**[The Swimming Baths](http://www.asstr.org/%7Egentlebutfirm/The%20Swimming%20Baths.htm)**

Posted on by Gentle

The local swimming baths were nearly empty by the time Janice and Alan finished their late evening swim. This was their first venture to the pool since moving to the area a few weeks before.

Agreeing to meet near the changing rooms after they got dressed, they then proceeded to have a quiet look around the building. One of the attendants had told them that there was a viewing gallery under the pool, with thick glass windows allowing an underwater view of the pool.

Small signs led them down below the water level, and into a cramped basement room. To call this dim, chlorine smelling plumbing nightmare a gallery was a bit of a joke. Nonetheless, Janice wanted to see how clear the view into the pool was, and Alan just wandered around while she climbed up the steps to one of the viewing platforms, and put her head up close to the glass, peering around.

After a few minutes, Alan was bored, and ready to leave. Walking over to Janice, he tried to get her attention.

"Jan, come on honey. It's late. What if they lock us in her by mistake."

"Just gimme a minute. This is great. I can see right across to the other side of the pool. Not many people in here though."

"Yeah, yeah. Come on."

"Just a minute, I said. Ooh... hey Alan..."

"What now?"

"Hey, come up here. Quick. Look at that."

"Oh, can't we just go?"

"No, no. Come on. Hurry."

Trudging up the steel steps reluctantly, Alan caught a glimpse of something through the window. Moving up closer, and standing behind Janice, he could see it was the attractive lady he had noticed while they were in the pool.

She was about twenty five years old, well shaped, and wearing a skimpy burnt orange bikini. She was standing right up against the window, facing it, and perfectly framed. Alan could see from her knees to the top of her breasts. Nice breasts. And so was the rest of her.

"Okay, so she's a looker. So what?"

"No, you don't understand. She was... Look, see that?"

Suddenly Alan was paying attention. Pressed up hard against the window, the woman slowly rubbed her hands across her nipples, now visibly pressing against the bikini top, wound her way down her stomach, and stroked the orange triangle between her legs.

No doubt she thought this was a safe thing to be doing where she was. She couldn't be seen very well from inside the pool, and she must have either not known about the window, or reasonably assumed that no one would be in the gallery so late.

Both Janice and Alan were frozen in place, watching her antics. Returning her hands to her breasts, she reached under the skimpy bikini top, and massaged them vigorously, squeezing her nipples now and then, her body swaying in the water.

Suddenly her hands disappeared from under her top, as a swimmer passed relatively close to her. She stood still for a moment, as though considering her options, and then her right hand reappeared in front of her navel. Her fingers circled lightly on her tight stomach, bumping over the depression from time to time. Then her left hand slowly moved from the outside of her hip down between her legs again, sliding a single finger down the very centre of the orange covering, and then dragging the finger back up, pressing hard against the mound under the cloth.

"God Alan, she can't do that. Don't they have rules about that stuff?"

"No one can see her Janice. Well, that's what she thinks."

"You'd have to be awfully desperate though, wouldn't you?"

"Perhaps it's the danger that gets her going Jan."

"You think? In a public place like this? Maybe."

As they discussed the likely motivation, she continued rubbing the front of her bathing suit, an addictive rhythm. Alan could feel pressure building in his trousers, and Janice was glued to the spectacle.

Suddenly the woman stopped tickling her stomach with her right hand, and brought it down to meet the left, between her thighs. Gently lifting the orange cloth to the side with her left hand, she revealed a nest of tight brown hair, and as she spread her knees a little, they got a perfect view of her most private parts.

Her right hand slipped down through the curly nest, and her index finger disappeared inside. She moved about a little to get more comfortable, and slowly started to move her finger in and out, her hips moving a little in time to the thrusts.

Alan had never seen anyone but Janice masturbate before, and his penis was reacting as they watched. Snuggling up tight behind his wife, he started to squeeze her breasts gently through her top, and kissed her ears, alternating between them from time to time.

As though she suddenly realised what he was doing, Janice looked around the gallery, just to make sure there was no one else there, and then pressed her hips into Alan's groin, to indicate her approval. After a while, stroking her breasts, and kissing her ears and neck, he moved his hands down further, and slipped them in the top of her sweatpants, and continued on down. Encountering no resistance, Alan gently rubbed her as she pressed gently against his hand and then slowly inserted his finger inside her, replicating the moves they could see through the window. Janice started to move her hips as well, and it was as though they were involved in some bizarre threesome.

The orange-clad woman eventually removed her finger from where it had been pleasuring her, pulled the cloth away a little more, and started to stroke directly on her clitoris. She swayed in the water in time with her strokes, and spread her legs further to get access.

"Alan, please take that finger out of there. I want something else."

"What, here? You sure?"

"Ooh, fuck yes. I'm sure. God, look at her. How bold can someone be. Ooh, come on."

Alan extricated himself from Janice's pants and with a last look around, he undid his trousers, and released his tightly pressed penis from its confinement. Reaching for Janice again, he pushed down her trackpants and now wet panties to her ankles, leaned her slightly forward, and gently parted her knees. Moving closer to her, he did his best to position his penis correctly, but it wasn't quite right. Without ever moving her eyes from the now furiously masturbating woman in the window, Janice put her hands down between her damp thighs, and guided Alan.

"There honey. Ooh, that feels hard. Just push it in hon. God, I'm so wet down here. I need you in me."

Silently compliant, still staring at the glass, Alan pulled her hips toward him, thrusting with his own at the same time.

"Ooh, do that some more hon," Janice demanded. And he did. Moving in and out awkwardly on the small platform, holding her hips, and staring at the spectacle in front of them.

The woman had finally got annoyed with the bikini bottom, and had pushed the orange cloth down her legs, revealing her womanhood in full. A full but tidily trimmed bush of brown hair, highlighting the pinkness she was stroking. Her left hand was inserted inside her love tunnel, as her right hand continued to furiously stroke her nubbin.

They could tell she was nearly ready to come, and they were in no better shape themselves. Janice had liberally assisted the process with her fingers, as Alan's angle of attack was not perfect, and her breath was coming in gasps as she stared. Alan was unsure how much longer he could hold off, even if he wanted to.

Pumping faster now, both mesmerised by the blatant self-gratification in front of them, they found the right rhythm, Janice's hands adding to the stimulation Alan supplied, both excited by their mutual voyeurism. As the movements of the three participants became more and more frantic, they forgot about their surroundings, the unusual situation they were in, even the chance of being caught. The call of orgasm became the only audible voice.

Moaning loudly now, Janice rubbed her slipperiness harder, as Alan's rod pumped ever faster. The third member of the group was also rubbing harder, willing herself to come, when suddenly her legs clamped shut, all her muscles tensed, and they could see her body shuddering with silent surrender. That was too much for both of them, and Janice screamed with the onset of her own orgasm, as Alan exploded inside her, and they both collapsed on the window frame.

For the first time since this had begun, they had looked away from the window. When Janice looked back up, it was clear. No one was standing there, and she could see no sign of the woman. They both sat for a few minutes to regain their breath, and then suddenly feeling awfully vulnerable, Janice stood up, pulled up her clothes, and helped Alan to tuck his softening cock back inside his jeans. Straightening up the rest of their clothes, they climbed quietly down from the platform, and headed for the door, arm in arm, grinning happily at one another.

They ducked quickly back into the ticketing area to retrieve their bags, and reached the front doors just in time for Alan to hold the door open for another swimmer.

Looking at her as he stood with the glass door between them, he realised it was the woman from the window.

"Thank you Sir. Nice to know there's a gentleman left in the world."

"Not at all. Thank you. Thank you very much."

"Oh that. It was nothing. I enjoyed it too."

And she winked at him, and walked on out the door, leaving him standing there staring after her, until Janice asked him what was the matter with him.

"Nothing hon. Nothing. Let's go home. I want to fuck you stupid."

"Oh, goody. Hurry up then."