**Innocence Lost**

**by [Ingenue\_79](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=777670&page=submissions)**

*"Innocence Lost" tells of a trip to the beach that takes an unexpected turn when I am exposed in public by a girlfriend. Being 'forced' to be naked in public fulfils long time fantasy and awakens dormant exhibitionist desires, unlocking the door to a new exciting life.

It is a true story. No names have been changed to ensure that the guilty are fully implicated.

Although there is a degree of coercion involved, the participation of the parties is consensual. I believe that everyone is free to choose what he or she does in all aspects of their lives and where to draw the line. This is especially true in for relationships, love, and participation in sexual activities.

If you enjoy "Innocence Lost" please let me know and give me encouragement to continue writing.

If you do not like it or have any suggestions for improving my writing I would like to hear from you also.

Even if you don't really have anything to say about the story please just e-mail me just to say hi anyway.

Love

Ingenue*

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My name is Catherine. I am twenty-seven years old and live in Adelaide, Australia. I am single, well sort of. I have a boyfriend but I don't think he is really 'the one', if you know what I mean, so the less said about him the better.

For those of you who care and are statistically minded I am above average height at around 168 cm, slim weighing 52 kilograms and my so called vital statistics, don't ask me what is so vital about them, are 83,57,84. Yes we are metric down under.

To complete the picture I have long dark hair, brown eyes, a warm smile and a great butt. I am very happy with what I see when I look in the mirror, although, I have no illusions about ever being asked to become the next face of Revlon or ever making it as a Playboy centrefold.

One morning last Summer I awoke to find the sun streaming in through my bedroom window. It looked like another perfect Adelaide Summer day.

Sara, my housemate was already up. I could hear her clunking around in the kitchen, presumably getting breakfast.

It was Sunday, I looked at the clock and it was just after ten. The past few weeks had been very hectic and I was not in any hurry to get up. A few extra minutes in bed would be a rare indulgence.

I stretched, kicked off the sheet and looked at my naked body. Not too bad, I thought as I lay there struggling to wake up from a deep restful sleep.

I observed my small B cup breasts, flat stomach, shaved pubic area and long slender legs.

Instinctively, my fingers grazed my breasts, pausing briefly to tease my sensitive nipples until they were hard and standing erect, then continuing down over my stomach, coming to rest lightly on my smooth, and already moist labia.

As if they had a mind of their own, two of my fingers started moving in a slow clockwise circular motion around my distended clitoris, momentarily pausing to lubricate with the juices from my wet pussy.

I remember experiencing a sense of detachment, as if a ghostly lover was in my bed leading me on a sensual journey that would take me to a glorious early morning orgasm.

As the familiar sensations began to spread through my body I let myself surrender to the pleasure thinking, oh fuck yes, an orgasm would be the perfect to start the day.

With out conscious thought my fingers increased the speed and the pressure as they circled and stimulated my throbbing clitoris. It seemed that they understood and fully appreciated my need and were committed to give me the ultimate pleasure.

I could feel the signs of an approaching orgasm and my whole body was trembling in anticipation when the door suddenly opened and Sara, bless her heart, came into my room carrying a tray with freshly made vegetable juice, half a grapefruit and some lightly buttered, wholemeal toast.

"Good morning Catherine," she beamed, looking absolutely delicious in her small yellow bikini.

The sight of Sara's trim body, cute pert breasts, prominent nipples and small tight ass, barely covered by her tiny bikini stirred desires in me that I reluctantly pushed aside as I remembered last night's arrangement to spend today at the beach.

"Don't want to rush you sleepyhead, but the sun is shining and the beach is waiting. She paused, then added with a wry knowing smile and a laugh, "And from where I am standing, it looks like a dip in some cold water is probably just what you need."

I don't think she actually saw me playing with myself, but I'm sure she knew what had been going on behind the door only moments before she made her untimely entrance.

I was still lying there on my bed completely naked and my state of arousal and hard, erect nipples were very obvious. She probably noticed my moist, sticky fingers and wet puffy labia that were tingling from the recent attention of my phantom lover's tender but demanding fingers.

I sat up, trying to discreetly wipe my juices from my fingers while pulling the sheet up to my waist, as she to set the breakfast tray down on my lap. As she took her hand away the back of her fingers 'accidentally' brushed my breast lingering for an instant on my hard, sensitive nipple.

She looked at me and smiled.

Just to set the record straight Sara and I are not lovers. She is gay and has a girlfriend. I love her dearly and often fantasise about making love to her but I would never do anything to jeopardise her relationship or our very special and treasured friendship. Of course the fact that we do not have an intimate sexual relationship does not stop us flirting with each other and we know each other's most private secrets, desires, hopes, dreams and of course fantasies.

"Sara!" I exclaimed, feigning surprise at her touch while delighting in the brief physical contact that sent a pleasant thrill from my breast to my very core adding to the dampness between my legs.

"Hush Catherine, eat your breakfast and let's get down to the beach, I am dying to go for a swim this morning."

To say I love the beach is an understatement. The freedom of being almost naked, feeling the warm sun on my bare skin and the sensation of gliding silently through cold, clear, salty water are simple pleasures, which really take some beating. Like Sara, I couldn't wait.

By the time I had showered and changed Sara had her car out of the garage and was sitting in the driver's seat waiting for me.

We had decided not to go to Maslin's, the only legal nude beach near Adelaide, so bikinis were the order of the day. I had chosen my favourite small black bikini. It is the briefest in my collection, apart from a pair with g-string bottoms, which I thought might not be appropriate for a visit to a popular family beach.

As we drove to the beach we chatted about girl stuff and soon found ourselves parking, locking the car and looking for a nice spot on the beach.

It was a beautiful day. The sky was blue, there was no wind and the sea was calm with just a small wave breaking close to the shore. As it was still quite early the beach was relatively uncrowded.

As we put our towels and bags on the sand I said to Sara, "Race you to the water."

As if not interested such a childish suggestion, Sara pretended to ignore me and made as if to settle down on the sand. Then, without warning, she took off as fast as she could for the surf, looking back over her shoulder and calling, "Come on Catherine, catch me if you can."

Her sudden move took me by surprise giving her a few metres start but I caught her just as she reached knee deep water. I put my hands on her shoulders, pushed, and we both went crashing headlong into the oncoming wave.

We swam, body surfed and played in the water until we were both exhausted and then made our way back to our towels. I spread my towel on the sand and lay down to rest and relax while soaking up some glorious sunshine.

As we sat on the beach eating salad and drinking some wonderful chilled Riesling I was thinking that life could not get much better than this.

As the hours drifted past we dozed and by what I guessed was mid afternoon it was quite warm and certainly time for another swim, maybe the last one before heading home. I turned to Sara, who appeared to be asleep, leaned over kissed her lightly on the cheek and whispered in her ear to let her know that I was going into the water.

Sara stirred, dreamily opened her eyes and said, "Hang on Catherine, I'll come with you I need to cool off too."

She got up, took off her sunglasses and said, with a mischievous glint in her eye, "I dare you to go in without your top this time."

Surprised by her suggestion, I hesitated, then lamely managed to say, "What Sara?"

"You heard me Catherine, I dare you to go swimming topless and show everyone on the beach your cute little breasts. Come on it will be fun."

Well it may have been the wine or maybe just the thought of the pleasure of swimming without my bikini top but I found myself thinking that it was a great idea. Of course, I'm absolutely sure my interest had nothing to do with my sense of excitement about the prospect of having my breasts exposed in public.

Being topless was really nothing new, after all we regularly went to Maslin's where it was legal to swim naked and sometimes went topless at other beaches if there were not too many people around, but this was different. Here we were at a popular and now quite crowded public beach, where the sight of women swimming topless was virtually unknown or at least very rare.

I turned to look at Sara who had a huge smile on her face. "I will if you do Sara," I said, naively thinking that Sara would probably chicken out.

I should have known better, because with out hesitating Sara reached around and undid the tie on her bikini top, took it off and casually threw it on her towel.

I glanced around and it seemed that no one was taking any notice, except perhaps for one or two sitting close by who were discretely watching us, their curiosity aroused by what was unfolding, or perhaps more correctly, who was undressing, in front of them.

"Well Catherine," Sara said with a big grin, "Now it's your turn."

Not to be outdone I undid my bikini top, took it off and dropped it on the sand.

I took Sara's hand, I think for moral support, and we walked casually to the water.

I was aware that now people close by were watching us and the pleasure of having the sunshine and gentle breeze caress my breasts combined with the thought being topless in public had an almost immediate effect with my nipples hardening.

We waded out into the water until we could only just stand. The cool refreshing water was right up to my chin and I could feel the current swirl across my naked breasts and now aching nipples.

Sara came over and put her hands on my waist. She looked deeply into my eyes and said, "You love this don't you Catherine."

"What do you mean Sara?" I asked innocently.

"You know very well what I mean Catherine, you like exposing yourself in public, you enjoy exhibiting yourself, it turns you on."

Sara knows very well that I have exhibitionist fantasies and would like to expose myself, or even better still be forced to expose myself in public by someone else.

"Well Catherine," Sara smiled, "Today one of your fantasies is going to come true." With that she pulled the string ties at both sides of my bikini bottoms and quickly pulled the now separate pieces of material away.

Taken by surprise, I was slow to react and Sara struck out for the shore swimming with quick, powerful strokes.

I went after her but before I could catch her she was in shallow water and wading for the shore. At that stage I realised I couldn't go after her without everyone on the beach seeing that I was naked.

Sara stood at the water's edge, idly twirling my bikini bottoms in the air. "Come on Catherine," she teased me. "Come and get them."

"Sara", I pleaded, "You can't do this to me, please."

"Oh yes I can Catherine, and I am doing it. You will have to come out of the water sooner or later and, by the way, I am leaving in fifteen minutes so if you don't come out by then...."

She left the sentence unfinished but the implication was clear. If I did not come out of the water soon I would have no way of getting home. And, oh my god, if Sara took my clothes when she left.... The very thought sent shivers of fear and excitement down my spine.

"Sara," I called from my position crouched in the shallow water, "Please don't do this to me, not here, there are too many people."

"Now, Catherine don't be such a baby, I know you want this, I know you are already tingling. Anyway, better make up your mind soon because I'm out of here in, well, now let's make it ten minutes."

With that she turned and walked back to her towel and bag. I watched as she put on her bikini top, folded her towel and put it in her bag. She bent down, picked up my bikini top from where I had dropped it and put it, together with my bottoms in her bag.

Sara looked at me and waved. She held up my towel and beckoned me to come and get it.

I reasoned that I couldn't stay in the water forever and sanctuary in the form of my towel was only, I guessed forty or fifty meters away.

I took a deep breath and stood up. The water was barely up to mid thigh so I was totally exposed but I walked, with as much confidence as I could muster, out of the water and up the beach.

Well, if only a few people noticed us walk down to the water topless, I don't think anyone missed me walking up the beach completely naked. I felt as if every eye was on me. I was aware that my small breasts were jiggling as I walked, my nipples were hard and my bald pussy was very much on display.

Out of a sense of dignity, I resisted the urge to run the short distance to the safety of my towel. I walked proudly and purposefully hoping that my unsteady legs would not betray me, knowing that Sara was right I did want this, I did enjoy it, it did turn me on.

At last I reached the spot where Sara was waiting for me holding my towel. She wrapped it around me and took me in her arms.

I heard isolated pockets of applause, some complimentary comments, as well as one female voice telling someone, maybe a boyfriend, not to "look at that disgusting slut walking up the beach."

Sara gave me a kiss on the cheek as she held me tightly, "Well done baby, I knew you could do it, you were magnificent."

I struggled to reply, my pulse was racing and I was having difficulty breathing, so I just gave up trying to get out any words and simply nodded.

"That good was it?" Sara laughed. Again I simply nodded, because it was.

I would never have thought that something so simple as walking naked up the beach in front of a shocked but mostly admiring crowd would get me so aroused. My nipples were aching, thankfully getting some relief from being pressed against Sara's body as she held me. My pussy was tingling; in fact it was throbbing demanding attention that I could not give it. Not just yet anyway.

Sara turned, picked up her bag and turned to walk towards the car.

"Sara." I called after her, "What about my bikini?"

She turned and smiled back over her shoulder and said, "Don't worry Catherine it is safely in my bag and if you are very good I will give it to you when we get home."

I tried to adjust the towel so that it covered all the bits that should be covered but it was hopeless. As I followed Sara to the car I was acutely aware that everyone behind me had an unobstructed view of my naked ass. No doubt the people in front of me could see my bald pussy as the towel flared up with each stride I took as I ran to catch up to her.

I caught Sara just before she reached the car. "Sara, surely you aren't going to make me ride all the way home like this?"

"Why not Catherine," she replied, "I know this is one of your fantasies, I know you want me to make you do it, I can see the excitement in your eyes. I bet your pussy is dripping, isn't it?"

I knew Sara wasn't expecting me to answer what was clearly a rhetorical question just as she knew very well that she was absolutely right.

During the short drive home Sara did most of the talking and in no time she stopped the car in the driveway at the front of our house. "Well Catherine here we are and it wasn't that bad was it?"

True, the drive home had been relatively easy. My towel and the tinted windows of the car combined to hide my nudity from other motorists or pedestrians we passed but they did nothing to dull my excitement and state of arousal. I had to fight an almost overwhelming need to masturbate, to make myself cum, to have the orgasm that now I so desperately needed.

I'm sure Sara wouldn't have minded if I had thrown off the towel, spread my legs and succumbed to my demanding cunt. In fact I think she would have encouraged me and enjoyed my loss of control and orgasm almost as much as me.

But here we were. I had made it and without totally losing all my self-respect and dignity.

Sara opened the car door saying, "Give me your towel Catherine."

I hesitated, then passed it to her thinking she would go to the boot and get out my bikini, but instead she headed straight for the front door, put her key in the lock, let her self in and closed the door behind her.

I waited for her to return but there was no sign of her. It was clear that Sara expected me to get out of the car and walk up the driveway to the front door stark naked.

I sat in the car for few minutes not really sure what do to. Being naked on the beach was one thing, but walking from the car to my front door in full view of neighbours who may happen to be watching was a very different matter.

But Sara was right this was one of my fantasies. I did want to be forced to expose myself in public, so taking a deep breath, I opened the car door and stepped out closing the door behind me.

As I started the journey to our front door I heard the ominous sound of the car doors being locked, presumably by Sara with the remote from inside the house.

Slowly, with as much composure as I could muster, I walked up to the front door only to find it locked.

Panic hit me, a sickening feeling right down deep in the pit my stomach. I was stranded, I couldn't go back to the locked car, all I could do was ring the door bell and hope that Sara would not make me wait too long.

I rang the bell. Seconds passed, maybe minutes. I rang the bell again. I was vaguely aware of cars driving past in the street. Whether people in the cars saw me I don't really know, but I am sure some of the cars slowed as they went past, maybe to get a better look.

One thing I was acutely aware of was my now urgent need and the incessant throbbing emanating from my loins that seemed to be consuming my whole body and my mind.

I rang the bell again, waited and rang again.

At last the door opened and there was Sara. "Oh, hi Catherine it's you, I wondered who could be at the door," she said with a laugh and huge smile as she stood aside to let me in.

"Sara you bitch how could you do that to me?" I scolded her in mock outrage as I rushed past hurrying to get to the privacy of my room.

I closed the door, collapsed on my bed and automatically my hand found it's way between my legs.

As my fingers made contact with my wet aching pussy and hard throbbing clit I came in one of the most powerful, shattering, orgasms that I have ever experienced that seemed to last for several minutes. My whole body was racked with orgasmic spasms, I felt as if I was suffocating and I am sure that I lost consciousness for a few seconds, maybe longer. Fuck it was amazing! Absolutely fucking wonderful!

As I slowly regained my senses I became aware of the late afternoon sunshine, the sound of birds outside my window, a pleasant dull ache between my legs, a large wet patch on my sheets and the sound of suppressed laughter outside my door.

There was a knock at the door. "Catherine are you all right? It sounds like world war three in there." It was Sara, who had obviously been outside listening.

I turned on my side, curled up pulling a pillow between my legs and pressed it against my hot wet cunt, imagining it was my lover, maybe Sara. I smiled to myself savouring the moment and enjoying the glow that comes after such intense release and total sexual satisfaction.

"Yes Sara, thank you, everything is absolutely wonderful." I'm not sure if she heard me.

The day at the beach with Sara had certainly not turned out as I had expected. I had discovered the thrill of being exposed in public, one of my fantasies had been fulfilled and my appetite for exhibitionism had well and truly been whetted.

At the time I had no idea of the implications and consequences of what had just started out as a simple day at the beach. That day my life changed and the next day I would get a glimpse of a different future. And what part Bethany would play in it.

But that is another story, or more correctly those are other stories and I will keep that, or them, for another day.

**The Next Day**

**by [Ingenue\_79](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=777670&page=submissions)**

*The Next Day - Catherine meets Bethany and they indulge in a little exhibitionism and masturbation.

"The Next Day" is the sequel to "Innocence Lost", which is a true account of what happened one day last summer when Sara exposed me at a public beach forcing me to be naked in public.

"The Next Day" tells how the following day I return to the same beach and meet Bethany who is in Adelaide on holidays with her family. It doesn't take long to find that my new friend and I have some interests in common which we begin to explore together.

It is not essential to read "Innocence Lost" to appreciate what happened "The Next Day", which stands alone and is complete in it's own right. You may want to read it, however, if you are interested in the circumstances leading up to "The Next Day" or if you want learn a little more about me or Sara. There is a physical description of me in "Innocence Lost" so I have not repeated it here.

I hope you like "The Next Day". When you have read it please vote and leave your comments on Literotica. Your feedback inspires and motivates me and helps me to improve my writing. I appreciate you letting me know what you think of my stories even if you don't like them.

Thank you to everyone who takes the trouble to e-mail me. I look forward to receiving your e-mails and will answer you all.

Love

Ingenue*

xx

Memories of the previous day at the beach with Sara dominated my thoughts as I emerged from a deep refreshing sleep. I could recall every detail of our adventure as if it was a movie playing in my mind, some scenes so clear and graphic that it seemed they were in slow motion.

The euphoria brought about by the wonderful orgasm that was the culmination of our exploits the day before remained and the stain on my crumpled sheets was undeniable evidence of my intense arousal and extreme physical pleasure.

I lingered, savouring the sensation before getting out of bed, slipping on black lace panties and a black singlet top and going to the kitchen to put on the kettle to make some tea. I thought about breakfast but it was still too early to make such important decisions, so I simply took my green tea and the morning newspaper out onto the back patio.

It was another beautiful day. I looked at my watch, it was not quite eight o'clock and already the temperature was soaring. The sun was a dazzling disc of incandescent white fire magically suspended in an endless clear blue sky. There was a gentle breeze blowing off the ocean that caused the branches of the trees to sway hypnotically, but giving little relief from the intense heat. It was shaping up to be another perfect Australian summer day.

I was disappointed to find the news in the paper was mostly bad and tossed it aside as Sara walked out on to the patio. She was wearing black boy leg panties, my panties I noticed, that accentuated her shapely butt and a white cut off t-shirt that barely reached her waist, revealing her cute belly button.

She had just got out of bed and still had the dreamy look in her eyes of one who was not yet fully awake.

Even with no make up and dishevelled hair she looked gorgeous. The sight of her reminded me that we live in a world filled with incredible beauty and wonderful people, reviving my spirits, which had been momentarily dampened by the morning news.

She walked up behind me, put one hand on my shoulder and with the other, swept my hair up from the back of my neck before giving me a soft, lingering kiss on the sensitive spot where my neck becomes my shoulder. The delicate touch of her moist lips sent a shiver down my spine and made my heart beat pleasantly faster.

I had rehearsed in my mind a speech to chide her for her naughty behaviour the previous day, but as I was about to speak she smiled disarmingly and said, "Good morning darling, did you sleep well?"

I wasn't actually angry with her and any admonishment would have only been tongue in cheek but, after such a delightful greeting, all I could do was laugh and assure her that I had a wonderful sleep and was feeling great.

"So what have you got planned for today Catherine," she said as she settled comfortably on the chair next to mine.

The summer holidays were fast coming to an end and I would be back at work in a little over two weeks. Sara is a student and to help pay her way through university had taken a summer job with an accounting firm in the city. I smiled to myself knowing that she was envious of me being able to spend the whole day doing just as I pleased while she had to work.

Actually I had no real plans, maybe a visit to the gym, definitely a walk along the beach, a swim and not much else. I had planned, if you could call it planning, a day of total rest and relaxation, pure self-indulgence.

I sipped my tea and we chatted until Sara went to get ready, packed her things and left home to go to work.

Left alone my mind wandered back to the previous day. Memories of my forced exposure at the beach, the journey home in the car with just a towel to preserve my modesty and my naked walk form the car to the front door, brought about a pleasant tingling in my loins.

I settled back in my chair and slipped my hand down the front of my panties. It was no surprise to find that my smooth, bald pussy was moist and sensitive to my touch.

Hooking my thumbs in the waistband of my panties, I raised my butt off the chair and slipped them down over my thighs, past my knees to my ankles and kicked them off.

I leaned back in my chair, put my feet up on the small table in front of me and spread my legs. I felt a pleasant sensation as the gentle breeze caressed and cooled my hot wet pussy. It did nothing though, to extinguish the tiny spark that I knew would soon become a raging fire deep inside my cunt. There would only be one way to deal with that.

My left hand found its way back between my legs and sought my aching clit. Starting with slow, gentle circular motions, my fingers teased my clit until it was hard and throbbing.

My right hand was under my singlet gently cupping my left breast, my fingers coaxing my small nipple to become hard and erect, sending delightful tremors to join the waves of pleasure emanating form my cunt, both conspiring to bring me slowly but surely to a much needed orgasm.

Memories of me naked and on display at the beach the day before fired my imagination. My fingers following a well practised journey, slid from my clit to my labia repeatedly tracing the length of my wet pussy lips from the top down the full length to the bottom and back again, harder and more insistent now to match my growing desire.

I felt the beginnings of an orgasm, faint at first but definitely there, building slowly. My fingers switched back to my clit as I become impatient to reach my goal. I needed to cum now.

My fingers increased the pressure and the pace. Faster and harder, from side to side. My other hand was squeezing my breast, my finger and thumb pinching my nipple, hard, so hard it hurt, the pain adding to my pleasure. Closer, closer, nearly there.

Suddenly my mind shifted gear. I pictured myself on a beach. Naked, lying on my back on the sand, my legs spread, back arched, hips raised. I was masturbating. A group of people, maybe ten or a dozen, were gathered around watching me as my fingers frantically rubbed my engorged clit. I could hear their muffled voices and almost feel their hot breath on my naked body as they edged closer for a better view. Of fuck yes that's what I wanted. I wanted them to see me naked. I needed to be naked in front of them. A slut, a naked slut, legs spread wide, wet cunt exposed, fucking myself for all to see. Some reached out tentatively to touch me, excited, turned on by my performance, wanting a part of it, wanting a part of me. One woman moved closer, reaching out to touch my breast. I gasped as she took my nipple between her finger and thumb...

The vivid images in my mind and my skilled fingers pushed me over the edge. I was cumming. "Oh fuck yes." I succumbed totally as a crushing orgasm obliterated everything else beneath massive waves of pleasure that consumed my mind and my body. I was on the verge of unconsciousness; my body was rigid, shaking uncontrollably. I was not breathing. I teetered on the verge of panic; panic mixed with euphoria that I had never experienced before, better than any drug I could ever imagine. I was scared; scared of being totally consumed by the exquisite pleasure, scared that maybe I will never want to emerge from its addictive grip. To stay like this forever on the ultimate high.

Slowly I descend from the peak of arousal. Gradually I became aware of the sound of the breeze and the birds in the trees. I open my eyes, slowly trying to adjust to reality and the bright sunlight. My breathing was returning to normal, my heart resuming its usual rhythmical beating, no longer pounding uncontrollably beneath my breast. Small shudders ran through my body, gradually diminishing in intensity.

My orgasm subsided leaving a delightful calm in its wake but my mind was spinning, thoughts racing through my head. "What the fuck was that?" I often fantasise when I masturbate but never anything like that. The fantasy of me as a naked slut, masturbating in public was new and scary. But more than that it was incredibly exciting and it was the excitement that probably scared me the most of all.

I pushed the thought from my mind not wanting to contemplate the implications. I was sure that the time would come to confront the demon that had been awakened, but that time was not now.

I needed a distraction; something to occupy my mind so reluctantly I resorted to tidying the house, did a load of washing and watered the garden. Time now to get on with other things before the day had slipped away completely.

While I showered I decided to skip a gym session and instead opted to go straight to the beach. I put on my bikini, packed my bag with a towel, sunscreen and a bottle of water and set off.

Arriving at the beach I found it already quite crowded. There were small groups of families and friends, young couples, some people on their own, presumably all taking advantage of the last of the holidays or perhaps taking a sickie to enjoy the beautiful summer weather.

I picked a spot and settled down to relax and could not help but smile as I thought about what happened the previous day, almost at this very place. The memories started the delightful tingling in my loins again and I could feel my labia become moist with my secretions.

Despite my orgasm just a few hours before I was still feeling very horny and the dampness I could feel between my legs and probably now noticeable on my bikini, was evidence of my arousal.

I rested for a while before going for a swim allowing the cool, clear salt water to envelop my body causing my nipples to harden and giving some relief to my hot aching pussy.

I struck out from the shore swimming freestyle with determined strokes until I was three or four hundred meters from the beach then turned and swam back until my fingers grazed the sand in the shallows. There was a pleasant ache in my shoulders and I was breathing hard, my pulse elevated from the exertion.

I stood up, waded ashore and walked up the beach remembering how I did a similar thing the day before except that time there was no bikini just me; naked as the day I was born. The recollection rekindled my excitement and I could feel my pussy begin to weep again.

I spread my towel on the sand and lay down to enjoy the sensation of hot sun on my back and the delightful tingling in my loins.

Laying on my stomach I slipped one hand down the front of my bikini and discreetly worked my index finger in my slippery wet cunt, not so much intending to bring on an orgasm, but simply because it felt great.

I was in a world of my own, the sound of the sea, fresh air, warm sunshine and my finger buried deep in my pussy all combining to bring on a wonderful feeling of calm contentment.

I must have been starting to doze when I was roused by a soft female voice. "Hi," it said.

Startled I looked up, quickly pulling my hand from my bikini bottoms trying to hide an anxious look of guilt.

Although the voice obviously belonged to a woman but it was impossible to see her clearly as she was standing with the blazing sun directly behind her.

I brought my hand up to shade my eyes and returned a friendly, "Hi'.

As my eyes adjusted to the light I saw that she was about average height, maybe around 160 centimetres, with shoulder length hair, small firm breasts, a tiny waist, flat stomach and a nice full round butt. It flashed through my mind that she was probably a runner, which would account for her cute bum and firm shapely legs.

She was silhouetted against the sun so it was difficult to make out much more detail but I had no doubt she was pretty.

"Hi," the stranger offered again, "I'm Bethany".

I searched my memory trying to recall a Bethany, couldn't so gave up and said. "Hi Bethany, do I know you?"

She seemed a bit taken aback by my reply and hesitated as if unsure of herself, maybe even embarrassed, before saying, "No you don't know me, but I saw you here yesterday and had to come over to talk to you, I hope you don't mind."

My immediate thought was, "Oh Shit." I knew lots of people saw me naked on the beach the day before but I didn't think I would ever see any of them again let alone be confronted by one of them.

This single thought was immediately followed by, "Oh shit, I hope she's is not a cop!"

Putting on a brave face and trying to give an impression of confidence that I certainly didn't feel, I replied, "Of course not Bethany. What can I do for you."

She seemed relieved by my response and sat down on the sand next to me. I could see her better now and was stunned. She was gorgeous. Much younger than I had originally thought, probably in her early twenties. She had dark hair; no it was jet black with piercing blue grey eyes, a cute nose, beautiful smile and full sensual lips.

That was as far as I got before she said, "Wow thanks, I was so nervous, but after seeing you yesterday I just had to come over and say hello."

As she talked I used the opportunity to take in more of the pretty young woman sitting next to me.

She was wearing a white top with three-quarter length sleeves under which I could see the outline of her bikini top. She was slim with small firm breasts and prominent nipples that were evident even through her clothing.

There was a gap between her top and the white bikini bottoms that hugged her sweet firm butt that revealed a flat stomach. Her navel was pierced and delightfully highlighted with a small silver heart.

As we talked I discovered that Bethany lived in Melbourne where she was studying Law at University. She was here on holiday with her family staying in some apartments just a few minutes walk along the beach.

Apparently she had come to the beach yesterday and seen my naked display and returned today hoping that I would be here again.

Again I wondered just how much she had seen and what she thought of my extraordinary behaviour.

As if reading my thoughts Bethany said, "I think what you did was so amazing, you are so beautiful and...." she hesitated before continuing. "What you did was so erotic and exciting, I just had to meet you."

I was relieved, she certainly wasn't a cop or at least if she was apparently wasn't here to arrest me and from her tone I guessed she probably wasn't the woman who yesterday had called out the comment about the "disgusting slut walking up the beach."

She went on. "Will you please tell me what it was like? I would so like to be brave enough to do something like that."

As we talked about my experience of being exposed by Sara I discovered that Bethany was fascinated by the thought of being naked in public and admitted she often masturbated to exhibitionist fantasies and stories she read on Literotica.

As I told her about my adventures the day before she listened attentively, totally absorbed in my story and I found myself becoming attracted to this intriguing young woman, wondering just how far her curiosity would take her.

Cautiously I said, "Bethany, why don't you try it? I don't mean anything too outrageous. Maybe just start by off taking your top off and see how you feel about it."

She seemed surprised by my suggestion and I thought maybe I had gone too far or possibly too fast but I could see she was very interested and extremely tempted by the idea.

"Oh Catherine, I want to so much, but I don't know." I could see her reluctance evaporating as she contemplated my suggestion, doubt being pushed firmly aside by curiosity and desire. "Will you do it as well? I think I could if you were topless too."

My answer was simple. I smiled at her, stood up, and undid my bikini top slipping it from my shoulders and allowing it to fall from my breasts. I stood there before her topless and could see excitement in her eyes almost matching my own.

Bethany hesitated. There was no doubt she was nervous. It would be her first time for anything like this in public and it was a big step but one she was ready and willing to take.

I smiled at her in encouragement and was surprised to find that I was becoming sexually aroused at the prospect of seeing her breasts. Even beneath her clothes they looked inviting and I couldn't wait for her to reveal more. I was keeping my fingers crossed that she didn't get cold feet and back out now.

"Come on." I prompted her not wanting to give her too much time to think about it. "You can do it and you will love it."

She got to her feet and slowly removed her white top revealing more of her delightful young body, her brief white bikini accentuating her golden tan.

She was quite slim perhaps weighing only fifty kilograms and I guessed she would be about an eight or a ten in dress size. Overall I thought her measurements would be about the same as mine although it appeared that she was a little smaller around the waist and maybe a little fuller in the hips.

Deliberately, perhaps savouring the moment, she reached around and undid the clasp on her bikini. She held the top to her breasts and allowed the straps to fall free of her shoulders, then looking into my eyes, she smiled mischievously and lowered it from her breasts.

I was aware of other people on the beach watching us but my attention was focused on the beautiful young woman standing next to me with her beautiful breasts prominently displayed for everyone to see.

She smiled as I took her hand and led her in the direction of the water. I wanted to show her off to everyone on the beach proud and excited to have her by my side as we walked together casually strolling along the beach.

As we walked hand in hand splashing our way through the shallow water Bethany grew in confidence enjoying her newfound freedom.

I saw heads turn in our direction. One man sitting with a woman, presumably his wife or girlfriend was watching, discreetly trying not to make it too obvious to his partner that he was enjoying the spectacle. Ironically, he seemed unaware that she was watching too, perhaps envious, maybe wanting to do the same but afraid.

A group of young guys, probably in their late teens, sitting on the sand next to their surfboards as short distance away, were definitely enjoying the naked show. I am certain though none of them was enjoying it more than I was.

By the time we walked the length of the beach and returned Bethany was hooked. I could tell she was enjoying the attention and sexually aroused. I knew I had found a kindred spirit and began to think of the possibilities for more exhibitionism in the next week before she went back to Melbourne.

It was getting late and as the sun was starting to dip closer toward the sea I thought, "That was enough for her first time." I was sure there would be other opportunities.

We packed our things and as I prepared to head for home Bethany said, "Catherine, thanks I've had a wonderful time." After a brief pause she added, "I was wondering if you would like to come to our apartment, you could have a shower before you go home, maybe we could have a drink." Again she hesitated before adding softly; "My parents won't be back for a while yet."

I readily agreed wanting to prolong the pleasure of being with my new young exhibitionist friend and certainly wanting an opportunity to make arrangements to see her again later in the week.

As we walked to her apartment we talked and I asked her to tell me more about herself.

I discovered that she didn't have a boyfriend and was stunned when she told me she was actually only eighteen, in fact as she informed me, eighteen years seven months and three days. "Yikes," I thought, "She's a kid."

I looked again and logic told me she was telling the truth. It certainly made sense as she had just finished her first year at university, but it was hard to believe. She may have been young but she was no kid. She was gorgeous, intelligent, mature and wonderful company with a great sense of humour.

We talked as we walked along the beachfront and after a few minutes arrived at a block of apartments on the esplanade.

She took me up to the top floor where she opened the door revealing a modern, beautifully furnished living room, a kitchen with gleaming stainless steel appliances and a private balcony overlooking the sea.

Bethany got glasses and a bottle from the fridge and poured white wines for both of us. We went out on to the balcony and settled comfortably in chairs and chatted while watching surfers enjoying the small but well shaped waves made almost perfect by the slight late afternoon offshore breeze.

The wines soon disappeared and Bethany got up to get refills. As she walked to the kitchen to the wine I took the opportunity to admire her gorgeous butt which gyrated provocatively under her white bikini and in my mind pictured what she would look like naked. As I did the thought crossed my mind, "Come on Catherine what is wrong with you? Surely only guys do this sort of thing!"

Before I could find a suitable answer to my own question she returned and refilled our glasses then excused herself saying that she needed to go to the bathroom, mumbling something about the wine.

She had been gone several minutes when the excitement of the afternoon and nearly two glasses of wine had their effect on me too and I felt my own need to use the bathroom.

I put my glass on the table, left the balcony and walked into the lounge. "Bethany," I called. There was no reply. "Bethany," I called again.

Still there was no reply so I set off towards a passage leading from the kitchen where she had disappeared a few minutes before, assuming that was the way to the bathroom.

After a few paces I was surprised to hear what sounded like a shower running. A few more steps and the sound was louder. Just a little further and I came to a doorway where I could clearly hear the sound of running water.

I hesitated, the door was slightly open and I knew I should have turned, gone back to the balcony and waited but I could not resist the temptation to take a peek. I edged quietly forward and was absolutely stunned by what I saw.

Bethany was in the shower, standing with her back pressed against the tiled wall, the water cascading over her firm young body. Her head was back, slightly to one side, her lips parted and her eyes were closed.

She was cupping her right breast in her left hand and gently rolling her nipple between her thumb and forefinger.

I watched fascinated as the water poured over her shoulders and between her breasts forming a small rivulet that ran down across her stomach drawing my attention to the centre of her sex.

The way she was standing I could clearly see the outline of her ribs above her taught flat stomach, narrow hips, the area between which was slightly concave, highlighting her very prominent mons.

Her pubic hair was trimmed very short exposing her labia that was glistening wet, I suspect not only from the water from the shower.

Her legs were slightly parted and her right hand was between her legs. As I watched her fingers were moving in very small circles over her clit. She varied the pace speeding up as if impatient to reach her goal, then slowing as if to deny herself and prolong the pleasure.

I knew it was wrong to watch intruding on her privacy but my legs would not move. I was transfixed by the sight of this beautiful young woman who, totally absorbed in her self-pleasure, was oblivious to my presence.

As I watched Bethany's fingers changed from stimulating her clit to deliberate long slow strokes the full length of her labia.

She caressed her pussy with slow sensual strokes starting at the bottom and travelling the full length up to and finishing on her clit. Mesmerised I watched as she repeated the pattern, over and over and over again varying the pace from slow to fast then slow again.

Her breathing grew noticeably faster, each breath coming almost on top of the one before.

Her hand stopped mid stroke and she pressed the tip of her finger against her pussy lips, which parted and devoured the welcome invader.

She appeared to me in slow motion. First the tip of her finger disappeared, then her knuckle, then more until the whole finger was buried in her sex.

As her finger vanished between the soft wet folds of her labia her mouth opened and she let out a soft moan. "Arghhhhhh."

She withdrew her finger until just the tip was nestled the delicate folds of her pussy lips. A second finger joined the first and she plunged both deep inside her cunt letting out a deep throaty growl.

I could see that her level of arousal was quickly reaching its peak. She was frantically fucking herself with two fingers. Her other hand moved from her breast and joined the first between her legs, furiously rubbing her clit with hard fast short strokes.

Her breathing now was coming in gasps. Her body was rigid and she was shaking as she brought herself closer and closer to her climax.

For the first time I was aware that my own hand was down the front of my bikini and I was matching her stroke for stroke. I had been so totally absorbed watching Bethany that I hadn't noticed that I had sought out my throbbing wet pussy and I was masturbating along with her, sharing her pleasure.

A loud moan from Bethany brought me back to the moment. She looked so sexy, her young wet body rigid and shaking, fucking her cunt and rubbing her clit and she balanced on the very edge of climax ready to push herself over the brink.

I was right there with her soaring to a delightful orgasm of my own.

Suddenly she dropped her chin to her chest then threw her head back against the wall, let out a shriek and started to convulse as her orgasm coursed through her body in waves building in intensity and finally hitting its mountainous peak.

"Oh, oh ,oh, oh, yes! Oh Fucking yes! Fuck! Oh fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, oh fucking yessssssssssssss," she screamed.

I watched in awe as she pulled two wet, sticky fingers from her cunt and thrust them in her mouth.

I'm not sure if she wanted to taste her own sweet juices or muffle the endless string of obscenities pouring out as her orgasm racked her body. Maybe both.

The sight was too much for me. My own orgasm hit me suddenly, without warning. I was so engrossed watching Bethany that I was unaware of what was happening in my own body until it was too late. I leant against the doorframe for support as I felt the delicious waves sweep through my body and a flood of my own cum drenched my fingers.

I heard a noise and looked up. Bethany had slumped to the floor and was sitting, her back against the wall, her knees drawn up and pressed against her chest. Her hand was wedged firmly between her legs as if trying to contain the fire raging in her cunt. She was breathing in sobs, her chest heaving, her face was flushed.

I turned away fearing that she would open her eyes and see me. In a way I hoped she would and beckon me to join her in the shower and ask me to take her to bed and make sweet love to her, but it was too soon for that. Still there was another week to go.