



## Day at the Beach

(ff-teens, exh, 1st time)

by Phoebe

(Written especially for the  
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I've always had a self image problem. I don't think that I'm very pretty and I know that I'm not comfortable in most social situations. Ever since I was in kindergarten I've been shy and quiet at school. But when I finally started high school things rapidly changed for me.

It was about half way through my freshman year that I met Karen and her friends. I'd known who they were of course, because they were very out going and everyone saw them around school. It was in Freshman English that I found myself teamed up on a project with Karen. For some reason we hit it off right away and before I knew what I'd agreed to, I was going to the beach with "the gang" that weekend.

I live in San Diego and the beach is only a few miles away from my house, but you could count on one hand the amount of times I'd actually been. Well, I was really nervous about my upcoming trip with "the gang" not knowing how to act or even what to wear. Being a 14-year-old "very insecure" girl is no fun, let me tell you. I spent the rest of the week worrying about every little detail and imagining every little thing that could go wrong and was just about to throw in the towel by Friday.

But it turned out that I wanted to go more than I wanted to stay safe. For some reason I was excited about this trip with my classmates, and I think I was also a little tired of always missing out on what looked like fun to me.

Anyway, Saturday morning finally came and Karen and "the gang" showed up at my house honking horns and making lots of noise that had me racing out to meet them and trying to quiet them down before my parents came out to see what all the fuss was about.

Karen casually introduced then we all piled into the back of the pickup truck

and headed for the beach. There were 5 of us that day, Brad, (who was driving) Marcy his girlfriend, Bobby and Karen and myself. I immediately started obsessing that I hadn't brought a boy of my own, not that I knew any boys well enough to have invited any.

But after reaching the beach and getting down to the oceans edge and having played around in the water and sunned in the sand for several hours I forgot that I was dateless. As a matter of fact I was enjoying myself more because I was single than if I'd had a boy like Marcy and Karen did.

It turned out that there were many more boys at the beach than girls and for whatever reason I was a hit with all the single guys. I'd never had that much attention from boys before and I even got friendly encouragement from Karen to "go for it" when guys would prowl around our site.

It was about 4:30 p.m. and at least 2 too many beers later when Karen started talking about leaving for home. For the first time I noticed that Bobby had left the group and that Karen looked a little miffed at my popularity. Apparently they'd had an argument earlier and he'd stalked off. I certainly didn't want to make an enemy of my new friend so I quickly agreed with her, which seemed to please her.

This is when things got really weird.

I'd been flirting all afternoon and I'll have to admit that all these boys making a fuss over me had really excited me. I guess I was even somewhat aroused by all their manly attention. I know that I had been fantasizing about several of them; wondering what they'd be like sexually, and what they would look like naked.



Apparently my arousal had an obvious effect that I wasn't aware of, because once we started out onto the freeway Karen and I in the back again, she said, "Looks like you've had some fun today, " and she nodded at me, looking meaningful at my crotch area.

At first I didn't understand what she meant, then I looked down at my cutoffs and realized that I had a big wet spot right between my legs. At first I was so embarrassed that I wanted to die. I'd never had sex before but I'd masturbated many times and knew how messy I could get. I also knew that I got wetter than what was deemed "normal" but had never given it any real thought before this moment.



My embarrassment turned to a rigid fright when Karen slid over to me and began tugging at the snap on my cutoffs. I struggled with her for a moment and she stopped and looked into my eyes as if to say, 'what's the problem?' We stared at each other for a moment longer then she reached out and slowly, with the palm of her hand against my forehead, pushed me down into a lying position onto the bed of the pickup.

Vaguely I saw Marcy looking through the back window of the cab at us. Then I stiffened as I felt Karen tugging at the material of my damp cutoffs. She wasn't trying to remove them any more, but just to pull the moist material to one side so she could see my pussy.

I was mortified, but at the same time I was excited and I really didn't know how to respond. Nothing like this had ever happened to me before, and I was kind of in shock. When Karen's fingers started to rub against me down there I almost cried out. It felt nice, very nice, but I was frightened and started to get up...



Karen stopped me from rising and gently pushed me back into a lying position as she bent her face to my crotch. I stopped breathing when I felt her tongue against my cunt lips. I couldn't believe what was happening to me. I mean here we were, driving down the freeway in full view of anyone who looked our way and Karen was giving me head for the world to see. It blew my mind.

In a daze I looked up to see Marcy with her camera pointing out the sliding window between the cab of the truck and us. She was snapping pictures of Karen eating me! Again I started to struggle, but Karen began to rub between my legs at the same time kissing and licking at my clit. I couldn't fight her any more and lay back to let her do whatever she wanted to me. It felt so good, like nothing I'd ever experienced before.

I knew that Marcy was catching this all on film, but that just made the whole thing more perverted and erotic. I orgasmed then and I know that Karen must have gotten quite a shot of girl-come right in her mouth, but to my surprise she didn't pull away in disgust. She actually began to lap and suck at me even harder and faster than before, making me come again and again.



Finally I couldn't take any more. I was so sensitive that anything Karen did down there began to be uncomfortable, and finally I was able to push her from between my legs. We just laid beside each other and watched the clouds passing by overhead as the pickup turned off the freeway and onto the arterial road that lead to my neighborhood.

By the time we reached my house I'd recovered and was sitting up looking into Karen's eyes and she stared back at me silently. As I climbed out of the truck and was retrieving my stuff, Karen said gaily, "So, what about it? Next Saturday, same time same place?"

I looked at Brad and Marcy who were watching us, then back to Karen, and answered, "Sure, why not."

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