Bare Beach Girl's Secret

by aichiyu Â©

It was a hot July day. I had decided to visit a long white-sand beach on

an island off Florida, near where I was staying at the time. Wearing just

a pair of brown shorts, I swam across the narrow channel separating one

beach from the other, and made my way through the piles of driftwood and

tropical vegetation to the broad band of white sand stretching out south.

Along the way I passed a few nudists, mostly solitary men but a few

couples. I just kept walking; I wasn't into seeing men or couples -- it

was a single woman I was seeking. Once I cleared the nude end of the

beach, I breathed a sign of relief. The long, slender beach stretched out

in front of me, empty as a dry bone.

I loved this beach. The waves from the Gulf of Mexico lapped it like lips

licking something delicious. I knew my chances of finding a solitary girl

here were small; but if I couldn't do that, the next best thing was to be

able to be absolutely alone. So I walked, a mile or so, and never saw a

soul.

Finally I reached a point where the beach widened slightly, and I had an

expansive view north and south. Offshore, a small sailboat drifted

languidly in the salty sea; overhead seabirds circled, no doubt hoping for

an easy lunch from those onboard. I sat down on the sand, my back against

a log, and squinted at the boat. Was it my imagination or was that a naked

woman lying on the bow?

The boat ever so slowly edged northward, and I lay back, shielding my eyes

against the sun. Since no one was around, I decided to slip off my shorts

and let the sun warm my entire body. I knew I looked good â€“ six feet tall,

lean, in the best shape I'd been since a teenager. I turned over to let

the sun warm my behind, and started fantasizing about a woman, a lovely

woman suddenly materializing on this beach.

Here, I should slow down and explain. A few years earlier, about three I

think, I'd been wandering right on this very beach when I'd met a woman

from Ohio, down for a break from college, and she was as hot as anyone I'd

ever seen in my life. As I approached her, from the same direction as I

took today, she had removed a see-through, skimpy top from her naked body

and lay back on the sand. We flirted for a while, she eyed my cock, which

was hard as a rock inside these same shorts I was wearing today, but for

some reason I couldn't close the deal. Any guys out there know what I

mean? This woman was beautiful and she clearly wanted to be fucked, but I

blew it, and let the opportunity pass me by, though I'd regretted it ever

since (obviously).

Truth is, I was conflicted and somewhat guilty, pursuing this obsession of

mine, finding single naked women ready for sex on this remote beach,

because I had a partner, yet I kept coming back, wanting to make it

happen, maybe just for the thrill.

As my memory of that other episode sent blood rushing toward my genitals,

my cock started unfurling and I turned over. As I did so, and this is the

absolute truth, what at first I thought might be an apparition appeared

nearby. It was a girl, a young, skinny girl, in a black bikini, with a big

towel, holding it up and shaking it conspicuously, then she dropped it and

ran into the shallow waters of Gulf nearby.

I was as every much as embarrassed as I was excited. This woman had

clearly seen me naked, including my erection. And, rather than running

away, she had acted in a way I found provocative, because she had removed

her bikini top, and was now splashing around topless in the warm Gulf

surf.

I stood up, pulled on my shorts over my now painfully engorged cock, and

walked down to the water's edge. She was a little ways down from me, so I

eased into the water and slowly worked my way closer to her, never taking

my eyes off her pretty breasts and long dark hair. As I got close she

ducked under water and came up tying her top back into place.

"Hi," I said. She smiled back at me. "You almost caught me topless," she

flirted. "I did catch you topless," I said. She smiled again and twirled

around in the surf.

"Isn't there a nude beach somewhere around here?" she asked. I heard the

soft drawl in her accent, this was clearly a Southern girl I was closing

in on. Plus, she was very young â€“ maybe 20, I guessed.

"Down there," I indicated the direction I had come from. There are a bunch

of naked people there. "But this better here," I added.

"How so?"

"Less crowded." Just then, out of the soft mist that, I saw a couple

people strolling along the beach. Damn! Oh well, they wouldn't be able to

see below the surface, which is where I hoped some action would be

developing very soon, between me and this very hot young woman.

"Where you from?"

"Ocala." I liked the way she said that.

By the time the beach walkers passed and continued toward the nude end of

the beach, we had drifted apart perhaps 15 feet or so.

"I like swimming nude," she ventured, smiling slyly at me once again. "It

feels good."

"Like this?" I held up my shorts, which I had stripped off earlier in

order to free my yearning cock, which exposed in the warm salt water was

steadily growing in length and breadth, anticipating a big sexual release

very, very soon.

She smiled and turned away, then once again stripped off her top. The soft

waves rose and fell, whenever the water level went down a notch her pretty

breasts were bared to my view, either from the side or from straight on,

as she continued to dance around in the water.

My heart was pounding. It was time to make my move. I dove under the water

and raced to close the gap between us, surfacing right next to her. As I

did so, underwater, I saw her pretty legs and the small piece of black

material that stood between me and her tight little pussy. She turned to

face me. Her nipples stood straight out at me, begging for my touch. With

my free hand I was all over them, then I wanted more, so I looped my

shorts partway up one leg, hoping they wouldn't escape in the surf, and

grabbed one tit in each hand. Though small, they were just as advertised â€“

soft, white (against her suntanned neck and tummy), firm, and perky. I

kneaded both breasts and then opened my mouth to start kissing her.

"I hope you don't mind," I mumbled. She only moaned in response, as our

mouths crashed together in a violent kiss. I kissed her over and over. My

arms were around her now, and she was clinging to my naked body, her hands

(one holding her top) were roaming over the muscles on my shoulders and my

back. One of her hands snuck down to my naked bottom, bringing a new

shiver of delight as she squeezed me there. This girl might be young, but

she seemed to know how to make love.

I was madly kissing her face, her eyes, her hair and her breasts. I took

first one nipple, then the other, between my lips to kiss and bite. I

mouthed her whole breast, one at a time. My cock was pressing into her

belly button, I pulled back and then pointed it lower, straight at her

pussy through the thin cloth of her bikini bottoms. Then I slid my hands

down her back under her suit. Her bottom felt delightful and I felt my

cock surge to a new level of hardness. I love girl's bottoms, small, tight

but soft, round and fleshy yet firm and ever so palpable.

Now I had her suit lowered in back but not yet in front. That would be the

last frontier, but there would be no stopping me now. Not that she wanted

me to stop.

This girl from Ocala was obviously lost in the pleasure of the moment, far

from offering resistance, she was gently, even violently urging me on now,

wriggling against me, pressing all of her body up and down against my

naked frame. My excitement was so extreme I barely noticed that another

beach-walking couple had come into view; suddenly this spot didn't feel so

secluded after all. She noticed them at the same time as I did, and we

fell away from each other for a moment, panting. We stood in water up to

our chests, perhaps a foot apart, and I noticed she was around six or

eight inches shorter than me. The tops of her bare breasts were visible;

we were maybe 20 feet offshore, and she crouched down ever so slightly to

let our visitors pass. She was smiling at me, and I thought about how

pretty her face was. Just a nice, open expression on this young woman,

playful, nothing hidden, nothing sleazy, just a nice girl about to have

sex with a total stranger in the Gulf of Mexico.

I wondered who she was, what was going on, why this was happening. Was

this a fantasy she'd anticipated, as it was for me? Was this something she

did often? I didn't ask her a thing, however, we just waited for the

others to get out of the way so we could jump back onto each other. I

glanced at the couple as they were parallel to us, and noticed they both

were looking our way. The woman was attractive, in her 20s, the guy

similar. Both wore swimsuits and were in good shape, sun-tanned. Maybe

locals. But they seemed onto us. When they were a few steps past, I forgot

them, however, and grabbed the girl again. She was ready; this time she

jumped right up into my arms, wrapping her legs around my waist. I stood

her down long enough to yank her bikini bottoms down, and slip them over

my left arm, where I also now had moved my own swimsuit, so as not to lose

either one. She still had her top looped over one of her shoulders.

My cock was close to the bursting point as I jammed it into her wide open

pussy. She was so small and tight, but, of course, very wet, probably a

combination of ocean water and her own juices. Her thin, lithe body felt

light as air in my arms, but of course she was floating in salt water at

the time. Still, I doubt she weighed much over 100 pounds. My penis

extended all the way into her and hit against the back of her vagina,

which was already contracting around me as I pounded in and out of her. In

the excitement, we had sort of edged up onto a sidebar, and now I realized

I was only in waist-deep water, and her naked body was completely visible

above the water line. I rotated her slightly to see the couple now perhaps

30 feet up the beach looking back at us and smiling. They were certainly

getting an eyeful, and they didn't seem to mind! The guy's hand was

already playfully roaming over the woman's bottom, and it looked like she

might be grabbing him in front, I wasn't sure.

Whatever, I kept my main attention on this wonderful fucking I was

getting. I had never screwed a stranger before, and this was also my

fondest fantasy â€“ something I'd dreamed of happening for years. I was

holding a beautiful naked girl in my arms, fucking her with all of my

strength, under the afternoon sun, in full view of other strangers, who

were clearly turned on by what they saw. It was heaven.

This went on for some time. The voyeur couple disappeared behind some sea

grass, no doubt to continue to spy on us a little less obviously and

probably engage in some action of their own. At this point, I didn't care

if a bus load off tourists showed up, nothing was going to stop me from

climaxing into this young girl's tight-stretched pussy. I fucked and

fucked and fucked. She bucked against me, screaming out loud now as her

own pleasures overtook her. We were two animals, mating in the surf.

My orgasm was explosive. It felt like I shot my whole insides into her.

She convulsed around the same time, pressing her whole being into me as

orgasms shook her as well. It was glorious.

Afterwards, I set her down and said, "Thank you." Then I tried a lame

joke, "I hope there aren't any sharks around here!" (As if she might be a

virgin...)

"What?" she said, a little startled.

We both got our suits back on, and I soon realized I had to return to

catch my ride home. I wasn't sure what to say, but I tried this: "Sorry,

I've got to go. Thank you."

She just smiled and waved goodbye. When I looked back she was still

swimming around in the shallows, with a nice smile on her face.

Although I returned many times to that beach, I never saw her again. But

I've never forgotten her, either.