

THE TALE OF THE
Poolside Pleasure



ALAINA QUINN

THE TALE OF THE POOLSIDE PLEASURE

*A poolside study session turns
hot.*

Copyright © 2020 by Alaina
Quinn

Lace Garter Society Tales
Tale of the Poolside Pleasure

All rights reserved. This book or any portion thereof may not be reproduced or used in any manner whatsoever without the express written permission of the author except for the use of brief quotations in a book review.

This is a work of fiction.

Names, characters, businesses, places, events, and incidents are either the products of the author's

imagination or used in a
fictitious manner. Any
resemblance to actual
persons, living or dead, or
actual events is purely
coincidental.

Cover art by Alaina Quinn.
Cover art copyright © 2020
Alaina Quinn

A Note from Alaina

Hello my awesome, lovely reader!

Thank you so much for picking out this book from a sea of millions. It means the world to me that the cover or copy was enough to make you say, “Yep! I’ll give it a whirl!”

The Lace Garter Society is pretty much my love letter to the 90s TV show *Are You Afraid of the Dark*. I adored the show and always thought the format of it was cool. And I thought...instead of teens around a campfire telling scary stories...what about four women around a fire pit telling sexy ones (with wine)? And BAM! *The Lace Garter Society* was born!

Tomasina Rose Shim,
Catherine Marie Stryder-
Cabrera, Nora Jean Proval,
and Blake Taylor Young.
They are the four women who
make up the heart of this
series, and I hope they bring
as much joy to you as they do
to me. They're funny and
kind, smart and horny, crass
and cool. The stories inside
the LGS totally reflect who
these women are. Each tale is
a tiny sexy-time nugget, a fast

read you can devour in one sitting. And if you want wine with that, go on with your bad self!

Thank you so much again for purchasing! And if you want to always know when the next installment comes out, sign up for my newsletter at alainaquinn.com. Happy reading!

XOXO,

Alaina

For Mom and Dad.
Always.

And Heather Stewart.
You helped me find my joy
again.

Table of Contents

[Title Page](#)

[Copyright](#)

[A Note from Alaina](#)

[Dedication](#)

[The Tale of the Poolside](#)

[Pleasure](#)

[A Final Note from Alaina](#)

[Sneak Peek](#)

1.

Not for the first time, I wondered how the hell I would've survived the last year without the women sitting across from me. Actually, forget the last year. Even just the last few months. I'd been pushed to my limit so often but they were always, always there for me—to cushion the blows, to

buffer the worst, to be shoulders to lean on, to be hands I could hold while I cried.

They were the best, all of them: Catherine, Nora Jean, Blake. And me. I'm Tomasina. Tommi. The *Sex and the City* girls had nothing on us. We had been through fire together. And now, were sitting by fire...well, a fire pit. Out on the back lawn, cozy in our chairs with a

shimmering inground pool on one side of us, and the most gorgeous rose bushes on the other. The house feels miles away and the nearest neighbor might as well not exist.

It's Sunday night. Sacred time.

“Honestly,” Blake says, “I was gagging on that cock just looking at it. I hadn't even touched it yet. It was that huge!”

Catherine rolls her eyes, and Nora Jean's laugh almost made her spill her wine.

“Save it for your story,” Catherine says. “God, you are the dirtiest virgin I've ever met.”

Blake smiles. The firelight makes her hair look like freshly polished red apples. “Thirsty-five and lookin' fine! It's a proud badge that I wear.”

“Thirsty-five?” asks Nora

Jean.

“Did you not hear the virgin part?”

I chuckle and pour myself another glass of wine. Not much of a connoisseur, all I know is that it's red and tastes good and, knowing Catherine, costs thousands of dollars. She can afford it. It's her fire pit we're sitting around, her inground pool and rose bushes and house that feels miles away.

Catherine runs the Stryder Auction House, as in her last name, as in it's been her family's business since her great-great-great ad nauseum grandparents came over on the Mayflower and, lifetimes later, Catherine's mother adopted her from Haiti and taught her all about the business.

Catherine took to it like a fish in water. The business flourished. She made it one of

the best auction houses in America, so Google said.

And then there's her husband, Joaquin Cabrera. He's the artistic director of the Aurora Ballet Academy and when they stand together, it's like they create a new periodic table element. TmH: Teeth-meltingly Hot.

Nora Jean asks, "So what made you say no this time?"

"Please," Blake says. "I am not jumping on a guy who

pulls his dick out while we're sitting in my driveway after a first date.”

“Where'd you go?” asks Catherine.

She sighs, as if she knows what's next. “Willy's Diner.”

Nora Jean bursts out laughing. “You went to Willy's and got a willy!”

I snicker. “Maybe he thought you were flirting with him.”

“Or giving him directions,”

Catherine says.

Blake glares. “Ah shut up. They have really good burgers.”

Nora Jean chuckles again. Curled up on the big lawn chair, legs tucked under her, she looks like a *Homes & Gardens* cover girl if *Homes & Gardens* had cover girls and that cover girl like a blonde Xena. (Also a TmH.)

She’s on her second glass and—oh, wait, no. She downs

the rest of her glass in one swallow and holds it out for a refill. Catherine obliges. Third glass. She's on her third glass now. I'm on my second. Catherine is still nursing her first. Blake... Blake, I believe, is starting a brand-new bottle.

These women. I love them.

Suddenly, Blake claps. "Alright, ladies, it's time. I officially declare this meeting of the Lace Garter Society to

order!”

We all cheer—Catherine with her polite golf clap, Nora Jean with a loud hoot, and me with a trill of whistling. Blake taps her ring against her glass.

“Up tonight, we have the lovely and talented Nora Jean Proval.”

Nora Jean stands and gives a regal queen’s wave.

Blake says, “Now, before we go further. Catherine,

wine?”

She holds up another bottle.

“Tommi, phones off?”

I pick up the basket where our phones currently gather.

“Garter?”

Nora Jean twirls it around her finger then slowly makes a big ol’ show of sliding it up her leg to rest at her jean-clad thigh.

“Oh mama,” I say, making Catherine smile.

Blake nods approvingly. “Then we are prepared. Nora Jean, you’re up.”

“Okay,” Nora Jean says, sitting back down, tucking her legs once more beneath her, “so I had this idea a few days ago. I was watching *Chicago Med* and—”

I smile. “Oooh, I love a good doctor story.”

Nora Jean asks, “How about a *med student* story? One that takes place in

summer by the pool?”

“Where the bodies are dripping wet?” Blake teases.

Nora Jean smiles.

“Exactly.”

And like she’s done a dozen times before—like we’ve all done—she reaches into the little faux-leather bag and takes a handful of our special storytelling concoction.

“I present to you, for approval of the Lace Garter

Society”—she throws in the glittery dust—“*The Tale of the Poolside Pleasure.*”

“What would you do if I jammed a knife into my palm right now?”

Derek Archer looked at her over the rim of his sunglasses. Victoria King was the picture of summer fun. Relaxed, happy, sitting in a bright-orange inner tube on the clear waters of her

humongous pool. Her body was a long golden arch. She looked divine.

“You don’t have a knife,” he said.

“Hypothetically.” She smiled. “Come on, future Dr. Derek who studies every goddamn day, tell me what you would do if I plunged a knife straight into my palm.” She opened her right hand like a starfish. The skin was smooth, unblemished.

“Well,” he said, rolling from his stomach to his side, the long beach towel shifting slightly beneath him on the patio, “since puncture wounds to the palms actually aren’t that severe, I’d just tell you to drive yourself to the hospital.” He smiled. “But I’d wait for you back here.”

Victoria splashed him. “Asshole. You’d really let me bleed all over the place?”

“Okay, fine. I’d help you

look for a towel.”

She threw more water at him, but they both laughed. “Oh, Derek,” she moaned, leaning her head back until it was practically in the water. “Put your book away and get in the pool. It’s too hot to study.”

Now, that was almost true. It was a very hot day, practically scorching. Every so often, Derek would need to wipe the sweat from his

forehead. But the constant little splashes Victoria sent his way helped keep the heat low enough to be bearable.

“Come on,” she continued, “if not for me, do it for the pool. I know how much you love her.”

He smiled. No denying, the pool itself was a thing of beauty. It was shaped like a number nine with little blue tiles on the floor. It went from two-feet deep to twelve.

Foliage of all shapes and sizes surrounded it, providing a thick green curtain of privacy. When Derek first saw it, he was totally overwhelmed. He loved swimming, and this pool was a dream. He got in and just languished. Victoria complained that he was cheating on her. He totally agreed.

“I’ll come in in a minute,” Derek said, rolling back to his

stomach. He felt as if he was wearing a wool parka, it was so hot.

Victoria propelled herself towards him, her wrists flicking in the water. The inner tube spun her lazily several times before it finally bumped into the side of the pool nearest Derek. “What are you looking at, anyway?”

Derek lifted the corner of his book so she could see the cover. Victoria inclined her

head then pursed her lips. She extended her hand. “Give me it.”

“Are you gonna throw it in the water?”

She scoffed. “I promise I won’t ruin it. I just want to see the thing that keeps my boyfriend’s attention away from me for so long every day.”

Derek tried to gauge her sincerity, but her heart-shaped sunglasses made it

impossible to tell. He finally said, “If you even dip this in the water, I will...I don’t know...punch a hole in your inner tube.”

“Ew. That didn’t sound disgusting.”

Chuckling, he handed her the heavy book then turned on his back, letting the sun scorch his chest and stomach. It hurt, but in a good way. He shut his eyes and relaxed into the heat.

“So,” Victoria said, “if I asked you something from this, would you know the answer?”

“Probably.”

“Really?”

“Sure. Well, maybe. It depends.”

“Hmmm. Not sounding so confident anymore, are you?”

He turned his head and looked at her. “I know what’s in that book.”

Victoria flipped to a page.

After a moment, she asked, “What are erythrocytes?”

“Easy. They’re red blood cells.”

“Very good.” Another flip. “Taste buds are located on the upper surface of the tongue within tiny elevations called?”

He turned his head back and shut his eyes. “What is papillae.”

“That is correct.”

“Thank you. Can I get

metabolism for two hundred, please?”

“Uh...no, you cannot. I'm not on that chapter and don't want to look for it. So instead, I'll say: multiple choice. Persons having the condition called strabismus have a condition in which they a) cannot see red or green color, b) light rays focus behind the retina, c) the optic disk is damaged or d) the eyes do not converge

together.”

“Hmmm, I’m going to say...C. No, wait. D. It’s D.”

“You sure?”

“Strabismus is seeing two images instead of one...I think. So yeah. I’m going to go with D.”

“Well, Derek, that was a good decision you made. D is the correct answer.”

“Thank you.”

“Where is the masseter located?”

“Face.”

“Popliteal artery?”

“Leg.”

“True or false. The number of chromosomes present in a sperm cell is 46.”

“False. It’s 48.”

“Ooh, and you didn’t even blush when I said sperm.”

“Yeah well, just don’t say foreskin. Otherwise, you’ll have me pinker than uh, foreskin.”

Victoria chuckled. “You’re

so lame.”

He grinned. “Any more questions?”

“What does the thyroid gland do?”

“It secretes thyroxine, triiodothyronine, and calcitonin. It’s located in the neck. Now, give me a question that actually requires some neurological activity.”

Derek added, “That’s just a fancy way of saying make it a hard one.”

“Alright, fine. Here’s a hard one. Among the following, amylopectin most closely resembles a) glucopyranose, b) fructofuranose, c) mannose, or d) glycogen?”

Derek propped himself up on his elbows and lowered his sunglasses to the tip of his nose. He had to squint in the blinding brightness to look at her.

“Before I answer, can I just

say how wonderfully you butchered those words? I mean, really. Such creativity. Were you even speaking English?”

“Oh shut up. Do you know the answer or not?”

“It’s D.”

Victoria clapped slowly, a smile lighting her face. Soon, however, that grin turned all shades of naughty, and her clapping hands moved towards the book on her lap

in a slow, languid slide. Derek sat up, his body going tense. She bit her bottom lip.

“Victoria,” he warned, “don’t do it.”

Heedless to his words, she took the book and raised it high above her head. She angled her arm so it was right over the clear-blue water.

“Oh my,” she said breathlessly, “it’s *so* heavy. I better not drop it. I better not let it just slip through my—

Ah!” Victoria suddenly yelped as his book fell from her fingers. She tried to grab it but to no avail. It landed in the water with an impressive *phlunk*.

Mouth agape, Victoria watched it sink to the bottom. They were both silent.

“Okay,” she said, “that was a total accident.”

Without warning, Derek launched himself in the water, sending up a big splash.

Victoria screamed and propelled herself back from him.

“Come here, you.”

“No, Derek! Get away!”

He laughed at her frenzied attempt to paddle away from him. He caught her in no time, grabbing her ankle with his hands.

“No!” she yelled. “I don’t want to get my hair wet! I just straightened it! It took me two hours to—”

He pulled her into the water. Her scream rang out even under there. God, he loved that woman.

She came up sputtering and shrieking, batting at Derek with both hands. But she was laughing, too. In between all that noise and commotion, they were both laughing. He dove beneath the surface and swam to the bottom. He grabbed his book then pushed himself from the blue-tiled

floor to the top again. He held it up in all its dripping glory for Victoria to see.

“You know,” she said, “if it wasn’t so heavy, I would never have dropped it.”

“Blaming it on the book? Low, Victoria.”

It hadn’t cost him much, ten dollars at a used bookstore. But even if it was more, it might’ve been worth it just to see the sight of Victoria’s face right after it

fell into the water, all aghast and shocked and crazy. Well, maybe not. Textbooks were expensive. With a sigh, he threw it over his shoulder.

Victoria's arms came around him, lithe and strong against his neck. Water droplets rolled from her hairline to the curve of her chin. Her entire body glistened. She kissed him, the heat from her mouth curling all the way down to his

center. The tip of her tongue stroked past the seam of his lips, opening them with one easy little slide. The water gently lapped at their bodies. Weightless and floating, Derek felt like he was in a dream.

She breathed between kisses. “Do I have you to myself now?”

Sighing, he moved his mouth to her ear. “For now.”

“No. All day.”

“Victoria...”

She pulled away from him, sending up a splash of water.

“You like staring at bodies more than you like touching them.”

“What?” he asked, highly amused.

“It’s true,” she said, swimming to the other side of the pool. Derek followed her with his own long, measured strokes. She continued, “You spend all your days looking at

your stupid book, figuring out which bone is connected to which bone. You stare at photos of naked people. You memorize every line of them.” She frowned at him. “I want you to memorize my lines.”

Derek grabbed her wrist and turned her to face him. He ran his hands down her wet body, her skin as slippery as ice but definitely not cold. He kissed her again then

gently bit her lower lip. He licked the corner of her mouth, the curve of her chin, then buried his face against the side of her neck. His arms squeezed even tighter around her. He loved the feel of her body pressed to his.

“I dream about your body,” he said. “I fantasize about your body.”

Victoria’s moan got caught in the strands of his hair; he could feel the vibrations roll

throughout his head. They made him drunk and dizzy in ways he only ever was with Victoria. He rocked his hips against hers, and this time, it's him that moans, the sound landing right in the curve of her ear. She shivered at the sound, and her body moved up and down.

Her arms tightened around him. Her legs wound around his waist, cupping a growing hard-on. Derek moved his

lips from her neck back to her mouth. She tasted good. Really good.

Somehow, they floated to the wall of the deepest section in the pool. Her back bumped against it, trapping his hands against the hard cement and her pliant body. Derek gripped her waist and hoisted her up so she sat right above him on the patio. From her hips to her outer thighs to the curves of her knees and all

the way to her shapely calves, he ran his hands along her skin. He squeezed the arches of her feet. Then, looking straight into her eyes, he kissed the inside of her left knee.

“Vastus medialis.”

Victoria smiled.

Derek swam forward a bit, opening her legs until he was right between them. He kissed her farther up and whispered against her skin,

“Gracillis.”

Bracing himself on either side of her legs, he lifted himself out of the pool. Victoria scooted back a bit, propping herself up on her elbows. The cement bit into his knees but he hardly noticed. Then again, raised above a smiling, dripping wet Victoria, his erection pulsing with need, he was sure he wouldn't notice a gun to his temple either.

He lowered his head and kissed her stomach. “Rectus abdominis.” He moved up. Another kiss. “Seratus anterior.” Another kiss. “Pectoralis major.” Derek looked up at her and grinned. “Very major.”

Victoria chuckled, threaded her fingers through his hair. Her eyes were half-closed, her face flushed. She was on her back now, no longer propped up. Derek

straightened himself out until every inch of their bodies was touching. Her legs were around him and her feet slid up and down his calves. He felt her fingers trace along his arms.

“I think,” she said, her voice low and tinged with desire, “I like this way of studying.”

He pressed his lips to her neck. “Sternocleidomastoid.” Then her chin. Her nose.

“Victoria.” He kissed each eyelid. “Victoria.”

“You didn’t say the name. Of what you were kissing.” She smiled gently. “And those were kinda easy.”

Finally, Derek kissed her mouth, and he kissed her there the longest, and when they finally broke apart, Victoria was breathless.

So was he. But he whispered, “Love of my life. My best friend.”

Another kiss. And this time, Victoria said, “You forgot to say, ‘your favorite sex goddess’.”

“My *only* sex goddess.”

She smiled. “Good answer.”

And then their lips touched again, and they didn't speak anymore. Now, it was about sensation, taste, touch. It was about him stroking her, squeezing her, removing the bikini top and teasing her

nipples with the pads of his fingers and the tip of his tongue. It was about her arching into him, spreading her legs and wanting more, more, more.

And he gave it.

He untied the string of her bikini bottom. He fondled the core of her, his long fingers teasing, circling.

He said, “Clitoris.”

Victoria’s mouth went slack on a moan. Derek

kissed her again and caught the next few in his throat.

Gently, his fingers traced her entrance before sliding inside her. One finger, then two. And he curled them and pressed.

She gasped.

“Grafenberg spot. Also known as the G-spot.”

“Jesus,” she moaned.

Finally, he pushed down his swim trunks and positioned himself at her

entrance. Another delicious slide and they both moaned their pleasure. The sun beat down and he was so hot, inside and out. And when she wrapped her legs around his waist, clenching harder and deeper around him, he thought he would combust. She felt so good. Touching her, pumping into her, hearing her, feeling her nails on his back.

“Derek!” she cried out,

clamping all around him as her muscles tightened and pulsed in a fierce wave of pleasure. He buried his head against her shoulder as his own orgasm swept through him.

When it was over, they lay there, breathing hard, letting the sun scorch them. But then Derek rolled off her, careful not to crush her. Victoria's bikini bottom was literally hanging on by a string. She

made no move to cover herself, and neither did he.

It all felt too good, the heat, the little shocks still going in their loose limbs.

Time passed. Neither was sure how much.

“You know,” Victoria said, “I think you’re going to ace your next anatomy quiz.”

Derek took a breath. “Yeah, but a little more studying can’t hurt.”

With that, he kicked off his

tangled trunks and threw them over his shoulder, where they landed somewhere with a splat. He moved back on top of her and she yelped in delighted surprise. And the lesson began anew, this time with her cupping his ass and whispering, “Gluteus maximus.”

He kissed her breast. Gave her a wink. “Very maximus.”

And they studied and studied. And studied some

more.

3.

The fire is crackling. It's the only sound for a moment. Then Catherine giggles.

“I liked it,” she says. “Very good story, Nora Jean.”

Blake claps. “Very nice. And I got a bit of an education, too. Never knew the G-spot had an actual name.”

Nora Jean smiles and looks

at me. As the resident writer-in-training (even if it's only writing songs), I'm sort of the final seal of approval.

I nod. "It was awesome."

"Thanks. I don't know, just thought I'd try something different. I know it's not as sexy as yours."

Blake grins. "You mean as filthy." She looks at me. "You're lucky we don't judge you."

"Oh please," I reply. "Says

the girl who tried to tell us a story about a gargoyle with a footlong peen.”

We all burst out laughing.

We stay outside a moment longer, talking and drinking, watching the fire burn down low. And when the last bottle is finished and Blake starts putting on her shoes, her internal clock telling her it's almost time for bed, and we all start texting our sober drivers, we slowly get up.

Stretch.

“Thanks again for having us, Cat,” I say.

She hugs me. I come up to her collarbone and I’m not short. Catherine is just really tall, six feet exactly.

“No problem,” she says, giving me one last squeeze before she steps back. “I really like our Lace Garter meetups.”

“Oh,” Nora Jean says, “speaking of which.” She

bends down and slides the lace garter off her leg. She hands it to Blake, who gladly accepts with a grin.

“Girls,” she says, “you better hold onto your vibrators. Next week’s story is going to be insane.”

“Oh my god,” I say, as she and Nora Jean disappear into the house. Her husband will be here any minute; their house isn’t far from Catherine’s. And Blake will

hitch a ride with them, her house only about a mile away from theirs. I live farthest away, and my phone vibrates in my hand.

Be there in 20.

“Jamie?” Catherine asks.

I nod.

“How is he?”

“He’s great.” I put my phone in my pocket. I hate using a purse. “How’s Joaquin?”

“Busy. The showcase

schedule has him working practically every hour of the day.”

I grab the small pail of water by the fire pit and carefully pour water on the fire. A hiss and crackle, then smoke billows up and out. Embers still glow. Catherine grabs the poker and pats out any last bit of flame. Finally, we move into the house.

Nora Jean and Blake are still in the kitchen cleaning up

the chips we had earlier. A moment later, Nora Jean's phone beeps, and we all head to the front porch.

“Bye, girls,” Blake says. “See you all next week.”

“See you,” I say.

Nora Jean and Blake head down the walkway and get in Nora Jean's big white SUV. Music blares out so loud it sweeps my bangs back.

“God,” Blake snarls as she gets in the back, “your taste

in music sucks.”

And then they're off, the headlights disappearing down the street moments later.

“Another successful night,” I say to Catherine.

“Yeah. I really liked Nora Jean's story.”

“Tell the truth though. Did you just die when she said clitoris?”

She laughs. “A little, but it's the technical term so it wasn't so bad.”

“I barely noticed your blush.”

She rolls her eyes and as we wait for Jamie to arrive, we talk more about the ballet, about a new sculpture that came into the auction house and the bidding war already starting for it. It's chilly now without the fire, but we don't head inside. Instead, we just keep talking. We pretend that she's not going back into a very big house all by herself,

and that I'm not about to get in a car that will take me to a much smaller house with someone I'm not even sure I should still be living with.

We just keep talking.

Suddenly, headlights appear at the top of the street. One last hug, then I head down and get into the waiting car. No music plays.

Catherine waves from the porch, finally goes inside.

“How was it?” Jamie asks.

“Good. We went through about three bottles of wine.”

“Ah, say no more.”

I smile, small but still a smile. And for the rest of the ride, neither one of us says a word. I shut my eyes, already looking forward to next week.

A Final Note from Alaina

Thank you so much for reading! I truly hope you enjoyed this little story about a hot poolside study session. It was a super fun story to write. And if you feel so inclined, please don't forget to leave a review. Trust me, they are so helpful and so appreciated. They really make the retailers sit up and take notice. :)

I can't wait to be back next week with another installment from the Lace Garter Society. Those silly girls. And be sure to subscribe to the newsletter at alainaquinn.com so you can get the latest news.

Until then, stay safe, be well!

XOXO

Alaina

P.S. Keep reading for a sneak peek at the next book in the LGS, *The Tale of the Lustful Gardener*. Enjoy!

THE TALE OF THE LUSTFUL GARDENER

*She's bedding more than just
the roses.*

Sneak Peek Excerpt

Kitty Lachance loved playing in dirt. She played in it like others played in sandboxes. From the time she was quite small—around three years old—she was always sticking her hands in it. And when her mother bought her that Rainbrow Brite gardening tool set with neon-colored plastic trowel,

cultivator, spray bottle, and matching unicorn tote bag and gloves, the love affair truly began.

Kitty felt like a superhero, unstoppable with her tools that could dig so much better than her bare hands could. As weeks then months then years passed, she collected flower seed packets like others collected baseball cards; she studied hybrid roses the way a cosmic zealot studied the

stars. When girlfriends got diamonds, she preferred rocks, the real kind: river rock, lava rock, Caribbean beach pebbles. Large, medium, small.

She made her first hybrid rose when she was twelve. At fifteen, she turned her parents' backyard into an oasis. That same year, Kitty entered it for a backyard garden competition and won. By the time she was twenty-

two years old, she had over eighty grand in the bank courtesy of her gardening company, Dirty Girl Roses, plus a writeup in *Fine Gardening Magazine*.

In fact, there was only one thing she found that made her time in the garden even more joyous.

Sex.