

The Gentle Breaking of the Waves

by Caroline Covington

My exhibitionist experience at a nude beach ignited a collection of intense erotic fantasies, the most vivid being my yearning to make love on a deserted beach. Despite its cliché nature, my husband needed very little persuading to help me live out my fantasy. Fortunately, at that time we were living in a country virtually ringed by beaches, so we were confident that we'd find a private strand of sand. We plotted our little adventure by looking at maps, considering population densities, and keeping an eye on weather forecasts. We also discussed timing, realising that a weekday would be best for our purposes.

With our plans laid, we picked a day. The weather held, so we prepared for our outing. That morning both of us phoned our respective workplaces to report illness and regrets. We packed our car with a blanket, towels, beach umbrella, books, and a cooler of food and drink; we intended to stay the entire day. A swimsuit each was also included in case we failed to find a private enough beach. We set out early, around 8 a.m., in hope and anticipation. The drive itself was uneventful. Conversation was muted, with both of us lost in our own thoughts.

The general location we chose was about a 90-minute drive—too far to scout for a specific spot. We were to rely on chance. In the event of failure, we'd console ourselves with at least a pleasant drive in the country and some sedate tanning on a public beach. The area we picked was on a sparsely populated peninsula, with cliffs on its west coast. The plan was to descend the cliffs and hopefully find an isolated stretch of sand.

We arrived at a promising area and parked the car. After briefly looking in the woods, we found a trail, which we concluded lead to the cliff's edge. Returning to our vehicle to collect our belongings, we set off down the trail. Each had a backpack; I carried the umbrella, and he the heavier cooler. After a short walk, we came to a set of wooden stairs that descended the cliff, depositing us onto the seashore.

The beach wasn't crowded, but we needed an expanse of sand with no one on it but ourselves. Although the cooler was heavy, my husband suggested that we head to the left along the beach toward the visible headland. At the outcrop, we scrambled over rocks to find a deserted cove of sand. Instead of stopping, he wanted to keep going to see what was beyond the next jut of land. I didn't protest, as I wanted to be as far away from the other beach-goers as possible. So, we traversed to yet another headland, hoping that beyond it lay our beach.

Luck was truly on our side, presenting us with a beach that we thought existed only in our minds. In front of us lay a wide, long, empty stretch of sand that was protected on all sides. For my own peace of mind, we went to the far end of the beach. If someone were to stray onto our private cove, we would have enough time to dress and feign innocence.

It was hard to believe that I was there, a place previously visited only in my imagination. With sensual anticipation, we set up our love nest, spreading the blanket, opening the umbrella, and shedding our clothes. Contrary to what I expected, there was no hesitation on my part; I immediately began a leisurely carnal quest that would last the whole day.

Standing naked and facing each other, we began with soft kisses, our tongues darting back and forth. Almost immediately, his hands reached for my breasts, cupping them softly and gently tugging at my nipples. The delightful pulls were directly sensed by my pubic region, initiating a flood that remained between my legs for the rest of the day. Instinctively, his hands began a slow tour to my crotch, detouring to my buttocks to squeeze them and then pulling me next to his erection, which I squirmed against with pleasure.

Finally, after an agonizing amount of time, his hand found my vulva; I braced myself against his chest—the waves that washed through me came close to knocking me over. I recovered and found myself standing with my feet wider apart than before. With one of his fingers, he began a stroking motion that parted my labia and ran up and down the length of my lips without entering me, pausing periodically on my clitoris. I shuddered as he did this and gingerly bit down on his

shoulder as I held him. Soon, random downward strokes would enter me; eventually they penetrated me with a luxurious consistency. I abandoned any pretence of modesty and lifted a foot onto his knee, splaying my elevated leg to the side to open myself and allow his probing to go deeper. My hands were around his neck as I stood leaning backwards, balanced with one foot on the ground, all while his fingers explored my opening.

The position, while enchanting, was tiring, so I released him and lay on the blanket on my back with my knees to my chest and apart, playing with my swollen petals and entrance. My impish behaviour excited him—he was slowly stroking himself as he watched me. But before long, he couldn't resist, so he lowered his face into my slit—a misnomer, for it had blossomed into a fully opened, edible flower. His tongue played on my clitoris, but mostly he sucked on it while his chin pushed apart my lips and tempted my entrance. The sensations steadily drove me to ecstasy and caused me to thrust my pelvis into his face and spread myself even wider with my hands. In turn, he filled me with his fingers, pumping at my cavity, while continuing the suction on my clitoris.

The heavenly action of his fingers had stretched me, making my entrance wide and pliant. He angled me so that the sun could shine and beat into my insides. With the sun's spotlight, he'd peer into my opening and then bury his face in me, only to lift his head—his chin and mouth shining from my wetness—to stare into my cavity again, then resume his greedy consumption. He varied from this cycle by mounting and penetrating me, alternately sucking at my puckered nipples or kissing me deeply and sweetly as I bucked beneath him, only to slide back down to renew his detailed examination and tasting of my vagina. At last, my orgasm came with a rush, and I arched my back as tremors reverberated throughout me and left my legs open to absorb some more fulfilling strokes from his fingers, until, finally, the sensations were too much to take.

We carried on this way, basking in the sun. I constantly asked him if we were really there, on the beach, enjoying ourselves so freely. We were energised to a high degree, requiring only modest amounts of rest before one of us would spur the other. Every act, no matter how

innocuous, became a celebration of our bodies, done to arouse the other, creating a rising spiral of erotic energy.

In the open air with the sun as voyeur, we lost ourselves in each other: I rode him while on my knees yet other times while squatting, the latter spreading me wide and providing him with a view of his intrusion into my labia. When I squeezed his erection with my pelvic muscles, I could feel it twitch and convulse inside of me. I nipped and pulled at my breasts as I repeatedly slid and impaled myself on his cock. With great difficulty, I'd remove myself from him, move up to his face, and grind myself into his nose, mouth, and chin, relishing the suction on my clitoris. I sucked on his erection, hard yet warm, taking him as deep as I could, milking him with my mouth to a shuddering climax, and lustily swallowing every drop he expelled. He filled and stretched my core as I opened myself for him and urged him to ejaculate into my depths. Under the glorious sun he watched me as I deftly masturbated to an orgasm. I craved his erection, rubbing it all over my body and face, and coaxed him to spray his semen over my chest and rub the fluid into my breasts, impregnating them with his scent.

Time passed with our lovemaking, so eventually we decided to have some food. The lunch that I had packed included some meats, cheeses, and fruit—specifically, strawberries and pears. Famished from our lovemaking, we ate the meats and cheese with gusto, slaked our thirst, and rested. Drinking a cool, crisp, white wine, I sat on the blanket with my legs casually spread, my opening clearly visible and still vibrating from our last round of sex. My enlarged labia were attracting his gaze, so, wordlessly, I positioned myself to allow him a more explicit view. I watched him work in silence, slicing the pears into wedges with great deliberation. His next move caught me pleasantly by surprise.

Carefully, pieces of fruit were placed into my cavity, withdrawn, sometimes reinserted, and finally eaten, both of us feeding each other the ripe slices that we coated with my juices. We would kiss with both fondness and lust, exchanging the fruit between our mouths. I was transfixed watching each morsel enter and disappear between my labia, only to see my glossy lips lengthen, sucked outwards by the removal of the now shiny fruit. Each successive

penetration by a strawberry or pear wedge resulted in yet a higher lift of my pelvis and a further spreading of my legs. I ached to baste every portion and revelled in the subtle sensations stirring in my vagina. We ate slowly, savouring every sinful insertion of fruit.

We began taking turns, using each other as a platter with which to consume our food. With gentleness he'd lay me on my back, marinate a morsel between my spread lips, and place the food on my breasts, nibbling them along with the dampened fruit. Each touch of his lips on my nipples sent currents shooting to my pelvis, further augmenting my wetness. He'd then slide to my opening and drink deeply, lapping and poking between my lips and teasing my clitoris; sometimes he'd deposit another piece of fruit to consume directly from my slit. In return, I'd immerse a slice into my split opening, letting it linger to absorb my essence, and, placing it on his penis, ingest the fruit while I sucked his erection.

Eventually, after several such Epicurean exchanges, I continued sucking him, sometimes running my tongue along the length of his shaft. His pelvis soon began its beautiful rhythm and pumped at my mouth, gently at first. As he increased the speed, I felt him hold me by my hair, keeping my head still. He continued building the intensity, soon thrusting his cock rapidly into my mouth. I felt him tense before he splashed his warm sperm into my throat. Intentionally, I removed him from my mouth before he completely finished, allowing his final streams to shower my lips, cheek, and chin. Without hesitation, he took me in his arms, licking my face, collecting and feeding his semen to me with his tongue and lips. I can't describe the eagerness with which I devoured the orgasmic fluid from his mouth.

This was how our day progressed, from one sensual high to another. Even our rests were a delight: we'd gently stroke each other while we read or absorbed the view or, more often than not, we'd simply admire each other in the all-revealing sun.

The superb, cloudless day was ending. It was past 5 p.m. We were lying on our sides facing each other, our feet toward the other's head, relaxing, reading, and recovering from yet our latest escapade. Believing that we were done with our adventure, I playfully called to give him one last look. Slowly, keeping my upper leg straight, I raised

it as high as it could go and then rolled onto my back, fully extending both legs as wide as I could. The effect was unexpected. His eyes widened, even bulged, as he wordlessly stared at my exposure. He described it to me later; I blushed then as I do now in its retelling: The entrance to my vagina was enlarged and awash in saliva, semen, and my own secretions. Strands of this earthy concoction were strung across my opening like a fine, delicate lace—linking my widely parted lips—in a forlorn attempt to hide the extended stretching, filling, and widening of my hole. To add to the effect, the pearly threads shifted and shimmered in the light of the sun. He was entranced, later claiming that it was one of the most erotic sights he ever saw.

Without a word and in a single smooth motion, he jumped to his feet, grabbed my arm, dragged me to the water's edge, and flung me onto the sand, falling on me like a madman. He entered me easily; the copious amounts of sex rendered me loose and lubricated, the latter evidenced by the cocktail of juices that I had so lewdly placed on show. To say that we made love is a mistruth; it was, on both our parts, a pure joyous Fuck. It began immediately with an intensity that was hard, fast, and unwavering to the very end.

While on my back I'd thrust my pelvis upwards in desperate attempts to match his cadence, each well-timed lunge a delicious reward for my clitoris and insides. My hands alternated between tugging my nipples, masturbating, and feeling his cock continuously plunge into my cunt: Yes, my cunt, my cock-tunnel, my fuck-hole; it was all of these things and more. When he'd tire of fucking me in this position, he'd turn me onto my hands and knees and pummel me from behind. His hands gripped my hips and controlled the furious motion that simultaneously slapped my ass and unceasingly filled and stretched my more than willing cunt. Supporting myself on one arm, I watched through my legs the rhythm of his balls as his pelvis smacked into me, increasing my excitement and causing me, impossibly, to open myself yet wider. With my free hand, forming a "V" with two fingers, I'd feel his cock thrust repeatedly into me while I maddeningly tried to touch my clitoris with the remaining fingers. The pace was insane, punctuated with frequent changes in position, but it barely kept up with my base cravings.

Finally, while on my back, he pinned me by trussing my legs apart, his arms behind my knees. He leaned into me with his arms, pushing my legs toward me and to the sides of my chest, and causing my pelvis to elevate. I was completely and utterly split, supplying him unbridled access to my expanded hole. Delirious with lust, I craned my neck to catch glimpses of the persistent penetration of my widened pink flesh. With each withdrawal I saw my cunt lips extend and cling to his cock, gleaming from my insides, only to watch it disappear and then feel it inside. I absorbed the delicious slamming of our pelvises, welcoming each blow. My cunt was voracious, gobbling with savage gluttony the endless and rapid ploughing. One of my hands was engrossed with my nipples, intensely plucking at them, while the other attacked my clitoris, all as I was relentlessly fucked into sweet, luscious incoherence... In this position did we gain tempo, force, and urgency and climb to our final orgasm.

How do I end this? How do I avoid the tired, hackneyed, overused line: "...and then I exploded as he spurted his hot cum deep inside of my love box"? How do I convince you, Reader, that at that climactic instant we truly saw the face of God while in a communion of cosmic copulation? Is it at all possible to persuade you that the spirits of Henry Miller, Anais Nin, Don Juan and his reckless daughter, and Casanova did visit and bestow their blessings and collective libidos upon us at the anointed second of our shared ecstasy? How can I describe the culmination of the Super Fuck, in whose presence Nietzsche's penis shrivels from envy? Can I define the moment of shared immaculate bliss that bellowed to us the meaning of our existence, causing Descartes to masturbate and scream at the top of his lungs, "We fuck, therefore we are"? Would you believe me if I said that I cried tears of rapture and exhilaration? Can I sell to you the notion that we collapsed into the sand and each other's arms, laughing in disbelief and incapable of speech, eventually quietening to listen to the gentle breaking of the waves and the beating of each other's hearts?

If you believe but a fraction of it, then I have done my job.

I'd love to receive your feedback on this story.

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