Tammy at the Seaside

This is a short story about a young lady called Tammy (not her real name, but definitely one I would have chosen for her) that I knew some years ago. I only stretched the truth a little in this story, but it's

essentially something that really happened. Recently, Biker has created a couple of drawings of her at

his web site, I suggest you check it out to see a little bit more of her.

Before I start, there are a couple of things you need to know about Tammy, which will may help explain why things were the way they were. Tammy had two younger brothers. Her father was into sports, and outdoor life, and Tammy grew up being very tomboyish in her interests and attitudes. She never learned to get out of cars in the elegant, knees together, move they teach at deportment classes. She just threw one leg out, followed by the other.

This becomes more interesting when you combine it with the 2nd little piece of insider info I’m about to give you: she never wore underwear, and usually wore dresses that showed a lot of leg, either by length or because of open buttons. Never is actually an exaggeration. She sometimes wore a bra, to emphasize her cleavage in low cut (or unbuttoned) tops, but never anything below the waist. She rationalized this by saying she got too hot, but those privileged to see her in action were sure of some ulterior motives!

We used to hang out at a particular pub, and amongst our coterie of friends was a divorced man with 4

kids. He used to get custody of these guys once in a while, and one day we decided to take them to the

seaside as a treat. We borrowed a minivan, rounded up the gang and headed off to the coast. Tammy was wearing a skimpy white halter neck top with ties at the back. Her nipples were poking through quite prominently, and Jerry’s older boys were staring at these pretty intently. She was also wearing one of her favorite skirts: a floor length denim affair, with buttons from hem to waist. Now, when most girls wear floor length skirts, you wouldn’t expect to see too much. Not so with Tammy, she had it unbuttoned to high on the thigh, so climbing into the van she gave us all a good flash. As she settled into the driver’s seat (she was the designated driver) the rest of us sorted out the best position to watch her legs as she worked pedals placed conveniently far apart.

After all too short a journey, we got to the coast, and picked out a place to make camp.It was a

brilliant, hot day, and we were soon getting ready for a swim. Tammy had brought a bikini bottom in her purse, and simply pulled it on under her skirt giving several great flashes in the process. She opened the last few buttons on her skirt, and let it fall to the ground. The bikini bottom was tiny, with tie sides,

and only came part way up her bum, so now we had both top and bottom cleavage to admire. With a

laugh she ran off to the water, and dove in.

When she stood up again, we saw the effect on her clothing. The white top had become virtually

transparent, and her pert nipples poked through the clingy material leaving nothing to the imagination.

The drag of the water had pulled down the loosely fitting bottoms, so those behind got a full view of her buttocks, and those in front (like me) a view of her profuse pubic hair. It took her a few seconds to realize the slippage before she pulled up the briefs. This became one of the ongoing challenges of the

day, and each pull up loosened the ties a little more making the slippages more frequent. Of more concern now though was her top.

“I need this for later” she said, “when we go to the pub. I’ll need to dry it off,” she continued, undoing the ties in full view of the beach and seemingly oblivious to their stares.

She placed it on a rock to dry. When she arrived at the pub earlier, Tammy had had her hair tied back with a scarf. She now proceeded to make a jury rigged top from the scarf, asking me to tie it behind her back.

Of course, I didn’t want to hurt her, or tear the scarf, so my knot wasn’t too tight.When she turned around, I could see that the scarf barely covered her breasts, either in size or in opaqueness. It was probably more interesting than if she had been naked. It was also apparent that any strenuous movement would cause the top to slip, so of course, the 1st thing we did was rope Tammy into a game of beach volleyball.

The first time she reached up for a block, her breasts jumped out of the top, which ended up around her

hips making it look like she was just wearing a one-piece. As she was adjusting the top, Jerry leaped up

on the other side of the net, and spiked the ball onto Tammy’s head, causing her to let go of the top, and

down it dropped again. After about 3 points, Tammy realized that she couldn’t play volleyball and keep

the top on, so with a little encouragement her 2nd top joined the 1st on the rock, and she played topless.

A small crowd started to gather, and I don’t think it had anything to do with our volleyball ability ?

Without the distraction of the errant top, Tammy’s contribution to the game improved. We got into

several long rallies, and during these Tammy’s briefs would slip down, giving the interested spectators

some insights into the finer points of volleyball and female anatomy. Finally, after a fiercely contested

match, we lost (I was on Tammy’s team). Before the match, we had agreed that the losers would buy ice creams for the winners, and so Tammy and I set of for the promenade.

I pointed out to Tammy that she was still not wearing a top, and several people looked at me as if to say

“why did you have to point that out?” as Tammy seemed to not notice, or more likely not care.

“Oh sod it,” said Tammy, “I think everyone on the beach has seen my tits by now, going to the ice cream van isn’t going to show anything more than people have already seen”.

The spectators seemed relieved, and we set off across the beach, and up the steps to the promenade, where the ice cream van was parked. Did I mention that the tide was coming in?

Anyway, we got to the van, and bought the 8 ice creams. Tammy carried 4, and I had the others. Now,

as I had mentioned, the ties on Tammy’s bikini briefs were not the most secure things in the world, and,

as we headed back to the beach, she brushed against a stroller in the ice cream line. It was a very innocuous incident, but as Tammy moved on, the briefs didn’t, and she walked on, licking her ice cream oblivious to the fact that she was now almost completely naked. And her sandals didn’t exactly hide anything critical!

I don’t know if she knew that she had lost the bikini bottoms. She swears blind that she didn’t notice,

and that the first time she realized that she was now bottomless as well as topless was when she had

delivered the ice cream to the gang. By then she had walked down the steps and across the beach, and

looked around for our friends as the advancing tide had dictated a move further up the shore.

Once we found them, Tammy put her skirt back on & sat down on the blanket. With her legs pulled up

the mostly unbuttoned skirt still didn’t cover anything and again, it was debatable as to which created the greater impact: total nudity, or the near nudity revealed by the open skirt. It was about now that

Tammy remembered her top & scarf sitting on the rock and made the horrible discovery that the tide had covered the rock, and her clothing was no longer to be seen. When our friends had moved their base camp to escape the tide, they had picked everything from the blankets and the immediate area, but

Tammy’s clothes on the rock had gone unnoticed. So they say.

Right about now, Tammy had a little tantrum, mostly due to all the guys declining her request to borrow a t-shirt, or some other cover, and stormed off to the minivan. At this point she couldn’t care less that she walked topless to the car park, and when we followed a few minutes later she was sitting sulking behind the wheel.

I think more than a few people were surprised seeing Tammy driving back to town topless. And perhaps even more were surprised when we stopped at a country pub for a pint or two in the beer garden. By now Tammy had calmed down a little, and the with some cider inside her, brazenly completed the topless drive home after dropping people off.

Truth be told, I think she was more than a little turned on by the attention she got, and so was I. We

had a pretty good evening.

-------------------------------------------------------------------