**Bikini Beach**

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**Bikini Beach Ch. 01**

The long sandy beach had a perfection one might expect on the cover of a brochure advertising some kind of tropical resort, with bright sun and clear blue skies and waters. And indeed images of this beach had been used on the cover of the brochure which had brought the two boys to this place. A moderately obscure resort in the more paradisical part of Ruritania.  
  
But in truth it wasn't simply the prospects of swimming and sunbathing that had caught their eye.  
  
As two horny and distinctly mischievous eighteen year olds, the attention of Matthew and Ted was predictably attracted by the tanned, big-boobed blonde in the bikini lying on the sand in the photo of this beach, with other, seemingly similarly hot girls spread out along the beach.  
  
Yes, this resort promised the possibility of proximity to exactly such exotic creatures.  
  
While these two boys were not exactly unattractive, they were also more than slightly nerdy, and partly as a consequence were so far lacking in experience with the opposite sex. And experience with the opposite sex was exactly what they wished for. So much.  
  
Daydreams of girl in bikinis, or, heaven permit, maybe even topless, had occupied their minds ever since they had begun to plan this holiday.  
  
With this in mind, the naughtier of the two, Ted, had had the idea of bringing a high quality camera with them, with a good zoom lens, which they could conceal in a specially-altered beach bag, to capture any attractive girls revealing any amount of flesh in the sun's heat on this idyllic beach. And they planned to be sneaky. Neither could imagine better mementoes of their vacation than high-quality full-color photos and video of the hottest girls a beautiful resort could offer.  
  
Also, both Ted and Matthew were frequent visitors to Voyeurland website, a community of perverts to which people would often submit photos sneakily taken of gloriously clueless women tanning topless or - oh boy! - completely nude. Visitors to the sites could vote for favored images and there were cash prizes for those deemed the hottest.  
  
While this wasn't a nude beach, Matthew and Ted did have hopes of offsetting the cost of this trip by getting as many such images as they could. You could even submit video of such girls, for more prizes. And they were ready and equipped to do so.  
  
Even if they didn't win, the idea of exposing some model-quality girl to the world was hot. In truth, in all of their horny teenage years, neither had managed to see an actual live girl naked. In truth, over the last couple of years, Ted, with the eager assistance of Matthew, had set up several pranks which, if successful, would have involved multiple girls finding themselves suddenly nude in public, or at least in front of Ted and Matthew and a camera, but sadly so far without success.  
  
Thus Ted spent much of the plane journey to Ruritania speculating about the quality of the girls they would encounter at the resort, and the entertainment they would derive from covertly ensuring the everlasting notoriety of any of them foolish enough to permit their camera even a momentary glimpse of their special bits.  
  
"Like, imagine their faces if these girls ever see the photos on-line?!" Ted giggled as they had boarded the plane for the resort.  
  
"Or maybe they just won't understand all of the sniggering and funny looks the guys at work give them after someone recognizes them and makes sure everyone gets a look."  
  
"You can be sure there are lots of guys who would love a chance to see that hot girl in the office, nude, without her knowing."  
  
"This is going to be great!"  
  
As you can see, these fine, upstanding citizens were of deeply moral character, thoughtful to others, and utterly trustworthy. Young gentlemen of the highest order.  
  
On arriving, however, they discovered that they had made a mistake.  
  
While the beach was sunny, the water perfect, and the sand flawlessly soft beneath their feet, their lack of resources had led them to err in selecting when to visit this particular resort.  
  
After checking in at the hotel at noon, conveniently next to the beach, they had walked around the grounds and then down to the water to check it all out. Something had become clear to them very quickly.  
  
As lovely as it all was - almost no-one was here!  
  
No wonder it had been cheap enough for them to afford to stay here - it was off-season, sunny but weeks before large numbers of people would arrive.  
  
For some, this would have been great news, ensuring time to enjoy the beach without crowds of people around.  
  
For the boys, though, this was a disaster, putting a huge crimp in any of their hot-girl-related plans.  
  
In their first two hours at the beach, they counted twelve other people.  
  
Of those, only two had been women of the right age and attractiveness to fit their desired criteria.  
  
And of those two women, only one had even worn a bikini, none of which she had removed at any point despite sunbathing for a solid hour. She never even undid her top while lying on her front, thus denying the boys, who had their camera secretly zoomed in on her from a small but sufficient distance away, even the chance of a momentary nipple exposure.  
  
"I guess she doesn't care about tan-lines," Ted commented with disappointment. "What a bust."  
  
"Sure, a great bust, but we only get to see it under that top!" Matthew replied.  
  
"No, I mean this trip is a bust."  
  
"Oh. Yeah, Maybe so," Matthew said. "Damn."  
  
"And we're not going to be winning any prizes with these."  
  
There was a pause as they both considered this disappointing reality.  
  
"Let's get a drink."  
  
"Let's get a bunch of drinks."  
  
They headed to the hotel bar, and over the next half-hour got somewhat drunk.  
  
Over the next hour they got even more drunk.  
  
Later, quite far into the afternoon, Ted and Matthew emerged from the darkness of the bar, slightly unsteady and squinting in the suddenly bright sun, with the intention of returning to their hotel room, and maybe taking a nap.  
  
It was then that they first saw her.  
  
She looked in her early twenties, with a beautiful, heart-shaped face, long blonde hair, and amazingly blue eyes. Her skin was so tanned it appeared that she might have some latina blood. And though her bikini was relatively modest compared to what the boys would have preferred, it could in no way conceal the fact that she had simply astonishing tits on her toned, slim, flat-stomached body. Huge, firm, round tits - perfect. The boys couldn't help but watch as her amazing boobs bounced a little with each step she took.  
  
In short, she looked like a young hot big-titted wet dream, like a curvily perfect porn star if anyone could persuade a brown-skinned beauty this Playboy-perfect to star in porn.  
  
Ted and Matthew simply froze as she walked past them.  
  
With her having passed them on her way down to the beach, they could now stare far more openly, and as they looked after her they discovered that her bikini bottoms, while again reasonably modest for the kind tied at the sides in big bows, could in no way conceal the fact that her ass was an amazing bubble butt, obviously smooth and round and also, to their eyes, just perfect. A perfect rump.  
  
She was, they both realized simultaneously, the hottest girl they had ever seen in the flesh, and one of the hottest girls they had ever seen at all.  
  
They looked at each other and without a word just turned and headed toward the beach, following from maybe fifty feet this gorgeous bikini babe.  
  
Yes, she was so far out of their league she probably couldn't see them as anything other than ants from way up there. But they could sure see her, and they instantly, desperately hoped to see more.  
  
Arriving at the beach, the boys saw she was strolling along the sand away from the hotel. Maybe she wanted to be further away from the half-dozen people spread around the sand in front of the hotel, and maybe she just enjoyed a walk, but either way she was heading away, along the long, almost entirely empty beach.  
  
Both carrying towels, and Ted carrying their special camera-fitted beach bag, they decided to follow at a discreet distance, and a bit further away from the water, where small dunes could sometimes conceal them from view.  
  
"Maybe she's looking for somewhere to get some sun on those tits!' Matthew speculated hopefully to his comrade in stalking.  
  
"Or even to get an all-over tan!" Ted said. "But she probably won't do either if she see us around."  
  
"You're right, let's keep out of sight as much as possible."  
  
And so that is what they did, trying to walk casually so that they didn't look suspicious if she did happen to see them, but also trying to be as sneakily difficult to spot as possible, even veering further away from the water and behind some of those dunes to prevent being noticed.  
  
Ten minutes later, on what was apparently an utterly unused part of the beach - at least now - this amazing vision of sexiness decided to stop, sitting down on the sand and relaxing.  
  
Matthew and Ted, moving as slowly and silently as they could manage, were able to find a spot maybe fifteen behind her, half-concealed by a rising mound of sand.  
  
She had no idea they were there! From where they were crouching down, they had a pretty astonishing view of this girl's boobs poking up at the sky.  
  
Eager to capture anything and everything, Ted set up the bag to point the camera her way, and, looking in the bag, had the camera zoom in enough to get a nice, close image. They could take high-quality still photos from the excellent video this camera could take, so even a brief moment of exposed nipple or ass-crack might be enough for submission-worthy material.  
  
Meanwhile, this big-titted beauty had pulled a small bottle of vodka and a plastic cup from her bag, and was proceeding to drink in the sun. She pulled out ear-phones and attached them to a device and seemed to be listening to music and relaxing as she drank.  
  
Then she had another drink.  
  
This girl was astonishingly sexy, but Matthew and Ted started to get impatient, and then bored. Come on, no-one else is here (that you know of!) so take off that top, or at least lie on your front and undo it to get sun on your back. Do something more!  
  
But she didn't. She had several drinks in the hot sun, and that looked like all she would do.  
  
Then she pulled something out of her bag and lit it with a cigarette lighter. Ted and Matthew assumed it was a cigarette until wind blew some smoke their way and they realized she was smoking a joint. Not a small one, either.  
  
Now they started to feel envious, and wished they had brought booze at least, or had found somewhere they could buy pot.  
  
This was dragging on, as the girl had another drink, and then another joint. Her movements were showing serious signs of the consequences of this consumption, too.  
  
After a while, Matthew was starting to think it was time to leave, maybe go back to the bar, maybe try again tomorrow or something, when Ted got his attention.  
  
"Hey!" he whispered. "I think she's falling asleep."  
  
And that seemed to be true.  
  
The combination of alcohol, pot, and hot sun, and maybe insufficient food or water, had this girl lying down and seemingly drifting into unconsciousness.  
  
They watched as her head slowly moved to the side and her arm slowly slid off her stomach onto the sand, her regular breathing the only other motion for some minutes.  
  
They waited, unsure what to do, until Ted whispered "Fuck it, hang on a minute" and reached into their bag, grabbing the camera out and then picking up the bag too. "Let's get some proper close-ups, yes?"  
  
Ted walked slowly and silently to where the girl lay with her eyes closed. Grinning, Ted pointed the camera straight down and panned up and down that perfect body. He looked back at Matthew and shrugged, gesturing him to join him next to the unconscious girl.  
  
As they both looked down, Ted still filming, Matthew whispered, "They really are amazing tits. Why couldn't she just take that top off?  
  
Ted looked at Matthew, managing to look thoughtful even as he was still grinning, which is difficult to do. "You're right," he said softly.  
  
It occurred to him that if this girl was really as out-of-it as he suspected, this was an opportunity too good to resist.  
  
Ted knelt down next to the figure recumbent on the sand. "Hey!" he said somewhat louder in her direction. "You awake?"  
  
Matthew was startled, almost panicked, thinking he was going to have to suddenly explain why they were both standing next to her, with a camera, talking to a beautiful bikini-clad girl. There was a pause as they both held their breath without realizing, watching intently to see if she would wake up.  
  
But there was no movement at all, no sign that she had heard Ted or indeed that she was aware of anything at all. Just the slow and steady rise and fall of her chest.  
  
Ted grinned back up at Matthew and then giggled. He poked a finger into the flesh of the girl's shoulder, not hard but hard enough to test for a response. Matthew held his breath but again...  
  
Nothing.  
  
Matthew helped himself to the girl's pot from the bag she had carried down the beach with her. He also noticed and on the spur of the moment helped himself to her room key, which he found in her bag also. Then he quickly rolled himself a large joint and was lighting it while Ted got some more pictures and video of the girl as she lay there, from different angles.  
  
Matthew then got an idea, and with every toke he took he would lean down and breathe smoke directly into the girl's face, so that with every breath she would take in some marijuana-laced air. He figured it should help keep her happily relaxed and oblivious.  
  
The third time he did this she suddenly wriggled a bit, causing the boys to freeze in panic, but her eyes stayed firmly shut and she certainly didn't seem close to waking.  
  
After a moment, Ted shrugged again and handed Matthew the camera.  
  
Reaching into their own bag, Ted pulled out a small pair of scissors they had bought after they arrived - originally acquired to cut up pot, if they found a way to get any while here.  
  
Matthew raised his eyebrows at Ted, and Ted, grinning still, winked back and leaned forward, reaching out with the scissors open to where the bikini top was smallest, right between those huge firm boobs.  
  
As Matthew tried to suppress a giggle, Ted looked around to make sure no-one was anywhere nearby, and then gave the scissors a little snip, neatly cutting the bikini top between the girl's glorious breasts.  
  
"Ok, you ready?" Ted asked Matthew quietly, gesturing at the camera. "Make sure I'm not in the shot, yes? Make sure the right bits are in shot and in focus - you know, tits, maybe face?"  
  
Then, holding his breath, Ted reached over to the part of the bikini still lying over the girl's left tit, and ever so gently pulled it aside, revealing a scoop of somewhat less tanned, smooth flesh topped with a nipple like a little red cherry.  
  
He paused again, waiting with nervous excitement to see if she was about to stir and demand an explanation. When this didn't seem about to happen, he did the same with the right, and just like that this incredible pair was exposed to the world!  
  
Or at least to the eyes and camera of a couple of horny late-teenage virgins. But they both knew they would up-load it all to the voyeur sites soon enough. And from there these images would undoubtedly circulate far and wide, forever. Especially with a girl this beautiful, a body this hot, tits this awesome, you could guarantee the nude images of this girl taken without consent or knowledge would be spread about with enthusiasm by perverts everywhere.  
  
They were both happily excited to have this naughty of the first tits of their teenage life.  
  
Her red cherry nipples pointed at the sky on those gravity-defying boobs, tits considerably lighter than the tanned skin they could see everywhere else. "We're doing her a favor really," Ted chuckled. "She needs to get some sun on these things!"  
  
Matthew started getting some video again, a nice clear shot of this now-topless girl lying on the beach with her most spectacular rack on display. A potentially prize-winning rack! 'I suspect she'll regret getting this smashed!' Matthew thought.  
  
She had not moved at all, not made a sound beyond slow steady breathing. So Ted started to ever-so-slowly and gently pull the bikini top remnant out from under the sleeping beauty.  
  
It took maybe an entire minute to complete the process, but in the end the damaged bikini top was his. He put it in his pocket for the moment, and stood up next to Ted.  
  
They both looked down at this topless wonder, grinning, close-ups of each nipple. This was as thorough a record of her tits as he could manage!  
  
She still hadn't moved or shown any awareness of their activities. She was truly out of it.  
  
"She is really out like a light!" Matthew said.  
  
"Yep!" Ted said, grinning more widely than he had ever grinned. "Well then..." he continued, kneeling down again. "I guess we might as well..."  
  
Matthew's mouth fell open and his eyes went wide as Ted reached out to the big bow on one side of her bikini bottoms, and after a pause to look up at her face he judged she was still deep in stoned sleep, and ever-so-slowly started to pull a string.  
  
And it took a few seconds, but just like that, the bow fell open. The bikini bottoms stayed sitting over her crotch, but now only tied at one side, the slight wind causing it to flutter just a little, but not nearly enough to do more than tease with possible exposure.  
  
Grinning, Ted gently did the same with the bow on the other side.  
  
After a brief chuckle, he reached with both hand to the bottoms lying across her, and pulled them down so they fell between thighs spread just enough for the bottoms to fall onto the sand.  
  
"We have pussy!" Ted said excitedly, knowingly quoting 'Revenge of the Nerds'. In his excitement he worried he had accidentally spoken too loudly, but another pause assure them both that she slept on.  
  
Meanwhile, Matthew's mouth fell open as he gazed on the first snatch of his adult life, and what a perfect, smooth-because-almost-entirely-shaved snatch this seemed to be. Except for one thing.  
  
That very small patch of remaining hair, the strip of pubes pointing like an arrow down toward this girl's cunt, striking Matthew as like an unintentional 'insert here' sign, was a very nice light brown.  
  
That is to say: Not blonde!  
  
The carpet didn't match the drapes!  
  
Matthew's hands were almost shaking but he did not hesitate, pointing his camera at the naughtily exposed pussy and panning up past those unknowingly displayed huge tits to that lovely, sleeping face which would now be so easy to identify, and then panning down again to take in those boobs and cunt again. He smiled thinking about how surprised she would be if, or probably when, she saw this video on-line! How many thousands, tens of thousands, would see everything she has to offer? He tried to picture her face if she ever realized how utterly she had been revealed to the eyes of the world.  
  
Ted, meanwhile, just couldn't resist. As Matthew looked through the camera's viewfinder at those boobs, he saw Ted's hand sneaking in from the side and starting to touch the girl's left tit.  
  
First time in his horny teenage life Ted was fondling a tit, and it was one of the greatest he had ever seen, even in photographs in magazines.  
  
His other hand came into shot and just like that Ted was grabbing at both of her boobs. They both kept a slightly nervous eye on her face, looking for any sign she might wake, but there was not the slightest flicker of movement or response. Just the slow rise and fall of those tits as she breathed, even as Ted squished those hooters about.  
  
After a quick glance at one another, Ted gave both of her tits a quick, hard squeeze at the same time.

No response.  
  
Nada.  
  
That was when they realized just how out of it this girl really was.  
  
"You know," Ted said, groping her tits with far less concern about the possibility of her waking, "I have nothing to compare them to, but I do think these are, you know, real."  
  
"Let me have a go," Matthew said, and when Ted withdrew his hands he started feeling those boobs, feeling her nipples on the palms of his hands as he began pushing them together, squishing them around, taking full advantage of his first adult access to breasts, and, luckily, to exactly the kind of knockers of which he had dreamed for several years. Matthew couldn't resist molesting the enormous tits on this drugged-up young woman. In truth, he doubted any teenage virgin boy would have been able to resist a chance to feel these tits.  
  
They were both grinning uncontrollably. After a while Ted said, "Ok, come on - let's get some more material to submit, yes?"  
  
That said, he started to slowly pull those long slender legs apart, until her feet were more than three feet apart. He didn't want to pull them too far apart, in case it woke her from her helpless stupor. But even just this far apart had her slit obscenely displayed, pointing out like she was offering her hole to the ocean. Ted pointed at her exposed pussy. "Film this!"  
  
Matthew laughed out loud for the first time and did so, getting a close-up from just inches away, so that her cunt filled the whole shot, and then pulling the camera back and panning up her whole body to her face. Then he got a shot from down between her legs up past her cunt, with her tits on either side of where her face could be clearly seen - clearly enough for anyone who knew her to recognize her. Her pussy, tits and face all in one shot taken from down between her legs.  
  
In case that wasn't revealing enough, Ted decided he would be an idiot if he didn't take this opportunity, so he lent down and used two fingers to gently pull the girl's pussy lips apart, exposing the pink inside her cunt. With her legs spread like this, her lips stayed open just long enough for Matthew to repeat his earlier shots only now with snatch open.  
  
Matthew didn't understand why Ted then closed her legs, until Ted said "Help me turn her over!" Together they knelt next to the unconscious hottie and used their hands to gently and slowly roll her over onto her front, her face resting with her left cheek on the sand.  
  
They rolled her off her untied bottoms, and Ted stuffed the other half of her bikini in his pocket along with her wrecked top. "There's no way she's getting this back!" he laughed.  
  
"Really?" Matthew asked, grinning,  
  
"Yeah, let's see her try to sneak back into the hotel naked! And without her room key too!"  
  
They both chuckled, thinking of how she might deal with that situation, finding herself the only one nude on a public beach, where nudity was most definitely not permitted, with no way to cover herself with anything other than her hands. Knowing everyone has a camera in their phones.  
  
Now utterly naked, with no bikini at all, she lay on her front, her bubble butt revealed, smooth round orbs with a hint of cunt visible between their light brown perfection.  
  
"I can't believe the ass on this chick!" Ted announced.  
  
As Matthew filmed, Ted pulled those ass cheeks apart enough for Matthew to get a nice from-behind shot of that lovely pussy, and even better revealed at the same time as her little asshole. An asshole, he suspected, untouched by human cock.  
  
In truth, many years later Matthew would reflect that in all of his life he had never come across an ass better than the one on this girl.  
  
Grinning, imagining her dilemma when she woke utterly naked, unable to cover herself, having to walk or maybe sneak back through the resort to the hotel and somehow get back into her room, Ted walked down to the water and threw all of the bikini and her room key as far into the ocean as he could manage. The key instantly sank without a trace, and he watched as both parts of her bikini washed out to sea, never to be seen again.  
  
When he returned, Ted was surprised and amused to find Matthew with his shorts pulled down, kneeling on the sand next to the girl's head, stroking his hard cock which was pointed at the nude girl's face from mere inches away.  
  
Matthew was imagining cumming on the girl as revenge for every hot girl ever having turned him down. He hadn't actually asked many hot girls out in the first place, but he assumed they would have turned him down if he had asked and he was annoyed at this imagined constant rejection. He wasn't going to miss his chance to spurt vengeance on this girl's beautiful face.  
  
Ted, meanwhile, began surreptitiously getting video of Matthew's increasingly furious jerking, making sure that Matthew's face would not be visible but also making sure the girl would be very recognizable fully naked and obviously about to have some guy ejaculate right into her snoozing face. He wondered if that would wake her, but doubted it. It would almost be worth it, he thought, just to capture her reactions as she opened her eyes to a hard cock looming right in front of her eyes, possibly still shooting semen at her from inches away. Before realizing she was utterly, full-frontal nude. And being filmed!

**Bikini Beach Ch. 02**

Ted and Matthew had not recognized Yasmin, because in truth they had never before seen or heard of the gorgeous huge-boobed model, but in Ruritania she had become famous over the last few years - the young local supermodel who was simultaneously a symbol of sexiness and a seemingly wholesome girl, who never did work involving even partial nudity, and never wore truly revealing outfits. This had cost her quite a lot of work, but her local fame and reputation still had millions of local guys lusting after her.  
  
Which is why the hotel had hired her to star in a new promotional campaign, and more particularly in the commercial which would be shot and go out live on tv and on the huge screen at the football stadium, which was expecting record crowds for a match between top teams.  
  
The hotel management hadn't thought Yasmin would actually say yes to their proposal, but she wanted a holiday and doing an evening's work at the hotel while spending a few days relaxing seemed like a good deal.  
  
Unfortunately, earlier in the day Yasmin had had a dispute with the hotel's manager about the content of the commercial.  
  
He had insisted on his idea for the live commercial, that he would stand next to Yasmin in her bikini, on the beach, with the hotel behind them and, behind the hotel, a view of the two huge mountains that dominated the Ruritanian skyline. The manager would then smile and say to camera, "Come visit us at the Ruritanian Hotel, and enjoy a view of beautiful mountainous peaks!"  
  
At which point, in the hotel manager's plan, the camera was supposed to pan down to Yasmin's bikini-covered tits, much cleavage exposed.  
  
The manager thought it would garner the hotel much attention - putting Yasmin's cleavage on display would be marketing genius, he believed - but Yasmin thought it would be crass and had walked out, even though she was contractually obligated to appear in the commercial. She had actually signed the agreement including exactly that script - she had been so rushed at the time that for the first time in her modeling career she had not read the script, assuming it would fit with her well-known refusal to do nude work or anything too raunchy. She had not been happy when she found out what was supposed to happen. It wasn't even close to nudity, of course, but it was certainly closer to vulgarity then she would wish.  
  
It had been at that point, as Yasmin walked away from her argument with the hotel manager, that the teenage tourists Ted and Matthew had first seen the astonishing local beauty.  
  
An hour later, as thrilled as they were to have stripped the sleeping model of her modest bikini to reveal and thoroughly film the wonders beneath, Ted and Matthew still had no idea of how few had ever had access to that forbidden territory, or how many had dreamed of getting even a glimpse of the secrets concealed within.  
  
Some time after Ted and Matthew had walked back down the beach to the hotel, Yasmin had slowly come to, gradually waking to find herself lying face down on the sand.  
  
At first, with her eyes still closed, she simply thought she had drifted off to sleep from the heat, the booze and the pot, which of course was true. Somewhat hazily she wondered how long she had been sleeping, realizing she was still at least technically due to appear in the tv commercial early this evening.  
  
Only when she managed to half open her eyes and, after a moment, took in her situation and surroundings, did she realize that something was different.  
  
Her eyes snapped wide open all of a sudden as she turned her head and saw her own body, with nothing covering her ass. She lifted her head and looked down, seeing her boobs equally uncovered, and realized her top was also missing.  
  
She was naked!  
  
She looked around briefly but almost frantically, and saw no-one. Her relief was limited though, as she also could see no sign of her bikini, or any other way to cover herself.  
  
Yasmin had sought out a part of the beach in which she could have privacy not merely to get away from the film crew and hotel manager, and not only so she could smoke pot without worrying, but also because in truth she didn't like to wear something as revealing as a bikini in front of people. Guys always stared, and some women too, and she was actually a very modest person. She didn't even like to change in front of other women, whether she knew them or not. This had been a problem for her as a model, but she had mostly made it work.  
  
And now she was here on the beach with nothing on at all. What had happened to her swimsuit?! She must have been lying here in the sun for a little while at least, she realized, as the tan-lines left on her bubble butt had become less visible as her ass had tanned. Had anyone seen her as she lay here? God, she hoped not...  
  
Not long afterward, Yasmin walked warily along the beach, arm across her tits and hand down over her crotch. She looked around without success for anything with which she could cover herself, and also to keep a worried eye out for any people. She didn't understand how she had lost her bikini, but in addition to her modesty and terror at the ida of public nudity, she knew she really didn't want anyone to get photos of her in this state. She had always been very careful to avoid wardrobe malfunctions or anything along those lines.  
  
By this time Ted and Matthew were lounging in long chairs on the sand, waiting for her arrival, Ted with his video camera, Matthew with his phone already set to its camera function. A film crew were setting up a hundred yards down the beach, but Ted and Matthew hadn't paid them much attention or made the connection with the model-hot girl.  
  
"There she is!" Ted announced as Yasmin's nude form became recognizable the closer she got to where they sat on the beach in front of the hotel.  
  
Humiliated but desperate, Yasmin walked up to the boys with her arms and hands pressed on her body hiding as much as she could. "Could you help me?" she pleaded as she approached. "I need something to wear!"  
  
They saw no reason to be subtle about their efforts to ogle and film the naked girl - nude on a public beach, and not a nude beach either.  
  
"Hey, did you lose your bikini?" Ted yelled out, laughing as he lifted up his phone and began filming her.  
  
"This isn't a nude beach, you know," Matthew told her, grinning, the camera in his lap getting video the whole time, "but I'll give you a dollar if you drop your arm and give us a look at your tits, what do you say?"  
  
"What?!" Yasmin exclaimed.  
  
"I bet she's not a real blonde, " Ted said to Matthew loudly, then addressed the poor naked girl, who was red-faced with embarrassment, "Come on, move your hand and show us your pussy?"  
  
Yasmin gave up and just ran away up the beach in the direction of the tv commercial crew.  
  
"Nice ass!" Matthew called after her as they both laughed and got as much footage of her rump as she sprinted awkwardly across the sand, her hands now trying to cover that amazing behind from their eyes and cameras.  
  
By luck she ran straight into the young woman who was supposed to be working as her assistant for the filming of the live tv commercial. Who was very surprised by this turn of events.  
  
The hotel manager and director had been worrying about the disappearance of their model, what with the filming of the commercial scheduled to begin so soon, and so were relieved when the assistant appeared to report that Yasmin had re-appeared.  
  
They, too, were surprised to hear that she had turned up totally naked.  
  
A somewhat overweight mid-forties professional, the manager was still excited to be starring in his own television commercial, and more to the point the hotel needed it. Room occupancy was down, and they needed their advertising to get noticed. The manager himself felt like his career was on thin ice. If this effort at promotion didn't get attention, both the hotel and he personally could be in trouble. He knew his ideas for the commercial were a bit tacky, like he was selling used cars or something. But he also thought it would work.  
  
It was then, though, hearing that the prudish Yasmin was even now stuck in only a towel, that the manager had an idea. An idea which had him trying and failing to suppress a grin.  
  
The woman hired to be Yasmin's wardrobe assistant tried again. "All I could give her was that towel. Shouldn't I get her some other bikini? I've got a back-up pair in the hotel."  
  
"No," the manager replied, smiling, "she may as well stay in the towel, don't worry about it."  
  
"The script calls for her to be in a bikini. And she keeps asking for something to wear."  
  
"Then stall her!" the manager ordered. "Tell her you can't find anything or that you have people out looking but they might not make it in time, tell her whatever you like, ok?! Just keep her in that towel or it'll be your job!"  
  
A minute later, the manager and director conferred with the cameramen. "Just do it like we planned!" the manager said, looking around to make sure Yasmin wasn't too close. "I know she isn't wearing the bikini, but just do it like we planned and it will all be better than fine, I promise! Oh, and another thing..." he continued, lowering his voice to keep what he was saying confidential.  
  
One minute later, Yasmin was still trying to persuade them to let her get dressed before the commercial began.  
  
"We've no time, Yasmin, we're going live in seconds! It is your fault for turning up late. We're going out live you know! Come on! Quick! Quick!" the director said, gesturing wildly for her to get into position next to the manager.  
  
Yasmin couldn't believe she was going to do a live tv commercial wearing only this towel. But at least, she thought, she won't be in that bikini, making that scripted cleavage shot impossible. They would have to end this commercial some other way, she thought. Some more dignified way, she hoped.  
  
But Yasmin, standing slightly awkwardly on the beach in her towel next to the suit-wearing, grinning hotel manager, with bright lights focused on them and crew all around trying to stay out of shot, had no more time to think about it, because the director was counting down, and now shouting "Action!"  
  
Using both hands to hug the towel against her body, Yasmin put her professional model's smile on her famous face and barely listened to what the manager was saying. The manager was hamming it all up, his speech full of double entendres which probably weren't working as well with Yasmin wrapped in the towel instead of wearing the bikini. But Yasmin was professional enough to listen for her cue - the moment at which she would wave her arm out in a model's gesture of presentation, as if show-casing the mountains behind them. Except this time she would have to be careful since this would leave only one hand to hold the towel together around her body.  
  
The manager arrived as the key moment, "Come visit us at the Ruritanian Hotel...", and Yasmin waved an arm out as if to highlight in advance the peaks rising behind them. "...and take a look at some beautiful mountainous peaks!" the hotel manager concluded, grinning.  
  
Following the earlier plan, the cameras didn't pan up to the mountains behind them both, but instead panned down to where Yasmin's towel was concealing her huge firm rounds boobs.  
  
Timing it perfectly, the manager reached out and in an instant had YANKED the towel away!  
  
As Yasmin squealed in surprise, a hundred thousand homes suddenly had their screens filled with a close-up of one of the world greatest racks, bouncing slightly from Yasmin being startled as the manager had whipped away her only cover. The thirty-thousand strong crowd at the stadium exploded in cheering and laughter as Yasmin's tits similarly filled a screen fifty feet high and eighty feet wide.  
  
The man providing live commentary at the stadium momentarily forgot his voice was being broadcast, and exclaimed "Great tits!"  
  
Back on the beach, the laughing cameraman in front of a blushing Yasmin, following instructions, made sure everyone kept getting a good clear look at Yasmin's amazing knockers. Boobs meet audience, audience meet boobs.  
  
For a moment she just stared in horror at the camera beaming live images topless images of her to the world, but then Yasmin took a shocked step backwards, which in truth only succeeded in having her rapidly-reddening face come into shot along with her boobs.  
  
Which got another enormous cheer at the stadium .  
  
Yasmin's mouth fell open as she stared at the grinning cameraman in front of her. He took a step back himself, so that her full - and fully-nude! - body came into shot, but she realized in panic what was happening just in time and her hands moved fast, an arm suddenly covering as much of those huge tits as it could, and a hand flying down to try to hide her pussy from view.  
  
All the viewers at home and in the stadium couldn't see her cunt, or know she wasn't a real blonde, but they could sure tell she was naked, and that only those hands were blocking a full view of the undiscovered country no previous photographers except Ted and Matthew had managed to explore.  
  
What Yasmin didn't realize, though, was that the manager had planned for her efforts to retain some kind of modesty. After letting the viewers have a few seconds of realizing Yasmin's full-frontal exposure was limited only by her hands, the manager leaned into shot - making sure not to block much of the view of Yasmin - and cheerfully declared that "we should get a view behind the scenes!" He then winked and, on that signal, suddenly the shot on everyone's screens switched to that of a cameraman Yasmin didn't realize had quietly moved into position behind her. His camera captured her perfect bubble butt in all its glory, with not even her hands blocking the view. A view getting even louder cheers from the stadium crowd, and causing the commentator to comment "What an ass!"  
  
Yasmin, arms and hands pressed hard against her body trying to hide it from the camera in front, bent over forward in her efforts to maintain whatever modesty she could, the bright red of her face seeping down her neck and lower so that even her tits were starting to get pink with embarrassment, squealing "don't look! I'm naked! stop filming!"  
  
Her leaning forward gave the cameraman behind her an idea. Giggling quietly, he quickly kneeled down right behind her and pointed his camera up at where she was unknowingly poking her ass back his way.  
  
Now screens everywhere were filled with a vision of Yasmin's naked butt, and even more amazing to the crowds and audience, a nice shot of her supermodel cunt, her pussy lips peaking out from between the smooth round ass cheeks for which she was famous, even if those cheeks had never been publicly seen without even a bathing suit between them and the viewers.  
  
In the stadium control booth, the operator knew he was supposed to switch away from the half time tv commercial feed, so everyone could get back to the game. His hand even reached for the switch which would have saved Yasmin from further exposure, but at the last minute he couldn't bring himself to do so, so Yasmin's naked bubble butt stayed up there revealed to all at many times actual size. The players from both teams were both standing on the field staring up at the huge screen and grinning.  
  
Back on the beach, the cameraman behind Yasmin whistled at her, and called out 'Yasmin!' in a sing-song voice.  
  
When she turned her head around and saw him behind her with another camera she gasped loudly. She couldn't stop herself from quickly moving both of her hands behind her in a desperate effort to try to block his shot of her naked butt. By this time she obviously wasn't thinking clearly.  
  
The director, a true professional, had the view instantly switched back to the camera in front, and everyone at home and in the stadium got their first full-frontal nude images of the legendarily modest, huge-titted Yasmin, small strip of brown pubic hair and all. The grinning hotel manager gestured for the camerman to zoom in for a close-up of the beautiful model's pussy, which the latter quickly did.  
  
The manager bent down to stick his head into shot just next to her cunt, giving it a quick look with a smile on his face before licking his lips and turning to face the camera. Yasmin looked down at him with eyes wide, her mouth falling open.  
  
"Well at our hotel, at least the carpet matches the drapes!" he laughed, adding, "But just like our hotel, this looks like a perfect fit for any guy!" as he poked a finger in a sharp jab in the direction of Yasmin's snatch.  
  
Then it was his turn to be surprised. What he hadn't counted on was the cameraman crouching behind Yasmin. With the shot going out coming from the camera in front of her, he couldn't resist using the moment to reach forward and give Yasmin a hard pinch on her left butt cheek.  
  
Yasmin let out a loud 'EEEK!' in response and her body jerked forward in an involuntary effort to escape those pinching fingers.  
  
She then let out an even louder and more surprised 'EEEK!!' as the shocked model accidentally impaled herself on the manager's pointing finger, which was now being shown in close-up on screens everywhere buried several inches inside her cunt.  
  
Back at the football stadium, the regular game commentator couldn't resist yelling out 'GOAL!'