**Skinny Dipping with the Boys**

by Cheryl

Sometimes life teaches you a lesson. When I was fifteen, I learned that even when life seems to hand you a bag of crap, sometimes it can turn out great if you are willing to go with the flow and try to make the best of things.

My best friend Alicia and her family moved at the end of the school year, and I was devastated. I missed her so much it was physically painful. She and I were closer than sisters, and the move was so sudden. Her mom got a promotion, but it meant relocating from Illinois to Virginia. Less than a month later, they were gone. My closest confidant, my buddy from the swim team, my sounding board, and fellow mischief maker – gone.

At the end of that summer I flew out to visit. I was my first time alone on a plane, and the hits, as they say, just kept coming. The airline lost my suitcase, so all I had were the yoga pants, running shoes, bra and t-shirt I'd worn on the flight. And Alicia was taking classes over the summer to help her transition to the new school, which meant that I didn't get to spend that first day with her at all.

She loaned me a pair of capris and a fresh t-shirt. She was taller, and a little bigger in the waist than me, but with a belt the pants fit fine, if a little high on my hips, although they were closer to pedal pushers than they were designed to be. Thankfully, I had stuffed my one-piece practice suit into my carry-on at the last minute in case we wanted to do a swimming workout together. Although we're close, I'm not really "wear your panties" close with anyone, so I decided to wear my racing suit under my clothes rather than borrow panties from her. So, she left for school, and I was stuck spending the day with her sixteen-year-old brother and a couple of his friends. Alex and I got along fine, but I would have preferred to be with Alicia. I missed her so much, and wanted that familiar comfort of best friends. Alex and I were chummy, but not exactly close. We had never actually hung out without Alicia before.

Alex introduced me to Jamal and Mike, who were both pretty cute, and we decided to go for a bike ride, to show me around the little town. After a while, we stopped and bought some bottles of water, and then decided to head to the woods to ride on a bike trail there.

The trail was peaceful and beautiful, but riding was very difficult. It was more a hiking trail, with exposed roots and uneven ground, and soon we had chained our bikes up to a tree off the path and were walking along, chatting about what life in Chicago was like compared to life in the countryside of Virginia. Mike and Jamal pulled us off the trail, and I could tell that Alex was a little apprehensive, but followed along as we made our way down a hillside, tramping through increasingly green ground-cover as the trees thinned, allowing more sunlight through.

About 10 minutes after leaving the trail, I could hear the tinkling of flowing water, and soon I saw that a little spring-fed brook fed into a tiny pond in the middle of this forest. This little body of water was almost perfectly round, no more than thirty feet across, crystal clear, and reminiscent of the sea on a trip I'd taken to the Caribbean with my mom a few years prior. Standing on the pier, we’d been able to see straight down 20 feet to the sandy bottom. This day, standing on the grassy, rocky shore of the tiny, hidden pond in the Virginia countryside, I could see the gently sloping mud bottom that dropped to a depth of no more than six or eight feet near the center. It was absolutely gorgeous.

"Do you want to go swimming?" Jamal asked as I marveled.

"Swimming?" I replied. I was concerned about wildlife. Although I could see no fish in the transparent water, I had an irrational moment of fear of alligators sunning on the far shore, although I knew no such animals lived in Virginia.

"In the country out here, folks just skinny dip," Mike said confidently, misinterpreting the apprehension in my tone.

"Skinny dip?" I repeated. The concept was familiar to me, but not making sense in context. I wasn’t catching on to their mood yet.

"Yeah, it’s no big deal," Jamal said kindly.

I looked quizzically toward Alex, trying to understand what was being said. I’m not normally this slow, but such a thing had never been suggested to me before, and was quite a foreign concept. Why would we skinny dip? Were they serious? Do people really just get naked and go swimming here? Alicia had never mentioned anything like that to me, and that’s not something she’d have ignored. Plus, I was still concerned about animals. Were there snakes or anything? And, come to think of it, I was wearing a suit under my clothes!

"Um," Alex said, turning his head. I caught a sharp look from Jamal and Mike, just for a fleeting second, and it looked like Alex flushed slightly. "Yeah, it's no big deal. If you want to swim," he finished lamely.

"So, like... swim naked?" I asked, a little nervous now, but still confident that I would not be stripping down regardless.

"Sure," Jamal said, trying for nonchalance and only just failing. "You come out on a nice day, you don't have your suit, so you just go bare."

"And if you do have your suit?" I asked, fighting a smile.

"No big deal, then," replied Mike.

"So you guys do this a lot?" I asked Alex. The nervousness in my voice was not faked.

"Um," he replied, looking to Jamal, who nodded ever so slightly. "Sure. All the time." It was obvious to me now that the other guys had put him up to this. Probably planned when they learned I’d be coming, and that Alicia would be in school. I decided to play along, to see where this was headed.

"Why not just wear your shorts? Or your underwear?" I asked quietly, not looking them in the eye, playing up my natural shyness. "I don't know if I could go naked!"

"You ever try to ride a bike in this kind of heat with wet underwear?" Jamal explained, trying again for casual confidence. He smelled victory. "Very uncomfortable. Chaffing."

"As hot as it gets in the summer, it's so uncomfortable, so we just strip off, swim around a bit, then get dressed and go on our way," Mike added.

"And you do this with girls?" I inquired, again looking at Alex. I was now convinced that they were trying to talk me into getting naked, but I still wasn't sure what the rest of the ploy was – if they were planning to strip off themselves in order to see me – but I was curious to find out, and it seemed like something I could have fun with if they were serious.

"All the time," he replied meekly, not meeting my eyes.

"Wow," I said, still playing my part. I was just SO going to bust these guys! "Maybe I'll just wade in a little. Up to my knees or something," I offered, trying to look embarrassed, but kicking off my running shoes and stuffing my socks into them. I didn't want this subject to drop just yet, since I knew that I was keeping my suit on regardless. I wanted to see how far they'd take this, and if I started acting like I was willing to entertain the idea, I knew they'd keep pressing.

"Oh, come on," prodded Jamal, pulling his shirt off. "It's cool. Don't act like a little kid. We do this all the time!"

Now they were trying to shame me into it. I couldn't fight the grin that passed across my face as I saw Mike pull his shirt off while giving a stern look to Alex, who slowly copied his friends. All three guys had very nice bodies, and Jamal’s abs were absolutely cut.

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took a deep breath, and looked up, straight at them. I was now standing sideways to the water, facing the three guys. "How do I know you're going to swim with me?" I asked, trying to make it sound like I was thinking about it. To further demonstrate that I wasn't completely unwilling, I undid my hair tie and pulled my hair into a high-pony, which would help keep it dry.

"What, you think we'd do that to you?" asked Jamal, offended, but slightly overacting.

Another deep breath, and I fought back my grin. "If you go first," I agreed just above a whisper, "we'll all go swimming." The apprehension in my voice was as real as could be – I had no idea what was going to happen, and the butterflies in my stomach were very active at the moment.

Jamal had the worst poker face of the three guys. He couldn't disguise his glee that I was going along with this, and he couldn't wait to get his pants off. He smiled hugely as he kicked off his basketball shoes, tore his socks off his feet, and then dragged his shorts and boxers to the ground in what must have been record time. I guess that I never really expected it – never fully anticipated that they would actually do it. I knew that they were just trying to get me naked, and figured that they would keep pushing me to take something off before they would strip, and they’d find out I was wearing my suit. Before I even realized what was happening, I had seen my first real-life penis. And then it was gone, as he spun on the spot and ran into the water.

Mike, buoyed by his friend’s boldness, kicked off his own shoes and socks, then pulled his shorts and underwear off as well, covering himself with his hands and allowing me only the most brief glimpse. Alex hesitated as Mike turned and splashed into the water, my still-shocked stare burning into his nude backside.

"Come on!" They yelled, egging Alex and me on a bit, their bodies becoming slightly more visible as the ripples in the water calmed slightly.

"On three?" I suggested to Alex, making eye contact as I undid the belt and then the button on my borrowed capris.

"One, two..." He said as he hooked his thumbs into his own shorts, and stepped out of his flip flops.

"Three!" I called, yanking my capris down. The t-shirt was long, mostly covering my suit. They would think they were seeing blue panties. Alex followed me, his slightly stiff penis springing into view, bouncing slightly as the elastic of his basketball shorts descended his thighs. Faster than the other two, he turned and dashed into the water, giving me a great view of another muscular butt.

Calmly I picked up all the discarded clothes and deposited them a little up-hill where there was less chance of them getting wet. Meanwhile, the guys called to me and half-heartedly splashed water at me. I turned to face them and pulled off my shirt, smiling widely as I watched the realization hit their faces as they took in my swimsuit. I had totally played them.

"I don't think I could have gone skinny dipping," I laughed, skipping down to the water. "I guess it wasn't so bad that the airline lost my suitcase and all my underwear. I wouldn't have had to wear my racing suit today!"

As the guys’ initial disappointment faded, they began to see the humor in the situation. They never stopped trying to talk me into stripping off my suit, and I never stopped peering down into the water, getting a brief glimpse, causing them to blush and swim away, giving me a great view of a bare butt. I swam around a bit in the cool water, luxuriating in the beauty of the surroundings and the excitement of the naked boys, but then retreated to the short grass along the shore to lay in the sun, allowing my suit to dry faster, partially with the hope that one or more of them would follow me out. I wanted to be on higher ground when they finally climbed out of the water. The guys, embarrassed as they realized my position, delayed their exit from the pond and continued to swim and splash around. As they dove and frolicked I was treated to great visuals of bare butts breaking the water’s surface, and the occasional hint of wiener as one guy or another came up in too-shallow water.

"I think I want to get going soon," I called out casually, after my suit was mostly dry. I strolled over to our clothes, pulled on my t-shirt, and sat on the ground on my pants. I knew they would have to come toward me, and I was determined to get a good last look. Even though my racing suit provided very full coverage, with a higher crew neck, high arm holes and low leg openings down the hips, I wanted to be more dressed for this final act in the day’s show.

Jamal, once again, proved the most daring, and walked straight at me, unashamed. Seeing him there, the sunlight playing on the water droplets decorating his dark skin, collecting and then running off his dangling penis, inspiration struck. "You guys are going to have to dry off before you can get dressed," I reminded them. "Chaffing."

Jamal stopped short, looking genuinely nervous for the first time, and his hands moved to cover himself. "Or was that all talk?" I asked innocently.

Mike was only half out of the water, holding one hand tightly to his manhood, and the two naked boys exchanged a long look. Alex clambered quickly out of the water, impressively nimble considering that he was using both hands to completely cover himself, and sat downhill from me, facing the water. Jamal and Mike copied their friend, and turned their backs on me to sit side by side just above the water's edge. Smiling, I stood. Quickly but silently I moved the clothes farther up hill and pulled on my capris. As casually as I could, I strolled toward them. "You're not going to dry off very well if you stay all hunched over like that," I criticized, nodding toward them. Each guy had adopted the same position, with his legs curled up to his chest, ankles crossed, and arms wrapped around his knees.

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"I'm hungry, and I want to get going," I complained, whining just a little bit, but trying not to cross that line into annoying. Lay back, let the sun hit you, and you'll be dry in five minutes. I was dry in less than ten minutes, and I had my suit on!" I explained, unable to hide the mirth in my voice. "It's no big deal, right? Or are you going to act like little kids?" I repeated their own words back to them, and they had the desired effect.

This time it was Mike who acted first. I saw the resignation on his face as he relaxed. First his arms, and then the rest of his body, and then he finally laid back, one hand covering his manhood. He blushed deeply, down his neck and into his chest. Almost instantly my eyes were drawn to that one area of his body that he most wanted to hide from my gaze. The smile on my face was impossible to deny.

Jamal grinned, and seemed to realize that I was enjoying myself, and threw caution to the wind. He hesitated a moment, then laid back, one leg raised and arms folded behind his head in an attempt at a casual pose. I could see how tense he was, and now forced his air of nonchalance was, but at that moment I didn’t care. If it was possible, my smile grew wider. Alex finally relented, and rolled his eyes at me as I smiled brightly and winked at him. His blush was deep and he closed his eyes and laid back, exposing himself to me. He had a full erection, stiff, hovering off his belly, bouncing ever so slightly in time with his rapid heartbeat.

My reaction was based on the shock of it, so unexpected. I had never thought to see him hard. I gasped, and then instantly a giggle broke from my throat.

At first, embarrassed, Alex covered himself, but after I smiled, and then looked pointedly down at his hands, his face reddened slightly as he laid back again, arms behind his head, and closed his eyes. Mike, fully realizing my interest now, copied Alex’s position, and to my surprise, slowly began to erect as I watched, fascinated. Jamal seemed more in control, but soon he, too, was rising. In under two minutes all three guys were sporting full-on boners, and then all pretense of modesty disappeared. Alex was the first to his feet, but the others quickly followed. Now they were all vying for my attention, and I was being treated to a fantastic display. The guys ran around, did handstands and cartwheels, and Mike even picked up a small stone, and using his boner like a catapult, launched the pebble into the lake.

Almost unconsciously, every minute or so, Alex would grab himself and stroke a couple of times, then release and run off to do some other athletic act. At first I didn’t understand, but quickly figured out that he was jerking it! If the other guys noticed, they didn’t find it odd, nor did they comment. I would have expected to be disgusted, but instead I was enthralled. Every time his hand grasped his hard Dick, I would be riveted. Every time he released it, I would feel slightly disappointed.

Everywhere I looked, my eyes fell upon a treat of male flesh. Of course there were penises. Boners all around, it seemed. Fascinating and new to me, they could not escape my notice. But there was so much more, too. A strong chest and shoulders here, powerful legs there, well defined arms and a flat, sculpted tummy over there. And butts. Round, muscular, smooth. Sexy. I tried to memorize the way their bodies looked as they twisted and turned, to see the way the tendons in their hips seemed to point inward, drawing my eyes to their erections. I watched how their balls, pulled tight to their bodies because of the chilly water, still bounced and swayed as they ran and jumped.

I noticed, too, their tan lines, and observed that all three boys' low-rise shorts would not completely cover their penises were they to erect in them without adjusting – a few inches of dick extended up each boys' stomach past that line separating lighter from darker skin. Alex's racing suit afforded him the smallest tan lines, low on his body, high on his legs. Jamal and Mike obviously wore board shorts, their thighs as undarkened by the sun as their butts.

Overwhelmed, unable to look everywhere I wanted to, I retreated and sat on the grass near their clothes, a smile firmly in place as they gamboled around in the sunshine, their nude, lithe forms spinning, turning, bouncing and flexing just for me. Pleased with this improved vantage point, I pulled my knees up, my bare feet in the damp grass, content with the world, and half wished that Alicia was with me to see this, while also reveling in the fact that this was my own private treat.

Jamal broke my revere as he called out to me to get my attention as he managed a perfect handstand, his erection now pointing to the ground, his balls pulling tighter, separating slightly as gravity tugged at them. Alex ran past, knocked him to the ground as he laughed, then dropped into a deep squat, flexed all his muscles and contorted his face in a war-cry.

I watched their backs, their arms, their butts – their bodies – as they ran around, called for my attention, and showed off with their athleticism, as each boy wanted to be the center of my focus. I noticed the pull of each muscle in their chests, the way their flat stomachs flexed and stretched, and the metronomic effect of their erections as they pointed upwards, swayed left and right, bounced up and down, and pulled against gravity with each step and jump.

Having seen only a passing glance of penis in an episode of Game of Thrones or two, or the line drawings that were part of sex ed and biology classes, I had never before realized the variety, nor the subtlety of some of the differences. Jamal and Alex both, when seen in profile, curved back inward toward their bodies, and reminded me of parentheses. Mike, on the other hand, was rigidly straight. Jamal had a slight bend to the right that started halfway up his shaft.

I committed to memory everything about them. Jamal, with his thick black hair that covered the area above the base of his Dick and lightly dusted his balls, and his long, solid looking boner with a purple vein prominent on the left. A thick ridge separated the head, which tapered to the end, with a small, very visible hole.

Mike had light blonde hair, fine and sparse, that glistened golden in the sunlight, and his testicles appeared barren of even peach fuzz. His was less than half an inch shorter than Alex’s, and close in girth to Jamal’s; an amalgamation. His light skin turned darker, so the end of his erection was deep purple, and the head was wider and flatter than his peers – almost heart-shaped – with his hole very prominent.

And then there was Alex, who I’d known for years. It was still strange, yet somehow more exciting, to see him like this. He had dark brown hair, cropped tightly to his manhood, obviously trimmed for his place on the swim team. His legs and stomach were shaved bare, and his balls only appeared half a shade darker for the smattering of trimmed hair sprouting there. His erection was not exactly cylindrical, but more so than the other two, and the added girth made him appear heavier somehow, yet the angle of ascent was still sharp, holding his boner up, toward the sky. The ridge around the head was more subtle than Mike’s, with the coloring changing only slightly – light to dark, like a mild suntan. And his hole, too, was different, higher, so it was harder to see at times, and seemed smaller.

After too short a time, the vibrating alarm on my phone reminded me that Alicia was going to be home from summer school soon, and so it was with more than a bit of regret that I pulled on my socks and shoes while I wistfully gazed at the boys. Mike and Jamal attempted back-to-back handstands, their feet the only parts of their bodies that touched one another, while both of their boners strained towards the ground in near-perfect profile to me. I stood, happy and content with how the day had played out for me, and slowly walked down to join them, now able to eye their bodies from much closer up, and from different angles. I tried a handstand myself as the naked boys continued to frolic in the summer sun. Upside down, seeing Jamal’s balls from beneath as he stabilized my feet, I giggled, secretly amused that I was now wearing shoes and socks too. Alex continued his unconscious stroking, and I remained fascinated by all of it.

I spent another few minutes running and cartwheeling with them, and I allowed all three of them to hold my feet as I further perfected my handstand, and I taught them how to do a proper round-off. Now in their midst, I could see more details. Alex’s pee hole, for example, was smaller but seemed to stand more open than his peers, especially when he would tug on himself. Jamal had a small amount of clear fluid coating the top of his, which I later discovered is called “pre-cum.” Mike, now fully dry after swimming, had more hair on his balls than I’d originally thought, but it was so light and blonde that it had been difficult to see from a distance.

Finally, reluctantly, I trudged back up the hill and tossed the guys their clothes. Although they'd been naked and out of the water for close to 45 minutes, I was still sad that my little show was coming to an end.

We all laughed most of the way back home and remembered the afternoon. I mostly busted the guys chops for their failed plan to see a naked girl, and poked lighthearted fun at the fact that their boners had allowed me to clearly see that they had enjoyed it. Alex begged me not to tell his sister, and I knew almost immediately that I would keep it a secret. I didn’t tell him that until we were almost all the way home. It was too much fun to tease him.

The guys were very good sports about it all – better than I expected. I couldn’t help but let them know that I’d very much enjoyed the day’s fun, and referred often to the beautiful scenery they’d shown me.

When we got home I found my suitcase waiting for me – the airline had delivered it ten minutes after Alex and I had left for the day. And not five minutes later, Alicia arrived home from school.