Lifeguard Stand

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Published on Lush Stories on 14 Nov 2011

Husband and wife have some time on the beach away from the kids

https://www.lushstories.com/stories/straight-sex/lifeguard-stand.aspx

“All right,” I said to the three boys in the room. “Your Mother and I are going for a walk on the beach. We’ll be back in a while. We’ve got our cellphones if you need us. Only call us for fire, flood, or blood- and there better not be any blood, ok?” “Ok, Dad,” said one of them non-commitally, staring at the TV screen. The oldest, my 15 year old, grunted in agreement as he continued to hammer away at his Xbox controller. The other sibling was silent, engrossed in watching his brothers shooting zombies. My wife was at the counter, screwing the top on a small portable drink cooler that we had filled with vodka gimlets. “OK?” She asked pointedly to the trio. “Yes, yes!, Ok! Have fun.” the oldest said, glancing away from the screen just for a moment. “I’m so glad we come down to the beach every year so they can spend their time playing video games,” my wife sighed. I came up behind her and whispered in her ear, “Right now I don’t care what they’re doing, as long as they leave us alone!” She giggled and ducked under my chin. “Ok, lets go!” she said. I grabbed a couple of plastic martini glasses from the cabinet and she picked up a large beach blanket, and we left through the sliding glass doors of the condo and headed down the stairs to the beach We had been at the shore with the kids for a few days now, and with the three of them with us in the small beachfront condo, we really hadn’t had any “alone time”. My wife, after 20 years of marriage and three kids still looks fantastic, and frankly, her parading around in a bikini for the past two days and my not having an opportunity to fuck her was driving me crazy. But now it was later at night, and she had traded the bikini and coverup for a baggy sweatshirt over a long flowing skirt, I had on a similar sweatshirt and a pair of long cotton gym shorts. I wasn’t wearing underwear and I had a sneaking suspicion she wasn’t either. We have been vacationing at the same condo for the past 7 years, and since out oldest turned 12, we have been leaving the three of them alone for a bit while my wife and I go out for a “walk on the beach” Which has become married couple code for “Fuck on the lifeguard stand.” We headed out onto the short boardwalk that led over the dune to the beach. The sand had cooled considerably from the afternoon, and it felt nice on our bare feet. It was a full moon, and our eyes quickly adjusted to the light and we were able to see clearly to make our way along the sand to the lifeguard stand. The stand was a large sturdy structure about 7 feet high, made of 2 x 4’s and built to accommodate a pair of guards comfortably The guards had pulled it back up onto the beach about 30 yards from the high tide line before they had left for the day. She climbed up the stand and I handed her a beach towel

that she laid on the seat, giving us a little cushion. She sat down and I gave her the cooler and the martini glasses, and then I climbed up and joined her on the stand. She set about getting the beach blanket arranged around us the way she liked it and I poured us each a gimlet from the cooler. We snuggled together, the blanket loosely wrapped around us and touched our glasses together in the toast we had been making together for 20 years. “To us.” We said simultaneously. We chatted for a bit about kids, work, bills-married stuff. Then I sighed and said, “You were killing me in that bikini today.” She smiled at me over her glass. “I noticed,” she replied, finishing her drink. “You had to pull your shirt down over the bulge in your suit.” I drained my glass and took hers from her and set them aside, then leaned in and kissed her softly on the lips. “Lets see if we can get that bulge back…” She returned the kiss a little more urgently, her tongue slipping into my mouth. I moved my mouth along her jawline and kissed down her neck, lightly biting at the warm flesh. She moaned softly as my hand slid up under her sweatshirt. She wore nothing underneath, and I and cupped her warm full breast in my hand. I stroked her nipple and felt it harden under my fingers. My hand slid down over her smooth belly to her skirt. I began pulling the material up, bunching it at her waist, exposing her pussy. The moonlight shone down like a spotlight, her tanned thighs offsetting the bright triangle of pale skin around her trimmed mound. I put my arm around her shoulders and pulled her close and kissed her, my tongue searching for hers. I cupped her mound with my other hand and my index finger slipped easily between the folds and into her. She let out a little gasp and then she whimpered softly as my finger probed deeper. “Oh, babe, you are so wet.” I said. “I’ve been thinking about this all day.” She whispered. We continued to kiss as I fingered her slick pussy, moving it up to circle her clit for a while before slipping it back into her. She slid her hand up under the leg of my loose shorts, her fingers wrapping around my hard cock and squeezing. We made out like a couple of horny teenagers for a while, kissing and teasing each other with our hands, when she pulled away slightly and giving my cock a little shake, said, “I want this in my mouth.” “Be my guest.” I smiled at her. I slipped my fingers out of her and she pulled her skirt back down. I loosened the drawstring on my shorts and pulled them down a bit, exposing my hard member. I adjusted the blanket around her as she leaned her head down to my lap and I sighed with pleasure as she took my cock in her mouth. Her tongue slid slowly down my shaft, sliding me in and out, and I felt her hand on my balls- she pulled down slightly on them each time she slid me out of her mouth, drawing low moans from me. I slid my hand under her sweatshirt and cupped her breast, enjoying its soft weight in my hand. She pleasured me like this for a while longer, and then sat up and kissed me deeply, her hand stroking my cock, and I moved myself away from her, turned around and climbed down the front of the stand between her legs. I stood on the lowest board on the stand, putting my face directly at her crotch. Her pussy was beautiful, a neatly trimmed V above and shaved bare below, her lovely feminine folds exposed, the moonlight washing out all the colors, making everything look like it was in black and white. I lowered my mouth to her mound and gave it a long slow lick. “Mmmmm…” she sighed. “Oh, that feels sooo nice.” I ran my tongue along her silky inner lips and then slid it up to her clit, sucking the tender bud into my mouth. “Yes! Oh, yes baby!” she cried. I felt her clit get firmer as I gently sucked on it, swirling my tongue over it, hearing her gasps of pleasure. “Oh that’s so good! Yes!” I slipped two fingers into

her, eliciting a louder moan from her. “Yes! Oh, yes!” she cried out as I pumped my fingers in and out of her smooth warm slit, my tongue now moving furiously over her hard bud. She gripped the edge of the bench seat and arched her back, her shoulders pushing against the back of the stand, her spine stiff, hips pressing against my mouth. I could tell she was getting close. A long moan escaped her lips. “Ohhhhhhhh…oh baby don’t stop,” she pleaded. “Please don’t stop. I’m so close, I’m gonna cum…I’m gonna…ah…ahhh…AAAAuuuuuuuuhhh!” Her hips pushed against my mouth as she came, her cry of pleasure swept away by the sound of the crashing surf, and I continued licking at her clit, feeling her pussy pulse around my fingers, until she abruptly pushed me away, laughing, saying, “Ok, ok…that’s enough! Too sensitive! Aaah!” She lay there a moment with me between her legs, gently kissing the insides of her thighs, and then she sighed, “Ohh, that was so good... now get up here and let me climb on top of that thing!” I laughed and climbed up two steps on the stand, and sat down next to her on the bench and pulled my shorts down, exposing my cock which was still a bit slick from her mouth, but had gotten a little cold from the wind. Bunching her skirt at the waist, she threw a long leg over my hips and took me easily into her wet cunt. She settled down onto me, her legs astride my hips, her knees on the towel. As my cock slid deep into her, her heat enveloped my chilled member like a warm bath, and we groaned in unison. “Oooh!” she exclaimed softly, “It’s a little chilly! Let me see if I can warm it up.” She wrapped the blanket around us, pulling us together into a warm cocoon against the cool ocean breeze, with our faces the only flesh exposed. But under the blanket our loins were locked together. She gave a squeeze with her inner muscles, clamping down on my cock. “Mmm, that’s helping.” I smiled, and kissed her softly. “Oh your cock feels so nice baby,” she purred, her hot breath in my ear. I reached down and cupped the firm cheeks of her ass in both hands, helping her move as she slowly slid her pussy up and down my hard shaft. She kissed me delicately, her lips gentle, her tongue tenderly seeking mine. She moaned and whimpered quietly as we made love, the soft delicate sounds exciting me more than if she had been screaming my name. The steady crashing of the ocean provided the perfect soundtrack. My hands moved up and roamed beneath her sweatshirt, caressing her warm breasts, gently rubbing my knuckles over her hard nipples, then taking them between my fingers and squeezing gently as she groaned softly in my mouth. I began matching her movements with my hips, thrusting slowly into her as her pussy slid down my length. She tightened herself around me again as she slid me out, the snug wetness becoming even tighter, seemingly sucking on the end of my cock just for a moment before she slid me back in. “You feel so fucking good,” She said huskily. “God, I love your cock…” She punctuated her statement by pushing down hard against me, grinding her pussy against my hips. I pushed myself up into her, straining to give her every bit of me. “Oh!” She cried out. “Your pussy feels so good.” “It’s all yours…only for you,“ she whispered, looking deep into my eyes. “I love you so much.” “I love you too.” We made love slowly on the bench, my hands roaming beneath her sweatshirt, and she pumped her hips in a slow sensual rhythm, sliding my cock in and out of her and then grinding her pussy against my pelvis, both of us getting lost in the feel of our bodies locked together She kissed me deeply and then said, “Lets switch positions- I want you on top.” I nodded and she smoothly dismounted from my hips and I scooted myself over as she sat down, her skirt gathered up around her waist. I turned myself around

and took a step down onto one of the lower crossboards of the stand, which put my pelvis about the same level as hers as she moved hips to the edge of the bench, and quickly slid myself back into her. “Oh, that’s so nice, baby,” she sighed, leaning back against the back of the bench, her hands wrapped around my neck. I looked down and saw my cock sliding in and out of her slick pussy, the two of us moving together in the bright moonlight. I pulled out as much as I could, enjoying the way it looked in the flat pale light and then slowly slid back in, watching her pussy swallow the stiff pink rod, until I was again buried in her. Suddenly, I saw the flash of headlights in the distance- a mile or so down the beach. “Shit!” I said, glancing at my watch- the glowing dial showed 12:05. “What?” she asked “Beach Patrol- it’s after curfew.” I replied. “Well, you better hurry it up, then,” she said with a wicked grin, “you need to cum before they get here, or we’re going to ja-ail,” she added in a singsong voice, teasing me. “Well, you are, at least…I’m pretty sure I can talk my way out of this,” she added. “Oh, really?” I said with a smile, punctuating my statement with a hard thrust into her. “Ahhh!” she cried out in response. “Ohh, yeah,” she gasped as I began pumping hard and fast into her. “I’ll tell them that we just met, and that you must have put something in my drink and I…ooohh, shit, that feels good. Come on baby…ohhh God, that feels so fucking good! Fuck me!” I pounded in and out of her tight pussy, the stand creaking slightly with my thrusts. The headlights were drawing closer, soon they would reach the stand and we would be in full view of the beach patrol, but her moans and cries of encouragement were having the desired effect on me. That, along with the slick warmth of the flesh wrapped around my aching cock and the thought that we might get caught sent me over the edge. “Yes!” I gasped, “I’m gonna cum!” With a loud groan, I thrust hard a final time into her, holding myself in her as deep as I could, feeling my cock pulsing in her. “Ohhh yess, baby…cum in meeee…” She moaned as I cried out, pulling me into her, her hands gripping my ass. ”God, I love that feeling.” She said with a low, sexy sigh. I quickly disengaged, and pulling my shorts up over my dripping member, I hurriedly sat next to her on the bench as she arranged the blanket around us. Seconds later, the spotlight from the beach patrol vehicle cast its beam over us. We turned toward the light and my wife waved a cheerful greeting to the car. “Hello!” she said brightly. “It’s after beach curfew, ma’am,” said the voice behind the light. “Even for an old married couple who haven had a minute away from their kids for the past 3 days?” The light lowered and we could see the officer in the patrol vehicle. He was about our age. “Ok,” he said. “I’ve got the rest of the beach to patrol- I probably won’t be back here for a half an hour or so- but you need to be gone when I get back, ok?“ “Ok, thanks!” she answered. “You two have a nice night!” he said with a sly grin The S.U.V rolled past us and down the beach “Ok, that was a first.” She said to me. What was?” I asked. “That’s the first time I’ve ever talked to a cop with cum leaking out of my pussy!” “Well I guess there is a first time for everything!” I laughed, pulling her close and kissing her. Miraculously, we hadn’t shaken the cooler off of the stand, so I poured us each another drink and we snuggled down under the blanket as we clinked our glasses together… “To us…”