Tammy's day at the beach

By Trout

Thu Jul 16, 2009 00:58

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Tammy woke up her favorite way, the smell of the neighbor’s flower garden drifting into her bedroom. Her neighbor, Mrs. Johnson, had the most incredible garden that was planted just outside her window. Tammy loved the smell of lilacs and honeysuckle that floated through her room almost every morning. Most days, Tammy didn’t have the luxury of sleeping in. Today was not one of those days. Her Boss had sent out an inter-office memo the day before letting everyone know that the office was going to be closed the next couple days as they were having some major renovations done. “Today” she thought, “today is going to be about me’.   
It had been a crazy year for Tammy. Finishing collage, moving half way across the country to find an apartment, search for a job and all this by her self. All her friends were still home, getting summer jobs at the locale ice cream shop or somewhere equally mundane. “No way” she thought. “No way am I staying in this little town”. Two days and many tears after graduating from Collage, Tammy had rented a trailer and loaded all her stuff. It had taken her 5 days of driving before she reached the West Coast and what was to become her new life.   
Life in a small Virginia town had its ups and downs. Hanging out at the local pizza joint, drinking beers and going to her schools Wednesday night football games had worn thin. The most exciting thing that happened there was when someone would streak through the football game. Everyone would be there but one too many doughnuts meant that Sheriff Lister would be out of breath by the 30 yard line. Not too much of a challenge did he pose.  
She was free and clear from that life now. Tammy had landed a job as a legal assistant at a small law firm specializing in zoning laws. Not glamorous in any way, shape or form but it paid the bills.  
Today, Tammy was heading to the beach. Virginia had beaches, she new that. It was just the fact that they were on the other side of the state. Also, she just wanted to be on her own, really on her own. Tammy got out of bed and headed to the shower. As she got in, she remembered that she needed to do a little ‘trim of the hedges” as she called it. No one wanted to see some stragglers peaking out from the bikini bottoms. After her shower, Tammy tried on her bathing suit. While it still fit, she was shocked to see that she had actually had lost some weight. “It must be from all those salads”, she thought. After moving out, she started eating more salads. All the people in here office were on this diet or that one. Tammy had just gotten tired of what the local sandwich shop was trying to pass off as Virginia ham. I mean really, it was called “Virginia Ham” for a reason. And that reason must have been lost to the owners of the deli.   
She packed up a few thing, some bottled water, sunscreen, towel, the usual, and headed out the door. The drive was nice, it was the parking that killed her. After driving the 30 minutes to the beach, Tammy found a parking spot on the 3rd level of the municipal parking garage. Ten bucks for all day parking wasn’t bad. On her way to the beach, Tammy passed a small shop selling Boogie Boards. She had always wanted to try one but never had the courage (never mind the location) to try one. “Today is all about me” she kept repeating as she walked in and purchased one.  
She finally reached the beach and set up her towel. It was a quick set up and soon she was all set and rubbing sunscreen on herself. After a few minutes, Tammy grabbed her new boogie board and hit the foam. Her first couple passes went fine and Tammy started to relax. Relaxing was to be the first of many mistakes she would make this day.  
On her third pass, Tammy misjudged the beach and ran headfirst into the sand. Tammy was pitched forward, and landed headfirst into the sand. She came to after a few seconds. “Holy crap” she stated as she staggered to her feet. She held her head in her hands as she tried to shake the cobwebs from her eyes. It took a minute before she was able to see straight. After she gained her composure, Tammy started brushing of the sand from her head and face. She then moved to her shoulders and on to her chest.   
The first couple wipes were fine, on the last wipe, a wave of dread came over her. The last wipe felt funny, it had sent electricity down her spine. She looked down only to see that she had hit the ground so hard that her left breast had popped outside of it’s cup.   
Not wanting to draw attention to her plight, Tammy quickly slid her breast back inside. There were a couple people giggling but mostly, people around her were genuinely concerned. “That’s enough excitement for one day” she thought to herself. Tammy knew she had a good-looking body. At 36-24-36, she knew eyes would be on her. She made her way back to the beach towel and grabbed a water. With that little incident behind her, Tammy laid back to sun her self some.  
She was frantic. Tammy was running down the beach. Her bikini bottoms missing, her top, shredded beyond all usefulness, still hung around her delicate neck. She didn’t remember the beach being this crowded. Collage boys playing volleyball, Soccer Moms hanging out with their kids in tow, manned Life Guard stations every couple hundred feet. How could this happen, how did she let things get this bad. How was she going to find her car when she couldn’t even remember where she parked? Tammy started to hyperventilate. Her world started crashing around her feet. How did she end up without a stitch of cloths on at a public beach during one of the nicest days? She fell to her hands and knees, shocked at how this happened and even more shocked to find herself on the verge of an orgasm. One like she had never felt before. Wave after wave, she rode the storm of that orgasm as it rolled over her, threatening to never stop….  
Here ends chapter one.

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Fri Jul 17, 2009 02:46

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Chapter two.  
  
Sand. All she could feel was the sand. It was between her toes, her fingers, under her knees, it’s rough texture a stark contrast to her delicate flesh, her swollen nipples, and engorged clitoris. The sand clung to her naked form. Unrelenting in its irritation. Every speck of dirt, every grain, a constant reminder that it was there. Her body, her inner most parts, parts that had never seen daylight, parts that had never been seen by anyone other that her doctor and Timmy, her date to the senior prom, were exposed, begging to be washed, to be cleaned, to be free from the constant discomfort.   
Tammy’s breathing was starting to become more controlled, more normal. She looked up from where she had collapsed, from where she has suffered the most exquisite humiliation she had ever endured. She could remember, in every sweet, glorious detail, the orgasm that had rocked her world. It was unlike anything she had ever experienced in her 24 years on this planet.   
Tammy lay there, collecting her breath, her thoughts and composure, biting her lower lip. A single tear rolled off her check. It wasn’t a tear of pain, of sorrow. It was a tear of understanding. Tammy recognized something about herself, about her needs, her desires. It was a tear of understanding herself in a way that she never knew. As enlightening as this revelation had been, it frightened her too. This was a feeling that was completely alien to her, to her upbringing, to the values her parents had instilled upon her.  
The tear was also for being frightened of never feeling anything as powerful as that again. Could she do that again if she wasn’t forced to? Did she have the guts to feel that way, to let her feel the humiliation of exposure, the tingle of allowing others to see her intimate inner self? She didn’t know. How could anyone know if they could do this?   
It was accidental. She didn’t deliberately set out today with the thoughts of getting naked on a public beach, yet there she was, not a few minutes ago, on her hands and knee’s, bent over like some common slut, a tramp as her mother had referred to a girl at the mall with the miniskirt on. Convulsing in the throws of one of the most intense orgasms she had ever dreamt of.   
Or did she. She hadn’t moved the entire time. Panic started setting in, Tammy realized that she hadn’t moved. She tried to stand up bur realized that she couldn’t. She couldn’t mover her hands, her feet, anything. Now she was more than scared. Why couldn’t she move? She struggled and fought in vain but it was like she was frozen to the ground.  
She could feel the sand that clung to her naked flesh, the sun that warmed her ass so prominently sticking up like a dog in heat, but could do nothing about it. She could feel the trickle of her juices as they slowly dripped down the inside of her thighs, tracing a line down to her knees only to disappear into the sand beneath her. In dismay, she could feel a tingle starting deep inside her womb. It was slowly building up again. Beads of sweat glistened her forehead and rolled down her neck, tickling between her breasts.   
Slowly, like an avalanche, her pulse raced. Her breathing sped up, coming in gasps. The more she fought it, the more inevitable it became. She could feel the fire burning in her belly. Her vision blurred, sun, sand, ocean and sky became a hazy film through which she could not see though. This orgasm was different from the first.   
It hit Tammy like an ocean. The orgasm slammed into her body making her convulse, wave after wave pounded her body. A few minutes later, it had subsided to waves rolling ashore, gentle waves that rolled in one after the other, constant yet gentle.  
Tammy felt something cold, cold and wet. She blinked, the sun hurting her eyes as she tried to adjust to her surroundings. It was mid-noon. Tammy had fallen asleep while sunning. ‘Wow” she thought. “That felt so real” she said softly to herself trying to shake the cobwebs from her eyes. She sat up to grab her water bottle again when the ocean breeze picked up.   
Tammy shivered as the breeze tickled her. But this felt different, cooler. As she sat there drinking her water, the breeze blew again. This time it felt a little too intimate. She gazed down at her bikini bottoms and saw that one side had become undone. Anyone sitting to her right was now getting a free show. Out of fear in showing pubic hairs, she had shaved it smooth. Now, shaving it was giving everyone around her a clear view of her baby smooth labia The biggest issue was that her dream had affected her more than she thought.  
Tammy looked down as she was quickly tying the string only to see that she was completely wet and had in fact, soaked her towel. Her labia was swollen and her clitoris sticking proudly out. ‘Oh my God”, she thought. All Tammy could think was that during her nap on the beach, what she had dreamt about had happened for real. What if she had fallen asleep and had those orgasms. Did I make any noises? Had she touched herself? Did anyone around her see her do something?  
Tammy’s mind started to race. She was mortified at the thought that she may have openly played with her pussy on a public beach during daylight. And then it started. In pure disbelief, Tammy started feeling something so familiar she could almost name it. Tammy could feel a tingle starting deep inside her womb. It was slowly building up. But this wasn’t a dream…  
Her ends chapter two

Tammy's day at the beach 3

Fri Jul 24, 2009 02:15

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It’s not that Tammy couldn’t believe this was happening. Quite the contrary, she new she could believe it. She had dreamt about it happening. The thought of her referring to it as ‘dreamt” surprised her. Did she mean dreamt? Hadn’t it been a nightmare? Either way, the realization of what had happened, what was happening and the inevitable outcome only seemed to heighten what she was feeling inside her. The thought of her being turned on was turning her on.  
  
All she could do was to try to put one foot in front of the other in the hopes of making it to the water before she came. Tammy’s breathing became labored, her knees grew weak and her vision blurred. It was only the splashing of cold water that let her know she had made it.  
  
She quickly tried to make it out past her knees so when she kneeled down, the water was above her hips. Tammy dropped to her knees a little too hard and ended up falling face forward, towards the beach and all the people What she hadn’t realized was that in her haste, the string holding her bikini bottom had not been tied correctly.  
  
Tammy’s senses where heightened, but in the wrong places. She could feel every shift in the waves, every ebb and flow. Waves coming to shore created a different sensation then the ones retreating. While the incoming waves made her back arch, it was the waves retreating that seemed to focus on her clitoris. Every one creating a suction effect, pulling her pink clit out of it’s hood.  
  
Where her senses failed her was the fact that as she was beginning to climax, the waves, with it’s strong undertow, had done it’s magic on the only side of the bikini bottom that remained tied. A big wave hit Tammy from the back pitching her forward onto her hands and knees. With every wave sending her closer and closer to an orgasm, the departing current was carrying her bottoms farther away.  
  
As she sat there on her hands and knees, waves splashing onto her exposed pussy, another big wave crashed over her. This wave ripped her bikini top up and over her head. The straps twisted around her arms, pinning them down. In a frantic move, Tammy tried to right herself and thinking that the straps were seaweed, flailed even more until her top drifted off behind her like her bottoms.   
  
Tammy flipped her hair back over her head so it would rest on her back. She was still coming down from the series of orgasms that had ravaged her body. She never knew that it was possible to have an orgasm without some kind of physical stimulation, but after having three in a row, she was a believer.  
  
She could feel her breathing become less and less forced. The pulsing she could feel in her temples was now gone. Although week in the knees, Tammy stood up to go back to her towel. The instant her breast and pussy cleared the water, she felt goose bumps stand out. Looking down, all Tammy could do is blink. Was her mind playing tricks on her? She stood there in disbelief.   
  
All she could see were her breasts, their bumpy pink areolas capped by rock hard nipples like the Swiss Alps. Her nipples were so hard and pointy that they actually hurt. Behind her a wave broke close to shore and the white top of it came just high enough to flick her sensitive clit. This woke her up to her plight.   
  
Tammy dropped back into the water far enough to cover her chest while standing up. She was now a prisoner held captive by the ocean. She reached up and felt each nipple, trying to coax them to relax but the more she pushed them in, the more aroused they became. She reached down between her legs and felt her clit, sending electric shocks though her. She wasn’t trying to play with her self, she just want to see just how much this was affecting.   
  
Her clitoris was fully aroused as well and poking out quite a bit from her hood. Mother Nature was playing some cruel trick on her. At least she had the ocean to protect her. She walked up and down the beach in the chest deep water looking for someone or something to help her but everywhere she looked all she could see were parents with young kids or toddlers. She didn’t want to be the one to corrupt such young and impressionable kids.  
  
Tammy walked further down the beach but found nothing. Reluctantly, she turned back from whence she came. It was only when she was 2o yrds away from her spot did something look wrong. “Oh God no…’” Tammy said under her breath. She could see her bag, which contained her keys, water and a few other items. What was missing was her only hope for something to cover up. Her towel…  
  
End chapter 3

Tammy's day at the beach 4

Wed Aug 12, 2009 01:30

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Sorry for the delay but I've been away for a week. Here is number 4. Hope you enjoy it...  
  
Tammy couldn’t believe it, her towel was missing, her bathing suit on it’s way to Davy Jones locker and all she had was a mesh bag, water and keys. This was too much for her to handle. Tears started to form and roll down her face. This should not be happening to her.  
While fantasizing, and even having three incredible orgasms about the thought of being stripped accidentally had pushed her limits, this was proving to be too much. She started getting a headache and her stomach started to tighten up on her. She felt like she was going to puke.  
What stopped her was something splashing next to her. When Tammy looked up to see what it was, she found herself looking at a volleyball. Some guy (as cute as he was) was motioning her to throw the ball. Out of fear of him swimming out, she moved towards the ball and scooped it up. As she threw it to shore, one breast came out of the water. If there was any doubt in her mind if he had seen it, it was his reaction that made her sure it had been noticed.   
She had thrown it so hard that she had lifted her right boob out of the water. The ball had hit him in the head as he stood there and stared. His friends were yelling at him to pick it up but he could not hear them. Slowly, he reached down and picked it up, the entire time not taking his eyes off of Tammy.  
It seemed to have a profound effect on Tammy as well. She stood there in water up to her shoulders staring back. It was something in his eyes that held her attention. While she could not put her finger on it, there was something about him, about his gaze, which Tammy couldn’t get out of her mind.  
After some time standing there, the sun began to set. There was a curfew on the beach and the beach patrol would soon be out. The families started packing up their chairs, towels, buckets and every other piece of play toy imaginable. The group of guys started tearing down the volleyball nets. As the beach started to empty out, Tammy ducked down into the water and creep closer to the shore.   
Tammy had a plan. She still had the two things she hoped would save her, her keys and a cell phone though she didn’t know whom to call. When she had made it as far as she could on her hands and knees, Tammy stopped and willed her legs to move. The plan was simple, run to shore, grab her bag and run back to the protection of the water. About one mile down the beach was a pier, two blocks and she was at the parking garage. If she could make it there, she just might make it out with her dignity.  
  
Tammy started to stand up and run, unfortunately, she had forgotten that she had spent the last couple hours in cold water and her legs just did not react the way she was hoping they would. She hit the beach and the breeze hit her. Because her legs were cold, they cramped up on her and she fell on the beach, again. Tammy made it to her bag and grabbed it. As she started to run back into the water, she noticed that her shoes were on the beach still. Out of fear and miscalculations, Tammy did not run back to get them. This was to be a decision she would soon regret.   
The reality of this both scared the hell out of her and yet caused butterflies to flutter in her stomach and even a little “south”. 15 minutes later and Tammy had reached the pier and was slowly making it up the north facing side. The southern side had a bar with two levels, one at beach level and one at the pier. Tammy knew this was not an option as the lights from the bar shone out on the beach.  
Fear and excitement, one or the other were dangerous but both were starting to become more of a burden then she could have ever thought. Tammy’s pulse was racing and every one of her senses were overwhelming her mind. She had steeled her nerves, and had thought every move out, had planned her route with the most amount of cover while accounting for the quickest path to the car.  
Tammy took her first tentative steps out of the shadows when something big hit her causing her to yelp in pain and sending her into the grassy area in front of the boardwalk. Her mind was swimming with stars as she tried to remember where she was. The sound of a male voice snapped her back to attention, “Holy shit. Hey everyone, look at this smokin’ hot chick, she’s ...in’ naked”.   
  
End chapter 4