**Exhibiting at the Beach**

by[Katie\_did\_it](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=836885&page=submissions)©

The next morning, I was startled awake by the realization I was lying naked in bed with my best friend. There we were, she as naked as I, both of us snuggled like nestled spoons, my arm around her middle and my hand cupping her breast, her hard nipple poking between my fingers...

As I softly kissed her shoulders and the back of her neck as she slept, memories of our erotic night before flooded through my mind. Mental pictures of our writhing bodies enjoying the carnal delights each of us had to offer the other. The touch of her warm hands; the delightful sensation of her lips on mine; the delicate softness of her kisses on my skin; and of course the delight of feeling her hard teasing tongue touching, liking and tasting me. And then memories of my reciprocal actions leapt into my head.

After she had made me cum with more force than I believed possible, I had pulled her up beside me on my single bed. Forced to lie tightly together on the twin bed, I had reveled in the feeling of her lush full body against mine. The need to service her, in the same loving as she had me, was overwhelming.

I had begun by kissing her lips, and then moved to softly licking my juices from her lips and chin. I had then moved my kisses downwards on her body. As my lips touched each one of her hard, red, nipples, I remembered how she had felt as she began to writhe against me. I knew it was exciting her tremendously, as I was also doing to myself.

I had thought to myself how much I loved touching and tasting this erotic, forbidden fruit -- and how in doing so I was getting more turned on by the second.

I had rolled her onto her back, and then climbed on top of her -- into a commanding position. I put my left leg between hers and drew it upwards until I could feel her wetness against me, she moaned as she began to grind her pussy into my leg. I slid a little lower, so that my cunt was against hers and we had begun grinding our hot wet pussies together... We had thrust harder and harder against each other -- I could feel our mixture of juices leaking out, and mingling together against ourselves. Although it had felt amazing, this was not the satisfaction I craved. Instead, I had disengaged my legs from hers, and turned in the narrow bed. I had crawled on top of her into a sixty-nine position for the first time in my life (with either a man or a woman) -- her legs opened willingly, accepting me into her womanhood.

I felt her fingers probe into me from underneath, and then her tongue and lips had gone to work -- not to be outdone, I had returned the favour...

I had felt my own orgasm building, but even more exciting, I had known hers was building too -- I could hear her gasping and moaning, and she had begun to jump uncontrollably as my tongue teased her hardened clit. Her juices were flowing freely while I shoved my mouth into her -- they coated me and I in turn coated my face in them. The mere thought of having a woman's cum all over my face was pushing me to a level I had never dreamed of before.

She had clenched her head between her legs, squeaked out a gasp and then began her involuntary shudders of orgasm -- I, in turn, had screamed out mine loud and long as I shoved myself down onto her. We had collapsed onto each other in a wet, perspiring, completed exhausted duo. As this flood of delightful memories washed over me, I stirred and snuggled myself deep into her... She moaned and awoke. She reached down and pulled my hand to her lips, and kissed it softly. She turned and we kissed.

That was then another thought went though my head -- although it felt so normal and natural to be with Cheryl, I also knew that I would never be satisfied with only a woman -- how would I tell Cheryl these feelings?

And then I her shout, "Oh, shit! I'm going to be late for work!"

I rolled away from her, and realized that if she was going to be late, I was too -- we both had part time day jobs -- and both of us started at 10:00 am. I worked at one of the Starbucks on campus, and Cheryl worked at a funky furniture store not far from the campus. "Oh crap, me too", I laughed...

Cheryl was looking at me and starting to convulse with nervous laughter... "Oh..... My..... God...." She managed to get out, "I can't believe we did what we did yesterday and today. Yesterday, when I said I wasn't gay, I meant it!"

She went on, "But seeing you half naked turned me on so much, I had to show you. That's why I fingered myself in front of you while we were on the bus. And then it hit me; when you watch me, you get just as hot as I do, when I watch you. Funny thing is, that realization drove me wild -- I needed to have you in my arms. I couldn't help myself, I needed to make love to you..." She was started to get worked up -- I could tell from the slight panicky tone in her voice as she continued, "I don't know what so say, or how to tell you what I feel, or even what comes next..."

"Shhhhh," I said calmly. "The big question is, are you okay with it Cher?" I asked seriously. "I know I loved it, and I wouldn't do a thing differently, but are you okay?"

Cheryl grabbed me by the shoulders and pulled me to her lips, kissed me deeply, hugged me, and then with more seriousness than I expected, said, "Katie, I loved it -- I mean I really, really, really loved it! I had no idea it could feel so good, so right, so normal to make love to a woman! I love that it was with you, and I can't wait to do it again, and again, and again..."

With obvious relief in my voice, I began to relax, "Cher, I loved it too -- I mean, it was incredible and you're such a wonderful lover -- I can hardly believe this was your first time with a woman. You satisfied me more than either of my two boyfriends ever did, put together."

Smiling, and with a moist look in her eyes, she shrugged a little, and even blushed a little, "I've never been with anyone as satisfying as you Kate. You made me want you so badly, and after we undressed each other, I simply couldn't help myself. I felt like a moth being drawn to a flame."

I leaned forward and kissed her again -- this time our tongues met, and we enveloped each other in our bodies. I broke the kiss, and reminded her we needed to get going for work. We pulled on our housecoats for the walk down the hall to the shower (they are shared in the residence we are in), and without hesitation, we both moved into the same shower stall.

We parted ways at the dorm building door, but before we parted, and put my hand under her chin and pulled her close. Our kiss was another passionate one, and not one that could be mistaken for anything but a lovers kiss. As we walked our own separate ways, I noticed several guys, and girls staring at our boldness... I knew that little show would leave me wet for at least half the day.

The week flew by, with long, passionate nights together, and before I realized it, it was Friday.

It was time we had a chat...

"Cher, my love, what are our plans for the weekend?" I inquired sweetly.

"Well," she said, I don't know about you Katie, my love, but tomorrow, I plan on dressing as sexily as I can, and still keep my clothes on, and then I'm going to the beach again."

"Which beach?"

"Why Wreck, of course Katie... We have an appointment with a couple of guys if you remember.."

I felt my eyes starting to tear up, "Oh Cher, I hadn't figured out how to ask you if 'we' were a 'permanent' thing, a 'temporary' thing, an 'only' thing, an 'experimental' thing, or what the hell we are apart from being a couple of lesbian lovers." My voice quavering, I managed to go on, "I only know that I love you, but I also know I NEED guys in my life too -- Is that okay???"

Cheryl came and hugged me, "Oh Katie, I was wondering all of the same things -- I know for my part I love you, Katie. You are a wonderful, beautiful lover, who I will love making love to no matter who else we are with, but you're right -- I need guys in my life too."

I wiped the tears away, "So let's make a pact, we never stop making love to one another, we never stop loving one another, and but we both get to enjoy ourselves with the other sex too..."

"Oh yes, Katie, my love -- I agree...'

Saturday morning arrived exactly as the weatherman predicted -- by 10:00 am it was already 24 degrees and climbing. By noon both of us were getting dressed for the beach -- or should I say, undressed...

I pulled out the smallest thong bikini I owned -- and pulled it up my lightly tanned legs. Over it I slipped on the longest T Shirt I owned. It was actually a T shirt night gown I've had for years. It has been washed so many times the white cotton is super thin and shear, and because it got it when I was 12, it barely reached the bottom of my bum... Perfect for the trip home I thought to myself...

I glanced over at Cheryl and saw had already dressed in a medium-grey, completely shear, short sleeved, cotton blouse, underneath which I could see a very skimpy black bikini top, which matched her equally skimpy bikini bottom. Over her cute little bottom, she pulled on a short jean skirt. "Oh baby, you look so yummy, I could eat you..." I declared. With that I picked up my beach bag and asked "Ready, my love?"

Cheryl's eyes scanned me pausing to take in my now hardened nipples, "Katie, is that all you are wearing! Half the university will see you half naked!" she giggled...

"I know, and that's the way you want it isn't it, my love", I chuckled... I was sure that she was already getting damp just imagining the stroll to the beach.

Out the door we went, through the maze of campus buildings and on towards the path we had seen from the bus ride last weekend.

Sure enough, I got plenty of stares as we headed through the campus. I also noticed that when ever Cheryl saw other people approaching she steered closer to them -- making sure they got a good look at my display. Part of me hoped to God that none of these people I passed were in my classes that started next week -- I surprised myself with the though that another part of me hoped they were in my classes.

We quickly found out the path down to the beach is quite steep, in places relatively narrow, as it curls sharply down and away from the road. It also moves down through the remnants of a West Coast Rain Forest, several hundred foot tall douglas fir and cedars trees line the trail -- but mostly I was surprised at how busy it was. "Are you sure this goes to Wreck I asked over my shoulder backwards to Cheryl".

"Oh yes, it goes to Wreck alright", I heard a male voice respond, "you girls are first timer's here?"

Laughing, we both responded, "Yes" and looked back behind us. I was surprised to see the voice belonged to a gentleman old enough to be my grandfather...

Seeing the shocked look on my face, he laughed, "Don't be too shocked girls, my wife and I have been coming here for over twenty years. She's already on the beach, I just had to park the car".

And so our first trip down to the beach went -- we saw people already climbing up the path out -- we passed several young women who were unselfconsciously climbing out topless, the first of which, surprised the hell out of us. Halfway down I almost had to rub my eyes in disbelief, as a completely naked woman climbed past us... I gasped as I saw her, and I could hear the old guy behind us chuckling at our reactions. "It's quite a sight when you get there -- and don't forget to sunscreen those cute little bottoms girls" he added. Within minutes the trail opened up to a final stairway to the beach. We both paused at the top and drank in the sight...

There in front of us were hundreds, perhaps even a thousand, naked, and half naked people. I could hardly believe my eyes.

The gentleman who was behind us paused at the top step when we did, "Enjoy yourselves girls, but be careful, this beach is full of all kinds of temptations -- make sure act sensibly" and with that, he passed us down the steps.

"Well, let's find a little piece of beach we can call our own Cher." I said and started down the stairs... I took a few steps, and realized that Cheryl still hadn't moved... "Cher?" I asked, "you coming?"

"Holy shit Katie!!! Look at this, it's amazing -- I love this place already!" And with that she bounded down the last flight of stairs past me.

We both slipped off our sandals, and made our way past the throngs of people on the beach towards the water and the area of driftwood logs that arranged above the high water mark on the shoreline. This was where the majority of people were already laid out in the sun.

It didn't take long to find a nice log we could put our stuff against, and we laid out our beach blanket and towels, I continued to look out in amazement as the scene moved past us.

Beside us to the left were a couple, mid twenties, both fully naked; to our right, a couple of guys and one girl, also fully naked; behind the log we were up against was a single girl, topless; further to the right ('Past the threesome???, my mind wondered') was another couple with a young child (2 years old?) -- He was naked, she had a wrap around her middle, and her legs drawn up, but I could clearly see pubic hair poking out from below. And on, and on, and on the view spread -- nude tanned bodies spread in the sun -- 'unbelievable' my mind echoed over and over.

No sooner had we spread our stuff than I heard a woman's voice call in a sing-song voice, "Coooolers, ice coooold beer, ice coooold naaaaaakeeeed beer..." I looked towards the voice, and sure enough, there was a, bronze-tanned, fully naked woman, lugging a small cooler down the beach. I couldn't help stare at her beautiful, but small breasts, and her completely shaved pussy -- proudly on display for anyone to see.

I found my voice -- "I'll have a cooler", I called. "Should I get a couple?", I asked the young woman.

"No need to," she replied, "I'll be back and forth plenty of times an hour, my name's Crystal, if you don't want to yell 'Hey you!". She plunked her cooler down beside us, and squatted down beside it -- her legs spread open within 2 feet of my face. Her cute little butterfly pussy lips opened invitingly -- it was all I could do not to stare. I dragged my eyes upwards to hers. She smiled, she knew exactly what she was doing, and was loving it, "So what would you two like? I've got Mike's Hard (Lemonade), Smirnoff Ice, and beer -- everything is five bucks each."

"I'll have a Mike's Hard, and Cher, how about you?" I looked towards my silent roommate.

Cheryl was staring at Crystal's pussy the same as I had been. My question jolted her out of her trance "Ah, yes, ummm, me too." She stammered.

Crystal popped open her cooler, and dug out a couple of bottles for us. I dug into the beach bag I had brought and came up with a ten. "Thanks, I'll see you girls later," she said, "and oh, while I really don't mind it at all, you need to be careful about staring -- some of the vendors can get a bit snotty about it. And don't forget the sunscreen girls -- enjoy!" With that, she winked, closed her cooler, stood and continued her stroll down the beach.

"Surreal, Cher, absolutely, surreal." was all I could muster.

I put the ice-cold cooler to my lips and drank deeply -- I think to calm my jangling nerves more than anything.

"Well, as my mother used to say, 'when in Rome'," I said to myself, and I reached for the bottom of my T and I pulled it over my head... That same feeling of complete freedom that I had experience on Spanish Banks the weekend before, washed over me again. This time though, it was far stronger than I could have imagined possible. I knew that before long I would be completely naked.

I lay back on my towel, sipped my cooler, and turned to watch Cheryl.

She slowly, almost sexily, undid the buttons on her top. When the last one was undone, she pushed the top off her shoulders and let it drop to the blanket. She put her left hand on the front of her top, and with her right, she reached around her back, and untied the halter of her top, and then undid the clasp at the bottom. I saw her take a deep breath -- as if building up internal courage (which I am sure that is exactly what she was doing), and she drew her left hand away -- with it came her top. She exhaled slowly and sighed.

She turned and looked at me, grinning from ear to ear, "Now I know what you feel Kate. This feels so good, so free, so, I don't know -- I guess natural to me. And at the same time, it feels so sexy to be topless in public -- even if it is on a clothing optional." She lifted her bum, and slid her jean skirt down her long shapely legs.

She too lay back on her towel, against the log. She grabbed her cooler and took several deep drinks.

I got out the sunscreen and started lotioning my front up -- Cheryl followed suit with her lotion. "Katie, I'll do you back if you will do mine?" Cheryl offered. I laid back, rolled over and felt her fingers immediately begin to rub lotion into my back. Slowly, she worked her way over me all the way to upper edge of my bikini bottom, several times I felt her nipples grazing my back and every time they did, I felt a little more aroused. Then she shifted to my feet -- and began working her way up every inch of exposed skin on my legs. Her hands moved higher, and I parted them willingly. Her hands were on my upper thighs in no time, rubbing a fresh batch of lotion into my skin. Her thumbs slid lightly, and them more persistently over my barely covered lips. She then moved her hands up and onto my ass, I had been silently, but expectantly waiting for this. She slid the thong of my bikini into my ass crack, and (finally), her hands massaged my, all-but-bare, ass. I sighed as she finished -- I knew I was soaked, and I know she knew it too...

She lightly slapped my ass, and then playfully said "My turn, hon." And with that dropped to the blanket face down.

I repeated the same procedure on her -- starting on her back, and working my way down to her bottoms. I very nearly untied her bottom strings right then, but didn't. Cher's bikini bottom was a little fuller than mine -- I couldn't slid it into her ass, so instead I slipped my hands underneath the edges of it making sure my fingers found their way to the crack of her ass. I felt her thrust herself slowly against the blanket as I did so. "Liking this, my sweet?" I whispered. "Oh, yes, don't stop just yet, Katie." But teasing, I withdrew my fingers and began to rub the lotion into her lower thighs at her knees before working upwards between her spreading legs. I allowed my thumbs to 'accidentally' graze, and then push a little against her material covering her lips, I felt the slippery wetness soaking through the thin material of her bottoms.

Before things got out of control, too quickly, I worked my way back down her legs, and finally to her feet.

I sat back once finished, and Cheryl rolled over. "Damn, that felt good!" She said with passion.

We both heard a feminine voice from behind the log "I'll bet it did!"

Laughing with comic relief we both sat back and enjoyed the sun and the rest of our coolers, while the ocean breeze wafted over our half naked bodies.

As promised, it wasn't long before Crystal was by to replace our drinks -- several times in fact. I could feel the buzz from the coolers, and was starting to feel more than a little hot from the sun. "Cher, I need to take a dip in the ocean."

Cher replied instantly, "Yeah, me too." The young lady behind us immediately offered to look after our stuff while we went wandering.

Cheryl reached for her top, and then dropped it -- her hand moved to her sheer blouse, and then dropped that too -- I could see a discussion playing out in her head. "Cher, it's okay -- let's go topless." I offered.

She looked back at me, "I know -- It's just, you know, the first time I've ever done this. It's a little scary."

"It's okay Cher -- you're gorgeous -- besides you are no different that virtually everyone else on the beach", I urged her.

I stood and reached for her hand, she took it and I pulled her to her feet.

No sooner were we on our feet, and I heard another vendor calling out "Watermelon, watermelon" I looked towards the voice and moving towards us was a full figured, beautiful woman carrying a tray of sliced watermelon. 'Perfect on such a hot day' I thought. I motioned to her with my arm and she stopped in front of us.

Presented in front of us were thick, pink watermelon slices, and another small tray that held cookies. 'Mmmmm, cookies too,' I thought. We both asked for watermelon slice, and I asked about the cookies. "These are 'special' gingersnaps, would you like to share one?"

Although I was a girl from a farm in valley, it didn't take more than a second to guess what 'special' meant. I asked for one each.

She handed one each to us, and I paid up for the treats.

Cheryl took a bite of hers, and laughed -- "These are hash cookies Katie! -- Have a bite", and she offered me hers.

I took a bite, and sure enough, through the ginger taste was the clear taste of hash oil. "This is going to get interesting Cher... I think we better just share the first one, and see how it goes..."

"I'm okay with that Katie... But I've got to warn you, pot makes me very, very horny!!!!"

"So what doesn't make you horny, my love?" I asked laughing...

Still standing, we split Cheryl's cookie, munched it down, and then washed it down with the last bit of cooler. I stashed the other cookie in the beach bag.

Once again, I took Cheryl's hand and we began heading towards the shore.

The beach at Wreck drops off a little more quickly than at Spanish Banks, and because it faces the Straight of Georgia it is a littler cooler too. But the heat of the day, was enough for me to dive in regardless. I waded in holding Cher's hand until the water was at my waist, and then I dove and swam for a few strokes. I broke the surface of the water rolled over and stood up -- the water was at my breasts. I watched as Cheryl repeated my movements -- she surfaced immediately in front of beside me, and as she stood I felt her hands slide up my sides and cup my buoyant breasts. My hands slid to hers as well. I thumbed her nipples which were rock hard from the cool water.

She hungrily moved against me and kissed my lips -- I responded greedily.

Below the water my fingers found her bathing suit bottom, they easily slipped underneath to her pussy and I began to play -- initially, she offered no resistance. She squirmed against me -- clearly loving the attention, but also glancing nervously around.

I wanted her naked on the beach -- and soon.

She broke off the hug and gently disengaged my hand. "It's freezing out here Katie! Let's head back in." I readily agreed, and followed her back to shore.

I could feel the cookie having it's affect I could feel my already limited inhibitions fading quickly. The buzz was perfect, and with SPF 40 on each other I knew we could stay here all day. And if I had my choice, that's exactly what I planned to do.

"Cher, I need to walk a bit -- you want to join me?"

"No, not yet Katie -- I'm going back to the blanket to take in some more rays, but you go ahead." She replied.

I wasn't disappointed by her response -- I need to get in some private exhibiting.

I've always believed that there are moments in your life that define who you will be -- sometimes they happen so quickly you hardly know they passed. The previous weekend, had been one of those for me -- and now before was another on of them -- I knew exactly what came next.

We parted ways, and I wandered off towards the vendor stands behind us. She headed towards our place in the sun. I watch her go, and as soon as she sat, and disappeared from sight, I reached up to the sides of my thong. A quick downwards pull, and it slipped off my ass and I stepped free of it.

What an incredible rush!!!!!!!!

I was completely naked in public for he first time in my life -- and it felt so unbelievably good. I couldn't help myself from grinning and whooping quietly with delight!

I tied the thin bit of material that had been my bottom around my wrist, and I continued my wandering. The first booth was one with hand made beaded jewelry -- it was run by a guy in his late twenties. Bearded, cute and clothed with a wrap around his waist. I casually wandered around the guy's wares. Acutely aware that I was being sized up by at least five different guys from three different directions -- including the guy in the booth. I picked up a necklace from his rack and went to put it on. Except I 'accidentally-on-purpose' dropped it to the sand. I turned to pick it up and, with my legs spread slightly, so as not to lose my balance I bent at the waist -- giving three guys who were twenty feet behind me a perfect reward view of my ass, and pussy lips. To make sure they got a good look, I stayed bent over for a few extra seconds as I watched their expressions through my legs.

I felt so brave, and free, and excited to be showing myself in this way. The arousal I felt was electric -- every nerve in my body was tingling as I continued to wander.

I found I could barely walk from the sexual excitement I felt. I swear, I felt like laying down and finger fucking myself right then and there. My legs were like jelly -- but I resisted all impulses, and continued on walking.

The next booth had several rows of hand tie-dyed silk wraps -- they hung from strings that were suspended across the booth from post to post. They blew gently in the wind and looked gorgeous against the sun. I wandered among the wraps, allowing them to blow against my naked flesh -- it was like stripping, over, and over, and over, again as the wind lifted them across, and then off of my body. I could see an older guy, in his mid 40's I guessed, watching me intently as I strolled -- he was lying on his stomach watching my every move.

I began wandering towards him, he realized I had caught him staring and shifted his eyes away. I stood waiting for him to look back, and sure enough, he did -- I stared at him, and winked, just once. I began to casually stroll closer towards him -- his eyes were drinking me in, now no longer breaking away from mine. I finally stopped my advance not less than fifteen feet away from him. I lowered my ass directly onto the hot sand and sat with my back against a log, my front facing him. The heat of the sand burned my ass -- but I cared not, I was about to give this guy a show.

I stretched my legs out in front of me -- closed tightly. I squeezed my thighs, and therefore my pussy lips, together tightly -- I felt a small involuntary twitch of excitement. I casually uncrossed, and then re-crossed my legs in the opposite direction, allowing the movement to massage my cunt. The guy's stare remained unabated, and he smiled slightly.

I repeated the movement of crossing and uncrossing my legs -- each time making sure I squeezed together my thighs. To anyone who watched for any length of time, it would have been obvious what I was doing, but to the casual observer it would not. As far as I knew, only this guy had noticed -- a powerful wave of excitement and arousal at the though of exhibiting myself washed over me.

I could feel the wetness leaking out of me.

I got bolder -- I uncrossed my legs, put them together and then pulled my knees up to make a 90 degree angle with my upper and lower legs. Still, keeping my feet together, I slowly opened my knees until they were about 10" apart, equally slowly, I squeezed them together -- I repeated this slowly six or seven times, each time squeezing my legs and thighs together. The guy now had his eyes almost glued to my crotch, but occasionally, he would still glance up and make direct eye contact with me. I smiled at him and continued my leg movements.

My pussy was sopping wet, I could feel a small rivulet of my wetness trickling down the inside of my thigh to the sand.

I got bolder still -- with my knees still pulled up, and together, I opened my feet across the sand, until they were a little over a foot apart. I knew the guy had an unobstructed view of my closed lips. I smiled at him again, I could see him almost willing me to open them.

I wasn't about to disappoint -- I very slowly opened my legs, this time wider -- until they were equal distance with my feet. I knew my lips were open, and my clit was exposed. The guy was completely absorbed by the view. I knew I was visibly soaked -- I could feel it, and I'm sure it must have been glistening wetly in the sun. I was sure he could see it was too.

I was within seconds of slipping my hand between my legs and spreading my lips for him, when the guy's wife arrived -- wet from a swim in the water. Startled by her arrival, he looked away quickly -- I had lost my audience.

I could feel the sexual tension ease.

I relaxed my legs and lowered them to the sand, keeping my legs still spread apart.

A few minutes passed, and I saw the guy's wife standing to get dressed -- the guy did too -- but I did notice though that he didn't roll from his stomach for several minutes more after his wife arrived, and I was sure I knew why...

They both dressed, packed their belongings and walked towards me -- the guy at least 10 paces behind his wife. His eyes roamed hungrily over me as he approached -- he paused and looked directly at my wet lips. Smiled, sighed lightly, and moved on.

After a minute or two I stood and headed towards the shore line again.

I needed a dip in the ocean to cool off...