Three in a Truck.
by Hildabert

I was in one of my favourite positions. I was tucked in between two guys on the bench seat of a truck with a steering column gear change. Now, before you read to much into this I knew both these guys quite - well, very - well and we had enjoyed some capers together. Today we were going to a nice quiet beach for a swim. I had my bikini in my bag along with the food and soft drinks. I kicked off my sandals and wriggled my toes in the cool blast from the fan, pity this truck did not have air conditioning, it was that hot a day.
‘When you going to update this truck for one with aircon?’ I asked, ‘It’s too hot for clothing even in here. And we have the windows open.’
‘When I win the Lottery,’ said Tim, ‘But don’t let that stop you undressing if you’re that hot.’
‘What?! Between you two guys of the wandering hands. I could well end up naked.’
‘Now that is an idea,’ Tom chuckled gleefully, ‘Let’s start with the blouse.’
Those wandering hands managed to undo every button down the front of my blouse however hard I tried to slap them away and my bra came into view.
‘That looks almost like a swimsuit bra,’ decided Tim as the truck came to a halt at the lights. ‘Might as well take that blouse off.’
Now, girls, have you ever tried to stop two husky guys who are determined to get your clothes off? Even if you struggle a bit. My blouse came off and Tom sat on it to stop me getting it back. Never mind, I had my bra still. I spread my legs to let such air as there was cool the parts that other air could not reach. Now this was a mistake or at least I like to think so.
‘Those panties must be hot,’ Tim decided, ‘I think they’ll have to come off as well.’
Maybe I should have worn shorts but a mini, mini skirt had seemed like a good idea at the time. A hand from each side lifted the hem and a finger was inserted into each of the sides of my panties or - to be more precise, my thong. For a start my sitting on them stopped any further attempts at their removal but a hand under my legs lifted my bum off the seat and I felt a rather damp piece of material slide down my legs and get dragged off over my feet.
‘Swine, Male Sexist Pigs,’ I protested maybe just a touch too weakly to make them feel I was too adverse to their stripping me. After all my skirt still covered my pubes, just, and my bra covered my nipples which always seem to be the critical areas for exposure. Just ask Janet Jackson.
‘Cooler?’ asked Tim.
I squeezed my legs together before the guys could go any further in helping me to get cooler. ‘Yes, thank you, I’m fine now.’
A hand slipped up my back and pinged the clasp of my bra apart and I felt it loosen round my breasts. I swiftly moved my hands up to hold the cups over the bits they were supposed to cover. This was a mistake. One of those wandering hands managed to undo the button on my skirt and slide the zip down. I was now in a dilemma. Should I keep my bra in position or should I try to do my skirt up again. I fluffed it and tried to do both. That lost me my bra and I was bare breasted. Well it was cooler even if my bra was no longer available, it had joined my blouse out of my reach.
‘Now come on guys,’ I protested, ‘Haven’t you taken enough of my clothes off now? And you’ll have to give them back when we get to the car park.’
Little did I realise I was offering them a challenge. They had both seen me naked before and would most likely have seen me naked again on the beach today, if it wasn’t too crowded. I enjoyed teasing them.
I held one tit in each hand to prevent them jiggling as we bumped across the field that served as a car park and this also stopped the attendant from seeing them as he took the parking fee. Even if his eyes nearly did pop out at the possibility. We came to a halt in the shade.
‘I think that skirt should go, don’t you Tim?’ asked Tom.
‘Definitely,’ agreed Tim.
After a futile struggle My skirt was off and I was sitting naked between two fully clothed guys.
My clothes were stuffed into my beach bag and Tim got out of the truck with it rapidly followed my Tom after he had got the key out of the ignition..
I sat stark naked in the truck without a stitch of clothing within reach.
‘Coming, Jenny?’ asked Tom with a nasty grin on his face.
All the time I was sitting down my most private bits were out of sight even if they were smoothly shaved for the occasion. My hands still clasped my boobs in their defence. Tom went lock the truck.
‘Ah, well if you want to sit there all day in the heat with nothing on and miss two well developed guys stripping on the beach ...........’
I slid to the edge of the seat and peered around. There did not seem too many people about so I slid out of the truck and stood nervously between the guys for some protection from voyeurs. The car park attendant in particular. I made a futile grab for my beach bag only to be told that Tim would be kind enough to carry it for me to the beach as he was sure with all that stuff in it was too heavy for my delicate form.
Deep breath and I walked between the guys to the beach entrance and through the dunes. What a buzz. Was that perspiration or what between my legs?
The guys stripped off, as promised, on the beach. One naked guy is danger, two nice naked ones are protection. We swam and we ate the grub and drank the booze.
I did get to rub the sun cream on two well muscled guys and made certain no part of their bodies would get sunburnt. I protested that the amount of cream needed was increased and that there would be an extra charge if they would allow their feelings to get the better of them -- and on a public beach!
I insisted if they wanted me to walk back naked to the truck they should do the same. So they did much to the enjoyment of certain of the by then crowded car park. I realised again that naked girls bring cries of delight and approval, naked guys get told to ‘cover it up’ and ‘that’s disgusting showing his....’

BTW. I found that four large male hands can rub on sun cream much more thoroughly than two small female ones and also make certain that however gyno my sunbathing position absolutely nothing would get sunburnt.

Jenny.