**Karen's Nude Day with Coworkers**

by[**CraptainPlanet**](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=3324282&page=submissions)©

(Tom)  
  
"Tomorrow is WHAT?" I asked. Surely I'd heard wrong.  
  
"Nude Day!" Karen said, giggling.  
  
"That's not a real holiday," I said.  
  
"It is, look!" She handed me her phone. It was on some website that said that tomorrow was indeed Nude Day.  
  
"This can't be real," I said.  
  
"The guys said the resort is having an event for it tomorrow," she said. The guys she was referring to were Aaron and Jake, two of her fellow salespeople for the business research company they worked for. They'd had some sort of conference here in Miami for the weekend. She'd gotten her own hotel room as the only woman in the group, and I'd come along as a much needed vacation.  
  
I also joined because I didn't trust Aaron and Jake one bit. They were both recently out of college, a decade younger than me and Karen, and absolutely infatuated with her. At every work function of theirs I'd attended over the couple years Karen has been working with them, I watched them follow her around like puppy dogs. They employed every trick in the Horny Guy Book. They'd follow a step behind her wherever she walked, drooling over her tight ass and swaying hips. They'd circle in front of her whenever she was still, hoping to catch a better glimpse of her perky breasts when she'd bend over. They'd insist on taking pictures with her whenever she showed even a little cleavage (which was pretty often, as Karen's breasts were above average in size, so didn't fit snugly under most tops she wore).  
  
Karen insisted the three of them were just good friends. She knew they had crushes on her, but she made them keep it professional. They were the only other people on the sales team who didn't try to poach her sales, she said. They cheered her up when a sale fell through. And on and on. But I was no idiot. I'd spent plenty of my life as a horny single guy, I was wise to their games, even if she wasn't.   
  
It didn't help matters that she insisted on teasing them from time to time. I knew she liked the attention her two younger colleagues showered on her and she didn't personally mind them leering at her body. She said that if they never took more than they were given, and being good friends and hot-blooded males, she was glad she could make them happy without doing much more than wearing a low-cut shirt. Whenever they had a work function, it was guaranteed both of the guys would post pics of them with Karen there, the shot angled as high as possible to show as much of her cleavage as they could. I laughed at how predictable it was, but at the same time felt full of pride that they were so desperate and that she'd always end up with me every night.   
  
"But I'm leaving tomorrow," I said.   
  
"I know, baby," she said. "And we'll miss you." Their team had closed so many deals at the conference, that the company extended their stay another night so they could have a day off to enjoy the resort and celebrate. They obviously wouldn't pay to change my flight too, though, or convince my boss to give me the day off. So I had to fly back in the morning, and leave my beautiful wife in a tropical paradise with two guys extremely horny for her. I'd been upset thinking about her spending the day with them in her bikini, and now I knew there'd be nudists everywhere.  
  
"Just don't let them talk you into anything," I said.  
  
"Oh please," she said. "I know they'll try and joke about me joining Nude Day, but you shouldn't worry."  
  
I was worried. She couldn't convince me not to be. It kept me awake long after I heard her sleeping next to me. I finally passed into a fitful sleep well after midnight.  
  
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(Karen)  
  
I woke up the next morning feeling refreshed for the first time in a long time. Three days of working a conference will do that to you, since setup started at 8 and post-conference dinner and drinks (where most of the actual deals get closed) didn't wrap up until midnight sometimes. Add in the stress of preparing for the conference the week before, and I hadn't been able to relax in forever. But now I could, and I was going to make the most of it.  
  
I bounced over to the window and threw open the shades. Tom immediately groaned behind me.  
  
"Sorry babe," I squeaked and shut them again. "Didn't sleep well?"  
  
He just groaned in reply. I felt sorry for him, he came all the way out here and we didn't get to spend that much time together because I was so busy. In fact, we'd only tried to have sex once, and neither of us finished because I was so tired. I was thinking maybe we could make up for that this morning before he left, but he was way out of it and I wanted to enjoy the sun. I'd just have to live with being horny.  
  
I fished my bikini out of my suitcase and put it on. I'd packed it with the hope that I could get use it this morning before heading back, and I was thrilled that I'd get a full day in the sun instead. We really killed it this weekend, and our boss said to go ahead and enjoy the resort, charge it to the room, and the company would pay for it. My plan was to spend all day laying out in the sun and trying every tropical drink this place could imagine.  
  
I giggled to myself as I remembered that today was a "very important and special holiday", as the guys put it. I certainly had no plans on getting naked, even if it was Nude Day. Maybe if I was still single and maybe if I wasn't with my coworkers, I'd consider going topless for a bit. But I wasn't and I was, so I figured this would just be some extra entertainment for the day. Seeing some naked people would be amusing, and watching Jake and Aaron go gaga over the naked women would definitely be hilarious.   
  
They were horny little devils and I knew it. They were super friendly to me as soon as I started this job. I was no stranger to having a couple dorks drool over my body, so I just leaned into it, as I had no friends at the company. We started hanging out a lot, going to lunch together, chatting during the day, occasionally grabbing drinks after work, that sort of thing. Our friendship started as them trying to get in my pants, but soon we were all emotionally involved with each other's lives. Sure, they would sometimes lament the fact that I was married, but what can you do.  
  
They didn't stop trying to get in my pants of course. It just switched from being a serious thing to being a long running joke. For example, when I first started there, they explained they were known as the Selfie Guys around the office and insisted on taking pics with me every couple days. I soon picked up that they did this whenever I was wearing a low-cut shirt. When they asked for more, I teased them that it was just for their spank bank. They only posted a tiny fraction of the pics they took of us together, I knew they were just jerking off over the rest. You should have seen their faces, kids caught in the cookie jar, I tell ya.   
  
I didn't want them to actually feel bad, though, so I let them take the pics anyway. Soon the pretense dropped, and whenever they'd spot me showing some cleavage, they'd just ask if they could add it to their spank bank. I knew I probably shouldn't because I was married and these guys were clearly lusting over me, but I wasn't dead and still liked the attention. So I started getting into it, and I'd usually pop open another button (or two) before the pic and use my arms to lift and frame my boobs some.  
  
One time, after a coworker poached a particularly large deal from Aaron, I opened my blouse all the way and let him take a pic of me in my bra. The bra wasn't see-thru or anything. It was a push-up bra, though, so the cups barely covered my nipples and left a ton of flesh bulging up over the top. I knew I probably shouldn't let my coworker take pics of me in my underwear, put I reasoned it wasn't really more than what he'd already seen since I'd been displaying a lot of cleavage for them on almost a daily basis at that point. Plus, it made his day and I was glad I could help.   
  
I texted the guys to tell them I was heading to the pool. They responded they'd just woken up and would meet me down there. I threw on a tanktop over my bikini and headed out after giving Tom a farewell kiss and reminding him not to sleep through his plane. I ran into one of the new clients I'd signed on the way down. It was kind of embarrassing, since he was as old as my dad and I was only half-dressed. I kicked myself for not also putting on shorts, as my tanktop stopped short of my waist and I could feel his eyes boring into my backside as the elevator slowly clicked down. I knew he could probably see half of each cheek, but at least he was leaving, I told myself.  
  
When we reached the lobby, I headed toward the outdoor pool and he headed to the exit (after watching me head to the pool of course). I discovered the resort was not kidding around about their Nude Day celebration. A huge banner over the doors to the pool announced the holiday, as well as a sign saying only adults were allowed in there today.  
  
The pool was HUGE. We'd all gawked at it the first day, but hadn't had the chance to enjoy it yet. There was a swim-up bar in the middle and several more bars along the buildings on the side. I grabbed one of the couple hundred lounge chairs and laid down on my back. It was only mid-morning, but the sun was already bright. I was one of the first few people out here, and I watched the staff set up more decorations as I rubbed sunscreen onto my front. I had just finished up and was settling in when I felt a tap on my shoulder.  
  
"Excuse me, miss?" the man said. I looked up to see him wearing a staff t-shirt. "I'm sorry, but the pool today is for the holiday celebration."  
  
"Oh yeah," I said. "Nude Day? I saw. I don't mind. Nude people don't bother me."  
  
"Well you see, the pool area is nude only for today," he said.  
  
"Really?" I said. I didn't know they could do such a thing.  
  
"Yeah," he said. "Nude Day is all about getting everyone on the same level. This isn't about looking at people who are naked, it's about being naked together and living without barriers."  
  
"So you're saying I can't be out here unless I'm naked?" I asked.  
  
"Yes," he said. "If you're not comfortable with that, our indoor pool will remain clothed or you can head down to the beach." I sat unsure for a moment and he continued. "In any case, I'll give you a few minutes to decide, as you can see, we're still setting up." And with that he smiled and walked away.  
  
I went over my options and none of them were good. The indoor pool meant losing out on the sun, and that was half the reason I was here. The other half was the free drinks, which I'd have to pay for down at the beach. And staying here meant getting naked with my coworkers. I'd planned on spending the day teasing them in my bikini. I'd chosen a rather skimpy one for that purpose. Having these two young guys drool over my married body got me hot and I planned to jump my husband when I got home tomorrow.  
  
I had an idea. If I laid on my stomach and draped my towel over my butt, then I'd only have to take my top off and not actually show anything. My phone buzzed. It was Aaron, saying they were heading down and asking where I'd set up camp. I told him, then realized I had to quickly make a decision. I did not want them to be here when I undressed, so I quickly whipped my top off and laid down on my stomach. I was arranging my towel over my butt when I saw them enter. They quickly found me and walked over.  
  
"Wow, you're already naked?!" Aaron yelled.  
  
"No, I've still got my bottoms on under the towel," I said as they dropped their stuff in the lounge seats on either side of me. I kept my arms pressed to my sides so they couldn't see my boobs bulging out under me. I could feel their excitement seeing the entire expanse of my back naked to them and I felt really exposed laying there topless. "But they said we have to be naked to be out here."  
  
"That doesn't seem right," Jake said. "It's probably just clothing optional."  
  
"It's not," I said. "A guy came over and told me I'd have to get naked or leave."  
  
"You can just admit you want to spend the day naked with us," Aaron said.  
  
"Yeah, we won't tell Tom," Jake added.  
  
I just rolled my eyes. "I'm being serious. He'll come and tell you the same thing, you'll see," I said.  
  
"Holy shit," Aaron said. I looked up to see their eyes following a naked woman walking by. She was probably 20 years older than us, but still looked good, I had to admit.  
  
"Today's gonna be goooood," Jake said. He and Aaron took off their shirts and laid out on either side of me. I had to admit, they both looked pretty good. Tom likes to call them dweebs, and they were definitely a couple out-of-shape dorks when we met. But I convinced them to take their health more seriously and they started eating better and working out. Now they were both trimmed and toned, and to be honest, I really didn't mind that I'd get to see them shirtless all day.   
  
My phone rang and I searched for it under my discarded tanktop. I saw it was Tom and answered.  
  
"Hi baby, you up?" I asked. They started playing loud music and I pressed the phone to one ear while plugging the other so I could hear.  
  
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(Tom)  
  
"They won't let me in the pool unless I'm naked," I said. I stood in front of the doors to the pool, stopped by a douchey looking guy in a staff shirt.  
  
"Yeah, that's apparently their policy for today," she said. "It's so weird, I don't get why it can't be optional."  
  
"Where'd you go instead?" I asked, annoyed. I didn't have much time and wish she had told me about this so I didn't have to haul my luggage somewhere else.  
  
"Oh, we're at the pool," she said. My heart started pounding.  
  
"Are you naked??" I said too loudly. A couple staff members frowned at me.  
  
"No," she said. "Well, not really. I'm on my stomach with my top off and a towel over my butt so they can't tell I've still got bottoms on. Jake and Aaron just got here and we were trying to decide what to do."  
  
This was probably those guys' freaking dream, I said to myself. She may have told herself it was fine because they couldn't see any private parts, but I knew those guys were probably creaming themselves just to be next to her topless.  
  
"Well my car's almost here and I wanted to say goodbye," I said.  
  
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(Karen)  
  
"I'll be there in a sec," I said, and hung up. I'd lifted my arms from my sides to talk to him, and saw that both of the guys had noticed. They each stared at the exposed side of a boob, bulging out from under me as I lay on them. They were wearing sunglasses so I couldn't see their eyes, but they were each looking sideways at me, and then immediately got really involved rubbing sunscreen on themselves. They're sooooo clever.  
  
Of course it did excite me a little to see how they fawned over my body. Just because I had a husband didn't mean I didn't enjoy being flirted with or checked out. It flattered me that even though I was off the market, they still couldn't help being little puppies around me. Still, I had just planned on prancing around them in my bikini today, so I had to be careful now that I was topless.  
  
I slipped my hands underneath me and cupped my breasts to cover them as I stood up. The guys tracked my every move, of course. I thought about throwing my top or tank back on to head to the entrance, but decided to get in the holiday spirit a little, and just draped an arm across my breasts as I walked over. The pool area had filled out a little since I first got here and I had to walk past a few old, naked men who I swear literally licked their lips as I walked by in just my bikini bottoms.  
  
I got to the door where Tom stood fully clothed with his luggage.  
  
"Whoa!" he said, looking at my breasts bulge out around my arm.  
  
"I know, crazy, right?" I said, giggling. I could tell some of the guys passing through the lobby were trying to get a look at me. I explained the situation to Tom, how the indoor pool and the beach weren't going to work and how I could pretend to be naked out here without really showing anything.  
  
"Are you sure about this?" he asked. I could tell he was freaking out.  
  
"It'll be fine," I said. "It'll be a little more awkward, but listen..." I pulled him close. "The guys know I'm yours at the end of the day. And anytime they forget, I'll remind them. Really, you should feel sorry for them with how tortured they're going to be all day."  
  
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(Tom)  
  
I couldn't stay mad at Karen when she pressed herself against me like that. It felt good to be reassured that she'd still be mine no matter what. I actually got a little optimistic that maybe they'd find some other naked girls and finally leave her alone.  
  
"They'll need to haul their balls out of here on a stretcher once today is over," I said and she giggled.  
  
"You should have seen them trying to get a look at my boobs when I stood up," she said. "They think if they just wear dark sunglasses I can't see their mouths drop open and heads whip every which way."  
  
I laughed. I remembered I only got mad about them when I forgot what total dweebs they were. Karen was way out of their league, and all four of us knew it. Still, something about these two guys trying desperately to get a glimpse of what I got to see every day stroked my ego and turned me on a little. I looked down at her exposed cleavage, her small arm and hand failing to cover even half of each breast, but managing to beautifully display the engagement ring we'd picked out together. I realized she was right. They were goners today.  
  
"They're gonna get kicked out for jacking off in the bushes before noon," I said.  
  
"They'll probably get kicked out as soon as they pop a boner," she said.  
  
"True," I said. "They've been dying to get even this good a look at your tits, they'll probably be out on the street in ten minutes."  
  
"So you don't mind if I tease them a little?" she asked. I figured she meant wearing only her arm as a top like she was right now. Letting them see her bare back, maybe a little sideboob. Definitely a little naughty, but nothing that out of the ordinary. It felt really weird leaving my topless wife to tease a couple other guys, but I had to admit it was kinda funny and kinda hot to think about.   
  
"Yeah, go ahead and tease them to your heart's content. Just make sure they come back in one piece," I said. "I don't want you to get fired because you acted too naughty and caused two of your coworkers to explode."  
  
She laughed and I felt my phone buzz. It was my driver, he was waiting outside. I said goodbye to Karen and kissed her. I made her promise to keep me up to date on everything that happened. I walked to the entrance, wondering why her teasing the two dweebs aroused me.  
  
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(Karen)  
  
I was pretty surprised Tom took the situation as well as he did. Most of my anxiety had been based around his reaction, so when he was cool with it, I realized that I didn't have to worry either. He even said I could tease them and act as naughty as I wanted.  
  
I turned to go back into the pool, when the same staff guy from earlier stopped me.  
  
"Sorry, miss," he said. "You know the rules."  
  
He pointed to the sign next to the entrance that said no clothes were allowed on the patio today.  
  
"But I was just saying goodbye to my friend," I said. I was embarrassed to admit that I was staying on this nude patio without my husband, so I didn't.  
  
"That's fine," he said. "But as I made it clear to you, you've gotta be nude to be on the patio today."  
  
My clever plan of only pretending to be naked was now completely out the window. All my stuff was still over at our lounges. I hadn't even brought my phone with me to call the guys. No, now I was either trapped in the lobby topless, or I was going to have to follow through and celebrate Nude Day for real. With a sigh, I used my free hand to push my bottoms down over one hip, then the other. They fell to the ground and I felt the ocean breeze caress my naked bum and pussy for the first time.

I quickly crouched down and picked my bottoms up and clutched them in front of my crotch. So that's how I walked back across the patio, one hand covering my pussy (my engagement ring glittering in the sun), the other across my breasts. The old guys licked their lips again as I walked past. I felt their eyes crawl over my bare butt and I shivered. It was hot enough already where you'd still sweat uncovered, but I had never felt so naked before in my life. It only worsened as I got closer to Aaron and Jake.  
  
When I'd told Tom about teasing them, I meant them seeing some sideboob while I was laying or staring at my half-covered ass while walking. Maybe, if they were good and I was bored, I'd "forget" my top was off for a moment when I'd sit up. I knew they had horny li'l crushes on me, but we were still friends and I enjoyed making them happy. They'd been dying to see any part of my naked body for ages now, and I thought maybe I could give them a quick glimpse of something to celebrate our performance this weekend. You know, keep them feeling special and excited, but not actually DO anything.  
  
But now here I was, sauntering up to them all butt-ass naked, with only my little hands to cover me. A voice in my head told me to drop my hands, to just let them see everything, but I told it no, even though it did cause a little flutter in my tummy. I was starting to get worried again about where this day was headed. It wasn't even noon, and I was already naked, and they'd be forced to be soon as well. Then I remembered they'd probably pop boners immediately and get kicked out. I wasn't going to be spending all day prancing around naked with my equally naked and erect coworkers all day.  
  
"Woohoo!" shouted Aaron. "Looking good!"  
  
"Happy Nude Day, Karen!" shouted Jake.  
  
"Stop, you guys," I said, blushing. "They made me take my bottoms off to get back in here."  
  
"Sure they did," Aaron said. "We told you already, it's fine if you want to get naked for us."  
  
"Yeah," Jake added. "Your husband isn't here. You can admit it to us."  
  
"They're going to make you guys undress too," I said. I noticed they'd both scrunched up as I approached, doubtlessly trying to hide their erections. "And I know you two can't wait to show me your boners."  
  
Aaron looked embarrassed, but Jake was distracted by something behind me.  
  
"Whoa," Jake said. "Is that...?"  
  
"Who?" I asked, turning around. All I saw was the creepy old guys who still couldn't take their eyes off of me. After a moment searching, I turned back. "Seriously, who-"  
  
I stopped because I didn't have to ask. They'd both been staring slack-jawed at my bare butt.  
  
"Oh ha ha," I said. "Very funny."  
  
"Sorry, I had to try," Jake said. "And I must add, you have an exquisite ass."  
  
"Well thank you," I said. "Glad you liked it." I turned back around and wiggled my naked ass at them, looking over my shoulder and watching them gape at my soft cheeks bouncing back and forth. I figured them seeing my butt wasn't that bad. We all have them and my bikini was going to show most of mine anyway. Wiggling it at them did get me hot, though. I'd have to be careful today, I was still married after all.  
  
"Excuse me," a guy said in front of me. I looked his way and saw it was the same staff guy as before. "Um, excuse me, the guys behind you," he said. I smirked and stepped aside. I knew what was coming. "Guys, we're observing Nude Day out on the pool today."  
  
"Great," Aaron said. "Big fans."  
  
"That means clothing is not allowed out on the patio today," he said. "Sorry for any inconvenience."  
  
"I TOLD you guys!" I said. They grumbled.  
  
"You can't like, make people get naked," Jake tried.  
  
"This is a private resort and we can set whatever rules for this area that we want," he said. "If you wish to stay clothed, our indoor pool will keep normal swimsuit rules today or you can head down to the beach."  
  
"That's some bullshit," Aaron said. "We paid to be at this resort, and now we can't be at the pool?!"  
  
"And why do we have to be naked, but you don't?!" asked Jake.  
  
"Labor laws," he said. He was about to say something else, but I interrupted him.  
  
"I think I know why they won't get naked," I said. They all looked at me. "They're embarrassed by their little boners." The way they both shifted in their seats told me I was right.  
  
"No need to worry," the guy said. "Nude Day is an introduction to nudism for people who don't normally practice. We understand this may cause some, uh, uncomfortable reactions in people who aren't used to being nude and around nude people. Erections are expected and you won't be harassed for having one. You shouldn't be embarrassed about having one either. Today is about celebrating our bodies in all the shapes and forms they take."  
  
Aaron and Jake looked at each other and grimaced. So much for not having to worry about them being erect in front of me, I thought.  
  
"Also, let me be clear," the guy went on. "No sexual activity of any kind will be permitted out here. Nude Day is not Sex Day."  
  
"Yeah, yeah, we got it," Jake said. "Don't worry, she's married."  
  
The guy turned and raised an eyebrow at me. I'd finally gotten somewhat used to being naked out here (though still covering my front with my arms), but I blushed across my full naked body as the fact that I was naked here with two guys who weren't my husband was exposed to a stranger.  
  
I didn't have long to stew in my embarrassment, though, because then Jake and Aaron both started untying their swim trunks. My heart started racing as I realized I was about to see them naked too. I'd never really wondered what their dicks looked like, but now I couldn't wait. I knew Tom let me stay with them because he didn't think I'd ever be attracted to them. And he had been right. I liked teasing them but never fantasized about them. However, I was starting to reconsider as I realized how excited I was that they were both quite fit and cute and I was about to see their cocks.  
  
Aaron was the first one to get his trunks untied. He lifted his butt off the lounge chair and slid them down his legs and over his knees. His hard cock popped out and slapped against his stomach as it sprang lose from his trunks. I didn't get a good look at it because he was quickly scrunched up and pulling the trunks off his feet, but I could tell it was not small. Once he got them free, he sat back, quickly tossing his shorts on top of his naked crotch.  
  
"Happy?" he asked the guy. I looked over at Jake and was disappointed to see he also had his trunks off and resting atop his crotch. Damn, missed the show, I thought.  
  
"Better," he said. "You guys have a good day." And with that he walked away. Which left me naked and clutching myself, in front of the two guys. They both leaned back and put their arms behind their heads, their bunched up swim trunks covering their erections.  
  
"Why don't you lay down and enjoy the sun?" Jake asked, smirking. I realized I messed up by not getting back on my lounge during the commotion with the staff guy. Now I had to climb onto the chair in between them while they both sat back and watched.  
  
I was still holding my bikini bottoms in my hand over my crotch, and dropped them. I thought about doing something like they were doing, and draping it over me while I laid out, but decided to hell with it. I was getting more comfortable being nude and Tom gave me permission to tease them some anyway. I wasn't going to show them my front or anything, but they'd already seen my butt. The idea of laying out in front of them with my butt completely uncovered to their gaze revved me up, not going to lie. Also, it was clear they were primarily obsessed with my breasts, and those were going to stay covered.  
  
I mean, I knew they liked my butt too. I knew why they always followed a step behind me wherever we went, and I always put an extra swing in my hips when they did so. I put a lot of work in at the gym to keep my butt as tight and shapely as it was, and didn't mind showing that off some. I know Tom probably didn't think teasing them meant showing them my bare ass, but he told me I should be a little naughty too, and wasn't stretching the rules a little naughty? The warm glow in my nether regions told me yes, yes it was. So I figured I'd just lay down on my stomach and show them I was braver than them. And also let them gawk at my naked ass for a bit.  
  
I liked my plan, but getting into the lounge chair was still difficult. In the end, I dropped my knees down to the foot of it, and then used them and the hand that was over my crotch to crawl forward on it, still clutching my breasts with my other arm. They might have gotten a glimpse of my trimmed landing strip as I did (and I can only imagine the view the creepy old guys behind me got), but it was over quickly. They definitely got a quick glimpse of my entire naked, hanging breasts as I lowered myself to the chair, though.   
  
I folded my arms up under my head and stretched, sighing. The sun felt good on my naked back. And naked legs. And naked butt. I looked at first Aaron, then Jake. I could tell both of them were staring directly at my bare, soft, white butt and neither tried to pretend otherwise. All three of us knew this was a sight neither of them would ever forget.  
  
I felt really naughty laying out completely naked between two of my coworkers. I knew I didn't have to stay here and get naked for them. We'd have to go back to work together after this, and now they'd know what my body looked like completely naked. I felt myself start to get wet, thinking of how exposed and vulnerable I was between these two practically naked and extremely aroused men. I was glad Tom agreed to let me tease them a little, but this was probably beyond what he was thinking. Still, butts weren't that bad, I thought, and he isn't here to nitpick.  
  
"Hey Jake," Aaron said. "Toss me the sunscreen." He did and Aaron popped it open. "Karen, some skin of yours is exposed now that wasn't before, so we should probably get it covered."  
  
My heart skipped a beat. He was right. Actually, he was more than right. I hadn't put any sunscreen on any part of my back, only my front.  
  
"Actually, I uh, need it on my whole back," I said, gathering my long blonde hair off my back.  
  
"I'll help," Jake said immediately, sitting up and turning to face me. I laughed.  
  
"I call her butt," Aaron said, and squirted some sunscreen out directly onto my bare cheeks. I shrieked.  
  
"Ah, that's cold!" I said.  
  
"No fair," Jake said. "I was going to do her butt. I thought you were going to do her back."  
  
"Guys, guys," I said, laughing. I didn't want them to fight and I sensed an opportunity to tease them some more. I mean, someone was going to have to rub lotion into my butt, and figured giving them both a shot wouldn't really make a difference. "You can both do my butt. It's extra pale so it could use two coats."  
  
"Thanks, Karen," Jake said. "You're the coolest."  
  
"Just remember that I have a husband," I said as I felt Aaron start to rub the lotion into my cheeks. "And I'm his at the end of the day no matter what."  
  
"Of course," Aaron said. "Don't worry. It's cool of him to let you celebrate Nude Day with us."  
  
Jake agreed that it was cool, and so did I. It did feel weird thinking about my husband while one of my coworkers rubbed lotion into my naked ass. He was doing a really thorough job, of course. He started with one hand, rubbing back and forth across each cheek and my crack, smearing the copious amount of lotion across my whole naked butt. Then he shifted forward and started using both hands, swirling each across either cheek, then grabbing each cheek and kneading it. It was excessive, but hardly surprising, and I decided to let him have his fun.  
  
My head was turned to his side, and I decided to look down at him. His swimsuit had fallen off his crotch at some point, and I could see the top half of his hard cock standing tall above his thighs. I couldn't see the whole thing, but I could tell it was at least as big as Tom's. I shivered as I realized that it was within reach. I could just grab it if I wanted to. Not that I wanted to, of course, I was married. But I was curious how it felt. I squeezed my thighs together, partially to make sure Aaron couldn't see my naked pussy from his vantage point, and partially because I was starting to get really wet down there and the pressure felt really good.  
  
My train of thought was interrupted by Aaron spreading the lotion deep between my cheeks. He ran his fingers down the length of my crack, dragging them across my unprotected asshole, once, twice, three times. I was glad I'd gotten waxed before this trip, leaving me completely smooth from the neck down except for my landing strip.  
  
"Ok, ok, that's enough," I said. "I think my butt is done for now."  
  
"Just wanted to make sure everything was covered," he said. I groaned. I felt him stand up. "Wait, I thought you were going to do my back."  
  
"I am," he said. I watched him swing one leg over my lounge chair. I was going to tell him not to straddle me, but his move gave me my first good look at his full naked crotch and I forgot what I was going to say. I still didn't get a great look at it, but now I knew, it was definitely bigger than Tom's. A little longer and a little thicker. Then I felt him sit down on my naked thighs and his big dick come to rest on my naked crack.  
  
"Aaron, I don't think that's-AH!" I yelped as he sprayed more cold lotion on my back. "I told you to warm it up first!"  
  
"Sorry, I forgot," he said as he started to rub it in. He had to lean forward to do so, and this pressed his dick between my cheeks some. I realized I'd forgotten to also scold him about rubbing his dick on my butt, and now it was too late. It was deep in there and he was already rubbing the lotion into me.  
  
"You could have done that from your own chair, you know," I said. I clenched my cheeks to push his dick out of there, but it slid right back in after I relaxed. He'd really lubed my crack up good so my cheeks were offering no resistance to his invading pole.  
  
"This way I can give you a bit of a back rub too," he said, pressing his thumbs deep into the knots behind my shoulder blades. It felt really good and I moaned. It also made me raise my butt some (involuntarily, I swear), and his hard dick spread my cheeks fully, resting snugly against the full length of my crack. For the first time I felt his balls too, resting against the crease between my cheeks and my thighs, right above my naked pussy.  
  
"But I can feel your big dick too," I whined. I lowered my hips back to the lounge, but his hips followed, keeping tight contact between his crotch and my butt the whole time. I could feel his hot, hard rod throb between my cheeks and against my asshole. I'd never been one for butt play, just never really thought about it before. But now I realized my asshole was really sensitive, and that the length of his shaft pressing against it...well, it felt really good. I knew this was past what Tom meant by teasing them some, but Aaron was delivering a really good back rub. Maybe his dick just had to be lodged in my ass for that to happen.  
  
"That's just a little treat for you on this holiest of days," he said. I groaned and he laughed. "Hey Jake, can you get us some drinks?"  
  
"Fine," he said, sitting up again. "What do you guys want?"  
  
"Beer," said Aaron, digging into my shoulders again.  
  
"Karen?" Jake asked.  
  
"Something strong enough to make me forget my coworker's humping my naked body," I said. Aaron laughed. "And fruity enough so I can't taste how strong it has to be."  
  
"Gotcha," Jake said, standing up. He brought his swim trunks with him, still holding them over his crotch.  
  
"Pussy," Aaron said. Jake did look ridiculous and I giggled.  
  
"Oh sure, you dropped yours," Jake said. "But walking across the patio is a lot different than just burying your dick inside Karen."  
  
"Hey!" I said. "He's not inside me."  
  
"That's debatable," Jake said. He wasn't wrong. Aaron had scooched his legs up a little and now his thighs were pushing the outside of my cheeks together, fully wrapping them around his hard cock, still lodged deep within my crack. "But it's still different from parading naked to the bar." I had to admit, he still wasn't wrong.   
  
"Pussy," Aaron said again and giggled. He liked to act as a big tough guy, but he did have a cute little giggle, I thought.  
  
"Ugh, fine," Jake said and dropped his shorts to the ground. I quickly spun my head to face him, only to be disappointed to see he was covering his undoubtedly hard dick with his hands. Aaron caught me and laughed.  
  
"Aww, she was dying to see your dick, Jake," he said.  
  
"Well sorry," I said. "You guys have been gawking at my naked body this whole time, sorry for wanting a little eye candy for myself."  
  
I expected Jake to be mad at me, but he just blushed when we made eye contact. I realized that was because I'd just told him I wanted to see his dick. Keep it together, Karen, I told myself. You're married. Jake was really cute when he blushed, though. He was a big softie at heart, just like Aaron, and I had them both wrapped around my finger.   
  
"So a beer and something strong and fruity," Jake said. As he did, he turned slightly and removed one hand from his crotch. He was using his other arm to pin his dick to his stomach, his forearm and wrist blocking the front view of his dick while his hand cradled his balls. But from the side, the view he was just now presenting to me, I could see the entire length of his dick. And from what I could tell, it was just as hard, just as long and just as thick as Aaron's.  
  
I looked up and caught him looking at me. Rather, he caught me looking at him. He smiled shyly and walked toward the pool. I had to admit, he had a really nice butt too. His sweaty shoulders and back glistened in the bright sun, and I was transfixed by the large muscles in his butt and thighs working as he walked to the pool and got in. His bottom half was out of view then as he swam to the bar in the middle.  
  
Aaron finished with my shoulders and rubbed the lotion further down my back. Then, before I could stop it, he rubbed up my sides and over the exposed sides of my breasts.  
  
"Hey," I said. "Watch yourself."  
  
"What?" he said. "I'm just trying to get you protected."  
  
"I'm letting you get away with an awful lot around my butt," I said. The exertion of his rubbing was causing his dick to move up and down my crack some. It wasn't like he was openly fucking my cheeks or anything, but I couldn't deny it was very close to that line. "Don't try and push it and play with my tits too."  
  
"It's not my fault your big tits are smooshed all out in the open," he said. "I'm not trying to act like some saintly Boy Scout, but the sun is hitting them and if they don't get covered, they're gonna burn."  
  
"Fine," I said. I knew he was right. But it still felt like every few minutes he was helping himself to more of my body and it hadn't even been an hour since my husband left.  
  
"I waited until Jake was gone," he went on. "You know if he was here, he'd insist he give them some coverage too."  
  
He wasn't wrong. Aaron rubbed up and down over the sides of my boobs. That's definitely a sensitive area for me, and I could feel my nipples tighten up against the lounge. I really wished I'd woken Tom up this morning for some sex before he left, because Aaron rubbing my sideboob and driving his big dick against my asshole was really getting me worked up. I mean, I loved it. I loved to tease but I loved to be teased too and Aaron was making my body scream for more. But I had to remember my marriage vows and not give in. After making sure the lotion was thoroughly rubbed in, he moved on to my lower back. A moment later, Jake returned with our drinks. He put mine in my hand and I took a sip. Singapore Sling. Perfect.

Aaron finished with my lower back and scooched back a little more to do my waist. I felt him lift up, his big, hard dick finally exiting the crease between my cheeks.  
  
"Actually," he said, and I felt him lift one of his knees up and rest it between my shut thighs. "Can you move a little bit, it'll be easier if-"  
  
"No," I said, cutting him off. "I'm not spreading my legs for you."  
  
"Sorry, I had to try," he said, laughing.  
  
"Are you done?" I asked.  
  
"Yeah, just gotta..." he said, wiping the last of the lotion into the back of my waist and then running his hands a few more times over my bare butt, giving it a few last squeezes. I'd let him touch it before because he was lotioning it up, but now he was just clearly groping me because I wasn't stopping him. "Ok, done," he said, and smacked my butt once and stood up. "She's all yours."  
  
I looked over at him as he cracked his beer and took a long pull. Whatever shyness he'd had earlier was long gone as he stood up straight, his hard cock pointing up to the sky. It glistened with the lotion and sweat that had rubbed off from deep within my ass. I hadn't gotten a good look at it before, so I took the chance to now. It was long and straight and angling naturally up at a little. If I had to guess, I would say it was about an inch, maybe two, longer than Tom's, and noticeably thicker. I looked down at my small hand resting under my head and tried to imagine if it could fit all the way around his pole.  
  
TOM.  
  
His plane was going to leave soon. I grabbed my phone from where I stashed it under my discarded clothes as I felt Jake settle in on top of me. Of course he wasn't going to pass up that chance after Aaron took it. He sat on my lower back, facing my legs, and I could feel his hairy balls rest on my tailbone as he squirted lotion over my bare ass right in front of him. I didn't squeal this time, the lotion had been in the sun long enough to not be so cold anymore, but I did feel my buttcheeks twitch and jiggle right in front of him from the touch.  
  
I unlocked my phone and sure enough there were a number of texts waiting from Tom.  
  
------------------------------------------------------------------  
  
(Tom)  
  
I'd finally talked myself into not worrying about leaving Karen topless with her coworkers by the time the car was loaded up and ready to go. I knew she liked to tease, but she wasn't a slut or anything. Sure, it was Nude Day, but if they'd just gone to the beach or something, there was probably a good chance she'd sunbathe with her top untied anyway. I was kicking myself for being so irrationally jealous.  
  
Then I caught a glimpse of her as we pulled away. Specifically, I saw push her bikini bottoms off her hips and down to the ground. The last thing I saw of my wife was her completely naked, about to walk back to her two horny coworkers.  
  
How could I be so dumb. Of course they would make her get naked before heading back out there. That was the whole reason why I had to call her over in the first place.  
  
I quickly texted her.  
  
Me: [hey kar, I saw them make you strip to head back in. are you ok?]  
  
She didn't respond right away and I got more worried.  
  
Me: [you're not gonna hang out there naked with them, are you?]  
  
Still no response. I tried to distract myself with other apps on my phone, but I couldn't keep my mind off her. I worried I'd come on too jealous and she was not responding on purpose because she was mad.  
  
Me: [it's fine, I trust you, babe, just please let me know what's going on]  
  
We were approaching the airport by the time I finally got a response back.  
  
Karen: [omg, Tom, I'm so sorry, I forgot to check my phone. Yeah, we decided to stay here for now.]  
  
I was so happy to finally hear from her and was glad she wasn't mad and ignoring me on purpose.   
  
Me: [are you guys naked??]  
  
Karen: [the guys are. I'm laying on my stomach so they can't see anything.]  
  
That comforted me somewhat. The plan was for her to lay on her front and cover her butt with a towel. She was supposed to pretend to be naked, not actually be naked, but in the end the effect wouldn't be that different if she was laying under a towel anyway. Sure, the guys probably got a quick peek at her naked ass as she got situated, but that would be it. It was more than we'd agreed upon, but the guys getting a brief glimpse of her ass wasn't that bad. I was surprised to find I actually found it kinda hot. Eat up what you'll never have, assholes. I had to adjust the boner in my shorts before getting out of the cab.  
  
Me: [what are you guys doing now?]  
  
Karen: [The guys are finishing up putting lotion on my back half and we're enjoying our first drinks.]  
  
I didn't like picturing my wife's naked coworker touching her naked back, but there really wasn't another way for her to get protected. If the other option was her twisting around to do it herself while trying to keep her parts covered, having one of them do it was probably better.  
  
Me: [ok, just make sure you don't act TOO naughty. I'm gonna pay for wifi on the flight back, so please keep me posted on the fun for the day]  
  
------------------------------------------------------------------  
  
(Karen)  
  
I promised Tom to not get too naughty and made a mental note to check in with him from time to time. I really didn't want him to feel like I was sneaking anything past him. I was pretty surprised he wasn't upset that I had to get naked in the end, or that the guys were putting lotion on my butt. I was sure I could explain it all and show him it wasn't that bad in the end, but he took it all in stride. I guessed I could relax some, he was going to let me do more than I thought.  
  
Jake had started with my butt, just like Aaron had, and did just as thorough of a job. Probably more thorough, actually. He was really kneading and massaging it for a while. It felt pretty embarrassing to have him push my cheeks apart over and over again. I'm sure he got a bunch of really good looks at my bare asshole. Aaron was sitting up and watching closely too, of course, so he did as well. When I'd plan to just tease them with my ass, I didn't expect them to play with it so intensely and get front-row seats to my hole, but somehow we ended up here.  
  
Jake then moved on to my legs. I thought he'd get off and approach them from my feet up, trying to get a look between my legs. But no, he kept straddling me and just leaned forward, which pushed his dick between my buttcheeks just like Aaron's had been. He couldn't get as good of an angle, and so wasn't grinding against my asshole as hard, but he definitely got in my crack there and stayed in there. I may have even tilted my hips up so I could feel his hard rod better between my cheeks.  
  
Eventually he finished and resumed playing with my butt. It felt nice, so I let him have his fun for a bit before reminding him I was married and made him stop. He and Aaron settled back into their lounges. I watched Jake as he did anxious to finally get a good look at his naked dick. As I suspected earlier, it was about the same length and girth as Aaron's. They were shaped and colored slightly differently, but the only major difference was that Jake's angled down slightly while Aaron's angled up.   
  
"Can you lotion up our backs for us now?" asked Aaron. Of course. I rolled my eyes.  
  
"You boys can do each other," I said. I knew they just wanted me to do it so I had to get up off my front.  
  
"Come on," Jake said. "We both just gave you an incredible massage, don't abandon us now. We'll be burnt to a crisp."  
  
I knew they'd refuse my suggestion even before I asked it. Secretly, I kinda wanted them to. They'd gotten me pretty worked up after giving my butt such a workover, and I was anxious for an opportunity to tease them again. Still, I didn't want to bare my breasts to them. I knew they were the primary objects of their affections and fantasies, and it felt wrong to give them what they wanted so badly.  
  
I mean, they loved my ass for sure and I knew they never thought they'd get a chance to touch or see it, much less grab and hump it like they both did. But I'd justified that to myself somewhat because I knew it'd leave them unsatisfied. My husband is the only one whose dreams I should be making come true. Also, my nipples were almost painfully hard. Lying between and getting manhandled by these two big-dicked studs would do that to any gal. If they saw how turned on I was, they'd think they'd be able to push me farther. They'd probably be right, and I wanted to avoid that.  
  
"Fine," I said, gathering my breasts in one arm and sitting up. "I'll do it, but I can't do it well with one arm."  
  
"You don't have to cover up on our account," Aaron said.  
  
"I do," I said. "We work together and I'm married. It'd be inappropriate."  
  
"Doesn't really sound like someone's getting into the spirit of Nude Day," Jake said.  
  
"I'm naked," I said. "What else do you want from me?"  
  
"Well..." Jake said, then laughed.   
  
"Yeah, ha ha," I said sarcastically. "I'm beginning to think you're thinking about my naked tits more than the sanctity of Nude Day."  
  
They both went silent.  
  
"Thought so," I said. I grabbed the bottle of lotion in my free hand and stood up facing Aaron. I took a moment to take in the sight of his whole naked body stretched out below me, from his broad shoulders to his trim waist to round, strong butt and toned legs, all covered with a sheen of hot sweat and a moderate amount of manly hair. Now I knew a bit how they felt, standing over my naked, helpless body like this.  
  
I swung a leg over him and plopped my butt down on his. I squirted a bunch of lotion on his back, then set the bottle down and started rubbing it in with my free hand. I had to lean forward to reach the top of his back, and this made me press my crotch into his tailbone. I'm sure he could feel my trimmed pubic hair pressing against him. That would have embarrassed me, but I was a lot more worried about him feeling my hard clit and wet hole pressing against him, but figured he wouldn't be able to distinguish the feel of those from everything else. I just had to focus on not grinding my puss down into him. His shoulder muscles felt big and powerful under my hand and I couldn't resist giving them and his arms a squeeze as I rubbed in the lotion. Jake, of course, watched me the whole time, just in case a boob popped loose, I'm sure.  
  
When I finished his back, I lifted up and scooted down. He had spread his legs, so the only room for me was between his thighs, so that's where I kneeled. I immediately regretted it, as now I had a front row seat at basically every secret he had to offer. I was glad I hadn't let him kneel between my spread legs like he'd wanted. This view was really graphic. I'd never desired seeing a man from this angle, so I tried to ignore the darker, more intimate parts and squirted some lotion on the top of his butt.  
  
I'd never been that interested in guy butts before. Sure, I squeezed my husband's when we were fooling around, but I'd never gotten up close and played with one before. But I had to say, I really enjoyed this introduction and happily ran my hands over his bulbous cheeks. I really liked how his were hard, rough and strong where mine were soft, smooth and giving. As the lotion disappeared into his cheeks, I realized I wanted more. I wanted to look and touch where I was afraid to before.  
  
Smiling to myself, I dribbled a line of lotion down his hairy crack. I pressed down in between his cheeks with two fingers, rubbing the lotion in. His crease was extremely hot and my fingers burned in the steamy oven between his cheeks. As I rubbed the lotion downward, I felt my fingertips brush over his knotted hole and he gasped and clenched. I gasped too as the power of his butt clenching my fingers surprised me.  
  
"Sorry, the sun was hitting here and I didn't want it to get burned," I said, giving the same reason back to him that he'd given for touching my boobs. He just grunted in reply. I looked back down and realized I'd dug myself a hole. See, his asshole wasn't actually showing, that was just a joke. But the sensitive skin underneath his butt and the back of his ballsack were showing and I just realized I'd promised to touch them.  
  
I put some lotion on my fingers while I staring at his undercarriage. When I set the bottle back down, I realized I'd left my boobs uncovered and quickly threw my other arm across them again. I looked over to Jake and saw he was checking his phone. His loss, I thought, and looked back to Aaron.  
  
I couldn't believe I was staring at my coworker's balls. I've never paid much attention to balls before. They used to gross me out, but I've gotten used to them over the years. But I had to say, Aaron's looked...nice. Bulbous and lightly hairy, hanging loosely against the lounge chair. Something about how open and vulnerable he was and how delicate and sensitive I knew his balls would be made my heart flutter. I've never even seen my husband from this angle, and now I felt like I was more intimately knowledgeable about Aaron's body than Tom's.  
  
I pressed my lotion-dolloped fingers directly against the patch of skin between his crack and sack. Aaron gave a shudder and spread his thighs a little wider. I sucked in my breath and rubbed the lotion down over the back of his balls, feeling the vulnerable little eggs move and dance against my fingers. He let out a rather loud moan, then clasped his hand to his mouth. I quickly pulled my hand away.  
  
"Sorry," he said.  
  
"Are you about to explode or something?" I asked.  
  
"No, I uh..." he said, searching for words. "I just didn't expect you to touch there, so it surprised me."  
  
"Well there's still a lot left to rub in," I said. "So make sure you don't get too excited and soil your towel." I reached in again and started rubbing his taint and the back of his balls with my fingers. I'd been distracted looking at him when squirting the lotion, so I really had put way too much on there. He spread his legs a little wider and pushed himself back against my fingers some as I rubbed. It also amused me the way his balls kept pulling up into his body. I kept having to massage them back down.  
  
There was so much lotion I had to come up with other parts to rub it into, so I even circled a little around front, cradling his balls fully in my hand. I figured since the boys had taken some liberties feeling my body, I could do the same, and spent a moment rolling his balls around in my hand. It felt strange watching my engagement ring glitter in the sun while the hand it was on massaged the balls of a man other than the one who gave it to me. I knew my husband wouldn't approve of this, but I think some part of him could appreciate how much this was torturing Aaron. I could tell he loved the feeling because he started humping his lounge chair lightly. That seemed like a good stopping point, so I moved onto his legs. I couldn't believe how big and strong his leg muscles felt under my tiny hand, so I took my time rubbing them thoroughly.  
  
"All done!" I exclaimed and smacked his butt once like he had mine. I grabbed the bottle of lotion and stood up. Both guys leaned up slightly to watch me move over to Jake and I was all the way over there before I realized why. My one arm was still covering my breasts, but I'd grabbed the lotion with my other and had forgotten I'd been using it to cover my naked crotch! I'd been almost mortified to remove my bikini bottom earlier, and I was already forgetting I was completely naked.  
  
My thighs were closed, so they mostly just got a good long look at my bush. Or at least what's left of it. I like having a thick patch because it makes me feel like a grown woman, but I also like to keep it nicely groomed so it doesn't get too out of control. A landing strip a couple inches wide has been the perfect compromise for me. I'd gotten waxed earlier in the week in preparation for my bikini. The bikini that was now crumpled up under my lounge, I reminded myself.  
  
I swung a leg over Jake, sat on his butt, and lotioned up his back like I had Aaron's. His muscles also felt nice and I might have gone a little overboard grinding my clit into his tailbone while acting like I needed extra leverage to rub the lotion in. I guess playing with Aaron's balls got me a little more fired up than I thought. That made me remember I was about to do the same to Jake and an involuntary shudder rifled through me.  
  
I finished his back and stood up, a foot on either side of his lounge, and scooted back, but he didn't spread his legs like Aaron had. It didn't really matter, but I'd gotten all excited to see and rub his balls and didn't want to give that up.  
  
"Spread 'em, buddy, I need to kneel here," I said, resting my hand high on his inner thigh.  
  
"If you insist," he said, and spread them wide. I saw why he'd been reluctant to initially. Instead of folding his hard dick under him like Aaron had, he'd pointed it down. So his balls bulged up at me from where his crack ended and his long, thick shaft pointed straight down, pressed against the lounge and totally exposed to me.  
  
"Oh my god," I said. I'd only gotten brief looks at their dicks so far, and I was shocked to see one so closely and willingly bared to me.  
  
"Sorry, it's more comfortable this way," he said. "And with the way you were grinding into my ass, way less painful."  
  
Oh god, he'd noticed. Aaron laughed. I was mortified. I'd been trying to act like the situation was doing nothing for me, but now they knew I was just as turned on as they were. I knelt down between Jake's spread legs, my knees only inches from the end of his dick. I squirted lotion onto his butt and set the bottle down so I could rub it in. I was trying to be more impersonal about it after being called out for humping his butt, but staring at his naked erection while rubbing and kneading his muscular ass made it really difficult. I tried to scold myself that I was married, but being reminded about how naughty all this was just made me hotter.  
  
My pussy burned red hot for attention. I squeezed my thighs together, but she was no longer accepting that as enough. If she had her way, I'd be spread eagle on my lounge right now, plunging my fingers in and out of her and daring one of the guys to replace them with their thick meat. I tried to make her think of Tom instead, and how he usually satisfied her, but she had no time for that while I stared at Jake's more impressive tool.  
  
"That feels great, Karen, thanks," Jake said. I snapped back to reality and realized I'd just been massaging his butt and rubbing deep inside his crack for I don't know how long.  
  
"Glad you liked it," I squeaked, my voice cracking. Keep it together, Karen. I was now at the hardest part, pun very much intended. I wondered how I was going to get lotion on it. I didn't want to spray the lotion into my hand again, because Aaron was on his side facing us now and I didn't want to expose my breasts to him. I didn't want to think too long about what to do, so I grabbed the bottle and squeezed out a thin line of lotion down the underside of his dick. Jake gasped when I did.  
  
"If it's exposed, I gotta cover it," I said. I started rubbing the lotion into his balls, wasting no time to roll them around in my small palm. I loved the way they squirmed and slid around in my slippery hand. I also loved the way Jake couldn't help but squirm around underneath me. Once I was done playing with his balls, I realized it was time to move onto his shaft.  
  
I started by rubbing the lotion into the exposed underside of his hard dick, feeling his inflated urethra bend under my fingers. Jake had folded his towel underneath his head as a pillow, and he buried his face in it and moaned.  
  
"Remember, nothing sexual out here," I said. "Stay in control or you'll get us kicked out." After it was out, I wished I hadn't implied something sexual could happen between us somewhere else, and hoped he didn't take it the wrong way. Once again, my mind had been elsewhere when applying the lotion, so I'd put much too much of it on his dick. With barely a moment's hesitation, I spread the lotion around to the top of his dick, even though it was pressed into the lounge and wasn't in danger of being sunburnt at the moment. My small hand circled around his thick cock, my fingertips barely touching each other on the other side, as I slid it up and down his hard rod. The lotion didn't rub in easily because the skin on his dick kept moving up and down with my hand and the precum dribbling from his tip mixed with the lotion and made everything more slippery. I realized I was doing this with my hand that wore my engagement ring again. I had to stop doing that, it was making me feel too naughty.

I knew I was fighting a losing battle. His cock was oozing out precum faster than I could rub it or the sun lotion in. As I continued to grip and rub his hot, hard, slippery shaft with my eager hand, I knew there was a line between trying to get sun lotion in and straight-up giving my coworker a handjob in public, so I forced myself to stop. His dick pulsed and throbbed in anger at me letting go. My pussy angrily throbbed for the same reason. Jake groaned loudly into his towel.  
  
"Sorry," I said. "You know the rules."  
  
"I know, I know," he said, out of breath. "I just...that felt so good." My pussy burned at the compliment. Having these two big, strong men totally exposed and under my power was intensely erotic. I'd have to find a way to masturbate today somehow. I wasn't going to make it much longer. I applied lotion to Jake's legs, going quicker than I had with Aaron because I was getting dangerously horny and wanted to stop staring at Jake's naked boner before I completely lost my head. I got up from Jake's lounge and laid back down on my own, face down. As I settled in, I heard a voice from behind me.  
  
"Excuse me, miss," the man said. I turned to see it was the creepy-looking old guys from before. They both sported stubby erections underneath their beer guts. "We'd love a picture with you."  
  
"I'd rather not," I said.  
  
"Come on," said the other man.  
  
Before I could respond, Aaron lept in. "You want a pic, you gotta go through her boyfriends," he said.  
  
"Yeah, piss off," added Jake. "If she said no, leave her alone."  
  
One of the guys lifted up his phone like he was going to take a pic anyway. Aaron jumped up out of his lounge and Jake immediately followed him, blocking me from their view.  
  
"We said no," he said. "Now fuck off before we have to tell you again."  
  
The men grumbled and shuffled away. Jake and Aaron turned back around and I couldn't help but laugh.  
  
"What's so funny?" Aaron asked.  
  
"Those guys were probably all horned up at the thought of getting a pic of the naked chick," I said. "And instead they had to deal with your giant boners." They laughed. "Thanks, though," I added as they laid back down.  
  
"This place is really filling out," Jake said. "Maybe we should act more like your boyfriends so you don't attract any more creepers."  
  
"Both of you? My boyfriends?" I said with a laugh.  
  
"Yeah, maybe we're poly," Aaron said. "It's a Nude Day party, the people here will probably be open-minded."  
  
I don't know why, but the thought of having the two of them as my boyfriends made me squirm in my lounger more than anything else so far today. The place had really filled out, and naked people of all shapes, sizes and ages milled around enjoying the sun. The idea that these two fit, hung young studs were all mine, that they'd rather pretend to share me than pursue anyone else here was a massive ego boost. I knew I was probably one of the more conventionally desirable people out here, and it made me feel like a goddess.  
  
"Maybe you could make out with both of us every now and then," Jake suggested. "That would send the message."  
  
"Keep dreaming," I said, rolling my eyes. Though I had to admit, it sounded fun.  
  
"I had to try," he said with a laugh. I loved the way his eyes sparkled when he laughed.  
  
"But seriously," said Aaron. "How should we get across that you're taken?"  
  
"I feel like this is something I should talk to Tom about," I said, pulling out my phone again. Once again I had a few texts from him already.  
  
Tom: [you still have your towel with you, right?]  
  
Tom: [I forgot to ask when you said they were lotioning you up and just wanted to make sure.]  
  
Tom: [what are you guys doing now?]  
  
Tom: [boarding the plane now, gonna hafta go dark soon.]  
  
I thought it was weird he was so worried about my towel. It was stretched across my lounge underneath me the whole time. He was probably just concerned I'd left it somewhere.  
  
------------------------------------------------------------------  
  
(Tom)  
  
I breathed a sigh of relief when I finally saw Karen typing out a response. I'd gotten really nervous while walking through the airport because I realized Karen never said she'd covered her butt up again with a towel after they made her get naked. I'd reread her text about them lotioning her "back half" over and over again. Back half could technically mean her butt too, but I didn't think she'd let her coworkers touch her naked ass like that.  
  
So I texted her for clarification, then got more nervous when she didn't respond. I couldn't stop myself from sending more. Soon I was boarding my plane and getting really nervous. I planned on getting WiFi once we were in the air, so I wouldn't have to go dark for long, but her lack of a response was causing my anxiety to run wild. My phone finally dinged with her response.  
  
Karen: [yep, got it right here! Thanks for looking out for me, you're such a good husband.]  
  
Oh thank god, I thought. I scolded myself for getting so worried. It wasn't easy having such a smoking hot wife, knowing guys will try to get in her pants whenever you leave her alone. But once again, I'd let my anxiety get the better of me and run away with paranoid imagery of her two coworkers working over her naked and vulnerable body.  
  
Karen: [we finished up with the lotion and are just enjoying the sun.]  
  
Karen: [actually, something else happened I need to talk to you about.]  
  
Uh oh. My heart started racing again. I typed with shaky fingers.  
  
Me: [what is it, babe?]  
  
She was typing forever and I heard them close the plane door. I implored her silently to hurry up.  
  
Karen: [these creepy old guys came over wanting to take a picture of me. The guys jumped in and said they were my boyfriends (lol) and chased them off, but we're worried there'll be more. We thought maybe they could pretend a bit more to be my boyfriends, but weren't sure what that should be or what you would be comfortable with.]  
  
Oh, that wasn't so bad. Hell, I was almost happy that the guys were so quick to defend her from creepers. I mean, they were kinda creepers themselves, but I figured the creepers I knew were preferable to the creepers I didn't.  
  
Me: [that's fine, I'm glad they stood up for you. I don't mind if you guys act like we did when we started dating.]  
  
We were never much for public displays of attention and when we first started dating, I was too nervous do anything other than hold her hand and sometimes put my arm around her. Behind closed doors was a different story, naturally. We didn't leap into bed together right away or anything, she was saving herself for marriage after all, but I think our third date was when we first got each other off with our hands.   
  
Karen: [you really mean everything from the early days?? Can you tell me exactly what you mean so I don't make a mistake.]  
  
Ugh, I really didn't want to just lay it out for her. I was fine letting them act like her boyfriends to protect her, but I really didn't want to directly tell my wife "please, tell your coworkers to hold your hand, have them put their arm around you, lean against them like you're used to being physically intimate." It was too much.  
  
Me: [it makes me feel weird to just up and say it. I'm fine with whatever you're comfortable with. I trust you.]  
  
Karen: [sorry, I didn't wanna imply you didn't trust me. I'll keep it vague then. But just so I'm clear, everything from our early dating history is fair game?]  
  
I wanted to lighten the mood.  
  
Me: [lol, yeah, so many people think that sort of thing is taboo, but I'm a free spirit.]  
  
Karen: [lol]  
  
I felt a lot better now that we were joking around again. I laughed, thinking about being a guy who'd get furious over his wife holding someone's hand.  
  
Karen: [ok, well...no promises, that's not something I can just do without thinking about it. Really didn't expect you to give the green light on something like that.]  
  
Me: [I contain multitudes, babe. Just no kissing, please]  
  
Karen: [gotcha. in that case, I wanna ask you something else. It's getting really hot out here and I'd love to go into the pool, but I'm naked and all.]  
  
Ugh. I really didn't like any of my options here. She was safe and covered as long as she was laying down with the towel. She could cover her front with her arms, like she had earlier after we'd said goodbye, but the guys would probably get a good look at her naked butt if she went into the pool. Granted, they'd probably already gotten a glimpse of it when she'd laid down earlier, but that was different from a prolonged look. Still, it felt cruel to deny her the pool on a hot Miami day because I was jealous. Plus, the guys had defended her, maybe I could give them a little treat by getting a peek at her fabulous ass. It turned me on a little, imagining them drooling over my hot wife's amazing butt.  
  
We pushed away from the gate and the attendant made an announcement to turn off our phones. I hurriedly sent out a response.  
  
Me: [yeah, go ahead, babe, have fun out there. Taking off now, love you!]  
  
I hit send and switched it to airplane mode.  
  
------------------------------------------------------------------  
  
(Karen)  
  
I was shocked by my conversation with Tom. I thought his obsession over my towel was going to be the weirdest part, but then he didn't seem bothered that the guys wanted to act like my boyfriends. I thought I'd have to convince him it was a good idea, but he was on board right away. And THEN, he told me to do everything with them that we had done when we started dating.  
  
Our first date had been a little awkward and ended with brief, awkward, but sweet makeout session. Our second date had ended with a much more passionate makeout session that involved a lot of groping and dry humping. By our third, we'd moved on to getting each other off with our hands. I was saving myself for marriage, so that's where we mostly stayed. I was still young and horny so we spent plenty of time fooling around while we were girlfriend and boyfriend, but just with hands and sometimes with mouths.  
  
At first I thought he just meant the public stuff we had done during the early dates, holding hands and whatnot. I asked for clarification, mostly as a joke, but he really did want me to do everything to them that I had done to him. I never knew he had this kinky side to him, he'd always seemed pretty strait-laced. The no kissing made sense, that would keep it from becoming too intimate. But still.  
  
I tried to grapple with the idea that I now had permission to give these guys handjobs today if I wanted. It had never even crossed my mind as possible. That's why I'd had so much fun rubbing lotion into their packages, I thought that'd be my only chance to cop a feel. I still wasn't going to give them handjobs, of course. We had to work together. But I did enjoy jerking guys until they came so the idea worked its way into the back of my head and stayed there.  
  
"What'd he say?" asked Aaron, shaking me out of my mind.  
  
"He said pretending to be my boyfriends would be fine," I said.  
  
"Excellent," Jake said. "Did he have any ideas what we could do?"  
  
My brain instantly jumped to them standing over me, my little hands wrapped around their pulsing members, trying to milk their seed out. Now, THAT would certainly send a message to everyone else here.  
  
"Nothing specific," I said. "Just no kissing."  
  
"Maybe this'll help," Jake said. He rolled onto his side facing me and laid his hand on my back. He began dragging it in slow lazy circles up and down my back.  
  
"Mmmm, that feels nice," I hummed. Aaron quickly joined in and did the same from my other side. Their stroking naturally widened to include my butt and I shivered as they dragged their large, hot hands up and down my soft, needy body. "Having two boyfriends is great."  
  
The guys laughed and I took a long drink. They had waiters circulating now, and so this was actually my second drink of the day and my buzz was building. We settled in and started talking about everything that had happened that weekend. As we discussed work, I almost forgot we were all lying there naked. The guys didn't forget I was naked, of course. They didn't keep up caressing my full back for long. By the time I finished my drink, Jake had drifted to just cupping my buttcheek in his hand, softly caressing it. It felt wonderful. Aaron, meanwhile, had let his hand orbit closer to my armpit until it rested lightly against my ribcage, allowing his thumb to gently rub against my exposed sideboob. It made me feel tingly all over.  
  
They were being so sweet, and the tropical drinks were starting to knock down some of the mental barriers I had up, so I decided it was time to show them my breasts. Not for good, mind you, but I thought they were worthy of at least a quick flash. I tried to sit up right away, but my body wouldn't respond. I know it's weird, I'd been lying completely naked in front of these guys for a while now. They'd not only both seen my butt, they'd each spend a lengthy amount of time touching and massaging it. Jake had even been holding it for the past half hour like he owned it. They'd also both gotten good looks at my naked bush.  
  
But my boobs were different. When you're blessed with large, shapely breasts like I've been, you learn quickly that almost every guy (and most girls) are dying for a look at them. You show a guy your boobs once and he instantly runs to his friends to tell them. You start to wonder whether anyone is actually interested in you, or just sees you as a pair of mountains to climb. As a result, I've been very selective over who I get topless around.  
  
Sure, I don't mind showing the girls off most of the time. They're going to draw a ton of attention whether I fully cover them or not, so might as well take advantage. When I first met Aaron and Jake and they gawked and gaped at my cleavage, it came as no surprise. I knew if I kept giving them that same level of exposure, and they didn't get mad and stop talking to me, they were actually interested in being my friend and not faking it for a look at my boobs. Sometimes I'd show more or less cleavage, but always made sure that my areola were fully covered and at least half of my boobs were restrained underneath my bras. That way, while I may be a little more relaxed around them, they would never be able to claim they saw significantly more than anyone else, except my husband of course.  
  
But now here we were, apparently spending the day naked together. Deep down, I always knew this meant they'd end up seeing my naked breasts in their full glory at some point. My naked pussy would be much easier to keep hidden because my thighs were thick enough that I could just keep them closed to shelter the most important parts. No one but my husband was going to see my vagina, I was sure of that. But I'd been trying to avoid exposing my breasts even though eventually I knew I'd run out of good excuses not to. And Nude Day was all about baring yourself to the world and not worrying about how it responded, after all.  
  
"I want to go in the pool," I said to get the ball rolling. The guys responded that it was a great idea. Ok, here goes nothing. I took a deep breath, shut my eyes, and pushed myself up off the lounger. I felt my breasts dangle, naked and unrestrained, underneath me. I sat up, kneeling with butt resting on my feet. Every nerve in my body screamed at my arms to cover my chest, but I ordered them not to. My heart raced and my arms shook as I slowly opened my eyes.  
  
The guys were wearing sunglasses, so I couldn't see exactly where their eyes were, but there was no mistaking they both stared with complete focus at my naked chest. Jake's jaw even hung slack and I could hear him breathing quickly through his mouth like a dog who just went for a run. Aaron, meanwhile, just clenched and unclenched his fists repeatedly, unable to otherwise move.  
  
I looked down at my breasts and had to admit they looked incredible. Each was about the size of a large softball, but shaped like teardrops. As my breasts grew larger and larger, they expanded more outward away from my chest rather than down. As a result, from the side they looked like two giant Hersey Kisses. They were each covered with a light sheen of sweat thanks to the hot sun.  
  
I was embarrassed to discover that despite the heat, my nipples were as shriveled and hard as they'd ever been. Completely relaxed, they were about two inches in diameter, but they were much smaller than that now as my body's high level of arousal caused them to tighten and push their nubs out into the air like two pencil erasers searching desperately for something to erase. They were dark pink in color, edging close to brown, providing a stark contrast with my peach skin.  
  
I sat there for maybe five seconds, but the adrenaline pumping through my body made it feel like hours. This was also when I first realized how buzzed I truly was. Those tropical drinks hit me quick and my head was spinning. When I couldn't stand it anymore, I jumped up.  
  
"Last one in the pool has to suck my dick!" I shouted and ran toward it. I lept and a moment later felt the cool, refreshing water envelope me on all sides. I rose to the surface and pulled my wet hair off my face in time to see the guys run and jump in. It was funny to see their big, hard dicks flop up and down as they ran. They both did cannonballs, of course, and I shrieked as they splashed me.  
  
The water was only a few feet deep, and it only came to waist height when they stood. The crown of Aaron's penis even broke the waves to say hello. I stayed crouched down, though, the water coming all the way up to my collar bones. A quick flash was one thing, but I wasn't ready to just let my boobs out in the open for them. I could justify a quick flash to my husband as an accident, but just presenting my naked chest to them was different. They could still get an idea of my breasts through the water, but it offered some cover.  
  
"I know I've said this before," Aaron said. "But you really have incredible tits, Karen."  
  
"Yeah, they were so hot," Jake added. "Thank you."  
  
"Thanks guys," I said, blushing. I felt embarrassed to have them talk about them, but I had to admit I'd be very disappointed if they hadn't said anything. I'd meant them to get a quick glimpse, but it was clear they knew I'd purposefully exposed myself for them.  
  
"I'm pretty sure I was the last one in," Aaron said. "So I guess I gotta suck your dick."  
  
"Then I've got some disappointing news for you," I said. "I'm plum outta dick at the moment."  
  
"I don't believe you," he said, wading toward me. "I've gotta check."  
  
I shrieked and tried to swim away, but his strong arms wrapped around my thin waist before I could get very far. He pulled me to him and I felt his erection press against my naked butt for the second time that day. He lifted me clean out of the water with ease before dunking me back under without letting go. As our heads resurfaced, I realized his arms had ridden up my stomach to rest against the undersides of my breasts. Thankfully, he stayed crouched with me, only our heads out of the water, recognizing I wanted to keep them at least somewhat obscured for the time being. Still, I bet they felt wonderful draped over his forearms like that.  
  
"I'll only ask ya one more time, missy," he growled like an old-timey movie villain. "I know there's a dick in these hills that needs suckin' and I intend on findin' it."  
  
"It's right here!" I shouted, reaching behind me and grabbing his thick hog in my little hand. That didn't make him release me, of course, so I used my other hand to tickle his ribs. He let me go with a comical yelp. I pushed away and saw Jake with a huge smile on his face.  
  
"Save me, Mr. Handsome Outlaw!" I said, leaping into his arms, our chests smashing together. I wrapped my arms around his neck and my legs around his waist. He grabbed me around my back before dropping one hand down to cup my butt, of course. He tried to turn and run, but couldn't carry us faster than Aaron could swim alone.

"Yer not gettin' away that easy," Aaron growled and grabbed me from behind. His arms circled back around my stomach and his chest pressed against my back. They struggled briefly to pull me away from the other, but that quickly lessened to gentler movements. I suddenly realized why. The Aaron's dick had grooved perfectly back into my asscrack when he slammed into my back, while Jake's had pushed easily between my legs, where its shaft pushed up against my labia. Their fighting had slacked off and they gently rubbed their aching shafts against my most intimate areas. Floating there, smashed between these two naked men, my breasts and clit rubbing against their hard bodies, I felt an orgasm start to bubble up inside me. I panicked.  
  
"Ok guys, that's enough," I said, letting go of Jake. They both humped me one more time then let go as well. The arousal within me crested and fell away as we pulled apart. That was too close. I didn't want to orgasm all over these guys' dicks out here in public.  
  
"Fuck," Aaron muttered under his breath. Jake just grimaced.  
  
"I'm sorry guys," I said. "But I can't."  
  
"We know," Jake sighed. "We've just been, y'know, worked up for a while now."  
  
"Yeah, been aching," Aaron said. "Didn't mean to take advantage."  
  
"No no, it's fine," I said. "Trust me, I've been all riled up too. Just can't get carried away out here in front of the world." Stupid booze was making me lose my filter. I'd been trying to keep my own arousal a secret all this time and I just blurted it out. I also implied again that they could have their way with me if we were only behind closed doors.  
  
We decided to head to the swim-up bar and get more drinks. As we drank them, we tried to talk more about work, but we were all way too on edge now to get into it. My nerves made me down my drink alarmingly quickly. As I got drunker, my desire to be naughty jumped up. I'd still been crouching down in the water, and I decided to stand up a bit straighter. I rose up until the water was lapping around my breasts, causing my nipples to continually disappear and reappear above the water line. I acted like I had no idea, but I noticed they rarely looked away from me anymore. The devil inside me wondered if I could drive them to throw all decency aside and just take from me what they wanted.  
  
"Alright, fuck," Aaron said out of nowhere. "I can't take it anymore. I gotta jack off or my balls are gonna fucking kill me."  
  
"Oh my god, me too," Jake said. "I know Nude Day is supposed to be non-sexual, but I'm just not ready for that yet."  
  
"Aww, my poor little horny boys," I said, giggling.  
  
"It's all your fault, you know," Aaron said.  
  
"Oh I know," I said. My pussy burned hearing him admit my body was driving them to the breaking point. It felt good to know that while I was married, I still had it. I looked around and had an idea. "Come on, follow me."  
  
The pool had a rocky cove in one corner of the pool and it was currently empty. Once we were over there, I grabbed each boy by the arm and positioned their backs against the rocks.  
  
"I think if you guys stay here and stay mostly underwater, you'll be able to, uhhh, take care of yourselves without anyone noticing," I said.  
  
"Without anyone except you noticing," Aaron corrected.  
  
"I didn't realize you guys wanted to have this experience alone," I said, starting to swim away and laughing. "Enjoy!"  
  
"No!" they both shouted in unison.  
  
"Thought so," I said as I swam back. My heart beat like a jackhammer as I swam up between the guys where they were leaning, backs against the wall. I faced them and put a hand on each of their thighs.  
  
"You can go ahead," I said softly, squeezing their muscular thighs in my little hands. I saw their shoulders start to bob as they began pleasuring themselves. They both stared at me, lids heavy with lust.  
  
"Would this help?" I squeaked out innocently, rising in the water until my breasts fully broke the surface. Once again they were completely bared to their wanting eyes, but this time I left them there. Jake sucked in his breath and bit his lip as he stared at them. Aaron just whispered curses softly to himself. My hands slid up their thighs more, and I felt my fingers bump into the crease where each thigh met its pelvis. I was so close to their motions I could feel the water jostle and move around my hands.  
  
"You guys are just like, my best friends," I cooed. I don't know where this faux-innocent voice was coming from, but I couldn't stop her. A hurricane of booze and lust raged in my head as I physically felt their eyes claw and grope my naked breasts. "I don't want to cause you pain, only pleasure."  
  
My hands slid over their thighs and grabbed each of them by their balls. I knew Tom had given me permission to give them handjobs, and you better believe I was definitely thinking about it, but I wasn't ready for that step yet. I figured I'd already massaged their balls, and that would help them cum. I had to lean forward to do so, and my naked breasts hung away from my body, swaying as I massaged their aching sacks.   
  
A moment after I grabbed him, Aaron's stream of whispered curses accelerated into rapid fire and I felt his balls pull away from me toward his body. An instant later, he was groaning and shooting milky streams into the water around him. Once he was done, I removed my hand from him and shot it directly to my screaming clit. I let out a loud moan as soon as I touched it.  
  
The guys shushed me and I blushed. I started rubbing my clit and the fire that had been smoldering in my loins lept into an inferno that raged throughout my entire body. I let out another moan, this time forcing it to be quiet even though it almost choked me. That must have set off Jake, because he moaned my name and I felt his balls pull themselves out of my hand before he too shot into the water.  
  
I let go of him and brought that hand to my vagina. My fingers slipped almost effortlessly into the needy, slippery hole. I sawed a couple fingers in and out while frantically rubbing my clit with my other hand. The guys stared at my breasts as they splashed around on the surface of the water as I flailed. I was right on the edge but needed more.  
  
"Grab me," I said, lifting my chest out of the water and pushing my breasts toward them. "Please." They didn't need to be told twice and instantly shot their hands to my heaving bosom. They squeezed deeply, my generous flesh bulging out between their fingers. "Pinch me," I moaned. They let go and each pinched a painfully hard nipple between their fingers.  
  
That was the trigger. My pinched nipples burned with white-hot heat that ignited the explosion that had been building inside me for hours.  
  
"Ohhhh my godddddd," I let out in a breathy moan. I took a deep breath and, realizing I could not stop my scream, I slammed my face into the water. I screamed into the water with all my might as my orgasm went off like a firework show inside me. My nipples pleaded to be released from the guys strong hands, but they held on, and the mix of pain and pleasure shot my orgasm into the stratosphere. Soon I had screamed out all the air I had and resurfaced, gasping for another breath. I wasn't done, though, and I furiously rubbed my clit as the aftershocks hit.  
  
I shook and moaned like an uncontrollable animal as my orgasm finally started to die down. The guys sensed I was on my way down and finally stopped pinching my nipples, moving to rub and massage my full breasts instead. I let them grope me as I slowly calmed down. Once it was all over, I muttered a meek thank you and pushed their hands away.  
  
I took a few deep breaths, then looked at each of them. They both had the serene smiles of the recently orgasmed. I chuckled.  
  
"Wow," I said.  
  
"Yeah, oh my god," Aaron said.  
  
"You guys feel better?" Jake asked.  
  
"So much better," Aaron said. I nodded, but I wasn't so sure. While it definitely felt good to release all that tension that'd been building, and it was one of the biggest, most intense orgasms I'd ever had, I started having second thoughts now that the clouds of lust had lifted from my brain.  
  
The reality of my situation hit me all at once. After years of fending off Aaron and Jake's advances with grace and poise, I was now naked with them in a pool while my husband soared high a thousand miles away. More than that, we'd just all gotten off together. Our juices swirled in the water around us. I'd helped them! I even showed them my breasts! The breasts Tom coveted so dearly. Sure, he'd given me permission to give them handjobs, which I'd stopped short of (barely), but hadn't said they could grope my naked tits.  
  
I didn't have to deal with telling him right away, though. My most pressing problem was that I was naked in a pool with my coworkers and no longer had overwhelming lust to cloud out my shame.  
  
"I'm getting out," I said, my voice flat. The guys could tell my mood had shifted, and they just meekly agreed. As we approached the edge, I realized I couldn't get out of the pool without giving them a graphic shot of my naked bottom bent and spread right in front of them. I decided to just get it over quickly and hoisted myself out of the pool. If they got a quick glimpse of my freshly fucked labia, so be it. I covered my front with my hands again as I walked back to our lounges. I laid down on my stomach again. I no longer cared about them seeing my butt, so I actually felt pretty safe and covered like this.  
  
The guys came back and silently dried off. The waiter stopped by and we ordered more drinks. Once he left, though, we were quiet for some time.  
  
"Is everything ok, Karen?" Jake finally asked.  
  
"Yeah," I said, trailing off.   
  
"Doesn't really feel like it," he said.  
  
"I know," I said. "Sorry for getting awkward and weird. But y'know, some, uhh, things have happened this morning that I, uhhh, didn't expect."  
  
"You're telling us," Aaron said with a laugh.  
  
"Yeah," Jake said. "We brought up celebrating Nude Day here as a joke, we never thought you'd actually go for it."  
  
"I contain multitudes," I said, repeating what Tom said to me. "But seriously, I wasn't planning to either. Then they made me get naked and nothing super bad happened, and things kinda snowballed."  
  
"Are you gonna tell Tom what happened?" Jake asked.  
  
"He knows," I said. "Well, mostly. He gave me permission to, uhhh...well, he said I could do more than what we've done, is all I'll say."  
  
"What did he say?" Aaron asked. Of course he was going to ask.  
  
"He was kinda vague, to be honest," I said. "When I asked about you guys acting like my boyfriends, he said you guys could do everything that he and I did when we were started dating. We never masturbated in a pool together, per se, but we did things that I think are more intimate."  
  
"If you're worried about that," Jake said. "Why don't you talk to him? Better than worrying all day."  
  
He was right. If I was being honest with myself, it wasn't the acts alone that were worrying me. Tom had clearly given me permission to at least give them handjobs, and masturbating together is definitely less intimate than that. I mean, we had barely touched. What was worrying me was how my feelings toward these guys were changing. I'd always seen them more as little brothers than sex objects. But it's tough to keep people in that box when you see them naked, aroused and extremely interested in doing whatever they can to pleasure you. What worried me wasn't that we'd masturbated together, but that I couldn't keep myself from touching them and could barely keep myself from doing a lot more.  
  
Sure enough, I had some more texts from Tom waiting for me when I checked my phone.  
  
------------------------------------------------------------------  
  
(Tom)  
  
Takeoff was uneventful and soon we were soaring high. I spent that time wondering how Karen was doing, naked in the pool. I'd given her permission to go in there naked, knowing that her coworkers would probably get a glimpse of her naked ass as she went. I thought it'd be really hot for her to tease them a little like that.  
  
But I'd sent that text and turned my phone off without really thinking through some of the other implications. Sure, she could cover her front with her arms while she went to the pool, but what about when she got in? It'd be naive to think they wouldn't follow her in. Was I expecting her to just keep her hands over herself the entire time she was in the pool? It's a pool and she wanted to swim, and you can't do that with your hands plastered to your body. I knew she wouldn't just stand up and show them her boobs. She was very protective of them. We dated for months before she let me see them bare in plain light. But would she uncover them under the water while they were near? They wouldn't be able to get a good look, but they would get a look for sure.  
  
Visions of the two of them surrounding her while she slowly forgot to keep her breasts underwater filled my mind while we took off and gained altitude. It drove me crazy. I tried to tell myself she wouldn't do that. Knowing her, she'd definitely cover up her breasts whenever they were close, water or not. The idea of her covering up her important parts while hanging out with them completely naked was actually kind of exciting to me. Giving those dorks a better taste of what was forever out of their league. I felt my boner leak precum into my underwear while imagining her teasing them like that.  
  
I'd calmed down significantly by the time I could get my phone out again and sign into the plane's WiFi. It cost more than I wanted to spend, but I needed contact with Karen again.  
  
Me: [hey babe, how's the pool?]  
  
She didn't respond right away. She was probably still in the pool. I tried not to get anxious over that, but I knew the longer they stayed in the pool, the more likely the guys were to get a glimpse of something they shouldn't.  
  
Me: [the guys treating you alright?]  
  
I knew I wouldn't be able to distract myself from my anxiety, so I decided to lean into it since I was paying for internet anyway. I wanted to find an erotic story where a guy showed his lady off and then fucked her silly. It took some searching, but I finally found one that hit the nail on the head.  
  
It was about a guy who let his girlfriend work a kissing booth at some festival. All the guys in her college dorm who'd been crushing on her bought tickets. They each tried to get fresh with her, but she stopped them, sending them away with blue balls. Then her boyfriend bought a ticket, and they pulled the curtain closed and fucked where all the sad wannabes could hear them.  
  
By the time I finished, I was painfully hard and a wet precum stain was starting to appear on my jeans. I was debating the ethics of masturbating in an airplane bathroom when Karen finally responded to my text.  
  
Karen: [hi babe! Pool was really nice.]  
  
Karen: [and the guys have been very respectful, no need to worry. You know they'll do exactly what I tell them.]  
  
My hands were shaking as I responded.  
  
Me: [did they get a look at you naked?]  
  
Was that too direct? I felt like we were just starting to date again, every single exchange was loaded with unbearable meaning.  
  
Karen: [not a good look, but yeah. They've actually been surprisingly good about not pushing for more than I'm willing to give them.]  
  
Oh thank god. I knew those guys were probably dying for her to just drop her arms and show them her tits and everything. Probably even had fantasies about her jerking them off. I was relieved, and very aroused, to know she was turning them down.  
  
Karen: [and also.........we've done some of the things we talked about earlier. The boyfriend things. Not all the things we did early in our relationship, but in that vein.....]  
  
Karen: [sorry if this is confusing, I'm trying to keep it vague like you asked.]  
  
I'd been reluctant to let them hold her hand and stuff before, but now, with my boner raging in my pants, I was thrilled to hear they'd gone through with it. That would probably drive them even more nuts.  
  
Me: [yeah, I told you I was fine with all that. Let them do all the boyfriend stuff, I don't care.]  
  
Karen: [really? All of it?]  
  
Karen: [I mean, I believe you, it's just...I've never seen this side of you before.]  
  
Me: [it's new to me too. I didn't know I felt this way til the opportunity arose, y'know?]  
  
Karen and I had never really played sex games before. I knew marital sex had be kept fresh, so I was glad we stumbled on this one where she teases her coworkers a bit, then crushes their hearts by leaving them with blue balls. I was surprised she was willing to torture them like that since she was always so protective of them, but I certainly wasn't going to complain. Happy Nude Day to me!  
  
Karen: [wow, I just like...can't thank you enough, I guess. I was really nervous at first, but it seems to be the perfect thing to get the guys to relax after the stress of the weekend.]  
  
Lol, those dorks. I couldn't believe they'd be so ecstatic about holding my wife's hand.  
  
Me: [glad you guys are having fun.]  
  
Karen: [just so we're clear, what are your limits for us?]  
  
Me: [I mean, if you've done what we've talked about already, that's probably a good area to stay in. Ultimately, whatever happens is not a big deal as long as they don't push past the boundaries you set and as long as they know you're coming home to me. Just don't act like you're married, please.]   
  
Karen: [gotcha. Totally doable. You're such a sweetie.]  
  
The conversation was really getting me worked up and I had to deal with this boner before it leaked so much I looked like I pissed myself. I was no longer considering the ethics of plane bathroom masturbation, I was only considering how quickly I could get in there.  
  
Me: [ok, I'm going to take a nap, babe. Have fun with our little game ;-)]  
  
Karen: [thanks babe! Love you!!]  
  
I put my phone in my pocket and made my way to the open bathroom stall.  
  
------------------------------------------------------------------  
  
(Karen)  
  
After we'd all cum in the pool, my emotions were in the dumps, but my conversation with Tom totally reassured me. I hadn't misunderstood, he did want me to tease and play with Aaron and Jake. It was actually turning him on. He also clarified that handjobs were totally fine, and now I could actually see myself maybe doing that. I wasn't sold, of course. These guys were still my coworkers and I knew how some guys could totally change after you get them off once. And he seemed insistent that all the boyfriend/girlfriend stuff we did was ok, which meant blowjobs too. I didn't really like giving those, so it didn't really matter. And I'm glad he set a clear boundary that marriage stuff was off the table. That meant no sex, which I agreed with. I'd saved my vagina for only him and I didn't want to ruin that.  
  
"What'd he say?" asked Aaron as I put my phone away.  
  
"He's fine with it," I said, smiling. "Actually no, more than fine. He's totally into it."  
  
"Alright, Tom!" Jake cheered.  
  
"What did he actually say?" Aaron asked.  
  
"Well..." I was still hesitant to tell them. If I said what the limit was, they'd immediately push for that and I wasn't sure how far I wanted to go. I decided what the hell, though, I'll throw them a bone (lol). They'd respected me so far so I felt I could trust them. "He said I could give you guys handjobs if I wanted to."  
  
"Awesome!" Aaron said, rolling onto his back, his dick sticking back up into the sky. "I'd love one."  
  
"Not out here!" I said. The gall of these guys. "And just because he said I could doesn't mean I'm going to. I mean, we have to work together. How are we going to see each other everyday after I jerk you off?" I realized I was already implying I'd do it, but didn't correct myself.  
  
"Nothing has to change," Aaron said.  
  
"Yeah, we'll be fine," Jake said.  
  
I sat up, bringing the towel with me and clutching it to my chest. I sat back, kneeling and resting my bare butt on my feet, allowing the towel to cover my front from their gaze.

"Can you guys promise me that whatever happens today," I said. "At the end of it, we'll still be friends?"  
  
"Of course," Jake said, sitting up. I noticed he was hard again too. "I hope we're always friends. And isn't Nude Day supposed to be about friends getting closer, not further apart?"  
  
"Good point," I said. "I'm gonna hold you guys to that."  
  
"Well, what do you want to do now?" Aaron asked. I looked from one to the other, the tingle in my tummy returning as I looked from one eager, naked, erect admirer to the other.  
  
"Do you guys know you have basically the same dick, it just points in different directions?" I asked. They both laughed.  
  
"Yeah, we mentioned it earlier," Aaron said. "We decided we were dick fraternal twins." It was so cute that these guys were comfortable enough with themselves they could joke about each others' dicks. Tom could never. Aaron got up and stood next to me. "Mine's your guardian angel," he said, getting behind me and lifting his balls so they rested on my shoulder, his hard tool extending along my cheek and out in front of my face. He wiggled it with one of his hands, pretending it was talking and rubbing its hot shaft against my face. "You should jerk us off, see," he said in an old-timey gangster accent. I giggled.  
  
Jake jumped up and took the same spot on my other side, his balls resting on my other shoulder, his hard dick rubbing against the other side of my face. "I'm your guardian devil, see," he said in the same goofy accent. "And I agree, you should totally jerk us off." I laughed and rolled my eyes. I tried to act all nonchalant, but my pussy, so recently satisfied, was once again on fire because of the two huge dicks rubbing against my face.  
  
"Well, my guardians," I said. "As I already told the guys, I'm not going to decide right now. But I do know the sun is really starting to get to me, and I'd love to head inside, take a shower and relax."  
  
"That's actually a good idea," Jake said.  
  
"Yeah, I could use some food too," Aaron agreed.  
  
"Perfect," I said. Feeling mischievous, I reached up and grabbed both of them at the base of their dicks, and used them as leverage to hoist myself into a standing position. They both groaned at the force, but didn't complain because my towel fell away, revealing my naked bosom to them again. "We've probably gotta get dressed again to head through the lobby again, huh?"  
  
"Yeah, probably," Jake said. Neither of the guys moved. Probably because I was still holding on to their dicks. My thumbs subtly stroked their hot shafts while I gripped them. Fuck, it was getting harder and harder to convince them (and myself) that I didn't want to jerk them off.  
  
"I'm just gonna wrap my towel around me," I said, giving their balls a quick, gentle squeeze and then finally letting go. I picked up my towel and pulled it around me. They watched my breasts bobble and bounce as I got the towel situated, of course, before finally reaching for their own. We downed the rest of our drinks, grabbed our clothes and phones, and left the pool.  
  
I wasn't sure what felt stranger, walking across a busy hotel lobby wearing only a towel and feeling the A/C blowing across my genitals, or wearing anything at all after getting used to being nude. When I saw we were the only ones by the elevators as we waited for one to come get us, I decided to tease the guys a little more. While turned the other way, I loosened my towel up and let it drop down my body some until my breasts were showing all the way down to the tops of my areola. I turned back to the guys and they immediately noticed.  
  
"What should we do?" I asked. "I kinda want a bath."  
  
"I want to order room service," Aaron said, eyes glued to my chest.  
  
"Oh, Karen," Jake said. As I turned toward him, I took the opportunity to pull down on my towel a little more, letting one full breast pop free. I looked up at him innocently, but my heart was racing, knowing I was exposed. "Our room actually has a huge tub with jets and everything."  
  
"No way!" I said. "Mine doesn't!"  
  
"Well you're free to use ours, of course," he said, smiling.  
  
"I should probably shower first," I said, running my free hand through my hair and allowing my other to drop further, exposing my other breast. I didn't have to look at them to know my nipples were hard once again. I was getting really hot being essentially topless right next to a hotel lobby. "But then I'll come."  
  
An elevator dinged behind us. I briefly panicked that someone would be in it, but it was thankfully empty. When we entered, I caught a glimpse of us in the mirrored rear wall. Me, topless, between these two grown men, their boners for me barely contained in their towels. I didn't look long, though, because I wanted to keep up the pretense that I didn't know my boobs were out.  
  
The elevator reached our floor and opened onto an empty hallway. My towel was basically around my waist now, so they had to know I wanted them to stare at my boobs. I agreed to meet them at their room after my shower. When I turned to walk away from them, I let my towel release and gathered it up in front of me, letting them watch my completely bare backside sashay back to my room.  
  
It felt great to be back in my room. The sun, the booze, the sexual tension...it was all fun but terribly exhausting. My engagement ring was covered in sunscreen, pool water and who knows what else, so I took it off and washed it in the sink. I took a long shower, washing all the sunscreen and chlorine off my skin and hair. I emerged like a new woman. I thought about rubbing one out while in there, but since my last orgasm was in front of the guys, it felt like a let down to rub one out while alone. I knew rubbing one out would help keep me from being too naughty, but I liked having that edge. Besides, I (mostly) trusted myself.  
  
I brushed my hair and applied some makeup. I'd never worried much about my appearance in front of them before, but now I fussed over every little detail, wanting my makeup to be perfect for them. I wasn't sure what I was going to do once I was over there. I still wasn't sold on giving them handjobs, but part of me knew I'd get talked into it. When it was brought up at the pool, I kept saying we couldn't out in the open. At the time, it felt like an accidental excuse to use, but I realized now that was indeed the main barrier. I had clear permission from my husband, we would be in private, and they'd already shown they could handle fooling around with me without ruining our friendship. They wanted me badly, and I had to admit the idea of working them over until they exploded in my hand was incredibly erotic to me.  
  
I stared at my clothes and thought about what to wear. I mostly had my business clothes and my bikini. Neither seemed particularly appropriate for Nude Day. The only appropriate outfit for Nude Day would be nothing at all. They were just down the hall, I could probably make it there without running into strangers. And then I wouldn't be showing up at their door to jerk them off, I'd be joining my Nude Day friends for more Nude Day times. I grabbed my key and my phone. I paused for a moment then grabbed my engagement ring and put it on again. I wasn't sure if it was to remind the guys or myself that I was still married. Maybe both. Either way, I knew it wasn't going to stop whatever was about to happen. I peeked out the door.  
  
The hallway was empty, just as I figured. My heart raced. Could I really do this? I took a deep breath, held it in, then stepped out into the hall and let the door close behind me. I'd done it. I was naked in the hallway. Naked except for the beautiful ring my husband gave me on the happiest day of my life. I started walking down toward their room, legs shaky. I didn't know what I'd do if someone came out of their room right now and saw me. I had nothing to cover myself with, just my hands and they were carrying my phone and key. I walked a bit faster. The knowledge that I was heading, completely nude, to my coworkers' room made my pussy burn with renewed intensity. I could feel my juices drip down my thigh. This was it. I was delivering my naked body to them. No contingency plans. I was theirs to do with what they pleased.  
  
I was heaving like an animal in heat by the time I reached and knocked on their door. Jake answered wearing a towel, looking freshly showered. His eyes bulged out when he saw I was nude.  
  
"Happy Nude Day," I said, entering and letting the door close behind me. I pressed myself against him, my breasts pillowing out against his bare chest. I pulled his towel off and pressed my crotch into his. He'd lost his boner since the last time I saw him, but I didn't think it'd be gone for long as I swayed my hips from side to side, letting his dick rub back and forth against my naked bush.  
  
"I take it Aaron's in the shower?" I asked. He nodded. I took his hardening dick in my hand and stroked it. "I'm going to join him. Can you give us some alone time? I promise we'll have our time together right after." He nodded again. "Thanks," I said, and pushed myself onto my tiptoes, kissing him deeply right on the lips. I gasped and pulled away. "I wasn't supposed to do that," I said.  
  
"I didn't mind," Jake said, smiling widely.  
  
"I know," I said. "Tom just said no kissing. So, uh...let's just forget that that happened?"  
  
"Done," he said.  
  
"Thanks," I said and handed him my phone and key. "And do something with these, I don't care what." I knew he wouldn't actually do anything with them, but the idea of handing over my last bit of control to him turned me on immensely. I gave his dick one last tug, then headed into their bathroom.  
  
"Hold up, dude, I'm almost done!" Aaron shouted when I closed the door. I didn't have a plan. Separating the two of them was a spur of the moment decision. I decided to just tease and torment him. When it got to be too much, maybe he'd jerk off, maybe I'd help him out some. I'd cross that bridge when it came.  
  
I quickly searched for what would turn Aaron on most. He was a bit more of the brash, arrogant, alpha-type guy than Jake. What probably turned him on most about the situation was the idea of stealing another guy's woman. Not to make his own, but to use like a cheap slut. I decided to play up the reluctant innocent girl angle.  
  
"It's not Jake, it's me," I said, covering my breasts and pussy with my hands yet again. He opened the clouded shower door to see me standing there in my fake modesty. "I've gotta take a shower before I meet my boyfriend for our big date. He's going to pick me up really soon, and you're hogging the shower," I whined and winked at him, hoping he'd play along.  
  
A smirk full of trouble spread across his face. "I guess you'll just have to shower with me," he said, opening the door wider, showing me his erect dick.  
  
"But then you'll see me naked," I said, walking closer. "And I don't think we'd fit. The shower is so small, and your, um...your thing is so huge."  
  
"Then you'll have to wait and miss your big date," he said. I bit my lip and gave him my best worried doe eyes.  
  
"I guess it'll be ok then," I said. "You just can't tell anyone about this. Especially my boyfriend."  
  
I got in and closed the door behind me. I wasn't joking, the shower stall was pretty small. I dropped my arms and had to smash myself against to him fit. My breasts pressed against his bare chest and his hard dick pressed against my soft tummy.  
  
"There isn't enough room," I said, squirming around, enjoying the feeling of his erection rubbing against me and my nipples rubbing against him. "Can I just help you finish up so I can have the shower alone?"  
  
"I only had one part left to wash," he said, then pressed his hips forward, humping his huge erection into me. "This."  
  
"Oh my god," I said, stepping back as far as I could and looking down at it. "But I don't know if I should wash that for you. My boyfriend might get upset."  
  
"He'll get upset if you miss his big date," he said, smiling at my breasts where they perched on my chest, water running over and around their curves. "He's probably going to propose to you. If you don't show up, he might fall out of love."  
  
"You're so right," I said, dropping down to my knees. His big erection and swollen balls dominated my vision. I guess him just jerking off was no longer on the cards. No, I was going to do it for him. "Just don't tell him I did this." I grabbed his dick with both hands. They both barely fit around its thickness and didn't come close to covering its whole length. My engagement ring stood up off my fingers. I knew I should take it off because it conflicted with our roleplay, but I wanted to keep it on so we both knew I really had pledged myself to another man. I slowly started pumping up and down while rotating my hands back and forth in opposite directions. His hard, slippery shaft felt incredible in my hands. He moaned. I was so glad I'd decided to give him a handjob, it felt incredible.  
  
"Make sure you clean it really well," he said. "It tends to get up to some really dirty things."  
  
"Oh my," I said, pumping away at his dick right in front of my face. "And it's so big too. So much bigger than my husband's. I didn't think they even came this big." I shivered as I realized our fantasy had slipped into reality. Sure, he was much bigger than my husband, but I was supposed to be pretending to have a boyfriend.  
  
"Lucky for you, I'm letting you play with it," he said.  
  
"Letting me??" I scoffed. "I'm doing this so I can shower for my boyfriend."  
  
"You could have gotten ready at any point," he said. "You chose to wait until I was in the way and naked so you could get your slutty hands all over my huge cock."  
  
"That's...that's not true," I said unconvincingly. He was good at this, I could barely keep up. He was also not close to cumming, it seemed, and my knees were starting to hurt against the tile floor. I thought over my options. It wouldn't be easy to continue the handjob while standing due to the small space. I had an idea. A handjob was basically external rubbing, so I could let Aaron hump me anywhere and it really wouldn't be violating Tom's trust. I just had to keep his dick out of my pussy.  
  
"This isn't getting clean, I gotta try something else," I said. I stood up and turned my back to Aaron, letting his cock slide back between my cheeks like it had earlier that morning. I pushed back into him moved my hips in a circle, letting his dick rub up and down between my cheeks and against my asshole. "Maybe this will help."  
  
He grabbed my hips and ground into me. I could hear his grunts right into my ear now and it was driving me wild. We settled into a rhythm, our hips working together to massage his hot, hard shaft in the tight crease between my soft cheeks.  
  
"It's still not getting clean," he growled. He reached between us and pushed his cock down underneath my butt. I felt the huge head of his dick rub against my puckered asshole, then my dripping wet pussy. I sucked in my breath, expecting him to drive it into me and unsure how I'd react. This was my first big test and I felt myself freeze. But thankfully he kept going, pushing the head past my hole and up against my labia. He drove his hips forward, pushing his dick through the small gap between my lips and my thighs.  
  
He groaned and I squeezed my thighs together tighter. He sped up, fucking my thighs and slapping his hips against my rippling butt. The force of his thrusts caused my tits to bounce around uncontrollably, slapping against my chest and the shower wall. After all the roleplaying, feeling his dick finally drive back and forth across my pussy felt incredible. We moaned together.  
  
"Hold me up so I don't fall over," I said, grabbing his hands from my hips and bringing them to my breasts. He got the message and started groping them deeply. "This is so wrong," I cooed. "I really hope my husband doesn't find out I did this. Or how much I loved it." Oops, I slipped up again.  
  
That did it. A stream of curses started pouring from Aaron's mouth and didn't stop. A moment later, he roared and rope after rope of his hot seed sprayed from between my legs and against the shower wall. Slowly the streams subsided and I felt the energy leave his body.  
  
"Oh my god, Karen," he moaned. "That was amazing, thank you."  
  
"You're very welcome," I said, turning around and embracing him in a hug.  
  
"You surprised me with that roleplay," he said.  
  
"I took a chance and I think you liked it," I said.  
  
"I loved it," he said. "Oh my god, I need to lie down."  
  
I turned off the shower and helped him out. I was flattered that he could barely walk after the orgasm I gave him. I ran the water for the bath as he dried off. I had to bend over the edge of it, presenting my ass and pussy to him as I did. I knew I probably shouldn't, but I was too drunk and horny to care at that point. I asked him to send Jake in and he left.  
  
My sweet, sensitive Jake wasn't the bull-headed caveman Aaron was. Roleplaying with Aaron had been incredibly hot and I wanted to do the same with Jake, but would have to pick a different setup. I thought he probably fantasized about me as his lady, not as someone else's he was stealing, so I decided to give him a romantic experience and treat him like the most special boy I'd ever met. The water finally turned hot. I spotted a bottle of bubble bath liquid on a shelf and dumped some in before stopping up the tub and letting it fill. I sat down and let the water and bubbles rise around my naked body. I lazily rubbed my aching clit, squirming in the tub and anxiously waiting for my partner.  
  
By the time Jake entered, once again wearing his towel, the bubbles reached my shoulders. I hoped he wasn't too disappointed to see me all covered up again. I hoped he knew I wasn't going to keep it that way.  
  
"Hi baby," I cooed. Calling him a pet name felt wrong, especially one so close to the one I used with Tom. But it was too late to call it back now.  
  
"Hey baby," he said with a smile.  
  
"Would you come join me?" I asked, swirling the bubbles around.  
  
"I'd love to, baby," he said, pulling his towel away. He was really taking to that pet name so I guessed I had no choice. His cock had gone soft while I was with Aaron and dangled cutely between his legs. He got in and pushed himself next to me. I immediately wrapped my arms around his neck and draped my legs over his, pushing my soapy breasts into his side.  
  
"I've missed you so much, baby," I said, using one of my hands to rub his bare chest. "Did you miss me too?"  
  
"You're all I ever think about, Karen," he said. His use of my real name sent a jolt through me. He wasn't going to keep this encounter strictly a fantasy. I looked into his eyes and could tell it was truth. The desire and longing kindled a warmth deep within me.  
  
"You're not all I think about," I cooed. "I also think about this." I dragged my hand down his chest and his stomach and grabbed his hardening cock. "And giving it the pleasure it deserves."  
  
"You feel so good," he whispered, leaning his head back. I felt him stiffen in my hand as I continued to stroke him. I took it a lot slower than I had with Aaron, slowly dragging my fingers up and down his hard shaft, savoring every inch of it. I leaned toward him until my lips touched his ear.  
  
"I just want to make you feel good," I whispered, then nipped at his ear. He rewarded me with a moan, so I bit it again and he started thrusting his hips back and forth, fucking my cupped hand. "Just wanna make my baby feel so good," I whispered, then dove my tongue into his ear. I knew kissing was off-limits, but figured that just meant lips.  
  
"Oh my god!" Jake moaned loudly. I guess he has sensitive ears.  
  
"Would it make you feel good to touch me too?" I asked, rising out of the water and presenting my breasts to him, the suds dripping down around their long curves and erect nipples. He didn't need to be asked twice. He grabbed one in each hand, groping and massaging them.

"You're so fucking beautiful, Karen," he breathed, staring at his hands work over my big tits.  
  
"Thanks, Jakey," I said. Uh oh, now I was using his name too. "You're so good to me."  
  
"I want to make you feel good too," he said.  
  
"They like to be kissed," I said, pulling his hands away from my breasts and pushing them into his face. He kissed my sternum first and I could feel the stubble on his cheeks tickle the insides of my breasts. Then he kissed his way over to one nipple, giving it a kiss before pulling back and smiling at it. He kissed his way over to the other nipple and did the same. Then he gave first one, then the other a long lick. I moaned during each one. My nipples were now sticking out as far as they ever had. "Wow, they really love how you treat them, baby," I cooed.  
  
He smiled up at me then opened his mouth wide, took a nipple in it and sucked, pressing his face into my chest so my soft melon enveloped his whole face.  
  
"Oh fuuuuuck," I moaned. I struggled to keep pumping his hard dick, it felt so good. He grabbed my free breast with one hand and my butt with the other and kneaded both. Giving him the wife experience was a mistake, this was really getting out of hand and I didn't know if I could slow it down.  
  
"Is it ok if I make you feel good too?" he asked, taking a moment to release my nipple before diving back on it again. His hand cupping my butt slid its fingers between my crack and pressed his fingertips rather firmly against my crinkled hole. I gasped. "I just want to make you feel as lucky as you make me," he said, dragging his fingers down my crease and under, running them over my engorged labia.  
  
"Oh fuck, Jake," I whispered, cradling his head to my bosom. His fingers kept creeping forward until they found my needy clit. He pinched it lightly between two of his fingers and I groaned from deep within me. My hips started rocking back and forth against his hand.  
  
"Is it ok if I make you feel good?" he repeated, his fingers dancing around my most intimate hole. The spot I'd reserved for only my husband. "Make you feel good inside and out?"  
  
I had to act fast. He was about to plunge his fingers into me, and then who knew where this train would stop. I had an idea and jumped into it immediately. I let go of his dick and grabbed each of his wrists in my hands. I straddled him and pinned his wrists against the wall behind him, pressing my heaving breasts into his chest. His dick stretched out beneath my crotch, but pushed up against it, my labia spreading halfway around the middle of his shaft.  
  
"That's a naughty boy," I said, pinning him beneath me and slowly dragging my aching lips up and down his shaft. "Trying to take more than you were supposed to get."  
  
"I...I'm sorry," he stammered. It seemed genuine.  
  
"Not sorry enough," I said. "You've been naughty and naughty boys need to be punished."  
  
"Oh-okay," he said. He was so cute when he was scared.  
  
"Sit up on the ledge," I said, motioning next to us. He hoisted himself and sat, everything out of the water except his ankles, his hard dick pointing straight at my face. "Good," I said, moving between his legs and bringing my face to within an inch of his dick. "I wanted to make you cum as best I could, but you ruined it. Now I get to play with you and you can't cum until I tell you."  
  
He just nodded and I blew air against his dickhead. He sighed. I pressed my face into his crotch, rubbing my cheeks against his dick like a cat. "No matter how much you want to," I said, my lips moving against his shaft. "You can't cum til I say."  
  
I pulled my face back and grabbed his dick lightly with both hands, stroking it up and down with my fingertips. He breathed heavy, watching me while biting his lip. I did that for a few minutes and he started rocking his hips back and forth, trying to generate more friction.  
  
"Nuh uh," I said, removing my hands.  
  
"Sorry," he said, looking like a guilty puppy.  
  
"You better be able to handle what I do next," I said. "I would hate for you to get a worse punishment." He nodded.  
  
I got up on my knees and rested my elbows on his thighs. I gathered up my big, soft tits in my hands, then gently wrapped them around his hot, pulsing shaft. I looked down at its angry purple head peeking out from the top of my cleavage, then up at him.  
  
"How naughty of you," I said as a began to slowly drag my tits up and down his hardness. "A beautiful girl tries to give you a special treat, and you take advantage of her." He moaned. "It doesn't matter that her pussy was spread and dripping, begging you to plunge yourself inside it with all your might."  
  
He gasped. "I don't know how good of a punishment for you this is," I said. "You seem to be really enjoying it. How long did you lust over my tits? Praying to god every morning that one day you could see just one inch more? And now I'm rubbing them all over your aching dick. How many times did you jerk off, fantasizing about spraying your hot load all over my fat tits?"  
  
"Oh god," he wheezed. I stopped my rubbing and just held him still inside my hot, wet cleavage. He took several quick, sharp breaths, clearly straining to keep the cum inside. He groaned and I felt his dick do a few small pumps. I looked down and saw the deep purple head spit out a small stream of precum.  
  
"Oh my, good boy," I moaned. I let go of my tits and sat up. "I think you enjoyed that punishment too much. I think we'll have to find one a little less stimulating." I grabbed ahold of his shaft, but just held it lightly without moving. "Look, your dick's so big, I can barely fit my hand around it," I said. He looked down at me holding him and moaned. I'd grabbed it with the hand wearing my engagement ring again. Maybe I was doing it on purpose. "All this time, I never knew you were hiding such a big, beautiful dick from me. Is it because you knew I'd be unable to resist worshipping it the way it deserves?"  
  
"I swear, I didn't know," he stammered. I lifted his shaft up and stared at his heavy, swollen balls. I didn't like having putting guy parts in my mouth, but I knew it would really torture Jake. I leaned forward and stuck my tongue out, slowly dragging it across one ball, then the other.  
  
"Remember, you can't cum until I say so," I said before popping of his big balls in my mouth. I rubbed and massaged every side and surface of his ball with my tongue, savoring the feeling of having his most sensitive and delicate part fully inside my mouth. He moaned my name and I let it drop out, moving over to the other one and giving it the same loving, tortuous treatment. His precum was streaming at a steady rate down his shaft and over my unmoving hand.  
  
"Do you think you've been punished enough?" I asked. "Do you think I should let you cum?" I used my free hand to stuff both of his balls in my mouth at the same time and hummed.  
  
"Oh god yes, please, Karen," he whined. "I'm so sorry, just...please!" I removed his balls from my mouth.  
  
"Ok, go ahead," I said, starting to jack his shaft with enthusiasm, my hand slipping up and down it with a squelching sound due to the copious precum he'd expelled. My breasts shook with the effort and Jake stared at them with wide eyes. I used my free hand to massage his balls. "Cum for me, Jake." Naturally, it didn't take long for him to obey.  
  
"Oh god!!" he shouted and I felt his balls contract and his dick start to pump. I'd planned on just having him shoot into the tub, but I felt like giving him a little reward for obeying me so well. I pushed my chest out and pointed his dick right at it as he started to unload. He roared and the biggest rope of cum I'd ever seen shot out of his pulsing shaft with the force of a Super Soaker. His hot cum splattered against my neck. I pointed his dick further down as an equally large rope sprayed out, hitting the top of my left tit. He kept moaning and his dick kept pumping as rope after rope of his hot seed shot through the air and splattered against my naked breasts.  
  
Eventually the shots subsided and the last few dribbled down my hand and wrist, smothering my engagement ring in the process. He started shaking and pushed my hands off his spent member. I sat back and looked down at myself.  
  
"Oh my god, Jake," I said. His warm goo covered almost every square inch of my generous chest. I could feel it slowly drip down as it congealed and stuck to my exposed mammaries.  
  
"Holy fuck, Karen," he sighed, then looked at me. He thanked me profusely. I blushed and kissed him on his head, then asked him to leave, saying I had to clean up. He did, and I laid back in the water and rubbed his semen off my breasts. I was still so revved up from playing with their dicks, cleaning off my breasts naturally transitioned into pinching my nipples and rubbing my clit. My arousal had fallen some since I didn't have one of them wrapped around me anymore, so I didn't cum. It still felt nice to treat my body to some loving as I bathed and relaxed, though.  
  
Eventually the water got cold and my skin got pruney, so I decided to finish up. As I dried myself off, I saw the clock on the wall said it was now early evening. God, I'd spent practically all day in a sexual romp with my coworkers. And with the way my pussy burned, I knew we weren't done.  
  
I walked back into the main room to discover they'd had room service delivered while I was in bathroom.  
  
"We ordered one of everything," Aaron said, mouth full of hamburger. They weren't wrong, a dozen different dishes were spread out on one of the two beds. Both of them sat eating, towels wrapped around their waists.  
  
"Thank god, I'm starving," I said, walking over completely naked, grabbing a piece of pizza and wolfing it down. Once it was down, I grabbed the hair dryer from the bathroom and plugged it in next to the mirror by the beds. I wanted to dry my hair, after all, but was still feeling naughty and wanted to do it naked in front of them even though I didn't have to.  
  
I saw them surreptitiously snap pictures of me on their phone as I did. I hadn't planned on letting them take naked pics of me, but I realized I didn't care. I'd been naked with them for so long at this point, I decided they could take as many pictures of me as they wanted. None of us were ever going to forget this weekend, so might as well let them have some mementos. I twisted my body around and shook it more than I needed to as I dried to give them a treat.  
  
Once I finished, I joined them on the food bed and dug in. I sat with my knees together, legs folded under me, my naked breasts dangling down and swaying whenever I moved. Aaron was full and finished by that time, so he laid down next to me. As I ate and we joked around, he reached up and casually kneaded and massaged one of my dangling breasts. When Jake saw I wasn't going to stop him, he started playing with the other one.  
  
"Boys and their toys," I said, rolling my eyes. I was flattered they couldn't keep their hands off me, even after I'd given them each one of the biggest orgasms of their lives. I was able to eventually finish eating despite their groping, and we cleaned up the leftovers. We'd raided the room's minibar as well, and I was getting so drunk I had trouble standing up without swaying. I decided I needed to check in on Tom. I grabbed my phone and flopped face up on to one of the beds. The guys immediately joined me, one on either side, and resumed playing with the boobs that had tempted and tormented them for years.  
  
I opened my phone and was once more greeted by multiple texts from Tom.  
  
------------------------------------------------------------------  
  
(Tom)  
  
It didn't take long to satisfy myself once I'd gotten into the privacy of the plane's bathroom. Just a couple strokes and I was firing out all over the place. I should have planned better, because I got a lot of it on my clothes. I tried to wipe it out, but the plane had the cheapest, roughest toilet paper, so I mostly just succeeded in spreading it around. I had to awkwardly cover the stains as I made my way back to my seat.  
  
I decided the only way to deal with the stress and embarrassment of the whole situation was to drink it away, so I ordered a few drinks in a row from the attendant. Once the booze got in my system, my body reminded me how little sleep I'd gotten the night before by passing out. I only woke up, bleary-eyed and hungover, when we were about to land.  
  
I stumbled off the plane and somehow found my way to the baggage claim, then to a cab. I passed out again in the cab and the driver had to angrily wake me once we got back to my and Karen's apartment. I dragged myself inside and realized I hadn't talked to her for a few hours. I fired off a text.  
  
Me: [heeey babe, jus got hoem.]  
  
I squinted at the text after I sent it. Christ, I was out of it. She'd get the message though. I dropped my stuff in the middle of the living room and chugged a glass of water while undressing. She still hadn't answered.  
  
Me: [I meant home. Anywayyyyy, howre things?]  
  
I spent a while in the bathroom. First, doing my business on the toilet, then spending who knows how long trying to work up the strength and motivation to stand up again and go to bed.  
  
Me: [Gonna pass out soon.]  
  
I hoped she'd answer soon. I wanted to hear from her and I wasn't gonna be conscious much longer. My phone finally buzzed with her reply right after I collapsed onto our shared bed.  
  
Karen: [Hi babe!!! Glad ur home safe ;-)]  
  
Me: [thanks. How are u?]  
  
Karen: [good, just chilling with the guys in their room now. We left the pool a while ago, it was so hot and crowded.]  
  
Phew. Good to know they'd left the pool and gotten dressed a while ago. My wife being almost naked near them for a while was exciting, but I was glad it didn't get out of hand.  
  
Me: [so operation pretend boyfriends was a success?]  
  
Karen: [yes, very successful. I think I did a great job convincing them they're my boyfriends now.]  
  
Convinced who? I wondered. The creepers at the pool, I guess? It was hurting my brain to think.  
  
Karen: [they actually wanted to ask if....it was ok if they also treated me like their girlfriend too. You know, like, for Nude Day.]  
  
I was half asleep and couldn't understand what she was talking about. I thought they were going to pretend to be an item (or items) while outside to keep the creepers away. Now they were inside and dressed...how did they need her to be their girlfriend? I was very confused.  
  
Me: [I thought Nude Day was over.]  
  
Karen: [it's a day, silly. Not Nude Morning.]  
  
I didn't want to argue semantics. I wanted to sleep.  
  
Me: [well whatever. You guys have a good time. I'm going to sleep now. Can't wait to see you tomorrow. Love you!]  
  
I was out before she responded.  
  
------------------------------------------------------------------  
  
(Karen)  
  
I felt weird and wrong texting with my husband while Jake and Aaron watched me and played with my boobs. We'd really snuggled in. I made them take off their towels and be naked with me to stay on the bed. They both obliged and snuggled up naked against me while I lay on my back. I could feel their hardening members press against my hips. I spread my legs and draped one over each of theirs. They couldn't see my pussy from where they lay, but spreading it open to the room still felt fun and naughty. The smell of my arousal quickly filled the room.  
  
When I started texting with Tom, Jake started kissing and sucking on my breast. Aaron followed his lead and soon they were both driving me insane while I tried to check in on my husband. Jake didn't stop there, though. He kissed his way down across my tummy and toward my pubis.  
  
"Where do you think you're going?" I asked, raising an eyebrow and closing my thighs.  
  
"You've been so good to us," he said. "And you haven't gotten off since the pool."  
  
"Me getting you guys off wasn't like, sex," I said. "Consider that my gift to you for being such good friends and coworkers."  
  
"Then I'd like to give a gift to you," he said, moving over my shut legs and leaning down to kiss the top of my bush. My pussy screamed at me to let him. At the same time, Aaron had picked up Jake's slack and mauled one of my tits with his hand while sucking loudly on the other one.  
  
I'd kept the guys from pleasuring me thus far because it felt like a bridge too far. Sure, my husband had given me permission to fool around with them some, but to me that felt like making them happy. I know it's weird, but I felt like it wasn't cheating as long as I wasn't getting any direct pleasure from it. I thought I'd shown remarkable restraint so far, playing with their huge, beautiful dicks and not fucking myself silly with them, and that'd be out the window if I let Jake go down on me now.  
  
I decided to just ask Tom. Better to ask and clear the air than worry and miss out on a mind-shattering orgasm just because I was too scared to bring it up. I struggled how to make it clear to Tom what I was asking while still keeping it vague like he'd wanted. That's how I came up with the girlfriend line. I was treating them like my boyfriends by working them over. Them servicing me would be them treating me like their girlfriend.  
  
I was surprised Tom was totally cool with it, though at this point maybe I shouldn't have been. He'd been surprising me all day. Then he signed off and went to sleep and I set my phone down. Holy shit, I realized. This was it. I was still shy and unsure, but my pussy wouldn't let me second guess myself.  
  
"Ok," I said to Jake. He looked down at my bush. I couldn't believe he was so excited to see my intimate center and give it the loving treatment it so desperately craved. I took a deep breath and spread my thighs before him. He sucked in his breath and stared at my exposed, engorged, dripping folds.  
  
"You're so fucking beautiful," he whispered. I melted. He stuck his nose in the entrance of my most precious hole and inhaled deeply and moaned. I shuddered and involuntarily squeezed his head with my thighs. He grabbed my thighs and pinned them, spread, against the mattress. "But you're not allowed to cum until I say so," he said, smirking up at me over my pubic mound.  
  
"Fuck you," I whispered hoarsely, but I was ready to obey. He stuck out his tongue and licked from below my gushing pussy, up over the dripping hole, through my lips and up over my clit. I moaned the whole way. He slowly licked up, down, side-to-side and around my lips and the whole area between my thighs, but avoided touching my hole or clit more than briefly. I tried to thrust my hips up into his face, but Aaron got into the mood and held me down while he continued to go to town on my tits.  
  
"I know you thought we were just two dorks who'd trip over themselves for any chance at you," Jake said between licks. "And you weren't wrong. We spent so many hours telling each other all the filthy things we dreamed of doing to you." I felt a surge within my tummy and expelled a small stream of juice onto his face. What girl doesn't want their ego stroked while getting their pussy licked? Jake just smirked.  
  
"Now I want you to feel what it's like to have what you want dangled just out of reach," he said, before very lightly flicking the tip of my clit with his tongue. I groaned like a mad woman. He knelt up on the bed between my legs and I saw his dick stand proudly away from his body and tower over my exposed, needy puss. He leaned forward until the head lightly rested between my married lower lips. I couldn't stop my hips from gyrating against it even as I looked at him with pleading eyes and shook my head no.  
  
"You think I'm gonna give you this cock?" he asked. "You give us so little credit for resisting your charms. I just wanted to see how badly you wanted it." We both looked down at my gyrating hips. They spun his cockhead in circles as it pushed open my lips, but went no further. I could do nothing to stop them. I blushed as it became clear to all of us that I would do nothing to stop them from cramming their big dicks in my hot, wet, married hole.

"Thought so," he said and scooted back, returning to his previous position with his face between my spread legs. He lovingly licked and lapped at my dripping pussy, this time massaging my hole with his tongue in between doing lazy circles around my furious clit. I needed more and I didn't care what it was. I realized one of my hands was jerking Aaron's cock. I had no idea when that started, but his hot, hard rod felt amazing in my hand.  
  
"Up," I croaked, tugging his member up toward my face. He got the message and knelt by my head. I needed a cock inside me, somewhere, anywhere, and if Jake wasn't going to do that, I'd make Aaron. I'd never enjoyed giving a blowjob before, but I was desperate to give one now. I grabbed his cock and pulled it into my open mouth, closing my lips around its head and furiously massaging it with my tongue. He moaned and drove it in farther, filling my mouth with his hot, dripping man meat. It was so big I could barely get my lips around it, but I could tell he didn't care with the way it dribbled a steady stream of salty precum into my mouth. I sucked it out of him.  
  
I finally felt Jake commit to eating me out as Aaron started thrusting his hot dick in and out of my mouth. Jake shoved a couple fingers into my pussy and massaged my g-spot while sucking and flicking my clit with his tongue. I would have cum immediately if not for the discomfort of Aaron's dick slamming against the back of my throat. I never let a guy fuck my face before, and the only reason I didn't puke was because my body was in such exquisite, agonizing pleasure I couldn't feel anything but a slight pain. The pain wasn't a turnoff, instead it drove me even crazier and I lifted my hips against Jake and slammed them into the bed, trying to intensify and escape the burning feeling building in my loins and succeeding and failing at both.  
  
I furiously jacked and sucked on Aaron's dick while I felt myself hurtle toward a climax. Jake hadn't given me permission to cum, but I couldn't stop myself. I shot past the point of no return and I felt my thighs clamp around Jake's head, desperately trying to pull him deeper as my hips bucked against his face. I let out a deep scream, garbled by the huge dick against my throat. Watching me cum must have set Aaron off, because he roared and suddenly his cum was pulsing against the back of my throat. I was already gasping through my orgasm and had to quickly swallow all his cum into my belly to keep him from drowning me.  
  
His spurts slowly stopped and my own orgasm slid and faded away. I ragdolled onto the bed, fully drained. No man except my husband had cum inside me before, and now Aaron's huge load sat deep in my happy tummy. Jake gave my spent pussy one last kiss, while Aaron pulled out of my mouth and collapsed on the other bed. Jake dragged himself up next to me.  
  
"You got me good," he said, grinning through the juices dripping off his face. I frowned at him. "You squirted all over me," he added, laying down facing me, his rock-hard cock pressing into my hip.  
  
"I didn't," I said, mortified. "I'm not a squirter."  
  
"You are tonight," he said. I felt the bed in front of my pussy. It was drenched.  
  
"Oh my god," I said. "So that's what it feels like." He wiped his face off and started casually fondling my breasts again while his insistent boner pulsed against my hip. I grabbed it.  
  
"Don't worry," I said. "I'll take care of this guy, just need a moment to find myself again." Aaron snored from the bed next to us.  
  
"You sucked the life outta him," Jake said.  
  
"You better be careful," I said. "Or I'll suck the life outta you too." I hadn't meant to suck Aaron's, but I just couldn't stop myself in the heat of the moment. It was for my own pleasure, I thought at the time, not his. I just needed a cock in my mouth. It was a weird thing to admit because I'd only ever tolerated giving blowjobs up until then, never relished them. But now I just promised (threatened?) to give Jake one.  
  
"You know, you came without permission," he said. I froze. He was right.  
  
"What's my punishment?" I asked.  
  
"I want you to blow me like I'm your husband," he said. I knew that was his ultimate fantasy. But there was a problem.  
  
"I'm not sure you really want that," I said. "I barely blow my husband. It's unpleasant."  
  
"Then your punishment is to act like you like it," he said. "Make love to my dick with your mouth."  
  
"Yes, master," I said, kissing my way down his stomach. He spread his legs wide and I knelt between them. His huge dick stared back at me. I couldn't believe I was hesitant to put it in my mouth after practically jamming Aaron's down my throat just a few minutes earlier, but there was a lot from today I couldn't believe. I remembered tonguing his balls in the bath wasn't so bad, so decided to start there.  
  
I grabbed his shaft in my hand and pinned it to his torso. I leaned in and slowly and sensually dragged my tongue back and forth across his balls, feeling them bounce and dance around my mouth. I sucked them into my mouth one at a time to give each of them their own personal tongue bath. He moaned and gripped at the sheets. I stuffed both of his balls into my mouth, my lips wrapped around his sack where it attached to the base of his dick. The smell of his sweat and precum filled my being. It was strong and kinda nasty, but I fought through it. I had to make good on my punishment after all. I stuck my tongue out as far as it could go with my mouth full of his balls, and flicked the tip of it against his rough taint. He groaned loudly and cursed. His reactions drove me further.  
  
I licked his balls some more and prepared to go further. I took a deep breath and slowly licked up the underside of his hard cock from his balls all the way to its tip. I licked around its head once before kissing and tonguing it like I was French-kissing a lover. He moaned and pushed his hips up, trying to get more of it in my mouth.  
  
I realized I was getting into it. The smell was still intense, but I didn't want to pull away anymore. I wanted more of it. I licked up and down his shaft, bathing every inch with my soft, hot tongue. I felt my pussy open again and I dropped a hand down to play with myself. I was shocked at how wet I was again.  
  
I realized it was time. I had to stick this massive hog in my mouth. I was scared, but my clit screamed with delight. I put his huge head in my mouth and hummed. He gasped my name in reply. I took a deep breath and took him in as far as I could. I felt his crown in the back of my throat and I held it there. My gag reflex screamed at me to pull him out, but I held him there, massaging the sensitive area underneath the head with my tongue.  
  
It got to be too much and I pulled him out and licked him a few more times. Then I put him back in and held him against my throat while tonguing him again. I did this a few times and each time my gag reflex receded. I pulled him out of my mouth and stared at his length. Did I dare?  
  
"I've never tried this before," I said to Jake. "But I want to now and think I can do it." He was too far gone to understand any of my words, but I didn't care. I knew he wouldn't object. I took him back into my mouth and against the back of my throat. Several inches of his rock-hard cock meat separated my lips from his pubis. I took a deep breath and pushed my face forward.  
  
His huge cockhead pressed against the back of my throat, but my throat didn't yield. After pressing a few seconds, I eased back and took a few more breaths. Then I sucked in another deep one and pressed again. My throat still wouldn't open, so I pressed harder, and suddenly...pop! My lips jumped forward a couple inches as his cockhead slipped into my throat.  
  
I'd done it! I pulled him back out and prepared myself for the last big push. I took a deep breath and pressed against him again. His throbbing cockhead pushed into my throat much easier this time, and I kept pushing. I felt his thick shaft stretch open my neck as I forced him inside. My face moved closer and closer to his body as more and more of his hot shaft forced its way into my mouth. I kept pushing and my nose hit his pubis, buried deeply in his bush. His cock felt like it extended all the way into my stomach, well past the point any man had ever been.  
  
"Oh my fuuuucking godddddddd," he bellowed. I had to breathe so I slowly pulled him all the way back out again. Copious amounts of drool dripped from my mouth, connecting it to his wet, throbbing member. "I'm gonna fuckin' cum if you do that again," he mumbled. My pussy shuddered at the thought. I was so focused I'd forgotten I was playing with myself again. I was also right on the edge.  
  
"Give it to me, lover," I said hoarsely and put him back in my mouth. I took another deep breath and pushed. My throat was much more used to the intruder now and relaxed with ease. In a couple seconds he was once again completely buried within me, his balls resting against my chin. I heard him grunt and knew he was close. I hummed, my throat vibrating against the whole length of his aching cock.  
  
"Fuuuuuck, Karen," he moaned. I swallowed, my throat muscles squeezing the length of his pipe and stuck out my tongue to lick his balls. "Fuck, shit, fuck, here it comes," he moaned. His dick started pumping and I kept swallowing, literally milking the semen out of him. With a mighty grunt, he thrust forward, somehow driving his dick in me a half-inch further, and I felt glob after glob of his semen shoot through his turgid cock in my mouth before being expelled deep into my married throat.  
  
That triggered my own orgasm, so I quickly pulled him out of my throat so I could breathe again as huge gasps overtook me. I held his crown in my mouth as I came. Fluid sprayed against my feet and I realized I was squirting again. I frantically rubbed at my clit as wave after wave overtook me.  
  
Once it was over, my body went limp. The tip of his dick was still in my mouth and I realized his last few shots must have been after I pulled him out of my throat, because my mouth was full of his semen. I rolled it around in my mouth, savoring the taste and feel before swallowing it. I then gently licked and sucked his softening cock to clean the rest of the juices off it. I actually felt disappointed when I'd fully cleaned it off as I'd grown to love the taste of his seed.  
  
We both laid still and recovered for a few minutes, him on his back, me laying between his legs, head on his thigh, his soft dick still in my mouth. Eventually, he sat up.  
  
"I'm gonna have to take this back from you," he said, smirking and pulling his spent member from my lips. I was sad to feel it go.  
  
"Yeah, we should get to bed," I said. "Is it ok if I stay here?" There was no way I was spending the night anywhere but naked in bed with these guys.  
  
"Sure, but it might be a tight squeeze since you soiled this bed," he said. I looked around and realized he was right. The bed was covered with two giant wet spots from where I sprayed my juices.  
  
"I guess you two will just have to touch me all night," I said, giggling. I slipped into the other bed, my back facing the sleeping Aaron. Jake turned off the light and slid into bed after me. We were pressed together tightly, my naked breasts smashed against his chest and his naked dick smashed against my crotch. He slipped his arm around me, resting his hand on my naked butt and I did the same to him. I snuggled closer, letting our noses press into each other lightly, our lips separated by mere millimeters.  
  
"Good night, Jake," I said, my lips brushing lightly against his as I talked.  
  
"Good night, Karen," he said, his lips doing the same.  
  
Moments later, I fell into a deep, blissful sleep, smashed naked between my two boyfriends.  
  
We'd exhausted each other so thoroughly that when we woke up the next morning, we were still pressed together in the same position, except they were both hard. I must have been the last to wake up, because by the time I did, they were both humping me. Aaron was slowly rocking his morning wood up and down between my buttcheeks while Jake was thrusting his against my labia and thighs.  
  
"Good morning, beautiful," Jake murmured as my eyes fluttered open. I smiled at the compliment. "Hope you don't mind we got started without you."  
  
Aaron reached around me and grabbed a hold of one of my bare breasts, massaging it with his big, meaty hand. My pussy started to moisten against Jake's hard cock. Damn, no rest for the wicked.  
  
"You guys really don't quit, huh?" I asked.  
  
"Listen, I went to sleep in my own bed," Aaron said. "And I woke up with a hot little slut pressing her naked ass against me." I gasped at him calling me a slut, but my pussy loved it. God, I was their hot little slut, wasn't I?  
  
"We had to use this bed because the slut couldn't stop spraying her cum all over the other one," Jake said. I started rocking my hips back and forth along with them, massaging their hard cocks with my most intimate parts.  
  
"I couldn't help it," I whined.  
  
Jake grabbed his dick and rubbed it back and forth against my waking clit. "You're being naughty," I said, but spread my legs anyway to give him better leverage. He pushed his dick down so his head spread apart my lips, resting at the mouth of my pussy.  
  
"I want to fuck you," Jake said, rubbing his cockhead back and forth across my pussy lips.  
  
"But my husband," I moaned. "He should be the only one allowed in there."  
  
"So you're saying you don't want it?" Jake asked, pushing forward slightly so that his engorged cockhead pushed into my love canal. I gasped and grabbed it, preventing him from entering any further. But I didn't pull it out, I just left it there. My coworker's cockhead inside my vagina. I drooled my juices all over it.  
  
"What about in here?" Aaron asked, pushing his down dick down so that its head pushed against my tightly closed asshole. "Are we allowed in here?"  
  
I squeezed my butt around his cock and he groaned. Tom had never shown any interest in anal. Neither had I, for that matter. But my body was now fully awake again and screaming to let these hot studs unload themselves inside her, whatever it took, whatever they wanted.  
  
I'd drawn a clear boundary the day before. Whatever we did, I wouldn't let them fuck me. Tom was vague about what he wanted to do, but it was pretty clear that he didn't want me to do that. I thought back to everything that happened the day before. I'd swallowed both of their dicks. Eagerly. The tip of Jake's dick was already inside me. Would a few more inches really matter?  
  
Of course, I'd already made my decision. I'd made it when I woke up with their hard dicks already pressing against my holes. Of course I'd make love to them. Everything we did yesterday was incredible and I felt closer to these guys and more fulfilled than I'd ever been. I was kidding myself if I thought there was any chance I wouldn't let them both ravage my holes, regardless of what my husband wanted. I didn't know what I would tell Tom. That was future-Karen's problem. Present-Karen needed to be fucked and fucked hard.  
  
I swung my leg over Jake and straddled him, his dick still barely pressing open my hole, my naked tits dangling right in front of his face. I looked down at his cock resting in the opening of my vagina and slowly swiveled my hips around it. Jake looked down too. So did Aaron. With all eyes on my crotch. I pushed my weight down, slowly forcing his huge, hard cock into my married pussy.  
  
"Oooooooops," I moaned. His wide shaft spread my pussy to the limit, but I pushed through the pain until he bottomed out, his crown pressing against my cervix. Jake groaned as my hot, wet channel gripped and massaged his needy pole. I'd never felt so filled in my life.  
  
"Oh fuck," Aaron said. I turned to him. I was no longer in control of my actions.  
  
"I don't think you're man enough to fuck my ass," I told him. "And there's nothing you could do to prove otherwise." He smirked at me and got up, kneeling between Jake's legs behind me.  
  
"Give me some lube," he said. Jake slid out of my pussy and I suddenly felt impossibly empty. Aaron stuck his fingers in my pussy and gathered up some of the copious amounts of juice I was expelling. He pulled them out and started massaging them against my anus and lined his own dick up against my dripping pussy. He stuck his dick in my vagina and a finger in my ass at the same time. I moaned and collapsed on top of Jake. Aaron slowly slid himself in and out of me, relaxing and widening both of my holes.  
  
He then pulled his dick and fingers out and suddenly I was completely empty again. Not for long, though, because Jake quickly took his place back within my womb. Aaron then plunged his hard, wet dick into my ass. If I thought having one of these guy's big dicks in me had stretched me to the limit, well...I mean, I really have no words left. If you've willingly let two hung guys invade your holes at the same time, you'll know what it feels like. If you haven't, then nothing I could say could get that feeling across.  
  
They went slowly at first, letting my body stretch and relax itself around their meaty poles. Shudder after shudder went through my body as they filled me beyond I ever thought possible. Soon the pain was receding and my hips started moving, massaging their cocks with my insides. I could feel both of them pushing against me and each other inside my body and I was cumming before I knew what was happening. I sprayed my girljuice all over Jake yet again. God, I really couldn't stop squirting on him. Once my orgasm subsided, my body was fully accustomed to the invaders.  
  
"Fuck me, boys," I moaned. "Make me yours."  
  
I didn't have to tell them twice. They slowly started pumping in and out of me. Without trying, they built up a rhythm where one would thrust in me while the other pulled out and vice versa. The result was nonstop intense pleasure for me and I came again, squeezing moans out of them both.  
  
I don't know how long we stayed like that, my two coworkers...no, my two boyfriends sawing in and out of me while I came over and over. I don't know how they were lasting so long, and soon I was begging them to cum. I couldn't take it anymore. Aaron grabbed my hips and started really slamming into me. A moment later he roared, and I knew that meant he was going to cum. Feeling his hot seed spray my rectal walls sent me off on my biggest orgasm yet, and I howled as it overtook my body. My vagina squeezed Jake's dick like it was trying to break it off, and that sent him off too. I moaned and screamed as his cock pumped rope after rope into my hungry womb.  
  
Finally, mercifully, it was over. Aaron rolled off of me and I rolled off of Jake. We lay, completely drained, as their twin loads slowly oozed out of my twin holes. I looked at one, then the other.  
  
"What do you say, boys," I said. "Let's celebrate Nude Day every year."  
  
------------------------------------------------------------------  
  
(Tom)  
  
Karen stumbled home the next evening, so sore she could barely walk. I guess the flight must have been extra tough for her. She seemed upset and anxious about something, and it didn't take much prompting for her to start stammering about Jake and Aaron. I had a hard time understanding her because she kept talking so quickly, but eventually I got out that she had gotten closer with them than she'd planned and she asked if I still loved her.  
  
I told her of course I still loved her. They were her friends and she deserved to be emotionally close to them. She was worried about our little teasing game, but I insisted that I didn't care that they had acted like her boyfriends. In fact, I said that they should act like that whenever they were out together. Her engagement ring never stopped guys from hitting on her at these sales conferences. If Jake and Aaron were willing to be her bodyguards of sorts, it seemed like a win for everyone. It actually made me like them a bit. She was over the moon that I would suggest that and declared me the best husband ever.

We kept up with the teasing game, of course. I'd originally fantasized about her teasing them, then coming home to fuck me, but it tended to work the other way around. She'd become incredibly horny in the days leading up to a sales trip and we'd fuck like rabbits. Then she'd come home exhausted and drained, usually with a sore throat to boot. Travelling will make anyone tired and sick. But all three of them got big promotions because they were unstoppable together. They started hanging out regularly after work, usually at one of their apartments late into the night. I was sad to see less of my wife, but I had never seen her so happy and fulfilled, by a job or by friendships. It warmed my heart to see her so ecstatic and full of life. And to think, this all came about because of one silly holiday.  
  
Thank god for Nude Day.