Susie Can’t Keep Her Clothes On ptI—The Swimming Pool

Coyote was not a nice man. But he was thorough. He couldn’t remember why he’d chosen Susie—he’d probably spotted her in a restaurant waitressing—but he knew why he was following her. Walking down the street, her shoulder-length brown hair swinging in time with her well-formed ass in tight denim shorts, and her floral print bag slung over her shoulder, she provided a feast to the eyes. But it was nothing compared with what she’d be providing later.

Susie ducked out of the bright sunlight and into the lobby. She flashed her card at the desk and headed back toward the changing rooms. The smell of chlorine filled her nose, and she could hear the splashing and shouting from the pool. It sounded a little crowded today. She quickly changed into her new string bikini, tying it into place as she inspected the dark blue fabric and the way it complimented her curves. She looked good. Grinning, she cupped her breasts briefly and admired herself before heading for the shower.

Coyote had been watching Susie since she came out into the pool area; he’d seen her climb up out of the pool, dripping wet, and lie down in one of the poolside loungers to take some sun. Quickly, he scouted the rest of the pool area until his eyes fell upon a redhead in a green two-piece. She had a hard set to her eyes, and the corner of her mouth was pulled up in an unfriendly way. Perfect! He climbed out of his own chair and made his way toward her. She spotted him and watched him suspiciously as he approached; he smiled at her as brightly as he could manage.

“Hey there, is your name…” And here he faltered and looked uncertain, as if he’d forgotten the name, then smiled at her hopefully. She had lovely brown eyes, he thought to himself.

She smirked and nodded, thrusting her chin forward and tipping her head to look up at him. “Maria. Why, did we go to school together, or some lame pick up line like that?”

Coyote chuckled and shook his head. “Naw. No, you’re way out of my league, Maria. I was just curious because Susie over there,” he subtly pointed with his thumb, “in the blue suit was saying that you were a huge bitch. And I can tell already that’s simply not true.”

Her eyes blazed as she targeted Susie, eyes closed and sunning herself. As she started down the poolside, Coyote stepped in front of her, putting a hand on her bare shoulder. “Don’t worry,” he said reassuringly, “I’ll take care of her.” And when she pushed past him, he made it look like he was trying to stop her. And then he followed close behind her, trying not to grin.

With a kick to the leg of Susie’s lounge, Maria growled “Get up! Get out of that chair before I yank you out!”

Confused, Susie looked up and awkwardly found her feet. “What… Who are you, and what’s your problem?” She was still too muddled to notice Coyote positioning himself behind her.

Maria shook her head curtly. “Oh no. Don’t try to play dumb. I heard all about what you’ve been saying about me, and you’re gonna knock that shit off.”

Susie opened her mouth to respond, but before she could get a word out, she’d already been slapped twice. Her mouth stung as she stumbled backward into Coyote’s arms. He frowned sternly at Maria as his fingers deftly, subtly worked the knots at the neck and back of Susie’s bikini. “Hey now, that’s enough! Back off!”

Feeling that justice had more or less been served and face had been saved, Maria pointed a threatening finger at Susie and then turned away. Working carefully at the ties on Susie’s hips, Coyote turned her around. “Are you okay?” he asked, concerned. When she nodded, he said “I think you should give her a little distance for now,” and gently steered her toward the diving boards.

She was finally beginning to collect her thoughts as she climbed the ladder to the medium height dive. What a mean girl! That man was nice, at least. When she reached the top of the ladder, she hitched up the back of her suit—it had begun to slip a little—and headed for the end of the board.

She did her usual two-bounce prep, and with the first bounce she felt a dramatic loosening. Before she could catch her suit, the second bounce had knocked both pieces completely off. She was utterly naked up there on the board, watching her top fall into the pool. The bottoms were sliding off the side of the diving board! Panicked, she tried to put one hand over her breasts, another between her legs and grab her bottoms with a third. Alas, the tiny scrap of fabric protecting her from utter mortification fell away, landing on the lower board.

Oh God! At least nobody had noticed…. except that teenage boy in the pool who just saw her bra in the pool and was now looking directly at her. And then pointing her out to his friends. They hooted and laughed, and then everybody was looking to see what the commotion was about. And the commotion was about Susie, curled up and naked at the end of the diving board, her face flushed. And to her great horror, she could feel her nipple stiffening under her hand. This could not be happening!

Somebody had grabbed her top out of the water and was offering to return it ‘if she gave them a show’. And that awful girl in the green swimsuit was sitting on the lower board now, waving her bottoms! She crawled back toward the ladder, trying to keep as much of herself covered as possible. And at the bottom was that nice man, waving her down, with a large towel. A towel! She could cover herself up, and everybody would stop looking at her naked body!

But she needed both hands to climb down, and so she was fully exposed to most everybody until she got to the bottom of the ladder, and the shouts and laughter made her blush even harder. When she stepped off, Coyote draped the towel around her and the crowd booed him. But he flipped them all off good naturedly as he steered Susie back toward the changing room. “It’s all right, dear,” he murmured to her quietly as everybody watched her walk around the pool, only the towel protecting her from once again being completely exposed, “It’s all over now.”

Coyote was a liar.

Susie Can’t Keep Her Clothes On II

Skinny Dipping

Dawn was drawing near, and Susie was lying in her tent, bare ass naked, her hand tracing frustrated circles along her inner thigh. This would be the second day of camping, she and Kimmy and Sharon in the mountains, surrounded by evergreens. They’d stayed up far too late last night drinking and talking with the two guys in the campsite next to theirs, but while everybody else had quickly drifted off to sleep afterward, Susie was wide awake. She was thinking of the incident at the swimming pool, when she had lost her suit in front of everyone until Mr. Coyote had wrapped her in a towel and taken her to the changing room.

 And despite the humiliation, the embarrassment of being completely exposed in front of everybody at the pool, she had been… a little excited. Well. A lot excited. The idea of people seeing her, humiliated and aroused, her erect nipples, her wet pussy, was making her—

 She sat up suddenly, and peeped out the door of the tent. Nobody was moving yet. She slipped on a pair of shorts, a t-shirt, and a pair of sandals and then slipped out of her tent. She knew there was a pool nearby, secluded and away from the trail. She was going to hike to the pool, somewhere safe, and she was going to skinny dip! Nobody would see her, naked in the water. But they \*could\*. The thought was already exciting her.

 At the water’s edge, she kicked off her sandals and then looked around nervously (just in case) before peeling off her shirt and skinning off her shorts, tucking them under a bush. There! She was completely naked, under the sky, in front of god and everyone! The guys from the other campsite had been eyeing her all last night, looking at her body. What would they do if they could see it now?

 After a minute of posing on the shore, she giggled and quickly dove into the water. It was so very cold, and it wasn’t very long before the reality of the chilly early morning water overcame the fantasy and she reluctantly swam back to shore. She’d forgotten a towel, but she was sure she’d dry off on the way back to camp. She crouched next to the bush, long wet hair dripping down, and that was when she discovered that her shorts and shirt were missing.

 She panicked. There was no gentle way to put it. She tore around the area, crouched low, one hand covering herself between her legs as she poked at other nearby bushes, or anywhere else she might have accidentally put her clothes.But no, they were nowhere to be seen. Somebody had taken them. Somebody who might STILL BE HERE. She straightened up, looking around in a panic. But she didn’t see anybody. Nobody jumped out to point and laugh.

 Slipping into her sandals, she threw her arms up to cover herself as best she could and skulked back toward camp. Every noise in the underbrush, every bird calling, startled her and she cringed. Finally, she found herself back at camp. Everybody was still in their tent, sleeping it off, and she crept silently back into her tent.

 There, on her sleeping bag, neatly folded, was her shirt and shorts. Next to them was her cel phone. The message light was blinking red.