Love in the Lake

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I finally booked the rustic little cabin in the Gunflint wilderness in northern Minnesota. It had been seven years since I had taken a vacation, and I was looking forward to the peace and quiet of complete isolation. The only sounds I wanted to hear for the next week were the cries of the loons and the distant howls of the wolves that inhabited this piece of heaven.

I packed a couple of knapsacks and loaded up my car. I headed north up I-35 out of Minneapolis to one of the last little pieces of private land adjacent to the Boundary Waters Canoe Area. My husband and I loved the little cabin on that land and I hoped I was making the right decision. Since his death seven years ago, I had not wanted to do anything. I couldn’t even bear to take off my wedding ring, let alone visit that cabin. But I had loved the wilderness as much as he did and the time to visit there again seemed right.

In a way, visiting this area again made him seem closer. On the way north, I stopped at all our old favorite places along the way. I stopped in Hinckley and had a fried cinnamon roll at Tobies. I had dinner in Duluth at Grandma’s Saloon and sat out on their deck and watched the big ships pass under the Aerial Lift Bridge as they entered and left the harbor. Finally that first day, I spent the night at the historic Fitger’s Hotel in a room that looked out over Lake Superior.

In the morning I headed north again. I made one last stop at Betty’s Pie Shop before the mad dash to get through the portages so I could make it to the cabin before dark. After three long portages through the boreal forest, I unlocked the last canoe to get me to the cabin and headed out across Bear Track Lake to the island in the west bay.

The cabin was just like I remembered it, though a bit more rustic. I hauled my two packs up to the cabin, had a light supper, and sat on the little porch deck and watched the sun set as the loons called out their welcome. As I relaxed, I started to realize just how tired I was after the long and strenuous trip. I went inside, unrolled my sleeping bag on top of the old mattress, and quickly fell asleep.

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I woke up in the morning to a cloudless sky and brilliant sunshine. I decided fresh blueberry pancakes were in order and set out with my bag and bug spray. I remembered that there was a big blueberry patch just down from the cabin and I was soon surrounded by tons of ripe blueberries. I ate

the first handful and headed back to the cabin and had a sumptuous feast.

By noon it had become unseasonably warm, especially for this part of the state. The thermometer on the cabin was reading 92 degrees. I put on my swimsuit and headed down to the lake. There really wasn't a beach, but a huge flat rock ledge that slowly entered the water down to about four feet below the surface. The cool water felt so good that I decided this is where I should spend the day.

A couple of times I looked back up at the cabin and for a moment, I could have sworn I saw my husband waving to me with that big silly grin of his on his face. Maybe he was there in a way. I still missed him so much.

As it started to approach sunset, I was surprised it hadn't cooled off. It was actually hotter now at dusk. There was no way I could sleep inside that sweltering cabin tonight. I spread my sleeping bag out on the little deck and hung my swimsuit up to dry. I was about to dress when I decided it was just too hot. Visitors through this area were rare and whenever we occasionally saw them they were just passing through to other portages. I felt pretty safe in my nudity.

The air was heavy and still, and I soon discovered there was no way I was going to be able to sleep. The moon was full and beautifully illuminated the area in silver light. I took the short path down to the lake seeking relief from the muggy heat. As I neared the lake I stopped instantly by what I saw through the pines.

Not fifty feet from me, at the edge of the shore was a small campsite and a canoe. The light from the campfire illuminated a man. He looked to be alone and was wearing only shorts. The light from the fire made the sweat on his svelte body glisten with an orange glow. Remembering that I was alone and naked, I silently hid behind a large rock and pine tree and watched.

He was just finishing up setting up his camp, and he sat down on a fallen tree to survey his work. I watched as he wiped the sweat from his brow and then slid off the shorts. He threw the shorts on the tree, and I had a good look at his body. He was absolutely beautiful standing there in the moon and firelight. I started to feel urges I had repressed for years as I felt a tingling arousal in my pussy. I watched as he picked up a canteen and started to drink. I watched in awe as spilled water ran down his chest, slowly dripping off the end of his cock.

I couldn't help but stare at this stranger's hard body and especially his beautiful cock. It was like I was in a trance and could only stare at the incredible cock in front of me. I felt my hand running along my labia. I watched as he turned and slowly waded into the water. I was mesmerized by the sight of his tight muscular butt rising and then disappearing with a splash into the silver water.

I tried to compose myself and quietly headed back to my cabin before I suddenly stopped. I hesitated for a moment, and then turned away from the cabin and headed down to the lake to my rock ledge. I took a deep breath and stepped out into the moonlight onto the gently slopping rock ledge. I slowly walked out into about a foot of water and stopped. I stood there, naked as the day I was born, staring up at the moon and the millions of stars above.

I became more aroused at the thought that this stranger could see my naked body. I looked down at my breasts bathed in moonlight. My nipples were noticeably erect and pointing to the moon. If he were looking, he would be the first man to see me like this since my husband died. Would he find me desirable? I ever-so-slowly waded deeper into the lake.

As I entered into deeper water and started to slowly swim, I was overcome with the wonderful sensation of refreshing water reaching everywhere on my body. Oh god, it felt so good. I had forgotten how much I enjoyed skinny dipping. I just drifted through the water feeling every sensation. I felt my nipples hardening even more at the pleasure of it all.

“Hello there!” I heard him say as I suddenly opened my eyes. He was only six feet away.

“I thought I was alone on the island,” the sexy stranger remarked.

“I thought I was alone here tonight,” I lied.

“I figured you thought you were alone here when I saw you at the edge of the water a few minutes ago,” he quietly said. “You are absolutely stunning.”

“It is just that it is so hot tonight... ” I explained as I found myself blushing.

“My name is Tom Johnson,” he introduced himself. “I teach economics at UMD in Duluth.”

“Nice to meet you Tom, my name is Jessica,” I offered, but no more.

“An absolute pleasure to meet you Jessica,” he said as he reached out with his hand.

Shaking his hand briefly as we treaded water, I noticed a wedding ring on his hand. I asked, “Are you alone up here Tom?”

“Yes,” he said. “You too?”

“Yes,” I explained adding, “I guess we are both pretty unusual people camping in the wilderness

alone.”

“Do you just like the challenge and solitude Jessica?” Tom wondered.

“Something like that,” I responded. “What about you?”

“Oh, it’s a long story Jessica. Nothing very interesting,” he replied.

“I like long stories and it’s too hot to sleep...” I observed.

“My wife and I used to come here...” he trailed off.

“Oh? Why didn’t she come with you this time?” I asked.

Tom started to tear up and quietly said, “She passed away last year from breast cancer.”

I was shocked and deeply saddened. “Oh my god Tom. I am so sorry.”

We were in shoulder-deep water now and I instinctively reached out to him and pulled him close, hugging him in comfort. Feeling us both naked, I quickly released him and apologized. Tom looked at me and saw I was gently crying.

“Please, I didn’t mean to be such a downer. Don’t cry...” he comforted.

“No, it’s not that,” I tried to explain. “My husband was killed seven years ago in a car accident with a drunk driver. We used to rent a little cabin here. This is the first time I’ve been back here since he died.”

He pulled me towards him and tightly hugged me as we both sobbed in each other’s arms. After a few minutes, he gently kissed me. I responded to his kiss as our tongues madly reacted to long buried passion. I felt his cock starting to stiffen and grow as it rubbed against my thighs.

We slowly moved into shallower water as our hands continued to explore each other with a passion I had almost forgotten. In waist deep water, Tom furiously kissed and sucked my breasts as I stroked his cock. I felt Tom’s hand running his fingers along my labia until he spread my lips apart and felt his fingers gently enter me.

We both were gasping for breath as he lifted me up and slowly entered me as I wrapped my legs around his hard ass. We both frantically began to grind our pubic bones together as we screamed out

our passion over the lake. It had been so long since I had felt anything like this that I became completely lost in this moment of passion. Feeling his cock deep inside made me realize that I was, at long last, complete again.

I let my body go free, allowing it the pleasure it sought, as my hips rocked ever so desperately against his big cock. He pulled my erect nipple into his mouth as he forcefully tugged at my breast while he pounded his penis deeper into me. His grunts excited me even more as I felt myself about to explode in orgasm.

Every bit of strength in my body rushed to my pussy and then suddenly I felt like I was falling deep down under the water, sinking to a bottomless ocean. I couldn’t move and I didn’t want to. I then felt Tom’s body stiffen and felt his warm cum splashing deep inside me. Tom staggered with me locked around him and we both settled down in shallower water.

I felt him soften and slip out of me as we both sat down on the rock ledge in about two feet of water. I settled back against him, his legs now wrapped over mine, as we tried to catch our breaths. I felt Tom’s strong arms around me as he pulled my back tight against his chest. I felt his soft cock pushed up against my ass and his hands cupping my breasts as he gently massaged them. I never wanted to move.

We sat like this under the moon and stars for what seemed like hours; sometimes saying nothing, sometimes getting to know more about each other. After awhile I felt his cock start to rise and stiffen as it started to push against me. I gently raised up, just a bit, and slowly let it slide between my lips.

The feeling of Tom’s cock ever-so-slowly pushing deeper inside me was absolutely incredible. We quickly developed a slow rocking motion that barely made a ripple in the water around us. Tom tenderly and unhurriedly began to play with my breasts. I slipped my hands below the surface and lovingly stroked his cock as it slid in and out of me.

My other hand leisurely caressed my clit as Tom nuzzled against my neck while he softly moaned his pleasure. The moonlight on the water and the galaxies of stars above only heightened the response of every sense. Off in the woods, the howl of wolves seemed to express a delight in what we were doing.

A sense of urgency started to build as we began to pick up the speed of our motions. I felt the sensations of energy start to flow to my pussy again as I felt Tom tense and become rigid. As I felt his warm seed filling me for the second time that night, I felt like my groin exploded sending sensations down my legs to my toes and up to my breasts and nipples. Then complete, absolute peace and tranquility overcame me.

Without saying a word, we exchanged a deep long passionate kiss. Finally, Tom stood up and helped me to my feet.

“I don’t have much of a bed at my camp,” Tom explained, “but I would love for you to spend the night with me.”

“I have a bed,” I pointed out, “please join me.”

“First let me get my pack and check the fire,” Tom stated.

We slowly walked hand-in-hand down the moonlit path to Tom’s campsite. Neither one of us hid the fact that we were admiring each other’s naked body in the silver light.

We made sure the campfire was cold, Tom’s pack was secured, and we made our way back to the cabin with occasional kissing and caressing breaks along the way. At the cabin, we opened the sleeping bag to be a full size mattress cover and prepared to sleep.

As I climbed into bed, I slipped off my wedding ring and slipped it into my pack. There was now the cool breeze of a northern Minnesota summer gently filtering through the windows. The heatwave had broken.

As Tom wrapped his arms around me and his hands cupped my breasts, we settled down to sleep. Just before I fell asleep, I saw Tom had removed his wedding band too.