Her first time at a nude beach.

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Published on Lush Stories on 20 Jul 2010

I guide a stranger to the ways of the nude beach, and she guides me in so many other ways.

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/exhibitionism/her-first-time-at-a-nude-beach.aspx

The day started out like any other day. Well, like any other day in the past few weeks, that is. Normally, I would have gotten up, shaved, showered, and headed off to work. But it's tough being an executive of a company where the owner is more concerned with what's going up his nose than he is earning a profit. Since my firm closed, my days have taken on a monotonous regularity. Get up, check email, check fax. Check Classified ads. Nope. Construction was at an all-time low, which meant employees with my particular expertise were… redundant. Fuck. I weighed my options. I could either call around to my friends (again) and see if anything had popped up. Or I could sit around watching daytime television, and slowly turn into a turnip. Or… I could do something new. I had to get out of the house. I just HAD to. I had decided. And this decision made all the difference in the world…

There's a beach I used to frequent in North Miami back when the world was young and life was beautiful – Haulover Beach. I hadn't been there in a while, though. For one, I had moved a decent drive away. For another… to be honest, while life (for some) may still be beautiful, for me, it was mostly just grey and curmudgeonly. I was no longer the wide-eyed lad, searching the world for wonder and excitement. I had found my excitement, courted her, and wed her. Together, we had shared laughter for a dozen years. When she had met fate, it came in the form of a drunk driver… and life became a chore. Tedious, mechanical. Grey. Still and all, though, I reckoned that a trip down to Haulover could be some fun. An interesting journey down memory lane. At the very least I could see if the old codger that called himself The Ambassador was still around.

Packing for the trip took a half hour, the drive an hour. It was still fairly early when I pulled into the drive and paid the daily toll. To get from the parking lot to the beach you have to walk through a tunnel. Yep – still dank as I remembered. New graffiti, though. Coming out of the tunnel, you walk through a small stand of trees and shrubs, then over a wooden crosswalk that bridges across the privacy hedge. That's where I saw her. She was a tiny little thing– I stink at guessing heights and ages, but she was probably not much more than 5 feet tall. She looked to be of Asian or Polynesian decent (yeah, I suck at guessing backgrounds, too). She was standing on the wooden bridge, right at the point where the nudists first come into view. Oh – I guess I didn't mention; what makes Haulover stand out in my memory so vividly is that it's Florida's only actual legal nude beach. I know for a fact

that if you don’t know what’s coming, when you hit that midpoint on the bridge, it can be a stunner. Many tourists stand there, open-mouthed, wondering where all the naked people came from and why the cops don’t put an end to it. And yes… that’s where I saw her.

I clunked my cooler into the rail so she would know I was coming and wouldn’t be surprised. She glanced over at me – I must have been quite a sight. Cooler in one hand, bag of sundries in the other, and a towel wrapped around my waist. She was beautiful. Long straight hair the color of midnight flowed out from under a small-ish floppy hat. Oversized movie-star sunglasses did nothing to hide the look of trepidation on her face. I didn’t know where to look. I didn’t want to stare openly but… Her body was as near perfect as I’ve ever seen. She was wearing a yellow flowery bikini, with some kind of matching wrappy-thing around her tiny little waist contrasted with her smooth tanned skin. Her breasts were perfectly rounded under the bikini bra and her hips matched her breasts both in roundness and perfectness. I felt like a cartoon character going, “Homina homina homina…” This was NOT my normal behavior.

I somehow regained the use of my major motor functions, and approached her. As I came up next to her, I asked, “Everything all right?”

She smiled and replied, “Oh, sure. It’s just all… so…”

“New?” I asked.

“Yes, that’s it,” she said. She let out a breath as if she had been holding it in for a while. “It’s all so new…”

I asked if she was meeting someone, and she told me she wasn’t. I don’t know how I got so bold, but I asked if she’d like her very own personalized tour of the beach. She smiled again and said, “Yes. I’d like that.”

I introduced myself and she did the same. I’m not great at pronouncing foreign-sounding names – best I can do is say it sounded like ‘Swan’ something. I called her Swan for the day and she didn’t seem to mind. As we ambled down the sand, I pointed out a few things. Here’s where the gay guys hang out, trying to pick each other up. Here’s where the families with kids are. I tend to walk all the way down near the south end, where it’s quieter and the lifeguard stands are farther apart. She said that sounded fine to her. On the walk over, I made sure she knew that Haulover was officially a “clothing-optional” beach – that she wouldn’t have to go nude if she didn’t want to. I also said that I never wore anything under my towel when I went there. She accepted this news without comment. Eventually we got to a spot where we had a little space between us and the next guy. I helped her lay her towel out. I gritted my teeth. Now or never. Either she would not mind, or she would go running for

the hills. As smoothly as I could (which was not very) I took off my towel and spread it out on the sand. When I stood up, I nearly gasped out loud. She had taken off her wrap, and as I watched, finished untying the strings holding her bra. Her breasts, free from confinement, were even more stunning. They were round and even, not overly large but not small. Her nipples were a pleasant shade of… well, fuck. I never knew my colors that well. They were brownish pink and stood out proudly. I learned a new definition for the word “perfect” that day, and it meant “Swani’s breasts”.

She tossed her bikini top down onto her towel. Her perfect thumbs went into her bikini bottoms and with perfect grace she took them off. Somehow, she managed to look graceful and beautiful carrying out an act that always made me feel like a drunken ox. My eyes slowly traveled down her lithe form. Wordlessly, I marveled at her shape – the way the swell of her bosom narrowed to the tiniest waist, then curved out again to fill out her taut, round butt. Her skin was flawless, without a tan line to be found. The muscles in her legs rippled as she bent down to retrieve a bottle of lotion from her bag. She looked sideways at me and caught me as I stood there gawking like a fifth-grader at free cotton candy day at the fair. I could have sworn I saw a fleeting smile flash across her face. I must have turned several shades of red as I blushed deeply. Yeah, she caught me staring all right. I turned away, embarrassed. Little was said as we busied ourselves applying sunscreen. Mine was SPF several million. Hers smelled like pina coladas. “Here,” she said after a bit. “You missed a spot. Let me get it for you so you don’t burn.” She took my lotion and filled in the missing areas in the middle of my back that I can never get on my own. My head swam with her scent and the touch of her strong hands.

I needed something to distract myself (“honestly – do you THINK she could be interested in an old dinosaur like you?”), so I cracked open the cooler and offered her a drink. We lay back on the sand and began to chat. Slowly, I began to relax. She was fun to talk with. She was very bright, and opinionated, but unlike most people, she actually knew what she was talking about when giving her opinion. Our conversation flowed like a river, sometimes fast and loud, sometimes slow and deep. I found out she was a dancer, in town for a short time only. We never really talked about our pasts – instead we talked about the future, the planet, the news. For the first time in years, I was enjoying myself. After some time, I asked her if she’d like to take a walk. You haven’t really experience the nude beach until you’ve walked up the shore ogling all the naked people (and being ogled in return). We walked, and talked, and said “Hi” to total strangers, and I hardly noticed when her hand crept into mine. I only realized sometime later that she was holding my hand, and I never knew when it happened. We came back to our towels. Laughing, she gripped my hand tightly, and ran toward the surf. I allowed myself to be pulled along and we laughed and splashed and (dare I say it?) cavorted in the waves. I caught her up in my arms, and gazed into her… sunglasses. Her expression was impossible to read. I suppose mine was the same. She giggled, splashed me, and somehow teleported back out of my arms.

I followed her back up onto the sand, marveling at the way her butt moved when she walked. “Stop!” she commanded. “Don’t come onto the towel yet! You’ll get sand all on it.” The air was cool as it blew across my skin, drying me off. She reached into my bag and pulled out my sunscreen. As she went around behind me, I felt tingles as cold lotion hit my hot shoulders. Her strength was apparent as she rubbed the lotion into my skin. I felt her hands run down my back and across my ass. “You’ve got strong legs,” she commented, as she deftly applied the lotion to my thighs and calves. I felt her step up close behind me. Her breasts touched my back as she reached around me, hands full of lotion. As she rubbed the lotion onto my chest from behind, I could feel the hard points of her nipples against my skin. My eyes closed as her slippery hands touched me. Her manicured nails scraped across my own nipples, making me shiver. Her breath was hot on my neck as her hands wandered lower. I bit my lip as she paused for more lotion. I felt like I was in a dream as her hands circled my stomach, and eased still lower. I could feel myself trembling. Her fingertips brushed through my pubic hair. She was like a conqueror, exploring new territory. She grasped my member with one hand as her other reached for my sac. She leaned fully against my back as she gripped my hardening cock, stroking it slowly and with purpose. I was lost in sensations that I hadn’t felt in many years, when I felt a sudden “whack” on my ass. I could hear the amusement in Swan’s voice as she said, “I think you’re safe from the sun now…”

I must have blushed redder than a tomato because she was giggling out loud. “Here,” she said, hading me her own lotion as she lay down on her towel. With a sigh, I uncapped the bottle and surveyed her back. I dripped out enough to cover it and began to massage it in. Again I could feel the strength that was at her core. She sighed contentedly as I applied oil to her legs. Her calves were shapely, her thighs soft but strong. As I massaged her butt, she shifted slightly, her legs opening ever so little. The oil felt hot in my hands as I softly brushed the cleft with my fingertips. I became enamored by the sensation of her skin in my hands. I teased her, softly touching her butt crack, easing my fingers lower. I gently crossed over her rosebud, and quickly moved away. Her ass thrust back toward me ever so slightly. Taking this as a sign of permission, I stroked my way back toward her center. As my searching fingers reached their goal, my head was filled with the scents of pina colada, and… woman.

Without warning, she pulled away from me and turned over. She reached into the cooler for another cold drink. I could feel her eyes boring into me as she looked me over. She saw the totality of me, from my head, across my gray-haired chest, to my dick, standing proudly at attention. She sipped her drink easily, and then… giggled again. “You’re not finished,” she stated. “Now do my front.” I took up the oil and hesitated. “Start down there,” she said, “So I can see you.” I filled my hands with oil again and raised each foot to my chest in turn, rubbing each leg with long, slow strokes. I lowered them back down, knees raised, one on either side of me, and I couldn’t help but have visions of them wrapped around my head. I scooted forward, so now we were both sitting, but with her legs over mine. I dripped the scented oil across her collar bones and down her chest. I massaged her

shoulders from the front, eliciting a soft moan. My mouth watered hungrily as my hands wandered across her chest and finally caressed her perfect breasts.

Time slowed to a crawl. Her nipples responded to my touch as I pinched and pulled them. I could feel her breathing on my hot skin. She reached out and her hands, cold from the drink, braced themselves against my chest. One hand still on her breast, my other went to her beautiful pussy. It was smooth and hot, open and inviting. She thrust herself forward so that her pussy and my cock were nearly touching. My thumb rubbed her lips, spreading her juice around and across her nub. I felt her hands groping, grasping my manhood. “Mmmmmmmmmm,” she moaned as I entered her slowly, first with one finger and then two. My other hand was rubbing her clit in small circles. We were both slick with oil and sweat. I had both hands busy with her pussy now, as both her hands were stroking my hardness. I vaguely knew people were passing by, but as secluded as we were I paid them no mind.

The hot sun was burning down. My passion for her was burning inside of me. I wanted to see her cum. I wanted to taste her, feel her – experience her. I raised one hand to my mouth and sucked her juice off it, only to return to fucking her with it. She grasped my hand and raised it to her own mouth, tasting herself, sucking me deeply into her. We were both moaning softly, and I felt my loins tighten. Her hips were matching the thrusting of my fingers inside her. She was the first to cum, gasping and clutching at my fingers with her pussy muscles. Her hands tightened on my shaft, stroking wildly, and her eyes first screwed shut, then opened wide. Seeing her face contort in exquisite rapture, I lost myself in her beauty. She grabbed me behind my neck, pulling me into her with one hand as her other pumped my stiff cock. My stomach clenched and my cock pulsed. I came, over and over. I gasped, I moaned. I felt like she was drawing me out through my dick, and into her soul. I don’t know how long I shook, but at the end I was drained. We sat like that for a long time, holding each other, not speaking.

Her hand lifted my chin; she looked again into my eyes. She giggled. “You need to clean up. You made a mess!”

“No, YOU made the mess,” I chided. I giggled back. It was only then that she kissed me – just a quick peck on the lips. She pushed me over backward and leaped up, running for the surf. I watched her go, amazed again at the natural wonderfulness of her.

At the water’s edge, she turned quickly. “You coming?” she called. Yes. Yes, I was.