

The Blonde On The Beach

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A mature man meets a young woman and lifts away her sadness.

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The following story is mostly true or at least built upon my memories of several real events all jumbled together. I'm 62 now and it has been ten years since my divorce. For about a year after the divorce, I seemed adrift and in confusion. I just couldn't seem to connect with anything. When I was younger, before I was married, I was wild and free (yes, I was a hippie) but that was then and now, it seemed I had lost my spark. I was in a funk one warm mid-week day and I was idly walking my dog along Georgica Beach, a deserted ocean paradise in East Hampton. We walked west into the sun for a mile or so and then headed back. I was wearing just a loose pair of shorts and I stopped once, dropped them and went for a quick skinny dip. I saw a person in the distance so I got out and slipped my shorts back on. My dog and I headed toward the person and as we got closer, I could make out that it was a woman, thin and blond. She was staring out at the water and crying. "A beautiful blond on the beach shouldn't be crying. Why are you so sad?" From that moment when she turned to me and smiled, I suspected that my life had changed. "I've been dating the creep for three years and was planning on getting married and I find out he's sneaking around on me with one of my girlfriends. I want to vomit!" "It's obvious to me that he's crazy. You're beautiful, you've got an amazing body, you seem quite marry-able. He's a shmuck. You'll find better. You're better than that." We sat down on the sandy dune while my dog ran around happily. She was beautiful with small soft features; pale blue eyes and thin lips with a wide smile, sort of like Gwynneth Paltrow. She was wearing a spaghetti-strap t-shirt and I couldn't help but ogle her beautiful breasts, so high and proud. They were quite large for her small and willowy frame. Her ass was clad in small white Daisy Duke's and my mind was telling me to relax. My dick was hard and I'm sure she noticed. At one point, she moved opposite me and began to run her thumbs along my forehead and the bridge of my nose. Her fingers traced around my eyes and I could feel my shorts tent up. I stopped myself and pulled her hands away. She seemed to understand as she glanced down to my crotch and smiled. I began to rub her forehead and eyes and she closed her eyes. I knew she enjoyed it by watching her breasts heave and her nipples push the thin cotton. She opened her eyes and I smiled. Her name was Jessie and she was a yoga instructor, learning massage and taking other holistic classes, she was 32 years old. She worked a few jobs to pay for her classes. She was a waitress in a ritzy restaurant in town and she also posed nude for a well-known artist. That information made my dick bounce again. I suggested that we look out at the

sea and meditate for a little while in order to help her get centered. We sat quietly for a while and then the evening ocean chill began to roll in as the sun set. We walked toward our cars and she invited me to meet her at an art opening in Southampton on Friday night. We parted with a little kiss and she thanked me for being a kind stranger and helping her. I thanked her for just being there. Over the next couple of days, I must have jerked off a half a dozen times. You see, until I met my this woman, I couldn't even get hard. All the memories of my wild youth - the drugs, the threesomes the orgies - none of those memories could stir an erection. Watching porn couldn't do it. But then I met her and suddenly, I'm shooting loads all over myself, the shower, the couch, my bed...you get the picture. Friday night, the art opening was packed. The art work was very excellent and priced in the mid six-figures. And all the art was of Jessie naked and in various poses. Her breasts were large and round, her nipples small and pink. Several poses had her facing the artist in a squat exposing her shaven inner lips, moist and enticing. She seemed so natural and soooo beautiful. All I could think of was wrapping my tongue into that slit. I was standing spellbound in front of one of those when I felt her arms wrap around me. The evening was mostly a blur from there. But I remember that we had a great time and that she introduced me around as her "kind stranger." I remember that after the showing, I took her to Amagansett to Stephen Talkhouse to see John Hiatt perform, then we went to The Laundry for a late night snack and some drinks. And then I asked her back to my place to enjoy my hot tub...and she agreed! I really made the offer as a fishing expedition and honestly thought she would never agree. I needn't tell you how long it took to head out toward my place. Instead of pulling into my driveway, I drove down to the harbor. In the calm moonlight, we kissed. Our kisses were feverish and uninhibited. We got quickly worked up. We got into my house and literally stripped as we walked out to the deck. The tub was always set to 102 degrees and we jumped right in. I marveled at her youthful and unabashed nudity as the water bubbled around us. She talked about sex and how her ex said she gave a lousy blow job. She said that he hated to go down on her. She admitted that she'd been having bisexual fantasies. I joked that she must keep her vibrator well charged. She told me that she couldn't get herself off. I told her that I was having the same problem but that since I met her, I had been jerking-off like a madman. She giggled and gave me a rueful look. She admitted that she had been having dreams about me, too. It was getting pretty thick in that tub when we began to kiss and feel each other up. My mind could not stop thinking about how lucky I was to have this incredibly beautiful young woman and her lush body grinding into my lap. I suggested we take a breather as I had a surprise for her. We went into the house and onto my screened-in porch. I opened a bottle of cabernet and poured two glasses. I lit a joint and passed it to her. Wrapped in a towel, with one breast sticking out, she was a picture. I opened my massage table and covered it in towels. I lit some candles. I warmed some oil. I patted the table and she laid down on her stomach. "Now I'll teach you how to give a full body massage." As I stood at her toes and began to stretch her legs, she groaned. I took my time. I luxuriated over her lithe body. When I was nearly finished with her back, I began her caress her ass cheeks. I ran my strong fingers along her thighs, up toward her crack. She spread her legs a little giving me tacit permission to go further. I looked into her bare crotch and ran my thumbs all the way up. I began to kiss her pillowy buttocks. My tongue traveled down between her

cheeks, I licked all around and into around her asshole as she pushed into me. I moved down and along to her pussy. I could smell her scent and I buried my nose in and inhaled deeply. She rocked her ass into my face. Then I turned her over. I stood at her feet and took in the sight of her perfection. Not a stretch mark nor a sag, no age whatsoever except young and amazing. Her breasts rose against her chest and were just a tad too big for her. Her nipples were like the paintings, small and pink and now pointing to the sky. Except for her long blond hair, she was shaved clean and her vagina was open to me. It was deep red and puffy, I could see her clit peeking out. Again I took my time and spent nearly a half hour on her hands, arms and shoulders. I caressed her breast and gave light tugs to her nipples. She was in heaven. I went to work on her toes and all parts north. When I reached down to her vagina, she opened her legs for me and she was very ready. I liked how she had placed her body into my hands. She trusted me enough to let all her tensions go, she was reaching nirvana. I poured warm oil into my hands and began to work them into her vulva. I parted her lips, and ran my finger around her clit, she immediately erupted in orgasm, bucking her hips and shaking. When she finally came down, she looked beatific. She smiled as I licked my finger and appreciated her. I walked behind her head and began to lightly massage her scalp and her face. I leaned down and we began to kiss, full, deep and emotionally. We ravaged each others faces like we had just invented passion. Perhaps we had. That night, I made her cum several times. After I went down on her, she told me that she had never enjoyed an orgasm as much. When she came, she squealed and giggled in the pleasure. I'd never seen a woman come like that. I'll never forget that smile either. And I went down - I went to town - on her. I cannot ever remember enjoying the sensation of her enjoying herself as I explored the walls, the floor and the ceiling of her. Her nectar was sweet and syrupy and the light scent stuck to my beard and moustache for a long time. She was afraid to suck me unless I helped her. So she blew me while I instructed her on how I like it. I came several times myself that night. She moved in with me two days later (and after two days of steady and very intense sex. I mean, in every room, indoors, outdoors, with food...) and we lived together for over a year before she moved out to California to study nursing. I still hear from her on occasion but she's married and pregnant again and it's hardly the same. Still, I masturbate to her memory frequently. I have several nude photographs of her, some video (including a nude posing and I also have the painting from that session). I have one video of she and I naked and watching each other masturbate as I taught her how to get herself off. It's really hot. For more than a year, I was lucky enough to have a young woman as my lover and sometimes pupil. With Jessie, I learned tantric yoga techniques and had some of the greatest orgasms of my life. She had me lead her into fulfilling her most secret fantasies, we had that much trust in each other. I knew it couldn't go on forever but I was in the now and loving the moment. Her soft round body never failed to excite and arouse me. Her pussy juice had a sweetness I still recall. And we did everything. She had me ass fuck her. We did a couple of threesomes with a couple of her girlfriends and I watched as she ate pussy for the first time. Once, she invited an old boyfriend over and we double penetrated her - or rather she positioned up and double penetrated herself. He joined us another time with a mutual friend who was bi and that night was included an encounter with another penis. Like Jessie would say, "It's all good." But mostly,

it was just me and Jessie, exploring each other, inventing new positions and living in the moment. Her vitality and youthful exuberance was the perfect medicine for me. I was her "kind stranger" and she was my "Blond on the Beach." What can I say except that she brought me back to life.