

Chapter 1

Jake Mitchell had labored tirelessly for five days on his new beachside accommodations. He had worked hard to build a small camp near the deserted beach on which he had found himself transported. He wanted the camp to be comfortable for his rendezvous with his distant lover, Karen Johnson.

He had no idea where he was or how long he would be permitted to stay. His faith rested in an amazing spiritual experience that would fulfill his dreams with a woman he thought he dearly loved. He had waited his entire life for this moment, and he was determined to do everything in his power to make the journey measure up to his expectations.

A crude but large lean-to, made of bamboo and palm fronds, would provide them cover from the sun and rain. He built a small gazebo for dining and a rudimentary bathroom just south of the creek that bubbled and meandered its way through the center of the forest he had yet to really explore. The preparation was hard and time-consuming, but the anticipation made the work well worth the effort. This truly was the stuff of dreams.

He was out of the afternoon sun, paving a pathway from the camp to the beach with palm fronds, when something told him to look up. When he did, he noticed a tiny figure walking the distant shoreline. He rubbed his eyes and strained to see more clearly against the glare of the sun. Could that be her? If so, the timing of her arrival was just about perfect. His preparations were almost complete. He struggled with the large armload of palms he had cut, laying them one on top of another so that the journey from the beach to the camp would be soft and tender to their feet.

Frantic, he ran back and forth, trying to complete the path before she arrived. As if he was still in the sweat lodge where this journey began, perspiration poured down his forehead and stung his eyes, just as it had for so many days. The sun no longer burned into the flesh of his back and arms. He was used to it now. But it was hotter than Billy B. Damned, and droplets of sweat splashed onto almost every palm branch he hurriedly put in place. He needed just a little more time, but there was nothing he could do about it. Standing Buffalo, his Native American spirit guide, told him once the journey began, his path would be revealed. He had to let his

“vision quest” unfold without hesitation. He was here to learn about himself, his partner and their future.

Jake looked over his shoulder and there she was, standing in the middle of the beach with both hands cupped over her eyes in a makeshift visor.

“Hi!” yelled Karen Johnson. “I’ve been searching for you almost all afternoon. What on earth are you doing?”

“Oh, hi,” Jake responded, dropping his load of palms and spinning around to greet her. A dirty left hand tried to chase the sweat from his nose and upper lip, but instead left behind a black smear. “I’ve been waiting for you, too, preparing this place and all. I hope you will like it.”

“I can’t wait. But first come out onto the beach and tell me about this place,” the woman said.

As he walked from the darkness of the forest into the Pacific sunlight, the brightness made him squint. Behind her was nothing but blue water, shimmering and shining as if pieces of polished silver were floating on its surface.

At age 55, she was more beautiful than he had realized. Digital images had fallen far short of revealing her real beauty. Her auburn hair hung to her shoulders, a bit longer than he remembered from the photos posted on her profile page. Her eyes were magnificent, filled with light and excitement. She flashed a smile that was warm and unrestrained, her lips natural and unpainted.

At 5-foot-7, she stood straight. Two brown sandals dangled from her hand. She wore a simple mult-colored skirt and tube top. A cotton skirt cascaded all the way to her ankles, hiding, he assumed, two long, shapely legs. The bright yellow top was a perfect choice, contrasting softly with the color of her hair, her light skin and blue eyes. It strained to contain her ample breasts and revealed cleavage that looked warm and inviting.

He reached out his sweaty hand and officially introduced himself.

“I am Spotted Deer, and I am hoping you are Raven?” he said as their hands met.

“I am,” she said, wiping her hand on her skirt. “It is the name provided me by my spirit guide, Singing Bird. It is what I am to be called at all times. It is so nice to finally meet you in person,” she replied, twisting her face in a grimace. “It looks like you have been working hard. Is everything in the forest that dirty?”

Looking down at himself, Jake saw that his arms were covered in the black topsoil of the forest, and he was wet from head to foot. His Bermuda shorts were soaked and stained from waist to pant leg. He was a filthy mess.

“No, the camp I have prepared is very clean. It is just me who is filthy. I apologize,” he said. “I have been here by myself for days, and all I have worried about was preparing this place. I had no idea when you would arrive, and you caught me in the middle of some chores. I need to freshen up. Wait here.”

He trotted gently toward the ocean, throwing pieces of clothing in every direction as he careened toward the restorative blue water. By the time he reached the surf, he was completely naked, his backside shining as white as a baby’s bottom and his legs and back tanned dark from hours in the sun.

Interesting, she thought. He certainly isn’t bashful. Hopefully, when he comes back he will be clean, too.

“The water is wonderful in this little cove,” Spotted Deer yelled out to her, washing wet sand over his arms and shaking water from his hair. “I am so glad you are finally here. We have waited a long time for this. I’ll be finished in just a minute, and then I’ll show you around.”

She sat down in the sand and tried to block the sun from her eyes as she watched him frolic in the afternoon waves. She was smiling, too. In fact, she was down right beaming. Her lips spread joy from ear to ear. It was obvious she shared his joy and happiness. He waved and dived head-first into a wave. The cool water felt wonderful on his skin, but did little to calm the jitters that suddenly made his abdomen churn.

She is more beautiful than I imagined, he thought. Damn it! I hope I didn’t make too bad of an impression. I didn’t realize how dirty I had

gotten. Of course, I was so excited to see her. I was like a bumbling kid on his first date. She'll just have to forgive me.

When he reached the deepest water, he made sure every inch of his skin was cleansed, including his private parts. Thoughts of her already had begun to stir a tingling sensation in his manhood. He hoped to keep those emotions at bay. He didn't want to step out of the water with an erection. That would be embarrassing for both of them.

He is very nice, she thought, as her tongue moistened her lips. I like my men big and strong, and he certainly is. I've been here only a few minutes and he already has stripped in front of me and dived into the ocean. I think this journey is going to be very interesting.

Spotted Deer, 57, had dark hair with streaks of gray throughout. In fact, it was a tossup which was more plentiful, dark brown or gray. He wore it very short and combed back, making him look wise, even debonair. He was a very average six feet tall and about 200 to 210 pounds. His shoulders and forearms were large, and his chest was hair-covered and barrel-like. She could tell he worked out because his muscles seemed taut. His stomach was not flabby despite the love handles that revealed a hint of extra weight. Like most Baby Boomers, his 57 years of life had begun to show but she liked it. Hard bodies were things of the past for both of them. This was as perfect as it could be.

She watched as he emerged from the water, ever so unassuming, his manhood swinging back and forth as he stooped to pick up his clothing.

I thought cool water caused most men's cocks to shrivel up and disappear, she thought as her engaging smile turned into a menacing smirk. Not Spotted Deer. His package looks perfectly normal. I think I'm going to enjoy getting to know him now that he has shed the dirt and sweat of the forest. He's gorgeous.

It took Spotted Deer just seconds to gather up his clothes, and in a flash he was standing directly in front of Raven, his clothes balled into a bundle and held intentionally in front of his nakedness. If not, his tingling penis might have poked her in the eye. He couldn't allow that.

Darn! He's hiding it from me, she thought as he stepped closer to her. That's good, though. I might have jumped his bones right on the beach. We need time to get to know each other better. I'm not as wanton as I sometime pretend when we are online. We'll take our time and let our spirits dictate when the time is right.

Droplets of water from Spotted Deer's hair splashed against her shoulder and chest. It felt cool against the heat of her arousal. She placed her hand in his and allowed him to pull her to her feet.

"You'll have to excuse me," he said. "I don't want to scare you away with my sudden nakedness, but these clothes are far too dirty to put back on. I'll grab something clean when we get back to the camp."

"Oh, I'm neither offended nor afraid, Spotted Dear," she said, grinning from ear to ear. "We've seen each other naked on video camera scores of time and I'll take this real version over that computerized image any day. In fact, I think I'll join you."

And with one quick tug, she pulled her tank top over her head, unfastened her skirt and let it drop to her ankles. She rolled both up and stuck them into her backpack. Then, she looked at him confidently and said, "Now, we are dressed comfortably alike."

He took a step closer and she leaned into him so they could kiss. Electrical currents ran through both of their bodies. They had waited so long for the moment their flesh would meet. She felt the heat rise in her abdomen and he the swell of his manhood.

Their embrace was long and tender, buoyed by the beauty each other's touch. Their lips met, first softly and then roughly, a passion neither had experienced in many long months.

Spotted Deer placed his hands on each of her reddened cheeks and said, "I'm so glad you're here."

"Me, too," Raven responded.

"Come, now," he said. "There is much to do before nightfall."