No Strings on Annie

by drbenway ©

Jenny and I were sitting around my kitchen table, shooting the shit, when

she noticed the boys up on the roof. She was looking out across my back

yard at the new house they were putting up on the lot behind us. As

always, both our husbands were away on business, and, as always we were

bored, drinking coffee to try to spark some life back into ourselves and

the shit we were shooting. From where we were sitting, double sliding

glass doors look out on the pool. It was around ten in the morning, the

sun coming down hard and bright on the flat blue water, reflecting heat

and glare back at us. Along with the pounding from the construction back

there, it was giving me a headache.

Jenny got up to close the blinds. "Hey, look, they're up there putting on

the roof."

"Yeah," I grumbled. "There goes our nice private pool. The upstairs

windows are going to look right down into our yard."

"Guess you're right. But it looks like we get the view, for now," she

laughed, still standing there, holding the blinds cord.

"How's that?"

"Come over here and take a look."

I did, and saw three boys about college age, clambering around on the

partially shingled roof. What Jenny was talking about was the fact that

they were quite good looking and had their shirts off, showing off their

lean, glistening, well muscled chests. "I see what you mean."

We watched them in silence for a moment. "But you're right," Jenny

admitted as she pulled the cord, shutting them out. "I was looking forward

to a swim. I don't know if I want to put on a show for those boys, though.

I might be a little too much for them."

She laughed, just kidding around, but it set up some kind of a current in

both our heads that swirled around and swirled around, until it began to

take a definite shape. We were talking about other things, but the sound

of the hammers from out back kept us aware of those boys up there on the

roof. Finally, I said what we both were thinking: "You know, it might be

kind of fun to take a swim and put on a show."

Jenny looked at me sharply, trying to gauge my meaning. Then she laughed.

"Hmm," she said. "Maybe."

"Wait." I jumped up and ran back into the bedroom. "I've got just the

thing."

I rummaged around in my bureau till I found what I was looking for, then

wadded it up in a ball and closed my fingers around it. It was almost

hidden in my hand. I was laughing when I walked back into the kitchen,

holding my closed fist in front of me. "Tom brought this back from his

trip to Brazil. It was a joke, but I knew I'd find a use for it some day.

I guess if we're going to put on a show, we should make it a good one."

I opened up my hand and showed it to Jenny. She looked puzzled at first. I

looked down at the wad of colorful cloth ties that lay wound up in a ball

in my palm and understood. If I hadn't known what it was supposed to be, I

wouldn't have recognized it either. "It's a swimsuit!" I said. "A string

bikini from Rio."

I unraveled the ball and spread it out. It was truly remarkable. That it

was supposed to be the sole covering for a woman on a public beach was

fantastic. It was the absolute minimum, just three tiny triangles of cloth

and some thin folded cloth ties. The two triangles of the top were

scarcely wide enough to cover the average width of a nipple, and the

bottom provided only a single triangle in front to cover a neatly trimmed

pubic patch. The back was nothing but string. Of course, Tom had bought it

for just that reason. I had modeled it for him once, and it had lain in my

drawer ever since. There was nowhere in the U.S. that such a suit could be

worn without running afoul of the law, with the possible exception of a

nude beach.

Jenny gasped when she saw what it was. She picked it up and marveled. "I

don't believe it. No way. It wouldn't stay on. You'd be flopping out all

over the place."

She looked at me in outright astonishment and we both burst into

uncontrollable giggles. But at the same time I was thinking how right she

was. And particularly about me.

Jenny has a nice figure, but not heavy on top. I'm OK too, but decidedly

heavy on top. I remembered when I modeled it for Tom. I had to walk very

slow and very smooth to keep the damn thing from slipping off. Jenny might

get away with it, but on me it would be just plain obscene.

She looked at me amazed. "You're going to wear this out there for a swim?"

"Well," I gulped, "if we're going to give them a show, I thought maybe one

of us could."

"What, me?" She held up her hands and vigorously shook her head. "Oh, no."

"Well, one of us."

Jenny was skeptical. "Yeah? Well, it would be a show alright. Especially

on you," she laughed. "Now that would be something to see. Those boys

would probably fall off the roof. On me, no big deal. Right? So,... I

guess you should be the one."

"Oh yeah. You want me to flop all over the place and make a fool of

myself. You'd be all tight curves and put-together in it. Bet if we put it

up to the boys, I could tell you which way they'd go."

"Maybe," Jenny answered, challenging, "but you'd never have the nerve to

wear it anyway."

"Oh," I shot back. "Is that right. But you would?"

"I didn't say that."

"If I did, would you?"

"Well ..."

"Come on. It'd be a kick."

"Okay." Jenny challenged me. "But you'll never do it."

"I would," I answered. "I will. But let's flip a coin or something to see

who goes first."

"I don't believe you. You couldn't. It would be ... indecent exposure."

"No, it wouldn't. It's my yard. It's fenced up to six feet high. It's

private. They'd be the ones intruding, really. Right?"

"In theory, I guess."

"Well, who's going to do it?"

Jenny looked incredulous. "Annie, really, I don't think you could. You're

just not built for it."

"Oh," I snorted. "Is that right, little Miss Trim? I'll have you know I've

already tried it on, and it is possible."

"Oh, Annie, that's not what I meant." But she still looked doubtful. "You

really going to wear that out there with those boys looking down? You

think it's even safe?"

"Oh, shit," I laughed weakly. "What are they going to do, come in and rape

us? They're just boys. They get goggle-eyed watching us; they go home and

beat off."

"Maybe, but they're just a few years younger than us, you know. If I

remember right, boys that age can be downright studs."

"Not with us they won't. This is just a show. Okay?"

"Sure. Fine with me. This I want to see. I still don't think you've got

the nerve to walk out the door in it."

"We'll see," I said, showing more confidence than I felt.

"So go ahead," Jenny challenged. "I've got my suit right here. Let's go

now, before it gets too hot."

She smirked at me as she pulled her T-shirt over her head and slipped off

her sneakers. I matched her, but when she next unhooked her bra and let it

fall away from her firm round breasts, I felt self-conscious about letting

out my own overstuffed chest.

Not that I'm in bad shape. I work out five days a week and watch my

weight. My waist is as slim as Jenny's. But my tits are just so goddamn

big. It's embarrassing.

I finally let them loose.

"My God," Jenny marvelled innocently. "You'll never get them into that

suit."

"I will too," I shot back. I started tying the stupid little top around me

below the damn things. When I twisted it around so the little triangles

were in front, and pulled them up over my nipples, it looked like Jenny

might be right. But the material was slightly stretchy, so it managed to

cover and hold on. I tied the strings tightly behind my neck and stood up.

By carefully tugging the triangle patches into place, my breasts stayed

nominally in the suit, though acres of untanned flesh bulged out around

all three sides of the tiny patches.

Jenny broke into nervous giggles. "Oh Annie," she gasped. "Those boys

aren't going to believe their eyes."

I snorted resentfully and stripped out of my shorts and knickers. The

bottom of that stupid suit was worse than the top. I guess I'd forgotten

because I'm so sensitive about my oversized chest. But it really was

nothing more than a single triangle of cloth with strings attached at each

of the corners. I could get it to cover my pubic patch, but that was it.

If I sat down, I would have to keep my legs studiously together, or I'd be

showing off my naked crotch. Likewise, bending over would be out of the

question. I was beginning to have second thoughts about this whole thing.

"Well, let's go," Jenny said brightly.

We went to the door and peeked around the curtain. The boys were still up

there, nailing away. They had shingled about a third of the way up the

roof. I put on a pair of sunglasses, pulled the curtain back and slid the

glass door open. "Showtime," I whispered grimly.

I walked out into the incredibly bright sunshine and moved quickly, but

carefully, to the chaise lounge. Jenny followed, still giggling softly to

herself. Suddenly the sound of the nailing stopped. Involuntarily, I

looked up at the roof. The boys, as I knew they would, were staring

fixedly at us ... mostly, I suppose, at me. I was shocked at how close

they seemed, and there was something eerie about the silence left behind

by their pounding. I sat primly on the chaise, my legs firmly together.

Jenny sat at the patio table, a big grin on her face, looking from me to

the boys on the roof.

The sun was so hard and hot, I felt it broiling the tender skin of my

breasts where my normal suit covered and this one didn't. In fifteen

minutes, I'd have a burn. "Jenny, would you get me some sunscreen? We

forgot to bring it out, and I'm not ready for the ass part of the show," I

whispered wryly.

"Sure, Annie." She could hardly stifle a laugh. "You sure got their

attention," she teased as she scampered back into the house.

While she was gone, I studied the reaction of the boys from behind my

sunglasses. They were still focused intently on my nakedness, though they

tried to look like they were working. Once in a while, they pounded down

another nail.

I started to feel a little better. Walking out the door, I felt like I was

walking into the unknown, losing control. Suddenly it hit me. I was in

control now, more than ever. Those boys were like puppets on a string. I

could shift innocently on the chaise and cause them to fall off the roof.

I smiled to myself.

I thought about what my next move should be. I was still perched somewhat

stiffly on the lounge. Consciously, I shifted to a more relaxed posture. I

found a new kind of thrill to the suspense of it all. The least wrong move

could result in the forbidden zones of my body flashing free to the

audience watching breathlessly in the balcony.

Jenny returned with the sun cream. "I see they haven't lost interest," she

commented, handing it to me.

"No. And I haven't either."

"Well," Jenny exclaimed. "I'm glad to see our little experiment is

working. You seemed so ... I don't know ... angry, at first. Why not have

some fun with it? Right?"

"Easy for you to say. You're not the one whose boobs are hanging in her

lap."

We both laughed at that.

"No," she answered, "but I might try on that suit, later, just for fun."

"For our friends on the roof?"

"Maybe. Why not?"

"Hey," I said, "why not?"

I squirted some of the cream on my palm and rubbed it over the white skin

around the tiny triangles covering my nipples. It felt so good, I slipped

my hand under the cloth and creamed right over the whole tit. I had to be

careful sliding my hand out from under the suit, but once I did, I found

that the cream actually helped to keep the top in place. I quickly creamed

the other one, then performed a similar manuver on the bottom.

The boys were dead silent again. Jenny, too, was watching me intently. I

realized I was starting to feel the odd fluttering in my stomach that is

always the first flicker of sexual arousal for me. And I knew it was the

kindling of that fire they were feeling through me, some kind of erotic

union that engulfed us all. That was the control I had. I stretched

extravagantly and pointed my toes across the pool at the boys on the roof.

"Mmm," I sighed. "This sun is delicious. Come on, Jenny, lie down and soak

it up. If you get hot, that's what the pool is for."

"Okay." She walked over to the other chaise, right beside me and dropped

it down to the reclining position. "We're going to get those boys in

trouble. They're not making much progress on that roof," she joked as she

lay down on her stomach.

"Mmm," I murmurred, half to myself. "We better make it worth their while,

huh?"

Jenny's laugh had a nervous tingle. "Yeah. Just what I was thinking."

A little later, the sun was getting so hot, I needed to turn over. That

wasn't going to be quite as easy as it sounds. Given that there was

nothing but a string running through my crotch, I wasn't quite sure what

would be exposed if I rolled over. Another complication would be the

manuevers necessary to get the chaise down to the full reclining position.

Anyway I planned it, it seemed my butt was going to be pointed directly at

them at one time or another, probably giving them a more obscene view of

my anatomy than I was quite ready for.

Jenny saw me squirming. "You ready for that swim?"

I glanced over at her and saw her shading her eyes with her hand and

looking at me out of the corner of her eye, her mouth slightly crooked in

a thin ironic smile. She had something in her head, but I said: "Yeah.

Okay."

She stood up and walked to the edge, did a nice flat racing dive and

stroked to the far end of the pool. "Wow," she said standing up in the

shallow water, laughing, "come on in. It's great."

I stood up to follow and felt my breasts threaten to rip free of their

minimal restraints. Suddenly I understood Jenny's secret smile. My

Brazilian string was never going to stay put through a swim. Jenny was

just waiting to see me humiliated, fumbling to cover my outrageous chest,

running for the house. I walked carefully to the edge of the pool, vowing

I'd never give her that satisfaction, at the same time wildly stimulated

by the silent stares of my audience.

I dove in gracefully, but a little deeper than Jenny had, conscious of the

flash of buns they'd be seeing as I slashed into the water. A split second

later, I was aware of how much more they'd be seeing when I came up. The

suit seemed to lose all sense of purpose the minute it hit the water. The

same stretchiness that helped to cover, when I artfully pulled it into

position, allowed it to wander aimlessly when it felt the first tug of the

water. My breasts were definitely floating free, and the bottom seemed to

have become similarly displaced.

I swam along, underwater, trying vainly to corral my breasts beneath the

tiny triangles. No way. I saw Jenny's legs as I approached the shallow

end. I couldn't see her face, but I could picture her laughing as she

looked down at my struggle under the water. She had been egging me on all

the way, just waiting for this.

I swam up to her and pulled the bottom of her two piece suit down around

her knees before I popped my head above the surface to get a breath. She

was laughing, alright. I heard her as the water cleared from my eyes. It

wasn't the nasty "ha ha, look at you" -type laugh I was imagining, though.

It was more the uncontrollable giggles of high spirited play.

I finally got my floating boobs contained and ventured to stand up. Jenny

was still watching me with that challenging mischievous smirk on her face.

I figured she must have pulled her suit back up, her expression was so

smugly amused. But then I saw it floating away under water. She hadn't

pulled it up; she'd kicked it off. I must have watched it with my mouth

open, because she broke out laughing again, just before she lowered

herself underwater and swam back to the deep end. I watched her buns

flashing up through the rippling surface and wondered what the boys could

see - probably not a lot less than I could, I guessed. I dove under and

swam after her, giving them the same view.

My brain was spinning. The anger at Jenny mixed with embarrassment for my

oversized tits; the sexual tension of teasing the boys on the roof somehow

feeding the irrational sense of power I'd found in this ridiculous

situation; now confusion over Jenny's game growing into a gnawing sexual

fear. What was she doing?

I shivered as I swam, and not from the temperature. The water felt cool

and silky sliding over my skin. At the end of the pool, Jenny was hanging

with her back to the side. Her legs scissored softly around the shocking

patch of darkness at her crotch.

I came up beside her, automatically repositioning my misplaced strings. In

a moment, the suit was nominally back on, the water cleared from my eyes,

and Jenny was laughing again at the questions that knitted my brow.

"Well, you seemed so uptight," she said. "I thought it might be more fun

if we both played the game. Come on." Then she dove under again, her

shocking white buns rippling the surface, and swam away.

I glanced up at the boys before I followed. They had dropped all pretense

of work, gathered on one of the supports, and just sat there watching us.

It was the look on their faces, so serious and intense, that finally made

me understand why Jenny laughed. I smiled to myself as I went under and

swam like a maniac after her, my breasts bobbing around me like a set of

water wings.

She was standing against the shallow side of the pool, with her back to

the boys, her buns hidden by the wall. I came up beside her, also turned

away from the boys.

"Annie, I told you that suit woudn't fit you," she grinned, when she saw

my boobs hanging free.

"I know," I laughed ruefully, trying to get it back in place for the third

time.

"Well, you said I could try it. Let's see how it fits me."

"You mean now," I started to say. But she was already untying the strings

in back. "Hey," I protested.

Jenny pulled the top away and I just stood there. I was still confused,

but I couldn't help but notice how good it felt to be rid of those

binding, useless strings. Jenny moved out away from the wall of the pool

and faced me. Her pubic patch was just inches below the surface of the

water. I was sure the boys could see it as clearly as I could. But I guess

that didn't matter to Jenny, because she looked at the strings quizzically

for a moment, then laughed: "Amazing!" half to herself, and pulled her own

top over her head. Her sleek firm breasts gleamed in the bright sunshine.

"Guess this one wouldn't fit you, either," she said, flinging her top up

on the deck. She began to tie the strings into place. "Well, how about

some help," she said, turning around.

I moved toward her in a kind of trance. She was leading me through this

game and I just wasn't quick enough to catch up to her. I felt my naked

breasts swaying in front, however, remembered the boys behind me, and

managed to keep my back to them. I grabbed the strings and tied them in a

bow at the center of her back. When she turned around, I had to work at a

smile.

"So, how do I look," she chirped brightly. Jenny looked fantastic in the

suit. She reminded me of the models in Sports Illustrated. All she needed

was the tan to match the coverage of the suit. Yet the whiteness

surrounding the tiny patches of cloth only seemed to emphasize the open

sexuality that she flaunted. I knew the boys must be melting, and I was

downright jealous.

"Not bad," I sniffed. "I guess your breasts are small enough to fit that

tiny thing."

Jenny laughed merrily, her eyes sparkling. "See. I told you. Now let me

try the bottom."

"What?" I exploded. "You're crazy. That'll leave me bare-ass naked. No

way."

"No fair. You promised," Jenny whined, imitating a spoiled child.

"No way. I'm already humiliated enough. How am I supposed to get from the

pool back into the house without giving those boys a big thrill?"

"What's wrong with that?" she smiled, innocently. "And, Annie, you're

right about one thing."

"What."

"You are a big thrill." She dove under again, and came after me, trying to

get the bottoms untied.

This time I was ready. I'm bigger and stronger than she is, so I pushed

her away easily, before she could get her hands on the dangling ties. I

dove under and swam to where the bottom half of her two-piece was resting

on the bottom. Jenny was right behind me, so I grabbed it and surfaced,

throwing it as far across the deck as I could.

"How do you like that, little Miss Wise-Ass," I teased when Jenny came up

beside me. "If I've got to parade myself topless. You're going

bottomless."

"Oh yeah," she shot back and went under again, going after what was left

of my tiny Brazilian string.

I pushed her away and started back to the shallow end. But Jenny was

faster, and I felt her hands grabbing at the loose ends of the strings as

I pulled and kicked through the water. She managed to get one side untied,

before I came up. I heard her giggle as she came up for a breath. It

stopped when she dived back under and went for the other side. I was

getting annoyed, and I had my feet back on the bottom of the pool. When

she came at me, I caught her around the waist and pulled her right up out

of the water. At least her legs and butt came up. She was holding onto my

leg under water, so only her bottom half broke the surface. Her legs were

kicking and squirming in the air, and I realized what a fine show I was

giving the boys. I threw her away from me, but she caught one of the

strings and the little triangle of cloth slipped away with her.

I was standing there in three feet of water, in plain view of three young

men I'd never seen before, stark naked. It was a strange feeling, but not

unpleasant, I found. I only wondered what was next.

Jenny surfaced, strings in hand, crowing in triumph. "I got it. I got it."

She threaded it through her crotch and started tying it at her hip. "Now

you can see how it's supposed to look."

She smiled when she said it, just a teasing wisecrack, but it stung. I

guess I was still sensitive about my outrageous voluptuousness, especially

standing there with it all hanging out. When Jenny finished tying the

strings on, it didn't do anything for my self-confidence. She looked

fabulous. Even under water, I could tell that the minimum coverage of the

suit just set off her lithe curves. There was no doubt that what she said

was true, the stupid little suit actually fit her. On me, it was a joke.

"Okay," I sniffed. "You think you look so good in it. Let's see you model

it. Do a promenade around the pool. See what the boys think."

"Oh. That's a great idea."

She swam gacefully back to the deep end and climbed the ladder out of the

pool. The perfect curves of her back and buns and legs were unobstructed

for me and the boys. She turned to face us, smiling. I wondered how I'd

ever worn such a thing. Even on Jenny's more petite frame, it looked like

nothing. But she was beautiful, and the suit did nothing to hide it. She

walked around the pool with studied poise and grace, the expression on her

face conveying the real enjoyment she took in showing off her body.

I glanced over my shoulder at the boys. They hadn't moved. They stared at

Jenny with open admiration and astonishment. I was supremely jealous.

Jenny finished her modeling just behind me on the lip of the pool at the

shallow end. I couldn't turn to look at her without showing my breasts to

the boys.

"Well?" she said, waiting for my reaction.

"You look wonderful in it," I admitted grudgingly. "I'm sure the boys

would say so, too."

She did a flat racing dive and swam to the deep end, then back to me. When

she stood up, adjusting the tiny nipple patches, I had to smile, thinking

of all the trouble the damn suit had given me.

"Okay," I said before she could gloat. "You proved your point. The suit

looks good on you; looks silly on me. You can have the damn thing. But,

there's just one problem. How am I going to get out of the pool and back

in the house, now, without making a big spectacle of myself."

Jenny looked puzzled. "What do you mean? I thought that was the point."

"Well, yeah,..." I spluttered. "But not like this. Jenny, I'm stark naked.

I can't just climb out of the pool and casually walk back to the house

with these bazooms bouncing around like grapefruit in a sack."

She smiled at that. "You're right. Your audience would be so disappointed.

You've got to give them a better show than that. What I think you should

do is grab some more rays on the chaise lounge. That would knock their

eyes out."

"But Jenny," I gasped, "I couldn't do that. At least with those tiny

patches in place, I could pretend to myself I was covered. It's different

with nothing at all."

"Yeah. It's more fun. Let them see the real you. Forget about pretending.

Believe me, without the suit, they won't see much more, but the impact is

ten times as much. You get out there and let them see you that way, they

won't even know I'm here."

"Well, what are you going to do?" I asked.

"Think I'll do some laps." She started to swim away.

"Wait, Jenny. I don't think I can do this. Go get me a towel, will you?" I

felt like I could hardly breathe, from the tension that had built inside

me.

Jenny turned around and looked at me appraisingly. "Well, I will if you

want me to. But I don't think you do. Swim a couple laps with me and think

it over. Then, if you want a towel, I'll go get you one."

She took off, surging strokes pulling her through the water. The narrow

strings became invisble under the churning water, but the lasting

impression was not of her nakedness, but of her grace and strength.

Somehow it gave me confidence. Jenny seemed to know what this was about.

She seemed comfortable. On her second lap, I pushed off beside her.

The water slid around me smooth and cool. I had to work hard to keep up

Jenny's pace, but I began to feel stronger almost immediately. I thought

of competitive swimmers shaving their bodies to cut down on the drag. My

body seemed to flow through the water so much better without the

interruptions of a swim suit.

As good as I felt, I'm still not as strong a swimmer as Jenny. After about

five laps of that short pool, I began to get winded. I pulled up at the

deep end and rested hanging from the side of the pool. Without thinking, I

turned to watch Jenny's progress. I was about armpit deep in the water, my

breasts free-floating in front of me. I heard something like an

involuntary exclamation coming from the roof. I looked up and laughed

softly. The boys were straining to believe what their eyes were telling

them. For the first time since I'd lost the top, I was facing them

directly. Their expressions once again showed me the wisdom of Jenny's

laughter. They looked astonished and eager, much too serious to act

casual.

Jenny pulled up after another lap to tread water in front of me. "So," she

said. "Feel good?"

"Yeah," I drawled, suppressing a grin. "It does."

"You going in?"

"Uhn, I think maybe I will get some more sun."

"Oh." Jenny made wide eyes and moved over beside me. "You ready for this?"

"Yeah, I guess so."

"Mind if I watch while you get out? I want to see the look on those boys'

faces."

I wasn't sure what she meant, but I said: "Sure. Go ahead."

"Oh," Jenny explained quickly, "I mean from the water, here. I'm going to

do some more laps."

"Okay." I suddenly realized that the time was upon me. I got a big ball of

nerves that rose in my chest and threatened to smother me. At the same

time, I was so turned on, my breasts and labia felt like they were

burning. A scene of me falling down in a faint as I walked to the chaise

lounge flashed through my head. Strangely, I saw it as the boys would

have, from up on the roof, a hundred feet away. I knew it was nothing but

my overworked immagination, but it put me into a kind of sexual trance.

I dove under and swam to the ladder. It came up on the deck just a few

paces away from the lounge chairs, but I would be walking directly toward

the boys, giving them just the view they strained for. So what, I thought

as I grasped the ladder and pulled myself up. I'm going to be laid out on

the lounge right in front of them, anyway. I moved purposefully up the

ladder and out of the water, without any further coherent thought. The

sensations that rippled through my consciousness blended into an erotic

trance, and I was only aware of the general feel of them.

I walked to the chaise and felt the sensual sway of my breasts, the feline

padding of my bare feet on the hard concrete, and the hitch of my hips at

each step. I knew that the boys could sense these things almost as

personally as I did. Their nerves, I believed had been rubbed as raw in

anticipation as mine.

My sunglasses were on the small table beside the lounge. The sun was still

as strong, and I thought of putting them on, but didn't. I could have hid

behind them, and watched the boys with that measure of privacy. But I had

decided to show myself to them, and I would do it completely, eyes

included.

I lay down on my back, again locking my knees together. I didn't want to

scare them, and I didn't want to be gross.

I heard Jenny murmur, "very nice," just before she took off again into her

laps. I guess so, I thought, glancing up at the boys again. I caught one

nudging another and making a comment. His face remained serious, and the

other nodded. The boys certainly seem to think so.

The sun warmed me, and deepened the trance. I squirmed about on the

plastic covered mattress of the chaise, trying to find the position that

would still the rising tide of my own sensuality. But each new angle just

added to the heat. And I was getting careless with my legs, opening them

slightly at different angles, teasing the boys, teasing myself.

Finally, I rolled all the way over, and gave them my backside. Jenny

splashed on, and I felt alone with the boys. My need was growing to the

point where I began to understand that it would need relief. I pressed my

pubic region into the pliant firmness of the mattress and was rewarded

with a pure rush of sex that flooded my veins and centered in my erogenous

zones. I was on the edge, but I wanted to hold it there as long as I

could.

I rolled again to my back and reached for the suntan lotion. Methodically,

I spread it over the skin that had never before seen the sun. First my

breasts, my big beautiful breasts, that sat up on my chest so round and

firm, nipples rigid at attention. The feeling of my hands caressing them

was exquisite. Not quite to the point of orgasm, but tantalizingly near. I

suppose I rubbed them long after the lotion had been effectively spread,

but that didn't worry me. I knew what was next, and the boys knew what was

next. Thoroughly savoring each moment leading up to it was a fundamental

right, at that stage.

Finally, I squirted another glob of the creme into my palm and began to

massage it into the whiteness around my pubic hair. I looked down and

watched my hands, as if they belonged to someone else. I was a little

shocked at how open I was to the boys. My legs had parted, of their own

accord, waiting for the magic touch, oblivious to the audience that peered

intently into the gap between them. My eyes moved from the obscene

whiteness of skin, the darkness of pubic hair glistening with sweat in the

brilliant sun; to the boys transfixed on the roof. Involuntarily, I

moaned, with the tension that was theirs, as well as mine by then.

Urgently my fingers moved, kneading my pubic patch, slipping lower with

each stroke, teasing the pleasure point with a light glancing touch. Then

I knew I couldn't hold it any longer. One finger slid directly over the

point with a firm but gentle pressure.

That was all it took. I went into convulsions of sexual release. A part of

me held onto a tattered thread of consciousness and struggled to keep my

body from erupting into wild undulations of pleasure. That much decorum

seemed required by the terms of my unstated agreement with the boys. But

my hands moved hungrily over my crotch, while my back arched against rigid

stomach muscles and my legs stretched and strained and pointed my toes. It

was all I could do to keep inside the wild cries of joy that wanted to

burst from me.

I lay quietly panting for a while, my body spent, the wild erotic tension

totally discharged. I glanced once at the boys, and even they seemed

sated. I felt a lingering fondness for them in the afterglow of the

experience we had shared, but they had served their purpose, and could go

back to work, as far as I was concerned.

The sun was hot, and I turned over again, to take it on my back. I fell

into a light sleep, that drifted over me like a gentle golden fog. Jenny

had to touch my shoulder to rouse me.

"Well, I guess you got comfortable with our little game."

I rolled over with a sigh and smiled up at her. "Yeah."

Her eyes widened in mock surprise and she laughed. "Very comfortable."

"Umm," I nodded.

"I was thinking about joining you, but I suspect the boys have seen

enough. You ready to go in?"

"Okay." I stood up slowly, feeling lightheaded. "You want a shower?"

"Sure."

We walked over to the little lattice enclosure and turned on the dual

shower heads. Jenny stripped away her tiny suit and we stood silent under

the parallel streams of cool water. There, we were partly obscured from

the view of the boys by the lattice, but it didn't seem to matter anymore.

The water revived me, bringing back the energy and freshness the sun had

sapped from my flesh. I was totally relaxed and receptive to every

sensation. I closed my eyes and savored it.

When I opened them, I found Jenny staring at me with an odd expression.

"You know you are very beautiful," she stated matter-of-factly.

"Yes," I answered slowly, thinking it through. "I guess I am, but I wasn't

so sure when I saw you in that little suit. I was pretty jealous."

"I know you were. But now I hope you can see how silly that was. Right?"

"Yeah."

"Good," she said, nodding conspiratorially. "That's important."

We went back in the house and got dressed. A few moments later, the

hammering began again. When we first heard it, we looked at each other and

laughed.