Beach Party  
  
Written by: Kat   
  
July 4th has always been my favorite holiday. But last year's topped them all. Having just finished my freshman year at State, I was so looking forward to seeing all of my old highschool chums. My long time friend Trista and I went to the beach knowing that everyone who was anyone would be there.  
  
Sure enough, by mid-day, the beach was packed. It seemed as though every one of last year's senior class was there. Not much had changed over the past year. The clicks were still apparent. You had the geeks and nerds, the jocks, the valley girl cheerleader types, and a few like me and Trista who really didn't fit into any one click. Surprisingly even Sarah Wellington showed up. I say surprisingly, because Sarah swore at graduation that she would never come back to our small "provincial" town. Last year's prom queen, and daughter of Lester Wellington, President of First Capital National Bank, Sarah moved to Boston to attend Harvard. A perennial snob, Sarah had gotten ahead in life based on her stunningly good looks and her father's position.  
  
Always wanting to be the center of attention, Sarah spread out her beach towel only a few yards away from the always busy volleyball court. As she removed her beach robe, she knew that every male set of eyes would be focussed directly on her, and that all the other girls would be burning with envy. Trista and I are both pretty with nice athletic bodies. Unfortunately, when Sarah is around, nobody notices. She dropped her robe and stood still for a moment, allowing all eyes to admire her statuesque 5'10" frame with proportionate curves. Her golden blonde hair fell softly over her shoulders and provided a nice contrast to her bronzed skin and red bikini. Her string bikini bottoms accentuted her long legs. Her bikini top, though strapless had ruffled fabric in front and was less revealing, adding mystery to what must surely be magnificent breasts. Trista and I were playing volleyball and watching the guys approaching Sarah.  
  
One by one, they would bring her a cocktail and start chatting. Soon enough, Sarah would get tired of them and shoo them away like an unwanted fly. The guys should have gotten used to it by now. For years, they would kiss up to her. Guys would give her their assignments and study notes only to have her reject their advances. Needless to say, there were alot of frustrated young men with bruised egos. Soon enough the volleyball started getting a bit more competative. Trista tried to be extra agressive with her serve and the ball sailed wide of the court and bounced squarely off of Sarah's head. No harm was done by the errant shot and everyone had a good laugh.  
  
Unfortunately, Sarah didn't think that it was so funny. She got up in a huff, and demanded to know who hit her. Trista fessed up, and said she was sorry about the missed shot. Sarah, felling no pain from the many cocktails, didn't accept her appology. She got up and staggard towards Trista and slurred. "You little bitch! You did that on purpose. You hate me because your boyfriend wants to be with me more than with you. And, you know what? He's not good enough for me! And Sister, you're not even good enough for him!" Trista looked totally surprised by this outburst, and replied "take it easy Sarah. You're drunk and out of control!" Sarah, spat back "how dare you call me 'drunk and out of control'" And without warning slapped Trista accross the face with such force that blood started pouring from her left nostril. Trista took a second to regain her senses, then with full force stepped into a punch, sending hir fist deep into Sarah's gut. Sarah doubled over and fell to her knees. The wind knocked out of her, Sarah was gasping for air. Trista leaned over her and unclasped her bikini top from behind. Gasping for air, Sarah still had the where-with-all to grab the front of her top and hold it to her chest. A large croud had now gathered to see the comotion. All eyes were focussed on Sarah's chest, hoping to get a glimps of her perfect breasts.  
  
There were moans of dissapointment as Trista turned her back on Sarah and started to walk away, saying that Sarah had already learned her lesson. At that moment, Sarah, still on her knees, flung a half full can of beer, striking Trista's back. Trista turned around and was seething. She grabbed a loose end of Sarah's bikini top, and started to pull. Sarah, gasping for air, was holding her top against her chest as if her life depended on it. Finally, out of breath and out of energy, Sarah lost her grip. Trista fell backwards with the bikini top in her hands. Trista got up from the sand, looked at Sarah, who was now crossing her arms over her chest, then looked at the bikini top in her hand, and started to laugh. "Hey everybody!" she yelled "the cups are fully padded. Let's now see just how small her titties really are!" Trista grabbed Sarah from behind and put her into a full nelson wrestling hold and lifed her to her feet, exposing her small breasts for all to see. The croud broke out in laughter. One of the guys who had been shot down repeatedly by Sarah, shouted " I can't believe those are what we've been dying to see? Jeez, My fat uncle Max has bigger titties than those! Let's see if she's a fake blonde, too!" By this time, tears were streaming down Sarah's face. In a tremeandouse struggle, Sarah fell forward into the sand with Trisha ontop of her from behind. Defenceless, Sarah was unable to stop Trista from untying the strings of her bikini bottoms. "Please, no. Not my bottoms. I'm begging you" Sarah pleaded as she clenched her butt cheeks in an attempt to hinder their removal. "Too late" Trista replied as she yanked the red bikini bottoms from between Sarah's legs.  
  
Sarah lay prone with her arms streched out in the sand trying desparately to avoid being overturned and hoping that someone would come to her defence before being fully displayed. Unfortunately for Sarah, all present were anxiously awaiting for the snobby bitch to be fully humiliated. Trista got up off of Sarah, grabbed her arm and quickly flipped her over. Sarah immediately shielded the view of her pussy and ass by bringing her knees to her chest and putting her hands under her bum. Much to her chagrin, this position had her on her back with her chest in clear view. In this position, it appeared as if she had no breasts whatsoever. Trista started to separate Sarah's hands shielding her behind. The crowd started to cheer as they now had a clear view of her asshole and shaved pussy lips. Sarah wept but still kept her knees to her chest and now put her hands over her pubic region. In a move of desparation, Sarah rolled over and started crawling towards her towel and bag. She grabbed her keys from the bag and grabbed the towel. She held the towel against her groin, stood up and started to sprint towards her car. Unfortunately for her, she only got a few steps before being tackled by Trista. This time Sarah fell awckwardly and had her feet pinned under Trista. Trista grabbed the back of Sarah's golden blonde hair, forcing her to arch her back and to fully expose her well manicured bush of dark brown pubes.  
  
The crowd went wild with screems such as "falsie queen!" and "fake bottled blonde". Trista put a beaten Sarah through some pretty humiliating wrestling holds before letting her go. Sarah left town that night, and the only reminder of her are the many pictures and videos of the stripping circulating around town.  
  
The End