**Ruthie at the Beach**

by**[ReedRichards](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=2942592&page=submissions)**©

"C'mon, Ruthie, you can just leave that top untied."

That was Jason, one of my friends -- definitely not my boyfriend -- and what he wanted was for me to sit up on my beach towel without putting my top back on. A bunch of us -- three guys and three girls -- had headed to the beach at Atlantic City on this hot July day, and as girls are wont to do, we'd all untied our bikini tops while laying on our stomachs, so we wouldn't get a back strap tan line, of course.

Monica and Alice were both very well developed, C-cup girls I'd guess, but I was your typical late bloomer, and even late, I hadn't bloomed very much. My butt was still skinny, but now definitely feminine, and my boobs, well, they were just barely boobs at all. The only thing I had going for me up top were two outrageously puffy pink nipples.

That also meant that while the other girls were still (barely) decent when they raised up a bit on their elbows, the business ends of their boobs still against their beach towels, when I did that, not thinking, I was in full view of the three guys, and hadn't even noticed it for a bit, until I spotted their leering eyes.

"Damn it, girls, you've got to tell me when I have a wardrobe malfunction!" I bitched to them, but they just laughed and said it was a beach towel malfunction, and it wasn't their fault I was a member of the Itty Bitty Titty Club.

At any rate, I plopped down safely, then pulled my towel around my sides, so I could move again without flashing the guys. When Monica and Alice retied their tops, to sit up and have something out of the cooler, I reached around my back to hook my bandeau top again, when Jason put his hand in the way and asked me to leave it off.

"Uhhh, no, no way."

"Why not? There are a lot of girls here wearing almost nothing, and that bottom you're wearing is awfully skimpy, too. You can do it; just be brave."

I didn't have too much of an argument there, 'cause I'd picked out a lime green bandeau bikini with a 'cheeky' cut bottom, not quite a thong, but it did leave a lot of my butt out to get tanned. Monica had commented on it, and so had Alice, because they were both wearing fuller bottoms. Then again, they had their full chests to tease the guys with, while my tush was my better feature.

"None of the other girls are topless, Jason."

"So? You could start a trend. And you really do look awesome."

"Nope, no way, José!"

With that, Jason got on top of me, sitting on my butt while I was still laying down on my front. There wasn't much way I could struggle against him like this, and he knew it. Still, he wasn't trying to wrestle me or force me. Instead, he picked up my suntan lotion, and started massaging more of it into my back.

Oh, crap, his hands were magnificent! He was using the lotion the way a masseur uses oils, and my whole world was the feeling of his two strong hands massaging my back. Whether he had lessons, or just a natural talent, he was working his will on me, and I was just helpless in his hands . . . so to speak!

Well, everybody else was giggling, the guys as well as the girls, because they could see what he was doing to me, they could see the effect he was having on me. When Alice asked me if I was going to give in to Jason's requests now, I didn't answer, and they all knew that he had me hooked.

When Jason got off me, he nudged me to roll over again, and show off my chest. Everyone was enjoying the picnic lunches we'd bought, and then the rest of the group chimed in and egged me on as well.

"You'd better not let me get in trouble," I said, as I didn't exactly sit up, but rolled onto my side, putting my itty bitties into the group's view, but still not exactly showing off to everyone on the beach. "Get me a sandwich, Jason, so I don't have to sit up."

Well, he was very obedient in that, pulling out a tuna salad sandwich and some chips, and a soda out of the ice water. "You look incredible, Ruthie," he said to me, a huge smile, an appreciative smile, on his face.

You know, this was a turn on for me, too, but it was also amazingly comfortable as well. In just a couple of minutes, I wasn't feeling nervous anymore, but just, heck, just right. When I wanted to grab my cell phone out of my bag, I simply sat up all the way, really without thinking about it, and then I realized I really was exposed to the whole beach -- not that anyone more than thirty yards away would really have noticed -- and I didn't care.

The guys were smart enough not to make a big deal about this, liking having my bare tits in view and not wanting to spoil things, but the girls had to tease me about it. For a second or two, I was embarrassed, but then I got defiant, and knew that no, I was not going to cover up just because they were ragging me. Heck, they both had much better chests than I did, but they were keeping theirs hidden, and the guys were appreciating mine, for a change. Monica looked kind of pissed, because one of the guys, Allen, was her boyfriend, and she wasn't all that pleased that he was admiring my tits.

Ron was admiring them, too, and his girlfriend wasn't with us today. If Jason had a girlfriend, I didn't know about it.

This was actually getting casual, almost normal, the six of us sitting there, shooting the breeze, laughing, snacking and just enjoying ourselves, the only unusual thing being one girl sitting there topless. Allen and Ron had pretty much stopped paying any special attention to my tits, and even Jason was talking to my face and not my chest now. I was back to almost feeling normal, but still had a heightened sexual awareness.

That was when everyone decided it was really hot, and time to hit the water. I thought about it for a second, and then grabbed my bandeau. Jason wanted me to leave it off, naturally, but I said no, not this time, not leaving the sort-of safety of our beach blanket and heading into the crowds at the water line. The guys were disappointed as I put on my top, but we had a blast playing in the water. Jason was paying a lot of attention to me, and we were in about chest deep water when he finally pulled me close to him, to give me a kiss.

I can't say it was unexpected, but it was a lot nicer kiss than I had guessed it would be. Jason kept holding me next to him, his arms low around my waist, and my arms up over his shoulders, around his neck. We weren't talking about anything serious, but it was definitely talk that made it seem like he wanted to keep seeing me in the future.

Back to the blanket, and I didn't hesitate: I whipped off my bikini top as soon as we got back there, while I was still standing up. That was as bold a move as I had made, but I was turned on by the situation, and had been turned on by Jason's hugs and kisses in the water as well. That he was also turned on was obvious from what he had pressing into my belly as we were standing there, embracing.

More normal stuff, and Allen was nagging Monica to drop her top as well, but she wouldn't do it. Another hour, maybe an hour and a half, and we were heading back to the water, me with my top back on again. The best part? Jason took my hand while we were walking down to the surf, and that really got me going. I'd never thought of Jason as good boyfriend material, but who knows, maybe he wouldn't be so bad after all. He was tall, probably six inches above my 5'6", kind of muscular but still on the lean side. He'd been like most of the guys in high school, hitting the weights to get some definition, 'cause anymore, the guys who didn't were losing out in the competition for girls. Me? I'd been such a late bloomer that none of the guys had even been interested in me, the girl who looked like she was 11 when the rest of the girls looked like they were 18. Heck, a few of the 18-year-olds looked like they were 22!

The truth was that I was still a virgin, while by senior year most of the girls weren't. Then again, that's at least what the stories were, but I thought that some of the stories might not be even close to true. There was the time when Eddie, star quarterback, was bragging in the halls that he'd bagged Martha, a junior class hottie, when she heard it, and walked right into the conversation, saying, "I'm no virgin, but I never fucked him!" That brought Eddie down several notches, and shut him up completely. From what little I heard, Eddie was many days living that one down.

Now, here I was, finally graduated from high school, ready to start college in late August, and the self-induced tingles I used to satisfy by myself were now being induced by a real guy, and if not the best-looking guy from my school, not exactly ugly either. Jason had a kind of rough look to him, a kind of angular face, one which made him on the interesting side at least. We were back to hugging and kissing in the surf, and I was really enjoying it.

Back to the blanket for more of our beach party, more soda and the last of the picnic food, more gabbing and bragging and talking about where we were going to college in the fall. The afternoon had worn on, and it was about 4:30 or so, when Jason pulled me to my feet to walk back to the water for the last time. He picked up my top for me, but I was so turned on by the touch of his hand -- and the fact that a lot of people had already left -- that I just dropped it back down on the blanket and we walked hand-in-hand down to the water with me still topless. Jason was smiling from ear-to-ear, but, you know what, so was I.

Down by the water, it became more obvious to the lifeguards that there was a topless girl there, but while I got a few dirty looks, nothing bad happened. Jason and I waded into the surf, which was getting a bit rougher as the tide was coming in, and wound up laughing and playing and hugging and kissing.

We wound up a bit further out, at shoulder-depth water for me, just talking and kissing. The other four stayed with the stuff, leaving Jason and I to ourselves. Jason definitely appreciated the feel of my bare chest against his, and I was liking the feel of his erection swelling his board shorts as he hugged into me. I was fantasizing about pulling off our bottoms, and making love right there, in the ocean, with all of the people still left on the beach watching us, and I'm pretty sure that Jason was thinking the same thing, but we didn't try that.

"I want you, Ruth, I want to make love to you," Jason told me between kisses. Even that was different; I was Ruthie to all of my friends, had been ever since elementary school, but Jason just called me by my formal name. Was that deliberate?

"I want you to, Jason, oh my God, I want you to just so much!" That was what I was feeling, but it was still kind of safe to say it out here, where we really couldn't. "I just don't know where we can."

It was strange, but once we were past that commitment, we started talking more seriously, to plan where we could make love. We both still lived with our parents, and with me going to college only eight miles away, I'd be staying at my parents' house rather than wasting money on an apartment or dorm room. Thoughts were just racing through my mind, about where we could, about when, and, of course, about birth control. I had to raise that subject, and I had to tell him the truth, too. "Jason, you know I'm still a virgin, don't you?"

He got serious about that, but was serious with a huge smile on his face. "Oh, my gosh, Ruth, that's so special. And I've got to admit it: I am, too."

"Really?" I just threw myself on Jason at that, kissing him madly. "I'd never have guessed, not with that bad boy image you try to project."

When we finally settled down a bit, he told me, "Yeah, naturally, I've tried to lose it before, but I always klutzed it up. Every time I thought that maybe it was going to happen, I said something stupid and ruined everything."

"Maybe," I said, putting my arms around his neck and pulling Jason closer, "that was fate saving us both for each other. Think how special that would be."

"It would be, it really would. Today, all of a sudden, I'm just amazed with you."

"What, 'cause you nagged me into going topless?" I gave him a real sarcastic smirk with that one.

"In a way, I suppose, I guess, maybe that's just the physical manifestation of it, but it's more your attitude, your gutsiness, just something I never knew about you. You're just awesome, Ruth, and I never knew that before."

Well, that sure puffed up my ego! I've been called a lot of things in my life, but awesome was never one of them. A flat-as-a-board late bloomer was never going to get called awesome by anyone.

"That's really sweet of you, Jason," I said, and I meant it. Then I got serious. "How about we try dating a bit, while I go ahead and get on the pill. I mean, if you're a virgin, too, we don't have to worry about STDs, and I think it would be really special if our first time didn't have a condom between us. Can you wait that long?"

"For you? Yeah, I can. You take care of the BC, and I'll take care of the arrangements for our first time."

Giggling, I said, "Gee, how clinical we just got."

"Seems strange, doesn't it?"

"Yup, sure does, but you know what? I'm happy right now."

We were both all smiles as we headed back to the blanket, this time with our arms around each other. I know that I was getting some stares from the remaining beach-goers, and I liked them: they were giving me more and more confidence with every glance.

And then I realized that Jason had given me more confidence as well, not just his sexual attraction to me, but the way he spoke seriously to me as well. I kept standing at our blanket, as we were drying ourselves off with our towels, while Alice ragged me about being little Miss Nudist.

"Hey, this is actually fun," I told her, "and you ought to try it. I didn't get in any trouble for it, you know."

"They probably just think you're a showgirl from one of the casinos."

"Shit, I'm way too flat-chested to ever be a showgirl!"

"You aren't so flat-chested that you don't have Jason wrapped around your little finger! Or is that wrapped around your little nipples?" I play-punched Alice in the shoulder for that one.

It was past time for us to head out, so I pulled on my cargo shorts -- I wonder why I wore such baggy to-my-knees shorts to the beach -- and only then put on my grey sleeveless t-shirt; I hadn't put my bandeau back on. All of the guys were appreciative, but by now, I was only caring that Jason liked this, liked the new me.

We had Monica's mom's Buick Verano, parked on Pacific Avenue, and that meant we were crammed in, with Ron, Jason and me smooshed together in the back seat. That left Alice sitting on Monica's boyfriend's lap up front as we headed back home. Jason took my cell phone, and put his name and number in it -- I guess that's 21st century true love! -- and then called his own phone, to get my number into his.

Monica dropped off Alice first, and even though Ron isn't her boyfriend, he got out, too, since his house was on the same block. Jason lives kind of far away from me, so he wasn't getting out when Monica dropped me off, but he did hold the door open, and I kissed him goodbye.

"OK, Ruthie, who was that?" Oh, crap, my mom was home, and she must've seen me kissing Jason out front.

"Uhhh, that's Jason, from school."

"Not Jason Voorhees, I hope!" I busted out laughing at that one.

"No, Jason Carruthers, he graduated the same time I did."

"And just where's your bikini top?" Mom had spotted that I didn't have it on under my t-shirt.

"It's in my bag. Some sand had gotten in it, and it was chaffing me, is all." Man, I lied so slickly!

"This Jason your boyfriend?"

"Yeah, I guess so. I mean, he acts like it, but we haven't said so in so many words."

"Just you be careful, young lady. You do know what boys are after, don't you?"

"Yes, mom, I do." Mom had given me 'the talk' before I ever entered high school, but nobody really needed that: kids talk enough about sex among themselves, and we all laugh about the hysterical sex education classes. "I kind of need to take a shower, to get all of the sand and salt off of me."

I hit the shower, while mom got supper going; my dad hardly ever gets home before 6:30, commuting all the way from Philly, so it's always mom who cooks. I took my shower, wrapped up in a big towel, and went into my room.

I had a couple pair of short-shorts in my chest-of-drawers, but I figured that I should dress more modestly now, to keep mom's questions to a minimum. Some plain white cotton panties, that would be appropriate, and another pair of cargo shorts. I pulled a plain white bra out of my drawers, but didn't want to put it on at all. I'm just a 34-A, and sure don't need a bra, but mom had already brought me up short about not having my bikini top on when I got home, so there was no way I was going braless now; I almost never did before, except a few times in the winter when I was wearing a heavy sweatshirt or something. Another grey t-shirt, this one with a red Rutgers logo, and I was plain old Ruthie again, modest and self-effacing, certainly not a girl who would ever go topless on the public beach in Atlantic City!

Mom was still cooking, so I got onto my computer to look up Planned Parenthood. Holy crap, their office on Atlantic Avenue wasn't four blocks from where we'd been at the beach; if only I'd known!

But, then again, you have to have an appointment, and, here's the part I dreaded, I'd need my insurance card. I guessed that maybe I could just pay cash, but the truth was I'd have to tell mom I was going. Gulp!

Well, dad was still at least half-an-hour from getting home, and if I wanted to talk to my mother about this, now was the time to do it. Jason had said that he admired my gutsiness, but, man, it's going to take a lot of guts to talk to my mom about this! I resolved to myself that yes, I was going to do this!

"Hey mom," I began, as I walked into the kitchen. Mom was making some sort of casserole, not exactly what I'd guess during a hot July day, but our house had good air conditioning, so I guess that it doesn't really matter.

"What's up, Ruthie?"

I steeled myself for this, and then went ahead and blurted it out. "Mom, I need to go to Planned Parenthood."

I half expected mom to drop the casserole dish on the floor, but she was as cool as a cucumber. "Oh, really? Because of that Jason boy?"

"Yes." I hated myself for dropping my voice so quietly at that; I wanted to be strong and proud, but Hell, I was talking to my mother about birth control.

"And have you . . .?" Mom left the question unfinished, but we both knew what she meant.

"No, not yet, but I think we will. And even if we never do, I'll be in college end of next month."

Mom proved pretty good at multi-tasking, continuing on with dinner just as though we were talking about gardening. "So, tell me about this Jason."

"Like I said, he was in my class at school, but we never dated before, and now we kind of want to. I don't really know anything about his family, but I'm pretty sure that he comes from a stable one. He tries to act the bad boy, 'cause a lot of guys do, but he really isn't, and has never actually gotten in trouble in school as far as I know."

"He going to college?"

"No, not exactly. His father's an electrician, and I gather that he's going to apprentice with him, or something, starting after Labor Day. His dad let him have one last summer vacation off, is all."

"Well, that's good to hear. Electricians are in demand, and not only do they make good money, but you have to be fairly smart to become an electrician. How about drugs?"

Whoa, I didn't expect that question, but I guess that I should have. "Not as far as I know. I mean, I've never heard of him talking about drugs, and he certainly didn't say anything about smoking pot or anything while we were at the beach, but I can't say for sure, I guess. I mean, some of the stoners, you just know they are, just by looking, but Jason never seemed like one."

"OK, I suppose you looked up Planned Parenthood online, and know what you need to do?"

"Yeah, I'll have to call tomorrow for an appointment, and I'll need the insurance card. It's downtown, on Atlantic Avenue."

"How're you going to get there? Your father and I both work all day."

"I don't know, I guess that I'll get a ride, maybe take the bus if I have to."

That was the first point at which mom stopped her multi-tasking, setting down the kitchen stuff and coming around to give me a hug. "Just you be careful, Ruthie. I always knew that at some point you'd be with a guy, but it's still scary for your old mother."

"It's scary for me, too, mom, but it's something I have to be ready for."

"You know, pregnancy isn't the only worry."

"Yeah, I know, but if it does wind up being Jason and me, he's a virgin, too, so there aren't any STDs to worry about." Oh, my God, did I just say that to my mother?

"Really? Well, wow, just wow."

"Just one thing, mom? Could you kind of not mention this to dad? At least, not yet?"

"Ruthie, you've been honest with me, so yes, you deserve that courtesy. I won't say anything, but you have to stay honest with me. And I'll expect to meet this Jason sometime."

I just never imagined that I'd ever have that talk with my mother, not like that anyway, and I was pretty much stunned. When Jason texted me, a bit after 8 o'clock, asking if it was safe for him to call me, I called him right then, and told him what had happened. He was actually stunned that I could have a talk like that with my mom, saying that he'd never have had the guts to talk to his parents about this, and saying once again how he thought I was awesome for doing this.

My biggest problem was a ride to Planned Parenthood, after I set up an appointment, and then Jason said he thought he'd be able to get his dad's car to take me; his father normally drove his service van during the work day, so the car should be free. "Won't that be something," I said, "my boyfriend taking his girlfriend to get birth control pills." We both laughed at that.

After a long time being teenaged/romantic/stupid on the phone, we hung up, not wanting our respective fathers to realize that there was a boyfriend/girlfriend talk going on, I got to thinking about just how responsibly Jason was behaving. He started out the day just by egging me on to go topless, hardly the smartest thing to do, yet just eight hours later, he was being just totally mature and everything. I mean, he's still just 18 years old!

But once I went to bed, I wasn't thinking about responsibility! I took my phone to bed with me, and texted Jason, "I'm sleeping naked tonight."

Oh, my God, this was exciting! I never slept naked before, and the couple of horny nights I had tried, I got too embarrassed, and just had to put my pajamas on. Tonight? I not only climbed into bed naked, with no embarrassment at all, but I even took some tissues with me, because I knew that I'd be playing with myself, and getting just soaking wet.

"Oh, wow! Really? I can just picture you. You're awesome!" I knew that Jason was hooked!

"Can you? You gonna sleep naked for me?" I texted back.

"YES! Oh, Gawd, I want you so much!"

"I want you too but we have to wait"

"Where is your hand?" I giggled at that one; Jason was pushing for texting sex.

"You naughty boy! You'll just have to guess!" But he had guessed, and my left hand was just where he thought it would be, gently massaging my pussy, getting me hotter and hotter. Of course, to get myself off, I'd need my right hand, and that was my texting hand, too.

"Wish I'd taken a picture of you at the beach today!" Oh, Hell, I hadn't even thought about that! I spent maybe three hours topless on the public beach in Atlantic City; how many people took pictures of my bare tits? Were they on the internet already? My only hope was that I was so flat that maybe no one would post them, thinking I might have been underaged!

I would have thought that would have killed the mood, but it only got me hotter. I was seeing myself, out in the water with Jason that last time, topless for everyone to see me, imagining a thousand cell phones taking pictures of us. Then I fantasized that I wasn't just topless, I had been naked, and Jason was naked too, thrusting deep inside of me, while the spectators clicked away.

When morning came, I logged back on, googling topless Atlantic City beach, but didn't find any pictures of me from yesterday. I was glad about that, though there was an irrational tinge of disappointment, too. What the heck was wrong with me?

Around ten, I called Planned Parenthood, and set up an appointment. They said that normally it was a couple of days wait, but they'd had a couple cancellations, and could see me this afternoon. I made the appointment, and then called Jason, to see if he could take me today. Turned out he could, and we not only made the appointment, but took our bathing suits with us. I wouldn't be getting out of the appointment until maybe 3:30, but we could still hit the beach. I took my bikini bottom, but left the bandeau at home. This was going to be hot, hot, hot!

Or not. When we got out of the appointment, the clouds had rolled in, and it was starting to rain. Jason was all worked up when I told him I'd left my bikini top at home, and this was a bit of a downer. But it did mean that we could talk responsibly about dating and birth control on the drive home. The nurse at Planned Parenthood told me that the kind of pills I was prescribed would be effective immediately, if I started taking them within the first five days of my period. Trouble was, I wasn't on my period, so I couldn't start taking them yet. It was a bit strange talking with my new boyfriend -- of a whole day now! -- about my period, but he was being really mature about the whole thing. You know, I could get used to having such a mature guy around; I just never thought that guys could be this grown-up, at least not the guys in my old high school.

So, we talked. I'm not 100% regular, although the pills should even that out, but I thought that I'd start my period in about ten days, which was a Thursday. At first, that was a downer, since it meant I'd be on my period during the weekend, but what the heck, we were both on summer break, so every day was a weekend for us!

It also meant that we had ten days to just date, to be boyfriend and girlfriend without the pressure of sex, before we actually began. I was thinking that maybe we ought to get some rubbers, just in case, but I also remembered how special I thought it would be if we didn't have that between us our first time. It was hard, but I resolved to myself, and Jason agreed with me, no sex until we were fully protected!

So, what did we do? Jason took me out for ice cream, we went to the movies, we went to a Phillies game, we played board games half the night over at Monica's house. Finally, Jason's parents wanted to meet me, and I was invited to dinner at their place. Of course, that meant that dad found out about me having a boyfriend, so Jason had to have dinner with my parents as well.

Jason's parents turned out to be really nice people, very talkative, and he had a younger sister who was steadily making fun of her brother for having a girlfriend. Well, maybe for now, she would, but she was 14, and it wouldn't be much longer before she would be wanting a boyfriend. She was a kind of plain girl, and I felt a bit sorry for her: she'd probably go through the same thing I had, in not having boys being interested in her when she was ready to have them interested.

It turned out that I was more at ease at Jason's house than he was at mine. I had told him that my mom knew about us going to Planned Parenthood, so I suppose that it was always in the back of his mind that my mother knew he planned to molest her little girl. So far, at least, mom hadn't said anything about that to my father, but Jason probably worried that my dad wanted to kill him for even thinking about his little girl that way.

Thursday came, and my period arrived with a vengeance! I was miserable, I had the cramps, and I was just an upside down red fountain, but I dutifully took my first pill, with as much of a smile on my face as I could muster. I called Jason that morning to tell him the good (?) news. I figured that next Tuesday, I should be pretty much done, and it would be bye-bye V-cards, for both of us!

By Saturday evening, the red river was still flowing, but not as badly, and I was done with the cramps. Jason had taken me out for ice cream, and we were just sitting, at the outside tables, when my boyfriend told me that he'd come up with a plan for the Big Day, and wanted to know if I approved.

"Have you ever heard of Gunnison Beach?" he asked me.

"Nope, I haven't. Where is it?"

"It's a few hours away, in Gateway National Seashore, north end of the state. Thing is, it has a nude beach."

"Nude, as in completely naked?"

"Yup! I gather that it's pretty crowded on the weekends, but weekdays aren't too bad."

"What, you want our first time to be on the beach, in front of strangers?"

"No, no, not that. I just thought it might get us really hot, and then we could find a motel room or something."

"You ever been there?"

"Nope, but I was able to get all of the directions, and it doesn't seem hard to find. We'll be taking the Garden State Parkway most of the way, and then highway 36 or something like that."

I liked the idea, liked it a lot, though I wasn't sure how that would translate into losing our virginity. "OK, sure, how about Tuesday or Wednesday, if the weather's OK? Are you going to be comfortable going naked in public?"

"I guess so, but I was sure turned on by you going topless a couple of weeks ago. I think that this could be awesome."

"Well, maybe, but I was the only one topless. There, you'd be staring at other girls, all of them naked. You might see a lot of girls you'd rather have than me." Then I gave him a fake pout.

"Possibly, but then you'd be seeing a lot of naked guys, maybe some you'd rather have besides me."

"Sounds like fun! You sure you're willing to risk it?"

"I'm game. Heck, we'd almost surely be the only virgin couple on the beach."

"Oh, my God, that's funny."

I checked the Weather Channel, and the National Weather Service, and everybody said that Tuesday was supposed to be sunny and hot around Sandy Hook, so that's the day we planned. I told my mom on Sunday that Jason and I were going up to Sandy Hook on Tuesday, but she immediately hit me with, "You mean to the nude beach?"

Oh, shit, mymomknew about the nude beach up there. How did that happen? Trouble is, I was so flabbergasted that I didn't have an immediate answer, so she guessed that Gunnison was exactly where we were going.

"Talk to me, Ruthie." I was so toast.

"Yes, mom, we want to go to the nude beach. Please,please,don't tell dad!"

Then my mother just busted out laughing. I was trying to figure this out, when she finally calmed down enough to tell me that dad and she used to go up there, a lot, when they were younger. "Guess that it runs in the family," she managed to get out before dissolving into giggles again. "I guess I'll have to surprise your father and drag him up there this coming weekend."

I just barely managed to get out, "Just so long as you guys aren't up there same time Jason and I are."

The rest of Sunday, and all of Monday, just dragged on, and even Tuesday morning was slow: I woke up at 4:30, and couldn't get back to sleep, even knowing that Jason wouldn't be here until 9:00. He figured a two-hour drive would put us there around 11:00, and we'd leave by 3:00 at the latest. We had plenty of sunscreen, plus a big beach umbrella, but didn't want to stay so long we'd get burned; we had other plans for after the beach! I had a complete change of clothes, modest clothes, to be worn on the way home, to try and keep things quiet from my father, but I wasn't modest at all for the drive up: a white wife-beater with nothing under it held tightly to my chest, emphasizing my puffy nipples, just the thing to drive Jason nuts on the drive up, and a pair of running shorts that opened up completely on the side; when I was seated, Jason would be able to tell I wasn't wearing panties.

And he noticed, boy did he notice! I wasn't sure we'd make it up to Sandy Hook without him ravishing me on the side of the road, but we managed, laughing and talking the whole way up. Jason almost lost it when I told him that my parents used to visit the nude beach when they were younger -- young enough that I never knew about it anyway -- and that my mom had decided to surprise my dad with a trip up here this weekend.

The Garden State Parkway can be a bitch, but it wasn't too bad today, and we made the trip without any real delays. Jason had the directions written down, and my smartphone had a GPS function anyway, so I knew we wouldn't get lost. Turning into the National Seashore itself, there were four or five, I can't remember which, toll gates to go through, and it cost $10 for the car to pass, and then we had a few miles until we got to parking lot G, for the nude beach. There were some strange things, including interceptor missiles of all things, on the drive in, as it was apparently a shore defense installation at some point.

Once we got parked, and headed over to the beach itself, we saw how far we had to walk, maybe 400 yards over some already very hot sand, to get down to the shoreline.

Man, this was a par-tay!There were a couple hundred people there, with a lot more elaborate beach equipment than we had, with plenty of umbrellas and wind screens and even a few half-tents. We got down to the waterline itself, and turned right, heading down, before we realized that we were heading for the gay section. We stopped there, found a spot, and settled in. I had my clothes off in about four seconds, just loving the feel of the sun on my naked body. Jason looked around, a bit more hesitant, but then he bucked up and dropped his shorts as well. I'd never seen a man's cock before, not in real life, but a quick comparison told me that Jason had nothing to be ashamed about in that department. He wasn't hard yet, but it looked respectably thick and long. (Later, I figured out that he was half-erect, and at full size, just not all the way hard.)

There were some guys there who were hard, all the way, including some wearing what I now know are cock rings to keep themselves erect. I had heard that was not nice nude beach etiquette, but there were several things I noticed that might not be considered completely polite, including one man lazily masturbating his girlfriend just a couple of blankets away.

I had a lot of fun sunscreening Jason. He wouldn't let me sunscreen his cock, 'cause that would have been blatantly embarrassing, he said, but he didn't stop me from doing his butt. Me, I let my boyfriend sunscreen me from head to toe, and he was getting harder by the second doing that. Oh, my gosh, it was one thing to see other guys' cocks, because I was never going to touch them, but when Jason was completely hard, I realized that it would only be a few more hours and he'd be shoving that thing into me, and that was getting a bit scary.

I sort of knew what was going to happen to me, because I surfed the web looking for information. I checked out all sorts of information sites, and looked at some porn as well, even though I knew porn wasn't strictly realistic. I had heard about oral sex, but seeing some porn actresses taking those huge cocks in their mouths was weird, and now I thought about the fact that Jason probably expected me to do that to him. I saw videos of men eating women's pussies, and I didn't really know if I wanted Jason to do that to me, but I had heard that some women absolutely saw stars when guys went down on them. I'd even seen a couple of anal sex videos, where the women were really enjoying themselves, but the other stuff I'd read said that a lot of women didn't, and the porn stars were all just acting. One thing about the porn stars that I figured was mostly limited to porn was that the actresses were almost always shaved bald. Even some of the actors were shaved bald. I didn't realize how common that had become for everyday people, but it didn't take long to realize that I was one of the few women there who hadn't shaved her pussy completely bare. Jason noticed that, too, and for a bit I was wondering if I had disappointed him. But Jason hadn't shaved himself, the way maybe half of the guys had.

We sat down for a few minutes, before I grabbed Jason's hand and pulled him toward the water. The waterline itself was a bit steeper than at Atlantic City, and is in more of its natural state, meaning small shells almost like pebbles underfoot. It made getting into the water itself a bit more difficult, as you could easily lose your footing. The tide was more forceful here, with an incoming wave very able to knock you off your feet, and the outgoing suction easily able to pull you down.

Once we got in, we were about out to our waists -- despite being six inches shorter than Jason, our waists were at the same level -- and then a sandbar rose, taking the water level down to our knees. Past that, it got deeper, and we went out to around shoulder level for me. Just like Atlantic City, it was laughing and hugging and kissing, though this time there were no board shorts to hold his erection down, and that thing was poking into my belly a few times. We got back out of the water, both of us really turned on.

We were hungry, and there was actually a food vendor and t-shirt, right on the beach, maybe 70 yards up from the water line. I thought that it might be cool to buy a Gunnison Beach t-shirt, to surprise my parents, since they knew about the place, but I didn't. We had some cash rolled up in Jason's shorts pocket, and went up to get a hot dog for each of us; it was kind of weird going up and ordering food naked, but it was fun. We had a cooler with ice and bottled water, so we didn't have to buy drinks.

Some beach blanket time, and then more ocean time, and I was having a whole lot of fun. We noticed that people were walking south along the beach, beyond the red and white sign indicating the end of the guarded beach, and after a while decided that we'd walk down that way as well. Jason, being taller, walked on the water side, to make it easier for us to hold hands.

This was wonderful, just walking hand-in-hand with my boyfriend, and we just kept going. At first we passed a lot of other couples, mostly straight but some gay, coming back to the guarded beach, but they became fewer and fewer as we walked. Soon, everybody we could see was a tiny figure in the distance, and we were playing a bit more intimately, sometimes in the water, and sometimes on the shore. I couldn't help it: I was getting hotter and hotter, by the minute, and Jason was, too. It wasn't too much longer before I realized: we might not be giving each other our virginity in a hotel room, but right here, on the beach.

I know that Jason was thinking the same thing, but it was obvious: he wasn't going to try anything that might hurt me, or be too pushy, out in what wasn't completely private. Me, I was so turned on that I was barely thinking straight, as we were hugging and kissing and laughing.

This was our moment, and we both knew it. I had to make that first move, to let Jason know it was OK, and I did, taking his hand and leading him further away from the waterline. There was an old tree trunk laying there, must have been for years, because all of the bark was long gone. Jason sat me down on the trunk, and I whispered to him, "Now, Jason, make love to me now."

He didn't stop with one orgasm, but pushed on, and another one hit me, hard, so hard I nearly fell off the log. I couldn't stand it anymore, I wanted him inside me so badly. "Now, Jason, take me now," I urged him. Getting off his knees, he found a decent stance, and then slowly pushed his wonderful cock inside of me.

I could feel the resistance of my cherry as he pushed into it, and he hesitated. We both knew what was in the way, and I urged him, "Don't stop, keep going, you have to keep going." I could see the wonderful smile on his face, and then he pushed his way through, taking me all the way.

I wasn't supposed to have another climax; the first time was supposed to hurt too much. It did hurt, but I was just so turned on that it didn't matter, and I was quickly climaxing again. Jason kept going, kept making love to me, and yet another orgasm hit me, just before Jason's whole body stiffened up, and he emptied himself inside of me.

This was complete ecstasy. I was just so very, very happy, completely overjoyed, covering Jason's face with kisses, never, ever wanting to leave this place, never, ever wanting him to pull outside of me. Of course, it couldn't be like that, and Jason had to pull out, to get comfortable, as he'd been completely supporting himself on his hands and feet, to take me in the position we had on this wonderful downed tree trunk. We sat down in the sand, our backs to the log, laughing and smiling and wholly enjoying each other, in the wonderful realization that we had just given each other our virginity.