**My Summer Job at the Beach**

by Emi Tsuruta

A few summers ago when I was still in university in Oceanview, I worked at this beachside concession stand, selling hot dogs and ice cream to the beachgoers. It didn't pay a lot, but it was an interesting place actually. Once you got across the highway, you had to follow a sand path through the trees down towards the water's edge, and then climb this winding iron staircase to get up to the deck our restaurant was on. On the deck, there were a bunch of picnic tables with a bamboo roof and a view overlooking the Pacific Ocean. You could hear cars going by from the highway and the lapping of the waves on the shore, but actually, the deck was surrounded by trees, a little oasis of calm on the busy summer beach.

My boss was an American guy named Reggie. He was kind of strange - young... for a shop manager anyway - and a bit lazy. He did have his good points though. He was pretty predictable and trustworthy. He never really hit on me or anything. I guess over the course of the summer, we became friends.

There were a couple of other girls who worked there, but they were on different shifts, so I didn't see them all that often. I did get to know a couple of the regular customers though: Carlos, a happy-go-lucky Mexican boy, and Bianca, a brunette American girl who hung out on the beach. They'd come up, order something, and I'd go out into the dining area, and chat with them while they ate. Carlos was very bubbly, while Bianca was a bit more laid-back, but we all got along.

On the weekends, it could get busy, so we'd have to work straight. On weekdays though, it was quieter, especially if it was cloudy or raining out. Reggie showed up if it was busy, but on the quieter days, sometimes he'd leave me to do everything. If there were no customers, sometimes I could even go down to the beach for a swim.

Back up on the main road, there were a bank, restaurants, a convenience store and surf and swimsuit shops. Further up, there was a grocery store. I sometimes had to go up that way to buy more hot dogs or buns, but most of the time, I was down on the beach. On pay day, I'd head to the bank to deposit my check.

The bank was a bit of a different world. It was air-conditioned, and all the staff were dressed in suits, much more businesslike than the rest of the beach. Even the customers seemed to dress up when they came there. There was this one bank employee, Tom... Thomas actually, a sharply dressed young man of Italian or Greek background. I was a bit shy at first about talking with him, but whenever I did, he was always very helpful.

When I was working at the concession stand, I had to wear our 'uniform': blue jean shorts, a loose-fitting white t-shirt, a lime green sun visor, oh... and an orange apron when we were cooking. When I'd head to the bank, I'd take the apron off, and go in my shorts, but sometimes I'd get strange looks when I was standing in line waiting for the teller. I got a deep tan that summer from being outside all the time, so maybe people thought I was one of those beach bunnies. I thought of bringing a change of clothes for my trips to the bank, but anyway, the bank tellers or other staff didn't complain, so mostly I just went like that.

One day, Reggie didn't come in, but he sent one of the other girls to help me out. There weren't many customers that day, so the girl said it would be alright if I went in for a swim. We didn't have a washroom, so I walked along the boardwalk to a fast food restaurant, and changed there.

I'd just bought a new bikini, one I quite like actually. It was a burnished silver color, and even had a few diamond-shaped chain links at the front on my hips and the bra straps, so it looks like the whole bikini was made of metal. The side ties on the bottoms were quite long and also a sparkly silver color. The back was a simple thong, and at the top of my butt crack, there was a cluster of imitation diamonds which sparkled, drawing your eyes to them. A bit gaudy maybe, but this should catch the guys' eyes. Look out world! Here I come!

I stripped out of my clothes in the stall, pulled this new bikini on, and then went out to check how I looked in the mirror. Even though I was kind of proud of my find, I decided it might be a bit much to walk around like this on the street - what with the sparkly thong and all - so I pulled on a sky blue hoodie to cover up. As I walked through the restaurant, a few guys turned to check out my behind. They could probably see my butt cheeks, but I didn't look that indecent with my hoodie on.

I walked down to the water's edge in the shade of this bridge. There weren't that many people around on that part of the beach, so I ended up stripping off my hoodie, and went in swimming. The water was a bit cool at first but refreshing.

When I came back out though, I suddenly noticed the bank guy, Thomas, walking along the boardwalk back towards the street. He'd taken off his suit jacket and tie, and looked a bit more rugged than usual in his mirror sunglasses. He noticed me too, so I waved to him, as I picked up my towel to wipe the water out of my eyes. Surprisingly, he stepped down onto the sand in his shiny dress shoes, and came all the way over to say hi to me.

"Emi, was it?" he smiled. "Hey." I was amazed he even remembered my name. I'd only spoken to him once or twice at that point. A bit embarrassed to be caught in such a skimpy little bikini by my handsome young banker, I turned to the side. He just smiled, as he peered down at my sparkly bikini bottoms. I'm actually not used to guys staring at my crotch so blatantly, but I guess he thought that with his sunglasses on, I wouldn't be able to tell what he was looking at.

"Thomas!" I blushed. "What are you doing out here?"

"I had to get some stuff from the post office. Are you working?" he grinned.

"I was. How did you know?" I laughed, surprised that he'd guessed.

"I have my ways," he smiled. "Anyway, I looked up some info for you on investments. Drop by the bank when you get a chance."

"Sure," I smiled. It hadn't really struck me before, but he is an attractive guy. He makes you feel right at home. As he walked away, he continued to smile at me over his shoulder, obviously quite happy to have run into me. Cool. I've got a fan!

Anyway, I ended up pulling my hoodie back on, and going back to the fast food place to change back into my uniform. I guess I should drop by at the bank at some point. Someday soon.

Then one morning not long after, when I woke up, it was raining out. I phoned my boss Reggie, asking whether I should come in to work or not. I knew there wouldn't be many people on the beach, but he seemed to think it was important that one of us be there in case the weather cleared up. He said he'd be in later, but I was pretty sure he just went back to bed.

I had a shower, got dressed, and headed for the beach. On the way though, it started to rain down pretty heavily. I pulled out my umbrella, but even so, the wind kept blowing the rain on me. By the time I arrived at our stand, I was soaked to the skin. There was no sign of Reggie. I hurried to unlock the door of our stand, and get in out of the storm.

Inside was warm enough, but my wet clothes felt all clammy, sticking to my skin. I pulled my bikini and towel out of my bag, but even they'd got a bit wet from the rain. The front shutter was still down, so I ended up just stripping out of my clothes, and hanging them by the stove to dry.

It felt so weird being naked at work. This was the same place Reggie and I worked day in day out, and here I was roaming around in my birthday suit. I dabbed at the tips of my nipples with my finger, getting a little excited. I wondered what Reggie would say if he found me like this. Anyway, he isn't here, so it should be fine, I told myself.

Trying to settle back down, I looked around to see what needed to be done. Under the counter, I noticed that Reggie hadn't taken the garbage out from the day before. There was a bin around back, but I couldn't very well go outside naked, I mused. Luckily, my apron was still on the hook. I pulled it on, and then tied up the garbage bag.

I paused at the door looking around to make sure no one was around. The apron was completely open at the back, so I could feel the air on my bare behind. I could hear a bunch of cars going by on the highway, but I didn't think they'd be able to see me. There was a line of trees between us and the highway.

It looked safe, so I quickly dashed out in my bare feet (and bare backside), and put the garbage into the bin. It felt kind of exciting to be out here wearing so little, knowing there were people nearby. I kind of wanted to savor the feeling, but the rain was pouring down so I ended up coming back inside. I was breathing heavily though from my little stunt.

My dash outside had gotten the apron all wet, so I took that off too, and hung it by the stove to dry. I was naked again, but I just tried to focus on work. I peeked in the fridge. We were running short of hot dogs again. I guess I should scoot up to the grocery store, and buy some, but it didn't look like there'd be that many customers today anyway. I cleaned the grill, and got some of the ingredients out of the fridge, but there was no use starting cooking yet. I went back to the door, and peered out at our dining area wondering if there was anyone down on the beach.

It was still raining lightly, but less than before. The wind was quite strong though rustling the branches of the trees, and rumbling as it blew our flags all over the place. I could see the ocean, but not the beach unless I went out to the edge of the platform. I looked down at my body. Technically, I wasn't completely naked. I still had on my flip-flops and a ruffled wrist cuff on one arm. But even so, I felt pretty naughty out here, with nothing on. I felt energized though, proud of how fit I was.

Excited by the feeling of the wind on my bare flesh, I stepped out onto the deck. Before I do anything here, I'd better check to make sure no one else is around. The sound of the cars reminded me of how close we were to the highway, but I couldn't hear any voices at all. Was the beach deserted?

Gathering my courage, I slowly made my way forward towards the edge of the deck. If anyone was down on the beach, they'd be able to see me, but luckily, I was right. There didn't seem to be anyone there. I breathed a sigh of relief. I still hadn't done this kind of thing much, so I was nervous. It did feel good though wandering around naked at work.

As I got used to being out here, I became a bit braver, and trotted over to the top of the stairs. I stared down the steps, wondering if I should chance going down. I felt terribly nervous. I knew I should go back, but I was finding it hard to resist the temptation to have a little fun. I started trodding down the stairs, gripping the railing tightly to steady my jittery knees. A sheet of paper blew this way, giving me a terrible start. I didn't see anyone though just the deserted beach.

I walked all the way down to the bottom of the stairs, but I was still terribly nervous about being out here naked. It was so weird, feeling the sea breeze and rain swirling all around my naked skin. Carlos and Bianca were probably at home, but Thomas was just up the hill in the bank, and Reggie might even be on his way here now. And here I was standing out here on the beach stark naked. It felt terrifying, but exhilarating too.

Butterflies in my tummy, I stepped out onto the beach walking even further from my clothes. Unfortunately, though, I finally noticed that there were some people there. A fair ways down the beach, there seemed to be some sort of beachcomber perhaps looking for sea shells, and then beyond him, there was a group of kids playing in the rain.

My heart almost stopped. Could they see me? I thought of going back upstairs, but for some reason, I ended up walking along the beach the other way, trying to get away from them. I think the beachcomber must have seen me. He wasn't that far away, but I don't think he realized I was naked. He kept digging things out of the sand, and bringing them back to where he'd laid his stuff. Testing him almost, I scurried all the way down to the shore, but he still wasn't reacting at all. Maybe he hadn't looked at me all that closely, or thought I was wearing a flesh colored swimsuit. My thick black bush should have been a giveaway though. I felt incredibly naughty and excited, getting my jollies flashing this guy, even if he hadn't clued in yet.

Electrified by the tension, I actually walked back towards him, checking to see if he could see me. As I drew closer, he did lift his head, and seemed to be looking at me, but he still didn't react. I wasn't sure if he'd 'made' me or not, but this was all getting a bit dangerous, so I slowly made my way back towards the stairs. He seemed to be watching me now, but that just got me even more excited. I checked one last time to make sure he wasn't coming, and then ran up the stairs back to the safety of the deck. I was breathing heavily now, deeply aroused.

A bit overwhelmed at what I had just done, I sat down, and tried to catch my breath. Had that guy seen me or not? That was so weird being out there completely naked, but him not reacting. Maybe he hadn't realized. It was all so strange.

Still a bit overwhelmed, I went back inside, and felt my apron by the stove. It did seem to have dried up quite a bit, so I pulled it on over my head. I felt relieved to have something on after my little escapade there.

I checked outside. The storm seemed to be clearing up. I turned on the gas, and started getting the ingredients out of the fridge in case any customers did show up. The shutter was still down, but my clothes weren't dry yet, so I wasn't sure what to do. I guess I look decent in this apron - so long as I don't show them my fanny. I cranked open the shutter. I still had butterflies, but I guess I was a little high from my naked stroll on the beach.

Then, all of sudden, I heard this couple coming up the stairs. I pulled on my visor to hide my eyes, and stood facing the window, distinctly aware that my bottom was showing. The girl was petite and sexy, but her boyfriend towered over her. They were both in their swimsuits obviously here to swim.

They talked over what to order, while I stood here, quivering, a bit of a nervous wreck. I probably should have pulled my shorts back on, or at least my panties before opening up. I looked back to see where my clothes were, but the couple was right there watching. Eventually, they stepped forward, and ordered.

"Can I get a hamburger and an ice cream for Tina here?" the guy said in a deep voice. 'Tina' smiled.

"We have popsicles in the fridge, or do you want soft ice cream?" I asked, my voice wavering.

"The soft one," Tina said pointing to the machine on the back wall. I backed up, and got out a cone, but it must have looked weird, my filling the cone while facing them rather than turning to face the machine. I handed Tina the ice cream, and the guy paid me.

The two of them started talking to each other, so that was kind of a lucky break. The fridge though was off at the back, and when I went back to fish out a hamburger patty, I kind of turned away. The guy's eyes kind of lit up the instant he saw my bare behind. I blushed, and turned back towards them, but he had definitely 'made' me. Tina hadn't been looking at me, but there was a faint smile playing on the guy's lips now. He obviously liked what he saw, but was trying not to let on to his girlfriend.

I put the meat on the grill, and went to fetch some buns. I accidentally gave him another peek at my backside, and then another, getting more and more excited each time. The guy was clearly loving it, but Tina couldn't quite figure out what he was grinning about. I think she thought I was flirting with her boyfriend. I wasn't trying to... really! She kept looking up at him, trying to get him to cut it out as if it were somehow his fault. I thought this was kind of funny.

I'm sure the guy must have wondered why I wasn't wearing any bottoms, but he clearly didn't want to make a big deal of it with his girlfriend right here. The hamburger was eventually ready, so I wrapped it up, and gave it to him. They went to sit down.

I eventually got back dressed, and behaved myself. The same guy came back to our stand a few days later, but he never did ask why I was naked.

Eventually, pay day rolled around, and Reggie gave me my check. On my lunch break, I took off my apron, pulled on my hoodie, and headed up to the bank again. Thomas was there in his little kiosk of an office right at the front near the windows. He had some stuff to tell me, so he led me to the offices in the back. I'd never been back here. It was all glass walls, plush carpets, oak desks and sleek leather chairs. There were more offices across the way, but the other staff didn't seem to be around. Maybe they were short-handed that day, because no sooner had we sat down that Thomas got called away.

I sat there alone for a while, glancing around the office. There was a huge window looking out over the street, and the glass was tinted, so I don't think people could see in all that well. All the glass everywhere gave the office a spacious feel.

Eventually, Thomas came back. He apologized, but quickly got out some brochures to show me. He carefully explained all this financial stuff while I sat there doing my best to take it all in. One thing I kept wondering though is what it would be like to go out with him after work. He seemed like a nice guy, and he sure seems to know his stuff. Most of the time, he was all business though, talking a blue streak.

One thing that did seem to catch his eye was when I pulled my chair closer to his desk to get a better look at the brochures. I wasn't wearing a bra that day under my t-shirt, and I guess my breasts must have jiggled a bit as I bounced to pull the chair forward. My nipples may have been poking out through the cotton of the shirt, giving away the fact that I wasn't wearing a bra. He hesitated for just a second, dropping his eyes to my breasts, but quickly recovered, and went back into his spiel. Hmm. It's nice to see he notices these things.

Anyway, I didn't have much time that day, so we just deposited the money, and I promised to come back soon, so we could talk about it some more.

My next working day, I went in for a swim after work, and just remembered this bank thing as I was getting ready to leave. I was wearing my white 'wet look' bikini. It's one of my more risquÃ(C) suits with its side ties, a puckered back and a slit up the front. I looked down at it, wondering if I should wear it to the bank. This might get more of a reaction out of Tom. Perhaps it was a bit much though. I pulled on my fleecy red hoodie to cover up. The one I'd brought that day was terribly short, like a crop top, just barely covering my bellybutton. I finally decided to tie my red, pink and burgundy pareo around my waist over top the bikini. There. That looks a bit more decent.

So in I went to the bank, but at first there was no sign of Thomas. I think they had him working somewhere out of sight, but eventually, he came out, and spotted me.

"Emi! You're back," he smiled. He led me to the offices in the back again, but sat me down in a big leather swivel chair. The leather kind of stuck to the backs of my thighs reminding me of how little I was wearing.

"So last time we were talking about your options...," he began. He launched back into his sales spiel, but every once in a while, when he thought I wasn't looking, I'd catch him peering down at my crotch. It took me a while, but eventually, I realized that my pareo was vaguely see-through, and it must be the 'camel toe' on the front of my suit that was catching his eye. Humph! So he is a man after all!

Soon though, one of the clerks came, and called him away again.

So there I was alone. There didn't seem to be anyone else back here either. Pretty sure that Thomas would be gone for a while, I lifted my colorful pareo, and tried to smooth out the slit, so it wouldn't be so obvious. I ran my finger along the crease, shuddering when I found my hello kitty. God, I'm so sensitive today. I have to settle down though. I shouldn't play with myself here in the bank.

I couldn't sit still though. I dabbed at the slit again, but that just got me more excited. Vaguely hoping to smooth out the slit, I reached for the side tie, but the rings of my bracelet got caught up in the bow. Oh shoot. Now what do I do?

I clawed at the knot, trying to pull my bracelet free, but it was still caught. I peered back at the door hoping Thomas wasn't coming, and hastily undid the bow, trying to untangle the tie from my bracelet. I was getting so excited though it was hard to focus.

I got even more aroused as I peeled my bikini away from my pussy exposing it to the cool air of the bank office. I was so wired my hair was standing on end. Not sure what else to do, I ended up undoing the tie on the other side, pulling my bikini right off. I poked at the knot when I suddenly realized Thomas was back. I slipped off my bracelet, and set my bikini bottoms down on top of my bag, flipping my pareo back down to cover my furry bush. Thomas came in, and sat back down at his desk.

"Sorry to keep you waiting, Emi. There's a lot going on today."

Thomas glanced at my crotch, noticing that something was different, but soon went back to explaining his suggestions. My head was spinning from the excitement. I held my legs together, trying to hide how wet I was getting. I tensed, waiting, but he was too polite to stare, at least at first.

"Um. I guess I have to decide," I squeaked, nodding towards his sheet of options. "What do you think I should do?"

He looked at me more closely now, his eyes focusing in on my bush. He suddenly returned his eyes to my face clearly shocked that I was sitting here with just a see-through pareo covering my hoo-ha.

"Um, th-th-there is one other investment," he stammered. "Um... it's kind of a tricky one, but you can make a lot of money if you do it right."

"Oh?" I asked, trying to focus myself. He started typing something on his computer screen, and then called up a page something about 'past offerings.'

"Only the experts put their money in this, but I can help you get set up."

I was trying to take this all in, but my hello kitty was pulsing away like crazy. To get a better look at his computer, I wheeled the chair to the side of his desk. When I looked at his monitor, Thomas peered down at my bare behind. I felt so embarrassed, but what could I do? I felt for the pareo, but it had drifted to the side, leaving my butt crack showing. I tried to sit up, so I could fix it, but the bow came undone, leaving me completely naked from the waist down. I looked over at him, wondering what he must be thinking. Did he think I was trying to seduce him?

Before he could say anything, his boss appeared at the door. I turned the chair trying to hide my buns from the boss. I think he might have caught a glimpse, but he didn't say anything.

"Thomas? Could I speak to you for a second?" the boss asked. Thomas seemed nervous, worried that I'd gotten him in trouble perhaps. I don't think that was it though. I think his boss just wanted to talk to him about something else, and didn't know I was naked. I nodded for him to go ahead. He finally got up, and went out into the hall. Thomas kept glancing back at me through the glass, wondering what on earth I was doing.

I was enjoying teasing Thomas actually, but I didn't want him to get in trouble. I leaned over to get some clothes out of my bag. I lost the pareo completely now, sitting here bare-assed. I pulled out a pair of jean shorts and a t-shirt, setting them down on the desk. Thomas was killing himself trying to see, but I hid behind the chair back, and peeled off my hoodie and bikini top. I was naked in his office with the two of them right there! It was an amazing feeling, indescribably delicious.

It suddenly struck me though that they might have security cameras. I stared up at the ceiling, but it was kind of hard to tell. Finally, though, I pulled some shorts on before I really do get in trouble.

I shook out my t-shirt, and just as I pulled it onto my arms, Thomas's boss let him go. He came straight into the room obviously hoping I'd be naked.

I scrambled to pull my t-shirt on, but he was right there. I pulled my arms into the holes, but then hesitated, leaving my breasts exposed while I fixed the rubber band in my hair. They had swollen up in the excitement to quite a decent size. I was worried though that Thomas' boss might come back, so soon, I pulled my t-shirt on over my head finally covering back up.

"Sorry, I was just getting changed," I blushed. Thomas just stood there, dazed and confused.

"Um, yeah... no. That's... um... fine," he stammered.

"Oh, sorry. Honestly, I didn't mean anything by it. We don't have change rooms at the stand," I blushed shyly, rushing to explain.

"Yeah, no, that's okay. I was just a bit surprised. That's all," he apologized, sitting back down. It took him a few more minutes to gather his thoughts again, but eventually, he got to telling me about this investment idea he had. I ended up buying it. He kept saying I could stop by any time.

"My door is always open," he smiled nervously, shaking my hand as I headed out.

I did see Thomas a few more times after that, but at the end of the summer, that job finished, so I didn't have as much excuse to go down, and visit him. I think eventually, he got promoted, because the last time I was in that branch, there was a new girl in his office instead of him.