**Alexis At The Beach**

by Snow Ghost (fletcher1706@aol.com)

Alexis walked along the beach, the sands hot beneath

her bare feet, loving the feeling of the lake breeze

over her skin. She was wearing the skimpiest swim suit

her parents would allow, a top that just managed to

cover half her large, firm breasts, a bottom that would

have shown her cunt hair, if she hadn't shaved herself

bare. But she really wished she could have been nude,

just walking around the beach stark naked, the way

nature intended humans to be. Just the thought of it,

nude, in front of all these strangers, made her cunt

tingle, and her nipples stiffen up.

Then a moment of reality set in. She thought about some

of her recent misadventures, the soooooo gone wrong

shop lifting, and humiliating punishment. But at least

she had avoided the police.

The "experiment" with bondage, and having to call her

neighbor to unlock her handcuffs, and what happened

when he found her. Not that she minded how THAT had

worked out. A blush crept over her exposed skin at the

memories. They all seemed like great plans when she

thought them up, and she wasn't stupid, she got good

grades in school, but sometimes, she could be such an

empty headed bimbo! She had heard girls at school say

boys "thought with their dick heads and not their big

heads." Maybe she thought with her cunt and not her

cranium!

As she walked, the hormone saturated teenager checked

out the other beach goers. Male AND female. The male

body excited her, flat, muscled stomachs, bulging

biceps, and bulging tight swim suits.

The females she compared herself too. She had a hot

body and she knew it, she secretly enjoyed seeing girls

older than her, with smaller tits or legs that were

nowhere near as sexy. Or with a bit of a tire around

the belly, while hers was flat.

Alexis got more than her share of looks, and guilty

glances from boys her age, full of hormones and dying

to fuck, from older boys who admired her fantastic body

but had girlfriends of their own and didn't want any

fights with, from older men who lusted for the chance

to be her first, (even if each one only believed he was

her first) fuck, to share their experience and

knowledge with her.

She was an exhibitionist and she admitted it. But so

far, she hadn't had luck being seen the way she wanted

to!

Damn! How she wanted to just rip off her swim suit and

throw it away!

She walked over a large sand dune and stopped. Just

ahead, a group of guys were in a circle in the sand,

she could make out someone lying on the ground. They

were shouting, shouting at each other, shouting in

fear.

One of them spotted her. "Help, please, he needs your

help, he's been hurt!"

Without stopping to wonder what help they thought she

could give that they couldn't, she ran forward towards

them.

"What do you think did it, a shark? A boat propeller?"

"It doesn't matter; we have to get the bleeding

stopped, somehow!"

Alexis paused when she heard that. "Bleeding"? She did

not like the sight of blood; she had never seen anyone

really badly hurt, not in real life, not close up. Her

stomach started to churn, she didn't want to get any

closer, afraid she'd faint if she saw the mess.

One of the guys rose up and looked around frantically.

"We need something to make a tourniquet, so we can get

the bleeding stopped! Something, rope or cord, or a

belt." Then he noticed Alexis.

"You, come here. Hurry."

Despite herself, and her reluctance, she moved closer,

drawn by her human compassion.

"Take off your top."

AT first, with the intense drama around her, the

confusion knocking her off balance, she didn't even

realize what he was asking her.

"Come on, hurry, we have to save him, it's the only

thing we can use to make a tourniquet. You're the only

one who can help him."

Alexis was spinning in confusion. "I can't take off my

top here!"

The guy handed her a beach towel. "Cover yourself with

this, then take off your top, please, hurry,"

She pushed the towel back at him. "Use the towel for

him!"

"We can't, it's too big, we don't have anything to cut

it with, we need something we can tie tight." He draped

the towel around her shoulders, letting it hang down,

covering even her ample young breasts.

Alexis looked down at herself, her mind still whirling.

Yes, this would cover her, in fact, the towel covered

far more than her swim suit did. She reached behind

herself, pulled the strings that held her top together,

and let it drop loose, then she reached higher and

untied the strings behind her head. One quick pull and

her top was off, yet her breasts remained covered by

the towel.

The guy took her top and quickly moved to the injured

man. Alexis still would not get close enough to see,

she was afraid she would faint.

She could see the motion of arms, the comments as they

made the tourniquet. "I think we're doing it, I think

we're stopping the bleeding."

"What about his leg injury, we have to do something

about it. We need some kind of pad bandage. Something

to cover and compress the wound."

The guy went back to Alexis. "Wrap the towel around

you, like you're coming from the shower, we need your

suit bottoms too. Quickly! We've got an ambulance

coming, but we have to keep him alive till then.

She wanted to tell him to give her back her top, and

use the towel, but she knew she couldn't, besides... it

was covered with blood by now. That thought alone made

her head start to spin.

AS quickly as she could, she moved the towel so she

could wrap it around her body length wise, reached down

between her legs and pulled the swim suit bottoms off

her, then handed them to the rescuer.

He spun and rushed back to the victim. Alexis frowned,

it HAD to be her imagination! For a moment, it looked

like the guy had held her swim suit bottoms up to his

nose! No, it was just the confusion and drama of the

moment.

One of the guys gathered around the victim looked up,

looked up and down the beach. "Where the hell is that

ambulance! Someone, call them again."

Three boys from the group immediately moved back away,

two with their cell phones out. Alexis hardly noticed

them, she was concentrating on the poor victim still

lying on the sand.

Things had gotten quiet. Then one said, "Ok, let's get

him to his feet."

The teenager frowned. Should they do that? Wouldn't

that start the bleeding again? Something didn't seem

right here.

Just then, she saw them lift the injured victim to his

feet. Alexis looked again. He seemed to be ok to her,

shouldn't he be in shock or something? She was so busy

trying to figure out what was going on, she never

noticed that one of the gang that had moved back to

"call the ambulance again" was standing right behind

her.

The one who had given her the towel (and taken her swim

suit) was organizing the rest of the rescuers. "Ok,

ready, set, GOOOOO"

Alexis felt the boy behind her grab the towel and yank

it off her, leaving her stark naked on the public

beach. The two who were supposed to be "calling the

ambulance" had their video camera phones on her,

capturing her nude body on cam.

Before she could react or do anything, they all took

off running, with her swim suit AND the towel. Leaving

the hot bodied naked teenager standing there, for all

the world to see. Or at least, all the beach goers, and

probably within a day or too, 9/10 of the internet

users as well.

Suddenly recovering some of her wits, she made a fast

run into the water. At least here, she could keep her

body hidden from the neck down, until she got back to

her parents.

She began wading/swimming back to where they were.

Damn, this felt so goooooddddd, being naked in the

water, so much nicer than having the damn swim suit

clinging to her, dragging on her. She loved

"skinnydipping!"

She felt like a dolphin, gliding through the water. Why

did society have to be so uptight? How could they not

realize and accept how free and natural it felt to be

nude?

She realized she was getting a real thrill out of this.

Here she was, completely naked around hundreds of

people, while they were wearing clothes. Not much

clothes, but more than she was! She suddenly realized

she was in no hurry to get back to her parents. She was

having too much fun, coming out of the water just far

enough to make people wonder if she was topless?

Or turning around taking a hop in the water and diving

into a wave, giving the world just a quick glimpse of

her pale, bare ass.

She knew it was getting a bit late, her parents might

start to look for her, so she headed back to where they

were. Seriously swimming, it only took her 5 minutes to

get back and locate them.

They were waving to her, she could hear them yelling.

"We were looking for you. You shouldn't wander so far

away. Come on out of the water, it's time to go home."

Alexis took two steps towards the beach and stopped.

Out of the water? Her parents were going to have to see

her nude, or at least, find out what happened, even if

she yelled at them to bring her a towel. And if she did

that, every person within hearing range would know she

was nude too.

Alexis took a long look around her. She wondered how

long it would take to swim to Canada?

END