

SKINNY DIPPING

BY

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Gerald sat by the pool in the bright sun. A slow smile spread across his lips as he scanned the scenery before him.

Life at the motel was pretty dull most times. He bought the place, and moved out to the desert rest stop to get away from the horror of big city life five years ago and had just about had all the rest he could take. Most days he spent lounging by the pool in the baking desert sun looking out over the vast expanse of sand and cactus. At first it was soothing, now it was utterly boring. This morning however, the view was beautiful.

Long blonde hair showered down over thin shoulders. Just a passing tourist. Passing too quickly to even pack a swimsuit. She wore short shorts and a cotton T-shirt. Her long bronze legs had spent plenty of time in the sun somewhere. Gerald was mesmerized by her beauty and captivated by her presence. He should have remembered her checking in but his mind was a blank.

The water was cold and she stepped in gingerly, one faltering toe first. Gerry smiled at the shiver that passed through her. "No sense trying to get used to it. Just take the plunge," he yelled out. His voice started her and she tumbled into the chilly water with a look of complete surprise on her face.

She exploded out of the water with a leap that would have made a dolphin proud and pulled herself onto the cement edge of the pool by his side. This was what he'd waited for from the moment she entered the deck.

Her shirt clung wet and transparent to her body as she stood at the lip of the pool dripping and shivering. He offered her a towel without moving from his vantage point. Her hardened nipples created a stiffness in his shorts. His cock ached for her as his eyes wandered down her body.

As she dried herself with the towel, she smiled, sending a blast of heat into his chest and made his head spin. Such beauty, such a graceful creature, if she told him she had landed there just that morning in her ship from Venus he would have dutifully believed her and followed her back there as well.

"The name's Gerry, welcome to my hotel." He stood slowly. His tight speedos were stretched to their max and the sweat on his skin was far more than heat from the sun. Her sultry expression showed no sign of innocence or bashfulness at his erection. Instead she seemed amused and pleased.

"Gwen," she said as she stretched out her hand.

"What brings you to our modest town, Ms. Gwen?"

“The local wildlife,” she said while running her hands through her hair.

Heat rose in his cheeks as her eyes moved over his body in complete abandon. It wasn't a bad thing, just something he was unaccustomed to. For the most part he had known women to be embarrassed by any signs of arousal from a stranger. Some even down right disgusted by it. Not her.

There it was again, the smile. Waves of testosterone crashed through his body like a lava flow stopping in his groin and burning with desire. He stepped closer and felt the energy bounce between them. There wasn't a soul by the pool and the world enveloped them in its own cocoon of heat and water.

“Thought you came out for a swim,” he said as he dove into the water, cutting its cool waves in one smooth motion and rising again on the opposite side, smiling, waiting, inviting. The cold water was no match for the heat inside him as her hands came to rest on his thighs when she rose up alongside to bounce in the water next to him. He ran a hand up her arm and under her long, wet hair to grab the back of her neck gently and bent toward her. He hesitated to judge her response. She showed no uncertainty and her pouting red lips parted slightly waiting for his.

Her leg wrapped around his buttocks and she pulled herself to him. In his embrace her breasts crushed against his chest as their mouths met. If the water had risen up and bubbled to a boil around them it wouldn't have surprised him a bit. His temperature rose and his cock followed suit. The mysterious stranger slid her hand down his side and brushed the edge of his trunks with her fingertips sending signals of ecstasy through him and creating urgency like he had never known before.

Gerald ran his hand down her back and across her shorts to the front. He moaned at her attention to his stiff erection as he fumbled with the button on the wet denim. Swearing at its obstinacy he sighed with relief when she came to his mercy and stepped back as far as her wrapped leg would allow to watch as she undid the shorts and let them slide. Her leg loosened from its grasp long enough to allow its bondage to float off into the water then it was back again, grasping his waist and pulling him into her. She was hungry and he was breakfast.

He touched her breasts beneath the cotton and they swelled to meet him. Slowly she lifted the edges of the shirt that had already begun to float in the water around her and threw it off to the edge of the pool. He didn't bother to watch as it landed on the cement. “Why Gwen, how delightful.” He smiled as he lowered his lips to her tender skin and kissed the hardened tips of her nipples.

Holding her tight he felt the pleasure ripple through her body as her hips rose to push into him, begging for attention. He obliged and ran a free hand down to touch the tiny triangle of hair pulsating with anxiety. She thrust into his fingers as they probed beneath the water into the waiting moist recess.

Head thrown back she arched her back in his arms. Her foot hooked into the leg of his trunks and pushed them. The cool water swirled around his balls and his groin but it was no match for the heat of her body and he pushed towards her feeling her body take hold of his cock and swallow him beneath the water.

A tiny hand slid down his chest and tugged at his nipples. He couldn't stop the moan. It thundered like an ocean tide in the little pool hundreds of miles from any surf. The

swelling passion in his belly matched the pounding in his mind and the beat of his heart as he thrust wildly in the water. Waves pulsated against them rocking her in his arms as she moaned blissfully at his body's intrusion.

Suddenly she grabbed his shoulders and pulled herself up astride his cock like a pogo stick as she bounced in the water with glee. Her child's play made him laugh and he let the motion of her bounce hit the depths of her inner sanctuary with pleased strokes.

The water rocked about them and he grabbed her sides to take control again when the passion filled him to the point of no return. He felt the outburst rock her in the pool and watched as her eyes lit up with a fire of happiness in response to his thrusts.

They floated together locked in the passionate embrace of cooling water and hot afterglow. The sun tingled his shoulders as it dried them and he watched as she gathered her shirt and shorts, and slowly dressed in the resistant water. With detached amazement he stood in the water as she swam to the opposite edge of the pool and stepped up the cement stairs, never looking back. His heart ached when she disappeared into her room and closed the door leaving him alone in the sun and water with his memories and a smile.

The End

About the Author

Tammy Lee

Tami Parrington (Tammy Lee) is a writer whose personal life is as eclectic as her writing. The author of three novels, numerous articles and short stories, as well as several screenplays, she is a loving mother of two grown children, and devoted grandmother of two. She has been married to her soul mate for twenty-five years and lives on a farm in central Illinois where she raises just about every farm animal possible, and has successfully shown everything from rabbits to dogs to horses. To find out more about Tami, please visit <http://www.tparrington.com>.

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