**Nude Dip**

by[drbenway](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=238238&page=submissions)©

We'd been on the beach all day, my boyfriend Jack and I. We'd had a few beers and smoked a couple numbers and our brains were comfortably fried. Otherwise, I doubt any of this would have happened. But I'm glad it did.

I was watching the girls walking by in their tiny bikinis, thinking how silly it was that we had to wear these little scraps of cloth to cover our private parts. They weren't really hiding anything. My own wasn't any better, but I was just sort of struck by the absurdity of the whole thing. I guess I said something about it to Jack.

He kind of perked up. "Yeah," he agreed, "but it's a pretty strong custom. You don't see anybody breaking that one."

"No," I snorted. "People are sheep."

"Well, maybe. But we're no better. I don't see you running around in your birthday suit."

I heard the challenge in his voice and I was too loose to ignore it. "It wouldn't bother me," I said.

"Oh, right," Jack laughed. "You'd have no problem dropping your suit right here and walking along the beach with everybody looking at you."

I looked at him sourly and shrugged. "What's the big deal?"

He grinned. "I dare you."

"Yeah," I answered derisively. But I was starting to see the hole I'd argued myself into. I lay back and closed my eyes, but it was too late.

Jack wasn't going to let me off that easy. "If it's no big deal, why not? Go ahead. I dare you," he said again, malicious mischief creeping into his voice.

I kept trying to shrug it off, but Jack was like a puppy with a sock. He wouldn't let go. I tried to weasel out of it, but I couldn't back down on the main point, and I couldn't admit that I was scared, even though I was. The thought of being nude in public scared me, but what scared me more was the fact that I was beginning to consider it.

I sat up and looked around the beach. It was getting late. The crowd had thinned out and there were only about six or eight groups within thirty yards of us. They were probably the only ones that would even notice, and maybe some of them wouldn't, either. And what would they do if they did? They'd just watch and think: Hey, that's wild. There weren't any little kids close by, either. The chances that anyone would get offended and then do something about it would be very low. Jack explained the dare. I'd take off my bikini right there, walk down to the water, take a quick dip and walk back to our blanket. The whole thing would probably take about a minute. If anybody tried to hassle me, Jack would be there to back me up.

It sounded possible in a crazy sort of way. I was getting excited just thinking about it. And I couldn't back down. I couldn't let Jack get away with that smug, know-it-all attitude. I wanted to show him, put him back in his place. With my heart pounding and my stomach doing flips, I said I'd do it.

Jack's attitude changed all at once. "You're gonna?" he asked incredulously.

"Yeah," I said, trying for a casual tone that I did not feel. "Why not?"

I don't think Jack believed I'd do it. I don't think I did either, but a stubborn streak inside me took over. I felt like I was moving in a dream. It wasn't real when I reached behind my back and undid the clasp of my bikini top; and it wasn't real when I hooked my thumbs in the bottoms and slid them down my legs; and it certainly wasn't me that stood up stark naked and walked in a trance toward the water. I must have been half-way there before I heard a male voice exclaim, holy shit!

It finally woke me up, and a cold wave of panic washed through me. I couldn't be doing this. I broke stride for just a moment, fighting the urge to turn and run. I closed my eyes and took a deep breath. I kept on walking toward the water, which suddenly seemed a mile away. The urge to cover my breasts and pussy with my hands was overwhelming. It took all the reserves of stubbornness I could muster to keep my arms swinging naturally at my sides, but I did it. I was careful not to glance left or right, fearing the looks I would see. The water was gently lapping at a line of stones that I had to pick my way across, and then I was in the water. I waded out quickly, desperate to get in deep enough for some measure of cover. Unfortunately, the beach sloped very gently under the water and it took forever for the water to reach my knees. Another ten yards and it was up to my thighs. That was enough. I dove under and finally hid my nudity from all the shocked and staring eyes I imagined on the beach.

I swam out a little further, until I could sort of squat in the water and keep my breasts under. Only then did I turn around to see what I would face going back. It wasn't as bad as my fears had pictured. No crowd had moved down to the water to stare and hoot at my nakedness. The blankets I had counted when I contemplated this crazy venture were still where they had been, their occupants still lying peacefully in the afternoon sun. But, before I could savor any feeling of relief, I noticed several heads turned my way. It may have just been my imagination, but I seemed to sense an intense attention focused on those private parts that the water temporarily hid.

Then one of them sat up and openly stared in my direction. His face held such a strange mix of shock and awe and lust, I again felt a thrill race through me. Only this time it wasn't an icy wave of panic. Instead, I felt the hot flush of sexual excitement engorging the tender flesh of my vagina, swelling the button of my clitoris. Involuntarily my hand found these tender parts under the cool swell of the green water. I came instantly, blinking and gasping at the sharp and sudden release.

I opened my eyes in shock. What was happening to me? I stood up. The waves lapped at my stomach. My breasts were naked to the beach. I began to walk back in a daze, the welter of sensation rushing through me too strong and too varied to sort out. The water receded as I waded toward the shore, leaving my dripping pubic mound exposed to the four or five men who were now openly staring at me. My cheeks burned with humiliation, but I kept walking. Just as I reached the line of pebbles at the edge of the lapping water, I realized I didn't know where I was going. I looked frantically along the beach, but I couldn't find Jack and our towels. This time I truly panicked. I stopped in my tracks, my head jerking to the left and right. Jack just wasn't there. It wasn't possible. I couldn't have wandered far from our blanket, but it was gone. Then I looked up over the sea wall, and saw Jack with his camera pointed at me. When I realized what he was doing, I forgot about being nude on a public beach. That rotten bastard had abandoned me so he could record my humiliation. More eyes were turning my way. Well, they were in for a show. I was going to get Jack and stuff that camera up his ass.

I ran across the beach to the stairs up the seawall. I paused for a second at the top. A wide sidewalk and street ran along the wall. Some kids were practicing with their skateboards on the sidewalk. On the other side of the street, there was an old honky-tonk amusement park. Teen-agers and families were lined up by an ice cream stand. It seemed like the street was filled with people – all of them turning to look at me. Jack was standing by our car, twenty yards down the sidewalk, clicking away. I ran toward him, but he just moved around the car and kept shooting. I tried the car door – locked. There was nothing else to do but chase him around the car. He was too quick. I couldn't catch him.

The skateboard kids had gathered to watch our lewd little chase, and I saw more people crossing the street to get a better view as well. I was so embarrassed and angry I thought I would explode. After I stuffed the camera up his ass, I was going to tear Jack's heart out with my bare hands. But I had no way to end my humiliation. I just kept chasing him. The crowd around us had grown to around 20 or 30 people, and more kept coming over to enjoy my frantic helplessness. There was a small group of bikers in the crowd, leering and hooting their encouragement. Then a big guy, evidently their leader, joined them. He watched for a minute then frowned.

Jack was passing in front of him, when the big guy stepped forward and grabbed him. "That's not very nice," the biker said in a deep earthy rumble.

Jack was still shooting pictures. I ran over and punched him in the mouth, which brought a laugh from the crowd. "Give me the keys," I screamed.

Still held by the big guy, Jack reached in his pocket and tossed me the keys. I scrambled to unlock the car as quickly as I could. When I finally got the door open, I jumped in and slammed it behind me. Of course, there was nothing in the car to cover myself with. Jack had put all our stuff in the trunk. So what, I thought, they've seen every square inch of me anyway. I scooted down in the seat, crossed my legs, folded my arms across my chest and glared fiercely. My head was spinning with a dozen wild emotions.

I was carefully not paying any attention to my audience, so it startled me when I heard a gentle knock at the car window. It was the big biker, still holding onto Jack. I cracked the window and looked up at him.

"Uh, excuse me," he said, "this guy belong to you?"

"I guess," I hissed through clenched teeth. "Unfortunately."

"Well, what would you like me to do with him?"

"If you did that, we'd both be in trouble." I managed a thin smile, but then I saw a policeman approaching to find out what the crowd was about. "Just let him go. I want to get out of here. But thank you. Thank you very much. You're the only gentleman in the crowd."

The big guy beamed and let Jack go. "You're welcome," he said in his deep bass voice. "It was my pleasure."

Jack scurried around the car and jumped in. The crowd parted to let us drive away. The cop reached the crowd just as we turned the corner and drove out of sight.

Before we reached the highway, Jack found a place to pull over. He got out and got my bikini and coverup out of the trunk. I put them on without a word.

It was a 45 minute drive home from the beach. Neither of us spoke for 20 minutes. I spent the time sorting through the crazy tangle of feelings raised by my first nude escapade. I was still angry, but that wasn't at the top of the list. Mostly, I was just excited. My heart had been chattering like a machine gun and a hot flush had spread over my face and breast. I could feel the adrenaline seeping from my pores, leaving a languid euphoria that was inexplicably delicious. And part of the excitement was sexual. Before I had put my bikini back on, I knew I had gushed a spot of wetness onto the car seat. But the strangest emotion, the one it would take me days to even admit, was the feeling of exaltation, as if I'd accomplished something monumental.

Jack finally broke the silence between us. "Janet, I'm sorry," he said tentatively.

"You should be," I returned coldly. "That was a mean trick."

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