Beach sunset

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Two couples watch each other make love on the beach, and become close friends

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Remember the day we went to the beach to watch the sunset. It was a lovely, warm, summer evening, and there were lots of people sitting on the sand, drinking sundowners and watching the sun sink out over the cool South Atlantic Ocean. We walked, hand in hand, along the edge of the breaking waves, now and again dabbling our feet in the cool water as it washed over the sand.

We slowly ambled down the whole length of the beach, until we came to the rocky area. There were only a few people sitting on the rocks, near the beach, but we continued past them, to our favourite place to watch the sunset, a rocky promontory jutting out into the sea about half a kilometre from the beach.

“Such a glorious evening,” I said.

“Made for lovemaking, this time of day,” you replied.

“Is that an offer?” I enquired.

“Perhaps!” you smiled coyly.

We climbed down into a small depression with a big boulder in the middle, and as we rounded the boulder, and while still in its shadow, we could see a couple sitting on the rock about 20 metres away. They were engaged in a passionate kiss, and the young man’s hand was between the young lady’s legs, and inside the crotch of her light blue one piece bathing suit. She was arching her back, and moving in complement to the slow movement of his hand.

We both stopped, transfixed by their innocent love making, and I felt a tingling glow begin in my lower belly, and spread down through my cock. I knew you well enough to know that you were experiencing similar sensations, and I could see your nipples hardening against the material of your tee shirt. We just stood there and watched, getting more and more aroused, until suddenly, the young woman arched her back and pressed her pelvis against her lover’s hand. There was no doubt that

she was having an orgasm, and we were both so excited we couldn't even talk. Now and then her moans of delight drifted to us on the light breeze.

We looked at one another, our moist eyes meeting, nothing needed to be said. Our look said we were going to have our own beach sex soon.

We just hurried on, out to our favourite spot on the end of the point, where we could sit and watch the sunset, and maybe get into a little old fashioned necking of our own, hopefully a little more than just kissing and fondling. We climbed up over a big pile of rocks, and down the other side. As soon as we were out of sight, behind the rocks .....

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I took you in my arms, and you flowed against me like some liquid fire. We kissed, our passion almost unbearable. My tongue pressed into your mouth, and explored the sensitive places inside. Your pelvis pressed into me, and I drew your lower lip into my mouth, letting it slide out slowly between my teeth. Kissing my way up your neck, I drew your earlobe between my lips, nibbling it through pursed lips. I whispered your name, softly, and my tongue explored your ear.

A soft little moan escaped your mouth, and you suddenly seemed to notice the hardening bulge in my swimming trunks as I pressed my loins against you. A tingle began in your lower abdomen, grew stronger, and spread throughout your tummy. I nibbled your left ear, and kissed your neck in slow circles, making my way down to your collar bone.

No one seemed to notice us, so we continued to explore. I pulled off your tee shirt, you pressed against me again, and I could feel your nipples against mine through the soft material of your bathing suit. I lifted my right leg up onto a small rock so that your crotch was resting on the surface of my thigh. It felt so hot against my skin, and the contrast between the colour of our legs was nothing short of enticing.

"You got me so horny," you said.

"As you can feel, I want you badly, right here," I replied, pressing my hard cock against you.

Breaking off the embrace, we climbed to the top of the rocks, and down the front, towards the sinking sun as it was dipping towards the western sky. We found a little enclosed space, that could not be seen from the east, but which was visible only to someone sitting on the rocks directly above us. We embraced, and sampled the delights of a long, lingering kiss. Oh how I love our long kisses. My returning hardness pressed against your pubic mound, and the passion in our kisses gathered

momentum with the sinking sun.

Running my hand up from the small of your back, where I had been pressing you close to me, my hands eventually found the top edge of your bathing suit, and I ran them along the edge of the material to top of your waiting breasts. Nibbling your chin and kissing my way down your neck, I slowly lifted back the material of your bathing suit, exposing one nipple, which I quickly drew into my mouth. My tongue made little circles round and round your nipple, as you emitted soft moans of delight. My cock was as hard as a rock, and there was no way that my little green swimming trunks could contain it.

You released me, reached down, and began making slow and easy circles around the glistening wetness of my glans with the tip of your finger. I could hardly breathe from the pure ecstasy. My hands moved down your sides, and one hand went to grasp one side of your butt, while the other slid across your hip, down the edge of your bathing suit, to find the warm and wet sweetness of your pussy. Through the material of your bathing suit, I teased your juices across your hot and wanting lips. You trembled against me.

Someone coughed. We looked up and see that another couple were seated directly above us. They were watching. Intensely and unambiguously they were watching. The guy had his hand in the woman's lap, and she had her hand in his. We could see what they are doing, but there is no doubt that they were watching, and that it was making them hot.

“We have an audience,” I said.

“Fuck, yes, and it is making me flutter from head to toe,” you said. “I love what being watched does to me. Do you feel it to, love?”

“Oh yes, I hope they are watching us as we fuck,” I said. “It will be like spice to a good meal.”

“Oh, I like that,” you said, squeezing my cock with your hand.

I took your hand away even though it felt really nice to be touched, and went down onto my knees, even on the hard rock, and my tongue pressed against your pubic mound. It slithered down along the edge of your bathing suit, and found the already wet patch in the middle of your crotch. I looked up, and I see that our watchers were very busy masturbating above us. It was an incredible turn-on for me to be eating your wet pussy while looking up at them.

“They are masturbating hard now,” I say through a mouthful of wet pussy mixed with bathing suit.

As you look up, you turn around so that you ass is facing my cock. I lift aside the soaking material of the crotch of your bathing suit so that I can penetrate your glistening pussy from behind.

“I want them to see me enter you,” I said.

“Oh, Stormy, fuck me please, that is so hot,” you replied.

You leaned against the rock, looking up at our audience. When I lifted aside the crotch of your bathing suit, I placed the glans of my cock against your moist and swollen lips.

"Do you want it," I asked.

"Oh, yes, please, now," you responded. “Fuck me for our masturbating audience.”

I pressed slightly against your lips, and my cock slipped a fraction of an inch into you.

“Ahhh,” you moaned. “I can see they like this.”

You lifted your butt, and pressed towards me, and I could not wait any longer. As the sun turned the western sky to the most marvellous shades of pastel orange, my cock slid easily into your wanting moistness, and you moaned with delight. I felt like a fire was burning intensely in my abdomen, and I couldn't help move slowly in and out of you.

Looking up, you could still see our audience. They were now kissing deeply, and the guy had his hand buried deeply in the woman's crotch. They were getting into the action, still watching us as much as they could. We seemed to be exciting them, just as they were adding spice to our lovemaking.

Your pet vibrator was lying patiently in a bag, just within reach. Without interrupting the rhythm of me moving in and out of you, harder and harder, you reached for the bag. You took White Boy out, as you call the white plastic master of pleasure, and somehow managed to get him into position against your clit. You left him there as I moved in and out, harder and harder, building up the momentum like a runner approaching the finish line.

I glanced up, and I could see our watchers, the woman was pointing, but stopped suddenly when she caught my eye. Clearly, they saw the vibrator come out.

“They saw White Boy,” I said through moans of pleasure.

“Ahhh, I wish we were close enough to hear,” you said.

“Ohh, that is so hot,” I moaned as the extra pleasure from that thought washed over me.

As I fucked you in front of our watchers, you could feel my cock sliding home, over and over and over again, and the vibrator was beginning to bring on the waves that you love so much. You know I love how you talk about those waves, just thinking about it makes me ache.

Looking up, you could see that the young couple that had become our audience had really gotten into the swing of things. They were kissing, feeling, and playing with one another in the delightful innocence of young people discovering the joys of heavy petting without penetrative sex.

The waves from white-boy, the presence of an audience and my cock pounding in and out from behind was more than you could stand. You wanted to make it last. You wanted to slow it down, and start it over again. But you were powerless to do so.

As the waves grew to overwhelm you, you look up and you saw the young girl's hand move over the boys cock with an increasing frenzy. He exploded into her hand, and you were close enough to see the clean, white, glistening liquid running down his cock and over her hand. You remembered your early days of heavy petting, and the sweet innocent orgasms you had back then.

As the guy's finger moved over her clit to repay her treat, rapidly moves and her head tossed back as she started to cum, your orgasm started. I would say the three of us came together that day, and it was so beautiful.

The waves were now taking you beyond perception, your ass arched up to meet my hard and rapid thrusts. You realised that my balls were banging into you from below, and just as that thought hit you, you came in a blazing glory of pure orgasmic ecstasy with sensations that were as the colours of the darkening sunset. Your ass bucked wildly, and I couldn't hold on any longer. Screaming loudly, I emptied my load into your sweet pussy, and we collapsed against the warm, smooth, sensual rock, just as the sun dipped its last edge below the shimmering South Atlantic Ocean.

As we came down from our orgasm, we looked up. Our watchers were preparing to leave, and they both were looking at us.

“Wave at them,” you said.

We both did, and they waved back, and clearly were both very giggly.

“I bet they never did that before,” I said.

“Oh, shush, you will make me horny again,” you said.

“Oh good,” I said. “Let's go home, and fuck ourselves silly.”

“Good plan,” you said as we adjusted our costumes and picked up our things.

Back at the car, we noticed our watchers were leaning on the car next to ours, talking and kissing. As I unlocked the car door, you greeted them.

“Hi, did you like watching us?” you asked.

I never saw two people break down into giggles like that. Suddenly, the woman stopped giggling, and looked you right in the eye.

“Erm, we thought you could teach us,” she said. “Like, we could, erm...”

She broke off and looked at her partner.

“Teach us to fuck like you do,” he said.

“Yea,” said the woman. “You like being watched, we could see. We never saw that before. It's kind of, well, it's, like...I dunno. Well, I came so hard. I want that again. Exciting. We both do. Sorry, I'm babbling.”

You looked at me, and I knew you were dripping with fresh wetness. This was your fantasy, and it was about to come true, and you knew I wanted it for you. Hell, I wanted it for both of us! You could barely speak, as you replied, “OK, ahmmm.”

You burst out laughing.

“It's her fantasy,” I explained.

“We don't want to swap or anything,” said the man, quickly.

“OK,” I said while you were recovering the use of your vocal chords and getting the waves of intense arousal under control, or just enjoyting them, which ever you were doing. “When do you want to do this?”

“Anytime!” exclaimed the woman, excitement written all across her face. “I mean, if you can cum again, now would be good.”

You looked up, tears were streaming down your face.

“I'm sorry,” you sniffled. “So beautiful. Yes. Please,” you sniffed.

The woman walked closer, put her arm around you, and hugged you so tightly, tears in her eyes too.

“I'm Thandi,” you sniffled.

“Jacinta,” said the woman. “And this is Rens.”

“Stormy,” I said.

A lot more discussion, and consideration of each other's safety took place before we left the parking lot, but about an hour later we ended up back at our house. The friendship between you and Jacinta began with that hug, and has continued for the three years since then, much to my great joy. The rest of that evening, however, is another story. And your friendship with Jacinta has a lot of stories to be told.

Can you remember that day now, my sweet lover? It will be another two weeks before I see you again, as this trip keeps getting extended. I hope that my recalling it with these words has made you ache the way we both love, and that you are already touching your throbbing clit. If I know you, you are already on your second or third orgasm. I love it when you are greedy like that, greedy to cum. Cum again for me lover, at least one more time, please.