**The Bikini Hunt**

I write erotic stories on the Literotica web site but they are too long to post here. However, a friend of mine named Vanessa has given me permission to post a short account she wrote about something that happened to her and some other girls when they were students. Here it is:   
  
I attended Cardiff University in the 1960s. It was in the age of the bikini. After seeing the banning of the bikini in beauty contests because they “showed too much”, and after Brigitte Bardot appeared wearing one in the film “And God Created Woman”, no self-respecting female was seen without her bikini.   
After Brian Hyland sang “Its Bitsy Teenie Weenie Yellow Polka Dot Bikini” in 1960 the sale of bikinis went through the roof and they have been with us ever since. As any young girl with a half-decent figure will tell you, it’s the thing to be seen in to show it off.   
  
During my student days we all went in for the very daring halter top and side-tie bikinis. They were so easy to get off that the boys had a fine time doing their best to embarrass us, and many a girl who dropped off to sleep on the beach found that, when she got up, her top “accidentally” dropped off, the top string having been carefully undone by one of the lads.   
  
That was in the days before feminists and politically correctists raised their joint, ugly heads to try to spoil the fun.   
  
In the summer a group of us, both male and female students, often used to visit a place called Merthyr Mawr. It’s on the coast not all very far from Cardiff, and, in those days it was covered with acres of undulating sand dunes. The only people you’d see there were the odd man or woman walking a dog.   
  
One sunny day as we were all lying on the sand, we noticed that some of the boys were rather red from their previous sunbathing. One of the girls remarked on this and we commented that they looked like a lot of “redskins”. As we were to very soon discover, this was a very unwise thing to say.   
  
Shortly after the boys had been whispering together, they started enlarging one of the natural holes in the sand until it was quite a large deep pit. They jumped into it and tried to get out, but, without help from someone above this was very difficult. Some of us girls tried and we found it even more difficult than the boys.   
  
We asked them why they’d dug the pit. They replied that as they were redskins they would be coming to hunt our scalps but that our “scalps” were going to be our bikinis. They gave us just one minute to hide and then they would be coming on their bikini hunt.   
  
We didn’t know quite what they meant at first, but it sounded a bit terrifying so we ran screaming away all over the dunes.   
  
We soon discovered what the rules of the game were. When we were caught by one of the boys he quickly whipped off our bikini top and used it to tie our hands behind our back. Then he removed the bottom of our bikini and stuck it in his belt. This was his “scalp” - Red Indian fashion.   
  
With a fireman’s lift he then hauled us up onto his soulders and carried us back to the pit in triumph. He then dumped us in the pit - stark naked and with our hands tied behind our backs. I can’t begin to describe what it feels like when the only thing you have covering your naughty bits is a tiny bikini, and suddenly it’s whipped off you. Your feel very naked!   
  
The first boy back stood guard on the pit until another arrived with his prisoner, when he took over. But, believe me, it was impossible to get out of that pit with your hands tied behind you.   
  
The boy who collected the most “scalps” was declared the winner, but we girls were not hauled out of the pit and given back our bikinis until we had agreed to pay a forfeit. You’d never believe how humiliating some of those forfeits were.   
  
I recall my first one well. I’d been caught by Jack who I had a crush on, so didn’t mind much, but my forfeit was to kiss him. It was the first time I’d ever been kissed naked. I’m happy to say it wasn’t the last!   
  
On later visits I always tried to get caught by Jack if I could arrange it. A few years later, he caught me for good. He’s now my wonderful husband.   
  
A couple of years ago we decided to go on a visit down memory lane and drove to Merthyr Mawr. Sadly it was all overgrown with ugly weeds and not much sand was to be seen. We looked everywhere for the pit but we failed to find it. Perhaps, over the years, it had been filled in by the wind-driven sand.   
  
But we enjoyed our visit. Jack said, “Let’s play bikini-hunt”. I told him I didn’t think I could get into mine now, and he admitted that he didn’t think he would be able to haul me up on his shoulders. We both had a laugh thinking of those happy student days.