Beach Bunny - Chapter 1

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151.197.206.204

Beach Bunny - Chapter 1.

"Damn it!"

The instant the door to her hotel room had closed, Sara realized that she had left her door key inside. "How could I be so stupid!" she muttered to myself as the realization hit. She was heading out to the beach - finally - when Tina from the office called with a last minute emergency. Some vacation..." she thought to herself as the phone rang for the fifth time that afternoon.

Tina's call wasn't completely urgent, but it was enough that Sara had forgotten that she'd tossed her key onto the bed while she explained how to solve the problem. "I guess if I want to get paid like I'm the most important person at the company, I might expect to deal with the responsibilities." she thought.

"Well, it could be worse." Sara giggled as she considered all of those cliche TV commercials where the guest got locked out naked. Not that she wasn't far from being naked herself. Her micro-mini white bikini left little to the imagination. But then again, she's been working out for more then six months making sure her 29 year old body was in great shape for her first real vacation since college. She remembered Spring Break and how pretty all the girls were - including herself - and didn't want to stand out in the crowd. She certainly didn't want to miss out on any of the fun. And what better way to do that than to be as pretty as all the college girls here on Spring Break.

OK, so the bikini wasn't exactly the kind of thing she'd normally wear in public. She'd spent too much time climbing to the top of her IT Department to risk losing face with any of her co-workers - especially her bosses. The last she'd need is to be perceived as a slut. So many of her bosses had made passes at her. So many had been blatantly sexist. If she had wanted to, she could have brought harassment charges against any number of them. But she used her coyness to gain an advantage at the office. Though she'd never admit it openly, she knew her looks had a lot to do with her rapid advancement.

She was in the Bahamas. It was early May. There would be tons of college students here. She assumed that if she had the body, she'd blend in just fine. Heck, maybe even a couple of the hotter guys might come on to her. Now THAT might make this a vacation to remember.

She giggled at the thought, then remembered her predicament. "Well, Sara", she thought to herself. "You wanted to parade around here almost naked, and now's your chance."

She took a deep breath, and began to make her way down the balcony towards the stairs. It wouldn't take her long to get to the lobby and get her room unlocked. As she walked past the other rooms, she gazed out at the pool and ocean, taking in the wonderful view. Her room was on the third floor overlooking the huge pool. It had a wonderful view of the beach, too. It had cost her a bundle for the prime room during peak season, but she had decided long ago that she deserved to splurge a bit for herself. She'd earned it. Her hand guided her along the wrought iron railing as she enjoyed a feeling of blissful relaxation.

Rip!

Her heart stopped when she heard the sound. One of the strings on her bikini bottom had snagged on a burr on the railing and ripped completely off! The front triangle of the micro-mini had sprung back between her legs and before she had stopped moving, her forward momentum had ripped the other string off as well. She stood there, stunned for a moment. Her bikini was so small, that it took just an instant for it to completely free itself from her body. It hung limply on the railing, a torn mess of strings and swimsuit material.

In a wave of panic, she realized that she was bottomless on a very public balcony at a VERY public Bahamas resort. Somebody was bound to see her - and probably sooner rather than later. She grabbed at the fabric and managed to tear it some more when she tugged on it. "Just great!" she muttered to herself.

It was then that she hear the door behind her begin to open...

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Sara's hands went straight to her crotch as she clutched the thin strips of fabric in a weak attempt to obscure her sudden exhibition. With apprehension, she turned around, just in time to see two college-aged girls stepping out onto the balcony. The first girl wore a look of puzzled surprise. She appeared to not understand why a strange woman was standing outside their room, wearing what she thought was next to nothing.

"If only she knew how close to the truth she was," thought Sara.

The second girl's expression wasn't one of confusion, though. She looked up and down Sara with a look of bitterness in her face.

"Well, what have we here, Tracie?" the second girl said, a mocking tone in her voice. "It would seem as though the show is starting early tonight."

"I'm sorry," stammered Sara. "I - I just had a bit of an acci-"

"Oh, stuff it already," interrupted the second girl. "We know why you're here. You're the stripper the guys had called for last night. I thought they'd given you our room number instead of theirs, the stupid jerks."

"Oh." Tracie's expression switched to one of cold bemusement. "I should've realized from that impossibly tiny bikini she's wearing. I'd forgotten about them calling." As she said this, her eyes traced down Sara's body. "But, I'm confused about something Cindy... Why is she already bottomless?"

"Oh my, indeed she is," quipped Cindy. "I guess she wasn't going to wait for the party to get started at all. No sense giving the boys a tease, now is there?"

"No, no. You don't understand. I'm not a stripper. I'm an IT Professional!" Why Sara chose to stand here and argue instead of run is something she'll wonder about for the rest of her days.

"Oh, like hell!" retorted Tracie. And with that, she lunged for the tiny strings of the bottom that Sara was clutching. Instinctively, Sara bent down and tried to remain covered while pulling herself away in order to save what little dignity she had left. Cindy took the cue and jumped in as well, grabbing Sara's arms and forcing her towards Tracie's groping, clawing fingers. There was another tearing sound as the bottom ripped in half.

"What are you doing!" shouted Sara, completely surprised by the reaction of the strangers.

"We're showing you what we think of sluts like you," responded Cindy, still holding onto Sara by the shoulders. "Those guys didn't want anything to do with us once we told them we weren't interested in a wet tee shirt contest or strip poker. I'm so sick and tired of guys treating us like that, and it's sluts like you who keep it that way!"

Tracie grabbed one of Sara's hands, and pulled it towards the railing. Using the thin straps of cloth, she tied Sara's wrist to the warm metal, wrapping the string several times around Sara's wrist.

"Better keep it down, slut, or you might get lots of attention from the hotel personnel," Tracie intoned.

Not that the warning really mattered - Sara was speechless. "How could this be happening to me?" she wondered. In her panic, she lost her concentration on the other strip of fabric and in a moment, her other wrist was bound. Her own micro bikini bottom now tied her to the railing.

"Now, what do you suppose we should do with our little display-slut?" quipped Cindy.

"Ooo! I know! " said Tracie, a look of excitement in her eyes. "Let's call the guys and see if they want a \*real\* show tonight!"

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"No, please don't call anybody else!" It took no time at all for Sara to start pleading. But, considering her current situation, she had little else she could do. "Listen, I'm not who you think I am. Honest! I'm just here on vacation for a week."

"Oh, right. The 'IT' professional," smirked Cindy. "I'll bet she can't even spell IT!" She joked to Tracie.

"Sure, but with that little bikini, who would really care what she could spell?" Tracie laughed derisively at their captive. "I'll just go call the guys and see if we can convince them to come on up."

"NO!" Sara wasn't about to let this go any further. "You'd better let me go now or else-"

"Or else what?" Cindy replied. "You'll scream? You'll call for help? Go right ahead. The minute you open your mouth we'll be gone and you'll have a lot of explaining to do. Especially to the crowd of people down at the pool at this very moment. And you still won't have any cover."

Sara froze when she heard those words. Were there people looking up at her right now? How silly she must look to anyone who would happen to glance up there. The railing offered little protection from any prying eyes.

"Please, just let me go." Sara was begging now.

"Not so fast," replied Tracie. "How about we get a picture or two for the scrapbook, eh, Cindy?"

"Great idea!" Cindy hurried back to the room and returned with a digital camera.

"Smile!" giggled Cindy as she aimed and took a couple of pictures. Sara tried to cover herself, but found that the best she could do was bend over slightly and keep her legs tight together. But she knew those efforts were useless. Now some strange girls had pictures of her with only half a bikini on - and if anything it was the wrong half at that.

"Please, stop." Sara was struggling hard, but the binds were too tight.

Cindy stopped for a moment. "Tracie, how about we get a full frontal, too?"

"No, please... haven't you got enough already?" said Sara.

Tracie grinned and reached behind Sara's neck to untie the string of her top. Sara swung her head in a desperate attempt to stop Tracie, but to no avail. With a slight tug, Sara felt her bikini top flip down and hang below her breasts. Tracie yanked, and Sara was completely naked.

"Aw, aren't they just too cute," mocked Tracie. "I think mine were bigger when I was 13!" The two captors laughed as Cindy began snapping off more pictures.

Sara was very aware of her nudity - she'd never been naked in public before. It was easily the most humiliating thing she could think of, and there were pictures as well. She was sure that the pictures would end up all over the Internet. How she would ever live this down at the office she didn't know.

After a few more straight-on shots, Cindy moved to the side and snapped a few more. Then, she knelt down and took a few aiming straight up at Sara's crotch. Sara was painfully aware of how exposed she was. She had gotten a Brazilian Wax for the first time in her life just for this trip (the bikini really left her no choice).

Sara guessed that Cindy had taken around 20 pictures before she stopped. She popped the memory card out and handed it to Tracie. "Here, Tracie. Why don't you take this in and email it to my home."

Sara's reaction to this was immediate. She struggled even harder to break free. She was sure she was pretty red in the face from the humiliation, but she could feel herself go a few shades darker with frustration.

While Tracie was busy emailing the incriminating photos, Cindy approached Sara. "Now listen up, display-slut. We'll give you back your bikini - or what's left of it anyway - but only after you've done a few things for us. It's obvious from this outfit that you wanted to show off to everybody else, so we're going to let you. Do exactly as we say and you'll get your suit back again, OK?"

"But what about the pictures?" Sara's angry tone spoke volumes about how she felt.

"Well, let's consider those insurance. If you don't do what we say, I'll make sure the whole world gets to see you. Which would you prefer, showing to a few people here, or to the billions surfing the web?"

"And if I agree?"

Tracie crossed her arms. "It's simple, slut. You get your suit back. We keep the pictures either way. It's up to you whether or not anybody else sees them."

Sara looked at Cindy and tried to think of a way out of this. Who knew what the girls would make her do? But then again, if it turned out to be just some streaking or flashing, she could probably handle it. She'd never see any of these people again anyway. What harm could it really do? Heck, she might even enjoy it.

What was she thinking? Of course she wouldn't enjoy it! This is blackmail! But what choice did she have. She had to believe Cindy would follow through on her threat. She had no choice but to hope she'd also follow through with her promise.

Sara bowed her head. "Ok," she muttered in a barely audible whisper.

"What's that, slut?" Cindy mockingly cupped her hand behind her ear. "I didn't quite catch that."

Sara looked up. "Fine," she said, more loudly. "I'll do what you want as long as you promise to give me my suit back and not spread those pictures around."

"That's a good little display-slut." Cindy was grinning from ear to ear.

(To be continued...)