**Brighton Towel**

by Little Joe

**Brighton Towel - Part 1**

Brighton, for those of you who don't know it, is in Sussex on the south coast of England. It is a famous seaside resort, famous indeed for many things: the extraordinary Brighton Pavilion, Brighton Rock, Brighton and Hove Albion football club, but most of all for the fact that it has a nudist beach. Well, I hear my readers say, what is so unusual about that? The thing about Brighton's famous beach is that it is not hidden away in some secluded spot only accessible after a five mile hike like most such beaches in England. It is one of the main beaches in the town. Everybody walks past it. It is where show-offs can show off. Am I a show-off? Perhaps I am. I have a body which people have been kind enough to say is worth looking at. By which they are not referring to my slim figure, or my blonde tresses, or my smooth tanned skin but inevitably to the fact that I have big boobs. I had always wanted to do modelling, but girls with big boobs don't get offered fashion modelling, only nude modelling. Big boobs are good for that. My boobs have always been big, ever since I was a teenager, they just grew and grew until I ended up with a pair of impressive double D's. Until my trip to Brighton I had always felt they were a bit of a nuisance. Not that they sag or anything. They are firm enough to stand up on their own with no visible means of support. As I stood looking down at my towel I was, in a way, thankful for that. Why had I gone to Brighton? I wasn't staying there. I had a business trip down south to London, one meeting on the Monday and one on the Wednesday. It wasn't worth the trek back to Glasgow for the one day so I had a day free in London. I could have gone to the zoo or the London Eye or the Tower of London or some other tourist attraction; but fate played a hand - it was one of those stinking hot sultry July days you sometimes get down south and staying in town held no attractions for me. I suddenly got the idea it would be nice to go to the seaside for a swim - except I had no swimming costume. The answer was obvious - take the train to Brighton, you didn't need a costume on Brighton beach. Everyone knew that. The more obvious solution of buying a costume didn't occur to me. Perhaps because deep down I'm a show-off. Perhaps I was looking for an excuse to show off. So ignoring the big notice in the bathroom about towels being for use in the hotel room only, and towel thieves always being prosecuted (pompous twits) I nicked a hotel bath towel, stuck it in a carrier bag with my purse and headed for Victoria station. Brighton is only an hour away by train on the London Brighton and South Coast Railway and I was in the neo-Gothic edifice of Brighton station by half past ten. The station is about a mile and a half from the famous beach which I had located using the map on my mobile phone.When I arrived there the air was delightfully cooler and there were already a few naked bodies strewn around getting the warming rays of the morning sun. Now I may have admitted to being at heart to being a bit of a show-off, and now I have to admit that I had never actually shown off before. At least not in public. The agreeable compliments concerning my figure having been prompted by the sight of my double-D's in a bikini. But, nervous as I was at the thought, I had come all that way and out they had to come, and once they had been displayed there was no going back. I hooked my thumbs in the waistband of my knickers and pulled them down. Rather nervous and rather embarrassed at my sudden public nakedness I folded my clothes up neatly and put them with my purse in my carrier bag. I spread out my bright green hotel towel and lay down on it. I propped myself up on my elbows and looked around. It was then that I noticed a curious thing. Although the beach was pretty busy the others all sported a dangly appendage. I was the only nude girl on the beach. I didn't know it at the time but I soon discovered it. The sight of a naked female (especially one as well endowed as I am) soon attracts a good deal of attention. I found I was surrounded by about twenty men (keeping a good few yards off I must admit), some not as dangly as they had been, and mostly looking intently at their mobile phones which were by some strange coincidence pointed directly at me. Lying there on my towel it took me a little time to realise what was happening. I was being surreptitiously filmed from all directions. They were waiting for me to walk down the beach and into the sea. They were waiting for the show off to show everything off. And I tell you this. It stimulated the show off in me to know this. The idea of being filmed walking into the sea naked was most, well, invigorating. I stood up. Looked round as a dozen faces tried to give the impression they were reading their e-mails, and I walked across the beach to the sea. For those of you who don't know Brighton I must explain that Brighton beach is not delightful golden sand; it is all pebbly and shingly, so it is not easy to walk on in bare feet. As I was of course completely bare, my feet were bare as well, so I rather hobbled down to the water's edge, in a way which made my equally bare behind wiggle in a way which, I guess from the direction in which the phones were pointing, must have been a bit provocative. Not perhaps quite as provocative as my stuttering run back up the beach. I had swum out into the cold water of the English Channel and on turning round to check out my bright green towel had noticed with an increasing sense of horror that the white carrier bag containing my clothes and my purse was no longer visible. Hence the run up the beach, arms waving, boobs jiggling, to where my towel lay, serene and alone. Bloody hell! My clothes had disappeared. I must have been an intriguing sight indeed, at least from the way the mobile phones dotted from my nipples, hard as rocks with the cold of the water, and ‘down there’ where the water dripped from my bare and neatly trimmed - well what should I call it - my \*\*\*\* (I usually use a word beginning with 'c' but that would be a bit rude for the refined readers of this tale!) Whatever I did I had to keep my legs together. I couldn't let people see my \*\*\*\*! (Sorry if the reference to the 'c' word offends you, but it is what everybody I know calls it and \*\*\*\*\*\* always sounds a bit precious).I picked up my towel and wrapped it round me, looking desperately round for the sight of somebody running off with my things. But the crowds had melted away, interest lost as soon as my naked form was covered. “Hey!” I shouted, “Who’s nicked my things?” but the crowd has gone and I was left alone with my towel. The enormity of my situation struck home. I was stranded fifty miles and half way across London from my hotel, with no money, no telephone and no clothes - stark naked except for my rather skimpy hotel towel. What was I to do. The Police! I’d have to go to the police and ask for help. But then I noticed. Emblazoned across the front of the towel was ‘Property of Hotel Royal Albemarle'. What if they accused me of stealing it? What if they took it off me? I'd have nothing to wear! I'd have to go back in the train nude. Ring somebody for help! That was it! But who? And with what? My mobile phone had gone and in any case I knew nobody any nearer than Glasgow. I couldn't expect anybody to fly down to London then take a train to Brighton just to bring some clothes. And how they would laugh. I'd be a laughing stock - even if I only rang and told them they would dine out on it for life! No - there was nothing for it. I'd have to go back to the hotel dressed only in my towel. Then I could report the theft to the police. When you have nothing to wear but a towel, big boobs are at the same time a blessing and a curse. Mine were big enough to prevent the towel slipping down but at the same time they pulled the towel up at the front so that my \*\*\*\* was almost visible. But what option did I have? Positioning the towel as best I could I walked up the beach and on to the main road. The walk to the station wasn't too bad. I don't mean to say it wasn't bad. It was. Trying to keep my towel both up and down at the same time (if you know what I mean) and at the same time conscious that I had absolutely nothing on underneath was bad enough, but have you ever tried walking along a road in bare feet. It's a slow and painful business! Eventually I got back to the station though. Now a girl walking through a seaside resort in nothing but a towel attracts some attention, but it is after all the seaside so it is perhaps not that remarkable. However a girl standing in a railway station wearing only a towel and a look of horror on her face is another thing altogether. Why it hadn't struck me before I don't know, but it hadn't, it was only when I arrived at the station that it dawned on me that along with everything else I'd lost my ticket and I had no money for a new one. This did not cause an immediate problem as there were no ticket barriers in those days, but somehow I was going to have to deal with the ticket inspector on the train. This was cause number one for the look of horror on my face. Cause number two was the sight of two officers of the law walking briskly and deliberately towards me. Oh no! They'd accuse me of stealing the towel. They'd arrest me. I'd be up in court. I'd be a laughing stock. In my fright I hadn't realised how much of a laughing stock I was already. And as for pictures -well! I looked up at the departures board. The London train was just about to leave. There was nothing for it. I had to catch it. I ran.

**Brighton Towel - Part 2**

It is perhaps a mistake to run when the only thing protecting you from total nude exposure is a skimpy towel held up by the precarious combination of a pair of large boobs, a loose knot and the power of prayer. I needed all three to hold firm. You've probably seen films with titles like 'Nude girl running'. They're quite popular on those websites that feature naughty video clips. If you looked closely, and you probably did, you will have noticed that her boobs bounced up and down. They do that when they're not supported, and the bigger the boobs the bigger the bounce. My boobs, being the size they are, started bouncing prodigiously. The result of this was that both the knot and the power of prayer were not up to the task of supporting the towel. Five yards from the train I suddenly found that whereas I was still moving forwards the towel was left behind. On the ground. It was a few seconds before the full import of this dawned on me. I was completely nude on platform 2 of Brighton station and two policeman were now moving towards me at an alarming rate. Had up for pinching a hotel towel was one thing. Had up for nude cavorting in a railway station was quite another. Laughing stock wasn't in it! I grabbed the towel, looked round at the assembled travellers standing open mouthed, gave a little curtsey (why I don't know - perhaps to hide my embarrassment, and I had to try and keep my legs together) and made a dash for the train, reaffixing the towel as I went. Blushing crimson I clambered aboard and sat down, looking round at the startled passengers as I did so. Were they just startled at a girl in a towel or had they seen. Too late to worry now. I tried to look out the window to hide how red my face had gone. Sitting down pulled the towel up even further so I sat keeping my legs firmly together with the towel down as far as I dared without showing a nipple. It just about kept my \*\*\*\* respectable. "Tickets please. All tickets please," the voice came from the end of the carriage. In my rush to catch the train I had forgotten all about the loss of my ticket. Then Glory Be! I spotted something on the ground. A ticket. I picked it up. Yes! It was the right date then... !!!! (Sorry to use the 'f' word but nothing else is strong enough). It was the wrong journey. A London to Brighton ticket going the wrong way. "Tickets please." He was getting nearer. I held my ticket in my trembling hand and then the thought struck me. A brainwave. That was it! I knew how I could get away with it. There was only one snag. God was it not going to be embarrassing! I stood up and walked down the carriage towards him. "Just need the loo," I said as he stared at the strangely provocative sight of a girl in nothing but a towel walking towards him. I held out the useless ticket as if proferring it and as he stretched out his hand I 'accidentally' let it fall to the ground. I turned round and bent over to pick it up, keeping my legs straight as I did so, an action which of course caused the towel to ride right up and display my bare bum two feet from his nose. It was a diversionary tactic! Unfortunately it proved more diversionary than I expected. It is a curious thing about English people in a train. They are very reserved. Even sitting together for a five hour journey they never talk to each other. It is as if everyone lives in a pretend world where they are the only person on the train. This is the only explanation I have for the fact that not a single remark was made about what happened next. Bending over like that must have loosened the knot, for once again boobs, knot and prayer failed me simultaneously, for as I stood up the towel dropped unceremoniously to the floor. I stood wearing nothing but a red face and the silly grin of a laughing stock, in the middle of the railway carriage. I stared wildly round. Every single person was pretending to have noticed nothing. Nobody said a word. Except that is for the ticket inspector. He stared straight at my double D's and gasped the one word "Blimey!" I picked up my towel and ran for the loo. As a diversionary tactic it had worked superbly. As a tactic for turning my face an even brighter shade of crimson it worked even better. I spent the rest of the journey looking resolutely out the window like the rest of the passengers. The ticket inspector came past after every station but he never asked for my ticket again. If the stares at Brighton had been bad, the stares at Victoria station were ten times. A girl in nothing but a towel hardly covering her bare essentials is not something seen every day in central London. On the other hand I wasn't doing anything illegal and I was at least in striking distance of my hotel - only two miles away in central London. How to get there was the problem. My bare feet were so sore I could never walk that far, the tube with its crowds and ticket barriers was out of the question without money. The bus was the only answer. Buses are of course not free in London, on the other hand most of the bus drivers are so bored they take no notice of whether you have a ticket or not. Trying to ignore the stares I waited for the bus. And of course I clambered on without a problem. Sitting down was however perhaps a mistake. The seat was at the side of the bus facing a similar seat at the opposite side. Here I must take a minute to digress a little to give a little warning to those of you reading this who are possessed of a \*\*\*\* (and I know there are lots of you), if you are riding on public transport with no knickers on (and I know some of you do you naughty girls) and you are sitting facing the other side, do keep you legs together, otherwise the aforementioned \*\*\*\* is likely to be clearly visible to the person opposite. I know this from personal experience as on this occasion I failed to heed my own warning. I sat back, let my head fall back, and allowed my legs to open. Fortunately however I was within a quarter of a mile of my hotel before the commotion caused this display of female pudendum reached the level of near riot. "My God! I can see that woman's fanny!" (This expression in London refers to the female pudendum). I opened my eyes with a start. A red faced gentleman of somewhat advancing years and a military bearing was pointing straight between my legs. If his face was red, it was nothing to how red mine suddenly became. The bus was stopped at Trafalgar Square. It was time to get off and make a run for it. I hurried down the bus. I could see the doors just beginning to close and with a final last leap I jumped out. The doors closed behind me. I stood on the pavement panting with relief. I was just about there! I had almost made it. There was just one slight hitch. My towel was trapped in the bus doors and was rapidly moving off down The Strand. I was stranded stark naked in the centre of London.. Buses don't travel very fast in London. It's the traffic you see. You can almost catch it if you run fast after it. I know this, because that's what I did - almost catch it I mean. Unfortunately large bouncy boobs are not ideal in this situation. Not unless you are an onlooker of course. In that case they can't be bettered. That is at least the impression I got from the nature of the hoots and jeers of the growing crowd. There's something else I found out that day. Everybody loves a streaker. Especially a female one. Especially one with double D's. At least I think that must be the case from the cheers as I at last caught up with the bus opposite the Old Bailey. It was a pity I fell over. I tried to explain to the magistrate that it wasn't my fault, that my feet were sore, but I don't think he believed me. It's such an undignified position flat on your back with your legs in the air. It gives such a very very good view between them. I looked round in dismay. My towel was rapidly disappearing in the direction of the Tower of London. But when I looked round, there was the Royal Albemarle Hotel. Of course. It was half way down The Strand. I looked round, curtseyed to the onlookers and much to the astonishment of the doorman walked stark naked into the hotel. I was panting for breath, I'd run stark naked through the centre of London, I'd bruised my bum, and I'd flashed my \*\*\*\* at half the population of the city. What did I care. I walked up to the reception desk. "Room 404," I said, "I seem to have lost my key." "Oh yes," said the snooty bloke on reception, "Room 404. There's a towel missing from the room. We always prosecute you know."He picked up the telephone. Red faced laughing stock doesn't adequately describe the result. Pictures of the naked girl being marched off to the police station adorned every newspaper the following day. Still, there's no such thing as bad publicity they say; the modelling offers came rolling in. Nude modelling of course, but seeing as the whole country has seen me nude now what does it matter. I think I'll take them up when they let me out.