**The Empress' New Clothes**

by[HeyYoureThatGuy](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=5492672&page=submissions)©

Melonie pushed away from her computer and rubbed her eyes. The lines of code she wrote had started to blend into one another. It was almost 5 PM anyway. After spending eight hours staring at a screen, she wanted to enjoy one of her favorite things—the feel of summer sun on her skin.  
  
As much as she loved the sun, though, the sun didn't love her back. Her skin was so pale that she turned lobster red unless she coated herself in SPF 50 sunscreen. She peeled off her work clothes, a pair of yoga pants and a tank top. One of the advantages of working from home was the lax dress-code. She put her long, wavy black hair in a ponytail to keep it out of the way before applying an SPF chapstick to her full lips. Then she picked up a bottle of sunblock and smeared some over her button nose and high cheekbones. She made sure her entire heart-shaped face was protected, careful not to get any in her large brown eyes. She continued down her long neck, then her slim but toned arms and legs, before moving to her back and round ass. She worked up to her taut stomach that showed just the faintest lines of defined muscle. Lastly, she coated her bell-shaped breasts. They weren't huge, large enough she could fill out a sexy top, but not so large that going braless for the day was painful. She coated her light pink areola and large round nipples, even though her bikini would more than cover them. Her nipples were sensitive, and she just liked the little jolt it gave her.  
  
Once she was sufficiently protected from UVB rays, she pulled a green, tie-on bikini from her dresser. It was one of her favorites because it covered enough of her ass and C-cup boobs to be considered decent, but left just enough skin exposed that she still felt a little daring. She admired herself one last time in the mirror. It was moments like these that made her believe the pain of a Brazilian wax was worth it.  
  
Her phone buzzed. She looked down and saw she'd received a text from her husband, Darren.  
  
Won't be home for dinner. Deal fell through and I've got a mess to clean up.  
  
Melonie pouted to herself. Darren worked as a real estate attorney, and sometimes his work swallowed him up. But added to her income, it did allow them to afford this house in a nice neighborhood, only a fifteen-minute walk from the beach. During the summer, Melonie went to the beach often enough to recognize the regulars. Those who were her closest neighbors she even knew by name.  
  
She slipped on a pair of sandals to save her feet from the burning sand, as well as a sun hat and a large pair of movie star sunglasses to protect her eyes from the sun's glare. Melonie grabbed her beach bag and folding chair as she stepped out the back door of her house. The lawn was starting to get a little overgrown, but they had enough secrecy with their high fence not to hear complaints from the homeowners association. The mowing could wait for the weekend.  
  
When Melonie arrived at the beach, she saw several of her neighbors dotted along the sand. She spotted Sheryl and Zack sitting close to the water. She gave them both a wave and a smile. Sheryl was a very petite little woman, barely 5 feet tall. She had dishwater blond hair, a plain face, and an almost flat chest. Zack, on the other hand, was 6'5" and very broad-shouldered. Melonie was often curious about how they accomplished sex. Even if Zack were just proportionally endowed, he'd probably split his tiny wife in half. But she kept those questions to herself. They'd only known each other socially for about a year. The couple had been the first to introduce themselves when Melonie and Darren moved in just after getting married. They chatted for a moment before Melonie just sat back, enjoying the warmth of the sun. That, coupled with the rhythm of the choppy waves, had her drifting on the edge of sleep.  
  
"You still with us, Melonie?"  
  
She snapped back to consciousness to see Bill standing a few feet from her. Bill was their next-door neighbor and perhaps Darren's best friend. He seemed like a genuinely good guy, and she liked him well enough. She especially enjoyed the little thrill she got when she'd catch him checking her out. He tried his best not to look like he was—he was just terrible at hiding it. As was evident by how often he lost at cards, Bill had no poker-face.  
  
He was already setting down a towel, and he sat down quickly, probably to hide the evidence of the physical effects she was having on him. He looked a little ridiculous. Even though Bill lived in the same affluent neighborhood close to the beach, he never thought to invest in beach towels. Instead, he used bath towels—a very single-guy-living-alone type of choice.  
  
Bill was slim and tanned. She didn't find him super attractive but considered him more puppy-dog cute, with shaggy blond hair and blue eyes.  
  
Melonie's type was tall, well-muscled with dark eyes and dark hair. Luckily, she had married a man just like that.  
  
"I was actually getting close to falling asleep." Melonie sat up a little straighter in her chair.  
  
"I debated whether or not to bother you, but I figured if you were unconscious for too long, you might get a sunburn."  
  
She briefly considered torturing him by asking if he'd help her reapply sunscreen, but that seemed pretty close to crossing a line. She figured it would be best if she had a little swim and then headed home.  
  
"I should be okay for a little while longer, but thanks for the save." She stood, stretched somewhat dramatically, and said, "I'm gonna go into the water. Does anyone want to join me?"  
  
"Sure," Sheryl said, while Zack just shook his head no.  
  
Bill looked at her, drawing his knees up to his chest, "I'm gonna stay here for a while." Melonie could tell he was nervous.  
  
She took off her sunhat and glasses, setting them on her chair before slipping off her sandals and walking quickly to the water's edge. The wet sand didn't carry the same sting as the sand higher up the beach. The water splashing over her manicured toes was warm, almost like bathwater. Melonie and Sheryl waded out into the water until Melonie was neck deep, and Sheryl's feet hadn't been able to touch the ocean floor for a while.  
  
"Bill has it bad for you, doesn't he?" Sheryl asked, bobbing up and down in the water.  
  
"He's not great at hiding it."  
  
"Not at all!" Sheryl paused for a second. "Have you two ever—"  
  
"What? No. He's cute and all, but I'd never cheat on Darren."  
  
"I'm not talking about cheating, I—" The next wave was enough to pick Sheryl up and move her towards the shore.  
  
"Listen, the waves are getting bigger, maybe we should head in," Melonie said.  
  
Sheryl's eyes went wide, and from the pull of the water, Melonie didn't even have to turn her head to know a big wave was coming.  
  
She felt the pull of the undertow, right before the wave hit. It knocked her off her feet, and her world spun. When she came up, she couldn't see Sheryl. Her heart lurched, then she saw the small woman's head break the water's surface, just in time for the next wave to hit. Melonie had always been a strong swimmer. Sheryl, on the other hand, was struggling and coughing when her head breached the water again. Melonie swam towards her.  
  
Panic causes drowning, and drowning causes panic. It was a vicious cycle that Sheryl was stuck in. Although Melonie had lived close to the ocean most of her life and had heard more than once that if someone is drowning, you need to approach them from behind, watching Sheryl's head disappear beneath the waves blasted that knowledge from Melonie's brain.  
  
Sheryl made a mad grab for Melonie's arm. She missed and instead pulled hard on the green bikini top, just as another wave hit, tearing it completely off. Melonie was left with a choice: reach for her bikini top or a living person who might drown. It wasn't hard to decide. She abandoned her top and hung on to her sputtering and flailing neighbor. It was only because she was so small that she wasn't dragging Melonie under the waves.  
  
Melonie swam towards the shore, occasionally aided by the waves as they calmed again. Sheryl, however, didn't calm down. Her arms and legs continued to thrash. In all the struggle, something must have loosened the knot on the left side of the green bikini bottoms. Melonie could feel it flapping back and forth in the waves. She suddenly wished she had thicker thighs and a smaller thigh gap. That might have been enough to hold the bottoms up, but instead, they slipped further and further down her legs with each kick.  
  
Melonie had to choose again, her neighbor, or her modesty. She kept both her arms wrapped around the wriggling woman, and her bikini bottoms disappeared into the waves. Melonie was finally close enough to shore that she could stand on two feet. She carried Sheryl, half because she was still coughing and half because her tiny friend was a shield preventing the whole beach from seeing her naked.  
  
Zack noticed something was wrong. The panicked husband ran into the water, meeting Melonie when she was knee-deep in seawater. He grabbed his wife and practically tore her from Melonie's arms. He was so focused on his crying and coughing spouse that he didn't notice he had just completely exposed her rescuer to the small group of beachgoers made up mostly of her neighbors. They had gathered at the waterline, attracted by the commotion.  
  
Every one of them was doing their best not to stare, though many were failing. Melonie didn't know what to do. She froze. For a moment, no one seemed to move. Then Bill pushed through the crowd clutching a towel. As much as he probably would enjoy the view, he was a sweet guy and wouldn't leave her stranded, naked on the beach. Looking over the top of her head, doing his damndest not to take in her naked form, Bill waded through the water and handed her the towel. Melonie was grateful, but slightly less so when she realized he grabbed one of his own, much smaller towels. Then he turned around, partially blocking her from the onlookers' view. Melonie wrapped the towel around herself, clutching it to the side, so when it opened as she walked, it showed off the front of her thigh instead of putting her completely hairless lower lips on display for the crowd again. She stepped around him and made her way to shore, her cheeks turning red. No one made a single comment about what they had seen. They were too polite. As quickly as she could, she went to her stuff and slipped on her sandals. She made to grab for her chair, but realized the towel was too short and bending down would have shown her whole ass and at least some of her vulva. She couldn't even grab or switch to one of her large towels without flashing everyone again.  
  
She heard Bill's voice from behind her. "I got it." He folded her chair and picked up her bag. "Would you want me to walk with you to your house?"  
  
"Please. Thank you."  
  
As they were about to turn to leave, Sheryl ran up, still out of breath, but calmer. "I'm so sorry. I just panicked," she said, looking just about as red in the cheeks as Melonie's felt. "And thank you."  
  
Melonie tried to laugh it off and said, "I needed to buy a new bathing suit anyway."  
  
"I will buy it for you," Sheryl offered.  
  
"I appreciate the thought, but I'm fine. I'm just glad you're okay."  
  
Sheryl wrapped her arms around Melonie, nearly making her lose the towel.  
  
"It's really okay, Sheryl."  
  
"I owe you," she insisted.  
  
"I promise it's okay. I just need to get home and shower."  
  
Sheryl released her, and Melonie turned to walk home, Bill beside her. They walked in silence, her clutching the towel around her as he carried her belongings. She felt deeply embarrassed to have been exposed, but she also felt the same rush she got after going on a roller coaster. Only this time, when her heart was pounding in her chest, her blood seemed to be pumped almost exclusively to her rock hard nipples and very sensitized clit. She had just been stark naked in front of nearly a dozen people—not only people but her neighbors. And while some struggled, and even failed, the onlookers tried their best not to stare and made no mention of her nudity. Somehow, that thought set her heart beating faster.  
  
When they reached her back gate, Bill opened it for her and propped her belongings against the fence. She turned to him and said, "I really appreciate what you did there."  
  
Greatly exaggerating a southern drawl, he said, "Aw shucks, ma'am. Tain't nothin'." He dropped the accent and continued, "I'm glad I could help." He had his eyes locked on hers, and she could tell it was only with great effort that he wasn't attempting to commit to memory every detail of the little bit of cleavage the towel left exposed.  
  
For a brief moment, she considered letting the towel drop, maybe playing it off as an accident or just nonchalantly giving it back to him. But she quickly suppressed the urge.  
  
"Thank you. I'll see you later."  
  
"Bye." Bill turned and walked towards his house.  
  
Once in the backyard, all alone, Melonie dropped the towel. As much as she liked the sun, she'd never been entirely naked outside. It felt exhilarating. She began to wonder what it'd be like if there were people here now, walking around her and trying their best not to notice. The idea took root in her mind. They'd all come to see her, but they'd try not to look at her. They would be too polite to acknowledge her nudity. The Emperor's New Clothes, but an Empress who knew she wasn't wearing anything.  
  
In both fantasy and reality, she knew there would be gossip later. They'd all talk about her. Would they call her brave or a slut? Melonie wasn't sure which option turned her on more. If she hadn't been so sandy, she'd have started fingering herself right there. Instead, she brushed as much off as she could before going into the house. She was going to wash off and then spend some quality time with the showerhead.  
  
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Darren pulled into the garage a little after 8:30. When he opened the door from the garage into the kitchen, there stood Melonie completely naked. He didn't even have time to close the door behind him before she was on her knees, unbuckling his belt and unzipping his pants.  
  
"Holy shit, Mels, what's gotten you all riled up?"  
  
Instead of answering, she took his rapidly stiffening cock into her mouth. Darren was still curious why she felt such an urgent need, but he wasn't going to waste time interrogating her right now. She helped him take off his shoes and step out of his pants and boxers. His member never left her mouth as she reached up and undid the bottom buttons of his shirt. He took the hint and finished the job, shedding the last of his clothes.  
  
Then she let him slip from her mouth, stood, and said, "I need you to fuck me right now."  
  
"I'll follow you to the bedroom."  
  
"No," She bent over the kitchen table, spreading her legs wide, reaching behind herself to spread her lips. "I mean. Right. Now."  
  
He wasn't going to argue. She was extremely wet, and his cock slid into her in one thrust. He'd never seen her like this. She was already starting to breathe hard. After barely a minute, he could feel the walls of her pussy contracting. She screamed loud enough that he was worried the neighbors could hear and think he was murdering her.  
  
She pushed him back, grabbed his stiff prick, and said, "Now we can go to the bedroom," as she gently pulled him behind her.  
  
When they reached the bed, Melonie turned him around and pushed him to lie on his back. She straddled him, pressing down on his shoulder with one hand and guiding his cock back into her with the other.  
  
She began to ride him wildly.  
  
"Tell me what got you this turned on," he said as he grabbed her by the hips.  
  
She gave him a quick and dirty recounting of what had happened. When she reached the part where she was standing in front of everyone naked, she came again, collapsing onto her husband's chest. Each orgasm today made the next one arrive sooner and sooner. And she'd already had four by the time Darren got home, and now she was just crashing from one to the next. He rolled her on to her back.  
  
"Keep going," she begged. "Please."  
  
Darren had no plans of stopping. He leaned close to her ear and whispered, "You like people seeing your tits and pussy?"  
  
"Yes. But, god, I was so turned on when they acted like nothing was wrong."  
  
It was so hard to explain, made even more so by the fact her higher brain functions were beginning to be compromised as each new orgasm hit her. The more Melonie thought about it, the more she fell in love with the idea of taking all the formal rules on the surface of the suburbs and subverting them for her own pleasure.  
  
The sensations of their bodies pressed together, and the story his wife told pushed him towards the edge. "Oh, god, Mels, I'm close."  
  
"Just a little longer. I'm almost there again."  
  
Darren began concentrating very hard on not coming. But with each thrust, it was getting more difficult. But then he heard Melonie's breath hitch as her hands gripped the bedspread hard, and he knew he could let go. Just as the first spurt of cum hit her walls, Melonie let out another cry of pleasure. They lay in bed for a little while after, basking in the afterglow. When their hearts had stopped racing, and their breathing was even, Darren asked, "Is that something you'd actually want to do?"  
  
"What?" Melonie asked, her brain just starting to clear.  
  
"Do you want people to see you naked again... but act like everything is normal."  
  
"I mean, yeah, but it's not feasible. It's a nice fantasy, though."  
  
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Over the next week, Melonie's mind kept spinning more and more fantasies of where she could prance in the nude. The supermarket. Out for a morning jog. The county fair. On a video conference call with her coworkers. (Though she did wear nothing below the waist during their weekly meeting.) Of course, these were things she'd never be able to do without some severe consequences. Social shame at best, arrest at worst.  
  
Melonie did not return to the beach. She couldn't figure out what to do with equal parts embarrassment and arousal swirling in her. Instead, she spent time in the backyard to soak up the sun wearing only sunscreen and sunglasses. The whole week, she'd done it each day during her lunch break, and each day she'd brought herself to orgasm.  
  
She was enjoying her new daily ritual, three fingers buried in her cunt and two from the other hand, furiously rubbing her clit. Her body convulsed as she came hard. Breathing heavily, she looked up into the sky before hearing Darren's voice behind her.  
  
"Having fun?"  
  
Melonie sat up and out of instinct covered her breasts with one arm and her mons with the other hand. After the initial shock, she dropped her arms as Darren stepped closer.  
  
"You're home early."  
  
"My computer died, and I.T. said it'd take the rest of the day to get it working again, so I just came home. I did text you."  
  
Not wanting the distraction of a buzzing cell phone, Melonie had left hers on the kitchen table.  
  
Darren was still dressed in his business suit, though he had ditched the tie, and his shirt was open at the collar. Melonie was again wrestling with feelings of embarrassment and excitement with him standing there, even though Darren had seen her naked thousands of times. But things were different now. She was different now.  
  
"How long have you been standing there?"  
  
"I only saw the spectacular ending."  
  
"Would you want me to start over?" she said as she lay back and spread her legs wide. She couldn't figure out why the embarrassment of getting caught naked was so arousing.  
  
"Yes, please."  
  
Darren was enjoying the changes in his wife. While their sex life was fine before, he hadn't realized what he was missing. They'd gone from having decent sex once or twice a week to explosive sex every night since she lost her bikini. He didn't want it to stop. As he watched, she stuck two fingers in her mouth, wetting them before she started fingering herself again while her other hand traced slow, gentle circles around her breasts and over her nipples.

His cock was hard, but he made no move to free it from its confines. If things continued the way they had, his wife would be helping him with that soon enough. He watched and planned how he could encourage this metamorphosis his wife's sexuality undergoing.  
  
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The next morning over breakfast, Darren looked up at his wife and said, "Sheryl called while you were in the shower. She wanted to see how you're doing."  
  
"You can tell her I'm doing just fine."  
  
"Melonie. You can't avoid our neighbors forever."  
  
"I'm willing to try."  
  
"Seriously, Mels. You love the beach and haven't gone in a week. I know you've been enjoying yourself in the backyard, but it's not healthy to never leave our property. Hell, you won't even get the mail. I think it'd be best if we just ripped the bandaid off and have a get-together. Invite some people over for a backyard barbeque Saturday."  
  
Melonie looked at her husband, shocked by the suggestion, but she realized he was right. She had to get over the embarrassment of her accidental exposure. "Okay. Let's do it."  
  
"I'll take care of all the groceries and invites. I'll just need your help setting up tables and stuff that day. Maybe help keep the guests topped off with bratwurst and beer."  
  
And that was how, three days later, Melonie found herself helping Darren set up some tables in the backyard. With the combination of exertion and summer heat, she was already sweating through her t-shirt.  
  
"You take a shower. I've got things handled here."  
  
Melonie had enough time, so she took a nice long shower, trying to calm her nerves. She felt more at ease by the time she was done. She had just finished blow-drying her hair when Darren stepped into the bathroom.  
  
"I grabbed an outfit for you. It's at the end of the bed. Something I thought you'd look great in."  
  
Her husband had never chosen an outfit for her. Darren walked back into their bedroom, and she followed him, not bothering with a towel or bathrobe. The only things on the foot of the bed were strappy sandals and a bottle of sunblock. For a moment, Melonie stared in confusion before she turned to Darren and said, "No. You can't be serious."  
  
"I am."  
  
"Why?"  
  
"Last time it was an accident. This time it's your choice."  
  
"But... won't people be shocked?"  
  
"I told them what to expect."  
  
"You did WHAT?" Melonie felt something like anger tinged with excitement boiling in her. "Why would you tell our neighbors I like to be seen naked?"  
  
"I didn't tell all our neighbors. Other than Bill, the only one I told was Sheryl, and she helped me find some volunteers."  
  
"What are you talking about? Why would you ask Sheryl?"  
  
"You saved her life. She was looking for a way to repay you. And I knew she and Zack were swingers. I figured she'd know the right people to contact."  
  
"How did you know they were swingers?"  
  
"Zack asked if I wanted to swap wives."  
  
"And you didn't say anything to me?"  
  
Darren rubbed the back of his neck. "He asked me not to mention it after I told him I wasn't interested."  
  
Melonie's mind was spinning. Sheryl didn't look the type to swing. Not that Melonie knew what kind of people were into swapping partners. And Bill? It would have seemed rude not to invite him, but even though he'd probably gotten a quick peek at the beach, she wasn't sure she could face him again if she spent a nude afternoon with him.  
  
"What made you think this was a good idea?"  
  
"You said you wanted to do it, but you thought it was infeasible. Well, I feased it for you. Everyone's willing to go along and do their best job to act like everything's normal."  
  
"Darren! I was on an adrenaline high, and you'd just fuck my brains out. You can't possibly think this is something I'm actually going to do."  
  
"You don't have to do this. I'm fine if you don't. I have plenty of opportunities to see you naked. But if this excites you as much as I think it does, this is your chance to explore that in a safe space. You've got a little more than half an hour to decide what you want to do. If you want to start clothed and strip down later..." He let the rest of the sentence die on his lips before bending down and planting a gentle kiss on hers. "I'm gonna go finish setting up—I especially want to make sure you'll have sunscreen in reach if you need to reapply. Then I'll take my shower."  
  
Melonie turned and looked at the sunscreen and sandals, not entirely sure what she would do.  
  
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From his house, Bill could see the side gate that led to his best friend's backyard. He was waiting for some other people to show up first. He didn't want to be the first to arrive and seem too eager for a chance to see Melonie completely undressed. Though, he wasn't a hundred percent sure if Darren was fucking with him or not when he explained how things were supposed to play out. Was Melonie really going to be naked the whole time? Try as he might, Bill couldn't hide that he thought Melonie was a bombshell. He was just glad neither she nor Darren took offense. But he was supposed not to look—something he found hard to do when she had clothes on—and act like everything was normal. It all had to be some strange joke.  
  
On the off chance it was true, he spent his morning [I]cleaning the pipes[/I]. He thought if he drained himself of cum, maybe he wouldn't be walking around the whole time with an obvious hard-on. He waited until he saw a few people follow the sign leading them to the backyard. On his way out, he grabbed two six-packs from his fridge. When he walked through the side gate, Melonie was nowhere to be seen. Darren made eye contact with him and pointed to the coolers using a pair of tongs. Bill didn't recognize anyone here except Darren, Sheryl, and Zach, but everyone seemed friendly.  
  
Just as he was depositing the beer, there was a brief hitch in the conversations. Bill looked to the back door and saw Melonie emerging from the house wearing sandals, a smile, and nothing else. Bill fought against his instincts, tapping into the same part of his brain he used that day at the beach, and he tore his eyes away from her luscious tits and marvelous ass. Instead, he just focused intently on getting the beers sufficiently buried in ice before he shut the cooler.  
  
He turned away from Melonie and almost ran right into an attractive looking redhead wearing a blue sundress that put a substantial amount of her cleavage on display. She gave him a little smile and said, "Hi, I'm Rylie."  
  
"Hi, I'm Bill."  
  
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Suppressing her embarrassment and fear, Melonie embraced the naughty thrill she'd been seeking all week as she moved among the guests. Even though this was an almost perfect example of her fantasy, part of her mind was screaming at her to go back inside and put on some clothes. But a much more urgent part of her was basking in the freedom and excitement she felt right now. She was practically buzzing.  
  
When she fully stepped off the back stairs, Darren waved her over.  
  
"Melonie, this is Jerry. He's a friend of Sheryl's."  
  
Jerry was a short, round man wearing a bright blue Hawaiian shirt. He extended his hand, and she shook it, feeling very acutely the way her breasts jiggled as she did. He was doing an admirable job of not starring. Jerry just stood there, talking about selling insurance and wanting to know if they had enough coverage. The conversation would have bored Melonie to tears, but even a discussion of actuarial tables couldn't douse her arousal.  
  
Though, even with his naked wife next to him, Darren wasn't getting the same level of amusement and said, "Melonie, why don't you see who wants what off the grill?"  
  
As Melonie walked away, she caught a glimpse of Jerry [i]adjusting[/i] the crotch of his khaki shorts. While he'd not been starring, he was at least enjoying the situation.  
  
Jerry had been to many parties with various levels of undress for the guests, and he always enjoyed these events. They peeked his exhibitionistic and voyeurist interests. But he'd never come to a party where only one person was nude and asked everyone to act like everything was normal. He was intrigued when Sheryl asked him to help a friend out. Now he was wondering if he could convince his wife, Nancy, to try it. Melonie looked like she was incredibly turned-on, and Jerry wondered what she would do after the guests left. As he watched her walk away, he could see his other friends were ogling Melonie as soon as her back was turned. From the look of envy on Nancy's face after the hostess walked past, he was pretty sure it wouldn't take much to convince her to give it a try.  
  
Soon the backyard had about fifteen people milling about, talking, laughing, drinking, and eating. Everyone was friendly and acted like it was an ordinary barbeque when she came up, shook their hands, and asked if they needed anything. Though some signs made it very clear that her guests were enjoying the show—the flush in their cheeks, the bulges in their shorts, and the way their eyes shifted away when she turned in their direction.  
  
Of course, Bill was the one struggling the most with playing by the rules. He was talking with a vivacious redhead on and off, but it seemed every time Melonie neared him, he suddenly was very interested in something on the other side of the yard. He never avoided her like this before. Once he slipped around her and got food off the grill, Melonie decided to let him eat in peace. She'd have plenty of opportunities to talk with him later. As she mingled with the other guests, she could feel herself getting wetter.  
  
Melonie spotted Bill with his back to her as he continued chatting with the redhead.  
  
The nude hostess snuck up behind him and said, "Bill, can I get you a beer, another burger, anything?"  
  
Bill practically jumped out of his skin. He wasn't sure what to do, so he continued to use the same strategy he used that day at the beach; look up to the sky until only the top of her head was visible.  
  
"No, Melonie, I'm good."  
  
"Are you sure I can't get you anything?"  
  
"All set."  
  
"Who's this?"  
  
"Oh, Rylie. She's a friend of Sheryl's. Rylie, Melonie. Melonie, Rylie."  
  
Melonie didn't know how much Darren had told Bill about the other guests and their proclivities. Bill, who was usually so flustered, had looked at ease talking with Rylie. Melonie looked down, and she began to wonder if it was her or Rylie that had him pitching a tent in his boardshorts. As much as she enjoyed torturing him right now, she didn't want to spoil any chance he might have with this woman. Maybe she could even help him along.  
  
"Nice to meet you, Rylie." Melonie shook her hand. "Oh, and Bill?"  
  
"Yeah, Melonie?"  
  
"I wanted to thank you again for your help on the beach. You were a perfect gentleman when I lost my bathing suit." She turned to Rylie and said, "You should have seen him. While everyone else just stood there, he ran right up with a towel for me."  
  
Bill was not subtle, and it seemed Rylie could tell he was struggling not to look. But instead of helping him in any way, she grinned at Melonie and said, "What is it you do for work?"  
  
Melonie went from slightly indifferent about this woman to liking her immensely once she could see the redhead was helping her prolonge Bill's torment.  
  
"Oh, I'm a computer programmer."  
  
"Really?" Rylie grinned. "That's fascinating. Tell me more."  
  
Melonie could see how nervous Bill looked, so she only gave a brief overview before asking her new best friend, "And you?"  
  
"I'm a teacher."  
  
Melonie barely resisted making a 'Hot for Teacher' joke. After about another five minutes of chit-chat, she felt Bill had been tortured enough and said, "I don't want to monopolize all your time. If either of you needs anything, please let me know."  
  
"Will do." Bill's voice was strained.  
  
Melonie turned and walked away, adding some extra wiggle to her hips, hoping that Bill was watching. Melonie felt a rush of power that supercharged her senses. Even just the breeze across her skin was enough to make her body tingle. But it left her wanting more. While walking by a table, she heard Jerry say, "I'm gonna go grab another beer," as he started to stand.  
  
Melonie held up a hand to stop him. "I'll get you one."  
  
She walked up to the cooler and made a dramatic motion as she bent over to open it. She felt so exposed. Could they see how wet she was? She grabbed a beer from the deepest part of the cooler as well as a handful of ice. Walking back to the table, she rubbed the ice over the back of her neck, along her collarbone and down into the hollow of her breasts. It was hot out. Then she got a wicked idea.  
  
She'd been standing in the sun for an hour. It was time to apply more sunscreen. She wasn't sure what the consequences of playing out her fantasy would be, but she didn't want sunburn to be one of them. She grabbed one of the bottles of sunscreen Darren had set out especially for her. She started the same pattern she always did, her face, her neck, her arms. When she got to her legs, she placed one foot on the edge of a chair, opening her legs wide. She put on a lurid display while most people continued as though nothing was happening, at worst peeking out of the corner of their eyes. She briefly considered asking a guest to do her back, but that might break the scene. She had no idea how Darren would react if she asked someone they hadn't known an hour before to feel her up. Instead, she rubbed the sunblock into her own butt and back. Then Melonie's hands traveled slowly up her stomach to her tits. Here she lingered, drawing closer and closer to their peak. Her nipples had always been sensitive, but after an hour of being this aroused, they were practically aching to be touched. Finally, rolling both nipples between her fingers, Melonie felt a roaring orgasm tear through her. She couldn't stifle the moan that escaped her lips. When her ears stopped ringing, everyone was chatting about nothing at all.  
  
Melonie continued playing hostess. As another hour started to draw to a close, people began to excuse themselves. When they first met, Melonie gave each guest a friendly handshake. As they left, she instead gave them a more intimate hug, pressing her flesh into their bodies. No one objected.  
  
When Sheryl came by, she gave her an extra long embrace, then held her at arm's length and said, "I want to thank you so much for this."  
  
"Thank me for what?" Sheryl said with a wink.  
  
The last to leave was Bill and Rylie. The way the two looked at each convinced Melonie that Rylie wouldn't be going straight home. She hugged Rylie, and the redhead felt bold enough to lay one hand on Melonie's naked ass. Melonie looked at her and said, "We should get together again sometime."  
  
"Oh, most definitely," Rylie replied.  
  
Finally came Bill. Melonie pressed her full body into his and whispered in his ear, "You've earned a good look before you leave."  
  
Bill's look was intense as he scanned her whole body from head to toe. Then Rylie tugged on her arm. He gave Melonie one last appreciative glance and said, "You throw one helluva party."  
  
"I'll be sure to invite you to the next one. Have fun, you two."  
  
Bill smiled before turning to Rylie, taking her hand, and walking towards his home. Rylie looked back and said, "Oh, we will." Then the couple went from a gentle walk to something closer to a run.  
  
Melonie turned to see her husband standing near the grill, nonchalantly cleaning it. She moved slowly towards him like a predator stalking prey.  
  
With a smile, Darren said, "It's been a long day for you. You must be tired."  
  
"Not that tired."  
  
She hopped into his arms, slamming his back into the wooden fence. Since his hands were supporting her and groping her ass, she left one of hers anchored behind his neck as she slid the other between them, unzipping his shorts and pulling out his already rock hard rod. She guided him into her slit and moaned as she lowered herself slowly onto his cock.  
  
"Oh, god, Mels, I wanted to bend you over the picnic table and fuck you right there in front of everyone."  
  
Melonie kissed him deeply before pulling back and panting, "Maybe next time."  
  
He began kissing her neck. Perhaps a bit too loudly, she let out a moan. When he pulled back from kissing her, both her hands went up, grabbing the top of the fence for leverage. With each thrust, she was finding it harder and harder to stay quiet. She just wanted this so much, and it felt so good. Then a separate cry of pleasure echoed out, coming from the direction of Bill's house. Melonie turned to see Rylie, her breasts bouncing vigorously as she clutched the windowsill on the second story. Rylie smiled at Melonie before the redhead's eyes rolled back when Bill's cock hit a particularly great angle.  
  
Melonie hadn't realized how visible this corner of the back yard was from Bill's house, but it wasn't the worst way to discover it.  
  
"Are they trying to show us up?" Darren asked.  
  
"If they are, we can't let them beat us."  
  
Melonie abandoned all restraint as she screamed, "Fuck me harder. Fuck me harder." There was probably a fine from the homeowners association in her future, but she didn't care. She found the sounds of their competitive sexual performances incredibly hot. Darren didn't seem to care who heard either as he started saying, "Oh, Jesus," over and over at an ever-increasing volume.  
  
"Oh, Bill, faster. Faster," Rylie cried out with Bill's moans and grunts providing a bass beat.  
  
Suddenly, Darren's vocalizations cut out, as his breath quickened. Then his eyes went wide. "Mels, I can't hold back."  
  
"Don't try. I'm already gonna—"  
  
When Darren exploded inside her, that last bit of sensation was enough to send her crashing over the edge, letting out one final primal grunt. Unable to hold herself up any longer, she put all her weight on Darren, resting her head on his shoulder. Sandwiched between the sun's heat on her back and her husband's solid warmth in front of her, she felt both exhilarated and exhausted. Being that turned on for that long took its toll. With Rylie and Bill's moans and shouts continuing unabated, Melonie looked up at her husband and bit her lip before saying, "So... when are we gonna do this again?"