**Beach Exploration**

by Illicit Writer

Clutching her unfastened bikini top, Missy flipped over

to her stomach, feeling the sun's warmth seep into her

body. She inhaled, filling her lungs with air before

slowly exhaling. The tensions, problems flow away and

she could feel her body relax for the first time in

ages. This day off was a good idea... a very good idea.

"Need some suntan oil on your back?"

Startled, Missy lifted her head and fluttered open her

eyes. A tall, masculine figure loomed over her. He

smiled, his hands rubbing together, glistening with oil.

"Ummm..." She cleared her throat to refuse, but before

she could anything more, he knelt and she feel strong

hands on her back. Her last vestige of resistance melted

away as his hands moved up to her neck, kneading,

pushing her head back to the towel.

The hands continue to massage her neck and shoulders. It

felt so good and she allowed herself to fall into those

strong hands.

"What's your name?"

"Missy."

"Missy..." His deep voice coddled her name. "Unique. It

fits the woman."

His hands delved down the spine, his fingers pressing

into her muscles so deep it bordered on pain. But

somehow, it caused her to relax instead of tensing up.

As he got to the base of her back, she was surprised at

the disappointment growing within her. Disappointed that

this stranger would soon be done touching she.

Disappointed that this encounter would soon be over.

His hands move back and forth along the bottom of her

back and then just a bit further down. They danced just

below the top of her bathing suit. She bit her bottom

lip and said nothing. The hands stopped, but stayed

touching her. She felt just how far his fingers were

under her suit and she began to blush.

The fingers withdrew, slowly and sensually, and then his

touch was gone. She began to lift her head to thank him

when electric pleasure shot through her body. He had put

his hand on her pussy in the middle of this public

beach!

She knew she should tell him to stop. His fingers move

up and down against her lips before stopping at her

clit. He pressed hard, almost roughly, and she felt

herself get wet in response.

"Missy, I think you need more than suntan lotion. Am I

right?"

She froze, unsure. Two fingers embrace her clit and he

began to squeeze. Hot pleasure radiated within her body.

"Missy, I am not going to ask again."

With closed eyes, she nodded her head and whispered,

"Yes."

"What?" His voice cracked like a whip.

She spoke louder, "Yes, I do."

He chuckled and his fingers continued their massage,

building her pleasure. Suddenly he stopped and stood up.

"Follow me."

She instinctively reached back to refasten her top.

"No. Don't."

Her hands froze at his command, and she looked up at him

questioningly, but saw that he was already striding

away. She scrambled up, clutching her top. She looked

around to see if anyone noticed the erotic encounter.

Thankfully, it appeared to have gone without notice.

People played in the water, lay on the beach, farther

down a beach volleyball game was in full swing. She saw

a couple of teen age boys leer at she, but then teen age

boys were always leering.

The stranger was still walking away and she had to run

to catch up. As she got even with him, he put a strong

arm across her shoulder and pulled her in close. She

wanted to ask where he was taking her, but nerves

fluttered in her stomach. Excitement thrilled through

her at her surprising submission.

She climbed a gentle rise that dipped into a hollow. A

backpack leaned askew and a purple towel was spread out.

With his arm still encircling her, he confidently led

her down into the hollow. He spun her towards him and

kissed her deeply, passionately. She put her arms around

him, forgetting about her top. She felt it drop, but

left it, caught up in the moment.

His strong fingers twined through her hair. With a swift

motion, he pulled her head back. She gasped in surprise

and passion before realizing that his gaze had travelled

down staring at her heaving breasts. They had filled out

at an early age and since then she had had a love/hate

relationship with them ever since. She started to cover

herself.

"No."

His command instantly stopped her and she stare at the

ground, trying to fight the embarrassment. At 42, she

knew they drooped more than she liked and while she

worked out, her body just wasn't as tight as it had once

been.

"You are beautiful." Missy blushed in pleasure. "Now,

let's see if I was right about you."

She was puzzling that out when she felt him grip her

hair harder, pushing her down. She could only drop to

her knees and she became aware she was level with his

crotch, the swimsuit not doing much to hide his

erection.

"You know what to do."

Unable to meet his gaze, her fingers reached up and

untied his swim suit. After she tugged it down, his

thick cock popped out. She barely had time to register

this, before he pulled towards him, plunging his cock

deep into her mouth. Her mouth was filled with hot meat

and to the point of gagging. She clutched his waist as

he roughly pulled her back and forth, almost fucking her

mouth.

"Good girl... what a hot mouth you have."

Missy felt warm pleasure growing in her groin once again

and she realized that she was being turned on by this.

She looked up and see him staring down at her with lust

filled eyes. He then looked around him and smiled. She

felt another thrill as she realized he could see the

beach while he stood. She hoped she was low enough to be

blocked by the dune but didn't dare ask. Then, he pulled

his cock out of her mouth with a pop.

"Lick my balls."

Eagerly, her tongue curled around his sack. She felt his

testicle slide beneath the warm skin and she suck it

into her mouth. His hand tightened in pleasure and she

heard his breath hiss. The need she felt to please him

was strong and confusing. She had never felt such a

strong desire to submit... to serve before. She moved on

to the other ball, sucking it in and feel his cock heavy

and hot on her forehead. She left the ball and nuzzled

his sack, inhaling his scent deeply.

"Stop."

Missy didn't even need the tug on her hair as her body

moved back at his command. What was happening?

He laid down on the towel and held his cock in the air.

"Get on."

She moved over and straddled him. Eagerly, she moved the

crotch of her suit to the side and line up her pussy

over the head of the cock. She felt the head hot against

the lips of her pussy and shivered in pleasure. Slowly

she felt the tip enter she. She are wet, but it still

was a mix of pain/pleasure as she let her weight push

her down his cock.

"So tight," he hissed.

She bit her lip from crying out. It has been so long

since she felt a cock inside. Finally, she slid down to

the base. She felt his hands move across her breasts,

filling his hands as she let her body get used to the

size of his cock.

"Fuck me," he commanded.

Her thighs convulsed, and she began moving up and down

on his penis. Each time she plunged down her clit feels

a tiny explosions of pleasure. With great she need she

fucked harder. With each stroke, she ground herself

against him. She fucked harder, pushing herself against

him, pushing herself closer to heaven.

"Yeah, I knew you were hot for it!"

Missy could hear the sounds of the beach. Close by,

people were playing volleyball, kids were playing in the

water, friends shouted to each other. It made what they

were doing all the more exciting. She moved up and down

faster and faster. Her hands move to his shoulder,

pushing her clit tighter against him. His hands kneaded

her breasts almost using them to pull her onto his cock.

With each thrust, the heat within built. So close...

He twisted her nipples so hard she gasp. And the

floodgates opened as she climaxed.

"Yes!"

And she felt his cock convulse and warm spurts within

her. Each one sending waves of pleasure through her

body.

Exhausted, Missy collapsed upon him, trying to hold onto

the feeling of pleasure. His hands ran through her hair,

gently stroking her. She felt her breath slow and his

cock shrink and fall out of her. She rolled off of him,

but he held her tight.

"You still need to clean me off."

She looked up at him in surprise. He looked at her and

then looked at his cock, sticky with both of their

juices. She'd never even considered doing that before.

"Get to it. Now!"

Her mind roiled with confusion as her body, almost of

its own volition, slid down. A breath of hesitation and

then she took him into her mouth. Without prodding, she

moved to his balls, licking them clean before moving

back up to his shaft.

"I knew she'd make a great slut with a little nudge."

She concentrated on cleaning him, unsure of what she was

feeling. It began to grow again in her mouth.

"I can't wait until we see what your limits are. Next

time will be even better."

Next time? Nervous excitement fluttered in her stomach

as she wondered if she would take this new path in her

life.

END