The Concert   
BY: Hooked6   
   
It'’s getting so a girl can't even trust her best friend anymore.   
   
I guess I should explain. My name is Kori and I live in South Florida. I wanted very badly to see a concert, which was being held on the beach one Saturday evening, but didn't want to go alone. Times were different when I was younger. There was no such thing as “Girls Gone Wild” or the idiotic Spring Break rituals that exist today. But there WERE concerts. My best (make that ex-best) friend Katie agreed to go with me provided that we make a day of it. The weather was perfect - sunny and warm. Katie arrived at my house around noon and we packed a picnic lunch and drove to the beach.    
   
I'm not sure why but I had let Katie talk me leaving the house wearing only my blue bikini. I really disliked it. It had this nasty habit of slipping waaaay too much and revealing things I really rather not have people see. It had two thin strings that tied around my back to hold up the top (I always thought that I would have liked it better if it tied around my neck too). It also had strings that tied on each side of my waist to hold up my bottom. I was always afraid that a good wave would rip it right off me - fortunately that never happened, however. I gave in though because Katie had given me that suit as a birthday present only a few months prior and I didn't want to hurt her feelings.    
   
We arrived at the beach and had to ride around for, like, forever, just to find a parking space. The beach although normally a busy place on weekends seemed even more crowded today. The concert being held that evening must have drawn more people out than usual. My friend and I had a wonderful time laying out, working on our tans and just relaxing.   
   
In no time at all we noticed it was getting close to the time for the concert and a crowd was gathering way down the beach near the pier where a stage had been set up. Not wanting to get stuck far from the stage, Katie suggested we leave our stuff and just make our way toward the pier rather than returning the stuff to the car. It was a good thing that we went when we did because we were able to get about 10 feet from the stage. After about an hour there must have been around 1500 people that had gathered that were either standing or sitting on towels in the sand.   
   
The beach was a great place for listening to music. The sand and water really made people relax and feel comfortable. The sun had started to set and the stage lights were turned on and the band took the stage. The music was slow and easy for the first hour or so but the group eventually turned up the beat and people were really getting into the groove. I was dancing with Katie and some of the people that were huddled next to me and was really having a good time.    
   
Later, in between songs, the bandleader introduced the various band members and told everyone how they loved playing on the beach and how lively the crowd was. He then went to a bag on stage and took out a huge hand full of bead necklaces and held them up. He told us that they had last played in New Orleans and had these left over. As he held out a fist full of the glittering beads toward the crowd, he shouted out, "ANYBODY WANT ONE?"   
   
Of course the crowd screamed in unison, "YES!" He then started throwing the beads waaaaay out into the crowd and people were frantically diving for them. He then joked, "You know, ya'll. . . in New Orleans girls would flash us their boobs for these things." The crowd laughed and got eerily silent. People were looking around to see if anyone was stupid enough to flash the band. I thought, yeah, like THAT would ever happen.     
   
Just then my friend Katie screamed at the top of her voice, "YOU MEAN LIKE THIS?!" I was shocked that my conservative friend was going to do such a thing but, no sooner had I completed that thought, then I felt her hands on MY back. She pulled my top right off of me and tossed it toward the stage - leaving my naked breasts exposed to everyone!!   
        
I was frozen for a second or two. I was so taken aback by her action and betrayal of our friendship I had failed to grasp the situation clearly and cover up right away. The crowd saw what happened and began shouting their approval. The bandleader joined in and remarked, "YEAH! LIKE THAT!" He then tossed a bead necklace right at me. I was so embarrassed that I immediately used my hands to cover my breasts and slumped down to hide from view. Katie was laughing so hard she almost pissed on herself.    
   
The next thing I knew the guy next to me grabbed hold of my   
Bikini bottom and kept tugging it toward the side a few inches - away from my body as he screamed teasingly, "CAN I GET ONE FOR THIS!" The bandleader shouted in the microphone, "HELL YES! YOU CAN HAVE THE WHOLE LOT!" Before I knew it there were hands all over me tugging this way and that. I felt the material ripping. I forgot all about covering my breasts as I tried in vain to hold onto my last article of cover! It was no use. I was quickly stripped of my bikini bottom and I saw the front piece and then the back sail over my head toward the stage as band members tossed the remaining pile of necklaces in my direction.      
   
I looked at Katie for help but she was busy trying to grab some of the beads off the ground! I was soooo angry I just screamed at her. Then I was aware that people were looking at me - no, make that - LEARING - at my naked body!!!! All these strangers, both men AND women were looking at me and my private places!!! My heart was racing and my mouth got very dry. I didn't know what to do! The band started playing a really fast rock and roll number as I just stood there naked as those closest to me finished picking up their beads and the crowd moved closer together again. They were shaking to the beat of the music - AND THOSE SMILES! They were really into this.    
   
Then I felt someone touching my butt from behind me. It was no accidental rub either - some pervert was copping a feel! I turn to see who it was but all I saw were people shaking their heads to the music! I decided right then I was getting out of there! I tried to push my way through the crowd but got nowhere fast! I screamed, "LET ME THROUGH! I NEED TO GET OUT OF HERE!!" The band played on. Finally I saw a man lean over toward my ear as if to say something. Above the music I heard him scream, "I'll help you get out of here, little lady." At last, I thought, a gentlemen coming to my rescue! Then to my horror he bent down and started tugging at my ankles while some other guys grabbed my waist and hands. Before I knew it I was lofted above the crowd and my naked body was being passed over the heads of the outstretched arms of the throngs below me!!   
   
People were cheering. I was really exposed now! I was so afraid that I would fall and get hurt. The sensation of having all those hands touching me started to get my attention! As I looked down in the semi darkness, I saw that the people who were carrying me overhead were LOOKING UP at ME intently - I imagined that they were getting quite a view as my legs were spread this way and that as my body floated above. About every part of me at one time or another was touched as they moved me slowly about. Sometimes my butt was only an inch or two from someone's face as they struggled to keep me aloft! I could even feel their hot breath against places that up till now no one had ever really seen close up like that! I looked around and saw the entire crowd was focused, not on the stage, but on me!!!  I began to get embarrassed as I realized too that I was WET down there. "OH GOSH!" I thought to myself, "I hope nobody notices that I'm aroused by all this - oops!" Too late! I knew for certain that at least one person now had concrete proof of my humiliation as I felt a hand - well, you know. Soon I was aware that my butt was also wet in spots!! I wondered whether the people touching me now actually realized where that dampness came from. And if they did, what where they thinking?  The band didn't even stop between songs. They just kept playing as my body was passed toward the back of the crowd.    
   
As I was passed around I neared the edge of the crowd and I felt myself starting to slip. There were mostly girls below me now trying to hold me up and I guess my weight was too much for them. I ended up tumbling down on top of them and onto the sand. I stood up and brushed myself off as two of the girls looked at me. One of them remarked, "Geez, Don't you shave!" It was an obvious insult as my rather thick pubic hair! I was humiliated and took off running toward the shore.    
   
I soon found myself away from the crowd and totally exposed on the beach! I had no idea where our car was exactly and had no clue where Katie was either. I saw two guys way in the distance coming towards me and felt very insecure. There was a sense of safety in that large crowd but I felt very fearful now! I dove into the water and started swimming! Maybe they didn't realize that I was naked! I saw them walk on past me toward the stage not even noticing me. WHEW!!   
   
I kept swimming parallel to the shore toward the direction of the parking lot. I figured that I could hide out in the water until the concert was over and then hopefully spot Katie going towards her car. I could maybe get her attention and she could bring me a towel or something. After all, the band had been playing for hours and the concert was supposed to end soon anyway. Surely things would work out.    
   
I swam for about 100 yards and thought I recognized the place where we entered the beach. I grew tired of treading water so I moved closer to shore, too close for my comfort though, so I could touch bottom and just stand in the water. Then it happened! I was illuminated by a bright light and I heard an official sounding voice yell, "HEY! NO SWIMMING AFTER DARK! THERE ARE NO LIFEGAURDS ON DUTY. YOU'LL HAVE TO GET OUT."   
   
I just froze and replied. "O.K." I was hoping they would go away satisfied with my answer but it was not to be. "GET A MOVE ON!"  The voice commanded as I stayed illuminated. Whoever it was wasn't going to leave me alone.   
   
"I, ah, I can't come out just now." I said meekly. The voice grew angrier and replied. "IF YOU DON'T GET OUT NOW I'LL COME IN AND DRAG YOU OUT!" I was afraid I would attract more attention so I decided to move toward shore and maybe then he would leave, once he saw I was doing as he asked. I slowly and I mean slowly inched my way toward shore, crouching down to keep myself covered as the water got shallower and shallower.    
   
Finally I could hide myself no more as I was practically crawling along the bottom as it was. I stopped. The faceless person hadn't budged and was keeping that blasted light on me! I figured it was hopeless and just resigned myself to my fate. I swallowed hard and closed my eyes and in one quick motion, just stood straight up out of the water.    
   
It was when I heard a surprised voice say an awkward, "OH, ah. . . I mean, I didn't realize. . . " that I quickly dropped one of my hands to cover my pubes and crossed the other arm over my breasts trying to hide as much as I could. At that he turned off the spotlight and for the first time I could see this faceless man. He came to me in the water as if to help me out. It was a boy! He was only about 19 or so and was clearly uncomfortable with my nakedness. He wore an orange vest with the words "EVENT STAFF" across the front. I left the water hoping he would help cover me or something. No sooner had I stepped on shore out of nowhere he was joined by another young man with a vest asking if he needed help. Now there were two young teens looking at me with their mouths open. I was so ashamed having to stand naked in front of these two. What were they thinking, I wondered.   
   
"What are you going to do with her?" asked the newcomer. The first shrugged his shoulders and replied, " I don't know. I guess we should call the cops or something."   
   
I started to panic and pleaded with them not to do that. I tried to explain what had happened at the concert and how my clothes were stripped off of me. After hearing my explanation one of them became more convinced than ever that the right thing to do was to call the police as he was sure I would want to press charges.    
   
"Look." I said seriously. "All I want to do is get back to my car and get out of here." The two talked it over and, after learning that I came with a friend and didn't have the car keys, decided that it would be best if I came to their office while they tried to find Katie.    
   
I was escorted to a small lifeguard shack near the parking lot. The lights were on although it was empty. "Wait here and we'll try to find your friend, Katie," one of them said. I asked for something to cover with but both just shrugged their shoulders. "Look around here, maybe there's something you can use," One of them said. I gave them a good description of what Katie was wearing and off they went into the night. Much to my disappointment, the shack was virtually empty except for a desk and a water pitcher. At least I was out of the public eye.   
    
Just then the door burst open and in walked an orange-vested girl about 18 and stopped dead in her tracks when she saw me. "OH MY!" she exclaimed, "What happened to you?"   
There was something in her voice that led me to believe she was enjoying her good fortune. And THAT made me VERY uncomfortable. That, AND the fact the she stood there with the door WIDE open so that anyone passing by could see me! I explained everything to her to which she just smiled. She told me the concert had ended and the boys would probably find my friend soon.   
   
She had barely finished speaking when the boys escorted a very drunk or perhaps drugged out girl wearing a red one piece swim suit like Katie - only this wasn't Katie. "IS THIS HER?" one asked almost out of breath.   
   
Before I could respond, the visitor was falling all over me making crude comments about my body. "NO! That's not my friend," I said angrily. Just then I spotted Katie walking past the shack and called out to her. She turned, saw me and hesitated a bit. It was as though she was thinking about leaving me, as she might not want to get into trouble. "THERE SHE IS!" I said to the boys.   
   
Finally reunited with my friend I was told I could go. Katie explained that someone had picked up our towels from the beach to - sit on she thought. We waited for the crowd to thin out. If she thought I was going to walk all the way back to the car NAKED she had another thing coming.    
   
Once we were clear of the shack I grabbed a hold of my so- called friend and demanded she give me her swim suit! I told her it was all her fault I had to endure a night of humiliation and now the least she could do was give me her suit to cover with! After much arguing, she relented. Right there in the parking lot she dropped one strap of her suit off her shoulder and then the other. She kept looking around to be sure someone wasn't watching. "BE QUICK ABOUT IT!" I snapped. She then pulled the top down exposing her breasts to me. I smiled at her small tits and pointed to the ground with my finger. She slowly lowered the suit and let it drop to her ankles. As she stepped out of it I saw why she wore a one-piece suit. She was shaved bare and had an old scar in her right pelvic area which was from an appendectomy years ago. She was so ashamed of it she took no chances on letting anyone else see it. I just laughed and laughed. I took the suit and put it on making her stand outside as I did so. And I took my time too. Unfortunately by this time there was no one around to see her shame. I insisted in driving and took the keys.    
   
There may not have been anyone around to see her shame but I was going to soon remedy that!!! I drove off onto the street with my friend crouching in the passenger seat!