**Cariny**

Mindys Return To The Beach

Sun Oct 18, 2009 01:08

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Author's note: Many moons ago McSkyy started a Mindy story, called "Mindy at the Beach", which never got beyond Part 1. As it continued to languish unfinished, I eventually decided to take a shot a writing a "completion" to the story. I made a conscious effort to try to mimic McSkyy, to give the reader a "seamless" story, as an exercise in mimicry, and as an homage to McSkyy. But I never quite got around to finishing the story, or to sorting out the ethics of finishing other people's work.

Since McSkyy has announced his intention to someday finish all his unfinished stories, I've decided to write a whole new "front end" so that my story can stand on its own, and this is the result. I hope you like it.

Mindy's Return To The Beach
Part 1

Only a week after her misadventure with her skimpy white bikini, Mindy found herself back in the parking lot of the beach, eager to be seen again in that little nothing of a swimsuit. It was another scorching hot day, and the five-mile drive from her apartment had left her buns well toasted by the car seat, which had been sitting in the sun all morning. As soon as she was parked, she leapt out of the car and began rubbing her burning cheeks.

"YEEOUCH!!" Mindy wailed If only she hadn't lost that towel last week; she could have used it to protect her poor rump! She slammed the car door shut and set off on the quarter-mile walk from the parking lot to the beach, reflecting ruefully on the disadvantages of her absurdly abbreviated bikini bottom.

But after a minute or so the pain had faded, and she began to smile as she went over her plan for the day, which was to try out a little stunt with the sides of her bikini bottom. In place of the usual bow-knot, Mindy had come up with a much less secure way to twist the ribbon-like ties together: one that would hold together for just a minute or so before letting the side of her bikini bottom fall open. She had spent an awful lot of time lately bottomless in her apartment, while trying to concoct a knot that wouldn't come undone too quickly.

For now her bottom was secured in the normal fashion, but once she got to the beach she planned to retie one side with the trick knot and then have fun letting it come loose. With the other side still securely tied, she would be able to keep walking for a few seconds, pretending not to notice, before finally putting on a suitable display of embarrassment.

By now everyone who crossed paths with Mindy was gawking at her chest, for in her eagerness to get to the beach, she had sped up to a brisk walk, and the resulting jostling of her breasts had quickly overwhelmed the undersized triangle cups of her bikini top. Distracted by her plans for an "embarrassing" exposure, she was halfway to the beach before she finally noticed the stares.

"Oh my!" she giggled, as she saw that her top was barely covering her nipples. She began to walk more slowly, not to ease the strain on her straining bikini top, but to enjoy the attention she was getting. As she strolled along nonchalantly, she failed to notice the sizeable crowd of people who had been on their way to the parking lot, but who had now turned around to trail the buxom brunette, sensing that they were in for some kind of a show.

When Mindy arrived at the beach, her backside was still a bit sore, so she waded out to where the water was waist-deep. After a minute in the soothing coolness, her rump felt much better, and she wandered back out onto the sand, looking about for a good place to stage her exciting little "accident."

The large crowd that had been following Mindy had stopped too, and was now milling about as though they just happened to be there. Delighted to have a large audience right at hand, Mindy fiddled with the knot securing the right side of her bikini bottom, first pulling it loose and treating the onlookers to a display of bare hip, then retying it with her special trick knot.

She was carefully adjusting the slack to keep the knot from unraveling too soon when a Frisbee landed at her feet, followed by a black Labrador who skidded to a halt beside her. The dog sniffed the Frisbee, then -- apparently satisfied that it wasn't going anywhere -- reared up to enthusiastically paw the pneumatic brunette.

"Well, hello!" said Mindy, with a laugh of surprise. "And who are you?"

"Rascal--his name is Rascal."

Mindy looked up to see a skinny red-headed girl in her early teens, wearing an oversized T-shirt and running shorts. At the sound of his name, Rascal ran off to meet her.

"I'm Charlotte," said the girl.

"I'm Mindy."

"Sorry about almost hitting you," said Charlotte. "My aim isn't very good." She was grinning as she eyed Mindy's bikini, leaving the voluptuous brunette a bit nonplussed. But then the girl was saying, "Well, nice meeting you, Mindy. Come on, Rascal!" And girl and dog headed back toward the ocean.

I bet she grows up to be a cutie! Mindy thought to herself, as she reached for the knot at her left hip and carefully retied it with her trick knot--forgetting all about the trick knot already in place on her right hip. Then she noticed the Frisbee still lying in the sand. Glancing around, Mindy saw Charlotte and Rascal wandering along the water's edge some thirty yards away.

"Charlotte!"

The girl turned, and Mindy picked up the Frisbee and gestured her intent to throw it. Charlotte nodded as Rascal waited eagerly, having grasped what was up.

Mindy had never really thrown a Frisbee, but she curled her arm back as she had seen others do, twisting her whole torso around as well for good measure. Then she uncorked her throw, wobbling like a falling top as arm, legs, breasts, and rump all went flying in different directions. The Frisbee, meanwhile, flew straight toward Charlotte's waist, where she would have caught it easily had she not been bent over, laughing hysterically. Rascal jumped and snagged it in mid-air.

The crowd gathered behind Mindy roared with delight, and she turned to acknowledge their congratulations on her successful toss. She was puzzled to find them laughing and pointing at her instead. Several of them had their cameras and cell phones out to take her picture. It was a scene suddenly all too familiar.

Mindy looked down just in time to see Rascal scamper in, snatch her bikini bottom off the sand, and run back to Charlotte, who was rolling around in the sand in convulsions.

"Oh my GOSH!" cried Mindy. "I'm bottomless! AGAIN!" She instantly dropped one hand over her bare fanny and the other over her neatly trimmed bush, her cheeks -- all four of them -- turning bright red.

"OH, NOOOO!" she shrieked. She turned and fled with cheers and catcalls ringing in her ears as the crowd watched her shapely buttocks bobble down the beach. The deep, soft sand seemed to grab at her ankles with every step, and with her arms positioned so awkwardly, she could barely keep from falling on her face.

"What am I going to do?" she wailed, aware that each staggering step was taking her farther and farther away from the entrance to the beach and the way back to her car. Nor could she go on much further the way she was headed, for ahead of her lay the long pier with its crowd of hopeful anglers and lazy strollers, some of whom were already pointing in her direction. The lucky beach goers around her were treated to the sight of her overstuffed bikini top bouncing spectacularly as she came to an uncertain halt, jogging in place as she searched frantically for somewhere to hide.

"Oh, no!" Mindy groaned, realizing that she had no choice but to turn around and go back. Hoping that she might be able to skirt the crowds on the beach by cutting inland, she ducked her head and started running up toward Beachfront Drive. She was trying to weave her way through a cluster of gawking sunbathers when a seagull suddenly swooped down at her feet, frightening her and sending her sprawling in the midst of three very astonished and very pleased young men.

"Help!" Mindy spluttered, scrambling to her knees as the seagull hovered over her head. Keeping one hand between her legs, she tried to swat at the bird with the other hand, and instead came up with a handful of white plastic. To her chagrin, she saw that it was just a plastic shopping bag, a bit of trash swept aloft by the sea breeze. Relieved but embarrassed, she was about to fling the bag away, when suddenly she had an idea.

"Hey, are you okay?" said a voice. She looked up and saw the three men all gaping at her chest. Then she glanced down and saw that the fall had popped both of her breasts right out of their tiny triangular cups.

"Um, yes ... I'm fine!" said Mindy, suddenly feeling back in control and even a little giddy. She took a deep breath, letting the men get a good look at her expansive chest before feigning shock as she gasped, "Oh my goodness! My top!". Covering her lap with the plastic bag, she reached up and slid the little pieces of white nylon back in place, then ran her free hand lightly over both bulging cups. "This is so embarrassing!" she said, smiling.

Mindy got to her feet, turning her back to the men and feeling a little shiver of excitement as she gave them a glimpse of her bare fanny before reaching back to cover it with the plastic bag. The men all begged her to stay but she shook her head and ran straight down the beach and into the water, not stopping until she had gone out waist-deep. There she gave the plastic bag a good rinsing before shaking the water out and turning it over in her hands.

"This will do!" Mindy said to herself. It was a small, boxy plastic bag, the kind that a gift shop might use to hold customers' purchases. This one was a milky, opaque white and had "LA MODA" printed in large block letters along one side. Mindy carefully ripped the bottom out, then stepped into the bag and pulled the makeshift skirt up around her hips. Luckily, it was just long enough to cover her fanny. She tried to knot the material to take up the slack around her waist, but the thin plastic began to tear, so she decided she was just going to have to hold the skirt up with her hands.

Decently if oddly dressed once more, Mindy began making her way back toward the beach entrance, keeping her left hand at her waist to hang onto her skirt and walking slowly, knowing that the plastic would rip if she tried to run. At first she stayed in the waist-deep water, feeling rather silly wearing a plastic bag around her hips, and just wanting to escape from the beach and get back to her nice, safe apartment. But soon the whistles and bawdy cheers that greeted her as she waded along the beach began to make her feel more relaxed.

Mindy's Return to the Beach
Part 2

"This is kind of fun!" Mindy thought to herself, as she came out to the water's edge. After all, aside from the unplanned substitution of a bag-skirt for a towel-skirt, this was more or less the sort of walk she had intended to take a week earlier. She sighed as she felt a pleasant tingle in her nipples, which were once again starting to peek out past the edges of the undersized cups of her bikini top. She squared her shoulders and pushed her chest out proudly. The extra strain on her top caused both of her nipples to pop right out in plain sight. It also caused the bow knot in the middle of her back to begin to slip, although she didn't know that. Mindy giggled and put a bit more sway into her hips. The swagger in her walk set her breasts to swaying too, putting even more strain on the knot.

Up ahead she spotted a slender blonde in a halter top and cutoffs jogging alongside a tall, thin young man in surfer trunks. As the couple drew closer they slowed to a walk, and the guy said something to the girl that made them both laugh.

"That's quite an outfit!" said the girl, flashing a friendly smile. Her eyes flickered over Mindy's makeshift skirt with amusement, then slid up to Mindy's chest, where her companion's eyes were already camped out. "I wish I looked that good in a shopping bag!" the girl added with a chuckle.

"Gee, thanks!" said Mindy, thinking to herself that the girl was being awfully modest. She looked to be around twenty-one or twenty-two, with a slender waist and very long, shapely legs. "That's a really cute top!" Mindy added, noting the two nice bulges there.

"Oh, my!" Mindy gasped, suddenly reminded of her wayward nipples. She looked down to see them staring straight out at the young couple, who were staring back in fascination. Mindy started to cover herself, then caught herself and kept her arm at her side. Her chest felt all warm and tingly, and she couldn't resist giving her shoulders a little shake that set her breasts to jiggling in a way that drew a gasp from the cute blonde.

"Come on, Tom!" said the girl, grinning as she tugged at the guy's arm. "You're starting to drool!" She waved at Mindy as she dragged her companion off. "Bye!"

"Bye!" said Mindy, waving back. She resumed her stroll up the beach, now feeling very sexy, and even waving occasionally to some of the beach goers who whistled and called out her.

Soon the beach entrance was in sight. Realizing that she'd have to start making her way through the crowds to get back to the street, Mindy decided she'd better get her bikini top back in place. Reaching up with her free hand, she tugged at the little triangular cups to get them centered back over her nipples.

At that moment a young man chasing down a Frisbee glanced over his shoulder, saw that he and the Frisbee would pass safely behind that ("Whoa, is she stacked!") girl in the white bikini, and turned his attention back to the approaching disk. Just then Mindy, who was having trouble trying to corral her wayward boobs, came to a complete stop. She had just gotten her nipples tucked away when someone yelled, "Hey! Look out!"

The Frisbee player heard the warning just in time to catch a glimpse of Mindy and twist his body to avoid flattening her, but as he went windmilling by, one of his flailing arms swept across her back. Mindy felt the glancing blow and then a sudden slackness across her chest, as she spun around to see the guy take three staggering steps before falling flat on his back. He lay there for a moment in a daze, then sat up and looked around for the busty brunette to see how she was doing. "Wow!" he said, grinning. It was a grin Mindy knew too well. Instinctively she looked down at her chest.

"Oh my goodness!" she gasped. The knot in the middle of her back had unraveled, allowing the elastic cords around her neck to pull her top right up under her chin. She threw her free arm across her chest and looked up at the guy, who by this time had gotten to his feet and retrieved his Frisbee. They stared at each other for a second, then the young man grinned again and suddenly tossed the Frisbee at her.

"Catch!" he shouted.

Startled, Mindy did. With both hands. "OH MY GOSH!!" she shrieked, flinging the dastardly disk away and bending down to retrieve the bag-cum-skirt now lying around her ankles.

"Hey!" protested the young man, torn between saving his Frisbee and eyeballing the nearly naked brunette. Mindy didn't wait for him to choose. She frantically pulled up her makeshift skirt and scurried away as quickly as she could to a chorus of whistles and hoots from the gathering onlookers.

Once she'd gotten a safe distance away, Mindy stopped to retie her undersized bikini top, sitting down on the sand so that she'd have both hands free. Breathless and flustered, with her breasts heaving like beach balls at sea, she found the task all but impossible. She ended up tying the top on without fitting the cups over her breasts first. Then she carefully scooped each generous handful back into its hopelessly undersized cup.

"Hello again!" she heard someone say.

Mindy looked up and recognized the three guys she had fallen next to earlier, all standing beside her now and grinning from ear to ear. "Oh! Um...hi!" she stammered. With a blush she wondered just how long they had been watching, although judging by their grins, it must have been long enough.

"You seem to be having trouble with those," said the tallest one. Mindy hesitated, wondering which he was referring to: the cups of her bikini top, or her breasts.

"Yes...a little," she said finally.

"'Little' isn't the word I'd use," one of the other guys quipped. Mindy blushed and got to her feet.

"I've...um...got to be going," she said. She turned and strode off, giving the men a little waggle of her fanny in farewell. Then she quickly made her way to the beach entrance and across the 300 feet to Beachfront Drive, once again feeling a bit nervous as the people around her stared at her unusual outfit.

Mindy's Return to the Beach
Part 3

As she approached the crosswalk, Mindy could see there were about a dozen people waiting for the light. She slowed, hoping that it would change before she got there, so that she could tag along at the back of the pack and not let the other people get too close to her. But when the 'WALK' sign came on, she was still twenty feet from the crosswalk. Hobbled by the wet plastic plastered to her thighs, she only managed to get halfway across before the light changed again.

As Mindy stood anxiously on the narrow median, the driver of the car alongside her gaped while the woman behind him honked her horn angrily.

"Hey! Wake up!" she shouted.

"Aw, keep your skirt on lady!" the man shouted back. He winked at Mindy. "Not you, though, doll!" he said, grinning as he drove off. The woman behind him gave Mindy a wink too as she drove by.

It took forever for the light to change again, and quite a few of the passing motorists honked or shouted at her, but at least she was by herself on the median. When she saw the 'WALK' sign at last Mindy hurried across, not slowing down until she was well down the sidewalk that lead to the parking lot. She paused to make some quick adjustments to her top, which was slipping again. Then she quickened her pace and soon caught up with a couple who were walking side by side, unaware that Mindy was behind them, using them to screen herself from people coming in the opposite direction.

As soon as she reached the parking lot, Mindy slipped among the parked cars, using them for cover. At last she spotted her own car. She hurried over to it, thinking that as soon as she'd unlocked the door...

UNLOCK?? "OHMYGOSH!" Mindy gasped. Her keys!! Where were her keys?? And then she saw them, lying on the driver's seat. She realized she must have set them down when she leapt out of the car to rub her scorched rump.

"What am I going to do?" Mindy wailed. She tried the door, hoping for a miracle, but it was locked. Scurrying around to the passenger's side, she tried the other door. No luck there either. In desperation she returned to the driver's side window and thought about breaking it. Then she noticed that it was not completely closed. She had cracked it open a bit as she pulled into the parking lot, so that the car wouldn't get too hot inside while she was at the beach.

The window was rolled down just enough that she thought she could get the keys out -- IF she had something to grab them with. Mindy looked around frantically, but all she could find were a few bits of gravel and an empty candy wrapper. She had nothing, nothing but the clothes on her....

"My top!" she gasped, as the thought took shape in her mind. "Oh my goodness!" She glanced down into her cleavage and blushed. It would mean being completely topless -- but what choice did she have? She looked around and saw that although there was a steady flow of cars and people passing through the parking lot, there was nobody near her for the moment. She had to work quickly, though.

Ducking down beside her car, Mindy reached behind her and released the knot at her back, then pulled her bikini top up over her head and off. With shaking hands she took her bikini top apart, pulling out the long, thin cord that ran through the bottom of the cups. She tied a slipknot in one end of the cord, then raised her head carefully to see if the coast was still clear. It was. She stood up and immediately felt her forgotten skirt drop down her legs. She was standing in the parking lot completely naked.

"OHMIGOSH!" Mindy gasped. She ducked back down and pulled her skirt up. Now what? Clearly it was hopeless to try to lasso her keys with just one hand. Mindy thought furiously, and decided that if she kept her thighs pressed against the door, she could hold her skirt up that way, leaving both hands free. She lifted her head for another peek around, then stood up and shuffled forward until she was leaning against the door.

"Oh, this won't work!" Mindy cried. With her thighs pressed against the car, she couldn't bend down to see through the window. She twisted and turned, and finally discovered that if she bent her knees and turned sideways, she could push one hip against the door and hold her skirt up that way, while still being able to bend down enough to see through the window. After taking another quick look around to be sure nobody was near, she pushed her lasso through the small opening at the top of the window. She was relieved to see that the cord was long enough to reach the keys, but it had dropped straight down the inside of the door, whereas the keys were sitting over in the middle of the driver's seat. No amount of twirling and jerking of the cord would get it to swing over that way.

Mindy reeled her lasso back in and ducked down beside her car, remembering the bits of gravel she had found earlier. She grabbed one of the bigger chunks and tightened the loop of her lasso around it, then added a new slipknot farther up the cord. Eager to try out her new casting weight, she stood up without looking around. The honk of a car horn sent her diving back down.

"Hey, babe! Where'd you go?" she heard the driver shout, relieved that he seemed to be some distance away. There was something oddly familiar about the voice.

Mindy waited anxiously as a car cruised slowly up the next row over, then came back down her row of parked cars. When she heard it getting close, she slipped around to the front of her car and hid there until it had passed by. She counted to 50 before poking her head back up and seeing nothing. The man who had spotted her might still be out there, sitting in his car somewhere. He might even be on foot now, creeping through the parked cars to catch her by surprise. It was a risk she had to take.

Scrambling back to the driver's side of her car, Mindy once again did her knee-bend, hip-push, head-twist routine. Holding the chunk of gravel against her thumb and forefinger, she pushed it though the opening in the window and flicked it into the car. It was a perfect shot, sailing out onto the driver's seat to land with the loop of the lasso lying just beyond her keys. Mindy carefully reeled the loop in a bit, then gave the cord a twirl to flip the loop over her keys. On the third try she managed to hook the end of her apartment key. With a few careful tugs, she had the slipknot tightened around the key. She'd done it!

Mindy paused to take a deep breath and have another look around. She was thanking her stars that the coast was still clear, when suddenly four people walked out from between some parked cars and turned in her direction. They might have seen her, although they were too far away to have seen that she was topless. She ducked back down, anxious to reel in her keys and get in her car. In her haste, she leaned down too far. Bare breast met scorching hot glass.

"OOOUCHHH!" Mindy shrieked. She leapt back, losing her grip on the end of her lasso in the process. "OH, NO!" She made a desperate lunge for the cord, which was rapidly disappearing into the car, but by then her skirt was tangled around her knees, and as she tried to step forward it ripped apart, dropping to her feet.

"NOOOOOO!" screamed the buxom and now very naked brunette. She scurried around her car to the passenger's side. Venturing a peek around the trunk of the car, she saw that the four people she had spotted were now moving quickly in her direction. She couldn't stay there! Pausing to gather up what was left of her bikini top, Mindy crept from car to car, not stopping until she was a good hundred feet away.

From her new hiding place, Mindy could see the four people wandering around in the vicinity of her car, diligently searching for the woman in distress they thought they had heard. After several minutes they finally seemed to give up and walked on, climbing into a gray Accord about halfway between Mindy and her car. She watched them drive away, then slowly made her way back to her car. Peering in through the passenger's side window, she was relieved to see that her keys had not fallen beneath the driver's seat. They had landed on the armrest, and were now dangling precariously over the edge.

With the desperation of an amateur night stripper down to her last piece of clothing, Mindy ripped the cords from the cups of her bikini top and tied them together to fashion a new lasso. Since her keys were now directly below the window she decided she didn't need to add a weight, which might only succeed in knocking the keys off the armrest. She slipped around to the driver's side and cautiously raised her head. Seeing no one about, she got to work.

As it was no longer necessary for her to adopt a contorted stance to hold her skirt up, it only took Mindy a few seconds to snag the keys again and reel them back out the window. She held them up triumphantly and gave a little jump for joy. The motion imparted to her breasts delighted the three men who now pulled up in a car beside her.

"Hey, babe!" said that oddly familiar voice. "Thanks for the encore!"

"OHMYGOSH!" Mindy gasped, recognizing the guys from the beach. She dropped one hand over her neatly trimmed bush and the other across her breasts, blushing furiously as the three men ogled her from head to toe and back. She unlocked her car and jumped in, gunning the engine as she drove off, scrunching herself down behind the steering wheel until she was back on the expressway.

"Well, I've certainly learned my lesson!" she said to herself, as she wondered just how she was going to sneak back into her apartment. "Next time I'll be much more careful!"