**Beth**

VS Ch. 05

by gossogÂ©

Toro Beach, in southern California, is partially protected by a spit of land and

rock, so that waves are gentle. The beach itself is hidden from the parking area

by a serpentine dune, about 15 feet high, dotted with dry grasses and shrubs.

The dune separated Jim Donner, relaxing on a spread blanket on the beach, and

college student Beth Gergen, driving her red Miata into the lot.

They had never met. Still, he had an unwitting influence on her actions from

that point on.

Beth was a striking young woman, with pale white skin, voluptuous build, and

long jet-black hair cascading down in gentle waves. The preceding Halloween, she

summed up the courage to dress as Vampirella, carefully taping the sashes of red

fabric over her breasts. She had briefly considered wearing nothing else but the

sashes, which would loop over her shoulders and between her legs and cover

almost everything they needed to. She tried this at home, assessing herself in

the mirror. So much was exposed, at the curves of her buttocks, and outside the

narrow red V covering her private parts, that she lost her nerve. Along her

sides was uninterrupted bare skin from neck to toe. She put on a matching black

miniskirt. Even with that concession to safety, she stole the attention of every

guy at that party. (And the tape held.)

She looked good in black clothing; it was one of her favorite colors. But she

liked red even more. The bikini she wore today was a fire-engine red, a close

match to her Miata; and her favorite party dress, in the closet at home, was the

same color.

Beth drove into the lot looking forward to a little quiet time: do some reading,

scope out some guys, think a little about what to do later with her friends.

After a year of being constantly surrounded by fellow college students, she

welcomed the relative anonymity of a public beach, where families and groups of

friends usually kept to themselves.

Before she could park, however, she was struck by an impulse of surprising

power, as if prodded with an electric baton. She sat stunned for a moment, car

idling, not knowing what to make of it. Then she sped out of the lot. There was

a compulsion to return home, as quickly as possible. For what reason, she didn't

know; but she was unable to resist. As she steered back onto the main road, she

felt a bubbling anxiety about not being back home yet.

The sense of urgency increased as Beth drove through town, going as fast as she

thought was safe without crashing or getting pulled over. She muttered "C'mon,

c'mon!" at cars and pedestrians slowing her progress. Her heart was pounding

faster, as if running in place, or watching a scary movie.

The adrenaline and uncertainly was somehow making her feel sexually aroused as

well. Without really thinking about it, she had her right hand in her lap, then

between her legs. She slipped her hand underneath her bikini bottoms. She

shifted in the seat, fingering herself as she steered with the other hand. At a

stoplight she rose up in her seat slightly, and awkwardly slipped the bottoms

off, leaving them on the floor. She banged her knee on the steering wheel doing

this, creating a bruise that showed up later, but she wouldn't remember how she

got it. As she waited for the light to change, she drummed her left fingers on

the steering wheel, while her right fingers probed her moistening slit.

A guy on a skateboard rolled to a stop, his attention caught by the lovely

brunette in the bright red bikini. When he leaned closer, to check out her lower

half, he couldn't believe what he was seeing. She was beautiful, and bottomless,

and touching herself. One or two fingers right up inside her pussy as she stared

straight ahead. Too soon, the light changed and she sped off.

She was about halfway home, past the center of town, and her nipples had

hardened, erect like gumdrops, and her top was feeling constrictingly tight. She

didn't feel safe taking it off here, though; it would be too conspicuous and she

didn't want to be stopped. She did reach back and undo the clasp, letting the

top loosely cover her breasts.

The top continued to irritate her, and after a while she no longer cared about

being seen. About a mile from her house, she took it off and tossed it outside.

Now nude, her mind seemed to clear and she was able to focus. She needed to put

on different clothes; that's why she was going home. The bikini wasn't right, it

wasn't the right thing to wear, and that's why she had taken it off. It was

better to wear nothing for the moment. As she sped past, a man picking up a

newspaper blinked at what he wasn't sure he had seen. Surely that wasn't a naked

woman in that car.

Beth pulled into the driveway diagonally, just barely out up out of the street,

and sprinted into the house. "Beth, is that you?" her mother called.

"Forgot something. Gotta go get it," Beth yelled, bounding up the stairs. Her

mom caught just a glimpse of her running up and shook her head at the skimpy

things kids wore these days. It almost looked like her daughter wasn't wearing

anything at all.

Beth stood in front of her closet, fidgeting, shifting weight from one foot to

another. Her right hand was at her chin, as she nibbled at a fingernail, not

biting through, but just worrying at it. Her left hand was between her legs. She

might not even have noticed she was stroking herself.

(Her neighbor, the 45-year-old man who happened to glance through her window,

did notice. The best sight of her he had previously enjoyed was last summer,

when she was watering the back lawn and accidentally sprayed herself, drenching

the front of her white T-shirt. She hadn't been wearing a bra, and the thin

cotton turned nearly transparent against her breasts.)

Now that she was home, nothing looked suitable to wear. Beth was at a standstill, paralyzed by indecision, anxiety mounting.

Finally the answer occurred to her. She ran down the hall to the den, where she

knew a pair of sharp scissors was. Heedless of a thousand mothers' warnings, she

ran back with the scissors to her room. Luckily her brother was already out of

the house. As far as she knew, he had not seen her naked since before puberty.

She started with a red polo shirt that was a size too small, and cut off large

swathes of fabric. Sleeves, collar and midriff were gone, making it a strapless

bandeau, about five inches wide, that covered enough of her breasts to

technically not be indecent. She tried it on; a single button strainingly held

it together.

An old pair of black bikini panties became the bottom; from these she cut out

the elastic waistband. When she put them on, they had trouble staying up, and

tended to drift down whenever she walked, or even stood with her legs slightly

apart. Still, an overwhelming feeling of relief confirmed that this outfit was

the right thing to wear. She walked gingerly down the stairs, shouting "Bye Mom"

as she stepped outside.

The drive back to the beach was sedate. Beth felt no urge to speed, or touch

herself, or take all her clothes off. She knew her skimpy outfit was attracting

some attention, and that her large breasts were putting a lot of stress on the

button holding together her improvised top; but nothing worried her. Everything

was going to be all right.

Back at the parking lot, Beth stepped out of the car, then leaned over to get

her beach mat and bag. The panties slipped down to her knees, exposing her

bottom. Normally she would have been mortified about such a thing; but instead

she was merely irritated. The panties were proving a nuisance. She hiked them

back up and walked toward the dune, and a small footpath leading to the beach.

She took small steps. She had no hands free to hold her panties up.

She climbed to the top of the dune without incident, seeing the ocean for the

first time. It was a beautiful day. But just standing there, pausing to enjoy

the view, caused her panties to slide down again. A few people on the beach had

already noticed her and were no doubt happily surprised to see her accidentally

bottomless. A neat triangle of black pubic hair contrasted sharply with her pale

skin.

She bent forward, trying to get hold of her panties with two fingers while still

holding her things. This put just enough additional stress on the single button

holding together her stretched top to snap its thread. The top sprang off to the

back, and her breasts quivered slightly as they were revealed.

Now Beth was in worse shape, practically naked, still trying to pull her panties

back up, and drawing more attention. Flustered, she finally got a grip on the

delicate black fabric and pulled up, so at least most of her butt and pubic area

was covered. Her exposed breasts she could do nothing about right now. She

carefully started downhill.

Even though she was going slowly, at the second step she lost her footing and

fell headlong. She ended up on her stomach and slid down a little bit. She lay

there dazed for a few moments, sand in her face and clinging to her breasts.

Jim had been walking by moments before, and Beth had caught his eye as soon as

she reached the top of the dune. He stopped and watched the whole thing happen,

about 20 feet away. When she fell, he jogged over to assist her. The other

people looking on apparently were just content to watch.

The girl was starting to prop herself up, shaking her head and spitting out

sand. Raven-black hair spilled out over her shoulders and back. Even at first

sight, with her in an unflattering position, he knew she was beautiful. Large

breasts slowly lifted off the sand as she came to her elbows. Long legs and a

curvaceous body were separated by the skimpiest black underthings, which had

slipped down a bit, exposing most of her lovely ass.

The first thing he did, even before speaking to her, was to tug at her panties

until the fabric ripped and gave way. He tossed the material to the side. And

just in time, too; seconds later she got to her knees. Then he extended a hand

and helped her to her feet. Her naked body was perfection in his eyes.

Melon-sized natural breasts that needed no bra. Torso tapering down to a trim

waist, then flowering into voluptuous hips, neatly trimmed pussy and lovely

legs. It was silly for any of this to be covered up.

"Are you OK?" he said. "Looks like you had a bad fall."

Beth was still a little shaken and didn't answer. Sand was still stuck to her

tummy, breasts, forearms and thighs.

Jim started to gently brush the sand away. She watched him do this, not

resisting, even when he paid considerable attention to her breasts, nipples, and

pubic area. After he finished, he walked slowly around her, checking everything

out. She was quite beautiful, even by southern California standards. What a

knockout.

"I think you're OK now," he said. "Whoops, missed one." A few grains of sand

rested on her red lips. He brushed them with a fingertip and then gave her a

quick kiss. "My name's Jim."

"I'm Beth," she said, looking into his eyes. A sense of rightness flooded

through her. This was all meant to be, another clue in a mystery slowly being

unraveled. She kissed him, open lips, hungry, oblivious to those around her, not

caring she was naked.

He took her to his blanket, in a less crowded area of the beach, and laid her on

her back. She still seemed a little out of it, and was happy to gaze up at him.

The sight of her laying there, nipples pointing straight up, legs slightly

spread to show her moist pink slit... that was too much for Jim to put off

enjoying. He stripped off his trunks, touched her a little bit to make sure she

was wet, and then guided himself in.

Beth was an enthusiastic lovemaker, moving in concert with him, alternately

caressing him and raking his back with her nails. Neither of them cared that

probably no one else at the beach was even topless, and they were having sex not

50 feet away from other beachgoers.

He pulled out temporarily to spend some time nibbling and licking her delicious

tits, and then moved down between her legs, licking her pussy until she seemed

almost ready to come. When he got back inside her, a few strategic caresses of

her left nipple were enough to send her over the edge. After her climax, he let

himself go and came too.

They spent a while just laying there in the sun naked, her head on his

shoulders, Jim on his back. After a while Beth returned to her supine position

and fell asleep. He marveled at this: asleep, nude, on a public beach, legs not

even crossed, showing everything. Was that confidence, or trust, or just

nonchalance?

Jim put on his trunks and got up to get drinks. Without knowing the exact

reasons, he was sure Beth would be OK by herself until he returned.

The line was long at the snack bar. He fell in behind a blonde woman with short

hair, and and hourglass figure almost like Beth's. She had cute legs and a nice

ass, but the blue one-piece she wore was way too modest in his view. She had

some freckles on her shoulders.

"Long line," Jim remarked.

She turned around. A cute face, not super skinny like a model's. Nice boobs too,

really nice, although her swimsuit didn't show much of a neckline. "Sort of like

purgatory", she said. "Like line torture." She had an appealing smile,

intelligent eyes and evidently a unique sense of humor.

Line torture? Hmmm. "Too bad there's no safe word," Jay said.

"What's a safe word?" Maybe he had misread her.

"When you're doing bondage and domination play, it's supposed to be consensual,

even though you're playing at being master and slave. The safe word is something

the "slave" can say at any time to stop whatever they're doing and go back to

normal. It's like an escape valve." Jim had never participated in such things,

but had read enough about them.

"Bondage is like whips and chains, right?"

"Not just that. There are all sorts of roles you can play. But you'll have one

person commanding the other and often doing what looks like abuse. But with the

safe word, the submissive one actually determines how far things go."

"That's fascinating, how it turns things around!" she said. "So how does it work

in practice?" she said.

"Well, we could do a little session right here in line. No whips, because I left

them at home."

She laughed. "What could we do standing in line anyway?"

"Simple stuff. Innocuous things. Like violating personal space, touching, so on."

"Well, we are stuck here for a while, so let's try it. Before we start, what's

your name?"

"Jim."

"I'm Jolene. Glad to meet you, master." She shook his hand. "Shall we start?"

"Sure. For the safe word, let's just use the number eight."

"Okay. Easy enough."

"Good. First thing you need to do is take off your sandals and put them over there."

She looked puzzled for a second, as if she was really expecting him to ask

something else. But she doffed her sandals and returned to the line. "That

wasn't so bad. Sounds more like Simon Says."

"It's not only following directions," Jim said. "Also the dominant person can do

what he or she wants with the submissive. Like this." He drew up close behind

her and placed his hands at her hips. He spoke softly in her ear. "Until, of

course, the safe word."

She tensed up but otherwise stood still. "You know, I'm not comfortable with

basically a complete stranger touching me like that."

"You know the safe word. You can use it at any time." She didn't. He could feel

her relax at his touch.

"I'm starting to understand this more, now," she said. "So I can protest and you

can still force your will on me. The safe word is just to let you know when I

really mean it."

"That's exactly right." He moved his hands slowly upward from her hips to her

waist and higher. He still had not touched her bare skin -- she wore a one-piece

-- but he was moving toward cupping her breasts underneath.

"You keep going, I'm going to say it," she warned.

"That way, we find some limits," he said, and took his hands away.

He then started to massage her shoulders, which she enjoyed. ("This bondage

stuff isn't bad at all," she whispered.) After getting her accustomed to that,

he slipped his fingers underneath her swimsuit straps.

"Okay, stop," she said. "I don't want you reaching underneath." The line moved

forward slightly.

Jim ignored her. Nothing she could say besides the safe word would get his

attention. He shifted the straps over her shoulders and onto her arms, leaving

the neck and shoulders bare; then he caressed her there for a little while.

Jolene's body language showed some discomfort at this, but she didn't move away

or say anything.

The line was moving a little faster now. There might not be as much time as he

had thought.

He wanted to pull down her straps far enough to free her arms and create a

sleeveless maillot for Jolene, still covering everything except her arms and

shoulders. But the material wouldn't stretch that far. To move toward freeing

her arms, he would have to peel the entire suit down to near her waist. He

slowly did so, gradually exposing more and more of the tops of her breasts.

"Don't do this, it's not right," she said, almost in a whisper. He ignored her

and kept going.

Once he got the material over her nipples, there was more slack and her breasts

were easily bared. "Oh god," she said. "I can't believe this." He let go of her

swimsuit and started to fondle her breasts from behind. The woman in front of

them turned back, saw this, and looked at Jim with an arched eyebrow. He smiled

guiltily and she smiled back. She was cute; a slim brunette in a tiny black

bikini. Maybe he could hook up with her next.

Jolene still seemed unhappy, even though she was getting noticeably aroused. Her

pink nipples hardened to nubs between Jim's teasing fingers. "Use the safe word

if you want," he whispered. He was glad she was going along this far.

It was time to uncover more of her soft skin. He peeled the suit down to her

waist, and then started fondling her bottom, which was still covered for now,

sort of a preview for later. She was really getting into this, not even

half-heartedly protesting anymore. The black bikini woman was watching again.

Jolene looked silly now, most of her swimsuit hanging limply below the waist.

The highest point was now at hiphugger height, and Jim kept slowly peeling it

down. The cleft between her butt cheeks came to light, and the first tufts of

her pubic hair began to show.

The person in front of black bikini woman tapped her shoulder; she was next. She

reluctantly turned away to make her order. Time was running out. Jolene's ass

and pussy were almost completely exposed when Jim pulled everything down to her

ankles. "Step out," he said, and she did.

He said, "Give your suit to that guy in the green trunks." He was about 18 or

so, drinking a Coke and watching her. "Don't say anything to him; just give him

the suit and come back."

She obeyed, and walked calmly back to him. He saw her full frontal nude for the

first time. Full breasts, creamy thighs; a light dusting of blonde pubic hair.

Moist pussy lips. He guessed he wasn't the only one with a tent pole in his swim

trunks.

Black bikini woman had her order and turned for one last glimpse. She smiled and

shook her head. "Have fun." Jim hoped he could find her again.

Jolene was at the front of the line. Jim had her face forward with legs shoulder

length apart. "Order three lemonades," he told her, and inserted a finger in her

pussy. He left her breasts uncovered for the server to see.

"Th-three lemonades, please," she said as Jim fingered her. The counterperson, a

boy still with pimples on his face, leaned over and stared down at her body. Jim

removed his hand to give the guy a look at Jolene's pussy.

"Uh, six dollars, please," the kid said.

"You don't have any money," Jim whispered. "Maybe he can touch your tits."

"Oh, I don't have anything with me," she said coyly to the boy. She caressed her

breasts, tweaking her nipples with her thumbs. "Do you want to touch these? That

should be worth something."

"I - okay, I can do these on the house," the boy said.

"Oh, thank you." She leaned forward on her tiptoes and he hesitantly reached out

to her.

"Tell him don't be shy," said Jim.

"Don't be shy," she said.

"You love being touched like this."

"I love being naked and I love when a man touches me." The boy cupped her

breasts and then began pawing them. It was the first time he had touched a naked

woman. He was eager but not very skilled. To make her more aroused, Jim resumed fingering her pussy.

"Oh, my god," Jolene said, and then "oh" at intervals that got closer and

closer. She gripped the drink counter for support.

"You want to come," Jim said.

She had a hard time forcing out her assent between gasps and grunts. He inserted

another finger inside; she had warmed up and stretched out a bit. He flicked his

fingers against each other inside her and she shuddered. Her hair whipped back

and forth as she shuddered and came.

Jim had to remind the boy to get their lemonades.

"Thank you, ma'am," he said as she carried them away.

Jim didn't let Jolene even look for her swimsuit. Perhaps the guy she gave it to

would keep it for a souvenir. He led her back to his area, passing by dozens of

people gawking at the naked woman carrying drinks.

At his towel, Beth had woken up and waved sleepily.

"What's going on here?" Jolene asked. "Are you collecting naked women or something?"

"Don't ask questions," Jim said. "Lay down on the towel next to Beth."

Instead, Jolene stepped up to Jim and kissed him lightly on the lips, hers

slightly open, with the tip of her tongue. She repeated this, more passionately

this time. It felt as if all of the erotic potential of this lovely nude blonde

was concentrated and passed through her lips into his. His heartbeat surged and

his cock stiffened. She removed her lips and said "Eight," with a mischievous

smile, looking him straight in the eye.

"What?" Jim didn't remember the context, the game they were playing.

"Eight. The safe word. I'm done playing." Jolene's behavior had changed so

abruptly it was like a switch had flipped.

"But you came all the way out here..."

"You wouldn't understand. Even I don't understand a lot about it. But it

sometimes works retroactively." Jim was about to ask what she was talking about

when she dropped to her knees next to Beth. "What's your name?" Jolene asked, in

almost the sing-song voice kindergarten teachers use. "Beth?"

Beth nodded, gazing up at Jolene with wide eyes.

Jolene ran one hand through Beth's long hair, and then caressed one breast,

culminating with a gentle squeeze of the nipple between thumb and finger. Beth

sighed. "You're beautiful, Beth," Jolene said, and leaned over her, one hand

planted on each side, lowering herself as if to kiss. Then she shook her head.

"I really shouldn't," she said, more to herself, and stood up.

"I have to leave, Jim," said Jolene. "But don't cry over spilt milk. There will

be plenty of Beths from now on. But remember that they're temporary. Not yours

to keep. So have a little fun, and then let her get on with her life. OK?"

"OK," said Jim, though he had no idea what she was talking about.

"It was nice to meet you," Jolene said, extending a hand. Jim found shaking

hands with a naked woman very odd, and she seemed to be treating this like a

successful sales call. "I'd better go find my swimsuit," she said. "Hope it's

still there!"

With a huge grin, she stepped back, gave Jim a mock salute, and walked away. She

didn't seem to mind being naked in the open at all. He stood there and watched

until she was out of sight. He missed her very much.

"I know I've been had," he said, shaking his head. "I just don't know how." She

had obviously planned this somehow. What was in it for her?

"What'd you say?" Beth said, groggily.

"Nothing." He sat down next to her. "Here's your lemonade." She sat up and they

both sipped their drinks, watching the surf. Jim's confusion and regret ebbed

after a while. After all, Beth was still here, she was naked and beautiful, and

she might fancy another go-round, as the Brits would say. So he'd have to let

her go; he could worry about that when the time came. She lay back down,

stretching her arms, offering her nude body to him; he took one of those

beautiful breasts in a hand and started to caress.