Rosie on the Beach
by Little Joe

Rosie was grateful to whoever it was had suggested to parents to go on the day trip to Malaga. It meant that she had the whole day to herself.

“After all”, she said to herself, “she was virtually seventeen”, and if the size of her well developed bosom was anything to go by, very much grown up, no matter what her parents thought.

Her parent’s didn’t like her to sunbathe on the beach without them – too many predatory men they thought. So she had decided to go for a walk along the coast. It was a baking hot June day and she spotted a small road leading down to a secluded beach. There was a small car park at the bottom of the road, with a couple of dozen cars in it. She looked round and the first thing she saw made her stare a bit – two nude sunbathers lying among the Mediterranean pines that backed onto the beach. Not an unusual thing in those relaxed southern climes on a secluded beach. There are beaches frequented by nudists all over the place in Spain. They’re mainly unofficial and not sort of fenced off with big signs or anything. She remembered hearing there was just such a beach hereabouts, not that her parents would ever dream of going to one.

She went and stretched out further along under the shade of the pine trees where she could admire the naked bodies. It was fun, much better than being stuck on some awful sight seeing trip. It was nice and relaxing there, but it was very hot dressed in a shirt and jeans. Her parents had taken her rather demure bathing costume with them. They didn’t want her disporting herself on the beach in their absence

As the perspiration poured off her suddenly she was struck by the thought of how nice it would be to take all her clothes off and bathe naked in the sea. She had been brought up modestly and she was a modest girl at heart. She had never even been topless (not with parents like hers), although she was proud of her ample bosoms and thought she had a really sexy figure. But to go bottomless as well, so people could see her… well down there, as she referred to it herself, that would be so embarrassing. But the temptation was strong. It was so hot and the thought of the cool water on her bare skin was so inviting. And anyway, she thought, she’d always heard that once you’d taken your clothes off you didn’t feel the least embarrassed, and indeed it was the people who had retained theirs who felt out of place.

Modest as she was, she didn’t know why she did it, perhaps it was the excitement of the idea, perhaps it was that she was rebelling against her modest upbringing, but taking a deep breath, she found herself taking off her blouse, her shoes, her socks and even her jeans, but when it came to removing her bra and panties she felt a strange reluctance to do so. So she summoned up her courage, said to herself “Right - No more hesitation. Count to ten and then they’re coming straight off, your going to strip naked and your going to walk straight down that beach and into the sea. This is a naturist beach; nobody will even give you a second glance. There’s nothing they’ll not have seen a million times”.

So she did just that. She counted to ten. Eight, nine, ten… she slipped off her bra, and pulled her panties down in one go, hesitated for a moment and then set off down the beach stark naked. The embarrassment didn’t go off. She was nude. She was nude in the open air. She was nude in public in the open air. She had never felt so embarrassed in all her life. She said to herself, ‘Everyone is the same, nobody will even notice you’.

She didn’t dare look at anyone. She kept her eyes fixed straight ahead and just walked straight across the beach. It was a funny sensation to be out in the open air with absolutely nothing on. With the breeze blowing through her legs and across her bare behind she suddenly felt very very nude.

At last, walking quicker and quicker, she reached the safety of the sea and plunged in; she turned to look at the beach she had just walked down. She had been wrong, everybody was looking at her, and the reason was immediately obvious. They were all normally dressed in respectable bathing costumes. She was the only one in sight who was nude.

The full horror of the situation struck her. It wasn’t a naturist beach at all. There had just been a couple of people sunbathing au naturel in a secluded area of pines behind the beach. Indeed it wasn’t even a secluded beach as she could see a large modern hotel two hundred yards away. And she’d walked right down the beach past everybody stark naked. She was standing in the water stark naked. The embarrassment of it! She had not however caused a fantastic stir; from their pale skins it was clear that most of the people were English, and the English are very undemonstrative. However not a few people were looking at her expectantly.

The reason why they were looking expectantly suddenly struck her. What had she done! She, modest little Rosie, had walked all the way across the beach, in full view of everyone completely in the nude, and now she was going to have to walk back up the beach past everyone again completely in the nude,. Of course on a beach people face the sea, so in her parade down the beach she had not had to face them, and they had only had a rear view of her. Going back up she would be looking at them and they would be looking at her. And they would be getting the more interesting view! Furthermore, as everybody had seen her go into the water, they would now all be waiting for her to come out

She crouched there, hidden under the water, panic stricken. A dreadful dilemma faced her. Should she swim down the beach and so come out where no-one knew she was naked, in which case she would have further to come back, or should she take the shortest route back through the expectant throng.

She stayed in the water as long as she could, but she was getting cold and her skin was starting to wrinkle. So plucking up her courage she made up her mind and keeping her eyes straight ahead, and not daring to look at anyone she walked straight back up the beach towards her clothes. Horribly aware of her nudity, she felt her heart thumping and her legs shaking. The trouble was she could feel everyone’s eyes looking at her and she just couldn’t stop her self looking round. It was as she feared – everybody’s eyes were magnetically drawn to her naughty bits; and she kept her naughty bits smooth and hairless. Not that her parents would have approved of such a thing – but then her parents were never going to know. And she still had twenty yards to walk. No wonder the men were looking at her with such interest. Their eyes seemed fixed at the point where her legs met, which she was vainly trying to cover with her hands. It seemed an interminable twenty yards.

Finally with relief she climbed over the wall at the back of the beach and there were her clothes – gone. There was no sign of them. It suddenly occurred to her; she’d obviously swum along the beach and come out at a different place. It was a long beach and she didn’t even know whether to turn right or left to find her clothes.

She couldn’t even walk back behind the wall as the ground was sharp shingle and cut her feet to ribbons. She had to go back on to the main beach and walk along it. Oh no!! She was lost on a public beach in the nude with her naughty bits on display. Panic overtook her and she ran aimlessly along the beach feeling the eyes boring into her as she did so.

Then at last she did see something she recognised in the distance. It was her blouse blowing down the beach a hundred yards away carried by the stiff sea breeze. Any minute it was going to be carried out to sea, there was nothing for it but to run back down the beach chasing it stark naked. I don’t know if you’ve ever noticed but as soon as you catch up with something the wind is blowing, it blows away a bit further. And I don’t know if you ever seen a naked girl running on hot, soft sand, especially one with a well developed bosom. If not you’ll have to imagine it. As Rosie leapt up and down, her feet burning on the fiery sand, her ample boobies bounced up and down rhythmically and the round cheeks of her bottom swayed from side to side So as she raced after the blouse, bouncy bits unsupported, everyone watched fascinated as her bouncy bits bounced and her chubby bits swayed. When she finally got to her blouse, it was in the sea and she couldn’t put it on; it was soaking wet and she was soaking wet with going back in the sea to retrieve it...

That was the trouble. she was still soaking wet, and having no towel she had to sort of jump around a bit to get dry, which she tried doing so as to draw as little attention to her self as possible, when she saw two boys languishing with their back to the wall…

Justin and Toby liked the four star hotel just up the coast from Nerja. The view on the beach was fabulous most days. But the view today was even better. They watched the rather pretty little naked girl with the long brown hair and the big bouncy titties as she chased her retreating blouse down into the sea and looked at each other with raised eyebrows.

Toby grinned. “Nice arse”, he said in his upper class English accent. He hadn’t seen one as good as that since the school trip to Amsterdam.

“Pity we can’t see her twinky”, said Justin. In the way of his family he still used the expression that Nanny had used in the nursery for a girl’s private bits.

“No probs”, replied Toby, “we just need to wait until she comes out the water. Then she’ll be walking towards us”. They waited expectantly grinning broadly.

But then they lost sight of her, until that is they saw her creeping back up the beach towards them.

They had a good view of her bumpers, as Toby’s family called them, but he still fancied a good sight of her twinky.

Rosie approached the boys nervously. She had recognised the stretch of wall that she had undressed behind and she had to walk past them to get back to her clothes.

“Hi”, said Toby nonchalantly, “you a model?” he enquired.

Rosie blushed scarlet. Blushed because he was looking at her naked, but also because she had been mistaken for a model.

“No, not at all”, she said nervously trying to hide her girly parts behind her hand.

“Well you really could be”, pronounced Toby, “it just so happens that I have a few contacts in that area of business. Now if I could just take a couple of pictures, perfectly artistic, perfectly discreet”, he went on, “then maybe I could get you a photoshoot”

Rosie gasped: get a chance to be a model. That was just she had always dreamed of. All thoughts of her parent objections went out of her head. She nodded dumbly.

“Well, just sit up there on the wall for us”, said Toby, “that’s right, now close your eyes and throw your head back. Look sexy. That’s right”

Rosie sat herself on the wall enthralled. This was what she had always dreamed of – being photographed as a model. She almost forgot she was naked as she threw her head back and closed her eyes.

“Brilliant, brilliant”, said Toby, “as he pointed his camera between her legs, “now just open your legs a little, that’s right, just a little further, go on, that’s lovely”, and Rosie spread her legs wider and wider until Toby got just the picture he wanted.

“Hold it right there”, he said, “hold that pose”

Rosie held the pose. She was in dreamland thinking of the future modelling career that lay ahead of her. She was only awakened from her reverie after a few minutes by the sound of tittering in front of her. She opened her eyes and suddenly realised what she was doing. She was sitting on a wall stark naked with her legs wide open displaying her smooth pink… well. Toby walking back to the hotel with Justin, already four hundred yards away, looked back over his shoulder at the gathering crowd

“Nice twinky”, he said.

Rosie on the Beach part 2

Rosie shrieked as she realised her predicament. Frozen in horror she looked at the faces in front of her and suddenly realised that she was sitting on the wall stark naked with her legs wide open. The full significance of this seemed to take an age to register and she just remained rooted to the spot for several seconds before with another shriek she leapt off the wall and ran for dear life up the road. Pulling on her still wet blouse she could only think to run as fast as she could to get away from the crowd, and she didn’t stop for breath until she was half a mile away and back on the main road. Then she stopped to think. And then she realised that she’d run off and left the rest of he clothes behind. What could she do? It was two miles back to her hotel and she only had her blouse to wear. It was just about long enough to cover her bare essentials, if she didn’t bend over or put her arms up in the air, but still being wet, and made of white cotton, it clung to her ample bosoms in a very suggestive way giving a clear view of her by now rather stiff nipples underneath. One thing she was certain about. She was not going back to that beach for anything, not with all those people there who had seen her... , her… – she didn’t like to say the word even to herself. No way! Not even to rescue the rest of her clothes. There was nothing for it but to walk back to the hotel along the road. Her feet would be sore, and, Rosie was loathe to admit it, but she had (to put it bluntly) rather a big bottom and she would have to keep her blouse pulled down with her hands if it wasn’t to ride up and give an interesting view to passing motorists. But what else could she do? So off she set, hobbling along the road as best she could. After half a mile her feet were so painful that she just had to sit down and rest.

Colin was riding along on his motor scooter when he saw the forlorn figure sitting by the side of the road. Colin was not your suave, self-assured young man looking for tottie on the sunny beaches of Spain. Colin was on a sight seeing trip on his motor scooter. His avowed aim was to drive all the way from his home in Slough to Gibraltar. He wasn’t quite sure why, it was just his avowed aim. But on seeing the rather attractive girl with big titties in the wet blouse sitting beside the road not surprisingly his avowed aim was put aside for the time being.

Rosie looked up as he stopped. She had determined not to accept a lift from a passing motorist – that would hardly have been wise – not with no panties on. But a scooter – well that was different – it was hardly possible to make advances to her on the back of a scooter.

Colin was very proud to be driving back through town with a girl on the back of his scooter, especially the way everybody seemed to be looking and admiring his entourage. Colin was very proud of his driving skills, with no reason whatsoever. He was in fact an abysmal driver, swerving and stopping all the time for no accountable reason. Rosie had to cling on for dear life, and doing so meant had no way to stop her blouse from riding up – further and further. Colin had no idea that Rosie had no panties on; conversely everybody in the street could see quite clearly. Unfortunately for poor Rosie, Colin was so proud of the attention they were attracting that he decided to go through town the busiest and slowest way.

“Gosh”, he thought (he was fond of expressions like ‘Gosh’), “I didn’t realise that so many people here would be interested in a restored 1968 Lambretta, the guys in the scooter club are really going to be interested be interested when I tell them”

Rosie, her blouse now up to just beneath her bosoms displaying her ample bare posterior to all and sundry, could only close her eyes and hope nobody would recognise her.

At last Colin found her hotel

“Here you are”, delivered safe and sound, “he said cheerfully, and watched dismayed as Rosie leapt off the scooter and ran hell for leather for the hotel.

“Humph!” he muttered (he was fond of expressions like ‘Humph!’), “fancy that – didn’t even say Thank You”. And with a final wistful look at the retreating behind, only just covered by the blouse, he engaged gear and resumed his avowed aim.

Rosie, pulling her blouse down as best she could, ran for her room; it wasn’t until she got there that it dawned on her that she’d left the plastic key card thing in the pocket of her jeans back at the beach. She couldn’t get in. With horror she realised she would have to go down to reception to get another.

Trying to look unconcerned, and all the time trying to keep her naked posterior covered, she sidled up to the reception desk. Maria the desk clerk looked at her suspiciously.

“I’ve locked myself out my room, can I have another key”, asked Rosie nervously.

Maria looked at her even more suspiciously. There had been reports of people stealing things from rooms by asking for duplicate keys, she was going to be careful.

“You have identification on you?” she asked

Rosie blushed; she had nowhere to put any identification.

“Er no…”, she said

“In that case I ask a few questions. Your name is?”

Rosie blushed even more. Why had her parents given her such a stupid name – with that surname?

“Rosie Btrmm”, she mumbled

“Sorry, what was that?”

“Rosie Brrttm”, she mumbled again

“You have to say clearly”, I can’t understand

“Rosie Bottome”, she shouted. She heard the sniggers from the queue behind her. People always laughed. It had been the bane of her life.

“Okay, you just sign here”, said the receptionist, curious as to why this suspicious looking girl had her hands firmly below the counter holding down the back of her blouse as if hiding her bottom from the people behind her. But Rosie couldn’t sign. Leaving go of her blouse and raising her arms to the height of the counter to sign would reveal both her lack of panties and her pink round behind to the people waiting behind. They might know her parents! They might tell her parents! She couldn’t risk it.

She panicked. She couldn’t do it, and Maria watched open mouthed as the retreating figure ran out of the hotel still holding hard on to the hem of her blouse.

She crept out of the hotel and round to the back where she could see her room from outside. The room was on the first floor, and she had left the door to the balcony open. If she could just climb up to the balcony, she would be in. She could get properly dressed, she could even get back to the beach and try and rescue her clothes. If she could just get up on to the balcony. It wasn’t very high and there were a pair of stepladders left by the gardener nearby. Looking round carefully to see if there was anybody there she erected the step ladders and went up them. Stretching up she could just reach the balcony. She grasped hold of the balcony rail, and tried to hoist herself up. It was unfortunate that there was a protruding nail on the wooden rail, doubly unfortunate that it caught on Rosie’s blouse, and it was triply unfortunate that Rosie suddenly became aware that her blouse had been hooked up so that she was bare from the waist down on view to any passer-by. Frantically she tried to unhook it with the inevitable result that she lost her grip and fell tumbling back to the ground, taking the step ladders with her but leaving the blouse behind.

She leapt up from the ground, thankfully unhurt from her fall, which had unfortunately ruined a flowerbed, but the flowerbed was the least of her worries. She now had no clothes on at all. She was in the nude, the hotel garden and a state of panic all at the same time. Adopting that pose typical of girls stripped naked and trying to hide their naughty bits, she put her left arm across to hide her nipples, her right hand in front of her… (well she didn’t even like to think the word) and crouched slightly as if that hid her from view.

If the appearance of Pablo shocked Rosie, it was a sight that shocked Pablo when he saw it. He had never seen anything like it. He would have to go and tell Antonio his boss; he needed to know about it immediately. Antonio had spent all morning planting that flowerbed and he would be livid when he saw what had happened to it.

Rosie watched the retreating figure of Pablo with horror. He’d gone off to fetch somebody. She’d be exposed to ridicule, as if she wasn’t exposed enough already. Hastily she reassembled the ladder and climbing back up she grabbed hold of the balcony rail and tried to pull her self up, kicking with her legs at the ladder to give herself more height. The effect of this was only to kick the ladder over and leave her dangling half over the balcony, her ample and very bare posterior on view to anyone below.

And it was like this that Pablo found her when he came running back.

“I help, I help”, he shouted up to the stranded Rosie, and reassembling the ladder he climbed up.

Rosie felt the hands grab her legs from below and try to push. It might have been more effective if Pablo had pushed her bare bottom, but that, he felt, would have been indelicate.

“Oh my God!” thought Rosie (she didn’t often take the Lord’s name in vain, she had been brought up very properly, but she felt that on this occasion the circumstances warranted it), “he’s underneath me, looking up my bottom, what on earth am I showing him!”

She tried to keep her legs together, but scrabbling to get over the railing it wasn’t easy. And Pablo did try to avert his gaze, but (as he said to himself later) he really did have to look up to see how she was managing. Well he had to make sure she was safe didn’t he? And if in doing so he was forced to get an interesting view, well that was the price he had to pay for rescuing a maiden in distress (as he said to himself later). Finally he gave one last shove and Rosie disappeared, bare arse over tip onto the balcony. She peered over the railing at her rescuer, put her hand over her mouth, gave a little “Eek!” and ran for the shelter of the room. Pablo shrugged; there were times, he thought, when his often mocked habit of always carrying his little camera with him came in useful.

That evening at dinner Rosie’s father was grumbling as usual. Grumbling was his favourite pastime, one might say it was his hobby. His only hobby.

“This place is degenerate”, he harrumphed to no-one in particular, “do you know what I heard?”, he didn’t wait for an answer to this question which all present realised was entirely rhetorical, “there was a girl riding round town today on the back of a scooter not wearing any…”, he stopped waiting for the moment to impart the full infamy of the situation to his captive audience. Rosie stopped eating dead in her tracks and blushed scarlet. Had somebody recognised her? She could hardly look at her father.

“It ought not to be allowed”, went on her father, “riding around on the back of a scooter not wearing any crash helmet. Reckless, I call it; you would never see any thing like that in Chipping Sodbury”.

No, thought Rosie to herself, she didn’t suppose you would.