**The New Swimsuit**

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Oahu was beautiful his time of the year, or so we'd been told: We were just finishing Day Two of our honeymoon, and we hadn't hit the beach -- or even the hotel restaurant -- yet. Room service kept us fed as as for our other needs, well, you know...

During a break in the action, Kari rolled over to her side, snuggled her chest against me, and said, "Danny, would you find me sexier if I weren't so flat?"

"What? No, of course not. And besides, if I found you any sexier, I'd be dead by now."

"That's sweet. I think. But weren't you the least bit disappointed the first time you talked me out of my shirt and got a look at these minus-A cup breasts?"

I leaned over and kissed each of her nipples, and felt her shiver. I'd never been with a woman who had such sensitive nipples. "No," I told her. "What's this all about?"

"You're going to think it's silly."

"Probably, yeah. No, I'm sorry. Seriously, tell me what's bothering you."

"We've never been to a beach together."

"Okay, I suppose that's true. So?"

"So tomorrow we'll be down there," she said, gesturing toward the balcony and the beach beyond, "and it'll be filled with big-breasted girls in skimpy bikinis."

"And I'll only have eyes for you."

"Okay, I'll have eyes for all of them. I'm married, not dead. But you're the only one I' want to take back with me when it's all over. I love you, and I love your breasts."

She crossed her arms over her chest and lay back down. "Okay," she said, clearly not convinced.

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I was alone in the room when I woke up the next morning. A few minutes later, Kari returned to the room carrying a bag from the hotel gift shop. "Swimwear," she said, swinging the bag at me.

As if she hadn't already packed enough for three honeymoons; but I was just happy she seemed to be over her beach insecurity. "Let me see."

"Nuh-uh. You'll see it on me when we get there."

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We went downstairs for breakfast, then came back to the room to change for the beach. Kari changed in the bathroom. I was more than curious by this point, especially when she came out wearing a knee-length jersey over her suit, but I figured I'd see it soon enough. She took a Hawaii Islanders baseball cap from the hotel bag and bundled her hair under it so none of it stuck out. I grabbed a couple of beach towels, and the sunscreen, and off we went.

It was a warm morning so even though the beach wouldn't get crowded for a few hours, people were already out. Including big-breasted girls in skimpy bikinis, but I tried not to stare. We found ourselves a spot at the far end of the beach, where we'd be less likely to be bothered by teenagers chasing Frisbees or families with radios. Also, if Kari's new swimsuit was anything like I was hoping for, I'd prefer not to have too many people around to gawk.

I spread out the towels, and watched as she began to lift the jersey. Was I about to see her in a thong?

She was wearing knee-length trunks, similar to mine. What the hell...?

The she pulled the jersey the rest of the way off, and I saw that she wasn't wearing any top.

I grabbed one of the towels and draped it around her shoulders. "Kari, what are you doing? This isn't a topless beach."

She took the towel off, shook it clean, spread it back out on the sand, and lay down on her stomach. "Relax, Danny. With my hair under my hat, and my flat chest, who's going to know I'm not a guy? Okay, maybe a guy with girlish features, but it wouldn't occur to anybody that I'm a girl."

"Relax," she said again. "And put some lotion on my back so I don't burn."

By the time I finished rubbing lotion into my wife's naked back on a public beach, I was more aroused than I'd been at any time since we'd gotten to Hawaii -- which was saying a lot. If she was lying on her stomach to conceal her breasts, I was going to be lying on my stomach to hide my erection.

The blood had barely receded from my cock half an hour later when Kari said, "Enough sun on my back. Time to turn over."

"Time to WHAT?"

She flipped over to her back.

"Kari!"

"Shhh. I'm trying to prove a point."

"This is a public beach. You can't lie out here like that."

"Come on. When I'm on my back, my boobs are flattened even more than they are normally. With these shorts, nobody will suspect I'm a girl. Look around, half of the guys on the beach have bigger boobs than me. And you have no idea how much more comfortable this is than having strings and fabric tied around my chest." She looked over at my cock, pushing out against my trunks "Though YOU might want to wait a few minutes before lying on your back."

Over the next few minutes, several people passed us and barely gave Kari a second glance. If they wondered about the two of us lying next to one another, they probably assumed we were a gay couple, which didn't bother me. I began to relax. More importantly, my cock began to relax.

The she said "Danny, I don't want to burn. Can you put some lotion on my front?" I got on my knees next to her and spread the lotion over her abdomen. "Don't forget my breasts, Danny." I began to massage her breasts with the lotion, and I didn't know whether I was going to come in my swimsuit or if my cock was going to burst through it. Kari seemed amused by my discomfort; well, two can play at that game. I rubbed the lotion hard into her nipples and they became hard and erect like little pencil erasers -- not so little, actually, compared to her small breasts. After a few seconds she was already close to an orgasm, and it certainly didn't look as much like a boy's chest now.

"You've proven your point," I said hoarsely. "You fooled everybody. But if we don't get back to our room in five minutes and I'm going rip your shorts off and fuck the hell out of you right here, and that'll blow your disguise. And you're so horny right now, you'll let me."

Without another word we both jumped to our feet. I grabbed our room key and we dashed back to the hotel leaving everything else behind, including the jersey she'd used as a cover-up. We were all over one another in the elevator -- fortunately we were alone -- and we made it to our room just in time.

After a quick, hard fuck that left us both exhausted, I told Kari she was right that in the right circumstances she could pass for a a boy -- but I was also right when I'd said that large-breasted or small, she was the hottest girl on the beach.

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Alix was on the phone with her sister Kari for more than an hour -- which I guess isn't surprising, since Kari just got back from her honeymoon. When she jumped up, she had a funny grin on her face.

"What's up?" I asked.

"You'll never guess what Kari did on her honeymoon," she said.

"I probably can, and I assume Dan was doing it too."

"That's not what I meant. She told me she went topless on the beach. Hey," she added quickly,"you're imagining my sister topless now. Stop that."

"You brought up the subject," I said, still thinking about my sister-in-law's tiny breasts. I'd seen her in t-shirts and swimsuits enough times to know she was even flatter than Alix, and I always had a thing for small-breasted women. "So what's unusual about that?" I asked. "I figured there'd be topless beaches in Hawaii."

"Rob, it wasn't a topless beach. There were no topless beaches where they were."

"Run that by me again?"

"I don't know how she got up the nerve, but she bought herself a pair of men's swim trunks, pushed her hair under a baseball cap, and went out on the beach like that. Everybody just figured she was a guy."

"Wow," I said, then had to ask: "She laid down on her back too?"

"Yes. And that made her look even flatter, of course."

"And Dan was okay with this?"

"Maybe I shouldn't be telling you all this," Alix said.

I stepped in front of her and pulled her t-shirt over her head, exposing her own tiny breasts. "Yes you should," I said.

"He was surprised, but then he was hot as hell."

I put my hands on Alix's tiny breasts. "I can imagine," I said.

"And then he started putting sun cream on her chest, on her breasts."

"That's hot," I said, lightly pinching Alix's hard nipples.

"And by then Kari's nipples were so swollen, she didn't think she could hide the fact that she was a girl anymore..." [I was pinching Alix's nipples hard now, imagining Kari's] "... and Dan said in another minute he was going to pull off her bathing suit and fuck her right there on the beach, and he said she was so horny she would let him."

"Did he?"

"He might have, but they both got up, left everything behind on the beach including her cover-up, and ran back to the hotel, Kari still topless, and she thinks they were both naked before they even got into their room."

There may have been more to the story, but I never heard it: I yanked Alix's shorts and panties down below her knees, pulled us both down to the carpet, opened my own shorts just enough to free my cock, and started furiously fucking her until we both came loudly.

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Having Alix sunbathe topless remained a fantasy we talked about for the next couple of weeks, but it wasn't likely to be something she could pursue even if she had the nerve: we lived in Missouri, far from any beach, and we certainly didn't have the money to fly out to Hawaii like Kari and Dan.

Then one particularly warm night at about 1am, when the bedroom fan wasn't doing enough to male sleeping easy and we both found ourselves awake, I said "Let's go out in the back yard for a bit; maybe there'll be a breeze." I pulled my shorts on and so did she, and when she reached for her shirt, I put my hand on her arm. "Don't."

"Don't?"

"Think of it as practice."

"I don't know..."she said slowly.

"Alix, if you can't go topless in the middle of the night in your own back yard, how will you ever do it on a beach?"

Not that there was ever a serious possibility that she'd get to go topless on a beach, but this was enough to convince her.

We walked out the back door -- I noticed she kept her right arm casually draped across her chest, but pretended I hadn't seen it -- and found a nice spot in the middle of our yard. I was thankful I'd put the work into making sure we had a nice back lawn.

I lay down on my back, on the grass. "I don't know," Alix said. "There could be bugs and stuff in the grass. I don't want to put my naked back on that."

"Wimp," I said, taking her left hand and pulling her down with me. "Lie your head on my chest. That way none of your skin will be touching the grass." Well, except for her bare lower legs, but she didn't seem to be concerned with that.

She stretched out on the grass with her head resting on me. I gently pushed her right arm away from her chest, completely exposing her breasts to the summer breeze, and wrapped my arm around her just under the ribcage.

"Feels nice out here?" I asked her after a bit.

"Yeah," she said. "Yeah, it does."

After a few minutes, I moved my arm a little higher on her chest. It was relaxing lying out here, but it was also pretty sexy looking at my wife's naked breasts in the moonlight. Alix took a quick, deep breath as my arm moved closer to those breasts, and I knew she felt the same way.

To be honest, I was thinking about not only Alix lying topless on the beach, but Kari as well.

I didn't feel at all guilty, because I suspected Alix was fantasizing about lying topless on the beach while dozens of strange men walked by, looking at her breasts and not realizing she was a woman lying half naked in public.

Hell, I was fantasizing about her lying topless on the beach while dozens of strange men walked by, looking at her breasts and not realizing she was a woman lying half naked in public.

"You realize of course that at the beach, you won't be able to lie on me like this. Not if you want people to assume you're a man."

"I know."

"And I won't be able to do this," I added, brushing my arm over her nipples.

"Mmm," she said. "Maybe you should, we'd draw quite a crowd."

"You'd let me do that?" I said. "How about this?" I began pinching her hardening nipples. I don't think anything gets her aroused as much as having her nipples pinched.

"Sure," she teased, gripping my cock through my shorts. "And long as you don't mind me doing this. Oh, somebody's hard!"

"Get up here," I said, pulling her on top of me.

"Are you sure?" she asked, looking around as she sat up, nestling against my cock.

"Nobody can see us," I said, pushing the crotch of her shorts and panties to the side.

She yanked down my shorts just enough to free my already-hard cock, raised her body a few inches, then thrust herself down on me, gasping as I filled her wet pussy.

Whatever brief hesitation she'd felt was gone, and she rode me with abandon. She was almost naked on a warm summer night, her nipples hardening like a pair of watermelon seeds, and she'd never looked sexier to me.

"I bet we can't do this on the beach," I said, as she pumped by cock into her pussy faster and faster.

"Oh god!" she sighed, obviously thinking about that. She grabbed her nipples and pinched them hard as she came, loudly.

God knows what the neighbors thought if they heard that. Hopefully they all had their windows shut and their air conditioners on.

I turned Alix onto her back, pulled her shorts and panties off, and pushed back into her. She didn't even notice that she was lying naked on the grass as I fucked her like a wild man. "Rob" she said loudly, "Rob, you're going to make me cum again. You're going to make me cum again."

I was incapable of any response other than grunting.

"Fuck, oh fuck," Alix said, "I'm going to huh-huh-huh..." She put a hand to her mouth to muffle her scream as she came again, and her pussy tightened and I came so hard I felt a little faint, shooting load after load into her.

Then as we were still catching our breath, we scooped up Alix's shorts and panties and ran inside.

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The rest of the week we both came home from work so late, and exhausted, that we not only had any no sexual contact, but never got to discuss what we'd done outside. Honestly, I wasn't sure what I'd say: maybe Alix felt so weirded out by what we'd done, it would be better for me to just stay quiet.

Then Saturday night, at about 1 in the morning, she shook me awake. She was standing by my side of the bed, wearing nothing but a pair of plain pink panties, and carrying a large towel.

"Mmm?" I asked.

"Let's go back to the beach," she said.

"Sure thing," I said, following her outside into the warm summer night, marveling at how comfortable she seemed to be walking around almost naked.

She spread out the beach blanket, and we lay down next to one another. We had a waning moon this weekend, so I couldn't see her as well as last time, but it was still sexy as hell watching her lying there in nothing but a small pair of panties.

And yeah, I admit it, when I squinted I could sort of see Kari lying there next to her.

I'd never been outside in just my boxers, of course, and the feel of the breeze gusting up the underwear's loose legs was... interesting.

"You know," I teased her after a while, "when we have you lying topless on the beach, you'll never fool anybody into thinking you're not a woman if they see those cute little panties."

"You're right," she said. She slipped off the panties, and lay stretched out on the blanket, completely naked. "That better?" she asked.

"Yeah," I said, cupping her pussy in my hand. "Now they'll definitely be fooled."

"Mmm," she said, as I softly stroked her pussy. She was already very wet.

She slipped a hand up the leg of my boxers, and gripped my cock. "Uhhhh," I said softly, feeling myself starting to leak precum and feeling her massaging my hard cock with it. "Oh," I said, "that's good..."

I was already so close to cumming, and she knew it. She pulled her hand out of my boxers and rolled around and got on all fours, inviting me to fuck her doggy-style. I stripped off my boxers, moved behind her, and thrust my cock deep inside her.

"Oh god," she said.

"Alix, you feel so hot," I said, fucking her wildly, trying to last.

"Harder, do me harder. Fuck me!"

I reached around and grabbed her small, hard nipples as I pounded into her, imagining we were on a beach and everybody was watching us fuck.

She gave a shout of "Ahhh!" as soon as I pinched her, and then starting moaning "Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" with every stroke.

"I have to cum, I have to cum," I said, and she came first, screaming "Oh!!!" into the still summer night.

I didn't last more than a second or two after that, shooting several loads of hot cum into my still-quivering wife.

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Over the next couple of weeks, we had three more late-night outdoor-sex sessions, each one initiated by Alix asking, playfully, if I wanted to go to the beach with her. She walked outside topless each time, but now she was wearing bikini bottoms instead of panties, to stick with the "beach" motif.

By now, what we were going had less and less to do with Dan and Kari's sexy Hawaii adventure but, you know, who cared? My beautiful wife was going out to the back yard with me, almost naked, and we were fucking right out there in the open.

And came the first weekend in August.

A town about an hour south of ours was having a big antiques- and crafts-fair, with booths scattered across about a mile-long area. This artsy stuff is really more Alix's thing than mine, but I went with her because that's just the sort of great husband I am. Even though we were dressed for walking rather than style -- caps, old t-shirts, cargo shorts, sturdy sneakers -- we were pretty well tired out after a couple of hours.

By one of the entrances to the town park, there was a stand selling ice cream, so we bought ourselves some treats and strolled into the park. We found a quiet spot away from large families and teenagers throwing Frisbees, sat on the grass, and ate. I finished first, and took off my shirt, rolled it up, and used it as a pillow, half-dozing in the late afternoon sun as Alix continued to work on her ice cream cone.

"Shit!"

I almost jumped as Alix's cursing shook me out of peaceful stupor.

"What happened?" I asked, sitting up, then noticed that a big blob of ice cream had fallen onto Alix's t-shirt.

"Well," I said, tugging playfully at the bottom of her t-shirt, "I guess you'll just have to take it off."

"Stop it," she said, laughing.

"Though you know..." I said slowly.

"I don't like where this is going," she said, though still smiling.

"You did say you wanted to try what Kari did. And you're wearing the same kind of shorts I am, you're not wearing any make-up, you can stuff your hair under your cap..."

"I couldn't. Rob, that's just a fantasy. Although," she added with a twinkle in her eye, "if you want to take me to Hawaii..."

"Well," I said with a shrug, "can't blame a guy for trying."

She gave me a look I couldn't quite read. "You'd really want me to do that?"

"If you were comfortable with it, yeah." We both looked around; there was nobody within 50 yards of us. "You said Kari got away with it with people walking right past them," I added.

"We'll see," she said with a smile. She stretched out on the grass, on her stomach, then pulled her t-shirt about three quarters of the way up, exposing most of her back while keeping a layer of t-shirt between her breasts and the grass. "That's nice," she said, feeling the sun against her skin.

Oh well... I hadn't really expected to see her bare breasts in the middle of the part, regardless of how secluded an area we were lying in. I closed my eyes, and enjoyed the feel of the sun on my own skin.

I'm not sure how long I had my eyes closed, but when I opened them, Alix was still on her front -- but her shirt was completely off, spread underneath her so her bare chest wouldn't be touching the grass.

Of course she wasn't exposing anything more than any woman does when she unties her bikini top while sunbathing -- but her bare back combined with the knowledge that her shirt was completely off, made it somehow a lot sexier.

"Nice," I said.

"Thanks," she said with a smile. Then, after looking around to make sure nobody was nearby, she turned on her side facing me for just a few seconds, showing me her bare chest. "How's this?" she asked.

"Wow," I said.

She rolled back onto her front. "Tease!" I said.

She looked around again, then turned back on her side. "You like me better like this?" she asked.

I reached toward her chest, and she grabbed the t-shirt and used it to cover her breasts. "Not now," she said.

"Why not? Nobody's around."

"My nipples will get all hard."

"Okay," I said, having no idea why this would be a bad thing.

"I won't be able to fool anybody," she said.

I shook my head, totally lost. She took off her cap, shoved her long hair forward, and pulled the cap back on, hiding her hair. She took off her sock and sneakers, shoving her pink socks inside the shoes. "Kari better not have been bullshitting me with that story," she said, lying down on her back.

Holy shit. My wife was lying topless in the grass in the middle of a public park. Her breasts were flattened even more than usual since she was lying on her back, but I was fantasizing a number of ways I could show everybody in the park that she was a woman:

I wanted to lean over her and suck hard on her nipples, making them swell up and become hard as little rocks.

I wanted to pull down her shorts, leaving her wearing nothing but a skimpy pair of red bikini panties.

Hell, I wanted to turn her over, rip off my own clothing, and fuck her right in front of God and nature.

What I did do, though, was turn myself over: there was no way I could lie on my back, with how hard my cock was.

I propped myself up on my elbows so I could still watch my wife.

After a few minutes she seemed pretty relaxed (or at least as relaxed as you could expect, considering she'd never been this exposed in public before)... and then we both noticed a couple in their late 30s or so -- about ten years older than us -- walking in our direction. "I'm going to turn around," Alix said quickly.

"No," I said, "Just relax. They have no reason to suspect anything."

She closed her eyes, pretending to be asleep in the sun. The couple walked by us, not fifteen feet away. The man gave me a friendly nod, and barely gave Alix a glance. His wife (or girlfriend) did a quick double-take when she saw Alix, then gave me a quick conspiratorial nod. She knew. But she wasn't about to tell her guy that he'd just walked past a topless woman without noticing.

"They're gone," I told Alix. She opened her eyes. "They didn't suspect a thing," I assured her.

So when, ten minutes later, a college-aged boy ran by us chasing after a Frisbee, she stayed perfectly calm -- except for the fact that he almost tripped over her, that is. He really didn't suspect a thing.

I wondered whether it even counts as exhibitionism if nobody knows you're exposing anything.

And then suddenly somebody approached us from the side. "Rob! Funny seeing you here," Cal said. "Here for the fair, I guess?" Two somebodies, actually: Cal and Patty, casual friends in their early 20s who lived across the street from us. "And... Alix??" Cal continued.

When my wife Alix's sister was honeymooning in Hawaii recently, she got it into her head to wear just a pair of man's swim trunks, and see whether anybody noticed she was a topless woman. Since both sisters have very small breasts, she actually got away with it: until her husband, horny as hell watching his wife exposed on a public beach, threatened to tear her trunks off and fuck her right there.

Alix and I fantasized about her doing something similar, but there were two roadblocks: she didn't think she'd have the nerve to try it, and we lived hundreds of miles from the nearest beach.

Then one afternoon we found ourselves in a park a good distance from home, Alix realized she was wearing what looked like a pair of man's shorts, and she decided to tuck her hair under her cap and go for it. We were in a fairly secluded area of the park, and the few people who passed us by didn't (for the most part) think we were anything other than two guys sunning themselves.

Until Cal and Patty, who lived across the street from us, happened to walk by. "Rob!" Cal said, recognizing me. And then, noticing my wife, "Alix??"

Alix was too mortified to even remember to cover herself up. And Cal, apparently, forgot that it was impolite to stare. Alix told me afterward that she could see Cal's dick harden under his shorts, which is something I really did not need to know, and that knowing that a casual friend was looking at her naked tits got her so hot, her nipples began to harden.

I did notice her nipples hardening.

Alix tried to explain about her sister and Hawaii, but she wasn't being entirely coherent.

Patty didn't seem to know whether she should be telling her husband to stop staring.

For my part, especially from my vantage point down on the grass next to Alix, I couldn't help noticing that Patty's shorts were pretty damn short, and that she had the legs to carry it off. Cal and Patty were in their early 20s, just a few years younger than we were.

"Well," I said unnecessarily, "this is a bit awkward."

Patty looked around, satisfied herself that nobody was nearby, then grabbed the bottom of her t-shirt and pulled it up to her neck, yanking her bra off her breasts at the same time. They were impressively large and firm. A few seconds later, she covered herself back up. "There," she said. "now we're even."

"I can't believe you did that!" Cal said once he was able to speak.

"I'm sorry," Patty said, with a nervous laugh. "I should have asked you first. Are you angry?"

"I don't suppose I have the right to be," he said with a smile. "Just don't make a habit out of it."

"You're the first man I've flashed since I met Cal," Patty told me.

"I'm honored," I said, at the same time Alix responded "Same here."

Alix told me afterward that even when Cal wasn't looking straight at her, she could tell he had her eyes on her naked tits; and she was grateful she was wearing loose khaki shorts, because her pussy was dripping like crazy.

"I guess we should get going," Cal said after a song silence.

"No, you know what," Patty said, "I wouldn't mind getting some sun myself."

"But, umm," Cal said.

"I think what your husband is trying to say," Alix said to Patty, "and he's afraid of offending me, is that you don't have little-girl tits like me, so you can't just lie here half naked."

"You know he likes your tits just fine, though: he hasn't stopped staring at them since we got here. And today, I wish mine were more like yours. But," she said, and reached into the back of her t-shirt to unclasp her bra. A few more contortions under her shirt from various directions, and she pulled her bra out of her shirt through the left arm sleeve.

Then, after again making sure nobody was around, she pulled off her t-shirt, laid it out on the ground, and quickly laid down on it on her front, the way Alix had done with hers. I only got to see Patty's breasts for a couple of seconds, but it was a nice sight.

(Of course, unlike Alix's, which remained completely hidden under her body, Patty's spilled out a bit on either side)

Alix turned onto her front as well, so the show really was over. It was disappointing,but understandable: it was sexy seeing her exposed like that, but she didn't want her small tits to burn.

The women both stretched out to get comfortable, obviously not intending to stir for a while. Patty had her legs so far apart that anybody right behind her (which unfortunately I wasn't) could probably look straight up her short shorts to her panties (if indeed she was wearing any).

Since we weren't going anywhere, I took off my own shirt, and gently rubbed Alix's bare back. "That's so nice," she said softly. "Don't stop."

"What's nice?" Patty asked, half asleep.

"Rob's rubbing Alix's back," Cal said.

"I want," Patty said, and Cal began caressing her. She sighed, and her body relaxed completely.

For the next few minutes, I ran my hand lightly across Alix's back, from her shoulder blades down to the waistband of her shorts, and Cal was doing the same to Patty. Then he caught my attention, and with a mischievous grin, gestured with a nod toward his wife's back. Hoping this wasn't something we'd live to regret, I quickly switched places with him and began rubbing Patty's back while he took over on Alix.

It was fun having my hand on a woman other than my wife, even if it was all very innocent (though hopefully Alix and Patty would see it that way if they suddenly opened their eyes).

Well, maybe not quite so innocent: when he didn't think I was looking, Cal slipped a couple of fingers about an inch under the waistband of Alix's shorts. Not far enough to come anywhere close to her ass, of course, but still...

So when I was sure Cal wasn't looking, I let my hand wander down Alix's side until I was giving a quick stroke to the side of her breast.

"Mmm," she whispered very softly. "Nice. But not in front of Alix and Rob."

A moment later, Alix said "Can you rub the back of my legs? They're a little sore from all the walking." Cal looked over at me (fortunately I'd just removed my hand from the side of his wife's breast), shrugged, and began working his ways up Alix's legs using both hands. "Just like that," she said.

I moved between Patty's legs and began lightly massaging them, also from the ankles up.

When Cal got to the baggy leg holes of Alix's shorts, he let his fingers side up under them, and she didn't object. I got the better end of the deal, though: Alix's shorts were kind of long, and I doubted he made any contact with her panties: Patty's shorts were so brief, my fingertips brushed against the bottom of her bare ass, and I could see what looked like the edge of bikini panties. I was very aware that if I slid my fingers over, I'd make contact with what might well be a very wet pussy. And I felt her push back just a bit, as if she wanted me to.

I was pushing my luck as it was, of course.

I guess Cal felt the same way, even though he didn't realize I'd taken much greater liberties with his wife than he had with mine. "We should probably get going," he said sort of suddenly, taking his hand out of Alix's shorts..

I quickly withdrew my hand as well. "Oh, do we have to?" Patty asked. "That was starting to feel real good."

Yeah, we should get out of here before Cal wonders what was starting to feel real good.

While Patty was putting herself together – sliding her bra under her body without getting up, fastening it, then sitting up to slip on her t-shirt -- Cal asked us whether we had any plans for dinner. We hadn't given it much thought, what with the heat and traveling to the craft show, and he asked us if we wanted to pop by for barbeque: nothing fancy, just burgers and corn-on-the-cob, some salad... and we were welcome to bring a six-pack.

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Turned out, we started in on the beer first: it was still too warm to fire up the grill. We just laid around for a while getting acquainted (one might argue that you usually get acquainted with people before you look at each other's wife's breasts): we'd been in their back yard only once before, a couple of summers ago during a neighborhood barbecue.

Patty was wearing the same short shorts as this afternoon, but her shirt (and apparently her bra as well) had been replaced by a very light sleeveless top. Alix had replaced her long, baggy shorts with a pair that was almost as short as Patty's.

Cal and I were both glancing appreciatively at their legs.

"That's new, isn't it?" Alix asked, gesturing at the swimming pool.

""Yeah," Cal said, "we just put it in this spring."

Alix went over to the edge, scooped up some water in her hand, and brushed it across her forehead. "Nice and cool," she said. She picked up a little more water, pulled her t-shirt away from her body an inch, and let it drip down onto her chest.

"I don't know about anybody else," Cal said, "but I can wait until things cool off before eating. If you guys want to run across the street and get your swimsuits..."

"Cal's been trying to talk me into swimming topless," Patty said.

"Thanks for sharing that," he said.

Instead of responding, Patty ran up behind Alix, grabbed her shoulders, and pulled both of them into the pool.

Alix was the first to climb out. Wet, her t-shirt seemed to have become two sizes smaller, skintight, and her hard nipples were poking through like little thumbs.

Patty seemed similarly shrink-wrapped into her shirt, her right breast visible as if the shirt wasn't there at all. As for her left breast, the weight of the water was making her tank top sag down so far, it was exposed down past the nipple. "Did you ever want to swim topless, Alix? It always seemed like fun, but more fun if somebody did it with me. And since the guys have already seen our boobs..."

"You don't have to convince me," Alix said. "I have nothing to hide from any of you anymore." She pulled off her wet shirt and dropped it to the patio floor.

Patty pulled off her own top, kicked off her sandals (sandal, actually, because one of them had come off in the pool), and pushed down her shorts. I was right that she was wearing brief bikini panties – and they were a very light yellow, and nearly transparent when wet. I could see that her pussy was shaved, and her wet panties clung tightly against the lips of her vulva. She stood there, aware I was looking at her, for a moment longer than she had to, then dove in.

Alix started struggling with the sodden laces on her sneakers but before she could remove her shoes, socks and shorts, I stripped down to my boxers and jumped in the pool. It was either that or stand there with my cock trying to drill its way out of my shorts: I needed that cool water, if you get my drift.

That was the plan, anyway – but as soon as I surfaced, in shoulder-deep water, I felt a thud on my back: Patty had latched onto me, her arms around my neck and her legs wrapped around my waist. "Come on," she said, "give me a ride. Until Cal comes in."

I glanced up at Cal, who was still undressing. He shrugged. Me carrying Patty around seemed harmless enough. I half-walked half-jumped across the pool. "This is fun," Patty said. "I've done this before, but never topless. Hey, does this mean I'm a bareback rider?"

"Good one," I said. "Well, I've done this before, but never with naked boobs right behind me."

"Oh, you like them?" she asked, leaning forward and brushing her breasts against the back of my neck.

Before I could answer (yes, I did like them), Alix was suddenly in front of me "Give me my guy back," she said, leaping at me.

So of course Patty and I went falling backward into the water, coming up a few second later spitting out water and giggling. "Hey," Patty said to Cal, "Alix tried to drown me. You have to protect me."

"I will avenge you!" Cal said, picking up Alix and tossing her over his shoulder. She hit the water headfirst, and the force of the water pulled her panties halfway down her ass. She hiked them back up and she got back to her feet.

I got behind Patty and wrapped an arm around her chest. "Okay, that's enough," I said, "I have your wife hostage." I suddenly realized my arm was pressed against the bottoms of her breasts. "Um..." I said, quickly moving them down.

"Had your arm somewhere it shouldn't have been?" Patty asked teasingly, gently grinding her ass against my cock underwater.

"Oh god," I almost said out loud, feeling my cock go completely hard, wedging into the crotch of her tiny panties. Was it sticking out of my boxers? I couldn't tell under the water, and I was afraid to look.

But also so tempted to slide my cock under her panties.

"I think those two need to be broken up," Cal said to Alix, and they both came at us. Cal got in front of Patty and tried to grab her out of my grasp, so of course I put my other arm around her as well, right across her breasts. Cal had his body pressed against hers and he tried to pull her away. "Um... let's not squash the boobs, okay guys?" Patty said, and Alix began tugging at me from behind.

I suddenly realized that with Cal pushed against Patty in front, and me from behind, it was like we were double-fucking her. I let go suddenly, and Alix and I went flying backward, both of doing very sloppy backflips into the water.

We came up coughing up water, and while we were catching our breath, Alix suddenly tripped again. I grabbed her, and we both noticed that her panties had fallen down past her knees. Obviously, these panties were not designed to stay on well when soaking wet (and why would they be?)

She realized she couldn't reach her her panties without putting her head underwater, so she took a deep breath and went down. She never got to her panties, because she spotted my cock, sticking straight out from my body. She closed a hand around it, then came back to the surface. "I hope this hasn't been anywhere it shouldn't have been," she said with a grin.

"Not yet," I told her.

She kicked off her panties and as they floated off, we both looked over at Cal and Patty. They weren't paying any attention to us: Cal was whispering something to her, and he had a hand firmly on one of her breasts.

Alix put her arms around the back of my neck, jumped up, and brought her crotch against mine. I took a few tries and some awkward maneuvering, since we'd never done this before, but eventually my cock slid deep inside her. "Oh fuck!" she yelled out, in case Cal and Patty hadn't figured out what we were doing in their pool.

We needn't have worried: Cal and Penny had left the pool. He was lying on one of the lounge chairs and she was on top of him, naked, happily riding his cock. Over Alix's shoulder, I could see Patty's breasts bouncing along with the rest of her body: breasts, I remembered, I'd had my arm on just a few minutes earlier. For that matter, my naked cock had been almost touching her pussy.

The thought of this made me push into Alix even harder. I know it's wrong to think about fucking another woman when you're fucking your wife, but we all do it. And to be fair, I was more justified than most.

"Squeeze my tits," Patty said loudly, and Cal obeyed.

"Fuck me harder," Alix said, with no reason to even try to be quiet now. "Jam that – oh, oh – jam that cock into my wet pussy!"

"I'm cumming, I'm cumming," Patty said, and as if in response, Alix yelled "Fuck, fuck, I'm cumming!"

"Oh god, ahhhhhh!"

"Rob, cum in me right-- eeeeee!"

I started cumming in Alix so hard, my knees got weak, and after a few seconds I had to let go of her. My cum floated out of her pussy as she dropped into the water, while one last spurt was shooting out of my cock.

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We climbed out of the pool, and we all quietly got dressed I thought things might get a little awkward – we'd just been naked and fucked in front of one another, after all – but it was okay. "If you guys want to change into dry clothing, I'll fire up the grill."

"Sounds like a plan," I said.

It took us a little longer to get back to their patio than we'd planned: once we got upstairs and out of our wet clothing, I pushed Alix down on the bed and had my way with her again. Cal and Patty, dressed in dry clothing now, didn't seem to notice how long we'd been gone – and I figured out why when I saw their wet clothing in a pile next to the lounge chair: they must have stripped down after we left, had their own second round, then gone into the house, still naked, to change.

Patty was wearing another pair of short shorts, and a crop top that didn't come down very far below her breasts. She was clearly bra-less, and I doubted she ever wore the top like that in public: on a hot evening, though, among people who'd already seen her naked...

Again, I expected things to be a little weird – but despite the sexy outfits the wives were wearing (Alix had on a short cotton skirt and a top that looked a lot more like a bikini top; maybe she just wanted to be prepared if she got pushed into the pool again), we all just ate, drank, relaxed and got better acquainted.

At one point, when Cal went into the house to fetch some more beer, and Alix went in right afterward to go to the bathroom, Patty turned to me and said, somewhat sternly, "Now that we're alone, I have a couple of words for you."

Oh shit, I thought: she's pissed that I was humping her in the pool. She started it, of course, but I was happy enough to let my cock slide between her legs.

Or maybe she figured out I'd grabbed her ass at the park, pretending to be her husband.

She sat down next to me. "Two words," she said.

"Yes?"

"Nice. Cock."