

## Beach Balls

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*A work of fiction, meant for adults. Read something else if you are not an adult, or are offended by stories with sexual content. Then again, if all you're looking for is in-out, in-out, in-out, you should probably read something else. I welcome constructive comments. Enjoy.*

I love playing with my balls on the beach. I can do it for hours on end. I love the way they feel in my hands, the way they seemingly move on their own as the sea breeze hits them. I don't like getting sand on them, but you learn to be careful. It's a wonderful feeling; after a few minutes I know I'm smiling, I'm relaxed, it's great. Some people give me strange looks as they pass by, but I don't care. It feels good. And there are some moments of sheer ecstasy -- like when I have all five in the air at once.

I just love juggling on the beach. It's great therapy and it's fun. I was taking a break from school. My ex-in-laws had given me a call; they had a timeshare reserved in San Diego and couldn't go. Would I like to use it? They are great people. After their daughter went weird and we were divorced, they disowned her and practically adopted me.

I settled on seven days over the Veteran's day holiday, Wednesday through Tuesday. We had "Academic holidays" Monday and Tuesday, which was Veteran's day. I took off the preceding Tuesday, splitting the long drive by spending the night sleeping on the floor of a friend's place in Irvine. This left me a short drive on Wednesday to Mission Bay in San Diego. I did my grocery shopping in Irvine, drove down and checked in around eleven, and was out on the beach by noon, now just a juggling fool.

People walked past, people strolled past, people ran past. If I was doing four or five balls they either watched for a bit or took a wider path around me. Some would stop and watch for a while.

That afternoon a gal stopped to watch; I thought I'd seen her go by a couple of times earlier. I was doing simple three ball stuff at the time. When you're doing simple routines, you can look around; you don't have to focus on the balls all the time. Five is a different story; some times all the focus I've got isn't enough.

She was about my height. She had long brown hair pulled back in a pony tail. She was wearing gym-style shorts and an athletic top that was mostly gray with dark side panels. The contrasting side panels really showed off her charms. She was well developed and looked to be in great shape. She had a great smile and sparkling green eyes. What a welcome change from school.

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I did silly three ball things as she watched. She giggled a couple of times and applauded when I did Mill's Mess. Her laugh was wonderful. Then she asked, "How many can you do at once?"

I smiled. This was one I'd practiced for years, and hardly had to think of what to do as my hands did it. I went from a three ball cascade to all three balls in the left hand, and held up my right hand wiggling all five fingers for a while, then dropped back into a three ball shower with both hands. She laughed and applauded. "Five again? Please?"

I said, "Of course." I picked up two extra balls, and took a couple of deep breaths. Three in the left hand, two in the right, one, two, three ... A five ball cascade is a wonder to watch. Some times I wonder how I do it. It's a fast pattern. You have to look up at the balls in the air, and your hands are wide enough apart that you can't see them as you concentrate on the balls. It had gone well for me earlier in the day. I was even better now; smooth, even, a really well timed pattern. I was happy with it and knew I was smiling.

"I love the way your butt wiggles when you do that."

I lost it; instant five ball chaos in the air. She jumped back and gasped. "Oh, I'm sorry..."

I looked at her and started laughing. Pretty soon I was laughing so hard I had to sit down on the sand; soon she was sitting next to me laughing as well.

"I've gotten a lot of remarks while juggling, but that's the first time someone has told me that -- especially someone so attractive."

She smiled at me. "I'm really sorry -- I watched you for a while earlier today. From behind, it's even better -- you've got a great ass."

I shook my head, smiling, still laughing. "You're not going to be offended if I ask you to dinner, are you?"

"Not at all. Where are you staying?"

I pointed to the high-rise building behind us. "Over there. The room with the tree." I had a beach towel with a tree on it taped to the window glass.

She said, "I'm staying about two blocks from here. Why don't I come by at six thirty?"

"Sounds great. The lobby is on Missouri street; I don't know much about the places to eat around here though."

"That's okay, I know some good places within walking distance."

"Okay, I'll be in the lobby at six thirty. By the way, my name is Tom." I extended my hand.

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She shook my hand. “A pleasure to meet you, Tom. I’m Carol.”

“My pleasure. See you at six thirty.”

“See you then.” She jogged off up the beach. She had a good ass and a great wiggle too.

I packed up and went up to my room. I showered, shaved, and got dressed. I even had some time to organize a little more, and write a bit more on my latest research paper.

I went down to the lobby about six twenty five. She walked up a few minutes later. I was wearing a short sleeve white shirt, dress pants, and walking shoes. She was wearing a halter top, skirt, and sandals. Her hair and eyes sparkled, her breasts looked full, warm, and delicious. Her smile was warm and inviting as well.

I told her, “You look great.”

She said, “Thanks, so do you. That shirt doesn’t show off your shoulders and arms, though.”

“Sorry about that-- and I don’t have pants tight enough to show off my ass.”

She laughed. “There’s a good Mexican fish place a short walk from here. How does that sound?”

“Wonderful, if it’s with you.”

We walked over a couple of blocks. Her perfume was intoxicating. It was a small place, and we took a booth in the corner where we’d have some privacy. We ordered a couple of beers, and started in on the chips and salsa.

“So, how are you doing this evening?” she asked me.

“I feel intoxicated.”

She frowned a little. I quickly said, “It’s your smile, your eyes, and your perfume.”

She gave me a husky laugh and took a sip of her beer. “So, what do you do when you’re not ...”

“Playing with my balls on the beach?” I completed her sentence for her.

She smiled and nodded, taking another sip.

“Would you believe I’m a university professor?”

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She gulped quickly. I thought she was going to choke. She put a hand on her chest and wobbled her beer bottle back to the table.

“You are? So am I! What do you teach? Where?”

It was my turn to laugh. “Psychology at Stanford.”

She shook her head in disbelief. She told me she taught English lit and composition at USC in Los Angeles.

I raised my beer in a toast. “Here’s to you, Professor, and to academic holidays.”

She clinked my glass. “To you, Professor. I’d never have guessed. I’ve never met a juggling psychologist before.”

“Let alone one with such a great ass,” I was compelled to add.

She laughed; she has a wonderful laugh. “Tenured?”

“Yup, made it last year.”

“Ooh ... Now I’m really jealous.”

We had fish tacos for dinner, and a pretty good flan for dessert. We squabbled over the check; I got it by reminding her that it was my invitation. She left the tip.

We left the restaurant and stood outside. It was that awkward first date time -- something I’d not experienced for a while.

I asked, “Well? Walk along the beach? It’s a fine night for submarine races. May I walk you back to your place?”

She smiled. “No thanks, not tonight. I’ve got papers to grade.”

“I don’t mind walking you to your door. I’m harmless.”

She laughed. “I’m only about a block from here. I’ll be safe. I’ll see you on the beach tomorrow -- I promise.”

With that she gave me a wonderful hug, a quick kiss on the lips, and walked away.

“Good night Professor. Sweet dreams,” I called out to her.

She stopped and turned, putting her hands on her hips. “Good night, Professor. You sleep well too.”

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I walked back to my place. I tried working on my paper, but my heart wasn't in it. I started this story instead. I'm looking forward to how it works out. I hope it's as interesting as I think it could be. I try to get away from academia and academics for a while, and who do I meet up with but another University professor. I hoped this experience would be better than my last one dating an academic. My stomach tightened and flopped from the memories of that breakup a few months ago. This is different, I told myself; Carol approached me, she's athletic, she smiles. This will be different; it will be better. I thought about our dinner conversation; she spoke well, precisely, but not overly so. I smiled to myself and winced at the same time; she hadn't corrected me. I remembered a first date long ago when someone had corrected something I said; that had been a strong omen I'd missed. No, this had been a good evening, a relaxed evening. Relax and let it happen, I told myself; relax and go to bed.

The next morning I got up, quickly got "dressed" and headed down to the beach. I started with stretching and loosening exercises, then sat down for some deep breathing. I tried to clear my mind but it kept wandering back to Carol. I hoped I would see her again.

I gave up trying to clear my mind that way and decided to clear it by juggling. I started out with the basic three ball stuff, looking out over the pattern of balls to watch the surfers enjoy the unusually large waves for this time of year.

After I warmed up with three for a while, I went right for five. When I did it for Carol yesterday it felt good, better than it had in quite a while. I hoped it was still with me today. It was; I could tell after the first ball. It was clean, tight, and regular. I let out a whoop of joy. After a bit I started playing with the pattern. The Juggling Gods were smiling on me today; I widened the pattern and it stayed stable. I was hollering now; this was tremendous. After a minute or so, which is a very long time when you've got five balls in the air, the Juggling Gods decided I'd had enough euphoria for a while and sent a gust of wind my way. I saw two balls bump in the air; I knew things were not salvageable. I whooped and threw the balls in my hands high in the air; let 'em all fly. I started laughing. What an experience.

Then I heard applause and laughter behind me. I turned and looked. Sitting about fifteen feet behind me on the sand was Carol. She stood up and walked over to me.

"That was quite a show. You were really having fun."

I gathered up my balls, still laughing, a little winded. "It was incredible. I haven't done that well in quite a while. Maybe never. How long have you been watching?"

"About half an hour ..."

She had been watching me since soon after I started. "You don't see much from that angle."

"I saw what I was interested in, Professor." She looked me right in the eye with a wry smile.

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“Well thank you. Would you like to learn?”

“Me? No, I’m a klutz. I could never learn to juggle, not as well as you.”

“Wrong, Professor. It takes about half an hour to get started. When I was a little kid, I was forced to play baseball; I played one season. They put me out in the field behind first base, whatever that’s called, because the only things that ever went out there were stray dogs. I still can’t play baseball, or tennis. But I’ve taught lots of people to juggle”

“Okay, you win. How do I start?”

“You start with two.” I had her stand next to me and started teaching her the same way I’ve taught many others. I showed her the basic three ball cascade, which was our goal, and then went back to the two ball exercises that build the needed skills. After about twenty minutes she was flashing three, meaning she was throwing each ball once and catching them.

After she’d done that a few times I said, “Very good, Professor. Very good. Time for a break.”

She sat down next to me on the beach towel. I dug in my cooler for boxes of juice and handed her one.

“Really? Am I getting it?”

“Carol, you are as talented as you are beautiful. You are doing extremely well. You’ll have it down in a few hours of practice”

She blushed a bit and I noticed her nipples looked hard as rocks underneath her bikini top.

She sipped her juice. “So how long does it take to learn five?”

“Well, it takes about ten hours to get to the point where you can say your name while juggling three without dropping. If you keep at it, after about forty or fifty hours you develop an insatiable urge to try and juggle anything you can pick up that won’t fight back.” At this point I was doing three in one hand while sitting down. This is tough. “If you keep going, you’ll get four in about nine or ten months, if at all. Some people never get to four. Once you get four, going to five takes another two years or so, again if you can do it. It took me almost three years to go from three to five. I know that if I work hard at it, I’ll get six about the time hell freezes over. But, I’m still learning silly three ball tricks, and some of them are the most satisfying.” I ended with a couple of those silly three ball tricks.

She applauded and gave me that wonderful laugh again. “You are great. I can’t believe it.”

I looked her in the eye. “There’s one very important thing to know. Some times you’re working so hard, trying so hard to get something, and it just isn’t working. You need to relax,

take a break, and let it come to you.” Good advice for me as well, I thought. As I looked in her eyes she got a wry smile on her face.

“Ready to practice some more?” I asked her.

“No, not quite yet.”

I started to say, “Well?” when she leaned over and kissed me, putting her arms around my neck after the first eternity or so.

“What was that for?” I asked, when I caught my breath.

“That was left over from last night. Sorry I didn’t give it to you then. Really.”

“They don’t keep very well. They get stale. Much better when fresh.”

She said, “You’re right.” She closed her eyes and kissed me again. I put my arms around her and held her close.

After a while she said, “You’re definitely right. Much better fresh. Now I’m ready to practice again.”

“I think I’ll wait for the world to stop spinning, first.” Not only did I need to do that, but I also needed to wait for other parts of me to settle down. The combination of her kiss and feeling her nipples press against me had given me quite an erection.

My head cleared enough for me to realize that if I could juggle three in one hand while sitting down, I could certainly teach sitting down.

“Okay, stand up and start in again. Remember to alternate your starting hand, I’ll watch.”

It was one of those ideas that you think is good at the time but turns out to be a big tactical error. Well, I’m not sure it was exactly an error.

Carol moved a few feet away from me with that wry smile on her face. She started juggling, concentrating very hard. The sun was at her back with the sea breeze moving from her to me, carrying her scent straight to my head and my groin. I closed my eyes and inhaled slowly. As I sit here typing this, I can close my eyes and remember that moment and the memory sends chills down my spine.

“Carol, could you move over to the side a bit? The sun is hard on my eyes.”

I think that’s one of the most difficult things I’ve said. It would have been wonderful to sit there drinking her in. Of course I would have been mindless and drooling in thirty seconds-- make that ten seconds. My God, it had been such a long time.

She moved over. A reprieve. Or so I thought -- beginning jugglers drop things a lot. She dropped one of the balls, and leaned over to pick it up. She gave me quite a view of her exquisite breasts. She also looked me right in the eye and said, "How's that?" with that wry smile before standing up again.

I sighed and smiled. "Try starting with the other hand."

It took a few minutes for my mind to clear. I was able to stand up again and move about. It took a bit longer before I regained my professional composure; I kept telling myself I was dealing with a student, and reminding myself of what I thought of teachers that made passes at students. It was a good line, but I wasn't sure I was convincing myself.

Success in many experimental endeavors, including psychology, requires an ability to spot patterns. The successful investigator detects a pattern, then forms a hypothesis. More observations are made to see if the hypothesis passes initial muster. After that, experiment: introduce variation and note the results. Analyze the results and determine if the results of the experiment support the hypothesis, require the hypothesis be changed, or reject the hypothesis.

I detected a pattern; I started laughing. Carol was dropping things, as was to be expected. When she picked them up though, she would position herself so she brushed up against me, or gave me a great view of her ass or her breasts, or her long hair brushed me. Or she would put a hand on me as she straightened up.

My initial hypothesis formed, I made further observations. I kept encouraging her juggling, making suggestions to help her. She kept finding ways to brush against me. I noticed her nipples were hard again. Time to experiment: introduce variation and note the results.

I moved over to the side about five feet. She noticed this and soon dropped two balls. She moved directly in front of me and then bent over to pick them up, gently pressing her wonderful bottom into me. I sighed and put my hands on her hips. "Carol, you're practicing a different art ..."

She straightened up, putting her hands on mine. She leaned into me, moving her bottom sensuously. She tilted her head back, filling my face with her hair. "I thought you'd never notice," she said with a sigh.

Professional composure went out the window. I took a deep breath of her hair. "I noticed."

She moved my hands from her hips to around her waist. I held her gently; she moaned softly and moved against me some more. She moved my hands to her breasts. I caressed them gently and kissed her neck through her hair. She moaned again and said, "Oh Tom, it's been so long."



I laughed as I kissed her neck. She turned around quickly and with a pout said, “What’s so funny?”

I touched my forehead to hers. “I’m sorry; it’s not funny. I was going to say the same thing. Carol ... It’s been so long.”

My eyes were already closed. Soon I felt her breath and then her lips on mine. We held each other and kissed on the sand. After a while she whispered in my ear, “Why don’t we go up to your place.”

I gave her a squeeze and kissed her neck once more.

We packed things up; she took her bag and my juggling bag. I carried my cooler. We walked and rode the elevator in silence.

Inside the door, we put things down and kissed once more, this time our hands extending the exploration our tongues had begun. She pushed me up against a wall, kissing me and squeezing my ass with both hands.

We stopped for a breath and I held her hands in mine. She looked at me with fire in her eyes. I suddenly felt like prey in the presence of a hungry carnivore. I quickly pointed out the small bedroom and bath, the kitchen and living area, and then took her into the master bedroom and bath area.

She smiled. “Tom, I’d like to shower first. Why don’t I shower in this bathroom, and you shower in the small one. I’d like that.”

I kissed her on the forehead. In the master bath I picked up my small container of bath gel and gave her the big one. I gave her another kiss on the neck, and left the room.

The shower felt good, washing off the sweat and salt. After drying off, I wrapped the towel around my waist and went back into the master bedroom.

Carol was standing naked in front of one of the full-length mirrors drying off. She gave me a look of pure lust and pointed to the bed. I went over to it and sat down.

She looked better naked than with clothes on, and she looked great clothed. Her breasts looked delicious. She had light tan lines and a wonderfully curly thatch. She was in good shape, filled out and not anorexic as is the current fashion. In a word, mmmmmm.

Her hair was dry; she must not have washed it. She reached over to her bag on the nearby end table and took out a hair brush and a little sprayer. She gave her hair brush a couple of spritzes; within moments I could tell it was her perfume. I gave her a low growling “Mmmm” of appreciation. Looking at me with raw lust, she started passing the perfumed brush through her hair. I smiled. She put the brush down and put a spritz over each breast, spreading the scent on her skin with a hand. Then she put the brush and sprayer down.

I got up from the bed quickly, and approached her on my knees. I pushed her back against the mirror with one hand and picked up her perfume with the other. I gave it a few shakes and flipped off the cap. I looked her in the eye, smiling. I spread her legs gently and gave her curls a spritz high on her mound. She gasped. I put one hand on her mound, and still looking her in the eye, gently rubbed the scent into her, slipping my fingers through her curls.

She closed her eyes, tilted her head back, and moaned. As my fingers slipped down and into her, she put her hands on my shoulders and swung her hips forward. I couldn't believe the heat that was radiating from her. As a finger slipped over her clitoris, she shuddered and said, "Oh my God ..."

I withdrew my hand and put my hands on the sides of her hips. I held her to me and kissed her pubic hair, drowning myself in the mixture of scents.

I stood up quickly and turned her to the bed, putting her on her back. Her head was tilted back and she was moaning softly. With her on her back, I spread her legs and began kissing my way up her thighs.

The combination of the heat radiating from between her legs and the perfume mixed with her own musky scent was intoxicating. It was hard for me to take my time and not just dive into her. I kissed my way up, caressing her thighs and hips with my hands. I love that little spot just on the inside of the thigh by her sex; it's so soft, so warm, and so kissable.

As I kissed my way up, she moaned and writhed, her hands grabbing my hair, her legs spread giving me access. When I started kissing her directly over her clitoris, once again letting myself be overcome by her heat and scent, her thighs grasped my head. The sensation was incredible. She squeezed me between her thighs; I grasped her bottom with my hands, kissing her, trying to reach into her with my tongue as her thighs moved my head around.

She had me so aroused, so hard, so dizzy. She squeezed my head between her thighs as I tried to reach her clitoris with my tongue. I kissed, I stroked, and I filled my soul with her scent and her taste. She squeezed me, she moaned, she pulled my hair as she writhed underneath me. I moved closer to my goal with each breath, with each moan.

My tongue touched her nub; the effect on both of us was electric. She shuddered underneath me and her legs opened; her hands pulled my head to her. The texture and taste of her encouraged me and I licked, kissed, and sucked her, my hands under her bottom.

She chanted, "Oh yes ..." as I continued my efforts, timing them to the motion of her hips. I moved one hand from her bottom to just under my chin. I slipped a finger deep into her, moving it around in her warmth and wetness, and felt her stiffen.

She let out a low moan and shuddered, squeezing my finger and squeezing my head once again between her legs. I held on and kept going with my tongue until her legs released me and her hands pulled my head up to rest on her mound.

I rested for a moment as she rocked gently and squeezed me with her legs. I wanted her. I started kissing my way up her body. I got lost when I reached her nipples. I could have stayed there forever, they were so soft, so warm.

I wanted to stay there, sucking and holding, so wonderful. Then I learned I was in bed with a tigress, and she was not yet satisfied. She ran her hands over me and started stroking my very erect cock, enticing me. Then she grabbed my ass with both hands and pulled me up on top of her. She grabbed my head with both hands, and I had just enough time to see the lust burning in her eyes before she pulled me to her lips.

We kissed, exploring each other with our tongues and hands. Our kiss deepened and I slid into her, her legs locking around mine. She bucked her hips, threw her head back, and dug her fingers and nails into my ass. I kissed and bit her neck, drowning in her perfumed hair.

She started moaning again. I felt myself coming. "Oh Carol ..." was the only thing I could say.

"Oh yes, yes, fill me, fill me up." She put one hand on the back of my neck and squeezed me. That's all it took to push me over the edge. I was no longer in control of my body. I was pumping into her, feeling her, holding her. She gasped out, "Oh yes ..." and I felt her shiver beneath me, around me.

She squeezed me as I lay on top of her, lost in her hair, the world spinning. I tried to prop myself up on my elbows to take the weight off her; she held me close. I kissed her neck and her ear. I tried to move up, but she squeezed me again and said, "I like you where you are," wiggling her hips. I whispered in her ear, "I want to kiss your lips."

She let me up for that. I moved a bit and put one hand underneath her head. We kissed again. She was hungry. As we rolled around I slipped out of her. She practically whimpered, then smiled. I hugged her and buried my head in her hair and her neck again.

"Oh, Tom," she said as she squeezed me. I worked my mouth back down to her breasts. I found a nipple and settled in. She squeezed my head to her and I took in a deep breath of her perfume. I moaned; this is heaven.

We were both more or less on our sides. My head was resting on one of her arms. Her other hand found my cock and started teasing, quickly renewing my interest. I moved my free hand to between her legs and started exploring, sliding over her clit.

I sucked and we teased each other for a while, until she growled, "I want you inside me." She rolled on her back. I stayed on my side, and lifting her leg closest to me, slid under her leg and into her. She was still hot. I pushed into her, running a finger over her clit at the same time. She rocked her hips to meet me. I put a leg on top of her; she grabbed it and hugged it to her, pulling me into her even more, and grinding her hips. My hand was squeezed out of its place, but she was already on her way. I took her outstretched hand and put her thumb in my mouth and

started sucking; the way we were on the bed her breasts were so far away. As I sucked she started a low, deep moan. It built in intensity until all of a sudden it stopped and her whole body tensed and then shuddered. Her fingers clutching my leg felt like talons.

Still deep inside her, I rolled her over on to her side, almost on her stomach. The sensation of riding on her tight ass was wonderful. I grabbed her shoulders and squeezed, burying my head in her hair, trying to kiss her neck through that incredible perfumed mane. She wrapped her legs around mine and reached a hand in back of her head to hold me.

I felt myself coming; I took a couple of deep breaths, filling my soul once again with her perfume. She sensed me stiffening and said, "Oh yes, Tom, please." I held her lightly, pressed up against her bottom and her back, filling her again. We both moaned.

Afterward, I only moved to put my arms around her and pull the bedspread over us both. I kissed her hair; she sighed. After a couple of minutes I felt her relax. Then I went to sleep as well.

We awoke about an hour later to the phone ringing. By the time we were both coherent enough, got our arms and legs untangled, got the bed spread loose, and located the phone it stopped ringing.

We looked at each other, still a bit dazed. We both laughed, then hugged, then kissed.

I sighed and said, "Thank you, professor. It's been too long."

She smiled and gave me a low laugh. "That's my line ..."

I gave her another brief kiss; it only lasted half an eternity. "We should think about dinner -- are you up for something a bit fancier this evening? I want to celebrate."

"That sounds good. I want to celebrate as well -- with you."

We got "dressed" again in our beach clothes. She made a couple of phone calls and got a reservation for us at a place not too far away. Good, but not pretentious was her evaluation. I asked her about dress; she said what we wore last night was the correct level.

I asked, "Can I give you a lift to your place to change?"

She got a sad, concerned look on her face, almost a pout again. I went over to her and put my arms around her. "What's wrong?" I asked softly.

She hugged me. "Oh, Tom -- the place I'm in is so bad. I don't want you to see it. I don't want to see it."

"Why? What's wrong?" I asked again.

She gave me her pouting look again. “It belongs to the parents of another faculty member. We drove down separately, and when I got here I discovered she’d brought a new grad student with her -- she’s breaking him in. The place has two bedrooms, but it’s so small, so cramped, and they’re so noisy ...”

I understood. I smiled; this might explain a number of things.

“Then move in with me for a few days. It won’t cost me anything. Would you like a parking place in the garage?”

She smiled ear to ear and gave me a hug that squeezed the breath out of me. “Yes, yes, yes!”

“Okay, write down the particulars on your car so I can deal with the front desk. Do you want to just meet me in the lobby again? When?”

I sat on the corner of the bed to put on my sandals. She pushed me over and kissed me. I came up for air after a while. She was still beaming. She slid up so my face was between her breasts. I kissed the skin that was free of her bikini top.

“I’ll meet you in the lobby in an hour. That’s all I’ll need. It will give us plenty of time to get to dinner.”

With that she grabbed my head and squeezed me to her breasts again, then hopped up and popped out the door.

Wow. What hit me? Did I just invite a university professor to move in with me, after what I’d gone through the last few months? I called downstairs and gave them the car info; no problem, they gave me a parking space number, and I could pick up an extra garage card downstairs.

I spent a few minutes cleaning up debris and getting dressed. Then I had about forty minutes to work on this. It’s turning out to be a much better story than I thought!

I wandered downstairs to the lobby a few minutes late, and waited about another five. She came in breathless, still wearing the same clothes. I walked out with her and gave her the garage key. I walked back through the lobby to the garage, grabbing one of the carts they keep to help people move things in and out.

She pulled her Accord into the numbered spot as I trundled up with the cart. We loaded two laundry baskets of stuff and a few hanging clothes. We took the elevator up to my room and started unloading.

“This is so wonderful! You have a view, and so much room!” She’d gotten out a simple but very pretty dress to wear. She took off her bikini top; it was my turn to pounce. I pushed her back on to the bed and started sucking her wonderful nipples.

She laughed and squeezed me. "We'll be late for dinner. We have all night ..." She pushed me on my back. "I promise ..." she said.

I sighed and gave her nipples a good-bye kiss each. She gave me a kiss on the forehead and got up.

A few minutes later we were in her car headed off to dinner.

It was a nice place on the water. Sort of Mediterranean cuisine; the wine list was good and the prices not outlandish. We had a table by a window and enjoyed the last of the sunset and a very leisurely meal.

We'd finished our meal and the waitress came by and asked if we wanted coffee or dessert. Carol looked at me with smoldering eyes and said in a low growl, "No, I think that's it." as she put a hand on mine. I looked up at the waitress -- she was a cutie -- and said, "Check, please." It came out in a kind of squeak; she walked away laughing. I chuckled a bit, then looked back in Carol's eyes. I sighed. Was it her noisy roommates, or was this normal sex drive for her? Not much sleep for me, it looked like.

I was right. On the drive back, her hands were all over me. I finally said, "We're almost there, Professor."

She replied, "I can't help it -- you're delicious." She dug her nails into my thigh.

We got back with a minimum of damage -- I lost one shirt button as it was ripped off me. I started laughing; I couldn't help it. I got behind her and put my arms around her waist. "Carol, let me go to the bathroom, please. I'll meet you in bed." She held my hands to her and wiggled her ass. She laughed and said, "Okay, just don't take too long."

I went to the small bathroom and took care of my business as quickly as I could. When I walked into the bedroom, she was sitting naked on the bed, covers down. Three candles were lit in the room, one on each night stand, and one on the table by the mirror at the other end of the room.

I sighed and cast myself into her lair. I've never experienced anyone like her, and I doubt that I ever will again -- I may not live through this. She got my body to respond to her in ways I didn't know possible. We slept for a few hours at a time.

In the morning I woke up and quickly hopped out of bed. "Where do you think you're going?" she growled, propped up on her elbows. "I've got to pee!" I confessed. She slumped back on the bed. "Okay." I laughed and went to the small bathroom to give her the opportunity to do the same.

I looked at myself in the mirror and decided I'd probably wear a shirt most of the day; my back and my bottom were both decorated with scratches. They were decorations I would

wear with honor. As I returned to the bedroom, I heard the toilet in the master bath flush; I hopped quickly into bed. When she returned I said, "What kept you?" She smiled and crawled on top of me, kissing me passionately. She'd managed to brush her teeth as well.

Our lovemaking was less frantic. I still couldn't believe what she did to me, and afterwards holding her I told her so.

I fixed a quick breakfast for us. We cleaned up the dishes, ourselves, and the battleground bedding area, and headed back down to the beach to juggle.

We started out with some stretching, then deep breathing. Carol was a great help in the stretching. She did make it hard to concentrate sitting next to her and trying to concentrate on my breathing. When we started juggling again, she was much more relaxed and was able to concentrate on juggling more than she had the previous afternoon.

We took the occasional break to stretch and kiss, and sat on the beach towel for our bread and cheese lunch.

I was working with her after lunch when a couple of gals walked by, then stopped to watch. Both of them were incredibly stacked, barely contained by their bikinis. It was pretty obvious I was teaching Carol. After a bit one of them said, "Can you teach us, too?" Carol dropped everything she had, but recovered quickly. She turned me around so my back was to them, pulled up my shirt to display her handiwork on my back, and said, "Sorry, ladies, this one is taken." Then she dropped my shirt and gave me a kiss. They laughed and one gal said, "Too bad, we'll check back later." We were all chuckling as they walked off down the beach, swaying their hips.

In any other situation I'd have been drooling after them. Carol turned my head back to her. She gave me a gentle kiss. "Professor, you are an excellent instructor." I sighed and let myself fall into her eyes. "You are a very good student, but some times you scare me."

We broke off practicing about half an hour later. Carol was dropping things almost constantly, getting frustrated and complaining of sore muscles. We had increasing high clouds; the wind was picking up and shifting rapidly, making juggling difficult. We decided to pack it in and head for the pool and spa.

The pool for the complex is about fifty yards away from the main building. We walked over in cool air under a darkening sky. The combination of mid week and the weather gave us the pool and spa to ourselves. The water in the pool was fairly warm. We swam a bit, stretching and loosening up. I loved watching her move in the water; I don't think she took her eyes off me, either. Then we moved over to the spa. The water was warmer, and it was very relaxing. Carol sat with her back to me and I massaged her back and shoulders in the warm water. She moaned appreciatively. We seemed to be doing a lot of moaning.

I finished rubbing her back and shoulders. I put my arms around her waist and kissed the back of her neck. She turned around and put her legs around me gently, her arms around my

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neck. I was on my knees in the warm water. We kissed, floating in the water. The sensation was incredible; the warmth, the softness of her body against mine, the floating sensation of the water and the bubbles from the jets intensified the pleasure of our kiss. We floated in each others arms in the water, kissing, turning slowly. We were both delirious; we were both in heaven.

We turned and kissed, turned and kissed. I held her gently, every once in a while she would squeeze me between her legs. I hugged her close.

The jets were on a timer; eventually they went off. We kept kissing, floating. Then we noticed another change. It started to rain. We tried to kiss the rain away. After a few minutes, the rain really started coming down. We weren't going to win. We got out of the spa with rubbery legs, laughing. We gathered our wet towels and headed back to the building.

Back in the room we stripped and dried each other off. Well, we started, but we got distracted. We ended up on the floor in a pile of cushions and towels. We did manage to close the sliding balcony doors before too much rain got in. After making love we both got in the shower to wash off the chlorine. California is still in a water shortage -- we showered together.

We got out and dried off again, more or less separately this time. Carol stayed in the bathroom to dry her hair while I started dinner. Linguini and clams is easy to prepare and a good meal; I also had a bottle of Chardonnay to go with it. I'd gotten the sauce mostly underway and the water boiling for the pasta when Carol came out wearing a robe, her hair dry and lustrous. I was wearing sweat pants and a T-shirt. I went to her and gave her a big kiss. I started kissing my way down the front of her robe.

"You smell like garlic."

I kept kissing. "It will protect us from vampires."

She pulled my head up just as I was getting to the really good parts. "But what will protect me from you?"

We both laughed and hugged. The storm was picking up quite well, wind howling and rain beating against the glass. I poured us each a glass of wine and dumped the pasta into the boiling water.

Our timing was wonderful. The pasta was done, the sauce was ready, the salad was ready. I figured we'd be ready again in a couple of hours; we were recharging. Then the thunder started, followed by lightning. We had one particularly good sequence of flashes and crashes and all the lights went out. We looked out the window into the storm; it looked as if power was off over a fairly wide area.

Carol had her arms around my waist and said, "What do we do now?" in a worried tone.

I smiled. "We light the candles and have dinner."



I had two tapers for the dining room table. I lit a small candle in the master bedroom and another in the living area. I lit one more in a small holder and took it into the kitchen to finish preparing dinner.

We had a wonderful candlelit dinner, entertainment provided by the storm which seemed to be letting up. After dinner we cleared the dishes and rinsed them in the sink. We moved to the living area, moving the tapers with us. We sat together on the couch, touching, enjoying the storm. Incredible as it seems, for the moment we were sexed out and were content to touch and talk.

After talking about teaching for a while, and opening a small bottle of dessert wine, Carol looked at my portable computer and the stack of papers. I had put them on an end table. "Writing something?" she asked.

"Yes -- another research paper."

"Mind if I take a look?"

With its built in battery, the portable was good for probably three or four hours of operation. "Not at all-- You may not find it that interesting, but I always appreciate comments." I kissed her on the neck. "I might be able to find something else for us to do."

"No, I'd like to take a look at your writing. I'm curious."

I sighed, woke up the computer, and brought up the paper I was working on; luckily I'd already closed this file.

She sat down and started reading through it. "May I make some suggestions?" she asked.

"Why don't you read through it once, then I'd be happy to go over suggestions."

She grunted and went back to reading. A few minutes later, she cried out, "Yuk! How can you stand it? I can't believe I've been sleeping with someone that writes such crap... '...not inconsistent with...' Just say consistent! Oh my God -- 'As demonstrated by Table 6, post-hoc analysis reveals that yada yada yada... Thus Hypothesis 2 was not rejected.' For God's sake Thomas, say that post-hoc analysis of the data in Table 6 proves Hypothesis 2."

I sighed. I was only "Thomas" when I was in trouble. We had a discussion on the difference between correlation and causation, and the difficulty of "proof" in the field of psychology as we finished off the dessert wine. She was slightly more understanding of the stilted language once we got into the philosophical problems involved.

I was starting to feel bad about this turn of events; my expertise versus your expertise. I guess it's hard for two academics to coexist; that had been my last experience at least.

After a while though, she frowned. It was getting late. The wine was gone. I was getting worried. Were things going downhill? Then that wry smile reappeared on her face, along with the predatory gleam. She reached over and closed my laptop; it beeped and shut itself down. Then she gave me a very formal look.

“Thomas, you have good ideas, but have difficulty expressing them. You insist on using passive voice. You make use of constructs that are cumbersome and difficult to follow. You are overly formal in many places. You bury your good ideas in crap. I don’t think I saw a sentence in that whole steaming pile containing fewer than twenty words. People that combine passive voice with double negatives should be flogged!”

She smiled at me again. “Now I know you have another side, a wonderful side. I think you need to unwind more to let your creative side show more in your writing. My recommendation is that we go to bed and make passionate love; I think that will help you unwind and get those creative juices flowing. Do you agree?”

I smiled at her and sighed. “Yes, Professor.” We blew out the candles. I took her hand and we went into the bedroom. The storm had picked up again; the wind was howling and the rain beating against the glass. I’m actually glad it did; I went down on her and her climax was almost as loud as the storm. I expected her to be exhausted; I was wrong. She pushed me on my back and with fire in her eyes kissed, stroked, and rode me to a dizzy, delirious climax for us both. Once again she had my body responding to hers in ways I’d never imagined or experienced; my mind was barely there as an observer. She is incredible. She drained me. Afterwards, she curled up next to me, and after she bit me just above my left nipple, we went to sleep in each other’s arms.

I woke up early the next morning. I kissed her on the forehead and inhaled deeply from the perfume of her hair. I thought about gently spreading her legs and kissing her awake, but decided to let her sleep. I went out of the bedroom and used the suite’s other bathroom to minimize noise. I started the coffee, and wrote the last few paragraphs of this story.

About half an hour later, she got up. After a few minutes in the bathroom, she came out to join me at the table. I poured her a cup of coffee; she sat at the end of the table and had a few sips. She watched as I typed, not knowing that I was typing this.

Then she said, “How could someone so good in bed write so poorly? You know, I was really surprised at your writing. I expected something, well, different. Frankly, I expected something that didn’t suck.”

I laughed and said, “Well, I do some other writing as well. Would you be interested in reading a sample? I think it may be more to your liking.”

You just said, “Yes, I’d like that.”

And I just replied, “Okay, just a minute while I finish this thought.”

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I'll finish this paragraph, make sure I have it saved to disk, and then give it to you to read. I'm sorry I didn't write more about our lovemaking; it has been the most intense and incredible experience I've ever had. I should devote many pages to it, or at least to what I can remember. You haven't given me the time to do fill in the detail as I'd like. You do things to me that I've never experienced before. The way you gently cradle my head as I suck on your breasts, the way you rock your hips, the way you squeeze me, you are so incredible. And please excuse any spelling errors or other typos in the last few paragraphs -- you aren't giving me time to proof what I've written this morning. You have been a very good student. I hope I have been a good student as well.

Well, Professor, is this writing more to your liking?

Oh, and just how many m's are there in "Mmmmm?"

FINI  
Rev 8/0/2000

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