**Nude in My Girlfriend's Pool**

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**Nude in My Girlfriend's Pool Pt. 01**

My best girlfriend, Lindsay lives with her husband Ron in a beautiful home about a quarter mile from where I live. Her backyard consists of a screened-in porch that covers a kidney-shaped pool with a built-in spa. Normally, we alternate visits to each others' pools for sunning, swimming, and an ample tasting of our favorite wines while enjoying the privacy the fences around our yards provide from prying eyes. The difference is that Lindsay has two young children, so when we swim at her house, we have to keep our bikinis on, whereas at my place, if the kids and her husband are not around, it's swimsuit-optional for both of us - which means no swimsuits because we never wear them when it's just the two of us at my pool.  
  
Unfortunately, my pool developed a crack and required a total repair and refinish, which meant it would be unavailable for swimming for about two weeks. Fortunately, Lindsay and her family had planned to travel from their Florida home to a vacation resort in South Carolina for the same two weeks. Lindsay asked me to keep an eye on the place, which included picking up the mail, checking inside to be sure there were no leaky pipes, and taking care of her pool. Since I worked during the week, it was no big deal to stop off on the way home, pick up the mail and check things out.  
  
Then it occurred to me. This situation presented an opportunity.  
  
I'd always been fascinated by being nude in places I shouldn't be nude. I remember one time I was on a business trip and decided to stay the weekend in my otherwise deserted but safe hotel. I was actually one of five guests in a 100-room place and my fellow guests must have been working because I didn't see them the whole weekend. This aloneness gave me the opportunity to walked from my room to the pool and hot tub wearing only a towel and I was able to swim and hot tub nude totally undisturbed. I don't know if I was unseen but if the desk clerk saw me on the security cameras, he never said anything. I even walked down my hall with my towel draped over my arm wearing just a smile.  
  
It felt wonderful!  
  
Needless to say, I'm glad I brought my friend Mr. Vibe with me on this trip! There were plenty of opportunities for more nude adventures but that's not what this story is about.  
  
The first night Lindsay, Ron and the kids were away, I drove straight to their house, picked up the mail, opened the front door, turned off the alarm, and went inside. Immediately, I noticed something seemed odd. The house was borderline hot, as if the AC wasn't working. I placed the mail on the kitchen table and checked the thermostat, discovering that while the AC was on, it was set to 85, no doubt to save on electricity. Rather than reprogram the thermostat, I stripped down to my panties and bra and continued my rounds, checking every water source for leaks. Thankfully, everything was fine.  
  
Still dressed only in panties and bra, I went outside to check on the pool. It was a hot, humid evening, typical of Florida in the summer and the temperature outside was only slightly more comfortable than the temperature inside. Thankfully, all was well at the pool as the filter was running and circulating the water as it should have.  
  
As I turned around to go back into the house, I saw an envelope taped to the mini-fridge. It had my name on it. I opened it and read the note.  
  
"Sandra, Thanks so much for taking care of the house while we are on vacation. Inside the fridge, you'll find several bottles of our favorite fine cabernet merlot. These are for you as is the use of the pool. So, sip, strip, and take a dip. Hopefully, your pool will be fixed by the time we get back and we can spend some time together there. Hugs, Lindsay."  
  
How nice, I thought.  
  
I opened the fridge, took out a bottle of wine, opened it, and poured myself a glass.  
  
I sipped.  
  
A fine vintage, I thought.  
  
The wine warmed me even more than the weather. With nowhere to go but home, I finished the first glass, poured another, and set it down on the small table next to a lounge chair.  
  
Then, I went back inside to get a couple of towels.  
  
Once inside, I undid my bra and slipped off my panties, placing them neatly with the other clothes I had worn that day. With my towels in hand, I went back outside, fully nude.  
  
I experienced a wondrous feeling standing there as the evening breeze wafted over my uncovered body. I lay one towel on the lounge chair and sat down comfortably, continuing my own personal naked wine fest. The second glass was making me warm, so I went over to the steps of the pool and sat down on the edge. The water felt so refreshing on my feet.  
  
I just had to go all the way in. I put my glass down and waded away from the steps. The water temperature was perfect and felt so good all over my body. Immediately, I swam to one of the jets on the side by the spill-away spa and straddled it. The pulsing water felt so good on my clit. I came almost immediately.  
  
I relaxed a little while longer in the water, finished my wine and then dried off by the lounge chair. It had turned dark now and I knew that I had to get home and get ready for my next day at work. I went inside, locked the back door and hung the wet towels in the pool bath. Completely dry now, I started to put on my panties and then stopped.  
  
Why should I get dressed just to drive a quarter-mile home?  
  
I scooped up all my clothes, set the alarm, locked the front door and gingerly walked to my car, fully nude.  
  
The quarter-mile from Lindsay's house to mine was dark as there are no lights of any kind on that stretch of road. Still, the ride home in the nude was exciting for me. Would I encounter any neighbors out for an evening stroll? Would I pass another car and the driver would see me?  
  
I couldn't decide which excited me more - the idea of possibly being seen driving my car in the nude or getting away with not being seen  
  
No sooner had I gotten home then my phone beeped.  
  
It was a text message from Lindsay.  
  
"I forgot to tell you that Ron had internet security cameras installed in the house, overlooking the pool, and facing the front door. He said thanks for the show."  
  
There was a smiley face at the end.  
  
Oh my, I thought, feeling a wetness between my legs that needed to be satisfied.  
  
I texted back, "If he liked that, tell him to tune in tomorrow, same time. You can watch, too!"  
  
Smiley face at the end.

**Nude in My Girlfriend's Pool Pt. 02**

After spending the evening taking care of my girlfriend Lindsay's house and pool, I discovered that she and her husband, Ron had been watching me skinny-dipping via their internet security cameras while they were on vacation in South Carolina. When I got home, I sat down (still nude) in front of my computer and checked my email.  
  
There was one from Lindsay, with a private link to a You Tube video of me at her home, sipping wine on the patio wearing only my panties and bra, going back into the house, stripping off my clothes, going out to the pool area again, and then going for the aforementioned nude swim. My initial thought was, "I look really good naked," and then, "but my backstroke needs some work." I also realized that the video was pure voyeur material with little to no eye contact, obviously because I had no idea I was on camera or where the cameras were. Or that I was being recorded.  
  
Since the weekend was here and I had the next day off, I texted a very close girlfriend from work (her name is Debbie) to see if she wanted to get together for an afternoon barbecue at Lindsay and Ron's house and a dip in their pool. I explained that since my pool was still under renovation and I was house-watching for them, I had their permission to sun, swim, and consume large quantities of wine from their refrigerator. Although Debbie didn't know Lindsay or Ron, she loved to swim and was a huge fan of wine.  
  
With not much else on her agenda - her husband was overseas on a long business trip and they had no children living at home - Debbie enthusiastically agreed to join me. The weather forecast for mid-90-degree temperatures also may have influenced her.  
  
It's worth mentioning that although Debbie is 45 years old and has had a couple of children, she still has a fabulous hourglass figure with dancer's legs, a full bosom, and - I've overheard guys at the office say this - "a really nice ass." I'd never say this out loud but she does have the ass I wish I had! It must have been all that dancing she did at the theme parks when she was younger.  
  
However, since Debbie is also somewhat of a prude, she rarely flaunts any of her attributes, other than occasionally plopping her breasts on the conference room table when she leans forward to listen to what someone is saying. And she always dresses business conservatively.  
  
The next afternoon, Debbie parked her car at my house and we took mine for the short drive over to Lindsay and Ron's. Debbie wore shorts and a tank top and had a bikini on underneath. I was in a T-shirt and shorts with no bra. Debbie probably assumed I kept a swimsuit at Lindsay's because I told Debbie I had been there the night before and had gone for a dip in the pool. I didn't tell her I had dipped fully nude.  
  
As we slowly drove up to the front door, I made a mental note of the two security cameras overlooking the entrance. One had a full view of the front door and the other looked out from the house to where I was about to park my car. I made sure that the car was centered in the camera's field of view.  
  
I picked up the mail, opened the front door, turned off the alarm, and we went inside.  
  
"Wow, it's hot in here," said Debbie.  
  
"They keep the AC on 80 when they're not home," I replied. "We'll be more comfortable sitting outside with the ceiling fans on."  
  
We went into the kitchen where I got a couple of glasses from the cabinet and a bottle of merlot from the fridge. I poured each of us a glass and we toasted sunshine and friendship.  
  
It was then that I told her there were security cameras everywhere, but Ron self-monitored them so it wasn't like the whole world could see us. She didn't seem to mind. In fact, she commented that it made her feel safer.  
  
While I checked around the house to make sure everything was okay, Debbie was busily tossing the nice green salad she had brought for lunch. She had stripped down to her bikini, draping her shirt and shorts over a chair.  
  
"Smile for Ron and Lindsay," I said. "We're on camera."  
  
Debbie laughed.  
  
"It's no big deal. I wear this bikini to the beach and at the Y pool all the time. There's even a few of me in this string on my Facebook page."  
  
"Oh, that's right," I said.  
  
I spotted another one of the cameras under the cabinet above the refrigerator. I'm sure that when Ron viewed the security footage from the kitchen, he would enjoy the sight of Debbie removing her clothes, even if she didn't take everything off.  
  
"Is it always this hot in here when you come over?" asked Debbie. She was visibly perspiring.  
  
"Always," I replied, "But I have a secret to tell you, Debbie."  
  
Debbie took another sip of wine and her ears perked up. She loved secrets.  
  
"What?"  
  
I pulled my T-shirt off over my head and draped it over one of the kitchen chairs. My breasts moved freely now and my nipples were erect. Then, I undid the button on my shorts and slipped them off. I wasn't wearing panties.  
  
"It's always so hot here, I don't wear anything when I come over."  
  
Debbie almost spit up her wine. Her eyes widened and she stammered a bit. "Oh, I...you didn't say...I didn't know that! And you don't care if the owner sees you naked?"  
  
"Ron and Lindsay saw me last night."  
  
Debbie didn't quite know what to make of that. I took another sip of merlot, put my glass on the kitchen table, and winked at the security camera. "If it bothers you, I can cover up with a towel. I don't have a bikini here."  
  
"No, no!" she said, taking a rather long sip of wine from her glass. "You dress - or undress - however you like." She took another sip of wine. "But aren't you afraid their neighbors might see you?"  
  
"Not a chance," I replied. "The house windows are coated with a material that deflects the sun and also makes it impossible to see inside. And they have a 10-foot high wall surrounding the pool and patio area."  
  
"Oh," said Debbie squirming a little on her lounge chair. "So, you will be nude the whole time we're here?"  
  
I smiled. "Only if you don't object."  
  
She didn't.  
  
We cooked a couple of hamburgers on the grill and boiled some corn for lunch, which went nicely with the salad. As the afternoon got hotter, we decided to stay outside on the back porch in a pair of lounge chairs sipping glasses of merlot and chatting about everything under the sun.  
  
By now, we'd both used a lot of sunscreen and consumed a considerable amount of merlot. I was feeling very mellow. I noticed that Debbie staggered a bit when she got up to refill her now-empty wine glass and her bikini bottom stuck to the back of her chair.  
  
"I can see why you'd go around wearing nothing in this heat," said Debbie, slurring some of her words.  
  
"It's worse at night, especially with the humidity," I replied.  
  
Debbie reached up behind her back, pulled the string on her bikini top and let it fall off into her lap.  
  
Stunned that my prudish co-worker was now walking around topless outdoors, I shouted "Debbie!" and pointed to one of the pool area security cameras. It was looking directly at us.  
  
Debbie jiggled her 36C boobs side to side and blew a kiss in the direction of the camera.  
  
When Debbie sat back down with her wine, her boobs bounced noticeably. She took in a deep breath and let it out slowly. She sighed noticeably.  
  
Then, she drank the entire glass of wine I had just poured for her.  
  
"You have to promise not to tell my husband."  
  
Her slurring got worse.  
  
"Promise what?" I asked.  
  
Debbie undid the strings on her bikini bottom, took it off and tossed it and her top into the pool. I never expected her to be completely shaved down there!  
  
"Oopsy!" she said, feigning surprise. "I think I'm drunk and nude outside now."  
  
She jumped into the shallow end of the pool, splashed around a bit, and slowly made her way back out to the lounge chairs.  
  
Then, Debbie pointed her index finger at me. "You have to promise me you won't tell my husband I got drunk and took my bikini off outside, went skinny dipping, and blew a kiss at a security camera being watched by some guy and his wife that I don't even know who."  
  
Debbie's speech and her correct use of grammar were both very slurred right now. Then, she lay back in her lounger and began fingering the nipples of her breasts with one hand while rubbing her clit with the other! I didn't expect her to do that!  
  
"Debbie, you do know you're being watched and recorded," I said, trying to be sure there was no doubt in her mind that she was masturbating on camera.  
  
"Who cares? I don't know them!"  
  
Debbie had three fingers inside herself now.  
  
"My husband has been away so long and this feels sooooo gooood!"  
  
When it's this hot, everyone in the neighborhood keeps their windows closed and their air conditioners running so that their houses stay cool and comfortable. At that moment, I was hoping that no one was sitting outside because in a short while Debbie was moaning very, very loudly, culminating in one of the the loudest orgasms ever recorded.  
  
I have to admit, the whole thing got me very turned on. Debbie, meanwhile, seemed to have exhaust herself. She had passed out on her lounge chair, her fingers still inside her.  
  
A moment later, I got a text message. It was from Lindsay's husband, Ron.  
  
RON: Lindsay took the kids to the play place they have here at the hotel. I'm in the room. Saw the whole thing. I should go clean up. Smiley face. Smiley face. Smiley face. But I have a feeling, the second act is about to start. Smiley face. Smiley face. Smiley face.  
  
I rubbed my clit, took a selfie from the waist down, and texted it to him with a message:  
  
ME: You're so right! Smiley face. Smiley face. Smile face.  
  
Awhile later, Debbie woke up. We both cooled off in the pool, enjoying the spa jets for some hands free play. When it was time to go home, I suggested, just for fun that we drive back to my place naked. Debbie agreed. We both left our clothes at Lindsay and Ron's, enjoyed the naked car ride home, and agreed to come back to my girlfriend's pool the next day for more wine, more sun, and more personal fun!

**Nude in My Girlfriend's Pool Pt. 03**

After a day of naked fun in Lindsay and Ron's pool with my friend Debbie (see Nude in My Girlfriend's Pool Pt. 2), I waited until the very large quantity of wine we both had consumed had worn off (at least for me) before driving back to my place. Night had fallen by then and Debbie was still pleasantly drunk, so it didn't take much convincing to get her to leave her clothes at Lindsay and Ron's and take a short naked car ride home with me.  
  
Since Debbie's husband was overseas on business, I thought it better for Debbie to spend the night on my couch instead of driving home. Since Debbie passed out on the couch as soon as we walked in the front door of my house, I didn't find out how she felt about my decision or any of her feelings about what she had done during that day.  
  
Although she was married and in her late 40s, Debbie still had a wonderful figure, with great legs, a full bosom and a dancer's butt. But she was still somewhat of a prude. So, I wondered if she'd ever, in her entire life, gotten totally drunk, taken off all her clothes out doors, masturbated, gone swimming and then spent the night on someone else's couch. I imagine that was a lot for her to take in.  
  
I propped her head up with a pillow, covered her with a lightweight blanket, turned off the lights and went off to bed. The next morning, I woke up at my usual time feeling well-rested and refreshed, without the slightest trace of a hangover. I tiptoed nude past Debbie, who was still asleep on the couch, and into my kitchen where I made a pot of coffee. When it was ready, I poured myself a big mug, went into my home office, and logged into my computer to check my email.  
  
As had happened the last time I'd gone over to Lindsay's house, there was an email from her with a private link to a video. Ron had once again uploaded the security camera footage from his pool area. But before I had a chance to click on the link, I heard Debbie moaning something along the lines of "oh, my aching head." A moment later, she was standing in my office, her nude body wrapped in the blanket I had used to cover.  
  
"Is that coffee?" she asked, her hand pressed agains the side of her head as if to keep her brains from falling out.  
  
"Good morning!" I said, cheerfully.  
  
"Shhhhh! Quiet!" replied Debbie.  
  
Debbie gently took my mug of coffee from my hand. She took a long drink, struggling to keep her blanket around her. Finally, not spilling her coffee won out over modesty. She was standing there in the nude, just like me.  
  
"I'm happy to see you've joined my clothes free club," I said.  
  
Debbie pulled up a chair next to mine, crossed her legs, and drank more of my coffee. "Have you seen my clothes? I did have clothes when I got her yesterday, didn't I?"  
  
Obviously not remembering anything from the day before after the drinking started and not believing a word of what I told her about how she'd gotten totally drunk and nude in my girlfriend's pool, I chose that moment to click on the video link and spare myself the rest of the explanation.  
  
Debbie nearly spit up her coffee when she saw herself nude and masturbating on a lounge chair in broad daylight. I made sure she heard the part where I said, "You do know you're being watched and recorded," and she replied, ""Who cares? I don't know them."  
  
"What am I going to do?" asked Debbie. "What if my husband sees that? Or my children?"  
  
I rested my hand on her bare knee reassuringly. "You have nothing to worry about. Ron and I have a little secret he knows I will reveal to Lindsay if he ever shows that video to anyone except me or Lindsay."  
  
Debbie let out a sigh of relief, uncrossed her legs, and casually started fingering her clit. I noticed that she generally seemed more relaxed. "Gawd, that's such a turn on to watch!" she exclaimed. "I've never done anything like that before. I mean, I was naked. Outside. Drunk. And masturbating when I knew someone could be watching." She drained the rest of the coffee mug and added, "I've taken a giant leap this weekend." And then as a sly smile came over her face she said, "So, what do you have planned for us for today?"  
  
All I could do was smile. It seemed as if Debbie had experienced a sexual awakening - and all because of me! Now, the question was, how far would she go. "We're going back to Lindsay and Ron's to get their mail, check on the place and use the pool. I'll tell you all about it when we get there."  
  
Debbie wrapped the blanket around her and casually headed for the door. I threw on a t-shirt but no undies, grabbed my license and keys and was right behind her. We drove to Ron and Lindsay's, got the mail, and went inside - where Debbie found her shirt, shorts and bikini neatly folded on the kitchen table. "So, that's where I left my clothes," she said.  
  
"Put your shirt and shorts on. You won't need the bikini," I said.  
  
As if in a trance, Debbie put on her clothes. Her nipples were hard and clearly visible through the shirt. Her hand casually dropped between her legs and she stayed rubbing herself again.  
  
I told her I had texted Tom, a guy I knew from Club Jack, a place where I worked when I was in college. Club Jack was a "no touching" club where worked in the nude as a "hostess" and chatted with men while they jacked off. It was a good way to make money without doing very much and at the time, I desperately needed the money to pay for college.  
  
Tom and two other guys, Bill and Mike, were on their way over. I told Ron they'd be coming over and he didn't mind because he knew all three of them from Club Jack. The only one who didn't know about Club Jack was Lindsay. And that was the secret Ron and I shared.  
  
Just then, the doorbell rang. I told Debbie, "Follow my lead."  
  
We greeted Tom, Bill, and Mike at the door. All three were men in their mid-fifties, all generally in good shape, and all married. "This is Debbie," I said, introducing Debbie to the guys. Tom took Debbie's hand and kissed it. Bill and Mike simply shook her hand politely.  
  
"Let's all go sit by the pool," I said. I handed Debbie a bunch of towels, grabbed a couple of lukewarm bottles of water from the pantry, and followed everyone out to the pool. We all sat around on towels and chit chatted for a few minutes - Debbie and me on one lounge chair and the three guys in individual lounge chairs. After a bit of listening to the men complain about how hot it was getting, I took my bottle of water and poured it on my shirt and shorts. The material became almost see-through and now my nipples and hairless pussy were visible for all to see. Debbie followed my lead. The guys' faces lit up as the warm water from the bottle revealed her huge aureolas and the landing strip between her legs. Before you could say "perky nipples," Tom, Bill and Mike had removed all of their clothing and were sitting on towels on their chairs fully nude, stroking their cocks.  
  
I could see that Debbie was still in a bit of a trance as she watched three mature men masturbating in front of her. While the guys continued to stroke, I pulled my top off over my head, letting my breasts fall free, and slipped off my shorts. I sat back down next to Debbie, opening and closing my legs to give the guys a better view. They stroked faster.  
  
Debbie had a wide-eyed look on her face and she couldn't take her eyes off their cocks. I bent down in front of Debbie to pull off her shorts, giving the guys a clear view of her naked pussy and a nice look at mine from behind. Then, I sat down behind her on the lounger, gently removing her shirt by pulling it up off her now-raised arms and over her head. I began to massage her neck and shoulders, never losing eye contact with the guys, who were really getting more and more aroused by this.  
  
So was I. And so was Debbie.  
  
Debbie was now making little circles on her clit with one hand and playing with her nipples with the other, alternately rubbing each breast with her thumb, increasing in speed as more time passed. I sat down next to Debbie and did exactly the same thing. The guys had big smiles on their faces.  
  
A short while later, Debbie moaned with pleasure. Tom, Bill and Mike shot their loads onto their towels. Debbie and I stood up. I took her by the hand, and we both jumped into the pool. A moment later, the guys joined us. We all swam around in the nude for a few minutes before I let the guys know that it was time for them to dry off, get dressed, and go home.  
  
Back in the house, Debbie and I wore only towels as I walked Tom, Bill and Mike to the door. They thanked us for a fun time. Alone a few moments later on the patio and still nude, Debbie and I sipped chilled wine from the fridge. Debbie said she this was a "freeing" experience for her and that she really enjoyed herself. That sounded like an understatement to me.  
  
I opened an envelope and handed Debbie six $100 bills, which was half of the money Tom had given me on his way out the door.  
  
"What's this?" she asked. "Your share of our tip," I replied.  
  
"Tip?" Debbie was genuinely surprised. "Six hundred bucks for sitting around in the nude for an hour and watching three guys jack off?"  
  
"Well," I chuckled, "We did masturbate for them." Debbie said, "True." She tool a long sip of wine. "But I enjoyed it, too!"  
  
We clinked our glasses and finished the wine that remained in them. I poured us both another glass and said, "Oh, I almost forgot. Bill said Tom told him he'd tip $500 next time if you would let him cum on your breasts."  
  
Debbie almost spit up her wine. "Seriously?"  
  
I nodded. Debbie took in a deep breath and let it out slowly. "Well, let me think about it," she said. Then, she pointed to a security camera. "I guess we gave Ron a good show."  
  
"Nope," I said, smiling slyly. "I turned off the cameras when we got here."  
  
We clinked glasses again and drank some more. Debbie looked at her now empty glass. I refilled it for her. "You're trying to get me drunk again."  
  
I just smiled, put down my wine glass, waded into the water and swam nude in my girlfriend's pool.