**Cornered by sharks**

By Janie

**Cornered by sharks Part 1**

I went for a swim this evening, knowing that I would be nude. I hate to tell you guys this, but I’m nowhere near as brave as you think when it comes to being exposed. In fact, I’m sometimes pretty timid, or maybe just stupid, for the way I pick my friends, my strange way of living or something else I can’t understand. But I love to go swimming nude in the ocean; it’s a habit I can’t seem to shake. My significant other tells me not to do it, but she can’t pull me away from my love. So I just keep repeating going nude swimming, every chance that I get. All I could think about this evening while we entertained clients was when we would get done and what I would do when we got back to our hotel.

We got back around 8:30 PM. I wasted little of my time changing out of my dress. I had to get into my other things, realizing I had a little more than an hour left to swim. Yes I wore the little shift dress, Emma – the one from the night before. There wasn’t any way that I couldn’t; the company bought it for me. Not to wear it would not only have been rude, we might have missed a sales opportunity. Now I knew those guys would expect me to f\*\*k them the next time they saw me; we’ll see if I do or not. Maybe one, I will. I have to admit he was cute. I have to remember my relationship with Sue, though. Remember, we’re pretty close friends.
So I pulled on some panties, and got into my little worn out shorts, sticking both my room card keys into my underpants bottoms I wore underneath. Then with my in a tee shirt with a towel wearing my flip flops, slightly after dusk as I left. It rained late in the afternoon, so few people were out on the beach -- just a few odd couples, beachcombers and a guy fishing in the surf; I wondered if he caught anything. I talked to the hotel crew earlier, finding out when they closed the gate to the beach. It was my only access, you see. He said they closed and locked it at 10PM, sharply, so I needed to be in by then. I had well over an hour to frolic and swim, which seemed like enough time to me. I’m pretty good about estimating time, but I saw a big ship was going into the harbor to the north ten miles. I figured when it got in, I easily had a half hour more to play. But just for insurance, I took the extra key to my room.
I put everything but my underpants into a pile inside the hotel property, that I hid that in the bushes by the gate to the beach. Then taking my towel and cardkey, in my underpants and flip-flops I walked out the gate onto the beach. Inside the fence was everything else, all that I planned to wear out. Even if I had an emergency, I still had my backup. I had pretty much two sets of clothes, including what I wore, with my towel. I had panties and a towel on the beach, with my flip-flops and the extra key. Plus I had my shorts and tee hidden inside the gate, hidden under some bushes by the fence with another keycard. Confident, emboldened and randy, I strolled out through the gate, stepped down the stair, and out onto the sand. Then I walked along by the retaining wall of the hotel pool area. In two minutes I had strolled a little to the south from the gate in the dark, and I felt very energized, enough to swim a mile. As my eyes adjusted to the dark, I thought I was finally by myself. Quickly I found a place behind some stacked lounge chairs where I shed everything I had left, my panties, towel and keycard. Stepping out of my flip flops I raced across the open sandy stretch to the water’s edge. It was lit up so I didn’t dally there; I needed my love, the surf. There I dove into the water, embraced by the warm night’s soothing air. No sooner than I dove under the surf, I felt much better, hidden and protected. A couple was strolling from the north; could they have seen what I did? As I raced out into the surf, they stopped a few minutes looking around. I wasn’t sure whether they had seen me or not, but how they looked around was racking my nerves.

Well, no matter now, I was free as the little naked jaybird child I was. I imagined it was like before, when I was in my mother’s womb. I swam out through the light breakers through the warm water about ten minutes, where I stopped looking at some small white buoys. From these marker buoys for the water skiers, I estimated I was at the third row of four running out. That put me near where the bottom dropped off and the sea changed from aqua to deep blue color. I began my exercise routine swimming lateral strokes up the beach as I began. I swam about fifteen minutes north, 'til I was four hotels up. Then I turned around and swam back down towards the buoys, using the high rise hotels as markers. In another fifteen minutes I was back; now relaxed and refreshed. The only problem now was my thoughts made me randy as hell. I’d built up all these sexual dreams about the guys we’d had dinner with in my new sexy top and underpants. Plus I’d been dreaming all day, bored as I was with the conference. So when I thought was done with my exercise, I was actually only beginning. As I broke my stroke and began treading water in the deep ocean, I started to rub myself. I was absolutely naked, maybe ¼ mile out, rubbing myself furiously and enjoying it immensely. I floated on my back pointing my wide open legs towards my hotel, only no one could see me naked, I was sure. Only my bottom felt so empty; I needed something to fill it up. Anything would do -- a cock, dildo, or maybe even my hairbrush. I need anything to fill me, I just felt so empty floating around. Suddenly I remembered a trick my Florida roomie taught me when we roomed together in graduate school. THIS IS REALLY SO SICK -- YOU PRISSY TYPES STOP READING NOW!

Once when we were playing in the surf, she made a joke of the seaweed. The ocean in Florida’s full of these clumps of fine drift seaweed that’s sort of the shape of a frond, only rubbery in texture and very soft. Emma had filled herself up, sort of as a joke to me as she did. She actually used it to seduce me, and it actually worked. You see, she filled herself up to show me how it would fill you, and how you could pull it back out. So she convinced me then to do the same, seducing me with the hilarity of what we did. It had this rubbery texture, but in the end the result was the same. You got this very full feeling, just like a big cock, or a long soft dildo, or a washrag, or whatever other toy you used to stick in your cunt and butt.

Two minutes later, my pussy and ass were stuffed full of this Sargasso seaweed, and I was furiously rubbing my clit. About five minutes later I came, tensing up into a knot in my sex. I thought for a moment about my lover, she’s such a moaner when she comes. Me, I’m so totally different; I don’t yell out at all. I just quietly tense up, and it’s over. No drama to that at all. Out here though I could, and no one would hear a thing. I relaxed – in the space of that short time, I came. So, as I relaxed, my desire slipped away. The reality of being way out nude in the ocean started to sink into me. I started to slowly swim in. Only then I felt a bump on my leg.

“OH F\*\*KING SHIT what was that?” I thought looking off at the waves in the sky. A dark overcast stole most of the light from the moon, but from the hotel light remained somewhat. I thought I saw something dark over the dark bluish-hued waves, and their very light whitecap tops. HOLY FUCKING SHIT!!! I thought SHARK!! Never in my life swimming had I even seen a shark, much less ever thought they existed. This was warm water, less than twenty feet deep. My BFs told me sharks never came in that close! No matter all that logically thinking, I panicked!! In a moment my fear engrossed me, seizing my mind and rational thoughts. My mind had totally taken off from me.

Suddenly, I was racing freestyle for the shore. I felt another bump, again and my panic grew worse. I broke my stroke just long enough to kick it, then I resumed swimming freestyle again. I had about 300 yards to shore – about the full length of three Olympic-sized pools. I was in a panic I was swimming so hard. In a couple minutes I was hitting my arms on the bottom, and I struggled up onto my legs as I raced up the beach. Only I had drifted about ¼ mile to the south masturbating, so I had to run back to my clothes. As I raced panicky full of adrenaline through the dark night, I realized people stood around in the dark. Sitting on the terrace above were a few, and a few more stood out in the surf, “Oh crap, I thought to myself," crazed by my recent terrifying encounter. As I race up towards my clothes I couldn’t slow down, I was just so intent on finding them. I wanted to just put them on and get out of there. As I got to the white stack of lounge chairs, I felt relief. I just wanted to end my little sojourn that I got swept up in. I’d had enough sex for one night. But just as I bent over looking for my flip flops, I RELAIZED I COULDN’T FIND THEM AT ALL -- THEY WERE GONE!!! Everything so carefully hidden, someone had taken it all.

“Oh my god, Janie!!!” I said to myself. “ Shift to your backup plan PRETTY FAST,” I thought. I raced up to the gate that led to the hotel. Safety was right inside with my clothes. As I approached and looked at the entrance thought, my heart sank literally to my feet. "Holy F\*\*K,” I thought,” the gates closed!!!! They closed the gates!! "A big padlock around a chain locked the view of the courtyard pools from my access. Now my adrenaline was pumping away, and I was literally going completely crazy. There were strollers out on the beach in the night, but the access to my hotel was blocked. Plus I had no clothes, and no cardkey. QUICK, I thought, run around through another hotel’s access and come back around in the dark. So I ran back out on to the beach to the south, racing along as I did. I ran crazily by the first few people I had just run past moments before. They were mostly couples shocked by the nude running girl—or was I lucky? Maybe they didn’t even see me at all. Maybe they couldn’t recognize what just ran by them? I didn’t know, I couldn’t think about it now. No, there was too much light from the hotels looming above.
I had to race two hotels down before I found an open gate, which I raced through as fast as I could. All the time I was racing down I was making my plan. I would just run around the back up to my hotel and to my clothes, and put them on as fast as I could. I couldn’t wait to think of anything else.

So I raced into this hotel, the Radisson it turned out. I had no idea how it was laid out at all. But as I ran around the back patio areas, I discovered, to my horror, it didn’t connect about in behind with the Westin, my hotel. Not a minute to think, I race towards the front, past the bar and the lobby and elevator landing. The few people about were shocked, but I didn’t even slow or look up enough to make eye contact. In a moment I raced out the front entrance past the bell station, onto the driveway tarmac, where the bellmen where parking the cars of wealthy people, their elegant ladies and guests and off. Not a moment to lose, now! Getting out to the street, I turned and ran north up the sidewalk, past the Hyatt and into the Westin’s driveway.

As I turned and ran up their driveway, the bellman looked at me in no minor shock. The rich women looked less shocked than amused, like I was their errant servant girl, but I didn’t stop to chat. I tore into the main lobby past the bellman, who held out the door for me, just as if I were anyone else wearing clothes. Then I raced across the main lobby under the atrium, and past the long water sculpture that marked the path to the back patio, pools, beach and Jacuzzi. Tens of people were there, most of whom I knew, I thought. The only reason they would not have recognized me was the sand on my skin and ratty hair. I somehow realized that the sheer terror excitement was strangely arousing. OMG, my pussy was hot!!! I was really aroused!!! Then it suddenly struck me…

I still had the full wads of seaweed stuffed into me, with a thin strand of seaweed stringing out from my sex. Even worse, a plug of seaweed still hung in my ass. My asscheeks were raw from running so hard!! No wonder my butthole hurt no small little. No wonder I felt the rough texture rubbing my cheeks, and stuffing my pussy lips as I ran. I was virtually a mermaid whore. I was a filthy little porno streaming masturbation out from her sex and bottom in the main atrium of the Palm Beach Westin!!! Holy shit!!! You little slut, I thought. It didn’t really matter what I did then, I imagined, I just had to get back to my clothes. I plowed through the swinging glass door ignoring the big revolving one I normally used, that was eco-friendly BUT SLOW, racing out past the little kids rectangular pool aimed at the beach, past all the little child and their mamas, then onto the grand ballroom staircase stair to the lower level pool and Jacuzzi. Madly I was racing out the back to the gate where I left my spare clothes and card key. I raced turning around the rows of chaise chairs reaching the back gate, then I looked around and spotted the Azalea planting where I hid my clothes. It was just south of the gate; I couldn’t miss it. I bent over there to grab them and pull them on. Only I couldn’t see them. Shit!!! I thought, getting down on my hands and knees looking around under the shrubs my ass pointing out in back. In moments, everyone would realize where I was and come. They see me here when they do. I was in a total state of panic.

“Janie,” a woman’s calm voice said. “You always look so pretty when you’re excited. We need to hurry up and get you ready for the reception,” she continued. I’ve brought your things; let me fix your hair before we go.”

To be continued…

kisses... Janie