**Beachfront Property**

by[Timeris](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1686353&page=submissions)©

**Beachfront Property Ch. 01**

When her real estate agent showed her the property, she couldn't believe how low the price was.  
  
"Seriously, is it built on a radioactive, haunted, pet cemetery or something?" Lisa asked incredulously.  
  
Carol, her agent, laughed before replying. "No nothing like that, it's just that the location makes for a somewhat limited clientele."  
  
"How so?"  
  
"Let's go out on the deck and you might understand."  
  
Lisa took in the beautiful view. The house was perched on the edge of a steep hill, overlooking a wide, white sandy beach. She was still puzzled. It looked like perfection to her.  
  
When she looked at some of the people close by walking on the beach, she finally understood. The house had a deck overlooking a large, and apparently popular nude beach.  
  
She kept a schooled expression on her face and turned to the agent. "I see. That is a bit of a surprise."  
  
"I'm so sorry if that offends you. I do have a couple of other properties I can show you, although not in this price range."  
  
"Let's look around at the rest of the house, and see if it's otherwise acceptable."  
  
They finished the tour, noting the modern kitchen, updated utilities, wide deck and altogether gorgeous, if not extremely large house. There were two bedrooms, one on either side of the living room, and all of them had floor to ceiling windows, with sliding doors leading onto the generous deck. The open plan of the rest of the house was simply decorated, but very comfortable.  
  
"Don't forget the walk-in shower, and the sauna. This house is a huge bargain."  
  
Lisa agreed, but kept her thoughts to herself, choosing to spend the rest of the afternoon touring other properties.  
  
When Carol dropped her off at her hotel for the evening, Lisa promised her a call in the morning with any decisions she might have.  
  
She could afford any of the houses she'd seen, and much more, due to a fortuitous crypto-currency investment a couple of years prior. Her boyfriend convinced her to invest what was a huge portion of her savings at the time, and while the relationship ended up going nowhere, the investment skyrocketed. Tom was an asshole, but his advice had set her up very well.  
  
When the relationship ended, she'd decided to move somewhere warmer, far away from Tom, and where she could take some time off from working and figure out what she wanted to do next with her life.  
  
As she enjoyed a quiet dinner in the hotel restaurant, she went over the pluses and minuses of the various properties she'd seen. Several had swimming pools, and all the houses were nice. Her mind kept drifting back to that first house.  
  
While she was quite well off now, that didn't change her mind about getting the best price she could. The house was well appointed, and was just about right, size-wise. Factor in that she wasn't at all bothered by the very exposed view, and it was a no-brainer.  
  
Three weeks later, mortgage closed, and the keys in her hand, she drove her rental car up the driveway to her new beachfront house. The front yard had landscaping blocking the road, and a curved driveway, leading to a garage.  
  
She stepped out of the car, and turned in a circle, taking in the small front yard before going to the front door. She unlocked it, and stepped inside, a feeling of happiness striking her quite suddenly. She had a place of her own, and it was beautiful.  
  
The cool interior was empty, except for a bouquet of flowers and a card on the counter separating the kitchen from the living area.  
  
She admired the flowers, and then opened the card, which said "Welcome to your new home! I hope you're happy here. There's something in the fridge for you too. Carol"  
  
Still carrying the card, she opened the fridge, seeing a nice bottle of champagne inside, along with a small box of champagne glasses.  
  
She took out her phone, and gave Carol a call.  
  
"Hi Carol, it's Lisa. Thanks so much for the thoughtful gifts."  
  
"My pleasure, I really do hope you enjoy your new home. It's a great place, and I'm very happy someone finally bought it."  
  
"I hope so as well. You'll have to come over and help me enjoy the champagne!"  
  
"Oh no, that's for you!"  
  
"Don't be silly, I'd be happy to share it, especially since I don't know anyone else here right now. How about I give you an invitation to come see the place once I've moved in?"  
  
"I would like that. Please let me know."  
  
"I will. Thanks again."  
  
She hung up, and continued her tour, taking it all in. She grinned as she opened the sliding door to the deck, walking quickly to the balcony. It was a warm, sunny morning, and still early enough that the beach two hundred yards away down the hill wasn't very crowded. She could see several people strolling along, naked as the day they were born, seemingly without any concern.  
  
Looking to the left of the deck, she noticed a staircase leading down that connected with a narrow trail leading to the beach. She had a sudden thought, an urge to try something that for her, was completely new and daring.  
  
She now recognized that she'd subconsciously yearned for this when she decided to buy the property. Her last relationship had been very straitlaced, and she knew that her ex would have been apoplectic at the idea of her being seen nude by anyone else. In fact, part of the reason they broke up was that he was simply too stifling and controlling.  
  
She walked back inside and locked the front door. Before she could think too hard about it, she quickly began stripping out of her sun dress, bra and panties. The cool air raised goosebumps on her bare skin as she took a deep breath and walked naked into the warm morning air, nothing with her but her phone and her sandals.  
  
This was the first time in her life that she'd been this exposed outside. She'd been to the beach of course, but usually it was wearing a relatively conservative one piece swimsuit. Her first time in a bikini was, prior to this moment, the most daring thing she'd ever done.  
  
She closed the sliding door behind her and made her way down the stairs. She'd never felt this exposed before, and it felt fresh and exciting. Her nipples were rock hard and she felt butterflies in her stomach as she moved down the sandy path.  
  
Shortly, she reached a small gate that opened up onto the beach. She suddenly felt shy, realizing that other people would now see her naked, and the vulnerability made her momentarily hesitate. Her pulse was racing, and she began catching her breath.  
  
After a moment, the sensation diminished. She realized she was being silly, and kicked off her sandals on her side of the fence. Her heart pounding, she worked up the courage to open the gate, and step out on to the warm expanse of white sand.  
  
The sound of the surf, mixed with bird calls was immediately calming, and before long she was walking along the edge of the ocean, the warm water washing over her bare feet. Every sense felt like it was on high alert, from the breeze brushing her skin, to the sounds around her, to the feel of wet sand.  
  
Looking around, she noticed that the nobody was paying her any particular attention, but going about their day as well. She saw people of all shapes, colors and sizes, all of them simply enjoying the pleasures of spending the day in nature. She began to relax, and enjoy the simple sensations of the day.  
  
After a while, she decided it was time to turn back. She followed the shoreline until she was below her beautiful new house, and stopped to take a selfie -- getting a full body shot with her house on the hill as the backdrop. She went to the gate, retrieved her sandals and headed back up to the house.  
  
She reached for the latch on the sliding door, expecting it to open. It didn't budge.  
  
"Oh shit." She though. She pulled a little harder, hoping it was just a little stuck. Why didn't she bring her keys?  
  
She quickly tried the other two sliding doors, forlornly hoping they would be unlocked. Now her heart was really racing. She felt the adrenaline coursing through her, and felt her pulse pounding in her ears.  
  
There was a narrow passage around to the front of the house. Maybe she could get in that way. All sense of calm she'd felt on the beach was eroding, as she began to realize her predicament. She went around to the front of the house, getting startled every time she heard a car go by. She tried all the windows and doors, as well as those of her car, all to no avail.  
  
She was truly stuck -- locked out of her house with nothing on. She laughed a little hysterically, recognizing the absurdity of her situation. Here she was, a thousand miles from anyone she knew, trapped outside.  
  
Naked.  
  
She sighed, realizing there were a couple of options, none of them great. She could call a locksmith. Yeah, a random strange guy changing her locks while she stood there naked didn't appeal all that much.  
  
She could call the cops. She would have another awkward conversation explaining her situation, possibly ending in arrest, or at least a fun brag by the officer.  
  
She could call Carol.  
  
That seemed the least humiliating option, especially since Carol knew the location, and the real estate office still had a key, as she was going to stop by there later to get it.  
  
She shuddered, then called Carol.  
  
"Hi Lisa, what can I do for you?"  
  
"Hi... Carol... I have a really huge favor to ask of you. I've managed to do something really stupid, and you're the only person who I think can help me out."  
  
"Okay... I'm intrigued. What's wrong?"  
  
"I've managed to lock myself out of my new house."  
  
"Sure, I can help with that. I have the key right here."  
  
"There's more."  
  
"Oh?"  
  
"Naked."  
  
Carol made a startled laugh. "Are you kidding?"  
  
"No. I wish I was. I decided to go check out the beach, and in my rush, I locked the door behind me without my keys."  
  
"Oh man, that's not good! I can be there in about two hours. I've got some other stuff I need to take care of first."  
  
"On the bright side, now I'll really be happy to have some of the champagne."  
  
Carol laughed again. "I'll bet. I'll get there as soon as I can."  
  
"Okay. Thanks so much. Give me a call when you're here. I really, truly, appreciate it!"  
  
"Glad I can help. See you soon."  
  
She felt a flood of relief, knowing that help was on the way.  
  
She went back around to the deck, and realized that lying out on the bare wood for two hours wouldn't be comfortable. She headed back down to the beach, and found a spot to lie out on the sand. It wasn't ideal, but since she didn't even have a towel, it was the best she could do. She found a spot with a good view of the growing crowd of beach-goers and laid down on her stomach, so she could people watch while she waited.  
  
She noticed that many of the nudists on the beach, both men and women, had no body hair to speak of. Her somewhat unruly bush seemed dowdy in comparison. Considering that the day was heating up, she was glad she'd taken a few trips to a tanning salon, realizing she was moving to a much sunnier place. At least she wouldn't need to worry about sunburn.  
  
Just as she was beginning to doze off, her phone rang. Carol told her she'd be there in ten minutes.  
  
Lisa leapt up, and hurried back up to her house, anxious to get back in. A few minutes after arriving, she saw daylight inside, as Carol opened the front door and came to let her in.  
  
After a morning in the nude, surrounded by other people, it felt odd to suddenly feel shy again. She ineffectually began covering her breasts and pussy with her hands, blushing furiously.  
  
She belatedly realized that she could have had Carol unlock the house and leave before she got back.  
  
"Oh my god! Are you okay?" Carol asked coming up to her quickly.  
  
Lisa glanced around, realizing that Carol was between her and her clothes. She gave a sheep-faced grin and maneuvered around her, pulling on her dress as fast as she could.  
  
The underwear seemed a little superfluous at this point, as Carol had already seen pretty much everything.  
  
"Champagne?" Lisa asked.  
  
"Sure. I'd love it."  
  
Lisa brought out the glasses and the bottle, and with a practiced motion, removed the cork. She filled two glasses with the bubbly liquid, and presented on to Carol.  
  
"Thanks again. You're my hero!" She said.  
  
"My pleasure. Thanks for the most unusual request of the month." Carol replied.  
  
"Not the most unusual ever?"  
  
"Not even close."  
  
"Sorry you had to see me that way. I never meant to do that."  
  
"It's okay. We're right next to a nude beach, in a state has dozens of nude beaches. I've seen people naked before. Hell, I've been naked once or twice."  
  
"You're very understanding, I never meant to put you in an awkward position."  
  
"Awkward? It wasn't for me! Besides. Anything for a client. Did you at least enjoy it?"  
  
"I did, to be honest. I've never been to a nude beach before. It was surprisingly nice."  
  
"They can be, for sure. It's very convenient to have one right down the hill too."  
  
"You're more than welcome to come here any time. It's the least I can do."  
  
"Thanks for the offer. I might take you up on that some time."  
  
Lisa gave her rescuer an appraising look. Carol was in her early thirties, slender, with a nice figure. Her dark brown hair was tied back from her pretty face in a ponytail, and she was looking back with a challenging smile.  
  
Carol hesitated a moment, and said "Look, I need to get back to the office, but I would love to continue this conversation at another time."  
  
"Of course! Thanks again for being my rescuer."  
  
She felt a little disappointed, but there was a small promise there for further exploration.  
  
"The movers are coming tomorrow, and I have some errands to run anyhow, which are way behind where I expected to be today."  
  
"I'm sure. I'll give you a call in the next couple of days, and see how you're doing."  
  
Lisa came to her and gave her a tight hug. "I can't stop telling you how grateful I am."  
  
Carol returned the hug, gave her a quick peck on the cheek, and said "It's all good, I understand. Talk to you soon."  
  
When the door closed behind her, Lisa leaned up against the wall, her knees going wobbly. The relief was intense, but there was something else there as well. The arousal was strong, a testament to the situation she found herself in earlier, and an unexpected attraction for Carol.  
  
She went out to her car, this time making absolutely sure the door was unlocked, and brought in her luggage. She unpacked her toiletries, and took a quick shower to get the sand out.  
  
Standing naked again in the bathroom, she looked at herself in the mirror. She had a slender figure, athletic without being muscular. Her breasts weren't huge, but they were firm, with a pleasing shape, and small dark nipples that become hard on demand.  
  
She looked at her unkempt bush, a testament to the lack of partners in her life, and decided to clean it up. Fifteen minutes later, with the help of an electric trimmer and a fresh razor, she was bare as she could be.  
  
She decided that this place was having a magical effect on her, and she liked it. She hadn't felt this sensual in years, and she was thoroughly enjoying the sensation.  
  
She went to her new bedroom, and found a clean sun dress in her suitcase. She briefly thought about underwear, but decided she didn't want them. The sensuous feeling of the thin cotton against her smooth skin felt good. The dress was short, well above her knees, with spaghetti straps holding up the halter top, while flaring out just below her breasts. She'd hesitated to buy it, as it seemed too daring at the time, but now she was glad for it. Most of the dress didn't touch her skin, giving her the sensation of being truly naked below the waist, while still covering everything "decent."  
  
She grabbed her purse and went shopping. She went to a home goods store, bought some kitchen utensils, and various items for the house, including an air mattress and bedding to get her through the night. She then took a trip to the grocery store, and picked up more supplies for the house.  
  
After several hours of spending money, all the while feeling a constant breeze on her bare pussy, she made it back home, horny and tired.  
  
She pulled into the driveway and headed directly into the house. The only thing she thought about the entire time she was shopping was how long before she could get nude again. She went inside, and quickly removed her only item of clothing, setting the dress on top of her suitcase.  
  
She headed out front, excited to realize that there was a small chance she could be seen from the road, and began unloading the car. Soon, the groceries were in the fridge, and the various items she'd purchased had found a new place. As she walked naked through the house, she realized it felt right, and decided that from now on, whenever she could, she would be naked.  
  
At sunset, she leaned on the railing, her fingers sliding through her smooth slit, watching the people on the beach gathering their things, and enjoyed her amazing bargain of a view, naked, and happy for the first time in a very long time.  
  
With a gasp, she came, knees weak, and a moan escaping her mouth.