

The Beach

by Mindsparks

North Beach on Point Reyes is a beautiful, windswept stretch of pure white sand. Even without fog the beach feels lonely and isolated and he'd often taken his dog out there for a good walk in the fresh air and sunshine (or fog). He'd had several occasions when he walked less than a quarter of a mile from the parking lot on the beach and seen nobody else until he returned to the lot. The vegetation on the sand cliffs that wall the beach provide beautiful splashes of muted greens, reds, browns, and yellows that create a gentle and earthy palette that always left him feeling more centered and in touch with himself after a long stroll with the wet happy dog.

He was pleasantly surprised when he arrived at the parking lot, just a few miles north of the actual lighthouse, to find that there were only three other cars in the lot. That all but guaranteed that he and Kiska would be uninterrupted during their walk. He headed out there on a bright, cloudless Sunday morning, the dog trotting happily by his side. He'd packed up his small day pack with camera, snacks, blanket, book and a smoke. Now he started to follow the crazy-with-freedom, black retriever down the beach as she investigated her way down the beach as though she was trying to solve a murder: leaving no clue unsmelled.

After only about 10 minutes of walking he looked ahead and saw that there was nobody ahead for at least as far as he could see. The day was sunny and warm with only the mildest offshore breeze, so he decided to get a bit of sun after a long winter and pulled off his Tee, stuffed it into his bag and continued on. The air was a bit cool, but the sun was warm enough and he liked feeling the contrasts on his skin as he walked by the breaking waves. Kiska would run circles around him chasing gulls and other shore birds as though her very life depended on catching them. He'd throw her pieces of driftwood which she'd bolt after, stop at, scratch at once or twice with her forepaw and then ignore instead of returning it to him as a proper retriever would. Her attitude always seem to suggest that while this 'fetch' game was mildly amusing to her it really wasn't as interesting as the 4-months dead seagull higher up on the beach might be.

Occasionally he'd run after her and would build up a bit of a sweat which felt good on his skin in the sun. He'd walked down the beach for at least a mile now and felt both thrilled and at peace in the hazy sun of the beach. He climbed up the beach away from the surf and spread the blanket behind the windbreak of a long trunk of driftwood. He quickly scanned up and down the beach and seeing no one else he stripped off the rest of his

clothes. He felt proud and a bit high in the sun like this, for sure he was no 20 year old anymore, but looking good in his 39th year never the less. His arms and chest still carried well defined muscles, his ass curved with strong muscles and his legs carried him with strength and grace. Kiska trotted up to the blanket and lay down on a corner as he did the same across its middle. He settled there for a moment, hands under his head, stretched out under a glowing sun, the soft length of his cock resting against his leg.

He read for a few minutes then let sleep roll over him and dozed in the sun, his awareness slipping away from him without any resistance.

The soft shhh shhh shhh of footsteps in sand filtered into his awareness. 'Christ' he thought, hoping against hope that it wasn't a family with a 5 year old in tow. Without moving, he opened his eyes, hidden behind the dark shade of his sunglasses and saw her.

She'd arrived at the beach about ten minutes after he did. Her goals were similar to his - some alone time in the sun and fresh air. She too came here often, loving the feel of the fresh sea air as it whipped through her blonde hair. It was warm enough now so that she could wear her favorite sports-bra-style top, letting her shoulders and belly enjoy the delightful sun. She had seen him at the limits of her vision when she first arrived at the beach, but lost sight of him as she settled into a slower, less dogged pace.

If one would have been able to watch both of them walk past it is likely that their nearly identical smiles would have stood out. She looked much younger than her years and she carried her well defined body with the pride of a 20 something though those years were a ways behind her now. Her legs were athletic and trim, leading to what most men would have described as a heart-shaped ass. Her breasts were a smaller than average though that had left them with a delightful shape at her age and with none of the sag that larger women had to contend with as they matured. Early in her walk she stopped and removed her shoes, dropping them in her pack and enjoying the gentle rasp as she pressed her feet in to cool sand.

She didn't notice him lying there until his dog raised its head at her approach. The black silly-looking mutt didn't frighten her, in fact it didn't frighten anybody. Kiska watched her approach, head up, until the dog decided that there was no threat and lowered her head back to the green blanket keeping only one eye on the approaching stranger.

Just after she noticed the dog she became quite aware of the man lying nude next to the dog. She raised an eyebrow at the display and almost groaned aloud - her experience with naked guys on beaches had always been very disappointing. Fat, older, balding men with small pricks, flat asses, and big eyes were the norm and she always felt ... targeted when she was in their presence. Eyed like meat or left with the feeling that she was an unwitting actor in their exhibitionist fantasies.

As she approached him she got the distinct feeling that he was different though. He didn't stir from his apparent nap and begin to stalk her with his eyes as the exhibitionists would. Having the big happy dog with him, suggested to her that he could at least bond with dogs if not other humans. His tall body was trim and well cared for, certainly not perfect and 20, but certainly not decrepit and aversive in any way. His cock though soft, seemed to be larger than average as it lay relaxed and somewhat inviting in his thatch of black hair. She bit her bottom lip and noticed that it was she who was staring this time. Smiling at herself she laughed inwardly and gave herself permission to enjoy him, after all, he was showing it off, wasn't he?

Her smile widened as the basic elements of a plan fell into her mischievous mind. Why not, she asked herself? She was a decent distance runner and didn't think that he presented any danger to her out here - if he was psycho he'd be stalking women in a place where there actually were women, right? And to be honest the not knowing ratcheted up the excitement of her plan. When she had approached him to what she thought was a respectable but somewhat provocative distance she spread out her towel on the sand. She had the distinct feeling that he was now awake and aware of her though he still hadn't moved - it was something about the tone of his muscles that alerted her. She wasn't sure if it was modesty, a desire to tease him, or wanting to show off her best feature that had her turn her back to him as she began to

pull off her bikini top. He watched the young blonde whose approach had awakened him from his light sleep and couldn't have been any more surprised when she'd set her towel down not 25 yards away. Women never did that sort of thing but he certainly wasn't going to complain. From what he could see of her he was quite delighted, especially since he fancied himself an ass man who was almost always turned off by large breasted women. He watched in silent amazement as the woman who looked to be in her mid-30s pulled off her top, exposing all of the fair skin of her back. He felt a twitch in his cock when she wiggled out of her shorts

dropping them to towel and stepping out of them gracefully she turned her profile to him, raised her self up in a tip-toed stretch, her arms and hands pulled high above her head. She clenched the muscles in her butt as she stretched, greeting the sun, her body bending into a graceful curve. Her breasts barely standing out from her chest she felt her nipples tighten in the cool air. She moved gracefully out of the stretch and turning her body a bit towards him she

lay down on the blanket. He caught a glimpse of her front and she was either shaved or very closely trimmed. His cock twitched again, and truth be told he didn't really care if it grew as hard as a rock - clearly there was something in the air of that day that they were both feeling and an erection seemed to be a natural result of the space that they were shar-

ing on the beach. As she slipped fashioned a pillow from her shorts and pack he rolled over onto his side to look at her, no longer pretending to sleep. His cock

rolled and flopped down onto his other leg as he rolled over. She noticed out of the corner of her eye that he seemed bigger now. She smiled her smile once again, relishing the fact that she still had it in her to simulate the men around her. She was generally a more passive personality when it came to men but she found herself wanting this moment in time to belong to her. She felt a surge of adrenaline as she realized the next step in her plan as he rolled

up and sat indian-style, facing the ocean and reached into his pack. Every once in a while he'd indulge himself in a bowl full of grass. The high allowing him to float completely free of his day-to-day and the demands of work. He'd had the pipe for years, almost two decades now and it was as familiar to him as was anything else in his life. He tapped out some of the green leaves into his palm and dropped them into the bowl. Since he had first tried grass at the late age of 22 the effect that he'd enjoyed the most was the way it made him feel during sex. There are many different aphrodisiacs for many different types of people and cannabis was certainly his. He'd stay hard for an hour or more when he got high, feeling as though he was completely melting into his partner. The high seemed to let him cum without cumming, an orgasm in his mind that lasted as long as he was holding onto or delving into a woman. He raised the brassy pipe to his lips and flicked his lighter drawing in a deep breath, pausing, then

releasing the smoke into the air. 'How interesting' she thought, she hadn't gotten high in years and she found it odd that he would do that here and now. Unbeknownst to him, her reactions to grass had always been somewhat similar to his though perhaps a bit more ... blatant. She loved to fuck when she got high. Realizing that they had no more real secrets on this day, at least none that meant anything, she rolled over onto her side and just looked at him. The beginnings of

a grin on her lips told him to invite her over. He'd have walked to her, but he didn't want to move into her space first, better she take the initiative. Anyway as his reality slowly altered he always found himself grow more passive and submissive in his interactions. He looked longingly at her curves as she lay on her side facing him - the dip from her shoulder down to her waist that flared in that delightful way into feminine hips, that then gave way to the gentle taper of her legs. He smiled at her and raised the pipe

inviting her without words to join him. She wasn't about to turn him down. With cat-like grace she stood and began walking through the soft white sand towards him. She approached him without a trace of modesty or embarrassment. The sway of her hips unconscious and exaggerated in the deep soft sand. She noticed that he didn't seem to look away

from her once, but she never felt that he was staring - perhaps it was the sunglasses, perhaps something else, a note of respect in his face? Her sultry walk over to him ended

too quickly he felt. He'd very much enjoyed watching her move across the sand to him. Her breasts didn't move much, but her hips swayed so enticingly. He found himself looking at her shaved pussy - watching the lips on each side move as she swung each leg forward and back. It was hypnotizing. She was hypnotizing. She sat down beside him on the blanket, they both looked out to sea while Kiska looked up at them. He turned to her and opened his

mouth to tell her something but she didn't want to talk. She knew what this was and had decided when she'd first spread out her towel that if she had her way there would be no chit chat or talk about the weather. It wasn't necessary and the silence would in some ways be far more interesting than any words might be. She quickly held up a finger and pressed it to his lips. He looked at her quizzically and she merely shook her head. He opened his mouth again in an attempt to say something and this time she was more direct, pressing her palm over his lips. When she saw the recognition of what she wanted cross over his face she lowered her hand and took the pipe and lighter from his hands. She fumbled around a bit trying to coordinate everything so

that she could join him in his euphoric state, but he realized before she did that her long time without practice at such tasks left her unlike to do anything more than spill his stash. He reached out and took the pipe and lighter back from her and pulled it to his lips. She gasped and reached out, and his reaction was just as certain as hers had been - he pressed his finger to her mouth, stopping her dead in her tracks. He lit the pipe, inhaled and bent his index finger to her, asking her to come closer. She did and he could feel her presence for the first time next to him. She was close now and could see her the details of her face with clarity. She had great lips, lips that he wanted to spend a long time exploring, lips that he wanted to be explored with. He leaned in to her, their lips met, he slowly exhaled his lung-full of smoke into her mouth. Initially she didn't understand it, then quickly realized what was going on and inhaled the pungent smoke from his lips. The kiss lingered

after the smoke had cleared and she found herself wanting to just keep on kissing him. She reached up and touched his face, feeling the hard stubble on his jaw. He pulled back and away from her just as she was starting to warm to the kiss. A tingle had started in the pit of her stomach at his touch and she didn't want to lose it. He inhaled another stream of smoke and again beckoned her to his lips. This time she was prepared and exhaled before their kiss. The smoke was softened by its passage through his lungs, mouth, and lips and she felt the warmth sink down into her deeply as she inhaled his breath. Her head spun just a little bit and the strongest sense of complete contentment washed through her. She then became aware that this time he hadn't broken off the kiss and that his lips were

still pressed to hers. God, was he a good kisser. She pushed things forward a notch, letting her tongue find his lips. She rolled over a bit to face him a little more directly and she could feel her pussy grow warm with expectation. Her nipples

grew harder and as she slipped her tongue across his lips he tossed the spent pipe to the side and placed his hand on the side of her delicate face. He enjoyed the smooth skin there and the feeling of her jaw muscles moving loosely under the soft, pale skin. He followed her lead and let his tongue dance with hers now. She tasted good and he wanted more so he slid his hand down along her throat to her chest and then cupped her breast in his hand. She just filled his hand which was such a turn on for him, he loved the curve of a breast in his hand. He let his fingers slide gently across her nipple feeling its point grow just a bit harder as he did so. He felt his cock grow much heavier as blood began to fill him. He was more than a bit shocked when she placed

both of her hands on his shoulders and pulled herself to sit on his lap in one astonishingly quick movement. She wrapped her legs around him and ran her hands through his long, curly locks, pulling their kiss in even closer. She noticed that she'd stopped hearing the ocean and could now hear the rush of blood in her own ears. She pushed her chest into his strong, rough hands, as the other hand joined in the exploration of her body. She felt the tip of his cock as it grew hard press against her ass as they kissed. She knew he was going to be big and that she was going to get thoroughly fucked out here, and truth be known it couldn't happen fast enough for her. Despite her urgency their pace was luxuriously slow. She felt his hands slip away from her tits leaving them a bit cold in the wind after warming in his hands. His hands moved slowly

down the side of her trim figure. He enjoyed the slight inward curve of her waist and then languished his attention on the small of her back, just over the soft inviting curves of her near perfect ass. They continued to kiss though all his attention was now focused on the sensations brought to him through his hands. The skin of her pale ass was soft and cool to the touch and it felt just as perfect in his hands as her breasts had. He felt his cock grow painfully hard, he wasn't sure but guessed that it was probably pressed right against her labia. He let his fingers walk down the center line of her ass, delicately across her hole and back up. With his other hand he slipped under neat her from behind, their bodies now mashed tightly together, and found the bottom end of her vagina. She was dripping

wet and her urgency was growing. The weed had her head floating in a cloudy soft space that was as warm as his hands. When she felt his hand moving along her ass she let a moan slip out, he was driving her wild with his slow, methodical pace. His prick was pressing against her and she knew that if she reached down right now she would have found herself so wet that she could have slipped him in without any resistance at all. Just the thought of being impaled on that delicious staff of his drove her heart to beat faster and

the expression of her dominant mood to come forth again. Rolling her weight onto her feet she pushed him backwards, so that he was now lying on his back staring up at nothing but blue sky and blonde woman. She was still straddling him, his cock pointed straight up at the sky, a rocket ready for lift-off pressed into the crack of her ass. She reached back and grasped the shaft, biting her lip when she realized how bit it was in comparison to her last lover. She raised herself up and positioned him just so, wiggling her ass around so that his

swollen head parted her lips. He pushed his hips up a bit while he looked down to see his reddened helmet slip between the full lips of her cunt. He felt her relax the tension in her legs and watched and felt his cock disappear into the hot depth. He looked up into her face but with her sunglasses on he couldn't tell what she was thinking though the sight of her biting her lip made him wonder if she might not have been completely prepared for the full extent of his manliness. He grasped her hips and tried to thrust as much as he could, but this cowgirl was having none of it. He smiled as she grasped his wrists and pinned them at his sides, then he bit his own lip when she started gyrating her pelvis on his own. He felt her pubic bone grind his

stimulating her clit she gasped at the sharper sensation that contrasted with the more sensual, filled sensation of his shaft pressed deep into her. She wiggled her hips a bit more enjoying her control, the feeling of his strong arms under her hands. She raised her self up easing his now dripping cock out of her slowly, then plunged down again moaning softly as he found the deep end of her sex. She then started to fuck him in earnest, shifting, gyrating, sliding him out and then back in. She itched to cum. She let go of his arms and sat up straight on his cock feeling him tickle her cervix with the cumslit and head of his veiny prick. Wanting to give him a show she reached up and cupped her breasts while looking at his face and shades. She pulled her own nipples, massaged her breasts, licked her fingers then rolled her nipple between them. She clearly had

all of his attention. God this woman was too much. She knew how to press all of his buttons, especially those best pushed when high. He loved the slow paced fuck she was giving him, the way she rolled her hips on top of him, then when she started playing with those delicious tits of hers he couldn't take it anymore. He had to fuck her. Grabbing her shoulders in one quick movement he pulled her down and to the side, simultaneously rolling her over while his prick remained in her wet hole the entire time. He then pulled himself out and rolled her onto all fours - she was small enough and light enough so that he could move her around like a doll, at least as long as he had surprise on his side. He pulled her ass up from her hips while kicking her knees out. He looked down and saw the reddened lips of her hairless slit wet and seemingly begging for him. He had every intention of giving her what he thought she both wanted and needed. Still grasping her hips he

pressed his cock back into her. It had all happened so fast that she was still trying to figure out how she ended up getting fucked doggy style when the invasion of his shaft into her pussy released her mind from thinking allowing her to just focus on the marijuana-enhanced physicality of the moment. He fucked her fast, a jackhammer pounding its stiff bit into the giving confines of her box. He fucked her slow, letting them both enjoy the more subtle feeling of skin sliding against skin. He pressed himself deep into

her and held still for a moment. She could feel him pulse but didn't think he was cumming. He better not be, she had ideas. She wanted to play more with him. From her position on all fours in front of this dreamy man she reached back and grasped the cum-soaked base of his cock, urging him to withdraw, which he did. His cock and her cunt both dripped with her lubrication. The air was saturated with her scent. She moved herself a bit and then pressed his cock against her ass. He cocked his head as if he were going to ask something then smiled and pushed himself against the puckered ring. She inhaled a bit, tried to relax and urged his cock forward. His head slipped into her, the ring of her anus clamping around his cock like a vice. She clenched her jaw as she expanded to take the meat into her most private space. She would let him set the pace and let go of his shaft and assumed her position on all fours, then changed her mind and reached down between her legs and started tickling her clit. He gasped aloud

at the intensity of it all... it was so tight in there that he just knew he wouldn't last long while looking at the broad expanse of her pale white skin and perfectly rounded rump. He pushed into her ass a little bit more. He ran his hands over her smooth ass and pushed in just a bit deeper again. He had about half of his length into her now and wanted to start fucking her. So he did exactly that. It was a bit more friction-filled without any artificial lube so he went slowly. He could feel the rapid and urgent motion of her fingers rubbing her clit. Fucking her more quickly and pressing himself in just a bit deeper on each thrust he heard her start to moan a higher pitched, more urgent note. She was

cumming. Stars were exploding with the pleasure pain contrast as her cunt contracted rhythmically despite being empty. She let her scream out in the moment. Slammed her fist into the blanket a couple times and felt her entire awareness fill with bliss. She pushed

herself back onto him, impaling her almost fully on him. It was too much for him, hearing her cum and then feeling his cock slip a bit deeper into her perfect ass. He grasped her hips to keep her from moving on his soon-to-be-overly-sensitive head and groaned out as he started to spew his seed into her. Electric jolt after jolt shot through his mind and he collapsed on to her back, his chest dripping with sweat as it met her cool skin.

They finished without saying a word. They washed in the cold waves of the Pacific and without bothering to dress she gathered her things and began to walk back down the beach.

She'd only gone about a quarter of a mile when she turned back for a final glance. He was gone, no trace of him there. Perhaps he'd run into the dunes, or was behind a large knot of driftwood? She smiled beginning to wonder if it had even really happened, turned, and resumed her walk down the beach.

Author's note: I love spending a day out at the Point Reyes' beach. While nothing like what I've written has ever happened it's fun to dream, right? I loved playing with the anonymity of the two characters in this story. Mindsparks.

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