**Alejandro**

by**[linmar](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1344629&page=submissions)**©

Mark & myself lived on Vera Playa Naturista in Spain for 6 months. It's a complex of around 3000 flats, hotels, shops & bars & we loved posing on the beach there. But it got a bit too crowded to do anything really interesting, so we used to go along the coast to Macenas, when we wanted to be more adventurous.  
  
Drive out of Mojacar, through that terrible new golf complex & when the road bends right up the hill, turn left onto a dirt track that takes you along the edge of the beach past an old tower. Carry on along the track for about two miles until you come to what looks like an old windmill & park there. We're not sure if the little beaches there are supposed to be naturist but the police drive along there all the time & never complained to us.  
  
We used to go down to the coves just before you get to the ruin. They are private enough if you want them to be, while offering the opportunity for some exhibitionism in the right circumstances. I used to love waiting until there was someone watching before I rubbed suntan lotion into my body. Or asked Mark to do it for me.  
  
Our favourite place couldn't be seen from the road, we could only be watched if someone was by the tower. Or if they came down onto the rocks. So we could get up to whatever we wanted to & often did. We really enjoy making love outside & on a beach with the sun beating down on you is such a turn on. But Mark likes to watch me pleasure myself just as much as I enjoy doing it, so I'd often masturbate for him as well.  
  
The first time I had an audience other than Mark was totally accidental. Mark was sat beside me, watching as I teased myself, when he noticed a guy watching from the rocks near us. He was half hidden behind a large boulder but was obviously enjoying what he saw, as his eyes were glued to me.  
  
Pretending that I hadn't noticed, I changed my position so that he had a perfect view of what my fingers were up to. I had my legs wide open so that my lips were parted, exposing my sex for his eager gaze.  
  
I was sopping wet, my cum lubricating my fingers as they lightly danced from one delight to another. Stroking a fold here, a nub there, circling around my entrance, before slowly probing my secret place. Only to return to repeat the process over & over again.  
  
Suddenly my admirer disappeared & I let out a huff of frustration, thinking that he had ended my fun. But then he came over the rocks at the end of our cove. My heart skipped a beat at the size of the very evident bulge in his trousers. My pussy twitching in appreciation of it.  
  
He smiled at us & in broken English, asked if we minded him joining us in the cove. I looked at Mark who just smiled at me & I had to try twice before I could control my voice enough to say OK to our new friend.  
  
He didn't undress, or say anything else. He simply sat on a rock watching me. I was unsure what to do. I felt a mixture of embarrassment at his intense scrutiny & irritation that he hadn't got his manhood out.  
  
Mark broke my uncertainty by suggesting that I started again from scratch. So I slowly began brushing imaginary sand off my boobs. Then gradually worked down over my stomach. Making sure I didn't miss anywhere. By the time I reached my (usually) hidden places I was too worked up to care if anyone was watching or not.  
  
I was lost in the movements of my fingers, that suddenly seemed to have developed independent lives of their own. They stroked & gently pulled at my labia. Slid my hood back so that they could circle the bud of my clitoris. Darted a tip into my entrance. Not far enough to take me over the edge though. Those terrible teases.  
  
This carried on & on, no movement seeming to be repeated. Every sensation my pussy was experiencing seemed to be new. Each caress of my fingers was the first time I'd ever been touched like that. My cunt was on fire pleading with my fingers to slide deeper inside it, to grant me release.  
  
My eyes opened for a brief moment, then opened again, much wider this time. Transfixed by what they had seen. My voyeur was still fully dressed but was holding a shaft like that on a shire horse. I had a friend from Senegal but even he wasn't this big.  
  
He was slowly working his hand up & down his length. His glans was glistening in the sunlight, my mind registering that this was because of his precum, without me consciously thinking about it. He wasn't looking at me, his eyes were fixed on my sex as my fingers made love to me.  
  
Each long downward stroke pulled his foreskin back to reveal the bulge of his corona, which slowly vanished once more as his hand travelled back again. Down. Up. So slowly, like time didn't exist. My middle finger slipped inside me. It began working itself in & out in time with his hand. With each downward stroke my finger sank into me. Only to reappear as his hand moved back up his shaft.  
  
It was amazing but too slow. Much too slow! I needed more. My index finger joined its partner & demanded a faster pace. The guy matched my movements, never taking his gaze away from my fingers. Cum was running down between my cheeks, my hand was slick with it. My cunt felt as if it was gaping open wide enough for the watcher to see all the way inside me. My ring finger decided to check it out, joining the other two that were already driving me crazy.  
  
I hated all three of them. I was mentally on my hands & knees begging them to end this torment. To make me cum. But they ignored my pleas. They were in charge & were making sure that I knew it.  
  
I was bucking my hips to meet each of their thrusts, just like I do when Mark is making love with me. I was moaning uncontrollably, almost on the verge of frustrated tears. I'd never felt like this. Then, at last! I was freed.  
  
The guys hand became a blur of movement & my fingers matched him, splashing cum onto my thighs as they rammed themselves into my eager pussy. I actually started crying. I could feel my release getting nearer, an express train rushing towards me. A tsunami that would crush me, sweep me away into oblivion.  
  
A geyser of cum erupted from the tip of the guy's cock as his hand kept pounding at it. & I exploded. All of that pent up frustration was released. Wave after wave of lightning strike intense pleasure surged through me. Overwhelming me. My body was thrashing around like I was having a fit & I was screaming obscenities. Demanding that this moment carry on forever.  
  
Then the storm began receding, spasms shook my body, before giving way to calmness. Awareness returned. Mark was still beside me. Our new friend was just finishing the job of cleaning himself up. He smiled at me as our eyes met. Then zipped his flies & left.