**Fay at the beach**

It was a balmy summer day; fine weather, and warm enough to spend a day at the beach. Fay was keen to go; but her husband wasn’t as enthusiastic:

“You go ahead;” he said; “I’ve got a few things to do around the house.” For an Englishman, that meant an afternoon spent in front of the TV, sipping beer and watching the cricket.

Fay didn’t care: She wasn’t interested in watching ‘that stupid game’, but was quite happy for her husband to enjoy doing so. So she decided to go on her own. Besides; she had something to show of - a brand new white bikini; a present from her husband. She had tried it on, and it showed off her shapely figure beautifully; without bordering on the obscene, as some of those high-cut pussy-hugging suits did.

It was a half hour trip on the bus to the nearest beach, and Faye traveled light: She wore a wrap-around dress over her swimsuit. As usual, she left everything to the last minute, and was running around in a dither; trying to get everything together. Her husband eventually had to give her a hand, packing what she needed in a small shoulder basket. “Hurry up dear; or you’ll miss the bus. Here; I’ve packed everything for you; sunscreen, towel - have you got enough money?”

“Sure dear;” Fay replied, as she stuffed a five pound note down her bikini.

“I think I’m jealous of that note;” he joked; making a grab for her.

“Hands off!” she replied; “you’ll make me late for the bus. Besides; I’ve done this before, and never lost a note yet.”

Then she dashed out the door, just in time to catch the bus at the stop three doors down the street.

The bus driver was fascinated, when Fay reached down into her top to extract her note; and again to tuck in the two pound note change.

At the beach, the weather was all that had been promised; beautifully warm, with only a few fluffy clouds in the sky. Fay chose her patch; on the sand against the concrete wall at the rear of the beach. It was beautifully sunny when she arrived, but the buildings behind would provide a bit of welcome shade later in the afternoon. She put her bag down and unwrapped her dress. Just as she was about to spread out her towel, someone called out to her from the walkway above:

“Why; Ms Carter – fancy meeting you here!” Faye looked up with surprise, to see the two boys Simon and Peter standing on the concrete path, looking down at her, with the two girls standing beside them. The girls were twins too; and Fay had come to think of them as the boys’ girlfriends. Bringing up the rear was the boy’s Aunt Liz, who also greeted her fondly. Fay thought it was a little suspicious that they should arrive at that precise moment; almost as if they had been waiting for her. But their Aunt explained: “It was such a beautiful day that I decided to bring the kids to the beach. We were just finishing our lunch, when we saw you step off the bus.”

Without being invited, the boys jumped down from the walkway onto the sand beside Fay, as Aunt Liz walked down the steps to join them.

“I hope you don’t mind us joining you;” she said. Fay of course could not object, without appearing to be impolite. Soon there were five people gathered around her, spreading out towels, and organizing their own belongings.

Faye wasn’t worried; after all; what could go wrong in the middle of a crowd of people enjoying the sunny afternoon? In fact, she took advantage of the unexpected company: “Just what I need!” she declared; “you girls can help by spreading sunscreen over my back.” The girls obliged; and as they oiled her back, one commented: “That’s a lovely bikini. Had it long?”

“No, it’s a present. This is its first wear!”

Fay then returned the compliment, spreading sunscreen on the girls’ backs, while Liz did the same for the boys. Fay noticed that Liz wore a very figure-hugging swimsuit, and looked quite attractive in her one-piece. Then she remembered that the boys’ aunt had been several years younger than her sister; and was only about eight years older than Fay herself.

“Well; time to try out your new bikini!” one of the girls said. Fay turned towards Liz; but the older woman said: “No, not for me yet. I had a couple of glasses of wine over lunch; so I’d better wait a while before I go in. The kids are OK, though.”

So Fay found herself heading for the sea, accompanied by the four teenagers. The surf was not too rough, with waves only about two feet high, and the beach had a gentle-sloping bottom – in fact, an ideal, safe family beach. The water seemed very cold at first, but Fay and the children were soon gaily splashing about, enjoying themselves. Fay was quite a good swimmer; much more competent than the teenagers, and she swam out into the surf for a while, before returning.

When she stood up in the waist-deep water beside the girls, one of them smiled and said: “You know what they say about white swimsuits; don’t you?” Fay didn’t have any idea what the girl meant, until her sister explained: “White shows through the most!” Both girls were grinning; and then Fay noticed the silly grins on the boys’ faces. Faye looked down, to see that the girls were quite correct: Her nipples and the dark aureoles were showing quite clearly through the fabric, which had become semi-transparent. “Oh my!” Fay exclaimed, as she placed her hands over her breasts. At least the water was waist deep – Fay shuddered to think what the lower half of her swimsuit looked like. She cautiously placed one hand on her behind, and was relieved to find her bikini bottoms still firmly in place. But when she brought her hand around to her front again, she was surprised to see a paper-like piece of material sticking to her palm.

“Help!” she cried; “My bikini’s falling apart!” The teenagers did nothing to help her (not that there was anything they could do; even if they had been willing). Faye desperately tried to hold enough of her swimsuit together to give her some coverage; but just at that moment a larger than normal wave swept her off her feet. When she stood up, she was entirely naked, and all that remained of her bikini were small pieces of paper-thin material floating about on the surface. There were however, two larger items - Fay’s two pound note, and a cloth label floating in front of her. One of the girls snatched the note before it sank out of sight: “I’d better look after this for you; after all, you have nowhere to keep it!”

The other girl grabbed the label. “Well: look at this!” she cried out. Despite her nudity, Fay was drawn towards the small piece of cloth the girl was holding. She took it, and could read quite easily: “WARNING. This garment is for tanning use only, and is NOT SUITABLE for swimming. It is woven from cellulose fiber manufactured from recycled paper, and may disintegrate after repeated wetting.” Fay hadn’t noticed the label before; and she realized why - her husband had carefully folded it into one of the inner seams!

Fay the remembered her state of undress; and sank to her knees in a vain attempt to hide her nakedness. The girls had spoken quite loudly; and several people had turned around, to see a naked young woman standing in the surf. Faye remained on her knees, and pleaded to the girls from her vulnerable position: “Please, go and fetch my towel for me!”

“Not a chance;” Simon responded. Until then, the boys had remained silent; enjoying the sight of the pretty, naked and embarrassed woman; but now Simon took charge: “You got yourself into this position; now get yourself out of it!”

With that the four teenagers turned around and waded out of the water; leaving Fay alone (if you could call being naked and surrounded by two dozen people ‘alone’).

Fay had no choice but to leave the surf, covering her breasts and vulva as best as she could with her hands, running through the crowd towards the relative safety of her belongings. But, as she arrived at the concrete wall, Aunt Liz was waiting for her:

“You naughty, naughty girl! Didn’t I warn you last time? What’s the meaning of this - it’s not a nudist colony here, you know!”

Fay tried to explain: “But, but, my bikini dissolved in the water!”

“A likely explanation;” Liz admonished. “If the truth be known, you’re probably just an exhibitionist! Obviously you didn’t learn well enough last time, so I think a little punishment is in order!”

Before Fay could object, Aunt Liz had pulled her down, to lie across the old4r woman's lap. Fay’s feet and breasts were pressed into the soft sand, and she folded her arms under her face to prevent getting a mouthful of grit. That gave the Aunt the opportunity she needed, to place one hand between Fay’s thighs, and to commence spanking Fay’s naked bottom with the other.

“Another hundred is appropriate I think; as punishment for appearing naked in public!”

A small crowd had gathered around to watch; but Fay was too ashamed to look up. Instead, she buried her head in her forearms; as if that would hide her from public view. The only saving grace was that Liz had placed her other hand at the junction between Fay’s thighs, hiding her pussy from display. But as she spanked Fay’s bottom, her index finger intruded closer and closer to Fay’s now well-lubricated labia. Fay gasped: “Oh no;” she thought to herself; “she’s going to masturbate me in public again!” That very thought was enough to bring Fay to the edge of a climax, and as inevitably as the shade from the concrete wall gradually extended across her bottom, Fay experienced her first orgasm. She experienced another one, as the shadow reached the bottom of her cheeks, and Liz’s count reached eighty.

Finally, Fay’s punishment was over, and Aunt Liz reached for Fay’s towel, to brush the sand off her behind (and at the same time, surreptitiously wiping Fay’s pussy dry.

“Just look at yourself: Covered in sand and grit. You’d better get to the showers, and clean yourself off!”

Fay sat up; covering herself with the towel as best she could. But when she looked around for the basket containing her dress, it wasn’t there!

“Where’s my stuff?” she asked.

“Oh, did you need it?” Liz asked; “I thought it only contained a few items. I gave it to the boys to take home for you. They had to leave a bit early, and run a few errands for me.”

“A few items!” Fay cried out; “one of them was my dress!”

“Oh dear, I didn’t realize. Still; you’ve got your towel.”

Fay tried to wrap her towel around herself, but then discovered something else: Her husband had packed a small bath towel for her; instead of a large beach towel. It barely wrapped around Fay’s body, and even worse; it was too narrow. If she covered her breasts, her pussy would be exposed; and if she covered her pussy, the towel only reached to the underside of her breasts. She turned pleadingly to the boy’s Aunt, but couldn’t think of anything to say. Liz smiled, and said: “Well; I SUPPOSE you could borrow something; providing you’re good!”

Fay wasn’t thinking about any hidden message in Liz’s words; she was just grateful for the promise of being lent something with which she could cover her nakedness. But Liz wasn’t handing anything over, just then. Instead, she said: “Now you get to the showers, and I’ll see what I can do.” Fay had no choice but to hold her own towel against her chest, and walk bare-bottomed towards the women’s’ dressing rooms (which, fortunately were not far from the top of the steps).

Fay made it safely inside, and stepped into one of the shower stalls. It was supplied with cold water only, but Fay didn’t care; she felt overheated anyway, after Aunt Liz’s spanking and her own two orgasms. As she let the water run down her body; washing away the sand and soothing her bottom, the stall door swung open. Liz stepped inside, and placed her own towel on the small wooden bench; then stepped up to Fay. She was carrying something else – a small piece of soap; and without waiting, was soon rubbing all over Fay’s body with the slippery bar.

Fay couldn’t stop her body responding; but she kept her wits: “You, You’re just a, a deviant, a, a …”

Liz interrupted her: “Oh, I can’t help it. You’re so pretty! You know; I masturbate every night, thinking about you!”

Fay didn’t quite know how to handle Liz’s frank admission, and couldn’t help smiling at the curious compliment. That was just enough encouragement for Liz to step closer, and kiss Fay on the lips. Fay didn’t respond, but by then Liz’s hand had reached between Fay’s thighs: “I told you next time you’d get double! Please now, come for me darling!”

Fay couldn’t hold out, and her third orgasm overcame her. She closed her eyes as she climaxed, and when she opened them, she saw Liz looking fondly at her. Fay had never felt attracted towards another woman, and still didn’t; but as she looked into Liz’s eyes, she could not detect any trace of malice or ill thought.

But she still had her wits about her, and challenged: “You’re all in cahoots; aren’t you?”

“Oh, your husband only said that there might be a surprise in store, if we were to come to the beach this afternoon.”

“And when exactly did that exchange take place between the two of you?”

Liz smiled, and answered Fay’s confronting question: “When I met him at the shops yesterday.”

As if to put Fay’s mind further at rest, she added: “Don’t worry, I think he’s quite cute, if a little naughty - but I’m not likely to have an affair with him. I’m afraid I’m not into men!”

“That I can well believe!” Fay exclaimed

Liz smiled, and added: “Come to think of it, I DID wonder why he had been visiting the solarium centre!”

As Faye turned the shower off; Liz stepped aside and picked up her towel:

“Here; you can wear this.”

“I was hoping for something a little more;” Fay responded

“I only have this; and a long tee shirt I wore over my swimsuit;” Liz answered, somewhat apologetically. Then she added brightly:

“I know; you can wear my clothes; and I’LL wear the towel home!”

She started to pull her suit off her shoulders; but Fay stopped her, and put the straps back into place:

“No, it’s OK. I’ll wear the towel.” Faye smiled – she wasn’t going to give Liz the pleasure of stripping naked in front of her.

Fay picked up her own towel and dried herself off with it; then wrapped Liz’s beach towel around herself. It covered her body adequately; and with any luck, no one on the bus home would think she was naked underneath.

Liz also picked up Fay’s towel to dry herself; but then Fay took it off her.

“Why do you need this towel? Mine is covering you enough.”

“Oh;” Faye replied; “I’m going to ram THIS one down my husband’s throat, when I get home. He’ll be lucky if I don’t shove it up his bum with a broom handle!”

The women then left the change rooms, to find the girls waiting outside. One of them handed Fay and Liz a cool drink each. “We figured you could both do with a cold drink; so we spent most of your money.” The four then walked to the bus stop, and only had five minutes to wait. The bus was half full, and the four sat towards one side of the rear seat; out of sight of the other passengers. Fay found herself telling the other three the most intimate details of her sex life with her husband. She really had no choice in the matter; as one of the girls had threatened: “We want a full and frank discussion; or else we’ll get off three stops early, and take the towel with us!”

But Fay and Liz learnt quite a bit themselves from the girls.

“I don’t think you will experience too much more trouble from the boys;” one of them said; “it was all good fun before, but it’s a bit different now that we’re all nearly fifteen.”

Fay was slightly shocked: “You don’t mean you’re…”

“Of course not;” the other girl explained; “but PROVIDED they’re good we give them hand relief.”

“And when they’re sixteen we MIGHT go a bit further;” the first girl added; “but we’ve all agreed to stay virgins until – well; that’s OUR secret.”

Liz and Fay looked towards each other and smiled knowingly, but didn’t comment.

When Fay arrived home, her husband expressed mock surprise at her state of undress: “I wondered why the boys returned with your basket earlier;” he said.

“Oh did you indeed?” Fay challenged. “Well; perhaps you can explain THIS!”

She waved in his face the only other thing besides Liz’s towel that she had brought home: The label off her bikini.

Later that night, Faye lay alone in her bed, as her husband slept on the couch. She smiled to herself, over her rough justice: Another woman had brought her to three orgasms; but her husband wasn’t allowed to, and she went to sleep with the happy thought that Liz would have been having unrequited erotic fantasies about her.

The next day though, she did make up to her husband for his forced abstinence.

But this wasn’t the end of the matter, as far as Fay was concerned.