Seasonal Exposure

by English LadyÂ©

The sun beats down on the exposed "v" of my chest, caressing my arms and cheeks

with its penetrating warmth and insinuating charm. The wind vies for my

attention, whipping through my hair wrapping its rough arms around me then

pulling them away just as fast, throwing my top heavy body off balance, tugging

on my legs and my delicately upturned ankles, tickling up my tensed calf as I

tip-toe elegantly down the main street.

Kiddies squeal as they flip-flop down to the beach, plastic buckets clatter

against spades as they wave to and fro in sticky hands. Parents bearing back

packs and wearing sun hats yell after them, smiles on faces as the giddiness of

summer holidays infects even the stodgiest oldsters. Grannies flock around the

windows of M&S, admiring the paisley prints and wondering what expensive ready

meal to have for their tea, choruses of "Well I am on my holidays" echo through

the crowd, the tired old men shake their heads resignedly and sit on a bench,

enduring the shopping trip and dreaming of fresh caught cod and lightly fried

chips followed by ice cream when eventually they reach the sea front.

Through the hustle and bustle of seaside life I am aware of a set of eyes upon

me. I can't se him but I can feel the weight of his stare upon the bare flesh on

my back and around the hemline of my short summer dress as the wind whips and

whirls it around my knees. Hot cheesy pastry combines with sweet cream and soft

sponge to create an unmistakeable odour. The bakery.

I love looking in through the window, taking in the rows of fancies and sweet

treats. The ones shaped like animals and fairy designed for the kids and the

ones laden with toffee and cream, chocolate and alcohol made to make adult

mouths water. I lean in, my nose a breath away from the glass and I keep my legs

straight, the material of my skirt lifting to mid thigh, the neckline plunging

to reveal more of my creamy white chest. I smile cheekily at my reflection in

the window and move on down the hill.

I'm not a big fan of shopping for clothes, when you're not as thin as a rake it

becomes challenging to find anything that fits. Today however I eagerly walk

into the shop and pick up a skirt off the rack almost without looking. I smile

at a shop assistant and ask if I can use the changing room.

"Certainly." She smiles back and I walk in to the small magnolia booth and pull

the deep orange curtain across the opening, but I leave an inch gap at one end.

I know he'll be stood just where he can see through that gap as I hang the skirt

on a peg and forget about it.

I admire myself in the mirror, running my hands down over my curves till I reach

the end of my skirt and I lift it slightly as I reach up and grab my knickers in

my hands. I slide the slippy, red satin material down my legs then let them fall

to the floor. I step out of them, pick up the skirt and head out of the cubicle

once more.

He will pick up those panties and sniff them. He'll be able to smell and feel my

wet arousal and what if he doesn't get in there in time? Well some stranger will

get the thrill of finding them, this realisation sends shockwaves of pleasure

through my body, making me straighten up and continue determinedly down the

hill.

It's very windy down on the front, the old dears wrap their cardigans tighter

around them and kids fly kites on the beach. I stride confidently past the

dinging arcades and the sizzling burger stands till I reach the ice cream shop.

"A lemon top, please."

I smile at the young, skinny guy behind the counter. I feel his eyes dip down

into my cleavage and I lean over the counter a little to give him a better view.

"That's one pound fifteen please, love." He is talking to my cleavage and as I

slip the money into his palm I run a finger across it, making him gasp and spin

round to the till quickly. When he turns back I'm still there, just picking up

my tall cone from the holder.

"Would you like a lick?" I ask, whipping my tongue around the bitter lemon

sorbet top then licking my lips.

"No, no thank you." He stutters back, "I don't, I can't eat ice cream."

"That's a shame." I pout, blow him a kiss and stride away along the front, the

image of his young cock pushing out his black trousers making my pussy leak, my

thighs are now damp and sticky and I long to touch my cunt.

I keep walking though, over the road and to a gap in the fence. I bend over and

lift a sandal off my foot, as I do so the wind catches my skirt and blows it up,

giving the entire sea front a view of my naked behind. It whips down as quick as

it billows up and I quickly release the other sandal from my foot.

I bend down to pick them up and the wind gently undulates the hem, lifting it a

bit higher up my thighs before I straighten up and walk down on to the beach. I

can't resist throwing a look over my shoulder, and there he is, standing just

where I'd been. I grin and walk down to the sea.

The sand is gritty and free flowing at first, then it gets harder like thin

carpet as I get closer to the water. Gulls and children screech in competition

to be loudest and the wise old waves splash and hiss down onto the sand as the

bubble and fizz up the beach. I can smell the salt tang of the sea and it

compliments the sweet dairy goodness of my ice cream.

I keep walking till the smallest waves tickle my smallest toe and continue

slowly into the water, giggling and shivering as the cool water laps up my foot

and to my ankles. I continue to walk along the front a foot or so into the surf.

I bite down into my cone as I take in the breath taking vista of wild sea and

tamed seafront. I finish my ice cream with a crunch and step deeper into the

water. I grip the edge of my skirt and bunch it up. I know that anyone near to

me will be able to see up to the middle of my right thigh now as I feel the cool

water bubbles round my calves.

I'm so tempted to keep walking, to keep lifting my skirt till my cunt is

caressed by the cold, swirling water and if I didn't have my shoes in hand I

very well might have. However, I step back to the shallows and let my skirt

drop, feeling the material catching on my wet legs as the sun heats and dries my

flesh, my mind now completely focused on my body from the waist down.

As I step further and further away from the arcades, the kids and the crowds the

wind seems to drop, the gulls are quieter and the crashing of the waves seems to

down my senses. The odd man and dog slip past me as I head towards the quiet end

of the beach, soon I can see no one ahead of me, so I step out of the water. The

sand covers and coats my feet in a layer of gritty mud which gets drier and

drier the higher up the beach I go scratching at my feet and ankles.

I head towards the long, high flight of steps up to the concrete path. I can see

people walking behind the sea wall as I step up on to the craggy, seaweed

crusted step. I feel a hand on my arm and I spin my head round another hand

lands on my arse and squeezes. I turn round and slap out at face level, but that

spanking hand catches it and pushes me back so I land with a bump on a gritty

step.

"Cock-teasing slut," He hisses, his body crushing me as he falls to his knees,

"you're going to get it now."

"No!" I gasp, my body yelling, "Yes, yes, yes." His lips hit mine and a violent

kiss is born. Our mouths fight, lip and tongue battling together as his hands

squeeze my breasts through my dress, their nipples hard and straining, sensation

zinging down between my thighs.

"Slut, you love this." He hisses, lifting from the kiss and clamping his teeth

into the side of my neck. I squeak, holding in a squeal as my eyes flutter open

and I see the people passing by above us, completely unaware of what is

happening below them. His hands slip down and yank my skirt up to my stomach. He

pulls away from my neck. I can feel the bruise stinging like the edge of the

steps beneath my hips and shoulder blades.

"I'm going to fuck you." He growls and I watch as he pulls open his jeans, red,

satin material hanging from his pocket. His cock is straining and erect and

before I can feast on it with my eyes he plunges it between my thighs and I

enjoy the meat of the banquet deep in my cunt. "So fucking wet, fuck."

He gasps, slamming into me with no care for the stone digging into my back. I

love it, I come over and over as he slams into me and I bury my face in his

shoulder, smelling his aftershave mixed with the slimy seaweed smell of the

stairs.

"I'm going to fill this cunt," He hisses, slamming harder in to me.

"Yes," I groan, "Yes." I finally feel the fruits of my flirting efforts as he

stiffens, moans and pumps inside of me. He pulls out with a pop and fastens up.

I go to flick down my skirt.

"No." He commands and my hands stop. "Spread your thighs wide open." I look up

again and see the tourist trip-trapping over head. If I lie here with my legs

wide open anyone could look over and see my come filled cunt.

"Do it." He hisses and I comply.

"Wider." He growls and I stretch them further apart.

"That's it," He groans, watching his come slipping and sliding down my thighs.

"Fuck yourself."

I dip my fingers down towards my cunt.

"Don't mess about, get those fingers in your slutty twat and make yourself

fucking come for me."

I love it when he talks nasty and I slam three fingers into my gaping hole,

feeling his unctuous liquid coating my fingers and slipping out and down the

crack of my butt.

I close my eyes and bring my other hand in to play, strumming it over my clit.

"Yeah, that's it." He encourages, "Come for me and your audience. There's quite

a crowd peering over and into your cunt."

I come as I imagine all those strangers' eyes straining over the wall to see

more of my cunt, their cock's rock hard in their pants.

He flicks my skirt down and helps me up, kissing me tenderly as he wraps an arm

around my shoulders.

"I love you." He squeezes me as I echo the remark back to him. "And I love these

dirty weekends in Scarborough, too."

"So do I." I grin then laugh, "Oh boy, so do I."