**Crowd Surfing**

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Have you ever been out with someone who's just a bit too much of a gentleman? Yes, I know that's a rarity and I should thank my lucky stars, but the problem with Martin was that even after three dates he still didn't seem to realise that I fancied him like crazy.  
  
"Thanks for bringing me, Martin," I said, looking away from the stage for a second and smiling at him. He had lovely grey-blue eyes and an odd mixture of confidence and shyness. He wasn't at all like the guys I used to date; the big dumb blonds, as I thought of them now. I just wished he had a little of their, shall we say, forthrightness? With them, if I escaped a first date without a hand on my boob I considered myself fortunate. With Martin I was lucky if I saw even the idea of a goodnight kiss flash across his face before nerves got the better of him.  
  
It was my first music festival, and a beautiful summer's day with it. I wished we'd bought tickets for the whole weekend, and if Martin had any sense he'd have suggested sharing a tent. I'd even have said yes to sharing a sleeping bag, but I doubt he'd ever be so bold as to ask.  
  
And before you ask, I wasn't just desperate to sleep with him because I'd had a couple of beers; at the start of the day I'd already decided that, one way or another, I was going to find out if he actually found me attractive or not. I'd even planned to start the day with a not-so-accidental towel drop, but when I'd told Martin I wasn't ready he'd waited out on the street. I just hoped that skinny jeans and a sleeveless top was sexy enough for him, and I guess I'll have to find another way to get naked before the day was out. I've even deployed the wireless pullover bra in case Martin had no idea how to undo a clasp.  
  
My train of fantasy was interrupted by two guys lifting a young woman into the air in front of me. I was about to complain about blocking the view to the band when she fell back towards us and I automatically lifted my hands to stop her.  
  
More hands joined, and the next I knew it we were pushing her over our heads as she stretched her arms above her. She seemed to glide effortlessly over the tops of the crowd, sometimes twisting and rolling, progressing slowly on a meandering path across the park.  
  
Hands grabbed at her and she let out a shriek. She moved her arms to her side and gripped her t-shirt as someone became over-enthusiastic about the presence of a young woman's body and tried to lift her top.  
  
"Woah!" I said involuntarily. Martin had seen it too and his eyes were wide.  
  
As I looked back at the girl her arms were above her head again, and more hands had pushed her t-shirt high enough to expose her stomach. She didn't seem to mind, having found a level of exposure that she was comfortable with. Other hands tugged at her jeans and she shrieked again and grabbed her belt.  
  
She was spun over and her arms flailed helplessly, and as more people grabbed at snatches of fabric as she passed over them her jeans slipped a little. They jammed on her hips, which is a good job as her underwear looked to be going the same way. You could see half her buttocks, and I was in no doubt that she shaved.  
  
She reached down and pulled her jeans back into place as her t-shirt was yanked up further, exposing her bra. She laughed and squeezed her arms to her sides and was rolled over once more, but this time she was prepared for it and kept her hands at her waist, gripping her jeans. She seemed to have reached a truce with the crowd: she was okay with her top pulled up around her neck, but no more.  
  
I looked back at Martin to see he was still transfixed by the spectacle. He moistened his lips and I wondered if I'd seen the first glimpse of what sexual excitement might look like on his face. A moment later the girl was out of sight, still being moved over the crowd, gliding and rolling and out of control and loving it.  
  
"Do me!" I said urgently to Martin, "Lift me up!"  
  
"Are you sure-" he began to ask, but I answered by wrapping my arm around his shoulder and trying to lift myself. One of the guys who had lifted the other girl turned around and I nodded for him to help me up.  
  
"Here," he said, and he put one strong arm around my waist and another under my buttock. He was the type of man I used to go for: tall, blond and strong. Maybe if nothing happened with Martin he was the type of man I still could go for, just to relieve some tension.  
  
At last Martin's testosterone kicked in and he wrapped an arm around my back, put a hand beneath me, and together they lifted me into the air. Feeling they were holding me stable beneath them l lifted my arms over my head and began to lean back. Just as I was about to scream in anticipation of falling to the floor multiple pairs of hands came to my rescue.  
  
"Meet you on the other side!" I called to Martin as I was swept away, six feet above the ground and carried helplessly.  
  
I don't know how many hands were on me: on my legs, on my thighs, under my buttocks, holding my back, my shoulders, and even my arms as I stretched out.  
  
As people pushed me along my top began to ride up my midriff, exposing my stomach, and I felt hands on my skin. I laughed. It was as if I'd added fuel to the fire as I felt a tug at my jeans. It was a sharp tug and quite intentional but, just like the other girl I'd seen, there was no way they were going to pass over my hips. I gave thanks to skinny jeans.  
  
My top was pulled up further to bunch beneath my breasts, but I was still being moved around and I defy anyone to unfasten a bra strap in the time I passed over them. There was another tug at my jeans, this time hard enough that they slid another fraction of an inch. It was thrilling to feel just how close I was to exposure, the tight waistband pulling at my underwear. But it was the tight waistband, pressed into my hips and pelvis and cutting a hard line across my buttocks, that was sparing my blushes.  
  
I felt hands around my waist, then a sudden release of pressure, and just in time I grabbed the tops of my jeans. Someone had managed to unfasten the button, and as I held the waistband I felt the zip being slid down by fingers that pressed into me. More hands pulled at the denim, but I giggled and held fast. It was thrilling to be so barely in control, but I had a firm grip and no matter how hard the crowd pulled I was equal to them.  
  
That was until a hand wrapped around each of my wrists and as my body continued to move my arms were lifted away from my sides. Without a counter-force my jeans were pulled halfway down my thighs, and my underwear with them. I felt the sun on my skin and the air between my legs. I yelped, and as my arms were pulled above my head more hands slid up my torso, pushing, fumbling at the edge of my bra. And then, finding purchase, the soft cotton began to roll up over my body. I'd forgotten: I had chosen this bra specifically to give Martin every chance of removing it as easily as possible so they had no need to tangle with a bra strap as. The formless mob took full advantage of my readiness to undress.  
  
Without underwiring to hold the bra's shape, strong fingers that were hooked beneath it pulled it over my skin. It was the turn of my breasts to feel the sensation of fresh air as my bra and top bunched up around my underarms.  
  
I was bare from my thighs to my shoulders, and my hands were held too firmly for me to do anything about it. There was another tug at my jeans and I wriggled my legs to escape grasping hands, but this only served to hasten their departure, and before I knew it they were tangled with my knickers around my ankles.  
  
With plenty to grab hold of the bundle of jeans, knickers, and even my sandals were dragged off of me in one direction as my bra and top was pulled over my head and up my arms. I looked above me and saw them tossed into the crowd.  
  
I was suddenly naked, suspended and helpless. Hands that had been grasping at denim and cotton now found the bare skin of my legs, my buttocks, my back, and as I was rolled over onto my front I lost all sense of who was touching me where.  
  
I found myself on my back again, near spread-eagled and travelling over heads that laughed as my nude body passed over them. I had never felt a thrill like it.  
  
Yet it seemed as if the crowd had been baying for my clothes, not my body, and I sensed I was moving slowly to the edge of the park. It was as if a wild animal had torn the fabric from me and devoured it, and now I was being spat out, all fun exhausted and maximum humiliation achieved.  
  
An arm wrapped around my waist and I heard a shout, and instinctively I pulled my legs towards my body. I almost fell from the sky, but I was caught by one arm around my back and another beneath my legs.  
  
"Martin!" I said as I looked up at a very welcome sight.  
  
"Are you okay?" he asked as he lowered my feet to the ground. The grass tickled my feet.  
  
I wrapped my arms around his neck and leant up on tiptoes to plant a long kiss on his lips. For the first time I felt the passion I had been looking for all this time. It was the passion in his kiss, and the more obvious kind of passion that pressed against my stomach.  
  
"I'm fine, now," I said, and as I arched my body his erection pulsed in his trousers. Did it really take this much to get him going? If so, perhaps it was worth it.  
  
"I don't know where your clothes might be," he told me.  
  
"Do you think I need them?" I asked with a coy expression.  
  
"Er... " I took a step back and twirled a little as he looked me up and down, and I realised his brain had no chance of even starting a sentence. Good.  
  
I stepped towards him and pressed my body against his once more. I felt safe now.  
  
"We better go, I suppose," he said, looking around at the eyes that were staring at my body.  
  
"Let's stay a while," I said, "Watch the rest of the band."  
  
He put his arm around my waist. His hand felt good on my skin; I'd finally gotten his attention. And now that I had, he was about to learn just how much a woman can play hard to get, even when she's naked. This was going to be fun.