

Sex on the Beach - A True Story

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Published on Lush Stories on 07 May 2012

It wasn't the explosive handjob I had given him, what happened next made it truly special!

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/straight-sex/sex-on-the-beach-a-true-story-1.aspx>

This really is a true story. I was in the Lush forum the other day giving a comment on orgasms without physical contact when I remembered a special day during our holiday last year in Florida. My boyfriend is away at the moment so I thought it would be great to get this memory down. We had driven to the beach straight from the hotel after lunch deciding on a walk along the beautiful South Beach resort. It was utter paradise. The sun shone and the sea lapped the beach with a graceful tranquility, turquoise in colour and seemingly endless. There were quite a few bathers and most of the girls were topless (it's allowed here), so I decided to join in. We had traveled light, and I mean really light. I wore an emerald green bikini whilst my man had just his swim shorts! Other than sunglasses, that was it. We sat in the car for a few minutes deciding which direction to walk while I unclasped the clasp on my top and freed up by boobs, then off we went. The air was really warm after the air conditioning and the sandy beach was literally feet away from the car, so we both ditched the flip-flops and padded onto the soft, hot sand. Wow! It was awesome. As we headed towards the water's edge, I could see my unleashed tits jiggling with the uneven strides in the deep sand. (I'm a 36B which is quite fulsome for a girl a fraction over five feet) and I knew I was getting horny. My guy had found his own entertainment in some giggling girls splashing around in the shallows, all topless and all swaying about in exaggerated moves. Oddly, it made me feel even more excited. About a quarter mile down the bodies on the beach began to thin out, apart from a group of eight girls playing volleyball. My boyfriend had obviously become very interested in that sport and predictably announced it would be a great idea to find some shade and do a bit of sun worshipping. Excited squeals invaded the otherwise serene hot beach, the sand almost too hot to sit on without so much as a towel. All we had between us was his shorts and my bikini pants. We holed up beside a steep bank that offered some shade and settled down for some serious sun bathing, me propping my head on his stomach. My hair is almost waist length and I had bundled it right up, but I didn't relish getting sand in it. Washing it is a fairly big task, and much as I love it, that is a serious downside. My boyfriend was propped up against the bank and, predictably, facing the direction of the volley girls. I had dozed off and about half an hour later opened my eyes to sizable bulge in his shorts. The volley girls had finally ended their game and had sunk to the sand in search of suntans. The squeals had gone and only the sound of the sea remained. His eyes were focused on the oasis of nipples pointing towards

the sun! I should have been annoyed with him of course but I wasn't. He's a man, right? I just did what any self-respecting girl would do and put my hand down his shorts and handled his manhood. His cock literally doubled in size in my hand. He didn't speak, just sort of breathed out noisily. I didn't say anything either but I decided to give him a handjob, right there with people passing and able to see. He lifted his bum as I slid his shorts to his knees, his cock springing to attention like a soldier on parade. I gave him the full hand treatment as I half-sat beside him propped up on my other arm. There was no other contact between us. He can get close to ten inches with a full hard-on and my hand barely shafted half his length giving him a really slow job. His gaze had finally left the assortment of bare tits and now focused directly on mine, bobbing up and down to the rhythm of my hand on his cock. Occasionally someone would amble by but I hardly noticed apart from a topless girl with her man who gave me a knowing smile as she eyeballed my man's erection. God, it was HOT! The air was hot, the place was hot, he was hot as was his cock, and my pussy was really HOT! I could tell he was almost ready to blow. Now, using just forefinger and thumb around the flange behind his bald 'head' (he's clean-cut, no foreskin) I tightened it a little and gently massaged him more urgently. Then he came. I was entranced by the height at which his first spurt reached. Then the rest just poured from his cock like molten lava from a volcano, over my hand and through my fingers, his hot thick cream beginning to bubble slightly as I continued to bring him off. Then it happened. Suddenly my pussy tightened and a shockwave wound up me right into my head, dazing me as I exploded into my bikini pants, leaving me shaking and gripping his cock to stop me losing my balance. I'd climaxed without him touching me, apart from my hand on his shaft. 'You okay, Honey?' he said suddenly. They were the first words spoken in ages. I was breathless. 'Yeah, gorgeous,' I whispered. 'I just had an orgasm watching you cum.' He pulled up his shorts and hooked an arm around me and drew me in, kissing me fully, mouth open and greedy and I melted into his chest. At least an hour had passed. The sun was still full on but the girls had gone and just a few mooched up and down the sand. My hand was sticky as was everything inside my pants. 'Can we go for a dip?' I husked. 'Need to freshen up a little,' I explained. 'Me, too,' he smiled and off we went down to the lapping water. About twenty feet in and the water was up to his chest whilst my tits were bobbing on the surface. I reached down and pulled off my bikini pants, swishing them about before tucking them into the waistband of his shorts for safekeeping. It was still hot, the water relatively cooler but still warm as I nuzzled against his chest, pressing my straining nipples into him. I was excited and a little nervous about being completely naked with others still milling around. The water was crystal so it wouldn't be difficult to see I was starkers. I held him close, and then I felt it. He was hard again. I could feel him poking me through his shorts. I couldn't believe it after all the cream he'd let go. 'You can't be serious?' I shrieked. 'I am,' he smiled, a mischievous look on his handsome face. 'I'm going to fuck you, right here, right now.' 'No, you can't,' I husked unable to contain my rising excitement. 'There are too many people about. You can have me back at the hotel.' 'Right here, right now,' he repeated. He reached down and yanked his shorts to just below his erection. I delved beneath the water and found his cock, hard as iron and aiming directly at me, I felt lower at his balls, tight and swollen and egging me on. 'God, how can you be ready again so soon?' 'You're just so damned

beautiful,' he breathed. 'How could any man resist this moment. You deserve a good fucking.' His hands appeared on my bum cheeks and suddenly my feet left the sandy sea-floor as he hoisted me up to his eye level. Instinctively, I wrapped my legs around his waist spreading my thighs as far as they could go, mouth finding his and sucking his lips like a hungry whore. His cock-head probed my clit, teasing my pussy lips, my breasts bobbing like buoyancy aids, nubs as hard as diamonds. 'Oh, God yes!' I shrieked and realised I could be heard by nearby swimmers. He penetrated me and I sucked in air as if I were drowning. Then he lowered me onto his shaft, holding me firm in his hands, my arms around his neck like a little girl. His cock continued its quest, probing ever more deeply into me, filling every part of my yearning chasm reaching my summit. Shrinking around his love-rod like a limpet I rose to the 'trot'. Wow! This was truly amazing. The hot sun seemed to cast its approval over us as I looked into his fabulous steely-blue smiling eyes. His lips ready to engage mine in silent conversation, drawing me to him flattening my breasts against his chest. He was like a statue, steadfast on the sea floor his hands cupping my butt cheeks as I rode him ever more urgently, my arm still circling his strong neck, the other now below the water searching for the top of my clit. His cock was almost in up to its hilt as I pressed a finger into me just above it and rubbed the inside of my pussy lips almost doubling my level of excitement beyond all expectation. I arched my back, facing towards the searing sun, nipples standing proud of my breasts facing the same direction as I attempted to get the rest of him into me. I know I was making noises. I always do at this point. I can't describe them so won't even try. I wanted him to rub my tits, squeeze my nipples, or spank me, but his hands were engaged in supporting me, so near yet... Some guy paddled by staring and I made eye contact briefly. My man didn't seem bothered and so I ignored him, throwing my head back and probably howling like a banshee. How do you know what you're saying at a time like that? Why would you care? His cock felt wonderful, hard and meaning business. I knew I was about to come. Tingling in my pussy gave way to trembling then shaking as my juices flooded him. I was out of it, muttering stuff I truly hoped he'd understand, looking him straight in the eyes. He smiled, tilted his head back slightly and came in me like a silent gun going off. His cream spurted deep into me, hotter than the sun itself, filling every part of me, streaming through my body like a ghost taking me over. Then I reckon I came again, not sure but it really felt like it. Then I was limp, hanging from his neck like a doll. His cock gradually slid out of me and I reached down to caress it, not in that way, just sort of hold it gently as it slowly receded. It had done its work in spectacular fashion now spent and retreating gracefully in my hand. His hands raised my butt up his body my tits level with his face as he gently sucked and nibbled each nipple in turn, his stubble rasping the tender skin of my still aching breasts. Then he lowered me back onto the sandy floor and suddenly the water was lapping just below my chin. He had pulled up his shorts and I went looking for my pants, no longer in his waistband and nowhere to be seen. 'My pants have gone,' I squeaked. The look on his face was indicating an imminent burst of laughter but the serious look on mine changed his mind. Panic was rising inside me. How would I get back to the car over quarter of a mile away stark naked? We only had his shorts between us. 'Don't worry Honey. I can see them.' Then he was off at a swim, about twenty feet away before returning with my little pants between his teeth. Now it was okay to laugh, and we did

unreservedly. That was such a HOT time. Writing it has brought back so much of that fabulous day and now, typical of a man, he's not here when I could REALLY do with him. Hope you enjoyed reading it. Lol Nikki xx