

My best sex ever was...

on a nudist beach



Good luck finding those when you get back

On Hayley's* romantic trip, sex on the beach was on the menu in more ways than one...

“Nick* and I had been together for a year when we decided to go on our first holiday as a couple. We'd met at work, writing travel brochures, and Croatia was at the top of our list. Although we were practically living together already, the idea of spending a week of endless “alone time” with one another still made my stomach lurch with excitement.

Sex-wise, we were pretty adventurous. We were up for anything: a quiet corner at a wedding or even outside.

The holiday was pure bliss. We were still firmly in our honeymoon period and would lounge on the beach all day, then nip back to the room for an afternoon shag. On the fourth day, we caught a boat from Dubrovnik to a tiny island. There was only one beach, but

when I saw the sign at the entrance, accompanied by wandering naked people, I realised it wasn't a regular one.

Neither of us had ever been to a nudist beach before, and initially we kept to ourselves, feeling self-conscious and giggly. We hadn't planned to go naked, but everybody was staring at us and it felt offensive to keep our clothes on. I saw a woman who couldn't take her eyes off Nick, and I started to like the idea of being naked in front of others, especially as they clearly liked what they saw.

Nick went for a swim, and as I peered at him above my sunglasses I realised everyone else was looking too. All eyes were on his penis. Seeing the whole beach watching him was a huge turn-on.

Our sunken spot of sand was hidden by rocks, so when

Nick returned from his swim I decided we could get away with a quickie without passers-by noticing. Kissing each other hastily, we couldn't waste any time. Anybody could be around the corner.

Nick started gently stroking my nipples and I could feel him getting harder against my

“Seeing the whole beach watching him was a turn-on”

leg. Reaching down, I guided his erection towards me, and he eased into me from the side. He moved back and forth slowly, trying to be discreet, and I closed my eyes, totally forgetting where I was as he traced his hands across my breasts. As Nick started to move faster, I let out a whisper, “harder”, and opened my

eyes to see a gorgeous man standing on the rock next to us, only a few metres away, staring down at us intently. I gasped and Nick spotted him too, but neither of us minded.

I caught the man's gaze and we maintained eye contact as he watched Nick and I both orgasm hard. Letting a stranger join in, even from a distance, was incredibly hot. Before I knew it, the man disappeared as quickly as he'd emerged.

We stayed in our spot for the rest of the afternoon, keeping a low profile and feeling naughty every time someone walked past without an inkling of what we'd just been up to. Catching the last boat back to Dubrovnik, we hid beneath sunglasses and hats for fear of our voyeur recognising us. We didn't spot him, though part of me wishes we had. When I think back to the moment we were caught, I still shiver with excitement. Now I know that some risks are worth taking.