**Espied**

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**Espied Pt. 01**

Sal was appalled. Her new next-door neighbour was walking around his garden with absolutely nothing on. How could he do such a thing? How dare he!

It was not that he was being exhibitionist, deliberately. No doubt he thought himself in a private place and not overlooked, but Sal's house was deceptive. Wisteria hid the end of a balcony; a balcony from which, if she parted the vine a little, she could see over the neighbouring garden. She had been nosy, there was no other word for it, wanting to see what her new neighbour was up to and she had most certainly found that out! She stared and stared. He was completely naked, not a stitch on, and his 'tackle' swung as he walked catching her eye each time it moved. It did not stay still at all but was constantly on the move, swinging from one side to the other as he walked. Most disconcerting. Sal went to get her binoculars for a closer look.

Powerful bird watching binoculars gave a close-up view in sharp focus and clarity. More powerful than she had really wanted but she could not find her less powerful older pair; the present pair were the ones Sal had bought to examine the many birds that visited her garden, or those she saw when out on her walks or visits to bird reserves. The pair were now employed not in ornithological examination but rather in the detailed examination of homo sapiens and seemingly intent on establishing its sex. The penis loomed large in the optics and Sal carefully followed its movement as her neighbour walked up his garden. It, his generative organs, certainly did not stay still. She could discern every bump, every vein, even a mole half way down its shaft. When the man stopped Sal was able to examine the business end in detail, noting the smooth rounded end peeping out of its little wrinkled mobile covering of skin and its little orifice so looking like a mouth with lips. It seemed to be smiling! Sal was not quite sure why she was examining the man's genitalia in such detail. Perhaps because she could - it was a bit like watching a bird bobbing about on the lawn.

A big male hand came down and obscured much of her view but then unexpectedly pulled back the foreskin, revealing to her shocked gaze yet more intimate detail of the item, not least how helmet like the glans penis was and how smooth the skin appeared. Even before Sal could react by turning away, feeling she had seen far, far too much already and putting the binoculars down, she found herself watching a stream of urine rushing out of the little mouth and twinkling in the sunshine.

Sal was, again, appalled. Not only was her new neighbour naked in his garden right where she could see him, but he was freely urinating in her sight in his own garden in his own flowerbed. She put the binoculars down and walked away to make herself a steadying cup of tea. She was very angry as well as feeling flushed and hot. The feeling of embarrassment seemed to have hit her hard. Her hand was even shaking a little as she filled the kettle. It was one thing to be naked in your own home, in the bathroom or bedroom but in the garden! It was something she had never thought of doing herself. Why would you, why would she, why did he? And as for urinating - why could he not go inside to the proper place?

Despite her upset, Sal's curiosity soon got the better of her and she went back to her vantage point with tea and the binoculars. The new neighbour had not gone. He was lying on a sun lounger reading a magazine, his face and part of his upper body obscured but not, Sal was still shocked to see, his lower body; indeed, drawn up a little and spread as his legs were Sal had the most perfect view of his genitalia she could have wished for - if she had wanted to see such a thing in the first place: which she did not! The whole assembly was hanging down between his open legs - just hanging. Sal frowned and bit her lower lip. He was making no attempt to cover up. Surely, he would have thought there was a possibility of being seen however much it, perhaps, looked like her house was blind towards his garden.

If he really wanted to walk naked in his garden why had he not simply done just that and got it over with: not, now, lie in such an exposed way. Sal focused her binoculars and despite her reservations focused in on his maleness, noting the penis was rolled over to the left, the foreskin had fully covered the head and how remarkably hairy was his scrotum. The magnification and quality of the lenses in the binoculars meant she could easily make out the egg shape of the testes within their sack as the skin literally folded over them. The detail was remarkable. Sal went to get her camera. She would have proof. Proof she could confront him with, if necessary.

The few clicks of the camera's shutter caught the man perfectly within the garden setting lying upon his lounger, but, keen photographer as she was, she unscrewed the lens and put on her bird photography lens, a lens with a prodigious zoom to it, attached the tripod to ensure steadiness and focused in. Filling the whole viewfinder was the man's penis, hanging to the left. It was rather shocking to see it so up close and personal and in, if anything, more detail than the binoculars. Sal pressed the shutter and sat back to look at the image in the camera's big TFT screen. It was a lovely crisp image. Lovely in terms of quality that is. Had it been a Reed Bunting or a Bee Catcher she would have been delighted. This was not, though, an image to show at an ornithological photographer's club meeting - the 'male appendage at rest' indeed!

Sal got a shock when stooped to the camera and focused in again. The penis could no longer be described as 'at rest'; it had grown and moved - and was still moving. Sal watched with eyes wide as the wrinkled foreskin rolled back before her very eyes, unthinking she pressed the shutter, and continued to watch as the ruddy purple head, becoming shinier by the second, rose into the air. She pressed the shutter again. It was like a Corn Crake, a Landrail, poking its head out of its nest - suddenly visible above it - to be caught with a click of the shutter. Of all the... her next-door neighbour was having an erection of his penis in full sight of her. This was simply beyond the limit of what she was prepared to accept.

Sally put the camera down and stared with her own eyes. Unaided, she could see the erection was a big one. Her neighbour was well endowed. What kind of magazine was he reading for that to have happened? The man put the magazine down, paused as he looked straight at his penis and then got up and walked into his house. Sal was relieved. Clearly, he had realised how inappropriate it was to be in his garden with that thing sticking up. It was not as if he was a bull or ram in a field, where it was not unusual to see such things, but in suburbia to see a man like that...

Her relief did not last long as, almost immediately, the man sauntered back into the garden carrying a drink. His erection had not subsided one iota. There it was large as life and swaying to the front of him as he walked. Without thinking Sal zoomed out and snapped a picture of him just like that, glass of lemonade, or elderflower, in one hand, magazine in the other, penis at the ready. Her neighbour took a sip of his drink, put it down and resumed his reading; big penis lying not to one side but pointing straight to his chest, up to his tummy button, shiny head catching the sunlight, little mouth smiling away to itself and his balls hanging loosely in the heat between his thighs. Sal focused her camera in on the balls. The wrinkled skin of the sack was slack in the heat, weighed down by the testes so visibly resting in the lower extremity of the sack, the left hanging a little lower. Sal pressed the shutter. It was an excellent shot, crisp and clear; blown up on the computer screen even the hairs on his balls would show clearly. Sal imagined her giving a talk at the village hall with the image blown up on the screen - a giant pair of balls hanging over the audience with the hairs so crisp and clear. Obscene, absurd - she really was quite shocked, but still took another photograph.

The balls began to bounce up and down a little in her viewfinder. Sal was puzzled but took another picture; though she thought the movement would probably make the image a little less sharp despite the shutter speed being set reasonably fast. She could adjust that. As she panned upwards she got another shock; the man's hand was now on his penis, on his erection and was stroking it. He was wanking -- that was the word - in full sight of Sal. Whatever was he reading? Sal was appalled, again, but at the same time she realised with dismay, crossness and embarrassment that she was actually wet. She was reacting most inappropriately to the, equally - no far worse - behaviour of this new neighbour. He really should be punished.

Sal was horrified to find an image of her neighbour across her knee coming into her head; she imagined smacking his bare bottom whilst his penis and those very slack and hairy balls hung between her own thighs; her hand falling smartly on his bottom cheeks as her free hand squeezed his testes rather sharply. She knew that would hurt.

Unaided by the camera she looked across at him. There was no question, he was wanking right there in full view of her in his garden, on his lounger in the sunshine. What if he ejaculated? It did not bear thinking about. Talk about gross indecency. She could confront him with the photographs, ask him to desist in future - an embarrassing and difficult meeting - wouldn't he question why she had taken so many photographs?

Sal refocused the camera and took some more photographs of the moving hand. The hand stopped moving for a while before restarting its careful manipulation. Had he been close to coming?

A man coming, ejaculating. The photographer exerted herself. She would have to use sports mode to catch that properly; a burst of photographs to catch the racing car as it sped by - or the ejaculation projecting from the penis!

Sal paused. Why did she want to photograph the man's ejaculating penis at all? It was none of her business - except that he was doing it in full view of her; well actually only a full view if she parted the creepers at the far end of her balcony and deliberately looked. Sal reasoned, though, whilst she did not need to take the photographs, it would be technically interesting, and she was always keen, after all, to master technique. Glancing again through her viewfinder she saw a little fluid had appeared at the top of the shiny bulb of her neighbour's penis. It shone in the sunlight and automatically Sal clicked the shutter - twice. It suggested that thing men did was about to happen.

Adjusting to sports mode, Sal panned out a little and sat watching ready to capture the happening. Without thinking her free hand touched herself between her thighs. Really! She thought - that almost made her as bad as him!

Sal was ready when she saw the hand speed up and judged pressing the shutter and engaging sports mode at just the right point. No more than two clicks after she depressed the shutter, seminal fluid appeared as she had anticipated. 'Appeared' was not perhaps quite the right word - the words 'fountain' and 'fountained' sprang unaided into her mind. The penis spurted right up in the air as Sal's shutter went click, click, click. The second pulse was even better than the first and Sal was sure the fast speed would mean an impressive 'frozen in time' shot like she had used before to take photographs of waterfalls or, she recalled rather aptly (but also with a frown at the obvious analogy), geysers in New Zealand.

Sal was not disappointed with her photographs as she examined them later on her computer though she was shocked by what she had done and, indeed, the detail of the many, many photographs. Technically most were very good indeed. Crisply focused, well composed, good colour - it was just the subject matter that was, well, peculiar. Sal had nothing like this on her computer's hard disk. And as for the ejaculation shots... Well! She had caught the first spasm beautifully - no beautifully was just not the word at all, perfectly then - just as the stuff came out - yes ejaculated - caught streaming out of the urethra, out of the shiny glans, barely two inches in extent. Then her next photograph had caught it like, well, like lengths of white wax suspended in the air, the second pulse had been caught flying in the air at the very moment it reached its highest point of flight and was starting to fall back to earth - or at least her neighbour's tummy. White and solid-looking in its time-frozen state; Sal had to admit it was a wonderful piece of time frozen photography but not one she could win any prizes with at a photography competition. She spent a long time examining her handiwork, quite amazed at the detail she had captured when she enlarged them on the screen - they were each very large files, some five megabytes each.

Lying in bed that night Sal could not get the pictures of what she had seen next door out of her head. The man, the not unattractive neighbour, walking so freely in his garden and with his penis pointing and his balls swinging; the shock of the erection, the man brazenly walking around with an erection, those lovely egg shaped balls resting in their heat elongated sack (excellent photographs - the shadows had accentuated the whole roundness of the subject matter wonderfully) and lastly, but not least, the sight of the ejaculation; the big, big penis fountaining. She could not help it. Pulling off her thin summer nightdress her hands found her breasts with their already sensitive hard nipples. Sal wet a finger on her tongue and rotated it around her right nipple - lovely - she wriggled in her bed, feeling the sheets on her aroused skin, could feel how wet she was but she was not going to touch herself there quite yet.

What would it be like for someone to photograph her naked - or for her to photograph another woman - catching this other woman in a garden naked? All those curves. Catching her masturbating too. Would she be able to get the sense of wetness, that so feminine feeling, in a photograph so you could not only see but really feel what it was like to become wet? That feeling of arousal, the creeping moistness.

Sal's mind drifted back to the man. What if he had a friend with him - hopefully not another man -- but a woman? What would it be like to photograph intercourse and all that sometimes went with it? The fingers and the oral sex. Sal's fingers stole lower. She imagined photographing her neighbour's penis as it was licked by the pink tongue of a woman. It was an exciting, erotic idea. The wonderful, close up detail. Despite being a little surprised at herself, Sal's fingers touched and began to play; began to play a very wet game.

Sal was cross with herself. Cross was not quite accurate, very annoyed, even furious with herself for having masturbated the night before to the images of her new next-door neighbour: not actually staring at the computer, but those in her head recalling what she had seen with her own eyes and also the rather graphic pictures she had taken and had viewed on her computer. What would she now say when she met him? She could not really, not now, broach the subject of his nakedness. She could not mention casually she had espied him through the Wisteria, yes and seen him wanking away. "Nice cock, nice spurting but please don't do it again. It's just not nice."

She had not even met him. He had only just moved in next door. What would it be like when she did meet him; she would be so acutely conscious that she had seen him naked, not just naked but erect and spurting. Sal would have to go around and introduce herself. It was just not polite, not neighbourly not to do so. She had been away on holiday when he had moved in otherwise, of course, she would have met him at that time.

The nudity was, when she looked back on it, not causing her any real difficulty. In a way, and a way only, it was amusing to know the peculiarity of her neighbour was there and perhaps she would see him do just the same again. She was a little appalled that her initial shock and displeasure had changed; and so quickly. To find she was now acquiescing in his strange habits, worse, finding she enjoyed secretly peeping at naked men, was a surprise to her. She would never have thought it. She was cross with herself. What would she do next time, slip her knickers down, ease her clothes off and masturbate watching him? Appalling but...

Any reservation she had were swept away when she just happened to pull the wisteria aside mid-morning - just out of curiosity. Her neighbour was there again, not lying on his sun lounger but moving around his garden with a hand fork and weeding. A perfectly normal activity in the garden only, once again, he did not have any clothes on - not a stitch. She could not stop herself staring. What was it about wandering about his garden with nothing on? Why did he so like doing that? Sal really could not see why he did it. She could understand the need to wank, though not in his garden - why did he not do it in the privacy of his own bedroom like she sometimes did. Her mouth tightened, she was cross with herself about that, about what she had done the night before.

Sal watched for a time. He was just weeding: nothing else. Perhaps she should go around and knock on his door and introduce herself. Presumably he would dress for that! Sal was not sure what she would do if he opened his door in the nude. Would she simply run, or ignore the fact completely (which might be difficult if he did the obvious thing of inviting her in for coffee) or stare embarrassed and tongue tied not even saying who she was and why she was there?

Apart from not being erect, there was nothing hidden to Sal's eyes. Bending over and weeding with the sun on his back he several times showed that the phrase, 'where the sun don't shine' did not apply to her neighbour's arse - his anus. It was shown as clear as anything and below that his whole package hung, indeed swayed, like the bull in a field; hanging very low in the heat as if the whole thing, cock and balls, was on a stalk between his splayed legs. The camera came out again and missed nothing. Did he have no shame? It was unbelievable what she had on her computer now and in such detail. The view of his genitalia hanging between his legs in the sunshine on its stalk, almost separate from the body - so different from when the man stood, and it hung at the front. To be able to zoom in on his arsehole and see it filling the screen brown and wrinkled seemed to Sal such an intrusion of his privacy. But she could do it and it was there. It was not, really, much different from filling her screen with his zoomed in knob pulsing its semen - and she could do that with the day before's pictures just as easily. Both a massive invasion of his privacy. Yet the photographer in her was so pleased with the detail. Perfect anatomical photographs.

What was it about being naked in the garden? Why did her neighbour do it? What was there about being without clothes outside? It occurred to Sal that, really, there was only one way to find out. She would have to try it herself. Sal would have to venture into her own garden without clothes. She would have to step out of her door without the protection of clothing - the very thought of it strange and rather exciting. Sal had never done anything like that before.

Did she dare? Could she dare? It was not difficult standing in her bathroom; standing freshly showered with not even a bath towel wrapped around her but to go downstairs, walk easily through the dining room with nothing on and out of the French windows was quite another matter. Of course, she did that every day - but with clothes on. She would step onto the patio, out into the sunshine and feel the sun on her bare skin. Would it be nice?

The first step was the hardest. It was not as if she had not been on her landing naked, but she was not sure she had ever put her bare foot on the top step of the staircase much less begun to descend it with not a stitch on.

Approaching the French windows was not easy. What if someone could see her through the glass? But no one could because her house was not overlooked - unless there was a chink in her fencing. Sal imagined her neighbours looking, finding chinks in the fence or hedge. All of them looking in at her. The new neighbour on one side and Mr and Mrs Cousins on the other side. All of them watching. Well, it was none of their business and it wasn't as if she had something inappropriate like her neighbour's erection showing. Sal was simply in her birthday suit. As if to belie the innocence of what she was doing Sal felt her nipples getting harder and becoming pointed. She stared out into the garden through the glass and turned the key.

One step, two steps and Sal was naked outside. Trying to hide a rising panic Sal slowly walked straight down the garden. She was determined to walk the whole way, calmly, carefully as if it was something she did every day. Sal felt the house looking at her, looking at her bottom as if the blank windows of the house were eyes.

At first, she was in shade, almost hidden in the shade of the house. It would only be later in the afternoon the sun would heat the patio and turn it into a haven of warmth for the evening. The sun, as she stepped out of shadow, was hot on her back and on her bottom cheeks. Already she could feel the grass cool under her feet, feel her breasts bouncing gently, unrestrained by a brassiere, her nipples hot and hard in the shade of her own body. In a way it was no different from wearing a skirt, her thighs brushed together the same way except there was nothing between them at the top - no panties. Her sex was unhidden, unclothed and she could feel its freedom - worse she could feel her clit stirring and poking out of its sheath trying to find the sunshine. She was finding the whole experience exciting. Yes, naughty and sexually stimulating.

Sal was aware she was no different from her neighbour. She too was having an erection in the open air; her reaction no different: if much more personal and hidden. She was out in the open and wet, very wet and she could feel her clitoris growing. It was not something a photographer could see unless she lay down and opened her thighs and that was hardly an appropriate thing to do. Between her legs all was hidden but her standing nipples were a visual clue to her state of arousal and whilst she did not have the visual indicator of the aroused male, at least unless you looked very closely between her legs, if the human sense of smell was as strong as say a dog then her arousal would be as obvious to a male as her neighbour's erection.

At the bottom of the garden was a door; a door out into the green lane between the backs of the houses. There would be no one there. There virtually never was. It was a place where some homeowners dumped grass cuttings or sticks until time for a bonfire. Sal felt a strong desire to open the door and step naked out of her garden; out of the safety and into the unknown. The potential embarrassment of being caught both excited and appalled her.

Sal turned and looked back at her house. The windows stared at her blankly. What was she doing so far from the refuge of her house completely exposed? Not completely, if she was honest. There was something else she knew she had to do.

It was only a little way back up the path before the lawn. Sal's bare feet walked noiselessly on the crazy paving. The sun full on her breasts now, full on the crazy tangle of her pubic hair. Would it be better if she went inside and shaved all that off and came back like a little girl? Would it feel less naughty if she looked pre-pubescent - but how could she with full hips and swinging boobs? Or would the denuding of her pubis mean she was the more exposed?

The sun poured down and her house looked at her. Sal eased herself down onto the grass and then slowly she drew up her knees and opened them; opened her thighs, exposing her sex to the sun and the blank windows of the house; opening them as if making herself ready for sexual intercourse; revealing her own erection. She could feel her lips opening with her legs, the heat of the sun striking her sex and clit, she could feel herself a fully aroused woman - a woman ready to be taken. Sal held herself ready, her arms going out until she was spread-eagled, exposed and completely vulnerable. Had she been standing at a bedroom window with her camera she could have seen everything and photographed it all.

She knew then what she would do next. She would go into the house and set her camera up to take time release photographs down the garden - of herself - she just had to see.

The reality was worse, and it was all recorded. She could see the evidence as she sat that evening looking at her computer monitor and the photographs. She had, indeed, gone back into the house and set up her camera but it was not just a steady stream of photographs at fifteen second intervals of her naked in her garden, perhaps just wandering and adopting the odd pose or even of her splaying herself in a lewd fashion to the sun; rather they were photographs of her masturbating and coming in her own garden in the sunshine. You could see her fingers playing, see how very wet they were - the sunshine revealed so much; she could see them pushed into herself as if she was being penetrated by a penis - it was lucky she did not possess a dildo. They were not photographs to show anyone else.

Sal was amazed at what she had done and cross with herself, but there in colour and detail was the evidence and, with the ability of digital zoom, the close-up pictures were surprising in their clarity. Her clit engorged was just so reminiscent of her neighbour's tumescence. Zoomed in, it filled her screen and the way the sun caught it and made it shine just so perfectly revealing feminine wetness - the very thing she had wondered how to capture in a photograph - a lovely droplet of moisture just catching the sun and shining atop the little organ, almost as if she was ejaculating like she had seen her neighbour do. She knew it was erotic - a screen saver for a man - or a woman who liked women. Wet, juicy and ripe, ready to be plucked or sucked. Sal shook her head - what was she thinking?

**Espied Pt. 02**

Of course, it was something that would happen: it was inevitable she would meet her new neighbour. They lived next door to each other, after all, admittedly in a part of suburbia where the houses were large and the gardens generous. They were not cheek by jowl. Perhaps he had knocked on her door when first moving in: only she had been out. Really, she should have gone around and introduced herself, but she has always been shy, painfully shy. Sal hid behind her glasses and rather too much clothing. Sal had always been like that to the infuriation, really, of her outgoing parents. They were, alas, departed which is why she had their big old house. The house she had always lived in, the house with its big private garden. She had been alarmed when the next-door house had been put up for sale. She did not like change, she had not liked the thought of new neighbours.

The photography club was almost her only real opportunity for meeting people. She found it safe because the same people were there -- the same people, mostly, who were there when she joined all those years ago whilst at school. Sal had been on her way to a club meeting with some new wildlife photographs to show -- not those photographs, not those of her neighbour or herself naked and aroused... or worse -- when she had met the new neighbour outside his house. She had to speak, had to introduce herself.

And, of course, she could not help having in her mind's eye the image of him unclothed, moreover with that large erection she had seen. She knew it was large. Sal might well have never experienced one in the flesh, so to speak, but she was not ignorant -- even of size.

As was her habit, she had trouble looking strangers in the eye, but her downcast eye found itself looking at the bulge at the front of his trousers, the bulge men have and is perhaps most obvious at the swimming pool. Sal did swim. It was a regular habit for fitness, again something dating back to when she was a young girl. She knew the routine. Did not have a problem with that, did not have a problem of walking in, paying her money, going into the ladies changing room, changing and swimming. Nor did she have a problem with looking obliquely at nice men's bulges in their trunks. They were particularly obvious there.

Sal was invited in for coffee by her new neighbour but, of course declined. She was on the way to her club meeting. He then asked about that and she could think of no easy reason, even for her, of declining his further invitation to join him for coffee the next morning. She could hardly say she was going shopping. Obviously she could do her shopping any time.

The photography meeting was a good one. She was a little surprised when Mr. Soames produced a folio of nudes. They were very well taken with excellent lighting and the girl had posed very well. Sal had, of course, been embarrassed by the subject but it was easier to hide her embarrassment by making objective comments. No one there, she thought, would have had any idea of her own nude photography. A much more candid photography of her neighbour and herself. There was nothing sexual about Mr Soames' nudes though Sal did wonder quite how he knew the model.

Mr Soames' work was certainly the main topic of discussion and several members expressed an interest in seeing how well they could tackle nude photography. Of course, the difficulty of finding suitable models was discussed. One or two members saying that they were not too sure their respective spouses would be too happy posing. It was a thought that for a club night they might perhaps hire a model, male or female -- it did not matter.

The appalling idea of the club members taking it in turns to be the model came to Sal's mind. It caused her to shiver. The idea of being naked in front of the other club members quite awful to her. In her swimsuit at the swimming baths one thing - and not actually naked - but nude at a club meeting quite another.

The next morning Sal awoke in quite a sweat. Dreams do seem to pick up on events and concerns of the day before and that had certainly been the case with Sal. She had dreamt of being at her photography club meeting, only, of course, in the way of dreams it had not been at their usual meeting place of the village hall but the swimming baths for no apparent reason, in the illogical way of dreams. They had all, the members of the club, been there in their swimming things and with cameras. They had taken pictures with the slanting light through the side windows of the pool, but the clamour had grown to take photographs of nudes and, in her dream, Sal had volunteered. Again, for no obvious reason.

The awful embarrassment of lowering her black swimsuit down past her chest still lingered in her mind as she lay there in her bed. And then, still worse, taking the swimsuit off completely. Sal could not remember the photographing, but she could remember the bulges in the men's trunks, not just the bulges she normally saw at the swimming baths but the full bulges of retained and contained fully grown penises. The dream had become sexual -- a wet dream. Sal remembered she had dreamt it was Mrs Riley, of all people saying they wanted to photograph copulation and there being a chorus of 'yes, yes, yes, what a challenge.' Sal's protestations were ignored, and she recalled dreaming of Mr Soames coming towards her with erection pointing -- she did not think the dream had bothered with him taking his trunks off. He had just been naked and exposed.

Sal had awoken just as Mr Soames had touched her. She had awoken in a sweat and with herself awash between her thighs. She reached for her glass of water and drank in gulps. Since she had photographed her neighbour and then herself in her garden naked she had been finding sexual thought more frequent. For a moment or two she thought of lying there thinking -- and playing with herself but the sun streaming through the curtains beckoned her outside.

Just descending the stairs naked was not something she would have done before. Certainly, standing and looking at her new and very private photography album with the best of her 'nude' photography (developed by herself in her own little dark room), one handed and with the other touching herself would have been unimaginable outside her bed -- or perhaps in the shower -- before. Her eyes dwelt on the photograph of the ejaculating penis -- her neighbour's penis. He could have no idea she had such an image. It was a large print and filled a whole page. It was very sexual to her. Her fingers played.

Sal stepped out from the French windows into the shade stark naked. The sun was bright, and she squinted. It was a wonderful feeling to be out and naked. Animal like. She thought how good it would be to be away from her garden, perhaps in the forest, on the moor or in the fields naked like that -- and importantly alone. The idea of anyone seeing her too awful to contemplate but the idea of leaving her clothes and just walking like that for a bit, perhaps to sit and... masturbate.

A few more steps and she was actually in the early morning sun. It was warm on her front, warm on her naked skin. Standing and stretching a little she could hear her neighbour next door out in his garden. He was also up and about early in the morning. Was he perhaps naked too? Was she feet from a naked and possibly erect man? She could have scurried up to her balcony and peeped, but Sal was enjoying the sunshine. Wonderful to walk further down the garden. At the bottom of the garden was an old wall with a green painted door in it. The wall was quite high, a good eight foot and stretched three doors down behind other houses, though not her neighbours. Quite why it had been built was unclear. It was Victorian like her house. Through the door was a green lane, an old farm track quite clearly from before the houses had been built.

Sal leant with her bottom against the wall. It had a lovely visual texture, old yellow bricks, and was already warm against the skin of her buttocks. She leant, looking back at the house and its windows watching her, perhaps surprised at what they were seeing. There was, of course, no one in her house to see her and, unless there was some spy hole in fence or hedge, neither of her neighbours could peek at her nudity either.

The idea, though, of a watcher, a secret watcher - as secret as she had been with her neighbour was in her mind. Both appalling but strangely exciting at one and the same time. She looked up at her house imagining perhaps her neighbour or another man standing at an upstairs window, naked and very visibly enjoying seeing her nudity - his penis engorged and standing proud. Sal visible to him but not him to her, she merely seeing the dark window in shade and not the naked man. She so clear to him but he invisible to her.

Sal bit her lip. This was so unlike her, so not her to be in any way happy let alone aroused sexually by the thought of being even noticed let alone observed naked. Yet she was so conscious of just how visible she would be against the backdrop of the sun-drenched wall, her pale skin against the sun brightened old yellow brickwork, the triangle of her tangled bush so striking against her skin and the wall.

Again, so unlike her, she posed with legs a little open and hand between her thighs for the house to see, she turned and showed the curve of her bottom to the house, she bent forward so her ample breasts hung forward and grinned. Between her legs that lovely feeling of gooey wetness from sexual arousal, a certainty that with the right sort of thoughts and agile fingers to her clitoris and nipples she could make herself 'come.'

The photographer in her again exerted itself and all at once she ran to get her camera. Sal ran up the garden as she had not done since little and never with her breasts bounding. What would the watcher have thought? She was sure bouncing breasts would excite a man. In her mind the thought of the man touching himself, stimulating his penis perhaps even 'coming' as she had seen her neighbour come.

A diversion on the way to get the camera found herself on the balcony peering through the wisteria. The thought of a naked man watching her leading to thoughts of watching a naked man.

She was not disappointed. Just as she had been naked in her garden so was he, only he was not betraying sexual excitement. Indeed, he was sitting on a garden chair by a table with his back to her reading a newspaper. She could see his naked left buttock but not his penis. In her heart she disapproved at what she was doing - peeking - but in her state of arousal she did not simply withdraw, rather her hand stole to her sex and she played as she watched. All at once the man stood showing his nice, tight buttocks entire, put down his newspaper and turned. There for Sal to see once again was his genitalia. Her fingers slid into herself making it very clear what he subconscious had in mind but, the man was not at all ready for such a thing. There was no erection rather the penis was as relaxed as relaxed could be, hanging down with its foreskin covered head gently knocking against his twin balls. Sal watched the package swinging as the man stepped towards his house and out of sight.

Sal went for her camera and catching sight of herself in a mirror shook her head. This was all so unlike her.

The camera was set up on a tripod down the garden facing the wall. In Sal's hand a remote as she readied herself to pose. She had seen how Mr. Soames' model had posed and she did the same. Naked flesh against old stone wall. Nude studies and then more provocative poses that had not been part of Mr. Soames' set - though it might have been, and she had wondered, whether he had not shown all that he had photographed.

She photographed herself masturbating, her fingers so clearly at work when she reviewed the photographs later. There were rather a lot of her actually coming. In her paroxysm she had kept squeezing the remote!

As she carried the camera back she wondered if her neighbour was still there at his table, still naked and reading his newspaper totally unaware his next-door neighbour was walking feet away totally naked and - to put it bluntly - very wet.

Eleven o'clock came and Sal stepped out of her front door. With her it was not a casual act. She had not thought five minutes before that she had better change into something better as she was visiting her neighbour for coffee at eleven. She had been fretting and worrying about it since she had come back from her unexpected garden photography session and her shower. What she should wear and what she should say. It was one thing looking at him through the wisteria: quite another having to go into his house and talk.

Worse she found herself sitting in the very chair and at the very table she had seen him sitting at naked earlier that morning. As he went to fetch the coffee she glanced up at the wisteria of her own house and where her vantage point had been. The balcony was completely obscured. It was a relief. He could not see and could not suspect she watched.

Of course, he was clothed. The whole meeting was perfectly normal. There was no need to refer to unclothed bodies at all. Sal certainly mentioned photography as a hobby in response to polite questions about how her club evening had gone. Her neighbour proved reasonably knowledgeable about birds as well.

And, of course, Sal had to invite her neighbour around by way of return and a date was fixed for the week after. Sal, though, did not plan to serve coffee in her garden. She did not want her neighbour realising about the balcony. She should not really have minded had he, as a result of realising she had such a balcony, become more discrete about his apparent naturism, but the awful reality was that she was rather enjoying being able to see a naked man.

Sal took him into her lounge, rather than garden, and left him looking at an album of her better ornithological photographs. She was particularly pleased with her photographs of bitterns. They had been 'booming.'

Sal walked back into the room, a tray with coffee in her hands and stopped, aghast. The man, her neighbour, his back to her, was not now looking at her ornithological album or one of her wildlife albums but another album, another album entirely, the one she had not intended anyone else to see and should not really have even been in the room yet it had been there on the shelf with all the others, the one with the 'other' wildlife photographs, beautifully taken photographs, but of him naked - and Sal as well.

She backed, backed into the hallway. Sal did not think he had seen her. She stood shaking almost in fear and certainly in embarrassment and then her eyes widened. Inside her skirt, between her thighs she could feel a rush of sexual excitement. She was both appalled he was seeing her naked pictures but at the same time becoming excited by it. Sal could not understand this contradiction in herself. He was looking at not just pictures of her but pictures of him unclothed... and worse. But perhaps he had only seen those of her. Certainly, it had just been her on the pages she had seen open before him.

Sal made a bit of a clattering sound with the tray, paused and then walked back into the room. The man was looking at a photograph of a pair of water rats, albeit upside down. There was not the same polite calm about him. He looked flustered and perhaps for that reason did not seem to notice Sal's own confusion. The conversation was a little more stilted than it might otherwise have been. It was mostly about Sal's wildlife photography but even so, Sal knew what photographs he was really thinking about and that he was more than a little aware of just what was contained in a particular volume of photographs on her shelf.

After he had gone, Sal wondered if he would now cease his naked breakfasts or garden nudity. But she did not know if he had seen photographs of himself rather than just Sal naked. Certainly, the pages she had seen open were not simply of her naked but masturbating there on her lawn. Embarrassing... yet rather exciting in a way that he had seen her like that. The thought surprised her. The wetness between her legs surprised her. It was a warm day and Sal went upstairs to put on something cooler, only instead she carried on undressing completely and then slipped out onto her balcony and peered through the wisteria.

She had not really expected to see him, still less naked but there he was in full sight through the leaves of the climbing wisteria, the man only minutes before she had been talking to and drinking coffee with in her house. Not only was he naked but his manly organ, that equipage so different from her own was not only on display but prominent in its display. He was erect. So big! Sal's hand went straight between her legs. So exciting to see, especially when excited herself. She made use of the visual stimulation before her.

He walked a little down his garden and then back again, his head not raised but as if he was deep in thought. About what, Sal wondered, but it seemed obvious from his stand that it must be sexual thoughts, perhaps even about some photographs he had recently seen. He paused for a few moments standing looking at the fence between his house and hers in half profile, the sun coming in from above the house showing him so clearly, and then he walked beyond her vision to his house.

Perhaps he might reappear. Sal went for her camera and was not disappointed. He returned with a magazine in hand, one of those from the top shelf of the newsagent. The sort Sal had never looked at but had seen boys, years ago at school, surreptitiously exchanging not quite behind the bike sheds but certainly reasonably secretly. Pictures somewhat like Mr. Soames had taken but probably rather more provocative, certainly that was what the pictures of the girls looked like from what she could see as he set the magazine on a table and leafed through it.

Seemingly he found a favourite and paused and then, to her delight, began to stroke himself. Sal's camera clicked. More evidence of his wrongdoing? Hardly! Sal had to admit she liked seeing what she was seeing, knew she was enjoying a real picture in 3D of rampant maleness just as he was enjoying a mere image in a magazine in just the same way. It was lovely watching him exercise his so big organ, just as her fingers exercised her own little one. Of course, Sal thought of what she might do with 'it,' what it would be like if, instead of his fingers, hers were doing the stroking. Sal bit her lip, the excitement of making it do that male thing - the so visible demonstration of the male orgasm.

Was he going to come? Sal was torn between the photography, the so unusual subject of the male performing, and pleasuring herself. The thought of again catching the ejaculation in mid-flight using a high shutter speed as if frozen and solid. His body was not moving and so she could use the tripod. She knew her camera like the back of her hand and had it set up focused and ready within seconds. It was good to see him standing there so big, with his proud, it seemed the right word, male organ so stiff and watch him stroking with her naked eye, it was also rather good to lean down and look at it in magnification through the view finder, the lower part of his body and part of the table in crisp focus. Through that she could see the picture he was looking at rather more clearly. A naked girl, a rather hairy girl with her legs spread wide and touching herself - somewhat like some of the pictures of herself taken on her lawn.

Sal looked up from the viewfinder and watched her neighbour. In one hand the remote, in the other her sex, she leant forward with her forehead against the leaves of the wisteria, a real beaming smile on her face. Her sex was awash with arousal. She was really enjoying seeing a naked man doing a sexual act. And then he did 'the' sexual act.

Press, press, press went her finger on the remote; press, press, press went her finger on her clitoris; spurt, spurt, spurt went the man, his semen flying high and landing all over the magazine picture - long streaks of male ejaculate. Such a pleasure, such an unexpected pleasure and one she would not have imagine pleasing her a few weeks before, such a delight to see the man throwing his semen. Clearly, he made a connection with the picture. His idea, no doubt, that his stuff was falling on the bare skin of the girl in the photograph. Sal imagined it falling on her own skin.

Yet as she had pressed the shutter, as her finger had pushed at her clitoris, Sal had stepped backwards because half way through his ejaculation the man had looked up and turned and stared at the wisteria. Did he perhaps know Sal could see what he was doing, did he know she might be there watching him, had he seen the photographs of himself in her album and worked out where the camera's viewpoint had been? Sal bit her lip, the excitement of the idea unexpected - the man knowing her guilty secret and taking pleasure in the fact. She knew he had seen photographs of her naked, photographs of her masturbating, what was more, but did he know she had watched him naked, erect and, indeed, coming?

Was he deliberately looking at the wisteria and imagining her watching? Was the thought in his head at the moment of his release the idea of being watched by a possibly naked, masturbating, woman?

Still Sal stared, watched the penis begin to subside, even clicked the shutter again - twice. The man stepped back and moved out of view. To go and sunbathe in the garden or shower Sal did not know. Sal, though, remained, the remote put down and the spare hand to a breast. The man had left the magazine on the table. Sal played with her sex, a two-fingered diddling movement to her clitoris as she looked down at the streaks of wetness across the page.

The man had begun to come staring at the erotic printed image and so did Sal though her focus was rather more on the wet streaks across it than the photograph itself. Like the man, Sal's orgasm came whilst standing. She made rather gasping feminine noises there in her hidden balcony.

Flushed and breathing hard, Sal sat down on the wooden bench set against the wall of her house on the balcony. She found herself back there again in the mid-afternoon. It was now a bit hot and stuffy with the afternoon sun shining directly on and through the wisteria. Sal peered out and was a little disappointed to find no naked man. The magazine, though, was still there but the semen had dried leaving streaks of white across the page. Sal's camera was still on its tripod, so she took another picture.

The dappled light inside the balcony gave a wonderful effect, a patchwork of bright points of light on the bench, floor and her skin. Again, the photographer in her came to the fore and she turned the camera away from the wisteria. Naked woman in dappled shade proved to be a most successful study. A set of really fine nudes. She had dealt with the difficult contrast so well with the camera settings when she viewed the pictures on her computer. They were not erotica, not 'glamour' shots but much more like Mr. Soames had taken. Dare she show them at the club - they would, though, see she was the model. Sal was not sure she could bring herself to do that. No, really, she could not.

**Espied Pt. 03**

Several days passed, there had been another meeting of the photography club and, also, a weekend at a bird reserve with her camera and binoculars. Sal had even swum in the sea from the adjoining beach. It had been very much a family beach, but she had wondered what she would have thought had it been one of those naturist beaches. Had she not been with her photographer friends, and it been such a beach, might she have dared to swim naked? Would she have dared, knowing she knew no-one and everybody else on the beach was naked to join them. Possibly, just possibly. The idea excited her.

One of the ladies, Mrs Riley again, had even said as Sal had come back from the sea dripping with salt water, "Perhaps you should model for us, dear, you do have a nice figure." How Sal had blushed, which had made Mrs Riley smile.

It was now evening, the evening of what had been a very hot day. Sal had the French windows open but there was not a breath of wind. It really was very hot. Unnaturally so for England. Sal fanned herself as she stood just outside. She had turned the lights out and was looking up at the stars. Even her light cotton dress seemed to stick to her in the heat.

Why not? Why not indeed? It was but a matter of moments to slip the dress over her head, unclasp her brassiere and slide her panties down leaving Sal completely unclothed in the dark. She had walked down her garden naked in the day, had even a couple of days before set a blanket out and sunbathed a little naked, thinking a little of that imagined naturist beach and a naked swim, but not been out and about after dark naked.

Wonderfully free but so not Sal - at least not the Sal of a few weeks before. It excited her the private nudity away from her bedroom and bathroom.

Sal had earlier been thinking of the photographs, taken on her balcony, of herself in dappled shade, thinking of how interesting it would be to take similar ones not in the almost claustrophobic balcony but out in the open in some forest glade with a similar dappled shade. Should she, perhaps, plan a walk in the countryside to see if she could find such a place and, even then, would she set up her camera and dare to take her clothes off? Might she even excite herself, make her nipples erect, perhaps take photographs with the sun behind her and her legs apart and see if she could catch a sheen of moisture on the curls and hanging flesh between her legs, maybe even some perfect drop or pearl of moisture just there and glistening in the sunlight. They would be rather more 'accidental' photographs than intentional. She would have to use the remote and would not be composing like she would if photographing a model.

Unsurprisingly her thoughts drifted from a girl model to her neighbour, imagining photographing him naked in the wood. perhaps asking him to erect so she could photograph him like that and then catch that so desired drop of moisture not on vaginal lips or clitoral hood but at the end of the bulb of his penis. The thought made her shiver.

The thought of her neighbour's erect penis also came to her in the dark of her garden. She had looked again, several times, from her balcony but not seen him. Perhaps he had been away.

It was good to be out. She walked down her garden and stood with her back against the wall looking back at her house. Sal could not see very much at all as the moon was not up. A faint reflection of light suggested a window was lit in her neighbour's house. She smiled at the thought of going into his garden and peeking through his window at him in the dark. Walking naked out of her garden door and then through his gate into his garden. It was not really something she would dare do. Dares were not Sal!

Yet, she so liked the idea of being naked in a wood and photographing herself. Naked beyond the safe confines of her home and garden.

It was not much of a dare, really, to open the door in the wall and stand there naked at the threshold of the world beyond her garden, the old green farm track. It was dark there, dark as in her garden, a man could have walked along the track and not seen her. Unless he had a torch that was. It gave Sal an unexpected thrill - the idea of the sudden stab of the torch light both blinding her and exposing her to the unseen man's gaze. He would be perhaps just a voice, invisible to her as he stared at her nakedness. What would he say? Would he say anything, would she say anything? Any move towards her and she could be back through her door and it slammed and bolted behind her. A safe exposure to an unseen man!

It was a fantasy, a night dream, but it captivated Sal as she stood there in the dark of her doorway imagining the beam of light illuminating her. Perhaps the commonplace of a 'Good evening,' perhaps, even, the faint sound of a zip and the realisation that in the dark the man had brought out his penis. That feet from her there was an exposed male organ in all its rugged firmness. Perhaps then the torchlight wavering a little, the result of the movement of the man's other hand, the one not holding the torch, upon his erection.

In the dark of the garden, Sal's finger went to her sex, pushed into the curls and slid down the valley and touched her clitoris. Would she have dared do that whilst the man watched or, instead, stood transfixed by the wavering light and awaiting the sound of pattering, the little sounds of liquid droplets falling to the ground as the man's orgasm came? Would perhaps at the last moment the man turn the torch on himself, turned it so the pool of light fell just on his exposed penis and working hand so that she saw first its hardness and then its swollen head shooting white, just as she had watched her neighbour, and then heard the sound of semen falling to the ground, surprisingly loud in the stillness of the night?

Perhaps a whispered. 'Thank you,' and then the man walking on leaving Sal in the darkness knowing nothing of the man but his voice. She would not know who he was, but he would recognise her if he saw her in the street. She would not know if a man in the supermarket or post office looking at her was the man who had seen so much in the dark.

Sal stepped out into the lane and stood beyond her garden. She even took a few steps but could not go any further. Instead she scurried back through her door and closed it. She could not do it. Could not walk more than a few steps like that. Exciting though it had been. Again, she leant against her wall and touched herself. She was quite wet and excited. She had enjoyed daring herself beyond her wall. She wanted to try again.

The second time she had gone back to her house and pulled her dress over herself. Not naked but without underwear. She felt safer opening the door and stepping through, safer with a thin cotton dress upon her but, even so, with absolutely nothing underneath. Safe from exposure if a flashing torch came but nonetheless excited by the feel of nothing on under her dress. Sal walked a little way up the track and then returned and stood outside her neighbour's gate. Should she?

It made the faintest of clicks as she opened it. Not so easy walking down a strange garden in almost pitch blackness feeling her way. But exciting. Such a not Sal thing to be doing, so very much something she would not have dreamt of doing weeks before but the light from the house's window beckoned. It would be such a thing to take just a peek through the window if she could and then hurry home. It took quite a nerve to walk towards the window. The curtain was not quite drawn, and light showed on the crazy paving of his patio. The light was bright and like the light of the imagined man's torch, Sal's eyes needed to accustom themselves to the brightness. What Sal saw pleased her... at first.

Her neighbour was there, just as she had hoped, and seated in his arm chair. Moreover, and exactly as she had wanted, he was naked and with his penis sticking upwards in sexual excitement. It was so what Sal wished to see and her hand touched her curls. What a big penis he had! The head was swollen and bulbous with the skin drawn back. He was not touching it, just looking at the television. Sal was not interested in the television but the naked man. It was unlikely anything on the television was going to be half as interesting as a naked, tumescent man and from her angle she could not see the screen in any case.

All of a moment the man stood up from his chair and turned. His nakedness, if anything, even more apparent and his erection so very much there. If anything, seen on the level rather than above from her balcony made what she was seeing more real. A naked man, a naked erect man and Sal just feet apart. As he walked directly towards her at the window the penis, the big penis, bobbed and swayed. For a moment Sal thought she had been espied but he turned again, perhaps towards the kitchen to make himself some coffee or something.

Sal wondered what he had been watching which had had such an effect on him. She edged along the patio away from the window and towards the French doors to see if she could get a view from there. The light was fainter and no curtains obscured the view into the room or through the doorway into where the man had been sitting. She could now see the television and what the man was watching. It shocked her. It was not some hard porn film, not at all, not soft core film either, it was Sal naked in her garden. How? How?

She had not realised he could see her in her garden: still less that he had seen her. How? She knew that his house did not have the same balcony as hers, hidden by wisteria or not. They were not at all of the same design of building. There was no window overlooking her house and garden. He would have known, sometimes at least, she was in her garden naked from the photographs he had seen but how had he taken the video footage? The television was some distance from her, but she could see herself walking in her garden, even doing 'things.' Through the doorway she saw her neighbour return.

Sal needed her camera. She felt a sudden need to record.

Returning from her house, camera over her shoulder Sal looked through her neighbour's French windows. Over the man's naked shoulder, the television and the image of her were clear. Snap. She moved back along the patio for a better view. Snap, snap. Once more she lifted the thin cotton of her dress and touched herself just as the man was now touching his genitalia, moving the skin of his penis and grinning as he stared at the television. Even in his bigger male hand the penis looked 'chunky,' a real handful! Sal wondered what it was like to hold such a thing, still less to have it pushing at one's sex, seeking ingress. Her fingers pushed into herself, up and down making little sloshing sounds.

Sal did not think her tongue was hanging out but certainly she had been moistening her lips as the man ejaculated. There, right in front of her eyes, but not her camera lens, all at once out of the top of his shiny, bulbous knob shot white liquid, perhaps a foot and a half into the air. Sal gasped. She knew she did, so strangely exciting to see a man do that, his most sexual thing. Another spurt, perhaps even a little higher and then a weaker spurt of his semen, raining down upon him.

Male sexual activity seemed so messy! The stuff was on his penis, stomach, in his pubic hair and between his fingers. Sal raised her camera and clicked and then smiled at herself. Her fingers and indeed now the camera's shutter button were not exactly pristine: rather they were gooey with her own wetness. She clicked again.

Back in her own house Sal looked at the photographs she had taken through the window. So strange, she had photographed her neighbour naked looking at photographs, or rather video images of her naked. Her fingers slipped between her thighs and felt her wetness. She had not come in her neighbour's garden, not quite, but she was going to now. Sal was masturbating to a picture of her neighbour masturbating to pictures of her! And it all felt very good. She stared and stared at the photograph of the ejaculation falling upon him. What would that be like? Warm, male rain! Sal came.

Sal awoke, and thoughts of the night before flooded back into her mind. The excitement of seeing her naked neighbour, her daring in going into his garden, the pleasure of her masturbation as she watched him but also the shock of seeing herself on film - knowing he possessed footage of her naked. She got straight out of bed and went down the stairs and into her garden, still in her cotton nightdress. How had he filmed her? There was no window of his house overlooking her garden. The angles and distance did not permit that.

Sal knew she could work it out from camera angle if she looked and she was right. The camera was cunningly concealed in what seemed to be a, presumably, mock burglar alarm box. Not positioned at the front of the house where you would expect. The naughty man! But had she not been equally naughty with first her eyes, then her binoculars, then her camera through the wisteria and last night in his garden?

Did that now mean she could not in future be naked in the privacy of her own garden? Was he even now filming her, was it a continuous filming and recording of everything she did? Sal turned and walked down the garden. Would he see her, if he reviewed the early morning footage, looking up and straight at the camera and know she knew he was filming her? Probably unlikely, he could hardly go through hours and hours of a recording of an empty garden.

Sal stood at the end of her garden leaning back on the old brick wall, feeling its roughness on her bottom and on her back through her nightdress. She edged sideways, away from where she thought her neighbour's camera could see and slipped the nightdress over her head. Lovely to feel the early morning sun fully on her skin. Sal thought back to her bird watching weekend and the visit to the seaside. It had been a busy family beach but further along it had quietened. Sal imagined being there and walking, taking an early morning stroll completely naked, leaving her things on the sand and just walking, bare foot and bare to the world. Lovely to feel the sand between her toes, perhaps walk on that flat wet sand where the surf came and went, feel the sea come and wash over her feet, perhaps to splash her legs and then recede. Lovely to smell the sea air, the ozone and salt, hear the call of the seagulls and just walk and walk. So what if she met the occasional dog walker or early morning stroller? What were they going to say or do?

They would not know her from Adam - or rather Eve - it would not be like being naked with her photography club. Perhaps she might even meet someone else naked and have an exchange of pleasantries about the weather and how good it was to be out - perhaps even mention their nakedness. Perhaps a woman like herself, perhaps a man. Sal felt a thrill at the idea of her being seen naked by a stranger. It was so not her. Yet she could feel the thought making her wet between her legs.

She was not having it. Not having the man next door preventing her walking naked in her own garden. With defiance, she walked down her garden and into her house with not a stitch on and made breakfast.

Another hot evening. Sal left the French windows open to get some air. It was hot. More than hot enough to wear very little or nothing at all. Sal sat at a table with her laptop reviewing photographs, particularly those of the night before. Snaps really, rather than carefully planned photographs, but, in the nature of snaps, some had worked very well. She wished she had caught her neighbour's ejaculation better. It had been impressive, not that Sal knew much about such things. Perhaps men normally spurted even further! The pictures of his messed-up curls and, at first, hard erection and then of it shrinking were not bad at all. What a funny thing men did! Sal's hand stole between her thighs, but did not women get very liquid in their own sexual parts? She smiled, they got very wet even without the addition of the men's own liquid.

She had enjoyed spying on her neighbour and then it came to her that not only were the curtains of her own house not drawn but the French windows were open. Her neighbour could at that very moment be standing outside looking at her as she had done to him, perhaps with his long penis in his hand masturbating as she had done. He could have walked all the way around completely naked, even erect. She could not remember for sure if the door at the bottom was actually locked. If it was, he could not be there, but if it was unlocked he could be. Sal did not look, did not go to see, rather her fingers played the more in her sex. The thought of being seen excited her.

And what if he just walked through the French windows without a word, his big penis pointing in front of him, walked up to her and just ejaculated upon her exposed skin and then walked back out into the night?

Sal had crept into his garden: why not him into hers? Her fingers played at the thought, as she looked at her screen but eventually she could not resist getting up and having a look. A little unnerving stepping out into her garden with the idea he could be there - it could, after all, have been someone else entirely - but there was, of course, no one there.

Her desire to see her neighbour again crept up upon her as the next day progressed. Sal had enjoyed the sight. She had enjoyed seeing him in his garden but close to and through the window rather than at a distance through binoculars or a camera lens. That evening she crept unclothed. It made it that much more exciting. She had ventured a little way beyond her garden door before like that but not so far. It was a little bit of a shock to find her door, contrary to her expectation was not bolted. She must have forgotten to bolt it when she last went out - when she went to her neighbour's garden before. So, he could have been in her garden and she not known!

Slowly Sal moved up his garden, further and further from the safety of her own garden door and house. It was just as before. Did her neighbour make a habit of masturbating when in at that time of night? Something she could regularly watch! It was such a pleasing sight, so good watching her neighbour exercising his big male organ. It would be exciting to see it come again but Sal rather hoped he would stand up again, she liked seeing him like that with his penis sticking out so far in front of him, big and hard - handle like! What would it be like to hold that handle - handle it indeed!

As if sensing and reacting to her thought the man stood. Sal stared at his penis, it was pointing right at her, as if she was staring down the barrel of a gun. She wished she had brought her camera. What a shot that would be if she could focus in upon it. Penis seen end on, the focus so on the little slit at the end, the swollen bulb of the penis. The thought, Sal suspected, would come into the mind of a person viewing the photograph - was it about to fire? It would be rather good to take several photographs, a proper shoot with the aim of catching the moment of ejaculation from an end on angle. A challenge and a not inconsiderable risk of getting semen all over the lens! Could she really capture the thought that it was about to shoot, not merely know that it was but the photograph be full of the idea -- or the promise?

Sal looked up from the penis. She had been absorbed in it, in looking at it, and had not thought why the man was not moving. Had he seen her through the window? She was about to turn tail and run but he seemed merely to have a puzzled expression on his face. Perhaps he was just thinking of something. He moved and turned away. Was it time for coffee?

Slipping sideways Sal peered through the French windows. Unlike the time before, but like hers the night before, the French windows were open. Through she could see the television and once more saw herself in her garden but not just walking around. She was on her back with her legs splayed doing very much what her neighbour had just been doing with his hand. Sal swallowed, the man had footage of herself in the most embarrassing of activities.

Back looking through the window Sal saw her neighbour had not yet returned to his chair. Should she perhaps hurry and retrieve her camera from her house. It was foolish not to have brought it. The prospect of walking naked away from the safety of her own garden had been paramount. Perhaps she could...

The thought was so interrupted by the feel of a hand on her naked shoulder. Did Sal jump - right out of her so naked skin! She had been caught. He must have gone out of another door and come around behind her. Had probably been watching her watching his television.

The man pushed Sal in through the French windows into the light. She stood there on the carpet totally naked and as red as a beetroot: he was as naked but also so very tumescent. Sal was sure the hardness of her nipples gave away her excitement. The man looked at, then reached for and raised her right hand. Sal's fingers were so clearly wet, so wet from her sex. He smiled and then raised the hand to his nose before, ever so gently, placing her fingers between his lips and sucking on them - tasting her.

"Shall we masturbate...?"

They were not the words she had expected. No remonstrations about trespassing and spying. Instead he stepped backwards and waited, his penis so very there, so big, so hard and so male. Sal felt she could do nothing else but comply with his invitation. One hand to her sex, the other to her breasts. The man's hand lowered and he drew the skin up and over his knob. Two people, a yard apart, staring at each other's body and masturbating. And Sal was looking right down the barrel of his penis.

Nothing was said. There was silence but for the faint wet sounds from Sal's sex. Up and down went the man's fingers on his penis drawing the loose skin forwards and backwards making his knob appear and disappear. Sal's fingers poked into herself, her fingers rolled over and around her clitoris and the fingers of her other hand gently caressed her nipples. Neither made a move to touch the other. It was all visual. Sal stared at the naked masturbating man: her neighbour stared at her body and what she was doing. Each enjoying the sight of the other, masturbating to the sight of a naked body of the opposite sex, each also getting excitement from seeing the other masturbating.

Finally, there were words: "May I come... on you?"

Sal did not give a verbal reply, instead she took her hand away from her sex and stepped forward. Now inches apart the man's hand speeded. They were both looking downwards, not at each other's faces but at the erect penis and Sal's soft and ample curls. Sal knew what would happen, by stepping forward she was permitting it but, even so, when the penis spurted she jumped. She had truly been looking right down the loaded barrel of her neighbour's penis, down below her, and it had gone off. A sudden flash of white coming right up towards her. It did not, of course, reach her eyes or face but she felt the sudden warm splash between her breasts as the man did what he had asked to do. Her neighbour came upon Sal. Warm between her breasts and warm on her stomach. Warm and wet.

Sal hardly knew her neighbour. A couple of cups of coffee and some chat. This, though, was such a strange almost greeting, very different from simply having coffee together.

It had seemed somehow right then to really wet her fingers with her own juices and smear them across his stomach and even nipples. An exchange, almost a ritual exchange of, very personal, bodily fluids. It was almost sexual. There was his semen on her body and she had reached under herself and pushed her fingers into her wetness and brought them up and touched him. Touched his nipples with her wet fingers and his stomach. He had wettened her skin and she had done the same.

"You must...." he said, "... we must... again."

"Yes." Sal had not stayed, had stepped back through the French windows and disappeared into the night to walk back up the garden with her neighbour's semen still on her stomach and in her pubic hair, along the track and then through her own garden door, bolting it behind her. Never before had a man's semen touched her. Never had she been so close to it - a man's stuff. Back in her house she even photographed it. Time releases of herself - with a man's cum upon her. Not photographs 'for the record' but as artistic as she could make them with careful lighting and backdrop but nonetheless naked woman with a man's semen upon her.

It had all been so strangely almost sexual.

"I'll do it," three, or was it four, simple words and Sal, of all people, had committed herself. Committed herself to undressing, well perhaps not actually undressing in front of everyone -but certainly being naked and photographed by her friends in the photography club. Cheaper than hiring a model but...

The club had found a model. Not Mr Soames' model - he had been strangely reticent about giving her name and contact details. But on the night the woman the club had found had called to say she could not make it. A beastly cold and in the summertime at that. Whilst perhaps the object of the evening was the contrast of light and shadow on skin, a dripping nose might not have been quite the thing and perhaps she would rather have been tucked up in bed with a hot lemon drink than posing naked on a, compared to other days, not so warm summer's evening.

The telephone call cancelling had been made in good time but the meeting was already arranged. The members had been at a bit of a loss knowing they should each volunteer but had clearly been reluctant. It was a subject avoided at first. They were probably surprised but relieved at Sal - of all people - volunteering.

Mrs Riley had insisted Sal wore something, just a necklace or ribbon or chain. Sal did not undress in front of them. The kitchen to the hall where they held their meetings was a much better place. There was a certain silence as Sal walked from the circle of chairs towards the kitchen to undress. All eyes were no doubt following her. Perhaps they were all nodding in approval at her volunteering, admiring her pluck and generosity but perhaps some of the men were thinking of her already naked. It was difficult, Sal thought, to separate the sexual from the artistic. She did not.

It was not too difficult undressing alone in the kitchen. Little different from the empty changing room at the swimming baths or a cubicle or, really, her bedroom. Sal stood naked looking at the tea urn. There was no mirror in the kitchen. It was not the place for mirrors, but the shiny stainless steel of the tea urn reflected a distorted view of Sal back to her. It gave a certain curved prominence to her breasts and, strangely, the blue ribbon around her neck. Mrs Riley had found it. Sal was not sure it did not accentuate the sexual, the small scrap of material so emphasising her nudity by covering so little.

Sal took a deep breath and almost opened the door. She found she could not do it, could not reach for the handle. It took several deep breaths to finally reach out for the handle and open it. A little more pluck and determination to actually walk through. Such a strange thrill went right through her as all the heads turned as one to her as she stepped forward. The lighting had been arranged, a suitable setting for the nude photograph set out. A chaise longue, an Indian carpet, even an Aspidistra. Such a Victorian setting for a nude study. Sal in her boudoir perhaps!

She knew her nipples were standing but her friends were not to know if they normally were like that. It certainly was not the cold: the evening was quite warm.

It was strange being told what to do by the others. Where to stand, sit or lie; where to put her hands; how to hold a fan she was given; which way to turn and so on. Sal standing with knee forward by the Aspidistra, Sal languid on the chaise longue, Sal looking over her shoulder, Sal in that classic arm over breasts and hand over pubes pose - and all the while the cameras clicked, the club members choosing their angles.

There was nothing risqué, nothing untoward, nothing pornographic. It was 'glamour' at best - or worst - the studies were nude studies. There was an awful lot of lighting adjustments to get different skin tones and use of shade. There were no attempts to get Sal on all fours, or with her legs rather too open.

Sal did wonder what the club members would have thought about photographing copulation and other things. A couple hired to be very explicit, to do sexual things whilst the cameras clicked. A challenge to the club members to take artistic photographs of human coupling, perhaps with a considerable debate on the lighting and camera settings for close-up photographs, possibly black and white, of coupled and wet genitalia. Sal smiled, she had some experience of that! Nice to imagine the man's penis all hard and wet with the vaginal lubrication of the woman. Taken close to, perhaps with the shiny knob almost out of the vagina.

And would her fellow members be keen to try and capture the man's ejaculation? Just a single chance but them all crowding around, seeking their own angle. A strong debate on how the man should come. Standing, lying, by his own hand, by the girl's hand; should the hand be in the photograph or the man or woman instructed to let the penis just ejaculate on its own; should it come on the woman and if so where - face, breasts, bottom, sex?

What critical appreciation there would be the next time the club met when the members displayed their best photographs. That was to come, not of the imagined couple but of Sal. The next meeting would be entirely about her. Photograph after photograph of her naked would be shown. The evening relived, and no doubt there would be a few members who had not attended on the night of Sal's nude shoot seeing her naked for the first time on the photographs.

**Espied Pt. 04**

It had been somewhat of a revelation to Sal, how much she had enjoyed being naked at the photography class and being seen by others. It had surprised her, and she had thought again and again about it. The idea of doing the same again, perhaps in different surroundings kept coming to her. It was her thought in bed, whilst her fingers played. Were there other opportunities? Should she? It was the question.

Sal had indeed enjoyed - she could not avoid the truth - had enjoyed being naked before her club friends. She had said she would model again if required. But she wanted rather more - to be naked with strangers. The idea of simply walking out of her garden door, along the path and out into the countryside appealed but that just did not seem wise. On the other hand, a naturist beach gave her the perfect reason to be unclothed and with perhaps plentiful strangers. The idea rather answered the question and, with little to hold her from taking a holiday on the spur of the moment, she booked herself into a hotel for a few days. She liked cream teas and she liked Devon. Fond memories of playing on beaches on summer holidays with her parents as a girl came flooding into her mind: though they had not been to Weston Mouth Beach.

Sal left her car at the tiny little hamlet of Weston and headed for the beach. It had been a long drive the day before and, surprise, surprise the weather had not looked at all promising. The windscreen wipers had been put to good use. The following day was quite different - a perfect summer's day.

It was a good hike to the beach but that hardly worried Sal. The day was perfect, and she was as happy as anything walking alone, with her lunch and towel in a day pack and her camera ready to photograph.

Sal paused at a kissing gate, a wooden one, a path led downwards towards the beach, a path with wooden almost steps placed in the track to ease the passage upwards and perhaps also downwards. It led between high banks with flowering brambles before opening out, it was still steep there, but Sal could see both the sea and the long expanse of beach. It was clearly shingle not glorious golden sands stretching away, but with the tide out there was at least some sand near the water. At the bottom, after a few wooden steps, and now on the shingle, Sal turned right away from the old coastguard's cottage just as she had been told. It had been quite a descent from the cliffs. It would be warm work climbing back up again.

The beach was wonderfully extensive, backed with orange red slopes and so much vegetation. Pretty and perfect. Sal's camera clicked.

Passing an oldish man sitting on the shingle without some much as a stitch on rather indicated to Sal she had walked far enough - far enough to the naturist area and far enough for her to take her own clothes off, though she fully intended to walk still further along the beach. Sal plumped her bag on the shingle and put her hand to her blouse. The man was watching her. Was this not what she had come for - to be naked and watched? She smiled, and he waved as she undid her buttons. A thrill of excitement as she took not just her blouse off but her brassiere as well. Sal was bare breasted on a public beach.

It was one thing to repeat her experience at her club of being naked, though this time actually being watched whilst undressing, it would have been quite another to have applied sun screen whilst the man was watching. Sal moved on a little and sat, bare bottomed on the pebbles, and squirted the stuff from a plastic bottle in her pack. Such a lovely day. It was not yet time to sit and lie in the sun or perhaps swim. Sal wished to explore first.

A young couple sitting just at the back of the beach with the red gritty earth behind them spoke to her. Perhaps there was something about nudity, a fellow feeling which caused a lowering of reserve and a readiness to speak. Sal stopped and talked. It was easy talking and whilst the couple may have had a fellow feeling, Sal revelled in their being able to look at her naked - and she was sure the young man was very much looking at her. She was sure, too, he was starting to have an erection when he grabbed a towel and said he was off for a swim.

"That was a bit sudden," said the girl looking after the man's retreating back. Sal turned and watched him making his way to the sea. The girl smiled, "I expect Paul had his reasons. I'm Chloe."

Introductions made, the two women sat side by side talking. Chloe asking the usual questions about did Sal come to Weston Mouth often, had she been there before, where did she go to be naked? To find it was Sal's first time seemed as surprise. Chloe on the other hand had come there often with Paul. She loved being naked, though with her fair hair and pale skin had to be careful of the sun. She even confided it was a bit sexual as well. Sal was intrigued. How far was sexual? She asked whether they had...?

"Yes, quite a few couples on the beach... discretely in little indentations in the rocks like this, but sometimes you see what is obviously happening. Perhaps as you walk back from a swim or just walk along the beach... some people are more discreet than others I suppose. Once we ended up ourselves with an audience..."

"No!"

"We thought we were being private enough but we looked up and there was a man and being naked he couldn't hide what he was thinking!"

"No!"

"I've got a bit of a thing about men wanking. Have you?"

Sal bit her lip. She had, she did like seeing her neighbour. She should admit it. "Um, yes, it's nice to see. What happened?"

"Well, we'd had a nice day on the beach and Paul and I sort of got very friendly and involved and, all of a sudden, when I looked up there he was, quite close and certainly big in the penis department. Paul did not see him at first.

"Why?"

"He was, um, otherwise engaged, kissing me." The slight opening and closing of thigh indicated where Paul's lips and tongue had been.

Sal wondered what that was like. "And the man?"

"He just stood there and watched... and began to wank."

"Didn't you... I mean, is that what people - men - do on the beach. I've not been here before. It seems, sort of, I don't know... rude!"

Chloe laughed. "No ruder than what Paul was doing to me I suppose and it's not as if Paul wasn't all hard too! Actually, I liked it. I like seeing men, you know, like that and what they do. Paul kissing me down there and this man stroking his big cock - and it was big!"

Sal smiled, she would like to have seen. Chloe and Paul making love and this man with his big penis watching and wanking. She felt a pleasant wetness coming between her thighs and wanted to hear more. She would like to have been there, watching Chloe and Paul being watched by the man. She the third in a chain, a second watcher, watching the couple and the man.

"Shall I make Paul wank when he comes back?

It was a surprise, a sudden jump from hearing about this man on the beach to be offered the sight of Chloe's boyfriend doing the same. "Oh, well... wouldn't say no!" She turned and, own near the sea, she could see Paul already walking back from the sea, the towel now tied around him like a sarong. She watched as he came closer.

"I was telling Sal about that man the other day on the beach."

As she spoke the sarong was unwound. Sal's eyes dropped to Paul's penis. Such a nice thing to see, so different from women, hanging there, a little soft thing, smaller than she had first seen it. The Devonian sea was not that warm even in summer! There was a look of surprise on his face.

"Oh, really?"

"Show Sal what he was doing."

"You mean...?"

Chloe meant exactly that. "Go on, Paul, wank."

Like Sal with her photography group and posing nude before it, Sal thought that perhaps this was not something he had done before. She thought it probably took a bit of courage to start wanking and then erecting before a stranger. She wondered whether one of the men would like to do that at the photography group so they could all do a series of penis studies! Flaccid at first but then in its aroused state. Sal suspected it would take even more courage than she had had to find. Would Mr Soames be prepared to do that?

There was something about a growing penis, thought Sal. They grew such a lot!

Chloe rummaged in her bag and got out her camera. "Yes, the man was just like that."

Sal would like to have got her own camera out too but was not at all sure the couple would have been happy with that. And then Chloe beckoned Paul over to give Sal a closer look.

Embarrassing in a way to have a naked and erect man come and sit on the same towel but just so fascinating to watch the way he slid his foreskin and then Chloe reached and took his hand away leaving his penis simply standing, the skin pulled back and the domed helmet shiny in the sunshine. It looked the 'business,' it looked ready for 'business.'

Chloe looked from the standing penis to Sal, "Nice isn't it? Aren't I a lucky girl!"

It was then rather nice watching Chloe's fingers on Paul's penis. It seemed to Sal a nice one indeed - not that she had much experience. She liked the way, as well, Paul was looking at her, obviously taking pleasure in seeing another naked woman whilst being sexually aroused. All of a moment Chloe bent her head and Sal saw for the first time a man being sucked by a woman. Paul's cock in Chloe's mouth. It made her the wetter.

It was so unlike Sal, so not her old self but she was really enjoying being watched by the man as he was fellated. His eyes on her naked breasts, his eyes dropping to her sex. Her curly triangle did not totally obscure her slit, it was even more daring for her to open her legs and show him her sex, entire. Paul was not to know she was a virgin and a penis had never travelled that way. Sal felt a real rush of excitement, showing her quim to a complete stranger - a man - to see, though as soon as Chloe rose from sucking she too would see all. Sal had been so careful at the photography group to keep her thighs together - there had been a limit on what she had been prepared to show Mrs Riley let alone Mr Soames, or the others, to see.

Chloe came up from the penis, perhaps for air! Sal was not sure. She had never sucked a penis. Chloe worked him by hand a little more and then looked at Sal, "Would you like to?"

"I don't think I should, I mean he's..." Did Chloe mean with her hand or her mouth?

"Hold his balls then. He likes that."

It was strange. Referring to him - Paul - in the third person as if he was there for their amusement rather than they being part of a couple. A man with penis attached.

"Go on!"

Sal reached. Chloe's fingers already were encircling the shaft and, as suggested, Sal brought her hand up and under his balls, cupping them all warm in the palm of her hand. All wrinkly to the touch - and hairy. Very masculine!

Chloe giggled. "He's never been attended to by two women before, or have you, Paul?"

He was grinning as he shook his head, his eyes flicking from the two hands upon his cock back to Sal's sex.

"I've had two men though - sort of."

Sal raised her eyebrows.

"That man on the beach. Paul was taking me from the rear - not in the rear! We had gone from... well, sucking to fucking. And I asked him if he'd like me to hold him."

"What you meant is you wanted to hold him," said Paul.

"Yeah, OK!"

"Would you like to hold, really hold Paul's cock now?"

Sal did. She had not touched her neighbour, not wanked him, yet she reached and there she was with her fingers around a total stranger's cock. Gently she slid the mobile skin upwards, up over the knob. It really was very mobile, and then right down again. She squeezed, feeling just how hard a penis was. It was as firm as it looked! Of course, she knew the reason for its firmness. What would it be like pushing into her body, so big, so firm, so masculine? She slid a little faster, the skin moving so easily. She was wanking a man. She really was!

Chloe bent her head once more and Paul found he had a hand around his cock, another hand on his balls and a warm mouth around his knob doing what Sal could only suppose. She had no experience herself. What exactly did one do with a cock in one's mouth. Two women at work. The result was perhaps unsurprising. Sal felt a movement, a lifting in her palm. She did not stop moving her hand up and down, not even when Chloe brought her head upwards revealing the penis was ejaculating. From the penis in Sal's hand, from the rounded end she was alternately almost covering and then exposing was issuing spurts of white semen, out and onto the sand. Sal, for the first time in her life, was making a man come (albeit with a little help from Chloe's mouth!).

Sal looked up at Chloe and grinned. The girl was licking her lips, her pretty, round face shining in the sunshine and with a big grin. "That's what the man did. I brought him off as Paul brought me off, onto the sand, not in my mouth."

Sal let go of the penis and balls and they sat and chatted as normally as could be despite their nudity and the very obvious evidence of Paul's recent ejaculation on his penis and on the sand. Fascinating for Sal to watch it returning to its former soft state. Her eyes kept returning to it. "Thank you," she said. They seemed to find that funny.

She left them by the cliff and wandered on along the beach. There were not that many people, perhaps it was still early. It was Sal's first experience of beach nudity and she was loving it. She liked others seeing her, though, on a nudist beach, it would not be unusual for people to see other nudists. Indeed, it would be completely the norm. She came to the headland of the bay and picked her way carefully in her sandals over the exposed rocks. It was all just like when she had been a little girl looking in the rock pools and seeing the star fish, the sea anemones and little fishes darting from one patch of seaweed to another. Just the same as regards the rocks and the pools: not the same as regards being without a bathing costume.

Around the headland she could see a further beach, but the distant figures seemed to have colour upon them. It was not a beach for a swimming costume free woman. Sal walked across the rocks and sat on her towel on one of the larger rocks. It protected her sensitive and exposed bottom from the rock. She sat applying sunscreen to her body and looking out to sea. Her thoughts took her back to Chloe and Paul. How nice to come down as a couple for a day on the beach, do all those pleasant beach things but also have sex. Was that done with for the day, or might they copulate later in the afternoon? Discretely unless they had an unexpected audience. Paul had had a nice body. She had admired that - and his standing and then spurting erection. Absent mindedly her fingers stroked a nipple with the sunscreen. There was a pleasing wetness again between her legs.

A sound came from behind her and there she saw two young men had come up and were watching her. Clearly, they were not from the naturist beach. Both wore those tight-fitting swimming trunks rather than shorts. Her eyes did not miss the long banana shapes within, almost peeking out at the tops. They had clearly come over to see a naked woman and had been further rewarded by seeing her stroking her nipple. Embarrassing yes, but a surge of wetness came between her legs at the idea of these two young men, a little beyond mere boys, ogling her naked.

A pity they had their trunks on. In her mind she willed them to take them off, thinking how fine they would look with their erections standing - yes, she ogling them whilst they ogled her. Sal was not frightened, there was nothing threatening about them and there were other people not too far off. She called 'good morning, lovely day,' and got a sort of half mumbled reply. Sal asked them if they visited the beach often, trying to engage them in conversation.

There was something, not that she could put her thoughts on quite what it was, in having these young men seeing her completely naked even though they could hardly be said to be fully dressed - not with the tops of their penises opening little gaps in the elasticated tops to their trunks. Sal opened her thighs, daringly for her, to attract them closer but perhaps that was too much for them. A mumbled 'bye' and they turned and - well - fled, albeit with the occasional backward glance.

It was a shame. Sal momentarily had had pleasant visions of having them up close, really ogling her, perhaps getting them to divest themselves of their trunks, seeing not one but two erections released into the sunshine. Perhaps even they might have sat with her and let her hold their penises, one in each hand and make them come. Would she really have dared to offer to 'help them?' She watched them getting smaller and smaller in the distance as her fingers returned to her nipple. It would have been good enough had they come up to her and stood there whilst she sat, they looking down at her breasts and sex, and she being able to look closely at their bulges and seen their penises contouring their trunks. Perhaps she might have reached and rubbed each through the material, perhaps until they came with a consequent oozing of semen through the material - seeping through, all creamy.

Her thoughts were certainly getting more and more non-Sal like!

Sal walked back and sat in a bit of shade by the cliff, eventually eating her picnic lunch. She even had a bit of a doze. Walking back, she did not miss calling in on Paul and Chloe in their recess in the rocks. Perhaps it was staged, perhaps it was deliberate and they had seen her coming but when she got closer she saw they were, indeed, copulating. Paul on top, Chloe's knees either side of his tight buttocks. She watched his bottom rising and falling, the strange copulatory action of penis rubbing inside vagina.

"Um," she said, "I just thought I'd say 'bye,' sorry to disturb." She was not really. It was interesting. She had not seen copulation - though she supposed people did not see others copulating as a matter of course. Sal had watched for a while before speaking.

Chloe looked up, "Oh hallo. Get off Paul, we can carry on later."

So nice to see Paul rise from Chloe, not perhaps the most dignified of rising but rather remarkable for Sal to see Paul not only erect with his cock so wet from Chloe but to see the thing coming out of the girl. It was very photographic - very photographable - to those interested in 'wildlife' photography. Sal was seeing lots of new things that day.

Nice too to see Paul standing like that, at attention or at least his penis was. Sal did like seeing men like that. Good to talk with them and rather pleasing to see Paul's penis did not soften. She was sure he was thinking things about her. That excited her, she really liked the thought of people, men in particular, enjoying seeing her naked body.

"Might I take a photograph or two?" She had meant with their camera, but Chloe was happy for her to use her own. A shot of them side by side, naked but with Paul so tumescent. Neither touching the other but that so sexual thing, his erection, so very present. A portrait shot, really, but with the man erect. Sal was so keen to ensure she caught the sun glinting on his wet penis in the photograph. Another shot to make sure, and then she got Chloe to place her hand on Paul's erection and finger it as she clicked away. Taking a close-up or two of the erection rather revealed her interest.

"My Paul's got a lovely cock hasn't he Sal?"

She had to agree. It was very 'handsome.' Her photography colleagues had had the opportunity of photographing her naked but now she was able to pose not just a woman but a man as a couple. She did, though, get Chloe to pose alone. Sitting there on a towel with such a sweet smile. Sal had not asked her to, but Chloe moved so her thighs were a little apart. Sal clicked.

"Isn't she pretty," Paul said, and Sal knew he meant not just her face but her sex as well. She had never thought of a woman's 'bits' as 'pretty' but until recently she would never have connected 'handsome' with 'cock'! "Go on, photograph her pussy. Isn't it the prettiest? I love exploring it with my tongue." He was looking at Sal, seeing her reaction, clearly enjoying saying such things to a stranger, a naked woman: but it was clear he meant it, that he was very much in love with the young woman and enjoying their shared sexuality. "Look," he said and touched with his finger, "how wet she is and here, in these folds hides her clitty. How I like to make it swell and stand proud so that I can gently take it in my mouth and so gently suck on it."

Sal could see the little button standing, as Paul said, proud and could most definitely see his cock standing proud - and could feel her own 'clitty' at attention as well. She would very much have liked Paul to have gently taken her own in his mouth and sucked - the thought made her shiver - but as she clicked away at Chloe's sex he did just that - but to Chloe.

A fine picture, she hoped, of his tongue on her clitoris before he moved in close. A nice shot or two of his hanging penis and balls taken from the rear as he bent over Chloe - a very different view of a penis than Sal had had before, hanging there as if on a stalk. She had been invited before to touch and thought it would not offend to touch again. It was slippery this time in her hand. Slippery with Chloe's wetness. Sal rather wished it was her own. She fingered it a little but not too much. She wanted to photograph intercourse and she did not think Chloe would be too pleased if she set her man off too soon!

It was clear the couple were enjoying the added spice of not only being watched but posing for the camera. "You will send the photographs," asked Chloe, "we'll enjoy seeing them." She smiled as Sal assured her and clicked the camera shutter. That proved to be one of the best photographs. Chloe with her fair hair slipping down one side of her forehead, her eyes cast upwards under her forehead and between her fingers Paul's erection at full extent, the head dark pink and smooth and held as if Chloe was about to smoke, or had been smoking, a fat cigar!

Sal got the couple to, well couple, in different ways. A lovely photograph, a happy holiday photograph of the couple smiling at the camera, only Chloe was on her hands and knees and Paul was taking her from the rear; another with Chloe atop Paul with his penis visible as she descended and, of course, yet another with Paul back on top.

Sal then concentrated on Chloe's face and caught a lovely image of what she thought was Chloe experiencing an orgasm. Chloe's lips a little open, her eyes tight shut and her face so relaxed. It had a delicious vulnerability about it. A woman caught in ecstasy. Sal would like to have caught the penis ejaculating as she had seen it do in the morning, but it performed deep inside Chloe, well away from the lens of Sal's clicking camera.

Sal left them after taking a last few photographs of Pauls' flaccid and wet cock coming out of his girl. Sal was not sure they would be the most pleasing photographs and, perhaps, they were not the best photographs but when she looked at those photographs on her laptop in bed that night of that half erect penis, coming out of Chloe, with white semen all around, it was those she came back to as her fingers brought her to orgasm. The thought of it - Paul's penis - doing that in her own place rather than Chloe's.

It had been a lovely day on the beach.