**The Nude Beach**

By K.

Hi, my name is K.  I stumbled across this site by accident, looking for others who had had experiences similar to mine.  I am not sure if any of the other stories here have any grounding in truth but they certainly gave me great enjoyment and a sense that I was not alone in feeling a sort of perverse pleasure at the humiliation of being naked in entirely inappropriate circumstances.  This led me to decide to put finger to keypad and tell the story of a few of my experiences which I hope you will all enjoy as much as I have enjoyed your stories.

First, let me tell you a little bit about me.  I am 20 years old, a student at the University of Warwick in the U.K.; I have shoulder length black hair, blue eyes and very pale skin.  My statistics are 28aa 24 28.  I shave my pubic hair completely and have piercings in my ears, eyebrow, lip, belly button and clit.  This first story though is about a time two years ago, before I had most of my piercings and while I still kept a little hair on my bits.   
    
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I was on holiday with my parents and a girlfriend from school in Portugal.  On this particular day my parents had gone sight-seeing so my friend and I decided to steal a couple of bottles of wine and catch a bus to the beach.  We put on our bikinis, wrapped towels around, slipped on our beach shoes and packed a bag consisting of sun lotion and wine.

This beach, like most in Portugal, was accessed down about 20 flights of stairs cut into the cliff face and had loads of caves and bluffs separating several secluded sections.  Normally when we went with my parents we usually just found the nearest spot to lay out towels and stayed put, so this time we decided to explore.  We took off our towels and put them in the bag and wandered along the sea's edge.  As my parents were not there we were wearing our most daring cossies: mine was a little flannel bra top and very low slung bottoms in white; my friend's a bit naughtier, a teeny, tiny, clingy black bra top and thong bottoms.  It was great fun checking out all the looks we got from guys of all ages as we wandered along, heading further and further towards the end of the beach.

Right at the end we came to a headland jutting out and were just about to turn back when some people came wading around it from the other side.  I asked if there was more beach the other side and (luckily they spoke English) they smiled and said yes.  So round we waded, curious to see this 'hidden' beach.  Once we rounded the end of the bluff we couldn't have been more shocked!  There were about fifty people on the beach, mostly men, and they were all nude!  Now, there were plenty of girls topless bathing on the main beach (something I had suggested, after all I don't have much to worry about, but my friend, very conscious of her 32D breasts, had shied away from the idea) but all these people were completely naked.  After a brief moment, curiosity won the battle with awkward giggliness and we waded up onto the beach to admire the view!

We sat there for a little while, peeking at people around us a little furtively, and then decided to open our wine.  We were about halfway through the first bottle when this young couple came and sat down next to us.  They smiled at us, we smiled back, they asked if we were English (pretty obvious from my pale, pale skin) and we started chatting.  It turns out that nude bathing is perfectly legal anywhere on any beach in that part of Portugal and that on some of the more remote, less touristy beaches, clothed and nude bathers were all together, and no one found this strange.

As time went by with idle chit-chat, we finished the first bottle of wine and were starting to feel pretty drunk.  My friend and I made eye contact and that one look spoke volumes!  We were both thinking, ‘should we?’  We started giggling and I surprised myself by saying, "Well I'm going to!"

My friend just said, "Ok then, me too!" and the next thing we knew we were wriggling out of our swimsuits.  I felt so weird – embarrassed, liberated, shy, horny, terrified, excited, all at once, and I could see my friend was feeling exactly the same!  Until this moment the only time either of us had been naked outside of the confines of our own bedrooms or bathrooms was at the swimming baths or the school sports changing rooms.

For a bit of Dutch courage we decided to open the second bottle of wine and, after a few more swigs, felt bold enough to put our towels and discarded cossies in our bag and go for a walk along this part of the beach.  Looking back we must have looked such a sight: two pasty, drunken English teenagers staggering along with a bottle of wine in hand, staring at all the naked men!  Once we had walked up and down the short stretch of beach in the little cove we wound up back at the bluff we’d first waded around.  We stopped for a while, not sure what to do with ourselves and finished off the last of the wine.  By now my head was swimming and I suddenly felt so incredibly horny at the feeling of rebelliousness about what I was doing!  I could just imagine the looks on my parents’ faces if they knew their daughter and her quiet little friend were parading around naked!

Now, looking back, I can only think that I must have been much drunker than I realized to have done what I did next.  "Chloe," I said, "let’s wade back round to the other part of the beach where there's more people."   
    
"OK, give me my costume out of the bag then," she replied.

"No ... I mean, how we are, after all it's not illegal or anything so we can't get arrested."

For a little while she argued, but she was as drunk as I was and feeling the same strange mixture of emotions which had a little sheen of moisture appearing on my thighs, even though I had been nowhere near the water for about two hours!  We waded around, staying low in the water at first, but soon, as we neared the beach, the water got shallower and shallower so I decided to 'take the plunge' so to speak, and stood fully upright, striding out of the water, my friend following with the bag held a little more cautiously in front of her.

Fueled by the wine and the rush of adrenaline we repeated our walk of a few hours earlier in reverse, all along the waters edge, towards the busiest part of the beach, near the bottom of the stairs.  As we walked we got every conceivable kind of look; locals glanced at us casually, not surprised in the slightest; teenage boys blushed and rolled onto their fronts, putting on sunglasses so they could pretend to be staring somewhere else; old men leered and grinned; one guy wolf-whistled; other English girls stared in shock; middle aged and old English women scowled and muttered and shouted at their husbands; one woman covered up her little girl's eyes; others pretended not to notice.  At this stage I began to feel a little awkward, but the combined sense of arousal and drunken rebelliousness still had firm grip.  Besides, I thought at the time, guys who didn't even give me a second look on the way down the beach were all looking on admiringly now.

"Kate...I want to put something on now...please!" Chloe said just as we were nearing the really busy part of the beach, sounding really edgy, I think she must have started sobering up a bit quicker than me, plus being much curvier and more buxom than me she had always felt more self-conscious.

"In a minute.  Give me the bag for a moment first," I replied.

With that I walked on right into the busiest part of the beach and headed towards the stairs.  I don't know why but at that moment I was overwhelmed by the idea of walking at least part way up the stairs before we got dressed.  I think maybe it's because it was even more of a taboo than walking on the beach in my mind and I wanted to intensify the growing tingling between my legs.

"K. – no!" Chloe said, much firmer and clearer than she had said anything since we had walked around the bluff and drunk the wine.  I looked back and saw she was blushing bright red, a warm flush across her face and breasts.  She was darting glances left and right and her left hand had moved round to cover her pussy while her right arm swung up and down as she unconsciously moved to cover her breasts then pretended not to.  "Come on let’s get dressed or put towels on or something.  We've done it now and it was fun but people are really staring.  Let's put something on, please?"

"Ok, we'll stop in a sec and get the towels out of the bag," I said and walked the last few paces to the steps, slinging the bag over my shoulder.  As I set off up the steps, knowing Chloe would have to follow as I had the bag she shouted my name at me, then again, really loud.

"Don't make a scene Chloe; you'll just draw more attention to yourself.  C'mon we'll stop part way up, it'll be funny, c'mon," I slurred.

With little choice she followed me up the narrow stairs towards the road.  As I trudged up flight after flight of steep, uneven stairs I began to rapidly sober up, and as I did so the previous few hours replayed in front of me.  I almost felt like I was watching someone else in my body doing worse and worse things until suddenly realization hit me!  I really was half way up the stairs of a public beach completely nude, being stared at by fully dressed families walking past me in the other direction, their disgust and disbelief open on their faces.  I glanced behind me to see Chloe was almost in tears by this point.  I just wanted the ground to swallow me up.  I wanted to put on some clothes, a big boiler suit and a trench coat ideally!  I wanted to go back in time and make myself only take one bottle of wine to the beach.  (The fact that it was legal really was of very little comfort at this point!)  I stopped and turned round to Chloe, as we made eye contact she immediately knew that I had realized what I’d done and smiled, part sympathy, and part anger.  I reached to swing the bag off my shoulder and then suddenly saw what was behind us, a big snake of people coming up the stairs behind us who were all now stopped and staring up to see what the hold up was.  At the same moment I also realized that by covering up now we would be admitting we were ashamed and make ourselves look even more foolish.

"C'mon," I mumbled, "let’s see if we can find a spot where the stairs widen out a bit."

So we continued up the stairs, me thankful that the people behind couldn't see me because of Chloe, whose round tanned bottom must have made quite a sight, and her thankful that people only got a brief glimpse of her full frontal exposure as they went by, while my tiny boobs and pussy with my little tuft of black hair were on view for all to see.

We continued to walk further and further up, desperately hoping for a little alcove to stop in and get out of the lanes of human traffic so we could dress.  Chloe and I both tried to open the bag as we walked but it was the fiddly kind with drawstrings and buckles and on those treacherous stairs we were too afraid of losing our footing to be able to concentrate enough to undo the fastenings as the bag bounced around on my back.  Besides we didn't want to draw too much attention to our discomfort, we had to carry on acting like what we were doing was perfectly normal for us or else I think we would have just curled up in a little ball and died.  As we walked, I tried to remember if I had seen any alcoves on the way down; I couldn't, but then again, I reasoned that I hadn’t really been looking.

As we neared the top I really started to panic, we were now completely out of sight of the beach, with its comforting topless girls and scantily clad bathers.  We were now the only people wearing less that shorts and t-shirts and the stares were now completely open and blatant, several of the women we walked past, heads down, muttered things like "filthy" and "disgusting" and "whores".  Behind me I heard Chloe start to sniffle and as I glanced back saw tears had appeared in her eyes.  I felt so guilty for getting her into this situation.  We rounded another corner and I realized that we had reached the final flight of stairs...and still no alcove!  The realization of what was coming hit me like a sledgehammer – at the top of these stairs was a bus stop and a busy dual carriageway!  There wasn't even a car park full of cars to hide behind as that was a little way away further down the road.  Completely numb, I just kept putting one foot in front of the other.  Behind me Chloe was openly sobbing now.  Suddenly a thought hit me – we had been told that nude bathing was allowed but being naked at the side of a public road far away from the beach was quite another thing.  What if a police car was passing and we got arrested?  Suddenly I felt very foolish for my amusement at how my parents would react if they found out; it had now become a real possibility, and not one I could bear to consider.

Slowly, inevitably, the last step came and I emerged out onto the roadside.  For a moment I was rooted to the spot with humiliation.  A group of about thirty people had just gotten off the bus that was pulling away and were staring at me open-mouthed.  As the bus drew off I turned to look at the cars that were passing, every person in every car was staring at me.  A hand touching my buttock made me leap back to my senses.

"Come On K!  Get that bag open!" wailed a desperate Chloe.  I threw the bag off my shoulder onto the ground and got down onto my hands and knees wrestling with the awkward fastenings, not realizing and not caring in that final moment that I was exposing by skinny little bottom and moist lips to the passing cars, I was fixated on getting that bag open and getting covered up.  After what seemed an age, with me cursing myself with each passing second for having bought such a stupid bag just because it was fashionable, I undid it and yanked out the towels.

A split second later we were covered again and I felt so relieved that I began to cry.  As we stood there wrapped in our glorious, glorious towels, we were still being stared at by all the people who had followed us up the stairs, but now there was nothing for them to stare at except two very shame-faced girls with the beginnings of both a hang-over and a massive adrenalin come down!  We were stared at on the bus all the way back to the hotel, and every day after by the pool we could see people staring and pointing and whispering to friends.  We had one brief moment of terror when we were stood in the bar with my parents and this girl walked up and asked if we were the girls who'd gone naked at the beach; fortunately my parents were having their own conversation and didn't hear so we shushed the girl and got rid of her.

Looking back this was one of the most amazingly fulfilling moments of my life.  The sheer range and strength of the emotions I felt were so vast, so far beyond anything I had ever experienced before that I think I became addicted to it.  Hence I have since contrived or allowed myself to be put into similar and progressively more extreme circumstances, just to feel that amazing buzz again.  I still get the feelings of shame and humiliation and embarrassment as I did the first time once I am actually doing it, but that just heightens the whole thing more.  Oh, and thinking back on it makes for wonderful images as I masturbate, especially immediately after!  My climaxes are always ten times better than normal, and on the few occasions I’ve had sex during or after one of my little “experiences” it was quite simply indescribable.  That one day on that beach and those two bottles of wine completely changed my world and opened doors to levels of feelings both physical and emotional that I’d previously not comprehended.  As for little Chloe, she just blushes every time I mention it and has sworn me to secrecy.  She admits it was kind of fun to start but that where it ended up was just too horrible for her to even let the thought of doing anything similar enter her head, for a while after she even wore a bikini under her swim suit at the pool back home just in case!

If you like my tale of my first escapade let me know and I will endeavor to write up some of the things I have done since for you.

Love,   
K

 xxx