**On The Beach**

by[Ashson](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1445967&page=submissions)©

"What's going on Mike?" asked Karen.

"What do you mean?" queried Mike, fairly sure he knew but hoping he could play dumb.

"You know damn well what I mean. Angela and Brendan vanished around that corner over there and then four of the boys went that-away, laughing, and a number of others, including you, started smirking. So talk."

Mike hastily ran what he knew of Karen through his mind, the big questions being was she prudish and was she a nasty gossip? He was quite sure that she wasn't a virgin and the way their relationship was developing he had hopes of taking her to bed very soon.

Karen waited, confident that Mike would talk to her sooner or later. He was considering something and she felt sure he would confide in her.

"You know Angela and Brendan are sleeping together?" Mike asked.

"Yes. Angela hasn't been too backward about hiding that information," laughed Karen. "According to her he's an artist in bed."

"I'll take her word for that," said Mike dryly. "Right now Brendan is taking her to a secluded little nook that he knows of, where he will proceed to strip of her bikini and demonstrate his art to her."

"That doesn't exactly surprise me, but it doesn't explain where the other boys went or why you and some of the others were laughing about it."

"Well," said Mike, "if you go that-away," indicating the direction the boys went, "you will find a couple of places that gives you an excellent view of Mike's secluded little nook."

Karen stared at him. "You mean that they're going to go and watch Angela and Brendan have sex, without them knowing," she said indignantly.

"I didn't say that, exactly" said Mike.

"You mean that Angela and Brendan do know and don't mind?" Karen asked incredulously.

"I didn't say that either," said Mike, starting to feel a little nervous about where this was going.

"Maybe you should tell me what you did say," demanded Karen. "Do Brendan and Angela know or not?"

"Well, yes and I don't know," returned Mike. He sighed. "Brendan knows about it but I don't know if Angela does."

"You mean that Brendan is going to fuck Angela while the boys watch and she may not know? Shouldn't someone tell her?"

"No. Generally, if any of the girls do find out they keep on pretending they don't know. If they know and don't want to be watched they just make sure they don't go there. If they get a secret thrill out of being seen then they'll let their boyfriend talk them into going there. And if they don't know then they act naturally, enjoy themselves and never know that they've been seen."

"Oh. You mean I have to keep my mouth shut about it," said Karen.

"If you would, please," said Mike. "We're all adults and it's just a bit of harmless fun really. The boys get a thrill being voyeurs and it gives some of the girls a chance to be an exhibitionist without anyone being able to point the finger and say you knew we were watching.

"Hey!" Karen was suddenly indignant. "Andy tried to talk me into going down there for some fun, just before we broke off. Does he know about it?"

"Yes," said Mike with a grin. "I believe he does. Did you go?"

"Fortunately, no," said Karen. "Like I said, I was in the early stages of breaking up with him." She looked at him. "Have you ever taken a girl down there?"

Mike shook his head. "No, and I wouldn't unless she knew. I wouldn't consider it fair to her. I have to admit I have watched others there a couple of times."

"Oh. Did you see anything interesting?" asked Karen curiously.

"A couple of times there's been a real exhibition put on," said Mike with a laugh. "Sometimes you can guess when a girl probably knows from the way she acts."

Karen blushed as she asked "Do you ever get any girls watching what goes on?"

Mike's smile had an evil tinge to it. "There is one spot that is reserved for girls. The boys are careful to keep away from it, because any girl seen there is obviously not going to take part in any future entertainment. Want to go and see if Brendan and Angela are performing?" he challenged.

Karen's blush deepened, "You're kidding, right?" She paused and looked at him, her blush deepening. "You're not kidding. I couldn't."

"Why not?"

"What if someone should see us?" she protested.

"We're just going for a walk. If you don't know when to stop you would never notice them. Come on. Let's go for a walk."

Mike headed up one of the paths leading away from the beach, drawing Karen reluctantly behind him. Half way up he diverted down another path that led up to the cliff face, and indicated a cave in the cliff. "Ever explored these caves?" he asked.

"No," said Karen, wondering what he was up to.

"Well come and take a look. They're quite well lit. There are a number of places where the sun shines in."

Karen followed him into the cave system, a bit suspicious of his intentions, but willing to give him the benefit of the doubt. As they wandered down the passage Mike indicated a couple of holes that gave an excellent view of the beach. At last, at a point where the tunnel turned and went deeper into the cliffs, he indicated another couple of peepholes. "Try one of those," he said.

Karen glanced through and gasped, staring harder. She was looking out at what had once been a cave that had collapsed, leaving a small circular area that was almost but not completely enclosed. She could see a narrow gap that evidently led back to the main beach. And in the middle of this little circle she could plainly see Angela, naked and on her hands and knees, laughing back at Brendan who was kneeling behind her.

Even as she stood and watched, she saw Brendan align himself with the offered bounty and thrust vigorously forward. She saw Angela raise her bottom up, joyfully meeting this cock that was driving into her. She knew she should look away, but found herself unable to tear her eyes away from what was talking place before her. Brendan was happily thrusting into Angela, while her bottom was bobbing up and down as she moved in time with him.

Brendan's hands reached forward and cupped Angela's breasts, and Karen could almost feel them, as though he were clutching her own breasts. "Wait a minute," she thought, startled. "I can feel that." Looking down she realised that Mike had slipped his hand under her bikini top and was cupping her breasts and playing with them, which was a lot more than she'd ever let him do before.

Not wanting to make a noise in case the couple outside heard, she reached up to draw Mike's hands away from her breasts, but found herself just clutching his hands as she watched Brendan continuing to plunge into Angela. She continued to watch, fascinated, as Brendan and Angela enjoyed each other. She barely noticed one of Mike's hands drop away from her breasts and slip down the front of her bikini pants and cup her mound, while pressing his erection firmly against her buttocks.

Mike continued to gently tease Karen, feeling her move restlessly against his hand, breathing hard as she continued to watch the action through the peephole. Seeing her preoccupied with the action outside while enjoying his caresses, he took the time to slip her bottoms down, watching with satisfaction as they dropped away.

Karen was aware that Mike was seducing her in time to the action that was taking place outside, but found she didn't care. His hand was invading her private parts now, rubbing her labia, moving her lips apart and darting his fingers inside to further tease her. She could feel his erection pressing hard against her, and while part of her was nervous a larger part wanted him to take her, now.

Mike felt Karen reach down and grasp his cock. She was bending over now, spreading her legs, while at the same time trying to watch the action taking place outside the cave. Mike felt Karen pushing his cock down away from her buttocks and between her legs, trying to steer it into the folds there so that it could bring her relief. He didn't try to help her, sensing that she wanted to do this herself, and heard her gasp of relief as she managed to direct the head of his cock between her lips.

Now that he had the go ahead Mike drove firmly up into Karen, feeling her vagina stretch and swell around him, welcoming him into her. With both his hands now grasping and playing with her breasts, Mike drove home with a vengeance, hammering his cock into the eager pussy that was thrusting happily back to receive him.

Brendan and Angela were hitting an orgasm together, Karen noticed, relieved that the action outside was effectively over, letting her concentrate on the lusty fuck that she was enjoying. Not realising how tense the voyeurism had made her, she now relaxed that little bit, pressing eagerly against Mike's cock, feeling it sliding in and out of her, stirring up all sorts of delicious feelings.

Mike could tell that he now had one hundred percent of Karen's attention. He could feel her eagerness for completion as she writhed under his hands and pressed frantically against his cock. He drove into her, harder and faster, eager for his own climax and happy to feel her reaching for her own. He heard her shocked gasp as her climax hit her, and was relieved that his own came at almost the same time. Heavy final thrusts pumped his seed out and into her willing body, before both of them relaxed, leaning heavily against the cave wall.

Karen was the first to speak. "Oh my god," she moaned. "I can't believe I just did that. First of all I spied on Angela and Brendan, and then I let you take me. You had no right to just take me like that you know."

Mike was no fool. If blame was being assigned he was quite willing to accept it. With a bit of luck he'd shortly be in a position to earn more blame.

"I'm sorry, Karen," he said, apology patent in his voice. "I just found you irresistible."

"I suppose I'm partly to blame," mumbled Karen. "I didn't exactly fight you off."

"Not unless you call grabbing my cock and jumping on it, fighting," thought Mike, but had more sense than to say it.

"We'd better be heading back to the beach ourselves," he told her. "It probably won't hurt if we go in for a quick swim on the way back, either."

Karen grinned at him. "That might be a good idea. A better one would be to help find my bikini bottom. It seems to have gone astray."

Disporting themselves in the water later, Mike re-opened the subject of the voyeurism. "So what did you think of a little voyeurism?" he casually asked Karen.

Karen appeared to consider the question. "I'd love to know if Angela knew that she was being watched," she said.

Mike laughed. "I suspect she did. She definitely positioned herself so that she could show off everything she had to any watchers in the caves."

"Where were the boys who were watching," asked Karen.

"There's another cave to the side of the one we were in. That's the one the boys use. There's no connection between that and the cave we were in. Very few people know about our cave."

"I must admit the whole thing was rather interesting, but I'm not sure I'll do it again," said Karen.

"That would be a pity," murmured Mike. "I definitely would like to do it again. Or some parts of it anyway."

"Lech," laughed Karen, swatting at his arm. "We'll see about repeating parts of it some other time."

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Karen and Mike's relationship developed quite steadily after that day at the beach and they were soon recognised as a steady pair. They had been to the beach several times together but hadn't returned to the caves. This particular Saturday, however, Mike brought something to Karen's attention.

"If you look over there," he indicated, "you'll see Rochelle and her new friend, Matthew."

Karen glanced around, spotted the pair and nodded. "So?" she queried.

"I'm sure you know that boys gossip just as much as girls, and probably about a number of similar subjects. My understanding of Rochelle is that she likes rough sex."

Karen giggled. "So I've heard. I prefer something more romantic, but if that's what excites her..." Her voice trailed off.

"I'll go along with you on that matter. Now it so happens that Rochelle knows about a certain little private nook, but Matthew doesn't. I've also heard that Matt can be a little forceful where sex is concerned."

"And all these things you've heard add up to what?" asked a now curious Karen.

"I think that Rochelle is going to take Matt around to that little nook later and instead of yielding gracefully, she intends to tease him until he jumps her."

Karen was shocked. "You mean she's setting herself up to be raped?" she asked. "That's crazy. She could get hurt."

"The danger is what puts the spice in it for Rochelle. She's taking precautions by using the nook, knowing that if Matt turns violent, help is on hand. If, however, all he does is grab her and force fuck her then she gets her rough sex and can enjoy it."

"She's mad," stated Karen with conviction. "We should stop her."

Mike shook his head. "Her choice," he said. "However, if you're worried, we can wander over to our cave and view the action from there."

Karen looked at him, then laughed. "That's what you were leading up to all the time, wasn't it? But you're right. I would feel easier if we there to lend a hand if required. But keep your pants on. No screwing in the caves today."

"Thought never crossed my mind," said Mike. "The happy couple are wandering away, so why don't we start wandering off as well."

Arriving at their peephole within the cave system, Karen looked out. "Well, Matt doesn't waste any time," she whispered. "He already has her top of and is eating her tits and his hand is down the front of her bikini bottom. Just how rough does she want him to be?"

"Oh, dear, you're right," she said after a few minutes. "Whenever he looks like he's about to make a serious move she rolls away from him and sits up, or tidies her hair, or pulls up her bikini bottom again. He keeps sliding it down, but she's still wearing it. Rochelle doesn't seem to mind that he's naked with his cock sticking out to there, but every time he thinks he's got her naked, she slips something back on."

Karen kept an interested watch on the proceedings, giving Mike an update when something she considered interesting was happening.

Karen suddenly giggled. "Rochelle is terrible. She's doing everything but naked handstands on his cock. Poor Matt must be really feeling the pressure. He looks awfully frustrated."

After another few minutes, Mike suddenly saw Karen stiffen. "What's up?" he asked.

"Rochelle just rolled away from Matt, and reached for her bikini. She seems to be indicating that it's time to leave, and Matt isn't happy." She paused for a moment and then continued.

"Matt's grabbed her leg. Oh, wow. Matt's sitting on one leg holding Rochelle pinned to the ground on her side, while he's lifting her other leg straight up in the air. Rochelle is trying to wriggle, but he weighs too much. She's reaching down to try to cover her pussy with her hand. Good luck with that Rochelle.

Now Matt's pushing himself towards her and . . . bingo. We have a rape in progress. He's sticking it to her and Rochelle is now being rough fucked. I didn't hear her yell for help so I guess she's getting what she came for."

Mike moved closer to Karen to observe the action. "Unusual position," he said quietly. "Rochelle is not really in a position to reciprocate and all she can do is lie there and take what he dishes out."

"From the look on her face, what Matt's dishing out is a saucer of cream to a cat," said Karen. "She'll probably climax before Matt even knows she's ready. Do we stay and watch him ravish her, or do we wander away now?"

"Better stay for the finale," said Mike. "Just to make sure he doesn't get violent afterwards."

"He won't," said Karen. "I think he's already realised that he's been had, and he's taking it out on Rochelle's pussy. He certainly is giving her a stiff one, isn't he."

"Yes," choked Mike. "You might say that."

A short while later, when the external action seemed to be winding up Mike indicated that it was time to leave.

"Hold on," said Karen. "Matt is being very emphatic about something he's saying to Rochelle. I think he's displeased with her. Whoops. He is. Very displeased."

Karen continued to stare outside, trying to hide her giggles.

"What's happening?" asked Mike, moving back to look out. "Oh. Well Rochelle likes a bit of danger, but I bet she didn't think it would come in the form of a spanking. I suspect that Mike might be just the man for her."

Heading back towards the beach Karen broached a thought that had crossed her mind. "I'm surprised that you didn't try to imitate Matt while we were secluded in the caves," she said teasingly.

"I said I'd keep my pants on," Mike reminded her. "Besides, this afternoon I intend to coax you into visiting this little nook I know of. I want to be fresh for that."

Karen looked at him. "You expect me to visit that nook, knowing that some boys will be watching us? I don't think so."

"Don't you find it a little exciting to know that someone is watching while you're being slowly fucked. Knowing that they've all probably got erections and are wishing it was them, not me? Knowing that they can see you, but can't have you?"

"Not going to happen. Forget it."

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That afternoon, walking quietly along the beach with Karen, Mike listened to her complaining.

I cannot believe that I let you talk me into this," she moaned. "Boys will see me naked and having sex and I don't even know who they'll be. Anyone I meet could be one of them. Why did you insist, anyway?"

Mike, who hadn't mentioned the subject again after referring to it that morning, kept quiet. That afternoon, all he'd done was quietly suggest that they take a walk along the beach. The look of resolve on Karen's face had told him she'd decided to go along with his earlier suggestion.

After letting Karen vent for a few more feelings he gently suggested that they didn't have to go to the nook if she was so against it.

Karen was silent for a moment, and then asked him why he wanted to go there.

Mike paused while he ordered his thoughts then told her, "Mainly because I want to see you naked in the sun while I make love to you. The nook is handy for that. I also want to show off your amazing body. It makes me proud to know that you're my girl and that they can look but not touch.

Why are you letting me take you there? We can go elsewhere if you really want to."

Karen sighed. "I have to admit that it's kind of exciting knowing that people will see me naked when they don't know that I know they're there. I also like the idea of them watching you take me and wishing it was them. A number of the guys have hit on me, even though they know I'm with you." She smiled mischievously. "Let them catch a glimpse of what they're missing out on."

Finally reaching and turning into the little nook, Mike turned to Karen.

"Knowing that we probably have an audience, how do you want to start this? Take it slowly with a few kisses?"

"No way," laughed Karen. "If I'm going to put on a show, I'm going to put on a real show." Even as she spoke, she was shedding her bikini, and before Mike's startled eyes she spun in a circle, looking up and enjoying the sun on her naked body. Then she advanced on Mike, laughing at him as she reached down and pushed down his costume. Reaching down again she took Mike's cock in her hand, stroking it and encouraging it to swell, not that much encouragement was needed.

"Lie down and think of England, Mike," Karen told him, urging him towards the ground.

Mike found himself lying there, while Karen quickly straddled his thighs, his erection pressed firmly against her labia, resting up against her slit.

"Just thinking of this on the way here and thinking of people watching has got me all excited," Karen told Mike. "It's your fault and you're going to have to bear the consequences."

Karen was rubbing herself against Mike's erection, enjoying the feel of it against her, knowing it would soon be in her. She didn't want to worry about foreplay and taking it slowly. She wanted him now.

Mike watched with interest as Karen raised herself and positioned her pussy carefully over his cock. Reaching down to spread her lips slightly she eased the heads of his cock between her lips and into position against her vaginal passage. Now she sank down onto him, letting him slowly fill her, giving a groan of relief when she had finally settled down, fully impaled on Mike's staff.

"OK. You can commence work now," she told Mike cheekily, a happy smile on her face.

"Hmm. I don't think so," said Mike.

"What?" Karen asked, surprised.

"You've made such an excellent start," said Mike, "that I think you should continue. You'll find if you just rock in place for a while, that will get you started. When you feel the time is right, you can start bouncing up and down."

Karen stared at him, shocked, but even more excited at the thought. She'd always been the passive one in sex, quite willing to go where directed and while enthusiastic she had never really taken the lead.

Mile looked up at Karen, seeing the startled look on her face turn into one of anticipation. It was obvious that she'd now completely forgotten any potential voyeurs and was enjoying the sex for its own sake.

Karen leaned slowly forward until her nipples scraped lightly across Mike's chest, enjoying the feel of his penis dragging inside her as she bent forward. She brushed her breasts lightly back and forth across Mike's chest, stimulating her nipples, and then rose up to lean back against his legs, this time feeling his penis pushing deeper into her as she moved.

Mike found himself in an invidious position. He had told Karen to take the lead and now he had to suffer the consequences as she experimented. Leaning backwards and forwards was fine, giving a nice smooth motion of cock within vagina, sending happy signals to both of them. Rocking from side to side was interesting, too. But what in the name of the seven hells was she trying to achieve by those little gyrations where he could swear she was spinning in circles on his cock. Did they serve any purpose except to drive him mad? He lay back and suffered in happy silence.

Karen experimented, determining what gave her pleasure and what appeared to give Mike pleasure. She almost laughed out loud seeing the way his eyes had opened after one of the little wriggles she'd tried. She tried it again, contented when she saw Mike wince slightly. However, all these little movements weren't enough. Fun, but not the excitement she wanted.

She leaned forward slightly and, resting her hands on Mike's chest, lifted her bottom up and away from his cock, feeling it sliding out of her, only to return as she dropped her bottom, driving her pussy firmly down on Mike's erection. That was better. Getting the hang of it she started moving swiftly up and down, giving Mike a workout and enjoying the sensations rapidly spreading out from her vagina.

Relieved that Karen had stopped experimenting and settled down to some earnest screwing Mike started thrusting up into her when she slid down his cock. His hands reached up and cupped her breasts, holding then and squeezing them in time to the pattern they were building up.

Taking their time, Karen and Mike fell into a familiar rhythm, knowing each other and what to expect. Finally, knowing his climax was approaching and that Karen would also be ready, Mike rolled Karen over and under him, slamming down into her with half a dozen quick hard strokes causing her to climax and relieving himself at the same time.

Lying on top of her afterwards, Mike smiled down at her. "That was interesting," he said. "I'll have to let you experiment some more."

Karen smiled back at him. "That's a good idea. I think I'll buy a sex manual and see what it says about female dominant positions."

Mike groaned. "I've created a monster. Shall we break for a swim before heading back to the crowd?"

"You don't want to give me a spanking a la Rochelle, just to keep the boys entertained?" Karen asked. "Don't look like that. It's not going to happen," she added hurriedly, seeing his pensive look.

"We might try that in private sometime," Mike murmured.

"And we might not," retorted Karen, as they headed down to the water.