**Stripped at the Beach**

by Lady Lucia

**Stripped at the Beach (Part 1)**

Ella was so excited that it was beach season again. She lived near the coast, and the water was only a fifteen minute drive from her house. Ella’s sweet sixteen was two months ago, and her parents had been generous enough to get her a brand new mini coup convertible once she got her license. The adorable car was a dark blue, like the one she had been constantly looking at online. For growing up in a rich area, she actually wasn’t that spoiled. Her parents had always rewarded good behavior, and she truly deserved the gift. Ella was getting decent grades, and she had just made varsity in soccer. It was almost summer break, and the sun was finally out.  
  
The blonde sophomore took off her sandals and stepped onto the warm sand with her bare feet, relishing the first few steps she had missed so much. She and her friends practically lived at the beach every summer, and now they would be able to go whenever they wanted without begging friends or family to drive them. Ella had come alone today, determined to get a head start on her tan. She wasn’t quite pale, but her fair skin sometimes looked that way when compared to her best friends. A few weeks of beach time caught her up every year, but fall and winter always brought her back to square one.  
  
Ella was a little disappointed with how crowded the beach was, but figured everyone must have been just as eager as she had been on the first warm day of the year. She walked a ways down the beach, finding a somewhat secluded area. It was impossible to be completely alone, but she could tune out the few people that were within earshot. After laying out her towel, she stripped off her jean shorts and white tank top, wearing one of her bikini combos from last year. The emerald green top accentuated her B cup breasts nicely, and the black bottoms were cut well enough for a good tan. Of course, she planned to do some swimsuit shopping soon for something new.  
  
“Hey, Claire…isn’t that the girl?” Riley asked. She pointed over to the blonde girl who was applying sunscreen, “Ellie, right?”  
  
“Ella…” Claire muttered.  
  
Claire and Ella had been best friends all through elementary school and middle school. Even though they were a year apart, they had grown up in the same neighborhood. The inseparable girls were practically twins, even now. Claire was 15, a year younger, but she had the same chest size, the same figure, and the same skin tone. She was a little less than an inch shorter than Ella, but no one would really notice that unless they stood side by side. The most obvious difference was that Claire wore her blonde hair at her shoulders, while Ella’s was much longer.  
  
Unlike the most common reason for adolescent girls to stop being friends, Ella and Claire never had any kind of fight or falling out. They had just naturally drifted apart when Ella got to high school and Claire was stuck in middle school for another year. Ella started playing soccer more seriously, met a bunch of new friends from the girls on her team, and had less free time in general. Claire became closer with girls like Sarah and Riley, the two girls that were with her now. She focused more of her time on shopping and parties and boys, so she also had less time in her life once she started having fun with her own friends.  
  
The two girls gradually stopped hanging out over the course of that year, until they just stopped messaging each other entirely. By the time Claire started high school last fall, they had very little in common at that point. That, and the fact that they had completely different classes, meant that they didn’t really interact with each other at all aside from occasionally seeing each other at events in their neighborhood. Even then, it was just a half hearted nod or greeting when they saw each other. Aside from that, they barely spoke.  
  
Until a few weeks ago.

**Stripped at the Beach (Part 2)**

Ella was walking through the halls at Lakewood High between classes, navigating the ever crowded high school hallways. Their school had the dumb rule about no one being allowed to wear backpacks, so she was stuck carrying a pile of textbooks and notebooks in her arms. Everyone had to do it, but she was one of the unfortunate girls that got a locker that was practically at the other end of the school from her classes. She resorted to carrying her things for the first half of the day, using their lunch break to go to her locker, and then carrying the rest of her things for the second half of the day.  
  
Claire, however, had her own system. She sucked up to all of her teachers. Not in a teacher’s pet kind of way, but more just being super sweet. With the right smile and eyes and words, she was easily able to manipulate most of her teachers into letting her get away with a few simple things, and occasionally bumping up a grade a few points to shift the letter grade. One of the perks she had lined up was being able to drop off her stuff in each of her classes before school started every day. That way, she could walk the halls between classes without looking as ridiculous as everyone else that still hauled their books just like they had been doing since middle school.  
  
On this particular day, Claire was walking side by side with her friend Riley. They were talking about the party coming up on the weekend. An upperclassmen was hosting it, so they would have to make sure they looked mature enough to pass themselves off as older than 15 if they wanted to fit in. And to attract older guys, of course. As they walked through the halls discussing the party, Claire was group texting some friends as well, making sure her texts were as perfect as always. She had to be clever and witty and sometimes snarky, but also not to eager or overly energetic about anything at the same time. Popularity required a delicate balance.  
  
Ella noticed her ex best friend coming way too late. They were walking in opposite directions, but Claire clearly had no awareness about anyone who might be in her way while she was texting. Ella had lockers to her left and another group of oncoming students to her right. “Claire-” she tried to get the girl’s attention but it was way too late.  
  
Claire crashed into her at full speed. Ella had turned away at the last second to avoid a head on collision, but that just resulted in Claire hitting Ella’s arm fairly hard as they ran into each other. Ella lost her grip on her things, and her stuff exploded on the ground. Books and notebooks sliding around, loose sheets of paper going everywhere. It was a total mess.  
  
“WATCH IT!!” Claire practically screamed at the girl. Anyone who hadn’t noticed what was going on from the sound and sight of the explosion of Ella’s things was well aware of the mess now. Claire hadn’t even dropped her phone from the collision, but still seemed way more offended than the now super flustered Ella.  
  
“Claire, I-” Ella tried to explain what had happened, but the bitchy girl was having none of it. Without warning, she slapped Ella HARD across the face.  
  
“Watch where you’re going next time, bitch,” Claire sneered. While Ella was still stunned from being unexpectedly struck in the face, Claire practically walked right through her, roughly bumping shoulders with the poor girl. Ella almost stumbled backwards, but managed to catch herself. By the time she got her senses back, Claire and her friend were long gone.  
  
Despite how awful her ex-friend had been, Ella decided to do nothing about it. She had been warned plenty of times by her soccer teammates that snitching is never a good look for a girl. Aside from that, she knew better than to antagonize Claire. If simply running into her evoked that kind of reaction, Ella couldn’t imagine how she’d react to getting in trouble.  
  
So she sucked it up and picked up her books, heading off to class. That was nearly a month ago, and she hadn’t seen Claire since. She thought that was the end of it.  
  
And it was the end of it, until Claire saw Ella alone on the beach.  
  
Claire and her two friends had ditched school today, and had already been on the beach for a few hours. It was a successful day of tanning and gossip before the weekend started, but now they were hot and thirsty and ready to hang out somewhere else. However, the sight of Claire’s near twin immediately brought back the memory of when they ran into each other at school.  
  
“Oh my God, she was SO rude to you,” Riley whispered. Claire’s friend also remembered the event in a more biased way than it actually happened, “I don’t think she even apologized.”  
  
“Oh, is she the one that barged into you at school?” Sarah asked. She heard the story later that day, immediately taking Claire’s side, of course, “What a bitch. We should make her apologize right now,” she said, glancing over to the tanning girl.”  
  
“Wait,” Claire grabbed Sarah’s arm before she could head over to Ella. Claire looked over at Ella. Eyes closed, far away from the rest of the crowd on the beach. The other three girls had gone even farther for privacy, but this spot would do well enough, “I have a better idea…”

**Stripped at the Beach (Part 3)**

Claire and her friends had walked a safe distance away from Ella at Claire’s suggestion. They waited until she turned onto her stomach to tan her back, and then they all quietly moved into place. Claire glanced over to Sarah and Riley, making sure they were both in position. Then, with wickedness in her eyes, Claire reached over and gave Ella the hardest wedgie she could with one hand. Once Ella’s pale white ass was on display, Claire gave one of her ass cheeks a HARD spank with her other hand, the sound loud enough to be heard by all three girls.  
  
Ella let out an audible gasp, the hard spank pulling her out of the daydreaming she had drifted into. She let out a yelp at the second spank - since she hadn’t yet moved, Claire gave her other cheek a spank that was equally hard. Now fully awake, Ella immediately sat up in both surprise and anger. Ella barely had time to register her spanker’s face before Claire quickly stepped away from her, snatching up the bikini top that was now lying on the towel without the weight of Ella’s body to protect it. At the same time, Riley grabbed her beach bag and her phone.  
  
Ella felt the cool breeze on her bare breasts at the same time she noticed the green bikini top in Claire’s hand. She let out another gasp as her cheeks flushed a light pink and immediately wrapped her arms around her chest to protect her modesty, but it was way too late. Sarah had been snapping pictures the entire time, and had plenty of good shots by the time Ella covered herself. Still, she kept taking pictures, because the embarrassed pose was just as amusing as the topless shots she already had.  
  
“Hey!” Ella finally found her voice. She had been topless in front of all of her teammates at some time or other, so she wasn’t particularly shy about her body. But at the same time, all of those times before practice or before a game were under her control. She also didn’t know Sarah, so she instead turned her attention to Claire, “What the hell, Claire? Give me back my stuff! And tell your friend to delete those right now!”  
  
“Is that any way to treat an old friend, Ella?” Claire gave her a sweet smile. She dangled the bikini by one end, but Ella was smart enough to not lunge for it and expose herself again, “If you’re going to act all bitchy, you’ll hurt our feelings and we’ll leave.”  
  
“You know what? I-” Ella trailed off mid sentence. She was able to tell Claire off and just go home. After all, a short drive topless wouldn’t be too bad. But she quickly realized two things. One, Claire’s other friend had her bag, which had her car keys. And two, there were also all those pictures of her topless.  
  
“What? Claire asked, feigning curiosity.  
  
“Look, what’s it going to take for you to give me my stuff back and delete those pictures?” Ella sighed. She knew she would just have to go along with it for a minute, so long as she didn’t have to do anything worse than what was already in the pictures.  
  
“Hmm…” Claire paused for a moment in mock thought, “First of all, stand up.”  
  
Ella reluctantly did as she was told. Riley was quick to snatch her towel away as well, leaving her with nothing but her bikini bottoms.  
  
“Here’s the deal, Ella,” Claire passed Riley the bikini top as well. She looked the nearly naked girl up and down, leaving a silence just long enough to make the covered girl feel a little uncomfortable, “You’re going to be my genie today,” she said. Ella was about to ask for an explanation, but Claire continued right away, “If you grant my three wishes, then you’ll be free.”  
  
“You’ll delete the pictures,” Ella pressed her to clarify. She was a little daunted about whatever ‘wishes’ Claire had in mind, but was willing to see what she meant.  
  
“Yes, my genie,” Claire smiled. The other two girls joined Claire’s side. Ella felt a lot more aware of her situation when all three bikini clad girls stood in front of her while she was topless. While the bikini bottoms covered plenty, not wearing her top in public made it so much worse than anywhere else this could have happened. Thankfully, they were still far away enough that no one had noticed what was going on.  
  
“Fine,” Ella muttered, “What’s your first wish, Claire…?”  
  
“Not so fast, Ella,” Claire poked Ella’s arms that she was still using to cover her chest, “That’s not how this works. You’re my genie. Since there’s no lamp to rub, we’ll have to improvise.”  
  
Ella stood there in shock while the other two girls giggled, but Claire continued like it was the most normal thing in the world, “Your boobs will do, Ella.”

**Stripped at the Beach (Part 4)**

“Excuse me…?” Ella gasped. She was in shock that Claire would ask that at all, let alone ask it so casually.  
  
“That’s the deal, Ella,” Claire crossed her arms. For a moment, Ella thought she was joking, but the serious tone removed all doubt, “Be a good sport, or figure out how to get home without your phone or keys.”  
  
Ella really didn’t want to. But the look in Claire’s eyes made her realize she was screwed either way. Her bitchy ex-friend would happily leave her stranded here without any of her belongings. That would be fun in its own way to the three girls.  
  
So she chose the way that at least gave her a chance.  
  
“Fine,” Ella sighed. She slowly lowered her arms, still in slight disbelief she was actually allowing this to happen. Claire took her sweet time, which didn’t help the situation. Ella’s perky B cup breasts were on display for what felt like hours, until Claire finally reached her hands up to give Ella’s bare chest a squeeze.  
  
Except it wasn’t just a squeeze. Claire squeezed her bare boobs, massaged them, and even rubbed her pink nipples a little bit. Ella glanced away at Claire’s flirtatious eyes and wicked smirk, grateful that Sarah wasn’t taking any more pictures of this mortifying scene.  
  
“Claire…I think that’s enough…” Ella gasped at the latest pinch of both her nipples.  
  
“You need to tell me you’re my genie,” Claire explained. Her tone made it sound like all of the touching was Ella’s fault for not speaking until now, “That you’re here to grant my first wish.”  
  
“Okay, I’m your genie, Claire!” Ella quickly said in response. Anything to get the girl’s hands off her chest, “I’m here to grant your first wish.”  
  
“Good,” Claire gave Ella’s nipples one last pinch for good measure. She had tried so hard to not react to Claire’s touch, but couldn’t help but let out a muffled yelp from the unexpected pain, “Then I wish for you to drive us to get ice cream. Christine’s Creamery, of course.”  
  
Ella just nodded, quickly crossing her arms over her chest. Claire made her lead the way back to the car, waiting until all four of them were inside before telling Riley to hand the keys up to the front. Of course, Claire rode shotgun with Ella.  
  
The two girls had discovered this beach years ago back when they were friends, as well as the delicious ice cream shop. Claire’s friends didn’t know that, naturally, and they thought it was just Claire’s good taste that gave them such a great spot to tan and occasionally treat themselves. Ella, on the other hand, only came here alone, as she preferred keeping this beach as her own quiet place. She would go other places with friends, but was now regretting not bringing someone else along.  
  
“Both hands on the steering wheel, Ella,” Claire playfully slapped at the arm Ella had kept firmly wrapped over her chest. Ella opened her mouth to argue, but one stern look from Claire shut her up. She reluctantly revealed her chest all over again, then started to drive.  
  
It was the longest fifteen minutes of Ella’s life. She got honked at several times, and every red light was agonizing. There were several times where someone in a whole group of people would point at her, and she would have to endure the hollers and the staring. She couldn’t tell which was worse - the ones her age, or the older people. Regardless, her cheeks were burning a bright red for almost the entire drive, and almost more so when the arrived.  
  
“Claire, can we please park down the block?” Ella begged. The ice cream shop was absolutely packed with people trying to find a reprieve from the hot, early summer sun. No one had noticed the topless girl yet, but she was sure it would happen any minute once they pulled into the parking lot.  
  
“Nonsense, my genie,” Claire giggled, “There’s a spot right there.”  
  
Ella sighed and pulled into the parking lot, immediately crossing her arms once the car was stopped. Thankfully, Claire told her that she should just wait in the car while they went to treat themselves. Unfortunately for Ella, Claire took the keys out of the ignition before getting out of the car, and Riley took all of her things as well.  
  
It felt like an eternity while the girls got their ice cream. Despite the odds, Ella managed to avoid being noticed by anyone. She slunk down in the front seat and kept her chest both covered and completely out of view. After an excruciating amount of time, she heard the familiar giggling of the three girls as they approached the car.  
  
All three of them had an ice cream cone in their hand, but that wasn’t the most noticeable difference. Claire was still wearing her dark blue bikini bottoms she had on since she had started tormenting Ella, but her top had been replaced with an all too familiar dark green one…

**Stripped at the Beach (Part 5)**

Ella couldn’t believe her eyes. Claire was wearing HER bikini. The bitchy blonde girl didn’t even try to hide her smirk as she got back into the car. All three of the girls had their ice cream, and Riley was still in charge of Ella’s bag, keeping it far out reach.  
  
“You’re staring,” Claire pointed out. Ella hadn’t even realized she was still looking at Claire, but quickly recovered from her surprise once Claire started talking, “I thought you were straight, Ella. Kind of hard to believe when you keep checking me out.”  
  
“I-”  
  
“No talking, remember? You’re my genie, and our driver. Either way, not our friend,” Claire said. She took a few licks of her already dripping cone, the girls in the back giggling at how their friend was treating Ella, “But, since you seem so dazzled by my body, you may compliment how my new suit looks on me.”  
  
“Your new suit looks great…” Ella muttered. She was still so vulnerable that she had to play along with whatever new game Claire was starting. The three girls clearly thrived on her reactions to things, so she tried to be as disinterested as possible. Maybe they would finally leave her alone if she didn’t show that everything was affecting her as much as it did.  
  
“Specifics, Ella,” Claire said. She adjusted the bikini top with one hand as she ate her ice cream, bringing attention back to her chest, “How do my boobs look in this top?”  
  
“They look good,” Ella said, with just as little enthusiasm. She was both furious and worried about the awful girl wearing her suit, and what that meant about the possibilities of whether she would even get it back or not. No matter the options, there was nothing she could do either way when the girls still had her phone, her wallet, and all those terrible pictures.  
  
“…good?” Claire asked, “Try again, Ella.”  
  
“Your boobs look amazing, Claire” Ella sighed. She tried to seem indifferent about it, but the giggling in the back seat caused her cheeks to flush a light pink.  
  
“And my legs?” Claire asked, with no hesitation. She uncrossed them, running her hand down her tan skin, “Be honest.”  
  
“They look sexy,” Ella said. She knew if she didn’t use a decent word, this would just take longer. She nervously looked around as she remembered that they were in a public place, but no one was close to the spot she had taken at the end of the parking lot.  
  
“Let’s try this all at once, okay?” Claire said. Her smirk was back as she looked directly into Ella’s eyes, “How do you like my new bikini, Ella?”  
  
“It looks so great on your body,” Ella started. She felt like throwing up as the bitchy girl forced her to repeat the embarrassing phrases, “Your boobs look amazing, and your legs look sexy. You look so hot,” she added, just for good measure. Anything to get her stuff back.  
  
“Oh my God!” Claire gasped. She held her hand over her mouth as she let out a soft giggle of her own, “I’ve told you before, Ella. I don’t like you like that.”  
  
“What? Claire, I-” Ella started to say, but Claire just cut her off again.  
  
“Did you get all that, Riley?” Claire asked.  
  
“Yep!” the redhead in the back seat exclaimed. Ella realized way too late what she had been tricked into doing, as Riley played the recording from her phone. Her own voice saying “Your boobs look amazing, and your legs look sexy. You look so hot,” combined with Claire’s reaction made it sound exactly like she was hitting on the flirty freshman girl.  
  
“Guess I was right - you’re a lesbian after all!” Claire exclaimed. With no warning, she leaned over to Ella and kissed her on the cheek, “Well, maybe you’re bi. It’s okay to be confused, Ella.”  
  
“Claire, this isn’t funny any more!” Ella exclaimed. Her cheeks were now a bright shade of red as everything hit her - the kiss, Riley’s video, her bikini on Claire, and the fact that she was sitting topless in her own car, “Delete that, right now! And the other pictures! And give me my stuff back!”  
  
“Calm down, Ella!” Claire snapped. She reached over and gave Ella a hard pinch on her stomach, causing the poor girl to immediately lower her hands to defend herself. As she reflexively dropped her arms, Claire gave a HARD slap to one of her boobs, causing Ella to yelp from both the pain and the shock, “If you want your stuff back, stop being so rude! You still owe me two wishes, remember?”  
  
“Okay! Okay…” Ella quickly lowered her voice. It seemed like she was acting more calm due to Claire’s warning, but it was more to avoid anyone nearby from noticing her situation. Ella sucked up her pride all over again and left her chest fully exposed. Claire just smiled, reaching over and squeezing Ella’s bare boobs all over again.  
  
“Say the words, Ella,” Claire said. She gave an unexpectedly hard squeeze. Ella was already planning on repeating the silly words, but Claire’s touch made her gasp in surprise and reluctant arousal. She wasn’t necessarily getting turned on by any of this, but it was also hard to ignore the feeling of Claire’s soft hands expertly playing with her breasts.  
  
“I’m your genie!” Ella quickly exclaimed. She needed to get Claire’s hands off of her before the wicked girl found any other sweet spots, “I’m here to grant your second wish, Claire…”  
  
“Wow, you remembered,” Claire giggled. It just added to the chorus of giggles in the backseat that had been going on and off since all this began. Like last time, Claire gave one more hard squeeze for good measure, then sensually slid her hands back towards the passenger seat until they finally left Ella’s chest. Claire gave another telling smirk, “Okay, my genie. For my second wish…”

**Stripped at the Beach (Part 6)**

“…you are going to drive us home,” Claire simply said. She left just a long enough pause for Ella to feel relieved. After all, that was much easier than driving around the crowded beach. And it meant that this would all hopefully be over soon. But then Claire added, “completely naked.”  
  
“What?!” Ella gasped. Being topless was one thing, but the idea of being bottomless felt so much worse for some reason.  
  
“I said you are going to drive us home completely naked,” Claire repeated her words exactly, as if Ella just hadn’t heard.  
  
“Claire, please-”  
  
“Or I guess we could take an Uber home,” Claire shrugged. She cracked the passenger door open, and just that minor threat alone was enough to get Ella moving.  
  
She blushed all over again as she awkwardly removed her bottoms. The movement was much more difficult while sitting in the car, and her cruel passengers made that awkwardness even worse by saying nothing the entire time. Just watching the mortified girl losing more of her dignity was enough.  
  
“There. Was that so hard?” Claire grinned. She immediately snatched Ella’s last remaining piece of clothing away from her before she could second guess her decision, “Now drive us home. And remember, both hands on the wheel.”  
  
Ella knew the demand was coming, but it didn’t make it any better. She tried to clamp her thighs together, but it was difficult to maintain the position while driving. She quickly pulled out of the parking lot, and had to suffer more pedestrians noticing her situation at every stop light. Thankfully Claire didn’t say anything while she covered up while the car was stopped, but it was still humiliating enough.  
  
“I didn’t take you for a girl who would completely shave,” Claire finally broke the silence once they hit the highway. Ella heard the familiar click of a phone’s camera, and realized Claire was now taking pictures of her. She definitely left the volume on purpose just to get a rise out of the girl.  
  
“Claire! Stop!” Ella exclaimed. It definitely worked, as she quickly lowered one hand to cover herself between the legs.  
  
“Both hands on the wheel, Ella!” Claire pinched her thigh, “I already got a good picture, so chill. If you’re a good genie, you won’t have to worry about it.”  
  
“I-”  
  
“No arguing,” Claire snapped. She roughly pulled Ella’s hand away, once again revealing the poor girl.  
  
Ella took a deep breath and put her hands back on the wheel. Despite Claire’s logic of the fact that she already got a good picture, she continued taking at least ten more now that Ella was being more cooperative.  
  
Ella went back to her strategy of acting like none of this was bothering her, though it was hard to hide her embarrassment when every click of the camera was so loud. When Claire finally got tired of that, she started stripping off her own bikini bottoms. She certainly wasn’t shy about, and Ella tried to ignore the movements and focus on the road, though she quickly realized Claire was doing it to put on Ella’s matching bottoms.  
  
The girls in the back were having a great time digging through Ella’s bag, exploring her wallet, and audibly commentating on every item they touched. While none of her beach things were particularly embarrassing, it was still a breach of privacy she could do nothing about.  
  
After a little while, the three of them just started gossiping amongst themselves as if Ella actually was their Uber driver. The only difference was that Claire would occasionally reach over to pinch Ella, grope her chest a little bit, and stroke her thighs teasingly close to her crotch. Ella managed to stay quiet throughout it all, though it was often hard to bite her tongue at the frequent violations of her personal space.  
  
Ella was grateful that no one from school was around as they drove through Claire’s neighborhood, though she got a stern scolding from some lady who was doing yard work. Save for the highway, Claire had insisted that she keep the windows rolled down to ‘enjoy the early summer air.’ In reality, it was so she could hear every complaint, holler, and/or laugh, especially when they were back on the beach.  
  
“Alright, my genie,” Claire said. This time she gave no warning at all. She reached across and started squeezing and pinching Ella’s breasts, more roughly than either of the previous two times. Ella had to bite her lip once or twice, hating to admit that what Claire was doing actually felt good.  
  
“Ah!” Ella let out a small moan, despite her efforts to keep it in. The laughter of all three girls brought her back to reality, and she said the familiar words, “I’m your genie…I’m here to grant your third wish…” she mumbled, thoroughly embarrassed.  
  
Claire just smirked, eyeing the naked girl up and down.

**Stripped at the Beach (Part 7)**

“I wish for you to kiss me, Ella. Kiss me like you mean it.”  
  
Ella froze as the words sunk in. This time Claire didn’t remove her hands from her chest. Ella was completely straight, and she had never been called a lesbian until Claire’s out of the blue comment earlier. Sure, there was some teasing on the soccer team amongst all of the girls, but none of that was serious.  
  
“Well…?” Claire asked. She gave a hard squeeze with both hands just for emphasis.  
  
“You promise you’ll give my stuff back? And delete the pictures and videos…?” Ella asked. She couldn’t believe it, but she was actually considering it. After all, she had already done the first two wishes. If she bailed now, it would all be for nothing.  
  
“Only if it’s a good kiss,” Claire smiled. She leaned forward, looking at Ella with unnecessarily flirty eyes, “Only if you kiss me like you mean it.”  
  
“Umm…” Ella hesitated. A ‘good kiss’ could be so subjective. She realized Claire set it up in a way where it was still possible for her to be screwed over, but it was too late. Before Ella could even voice her doubts, Claire closed the gap and kissed her.  
  
“Mmm!” Ella let out a muffled cry of surprise. Still, she went along with it. Trying to ignore the whispers from the back seat, she closed her eyes and kissed Claire back.  
  
The bitchy girl was actually quite a good kisser, but it was hard to appreciate that fact amidst an audience and the combined embarrassment today. And, of course, the fact that she wasn’t actually a lesbian. She matched Claire’s speed and passion, but the words also echoed in her head. It had to be a good kiss.  
  
Ella desperately wanted her stuff back and for all of this to be over, so she just went for it. She placed her hands on Claire’s boobs as well, though over her bikini top. The entire kiss was a little awkward due to it being in the front seat of a car, but she tried her best to make it work. Ella could practically feel Claire smirk at the touch, but she didn’t break contact with her lips.  
  
She also reluctantly flicked Claire’s lips with her tongue, trying to be the one to take the lead and make it a good kiss. Claire warmly welcomed her, and before long she felt her tongue rolling around with Claire’s. Ella gave a few hesitant squeezes to Claire’s breasts, though she had no experience doing anything like this with a girl. She just tried to do what she knew she liked, though it was hard to focus on all that when she was in the middle of such an unfamiliar kiss.  
  
The make out session went on for at least a few minutes. Ella didn’t want to be the one to break it off, but she also knew Claire wouldn’t mind doing this forever. Ella didn’t think her ex-friend was a lesbian by any means, but she knew that Claire had a habit of kissing girls at parties. Sometimes just for attention, sometimes to turn guys on. Either way, she was more experienced than Ella was.  
  
Finally, Ella slowly pulled away, hoping her kiss had been enough.  
  
“Done so soon?” Claire whispered. Though the kiss was over, their lips were still less than an inch apart. Both girls’ hands were also still in place as well, “Did you like kissing me?”  
  
Ella had learned her lesson from before. She carefully removed her hands from Claire’s chest, silently praying that the girls in the back seat hadn’t been recording all that.  
  
“Can I please have my stuff back, Claire?” Ella asked.  
  
“Sure, my genie,” Claire smiled. She gave Ella’s bare boobs one more hard squeeze, “Riley?”  
  
“It was a decent kiss,” the redhead judged from the back seat, “But she didn’t try enough with her hands. Ella, you should have stroked her hair, or reached under her bikini top. I didn’t really believe that you wanted her.”  
  
“I-” Ella hesitated. She was about to say that she DID want Claire in response, but knew that was just a trap Riley was setting up.  
  
“What did she earn, Riley?” Claire asked.  
  
“Well, the kiss was good. I’ll give her back her phone, her wallet, and her towel.”  
  
“That should be enough to get you home,” Claire nodded. She finally removed her hands from Ella’s body and got out of the car before Ella could voice her protest. The other girls followed suit. They took all of their belongings, but left Ella’s beach bag in the back seat. As they walked towards Claire’s house, Ella finally found her voice.  
  
“Wait, Claire!” she called out after them.  
  
Claire whispered something to the girls, and they went ahead to the house. Claire came back to the car, this time walking around to the Ella’s side of the car. She rested her arms on the window, her breasts practically right in Ella’s face, “Yes, Ella?”  
  
“You said you would delete the pictures too,” Ella said. She didn’t know which was worse. Claire’s smirk and flirty eyes, or her boobs sitting in the stolen green bikini top.  
  
“I will,” Claire said, “IF you kiss me one more time.”

**Stripped at the Beach (Part 8)**

“Fine,” Ella sighed. What was one more kiss?  
  
Claire just smiled, then leaned her head through the car window. Ella, remembering Riley’s words, reached up and stroked Claire’s hair back. A good kiss meant all this would be over. The girls had definitely conditioned her a little bit.  
  
They made out for a few minutes, and Ella did everything she was told earlier. She gave more attention to Claire’s breasts, slid her hand underneath the green bikini top, and softly played with her hair as they kissed.  
  
After what felt like an eternity, Claire was the one to break it off this time. She gave one last lingering kiss, then pulled away from Ella’s lips, “Well? Do you like kissing me?”  
  
“I love kissing you, Claire,” Ella sighed. Admittedly, she liked how Claire’s hands moved. But kissing her was still weird and awkward. She still wasn’t a lesbian, despite what Claire kept trying to imply. However, she would also say whatever it took to end this whole ordeal.  
  
“I knew it,” Claire giggled. She stroked Ella’s hair and used her other hand to grope her chest one more time, “See you later, Ella.”  
  
“And you’ll delete this pictures…?” Ella asked. After all, that was the whole point of this latest kiss.  
  
“Maybe!”  
  
Claire quickly leaned forward and gave Ella one more kiss. Then she walked up to her house and closed the door without looking back, leaving Ella naked and alone in the car.  
  
Ella just sighed again. She retrieved her towel from the back seat and wrapped it around herself, then drove back towards her own house. Hopefully Claire would just delete the pictures, and that would be the end of it.  
  
But that would be too easy. After she pulled into the driveway, Ella checked her phone for the first time since it was stolen.  
  
One unread text from Claire…