**Wild Beach Day – Memorial Day**

by Emjanss

*23 year old Becky regrets not having wild days in college.*

This is a fantasy of a woman living a fantasy

"Becky, why am I doing this?" I asked myself again. I was at the beach, along the gulf shore. I was laying on my back, topless, on my towel. I could hear the waves lapping the shore coming in and out. I could hear the gulls as they flew down the beach a ways to where there were more people to drop food for them. I could turn my head to the left and see the people. But they were far enough off that I couldn't make out any features, they certainly couldn't see my, um, features either. I was several yards from the shore, closer to the dunes actually, but if someone were to take a walk along the waters edge I would have no to place to hide. That's why I walked about 40 minutes from the parking lot to find my spot. Surely it was unlikely that anyone would walk that far just for a place to put a blanket. I know folks sometimes jog along the shoreline, but that's why I'm here in the middle of the day since most folks who are jogging go closer to dawn or dusk when it's cooler. I was more interested in the possibility of being spotted that I was in actually being discovered.

I was reading a book on my tablet before I interrupted myself. I answered myself: I was doing this because I never did anything like it when I was supposed to and to

E was running out to be young and stupid. I was almost 24 years old and never had a wild streak. In high school I was a good girl in a religious school. In college I used my spring breaks for internships and vacations with my family. I did date in college, but monogamously. I had a handful of relationships, with sex, that lasted a few months. I learned in my freshman year that I liked sex. Maybe not the act itself, but I did like how it brought me and my partner closer together. I learned to give head both as foreplay or as the main course so to speak when I was having my period. Once one boyfriend convinced me to have another girl join us, but I felt mostly ignored that night and he left me for her shortly afterwards so conclusion can be drawn. After graduation, I had a couple of one night stands. In both cases I was hoping to have a second date but I was ghosted. After that I vowed never to sleep with a man on the day I met him. Since then, I haven't had a lot of second dates.

All that to say, it was very out of my comfort zone to out on a public beach with my tits uncovered. So when I asked myself "Why am I doing this?" I knew the answer, "I needed to." I was not satisfied with living a 23 year old life that was already not deviating from the routine. I woke up, took a shower, had breakfast, brushed my teeth, went to work, went home, watched TV then went to bed. Saturday and Sunday I replaced work with shopping, cleaning and laundry and a phone call to mom. I was too young to be so old.

But today was different. Memorial Day, start of summer, a Monday with no routine. So I decided to be wild for the day. I came to the beach, brought a steamy Krista Wolf novel to read on my tablet. And I took my top off on a public beach. I spent the first 3 chapters laying face down, but I rolled over 2 chapters ago and the warm sun felt great. I stretched and took a sip of my water. I needed to apply sunscreen or I would burn, so I did. About 10 minutes later I was back in my book imagining myself on a fabulous dinner date with a handsome stranger and after that dinner - what a night. Nights like that didn't happen to girls like me.

I kept reading. I didn't notice the jogger running along the shore line until she was pretty close. When she reached the beach in front of me she stopped, paused for a moment, then started walking directly to me. A few seconds later she was standing in front of me, the sun over her right shoulder, she was silhouetted and it was hard to make out her features. She had on sandals, running shorts, a sports bra and sunglasses. "Excuse me." She said to me.

I had thought about dozens of way I might get discovered, but never did a single woman says 'excuse me' come up in any of my predictions. "Hello" I replied, it was my voice, but wasn't really sure where it came from.

"I don't mean to intrude, but I haven't seen you before so I think you might be new here. I thought I'd suggest that you might consider moving down the beach a little ways."

I couldn't really comprehend what she was saying and didn't reposted, she paused then continued, "I hope you don't mind the interruption, but if you moved past those posts there you will be out of the city and the local cops won't bother you."

"Posts?" I asked.

"Yes those posts there." She pointed and I turned my head and saw the cement fence posts, about 3 feet tall. I hadn't noticed them before but I stopped here because the sand wasn't as pretty a little further down. It seemed that the posts might be the dividing line on a manicured beach or one more wild.

My mind was overcoming the weirdness of the situation, I'm laying topless, tits up facing a stranger who was talking to me about important things like we were in an office. What is she's telling me about the cops? I asked, "Wait, what about the cops?"

She stopped talking and restarted. "Here" she said pointing at the beach around them, "you are in the city. This is classified as a family friendly park, and your current, um, attire would likely get you a ticket or perhaps even arrested. But if you go over there." She pointed to the beach past the posts, "you'd be out of the city and subject to the state laws and the sheriff's department to enforce them. And I can guarantee the sheriff won't be sending any deputies down here about your tits."

"Oh I didn't know that." I replied.

"Shall we get you moved then?" She offered her hand to me I took it and she helped me to my feet. I was now standing topless on the beach. She reached down and picked up my beach bag, I bent down and got my towel. I reached for my bag in her hand but she said "I can carry this." I followed her back to the shoreline and walked beside her as we headed down the beach. After a few seconds of silence she spoke again, "I hope you don't mind me asking, and you don't need to answer, but I have to ask... 'Why?'" She gestured towards my bare chest.

"I've been asking myself the same question all day. But I think it's just something I had to do. I've never done anything wild. All in college I was pretty nerdy. Spent my spring breaks on internships or getting them. I think I just needed to do something wild."

"Well, you look beautiful." She openly looked my body over, "I remember when my boobs were firm like that. Enjoy them while you can." She stopped walking. "What about over here?" She pointed to a rather large area where the sand was pretty clean. "I think this is one of the places where the local college kids have their bonfires. I bet they'll let you join if you wanted to."

We walked towards the spot. "Will you be there? At the bonfire?"

"No, my husband wouldn't approve. My wild days are behind me. And I had them so I totally understand this." She gestured at me again, "But if you want to have one of those wild college nights you missed out on, it could be just the ticket for you." She put my bag down. "Have a good afternoon. I hope you have the day you are looking for. You probably should put on some more sunblock. Skin that hasn't see the sun before burns pretty easily."

I put down my towel and said goodbye to my friend. I looked in my bag. I saw my bikini top there and thought about putting it on, but it seemed odd to move here to be topless in peace and then not actually be topless, so I took out my sunscreen and applied a generous portion to my torso then lay down and resumed my book. The heroine in the book had a second date with a second man, and then a third date with a third man. She took each man to her bed and I tried to imagine the feeling of their tongue on me, how it would feel to fill by their manhood. The next chapter was about her debating how to choose one of them but her girlfriend told her that it would be unfair for any of them to make her decide between them after one date. Some day she'll need to decide, but not yet. So she spoke with each date, told her that she wasn't ready to be exclusive with them yet, and when they agreed, she scheduled dates with each of them. I almost laughed out loud when two of them showed up at her apartment on the same night. She was cooking for one when the other rang her bell to take her out to a restaurant. She treated him with a kiss when the bell range mistaking him for the date she was cooking for. While they were kissing hello her other date arrived. A little discussion and they soon realized she had her dates confused and planned dates with both of them at the same time. Neither wanted to give up their date so the convinced her to date them both at once like on the Bachelorette. After dinner they sat on the couch and began a kissing contest. She alternated between them, with each kiss taking things a step further. A hand on her waist, a hand on her tit, a hand under her skirt. The skirt's zipper pulled down. Her blouse opened. Her bra removed. They stripped her as they kissed her. They licked her nipples.They fingered her clit. As the chapter ended, they had both fucked her at the same time. My cunt was soaked, my hand had found its way under my own waistband and I seriously considered giving myself an orgasm right there on the beach. But I stopped myself.

In hindsight I should have finished myself off and gone home, or just gone home then finished myself. I didn't. I decided to go into the water to cool myself off. I walked down to the shore, waded in until the water came to my chest then started floating just letting the chilly water cool me down. It was still May, so the water was cool. But it was what I needed after all the heat of the day and the heat from my book. I leaned back and put my hair in the water. Everything but my face. I noticed I had drifted a little close to the city line so I stood up and started heading back to my stuff. I saw there were two men? Boys? In tee shirts and trunks carrying a cooler from the dunes towards my blanket. They didn't seem to notice me, but they put their cooler down a few feet from my stuff and then went over to my bag. It looked like they were going through my bag! I started running! "Hey! That's my stuff!" I shouted towards them. I then learned another thing about being topless. It's hard to run uphill, on a sandy beach with your tits bouncing around.

As I got a little closer, waving my arms and shouting they finally noticed me. "This yours?" They yelled to me, I could hear them pretty clearly. The sun was behind me so I don't think they realized I was topless right away.

"Yes" I tried to yell back, but I didn't think they heard me. Eventually I gave them a thumbs up and they just stood there watching me approach. It wasn't too long before they knew what I was and more importantly was not wearing and they were not shy about where they were looking and I really had nowhere to hide. I reached them, out of breath. I managed to say, "This is my stuff." And knelt down on my towel. One of them retrieved my water bottle from the top of my bag and handed it to me and I sat down and eagerly drank from it. I looked them over. They wore matching tee shirts with three Greek letters on them. The cooler had the same letters. I figured these were college fraternity boys, maybe nineteen years old, twenty at most.

One of them started petting my shoulder, telling me to relax and breathe and drink slowly. The other one had begun to massage my calves. I didn't ask him to do it but damn it felt good. Running in the sand is hard. I handed my water bottle to the one still petting my shoulder, he put it down in the sand and took out something else from my bag. "Just lay down and let us care for you." He said it so sweetly and I was still recovering from my run so I didn't think to object. I just did what I was told. My feet were once again out and facing the shoreline, this time a pair of hands were rubbing them.

I felt something cool on my belly and almost sat upright, but he said, "Relax, its just your sunscreen. Close your eyes and I'll take care of you." He started rubbing my belly, then my torso. The four hands on my body in the warm sun felt really good. The hands on my calves had moved to my thighs and the hands on my torso had just cupped my boobs. My eyes opened under my sunglasses, but just as quickly his has were on my sides again.

I forced myself to relax. I told myself, 'Maybe it was a mistake.' Then I swallowed answered myself 'I hope it wasn't. This is what you wanted, yes? A wild time. Letting two frat boys feel you up is certainly wild.' I was enjoying the rub down. I resolved to myself that I was going to let them touch me. I was going to let them choose how they would give me pleasure because it felt really good so far. Hands came back to my tits and this time I didn't flinch. They stayed longer. The third time they pinched my nipples. I actually smiled. The hands on my thighs reached my waist. They untied the knots of my bikini on my hips. I lifted my butt up briefly so he could finish undressing me. His fingers found my folds, then he slid a finger into me, then two. He spread my legs for easier access. I let him. He cupped my mons while two fingers slid in an out. Meanwhile a pair of lips had found mine. Our tongues entwined as hands continued to knead my breasts. I was getting the adventure i wanted..

The fingers penetrating me stopped. I broke off the kiss to say, "Don't stop" my voice trailed off.

"I'm not stopping." I heard the voice from my feet reply, "Just repositioning."

"Good." I answered with barely a whisper before my mouth was covered again. I closed my eyes under my sunglasses. I felt the pressure against my pussy again. It slid over my clit before it found my opening and slid in. He was two inches deep before I realized that this time it was his cock in me and not his fingers. I was actually getting fucked on the beach and I was letting it happen. Being found by as attractive guy was one of the possibilities I considered and I wasn't sure I would react before it happened, but now that it was a reality I was determined to enjoy the moment. I wrapped my legs around him and pulled him deeper into me. For once the woman in the story was me. Two studs we here at the beach giving me pleasure. My hand was guided to the crotch of the second man. I gently started to stroke the cock I found there.

The lips against mine pulled off mine. "Turn her over," they said. The cock pulled out of me and I was repositioned on all fours. Behind me he wasted no time in filling my cunt again. I swear he was reaching deeper in me than before. The second cock was brought to my lips. I opened my mouth to lick the tip and it slid in. He slid out as hands from behind pulled my hips into the guy behind me. But the cock found my lips again and slid in deeper. My sunglasses were removed then hands on the back of my head guiding my mouth along that shaft until his short hairs were in my nostrils. I was now truly the girl in my book. Sandwiched between the two men, both fucking me. I didn't need to think and could simply enjoy the moment as they were in control of my body between them. The hands behind me were on my tits, squeezing them and using them to pull me onto him.

"I'm getting close" the voice behind me said.

"Me too. Let's bukkake her."

I felt the cocks pull out of me and my head was lifted up. I opened my eyes and saw both cocks just inches from my face. My hands were brought up to the shafts and I started stroking their lengths. They held the base of their cocks leaving me just the bulbous tips to work with. I alternated between them licking one while running my fingers over the others then switching. I tried to vary what I was doing with each, sometimes sucking. Sometimes licking. Sometimes coming straight on. Sometimes coming from the side. I was running out of ideas when one of the cocks was pulled from my hand.

"Here I come." I looked in that direction and a spurt of cum erupted from the clock and landed on my face. Followed by another then a third.

"Me too," said the other guy and a felt his spunk land on my cheek. I faced him and he came on me as well.

When they were both done they pulled their shorts up from their thighs. I knelt before these two fraternity brothers, "Um, thanks." One of them stammered.

"What do we have here?" A new voice. It was loud, without shouting. The fraternity brothers turned to face it. I looked too and he saw me too.