**Going Up**

by Story Guy

The day had finally arrived. Cathy had been waiting weeks for the concert. A horn sounded outside. It was Liz picking her up. “Bye Mom… Don’t wait up for me!” she kidded as she practically ran out the door.

It was going to be a fun day. Cathy had broken up with her long-time boyfriend just a few weeks ago. The relationship had gone on longer than it should have. She had broken up with him several times over the last few months but this time it was for good. It was nice to be away from him finally but she did miss the sexual part of the relationship. It was tough to go from getting laid regularly to nothing except her own hands. Naturally she could find a guy easily but she wasn’t willing to risk being labelled as “easy” just for her own satisfaction.

“Hey! Nice shorts!” Liz commented as Cathy climbed into the car.

“Thanks,” Cathy returned. She had bought the shorts especially for the concert. They were unusual in the fact they had a zipper on each side that went from the waistband, which was about an inch wide, to the leg hem. Even her mother had commented how “cute” the zippers looked. Little did she know the zippers were real and actually worked. “Check this out,” Cathy said as she unzipped one side.

“Wow! You gonna wear ‘em unzipped?” Liz exclaimed.

“Yeah, why not?” Cathy grinned.

“Won’t your underwear show?” Liz asked.

“Well… I did wear a thong… duh!” Cathy answered.

“Sex – y! So you ready to go up today?” Liz was referring to “crowd surfing”. She had done it a few times already but Cathy had never tried it. “It will be fun… especially with those shorts!” Liz teased.

“Yeah, I guess so,” Cathy answered. She was still a little nervous about it. Liz had told her how much fun it was and what a thrill it was to be groped by so many strangers. The only boy who had ever touched Cathy was her ex. She had been reluctant but somehow Liz had persuaded her to try.

On the way to the concert, Liz again told Cathy all about the “virtues and benefits” of going up. Liz was always the “leader” and Cathy just went along. There was no way to back out now.

They arrived at the concert and, after waiting for ages, finally got through the gate. The concert was much more popular than either had expected and already the crowd was huge even though the concert wasn’t supposed to start for another ½ hour. “Let’s go up on the hill,” Liz suggested, pointing to a rise just beyond the gate.

“Yeah… Right! …and how are we going to see anything from there? I wanna be closer to the stage!” Cathy answered sarcastically. Getting to the hill was easy. The problem was getting into the area closer to the stage. It seemed as though everyone else had the same idea. The walkway was solid people from the entrance all the way around the hill.

“That’s not a problem. Just follow me,” Liz grinned as she started running toward the hill. Cathy, fearing she would be stranded if she didn’t keep up, chased after her.

Liz stopped at the edge of the crowd. Cathy looked around. Before her stood a group of boys who looked like the front line of a football team. She watched in awe as Liz walked up to one of the boys and asked, “Can you give me a lift? I‘m headed down there.”

“Yeah, sure!” the boy replied as his hands reached for Liz’s hips. Cathy’s jaw dropped as Liz went over the boy’s head and disappeared above the crowd. “You goin’ too?” the boy asked Cathy. She shyly nodded as her hands went to the zippers at the sides of her shorts. She tugged them down as her feet left the ground.

Suddenly Cathy was above the crowd, being supported by what seemed like hundreds of hands. It was almost as if she was flying as she glided effortlessly above the heads. Unlike flying, where nothing is touching you, there were hands all over Cathy’s body. No place was sacred. She franticly grabbed the bottom of her top in an effort to keep it from being pushed up. Although she succeeded, she could do nothing about the hands that massaged her covered tits and pussy. She began to laugh out of a combination of being tickled and groped by so many people.

She floated along, supported by a mass of hands, towards the base of the hill. Her grip remained firm on the edge of her top although occasionally a stray finger would slide under the shirt and a few even made it under her bra. About half way down, she became concerned about her shorts. She could feel them sliding down. Had it not been for a secure catch at the waistband and the flair of her hips, her shorts never would have made it to the bottom of the hill with her.

Cathy had expected to be felt all over but she didn’t expect the invading fingers. The waistband was tight enough to block any entry from the top but the leg holes weren’t. It felt like fingers only left her pussy to be replaced by fresh ones. Most just slid along the front of her thong or around the bare skin of her ass but not all. She found the backstrap of the thong protected that opening from penetration but the front had no such protection. Once or twice a stray finger even entered her although its entry and exit were very quick. Her clit seemed like it was constantly being “bumped” and the action began to arouse her.

A pair of arms flailing caught her eye. “Cathy! Over here!” Liz hollered. Instinctively Cathy released her top and reached out for her friend. As soon as she did, her top rose up quickly followed by her bra. “That’s her! Grab her!” Liz yelled. A pair of hands reached up above the crowd and grabbed Cathy’s. Almost immediately Cathy felt herself falling. Her arms wrapped around the neck of the boy who had reached for her.

Cathy never hit the ground. Instead she ended up with her arms and legs wrapped around a boy she had never seen before. Her top and bra were both bunched up under her armpits. The boy was shirtless and Cathy’s now exposed tits mashed into his chest. He lowered her to the ground and she released the death grip she had on him and backed away from him. “Thanks,” she muttered as she readjusted the top once more.

“Any time,” the boy grinned as a pair of tits were hidden from his view, but not before he had gotten an eyeful.

“Don’t look!” she giggled as her fingers went up the leg holes of her shorts to adjust her knickers. They were low rise although they rode high of her hips. During the trip up, they had somehow been pulled up to the point they had turned into a thong on both the back and the front. “Nice,” she heard the boy say under his breath making her blush. Even thought he couldn’t really see anything, it must have been obvious to him what she was doing.

Her eyes remained looking at the ground until she had finished. It was bad enough to have to adjust her clothes in the middle of a crowd but she knew he was watching her every move. At least the others around her didn’t seem to be paying attention. As she looked again, she giggled. The bulge in the boy’s shorts made it obvious to her that he had an erection. At least he had enjoyed her little “show” although she hadn’t intended on giving him one.

Cathy and Bruce, the boy’s name, chatted between the songs being played by the band. Both were impressed with each other and seemed to be getting along quite well until Liz interrupted them. “Let’s go to the snack bar. I’m dying of thirst!”

“We’ll be back,” Cathy told Bruce as Liz dragged her away.

The two girls fought their way through the crowd to the refreshment area, where it was finally quiet enough to talk. “I wanna go back to the same place,” Cathy told Liz.

“I’m not surprised,” Liz answered. “He’s gorgeous! Hey, did you decide not to do the zippers?”

Cathy glanced down and saw she had never unzipped them. “Ah, I just forgot about them,” she muttered as she pulled both up to the waistband of her shorts. They talked for a while longer before Liz asked if Cathy wanted to “surf” back again. “I’m game! Let’s go!” she gleefully answered.

The two made their way around the back of the crowd to the spot they had surfed from before. Liz again was the first up. As she floated away on the multitude of hands, Cathy was boosted up above the crowd. As soon as the hands began to move her, she remembered her shorts.

She hadn’t even moved five feet before the first hand slid inside her shorts to her knickers. There was nothing Cathy could do. The zippers of her shorts were up and the leg openings hung loose giving every wandering hand free access. Another few feet down the hill and her knickers had already been pushed aside and her pussy was out to anyone who cared to grab it. Surrendering to the inevitable, Cathy decided to just enjoy the sensations. She stretched her arms out and glided across the crowd.

In a matter of seconds, her breasts were as bare as her pussy was. Her top was pushed up quickly followed by her bra. Cathy had been felt up many times but never in such an obvious way by so many people at once. The wave of roving hands slid her along and at the same time raised her excitement. The occasional finger entering her only served to arouse her more. She had no idea who they belonged to or even if they were guys or girls.

All too quickly she noticed flailing arms out of the corner of her eye. It was Bruce. Not being able to “steer” herself, she reached out as best as she could. By some miracle, Bruce was able to grab her hand and pull her into him. The hands that had supported her suddenly seemed to disappear and she crashed into him with such force they both fell to the ground.

Cathy luckily landed on top of him and neither was hurt but she ended up straddling him, her shorts twisted and her knickers pulled to the side. Her naked pussy was pushed into his chest. Her top and bra had been pushed up so far she might have well been completely nude as she wouldn’t have been more exposed. “Nice landing,” he chuckled.

“Thanks,” she laughed. For a moment she just sat on him wishing they weren’t in the middle of a crowd. The trip down the hill had really turned her on. Of course, unfortunately, they were surrounded by people. Cathy stood, freeing the captive Bruce. As she did, he got a perfect view of all her assets. He sat up as she pulled her top and bra down. “Sorry about that,” she said softly as she reached down and reluctantly fixed the clothes so her bottom half was covered.

“Aww…” he teased.

“Well I can’t stay naked here!” she giggled.

Bruce stood up and Cathy turned her back to him and leaned against him. She could feel the stiffness of his cock fitting into the crack of her ass. As the music played, she ground her ass against the hard rod. She was not only fully aroused and savored the feelings she was getting, she also wanted to arouse him even more.

At first his hands were on her hips but as she ground into him, his hands lowered to the slits of her shorts. His hands felt nice on her bare skin as they slid under the material in her shorts. One hand ventured a little lower and ended up on her panty covered pussy. It seemed to keep pace with her ass as it ground against the stiffness of his cock just a few layers of cloth away. Her thong was very low in the front and Cathy couldn’t decide if the touch of his hand felt better on her bare belly or panty covered slit. Both felt great!

Normally she would have not let him be so bold but she was incredibly turned on so she didn’t stop him. It was dark now but there were still lights all over the place. The people around them either didn’t notice what was happening or didn’t care as they paid no attention to them and watched the stage as the band played. Their seemingly lack of interest was comforting.

Cathy was disappointed when the hand left her pussy. In only a few minutes she would have climaxed. Bruce’s hands went to her hips again and gently eased her forward. She wondered what he was doing as her ass left the hardness that seemed to fit so nicely in her ass crack. As they separated, his hands moved to her back. Suddenly she became aware of her shorts sliding down. Instinctively she grabbed at the waistband in the front but the shorts, and her thong, shipped down below her ass cheeks. Momentarily his hands left her only to have one return to her hip.

Her ass was completely exposed as he pulled her close again. This time no cock snuggled between her ass cheeks. Instead she felt his cock slip between her legs and along her wet slit. Cathy couldn’t believe it! There she was, in the middle of a crowd of people, her ass bared, and a boy’s cock was between her legs. Confusion was on a rampage on her brain for a few moments. Her eyes darted back and forth looking at the people around her. No one seemed to be doing anything different. That fact was somewhat settling but there was still a cock nestled into the folds of her pussy, which was definitely unsettling.

While indecision still cluttered her mind, Bruce whispered in her ear, “Lean forward.” Without thinking, Cathy grabbed Liz’s arm and pulled the girl in front of her. As Liz moved in front of her, Cathy leaned on her back. As she did, Bruce pulled back a little and then pushed forward. His cock neatly slipped between her pussy lips and into her belly.

Cathy let out a throaty groan. “What’s wrong? Are you sick?” Liz blurted.

“Shhh… Quiet!” Cathy answered softly but with command. “He just shoved his dick into me and if I don’t have you to lean on, I’ll fall flat on my face!”

“What! You’re getting fucked? Right here? Now?” Liz exclaimed.

“Yes! Now shut up, please! I don’t want the world to know.” Cathy answered. As she did, Bruce began to slowly move making her groan again.

“I can’t believe it! You’re getting fucked at a concert with thousands of people around! That’s so hot!” commented Liz.

This time Cathy didn’t answer. Now was not the time for conversation. It had been a while since she had gotten laid, which had made her randy anyway, and then being felt by so many people as she crowd surfed had only made her more wanting. She rested her head of Liz’s shoulder as Bruce’s pace began to speed up. Try as she might, Cathy couldn’t stop the occasional moan from escaping her lips. As inconspicuously as possible, she began to meet Bruce’s thrusts. She could feel her own juices beginning to run down her leg.

As her body took control of her mind, the people around her seemed to fade. Cathy could feel the beginnings of an orgasm stirring in her belly. “Oh yeeessss…” she groaned as it finally hit her. Suddenly Bruce pushed into her so hard she actually pushed Liz forward a little. Cathy could feel his cock spasm as he pumped his cum into her. His movements stopped. He had climaxed too.

After a few moments, Cathy felt Bruce start to slip out of her. She was disappointed but knew it was just nature; his erection was going down. He slowly backed away a little pulling his cock out of her. Her mind was still in a daze but she managed to stand back up and leaned against Bruce. As she did, his arms went around her holding her spent body against his.

With the pressure of Cathy leaning on her back now gone, Cathy turned around. Liz was leaning contently against Bruce, wrapped comfortably in his arms. Her eyes were closed. Liz leaned into her and whispered, “You’d better pull your pants up.”

Cathy’s eyes snapped open. In her stupor, she hadn’t even realized her shorts and thong had worked it’s was to her thighs. She was just standing there with her pussy completely exposed. Quickly she reached down and yanked her clothes to her waist.

“I take it you enjoyed yourself?” Liz chuckled. Although bright red after having being told her shorts and knickers were at her knees, Cathy managed a smile and nodded. “This is Bob. He’s Bruce’s friend. Once you’ve ‘rested’ I’ll probably need someone to lean on. You owe me…”