

# A day at the beach (part 1)

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"I really need to go," Nat complained.

"You saw the sign," I replied, "it's twenty miles to the next rest stop. Can you hold it 'til then?"

"No I bloody can't! I'm nearly peeing myself," my friend moaned.

The day was a hot July morning and we were driving to the coast for a day at the beach. Our bikinis, beach towels and sun tan lotion were all packed and waiting in the trunk.

I liked to watch Nat strut about in her bikini. In fact, I liked to watch her strut about in anything. I had a bit of a girl-crush on her, I'll admit. I'm pretty sure she had no idea.

She had gorgeous, long blonde hair – quite striking compared to the dull brown of my hair. I had big boobs, which guys really loved to fondle. Hers were small, barely anything really, but I still found myself wanting to touch them, to put my tongue on her tiny nipples and such them.

"Are we gonna stop or not, Sue?" Nat demanded.

"OK," I said, "we can stop at the next layby. You'll have to pee out of sight."

As it was high summer, the roads were busy with traffic and the weather was humid too. The air conditioning squirted cold air at us, though it barely seemed to make any difference.

I glanced over at Nat. She was wearing a little pleated skirt and thin white T-shirt. I could see her lacy bra underneath it. I had on a pair of shorts and a low-cut top; I did enjoy showing off my cleavage, sometimes a little too much!

"There," I said, as I spotted a layby up ahead. I flicked my turn signal on.

"At last!" Nat sounded relieved.

I slowed down and steered the car into the short layby at the side of the motorway.

We both got out of the car.

Nat pulled her knickers to her ankles and squatted down by the side of the car, leaning back against the passenger door. I hovered nearby, feeling a little uncertain.

Nat looked up at me. "Do you want to watch?" she asked.

I did, yes I really did. I'd never seen her pussy, but I'd imagined many times what it looked like.

"Yes," I said, hoping that wouldn't freak her out. It's not every day a friend asks to see you pee.

"Join me," she said. "Quick, before I start."

I squatted down beside her, leaning against the car. I could hear the sounds of traffic passing by mere meters away.

She hitched her almost non-existent skirt up and I peeked over at her pussy. It was shaven, completely bald. Her lips barely protruded, creating a smooth expanse of flesh from her stomach downwards.

Nat sighed and a stream of light yellow liquid began to squirt from her. "Oooooooooooh that feels good," she murmured. The stream became more powerful, squirting and splashing against the gravelled ground.

She put two fingers into the stream, looked at me and said, "Well, go on, I know you want to."

I reached my hand over and placed two fingers of my own into the still-flowing jet of pee. It was warm and not unpleasant. I smiled.

With a pool at our feet now, the stream began to ease and then quickly stopped. I couldn't resist. I took my wet middle finger and slid it into her cunt.

Slowly, I began to work it up and down. Nat leant her head back a little, closing her eyes. I slid another finger into her, sliding them up and down faster now.

My position was uncomfortable though. I quickly moved in front of her, crouched down, and put my fingers back into her. I leant my free hand against the car for purchase.

“That’s good,” Nat moaned.

I fucked her harder with my fingers. Her cunt was wet and warm.

Daringly, I scrunched all four fingers together and twisted my hand, slowly, as I eased them in. Her cunt felt tight about my hand as I forced it in up to my knuckles.

Gradually, I began to fuck her with them, harder and harder.

“Fuck fuck fuck,” she exclaimed as I drilled her harder, forcing my hand farther into her with each thrust.

“Oh God oh God oh God oh God,” she screamed, the chest rising and falling faster and faster as her breathing increased.

I fucker her harder.

“Oh yes oh yes oh yeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeees!”

Her body shivered, her cunt tightening about my hand, as she came.

I drew my hand out, now wet with her juices. I couldn’t resist licking at my fingers, savouring her sweet, animal taste.

She opened her eyes. I offered my still wet hand to her and she licked off the remaining fluid. The touch of her tongue on my hand was quite erotic, made me feel wet.

“We should go,” Nat said, “or we won’t get a spot on the beach.”

I wanted to fuck her again, but she was right.

A few minutes later we pulled out back into the traffic. I hoped we were in for an interesting day.