**A Naked Short - The Boat Party**

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It was amazing what a person could find themselves doing in the right company. Things they didn't think they'd be capable of and would remember for years to come. For Gretchen, that something, that moment, was everything that happened since she'd stepped onto the party boat.

After finishing education, she had decided to do what so many young people loved to do in that situation and go travelling around Europe. For most of her travels so far, she'd been able to stay with friends and the occasional relative, but there were still occasions where she found herself staying on her own.

On this occasion, she'd found herself on a beautiful coastal town with no intention of actually staying there for more than few hours, that is until she'd discovered that she'd accidentally booked her next bus journey for the wrong day. With no available journeys out until the following afternoon, she booked herself a hosted and aspired to make the most of it.

She hadn't realized she'd managed to book herself into a party hostel until she was already checked in. Despite her weeks of international travel, Gretchen wasn't one for that scene. She didn't consider herself unattractive, but she certainly wasn't model-thin and she didn't have a huge amount in the way of 'assets'. On the lighter side, literally, her hair had been lightened by the sun during her travels, which she was surprised to find she liked. She liked going out for a few beverages, but wasn't the type to down a drink while her friends chanted.

But she was here now, surrounded by plenty of scantily-clad people on vacation, guys and girls alike, almost all drinking and most of them friendly. She would have been content to spend the rest of the afternoon alone on the beach, maybe go exploring. She loved just walking somewhere new, finding the little hidden places and secrets, especially somewhere like the coast. But the other girls in her dorm had convinced her to come on the afternoon booze cruise.

Well, this trip was all about doing new things, so that's how Gretchen found herself out on the boat along the coast, dressed in a two-piece she'd owned but never worn and surrounded by dozens of equally drunk strangers. And it was amazing. It probably wasn't something she'd do again for some time, if ever, but to hell with it, she was travelling and she was trying new things, expanding horizons, doing shots off a stranger's body... well, that last bit was definitely something new and definitely a different kind of fun.

She felt less and less self conscious as the afternoon went on, appreciating the variety of people surrounding her. She wasn't the thinnest, but she wasn't the heaviest and even then it didn't seem to matter. Everyone was happy and having fun in the heat of the sun.

"Skinny dipping!"

Even over the music and the many conversations and games going on, the one man's voice cut through. A pair of shorts flew through the air, landing in the middle of the drinking game Gretchen had been involved in, right over the main cup. The players started to moan until they looked around and saw the naked guy standing on the edge of the boat and then those moans became cheers.

With a final whoop, he leapt off the boat in a classic Superman pose, presenting a brief but ideal view to Gretchen before he was suddenly gone. She felt a strange twinge in her gut, something almost nervous but also tremendously excited.

There was a splash and then the cheering grew, but more likely because of the pair of large, round breasts that suddenly appeared beside Gretchen. The girl's bottoms soon joined her top, tossed over the previously discarded shorts. With a similar cry, the nude girl ran for the edge and dove off. Her breasts bounced as she ran, drawing the eye just as much as the first jumper's own swinging appendage had.

The shorts and bikini were immediately joined by another top, another pair of shorts, a t-shirt and underwear, growing bigger. Gretchen was suddenly surrounded by naked bodies, of all sizes and colours and each utterly unashamed.

That feeling in her gut exploded and suddenly Gretchen was hitting the water. It rushed over her, enveloping her whole, extremely naked body. She broke the surface, flinging her wet hair back and letting out a whoop, joining in the chorus of cheers as more and more party-boaters dove naked and wild into the water.

Gretchen had never been skinny dipping before. She'd seen a friend do it on a dare but never thought she'd do it herself. And yet here she was, surrounded by dozens of equally naked strangers, ever inch of her body either caressed by the cool water or warmed by the rays of the sun.

She almost felt embarrassed, so utterly exposed to anyone who looked her way, but forced the feeling aside and instead simply absorbed the visual buffet of nudity. If they were enjoying her, she could enjoy them too. Someone started tossing beers down and Gretchen soon found herself drinking again.

They'd been drifting close to the shore, fortunately away from the main beach areas but with an amazing view of the cliffs. It didn't take long for a group of the skinny dippers to decide the next logical step was cliff-jumping, and soon they were scaling up the smaller parts of the cliffs.

This activity wasn't quite as well received in terms of participation, but those who stayed in the water were more than happy to watch nude bodies on full display as they stood atop the rocks and then leapt down, whatever assets they happened to possess flapping about like physics intended.

Needless to say, Gretchen found herself enjoying the view. Drifting so close to the cliffs to get the best, let's say 'angle', her eyes drifted elsewhere, catching sight of a shadow just before the rocks the partying folk were jumping from. Swimming closer, her heart leapt to realize it was more than a shadow, it was a cave!

The entry was small, but she easily fit through. It was dark at first, the only light coming her little entryway, but quickly she spotted another light just beyond. She paddled down, the water quickly becoming shallow enough to walk, reaching only to just below her knees.

She squeezed through another gap and found herself within a huge cavern, surrounded on all sides by towering rock. A stream of light came from a perfectly round hole a few dozen feet above, illuminating the cavern in warm light. The rocks sparkled in the rays and the reflections from the water cast brilliant and beautiful dancing patterns across their surfaces.

It was beautiful and Gretchen experienced it with her inch of her body. She waded into the centre of the sparkling cavern, where the water level only reached her ankles and the sun hit most directly. A tingle ran through her skin and she ran her hands up and down her arms, her chest, finally her breasts, enjoying the warmth of the sun streaming through.

With her legs spread apart, she flung her arms out wide and let out a loud cry of exhilaration, just like the first skinny dipper had made. It bounced around the chamber until suddenly joined.

"Hey look, someone's down there."

Gretchen's heart froze, her blood turned to ice even in the rays of heat, and she looked up to see a face peering over the edge of the hole. Receding pale hair sat atop an earnest and friendly face. He wore sunglasses and a cap, the classic image of a tourist, and was immediately joined by another such image.

"Oh yeah, hello down there!"

"Wait, that's a naked girl! Look!"

More and more heads appeared around the edge, drawn by the declaration of a naked girl, surely embarrassed. Murmurs and giggles drifted down, made louder by the echoes of the chamber. There were so many of them, slowly blocking out the sun and their shadows felt unnaturally cold against her skin.

Gretchen did the only thing she could. She threw her arms across her body, trying to ignore how solid her nipples felt against the bare skin of her arms. And she screamed. Just like her previous cheer, the scream echoed loud, amplified by the chamber and only drew more onlookers. Where were they? Was this in town?

Gretchen didn't care to find out. She turned and sprinted for the exit. Of course, sprinting in water doesn't work and she fell face-first into the water and showing her bare ass to everyone who was watching. Soon laughter filled the chamber, surrounding her, smothering her.

She pushed herself to her feet and squeezed back through the small entryway, her heart pounding so hard it felt like her chest was about to explode. She fell back into the water as it grew deeper and focused only on getting out of there as quickly as possible.

How many people had been up there? She hoped she'd only exaggerated it in her head, maybe there had only been a small few. Or maybe there had been a dozen. Or two dozen. What if thirty odd people had just seen her completely naked. She tried to tell herself, was it any different to on the boat? Yes, of course it was! Gretchen's face was burning with the embarrassment and she wanted nothing more than to be surrounded by other naked people again.

She burst back into full daylight, the afternoon sun nearly blinding her for a moment after the brief darkness of her exit. When her vision returned, her heart sank even lower than she had thought possible.

This is the thing about travelling on your own. If you wander away from the group, don't be surprised if no one realized you were gone. Sure, she was having fun with them all, made so many new friends that afternoon, but all her new friends would naturally assume she was just in a different corner of the boat.

Especially drunk, it would never occur she had gone exploring some cave and been exposed to who knows how many people. Of course, Gretchen was completely sober now, her mind racing. What could she possibly do? How had this gone so wrong so quickly? She cursed herself for her idiocy, but then hope struck.

There it was! The boat, coming back from the way it had come. Some had noticed, realized they were one naked girl short. Relief flooded her heart and she pushed off from the rocks, pumping her arms and legs hard in the water as she swam for the boat with all her might. She wanted nothing more than to be back aboard, put her bikini back on and get some drinks down her, make the whole thing seem better.

As she drew closer, her face buried in the water as she swam and swam so hard, she started to see the funny side. This would be a great story. The other boat goers would love it, she'd be the talk of the boat. As long as she owned it. She almost smiled. It was kind of funny, she told herself, even if she was unsure just how much she believed it.

She heard voices as she got closer, people calling out and talking, but the water rushing over her ears drowned out their words. She imagined what it was, something close to the initial skinny dipping initiative. It made her blush, but also a little excited to be the most interesting person on the boat.

She reached the ladder and finally broke from the water. Her breath came heavy and she suddenly felt very tired, especially from that swim but also from the humiliation of the cavern. A drink would be good.

She gripped her hands on the ladder and pulled her naked form from the water, her wet skin glistening in the sun. Streams ran down her body, from her hair and her shoulders, down her arms and her legs, to fall in big drops from her feet, her diamond-hard nipples.

She had to own this entry. If she came up embarrassed and covering, she would be a victim. This was to be her story, her memory of the vacation. The moment where they cheered and clapped for her. Just before she reached the top of the ladder, Gretchen took a deep breath, held it, let it out slow.

"Hey guys, I think you forgot something!" She yelled, laughing as she did.

She pulled herself up. First her head appeared, her wet hair plastered to her bare shoulders. Her breasts, dripping and gleaming. Then her hips rose above the ladder, finally exposing her most intimate area as she lifted one leg up for the final step.

Nothing hidden, nothing left to hide.

Yeah, it wasn't the same boat.