"Nope. I want you naked, just like me," Caty called from the pool.  
  
I wondered if Sheila would agree with what I was about to do.  
  
I dropped my underwear.  
  
Caty looked at me unashamedly.  
  
"Nice, Brad," she said. "Very nice. Sheila is a lucky woman—in so many ways."  
  
I jumped in and immediately felt the relief from the heat. We moved around enjoying the feel of the water over our naked bodies. Caty asked if I could help her float. She lay on her back and I place one hand under her shoulders and another on her butt.  
  
I gently moved her back and forth in the water. She grinned and relaxed.  
  
"This feels so good," she says. "For the first time in months I feel light. It's great."  
  
I looked at her breasts nestled on her chest, the dark nipples pointing straight up. The blond tangle between her legs is matted against her pubic area. I can make out her sex lips in the bright moonlight and the light from the pool. In spite of the innocent nature of our swim, I became aroused. I keep moving Caty through the water. After a few minutes, she asks to let her down.  
  
I ease my hand on her butt down into the pool and she gains a foothold.  
  
Her hand brushes against my erection.  
  
"Oh, my," she says.  
  
"Yeah, that happens when I'm looking at a beautiful naked woman."  
  
Her hand travels the length of my shaft. "Well, I'll consider this a very "big" compliment."  
  
I nod. Next, I did a surface dive and swam underwater to the deep end. Coming up for breath I turned on my back and did the backstroke. I headed toward Caty with my boner sticking up like a mast on a sailboat.   
  
Caty laughed as she saw me approach.  
  
Then, I heard a familiar voice.  
  
"I leave you alone for one night, and this is what I get?"  
  
Sheila is standing at the edge of the pool.  
  
"My boyfriend is naked with my sister," she said staring daggers at me. "And, he's flashing a boner."  
  
"Sheila..." I begin.  
  
"Not another fucking word," she said.  
  
"And, you," she said looking at her sister who is standing in the shallow end. Her tummy and breasts reflecting the moonlight on their wet surfaces.  
  
"Are you proud of yourself," Sheila said to her sister. "Flaunting your body to my boyfriend, getting him all excited—are you satisfied?"  
  
Caty let her mouth form a small smile. "Well, I wouldn't say completely satisfied, and it doesn't look like Brad is."  
  
I was standing in the shallow end and my erection was clearly visible.  
  
"Well, I can only think of one way to resolve this situation," Sheila said.  
  
She peeled off her t-shirt exposing her bare breasts. She quickly shed her shorts and bikini undies. She stood naked at the edge of the pool. I marveled at her toned body and the dark strip between her legs.  
  
She dove in and surfaced between Caty and me.  
  
She hugged her sister and they kissed cheeks.  
  
Sheila turned to me and grinned broadly.  
  
"You two planned this?"  
  
"Caty called me when you were cleaning the kitchen. She told me I should come over. I knew she was going to try to convince you to go skinny-dipping."  
  
Sheila pulled me to her and kissed me hard on the lips. My boner pushed against her stomach.  
  
Slowly she kissed down my body until she was kneeling in the shallow water. She took my dick in her mouth.  
  
"Sheila," I gasped, "Caty's watching."  
  
Caty said, "Don't stop. I want to watch."  
  
Sheila loves giving head and she is fantastic at it.  
  
She was pumping me in and out of her mouth as Caty moved closer to us. Pulling on her nipples, she stared at her sister sucking me. She took my hand and placed it on her breast. I looked down at my girlfriend. She broke away from my cock and said, "It's ok, Brad."  
  
I played with Caty's breast, teasing her nipple. Caty sighed and used her own hand to play with her other breast.  
  
I told Sheila I was close.  
  
"Help him cum, Caty," she said.  
  
Caty slipped her hand on my shaft and stroked me. Sheila pulled off and my first shot hit her forehead. She then took my head back into her mouth and swallowed as Caty kept pumping. Sheila drained me.  
  
She pulled off, allowing my shrinking dick to relax. Caty licked the remaining cum from her sister's brow.  
  
I didn't know what to say. My mind was trying to adjust to the erotic nature of what just occurred. I went from not knowing what to say to totally speechless with Sheila's next statement.  
  
"Brad, it's time you helped Caty get some release."  
  
"Release?"  
  
"Yes," said Sheila. "It seems that Jerome has been a first-class shit. He's been absent more then he's around. He never touches her. Calls her a fat cow. And, now we've learned he has a girlfriend in Omaha. Caty's already engaged a lawyer. Jerome the Jerk will soon be history."  
  
I was trying to absorb all this information as Sheila was helping her sister out of the pool. She led her to a padded deck chair. Sheila grabbed a cushion from a nearby chair and placed it at Caty's feet.  
  
She beckoned me and I emerged from the pool. She told me to kneel.  
  
"Brad, I've told Caty how good you are at oral. Now's the time to show her I'm not lying."  
  
"You want me to..."  
  
"Yep, Brad, make my sister cum. Because she's not supposed to have full sex, you can't fuck her now."  
  
I heard Sheila emphasize the word "now".   
  
I turned my gaze toward the spread pussy in front of me. Her blond hair was still wet and her lips were slightly open. Looking up at Caty, I blew her a kiss. She smiled and spread her legs wider. I bent and licked her thigh from knee to her lips. She moaned and I repeated the action on the other side.  
  
I worked my magic as Sheila had taught me. Caty responded and kept encouraging me. Finally, with two fingers just inside her pussy, her clit between my teeth, and my tongue flicking it, Caty let out a long, low sound and came.  
  
I sat back on my knees and licked the remains of her orgasm from my lips. Sheila rubbed my head. Caty beamed at me as she peered over her enormous belly.  
  
"Honey, you are the best fix-it man I know," Sheila said.  
  
"Amen," added Caty. "I think we may have a lot of work for him in the coming days."  
  
"You know, sis, I think you're right. I can't wait for you to experience the full special service package."  
  
I was thinking that I was going to enjoy this heat wave.  
  
###  
  
THE QUARRY  
  
Working for my uncle seemed like a good idea—at first.  
  
I was in desperate need of spending money for the summer and funds to help pay my sophomore tuition and living expenses. The job market sucked so when my uncle offered to take me on, I jumped at the opportunity.  
  
He owned a roofing company and was always looking for help. After the first hour on the job I understood why he needed workers. Being unskilled, it was my duty to help strip off old layers of shingles and then haul up the bundles of new shingles. Of course a perfect day for us was hot and cloudless. This summer that constituted all our weather. In fact, it was turning out to be one of the hottest on record. After the first day I wanted to quit, but my mom said her brother was counting on me. I dragged my sorry butt back the next day, and then every day after that.  
  
I soon adopted the customary outfit of my fellow roofers—cut-off shorts and work boots. No shirt was required. I did layer on sunblock, but still after eight hours in the sun I was soon a deep brown. I also dropped twelve pounds and developed pronounced pecs and arms from lugging 80 pounds of shingles up a ladder.  
  
At night I would crawl home, shower, eat and crash. So much for a social life.  
  
Soon, it was the Fourth of July weekend with the holiday falling on a Thursday. Much to the shock of all the employees, my uncle decided to close for the long weekend. Naturally we would not be paid for the time off, but we would also not have to work. The thought of four days off was enough compensation for me.  
  
My dreams of sleeping all weekend were shattered when my parents announced we were going to our grandparents' lake house. I tried to weasel out of it, but no such luck. This was my father's side of the family, so at least I would not have to deal with my uncle the roofer.  
  
We left around five on Wednesday afternoon. I managed to doze for the hour's ride to the lake. We arrived to find other cars there. My dad's brother and sister and their families had already arrived. The lake house was huge and we were planning to bunk down in our usual large bedroom in the back of the second floor. My grandmother told us my cousin Ed and his wife, Heidi, their young son and the new baby were taking that room. My parents were shifted to a small single-bed room.  
  
Grandma said I would be bunking with my cousin, Mel, and two of her friends. We would have the dorm-like room above the garage. Neither Grandma nor my parents thought it might be a little uncomfortable to have co-ed quarters. I think they probably still envisioned us as little kids.  
  
Anyway, Mel and I got along fine. Mel is a year older than I am and I imagined her friends were her age. I just hoped they would not want to stay up all night yakking. I was thinking that sleep would be my main priority. I would soon find out how wrong a guy can be.  
  
I carried my backpack to the loft. There were two bunk beds. The only open one was a bottom bunk against the wall. I made up my bed with the sheets piled there and left to go back to the main house.  
  
I didn't see Mel and her friends. My grandma said they took a hike up toward the quarry. I told my parents I'd go looking for them.  
  
It was only about a quarter-mile walk up the hill to the quarry. The old pit was long past its usual life and had filled in with water making a small spring-fed pond. Sometimes we'd swim here instead of the big lake.  
  
I heard girls' voices and soon I came upon the tiny beach area. Mel and two other girls were each dressed in bikinis and sitting by the water's edge and talking. I called out and Mel jumped up to greet me. She gave me a hug and introduced me to Jess and Carrie.   
  
"Great to see you, Cal," Mel said. "How was freshman year?"  
  
"Pretty good," I replied. "I managed to get decent grades and not become a complete drunk."  
  
We all shared a laugh knowing how social life was on campuses.  
  
"We were just going for a swim," said Mel, "Join us?"  
  
'Uh, I didn't bring a suit."  
  
"You can go in your undies," she said. "They'll cover as much as a suit."  
  
After a pause she added, "Or, you could skinny-dip."  
  
"Are you guys going to do that?"  
  
"Nope," she said.  
  
"Well," I said, "I'll just wear my boxers."  
  
I was eager to swim. Although it was now almost dusk, the temperature was still in the 80's.  
  
I stripped off my shirt and dropped my shorts.  
  
"Jeez, Cal" said Mel, "have you been like working out? You're looking buff."  
  
"Forced labor is more like it," I said and explained about my summer job.  
  
"Well, it may be rotten work, but you're looking fine. And, that's some tan you've got."  
  
Jess and Carrie agreed.  
  
We decided to just take the plunge and ran in. The cold water made the girls scream and my balls shrivel. We swam out a bit and treaded water.  
  
"It's freakin' freezing," said Jess.  
  
"Oh, after a while you get used to it," said Mel.  
  
"No, after a while you just get numb," Jess replied. "I'm getting out."  
  
She swam toward shore and the rest of us followed.  
  
The shoreline was steep and rocky. You had to feel your way along and then carefully step through the rocks. The water remained deep due to a sharp drop-off until the last couple feet.   
  
The girls climbed out first. Admiring three cute butts in front of me, I was enjoying being a bit of a voyeur. I was climbing up the slight slope and my boxers were down a few inches.  
  
"Hey, Cal, better be careful or you might be putting on a show for us girls," called out Mel.  
  
I tried tugging my boxers up and lost my balance. I fell back into the water and slid into the deeper part.  
  
As I was making my way back onto the short shelf, I stubbed my toe and jumped up. My boxers, decided to stay in the water. I quickly covered my privates with my hands and turned my back to the girls.  
  
"Nice Casper butt, Cal,' cried Mel.  
  
"Yeah, that is about the whitest thing I've ever seen," added Carrie.  
  
I dropped back in the pond and managed to reposition my underwear. This time I kept one hand on my waistband as I climbed out.  
  
"Sorry about that," I mumbled.  
  
"No need to apologize," said Mel. "Unfortunately, we didn't get to see much in front, but you have a sweet butt."  
  
"Really," said Carrie. "I mean you look tan, but seeing how white your butt is makes it really stand out. I'd give it an eight."  
  
"Hell, I'm giving it a nine," said Mel.  
  
"Well, I guess I've not seen as many as you two, since I'm rating it a prime ten," said Jess. The girls laughed and exchanged fist bumps.  
  
I was standing and just grinning like an idiot.  
  
Mel looked at me and her expression changed.  
  
"What?" I asked.  
  
"Cal, those boxers are sorta' clingy."  
  
I looked down and discovered my tan underpants had turned slightly transparent and clearly outlined what was underneath. You could make out my dark pubic hair and the outline of my shaft.  
  
The girls stared and I blushed. Trying to make light of the situation, I said, "Remember cold makes things shrink."  
  
"If that's a shrunken one, I'd hate to see it in full bloom," commented Jess.  
  
"Not me," said Carrie.  
  
The other girls looked at her in wonder.  
  
"I'd L-O-V-E to see it in its full and non-shrunken state," she said with a wide grin.  
  
The girls agreed and we all laughed.  
  
I sat down and we talked for a bit, exchanging some background info and sharing stories about college.  
  
The girls kept chatting. I said I might just take a nap. We lay on the large flat rock and enjoyed the late sun. Soon I drifted off.  
  
I felt a hand on my leg. I was afraid to open my eyes and pretended to be asleep. Soon, another hand was on my other leg. Slowly the hands moved toward my waistband. Slipping fingers inside, the hands peeled down my boxers. They paused slightly as my pubes came into view and then continued to remove my underwear. Someone lifted my dick and I felt a set of warm lips engulf it. There were hands on my balls gently massaging them.  
  
I snuck a peek through half-closed eyes to see Carrie sucking my erection and Jess reaching between my legs. Mel knelt at my feet watching, smiling and rubbing her breasts through her bikini top.  
  
I heard giggling.  
  
I opened my eyes to see the three girls still sitting a few feet away. They were looking in my direction and kept giggling.  
  
"Phew," I thought, "that was only a dream."   
  
"What's so funny," I asked.  
  
"Were you having a hot dream?" asked Mel.  
  
"No!" I said. "Why are you asking me such a stupid question?"  
  
She pointed to my bottom.  
  
I looked down to see my still damp shorts completely tented. My erection was pushing against the cotton and you could easily make out the contours of my dickhead.  
  
"Shit!" I cried. I grabbed my shirt from under my head where I was using it for a pillow and dropped it on my crotch.  
  
"God, I'm embarrassed."  
  
"Don't worry," said Mel. "Those things happen. It's not like we all haven't seen a boner before."  
  
"Speak for yourself, slut," chimed in Carrie.  
  
"Yeah," said Jess, "we are innocent little lambs. We have no idea what you're talking about."  
  
Mel flipped them a double bird and they all laughed. All, except me. I was still hugely ashamed of my condition.  
  
Mel then turned to me.   
  
"Cal, it's cool. None of us are shocked or offended. So, don't flip out."  
  
I nodded, but kept the shirt in my lap. My erection was slowly subsiding.  
  
Mel said it was probably time to head back. They got up and pulled on their shorts and t-shirts over their bikinis. They kept their backs to me and I was able to stuff myself back in my shorts and pull on my shirt.  
  
We walked back to the cabin in time for snacks. Since no one was driving anywhere, we were allowed to have beer. We enjoyed a cook-out with lots of burgers and hot dogs. After we cleaned up, everyone piled into the assortment of motor boats, canoes and paddle boats that my grandparents kept tied at their dock.  
  
We joined a flotilla of other lake people in the middle of Deer Path Lake and waited for the fireworks. On the night before the 4th, the town set them off from the public beach at the south end of the lake. In a minute the first streak lifted and exploded above our head. We oohed and aahed throughout the half-hour display.  
  
It was about 10 when we reentered the main house. I was tired and said my good-nights. Mel and her friends were going to stay up for a while and play Scrabble. I used the bathroom attached to the dorm and collapsed on my bunk. The room had a large overhead fan, but no air conditioning. It was still pretty warm. I opted to sleep in just my boxers. I hoped I wouldn't be giving another show of morning wood, but I was too exhausted to worry about it. I never heard the girls come up and slept soundly through the night.   
  
Thursday, July 4  
  
I awoke around eight the next morning. True to form I had an erection. I glanced around to see that Mel was sound asleep in the bottom bunk across from me. I could see Jess with her back turned toward me above Mel. I assumed Carrie was above me. I breathed easier knowing I was not once again caught with a woody. Lying there I knew part of the reason was I hadn't had sex since I broke up with my girlfriend about three months ago. Working so much and so hard, meant I rarely had the energy to rub one off. So, I was seriously horny.  
  
I quietly got up and went to the bathroom. My erection had subsided enough so I could pee. I thought I'd better get my shower in before the three girls monopolized the bathroom. I started running the water when I heard a knock on the door.  
  
"Uh, I'm just getting in the shower," I called out. "Be out in a sec."  
  
"Hey, Cal, can you leave the door unlocked," said a voice that I was fairly sure was Carrie. "Let me know when you're in the shower. I need to pee really bad. Ok?'  
  
"Sure," I said. I unlocked the door and stepped into the shower stall and pulled the curtain closed. "All set."  
  
I heard the door open. "Thanks. I don't think I could wait. You know all the beers from last night."  
  
I thought this is a strange conversation. I'm naked and talking to a girl who's peeing just two feet away.  
  
"Yeah, I know what you mean."  
  
"Hey, is that you in there?" came Mel's voice.  
  
"Who?"  
  
"You, Cal, you dork."  
  
"Stay in for another minute, Jess and I also have to pee."  
  
I could only imagine the three of them on the other side of the curtain. I got a little excited thinking that they were watching each other pee.  
  
I heard the toilet flush and Mel called out.   
  
"Thanks, Cal. We can't wait to see you."  
  
"Ok," I said thinking that was a strange comment.  
  
I considered letting my hand work its wonders and relieve some of my pent-up sexual tension, but I felt awkward doing it with the girls just outside. Still, I managed a few strokes that made me thicken and feel a little tingly.

I shut the water and peeked outside just to be sure the girls weren't waiting to surprise me.  
  
The bathroom was clear, and that was the problem. The bathroom was completely clear; no towels, no rug on the floor, not even my underwear that I wore in. I was trapped naked in the bathroom.  
  
I got out, dripping on the floor, and went to the door. I opened it slightly and stuck my head out.  
  
The girls were sitting on Mel's bunk looking at me.  
  
"Very funny," I said. "Now, you can give me a towel and my boxers."  
  
"Nah," said Mel.  
  
"What do you mean, 'Nah'?"  
  
"Don't think you need them," she said.  
  
"If I don't have them, what am I going to wear?"  
  
"Just what you have on."  
  
"Mel, I don't have anything on."  
  
"Bingo."  
  
The three girls stared at me behind the door and smiled.  
  
"Really, you expect me to just walk out there naked? And, then what?"  
  
"And, then we'll talk about it."  
  
I was trapped. I was torn between being totally embarrassed and weirdly excited about being nude with them.  
  
I figured maybe I could compromise. I covered my dick and balls with my hands and nudged the door open with my foot. I took a step into the bedroom.  
  
My plan was to get to my bed and wrap something around me. I figured I could do that with minimal exposure. I think Mel sensed my plan and scooted over to sit on my bed while her two friends remained on hers.  
  
"Not good enough," she said. "Drop your hands."  
  
I was a mixture of fifty percent fear and fifty percent turned-on. Mel's last command pushed me over to the turned-on side. My dick began to swell. I figured what the hell and dropped my hands.  
  
The three girls looked directly at my sex.   
  
"Wow, very nice, Cal," said Mel. "You sure have grown up."  
  
"I like the contrast between his tan top and legs and the white of his middle. It makes his dick really stand out," said Carrie.  
  
"I like it all," added Jess.  
  
"Ok, you've seen everything," I said. "Can I have some clothes now?"  
  
"How about turning around?" asked Mel.  
  
"Then, will you give me something to wear?"  
  
"Just turn around," was her answer.  
  
I spun and gave them a view of my back.  
  
"Those are the nicest buns I've ever seen," commented Carrie. "They look like white marble."  
  
"Yeah, I want to feel them," said Jess.  
  
"Cal, back up to us," said Mel.  
  
I had lost my will to fight. Or, maybe I was just giving into my excitement of being the object of their interest.  
  
I took a couple steps backward until I was positioned between the two bunk beds.  
  
Jess ran her hand up and down my thigh and cupped my buns.   
  
I flexed for her. Climbing up and down a ladder several hours a day turned them into "Buns of Steel".  
  
"Holy shit," she cried. "These are like freakin' rocks."  
  
Both Carrie and Mel tested that assessment.  
  
"Wow, that is so hard," said Mel.  
  
"I like the little dimples," added Jess as she let her fingers trace the small indents on my cheek.  
  
Their touches were affecting me in an obvious way. I was now officially semi-hard.  
  
Carrie noticed and pointed it out.  
  
"Hey, Cal," she said, "don't do things half-way. Let it rip."  
  
I turned back around and faced the three girls.  
  
Carrie reached out and ran her fingers up my shaft. The result was immediate.  
  
"Nice," she said.  
  
"Very," said Jess.  
  
Mel looked at me and shrugged. "Sorry, Cal, but after yesterday we were all so curious. You have a really nice bod. Hope you're not too pissed at us."  
  
I looked down at my erection, probably the hardest I've ever had.   
  
"Well, at least you know that shrinkage doesn't last forever."  
  
That broke the ice and we laughed.  
  
"Hey, is everyone decent?"  
  
It was Mel's mom. The door to our room started to open.  
  
I knew I could not make it back to the bathroom since I would have to cut across her line of sight. Mel pointed to the spot behind where the door would open. I dashed in that direction as Mel went to the bathroom and pulled the door shut.  
  
"Morning, ladies," my Aunt Agnes said. "Have a good sleep?"  
  
The door partially hid me. If she walked farther into the room and turned her head, I would be busted.  
  
"Where's Cal?"  
  
"In the bathroom," said Mel. "He's taking a shower."  
  
"Didn't I just see you close the door?" her mother asked.  
  
"Yeah, I had to pee and when Cal was in the shower I ran in. I was just closing it so he could get out."  
  
"I don't know if that's a good idea to be in the bathroom when Cal is in the shower," her mother said. "Maybe you could work out a better schedule."  
  
"You're probably right, Mom. We'll figure it out."  
  
"Good. I wouldn't want to cause anyone any embarrassment."  
  
The girls nodded and smiled. I stood there with an erection looking at them and wondering if anything could be more embarrassing.  
  
"Well, when Cal comes out and you all get dressed, come down for breakfast. Your dad is making his famous Breakfast Fry. I ask you to be polite and put up with it."  
  
"No problem, Mom. I think we all could do with some nice sausage right now."  
  
I thought her friends would lose it. They each snuck a glance in my direction. I waggled my "sausage" for their benefit.  
  
"Uh, sure," said Aunt Agnes. "See you in a few minutes."  
  
She closed the door and Mel held her hand up indicating silence. After about ten seconds they could no longer contain themselves and burst out laughing.  
  
"God, yes, give me some sausage," cried Carrie, holding her sides.  
  
"Yeah, I like mine straight up," said Jess.  
  
I walked over and joined in the laughter.  
  
"God, I was so afraid your mom would turn around."  
  
Mel looked at my hard dick and said, "Well either that would have killed her appetite or made her run downstairs for the biggest sausage she could find."  
  
"Or, she could've grabbed this one," said Carrie as she took hold of my erection. "Ooh, I think she would like this one."  
  
"Share, bitch," said Jess as she pushed Carrie's hand away and replaced it with hers. "God, this is as solid as his ass. Wanna' feel, Mel."  
  
Mel looked at me.  
  
"Not now, thanks. After all, it belongs to my cousin. But, I sure don't mind looking at it."  
  
Jess stroked me for a few seconds and dropped her hand.  
  
"We better get ready," said Mel.  
  
The girls were wearing t-shirts and panties. They pulled on shorts, brushed their teeth, pulled their hair into ponytails and pronounced themselves ready.  
  
"Uh, ladies, I think I should wear something for breakfast," I announced.  
  
"Spoilsport," said Carrie.  
  
Mel reached behind her and handed me my boxers. I pulled them on leaving a tent in the front. I found my baggiest pair of shorts and added an extra-long t-shirt that helped disguise my arousal.  
  
We went down to enjoy the promised Breakfast Fry. Mel, Carrie and Jess made numerous and vaguely obscene gestures with sausages that I hoped no one else saw.  
  
After breakfast my grandparents, parents and aunts and uncles decided to go to town for an antiques fair on the common.   
  
Heidi, my cousin Ed's wife, said they were just going to hang around the house and maybe take a swim. Mel said we would probably go back to the quarry after lunch. For now, she said we would hang out.  
  
After the adults left, we all gathered on the big front porch for another cup of coffee. Heidi joined us and said she had to nurse her baby. She casually popped a boob out and the baby latched on. She kept up a conversation as if showing her naked tit to a guy was no big deal. After the baby fed, she held him over her shoulder and burped him. She left her boob exposed. She asked if we minded since she wanted it to dry.  
  
Ed didn't seem to mind. Again, I was thankful for the baggy shorts and big shirt.  
  
Mel said we should go upstairs.   
  
Once in our room, she turned to me and said, "How'd you like that tit?"  
  
I shrugged, not wanting to admit how much it turned me on.  
  
"I think he should show us how much he liked it," said Carrie.  
  
"Great idea," agreed Jess.  
  
"Guess I'll make it unanimous," said Mel.  
  
"Hey, don't I get a vote?" I whined.  
  
"Not really," my cousin answered.  
  
"So, you just want me to whip it out."  
  
Of course not," she said.  
  
I was relieved.  
  
"We want you to totally strip."  
  
Short relief.  
  
"I don't think so," I said. "Why should I?"  
  
"Well, we like having a naked guy around," said Mel.  
  
"Right," picked up Carrie. "We were reading on-line about this thing called Clothed Female/Naked Male. It sounded hot. Actually, it was hot earlier this morning when you were nude."  
  
"Ok," I said, "I get what's in it for you. But, what do I get out of it?"  
  
"It seemed like you were enjoying yourself this morning," said Jess.  
  
"Or, was that huge boner just a mistake?" asked Carrie.  
  
My "huge boner" was back in place. I thought about how I felt standing naked in front of them and having three attractive girls focus their attention on my nude body. It was one of the most exciting sexual things I'd ever done.  
  
Still, I wondered if I wanted to repeat it and if it would still be so exciting.  
  
"Maybe it was a little hot this morning," I admitted. "Why would I want to do it again?"  
  
"I think you have a bit of an exhibitionist streak in you," said Mel. "So, you can give in to it. We'll be your audience."  
  
"Still not good enough," I said.  
  
"Ok, how about this?" she said.  
  
I looked at her and waited for her to continue. She looked at her friends and then spoke.  
  
"Today is Thursday. The girls and I have to leave tomorrow. We have waitressing jobs and are on this weekend. If you agree to go nude the rest of the day, you can choose one of us to give you a hand job before we go home."  
  
Jess immediately said, "Mel, we didn't agree to that."  
  
"What's the big deal? Cal is just one guy and I know you've jerked off guys before. Besides, think of all the fun we can have with a naked guy at our disposal."  
  
"Come on, Jess," said Carrie. "This will be a blast."  
  
"So, what do you say, Cal? Are you game?" Mel stared.  
  
"Well, I can't be naked all the time. I mean I can't walk around in front of the adults nude."  
  
"That's fair. How about this? When the families are together, like meals and just hanging around, you keep your clothes on. Whenever we're in the room or if the adults aren't around, you must be bare-assed."  
  
"And," interrupted Carrie, "he has to strip any other time we tell him, as long as your parents or grandparents aren't around."  
  
"Good point," said Mel.  
  
"And, do whatever we say or let us do whatever we want," added Jess.  
  
"Yeah, that sounds like it could really add some fun to this," exclaimed Carrie.  
  
"And, I get to pick one of you to give me the hand job?" I said.  
  
All three nodded.  
  
"And, that one has to get totally nude?"  
  
"We never agreed to that," said Jess.  
  
"Well, that's the deal. I want to at least some naked flesh. And, I get to do whatever I want to that person?"  
  
"No fucking way," said Jess.  
  
Carrie and Mel nodded in agreement with Jess.  
  
"Sorry, Cal, it doesn't work that way," said Mel.  
  
"Doesn't sound fair to me," I complained.  
  
"Well, that's the way it's going to be," added Mel. "But, think of the fun you can have by having one of us strip and jerk you off."  
  
"Well, I might agree," I said, "if I can strip the person myself. And, if you take one picture on my cell phone of me and the naked person standing together."  
  
"What if you decide to post it somewhere?" asked Jess.  
  
"I promise I won't. It's just for me. Anyway, I'd have to post myself naked, too. I don't want that all over the internet."  
  
"Cal, go in the bathroom," said Mel. "We have to talk."  
  
I went in and closed the door. A few minutes later, my cousin called for me to come out.  
  
I stood next to them.   
  
"Deal,' said Mel.  
  
She stuck her hand out and we shook. I also shook hands with Carrie and Jess.  
  
"Ok, strip," said Carrie.  
  
I removed my shirt and shorts. I hesitated and then dropped my boxers. I was no longer erect, but I was a little pumped.  
  
The girls looked me up and down.  
  
"I think I'm going to like this," said Carrie.  
  
"What shall we do now?" asked Jess.  
  
"Let's go for a swim at the quarry," said Mel.  
  
The girls agreed.   
  
"Carrie, do you bring that satin belt?" asked Mel.  
  
"Yes."  
  
Carrie dug in her bag and pulled out a pink strip of satin.  
  
"We're going to get changed, Cal, and you can't peek," said Mel.  
  
She tied the strip around my eyes.  
  
I stood and listened to the sound of clothes being pulled off.  
  
"Jess, you really have the nicest boobs," said Carrie.  
  
"Thanks, I like yours, too. I always feel mine are too big."  
  
"Well, they are really full," said Mel.  
  
"But, Mel, yours are perfect little peaches," Jess said.  
  
"I love my nipples," said Mel. "I like pulling on them like this"  
  
"That looks so sexy," said Carrie. "Look my nipples are all hard."  
  
"Ooh, they do feel hard, Carrie, Look mine are too. Here, feel them." added Jess.  
  
I knew they were doing this little show for my benefit. I admit it was working. I was imagining the boobs of each of the girls and their hands fondling each other.  
  
Someone untied my blindfold and I viewed three young women dressed in bikinis.  
  
"Let's go," said Jess.  
  
"Just let me get in my suit," I said.  
  
"Uh, no," said Carrie.  
  
"No?"  
  
"Remember our deal," she said. "You remain naked, unless we are with the adults."  
  
"But Ed, Heidi and their kids are still here," I protested.  
  
"I saw Ed taking the kids for a walk a few minutes ago," said Mel.  
  
"What about Heidi?"  
  
"She's probably taking a nap," answered Mel. "She said she is sleep deprived."  
  
"Where are we going?"  
  
"Back to the quarry," said Jess. "It's more private."  
  
"You have to bring something for me to wear in case the adults come home before we get back."  
  
Mel told me to get my bathing suit and give it to her.  
  
The four of us headed down from our dorm and started across the lawn toward the path leading to the quarry.  
  
We were crossing in front of the porch when the door opened and Heidi came out dressed in a two-piece and carrying a towel. We all froze in our tracks.  
  
She looked at us, then pulled down her sunglasses and looked me up and down.  
  
"I hate to break the news, Cal," she said with a broad smile, "but you are nude."  
  
"Yeah, it's cool," said Mel.  
  
"What gives?" asked Heidi.  
  
Mel gave her a quick recap and Heidi kept nodding.  
  
"God, I miss being so free," she said. "I never get to do fun shit like that any more. I'm like a settled down married woman."  
  
"Come with us," offered Carrie.  
  
"Tempting," she said, "but it would be a bit difficult to explain to Ed. He's getting more uptight the older he gets. So, I'll just stay here, get some sun and read a book. God, I sound like my mother."  
  
"Too bad," said Mel. "If you change your mind, just go up the path and you'll come to the quarry."  
  
"Hey, did you say that Cal has to do what you tell him?" asked Heidi.  
  
"Yeah," said Mel.  
  
"Well, I could use some help putting on sunscreen. Think Cal could lend a hand?"  
  
"Absolutely," said Carrie.  
  
Heidi asked me to get a lounge chair from the garage and set it in the sun. She spread her towel on top and sat on the edge.  
  
"I think I'd like to get rid of some of these tan lines," Heidi said looking at me.   
  
I felt a lump in my throat.  
  
Heidi tossed me the bottle of sunscreen and turned her back to me.  
  
"Can you undo me, Cal?"  
  
I stepped behind her and placed the sunscreen on the lounge. My hands were trembling as I reached for the strings that kept her top on. Pulling the back ones loose I reached under her blond hair and freed the tie around her neck.  
  
The bra slid down and Heidi tossed it on the grass. I stared at her naked back.   
  
"Cal, I don't want to fry," she said. "How about some lotion?"  
  
I squirted some sunscreen on her shoulders. She reached up and pulled her hair from her neck. I rubbed the liquid into her smooth skin and using some more sunscreen covered her back.  
  
"Hmm," she sighed, "feels good. You have a nice touch, Cal."  
  
I rubbed her shoulders some more. Heidi covered her boobs with her hands so I couldn't see anything.  
  
"My back is fine, now let's get the rest."  
  
She shifted around, her legs straddling the lounger and let her breasts fall free. Her large breasts swayed with the effort. She eased herself back, put her sunglasses on and smiled at me.  
  
"Uh, you want me to..."  
  
"If you wouldn't mind," she purred.  
  
I think my hands were shaking. I squirted a dab in my palm, rubbed my hands together and moved them toward her breasts.  
  
They were warm and lush. I had only met Heidi a few times before she had her children. I always thought she had a great bod, but childbearing filled out her chest. My hands could not contain the white and soft flesh. Her nipples immediately stiffened under my touch, which was only fair since my dick was now totally stiff.   
  
I worked the sunscreen into her breasts and reluctantly left them to administer to her stomach. As I neared the top of her bikini bottom, Heidi rolled it down, picking it up as she did so. I caught a glance of a trimmed blond bush. My dick was bouncing and enjoying itself immensely.   
  
I covered her legs, but resisted the urge to let my fingers wander onto the juncture of her thighs hidden behind the thin bathing suit.  
  
"Thanks, Cal, that was great."  
  
"My pleasure," I said accompanied by the groans of Mel and her friends.  
  
"I can see it sure was," said Carrie.  
  
Heidi again pulled her shades down her nose and looked directly at my boner.  
  
"That really is lovely, Cal. And, you have a hot body. I like how fit you are." She let her hand graze my erection and her finger lingered on my tip.  
  
Turning her gaze to the girls, she said, "Have fun. Mel, maybe later you can fill me in on the details of this weekend. I think I will enjoy imagining everything."  
  
"Sure, Heidi," said Mel. "Hey, you can always stop by our room later tonight and see what's up."  
  
They all got the pun and laughed.  
  
"God, I'd love that," she said with a smile. "But, I don't think I could pull it off with Ed. I might try, but don't count on it. So, I'll wait for the full story from you. But, make it soon. Ok?"  
  
"Promise," replied Mel.   
  
We set off for the quarry.  
  
"God, I don't know if we can top that," said Jess. "You got bare tit from Heidi. She is freakin' gorgeous."  
  
"Right," said Mel. "Don't you get it in your head you can feel us up that way. Remember, we're in control."  
  
I just smiled and let my boner lead the way.  
  
After our climb, we were all hot and decided to go in and cool off. We swam for a while. We climbed out and the girls noticed the cold water had once again worked its magic. I was not only soft, but also shrunken.  
  
"Aw, he looks sad," Carrie said. She slipped her hand around my entire package. I enjoyed her touch and its warmth.  
  
Jess and Mel spread out their towels. They lay on their fronts and reached behind to undo their tops.  
  
"Carrie, if you can let go of Cal, maybe he can do our backs," said Mel.  
  
Carrie removed her hand and kissed me lightly on the lips.   
  
She joined the other two on the flat rocks. As she untied her top, she rose up a bit and gave me a quick glance at her small breasts hanging down.  
  
I knelt beside Jess and spread lotion over her back. I rubbed it in, giving her a light massage while doing so. She let me know it felt good. I did her legs. As I was finishing her thighs, I slipped my hand under her bottom and touched the outside of her small cheek.  
  
"Cal, I think I don't need any sunscreen there," she said. I slowly slid my hand back out, but thought about how smooth her butt is.  
  
Next I did Mel. I didn't take the same liberty with her.   
  
Finally, I moved to Carrie. I probably picked up the strongest sexual vibe from her. Her little flash before only served to strengthen my intuition that she was ready to play.  
  
As I rubbed the lotion onto her back, I let my hands slide down and touch the sides of her boobs. She did not react negatively, so I continued to move my hands up and down her sides, letting my fingers slip lower until with the last stroke I felt one hard nipple brush against my fingertip.

Carrie had the smallest chest of the three girls. I'm a guy so I like all tits. Although Jess' were awesome, I really was attracted to Carrie's. She had a sexy way about her. With her tight tummy and long legs, she looked like a beach volleyball player. So, having small boobs was in no way a turn off.  
  
I trapped her nipple between two fingers and squeezed it. Carrie responded by pushing her thighs together. I was sporting major wood again.  
  
"Hey, what the hell are you two doing over there?" asked Mel.  
  
I pulled my hand away and said "Nothing."  
  
"Well, all that nothing has you with a pole sticking up from your lap."  
  
I quickly covered Carrie's legs and then stretched out on my own towel.   
  
As I lay on my back, I said out loud.  
  
"So, is anyone going to help me with sunscreen?"  
  
Jess said, "I think it might be more interesting to watch you put it on yourself."  
  
"Yeah," chimed in Carrie, "especially in some places."  
  
"I absolutely agree," added Mel.   
  
Carrie tossed the bottle of sunscreen onto my stomach. She ran the back of her hand along my boner and said, "Be sure not to miss a spot. You might want to add several layers."  
  
I used some lotion and began stroking. It felt so good, I couldn't stop. I was rapidly rushing to a climax when Mel spoke up. "Don't come, Cal. Save it for later."  
  
"No fair,' said Carrie, "I want to see him cum now."  
  
"Yeah, me too," said Jess. "I never saw a guy jerk off before. Let's have him finish. I'm sure there will be more left for later."  
  
Mel agreed.  
  
I kept pumping and was seconds away from exploding.  
  
"Where shall I come?"  
  
Carrie knelt up, leaving her top on the ground.  
  
I looked at her pert titties and eraser bud nipples.   
  
"Come on my boobs," she said as she lay on her back.  
  
Jess and Mel gasped.  
  
I moved close to Carrie and stroked hard. My balls clinched and I shot a stream of white that landed slightly below her boobs. I redirected my dick and covered both boobs with my next two shots. I felt a hand slip between my legs and cup my balls. Jess was milking my sack. I let out two more spurts, one landing on Carrie's cheek and the other on her chin.  
  
"That was hot," said Jess as she gently fondled my balls. She was kneeling behind me and I became aware of her bare nipples pressing into my back. She ran her hand up my shaft and captured some of my cum that was running down. She pulled her hand away and I heard her say, "Mmm, tasty."  
  
"If you really want to taste it," said Carrie, "come clean my tits off."  
  
As she spoke she wiped the liquid from her chin and cheek and sucked her fingers clean.  
  
Jess and Mel moved over her and bent to lick her breasts clean. They each finished by pulling her small nipples with their teeth.  
  
Both girls kept their own boobs covered with their hands as they bent over Carrie.  
  
I was sitting on my haunches overwhelmed with the experience of jerking off in front of them and watching them kiss their friend's boobs.  
  
Mel said we all should swim. She and Jess put their tops back on and went in.  
  
I helped Carrie stand. She looked at me and then moved in to kiss me.  
  
I slipped my hands around her and cupped her small ass, pulling her tight and feeling her boobs press into my chest.  
  
"That was awesome," she said.  
  
"Yep," I replied.  
  
We broke apart. Emboldened by her behavior, I pulled the front of her suit out to look inside. She had the narrowest strip of dark hair that led my gaze to her full labia. My dick sprung back up.  
  
"Like what you see?" she asked.  
  
"Very much."  
  
"Why don't you give me a call when you're back in town?"  
  
"Definitely." I released her suit and she ran toward the water as I followed.  
  
The water felt warmer today and we swam for a bit. Horsing around I was sure all three girls, including my cousin, helped themselves to generous gropes.  
  
We got back out. As Carrie and Mel were drying off, Jess lifted her top and flashed me. Her boobs were big and white. I longed to grab them, but she pulled her top back down and blew me a kiss.  
  
We stayed at the quarry for a few hours. I had to remain nude on the path going back down. About half-way down, we saw someone jogging up toward us. I asked for my suit, but no one made a move. As the jogger neared, we saw it was Karen whose family had the next camp. She was a year younger than me. She recognized Mel and started to wave when she noticed I was nude. She stopped in her tracks.  
  
"Hi, Karen," said Mel. "This is Carrie and Jess. I think you know Cal."  
  
"I don't know what's going on," she said, "but this has now officially become my favorite jogging path. And, Cal, that is a wicked awesome boner." We laughed and she resumed her run.  
  
As we neared the house, Mel ran ahead. She returned to tell us that the adults were home. I slipped on my suit.  
  
We spent the rest of the day lounging around, eating and visiting with the family. Heidi caught my eye and winked a couple times. Dinner was ribs on the grill. After we cleaned up, we played Monopoly for a while. I said I was going to bed. Jess said she was going up too. The others promised to be there soon.  
  
I wondered if after our adventure at the quarry if the deal was still in place.  
  
Once inside our room, Jess told me to strip. I complied. She fondled my soft dick and kissed me on the lips.   
  
"You're being a good sport," she said.  
  
"Well, now that my embarrassment is over, what's not to enjoy."  
  
We agreed I could use the bathroom first. After taking care of all nightly chores, I opened the door to our bedroom. Jess had her back to me and was standing in just a tiny pair of bikini bottoms. Her ass was mostly in view as well as her crack.  
  
I whistled admiringly.  
  
Jess glanced over her shoulder and smiled. She reached for her t-shirt resting on the top bunk.  
  
"How about a quick peek," I asked.  
  
"I already gave you one."  
  
"Come on," I said. "I've been naked and let you guys play around. One little flash couldn't hurt."  
  
"If I do, you can't tell Carrie and Mel."  
  
"Promise."  
  
Slowly Jess turned to face me. Her breasts swayed with the effort. I loved their look. Big, round and white. Her nipples hardened as I stared at them. She cupped her boobs and held them up for a few seconds. She then grabbed her t-shirt and ran into the bathroom. The sight of her bouncing boobs will stay with me for a long time.  
  
Carrie and Mel arrived in a few minutes.  
  
After Jess rejoined them, we sat around and talking about our day.   
  
"So, I guess it's my turn," I said.  
  
The girls looked a little nervous. "You don't have to do anything more, Cal," said Mel.  
  
"Oh, a deal is a deal."  
  
"Ok, which one?" asked Carrie.  
  
In my mind I reviewed my options. I had seen Carrie topless and snuck a peek under her bottom. Twice I got to see Jess' amazing tits.  
  
I smiled broadly and pointed to Mel.  
  
She turned white. I think she always imagined that I would pick one of her friends.  
  
"Cal, are you sure?"  
  
"Definitely. And, remember this was your idea."  
  
"Sounded good at the time," she said weakly.  
  
"Ok, I'll play along. But, Cal I cannot jerk you off. We're cousins and that to me would be crossing the line."  
  
I knew she was right. I still wanted to see her naked.  
  
"Ok, here's the new deal. You will be naked, but don't have to touch me."  
  
She sighed in relief.  
  
"On two conditions," I added.  
  
"What?"  
  
"Carrie and Jess strip you."  
  
She looked at them and they all smiled.   
  
"And?" she asked.  
  
"One of them has to volunteer to give me head instead of a hand job."  
  
Silence.  
  
"Hell, I'll do it," said Carrie.  
  
"Really," said Jess.  
  
"Yeah, it'll be fun."  
  
"And, we get to watch?" asked Mel.  
  
"Only if you want," she said smiling and knowing they do.  
  
I asked Mel to walk to the middle of the room. Carrie and Jess stood on either side of her.  
  
Carrie unbuttoned her blouse and Jess pulled it off. Jess knelt and undid the snap on her shorts and lowered the zipper. From behind, Carrie eased them past Mel's hips and to the floor.  
  
Now I could see no more than what a swim suit would reveal. Carrie stood behind her and unfastened Mel's bra.  
  
Jess slipped the straps over her arms and it slid away. Carrie reached around and cupped Mel's tits, preventing me from seeing them.  
  
"Want to see your cousin's boobs, Cal?"  
  
I nodded. She was now massaging Mel's boobs. Mel had her eyes closed and licked her lips.  
  
She pulled her hands away. I stared at Mel's pretty breasts. Her rose-colored nipples were standing out from her darker areolas. Carrie reached around and pulled on her nipples making them stand out even more. Mel's breasts were a good size and the white skin was smooth with pale blue veins visible.  
  
Jess tugged Mel's panties and pushed them down. She had soft brown curls that were shaped into a neat strip. Jess ran her fingers through the curls and kissed Mel's hip. She then ran her hand up and down Mel's slit. Mel closed her eyes and groaned.  
  
With guidance from Carrie, Mel turned around. I loved her butt. Jess moved her hands between Mel's legs and pushed them apart. Carrie then gently pulled Mel down, bending her from the waist. I could see her sex lips from behind and thought they looked wet. Jess spread Mel's cheeks showing me the pink star. She then spread Mel's lips showing me a moist and pink set of perfect lips.  
  
Mel stood and turned to face me. She was flushed and her breasts heaved with her breathing. She smiled.  
  
"You're beautiful," I said.  
  
"Thanks."  
  
Carrie moved to me and dropped to her knees. She extended her tongue and swirled it around my tip. I groaned out loud. Mel and Jess stood next to Carrie and watched as she slowly took all of me inside. She began moving her head up and down, while using her tongue and teeth to excite all my nerve endings.  
  
I looked at Jess. She had one hand jammed in her panties. I was sure she was inserting at least one finger in and out of her sex. Her other hand was pinching her breast through her t-shirt.  
  
Mel was now slowly caressing her slit and clit.  
  
I started pumping Cassie's face and could feel my dick hit the back of her mouth.   
  
I knew I could not last long and told Carrie I was close. She winked and sucked harder.  
  
I was just about to explode when the door to our room opened. We all turned to see Heidi.  
  
She quickly stepped in and closed the door behind her. She looked at Carrie with my dick in her mouth; Mel naked and covered with a slight sheen of sweat; Jess with her own hand buried in her panties.  
  
"Well," she said with a smile, "they say that the Fourth of July is all about the fireworks. I have a feeling some are just about to go off." She pulled her top off revealing her full breasts.  
  
As she started walking toward us with her hand on the drawstring of her sweatpants, I knew Heidi was quite right.