**It Started With A Dare**

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Wreck Beach was, what a good friend of mine called a 'full service beach'. It was (and still is) as unique a beach, or place, as I have ever been to before in my life – or indeed, since...

The beach itself is a several mile long strip of golden sand situated several hundred (very steep) feet below the University of British Colombia. The beach itself is accessible by several routes – the most direct is a steep winding trail of steps and ramps. Of course it is also accessible by water and alternatively (for those who hate the hike UP those stairs), you can also walk around several miles from Spanish Banks. I've done all three over the years – but that's another story...

Wreck is a very popular weekend spot for sun loving nudists of the greater Vancouver area – in fact, if you arrive late on a weekend, finding a decent piece of beach can be a bit difficult. The age/gender/peer groupings and at the beach are also very amazing – everyone from the very young, to the very old; fit to fat; young executives to middle aged housewives; young mothers to aging hippies; gay and lesbian; and everything in between... All enjoying the sun on the bodies...

Apart from the fact it is a 'clothing optional' beach, it also has a myriad of other things which make it a singularly wonderful place to visit. There are vendors wandering the beach – selling a huge variety of refreshments and food. You can buy hash laced ginger snaps & brownies, fresh watermelon (and other fruit), 'ice-cold' beer & coolers, pot, sushi, pizza and there is even a falafel stand (made from washed up driftwood). Along the back stony edge of the beach there are driftwood booths selling hand tie-dyed beach wraps, handmade leather goods & jewelry. What makes it quite interesting is the majority of the vendors are completely nude as well...

To put it mildly, it is kind of surreal for the first time visitor...

It was the first summer of the new millennium and I was just barely nineteen when I made my first trip to Wreck Beach. Oh, and what a trip it was, but I'm getting ahead of myself...

It really started the weekend before – it was third weekend in August – I remember this clearly because my new campus roommate, Cheryl and I had just finished unpacking in our shared dorm room. This was my first year at UBC – on a full scholarship which included my accommodations in the student residences – my major was to be in sciences and math. Cheryl was taking the four year nursing program.

I have known Cheryl for about 5 years – since we both joined the same extra-curricular girl's soccer team – and as it turned out, the same extra-curricular volleyball team as well. We both had many of the same interests, and had spent plenty of time together over the years. It was only natural that when we found out we were both going to be attending UBC we decided to room together.

This was my first time living on my own – away from home. I grew up in the Fraser Valley (about 60 miles) from the University in one of the smaller farming communities that are spread out throughout the 'Valley'. Although not far from Vancouver, I could count on both hands the number of times I had been into the city. Cheryl was from the same area as me (different community) but basically the same background. Country girls... Now it wasn't that we were ignorant of the city, of big city life, or even virgins for that matter. (At least I wasn't, and I didn't figure Cheryl was either) it was more simply a matter that we had not been exposed to the wilder side of the city either...

We had spent all day Saturday unpacking, and settling into our Dorm, and had decided to go to Spanish Banks (another beautiful, but not clothing optional, beach) on Sunday. The Sunday turned out perfect – sunny, hot, but with a nice soft breeze blowing too... As we were both going to be living on campus neither of us had a car – but public transit in Vancouver is handy, quick and efficient. So, we packed out beach supplies into a couple of bags and headed for the beach.

The bus ride was simple enough – around the campus, and down the hill to the beaches... As we started out, we quickly passed by the 'Pacific Spirit Regional Park' sign at the Wreck Beach trailhead. Cheryl poked me in the ribs, laughed and whispered "Hey, we could have just gone there..." I wasn't even sure 'there' was, but I had a good idea – I had heard about Wreck Beach plenty of times (living anywhere in the Valley or Vancouver you would have to be deaf not to have) and I knew the location was close to UBC, so I just guessed the location. I blushed a little, and poked her back, and said "Maybe we should have..." Cheryl did a brief double take – and laughed back nervously... But she didn't say no either...

Now my interest was piqued...

But we didn't get off – instead we carried on to Spanish Banks.

Well, here we were at the beach – with hundreds of young guys everywhere. Both Cheryl and I had dressed alike – string bikinis, with T shirts and beach wraps to cover-up for the bus ride. Cheryl's bikini was a deep purple – perfect for her skin colour. Mine was a pale golden yellow that matched my hair perfectly.

No sooner had I stepped off the bus, and a waft of cool ocean air drifted by -- 'Oops, there goes my nipples' I thought... I glanced down, and there they were – poking through the thin bikini fabric (I always remove my bikini lining) and my tight little T... Cheryl glanced my way and couldn't help notice my nips poking away... She giggled, and pointed, "Your friends are excited to get here too I see." "Yeah – they love a little excitement don't they..."

Well, I guess it's time to describe myself – and Cheryl too...

Cheryl has straight, shoulder length, very dark black/brunette hair, large brown eyes and beautiful, smooth, light olive skin (which she tells me is from a mixed marriage between her Germanic Grandmother with her Indonesian Grandfather). She's a little taller than I am (I'm 5'5"), and because of her sports activities, she is in great shape. And because we were on the same team (and had shared locker rooms and showers), even before I saw her on the beach, I knew she had a great body... A beautiful trim waist – nice rounded bum, and small dark brown nipples that point upwards to the sky.... Oh, how I wished for her body....

Not that I'm anything to turn away from, (or so I'm told). Oh – before I forget -- my name is Katie. I'm strawberry blonde & thin, (Cheryl calls me wiry), but I like to think of myself as petite. My hair is curly – tight curly and down to my shoulders. I've got the classic blue eyes, and smooth skin of from my Icelandic root a pert little nose. I've got a very tight little body, with the best bum in the valley (or so my boyfriend used to tell me). I'm a B cup if you must know, topped with small pink nipples that point out at least a half inch (and turn dark red) with the least amount of encouragement. An enormous embaressment when I was younger, but something I learned to enjoy – once I figured out the boys liked it... I think they might even have contributed to my exhibitionist nature over the years...

We made our way across the street, the boulevard, past the parked cars (and past the stares of the guys along the way) to the sandy beach... I made sure I wiggled my cute little butt just enough to attract some attention as we went too...

We spread our towels on the beach and claimed our little piece of paradise in the sun...

The sunscreen lotion ritual (I'll do your back, if you do mine) was over with quickly and we lay down to enjoy some rays... After about 20 minutes on my tummy, I rolled over and began to work on my tan on the front – damn it was hot today...

It wasn't more than 30 minutes before I caught a couple of the guys we passed on the way to our spot glancing over trying to sneak a peaks at our lithe, oiled bodies 'We must have made a bit of an impression' I thought to myself... 'Hmmmm – how about a little teasing stroll was the next thing that crossed my mind...' Cheryl must have been thinking exactly the same thing, because as soon as I mentioned I was going to head to the concession stand for a coke, she was on her feet joining me...

We left all of our goods at our towels, and I stopped at the guys, and asked them sweetly "Would guys mind looking after our things while we go for a walk". They were only too happy to do us a favour...

With that taken care of, Cheryl and I wandered down to the concession stand, bought our cokes and then headed towards the water... Wading in a little once again brought my nipples to attention – very hard attention!!! The water was cool, but not too cold to wade deeper and so deeper we went... The waves brought the occasional splash to our waistlines until finally I just dove in deep... I surfaced gasping and laughing... I knew my nipples would be clearly visible through the thin fabric of my top – and I loved it.

Cheryl gasped as I stood up – "Oh, my God! You little tease!" Maybe we really should have gone to Wreck!?!", she said. "You have a great little body, Katie. Anyone ever told you that?"

"Oh, lot's of people, mostly guys, have told me that and I love to show it off too... Can't you tell? But your body is absolutely fabulous too Cheryl – but then I'm sure you already know that too." I exclaimed.

"Sure – I know it's pretty good", said Cheryl, "but I'm not sure I could show it as brazenly as you do!"

"Hey", I retorted, "I don't show it brazenly, I just like to let the guys have a little peak. Besides, it not like they've seen me naked!"

I was shocked when Cheryl smiled and said "Well I dare you to try it!"

"Try what??? Go naked??? Are you crazy Cheryl???" I laughed – but at the same time my mind was starting to work... And that warm feeling down deep was starting too... "Well, I would if you would Cheryl..." Take that for a dare right back at ya' girlfriend I thought.

Now it was Cheryl's turn to feel the heat – but she took it calmly. "Well I suppose", she said, "if it was just topless and no one we knew caught us I might even do it."

Now I was really intrigued (and feeling more than a little hot) – my nipples were like rocks from the excitement, and if I hadn't been wading through the water with Cheryl I know I would have had a damp spot too... "Would you really Cheryl?" I asked breathlessly "Because I know I would, if you would..." It was about then that Cheryl realized I was starting to get serious – that's when she started to get nervous... "Damn, it gets me hot just thinking about it Cheryl... I need to go for a swim, girl." And with that I dove backwards soaking my top once again...

As I surfaced Cheryl signaled she was heading back in to our stuff... I nodded and started swimming out into the ocean... I turned as soon as I felt a little cooler, just in time to see Cheryl stopping to talk to the guys back on the beach – she pointed towards me, and all of then had a laugh – I thought what the hell are you up to Cheryl... Enough swimming I thought – time to get some more sun... As soon as I reached the shallows and started walking inshore, I saw both of the guys get up and start heading towards me... I knew immediately what Cheryl had done – she had given them a 'head's up' about my top – I was sure of it...

Hmmm – if that the way you want it, I thought, time to show a little... I knew my top wasn't hiding anything – but I couldn't help glancing down... 'Perfect little nipples, even if I do say so myself', I thought... " Hi guys!" I greeted them. "Thanks for looking after our stuff!!!" I couldn't help notice their eyes were glued on my tits... "We were gone quite a while -- so is there anything I can do for you to say thanks?"

"Oh, you're doing quite enough just by standing there sweetheart..." croaked the first guy... The second guy just whistled quietly and said "Oh yeah...."

It was right at that instant I knew I was going to get naked somewhere in public... I loved the feeling of those guys stares... Without warning I reached up to my bikini top, untied the top string, and let it drop... The guys gasped and I laughed --- and oh, I almost came in my bikini bottoms... The first guy reached up almost involuntarily and cupped by breast... Thumbing the nipple and sighing.. I could see the buldge growing in his shorts and I knew this was getting out of hand quickly...

50 feet away I could see Cheryl's hand at her mouth in a gasp of disbelief...

I gently disengaged the guy's hand... Lifted it to my mouth for a soft kiss and whispered "Down Tiger – perhaps another time... You ever go to Wreck?" I asked him. When he shook his head, I told him "Maybe you should... Like next Saturday if the weather is good... Oh, and my name's Katie..."

"I'm Dave, it was GREAT to SEE you Katie..."

I reached behind and retied the bikini. But I knew I was going to do this again -- and soon!!! And I was going to make Cheryl live up to her half of the dare as well...

Time to head for the sun... I could see Cheryl laughing as I walked up the beach towards her...