**Beach Bikini Shop**

by[TexRiffraff](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1402595&page=submissions)©

College girls share the thrill of showing off their bodies.  
  
All I can say is, thank goodness I'm not a coffee fiend. Otherwise, we probably would have missed a great opportunity.  
  
I'm Caitlin, and my friends Jessica, Alyssa, and Danielle and I were on a road trip. The four of us are practically sisters -- our parents attended college together and have been close friends ever since. We were all born within a few months of each other, and although we live in different cities, our families have vacationed together since we were four years old. Now we're attending college together.   
  
Visually, we're peas from the same pod, nuts from the same tree. We're all size 8, occasionally a 6 or a 10, depending on the brand. Ally is the tallest, probably 5' 9, and Jessi is the shortest, about 5' 6. The biggest difference is, I'm a redhead, Dani is a honey blonde, Ally is a platinum blonde, and Jessi is a brunette -- her hair looks black until she's out in bright sun, then it reveals rich, dark mahogany highlights. We must look pretty good, since when we walk by, all the guys at the campus pool seem to lose their place in their conversations.  
  
None of us were interested in sororities, and none of us had a full-time guy, so for our freshman year, we spent a weekend a month exploring the sights and towns within a few hours of the college. That particular spring weekend, we had reservations at an inexpensive hotel about a ten minute walk from the ocean.   
  
None of us had a Friday afternoon class, so after we parked our books and got packed, we were on the road by mid-afternoon. By dusk, we had our stuff unloaded into our hotel room. We found a wonderful diner, had a great dinner, explored the town a little, and took a moonlight stroll on the beach, splashing in the surf.  
  
Even our shared hotel room was a strain on our college-girl budgets, so there would be no sleeping in -- we could sleep in for free back at the dorm. The morning was magnificent, warm but not hot, bright sun, nice easy breeze rolling off the water. By 9 am we had eaten a light breakfast, and were settled on the beach, catching rays, and I have to say, turning the guys' heads. In our tiny bikinis, every time we'd get up to cool off in the water, I couldn't help but notice that all the guys snapped their heads around to get an eyeful, and a second, and a third.  
  
By mid-afternoon, we'd had enough sun for the day. We decided to head back to the room to drop off our stuff, and explore the little beach town in more detail. We'd shower and change into dinner attire -- shorts instead of bikinis -- later.  
  
We left the hotel, and Alyssa immediately spotted a coffee shop. Even this late in the day, nothing was going to stop her, Jessica, and Danielle from getting their daily fix. I guess I was the only one who wasn't fueling her academic efforts with caffeine, so I decided to pass.   
  
Earlier, I had seen a sign in a store window that intrigued me, so as the others made a bee-line for the coffee shop, I told them, "When you guys are done, meet me in the bikini shop half a block up the street, I'm going to look around."  
  
I wasn't sure I had read the sign correctly, but when I got back to the shop, there it was: "Girls, Ask About Free Bikini Tops." Cool! Free is good.  
  
I pushed the door open, ringing a bell attached to it -- old school! An older guy at the counter barely looked up from his paper. I browsed a bit, and they had some seriously cute pieces. Strictly speaking, they didn't sell bikinis there -- the tops and bottoms hung on individual hangers, and were priced and sold separately. Each fixture had two racks, an upper one, holding rows of tops, and a lower, with bottoms. Similar pieces were grouped together, by style and color, so if you saw a top you liked, there was a choice of compatible bottoms right below it.  
  
The important point was, there were some great pieces there. I approached the counter, interrupting the guy's reading. "Yes?"  
  
"How do I get a free bikini top?"  
  
"Simple. You give me the one you have on, you can have a free one."  
  
I think I succeeded in not looking startled. "So it's a trade?"  
  
"No, when you put the new one on, I give yours back. You keep them both."  
  
"Okay, thanks."  
  
He went back to his paper. He probably got asked that a lot. Most girls would be unwilling to show their breasts in public, so I'm sure it usually went no further.   
  
Usually, that is. There's nothing usual about me and my friends. Awhile back, we learned that we all get a special thrill out of being naked in public. I can't really explain it, other than to say that I find it seriously stimulating taking my clothes off in places where it's not the norm to be naked. It's obvious that Jessica, Alyssa, and Danielle do as well.   
  
They had no idea what was awaiting them after coffee. I was ecstatic to have a head start.  
  
There was only one other customer in the shop, a very pretty blonde. She looked like she was slightly older -- probably out of college, but not by much. She had her boyfriend with her (possibly her husband -- neither of them wore a ring, but they may have taken them off for the beach). He looked rather bored, but was being a good sport and not complaining.  
  
I mulled over whether the price for the "free" top was too extreme -- for about two seconds -- and, my face, chest, and pussy glowing in anticipation, reached behind my back. I unclasped my top, and lifted it over my head. Feeling like my head was a pressure cooker with a stuck valve that was going to blow at any minute, I walked my top over to the counter, and handed it to the clerk. He looked surprised, and began to sputter some sort of objection.  
  
"Yes?" I asked.  
  
He picked up my top, placed it under the counter, muttered, "Nothing, nothing," and went back to his paper.  
  
The other girl's boyfriend noticed me before she did. His eyes caressed my breasts, which are large B-cups, or smallish C-cups, I guess depending on whether you think the bra-cup is half-empty or half-full. I admit they're not the world's biggest, but if I do say so myself, above my slender waist and (almost) flat tummy, they're quite nice -- full, round, firm. I've been told they're "delightful."  
  
I could practically feel his eyes on me, and I saw him suppressing a grin. He turned his head away from me -- he didn't want his lady to see him ogling me, but he followed my every move out of the corners of his eyes. A moment later, she noticed me, and quickly whipped her gaze over to him. Apparently he was watching me subtly enough not to be in trouble, so she returned to her browsing.  
  
My nipples responded to being out in the open by poking out almost painfully. I mean, I may be quick to pounce on an opportunity to get naked in public, but that doesn't mean I'm completely at ease with it. It's a thrill, but it's also a challenge -- it takes a lot of encouragement from my inner voice. At the end of the day, however, I've ended up feeling more regret from the times I've chickened out, and missed an opportunity, than the times I've shown my naughty bits to the world.  
  
I started out in the middle of the store, where I had seen some really cute tops, but after a few minutes, having only one pair of eyes on me wasn't very exciting. The store had a large front window onto the sidewalk, surrounded by a sampling of the store's goods, that was where I wanted to be.  
  
When I got there, four cute guys, also college age, were walking past the shop. One of them noticed me, and it barely took a nano-second for the rumor of the topless girl in the window to spread to the other three. As if they were a single eight-footed creature, they skidded to a stop. Needless to say, all eight eyes were all on me.  
  
They stared at me through the window for a moment, then casually, nonchalantly, entered the shop, as if that's where they had been headed the whole time.  
  
The shopkeeper looked up from his paper. "No loitering, guys. If you're here to make a purchase, welcome. Otherwise, customers only." Like explaining the rules for the free top, he seemed to have made that speech about a gazillion times -- in a shop that encouraged girls to get half-naked, I'm sure he often had to run off gawkers.  
  
The boys ambled over to the only guys' rack in the store, which had some expensive board shorts, and a selection of rude (but expensive) t-shirts -- "Free Moustache Rides," that sort of thing.   
  
The bell on the door rang, and I glanced over, expecting to see Ally, Dani, and Jessi, and not wanting to miss the priceless looks on their faces when they saw me. It wasn't them, however, it was a group of three girls. They weren't very pretty, and were rather over-processed to compensate for that, but by their clothes, shoes, jewelry, and condescending attitudes, they projected that they were from a completely different part of town. These girls were "the other half" that we hear about sometimes, they made me feel like I was from the wrong side of the tracks.  
  
They began browsing the racks, and didn't see me for a minute. Then one of them noticed, made a sour face, and said, "Eww, I don't think this is our kind of store" to her friends.   
  
I tried to explain, "No, it's for a free bikini top," but they weren't interested in hearing.  
  
As they exited, I heard one of them say, "Whatever, I mean, how much could a bikini top cost?"  
  
"It's not the money, lard-ass," I thought. Out on the sidewalk, they corralled their boyfriends, who must have been parking the Hummer or the Bentley, and herded them away from the premises. Aah, I got it: shield the dudes from any distractions.  
  
By now the attractive blonde had made her selection, paid, and was leading her guy out of the store. He smiled, and gave me a small nod of encouragement. She grabbed his hand and pulled him out the door.   
  
The four guys each selected a t-shirt, and having stalled as long as possible, finally had to pay. They slowly ambled out the door, and turned back up the sidewalk toward where they came from, but that was just so they could cruise past the window again. A moment later, they made a u-turn and passed the store a final time, going in their original direction. I gave them a wave. Two of them looked away, as if they had been 'busted,' one of them smiled, and the fourth one smiled and waved back.   
  
I began to see why the shop would do something as financially reckless as give away bikini tops -- that's four t-shirts they definitely wouldn't have sold if I hadn't been here, tits out, to lure them in. My business professor would be proud of me for recognizing that the store's profit margin was probably much higher on t-shirts than on bikinis, so even with zero revenue from the top I was going to get, the store was dollars ahead, in both sales and profit.  
  
I went back to browsing. The bell over the door rang, and this time it was my friends. I paused and looked their way, wanting to savor every nuance of their reactions to my state of dress.   
  
They didn't react at all. Completely neutral, they dispersed into the racks of bikinis, checking out the swimwear. Ally said, "Cait, sorry for the delay, there was a line at the coffee shop."  
  
None of them flinched, blinked, double-took, or said a word about my titties hanging out. I was sure they had glanced at me, and they couldn't have missed noticing that I was topless. Dani said, "Ooh, Jessi, check this one out, you'd look great in it."  
  
I was getting seriously irritated. I mean, I'm one tiny piece of cloth away from being buck-ass naked, and they can't even notice? I put my hands on my hips and glared at them, giving them what Jessi calls "the Dad look," and they all paused, and finally burst out laughing.  
  
They gave each other high fives, congratulating themselves on how they "got me good." Whatever!  
  
"How did you know?" I asked.  
  
"Easy," Dani replied. "We passed these four guys on the sidewalk, they were going on and on about the topless girl in the bikini shop."  
  
"Yeah," Jessi jumped in. "How they give away free tops if you take yours off."  
  
"I mean," Ally continued, "How many bikini shops could there be in this block?"   
  
"And how many girls," Jessi finished, "would be as willing as you are to prance around a store half-naked?"  
  
Well, besides me, at least one: Dani was over at the register handing her top to the guy, who put it underneath the counter with mine.  
  
Ally and Jessi resumed browsing, with their tops on. "You're not joining us?" I asked.  
  
"Maybe later," Ally said.  
  
"I dunno," Jessi said, "I probably have all the bikinis I need."  
  
Typical. Practically every time we stumble on an opportunity to do something exciting, Dani and I jump on it, and Jessi and Ally lag behind, until Dani and I browbeat and cheerlead them into doing it. Then all four of us have a great time, and talk later about how awesome it was, how exciting it was to show ourselves, and how much we love it. Including how much THEY, Jessi and Ally, love it. Then the next opportunity presents itself, and we start all over.  
  
I was tired of it. "Yeah, you're right," I responded. "You probably do."  
  
That wasn't what either one of them expected. They were braced to defend themselves, and when I "agreed" with them, it left them deflated.  
  
Out the front window, evening traffic was increasing, lightly in the street, but heavy foot traffic on the sidewalk. Dani and I headed back to the window, to browse with the greatest audience. A group of three guys noticed us, and ducked into the store. The guy at the register gave his "No loitering, guys" speech, and they headed over to the t-shirts, keeping their eyes on us. Two couples strolled past the shop, maybe headed for an early dinner, and one of the guys saw us. He stopped, gestured at us to the other guy and their ladies, and they also came in. Another couple entered the store, but they came from the other direction, so it wasn't us that drew them in, but they noticed us quickly enough.  
  
"What are you doing?" that latest lady asked Dani.  
  
"The sign says 'Free Bikini Top,'" she responded, gesturing at the guy at the counter, "the catch is he holds yours until you put the new one on."  
  
The lady nodded, and resumed browsing.  
  
I noticed that Jessi had joined us and had her top off. Ally looked gloomy, she was having trouble taking the plunge. I sidled up next to her, and quietly said, "You know you'll regret it if you don't."  
  
She nodded, and said, "Would you just come with me?"   
  
When we got to the register, I gave her a nod of encouragement, and rather than make herself more miserable by drawing it out, she quickly popped her top and handed it to the guy. He nodded, and put it under the counter with the others.  
  
The three latest t-shirt guys had made their selections, and crowded around us. They tried to chat us up, but when the cashier started ringing up their purchases, we slipped away and returned to the window.  
  
The t-shirt guys left the store, trying one last time to catch our eye. Right behind them, the lady who had asked Dani what we were doing and her boyfriend were also leaving. She held up a top for us to see, and chirped "thanks" at us. I hadn't even seen her get half-naked.  
  
The store was rapidly becoming a cacophony of activity. Guys were looking a t-shirts, girls were looking at bikinis, some of them with boyfriends, some of them in groups with each other. The guy at the register was giving his "No loitering" speech, and ringing up purchases.   
  
Two other girls besides the four of us were browsing topless. Girls were buying bikinis. Guys were buying t-shirts. Girls were getting free tops. Guys were buying bikinis for their girls. Girls were buying bikinis AND getting free extra tops to go with them.  
  
A very cute guy appeared at my side, and said, "So, what's the deal?"  
  
I explained the free tops thing to him, and he said, "That's freakin' awesome! I gotta tell the guys in the band about this, we should do this with band t-shirts. Thanks!"  
  
Ally appeared at my side, and said, "Come with me back to the register for a sec." She had a really odd look on her face that I couldn't read. I went with her, wondering what was up. We had to wait in line, business was booming.  
  
When it was our turn, Ally said, "Um, could we, um, well..." and she faltered.   
  
The guy looked at her, glanced at the line behind us of people waiting to check out, and patiently said, "Could you what?"  
  
She took a deep breath, and said, "Could we get free bottoms also?" Yay Ally, you go, girl -- I had no idea she had it in her to take such a bold step!  
  
The guy looked at her like she had grown scaly fins on both sides of her head. "You want free bottoms... That's not what the sign says."  
  
"I know it's not what the sign says, but could we?"  
  
He sighed, and said, "Why should I?"  
  
"You're the owner, right?" He nodded. She gestured at how crowded the store was, and said, "Look at what some topless girls have done for your business. Imagine what some naked girls would do."  
  
He grimaced, and said, "Look, I'm not licensed for nudity, and I can't afford to get closed down. I was barely breaking even when I put my little sign up, since then my business has more than doubled. Most days, a couple of girls get free tops. The police just look the other way because I don't sell kids' suits, and a little brief toplessness is fairly harmless."  
  
Ally pled our case, "We're not gonna do anything offensive, or blatantly sexual. If anyone gets their knickers in a knot, we'll cover up."  
  
He didn't say anything -- not "yes," but he definitely didn't say "no." That felt like "yes" to me, and Ally and I both broke into huge grins.   
  
We moved off to the side, so the guy could ring up more purchases. Ally looked at me, and I looked at her. This was the moment of truth -- pulling off our bottoms was always stressful, but add on that this was the first time we'd done it indoors. It felt strange -- when you're outside, you can sort of pretend that what's going on is you're just naturally enjoying the outdoors. All the people around you are incidental, a minor distraction. They're outside, too, enjoying the sun and the fresh air. They're not necessarily there just to gawk at the tits and ass.  
  
Indoors is totally different. No one takes off their clothes to enjoy an indoor environment. Nobody basks in the sensuality of fluorescent light and air conditioning. There was no pretending that most of these people would have been here anyway, browsing bikinis -- they were there to look at us, and our breasts. It was clearly "Look, there's half-naked girls in the store, let's go check them out."  
  
There was another factor for me. Almost any girl who wears a swimsuit has to do some grooming "down there," but Ally had been the first of us to completely shave her pussy. I loved how it looked, and immediately decided I would do it too. I worried a little that it might be uncomfortable, but she assured me it wasn't, and more convincingly, she had kept hers shiny smooth. Just before we left for this trip, I had taken the plunge, and shaved mine completely bare. No one, not even the girls, had seen it yet. I mean, we got into our jammies last night and our bikinis this morning in our hotel room, but we didn't pay much attention to each other, so no one noticed. I was eager to show it off, but I hadn't imagined its debut would be so public.  
  
And so there we were, getting ready to bare our butts and pussies to a store full of people. I returned from my reverie to the here and now, and saw that the store was actually more packed with people than I had realized. The owner was ringing up more purchases. Ally simply lowered her bottoms to the floor, and stepped out of them. I realized that if I thought about it any longer, I was going to freeze up and it would become paralyzingly difficult.

I hooked my thumbs in the elastic, and tugged down. I lifted my feet out, and held my bottoms out to the guy. Looking like he had swallowed his tongue, he put both Ally's bottoms and mine under the counter with our other pieces.  
  
We returned to the front window. Several people in the store were pointing at us. Jessi was in the middle of the store, surrounded by "admirers," and Dani was at the window, with some guys enjoying the view from the sidewalk. Ally and I settled in on either side of her. She didn't initially detect the change in our state of dress, but the guys definitely did. She noticed their reaction, and turned to us to see what was up. Her eyes widened, and she did her best Keanu Reeves, "Whoa."  
  
She said, "I'm in," and with no hesitation, pulled her bottoms off. The guys on the sidewalk had been looking like they were about ready to leave, but with this new development, they came into the store. They got the "No loitering" speech, and headed for the t-shirts. Dani took her bottoms to the counter, stopping off and collecting Jessi on the way. Jessi didn't look particularly happy about it, but followed Dani to the register, and with only a slight hesitation, pulled her bottoms off as well.  
  
Dani had also shaved her mound, leaving Jessi, who had a narrow landing strip, with the only pubic hair among the four of us. They joined Ally and me in the window, and Ally said to Jessi, "Feel over-dressed?" Jessi rolled her eyes at her, and groaned, but also blushed.   
  
I had seen one particular bikini that I liked best, but I spent considerable time looking for a better one. Well, looking, but also enjoying being the center of attention of all these people. Probably three quarters of the people in the shop had come in because of us, and it didn't take long for the rest of them to notice us.   
  
The guys just gawked and grinned. The gals showed a mixture of facial expressions: fear, that we were going to cross an imaginary line and threaten them or their fellas; curiosity, why we would be doing this; wonder, how we were able to be comfortable without clothes; admiration, that we were so confident; and envy, wishing that they had the guts to do it too.   
  
A few did do it too, took their tops off, anyway. I saw several of them, but they made their selection quickly. Some of them had selected a bikini to buy, and they bared their boobs to get a second top to go with their new one. I told you, this place had some seriously cute pieces.  
  
I wasn't having any luck finding anything better than the one I had in mind, so I headed back to the rack where I remembered it. I hadn't seen Ally, Jessi, or Dani for awhile, and there they were, all three of them clustered around a single rack. Now, I'm not that much of a connoisseur of the female form, but I couldn't help but notice that my friends all have great asses. Firm, smooth, shaped like upside-down hearts. Adorable little dimples above each cheek. What's interesting is, each of the three was distinctly different from the others, but they were all spectacular.   
  
We had been in the store for over an hour, most of it naked. Dani was the first to pull a top and bottom out of the racks. She had selected the exact bikini that I had been thinking of. Dang it! I didn't think two of us should get the same one, but I didn't really have a second favorite. Maybe it wouldn't count as the same if I got a different color. She had black, so I flipped through the racks and pulled out the same pieces in a gorgeous, rich turquoise. Dani looked at it and said, "I didn't see that, that's a beautiful color."  
  
I said, "I love it in black..." No further words were necessary, she handed me the black, I gave her the turquoise.   
  
Ally joined us and checked out what we'd selected. "I was looking at that same one," she said, looking a little dejected. I guess she didn't think we should get the same ones, either.  
  
"They have it in red," I said. She perked up, red is her favorite color. She ruffled through the racks, and pulled it out in red.  
  
"Aww," Jessi said from right behind me, "that's the one I liked."  
  
"Look," Dani said, holding out the same suit in white. Jessi has beautiful, Mediterranean olive skin, and tans the deepest of all of us. "This would look great on you."  
  
Jessi held it up to herself, and we all nodded, but she wasn't sold on it. "Should we really all get the same bikini, even in different colors?"  
  
Ally answered, "I know for me, any time I see mine, or one of you wearing yours, it'll remind me of this amazing afternoon. I won't mind that at all..." Jessi seemed to like that, so she led us over to the counter, and got in line.   
  
The guy had to have rung up over $1,000 in sales in the time we'd been there. When we got to the front, he asked us if we'd mind waiting for a moment while he rang up the items of the two people in line behind us.  
  
He directed us over beside the counter, where he had a dark velour shower curtain kind of thing hanging on the wall, and pulled out a compact digital camera. "I'd like to get a shot of each of you with your freebies, if you wouldn't mind," he said. One by one, he had us pose in front of the drape, holding up our new bikinis. Then, as a bonus, we posed as a group, Jessi and I kneeling in front, and Ally and Dani behind us.  
  
He retrieved our old bikinis, and put them in a bag, and we put on our new ones. He said, "Thank you, ladies, come again," smiling.   
  
We turned to exit, but I had a question for him. "When I first took off my top, you were trying to tell me something. What was it?"  
  
With a twinkle in his eye, he said, "Most of the girls browse for their free top with their top on. They find the one they like, and only take their old one off when they get to the register." He shook his head, and said, "Including the photo, they're topless for less than a minute."  
  
Their loss, I say!  
  
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We created quite a stir, walking back to the hotel. The new bikinis were quite small, but quite stylin', and if I do say so myself, we looked striking in them. We hadn't worn cover-ups, but if even if we had, we wouldn't have put them on -- we were too energized by what we had just done to be anything but quite demonstrative. We modeled for each other, posing and dancing seductively as we worked our way up the sidewalk.   
  
We definitely got noticed -- cars honked at us, pedestrians waved, people pointed. Even when we reached the hotel and turned off the sidewalk into the parking lot, people took notice of the four slender, shapely girls wearing almost nothing.  
  
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After another great dinner at our diner, we headed back to the beach. To be blunt, there was nothing exceptional about this beach town, there are hundreds like it on both coasts, as well as along the Gulf of Mexico. But for this weekend, it was OUR beach town, and it was paradise -- a full moon was shining, the water was warm, the tide was coming in, sand stretched forever in both directions, and a soul-stirring breeze came in off the water. The air was cool enough not to be hot, and warm enough not to be chilly.  
  
We strolled along the water's edge, our sandals in our hands, letting the surf overtake our feet when it wanted to. There were a few other folks also out enjoying the evening, but most of them seemed to be heading in. That's not unusual -- unless it's Spring Break, many beach towns get quiet early, even on Saturday night. Particularly if, like in this town, there aren't any bars or clubs near the sand.  
  
I stopped and stood where the waves washed past me, both coming in and going out. I love the sensation of the flowing water pulling grains of sand out from under my feet, sucking them down into the sand. In only a couple of moments, I was ankle deep.  
  
The four of us are good enough friends that no one feels the need to fill time with talking. Long periods of silence are always comfortable between us. So, I was the first to speak in a long while. "I'm going in," I said, pulling my shirt over my head. By the time anyone responded, I had my bra off, and was pulling my shorts down.  
  
"Me too," said Dani. I stepped back to sand that was clear of high tide, stepped out of my sandals, and piled my clothes neatly on them. I pulled off my panties and added them to the stack. Dani piled hers right beside mine.  
  
"Wait," said either Jessi or Ally, I couldn't tell, because I was already running into the waves.  
  
I love being naked in the water. I love how it feels, body parts that are usually covered getting wet, how the breeze cools those private bits of skin in between splashes. I was in heaven.  
  
I got sprayed a little more thoroughly than the size of the waves would create, and realized Dani was splashing me. I splashed her back, and turned away as she wound up for a huge one. Ally and Jessi joined us, Jessi mildly scolding us, "Sometimes I can't believe you two." Dani and I both splashed her in response.  
  
We carried on like that for a good while, splashing, cavorting. The moon was high overhead, so with our eyes adjusted to the night, it was actually pretty bright.   
  
I ended up sitting on the sand, feet out toward the sea, in that middle zone where as a wave retreated, it left me dry, but then the next wave would surround me as it came in.  
  
I reclined on my elbows, enjoying the water rushing around me, and letting the breeze caress me. My pussy had me hypnotized -- the surf splashed into it every time a new wave came in, and as each wave retreated, the receding water would ripple over it, tickling it. In the moonlight, I couldn't take my eyes off it -- this was the first time since I had shaved I had taken the time to scrutinize it.  
  
"It's really different, isn't it?" Ally said. I hadn't realized she had settled in beside me.  
  
"I really like it," I responded. "You still happy with yours?"  
  
"Yeah," she said, but there was a tiny hesitation in her voice.  
  
"But what?" I probed.  
  
"Well, I've gotten a little tired of keeping it shaved."   
  
"I thought you said you shaved it once a week, and that was plenty."  
  
"That's how I started out. But in a week, enough stubble comes in, that it's a bit difficult -- the razor really has to work hard. It's easier and much more comfortable to do it twice a week."  
  
"That's a lot," I sympathized. It actually didn't sound like that much, but I wanted to draw out everything she had to say. She paused, like she was reluctant to say whatever was next. I waited.  
  
"So, I had it waxed."   
  
"Wasn't that painful?"  
  
She winced. "Yes! It was awful -- I had no idea. But, it's a week and a half later, and it's still baby-bottom smooth. If it really lasts a month before it starts to get scruffy, like they claimed, that may be the way to go."  
  
I nodded. Jessi and Dani settled in beside us. I noticed something about Jessi. "You shaved, too!"  
  
"Yeah, I thought you guys looked fantastic at the bikini shop, and I didn't have a lot left with my little racing stripe, so I took a moment and finished it off when we changed for dinner. What do you think?"  
  
"Looks great," we all said.  
  
As I had with their butts back at the store, I was taken with how different four slender, attractive girls can look. Our breasts, so similar in size, were so different in the details -- round or slightly conical, firm or a little bouncier, flattened out or slumped to the side as we reclined. Our nipples differed in size, shape, and color, even where they were positioned and which way they pointed.   
  
And our pussies -- I mean, I've never really thought much about pussies, so I had no idea how much variation there can be from one to the next -- how much slit rises above the Y-shape made by the creases where our thighs meet our tummies, whether or not the clit or the inner lips peek out of the outer lips, and if they do, whether they're crinkly or smooth. Amazing.  
  
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I forget who arose first, saying, "Maybe it's time to get back."  
  
I forget who noticed that our clothes were gone. Gone. As in, no longer there. Washed away by the surf. It was my fault, I was first to strip, they all put their clothes with mine. What I'd thought was the high tide line, wasn't. How fucking stupid... At first we thought we were just looking in the wrong place, but there, surrounded by wet sand, were five sandals, and three of our little beach purses, which were basically nothing but canvas wallets with straps.  
  
We waded out into the surf, hoping that the water had claimed our things so recently that we could locate them. We managed to find the other three sandals, and the fourth purse. Those were apparently the only things that floated. Everything else was gone.  
  
We went through our handbags, and most of our critical possessions were present -- drivers licenses, credit cards, cash, and car keys. What was missing was our room keys.  
  
"I had mine in my pocket," I said.  
  
"Me too," said the others.   
  
"Nobody had it in their purse?" We all shook our heads. Unbelievable.  
  
So there we were, blocks from our hotel, not a single bra, shirt, pair of panties, shorts, or room key between us.  
  
"Now what?" I said, fear rising in my gut.  
  
"We've gotta figure out how to get back to the hotel," Jessi said, sounding a lot calmer than I felt.  
  
"Without getting arrested, or assaulted," Dani added. She didn't sound calm at all, she sounded more like what I felt -- panicked.  
  
Remember how I complained about Ally and Jessi, earlier? Cancel that -- in this difficult moment, they really rose to the occasion, and took charge. Jessi said, "Calm, girls. No need to get agitated, we're gonna get through this. We'll laugh, later."  
  
Yeah, MUCH later, I thought.  
  
Ally said, "First, we need to figure out where we are -- I have no idea how far we strolled when we first got here."  
  
Jessi said, "Look down the beach -- there's no one to bother us, so come on, we'll solve this one step at a time. First, let's find the street we came in on, then we'll figure out how to get to the hotel."  
  
We set out walking. Like most beaches, there were 55-gallon drums lined with trash bags every twenty or thirty yards, so we proceeded, from one of them to the next. There weren't many cars up on the road, but if we saw headlights while we were between trash drums, we'd dart to the next one, and hide behind it until the car passed.  
  
"Maybe we should wave down the next car, get them to help us," Dani said.  
  
"I don't think so," Ally said. "I think four naked girls getting into a stranger's car isn't a very good idea. Besides, it's not like we're miles from the hotel, we can get there without help." Dani nodded, looking rather grim.  
  
We reached a point that we all recognized as the street the hotel was on. Walking along the deserted beach had been easy, now the tricky part was beginning.  
  
I guess I'd always realized that there was a downside to being naked in public, I'd just never thought it through. Obviously, you're vulnerable. What surprised me is that, when I wasn't in control, when it wasn't my choice to be naked and exposed, I wasn't quite as eager to be seen. In fact, I was quite eager NOT to be seen.  
  
Our next step was to work our way across the sand to the road. It was more difficult, without the trash bins to hide behind if any people or vehicles appeared. We crouched, and ran in little spurts, like commandos in those action movies that guys love to watch. We made it to a trash bin on the sidewalk and regrouped. Directly across the street was a small bike shop, closed at this time of night. Its door was inset from the front, creating a small alcove off the sidewalk, just large enough to shelter the four of us, let us plan our next move.   
  
I pointed that out, and was ready to run over there, but Jessi said, "Wait. Let's think about it. The front of the shop is brightly lit, so it's not a great place to hide and stay unseen. But look around the back -- there's a carport kind of overhang, it's probably where they keep the rental bikes when they're open. It's dark, that would be a better place to start."  
  
Nobody disagreed, so we dashed across the street. I surprised myself -- for the very first time since we began exposing ourselves in public, I held an arm across my boobs, and a hand over my pussy. I noticed that the others did the same.  
  
Dani said, the stress obvious in her voice, "Great, we're across, and it's dark, but now somehow we've got to get around to the front so we can start working our way up the street toward the hotel."  
  
Jessi said, "Maybe not. This is a small town. Only the main street, behind us, has businesses. Look," and she pointed across the alley, "the street in front of us is residential. It'll be darker, have less traffic, and have more hidey places than the business street. The hotel is up four full blocks, then in the middle of the fifth block. I seem to remember that the parking lot backs up to an alley, and I think it's this one that we're on."  
  
Dani said, "These are long blocks..."  
  
Ally ignored that, and said, "Let's try the alley for the first block. If there are enough hiding places to duck into, we'll stay on it. If not, we'll go over to the residential street for the rest of the trip." Amazingly, she made covering that distance, completely naked, sound like something we could actually do.  
  
The first block wasn't bad. We cautiously worked our way from one nook to the next. The businesses all had painted cinder block or brick rear facades, and the houses had fenced-in back yards, but there were insets and gaps. We divided the alley into small bites, and conquered them one at a time. We ran from the bike shop about twenty yards to a business that had an alcove for receiving deliveries. We paused for a moment, made sure the coast was clear, then ran another hundred feet to a nook behind a house, where they put their garbage cans for pickup on trash day. And that was how the first block went -- run, pause, scout out ahead, identify our next safe zone, and dash to it.   
  
We soon found that we could run faster if we didn't cover our breasts and pussies. It was scarier, I felt way more exposed, but getting to each safe zone faster felt like more of an advantage than being less exposed, so that's how we all did it.   
  
We had selected our next nook, and were one deep breath away from dashing for it, when a car turned into the alley. We dived back into our hiding place, hearts racing, wondering if we'd been seen. The car passed, apparently without noticing us. It was an older couple, I guess they lived in of one of the homes -- the houses all had their garage or carport in the back.  
  
We found the carports the most useful for shielding us. They were open enough to hold the four of us, but also sheltering enough that we felt adequately concealed while we scouted our next move. We were in a carport when the second car came down the alley, and again, they seemed not to notice us.  
  
Halfway down the block, the next few houses had garages, which of course had their garage doors shut, making the space useless to us. On the business side, there were just plain flat walls with no recesses. It looked like we might have to retreat and start over, going down the street in front of the houses. Then Ally noticed that the middle yard between the garages was one of the few with no fence, and we were able to duck into the yard. A few more carports, and we reached the first cross street.  
  
It took a few extra deep breaths to get ready to cross the street, it was the most exposed we had been since we left the bike shop. We made it without incident.  
  
We continued up the second block the same way -- carports, and a few recessed overhangs on the business side. Then we ran into the same predicament as in the first block -- a row of garages, and flat, recess-free walls on the businesses.  
  
Jessi ducked out of our safe zone, and ran down the row, disappearing from view past the fourth garage. She leaned out and hissed, "No fence, c'mon." It was one of the longer runs we'd had from one hidey spot to the next, and we were all a bit winded, so we paused a bit to recover. Ally leaned out to scout our next stop, and Dani froze, looking at the house we were behind. "Um, girls..." she whispered.

We all turned to see what concerned her. At first, I saw nothing. Then, there it was, a tiny red dot. We were out in the moonlight, but the house had a small covered porch, so the red glow was shrouded in deep shadow. I squinted, trying to adjust my eyes, then the dot disappeared. I continued staring, covering my breasts and pussy.  
  
The red dot reappeared, and finally my eyes adjusted to where I could make out its source -- it was a man, sitting in his back porch chair, smoking. He made no move, threatening or reassuring. "Ladies," he croaked.  
  
"C'mon," Jessi said, and we took off running. We hadn't pre-scouted this move, so it ended up being a longer run than usual before we found our next hiding place, hearts pounding. We took a short break, to catch our breath and gather our wits.  
  
We only had one other close call. As we dashed across the side street from the second block to the third, one of those long beer trucks turned off the main street, catching us full in his headlights. He skidded to a stop, and we all froze. None of us even remembered to cover up, so he got the full visual tour -- eight tits and nipples, four bald slits. Jessi saved the day, breaking us out of our stupor by waving at the guy, then grabbing two of our hands, and pulling us into the alley. That gave him the final naked bits, our asses, as we scampered away. By the time he got the truck back in gear, we were hidden again.  
  
We had to give up on the alley for the third block, there was almost nowhere to hide. We ran over to the residential street, and started working our way up the block. Most of the houses had wide front porches, providing us our choice of shelter. After the smoking guy, though, we weren't comfortable assuming that no one was out there. We felt more vulnerable on people's porches, it was a lot more likely that they would notice us, and either freak at our nakedness or consider us trespassing. Either way, they'd probably call the police. Also, there were street lights, so there weren't nearly as many dark spots for hiding as there had been in the back.   
  
We maintained the illusion that we were minimizing our exposure by darting from hiding place to hiding place. The reality was, we probably would have been less obvious just strolling straight up the sidewalk from one end of the block to the other. I mean, the kind of frantic scurrying we were doing would definitely attract anybody's eyes, but someone has to glance at a nude girl a second or third time to be sure it's skin and not just neutral-colored clothing. When we finally reached the end and crossed over to the fourth block, we returned to the alley, and fortunately, it had ample hiding places.  
  
We finally crossed the fourth street, which meant we had reached the block containing our hotel. We had an easy time covering the last half block, and our final safe zone was a service overhang at the back of the hotel. From there, there was no possibility of stealth -- the parking lot was open, brightly lit, and the office was all the way at the front, by the street. And the office was where we had to go -- all of our room keys had been in our pockets, which were washed out to sea.  
  
We just stood there for a minute, no one saying anything -- we were so near, but it felt so far. Jessi broke the silence. "You guys wait here, I'll go get a key. Be right back."  
  
She set off toward the office, back straight, chin high, as if there was nothing unusual about being out and about without a stitch of clothing on. When she had only taken a few steps, I said, "Fuck it, I'm not letting her do that by herself," and I jogged up to join her. A few steps later, Ally and Dani were in lock step with us.  
  
There was one guy out in the parking lot, searching through the luggage in the back of his SUV, trying to find something his wife or kids needed. He stopped and stared, uncomprehending. We got to the street, and turned to enter the office. A couple of cars were passing by, and honked wildly at our nakedness.  
  
We entered the office, and all was quiet -- not much activity in a budget hotel in a small town this time of night. No one was at the desk, but we could hear a TV, volume low, nearby. Dani rang the bell, and a young guy, pretty close to our age, appeared from the back. "Can I hel-" was all he got out before he saw the state we were in.   
  
Our room was registered in Jessi's name. She showed the clerk her ID, and he gave each of us a new key. He ran the cards through the magnetizer as slowly as possible, I noticed, taking in all the scenery, scanning and recording all our body parts into his personal memory.   
  
I've never been so happy to see the inside of a cheap hotel room. We all took quick, hot showers, washing away the salt from the ocean, the dirt from the alley, and the stress from our trek.  
  
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The four of us have been friends literally since before we can remember. We have grown up to be healthy, sexual beings, but as friends, we're not sexual with each other.   
  
With a couple of exceptions: on a different beach, the first time we had gotten completely naked in public, laying elbow to elbow, we had all rubbed ourselves until we came.   
  
And after a different adventure, without Jessi or Ally, Dani and I got so aroused that we went down on each other. We gave each other mind blowing, shattering orgasms. Afterward, I was very grateful not to sense any awkwardness between us. We agreed that being sexual with each other wasn't really who we are, and it was just an isolated incident, not the beginning of something. And that we saw no reason for the others to know.  
  
Our hotel room had two double beds. Jessi and I shared one, Ally and Dani the other. That was a better sleeping arrangement than two of us taking the beds while the other two slept on the floor on bedrolls, palettes, or hotel cots. We were perfectly comfortable sharing beds BECAUSE we weren't sexual with each other -- seeing each other naked, even a little cuddling at night, was just a casual expression of our friendship. Nothing sexual about it. We know that it's a step beyond what most friends are able to be at ease with, and to us, that just makes it more special.  
  
Jessi whispered, "Are you asleep?"  
  
I whispered back, "Nope, wide awake."   
  
She paused for a minute. "Are you tired?"  
  
"A little, but not really. More, um..."  
  
"Aroused?"  
  
"Um, yeah."  
  
"Me too. "  
  
"What do you wanna do abou-"  
  
She interrupted me with a kiss. A deep one. Open mouth. After a tentative moment, tongue.   
  
She was a great kisser. My pussy flooded.  
  
I heard smacking, slurping sounds from the other bed.  
  
"We can, like, totally hear you over here," Ally moaned. "I think all of us, um, are, um, feeling the same need."   
  
"You guys just go for it," Dani continued. "We're going to." Then there were more slurping and smacking sounds.  
  
Jessi pulled me in for another kiss, caressed the tops of my thighs, locating my slit with her fingers. She rubbed up and down for a moment, discovered how wet I was, and buried a finger inside me, then two fingers. I returned the favor. After a few minutes of that, as good as it felt, I wanted to go for something more concentrated and intense.  
  
It never occurred to me, until my tryst with Dani, that when receiving oral sex, it makes a huge difference who is giving it. The few times that guys had gone down on me, it wasn't that great. They put a minimum of effort into moving their tongues across my outer lips. Backed with almost zero knowledge of the physiology down there, it was very uninspiring.   
  
I had always heard that receiving oral sex was spectacular, life changing, but until Dani, I had never experienced that. It's not that I'm in love with Dani, or girls in general. I definitely prefer guys, but it turns out that a little enthusiasm goes a long way, and none of the guys I had been with had ANY enthusiasm for cunnilingus. Although neither Dani nor I had ever given a girl head before, actually having the equipment in question provides a lot of insight into what feels good.  
  
Insight and enthusiasm -- let's see how far they can take us. I began to lower myself down Jessi's body, intending to launch her into orbit. I kissed her nipples for a moment on the way down, and kissed her tummy. When I passed her navel, she whispered, "Wait, are you sure?"  
  
"Yup," I hummed, "I want to."  
  
"Okay," she moaned, "but, wait a minute."  
  
She began to twist and turn. I wasn't sure at first what she was doing, then it clicked: she was flipping herself over, so she could do me while I did her.  
  
We settled on our sides, laid our heads on each other's lower thighs, and lifted our upper legs up and out of the way, providing full access to the sensitive bits. I felt her head sliding over my thigh toward my slit, and I lowered my face to her pussy, tasting another girl's sex for the second time. Dani told me later that she and Ally 69'd too, Ally on her back, Dani on top.  
  
The sensations from Jessi's mouth were incredible. I don't know exactly what she was doing, but it was exactly what I needed. In this position, however, I wasn't just there to enjoy, I needed to provide Jessi as much pleasure as she was giving me.   
  
I admit, I don't know what I'm doing down there, but I like to think I have a pretty good imagination, and I did things that seemed like they would feel good. I caressed the length of her slit with the soft part of my tongue, working it between the outer lips, to the softer inner tissues, and I homed in on her clit, giving it more intensity, more soft direct stimulation, sucking it out of the soft tissue enclosing it, and vibrating across it with the tip of my tongue. (Aside to any guys at school who I might go out with: ARE YOU PAYING ATTENTION?) I must have been doing something right -- she slowly squirmed, wiggled her hips, pressed her pussy harder onto my face, and moaned deeply.   
  
She was definitely doing something right to me -- at this rate I was going to explode, soon. Her mouth on me, and my mouth on her, it was like they were the positive and negative nodes of a high-voltage power supply -- when they both connected, the electricity flowed. All the circuits lit up. Mine did, anyway, and from her wriggling and moaning, I was pretty sure that Jessi's did too.  
  
My orgasms are usually explosions, overtaking me in a tsunami of sensations. This one was different. It built from nothing, just a radiant glow of pleasure from tongue on pussy. From there it built, a little bit at a time, getting bigger, bigger, more intense, building some more, growing, growing, mounting, increasing, climbing, intensifying, expanding, escalating, snowballing, growing some more, increasing some more, I thought it would never peak. Through all that, I maintained a lock on Jessi's clit, sucking on it and washing my tongue back and forth across it. I was practically screaming onto it from the intensity she was giving me, and I think she might have been screaming onto mine, that would explain the vibration I was feeling.  
  
When her orgasm arrived, her body went completely rigid from its power, and I felt mine do the same thing. My thighs clamped down hard on her head, and her thighs clamped down on mine. That shut us both off from being able to breathe, so, sadly to say, we weren't able to attain a state of infinite, perpetual cumming. What I did feel, though, was freakin' amazing.  
  
The next few minutes were a blur. One of us must have flipped around so we faced the same, and we held each other tightly, trembling with aftershocks. Sleep came easily, and quickly, and was deep and long.  
  
After everything that happened Saturday, when Sunday morning dawned, college-girl budget or not, we slept in.  
  
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On the road, about halfway back to school, I started laughing.  
  
"What?" the girls asked.  
  
"I'm just thinking of that guy on his back porch, smoking," I said.  
  
"What's funny about him?"  
  
"He was older, not in great shape. With a house like that, I bet he's got a blue collar job, probably menial. He probably doesn't get out much, if ever. I was just picturing what people will think when he tries to tell them about the four naked girls that appeared out of nowhere in his back yard."