**Kailua Beach**

I was 26, struggling to make ends meet, but living in paradise. I had lived in Hawaii for 12 years and I never tired of the perfect weather, friendly people and of course, the beaches.

That day, my boyfriend Stephen and I headed to Kailua, a small beach town on the windward side of Oahu. I loved the soft white sand, clear water and gentle surf... with none of the crazy tourist stuff like at Waikiki.

It was a weekday, Stephen and I skipped class to get some sun, and the beach was nearly deserted. We spread out our towels, put on the sunscreen and laid down on our backs.

Now, I have always loved the feel of the sun on my pussy. The house I grew up in had a private balcony, where I could sunbathe nude discreetly. Always, I could spread my legs to feel the heat of the sun, and I would instantly become very wet.

So as I lay there with Stephen a foot away, I could feel my pussy start to pulsate from the sun, even through my bikini. After just a few minutes, my damp pussy needed a bit more attention.

I flipped onto my tummy, slyly grinding my pussy against the sand while I gyrated my hips to work the friction between my pussy lips and my clit.

I thought I was being inconspicuous.

Not wanting tan lines, I undid the straps to my top. For a brief moment, my breasts were exposed to the nipple. That's when I noticed the local man sitting by himself about 30 feet away. Although he had shades on, I could tell by his body language that he had been watching me. From his angle, he definitely caught a glimpse of my naked tits.

A bolt of electricity shot to my pussy, and I could feel myself get even wetter.

Stephen was oblivious. We had only been dating for a few months, and although I could sense in him a wild streak, I wasn't sure how he would feel about my getting turned on from having another man ogle me.

But there was no denying that it was having a very strong effect on me. My nipples hardened, and I couldn't squeeze my legs together hard enough to satisfy the itch my clit was giving me.

I laid my face down so that I could still see the guy in my peripheral vision. His gaze never left me. I "popped" my ass out a little, arching my back slightly to give my ass that little extra curve. He didn't know I was watching him watch me, because he was blatantly staring, now. And I wanted him to.

Ordinarily, he wouldn't qualify as "my type." He was about 10 years older than me, with a little more belly than I like on my men. He was shirtless, wearing only a lava lava, a traditional unisex Hawaiian wraparound skirt.

But he was my captive audience, and the naughty girl in me didn't want to let him go yet. So I pushed up onto my elbows and made to adjust my bikini bottoms, looking behind me, away from my voyeur. Since my top was untied, I held it in place with my right hand as I reached behind me with my left. In that twisted position, I "accidentally" exposed my full right tit as I adjusted the crotch of my suit. My fingers slipped under the legband, and for a few seconds I deliberately stroked my swollen clit.

I turned back onto my stomach quickly, and flashed an "I-caught-you" smile to the stranger. I expected an embarrassed look and a quickly averted glance. Instead, he pulled down his shades to make direct eye contact. He smiled the mischievous grin so natural to the local boys, and pulled his knees up toward his chest.

He wore no underwear.

I was the one with the shocked look on my face as I couldn't help but gaze at his hard cock. It was a healthy size, nothing shocking there. But knowing I caused it made it a beautiful cock, and my pussy throbbed in response.

Stephen, still unaware, lay next to me dozing. Lust urged me to walk up to my stranger, grab hold of his cock, suck it to full hardness, then mount it. But I choked the urge down. Instead, I tied my top back on and rolled over to face my boyfriend.

"Baby, I'm going for a swim..." I said.

Stephen grunted incoherently as he rose from his own reverie. "OK," he said, as he propped his head up on a makeshift pillow.

I stood and headed toward the water, putting an extra sway to my hips as I walked. I could feel both sets of eyes on my ass, and I couldn't resist. I turned my head over my shoulder and put on my best seductive smile. I'm certain that Stephen had no idea it was for him AND my newfound friend.

As I neared the water, I again hooked my fingers under my bottoms in the familiar pull-your-suit-out-of-your-ass motion, hoping it looked nonchalant, but really just looking for a reason to put my hands on the object of their lust.

The water was cool, but did nothing to quench the fire between my legs. I dove fully into the water, and emerged with a Bo Derek-like tossing back of my wet hair. I kept my shades on, so I could watch the two men without divulging to my boyfriend how much my secret show was turning me on.

Still, Stephen knew me well enough to know what my looks meant. He stood and walked toward me, looking so sexy with his bronze skin contrasting nicely with his bright boardshorts.

He came to me as we were standing in waist-deep water and said, "You look too good to leave out here alone."

"So what are you going to do about it?" I asked.

He pulled me to him, his hands on my hips, and sucked me in with a deep, passionate kiss. He is, without a doubt, the best kisser I have ever had, and for a few moments I was lost in the sweet softness of his lips, the gentle probing of his tongue.

But my watcher was glued to us, to me. And the secret lust between us was making me feel deliciously dirty.

I let my hand fall to caress Stephen's hardness through his shorts, and I know my watcher was wishing it was his cock in my hand. I pulled Stephen down, until the water covered us up to our shoulders. I reached behind me, untied my top and took it off completely, staying unexposed in the water. I placed Stephen's hand on my tit, where he proceeded to tweak my nipple with just enough force for me to feel it in my clit.

I brought my hand, still holding my top, up around Stephen's neck. My watcher definitely knew I was now topless in the water.

I kissed Stephen's neck, and whispered in his ear, "I want you inside me, now!"

He reached between my legs and pushed the crotch of my bottoms to the side.

"No, wait," I said.

I stumbled a bit as I tried to remove my bottoms with one hand, still holding onto Stephen. To "recover," I stood slightly to regain my balance, enough so that my breasts were fully exposed to my watcher's hungry eyes.

When I had my bottoms free, I held them in my other hand. My watcher knew I was now completely naked, and about to get fucked.

Stephen, knowing I was not in the mood for foreplay, grabbed hold of my thighs, lifted them around his waist, and shoved his beautiful cock inside me in one smooth motion.

The feel of his warm, hard cock inside me contrasted with the cool, soft water around my pussy, and my face revealed my lust. I grabbed Stephen tight, placing my chin on his shoulder as he began to pump me. My tits, while pressed against Stephen's chest, were still in full view of my watcher. I pushed my shades up on top of my head, and looked him dead in the eye.

My watcher looked straight back at me, and pulled his lavalava up to his waist. My eyes fell to his cock, which he grabbed with one hand and started gingerly stroking.

My pussy squeezed around Stephen's cock, as I stared through half-closed eyes at my stranger picking up his pace. I began to moan and grunt as Stephen started thrusting into me with more urgency.

I imagined that it was the stranger's cock in my pussy, that I was a dirty slut getting fucked by a man whose name I did not know, to whom I had not spoken a single word.

"Yes, fuck me harder, baby, fuck me harder!" I cried.

I knew I was close. As my orgasm crashed over me, I moaned loudly. I'm sure my watcher heard.

My climax spurred Stephen on. He pounded his cock into me, at exactly the same rhythym that my watcher stroked his cock.

"Come for me, baby, please come for me!" I pleaded to the two. I felt Stephen's cock swell then burst inside me at almost the exact moment that I saw my watcher's cock erupt with cum.

I came again, my body electrified by the erotic, naughty experience.

After a few moments, I put my bikini back on, and Stephen and I headed back to the beach. As we approached our towels, Stephen noticed for the first time that we were not alone.

"Oh my god," he said. "Do you think that guy saw us?"

I pretended to be just as shocked, but said, "No, I don't think so... besides, we were pretty much underwater, so I don't think there was anything for him to see."

"I'm going to change real quick, then we can go grab something to eat, OK?" I said.

I grabbed my bag, went to the shower room and changed into shorts and a cute tank top. I put my wet (water wet and pussy wet) bottoms into my bag and returned to Stephen.

"I'm ready," I said.

As we walked back to the car, I made sure I was on the same side as my stranger. As we passed him, I deftly reached into my bag, pulled out my bikini bottoms, and let them fall to the ground. I could see from my peripheral vision that my watcher saw what I had done. The idea of him stroking his cock as he smelled my wet bikini panties gave my pussy a lustful shot of electricity, and I couldn't resist a final stolen glance at my watcher.

I had the memory of that afternoon burned in my head.

My watcher could keep the souvenir.