**Emma's Naked Surfing Mistake**

by master fish



Emma was 17. Dark hair, ample breasts, a rebellious tattoo etched on her panty line. She was 5'7, stunning, and in her last year of highschool. She kept fit by working out in the gym, swimming and long walks on the beach. This helped her keep a great tan up, and she was the envy of all the boys.

Her family lived on the Central Coast of New South Wales, Australia, on a house that bordered the beach. All through the day and night you could hear the surf pounding the beach peacefully, creating a sense of ambient white noise through the neighbourhood where Emma lived.

Emma loved to bodyboard early in the morning. Every day, she got up at 6AM to hit the beach. Because her house backed onto the dunes, all she had to do was open the gate from her backyard and she was on the dunes, then in the surf within minutes. She wore only her swimming outfit because there was no point taking towels or anything else like a water bottle - after her body board she could just go back home and get what she needed.

The beach was always quiet, very deserted when she went out.

It was her second last week of holidays in mid-term. A Tuesday. As she usually did, she got up and crept out at 6AM leaving her family asleep. Then, suddenly an idea hit her:

"What would it be like to body board in the nude? I'm 17 now, I'm a big girl, and there's never anyone on the beach. I'll go and creep back before anyone wakes up."

Dressed in her bathers, Emma unlocked the gate and stepped out. Looking both ways, the dunes were deserted. Giggling slightly, half-nervous and half-excited, she slid off her bottoms and unclipped her top. They came off her easily and she was left standing gracefully in the nude on the dunes. The sun shone off her toned body and sleek disposition, her breasts hung inhibited and full in the morning light.

Carefully, she hung her bathers by the gate to the beach, just outside her backyard. That way, she could still put them on when she came back in case her Mum or Dad were up and about.

Her breasts and skin continued to glow in the early morning sunlight as her bare feet padded across the sand to the water.

She jumped in the ocean water, feeling the cool against her netherregions, flowing against her soft breasts. She felt free, uninhibted, and she giggled with delight as she paddled butt naked through the refreshing tide.

She was out for an hour, riding waves back in occasionally to the shore. Whenever she noticed anyone in the distance, she paddled just a little bit further out so they wouldn't notice a naked girl boarding in the water. There weren't many out, being a Tuesday.

Finally, tired out and panting from the waves, she caught a wave back into the shore. Slinging her pink board over her shoulder and tying back her sleek wet hair in a ponytail, she padded back up the beach. Suddenly:

"Oh, herro!"

She glanced up, slightly frightened. Standing in front of her were four Japanese tourists. Three male, one girl about her age. Drat, she mustn't have seen them walk onto the dunes! They looked at her, their eyes devouring her now-glistening breasts and shaved pussy. She shifted, slightly embarrassed, but it was a beach after all and it was only 7AM. The sun had barely risen and no one else was around.

"You like to surf?" one of the Japanese tourists said, an older man with glasses and a haiwaian shirt.

"Er, yes." Emma replied, clearly uncomfortable at the attention. She started to move away from them.

"Your board is very nice!" another said, touching her shoulder briefly as she tried to walk by. "Yes, I love body boarding!" Emma exclaimed, letting out a nervous giggle. She eased up and they chatted for a bit more. The tourists were here for a week getting an idea of the real Australian experience.

They seemed not to understand her very well when she spoke. They didn't understand 'body boarding' was different from surfing, and she kept her words very simple so they had a chance to interpret what she was saying.

"So Australian girls surf naked?" the Japanese girl asked shyly.

"Sometimes, yes," Emma replied smiling nervously. They were all looking at her, hanging on to her every word. They thought she was fascinating, a real thrill. An authentic Australian girl in nothing but her birthday suit. Emma smiled again and thought she had better be off before anyone else noticed her - if she ran into someone she knew she would die of embarrassment.

"Anyway, I have to go now - it was lovely meeting you!"

"Wait, hold on!"

Emma foolishly stopped a minute. Then...

Flash.

She was startled. All four of them had taken out their camera phones and taken some shots. She didn't feel glamorous standing there in the nude after a swim, and having photos taken of her like she was an exhibition. But the flashes kept going off; the tourists eager to capture the Australian beauty in her most vulnerable state. Emma shivered and smiled politely, not sure what else to do.

After a few flashes she stammered:

"Er, sorry guys can you delete those ph..."

"Fushimi, get in the photo with her!"

"Oh yes very good idea Maki!"

Before she could react the Japanese girl put her arm around Emma's shoulders and smiled, forming peace sign with her fingers in front of them. Emma smiled nervously as the flashes went off. "I hope these don't go on Facebook..." she said, a little taken aback.

"Oh yes, Facebook very good!" they replied. "We put on Facebook"

"No, you're not understanding me," Emma said loudly. "No Facebook, please!"

**Emma's Naked Surfing Mistake Part Two**

At her cries, the tourists stopped taking photos and put their phones away. They laughed and joked together, speaking in a fast-paced Japanese. Maki slapped her on her naked shoulder with a laugh:

"You very beautiful lady! Nothing to be ashamed of!"

Emma's feet shifted uncomfortably in the sand. She was as naked as a jaybird out in the open beach, with no where to hide. She tried again to go, slinging her pink board over her shoulder again...

But she realised she didn't have it anymore. Maki did. He was examining it in wonder, holding it up to the light. Then, he slung it on his back.

"Hey, what are you doing?" Emma exclaimed. Maki seemed not to understand her as he kept walking with her board in his firm grip. "Hey - give that back!"

"You come with us, little walk on beach. No one around so it's OK!" the four tourists took off at a slow walk along the dunes. Emma was forced to follow, bum glistening in the morning light as she followed them. The board was expensive fiberglass, and it was the best one she had. She didn't have a job and it would be extremely difficult to save the money to get a new one. That meant no body boarding in the early morning, until at least Christmas which was six months away!

"Can I get my board back please?"

"We carry for you!"

"No, no..." Emma was forced to keep up at a trott, her eyes scanning the horizon nervously to make sure no one else would be seeing her in her butt naked glory. Her breasts bounced as she kept up with the tourists and she continued to plead for her board, but Maki and the others still didn't seem to understand what she was saying. The language barrier was crippling her, and with each step she was going further and further away from home and any chance of being clothed.

After what seemed like miles, but was really only a fifteen minute walk, the most terrifying thing happened for Emma: The tourists started to walk up the dunes towards the beachfront town, which was starting to bustle with life as people woke up and went to breakfast along the shore.

"We can't go up there!" Emma protested.

"It's OK, it's no problem," one of the tourists said, and even gave her a friendly slap on her naked bum. She yelped, in complete disbelief. How was this happening? Why wouldn't they give her board back? Was the cultural difference so vast that they thought she'd have no problem walking in town completely bare arse naked?

But they had her board...

"We go have coffee on beach, then we drive you home," Fukishmi said kindly, pointing towards a quiet coffee store on the pavers by the dune. Emma looked around frantically. Businessmen, some couples and families were out. The small group walked up to the little cafe.

Emma took a seat by a Coca-Cola painted table, and tried to cover up as best she could with her hands. The baristas were looking at her by now, big grins or amusement painted on their faces. It was normal for some of the beach goers to swim in the nude or in little clothing, but quite another for a fit, naked girl to walk up brazenly and take a seat at an outdoor table.

They were not the only ones to have seen her. Little boys were pointing at her as they passed by, their mothers tugging on their hand and shaking their head at her. The words 'Slut' and 'Shameless!' reached Emma's ears as she cowered, clearly uncomfortable.

"Mum, she's naked! Where is her bikini?"
She got cat calls and honks from the odd passing car. A guy rolled his window down and shouted "Nice tits, sweetheart. Stand up nice and tall!"

Mortified, Emma went bright red and hid her face in her hands. Through her fingers, she saw camera phones taking photos of the scenery - with her in it - as curious gawkers walked by.

Maki brought her back a coffee, which she reluctantly sipped. Every time she did she had to uncover her beautiful D sized breasts, allowing Maki and the others to take in more of her body. They talked in their pigeon English about her, to her, asking about her tattoo, if she had a boyfriend, if she went naked everywhere. Emma wanted to scream with embarassment but she could do nothing but politely answer their questions, wondering when the tourists were going to take her and her board home as they had promised.

The tourists finally finished their coffees and stood to go. Emma sat, looking up at them. "Where is your car?" she whispered.

"Not far - carpark one street away!" one of them grinned. His name was Robert, a Western enough name but with a very strong accent. Morbidly embarassed, Emma dragged herself to her feet.

They arrived at a pedestrian crossing in the middle of the street. Butt naked with not a stich on, Emma was forced to cross the road in the full view of cars, bicycles and pedestrians, her face glowing redder as she walked further away from the beach.

At one point she turned to Maki. "Maki, could I please have a shirt or something until I get back to your car?" she begged. "I'm naked, in front of everyone."

He ignored her, either not understanding her question or choosing not to respond. Her feet padded unclad against the pavement as they walked two blocks away to the car park, amid the stares and the occasional snap of a camera phone. For Emma, it was the longest walk of her life. She was terrified all the pictures would hit the internet, or worse still the local news where everyone would know about it and be able to identify her face. Her parents and school would all know, she would be expelled and punished for sure...

They finally approached Robert's car, a small blue Hyondai he had rented out for his holiday. Robert and the others stood around chatting, much to her chargain, before he finally unlocked the car and let the bare-assed naked girl walk in. She was going to ride in the middle, sandwiched between two men without a stich of clothing covering her body.

But at least it was off the street, for now, and the tourists were finally going to take her home as she'd asked....

**Emma's Naked Surfing Mistake Part Three**

The two Japanese men next to her smiled good naturedly down at her. She squashed her breasts together uncomfortable and tried to buckle her seat belt, covering her pussy with one hand and legs snapped closed.

Fukishimi snapped a photo of the three in the back seat before Emma could protest.

"We're off!"

The car rolled out of the little town, its rows of breakfast cafes and small factories falling behind them as they hit suburbia. It wasn't far to Emma's, in fact it would have only been a five minute drive maximum. They were nearing the roundabout to her place as she directed them, and Maki (who was driving) nodded. along to what she was saying.

They were going pretty fast.

"Left here!" said Emma, relieved to be almost home.

Maki kept driving. "I don't think we go back," he said. "We just have little drive around, you stay in car no problem - our first time in Australia!"

"no, please..." Emma whispered. She had been walked through a town butt naked, forced to have coffee in the nude, and had had photos taken of her. "You can drop me home and then go. I just want to go home."

They missed the turnoff. The car rounded some hills and kept going, eventually making it onto the highway. Emma was hidden enough between the two tourists, so she was happy enough that she couldn't be seen by passing cars which was a relief.

"You very beautiful!" Robert said next to her. "Very beautiful!"

Emma blushed, her naked body had gone as bright red as she could go. After an hour and a half, they reached the next town and pulled into a car park in another small, semi-quiet CBD with a town mall and cafes. Maki stopped the engine and everyone got out. Everyone except Emma, who huddled in the safety of the car seat, ducking down so she wasn't seen by anyone.

They had parked neatly in front of Gourmet Pasta Kitchen (GPK).

Maki poked his head in. "Come on, we have lunch now! You no stay in car!"

Emma shook her head violently. She was really afraid now - she was an hour and a half drive away from her clothes and home, and nothing she was saying was getting through to them.

Maki grabbed her hand firmly but gently.

"No!" she cried. "No!!! No!"

SHe was pulled kicking and screaming, her body fully on display, from the car, and made to walk. Once she was outside, she quietened down for fear of anyone hearing her. Giving her bum a slight tap towards GPK, Emma and the tourists walked up the stairs. Emma had nothing to cover herself but her hands, she turned to Maki and Fukishimi.

"Please," she begged. "Please. This is a nice, classy place. You can't make me go inside like this, I'm naked. At least let me wait in the car!"

"You OK! It's no problem!"

"No, but it IS a problem!"

She received a smack on her backside for her transgression up the stairs. Robert opened the door for them all and they walked into the quiet restaurant. It was early and not many people were in, just a couple of families and some teenagers. But when they saw Emma, they stared. Some of the teenagers pulled out their smart phones and snapped her photo, no doubt sharing it on Facebook.

Emma was beetroot red and mortified. Fortunately, she told herself, she'd surely get kicked out. There would be no way they'd let her stop for lunch...

..."Right this way, guys! Table four!"

The waitress, a cute redhead with curvy hips, led Emma and the tourists to a table. SHe put a napkin down for Emma to sit on, her bum spreading slightly undernearth her as she sat gracefully. She was completely exposed. Every pair of eyes in the cafe was on her.

"I think it's great you're so free about your body!" the waitress exclaimed. Emma shrugged nervously and tried to cover herself as best she could.

"What do you want, honey? Something light so you don't put on too much weight?" the waitress looked shamelessly at Emma's thighs and tiny roll of tummy fat.

"Uh yeah, I guess a salad, and some water..."

The Japanese tourists ordered, and soon the cafe stopped looking at Emma except for a few stolen glances. She was still in denial, unable to believe this was happening to her. She was at the complete mercy of four strangers, who were more than content to parade her around without any clothes.

When they got up to leave, Emma tried to take a few napkins with her, desperately she hoped she could make some sort of bikini covering. as she walked out she placed one over her butt, another her front and one across her chest. They seemed to hold OK under her hands and offered a bit more protection as she walked to the car.

Maki looked up and noticed her holding the napkins against her body. He frowned.

"no, no!"

"what? why!"

"You beautiful. You stay like you are!"

Maki came towards her, lightning fast. She tried to fight him off but he was too quick and grabbed the one from her chest first, revealling her gorgeous shining D cups, which were glistening with sweat from the day and her nervousness. Then he took her crotch and butt coverings, before throwning her napkins in the bin.

Emma burst into tears.

"It's no problem! You like naked," Robert smiled.

Emma hoped desperately they would at least put her back in the car, she ran to the doors and tried to open them. Locked. The tourists laughed and told her to come with them.

They were gesturing toward the main shopping area. Emma hung her head in shame, but knew her resistance would get her no where. It was either go to the shops or be left out here naked, and either way she had a high risk of getting arrested. At least at the shops she could steal some clothes - she had no money, no identification and no phone. Maki had locked her board in the car so she couldn't even get that.

Emma looked at the ground as she walked towards the main shopping precinct, and everyone stared.

"Nice pussy, sweetheart!" someone yelled.
As she was walking, a guy threw his bottle of frozen coke at her and she cried in shock as the fizzy, frozen liquid poured out over his breasts and down her tummy. Shamefully, she kept walking, now sticky as well as sweaty.

The tourists took their time window shopping, looking at all the quaint things you couldn't buy back home. Emma shuffled along passively, her eyes darting towards the shops to see if she could find clothes.

Someone reached out and smacked her butt really hard. Emma squealed. It was a random, leering young guy in shorts and a blue t shirt. He leered at her and ran off.

Just when she thought things couldn't get any worse, they rounded the next shopping corner. Emma felt something tap her shoulder. It was Maki, holding out an Australian five dollar note.

"This bus,"

"What?" she asked, confused. Now it was her turn to not understand what Maki was saying.

"This bus. Back home - one hour forty five minute!"

Emma looked up and realised they were at the main bus stop.

"No!" she cried, "I can't get the bus home like this! And my board is in your car!"

"We keep your board, return later! You not like shopping with us! We let you go home now. Thank you nice to meet you!"

The four ran off, giggling and laughing and leaving Emma butt naked in the middle of town with nothing but a $5 note. At least they had given her that.

Emma's body shook uncontrollably as she cried, knowing the bus wouldn't even drop her off close to home. She waited, completely naked at the bus stop for it to pull up ten minutes later. The driver looked at her aghast at first, and then smiled.

"Tough day, dear?" he said, as she hobbled on in her birthday suit. He took the money and gave her some change.

"I- I don't have any pockets," she whispered nervously.

"I see that," the driver said. "Get on. I'll keep the change as a tip."

She wobbled onto a seat which wasn't taken, amid the stares of the other passengers, and the bus trundled off through town. It was going to be a long ride home.

Just as she was settling down on a seat, she heard an exclamation from across the isle.

"Emma! Emma Matthews!"

Emma turned and the blood drained out of her face. It was her junior high school bully, Marina, who Emma had gotten expelled after reporting her for physical altercations of Emma and a number of other girls. She had only been 13 at the time.

Marina's face went from shock to glee as she drunk in Emma's state.

**Emma's Naked Surfing Mistake Part Four**

Her frivolous surfing adventure had cost her dearly. Emma hunched over, hugging her breasts to her chest and tried to cover her privates with her legs on the bus, as it trundled back towards her beach hometown.

"Emma!" Marina exclaimed again, and popped over the aisle to Emma's seat. Emma looked away, completely disengaging.

"What happened to your clothes!?"

Some of the onlookers were leaning in, listening to the conversation with voyeuristic intent. Marina was not a kind schoolmate: the more Emma ignored her, the louder she exclaimed, and the more personal her comments:

"You keep yourself so trim! Do you wax?"

"Hey! I'm talking to you, naked chick!"

Her face already beet red, Emma flushed. She looked sideways at Marina and then said softly: "Look, I know you don't like me, but is there any way you would just be quiet and give me a T shirt or something? I'll pay you anything. Just please give me something and leave me alone."

Marina smiled. rummaging through her bag. "Just so happens I have a spare top in here..." She pulled it out, a green tank. Not exactly great cover, but better than butt nakedness. Emma reached towards it, but the bully girl pulled it away from her grasp.

"Nuh-uh-uh. Stand up and give us a twirl," Marina teased.

Emma growled at her.

"Hands on head, too, and don't you dare growl at me. Beggars can't be choosers."

"Marina... please..." Emma tried, changing tack with her eyes widening, pleading. "I'll pay anything for the shirt, just don't make me do this..."

"My stop is coming up soon. Better hurry."

Red-faced with embarrassment, Emma stood up, and put her hands on her head. Her shapely ass glistened with her nervous sweat as she turned 360 as fast as she could. The bus passengars openly stared, mouth agape at her uncovered nipples and beautiful, tanned body.

Click. Flash. Marina's camera phone was smiling up at her.

"Argh!" Emma cried, sitting back down and covering herself, but she knew it was too late. "What did you do that for!?"

"Thought the kids at school might want to see a taste of you!" Marina chuckled, putting the phone in her pocket. "You have a great look on your face - total embarrassed nude female."

"Please don't show that to anyone...."

"Maybe," Marina shrugged.

"Can I have that top now?"

"Say please."

"Please Marina, may I have that top now?"

"Sure! But before I do, one more thing. I just want a better snap... maybe look like you're enjoying yourself, touch your pussy and smile at me, hair back?"

"No! No way!!" Emma cried helplessly.

"Well... I'm not giving you the top until you do."

"Please!"

"Nope. Do it."

Emma glared at her, lowering her hands from her breasts and put one hand on her pubic area. Marina aimed the phone at her. "Say cheese!"

Emma forced herself to smile, even as her eyes were watering with tears. Click. Flash. Click. Flash.

"One with your tongue out!"

Click. Flash. Degraded and humiliated, Emma wondered when it would end. Then finally, Marina pressed the button for her stop.

"Check it out Ems - you look stunning!" Marina showed her a happy snap. It showed Emma smiling, her hair caught in the light and one hand on her pussy. It looked like Emma was masturbating and enjoying it, thoroughly.

"And a deals a deal - here's my top!" Marina started pulling it out of her bag. Emma tried to snatch it from her, but as she did Marina brought up a pair of scissors and slashed the little top to pieces.
Emma broke down in tears as Marina deposited the ragged remains on her naked lap. It was useless, none of the shreds were even worth an ounce of cover.

"Enjoy!" She said, and skipped merrily down the bus aisle, with a cheery 'thank you' to the driver.

Twenty minutes later, the bus wheeled back into Emma's coastal town at the main bus terminus. The alert sounded that it was the final stop. Ding, ding, ding...

Now what am I going to do? Emma wondered.

The beach. She had to get to the beach. If she got there, the lack of clothes wouldn't be too bad and she could finally get home. And it would only be a five minute walk through down, nothing she hadn't been through before with those Japanese tourist freaks who had gotten her in this situation.

Creeping out the bus side door, the driver cast an admiring glance at her retreating body as she stepped onto the pavement, and then:

"Excuse me! Stop, streaker! You're under arrest!! Get down on the ground, hands on your head!"

Rats! The cops had seen her. Two of them, both male and in uniform, were walking over her with coffees in hand, their vehicle parked not so far away from them.

Not knowing what else to do, Emma complied, shocked and horrified that this was unfolding before her. One of the cops handed his coffee to his partner, and walked over to her. The next thing Emma felt was the cold click of handcuffs on her wrists and she was dragged up by the elbow in front of a street of amused onlookers. Cuffed, she was completely unable to preserve her modest as she was led over to the car.

"Please, no! I can explain... just take me home... or at least give me a blanket, anything!"

"Tell it to the examiner, we're taking your prints at the station. You'll get something to wear there. Are you drunk?"

"No, argh!" Emma shouted as she stumbled on the hot gravel road.

"Looks like it. We'll take your breath test when we're back. Right this way, ma'am."

As they walked towards the police car, Emma began to tear up again.

**Emma's Naked Surfing Mistake Part Five (Final)**

Emma was shoved head first into the police car. The station was only a few minutes drive in the little town's CBD, near where the Japanese tourists had forced her to walk naked to their car.

"Can I have a blanket..." Emma asked, and was silenced with a gag as one of the cops pulled her out, butt naked and frog-marched her up the path to the little police station.

They put her in the waiting room, amid a couple of elderly ladies who were reporting a crime, a small family that had just been in a car accident and a couple of other strangers. They stared at her, and Emma wondered why she was being displayed in a waiting room, but had no choice but to cross one leg over the other and wait. There was no shielding her breasts, as her cuffed hands prevented much movement.

After about twenty minutes, a woman police administrator called her up through a set of metal doors. Three male police officers waited for her, two serious-faced and the other concealing a chuckle.

She was processed naked. Uncuffed only to take finger prints, she was led into a processing room and made to do jumping jacks and squats to ensure she had nothing hiding on her. Then the three male police officer conducted a cavity search. Emma was in a state of shock and disbelief, but she fully complied praying that they would let her wear something, and she could tell her story and then go home.

"Spread your legs and cough ma'am," one of the officers said, leading Emma over to a bench. Humiliated, she did so. They were so polite to her as they degraded her!

After the search, she had her photo taken. "Can I please have something to wear... I KNOW this is illegal!" Emma whimpered as the bright camera flashes enveloped her again, and she was made to turn around, exposing her backside and side-breast profile.

"No ma'am - we have to take the photos as we found you."

Next she was led into a blank interrogation room. They sat in a chair and a new officer came in, thankfully a female this time. Ignoring Emma's pleas for some clothes, the officer began asking her questions one after the other. Emma answered questions about her date of birth, locality and name. When asked for ID, she clearly didn't have any and said so. The officer frowned. "Not being very helpful," she noted, writing on Emma's case folder.

After her questioning, Emma was led to a cell and uncuffed when they ushered her inside. She immediately covered her breasts and pussy as best she could.

"It looks like you're going to be let off, cause you're a minor and your breath test came back negative." one of the officers said kindly. "Do you have a number of parents or guardians we can call?"

"Uh yeah," Emma replied, and gave him the number.

Her parents finally arrived not long after. Shocked to find her nude in the cell, her Dad took off his shirt and wrapped it around her. Emma started to cry.

Confused and dazed, she walked out to the waiting room and into the bright light outside in nothing but the shirt. It had been an absolutely humiliating experience, and although her parents asked her what happened afterwards, the embarrassed girl would never tell them. Indeed, it would take Emma months to build the confidence to even go out to the beach again in a bikini again.