**Camping with Anna**

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Looking back I can see that November 1997 was a significant turning point in my life. I was eighteen and had just finished year twelve at high school. Christmas was only a few weeks away and I was eagerly awaiting the arrival of 1998 to embark on the next phase of my life at university.  
  
During my final years at school I was not particularly popular with boys and rarely troubled by requests for dates. My peers regarded me as a geek who studied hard and actually enjoyed going to school.  
  
In preference to wasting time and emotional energy on members of the opposite sex, I spent most of my spare time with my girlfriends, at the beach swimming and surfing, playing tennis, going to movies and listening to music.  
  
I only had one serious boyfriend and our short-lived relationship had ended just a few weeks before. As it turned out he was not all that nice. He was the first and last guy to break my heart while at the same time doing his best to trash my reputation and enhance his own.  
  
Anna was a few months older than me and was like my big sister as well as being my best friend. All through school we were inseparable, sharing our experiences and supporting each other in good and bad times. We were always there for each other and tackled issues with teachers, parents, boyfriends and puberty together. We shared many common interests and played for the local tennis club, making a formidable doubles combination that was rarely bettered by the opposition.  
  
The big difference between us was that Anna was incredibly attractive and very sought after by the boys at school as well as guys at the tennis club. Despite her popularity she rarely dated and never seemed interested in a steady relationship with any of the guys clamouring for her attention.  
  
Anna was about 165 centimetres tall with a gorgeous figure, long brown hair, soft brown eyes and a beautiful warm friendly smile. I had seen her naked in the showers at the tennis club and was envious of her firm, C cup breasts, tiny waist, flat stomach and firm round butt.  
  
I was taller and except for my long dark hair and great legs, I could have easily been mistaken for a young boy. I had a flat chest, small waist and narrow hips, even my butt was small and tight just like some guys and there was no evidence of any feminine curves. In the last nine years not much has really changed.  
  
I guess the appropriate term for my appearance then is androgynous, but my ex-boyfriend described me to his mates, rather unkindly, as a 'carpenter's dream', bragging that I was flat as a board and easy to nail. Well if that was true he only got to nail me once, on that awful night after my eighteenth birthday party and there was no way he was going to get a second chance.  
  
Neither Anna nor I were keen to be part of the traditional end of year Schoolies week at Victor Harbor, a popular holiday town on the south coast about an hour from Adelaide and decided instead to go to Portland, over the boarder in Victoria. We were planning a relaxing week of camping, sun bathing, swimming and body boarding.  
  
For those not familiar with the concept, Schoolies is supposedly a time for celebration after year twelve exams and an opportunity to let off steam at the end of the final year of high school. Many regard it as a right of passage, but to me it seemed to be a poor excuse to party, perhaps a time to get a little drunk and misbehave.  
  
Anna spent the weekend at my place and early Monday morning we packed my cute, white, 1967 VW Beetle and set off on the five or six hour drive. It was our first road trip together and I was bubbling in anticipation of new adventures as we left suburbia behind and headed up the freeway. The roads we travelled were familiar but the scenery appeared new and exciting because this time we were not just passengers in a car going on a family holidays, we were out there doing it ourselves.  
  
Cruising along at ninety kilometres per hour, my Vee Dub carried us faithfully towards our destination. We had the air conditioning on full; both windows were down, as we listened to the poignant lyrics of the twentieth century's greatest poet, Bob Dylan, as well as the fantastic voice and emotive songs of K.D. Lang and the great guitar of Carlos Santana on the CD player.  
  
We made it to Mount Gambier around three in the afternoon, stopped for a short break and a coffee before heading east, finally arriving at our destination at about five.  
  
We had decided to stay the first night at Cape Bridgewater, a beautiful and quite remote beach about thirty kilometres west of Portland. We picked out a spot almost on the beach, just past the Surf Club and not too far from a public amenity block with toilets and showers.  
  
Now you may think that the combination of two girls and a tent is a recipe for disaster, but we were set up in no time. Ignoring the 'No Camping' sign we put up the tent, laid out our sleeping mats, unrolled our sleeping bags, assembled the gas stove and set up our small portable sink. Talk about organised; we had even brought the kitchen sink.  
  
The beach at Cape Bridgewater is one of the most beautiful I have ever seen. In recent years I have travelled around Australia, been to Europe, North America, Asia and Scandinavia and I still think Bridgewater Bay is very special and has one of the nicest beaches in the World. If you have never been there it is worth a visit next time you are in Victoria.  
  
That evening the sea was calm with a surface as smooth as polished steel. The sun was low in the western sky and except for one or two fishermen, a couple of joggers and a few forlorn, screeching, scavenging seagulls, we had this paradise all to ourselves.  
  
It had been a long drive and we were both famished. Anna grilled some Atlantic salmon and made a fresh salad while I retrieved a bottle of white wine from the esky, set up the small, wobbly camping table and decorated it with candles and wild flowers I found growing nearby.  
  
As we dined by candlelight we watched the sun sink below the horizon and witnessed day gradually prepare for the onset of night, acknowledging its arrival with a stunning, brilliant, golden-red sunset that bathed the landscape with an ethereal hue. It was about ten by the time we finished dinner and cleaned up when Anna suggested a walk along the beach before bed.  
  
The beach was deserted and the still evening air was warm and smelled fresh and clean, infused with the unmistakable salty tang of the sea. The reflection of the full moon shimmered on the ocean like an enormous sparkling diamond set in a huge slab of polished black marble.   
  
We walked together along the beach talking and laughing, splashing our way through the shallow, cool, refreshing water. By the time we had reached the end of the bay, where the sand gave way to the cliffs, we were both soaking.  
  
As we turned to retrace our steps Anna looked at me and without a word took off her top revealing her beautiful breasts, standing out firm and proud with the appearance of smooth alabaster in the soft glow of the moonlight. She slipped off her shorts and panties in one action and stood before me naked, so stunningly beautiful that my heart skipped a beat or two.  
  
She turned and smiled. No words were necessary for me to understand her unspoken question, a question to which I had already answered "yes" in my own mind.  
  
In seconds we were both naked, our unwanted clothes discarded in an untidy pile on the sand. We waded into the surf that rushed eagerly to greet our young bodies, surging up our legs and splashing over our bare sex, making us both squeal with delight. Anna took my hand as we went deeper; laughing and frolicking in the small surf under a canopy of stars that sparkled mischievously in the beautiful moonlit night sky.  
  
We went back to the beach refreshed and exhilarated, picked up our clothes and without dressing, walked hand in hand back along the beach to our tent.  
  
Taking just toiletries and our towels, we walked naked to the showers. The Surf Club was deserted and there was no one on the beach. It didn't matter and I don't think we would have cared or been embarrassed if there had been someone to see us. We were both on a natural high and I was much more aroused than I would have expected by my first small taste of public nudity.  
  
As I stood under the stinging stream of cold water, hoping that it would dampen the fire that was smouldering inside me, I watched Anna in the shower opposite.  
  
Her wet body gleamed in the pale glow of a single light bulb set high in the ceiling. My excitement grew as I watched her rinse her long dark hair, soap her firm young breasts, wash under her arms and between her legs then slide a soapy hand between the cheeks of her tight arse, until every part of her was clean and fresh.  
  
I had often watched her discreetly when she showered at the tennis club after a game and had experienced the same sense of excitement but then it was always accompanied be a variety of conflicting thoughts and feelings that at the time I did not even begin to understand.  
  
Sometimes after showering with Anna at the tennis club I would go home and rush to the privacy of my bedroom, where I would masturbate to relieve myself, always feeling guilty and often sobbing tears of shame and frustration into my pillow.  
  
Now it was like I was seeing her for the first time. She was beautiful and I knew I was attracted to and sexually aroused by her. I wanted to touch her and yearned to take her in my arms, to hold her body against mine, to smell her sweet, female scent and taste her on my lips. Unlike all the times before, that night it felt natural and beautiful, so intoxicatingly wonderful that my head was spinning.  
  
Confused, I pushed these thoughts aside, finished my shower and went back to our tent where I lay awake for ages trying unsuccessfully to make sense of my feelings, before eventually falling into a shallow and fitful sleep.  
  
Sometime during the night I was disturbed by a noise, soft and indistinct, but loud enough to penetrate my consciousness and rouse me from my slumber.  
  
I opened my eyes slowly. The light from the full moon illuminated the inside of our tent, casting a blue hue over everything as it shone through the coloured fabric.  
  
There it was again. A soft rustling and a low moan. My senses tried to focus on the sound as I attempted locate the source, but my mind was still too fuzzy and foggy with sleep.  
  
Again there was a moan, a little louder and deeper this time. It seemed to be coming form the other side of the tent where Anna was sleeping.  
  
I turned my head and saw her bathed in the soft glow of the moonlight. She was laying on her back on top of her sleeping bag. Her eyes were closed her mouth slightly open and she was gently biting her bottom lip.  
  
She had taken off her top and was softly caressing her left breast. I watched fascinated as she cupped the perfectly formed mound and kneaded it gently.  
  
Slowly and deliberately she brought her fingers to her mouth that opened to receive them. Sliding two fingers between her moist lips she sucked them gently, thoroughly coating them with her saliva, her rapt expression suggesting that she enjoyed the oral penetration.  
  
Her hand went back to her breast and she traced small circles around her areola with her wet fingertips. Her nipple responded immediately and she rolled it between her thumb and forefinger, pinching and pulling, coaxing it to a point that stood out hard and proud from her breast. She moaned again.  
  
Reluctantly I dragged my eyes away from her beautiful breasts and the sight of the exquisite torture she was inflicting on her aching nipple.  
  
My gaze travelled down across her flat stomach to the area between her hips. It was delightfully concave, giving the appearance of a smooth, gently sloped valley leading to the prominent hill of her mons. Below that were the sweet folds and the deep well of her sex, hidden enticingly under her black, lace, boy leg panties. Her right wrist lay across her hip and disappeared inside the waistband of her panties.  
  
Beneath the delicate fabric I could see the outline of her hand moving as she masturbated, stroking her pussy with long, slow, deliberate strokes. I imagined her fingers sliding across her moist labia, a fingertip occasionally dipping in her hot wet slit.  
  
As I watched, the pattern her hand made beneath her panties changed as she traced small circles around her clitoris, teasing it and coaxing it hard and erect.  
  
What she was doing was so familiar and I watched in wonder as she mirrored, almost exactly, my own actions when I was alone in my bedroom. I smiled as I remembered how I made my clit throb, sometimes deliberately denying myself the relief of an orgasm until the pleasure had almost turned to pain and was at the very limits of my endurance.  
  
I could hear her breathing, now fast and shallow, each breath accompanied by a low moan coming from deep inside her throat.  
  
I was aware that my nipples had become hard points pressing against the fabric of my top and I could feel myself getting moist from my own arousal, conscious of a small but spreading wet patch on the front of my panties.  
  
Anna moaned again, quite loudly this time. Again the pattern of movement beneath her panties changed, indicating that she needed more than just pleasurable teasing and gentle stimulation. She was rubbing herself with short fast strokes, side to side across her clit, perhaps impatient to achieve her climax.  
  
My hand was inside my own panties, my fingers sliding across my smooth, bald, soft, wet pussy lips, starting at the top, then sliding the full length to the bottom and back again. They repeated the journey again, over and over and over, tracing the very familiar path with skill and familiarity developed from many hours of delightful solo stimulation.  
  
As my hand travelled up the length of my slit, I slid one finger between my pussy lips, gently running it along just inside my silky labia. I raised my hips to greet the welcome invader, delighting at the sensations it caused deep in my pussy.  
  
Anna's breathing quickened, matching the increased speed and urgency of her fingers on her clit. She was moaning almost continuously now and I could see that she was rapidly approaching her orgasm.  
  
My own pussy was sopping and I eased down my panties with my free hand, pushing them to my knees. Impatiently, I tugged them down to my feet and kicked them off. Unrestrained my fingers were better able to continue their task, taking me closer to an orgasm of my own.  
  
I looked over at Anna. She had taken off her panties and both hands were between her legs. She had two fingers buried deep in her cunt as she simultaneously frigged her clit with her other hand to bring what was obviously now desperately needed relief.  
  
Reluctant to stop my ministrations even for a second, I quickly grasped the hem of my top and in one quick movement, took it off and cast it aside. My aching nipples responded immediately to the cooler air and I grinned as I remembered by ex boyfriend's comments about me being as 'flat as a board'. He might have been right, but if only he had understood and taken the time to find out just how sensitive my breasts and nipples were, he would have been rewarded with pleasure beyond his wildest dreams.   
  
My thoughts were interrupted by the noises coming from Anna's side of the tent. I looked over and saw her body rigid and shaking as she drove herself relentlessly towards her orgasm. Her back was arched, her hips pushed forward, legs spread with the only points of contact between her and her sleeping bag being her heels and her shoulders.   
  
Transfixed, I watched the wonderful sight of my beautiful friend on the verge of orgasm, her arousal and passion driving my desire to heights I had never experienced before.  
  
Suddenly her left hand flew up to her mouth and she bit down hard on the heel of her hand, trying in vain to stifle the sound of her moaning or maybe simply in an attempt to prepare for the onslaught of pleasure that was about to take over her body.  
  
Her head rolled, her eyes fluttered open and she looked up, our eyes meeting as she surrendered and was overwhelmed by a massive orgasm that seemed to engulf her whole being.  
  
She smiled. No words were needed, no explanation necessary, least of all an apology. In those few seconds our souls were as one and we experienced the joy of shared intimacy and pleasure.  
  
I turned away and closed my eyes, not because I didn't want to watch her any more, but because my own urgent needs were demanding my full attention.  
  
My arousal was fast approaching a peak. I was close to orgasm and needed to concentrate on satisfying my voracious, hungry cunt.  
  
I worked two fingers deep into my wet pussy. With my other hand I rubbed my clit. I was already on the verge of orgasm, needing just a little more to push me over the edge.  
  
As I fucked myself I sensed movement nearby. I opened my eyes; Anna was kneeling by my side watching. I was not ashamed or embarrassed by her presence. In fact it was exactly the opposite. I wanted her to watch me. I was excited and proud, naked, my back arched with my legs spread and my sex open for her. I wanted to share this beautiful moment with her. I wanted her to share the pleasure of my orgasm. I simply wanted her.  
  
She lent forward, bringing her soft lips close to my ear. I could feel her sweet, warm breath tenderly caress my cheek. "Oh yes Catherine." She whispered, "You look so beautiful, so sexy. Let it go, come for me darling."  
  
As if I was receiving her permission, her beautiful words were exactly what I needed and they pushed me over the edge, releasing a crushing orgasm that reached the core of my being, draining me and leaving me spent and exhausted.  
  
As I lay there trembling, trying to regain my breath and bring my pounding heart back under control, Anna reached down, took my hand in hers, raised it to her soft, sweet lips and tenderly kissed my fingers. I smiled, incapable of anything else.  
  
Basking in the glow of a wonderful orgasm I realised that it was the first time anyone, other than my parents, had ever called me beautiful. At that moment I knew I could shed forever the image of the confused, plain, tall, skinny geek with a flat chest. With those few words Anna had allowed me a glimpse of myself as a beautiful, sexy, sensuous and desirable woman who was just beginning to discover and understand her sexuality. Anna had opened a door and I had taken my first tentative, faltering steps on a journey of exploration that would ultimately lead me to the discovery of my true self.  
  
Cradled in Anna's tender and understanding arms, with my head resting on her lap where I inhaled her intoxicating scent and the delicate aroma of her recent orgasm, I fell into a deep sleep, satisfied and very happy. My last thoughts as sleep overcame me were of a future that I would embrace with a new found confidence and eager anticipation of wonderful and exciting days ahead. I knew Anna would be a part of that future and at that moment could wish for nothing more.

**Camping with Anna Ch. 02**

I emerged from a deep, refreshing sleep, aware of the cool morning air as it gently caressed my bare skin, and the salty, tangy smell of the ocean.  
  
I could hear the roar of the surf as it surged relentlessly towards the shore and the sound of birds calling to each other in the trees outside our tent.  
  
Anna was asleep next to me, her breathing slow and rhythmical.  
  
I could smell her scent, bringing memories of the previous night flooding back, memories so vivid and erotic that they caused a flood of a different kind to surge through my loins.   
  
Anna and I were both eighteen and had just finished school. We'd been best friends for as long as I could remember, and to celebrate the end of our final year twelve exams we were on a road trip along the Great Ocean Road in Victoria.  
  
On the first night we'd camped at Bridgewater Bay, a beautiful beach about thirty kilometres from Portland, and unless it was just a dream we had shared, what was for me the most sensual, erotic and liberating experience of my life.  
  
For reasons I didn't understand at the time, I wasn't particularly interested in or popular with the boys at school or any of the guys at the tennis club where Anna and I both played. I was rarely asked out on dates and most of my spare time was spent with my girl friends.  
  
At eighteen I was already quite tall, having almost reached my full height of one hundred and sixty eight centimetres. I had tiny, almost non-existent breasts, a small waist, flat belly and narrow hips. My butt was small and tight and there was little evidence of any feminine curves.  
  
I liked to think of myself as athletic, but I'm sure there were times when, except for my long dark hair, I could have been mistaken for a slim teenage boy, and my androgynous appearance was occasionally the source of some ridicule and embarrassment to me at school.  
  
Apart from being a little on the skinny side - even now I only weigh fifty-two kilograms - I thought I was quite attractive. I had the same soft brown eyes, a warm, friendly smile and great legs.  
  
Sexually I was very naive, my only experience being with a boy from school who I dated for a few weeks. In an extraordinary lapse of common sense and good judgement, aided by an excess of Champagne at my eighteenth birthday party, we were intimate.  
  
As it turned out he was not all that nice and I soon discovered that he was only going out with me for one thing. Unfortunately, it was too late when I realised that he only fucked me so he could have bragging rights with his mates and enhance his own reputation by being the first one to "screw that skinny, stuck up bitch".  
  
Skinny, yes. Stuck up and a bitch, never. Still, his words hurt, as did the stories he spread at school, including the one about me being 'as flat as a tack and easy to nail'. A 'carpenter's dream' is one of the more flattering expressions he used to describe me.  
  
I had trusted him and given him my virginity. All he gave me in return was a broken heart and a bad reputation.  
  
After that experience I was even less interested in any romantic involvement with guys and was confused by my increasing attraction to other girls, particularly Anna, who I often saw naked in the showers at the tennis club after we practised during the week and played our matches on Saturdays.  
  
At Anna's suggestion, and to be like her, I had recently taken to shaving my pubic hair. I thought my bald pussy made me look like a young, prepubescent girl, but she said she liked it that way and I was surprised by how much it excited me to please her.  
  
  
For some time I had been very aware of my sexual desires which were often overwhelming. I masturbated a lot, sometimes two, three, even up to four times a day in an attempt to satisfy my need, but it wasn't enough. I knew there must have been more to it, but I didn't know what it was and often cried myself to sleep, weeping tears of frustration and anger into my pillow.  
  
And now, on our camping trip the previous night with Anna had changed everything. I knew that I taken the first tentative steps on a journey of discovery, one I was sure would allow me to explore my sexuality and lead eventually to an understanding of my feelings and emotions.  
  
Today was a new day and I was eager and excited to see where it took me. Somewhere outside a magpie was warbling, telling me it was time to get up and get on with my new life.  
  
I opened my eyes and saw the faint glow of dawn heralding the start of a new day, even though the sun had not yet made its appearance above the horizon.  
  
In the soft, early morning light I watched Anna as she slept next to me, unaware of my adoring gaze.  
  
She was naked, lying on her back, her slim body stretched out on her sleeping bag. Her head was slightly to one side, her long, dark hair fanned out across the pillow. Her eyes were lightly closed, her soft, full lips parted, moist and inviting.  
  
She was smiling as if she was dreaming of something pleasurable or someone special. I hoped she was dreaming of me.  
  
She looked so beautiful that my heart skipped a beat, and I struggled against a burning desire to take her in my arms and wake her with a kiss to tell her that I loved her.  
  
Like Anna, I was naked; my clothes discarded the night before and no longer required. The damp, salty morning air was invigorating and cool against my bare skin that tingled under its soft caress.  
  
My nipples were hard and aching, not because of the cold but in response to my growing arousal as I watched Anna sleeping peacefully next to me.  
  
I closed my eyes. Did last night really happen or was it simply a dream? I couldn't help wondering, and I was afraid that what to me was so real possibly only existed in my mind - a fantasy, and perhaps just a product of my vivid imagination.  
  
Slowly I opened my eyes.  
  
Anna hadn't moved and was still sound asleep. I turned onto my side facing her, and propped myself up on one elbow to have a better view of my sleeping beauty.  
  
My eyes caressed her slim body and, as I absorbed every exquisite detail, my hand found its way between my legs. I sighed softly as my fingers lightly brushed my sex.  
  
Her firm, round breasts were proudly displayed, each mound capped by a large, puffy, pink nipple that last night had been hard and pointed with desire.  
  
The gentle valley between her breasts was smooth and her skin glowed with an even, golden hue, the absence of any tan lines evidence of the time we had already spent at the beach that summer, sunbathing topless.  
  
As I watched her, my fingers were slowly working their magic on my weeping slit. I gently stroked my smooth, bare labia, pausing every few strokes and slipping one finger between my tender pussy lips to toy delightfully with the delicate inner folds.  
  
Just below her breasts Anna's ribs showed clearly beneath her taut, smooth skin. Her flat stomach, the small concave valley between her hips, the prominent mound of her mons and her shaved pubis that highlighted her smooth, full pussy lips, filling me with delight.  
  
Aroused by Anna's sensual beauty and my own ministrations I felt the faint signs of an approaching orgasm. It was still some way off, but my pussy was tingling, my heart was racing and my breathing uneven and ragged as my arousal increased.  
  
A soft noise and slight movement caught my attention. I looked up and was surprised to see Anna watching me with a loving smile on her face. I had been so absorbed in pleasuring myself and so blinded by her beauty that I hadn't noticed that she had woken up and was discreetly watching me.  
  
She smiled as I reluctantly took my fingers from my aching slit, a little embarrassed but at the same time excited by being caught out.  
  
"Good morning darling," she said softly, extending a hand and placing it tenderly on my shoulder to draw me closer. "So, who's feeling a little horny this morning?"  
  
Before I could reply, she placed her finger under my chin, lifted my face to hers and softly pressed her sweet lips to mine.  
  
As our lips met I knew that last night was no dream, our kiss dispelling any doubts I may have had.  
  
"Hmmm," I moaned softly as her tongue worked its way into my mouth.  
  
Willingly, I received the invader, delighting as our tongues met, entwining, exploring, probing and thrusting like two swordsmen duelling, each seeking superiority over the other.  
  
Anna broke our kiss, gently pushed me onto my back and moved to my side, her face so close to mine that I could feel her warm, sweet breath on my cheek.  
  
I felt her hand on my breast and shivered with delight as she took my nipple between a finger and thumb. I trembled in anticipation and my nipple responded instantly to her caress, becoming hard and erect at her touch.  
  
"Oh, Anna!" I lovingly whispered her name as she lowered her head to my breast, tracing circles around the areola with her tongue. When she took my nipple between her lips and sucked it into her mouth, I closed my eyes and surrendered completely to her tender assault.  
  
"Ah shit!" I yelped as she took my nipple between her teeth and bit me. She grinned through clenched teeth that still held my aching nipple, gently pulling and stretching it, causing waves of pain and pleasure to course through my body.   
  
I moaned and squirmed with delight as she released my nipple from between her teeth and soothed the pain with firm strokes of her soft, warm tongue.   
  
She lifted her head and smiled.  
  
"You like that?" It was perhaps more a statement than a question, but I nodded and murmured my assent.  
  
She placed two fingers in her mouth, slowly and deliberately coating them with her saliva. I was about to tell her that it wasn't necessary, I was already wet, but before I could speak she placed a finger against my lips, leaned forward and tenderly kissed each of my eyes closed in turn.   
  
"Hush darling," she whispered. "Don't say a word. I know exactly what you want. Just leave it to me."  
  
I gasped with delight as her cool, wet fingers touched my pussy and slid lightly over my swollen labia. At the bottom of the stroke her hand went between my legs, pressing gently, letting me know that she wanted me to open them. I complied willingly, offering myself to her completely and unconditionally.  
  
"You really are ready for this aren't you?" she whispered as my legs parted and she felt my wetness.  
  
I knew she didn't expect a reply as she already had the answer to her question from my moans.  
  
She stroked my hot, wet slit, sliding her fingers the length of my smooth slit, repeating the motion over and over, then pausing briefly before pressing her fingers against my pussy lips. They parted for her, allowing first one, then another finger into my aching cunt.  
  
I knew I was in paradise when she entered me and made love to me, slowly at first, then gradually building the intensity in perfect harmony with my increasing arousal.  
  
"That's it Catherine, fuck my fingers. Come on honey, fuck me!" She urged me on, her words inflaming my desire.  
  
Willingly I did what she demanded, my hips thrusting to meet her strokes, trying to drive her fingers deeper, wanting to engulf them and relieve my aching need.  
  
I felt the familiar signs of an approaching orgasm and yearned for its release, but as I teetered on the brink she stopped.  
  
I tried in vain to keep humping her hand, desperate now to come, but she smiled at me and withdrew her fingers from my hungry cunt.  
  
I wailed at her in protest.  
  
"No Anna, please don't stop! Please I need it. Please." I could hear myself begging.  
  
"Patience, darling," she said, smiling as she slowly slid her fingers back inside me, probing, searching for my g-spot. I gasped when she found that special place previously known only to me.   
  
I had spent hours alone in my bedroom exploring my body and experimenting, and I thought that no one would ever be able to give me the same pleasure that I could with my own fingers, but I was wrong. The way Anna made love to me was different and special. The delicate touch of her fingertips on my pussy and her thrusting fingers buried deep inside me was heaven - she was giving me pleasure and taking me to places I never dreamed existed.  
  
"Anna, please. Yes!" I moaned as I approached the edge of the abyss, ready to take the plunge into oblivion.  
  
"Yes Catherine. What is it darling?"  
  
"Anna, please! More. That is so wonderful. You are fantastic"  
  
Without warning, she paused; two fingers buried deep inside my cunt but not moving and another lightly and slowly circling my throbbing clit.  
  
She knew that what she was doing was not going to make me come, but was just enough to keep me on the edge. She was delaying my orgasm, teasing me, and I loved her all the more for it.  
  
I looked at her and I am sure she noticed a touch of desperation in my eyes.  
  
"Anna, please." I whimpered.  
  
She knew what I wanted and smiled.   
  
"Are you ready now darling?" she asked unnecessarily.  
  
It was a rhetorical question but I answered anyway, just to make sure there was no misunderstanding.   
  
"Fuck yes! Please make me come, Anna. Fuck me, darling!"  
  
I was teetering on the edge of a massive orgasm and Anna did just as I asked, she fucked me. I could feel her fingers deep inside me, filling me with each thrust, withdrawing and after a tiny pause, plunging again into the depths of my very being. The fingers of her other hand were on my clit, driving me closer and closer and closer.  
  
At that moment it seemed as though all my senses were centred on my throbbing cunt. Nothing else existed.   
  
"Come on baby, let it go. Come for me darling." Her words set me free, releasing me from any remaining inhibitions, and I exploded in a massive orgasm that spread out through my entire body in waves of unbelievable pleasure.  
  
I could not breathe and my body shook uncontrollably. I felt a flood of cum run down between the crack of my arse, making wet puddle on my sleeping bag.   
  
I was vaguely aware of a voice screaming.  
  
"Oh fuck yes! Oh yes, please Anna. Please darling. Oh fuck, fucking yesssssssss!" The voice was so distorted with passion that I didn't recognise it, but knew it was mine.  
  
It was probably only a matter of seconds, but it seemed more like minutes before I started my descent from that glorious summit. My screams gradually subsided, eventually turning to muted, breathless sobs, and my heart was still racing, my breathing strained and ragged.  
  
I looked up at my lover and she took me in her arms and held me tenderly.  
  
I felt safe in her loving embrace and my cunt throbbed delightfully as I basked in the lingering glow of an orgasm that had drained me, leaving me completely satisfied, exhausted and spent   
  
Anna smiled at me and kissed me gently on the lips, then without a word, stood and unzipped the door of our tent. She reached down, took my hand, pulled me to my feet and led me outside.  
  
We stood together, naked in the dim light, the early morning sun hidden behind a thick sea mist that that shrouded us and obscured everything from view.  
  
Anna took my hand and we walked together towards the sound of the crashing surf. It was impossible to see the shoreline, but as we walked the sound of the waves increased until suddenly we found ourselves ankle deep in surging, white, foamy water.  
  
"Come on," she said as she ran, dragging me into the icy cold water with her.  
  
I gasped and shrieked as the freezing water engulfed my hot, tingling pussy, then I tripped in an unseen hole and fell headlong, pulling Anna with me under a crashing wave.   
  
We both surfaced, spluttering and laughing, invigorated by our salty, early morning dip. I stood waist deep in the icy water and drew Anna to me, kissing her soft, salty lips. As I pulled her close and held her in my arms I felt her hard nipples against my breast and ached to make love to her again.  
  
"Come on Anna. Let's go back to the tent. I want to make love to you now."  
  
Up until now Anna had been the instigator and had initiated everything that had happened between us. I was shocked by my own forwardness and I think she was surprised and delighted by my words.  
  
I took her by the hand and we ran back to our tent, now just visible through the mist that was thinning as the rays of the sun penetrated and warmed the early morning air.  
  
As we ran I saw a young couple out walking with their dog on the beach. They stopped and stared, surprised at the unexpected sight of two naked girls running from the surf, up the beach towards the small blue tent at the edge of the sand.  
  
We both laughed, enjoying our youth and our freedom. I was still aroused from our lovemaking, stimulated by being seen naked on a public beach and excited by the prospect of what was to come.  
  
I ducked inside our tent, pulling Anna after me, zipped up the flap and led her to our bed. We knelt together in a tender embrace and kissed a long, slow, lovers' kiss that didn't end until we were both lying together, panting with desire.  
  
It was my first time, and I made love to Anna with enthusiasm if not expertise. I explored every part of her beautiful body, encouraged when she responded to my touch with small shudders and soft moans.  
  
I caressed her smooth bald pussy, recalling what I liked to do to myself, repeating it on her, hoping that she would find it arousing. I was rewarded with smiles and moans.  
  
With my fingers, wet and sticky from her juices, I made small circles around her clit, already standing out from its hood, hard demanding attention. I knew not to touch it directly yet.  
  
I wanted to tease her just the way I often tease myself until the sensation becomes too much to bear, hoping I would make her want me as I had wanted her so desperately just a few minutes before.  
  
She moaned and squirmed with pleasure at my touch.  
  
Confident now, I slid my fingers along the wet smooth length of her slit then slipped one finger gently between her labia, entering her for the first time, feeling the smooth, velvety texture and coating my fingers with her juices.  
  
Suddenly I felt Anna's hand on mine, taking it, directing it to do her bidding. She looked at me and smiled.   
  
"Now, Catherine! Now!"  
  
She took my fingers and pressed them directly on her clit, urging them back and forth in short firm strokes. I could feel her hard nub under my fingers and saw her body tense as her orgasm approached.  
  
She was gently biting her bottom lip, and her face was beautifully contorted in a mixture of concentration and ecstasy as I frigged her clit, pushing her inexorably towards her climax.  
  
She grabbed my other hand and pressed it to her pussy lips. No words were needed to tell me what she wanted.  
  
I thrust two fingers deep inside her cunt and felt the burning heat of her desire, gasping in surprise as the muscles of her vagina gripped my fingers and squeezed.  
  
Her body tensed. She briefly opened her eyes and smiled, then her whole body started to shake as her orgasm hit.

"Oh, fuck! Oh Catherine, darling. Yes, oh fucking yes!"   
  
Her voice was so loud that I'm sure she would have woken anyone who may have been still asleep in the houses just a short distance away across the road from the beach.  
  
"Oh shit yes! Fuck me baby! Please, oh yes, oh fucking yessssssssss."   
  
She screamed obscenities as I fucked her, draining the last of her cum that coated my fingers and flowed, making another wet patch on my sleeping bag.  
  
I held her tight as she shuddered and moaned, her breathing laboured and her chest heaving.  
  
As she recovered, her moans become breathless sobs and the smile on her face and the love in her eyes told me that I did okay for my first time.  
  
Suddenly, our privacy was shattered by a man's deep voice from outside our tent.   
  
"Excuse me. In the tent. Could you please come out here for a minute?"  
  
Startled, I hurriedly grabbed my shorts and a t-shirt, scrambling to put them on in the confined space of the tent.  
  
"Just a minute," I said as I tugged on my shorts. "I'll be with you in just a second."  
  
I finished dressing, opened the tent and went out only to come face to face with two police officers, one an older guy, a sergeant, judging from the stripes on his uniform, and the other, standing slightly behind him, a young, attractive woman.  
  
The sergeant looked rather stern as he asked me if I knew that camping on a public reserve was against the law.  
  
"Didn't you see the sign?" he asked somewhat officiously, pointing to a prominent 'No Camping' sign mounted on a nearby pole to which we had tied one of the ropes of our tent.  
  
The point of his question was totally lost by its absurdity. I even considered pointing out to him that in fact the sign only said 'Camping', as the word 'No' preceding it was covered by my panties that I had hung there to dry before we went to bed the previous evening.  
  
Something told me that silence was the best response under the circumstances. Oblivious to the look of incredulity on my face and the unspoken words on my lips, he went on and on about by-law this and regulation that and all the penalties that applied. He was on a roll and enjoying it, so I kept quiet and let him have his small victory and his moment of glory in front of his younger female subordinate.  
  
As he talked I saw a look of surprise and embarrassment come across his face and turned to see Anna emerge from the tent wearing just her bikini bottoms. Bare breasted, with tousled hair and the radiant glow of someone who has just made love, she looked absolutely gorgeous as she walked to my side and took my hand.  
  
"Catherine, honey, is everything okay?" she asked, while looking directly at the male cop who stammered, coughed and for a few seconds was completely lost for words.  
  
I looked across at his female companion and saw a smile on her face as she tried unsuccessfully to tear her eyes away from Anna's beautiful bare breasts, while at the same time attempting suppress a grin at her colleague's obvious discomfort.  
  
To cut an already long story short, the male cop made both of us produce our drivers licences, and while his female colleague took down the registration number of my car, our names, addresses and dates of birth, he told us to pack up quickly and move on. He finished triumphantly by assuring us that we would be getting a summons from the Victorian Police in a few weeks.  
  
As they both walked back to their patrol car the female officer turned, looked back over her shoulder and smiled, discreetly raising her hand and made a circle with a finger and thumb in the universal sign for 'okay'.  
  
She had a twinkle in her eye and gave a knowing look as if to say, "Don't worry, everything will get sorted out. It'll be all right".  
  
She wasn't all that much older than us and I think she sympathised. Perhaps, unlike her partner, she had a heart and recognised that we were two young girls in love and understood the reasons for our behaviour. I suspect from the sparkle in her eye that she may even have been just a little envious.  
  
After the cops left we showered, dressed, took down our tent, packed everything in my car and set off on the road again. We were heading east to Port Fairy, about one hundred kilometres further along the coast, eagerly looking forward to the next stage of our adventure.   
  
It seems the female cop was right - everything did turn out okay and although I didn't learn the reason why until a few months later, we never did hear anything more from the police.  
  
Incidentally the 'No Camping' sign now has pride of place on my bedroom wall - a souvenir and constant reminder of Anna and that wonderful morning many years ago.

**Camping with Anna Ch. 03**

Fortunately, Anna was driving when I heard the siren and turned to see the red and blue flashing lights of the police car behind us.  
  
It was day two of our trip, and we were on the road somewhere between Bridgewater Bay and Port Fairy, two of the small but very beautiful beachside towns on the Shipwreck Coast in Victoria.  
  
Anna glanced in my direction. "Shit Catherine, what can they want? I can't have been speeding."  
  
She was right of course. Anna was driving my car, a white, thirty-year-old Volkswagen Beetle, and there was no way she could have been doing anything like the speed limit - it was a physical impossibility unless we'd been going down hill with a tail wind, which we weren't.  
  
I leant over to have a quick look at the speedometer that indicated just a touch over eighty kilometres an hour. Even eighty, I thought, might have been a bit on the optimistic side.  
  
"I've no idea, Anna. Guess you'd better just pull over and see."  
  
She'd already put on the indicator and was slowing down as she prepared to pull up by the side of the road.  
  
It was November 1997 and we'd both just completed our final year at school. We'd skipped the traditional end-of-year 'schoolies week' celebrations and left Adelaide, where we both lived, to go on a camping trip along the Great Ocean Road.  
  
I was eighteen, very naïve and sexually inexperienced, and although Anna was only a few months older than I was, she was much more mature and very street smart. We'd been friends for as long as I could remember, and in many ways she was like the big sister that I never had.  
  
At school I had a reputation as a tall, skinny, geek who studied hard and loved to play sport. My appearance has sometimes been described as androgynous, and as a teenager, had it not been for my long, dark hair and great legs, I could easily be have been mistaken for a young boy. I had a flat chest, small waist, and narrow hips. Even my butt was small and tight, and there was not much evidence of any feminine curves.  
  
Needless to say, I was not all that popular with or sought after by guys who seemed to prefer girls with bigger boobs, shorter skirts and more interest in partying than studying English, Music and Art, going to the beach, surfing or playing a good game of tennis.  
  
Foolishly, on the night of my eighteenth birthday, I gave my virginity to my first boyfriend, a guy I'd been dating for a few weeks. He was head prefect and captain of the school football team and most of the girls at school thought he was very hot. I was surprised and flattered when he asked me out a few weeks before and, I'm embarrassed to admit I was proud that he'd be my date for the biggest party of my life.  
  
On the night of the party, I drank too much. I know that's no excuse, but at around two in the morning I found myself on my back, minus my panties and with my skirt up around my waist, getting fucked in the spare room of a flat belonging to one of his mates, where I woke up the next morning alone, hung over and sore.  
  
As if that wasn't bad enough, by Monday afternoon the news was all around school. It seems the whole thing had been a very cruel plot hatched with a few mates. He wanted to be, as he told everyone, 'the first one to screw that skinny, stuck up bitch'. The bastard had even been showing off my panties that he'd souvenired as proof that he'd actually done it.  
  
For a few weeks, I had to endure a lot of snide comments and knowing smirks but I knew it would pass with time, so I just buried myself in my studies and sport and ignored them. Looking back now, I see it as a lesson I needed to learn, and I know I'm stronger, more confident, and much more particular about how I choose my friends because of it.  
  
Even though I was naïve and inexperienced, I still had all the usual sexual urges of a healthy, fit and imaginative young girl. I masturbated a lot and sometimes it worried me that my fantasies were mostly about other girls - like the ones I read about in the lesbian stories on Literotica, or the photographs in the men's magazines that I hid from my Mother at the back of my wardrobe. Mostly though, my fantasies were about or involved my best friend Anna. I realise now I was sexually attracted to her but at the time I didn't understand the feelings that haunted and tormented me.  
  
I often saw Anna in the showers at the tennis club where we both played on the same team. Fascinated, I'd watch her as she undressed by the lockers then as she stood naked under the shower, soaping her gorgeous, young body. Whenever I could, I picked the shower directly opposite the one she was using so that I could see her as she washed her firm, round breasts, her flat stomach, her smooth, bald pubic mound then finally, between her legs.  
  
There were many times I'd realise that I was holding my breath hoping that she would turn, as she often did, so that her back was towards me, spread her legs, lean forward and using the opposite wall for support, push her butt in my direction and wash between the cheeks of her arse. If I was lucky, I'd sometimes catch a glimpse of her gleaming, soapy, wet pussy lips at the apex of her long, slender, legs, before she straightened up and turned back towards me.  
  
Occasionally she would catch me watching her and smile, but I always tried to pretend I was busy washing myself and hadn't noticed what she was doing. I'm sure she knew but never embarrassed me by really letting on.  
  
Seeing her naked always aroused me, and almost every night after tennis practice, I'd go home and head straight to my room. Mum and Dad would usually be waiting for me to come down for tea but before I could eat, I had to attend to the fire that was raging in my loins.  
  
On those nights, tea was a chore and I rarely cared or remembered what I ate. Mum and dad would want to talk, but not satisfied by the hurried attempt to relieve my aching need, all I wanted was to be finished so I could go back to my room, lock the door, turn my music up loud, immerse myself in my fantasies, and masturbate again. At the time, Mum just put my antisocial behaviour down to a 'phase I was going through'.  
  
Just a few weeks before we left on our trip, I'd started shaving my pubic hair. Anna kept her pussy bald and smooth, and I wanted to be like her so much that one night on the way home from school I stopped at the supermarket and bought a razor and some shaving gel.  
  
When I'd completed my purchase, I put the new items in my backpack and hurried home. Going straight to the bathroom, I filled the basin with water, undressed and set about carefully removing all traces of my fine, gossamer, downy fuzz. When I finished, I stood back and looked at myself in the mirror. I was horrified. My pubic hair was naturally quite sparse, but shaved I looked like a prepubescent young girl.  
  
I can still remember how nervous I was all the next day knowing that Anna would see my smooth, bald mound and tiny slit when we changed and showered after tennis practice that evening. But there was something else. Even though I'd masturbated that morning before getting out of bed, I was aware of my growing arousal from the moment I put on my panties and left the house to go to school.  
  
It was bad enough on the train, but by the end of the first lesson, my panties were wet and I was having trouble concentrating on my classes. I wasn't sure whether it was the knowledge that under my panties I was shaved, or the anticipation of exposing my bald pussy to Anna and perhaps other girls in the locker room later that evening, or the friction of the silky, smooth material of my panties against my sex. It was probably a combination of all three, but by the end of the school day, I was a total wreck.  
  
In my condition, tennis practice that night was a total waste of time. All I did was double fault on serve and every groundstroke went into the net or over the base line. There was no way I could concentrate, and by the end of practice, any slight movement almost pushed me over the edge. I was terrified but also incredibly excited, more excited than I could ever remember, that I would actually come right there on the court in front of everyone.  
  
Somehow I survived, although by the time practice was finished my pussy was throbbing, my breathing was laboured, and irregular and my tennis clothes were soaked with sweat that I knew had little to do with my effort on the court.  
  
As I walked unsteadily back to the locker room, my heart was pounding. I was at the extreme limit of sexual arousal and torn between feelings of abject terror, afraid that Anna might not like the appearance of my freshly shaved sex and consumed by a burning desire to show off my new look.  
  
As usual, we chatted as we undressed but I don't remember any of the conversation. Anna was calm and relaxed but I was nervous and on edge. I was hoping it didn't show as I took off my soaking shirt and shorts and put them in my locker. Anna was already naked and heading for the showers but I just stood there like a dummy in my panties, hesitating.  
  
Finally, I plucked up the courage, pulled down my panties and stepped out of them. As I bent to and picked them up, I realised that they were sopping wet, so I discreetly scrunched them up in a ball and quickly threw them into the back of my locker.  
  
Finally the big moment had come. I turned and walked to the showers with all the confidence I could muster, and Anna greeted me with a loud squeal. I looked up in surprise, and I clearly remember the smile and look of delight on her face. Dripping wet she came over for a closer look, and I enjoyed her attention and the curious stares of the other girls in the locker room when they noticed all the commotion.  
  
As I drove home that night, my heart was almost bursting and it was impossible to keep my fingers out of my pants and my attention on road - and some people think that talking on the phone while driving is a dangerous distraction.  
  
I was so excited that there was no way I could eat dinner, so I told Mum I wasn't hungry and hurried straight to my room and masturbated to several orgasms, releasing the torrent of pent up emotion and a flood sexual energy that had been building up all day.  
  
It had been an amazing day and I was exhausted physically and emotionally. I showered and collapsed into bed, falling asleep almost before my head hit the pillow only to dream about being naked on the tennis court, playing doubles with Anna in front of a large, appreciative crowd. I remember waking up with a tingling in my loins that needed my urgent attention.  
  
All this passed through my mind as we cruised along the highway that warm summer morning, as well as vivid memories about the previous night at Bridgewater Bay where Anna and I had made love for the first time.  
  
Even now, the memories of swimming and walking hand in hand along the beach, enjoying the freedom and the thrill of being naked in a public place with her, and then masturbating together and making love in the moonlight in our small tent make me wet.  
  
It was my first lesbian experience and my darling Anna had helped me unlock and begin to understand the mysteries of my sexuality, and made me feel 'normal', beautiful and loved for the first time. It had been a significant turning point in my life, but the screaming police siren had rudely jolted me out of my reverie and back to the present.  
  
Anna had already stopped the car on the side of the road, turned off the engine and put on the hand brake. The sound of the siren faded. There was an eerie silence broken suddenly by a sharp, staccato knock on the driver's side window.  
  
From the passenger side I could see the headless form of a person, and despite the rather masculine cut of the regulation, pale blue uniform, it was obviously a woman. Anna wound down the window, and after a slight hesitation, we heard an authoritative female voice.  
  
"Will you please get out of the car?"  
  
Anna turned to me briefly, a look of surprise on her face, before she turned back and reached for the door handle.  
  
"What's the problem officer? I wasn't speeding, was I?"  
  
The police officer stepped back a little from the door, but I still couldn't see her face, just the hint of blonde hair tied back in a ponytail hanging a little below the collar of her blue shirt.  
  
Anna was out of the car and suddenly there was a burst of laughter. I bent to look out of the driver's side window and gasped with surprise.  
  
"Oh shit!" I blurted out and then laughed. I couldn't help it.  
  
Standing with Anna was the female police officer who earlier that morning had come to our tent with a colleague who, despite our best efforts to dissuade him, had booked us for camping in a prohibited area on a public reserve.  
  
By the time I opened the door and got out of the car, Anna and the police officer had both moved to the passenger side and were standing together on the grass by the roadside. The police car was parked behind ours, its lights still flashing, otherwise the road and the countryside were deserted, except for some sheep and the ruin of an old farm house and a few out buildings, the reminder of a more prosperous time now long past.  
  
The police officer offered her hand.  
  
"Hi I'm Fiona. Look, there's no problem - you weren't speeding or anything, but I recognised your car and just had to stop you and tell you that you girls were great this morning."  
  
She appeared to be in her mid to late twenties and looked stunning in her police uniform. She was tall with shoulder length blonde hair, piercing blue eyes and a gorgeous smile. She had a stick, a two-way radio, and a huge gun on her belt fastened around her slim waist. Her pants were tailored and fitted perfectly, revealing a firm, shapely and very cute butt.  
  
After introductions, she told us how a resident at Bridgewater Bay had phoned the police that morning complaining about someone camping on the foreshore and how she and the other police officer had arrived to hear us making love in the tent.  
  
Apparently, they had waited a few minutes until the moans had died down before announcing their presence. She told us that she was not surprised but certainly delighted when two young girls, one topless, emerged from the tent, faces flushed and eyes sparkling, with the scent of recent sex still clinging to their sweaty bodies.  
  
Listening to Fiona talk about us caused a pleasant tingling in my loins and I took Anna's hand in mine and gave it a squeeze. She understood and turned to me and smiled.  
  
We stood together by the side of the road chatting for a while, and told her about our trip, our plans to go to Apollo Bay, Lorne and Torquay, and my ambition to surf Bells Beach - probably the most famous surf break in Australia - even if is was just on my boogie board.  
  
"Look," she said, "It's been great to talk with you but I have to get back on patrol. Oh, and by the way, you don't need to worry about this morning. Somehow it seems that the paperwork has been lost so I guess you won't be hearing anything more about it."  
  
I like to think I wasn't worried by the prospect of going to court or at least being fined but I'm sure there was a tinge of relief in my voice as I answered her.  
  
"That's great Fiona. I don't know how we can thank you."  
  
She smiled.  
  
"Yeah, actually you do owe me. That fake licence you showed me this morning was terrible. It's a good thing my partner didn't get a look at it. He wouldn't have been anywhere near as understanding and then you would have been in serious trouble."  
  
At the time, I didn't have a driver's licence and a friend had got me a fake that I used as I.D. to get into the clubs and pubs in Adelaide. It had been okay at night in poor lighting with people who don't really care, but it obviously wasn't good enough to fool the police.  
  
As she spoke I realised it had been a pretty dumb thing to do, but I was young and sometimes you do these things without really considering the consequences.  
  
She paused for a moment, as though thinking, then continued.  
  
"Well, as for thanking me. Perhaps you can buy me dinner tonight. I live in Port Fairy and my shift finishes at five. I'll give you my address, and if you like, we can go to a great little restaurant I know."  
  
With that she went to her car and returned a few moments later with a piece of paper on which she had written her name, address, mobile number and a small smiley face at the bottom.  
  
We said our good byes and as her police car disappeared around a bend in the road, we got back in the VW and continued on the way to Port Fairy.  
  
We drove in silence for a while, both lost in our own thoughts, and Anna was the first to break the silence.  
  
"So what do you think?" She said.  
  
I knew what she meant, but I stalled.  
  
"What do I think about what?"  
  
She looked at me and smiled.  
  
"Come on Catherine. You know exactly what I am talking about. Do you want to catch up and have dinner with Fiona tonight? I guess we do owe her, you especially, and she seems nice - it could be fun."  
  
I thought about it for a few moments. All I really wanted that night was a romantic candle-lit meal with Anna at our tent, then to spend the rest of the evening making love to her, but she was right, Fiona did seem nice and we did owe her.  
  
"Okay, let's do it," I said. The decision made, I relaxed and settled back in the seat to enjoy the scenery sliding past outside.  
  
As we drove, I realised that thinking about Anna - and for some reason our brush with the Law - had left me feeling very horny, so reaching across I took her hand in mine, pulled it into my lap and pressed it against my sex.  
  
Taking her eyes off the road, she glanced in my direction and laughed.  
  
"Catherine you are hopeless. It's only been a couple of hours."  
  
"I know Anna but..." I started to say but didn't get to finish the sentence before she swung the car off the road onto a narrow, dirt track where a small, old, almost illegible sign indicated that it was the way to some beach or other.  
  
We'd only travelled about a kilometre along the bumpy, gravel track before we came over a small rise to find, stretched out in front of us, a beautiful, long, wide sandy beach. It was like a photograph out of a travel brochure - clear blue sky, golden sand, crystal clear, sparking blue water and a perfect, glassy, two to three foot surf - and the most amazing thing was that we had it all to ourselves.  
  
Anna stopped the car and almost before the sound of the engine had faded away, we were both out and running towards the water, hand in hand, giggling and laughing.  
  
We reached the shore and Anna squealed as we ran through the icy, ankle deep water, which splashed and soaked us both. She hesitated for a moment, but I tightened my grip on her hand and dragged her fully clothed and protesting further into the foaming surf.

We waded deeper, surprised and invigorated by the sea's chilly embrace, shrieking as the icy water reached our knees, then our thighs and then suddenly swirled around our loins, surging and invading our hot, tender cunts.  
  
Suddenly Anna stumbled and fell, pulling me down with her, and we both disappeared under the water, coming up a few seconds later completely drenched - coughing, spluttering and laughing.  
  
I turned to Anna, and taking her in my arms, shouted so loud that had there been anyone on the beach, they would have had no doubt of my feelings for the goddess by my side.  
  
"Darling, I love you! You are absolutely perfect."  
  
Then I kissed her. As our lips met, she responded spontaneously and passionately, forcing her tongue into my mouth, seeking out my own. Her lips were wet and salty and her tongue was hard and hot as she made love to my mouth.  
  
When she broke our kiss, I was panting with desire for her, and when she reached down to lift my top off over my head, I raised my arms in total surrender and let her have her way. She pulled off my top, took my hand, and led me back towards the shore.  
  
When we reached the water's edge, she dropped my top on the sand then slid my shorts down to my ankles. Impatiently I kicked them off.  
  
Standing naked with her on the beach, I felt more alive than ever before in my life. All of my senses were alert and tuned to our surroundings. My heart was racing and my breath was coming in excited sobs. No one had ever made me feel like this and I worshipped her for it.  
  
I reached out to take off her top but she brushed my hand away.  
  
"No Darling, let me do it for you. Let me do everything."  
  
Without taking her eyes from mine, she unbuttoned her blouse, starting at the top and making her way slowly to the bottom, teasing me with a brief glimpse of her firm round breasts before slipping her top from her shoulders to reveal her full and ripe mounds crowned with hard, pointed nipples, swollen with desire like my own.  
  
I desperately wanted to reach out and touch her but the expression on her face told me, "No Catherine. Wait! Be patient."  
  
She undid the top button of her shorts, lowered the zip, and then in one easy, fluid movement she dropped both her shorts and panties to her ankles and stepped out of them.  
  
We were both naked, and eagerly I feasted my eyes on her firm, young body, wet and glistening in the sun.  
  
She took my hand and, sinking to her knees, pulled me down until I was kneeling with her. Then she kissed me.  
  
Without breaking our kiss, she pushed me backwards until I was lying on my back on the cold, wet sand and she was next to me, then on top of me, one of her legs between mine, her thigh pressed firmly against my aching sex.  
  
She started to pull away.  
  
"No Anna. Please," I begged. I didn't want our kiss to end. I wanted her to hold me in her arms forever.  
  
"Hush Darling, trust me," she whispered, the passion in her voice making it a little shaky and husky.  
  
She moved to kneel by my side, sliding her hand lightly over my body, caressing my tiny breasts, teasing my nipples into small hard points of desire with her finger tips, tracing a line down across my flat stomach and lightly brushing my sex before finally coming to rest between my thighs and gently forcing my legs apart.  
  
I could feel the cool breeze on my wet pussy lips and I shivered a little - but it was excitement, not the wind causing me to shudder and moan. I was lying naked on the sand, my legs open, my smooth, bald pussy totally exposed. Without looking, I knew the beach was deserted and we were alone. In a way, I was a little disappointed.  
  
I felt something wet brush my stomach, and opened my eyes to see Anna lowering her head to my sex, her damp hair hanging forward and tickling my smooth, sensitive skin.  
  
She reached up and took her hair in her hand, then bunching it up she pushed it to one side and behind her neck so that I could see her beautiful face and exactly what she was going to do to me. I lifted my head to watch, and shuddered as she blew gently on my tingling pussy, then I moaned with delight as she covered my sex with her hot mouth.  
  
She knew that my juices, the cool breeze and the caressing puff of air from her cheeks would prepare me for the scorching heat of her lips and tongue, and I responded as she knew I would, spreading my legs wider, arching my back and thrusting my hips forward for her to devour me completely.  
  
She looked up and smiled.  
  
"That's it, Catherine. I know what you want. Now just relax and let me do you."  
  
She lowered her head again, slowly running her tongue the length of my slit and I closed my eyes as my head collapsed back onto the sand.  
  
I was aware of the sound of the surf and the water lapping gently against the shore just a few feet away. I could hear the screeching seagulls wheeling overhead. For a moment, I wondered what they would make of us from their vantage point far above. Sure, they could fly, wheel and soar through the heavens but I was certain that they had never experienced any pleasure like this. I knew by their anguished squeals that they saw us and were jealous.  
  
Anna parted my pussy lips with the tip of her tongue and slid it between the delicate, petal-like folds of my labia, savouring my juices before thrusting her tongue deep into my vagina, using it like a tiny penis to fuck me.  
  
I had often wondered why she rarely went out with any of the guys at school, even though she was always being asked out on dates. Even the guys at the tennis club tried, but she didn't seem at all interested. Now I knew the answer and I considered myself the luckiest person in the world to have had her as a friend for all those years and now as my lover.  
  
As I lay in the sun with the cool breeze on my skin, I could feel the first faint stirrings of an approaching orgasm. Anna sensed it too and pressed the flat of her tongue against my clit, lapping and teasing it with long, slow, firm, regular strokes.  
  
She was wonderful and I felt my clit grow as it became swollen and engorged with blood until I thought it would burst. My whole body tensed and I knew that the muscles in my legs, stomach, chest and arms would be visible as I strained, preparing for the crushing wave of pleasure that was about to come.  
  
As I approached the edge of that delightful precipice, Anna changed what she was doing and simply ran the tip of her tongue around my clit in a circular motion, not actually touching the tiny nub, but encouraging it to emerge further from its protective hood eagerly in search of stimulation.  
  
Teetering on the edge of oblivion, every part of my body and mind was straining in preparation for the final assault that would give me what I now so desperately needed.  
  
I placed my hands on the back of Anna's head and pressed gently, letting her know that it was time.  
  
She understood immediately, and took my throbbing clit between her lips and sucked, at the same time using her tongue to flick the thousands of very sensitive nerve ends in the tip.  
  
Silently, I counted each agonising lash of her tongue as she tortured my aching clit.  
  
One, two... I could feel my orgasm building, throbbing and pulsing deep inside me.  
  
Three, four, five... I fought it. I wanted to hold out, hoping this glorious, agonising ecstasy could go on for ever.  
  
Six, seven...  
  
"Oh God!" I could hear myself moaning, beseeching; begging and pleading for help as I tried desperately to hold on.  
  
Eight... I realised I was not breathing and my body was shaking uncontrollably.  
  
Nine, ten, eleven...  
  
"Fuck! No more! Please! Please Anna no more. Please! Please Anna, pleeeeeease."  
  
What she was doing was taking me to a point way, way beyond my endurance, but in spite of my words she knew that I was begging her NOT to stop.  
  
Twelve... I was on the verge of fainting but I was desperate to hold on to the threads of consciousness lest I miss the exquisite agony that was about to engulf me.  
  
Thirteen...  
  
"Oh shit yes. Oh fucking yes." I realised I was screaming but I couldn't and didn't want to stop. I couldn't be silent. I wanted the whole world to know about my joy.  
  
Fourteen...  
  
"Oh fuck." I was going to lose it. My body was going to betray me no matter what I wanted.  
  
Fifteen, sixteen, seventeen...  
  
"Ahhhhhhh..." I growled, resisting the inevitable, deliberately torturing myself, trying to hold back to prolong and maximise the pleasure, but my body had other ideas. It was as if it had a mind of its own and simply couldn't take any more.  
  
Eighteen...  
  
"Ahhhh.... Fuuuuuuuck...!"  
  
I couldn't do anything more - my body was now in control. I surrendered to a blazing sheet of white light that exploded in my brain obliterating all my other senses and the dam in my loins burst, releasing a fiery, raging torrent that flooded my cunt and filled my whole body.  
  
As my orgasm raged and consumed me I thought I was going to die, and at that moment I'd have happily surrendered my future as a trade for what I was experiencing. All those times alone in my room it had never been anything like this, not even close, and what Anna was giving me was more, so much more than I could have ever possibly imagined.  
  
I was totally lost, completely immersed; a willing prisoner held captive by a massive orgasm that seemed to go on and on forever, and when eventually it began to subside, Anna used her talented tongue to drive me back towards another peak that unbelievably threatened to be even more intense than the first.  
  
As she licked my ravenous cunt, I felt it flood and fill to overflowing with my juices. I was rocked to the core as it began to spasm, once, twice, three times and on continuously as I came for the second, third, possibly even a fourth or fifth time. It was all so blurred I couldn't separate where one orgasm finished and the next one started, and I could feel my cunt squirting my cum into her mouth, every precious drop of which she hungrily devoured.  
  
It was ages before my body stopped shaking and my breathing returned to something like normal. As I descended from the lofty heights of ecstasy, Anna kept her mouth lovingly pressed to my cunt, tenderly savouring the results of her work and protecting my sensitive sex from the elements.  
  
Only when she knew I was ready did she lift her head and come to lie by my side, making sure she kept her thigh between my legs, pressed firmly against my tender and throbbing pussy. Anna smiled and taking me in her arms, kissed me tenderly. I could taste my sweet juices on her lips.  
  
Eventually she stood and helped me to my feet. She picked up our clothes and taking my hand, led me back to the car that was waiting patiently for us in the car park.  
  
It wasn't alone. There was a big, square, silver four-wheel drive parked next to my old, somewhat battered VW; I looked around for a sign of the occupants, but they were nowhere to be seen. As we put on some dry clothes then drove off I wondered if they were somewhere in the sand hills watching us. I hoped so.  
  
When we reached the main road, Anna picked up her cell phone and dialled a number.  
  
After a few seconds she said, "Hi it's Anna. Is that offer still good?"  
  
She sat silently for a moment listening to what was, I guess, a positive response, because she said, "That's great. I have the address. We'll see you there about seven."  
  
She ended the call, put down the phone, turned to me, and smiled. I leaned over, lifted her hair, and kissed her lovingly on the back of the neck.  
  
The next stop had to be somewhere for lunch. I was starving. Then it would be on to Port Fairy and dinner with Fiona.