**Danielle in Spain**

by Anonymous Egg

Hola! My name is Danielle O'Tiley, although most people just call me Dani. I'm a University student living in Manchester, England, 23 and single. And it's the latter that's been bothering me for a while, actually. I've been going through a dry spell with the men for quite some time, and haven't really been with a guy for 4 years now. It's not that I'm unattractive or anything: I think of myself as being quite pretty, with shoulder-length brown hair and a nice smile. But my body is just so... average. I'm not well-endowed, nor am I flat chested. I haven't got a huge arse, which seems to be the fashion nowadays, but I've got the curves in the right places, just not interesting enough to drawn attention, I guess. Well anyway, enough self-criticism for the time being. With a 4 year dry spell under my belt, last summer (August 2006) I decided to take a vacation to the clubbing capital of Europe: Ibiza, an island just off the coast of Spain.

I'll spare you the details of my first week there, as they were dull and disappointing. Roughly, my hotel was cheap and nasty, the place was flooded with my fellow Englishmen on vacation, and despite going to clubs every single night and having some fun, I still didn't seem to be "pulling" any blokes. And, oy vey, the sexual frustration! If you've ever been on holiday in Spain, then you'll know that walking around in the scorching hot sun in a bikini, virtually your underwear, with all the guys wearing tight swimming trunks, then it really builds up. I don't want to sound too Austin Powerish, but I was getting randy. Thankfully, I had an ace up my sleeve. Now, I'm going to really stress here that I'm not an exhibitionist, per se. I don't get turned on by guys watching me in the buff. However, back in Manchester I'd done some very... daring things in public, and I always found the thrill in NOT being seen. Like in the men's bathroom at Uni, when it was once out of order and had a big sign on the front door, I crept in, sat on one of the toilet seats, cubicle door open, and... pleasured myself, so to speak. It was very thrilling. So by my second week in Ibiza, I already had a plan.

The beach near my hotel was pretty secluded, although it still had a hundred or so tourists on it every day lapping up the sun and sea. From the main road to the actual sand was maybe a 300ft drop, but a long set of stairs led from the top towards the left side of the beach. Towards the right side of the beach (it was kind of like an oval shape against the cliff, with sea all around) were a set of old-fashioned changing rooms. They were like the cubicles from the Uni's men's room, with a gap at the bottom and the top of it open to the sun. Thankfully the cliff overhung it, so you couldn't get people peeping in from above. Throughout the first week I had been scouting it, and today my plan was to come to fruition.

I made my way from my hotel to the beach wearing my favourite light blue bikini. No fancy Brazilian cut thong or anything, just your basic two-piece. Over that I wore a loose-fitting vest top and a pair of lazy grey cotton shorts, and of course flip-flops. It was roughly noon, a time chosen as the changing rooms were busiest at nine every morning, and by now they would be abandoned. Good planning, great fun, that's my motto. True to form, the changing rooms were all vacant, so I slipped into the one situated on the left end and locked the door. My plan for the day was unambitious, I'm afraid to say. I placed my cotton shorts and my flip flops on the wooden bench provided, and hung my bikini bottoms from a metal hook just above (didn't want to get sand in them). Bottomless from the waist down, I got onto the floor, spread my legs out and leaned back on my elbows. That was it. As mentioned before, the roof was open to the sky, so the sun was getting in and I would be getting a bit of a tan. The changing rooms had a gap at the bottom, and that's where the arousal came into it. I thought, although unlikely, somebody might be lying face-down to get some sun on their backs, and they might happen to look into the changing rooms and see my womanhood. I know I said I didn't "get off" on people seeing me, but really I knew there would be little chance of exposure. I was just enjoying the sun on my bare crotch. I nearly jumped out of my skin, however, when there was a knock on the door.

"Um, I'm in here." I said.

"Sorry, wrong cubicle." Replied a man's voice.

Well, my heart was thumping! I thought for a moment there that somebody had spotted me. I watched the man's feet under the cubicle gap as he headed along the line of doors. As I looked along, I noticed that there were another pair of feet a few doors along, and the man entered that cubicle. Must be a couple sneaking a quickie without anyone noticing. I'm not really sure why, but I suddenly became determined to look into their cubicle and see if I was right. I think it was just a sense of adventure paired with my sexual frustration that brought about the urge. It just annoyed me that they were having a daring fling in a public setting, and here I was lying bare-arsed in a changing room on my own.

I eyed up the gap towards the back of the cubicle, and I decided if I didn't have my vest on, I might just be able to squeeze underneath, creep along the back and peek underneath at the couple. I placed my vest on the bench besides my shorts and flip flops, crouched down and stopped. Well, why just the vest? I untied my bikini top and put it on top of everything else, and took a moment to collect myself. Now, I know that absolutely nobody would be able to see back here as the changing rooms were right against the cliff face. I'd be safe, I think. Now completely bare, I squeezed my way slowly under the bottom. Wow. The rough texture of the warm sand rubbed against my nipples, and it felt just amazing. It moved with my breasts, and as I pushed through it felt like the sand was cupping and caressing me like a lover. I tried to keep my ass as high as I could to prevent me getting sand in my pubic hair (just a tiny rectangle), and the smooth polished wood of the wall rubbed down my backside, reminding me of how naked I was. It felt fantastic. Finally free, I got to my feet and assumed the usual position: hands over breasts, another over my crotch. Nobody around, which was just as well. Bit silly of me to cover up, really. Hands at my sides, I crept down the line of cubicles until I could hear panting and that little "pik" noise kissing makes. Slowly, so as not to alert them to my presence, I dropped to my knees and lowered my head to the sand and peeked in. The guy, who looked like a typical skinhead, had a ditzy looking blonde against the wall. Both of their swimsuit bottoms were pooled at their feet, but with them pressed up against one another, I couldn't really see anything. She seemed to be enjoying herself, however. Without really thinking about it, I found myself sliding my hands over my exposed rump, squeezing it in places and imagining this skinhead was doing it instead of me. My hand found it's way to my crotch, and I began toying with myself, all the while imagining that I was blondie.

"Oh yes, go on, ... me harder" I whispered below my breath. I can only imagine what I would have looked like, masterbating on a beach with my ass pushed into the air. But to be honest I was too much into this to worry about appearances, and after a few minutes both me and the blonde had the big O. I had to clamp my lips over my arm to stop from screaming out. It worked, but I would be spitting sand for the rest of the day.

"'ey Reggie," Said the blonde "Why dontcha get us some ice creams and bring 'em back 'ere?"

"Ah aye, that don't sound too romantic like." He complained.

"Well, we won't be eatin' 'em."

The blonde stepped out of her bikini bottoms - so sexy - and picked up a bottle of suntan lotion. She squeezed a bit onto her palm, and rubbed it on her nipple. I don't know about the guy, but \*I\* certainly felt like running to the ice cream truck!

With the show over, and myself feeling slightly ashamed at peeking now that my randyness had abated, I got to my feet and crept back to my own cubicle. Before I re-entered, I decided to take one last deep breath out in the nude before returning to my clothes. God this felt good. Reluctantly I got back on the floor and wiggled my way to safety. I was planning to get dressed and return to the hotel at this point, but then I look down at myself. Eurgh. I'm sorry if I'm too blunt here, but my lady-juice had managed to glue a heap load of sand all over my crotch and down my right leg. I looked like a mess. If I tried to walk back like this, my thighs would be scratched raw. I'd have to get a clean in the sea before I left. Using my vest top, I wiped away the worst of it, although my pubic hair was clinging onto the sand desperately. I slipped on my bikini bottoms and reached for my top when a thought struck me. I think the fact was publicised in America by a Budweiser commercial, and in Europe it's certainly common knowledge, but in Spain it's actually perfectly acceptable to go topless at the beach. It's the strangest damned thing too, because a LOT of women take advantage to eradicate tan lines, and it's actually a minority few who keep their tops on. But what's so strange about it is that the guys at the beach hardly notice. If you walked down a busy highstreet in a pair of bikini bottoms and nothing else, everyone would be staring in disbelief, taking photos and crashing cars because of distraction. But wear that on a beach in Spain, however, and you don't get a second glance. Ce la vive, eh? Well anyway, thus far I'd been pretty prudish and kept my two-piece on, and I decided that after what I just did I may as well be a bit daring. I bundled my gear into my arms, and headed out the changing room door. There were lockers available (3 Euros each - Scandelous!), so I shoved everything in there and took my key. I'd like to say that I gracefully walked to the shallows of the water, sexually moving my hips to allure and charm any men watching, but the stark truth is that I had a crotchful of sand. It was probably more of a bandy-legged chicken walk, I'm embarrassed to say. But still, the sea breeze against my nipples felt good, and I'm glad to say the only people really watching me were a few adolescant boys and a middle-aged pervert who's wife had fallen asleep. But then, all the women there were getting that sort of attention. As the water - ooh it's cold when you first get in - got deeper, it became a darker shade of blue, and whereas at first it's clear as glass and you can see fish around your ankles, it becomes hard to see through at waist-height. And thus came my second idea of the day. I was closer to myself than anyone could possibly be, and when I looked down I could see nothing below the waterline. I looked around, and there were other topless women at the same depth as me, and they too were invisible below the waist. Very carefully I tucked my thumbs into the waistband of my bottoms and, making sure no kids were snorkeling nearby, whipped them down my legs and had them scrunched up in my hand in just a second. I couldn't believe I was doing this! Again being extremely careful, I placed my forearm through the leg holes and wrapped it tightly around my wrist like a wristband. No way was that going to fall off. Now free of the constraints of my bikini, I had a casual swim in a small area of sea that I considered safe enough. Not too many people there, and it was deep enough so that a big wave wouldn't expose me. It felt fantastic. Trying not to be too obvious about it, I rubbed my pubic hair a bit to clear out some of the sand, although the touch just made me feel rambucious again. Deliberately, I let my arms float at my sides like I was swimming, held my ankles together and spread my knees apart. Then I turned, facing the beach. All those people, and here I was spread-eagled in front of them as bare as the day I was born. And none of them knew. It felt so amazing, that naughty little sensation, like hiding Playgirl magazines under your bed when you were a teen or "accidently" flashing the boys your knickers in PE.

"Eh love, you got the time?"

My knees slammed together in shock. I turned around and came face to face with two women about my age. One of them, laying down on a lilo (or a floating bed, if they're called something different in the states), was topless like me... well, not exactly like me, at the moment... and had dark, curly hair. She was wearing sunglasses and a rather garish silver bikini bottom. Her friend, presumably, was a blonde girl with a ponytail, and she seemed to be dragging the lilo around. Above the waist I could see she was wearing a black bikini top.

"Er... n-no." I stammered.

"Ah well, no worries. So where you from?"

"Manchester."

"Ah great, Ele's from there, aren't ya?"

The blonde nodded.

It was a bit surreal, really. We had a good conversation about Spain and England and such, the usual stuff that one talks about to strangers on holiday. The black haired girl, Tracy, was a bit gabby, and Ele was a bit quiet, but they seemed like a nice couple. Well, friends, actually, no lesbians, but you know what I mean. They recommended a good nightclub, which I promised I'd visit tonight.

"Heh, I've been trying to get Ele here to join our club." Admitted Tracy.

"Our club?" I asked confused.

"Yeah, you know, sun and buns?" To emphasize, Tracy grabbed her own breasts and jiggled them about. We all laughed.

"Nah, it just wouldn't feel right." Complained Ele "All the guys would be looking."

"Ah let them look." Dismissed Tracy.

"It certainly feels liberating." I added. More so for me, I thought. Although I'd been trying to stop, for the last few minutes I had found myself stroking my bare hips and, well, generally fondling myself. Which no doubt prompted Tracy to say:

"Shame we couldn't go the whole hog, eh?"

"I'm not so sure about that." I replied.

"Well, it'd stop you fidgeting, anyway."

My blood ran cold and my face started to burn. Had she known what I was doing? Was being on a lilo looking down giving her a perfect view of me? Oh god...

"You keep adjusting your bottoms," She continued "Too tight or summet?"

"Uh... y-yeah. I bought them yesterday, and they're not very comfy."

"Ah well. You can always get a new pair, eh?"

"Tracy, I want to head back" complained Ele "My head's starting to burn."

"Tsk, oh alright. We'll see you around Dani, okay? We're here most days."

And so I said goodbye to the duo, who made their way back to the beach. I'd only intended a quick dip, but now I'd been naked for... looking at the sun... about an hour? Wow. I decided that was enough, for today. Untangling my bottoms from my forearm, I slipped them back on and headed towards my locker. I had to admit, though, now that I was sand-free, bare breasted and dripping wet, I felt like the sexiest person on the entire planet. I couldn't help but admire myself, little droplets of water running down my bussom, hair plastered to my back. Mmm. At this rate, I thought, who the hell needed men?