**Jenny's Dignity vs the Beach**

by Webdare2

“But Ashley…”  
  
“A dare’s a dare, Jenny. You’re not going to chicken out, are you?”  
  
Jenny’s heart pounded but she shook her head. “No. No, I can do this.”  
  
“Good.” Ashley’s grin seemed a bit wider than it should have been, but Jenny was too focused on the task ahead to notice.   
  
It had come about so simply. Jenny had decided to take the weekend to go visit one of the local beach towns. When she’d arrived last night she’d been shocked and delighted to find Ashley had had the same idea. She’d spotted her friend skateboarding down the pier alongside the beach, which for some reason Jenny had found oddly hilarious. Here was her friend in her mid-twenties skateboarding like a teenager.   
  
  
Of course she’d gone over and said hello, and made a joke about the skateboard. Ashely’s face had turned a little red and Jenny had felt a little bit guilty, but nonetheless they’d gone for drinks back at the hotel and had a wonderful time. Jenny had made a few more prods about the skateboard after she’d had a few more drinks, ignoring the irritation on Ashley’s face until it became replaced by a smirk.   
  
“Fine then.” Ashley had said. “If it’s so easy, then you should ride it down the pier.”  
  
“Okay.” Jenny didn’t hesitate. That would get her out of Ashely’s bad books easy.   
  
“In your bikini.”  
  
“Okay.”  
  
“In THAT bikini.”  
  
Jenny’s face had paled instantly. How did Ashley know she’d brought that one along? The one she’d bought as a treat for the man in her life, the one that barely covered her most valuable assets.   
  
“I don’t know, Ash…”  
  
“What are you, chicken?”  
  
Maybe it was the drinks. Maybe it was guilt over making fun of Ashley or the thrill of being on vacation. But more likely the drinks, and Jenny had accepted. Ride down the pier on a skateboard in her skimpiest bikini the next morning, early enough before it became too busy but late enough it would still be bright.   
  
And so here she stood, at almost lunchtime, head and heart pounding in equal measure. She’d slept straight through her alarm and so missed the quiet period she’d intended to do the dare. Ashley had insisted she do it anyway and Jenny reluctantly agreed.   
  
She felt so exposed in this bikini. It was a bright pink that drew the eye, and consisted of so little material she barely even felt it on her. The triangular squares of her top barely covered her nipples and left the rest of her more than ample breasts bared to the world. The bottom part was no better and left her feeling like everyone could see the outline of her most intimate area. Her rear, sizeable enough as it was, was barely covered, pink skin so readily visible.   
  
She should have lied and claimed she left the bikini at home, like she should have, but Jenny was always honest and especially so after a couple of drinks. Now she had to deal with so many eyes watching her as they walked from the hotel, across the beach to the pier. She could feel the warmth of the sand even beneath her flip flops and it only made her feel somehow barer. The sun hit down on her from every angle, bathing her exposed flesh.   
  
They finally reached the pier, full of people going about their day. Various food stands filled the space, selling cold drinks and ice creams and what not. There were even a few fishing stands, renting out rods and bait. Several eyes had already turned to her but she ignored them, or did her best to, and took a deep breath.   
  
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Ashley had been looking forward to a weekend alone. Then Jenny had showed up, as she always seemed to, all happy and giggly and ignorant of how she was intruding on Ashley’s well-earned alone time. Then she’d had the nerve to make fun of the skateboard.   
  
When she’d been a teenager, Ashley had loved to skateboard. She’d always wanted to be one of the skater kids, but she’d never quite fit into that crowd. She’d eventually given it up, gotten on with other hobbies. Then she’d arrived in the beach town for her nice weekend alone and spotted the skateboard for sale in a charity store window. Out of nostalgia, she’d bought it, enjoyed it, been made fun of by Jenny, the bobble-headed blonde who was too stupid to understand.   
  
Now they stood at the start of the pier, beside one of the fishing rod stands, and Jenny about to go skateboard down the pier in that skimpy bikini that she always forgot Ashley had bought for her. Her breasts were barely contained and her rear was practically naked already. Of course, ‘practically’ wasn’t as entertaining as the real thing.   
  
She’d started by turning off Jenny’s alarm while she’d been in the bathroom the night before. As if she’d let Jenny off so easy but doing this dare so early in the morning, now she had the almost naked blonde about to streak down the pier, even though she didn’t know it yet.   
  
“Jenny, wait.” Ashley said.   
  
“What, what is it?” Jenny’s response was so quick, so hopeful, as if the answer might be a reason to back out.   
  
“I think your top’s loose. Let me get it for you.”  
  
“Thanks, Ashley! That was close.”   
  
“Let me get your bottoms too, just in case.”  
  
“You’re so nice, Ash.”  
  
Of course Jenny had been too wrapped up in the coming dare to realize Ashley had stepped closer to the fishing rod stand, grabbed two hooks from a pair of the nearest rods and pulled them over. She had tightened the strings on the bikini as promised, but each string she had then slipped through a hook. She’d made sure to loosen the fishing line enough that Jenny wouldn’t feel the tension until she was already a dozen feet down, which would be far too late. To prevent thievery, the rods themselves were locked down tight to the stand, and Ashely was willing to bet they’d be stronger than Jenny’s bikini.   
  
“You ready?”  
  
Jenny’s voice was shaky but there was no doubt. The Barbie doll blonde never backed down. “Okay.”  
  
“Go!”  
  
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Jenny set off like a lightning bolt, desperate to end this as quickly as possible. The first few feet were easy, but she’d picked up too much speed and soon began wobbling. People stared and pointed as she went passed, and someone whooped. She would have felt the rush of it if she’d been able to keep her balance, but she was wobbling all over the place, breasts bouncing up and down inside her bikini.   
  
Suddenly it was like she was being pulled back, as if someone had grabbed her from behind. But of course Jenny had picked up her speed, so eager to do this quickly, and she didn’t stop despite the pressure. It strained against her for the briefest moment, then it was over as sharply as it had begun.   
  
Her top and bottoms disappeared with a snap, vanishing off her still accelerating body as if they’d never been there. Jenny screamed but couldn’t stop, still wobbling back and forth without control. Her scream attracted even more stares and soon everyone was looking and whooping or shouting. Phones raised up to point directly at the very naked skateboarding girl.   
  
  
“Wow, they’re even bigger on the inside!” Someone pointed at her flailing, much bared breasts.   
  
The naked Jenny tried to put her foot down to stop the skateboard, but flip flops were not designed for that purpose. It caught in a gap between the planks and drew Jenny to a sudden, lurching halt. She flew from the skateboard, both flip flops flying from her feet, and hit the pier in a crash of naked flesh. She lay face down for a long moment, trying to block out the sounds of everyone gathering around her, laughing and talking and filming while her bare bottom stared up back at them. She wished she could just fall through the pier and vanish into the water, but it was not to be.   
  
A pair of hands pulled her to her feet, newly exposing her front once again to the crowd of gawking onlookers. Before she could cover herself, her hands were pulled tight behind her back and locked together with a loud clicking audible even over the crowd. The cuffs felt like iron around her wrists, heavier than she knew they should be because of what they meant. Of how exposed they made her, and it felt like her whole quivering, nude body would turn red from the humiliation.   
  
“I’m arresting you for indecent exposure.” The police officer said. He was young and clearly out of his depth, his voice not quite confident enough as he spoke at her.   
  
With her hands cuffed behind her back, everything was on display. The angle of the cuffs made her stand up straight, inadvertently pushing her naked breasts out towards the world. And nothing covered up the spot between her legs, not even a patch of hair. She tried to cross her legs, but it was no use.   
  
“Wait, no, please!” Jenny begged, but she was drowned out by another voice.   
  
“What are you doing?” Ashley bellowed, marching towards the officer.   
  
“I’m arresting this streaker—“  
  
“So men can walk around with no shirts on but women can’t?”   
  
“Men can’t walk around with no pants on either.”  
  
Ashley didn’t let up, conjured fury on her face. “College kids do a naked mile every year here and you don’t arrest them! All in the name of fun? Or the art students that do their interpretative exhibitions right in the park! My friend here is doing a study for her dissertation, to prove the persecution of nudity in modern society and here you are proving her right. Shame!”  
  
The crowd began to close around them, mumbling and nodding as Ashley spoke. Some agreed with all of her points on principle, others just wanted to see Jenny remain naked as long as possible. The young officer turned red and very small, trying to argue back but cut off every time by someone else from the crowd.   
  
“Just let her go, man.”  
  
“It’s just a bit of nudity.”  
  
“You never seen tits before, kid?”  
  
“Damn, she’s hot. I mean… freedom for bodies and whatever.”   
  
The officer finally broke and held up his hands. “I’m not trained for this.”  
  
The crowd cheered and closed the space between Jenny and the officer, forcing him away. He tried half-heartedly to push back, but the crowd had made their decision and he reluctantly retreated, hoping his supervisor wouldn’t somehow hear about this.   
  
Ashley came to Jenny’s side, grinning like a maniac, and there was a glint in her eye that made Jenny feel weird. “You do it, Jenny! You won!”  
  
“Ashley…”  
  
“Three cheers for Jenny!”  
  
The crowd obliged, whilst still of course filming and taking pictures.   
  
“Thank you all for your support, but I must be getting our heroine back to her hotel to rest.” Ashley said, pressing her hands to Jenny’s shoulders and guiding her through the crowd.   
  
It took a few minutes but the crowd eventually dispersed to let them through, and Jenny found herself walking back down the pier guided by Ashley’s hands. People still stared and made comments, gazing intently or pretending not to look. A few younger beachgoers followed at a distance, whispering and giggling.   
  
“Ashley…”  
  
“That was amazing. I don’t know why you took your bikini off, but I’ll have to buy you a drink when we get back for that!”  
  
They stepped back onto the sand and Jenny felt the warmth of it between her bare toes. The feeling from every single step reminded her even further of her exposure, sending shivers up her whole body.   
  
“Ashley, please…”  
  
“What is it?”  
  
Jenny looked down at herself and wanted to scream again. Hands cuffed behind her like iron, feet bare to the hot wood of the pier. Breasts pushed forwards by her cuffed arms and nipples pointed straight out like sharp diamonds, and her deepest and most hidden modesty freshly exposed with every step of her long, naked legs. Every inch of her body exposed to the sun and the air, to the hungry eyes of the world.   
  
“The handcuffs.” Jenny whispered.   
  
Ashley couldn’t keep the grin of her face. “Oops.”