**Beach Vacay**

by[TexRiffraff](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1402595&page=submissions)©

Teen girls discover the thrill of being nude in public

We're almost there, at last. Our annual beach vacay.

I'm Caitlin Reilly. If you assume from my name that my grandparents are all first-generation Irish-American, and that I have red hair, green eyes, and five hundred freckles, you're right. Except it's probably more like a thousand freckles.

I turned eighteen last May. That makes me a Taurus. If you assume from that that I'm stubborn, adventurous, and competitive, you're right. Except I hate the word "stubborn." "Focused," "tenacious," those are better words.

I'm an only child. If you assume from that that I'm spoiled, bossy, maladjusted, or lonely, you're wrong. I'm naturally outgoing, and I was raised to be fair to everyone: friendly, supportive and reliable to people my own age, and respectful to my elders. I know, those are old-fashioned values, but they work quite well for me, even in today's irreverent world.

Every summer, my family spends a week at the beach. Always in mid-July, and always with the Wilsons, the Coopers, and the Andersons.

Outwardly, our families have nothing in common. We live in different states. The adults all work in different fields. The bond is, the older generation went to college together, all eight of them. Whatever connection they made there, it's a strong one. They share one other major thing: each couple produced an only child, a daughter. All of us were born within a few months of each other.

We've been vacationing together since I was four, in various combinations. I've become quite close with the other girls: Alyssa, Danielle, and Jessica. Like our parents, we're quite diverse in our interests, seemingly without much in common. But also like our parents, there's chemistry at work there, and we have a great time when we're together.

For the last ten years it's been all four families, with only a few exceptions. One year, Mr. Anderson's mother died the day before we were due to travel. Another time, the Wilsons all had a summer flu bug. Last year, we were the ones that didn't make it -- my mom had an emergency appendectomy on the day before we were due to leave. (She made it through fine.)

So I haven't seen my friends for two years, and this particular two years has been quite dramatic.

When we got back home two years ago, my mom noticed I was kind of down. I thought I was hiding it, and I was determined not to talk about it, but she finally drew me out. "Mom, surely you noticed that Alyssa, Danielle, and Jessica have all become curvy, and developed breasts. Look at me: I'm just a bean pole. I have no hips, and no tits. I'll never catch up to them." I told you: I'm a Taurus -- intense, competitive.

"Cait, when's your birthday?"

"May, mom, do you really not remember?"

"When's Alyssa's?"

"September."

"And Danielle's?"

"December."

"And Jessica's?"

"October. What's your point?"

"You tell me, what do you think my point is?"

I rolled my eyes and sighed. "They're seven or eight months older than I am, so of course they're more developed."

"Good. Did I ever tell you about when I was a teenager?"

"Only about a jillion times, mom."

"What do you remember me telling you about when I was a teenager?"

"You were what they call a 'late bloomer.'"

"So, do you think your dad liked me and married me even though I never developed?"

"No, mom, you eventually developed, and dad liked you because you DID develop."

"He NOTICED me because I did develop. He liked me and married me because..."

"Because you're a good person. I get it mom. Lesson over."

"Not so fast. What do you get?"

"My friends are half a year older than me, and I'm probably a late bloomer. (sigh) I'll catch up."

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That was two years ago. I don't know if I've caught up or not, but I've certainly developed a figure. I don't like talking about it, it sounds like bragging, but let's just say that I did grow hips -- my boyfriend calls them my "wonder buns" when no adults are around. And I did get breasts, 34Cs to be exact. I guess that's good... my boyfriend doesn't have any cute sayings or nicknames for them because it's clear that when he even just thinks about them, his mind comes to a complete halt.

Anyway, the point is, my little inferiority complex is long gone. Whether or not I've "caught up," I can't wait to see my friends.

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Sunday morning. We took off in the car obscenely early, before dawn, and arrived at the beach a little past noon. As usual, we were the last ones to arrive -- we live the farthest away. We parked, and entered the hotel to check in. Alyssa, Danielle, and Jessica must have seen us pull up, because as soon as I walked through the door into the lobby, they ambushed me. There was much hugging, jumping in place, squealing, and general happiness. I noticed several of our moms and dads looking over, with warm smiles on their faces.

Apparently, there was no agenda for Sunday afternoon, other than get some lunch and get settled. The parents all wanted us all to go out to lunch together, but the girls already had other plans -- they got the folks to leave us some money, so we could eat at the little poolside grill. "Don't go in the water for an hour after you eat," our moms said, and we all groaned and pointed out that that little bit of folklore has been discredited for decades.

By the time we had eaten, the parents were back, for a minute. They had seen a sign for a local art fest they thought looked interesting. One thing we had all learned many years ago, our parents' taste in art is the polar opposite of ours, so they didn't expect us to go with them. After making sure we'd be OK, they set out, saying they'd be back for dinner, but probably after 6.

We stowed the trash from lunch. The beach was only about a ten minute walk from the hotel, but we decided that for today, being near the hotel and its concessions was better than packing a cooler and lugging it to the beach, so we commandeered four of the lounge chairs around the pool.

I have to say, as proud as I was over how I'd blossomed, my friends looked fabulous. I'm talking swimsuit-model-caliber gorgeous. They, however, only wanted to talk about me and how great they thought I looked. They demanded to know all about how the boys back home were handling it, and particularly how dad was handling it.

Speaking of dad, he was NOT happy with the bikini I was wearing, but I held my ground and insisted that it was what girls wore now, and that it was perfectly in line with what my friends would be wearing. I was right -- their bikinis were as revealing as mine, leaving very little to the imagination. I could tell that the guys lying out near us appreciated our choices in swimwear -- it was all they could do to keep their eyeballs contained in their heads.

We pulled our deck chairs into a small circle, and leaned forward, in order to have our conversation as private as possible from the nearby boys, as well as the two college-age guys working the grill.

"So, Cait, seriously, I think you ended up with the best boobs of all of us," Dani said. That worried me; whenever she gives a compliment like that, she's up to something. I didn't have to wonder long.

I shouldn't have let Aly and Jessi out of my sight -- they can be so willing to co-conspire. Before I knew it, their hands were on my back, untying the knots holding my bikini top on, and they whipped it off my chest, leaving my tits fully exposed.

Time came to a complete stop. My brain just froze. My breasts, my pure, innocent, delicate breasts, were out in the open, on full display, the sun shining on them, the breeze blowing across them, the poolside guys all looking at them.

By the time I lunged at Aly to get my top back, she had already tossed it to Jessi. Dani was laughing so hard it looked like she couldn't breathe. I charged at Jessi, who ran a zig-zag path between the deck chairs. After a couple of figure-eights through the furniture, I remembered that there were guys watching, and covered myself with my hands, my face (and my pussy) glowing in response to the show I realized I had given them.

Remember the part about being a Taurus, being competitive? I lunged at Jessi, to get my top back, but it was a fake-out -- what I was really doing was getting around to Dani's back. I pulled both the knots of her top loose, and snatched it off of her. She lunged at me, but I evaded her, and tied her top on in place of mine. That left her tits out, and she went to work trying to snag my top from Aly and Jessi.

Jessi tossed the loose top to Aly, and Dani chased after her, forgetting, like I did, to cover herself as she ran. The guys, needless to say, had huge grins on their faces. Jessi was right in front of me, watching Dani chase Aly, which meant she wasn't watching me. I untied her top and pulled it away before she could react.

Aly ran past me, followed closely by Dani, her boobs bouncing obscenely. I tossed Jessi's top to Dani, and she gratefully stopped and put it on. Now, to recap, Jessica was topless, I had on Danielle's top, Dani had on Jessi's top, and Alyssa, the only one who had not been exposed, was still holding my top.

Jessi covered her chest with one arm, and held her other hand out to Aly, who dangled the top just slightly out of reach. Jessi reached a little farther, and Aly took a half step back. Jessi reached a little farther still, and Aly took a full step back, bumping into Dani, who untied Aly's top and pulled it off, while I grabbed the top that was originally mine. Dani tossed Aly's top to Jessi, who gratefully put it on.

The three of us tossed my top amongst ourselves, letting Aly chase it. The next time I had it, I pantomimed tossing it to Dani, who pretend-tossed it to Jessi. Aly followed the motion of the gestures, and by the time she realized that the top wasn't actually flying from person to person, I had hidden it under the cushion of one of the chairs.

Aly continued rushing from one of us to the next, still trying to figure out who had the fourth top. She became aware that she was also forgetting to cover up as she ran, mainly because the guys were cheering. She stood still for a second, covered herself, stuck out her tongue, and shot them the bird. They hooted and hollered even more.

She finally gave up on finding the top, and gave up on covering herself, and came and sat with us, letting her breasts hang out, in full view. She actually sat on the cushion hiding the top. I took pity on her, and said, "You're getting really warm."

"I know exactly where it is, I saw you put it here. That's why I'm sitting on it," she said. "I just feel really HOT, sitting here with my tits out, while ALL the guys are looking at ME."

We glanced at them, and she was right, they were.

Jessi said, "Well, you should cover up, we don't want to get kicked out of the pool area."

Dani and I agreed, so Aly retrieved my top and tied it on. Jessi added, "But this is fun," pulling the cups of her top aside to reveal her nipples. The guys cheered.

"So, what are we gonna do about that?" I asked.

Dani glanced at the pool clock and said, "I have an idea. We'll have to watch the time -- we want to be sure that we're 'back to normal' by the time the folks get back..."

We all leaned forward for privacy, to find out what Dani had in mind. She asked, "Did we all think that was hot?"

We all nodded, some a little more shyly than others.

"I know I did," she continued. "I'm not completely ready to 'put them away.' But, realistically, the hotel will shut us down, and maybe even evict us, if we try to lie here topless. So let's make it a game. One of us at a time will take her top off for five minutes, then put it back on. We'll wait five minutes, then the next one will take hers off for five minutes. And so on, around the circle."

I could see that Aly and Jessi were stressing, and to be honest, I was, too. "That's going to be pretty intense. I mean, having your top yanked off, that's one thing. But intentionally taking it off, that's completely different."

Dani didn't seem to be aware that as she sat there, she was rapidly rubbing her knees together. "I know, that's the best part."

Aly and Jessi weren't saying anything, so I took a deep breath and said, "Let's do it. Who's going first?" We all looked at Dani.

"No problem," she said. We rearranged our loungers, so that we all faced away from the hotel office windows. Dani leaned back and arranged herself on the chair as if she was settling in for some sun. We all did the same, while at the same time watching her, as well as checking out the guys, who sensed that the show was over. Jessi got her smartphone out and fiddled with it a bit, as if she were sending a text or a Tweet. "Five minute timer," she said.

When we were all settled, Dani reached back, as cool as the other side of the pillow, and untied her top, laying it on the pool deck beside her. She reclined, pulled her sunglasses into place, and shut her eyes, as if everything were normal.

It was surreal, looking at her lying there, wearing nothing but a very tiny bikini bottom. Several of the guys were still ogling her, even though one topless girl, lying still, was rather tame compared to several of us chasing each other around, tits a-floppin'.

I couldn't take my eyes off of her. I envied her -- not being topless, I would get my turn before long, but appearing so calm, so peaceful, so comfortable. My heart was racing in anticipation, even though it wasn't even my turn yet; yet there she was, lying there half-naked, so serene.

Then Jessi's phone made a barely audible 'ding,' and Dani's five minutes were up. We 'rested' for five minutes, and my metabolism sped up to warp speed in anticipation of what I was about to do. When the timer dinged, without asking who wanted to be next, I leaned forward, reached behind my back, overruling all sorts of negative internal dialog, and untied. I only undid the bottom knot, and lifted the top over my head with the neck still tied -- it would be easier to put back on.

I laid back on my chair, letting the sun wash over me, feeling the sea breeze caress my skin. It was a completely different feeling than having my top pulled off. That had been exciting, in a frantic way; this was, it was, it was calmly exciting... it was excitingly calm... it's hard to explain.

Actually, except for the newness of it, it was no big deal. I mean, I definitely felt an exhilarating buzz, because it was impossible to forget that for my entire life it had been such an intense taboo. Overlooking that, however, it was very natural and easy.

Through the enjoyment I was feeling, in the back of my mind I was aware that this was a rare moment, and there would be few opportunities in life to repeat this. As nervous as I had been, my five minutes flew by, and when the timer dinged, I hated putting my top back on.

We took our five minute rest, and then Aly took her top off. I watched her go through the entire cycle of emotions I had just experienced, from nervous anticipation, to calm excitement, to serene enjoyment.

At one point she glanced around, and when she caught my eyes on her, mouthed "What?" at me.

I shrugged and whispered, "I just wish it was my turn."

She grinned, lay back in her chair, whispering back, "Soon enough, Cait. I'm not giving up a SECOND of this." When her five minutes were up, I saw the same disappointment cross her face that I had felt.

I watched Jessi go through the same cycle of emotions -- fear, acceptance, pleasure, regret that it was over. I'm not that good at doing math in my head, but I spent some of the time, while I waited for my turn to roll around again, calculating how many turns I'd get before the parents were due back.

My second turn was quite different than the first. I barely got nervous this time, and because of that, I was able to enjoy it in a very different way. That "calmly exciting" glow was there from the start, or at least after a brief adrenaline rush from taking my top off. I felt completely free -- both in an exhilarating way from facing a deep inhibition and overcoming it, and in a serene way from experiencing something very special, that not everybody gets to do.

As the afternoon passed, two or three times an older man from the hotel office, wearing a suit and tie, came out and stared at us. Fortunately, every time he did, it was during our five minute "rest" period where we all had our tops on. We'd kind of glare back at him, trying to make him feel like a pathetic old lecher, and he'd slink back into the office. I said, "Those five minute gaps were a great idea, Dani."

We each had taken several turns, and Danielle was reaching behind her to take her top off again, when Ally hissed, "Dani, wait, look at the time!" It was after 6. She retied the knot she had undone, right as our folks came around the corner, back from the art show.

"Hey, girls," they all said. "You have a fun afternoon?"

You have no idea, mom, dad, no idea. We gathered our stuff and headed to our rooms, to shower and get ready for dinner.

The one thing we didn't do was get our correct tops back on. I'm pretty sure my mom noticed, but she didn't say anything, and the girls told me later that no one said anything to them, either.

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That was Sunday. With all the activities the adults had planned, it was Wednesday before we had another moment to ourselves. After breakfast, I headed back to the room with the parents, got my bikini on, and told them I was meeting the girls at the pool. Dad woofed about my bikini some more, but didn't make me change it, I guess he accepted that ship had sailed.

When I got out, only Dani was already there. I laid my towel out over the lounger next to her.

"Hey," she said.

"Hey," I responded.

"So, that was fun the other day, giving the guys a show." She sounded sort of tentative, like she was gauging my reaction.

"Yeah, it was."

She paused for a minute. "I mean, I REALLY liked being topless."

"Yeah, I did, too. I've never done anything like that before."

"Did you like it enough to do it again?"

"Right now?" I couldn't imagine what she was thinking. What I could imagine was, if my dad happened to come out and see me topless in public, he'd have a cow, and probably ground me until I turn 30.

Dani gave me that "duh" look that all teenagers have, and said, "The parents are all going out to some nature center this afternoon, I think we can beg off and have the afternoon to ourselves again."

"Cool, but, at some point we're going to get in trouble for breaking the pool rules here at the hotel."

"I'm not thinking of the pool."

"Well, the beach is posted 'No Nudity,' and I'm pretty sure that includes topless."

"I'm not thinking of the regular beach." She paused. "I'm sure one of us can get the folks to leave us the keys to a car. There's a 'clothing optional' beach about a 15 minute drive from here."

"How do you know that?"

She gave me the "duh" look again. "I've got my tablet here, with wi-fi. I went on-line and looked up 'nude beaches.'"

Now it was my turn to pause. "So you want to go there, and lay out topless?"

She smiled a little Mona Lisa smile. "For starters..."

It took a moment for that to sink in. "You'd go bottomless? You'd get completely naked?"

"Well," and she glanced from side to side, as if checking to see if anybody was listening, "you thought it was exciting letting your boobs out, right?"

I nodded.

She was practically whispering now. "Think how much more exciting it would be, letting your kitty out!"

Actually, my kitty was already getting pretty excited. Before I could answer, Aly and Jessi showed up.

I guess Dani had been practicing her speech -- she led them through exactly the same script. "So, that was fun the other day, giving the guys a show..."

She was very persuasive, and we all agreed. My mind, my tummy, and my pussy were doing little flip-flops: after lunch, we were going to go to a nude beach...

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We all wore t-shirts and shorts over our bikinis for the short drive over to the beach, except me. I wore a small tank top, really a boy's undershirt, the ribbed stretchy kind, instead of a t-shirt. Once we parked, we left our shirts and shorts in the car, except I untied my top and pulled it out from under the shirt, leaving a tankini, with several inches of tummy showing between my bikini bottom and the tank top.

The shirt was so tight, I was almost already topless, and I felt a surge of energy from that. Of course that made my nipples stand up, which was obvious through the shirt. Actually, you could clearly see the outline of my areolae as well.

We bravely marched past the big signs on either side of the path saying "Warning: Nudity Ahead" and "Clothing Optional Beyond This Point."

I was surprised by how crowded it was, and how diverse, too. Young people, old people, slender people, chubby people, attractive people, ugly people. All sorts of hair and skin colors. Some with tan lines, some tan all over. ALL over...

Dani found a fairly open space amongst the humanity, and started to lay her towel out, but Aly said, "Let's go further down," and she pointed left, "where it's less crowded." Dani looked at her quizzically, and she replied, "You aren't the only one with a tablet," and stuck out her tongue.

So we walked up the beach for ten minutes or so, to where there was more open space. Dani said, "How's this?" and threw out her towel, not waiting for a reply. Aly and Jessi looked around at how few people there were, apparently approved, and began arranging their towels as well. I laid my towel out, but gave Dani a sharp look, which she caught.

What Aly and Jessi failed to notice was, yes there were fewer people here, but all of them were young and attractive, about three-quarters guys, and one-quarter girls, mostly college age. I started to mouth "You devil" at Dani, but she cut me off with a finger at her lips in the universal "shhhh" symbol.

We were all still standing, and Dani undid her top with a flourish. I followed with my tank top. Aly and Jessi both had an attack of shy, pulling the knots loose on their backs, but holding the little triangles of fabric in front. Reluctantly, they let their tops come free, folded them, and stashed them.

Dani grinned and said "Showtime!" Aly and Jessi groaned. Dani bent over and lowered her bottoms, going a little slower than she had to, for effect. She stepped out of them, and held them over her head in that Olympics "stick the landing" pose. Sensing that this was going to be difficult for Ali and Jessi, she said, "See? It's easy!"

The three of them looked at me, so I guessed I was next. Not believing what I was doing, I lowered my bottoms slowly, inch by inch, over my butt and down my thighs until the elastic no longer gripped, and let them fall to the sand. I lifted them with my foot, captured them with my hand, and set them with my shirt.

I have to say, as exhilarating as it had been to have my breasts out in the sun, having my pussy and ass uncovered, free for viewing by anybody, the sun warming them, the breeze tickling them, was beyond incredible. I looked around, and practically every pair of male eyes on the beach was glued to me, so I slowly spun in a circle, sashaying a bit for emphasis.

From the stunned looks on their faces, Aly and Jessi weren't having quite as easy of a time. Dani said, quietly so her voice wouldn't carry, "The longer you wait, the harder it'll be."

Jessi got it, and as quickly as she could, yanked her bottoms to the sand, and stepped out of them. She looked like she was going to pretzel her arms around her front to try to hide everything, but she caught herself.

By now many of the guys nearest us had noticed there was a free show going on, and applauded. Although she turned bright red, she waved at them. I found it interesting that on a beach full of naked people, it was the ones in the process of taking off their clothes who got all the attention.

That left Aly. I'd never seen her with such a panicked, deer-in-the-headlights look on her face. She began to pull her bottoms down, the tiniest little bit at a time, more in the back than at the front. When barely an inch of her butt-crack showed, she bent forward at the waist, and continued the painstaking process of exposing her butt.

When her entire ass was uncovered, she froze. Completely. As in, unable to move. Visibly trembling, she said, "I'm not sure I can do this."

Dani asked, "Want some help?"

"NO!" Aly barked, then relented, "Yes. No. I mean, yes. Yes, YOU do it." She remained frozen, not moving a muscle. But when a couple of us reached for her bottoms, to pull them down for her, she said, "No, wait, I'll do it."

She straightened up, and began to wiggle the front down, first pulling one side down a quarter inch, then the other. When they were down to where I was sure her pubes would start to show, it looked like she would freeze again, then as if resigned to her fate, sighed deeply, and continued.

She barely lowered it another eighth of an inch, then another. It was odd, though, no racing stripe, no landing strip, no powder puff, no short and curly hair of any sort was emerging. Another quarter inch, and there was the top of her slit, completely shiny smooth on either side. She had shaved!

"Girl, what have you done?" Dani asked, grinning wildly, then Aly lowered her bottoms to the sand in one continuous slow pull. She started to cover herself with her hands, but caught herself, and held her hands straight down at her sides. She crossed her legs, then caught herself again, repositioning her feet about a foot apart. Jessi and I both gestured at her to do a slow spin, letting us (and all the surrounding guys) see everything.

The rest of us were staring at her as intently as all the guys. I had heard some of the girls at school talking about shaving, and waxing, and of course almost every girl has to do some "grooming" down there to keep hair from escaping her bikini bottoms. But I had never seen a live, shaved pussy before, and apparently neither had Dani or Jessi.

"Whatever possessed you to do that, as shy as you are?" I asked.

"I wasn't feeling shy when I did it. I'm feeling so shy now BECAUSE I did it. When I saw that all of you had hair, I just kind of freaked out."

"I gotta do that," I said, "it looks AWESOME." Dani nodded in agreement.

"Do you think so?" Aly asked in a tiny voice.

"Abso-freakin-lutely, girl. Take a look around, EVERYONE is checking you out."

Aly looked, and they were. She looked for a second like she was going to wilt and fold herself up to hide it, but she caught herself, and obviously decided to maximize the moment. She held her arms up and twirled again, this time without any prompting from us.

"Fabulous," Dani said.

Now that we were all NAKED (I just wanted to shout it out), we applied sun screen to our fronts and each other's backs, then just lay in the sun, taking it easy. We talked some, but mostly just enjoyed the sun and the breeze in silence. After about an hour, I felt like things had gotten somewhat lethargic, so I got everybody up, and led us across the sand, into the water. I took a very zig-zag path, walking us past most of the larger groups of people. It looked like every guy on the beach tracked our progress over the sand with their eyes.

Going to the water added another level to the experience. The process of standing up, walking past people who were seated, and reaching the water, practically feeling their eyes checking out every part of my body, made me feel far more exposed than merely laying on a towel. Then there were the waves, splashing on my bare skin, tickling all the private parts that were out in the open. I never expected it to feel so free and exhilarating.

When we got back to our spot, a group of college guys was waiting for us, wanting to chat us up. "Sorry, guys, out of time, we gotta go," Dani said. It was news to the rest of us...

Still surrounded by the college guys, we got our suits back on, some of us (Dani and I) making a bit more of a show out of it than was absolutely necessary. We gathered our towels, and headed back down the beach toward the car.

"I wasn't ready to go back yet," Aly said.

Dani responded, "We're not going back, we're just moving. You didn't want to be held hostage by those frat rats, did you?"

We walked for a few minutes, then as we neared the crowded part of the beach, Dani said, with her eyes sparkling, "What's been the best part of the day?"

"I dunno..."

"What are you getting at?"

"Think, guys, what was the most intense moment?"

Nobody responded.

"Damn... I have to explain everything to you! It was undressing, getting naked, taking off our bikinis while everybody watched!"

"Yeah, you're right."

"Yeah, it was."

"OK. That's why," and she paused for effect, "we're gonna do it again. At the crowded part of the beach."

"I dunno, Dani."

"I'm not sure..."

I had heard enough. "I'M sure. Dani's right, that was the best moment of the afternoon, and who knows when you'll get another chance like this."

Dani said, "I know when -- right now!"

There we were -- in the middle of the beach, the most crowded part. She laid her towel out, and this time we all followed.

Dani said, "Let's take it up a notch. Instead of-"

Jessi interrupted. "We're already taking it up a notch, all these people are around."

Dani waited a second, to see if there was any more back talk, then she resumed, "Instead of each of us taking off our tops, and then we each take off our bottoms, let's go one at a time -- we each take off our top, then our bottoms, THEN it's the next person's turn." She glanced around the group, and nobody objected. "I went first last time-"

I interrupted her. "Wait. Everybody sit."

Aly looked confused, and Jessi said, "We're not gonna take our clothes off?"

When we were all seated, I leaned in to the center of the group so I wouldn't have to speak as loud, and said, "Of course we're gonna take our clothes off, but let's make it hotter."

Aly, who of course had the most to hide, said, "I don't wanna make it hotter, just getting naked in front of all these people is hot enough for me."

Jessi said, "Then you don't have to do it. I wanna hear Cait's idea. If she says it's hot, I probably want to do it."

They all turned their attention to me.

"Alright, here's the plan. One by one, we stand, and like Dani said, take it ALL off." I looked at Aly. "You don't have to do much if you don't want to, but if you're feeling it, spice it up with some wiggles and shakes. When we're all naked, we'll vote on who made it the sexiest."

"I don't wanna make it sexy, I just want to get it over with," Aly complained.

Jessi snapped at her, "Quit whining, you already have to do less than anyone else to be voted sexiest, because you're shiny bald down there."

Aly's face glowed bright red.

Jessi took charge of the moment, saying, "C'mon, Aly, those two went first last time. Let's show 'em how to do it."

I was really proud of Jessi. She stood right up, undid her top, taking time to fold it neatly and stash it with her towel, which prolonged her time standing. Then she calmly and casually slid her bottoms off, folding them, bending over at the waist and placing them with her top. She straightened up, and then seemed to remember that we were going to have a "sexiest" vote. She arched her back, sticking her boobs out, fluffed her hair, and looked out across the sea of people around us. She smiled at a couple of guys who were blatantly watching her, and sat, comfortably arranging herself. She looked all calm and collected; you'd have to know her really well to see how anxious she actually was.

"Good job," I whispered to her. She grinned in appreciation.

Aly jumped right up, raising her arms over her head and stretching, as if she were just waking up. She casually removed her top, then seemed to notice something on one of her boobs, bikini lint or stray grains of sand, scrutinizing it for a second before brushing it off. Now it was time for her bottoms. Obviously she had steeled herself for this moment, because she showed none of the stage fright she had earlier. She simply arched her back, and slowly slid them down to the sand.

She raised her arms up to the sky again, and stretched, bigger this time, an impressive simulation of nonchalance. She repositioned her feet almost as far apart as they would go, bent over, and touched her toes, stretching her lower body to go with the upper body stretch she'd already done. Just to make sure nobody missed anything, she straightened up, turned and faced the other way, repeating both stretches. This time I was behind her, and got a full visual tour of her shaved area, increasing my resolve that I wanted my pussy to look just like that.

With that, she was done, and settled down onto her towel. Dani and I looked at each other, not sure who would be next. I nodded at her, and she stood. I would be last.

I don't remember her 'performance,' I was too busy focusing my adrenaline into a plan -- I wanted to make the most of this moment. Knowing Dani, I'm sure she was very animated and demonstrative.

My turn. I took a deep breath, and stood. I hooked my thumbs in the sides of my bottoms, and wiggling my hips a bit more than I needed to, lowered them, one side a little bit, then the other, all the way down. Jessi said, "Ooh, bottoms first, I wish I'd thought of that."

Now I was standing there in my tank top, covered from my shoulders down to my waist, but with my pussy and ass out in the open. The opposite of topless. It's a very different type of exposed than either naked or topless -- ALL the attention concentrates on the most private areas, the ones that hardly ever get to be uncovered, and even when they are, have to share the stage with breasts.

Having my boobs covered somehow made my pussy and ass feel more exposed, and they were tingling harder than I had ever felt. I could practically FEEL all the eyeballs pressing on the little white areas of skin that had only ever been uncovered in public once before. I wasn't done enjoying the moment, so I took my sunglasses off and cleaned them. I put them back on, and turned a quarter turn, giving a different set of people a clear view, but they still had smudges. Darn the luck -- turning a bit each time, it took me another three or four tries to get those crazy shades clean...

Finally, I had extended the moment as far as it would go, so I lifted my tank top up over my head. As ultra-exposed as my lower bits had been, baring my chest somehow made me feel far more naked than I had ever been, even a short while ago at the other part of the beach. I felt like I was receiving an all-over, intense massage, from the breeze, the sun, and everyone's eyeballs. I still wasn't quite ready to be done, so I found another smudge on my sunglasses, and cleaned it thoroughly before I sat.

We leaned our heads together, and Jessi said, "OK, now we vote. You can't vote for yourself, OK?"

We all nodded. I voted for Jessi. She might have done the least, but I wanted her to get some credit for overcoming the greatest stage-fright.

The result was a tie -- we each received one vote. Dani wanted another vote to resolve who the winner was, but Aly and I both quickly said that a tie was fine -- that way we all won -- and Jessi agreed, so we settled back on our towels to catch some sun.

The whole bottoms-first thing had me more aroused than I had ever been. I tried to just enjoy the beach, I really tried, but the sun's glow on my skin just emphasized the glow in my pussy, and my pussy wouldn't leave me alone. I swear, it was throbbing. I needed some relief.

I didn't think I could just sneak my finger down to rub myself without being noticed, so I turned over onto my tummy. I mean, when you're tanning, you do both sides, right? I strategically positioned myself over my arm, with my hand conveniently right at my groin.

I paused briefly, to be sure nobody yelled, "Look, that girl's fingering herself!" When no one did, I slid my finger slowly into my slit, and the feeling was like sticking it into an electric outlet, only sexual. I don't think I'd ever felt anything that was that intense, but still felt good. This wasn't going to take long.

Even in the midst of all those people, I was too far gone to even consider stopping. I slowly rubbed myself from the bottom to the top of my slit, five or six times, bringing me right to the edge. I found my nub, and flicked my fingertip over it, as rapidly as I could.

My orgasm flowed over me like a tsunami, relentless, enhanced by the fresh sea breeze blowing across my skin. The air was slightly cool, contrasting with the warm glow I felt from the sun, as well as from my finger. Trying not to draw any attention to myself, I did my best to hold still and keep quiet, very difficult considering the explosion I felt in my pussy. My body wanted to squirm, thrash, writhe, moan, maybe even scream. I was pretty sure I succeeded in being stealthy.

Maybe not... I was floating gently back to earth when Jessi leaned over and whispered into my ear, "What did you just do?"

"Nothing!" I said, even though that was obviously untrue. Unfortunately, I said it loud enough, and with enough edge in my voice, that Aly and Dani noticed.

"What?" they both wondered. They sat up, and Jessi whispered something to each of them. Their eyes got wide, they all glanced at me, and Jessi whispered some more, then they glanced at me again. I shrugged, in the universal, 'Hey, ya gotta do what ya gotta do' gesture, with a smirk at the end, conveying my satisfaction with how things turned out.

They all laid back down, Dani and Jessi on their tummies, I noticed. One arm out in the sun, one trapped underneath. Knees slightly apart. Dani held fairly still, but Jessi was visibly squirming. Dani was the first to finish, and turned over onto her back. She was barely settled when Aly turned over onto her tummy, also trapping an arm under her. I settled back to enjoy the sun -- if I paid them much more attention, I was going to have to go again.

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Friday was a very sad day. Both Aly's and Jessi's families had to leave, a day earlier than usual. We girls had a tradition of walking to the local ice cream shop for lunch on our final Saturday. With our week at the beach done, we didn't have to worry any more about how we looked in our bikinis, and since we'd gone 'without' for the entire week, we'd absolutely pig out.

But this year two of the four families were leaving mid-morning on Friday, and somehow ice cream for breakfast didn't quite fit the bill. We had some juice and fruit out by the pool, the site of our "coming out" party, or rather, our "top coming off" party. It seemed like a lifetime ago.

We hardly discussed anything but our time at the pool and the beach.

"So, what are we gonna do next year, to top that?"

"I dunno," I said. "I looked on-line at suggestions for public nudity, stripping games, Truth Or Dare, that kind of thing."

The girls looked at me like I had grown a fin down the center of my back.

"What? I have a tablet, too... Really, most of it is pretty silly -- ride bikes in short skirts without panties, that kind of lame."

"I wouldn't be interested in that."

"Me either. So what ARE we gonna do next year?"

"The good news is," I said, "we don't have to decide now. We've got an entire year to come up with ideas."

They nodded.

A minute later, Aly's and Jessi's moms called them to the cars, and they left.

And then there were two.

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Dani and I moped around the pool for a few hours, then we told our folks we were off to the beach. "Be careful," our moms said.

"Don't go in the water for an hour," we whispered, laughing.

The beach (the regular beach, that is) was eerie, almost completely deserted. There were probably ten other people, total. The tide was out, and we strolled down by the water, where the sand was packed and the walking was easier.

"So, Dani," I began. She knows that beginning, and didn't reply.

"Obviously, you were the ringleader of that bikini top thing."

"Well," she said, and I knew from her tone that this wouldn't be a simple answer. "You weren't here last year." She saw my eyes widen and laughed. "No no, we didn't do that last year. We were down by the water, and there was a group of college kids. About half and half, guys and girls. They were obviously drinking, and after awhile the girls all took off their tops. They were topless for over an hour, until the beach patrol came and made them cover up.

"We watched the whole thing, and I don't think any of us said a single word the whole time they had their tits out. When the beach patrol left, we were all, like, 'that was HOT.' It affected all of us. I know for me it was INTENSE, I mean seriously erotic, and I think it was for Aly and Jessi, too.

"I think we were all ready to do something like that. I bet if you had been here, the way you have of making things happen, we probably would have done it, but none of us took charge the way you would have, so we did nothing.

"Saturday at the ice cream shop, we were trying to figure out, how do we tell Cait about that in a way that she'll see how deliciously arousing it was. No one had a clue. We tried a bunch of different ways of explaining it, but they all just sounded lame.

"So, this year, the three of us met in the lobby before you guys arrived. Topic number one was, we've gotta get Caitlin in on the topless thing, how do we do that? In a way, you're right, I was the instigator, because I'm the one who suggested that we should get you to experience it, to live it, rather than just describing it to you. The three of us together came up with the plan of yanking off your top."

We were in the process of walking past three older guys, who couldn't have been more obviously ogling us. As Dani continued talking, I started to think that there might be some fun here, that we could not only make these guys' day, but ours too. I said, "You want to have some fun?"

Dani's eyes sparkled, she had noticed the old guys too, and she said, "What are you thinking?"

"I'm thinking, my boobs haven't gotten nearly enough sun, maybe even my other parts, too, and I wonder if we can get their eyeballs to explode."

Dani giggled, and we both untied the lower knots on our tops. Timing is everything, though; right then a beach patrol officer rode past on his four-wheeler. He stopped, and said, "No nudity, girls."

"Just adjusting, officer," Dani said, and we both retied.

He rode off, but Dani said, "He'll be back, soon, to check."

I was crushed. I hadn't planned on getting naked today, but once even that sliver of an opportunity had presented, I got my hopes up. Now I was aroused, and I didn't want to give up.

A mischievous look came over Dani's face, and she asked, "I'm feeling hot all of a sudden. Are you?"

She took my hand, and we resumed walking, slowly.

"I'm not sure what you mean," I said, but I kind of did, and my kitty was tingling at the thought.

"I'll take that as a yes. What I'm about to do, just go with it. Just go with it."

Before I could wonder what she meant, she took my hand, positioned it on her shoulder, put her hand around my waist, pulled me in, and kissed me. Full on the mouth. With lots of tongue.

I must have been somewhat tentative, because she said, her lips brushing mine, "Hot, Cait, feelin' hot, we're going to put on a little show, and turn those old guys on. I'm feeling HOT, and I think you are too. I bet we can get them to cream in their Speedos. When we're through, they'll always remember the day they got to watch a couple of hot lesbians."

"Lesbians? I'm not a-" and she laced her fingers through my hair, pulling me in tight for a deeper, longer, hotter kiss. My kitty flooded in response.

Our whole week had consisted of a series of incremental steps, one after the other -- taking off our tops, taking off our bottoms, fingering ourselves in public. Now, since we couldn't get naked again, the next step to top that might as well be find some old guys, and make out with a girl in front of them.

Getting into the role, and glancing over at the guys to confirm that we had their undivided attention, I lowered my hand from her shoulder, sliding down until I had a handful of breast. I squeezed it, found her nipple through the fabric of her bikini, and rolled it between my thumb and fingers.

We let our kiss end, she took my hand again, and we resumed walking, slower, more dreamily. I turned to her and kissed her cheek, allowing me to check the old guys. We were definitely the center of their universe. I turned, locked my lips onto hers, and dipped both hands down inside the back of her bikini bottom, massaging her bare ass. She slipped a hand inside my top, found my nipple, and began vibrating her finger across it. "Shit, Dani, you're going to make me cum..."

"If you do, you better make sure I do too," she whispered. We disconnected and resumed walking, the other way this time, so we had to pass right by the old guys again. She had her arm around my shoulder, while I resumed cupping her ass, outside her bikini this time.

We stopped, Dani turned to me, and we locked lips in another deep soul kiss. I worked my knee between hers, and pulled her ass in, so that my pussy contacted her upper thigh, and hers contacted mine. We both started a humping, rubbing motion with our hips, and I thought I was going to cum on the spot. I pulled us apart, very difficult, as all I wanted to do was finish things right then and there.

The sun was settling toward the 'golden hour' point, where the light is the prettiest, and the late afternoon sea breeze was nearing its peak. I released Dani's hand, and put my arm around her, low, caressing the curve of her waist. The breeze, the sun, our shared sensuality, all combined for one of the most serene moments I've ever experienced.

We had walked far enough past the old guys that they had 'released' us. By the time we cut across the sand for the walk back to the hotel, they were way off in the distance, walking the other way.

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When we got back, our folks were in the lobby bar having cocktails. We agreed to meet them in half an hour or so, and all go to dinner. We hit the bathroom to clean up, wash off the sunblock and the salt.

"Cait," Dani said, "I'd never do anything that might affect our friendship."

Well, earlier on the beach, she already had, and somehow, I had a feeling she was about to again. I nodded, and noticed she was slipping off her bottoms. "But," she said, "I'm a few seconds away from the biggest orgasm of my life. I think if you would lick me maybe three or four times, I'd explode." She didn't verbalize the question, but she sure implored me with her eyes.

I nodded again -- I couldn't seem to find my voice. I should say, I'm not "into" girls. I have nothing against girls who are, that's cool, but it's not me. But at that moment, I was so aroused, so intensely stirred up, that it wasn't about the other person being a girl. It was about us both being consumed with a deep, primal urge. There weren't any male candidates available for satisfying that urge, and Dani is someone I love and trust. So, sex with a girl, bring it on.

She positioned herself half on, half off of the counter top, allowing me full access to her sensitive parts. I got on my knees, and lowered my mouth to her pussy. I'd never done this before, I'd never had it done to me before, I'd never even read about how to do it. All I knew about the geography down there is kind of a braille map I'd built of what feels good to me, with my fingers, along with what little bit my boyfriend had done that felt good.

I tried to extrapolate the layout of what my fingers knew, and turn it into a guide book for my tongue. I knew that, with my fingers, I like to start at the bottom of the slit, and slowly slide up to the top. So I did that with my tongue. I was immediately overwhelmed with sensations that aren't there when it's fingers in your own pussy -- the texture of what I learned later are the inner and outer lips, the flavor of her honey, and the intoxicating aroma.

Dani seemed to be a different type of overwhelmed. She shuddered, and made a deep, purring sound from the back of her throat.

I repeated the slow glide from the bottom of her slit to the top, trying to push my tongue in a little deeper. Her breathing became very fast and deep, like she had been running, hard. She laced her fingers through my hair, and pulled my face hard down over her pussy. I assumed that meant she was ready to finish.

When I'm fingering myself and I'm ready to finish, I vibrate my finger over the nub at the top of the slit, which I found out later is my clit. I started vibrating my tongue over her nub, and she sucked her lungs full of air and began a low moan, squeezing my head tight with her thighs. I felt an earthquake vibrating through her abdomen and thighs. It emerged and rumbled, building in intensity, and she wiggled, and bucked, and shivered, and shook, until I could barely stay connected to her. I kept my tongue vibrating on her until she relaxed the hold she had on me, and her breathing returned to normal.

"O. . . M. . . G. . ." is all she said. She slid off the counter, nearly collapsing into a boneless puddle. She pulled me up to my feet, knelt in front of me, and pulled my bikini bottoms to the floor. She stood, gave me another one of those soul deep kisses, and said, simply, "Now. . . You. . . "

Having her take off my bottoms to lick me was far more erotic than merely revealing my naked pussy to hundreds of strangers. As I said, I'd never had this done to me before, but based on her reaction, I expected it to be freaking awesome. I took my position, my ass half on the counter, half hanging off, leaning back against the mirror. Just the act of spreading my legs in front of her face was so charged with sexual energy, I almost came before she could get started. She took her position between my thighs, and I parked my feet on her shoulders, my knees as far apart as they would go.

It had taken two licks for her to cum. It took me one. Now I got it, "O. . . M. . . G. . . " indeed! Cumming on her tongue was the sweetest sensation I'd ever felt. I thought I had cum hard back on the beach -- by comparison, that was nothing! I have no idea how she stayed connected to me, the way I thrashed about. I peaked, and caressed the back of her head, while she slowly stroked my slit with her tongue, letting me float gently back to earth.

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Saturday morning, poolside. It was a very different day than our last day usually was. The sky was even uncharacteristically grey.

We decided to skip the ice cream shop. Without our other friends, it felt like an empty gesture. In light of all that had happened this week, it seemed naïve, elementary, childish.

"Dani," I said, at the same moment she said, "Cait."

"You first," I said, at the same moment she said, "You first."

I paused a second, to see if she would start, but she didn't, so I started.

"Dani, yesterday was..." and I faltered. Finding the right words was not going to be easy in this conversation.

"...wonderful," she filled in.

"It was, wasn't it?" I said. "Yet, it was also..." and I faltered again.

"...not who we really are," she finished.

"No, we're not, are we? I hope it doesn't..." This time when I stopped, it wasn't because I faltered. She was doing so good at finishing what I started, I thought we should stay with what was working.

"...affect things going forward."

"It shouldn't, should it? Do you think it will?"

"Not if we both just take it in stride. I mean, it was something that happened once. We just shouldn't imagine that it's the beginning of something."

"It's not the beginning of something, is it?"

"No, it's not. Are you disappointed?"

"No. No, I'm relieved. You?"

"Relieved is a good choice of words."

We sat in silence for a minute.

I started, and this time I finished my own sentence. "It was really special, I wouldn't change a moment of it."

"Me either."

"About Jessi and Aly..."

"I don't see any reason for them to know. You?"

"No, I don't. And unlike what you guys did with my top, I don't feel the need to set anything up so they can have a similar experience."

"I agree, completely. I mean, how could we possibly put it in perspective?"

"I'm glad you understand. You're a good friend."

"You are too, the best."

I was in the process of agreeing, when our moms called us in, to change into traveling-in-the-car clothes.

"One more quick question."

"Shoot."

"Could I get you to call my boyfriend, give him some pointers?"

We both laughed.

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In the car on the way home, I recalled the chapter on addiction in my Psychology class. The current thinking is, some people have what's called an "addictive personality." Their brains are wired so that they are more susceptible to getting hooked on a variety of substances and behaviors -- heroin, alcohol, nicotine, or gambling for instance.

When someone is wired this way, they're not necessarily doomed to a life of uncontrollable substance abuse. It's very possible for them to stay addiction free. The analogy in my textbook was, they have an "addiction switch," and if they never taste anything highly addictive, then their "switch" remains off, and they have a much easier time staying clean.

But, once they taste and enjoy, their "switch" is thrown to ON, and resisting harmful substances will be much more difficult from then on.

Looking back on my time at the beach, I realized something about being naked outdoors, and in public: I love, love, love it. I want to do it more. Lots more. There's no doubt about it, my switch got thrown. And of the four of us, I know I'm not the only one; possibly, probably all four of us.

I can't wait to see what happens next year.

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p.s. I was looking back at the calendar recently, the one with the dates of our beach vacay. Wednesday, our trip to the nude beach, was on July 14th. I didn't know then, that's National Nude Day. Very appropriate.

The four of us are attending college together now, and I was right about my friends: all their switches got thrown, too. We are continuing to have adventures together, frequently involving public nudity -- it's amazing what four inspired minds can come up with. Those stories are for another time. For now, Happy Nude Day!