A Day in the Sun

by Hedoliz Â©

As I have told you before, my "stories" on the Internet are truthful to an

extent, but only up to a point. The rest is bullshit. I'm not as brave as

you might think I am, and I am certainly not as brave as I like to think I

am either. All Sunday night I fantasized of all the erotic fun Jim and I

were going to have on Monday at the beach and I promised myself that I

would follow through on my fantasies. My plan was that I was going to wear

my crotches loin cloth from the parking lot to the beach, We were going to

find a semi secluded spot (if we could) where we could get sexual with one

another, and if everything worked out I was going to give him a blow job

there on the beach or maybe even fuck him, and if one or two horny men

happened to see us as they walked by or stopped to watch us then all the

better. Even now, after the day is over, I still get horny thinking about

that.

Unfortunately, it never happened that way. It normally doesn't.

We left the house around 10 AM. We had taken a couple of changes of

'clothes' for me, my crotches loin cloth, a cooler with a 3 liter bottle

of wine and a couple of glasses, our backgammon set, a blanket, a small

duffle bag to carry the clothes and our personal affects, and two light

weight aluminum folding chairs. Black's Beach is 90 miles from our house

so I figured that we would get to the top of the cliffs by about noon or

maybe earlier. We got as far as Del Mar before we realized that it would

take us a little longer. The San Diego County Fair is currently being held

at the Race Track (or at least I think that's what it was) and there was a

huge traffic jam. Had we known in advance we could have taken an alternate

route, but it was too late by the time we had realized our mistake? It

took us about 45 minutes to negotiate our way through the traffic and get

back up to speed again.

It was 12:15 when we got to the cliffs and there were already a LOT of

cars in the parking lot. Let me take this paragraph and describe to you

the setting of Black's Beach. It becomes important later in the account of

what happened. It is a stretch of beach approximately 3 miles long from

the North end, which is primarily a gay area, to the South end which is

primarily straight. The ratio at the straight section is perhaps 25%

couples and 75% single men. The parking lot sits on top of the bluffs and

is the home of the Torrey Pines Hang Glider Port, where people go to rent

Hang Gliders or bring their own and use it as a launching pad. As a

result, there are always a mix of "nudists" and "non nudists" sharing the

same parking lot. There were already a lot of gliders in the air and there

was a lot of activity around the main building.

I took one look at all the people, and decided that I was NOT going to

change into my loin cloth. There were just too many people. I just

couldn't see myself being so daring with so many non nudists there to see.

I decided just to wear the shorts and the Tee Shirt that I had worn from

home. Jim was a little disappointed since I had told him what I planned to

do, but he took it in stride since I promised him that I WOULD wear them

on the way back to the car. I knew that we would probably be staying until

7 PM or maybe even later and by that time there would be far fewer people.

So much for mistake #1 for the day.

The trail down the cliffs is a short one (only 300 to 400 footsteps) but

it is extremely steep. There are places on the trail where you literally

have to hold on to the rocks and ease yourself down to the next step by

reaching out with one leg, finding a foothold, and then easing the rest of

your body down. As we went down I fantasized about the really great

"spread eagle" I would have presented to anyone had I only had the nerve

to have worn my crotches loin cloth. There was only one guy who would have

seen me actually spread open, but I could tell that he would have enjoyed

the hell out of it since his eyes were fastened on my crotch anyway, even

in my modest shorts, as I bend down and spread my legs maneuvering one of

the steps.

When we reached the bottom we hiked north for about 200 - 300 yards, found

a place to lay the blanket, stripped off our clothes, and settled down for

a good day of "fun in the sun." It really feels liberating being naked,

and the weather was perfect. It wasn't too hot and their was a wisp of a

cooling breeze. Jim set up the Backgammon game and opened the bottle of

wine. He poured us each a glass so we could "loosen up" a little before we

took our walk. We always take "walks" when we are at the beach. Don't ask

me why (I'm sure it's psychological) but I feel more at ease being daring

when I'm passing "through" the scenery rather than "being" the scenery.

That being said, I certainly wasn't being modest while we played

Backgammon. I made it a point of being 'careless' with how my legs were

positioned when I sat and when I lay down, so I knew that if anyone walked

by they could see everything.

After a few games, I put on my crotches loin cloth, leaving my breasts

bare, of course, and, drink in hand, we walked north. When you are on a

"nude" beach and everyone else is nude, the crotches bottom I now wore

gathered me more attention than if I were totally nude. It's not what an

observer "sees" that is important, it's what he "thinks" he sees. I felt

deliciously wicked walking along the beach with just a small flap in front

covering my pussy and a small flap in back that covered my ass. We walked

all the way to the northern end of the beach, a good 40 minute walk, and I

made sure that there were many times, specially when we stopped to have a

cigarette, that I put on a pretty good show to whoever was nearby. There

were way too many people to seriously think about fucking or sucking, but

Jim did manage to insert his fingers inside me once or twice while we sat

on the sand and I held his cock for a while we were walking and we were

far enough from everyone so that it didn't look obvious that I was trying

to show off. We finally got back to our blanket and I removed my bottoms

again. We poured another big glass of wine and set up the Backgammon game

once more. I was even more "careless" with my legs while we played and I

knew that Jim was getting excited because he couldn't seem to keep his

eyes on the board. The sight of his wife publicly displaying herself on

the beach was beginning to get to him.

Then, probably about 5 PM, it happened.

I was sitting on the blanket with my knees up (and spread, of course) with

my arms crossed over my knees when another couple walked by. They were

dressed and each of them carried a beach towel. She had a bag slung around

her neck but they carried no chairs, no cooler, no anything else. As they

walked by they looked at us and smiled. They walked about fifteen feet

further, lay their towels on the sand, and stripped off their clothes.

They held hands and ran down to the water, laughing and giggling as they

went.

Our blanket was about mid distance from the cliffs to the shore and we had

an unobstructed view of the water. I watched as they played together on

the shore and in the water. At one point she even climbed up on his

shoulders and straddled his neck as he waded into the water and of course

his hands were on her ass helping to balance her. Even from this distance

I could tell that her cheeks were wide open and we could hear their

squeals of laughter as he flipped her forward off his shoulders and into

the water. They played like that for about five minutes and then returned

to their towels. I pretended not to watch when they returned, but of

course I did. And so did Jim. The man laid down on his back on one of the

blankets and she jumped on him and squatted down on top of him. Her knees

were spread, one on each side of him, and she bend her head down and

kissed him passionately. At first we thought they were going to fuck, but

unfortunately they didn't. She just sat there on top of him looking erotic

as hell and I could see Jim's cock beginning to grow. I knew that he was

getting turned on and I berated myself for not having had the nerve to get

that intimate with him yet. The truth is that with all my bragging, I'm

still afraid of being too bold.

I told Jim to pour us another glass of wine, hoping not only to get his

attention back to me and away from them, but to loosen me up a little more

so I could be as carefree and uninhibited as they were. He looked at me,

shrugged his shoulders, and poured another glass of wine. I knew that he

wanted to continue watching them

A few minutes later, she was off him and they were sitting side by side.

They were obviously talking. We couldn't hear what they were saying so we

knew they must have been keeping their voices down on purpose. There was

only about fifteen feet between us and if they had been speaking normally

we would surely have heard them.

Suddenly they stood up and walked over to us. She introduced herself as

Angel and he told us his name was Rigor. I'm not lying, those were the

names they gave us. I hadn't noticed it earlier, but she had a pierced

clitoris and there a tiny ring hanging there. They wanted to know if we

wanted to share a few joints with them. They told us that they had seen us

and picked the spot to put down their towels because we looked like we

might be a fun couple. I didn't know what a "fun" couple meant to them,

but I knew what it meant to me and I knew that I wasn't prepared for that

kind of fun. I may love to show off now and then, but having sex with

another couple wasn't my cup of tea. But the thought of getting high was

attractive so we agreed. He went back to their towels and came back with

her bag.

She was sitting cross-legged in front of us when he handed her the bag.

She opened it and withdrew three medium sized joints. She lit one, took a

deep hit, and passed it to Rigor, who in turn passed it to me. As we

smoked, we talked, and the more we talked the more it became obvious that

their idea of "fun" had nothing to do with swinging or sex or anything of

that nature. They just wanted to meet another couple that they felt

comfortable enough with to be able to sit down and smoke with. I could

empathize with her. When we're at a nude beach we've always felt that it

would be imposing on another's 'space' to boldly go up and introduce

yourself the way they did. It's hard enough when you have a suit on at a

regular beach, but when you're completely naked it's just hard to get up

enough courage We had assumed they wanted to have sex with us when they

first approached and I think that in the back of my mind I had always

assumed that people would think the same about Jim and I if we had ever

approached someone else. It's funny how psychology works. You would think

that being naked with other naked people would break down the barriers,

but in reality it just creates new and different ones.

We shared what was left of our wine with them and we apologized that we

didn't have more to offer but they told us not to worry. They told us that

they came to the beach maybe once a week and had been doing so for about a

month and that we were the first ones they had ever had a conversation

with. As bubbly a personality as she had it came as a surprise to me, but

I wasn't about to question her truthfulness,

During the second of the three joints that we passed around Jim got up

enough courage to ask her about the lit ring. Not only wasn't she

embarrassed about it, she spread her legs open and showed us how it was

attached and where the holes were and everything. She even encouraged Jim

to feel it and pull on it a little if he felt like it. She seemed very

proud of it. It made me a little depressed when I thought of how I had

been afraid of the crowd of people and how I had let the day pass without

living up to my fantasies and my promises of the night before. Here she

was sitting on Rigor's stomach, letting Jim play with her lit ring, and I,

who was supposed to be the slitty little wench that Jim loves so much, had

been too much of a coward to do any of those things. I was jealous of her

complete openness about sexuality and nudity, and I found myself getting a

little turned on by her myself. That being said, no, I'm not talking about

thinking of her in any lesbian way. I'm still straight and had no desire

to have sex with her, but my jealousy was born of admiration for her

courage, and the admiration made me think of myself doing the same things,

and thinking about THAT was making me horny.

We talked and laughed and kidded and discussed for another hour or more

and it soon came time to leave. They were the first that said they had to

go, but it was time for us as well. We all got up and collected our things

and, still talking, we headed for the long climb back up the hill. We were

all still naked, but when we got to the bottom of the hill I stopped and

opened up the duffel bag and pulled out my shorts and Tee shirt and

started to get dressed. Jim nudged me. He didn't want to say anything, but

he pointed to the loin cloth. I know I had promised, but the line of

people walking up the hill was a small army. It seemed that everyone was

leaving at the same time.

I thought of what my naked cunt and ass would look like to anyone behind

me as I was forced to spread myself open climbing the stairs, and I could

feel myself getting wet just thinking about it. But I just couldn't do it.

I wanted to, I really did. I wanted it badly. But I just couldn't It was

one thing to lay on the beach naked and be exposed like that, but there,

everyone else is naked as well. Going up the trail was something else.

Everyone was dressed. And when I got to the top I would have to walk all

the way to the van, which was at least 150 yards away from the trailhead,

across a parking lot full of cars and people getting ready to leave, the

nudes from below as well as the people from the hang gliding port. Jim

reminded me of my promise, and I was sorely tempted, but I couldn't. I

just couldn't.

I shook my head sadly and put on the pair of shorts and the T shirt.

Before he said anything else, I turned and started climbing the hill. I

hated myself for my timidity, but I was afraid. And to be truthful, I

couldn't even begin to explain why. After I had taken about 15 to 20 steps

I stopped to catch my breath. Yes, the trail IS that steep, particularly

the bottom part.

In a few moments the others caught up to me, and they rested as well. I

waited while they too caught their breath and we continued talking while

they rested. In the meantime, several other climbers caught up to us and

passed us. They were obviously more muscular and in better shape than we

were. Finally, Angel indicated that she was ready and she began climbing

again. I looked up as she climbed and my heart almost stopped. She was

wearing a Tee shirt like mine, but she didn't wear any shorts on

underneath. She was walking up the hill like I had fantasized I would. SHE

was the one with the courage, not me. Every time she took a step up one of

the stairs her ass was prominently displayed and whenever she came to one

of the larger steps, where you really had to stretch, she would open up

and you could clearly see EVERYTHING. Both of her 'holes' were open wide

and everyone who was behind her was getting a show worthy of any of the

bottomless bars that proliferate in Southern California.

It made me angry. It should have been me. It could have been me. It WOULD

have been me had I had the courage of my fantasies and stayed true to my

promise to Jim. But now it was too late. She had stolen what should have

been mine. She was the one getting the attention. I debated taking off my

shorts and joining her in showing off, but I knew that the moment had

passed. If I did it now it would seem like she had given me permission,

and I didn't feel right trying to "keep up" with her. I thought about

stripping off my top and climbing topless, but the same thing applied. I

was fated to watch her expose her crotch all the way to the top of the

hill and always have memories of what might have been. I tried imagining

the thrill and the rush that must be going through her head as the clothed

climbers climbed up behind her, saw her open womanhood as she stretched

for the next step, and I envied her. And of course I didn't have to

imagine what she must feel like that much, since I had already imagined it

before. A thousand times before. And I didn't have to imagine what was

going through the minds of the men who were climbing behind us felt

either, because I could see it in their eyes as they ogled her and when

they purposely made sure that they took their "rest stops" slightly behind

us. There was only one man who actually passed us and by his demeanor I

assumed he was gay. There was one couple that passed as well, and I could

tell that even he would have preferred to stay behind us, but of course

his girl friend (or his wife) wasn't really interested so by us they went.

But they were smiling, not frowning.

By the time we reached to top there was a fan club mentality to all of the

followers. None had said a word, never gave any indication that they had

just seen what they had seen, yet it was obvious that they had or they

would have passed us a lot earlier since we were going slow and taking a

lot of breaks.

As we walked across the parking lot I walked behind Angel and watched.

Even on the level ground the bottom part of her ass was fully exposed.

When she and Igor reached their car she turned around and I saw that her

pussy was also showing. The Tee shirt was larger than her normal size (I

assumed it was Igor's) but it still wasn't long enough to cover her

completely. As I said before, I don't have any lesbian tendencies, but the

sight of her pussy exposed like that in the parking lot was turning me on

like nothing else I could imagine. Except of course if it had been MY

pussy exposed, which of course it wasn't because of my stupidity and my

irrational fear, and I became angry at myself again.

She opened the door to their Jeep Cherokee and got in, leaving the door

open. She looked around in the glove compartment, got a piece of paper and

a pen and wrote out their phone number. Then she handed me the pen and

another blank piece of paper and asked if I would mind giving them ours. I

took hers and quickly wrote our number on the blank piece of paper and

gave it back. She told us that maybe the next time we came to the beach we

could all come together. They only lived about 15 miles from us. I noticed

too that the whole time we were writing out the numbers the door was open

and she had pulled the Tee shirt up above her butt so she didn't have to

sit on it. It was all the way up to her stomach and her bare pussy was

pointed out the door. She never acted as if she was 'purposely' showing

herself or even that she was aware of it. She acted as if this was normal

and was no big deal. A man walked by while we were talking and I could see

his eyes open wide with surprise as he saw her. She never even

acknowledged that she was aware of his presence. She just kept talking as

if she were fully dressed.

Finally they said good-by and left. I felt like shit. I had fucked up the

day in so many ways that I couldn't even begin to count them. I felt sorry

for Jim and I felt sorry for myself. But I'm sure that Jim understood. He

knows me. He knows that I can talk big, and fantasize big, but I'm still

trapped into taking baby steps each and every time we decide to have an

erotic night or weekend. Wanting to do something and actually doing it are

two different things, and even though we have had a lot of memories of

doing things that most people don't, each and every time I have to face my

fears and my insecurities all over again.

Yes, we had a videotape made of us fucking ourselves silly, and yes, we

had flashed truckdrivers on various freeways and highways occasionally,

and yes, I had danced naked for a group of complete strangers at a

bachelor party, but these erotic moments, and others, were moments in

which WE were in control. Each and every time we had planned our moves,

mapped it out in advance, known what to expect and had risked little. But

here, at the beach, we had no control. We were at the mercy of

circumstance.

As we started walking back to the car I stopped and told Jim that I needed

to pee. We were in front of a row of "portable latrines" that were used

for customers of the Glider Port. He told me he would wait, so I opened

one of the doors and went in to do my business.

As I sat, I began thinking, Why had I wasted the day? What was there to

really fear? SHE had walked up the hill with everything exposed, and what

happened to her? Nothing. Nothing had happened to her. SHE would have the

memories that I had wanted to be mine, and she acted as if nothing was

different. She and I and Jim and Igor had been naked on the beach all day

and had thought nothing about it. All she had done was to extend that into

a walk up a hill and a short walk to the car. What was the difference? The

only difference, I suspected, was context. While we were on the beach,

everyone else was naked. When we were on the climb up, and in the parking

lot, everyone else was clothed. On the climb and in the parking lot it

would stand out more, make her more 'noticeable,' more vulnerable, more, I

don't know, more naked. But isn't that what I always said I wanted to be?

Different. More daring than the others. More 'NAKED'? I had wanted it too

much, and I had failed to live up to my hype. She had never given it a

thought, and as a result had done it. Sometimes you can want something too

much, I thought. And in the wanting comes desire, and with desire, comes a

self fulfilling prophesy of failure.

OK, I thought, I've made mistakes all day. I've let a lot of my chances

pass me by. This is my last chance. What was I afraid of? What was the

worst that could happen? I made my decision. I wiped myself off, stood,

and removed my shorts and my top. I stood there thinking. Should I? Yes, I

convinced myself, Yes, yes, yes! I owed it to Jim, but mainly I owed it to

my self. I took a few deep breaths to steady myself and I opened the door.

I walked out into the open completely naked. I saw Jim standing there and

he gulped when he saw me. I was holding my crumpled shorts and my T shirt

in my hand. I handed them to him. He took them and then looked around. I

don't know if he was as excited and as terrified as I was, but he took my

hand and we began walking to the van. It was about 75 yards away and to

reach it we had to cross two aisles of parking. Numerous cars were driving

through and as best as I recall I saw 15 to 20 people milling around their

cars.

It only took us at most a minute to walk to the car, but we had to walk

right by numerous people, all of whom looked and stared at my naked body.

I never spoke to any of them, and only one spoke to me (complimentary,

thank goodness) but the rush I felt was incredible. We didn't hurry or try

to 'streak' or anything like that. We simply walked hand in hand to the

car just as if I had clothes on. I wanted it to appear natural, just as

Angel had. I knew how nonchalant and innocent she had acted and I wanted

to emulate her.

When we got to van Jim fumbled around in the bag for the keys, but he

couldn't find them immediately. Whether he was nervous or just wanted to

prolong my exposure I couldn't tell, but I knew that he had hidden the

spare key under the left front tire, which we always did when we came here

just in case we lost the keys down on the beach. Before Jim could find

them I was down on my hands and knees and reaching under the tire for the

spare key. It gave him a great view of my spread open crotch, from asshole

to pussy lips. Fortunately (or unfortunately) his body blocked most of

this view from anyone who may have been passing behind me. I got the key,

handed it to him and then boldly walked around to the other side of the

van and waited for him to open his door, get in, and then unlock my side

of the van. During those few seconds two cars passed by, one of which

honked their horn and waved at me. I waved back with a big grin on my

face.

Once inside, Jim handed me my clothes. I smiled and tossed them in the

back-seat. I told him no. Now that I was naked again I wanted to stay

naked. I wanted to drive all the way home like this. It was a challenge, a

dare that I was making to myself. It would be dark in 45 minutes, but

during that 45 minutes I wanted to experience the thrill of not knowing

what would happen. Of course I wasn't completely crazy.

Our van rides higher than most cars, most people don't 'look' in cars that

pass them or in cars they pass, and I had a towel laid across the console

between the seats just in case we did run into any 'problems' but I fully

expected to be able to brave it out for the entire ride. Like I said

earlier, In the past I had flashed truckdrivers and danced naked and the

like, so it wasn't exactly new to me, but what WAS new to me was that we

would have to drive on streets other than the freeway. We would have stop

signs and railroad crossings and pedestrians to contend with, at least for

the first 15 miles. Once we got to the Freeway I would be relatively safe

and have nothing to fear. And darkness was only about 45 minutes away.

Well, we made it. Yes, there were those who saw me, but I pretended that I

didn't notice them. In truth, I was glad they saw me, and it thrilled me

when they did, but I never really looked at them, probably because if I

looked at them I would betray my own insecurities. In any event, to the

best of my abilities I just sat there, talking and laughing with Jim as we

always did. The only difference was that I was naked.

After we got on the freeway and darkness fell I relaxed a little more and

started to get amorous with Jim. The only thing I had forgotten was that

the Border Check, where they check for illegal aliens coming across from

Mexico, was still ahead.

Jim's pants were down and I had just begun performing fellatio on him when

he slowed suddenly and pulled up his pants. I raised my head up and looked

and saw a line of cars slowed ahead and I realized that I wouldn't be able

to go the entire distance completely naked. I grabbed the towel and draped

it over my shoulders covering my tits. I took three to four minutes for

all the cars in line to be waived on through. Usually this doesn't take

that long, but I guessed that even though this was only July 3rd, traffic

was heavier than normal due to people being off work for a four day

holiday. As the last car ahead of us was waved through I daringly tossed

the towel aside and when the border guard waved us through I waved back,

naked as the day I was born. I saw the admiration in his eyes and his

smile. I probably made his day, unless of course he sees a lot of women

like me in the course of his job. I didn't really know or even care. All I

knew and cared about was that he had seen me.

The rest of the trip home was, as you might imagine, sexually charged. Jim

got his blowjob, I got a good, long fingering from him and a promise that

he would fuck my brains out when we got home. Unfortunately, the fuck had

to wait. By the time we got home (dressed again, I should add) and Jim

took the baby-sitter home I was starting to feel chilled, the first signs

of a sunburn. While he was away I took a shower, got in bed and covered up

with blankets. The fuck would have to wait until morning. But I was going

to hold him to his promise. I went to sleep fantasizing about all the

nasty things he and I would do when we awoke.