**The Beach**

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This is from last year; something that lead to an even more deeply erotic encounter that I will never ever forget as long as I live. I am sitting on my towel on a beach in Cannes with my fiance. It is hot, but a cool breeze flutters in from the Mediterranean Sea. I am in these dark blue bikini shorts and a matching top. I am admiring my own legs; yes I am vein, and big headed, and big busted. Well, I'm a C-cup – not huge boobs I guess but they look bigger because I'm quite petite: ribs and waist that in comparison make my breasts look fuller. Anyway, I am letting the sun wash over me – it's lovely. Then I am wondering if I should go topless. It wouldn't usually be a dilemma but my fiance's friend Neil is staying with us for a couple of nights. He is swimming a short distance away. I know James won't mind. A few girls nearby are just in their bottoms. There's one woman in this little blue beach skirt nearby who James has been discretely eying for the past ten minutes. I think, okay, to hell with it – and I unhook my top.

It feels so sweet to have the air on my boobs; to be young; beautiful; to be a fair Indian girl with thick, straight, shining black hair and dark eyes, large round nipples, and not embarrassed to show off.

Neil comes out of the water – and his eyes nearly come out of his head. It's so funny, he actually stops in his sandy tracks and stares for a moment, eyes glued to my naked upper body.

'Meena. Wow.' He can't say anything else.

'Alright, Neil,' James says, 'just be natural. It's perfectly normal for women to be topless on the beach.'

'Yeah I know but...wow...you are a lucky guy, James. You're beautiful Meena.'

'Thank you. Now sit down and shut up.'

'Such gorgeous...' Neil wants to says tits or breasts but he hesitates; 'So nice,' he says.

We carry on as before. Neil chats as per normal but his eyes keep not-so-furtively popping down to make the most of my topless state. To get his fill. A guy comes round selling little cold glasses of wine and beer. We drink some cool white wine and my head feels light. As we banter I start to feel aroused. I like exhibitionism. I like how I look and how I feel. It's funny – what is taboo indoors is perfectly fine on a beach. Although once I did show my boobs to two boys playing strip poker. But that's another story. So I feel horny, but I also feel rather frustrated. The boys go for a swim – to cool off maybe

I wriggle a little in my shorts and as I move I feel my clit getting a little stimulated. I have butterflies. I close my eyes and have a little fantasy. I squirm a bit more in my little shorts. Oh, mmm. I wish that James would kiss my neck and my mouth, and I wish Neil would simultaneously kiss my tummy, my thighs. Oh god, I wish this were on a private beach. I feel suddenly very, very hot. I arch my back and lean back on my palms, imagining Neil teasing down my shorts, both boys now with hands on my legs; one either side of me, slowly sliding towards me, my shorts peeled off, they are kissing my legs, thighs, working their way up like good little puppies, spreading my thighs open, eager, panting. I start panting myself. I feel their hardness on my leg – both their cocks moving up towards me, their pre-cum I can feel on my leg, or so I imagine. My eyes are still closed. My mouth is open. Their mouths move up my body. There is a breast for each of them to kiss and suck. I moan. Has anyone ever had their breasts kissed by two boys at the same time? It feels lovely. Both boys kiss my neck, then one kisses me open-mouthed. Where is the other mouth? Whose is it? Oh my gosh, oh wow - it's between my legs – oh, ah, tongue licking my pussy lips, flicking, fucking, pushing inside. I want it. I open my eyes. Gosh - I MUST BEHAVE, be calm. I am all flush and rosy. Neil and James have returned from their swim. They are looking at me in a curious way. My skin is reddened - and not just from the sunshine; my chest is engorged, my big nipples hard. The boys too, I am sure of it, are rock hard because both are lying on their tummies in front of me. They see the change in my chest; my face. Shy. I feel wet. I am breathing quickly. The only thing for it is a cooling swim.

But later, I wonder if something will happen...

Later something does happen.

**The Beach Ch. 02**

It was a blisteringly hot week on the south coast of France. My fiancé and I had spent our days lunching at beachside hotels and shellfish restaurants, walking the promenade and looking out over the sea. Then after a few days James's friend Neil joined us from London.

That first day I went topless in front of both boys. I liked the attention and Neil's eyes almost burst seeing me. I fantasized about my fiancé and Neil both kissing me, loving me, fondling my body, but it wasn't until the next day that my hopes became something more solid.

We spent the whole day at the beach; a sweltering 85 degrees. I am half Indian but even my skin was dried out from the heat. Neil and James put a lot of lotion on themselves. I'm sorry, but I liked to see them rubbing the cream into their shoulders and chests, their legs and backs, to see them mess about in the sea like big kids

I went topless again, a lovely pert 32c among all the petite French teenagers and wrinkled old ladies, the cubby Germans and frigid English girls. I milked it. Yes, I reclined on my palms, the sun and their eyes upon my proud breasts. Even James stared at me, even when he'd seen me a hundred times before. And Neil stared too, photographing in his mind the outline and roundness of each boob, the large, perfection of my dark nipples, the superior brown fleshy soft sexiness of my naked bosom. I looked bigger than most girls because I am quite petite.

After the beach we went for dinner, then returned home and showered. I was last to shower.

I emerged from the bathroom wearing nothing but a long white petticoat and a white-cropped top. My bare arms and midriff were a little red from the sun. I stood in the kitchen area, running a comb through my wet hair. Neil and James glanced over from the sofa. It may have been hot in the flat but why did I wear such a skimpy outfit? Why such a transparent top? My top was a particularly tight fitting one, and with my long black hair, brown legs and curvy figure I looked sensational. Sorry. I'm a big head. Feeling attractive made my nipples hard, and I think they must have made small indents in the cotton top. Was I showing off? Yes. Exhibiting my chest with no bra and loving the attention. Exerting my power over the boys? Yes. Feeling gorgeous and horny? Yes. Thinking I was IT. Yes.

I sat down at the table and glugged a glass of wine down. Dutch courage? For what? Neil and James were both showered and in their underwear, plus a t-shirt. We had fans but it was still damn hot.

A bottle of fizzy-stuff exploded and we drank Champagne on the sofa. I sat between the boys. I felt great. But a little sore. I took some Nivea and applied it to my neck and collarbone, my arms, tummy and to my legs. 'A bit dry,' I said. We continued to chat, drink and watch TV. I confessed that my boobs were sore from the sun. Neil and James were sore too and applied 'After Sun' to their faces and shoulders.

'Meena?'

'Yes?'

Neil was about to ask me a very, very cheeky question.

'If you are happy to be topless on the beach, why not be topless now?'

'Why would I want to be topless now?' I asked. I wasn't offended, just curious. James did not seem too bothered either by this brazen assertion.

'If you're sore, if you're uncomfortable, you should not think that just because I am here...'

I felt somewhat affronted at Neil's forward impudence. I glanced and James. He shook his head and smiled. He did not object. I suddenly, spontaneously, shockingly did something rather rash. 'Okay,' I exclaimed, a little angry, 'I could do with some Nivea.'

I quickly, maybe a bit drunkenly, lifted up my cropped top and cast it aside. I sat there all of a sudden in just my petty-skirt. My chest was heaving. My emotions were running high. I took some moisturiser and applied a little to the tops of my boobs, then carried on as normal.

In this way we three carried on as if all was normal. Neil and James chatted across me; we shared comments, watched French TV, and sipped our wine. To tell you the truth I was feeling amazingly aroused. Can you imagine? Such sexy freedom and comfort, sitting in ones skirt and nothing else? I took more Nivea. I applied it fully to my chest. I enjoyed the cool cream on my nipples, the relief, the interest this action inspired, the way my tits looked, the way I felt between my legs, the way my clit seemed to tingle even though I hadn't touched it.

Both boys I am certain were hard as beach rocks.

Neil again plucked up his courage. 'Meena?'

'Yes?'

'Do you feel sore? On your breasts I mean? '

James was silent. Had he and his friend pre-arranged some sort of prank or dare?

'Not really,' I said. I looked down at my bare chest -- they looked fuller, more tanned, and more proud than they had done ever. God I looked fit.

'So it doesn't hurt to touch them?'

'No.'

'Can I touch them?'

I paused. I turned my head to my fiancé. He looked back at me, blank, and made no comment. Right, I thought, fuck you James and fuck you Neil. I don't care anymore: 'Yes, Neil, sure, you can touch them...'

The next thing I knew Neil's hand was on my left breast, and then he was cupping it, then wet-fingering my nipple, then he was pressing his mouth on the shoulder, his mouth on my tit, his mouth over my breast. Oh gosh. It felt weird but amazing some strange man on my chest, his hands on my body, my arm, my arms, my tummy. I just sat there, passive, expectant, sexy... I started to breathe heavy. My gosh, Neil's mouth was working expert on my nipple, tingling me now with his tongue. His hand was on my stomach, below my stomach, beneath my petticoat. I looked at James. My fiancé was preparing himself -- he was taking off his t-shirt; I could see inside his pants he was hard as hard could be.

Then two hands from two boys. James was between my legs. My petticoat was pushed up over my knees. I parted my legs and allowed James between them. I arched my back and allowed Neil to rub his hand just above the pubic hair of my pussy. I was losing it; losing control.

I remember at one point James had his finger inside me. So wet. In out in out. Oh gosh! His other hand was stroking my right hip, up along my body, to the base of my boob. Then on my breast. Oh fuck. Neil then had his hand on my nipple, his hand on my arm, and his mouth on my mouth -- I opened my lips for him, wet dreamy French kisses together -- and at the time James was fingering me, another hand on my stomach and his mouth, Oh, oh baby, his mouth licking my clit while he fingered me. It was like an octopus was fucking me...

Neil -- my finances' best friend - lazily lay down on his back -- naked now - his throbbing 7.5 inch cock upright and to attention - his middle-aged body at my mercy - and as if we'd been rehearsing it for months I naturally positioned myself astride him. 27 years old. He is over 40. I moved above him. He ran two hands down my sides and hips, moved up to buttocks and before I knew it I could feel his big cock hard at the opening of my pussy.

I can't tell you how easily that monster thing eased into me. Oh god.

'Ah!' I exclaimed with genuine joy. 'Oh. Oh yeah.' I hadn't expected him to feel sooooo fucking nice. I moved gently up and down on him, vaguely aware that James was just behind me, watching my back, watching my bare frame totally connected to another man. Did he put a hand on my back? On my bottom? I don't recall. It was like I was riding on a massive dildo, but the dildo had hands, and those hands were rubbing my tits, holding my hips as if scared i'd move. Oh god, I was cuming. And so soon. I wished it would last longer. 'Oh Neil. Oh that's so good...oh yes.' It seemed so natural, so everyday, so perfect. I felt so damn sexy. I could see Neil was goggling my body; eyes bulging as his cock was bulging. I could sense his excitement. 'Yes, oh fuck yes, are you gonna cum?' I was losing myself in the experience, my body was going limp, and I slumped forward, no longer the assertive, upright sex goddess, but the weak and submissive orgasm -- and as I rested on him, he pushed and pushed -- 'oh yes baby...yes Neil...' His cock felt very very different. Bigger. Yes. But also different completely. Oddly. And he pushed and pushed and groaned and we came together -- he came uncontrollably inside me, I felt it, his spunk, his hot cum. Oh wow. Just writing it now gives me goosebumps. Oh wow. Mmmmm my. Mmmmm yes. I feel it. Fuck me, Neil. And his face was like in pain and he groaned like a little boy who is denied sweeties. Meena! Fuck. Oh god, Meena! And I lay ontop of him -- and I looked over at James beside me.

James was sitting there, a spare wheel, awkward, just beside me. His cock was in his hand, but his pants were still on. 'I am spent, James,' I said, exhausted, speechless almost.

Neil pulled himself out and moved away from me. He left me limp on my tummy on the sofa. I felt bad for James. 'Come here,' I said, and I opened my mouth for him.

His cock is in my mouth. It was harder than usual. He was moaning louder than usual. I thought he was going to cum straight away but he pulled out, moved quickly and held me by the arms. He gripped me roughly. He wasn't usually rough. He pushed me onto my back and lay me on the sofa beneath him. I looked over at Neil. He was in the armchair. Naked. Holding his dark, moist, flaccid cock. James pinned me down, opened my legs and entered me with his hardness. Could I have another orgasm? Probably not. Not so soon. James pushed rapid and aggressive. It felt...oh gosh James. The thought of him cuming in me as well. I felt like a nasty little bitch. James was already cuming; cuming on his friend's cum. Oh my god, cum on his cum, I could feel Neil's cum oozing out of me, just as I sensed and heard James cum in me. Two boys.

Oh wow. I am such a dirty, horny, lovely little slut. Oh wow. It was, I swear, the horniest experience of my life.