



Smile by the Sea
Vol #3

EDITED BY VICTORIA BLISSE & LUCY FELTHOUSE



Contents

Front Matter	i
<i>Title Page</i>	<i>i</i>
<i>Publisher Information</i>	<i>ii</i>
<i>Introduction By Victoria Blisse</i>	<i>iii</i>
Smut By The Sea Volume 3.....	1
<i>Oh Buoy</i>	<i>1</i>
<i>Caving In</i>	<i>9</i>
<i>Artistic License</i>	<i>28</i>
<i>A Hint of Piracy</i>	<i>46</i>
<i>That Summer's Song</i>	<i>59</i>
<i>What the Doctor Ordered</i>	<i>73</i>
<i>The Bathing Machine</i>	<i>91</i>
<i>Rock Out</i>	<i>104</i>
<i>On the Beach</i>	<i>120</i>
<i>A Study of the Marine Life</i>	<i>131</i>
<i>Uncharted Waters</i>	<i>143</i>
<i>Hermit</i>	<i>157</i>
Back Matter	175
<i>About the Authors</i>	<i>175</i>
<i>Also Available</i>	<i>178</i>

Smudged by the Sea
Vol #3

Edited by
Lucy Felthouse & Victoria Blisse

Publisher Information

Smut By The Sea Volume 3
published in 2014 by House of Erotica
an imprint of Andrews UK Limited

www.houseoferoticabooks.com

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior written consent in any form of binding or cover other than that in which it is published, and without a similar condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

The characters and situations in this book are entirely imaginary and bear no relation to any real person or actual happening.

Copyright © House of Erotica 2014

The rights of the authors have been asserted in accordance with sections 77 and 78 of the Copyrights Designs and Patents Act 1988.

HOUSE OF
Erotica

Introduction By Victoria Blisse

Why Smut?

Smut is a word with negative connotations to some. It can be seen as something insulting, creepy and seedy. I'd like to change that perception to the light-hearted definition myself and many Brits hold for smut. Have you ever watched a Carry On film? Well that's smutty. It's sexy, humorous and fun. How about the old cheeky seaside postcards of the fifties and sixties? They're smutty too and that's exactly the feel we wanted to evoke in our Smut by the Sea stories.

What is Smut by the Sea?

It's that typically saucy seaside fun and carefree attitude, when you have an ice cream in hand, sand between your toes and an Adonis putting the suntan lotion on your back. It's those moments when you are sunning yourself unaware of the stranger watching you and just what they'd like to do. It's the romantic getaways, naughty weekends and those stolen moments of pleasure along the promenade. It's magical sea creatures, the lure of the ocean, fish, chips and a cock or two.

This Anthology

The stories in this volume feature a wicked pirate captain and her small-space-loving prisoner, hot action in cool caves, an author rocking the boat for research purposes, a sexy hermit, that annoying summer hit, a Victorian bathing machine and much, much more.

Each story has been picked for its unique maritime feel. Each tale is filled with love for the ocean and the areas where the land borders the deep blue. The authors skilfully transport you to these special places with their words. So find somewhere to recline and enjoy your read. It doesn't matter if it's raining, if you're on the bus, in your garden, kitchen or bedroom; be ready to be transported to the beach for some smutty seaside fun.

Oh Buoy

Victoria Blisse

When I agreed to it, in the comfort of my own home, it seemed like a really good idea. Even the long journey across country to the pretty seaside town of Scarborough hadn't changed my mind. It was walking along the seafront the next morning with the seagulls calling and the gentle whoosh of waves against sand when I started to have doubts.

"Can't you see the buoys out there? They're up and down and all over the place! That water is rough," I exclaimed.

"Oh, get out of it. It's barely a ripple." Carl shrugged his broad shoulders casually.

"Barely a ripple?" My voice rose to a squeak. "I'm getting bloody sea sick just looking at it." Carl - the seasoned sailor - quirked an eyebrow at me, the proverbial landlubber.

"Oh come on Sally, you said you'd come out on the boat with me today. You don't want to have come all this way for nothing."

I met Carl a while back when I was looking up boating information for a book. I came across an online forum for ex-fishermen and asked many stupid and obvious questions. Carl was the only one who replied to me and we got chatting. Somewhere between introducing ourselves and me arriving on the east coast, I agreed to go out on his boat with him. Why the hell I did that I couldn't tell you.

“I know, I know,” I sighed, “but I’m not happy near water, you know that. I’m feeling a bit scared now, my mind is full of images of what happened to me when I was little.”

Always curious, I’d waded out too far on a beach holiday when I was only eight years old. I was pulled out to sea, and it was only the speed and bravery of my father that stopped me from drowning. My nightmares always ended with visions of that cold, water sealing over my head, cutting off my breath and filling my lungs with salt and panic.

“Yes, you told me,” he replied with a gentle smile. He clasped his big hand around the top of my arm. “But I can guarantee you’ll be completely safe on *Daisy*. As a seasoned fisherman I can tell you that these waters are as close to calm as you’re likely to get here and I know that no storms are coming. We’ll just sail out of the harbour, up the headland a bit then come back. We won’t be out long, but if you’re going to write about life on’t sea, you need to experience it, right?”

Gazing into his storm blue eyes, I realised I was a goner. I nodded. Mostly because I didn’t want to disappoint him but also I knew he was right, I needed to know what it felt like to be rocked in a boat if I was going to write about being, erm, ‘rocked’ in a boat, if you get my drift.

I wished I hadn’t picked a nautical theme for my latest novel as we continued past amusement arcades and beach front cafés to the harbour and Carl’s boat. It wasn’t one of those flashy yacht things, but it was definitely more than just a fisherman’s vessel. It had a sturdy-looking cabin, bright white against the dark red of the hull. It looked a little out of place with no nets and no sign selling sightseeing trips. It was clearly just for pleasure and not work.

I clambered gingerly aboard, awkwardly launching myself forward whilst not thinking about the sheer volume of water below me.

“*Daisy’s* pretty new. My old boat, *Bluebell*, was a fisher. Did her job for many a year, but when I retired I didn’t need her any more

so I sold her. But I missed the waters so much, that when I had enough put aside I bought my *Daisy* here so I could go out to sea again, just for my own entertainment, you know.”

“Oh, I see.” I stood stiffly on deck, trying not to breathe or move in case everything tipped up and I ended up in the drink. I was listening to Carl, but didn’t really take any of it in as I was completely engulfed by my fear.

“Well, you can make yourself comfy out here if you want the salt air or you can come in’t cabin with me - ”

“I’ll come with you,” I said before he could complete his sentence.

“If I’m lucky, you will,” he whispered. Or at least that’s what it sounded like to me over the pounding of my blood echoing through my head.

At least the sexual tension between us took my mind off being on top of so much water for a while. As we chugged out of the safe haven of the harbour into the rugged sea I was too occupied with wondering how his hard hands would feel cupping my soft breasts to worry about the sea all around me. I was lost in a daydream.

Until we hit the first little wave and I screamed like a tantruming toddler.

“We can’t let this continue, no, no, take me back to land, Carl, I don’t like it,” I wailed.

“Hush,” he murmured and wrapped me in his arms. “Hush now, hush. We’re fine, don’t panic. Just feel the soothing rock of the sea, it’s gentle and calming, my love, if you just stop worrying you’ll feel it.”

In his embrace I wasn’t aware of anything but his strong body, the heavy, salt musk of him and the press of his thick woollen jumper against my cheek. The next bob of the boat brought me back to the reality of the situation.

“You’re not steering anything,” I finally gasped, my face still buried in his chest. He was a security blanket, keeping my fears at a low simmer. But unlike any other security blanket I’d ever held, this one made me horny.

"I'm watching the buoys. If we begin to drift, I'll do something, but right now it's more important that I hold on to you."

"I rather like it," I murmured and stroked his back.

"Aye, so do I," he said, and kissed me tenderly on the top of my head. One hand unwrapped from around me and gently adjusted the wheel.

"I don't feel too bad now," I murmured, afraid to raise my voice in case I broke the spell and he pulled away from me. "You'll protect me, won't you?"

"Of course. Don't fret, love, don't fret."

"Okay," I lifted my face, finally feeling brave enough to look at something other than Carl's shoulder. I was startled to find his lips so close to mine but before I could process what was happening we were kissing. Did I crane back my neck and initiate the kiss myself? My hands were definitely locked around the back of his neck. Or did he lean forward and press his advances on me? I didn't know. All that mattered was the throb of sexual satisfaction flowing between us.

He pulled away from me and focused ahead, his hand moved back to the...well, thing that made the boat go. I was incapable of thought and couldn't remember what any of it was called.

"Are we okay?" I enquired, focusing back on his chest after noticing the land rolling away behind us.

"Yes, my sweet, but I don't want my baby drifting onto the rocks and your kiss had us close to the edge."

"I know," I gasped, "right on the edge of something beautiful."

"Not quite what I meant," he chuckled throatily, "but I do agree with you. Now let me anchor us, then we can carry on where we left off."

"Well, if you turn us around," I rotated my finger to demonstrate, "and we get back on dry land I have a wonderful hotel room - "

"But you won't be able to use that for research, will you?" Carl let me go, switched off the motor and headed to the back of the boat. The moment he moved away from me I remembered where I was. My entire body tightened in fear and I gazed around for

something to hold on to. Everything was just out of reach, I couldn't move, my legs felt encased in cement so I stood ever so still, feeling the ebb of the sea beneath the boat.

After a few minutes of escalating panic, I shook my head. It wasn't as bad as I thought it would be. I edged round to look down the boat towards Carl. He was leaning over the side, his arse pressing out into his light sand-coloured trousers. I could have looked at him all day, but I didn't want him to catch me staring. I looked further out, over the sea and towards the land.

The coastline was breathtakingly beautiful. We were far enough out that the arcades and ice-cream shops of the seafront looked like a bright feather boa of colour around the edge of the green and grey sides of the cliffs, dotted with light pastel hotels and homes scattered around, with the imposing red-brick Grand Hotel dominating the view.

"How're you doing?" Carl called, walking back across the deck.

"Better than I thought I would be!"

He nodded. "I told you it'd be all right."

"You did."

"Do you believe that yet?"

I hesitated in my response. Clearly the answer was written on my face as he laughed and pulled me into his embrace.

"I'll just have to work a little harder in helping you find your sea legs." He kissed me again, taking the words from my lips before I could utter them. I was whisked away from reality once more, swept up in the intensity of the chemistry between us. I pulled him closer to me, rubbing my hands over his shoulders, down to his hips, my hands resting on the natural ledge there. Tangling his jumper between my fingers I eased it up over his body, carrying the light t-shirt beneath it up over his torso too.

He didn't leave me over-dressed for long, helping me out of my cardigan and blouse, then reaching around me to pop open my bra. It was only as my breasts came into contact with the lightly chilled sea air that I remembered how exposed we both were.

“Won’t people be able to see?” I squealed, pressing myself to him, hiding my breasts.

“Nah, not from the land. And I’ve moved us out of the regular courses for’t boats. No one will see your gorgeous charms but me.”

I blushed.

He eased me back away him. I wobbled as the cabin floor rolled. My stomach tumbled, the fear still there beneath the sexual excitement.

“God, you’re beautiful,” Carl sighed, then dipped his head to kiss my collar bone and my breasts. Lapping at the cream-coloured skin and seeking out the dark raspberry red nipples that topped them off like an abundant seaside sundae. I rested my hands on his shoulders as he slipped lower, pulling down my black corduroy trousers and knickers. His breath tickled my belly button, his stubble abrading the lower curve of my stomach.

He rested there, gazing down to my ankles as he pulled off my shoes and slid off my pants. I was completely exposed and didn’t care. I just wanted him to continue kissing lower. He nudged me back and I found my back against the wall.

“Sit down,” he commanded, so I did. I hadn’t noticed the small wooden bench before, just the width of a single slat, and polished from years of perching. He parted my thighs and trailed his lips up the inside of the right one. I closed my eyes tightly to preserve the feeling. When I’d agreed to meet Carl, I’d hoped it’d lead to something more, our online chats had been so flirty, but this was beyond my wildest dreams.

The author in me tried desperately to note sensations, the rocking of the boat that thrust his nose harder against me with each dip, the sun through the window on my skin and the call of the seagulls over the sound of endlessly rolling waves. But I was swept away by the eager and pointed attention of Carl’s mouth on my pussy. He sucked at my clit, pressed his tongue inside me, lapped up my juices and relished me like a fine meal.

The orgasm that exploded through me hit with little warning. I shivered and shook and dug my fingers into his thick, curling hair.

As the spasms slowed, I slid my hands down his neck, bending over to kiss him and taste myself on his lips. I encouraged him to stand and opened his trousers. Sitting on the little stool, I was at a good height to return the favour.

His cock was erect and he sighed as I freed it from his boxers. It was dark pink and thick with arousal. I traced my fingers over the tip, which gleamed with precum. I took it all in, barely even registering the creak and moan of the boat as the waves became more forceful. It was as if the sea wanted me to do more.

It took just a dip of my head to seat him in my mouth. Hard and salty and deeply satisfying. I sucked his cock with vigour, flicking around him with my tongue, enjoying the feel of him and the little purrs and grunts of arousal I pulled from his lips.

“Fuck, Sally, turn ‘round, kneel on the bench. I need to be inside you.”

I pulled back, licked my lips and winked at him. His face was set with lust but his lip quirked with a wicked smile. I turned to the window, grabbed onto the sill and pulled my knees up onto the seat.

Moments later his body was against mine, his dick snuggled between my buttocks then dipped inside me. I gasped and strained back against him. I groaned and he was as deep into me as he could get. He gripped my hips, the callouses on his hands digging into my soft skin. Everything stopped for a moment. Even the boat seemed to cease moving, and just as I became aware of the vistas before me, the sea and the headland and the boat in the distance he drew back and I fell into ecstasy.

His rhythm was sure and steady. His breathing harsh against my cheek. I could feel he was close, knew he wouldn't last much longer, but I didn't care. My body was alive with sexual pleasure and I revelled in him using me to find his orgasm. Each movement echoed through me. My nipples throbbed, my cheeks flushed with heat, my thighs shivered in time to his fucking.

“Oh, Sally, Sally,” he mumbled and kissed my shoulder. The kiss turned more violent and as he came he bit into me. The pain

burst through me, tightening my pussy with startled pleasure. He groaned, his erection throbbed inside me as his thighs wobbled against mine. Carl rocked back and forward a couple more times then leant against my back and panted.

“So, do you think you have all you need for your book now?” he gasped.

“Yes,” I giggled, “I think so.”

“Good, because there’s a boat heading our way. Quick, throw your clothes on.”

It was a mad scramble, and I didn’t even find my bra but I got my clothes on the relevant parts of my body before the boat passed. The fisherman aboard just waved and nodded and carried on with his business. My cheeks burned with heat and I couldn’t look into the man’s eyes. What if he’d come past a few moments earlier?

“Right, back to shore,” Carl called, strolling down to the stern to pull up the anchor.

“Oh, thank God,” I sighed.

Carl laughed heartily. “I’ve not quite turned you into a water babe then.”

“Not quite yet,” I admitted. “But you know, I think I could get to like the sea, if you come with me every time I visit.”

“Oh, I will.” He smirked. “I know I will.”

Caving In

Demelza Hart

Sand crunched under her feet on the café floor, trailed in from the beach a few feet away. Alice was glad of her flip-flops. She glanced around and bit her lip distractedly. She hated doing this alone. After nearly a year, she still hadn't got used to it. The tables were full of sea-happy children, sun-blond mothers in their Boden best and vocal fathers.

It was a scene all too familiar to Alice, but she felt alien to it now, as if she'd been kicked out of the club. Where were her fellow failures? She stared at them momentarily, trying to detect the rot beneath. It wasn't obvious. Perhaps it was just her after all.

Her stomach heaved and she turned to go.

"Table for...?"

A waitress was upon her before she could escape, wide smile but tired eyes. Alice knew that feeling too. She smiled in empathy and responded accordingly. "No... just me. One."

The waitress' eyes warmed and her smile relaxed. "This way. I've got the perfect spot by the window."

It was. Tucked around a corner, it allowed Alice a secluded view over the golden sands of north Cornwall, as well as into the fragile humanity of the café.

She ordered a lemonade which arrived quickly.

A little boy was playing with a Thomas train on the table across from her. He reminded her of Freddy. He was with his father for a few days. She'd come away to take her mind off it all, but everywhere she went there was a reminder of her son.

A bell above the door of the café jingled. She glanced up. Two young men had come in, dressed in distinctive lifeguard yellow and red. They were disarmingly attractive. They'd managed to sling on t-shirts, but the thin cotton couldn't hide their toned bodies and sun-darkened skin. One had a mop of ragged blond hair, which he swept a hand through every so often, trying to prevent its unruly strands attacking his face. The other had an easy smile. Alice found herself staring.

The blond one shared a joke with the barman with the easy banter of people who frequently got drunk together. As he looked up from laughing he scanned the room. His gaze fell on Alice.

She could feel colour rushing into her cheeks but was so frozen in his blue eyes that she couldn't look away. He didn't look away either and after what seemed endless seconds gave a little smile. At last she dropped her head and ran a hand through her hair. It felt sticky and thick from the sea; she must look a fright. She dared to glance up. The family in front of her had left and the two lifeguards were heading straight for the table with their drinks. She kept her head down but heard the scrape of their chairs as they sat.

"We're unlucky today. You got the cosy corner."

She darted her head up. The gorgeous blond guy was smiling over.

"What? Oh, sorry. Do you want me to...?" She started to get up.

He laughed and put up his hand. "No. Sit down. We're fine. Enjoy it. Good place to get away from it all." He smiled again before slowly turning back to his friend.

Alice was sitting beside one of the most glorious views in the country, but she found her stare moving constantly to the blond lifeguard. He'd turn her way frequently, seemingly to look out to sea, but his eyes would shift to hers. She indulged herself by looking back, safe in the knowledge that she'd never see him again. It had been a while since anyone had caught her attention. She had worked hard to maintain her standards and expectations.

Not having sex - how many months was it now, she'd lost track - was surely less important than not getting hurt again.

But this felt good. It reminded her of before her marriage. She'd had some good times. It seemed so long ago. If a young beach bum wanted to throw her a few harmless come-ons, what did it matter?

But when her drink was finished, she put on the mask again. Indulgence over. Back to reality. Alice paid quickly, held her head up and walked out. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw the blond guy mark her, but she didn't look back at him.

She returned to the beach as the afternoon lengthened; it was a baking hot day. The tide was far out, exposing the headland, and she noticed one or two people disappearing around it. In her back pack she had a few provisions: rug, beers, some rolls and crisps; she'd considered a barbecue at one point. She fancied a moment of complete isolation. Alice walked out past the headland, taking off her flip-flops and enjoying the succulent squish of the wet sand between her toes. She didn't imagine the tide even reached back up to these rocks. In any case, she wouldn't stay long.

There were numerous caves tucked into the rocks, deep and intriguing. She imagined smugglers stashing their goods here, the light from their lanterns flickering on the sides, their secrets as dark as their hooded eyes.

After a quick dip, she took off her bikini top, threw on a cotton shirt - were her stretch marks always that prominent? - and settled down on the rocks with her book.

Forget it all, just for a moment. She read a few chapters. Her lids grew heavy and she let the book slump across her chest. The breaking waves faded from her.

When Alice focused back in, she shook herself with annoyance. She'd drifted off unintentionally. The sound of the sea was closer than before. Much closer. A surge of panic rose in her so fast she nearly gagged. Her worst suspicions were confirmed. The tide had come in and was lapping at the rock she was sitting on. The way back to the beach was cut off completely and it was growing dark.

Alice jumped to her feet and scrambled for her phone. No signal. The wave of nausea rose ever stronger. The water was already waist deep at least, she could see that. Her swimming wasn't great at the best of times. She couldn't risk it.

Alice stood on the rock, pulling her fingers through her hair, cursing her stupidity.

"Hey! You okay?"

She looked across the water. A lifeguard was paddling over to her on a board. His hair was damp but she could see the distinctive blond mop. Far from being relieved, her spirits dampened further. It was the guy from the café; her embarrassment made her want to disappear into the sand.

He paddled up and leapt nimbly onto the rock, hauling his board with him. "Always check the tide times," he chided teasingly.

"I'm sorry. So stupid of me. I hadn't intended to stay long but I fell asleep."

"Good job I saw you walk out round here. I was just going off duty but realised you hadn't come back."

"What can we do?"

He shrugged. "I could take you back on the board and get your stuff wet. Or..."

"What?" Her arms were crossed tight about her. When she dared a glance at him, he was studying her carefully with a rather wicked grin.

"We stay here until the tide goes out. It's gonna be a good few hours. To be honest, we're better off waiting til dawn. It'll be out properly then and it'll be safe to walk back round the headland."

Alice threw her head up to the heavens. "Shit!"

He chuckled. "It's okay. We're in a good spot. This cave is perfect. The tide won't reach inside. You got anything to wrap around you?" He nodded towards her body, and took the opportunity to let his eyes sweep the length of it. She tried in vain to shield herself again. There was only so much near-nakedness two hands could hide.

"Just the rug."

“Come on. Let’s shelter in here.” He picked up her things and led the way into the cave. She couldn’t help noticing his impressive thighs and arse. “I’m Rafe, by the way. You?”

“Alice. Thanks for... coming to my rescue.”

“No worries. I saw you in the beach café, didn’t I?”

He remembered. She blushed again. “Did you?” Best to feign ignorance.

He glanced at her and smirked. “Yeah... You were in my cosy corner.”

“Oh yes, of course. That was you.”

“That was me.” After dropping the stuff deep in the cave, he stood, hands on his hips, the early evening sun making his smooth, muscled torso glow before her.

“Shit, I almost forgot.” With that he turned and headed deeper into the cave. “Yes!” Rafe exclaimed. “Thought it was this one. A few old crates were washed up a while back and we kept them in here. I’m thinking they’re dry enough to burn.”

He returned carrying two wooden boxes. His grin, beaming white out of his tanned face, sent dashes of pleasure through her. Rafe dropped the crates triumphantly in front of her and started tearing them apart. She stepped forward to help but he motioned her to stay back. “Better stand over there. They could splinter. Leave it to me.”

He pulled at the wood like a wild animal, his muscles flexing and swelling under the smoothest skin. He’d brace his foot and then, with several hard wrenches, tear a plank off, then another, all the while grunting from his very gut. Alice wondered if he made that noise during sex. She stared out of the cave, trying to think of other things.

Soon enough, he’d accumulated a good pile of wood. “That’ll keep us going all night. Thing is... how the hell am I gonna light it?”

At last Alice didn’t feel totally useless. Desperate to impress, she reached for her bag and fumbled around inside. Her questing fingers closed around the small packet she was seeking. “Here!

I knew I'd brought some." She held up a packet of matches triumphantly.

Rafe grinned back, meeting her bright eyes. It made her insides flip.

"That's what I like to see." He reached over and took it, brushing her fingers with his.

"You can use this newspaper as well." She tossed a copy of the Independent at him.

"Cheers." Rafe knelt and started sticking the paper under the pile of wood. She watched him work, enthralled by his agile, instinctive movements. It took only a few seconds for the flames to crackle into life. Soon the dark, encroaching walls of the cave were aglow with warming firelight.

Rafe took her rug and spread it out, then sat down with a sigh. "Done. That'll keep us toasty all night. We're fine here. Got some food and drink. We're warm. We've got each other..." He grinned.

She looked away, unwilling to get caught in those blue eyes again, now even more alight in the reflected flames.

He chuckled. "Come on, Alice, sit down. How about a beer?" He held one up, an alluring smile of invitation on his face.

Alice reached for it and sat next to him, keeping her legs tight in and winding her arms around them.

Rafe took a swig from his bottle and gave her a sidelong glance. He sniffed out a laugh. "You look like the Bogeyman's going to get you. I told you, you're safe."

Alice wasn't sure what she was safe from. From the sea, maybe, but there were other uncertainties, and one of them was sitting right next to her, so close she could feel the heat of his body. She took out her phone and stared at it.

"You won't get any signal here. Will there be someone worrying about you?"

"Not tonight."

"You here on your own then? No boyfriend?"

"No. My husband - ex-husband - is with my son for a few days. I came down for a break. I called him earlier to say goodnight."