Binoculars on the beach

By dback

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A voyeur is tempted to go beyond his normal restraints.

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Robert walked along the flat beach, his bare feet splashing in the shallow warm water, his carry-on bag over his shoulder with its normal load - his camera, sandals, binoculars, book, sun block and room key. His job was to stay out of the hotel room for an hour and a half while his wife practiced her yoga.

It was another tropical day in Mazatlan.

Robert found a rock near the water's edge and took a seat, training his binoculars on a couple of trimarans that went by under power. No bikini clad women on board. Two male jet skiers were racing each other while a pudgy woman floated overhead under her parasail. Not much to see out there. He turned and looked inland. He was sitting opposite one of those high-rise hotels; it must have had twenty floors. He counted them. Twenty two!

He scanned the balconies for signs of life. Not much. He had almost given up when he spotted a flash of yellow. It was a brunette in a yellow blouse. She was standing on her balcony, waving.

Robert quickly lowered his glasses and looked around to see who she was waving at. There were plenty of people on the beach, children of all sizes, vendors selling jewelry and hats, but there was a preponderance of slow moving, older people, most of whom were vastly overweight. No one seemed to be waving back at the woman.

He looked back up at the balcony. She began waving again, and it seemed as if she were looking directly at him. This time he could see her miming the action of putting binoculars up to her eyes.

Robert got the message. "OMG," he muttered to himself, "she wants me to look at her through the binoculars. OK," he thought, "if she invites me, it's not prying."

So he raised his glasses again and this time she began to sway back and forth as if there were music playing. With exaggerated movements she showed him clearly that she was unbuttoning her blouse from the top down. There were several small buttons, but she didn't waste much time and soon the whole front of her garment was open to her navel.

Robert looked around quickly at the people on the beach. No one had seen this striptease except for himself. He turned back and found that she had now draped her blouse across the railing and her tits were openly displayed. Even from this distance he could see what an awesome pair she had. They stood out rigidly from her body, two torpedo shaped beauties and she stroked them provocatively.

"OMG" he told himself, "she going to get herself arrested... and I am aiding and abetting her."

He turned away and stared out to sea, his heart thumping in his chest. He forced himself not to look back for a good couple of minutes.

"Hello sailor!"

It was the woman in the yellow blouse, her voice low and seductive. Robert stood up fast and turned towards her.

"Did you like the show?" she asked with a grin.

Richard's voice cracked as he responded. "Ah, yes, most delightful.... so... revealing." He was struggling to find words, but she seemed to have no problem in that area.

"Would you like an encore?" she purred, and before he could think of any response, she took his hand and slid it under her blouse and held it tightly over her left tit. It felt as good as he had imagined it would, firm but soft at the same time.

"How do you do? I'mSheila. You're....?"

"Robert," he replied politely.

"You can probably tell I'm really horny," she confided. "My husband's away and I haven't had any for weeks."

"Ah, very interesting," gulped Robert, "but my wife is back there in the hotel expecting me any minute."

“You don’t look like you’re in a hurry,” she commented, “and I can tell that you are not uninterested.” She moved a little closer to him and cupped his balls with her other hand. “Maybe just time for a quick one?”

He looked nervously over her shoulder to see if anyone was watching.

“No, I - ah - don’t think that’s possible,” he stammered in short breaths, but his cock had a totally different thought and she felt the message clearly.

“I think we’d make a very good pair,” she went on. “I am obviously an exhibitionist and you are obviously a voyeur.”

“Y-yes, that’s probably true,” he admitted.

She lowered her voice and leaned close to his ear. “I’ll suck you while you watch.”

Sucking was good. Watching perhaps even better. The thought jolted his cock and she got her answer.

“I swallow,” she went on, and she knew that his resistance was rapidly breaking down. Pressing her advantage she added, “You can take pictures if you like. I’m sure you’ve got a camera in that bag.”

Robert’s cock lurched again. Knowing she was close to convincing him, she whispered, “I’ll let you fuck me.” His cock stiffened again.” She delivered her coup de grace: “In the ass!”

That was too much for him. “And take pictures?” he croaked.

“As many as you want!” He practically came in his pants as she squeezed his package and he silently nodded his acceptance of her offer.

She turned away smartly and called over her shoulder, “Give me a minute’s start. By the way, it’s five hundred,” and she was gone, striding across the beach towards the hotel.

Five hundred? What was that? Five hundred what? Pesos? Was she a cheap hooker? Dollars? Was she a high priced hooker? Five hundred? Maybe that was her room number. He tried to remember which balcony she had been on. They all looked the same. It could have been on about the fifth floor. She was out of sight already so he set off after her.

Feigning confidence, he walked past the hotel pool and into the lobby, doing his best to hold his

carry-on bag strategically in front of him. The elevators were off to one side and he entered with several other guests and pressed 5.

“Lovely day, isn’t it!” one older lady remarked knowingly as she stared at his attempts to hide the bulge in his pants.

“A little hot for me,” Robert confessed as he exited and looked around for room 500. There it was! The door was ajar.

“Come on in!”

He did, tentatively, closing the door behind him. Coming into the living room he saw her standing on the balcony, already naked, her body pressed against the glass door, flattening her tits and revealing that she was unshaved the way he liked it. His balls were already tingling when he heard her say, “Go into the bedroom. Get your clothes off.”

He did as commanded. He had just kicked off his underwear when he heard the doorbell ring.

“Shut the door. I won’t be a moment,” she called as she grabbed a bathrobe.

Through the door, Robert could faintly hear the conversation going on in the foyer.

“Ah, Mrs. Wilson, I see you are ready for me this time!” It was an oily, educated Hispanic voice. “Or do you have the rent?”

“Just a moment, Senor Peralta, I’ll see if I have it.” She walked to the bedroom door and entered quickly, shutting the door behind her. “Do you have $500 dollars?” she hissed at Robert.

“No, sorry, nothing on me,” he whispered back, patting his bare hips.

“Oh, shit!” and she left abruptly.

“I’ll have it tomorrow, Senor.”

“Too late. Today is the deadline. But....” He slowed his voice down and separated his words to make sure she was understanding him. “Sheila.. I.. am.. willing.. to.. repeat.. last.. week’s.. arrangement.”

“Oh, fuck it!” A long pause, and then and a resigned “All right then, can you come back later? I’m busy right now.”

“No. It’s right now or you’re out.”

Another long pause. “Oh, all right, but this time wash your cock first, you disgusting man.”

“As you will,” he said, “but don’t forget. This time it’s a suck AND a fuck,”and Robert heard him stride towards the bathroom.

A moment later, Sheila stuck her head around the bedroom door and hissed some orders.

“Quick, grab all your clothes; hide in the closet. Sorry, I have some business to attend to first. You won’t mind, will you? You’ll be able to watch through the crack in the door. But quiet! No photos!”

Robert was getting an idea of what was happening and hurriedly swept his clothes off the floor and leapt into the closet just as the bedroom door opened and Senor Peralta came in, grinning widely, displaying his stained teeth.

Sheila took charge at once, lowered his fly, and pulling out his cock, pushed him back onto the bed.

“Lie there!”

Throwing off her robe, she lowered her head to his groin and began noisily sucking him. Instead of kneeling on the bed, she stood with her legs straight, making sure that Robert could see her delicious ass from his vantage point in the closet. In fact she was so close, he could easily have stuck his hand out through the door and touched it.

Standing there, naked, with a hard on that hurt from it’s intensity, Robert stared at her ass, her asshole and her hairy pussy so tantalizingly displayed just inches from his hiding place. Without ever making a conscience decision to do it, he reached his hand out through the door and gently slid a finger along her wet slit.

“Aaaagh!” she shrieked as she jumped with surprise, pulling her mouth off his cock and standing up abruptly.

“What’s the matter?” demanded the landlord sitting up fast. “What happened?”

”Nothing,” she claimed, “I thought you were going to cum in my mouth.”

“Not yet,” he replied, “don’t forget, this time I’m going to fuck you.”

He climbed off the bed and stood behind her, pushing her head down onto the pillow. He was still wearing his trousers and Robert could see him reach into his pocket and remove a tube of something. He squeezed out a length of gel and began to rub it over her asshole.

“Hey!” she yelled. “Not there! For 500 bucks you only get my pussy.”

“Sorry, Senorita. My mistake. That’s *next* week if you don’t pay up!” and he turned his attention to her pussy and began to fuck it, hard and fast.

It was all over in 30 seconds; Senor Peralta zipped up and took off, leaving Sheila far from satisfied. She locked the front door and stormed back into the bedroom.

“Robert! Fuck me in the ass, right now!”

She flung her head onto the bed and pointed her ass towards the closet where he was fumbling in his bag to find his camera. The sight was too much for him. He flung the bag onto the bed and grabbed her around the hips, pointing his stiff rod at her puckered little anus.

“Go ahead. I’m lubed up already - thanks to my kind landlord,” she growled sarcastically.

And sure enough, she was. He had actually done a good job of it. Robert eased his eager cock into her ass, and getting remarkably little resistance soon had it deep within her, his balls bouncing off her cunt lips. The sensation was exquisite; the tightness, the thrusting, the slapping sound of thigh on thigh, the guttural grunting, the gripping of her waist, the reaching under her and the fondling of her dangling breasts. It wasn’t long before he began to feel the ultimate tingling starting in his legs and moving up towards his groin when his cell phone rang.

“Oh shit! That’s my wife!” he gasped as he lunged for his bag, grabbed the phone and answered without thinking.

“Hello dear!”

“Where are you? I thought we were going out for breakfast.”

“Well, right now I’m busy making passionate love to a gorgeous brunette.”

“Robert! Put down your binoculars and control your imagination!”

“Aaaaaaaggggghhhhhh!” Robert couldn’t hold it back any longer and ejaculated, spraying cum all over Sheila’s back.

“What was that?”

“Nothing dear,I just climaxed.”

“Reality check, Robert! You are walking back to the hotel and taking me out to breakfast.”

“Got it, dear! See you soon.”

Sheila was clearly not happy with Robert’s swift departure, but gamely called out to him as he dashed towards the elevators.

“Same time tomorrow, sailor?”