**Sandra Dee**

by[**theAmateur**](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=2105538&page=submissions)©

Oh, fuck! This can't be happening!  
  
It must be the drink, I've had quite a bit through the day. I'm not usually like this at all!  
  
Don't get me wrong, I'm no modern day Sandra Dee, 'lousy with virginity', but still, sitting in an english seaside pub, being finger-fucked under the table by a boy I only met for the first time a few hours ago? It can't be happening, It shouldn't be happening!  
  
The day had started normally enough, a couple of us decided to take advantage of the hot weather and spend the day at the beach. Before you know it, there was a group of eight of us going, friends and friends of friends. It was a nice enough day too, lazing round, swimming, sunbathing. Somebody had brought some wine, someone else some bottles of lager. We'd all shared them, and when the day had started to cool we'd retired to the local pub for a few more drinks. We'd taken over one of the corner tables and were having a good old laugh, making quite a bit of noise, I suspect.  
  
I was sitting in the corner seat, on a long bench attached to the wall. This boy had sat next to me, a friend of one of the other girls there. He was nice enough and we'd been chatting together happily on the beach.  
  
Oh, shit! Do you know what that's doing to my insides? For fuck's sake, stop it! I can stop him. I should stop him! I'll just... Ooohh!  
  
I'd put on a short yellow summer dress over my bikini when we came off the beach, and sitting down it rode up pretty high, just covering my bikini bottoms. The boy had sat down next to me and after a couple of minutes, I felt him run his finger along the side of my thigh, from my knees up to the hem of my skirt. I'd looked at him, but didn't really mind. The sun, the drink, the banter had all combined to leave me feeling quite relaxed and happy. He had looked back at me and smiled, then he did it again.  
  
I'd leaned into him and asked him if he was teasing me. 'Something like that' he'd replied, with a laugh. Then there had been a sudden burst of laughter at something, and I'd been distracted.  
  
Fuck, fuck, fuck! Don't do that! I'm flushing bright red, I know I am!  
  
I'd been distracted but not for long. I felt him stroke my leg again, this time lingering near my hem line. I'd looked across at him again, thinking I should move away, but I was trapped in the corner. I'd have to push past everyone. His next stroke was along the top of my thigh, and he pushed the edge of my skirt up, almost to the edge of my bikini bottoms. I should have stopped him then, but it felt naughty and a little bit exciting - i wanted to see how far he would go.  
  
Christ! He's put his finger in me! God, I'm wet. Oh, that feels good!  
  
Then he'd run his finger along the edge of my bikini bottoms, from the side, all the way to the start of my pussy mound. He didn't even look at me while he did it, he was chatting to his mate across the table. It was sort of weird, but sexy.  
  
Bloody hell! My nipples are burning! Yes, they're sticking right up through my top, everyone must be able to see them!  
  
He'd then progressed to stroking my pussy through my bikini, little gentle feather-light touches that gave me the tingles. Why hadn't I stopped him? Why didn't I say something? His gentle touches had turned into a soft, circular rubbing, right across the top of my clit.  
  
Oh, God, don't you dare stop now! That feels so good. Look at me, I'm panting now, someone's going to notice!  
  
It was my fault I was in this position. When he'd slipped his fingers under the edge of my bikini leg I'd opened my legs slightly, inviting him in.  
  
Oh, God! He's rubbing my clit! Shit! I just moaned out loud! Lucky nobody noticed.  
  
I can't believe I'm letting him do this. This isn't me at all. I mean, I'm no prude but, in public? What will everyone think if they see me?  
  
Another finger? How many is that? Probably just two, but it feels like a hundred! Stop with the clit rubbing, for fucks sake!  
  
I have to decide. Am I going to let him make me cum? I want to, God, I want to, but dare I? Why doesn't he look at me? It's as if he's not doing it at all.  
  
Bloody hell! Over a bit, just a bit more, just... There! That's it! Oh, fuck!  
  
The room's spinning. I press my hands flat on the table to steady it, or to steady me, I'm not sure which. I'm breathing hard. I'm flushed. It's too late to stop him now, He's going to make me cum whether I want to or not.  
  
Nearly, nearly, just a bit more! Oh, shit, I'm going to cum!  
  
Somebody spoke to me. What? What did they say? I try to focus. Am I alright? Yes, yes, I'm fine. Too much wine? Yes, yes, that's it. I'm OK.  
  
Oh, no! It's starting, Bite your lip, that's it! Don't shout! Don't make a noise!  
  
More voices. What? I don't know what they're saying. What? They're asking me something. I can't answer. I don't know.  
  
Oh! Too late! Oh, fuck! Don't scream! Mmmm! Squeeze! Squeeze!  
  
I think I broke his fingers. I trapped his hand and squeezed it. My heart's racing, the room's still spinning, but slowly now.  
  
I look up and everyone's watching at me, but they seem worried, not shocked. Yes, I'm fine. Too much to drink, too much sun. I just went a little dizzy, that's all.  
  
I look across at him, but he's still not looking at me. I'm sitting in a puddle of cum juice, I'm panting and flushed, but he doesn't even look at me! I laugh and again tell everyone I'm fine now. They tease me a little and move on to a new subject.  
  
I'm breathing a little easier now and can start to take in what's going on around me. Nobody's taking any notice of me any more, I got away with it. He's taken his hand away now and I look across at him again.  
  
Bastard! The bastard just licked his fingers! He can't even look at me and he licked his fingers!