**A Mile Across the Field**

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It was a beautiful afternoon and Jenny found herself alone as Katy had gone off to visit a relative. They had booked a lovely cottage in the Yorkshire Dales, just the week before returning to school for the new year. It had been a fairly wet August and today had been the first warm sunny day for a wile now. Katy decided to go shopping in the small town about a mile away being somewhat lacking in a good sense of direction she had used the roads. Once there she found some lovely shops to browse, noting various items she thought her and Katy could come and buy later, when Katy returned with the car.

Following a nice lunch, and a wander about she decided to head home. In one of the shops she had spoken to the sales assistant, who had told her of a marvellous route back to the cottage over a lovely hillside path. Despite her insistence that she would get lost the assistant had convinced her that it would be easy to find her way back as the path was "clearly set out with flagstones." This had convinced her and she set off. The assistant had said that there were a number of narrow gates to go through, designed to stop the many sheep wandering off. But Jenny, being slim, would find no problem with this. Thus minded, Jenny set off.

The afternoon was now becoming a glorious summer evening as she headed off through the first gate. This was not particularly narrow, perhaps the assistant had a different idea of 'narrow' -- she was a size or two larger than Jenny. But unfortunately, it was slippery. As she stepped through Jenny lost her footing on the smooth stone surface and stumbled. Unfortunately there was a small stream running just inside the gate and Jenny landed on her backside right in the middle of it, soaking her skirt through.

"Bugger it!" She said, clambering up. She walked a bit further but the skirt was clinging to her and rubbing against her soft thighs. She looked about her and could see no-one. Jenny decided that she would slip the skirt off and hang it on her small backpack, so it would dry. Her blouse was long enough to hide her panties and it was warm enough. If anyone did come along it would just look like she was wearing a short summer dress. Thus attired she set off across the enclosure towards the next gate.

When she arrived at the next gate she now understood the reference to them being narrow. The only way she could traverse it would be to turn sideways. She did so and just about managed it, with the backpack just catching on the flagstones as she did. She slipped down the far side and set off across the next enclosure. This time it was a steeper climb up towards her destination. She put her best foot forward and strode out. The sky had clouded a little more an a breeze had sprung up. She was now starting to regret both her choice of blouse (a thin white cotton lace number) and her decision not to wear a bra. Her nipples stiffened against the material and she gave an involuntary shiver.

At the next gate she stepped up on the flagstones and push the gate aside. As she moved through she let the gate go and the spring that held it shut caused it to fling back and hit her on the behind. As it did the thin side of her panties caught on a loose part of the gate. As she stepped forward she felt as much as heard the material snag and rip. Her hand moved quickly to her hip only to find nothing but her own skin where the side had been.

"Oh, fuck!" She exclaimed, "What the hell?". Looking about she saw she was still alone. She tried to walk a little further, clutching at the material, but it was no good. There was nothing for it, the blouse was long enough, no one could tell, on the remote chance that she did see someone else. Reluctantly she slipped the one good side down her leg, over her foot and, in a huff, flung the useless rag on the floor. The blouse did cover her -- just. The tail was level with the bottom of her cheeks and, with luck (and a kind breeze) no one could tell. The front was equally just as modest as the back, just covering her pussy. Again, as long as the wind did not pick up she should be OK. The sides were a different story. After just a few steps it became obvious that anyone could see that she was naked underneath her 'dress skirt'. The slits either side of it ran up well above her hips. The slight breeze a constant reminder of her state of undress. Still she had her skirt - of course, silly thing. She slipped off her backpack to retrieve her skirt. As she swung the backpack around there it was. Or rather wasn't. There was no sign of her skirt.

"What the actually fuck?" She found herself saying out loud. Where had it gone? She looked about her and then it dawned on her. The first narrow gate when her backpack had caught on the wall. "It must have been pulled off," she thought to herself. Jenny pondered about going back for it for a moment. But as she looked back she saw two guys sitting a couple of fields behind her, they seemed to be taking a break, sitting eating. There was no way she was going to head there and risk them seeing her as she was. The skirt could wait. They must have seen it? They would know she had been walking around minus her skirt and their attention would be drawn to her current attire. Surely then they would notice the lack of other items. No, she would press on.

Jenny felt so stupid. Why had she not gone back via the roads? Why did these things always happen to her? She would just have to press on though. At least she still had the blouse, short and flimsy though it was. The breeze flowed through the material as if to highlight even more how thin the garment was. Her nipples stiffened at the cool air. "Oh, no! Not now, not again!" Jenny felt the moisture that had suddenly started moving from between her pussy lips. She was getting turned on. "Just like before!"

Jenny started walking again. Every step made her nipples move against her blouse. Ever time her legs moved her pussy lips rubbed together. Without a conscious thought she mover her fingers between her legs, she was dripping. Her index finger slipped a little too far between her lips and brushed her clit sending a shiver through her body. It was only the sudden realisation that she had come to another gate that brought her back to reality. She carefully climbed up the stone steps, opened the gate and stepped through gingerly. She ever so gently closed it behind her and stepped delicately down. For a brief second she froze as a gust of air lifted the blouse up over her waist. Her pert bottom and shaved pussy were all so briefly exposed to the world, well the few cattle that were in this particular enclosure. It wasn't until she was about three-quarters of the way across the field that it dawned on her that not all of these cows possessed udders. One of them was distinctly lacking in that biological matter.

It was as if the bull had suddenly noticed Jenny at the same moment. With a snort and a hoofing of the ground the bull moved towards Jenny, picking up speed. Jenny quickly worked out that the gate was too far away. However, there was a break in the wall where some shrubs had grown. She could make these. Running as fast as she could, her blouse flying everywhere exposing her naked lower body, she sprinted to the bushes, diving through at the last minute. The bull coming to a halt staring at her through the bushes. Jenny looked across and cursed. Not at the bull, but at the sight of the remains of her blouse ripped to shreds and hanging from the bush. She was crouched down in a field, in broad daylight, as naked as the day she was born.

Jenny peered up at the shredded blouse again. She tried to imagine how to fashion some kind of modesty-preserving item from the remains. She was about to stand up and grab the article when she heard voices approaching. Male voices. It was the two she spied earlier. From where she was she could see them but they could not see her. However in a few moments she would be visible to them -- in all her naked glory. As it happened the very bushes that had denuded her now ironically provided her with temporary cover. The bush itself grew from out of a sort of dip, which formed part of an old building of some kind. Drystone walling lay around her partially collapsed. Jenny withdrew into the better secluded area and slipped behind the stones. Here she would remain out of sight until the two men had past.

"Hey, Gary. Look at this mate," one of the men called out incredulously. Jenny instinctively knew he was referring to her blouse. "Another bit of clothing. Do you reckon it came from the same person as the skirt we found?" He asked.

"Dunno, Dave. Bit of a coincidence I suppose," Gary speculated. "Better take this as well, then we can decide what to do with them when we catch up with the others," he continued.

Jenny started at that comment. She had contemplated staying put until dark and retrieving them and her blouse and going back later. That was no longer an option though it would appear. Her thoughts turned to her current state of undress again, and the fact that a few feet away from her were two guys, oblivious to her nude presence. Her pussy throbbed at the thought. Although her and Katy were now firmly an item, she still felt the urge to feel a man close up, to sense their naked skin touching, his breath on her face, his... "Stop that," she thought to herself, "this is no time to get turned on."

Dave and Gary had, by now, carried on with their journey, their voices fading into the distance. Jenny sat back in her shelter and weighed up her options. She could stay, awaiting the cover of darkness. Risk going on. Curl up and die. Obviously option three was a non-starter. As for option two? Well, she was about to dismiss this one when she felt something tickle against her thigh. Her eyes darted to her leg only to spot the black and yellow pattern of a wasp. No, two wasps. No, three. Hell, it was a swarm making their way into the hollow. But why did they suddenly appear, now? The answer was forthcoming when after glancing around, she noticed a discarded fizzy drink can laying beside her. Jenny always hated wasps. Without a thought for her current state of dress she leapt up from her hiding place and ran onwards to the next gate. After a few bounds she realised that this was probably not the best route to take. She squatted down, covering herself and then, keeping low, made her way to the edge of the field. At least the walls would proved partial cover. It was at this point that she noticed that there was nothing pulling at her shoulders any more. It slowly downed don her that she had, at some point, managed to misplace the backpack. Not that there was much in it, but she had thought that it would, at least, offer the possibility of clutching it to her and using it to cover her modesty to some extent. Now even this meagre protection was not available to her. More than that though, the key to the cottage was in it. She was very nearly there now, just two fields and one gate to negotiate. But it might as well be two oceans and two continents for all the help would be. She would have to hide up somewhere until Katy returned. Well, what else could she do. Jenny set of creeping from place to place until she got to the hamlet where the cottage was.

Fortunately, and rather surprisingly, she managed to get back to the cottage without further incident. Unfortunately, there was no cover near it. However, just a couple of doors down was a small building, called 'The Institute'. She had popped in when they arrived. I was a medium sized room, fitted out with tables and chairs, a kettle with tea coffee and biscuits and an honesty box. Very nice. And at present, very useful. So far she had never actually seen anyone use it. She ran towards the door, covering her breasts with one arm and cupping her bare pussy with the other. Running inside she stopped suddenly and held the pose -- the classic ENF. The reason she froze being that the Norfolk Rambling Association had decided to use this room as their rendezvous point. About a dozen or so people were gathered there resting. At the centre of the group stood two young men holding up a pair of jeans and a tattered blouse. Gary and Dave had been discussing what to do with their find. Jenny mad a grab for a table cloth for cover, and in doing so revealed her total nakedness to the entire group. "I'm so terribly sorry," she stuttered, backing out of the room. The table cloth was just enough to shield her pussy and breasts from the ensemble, but left her behind exposed entirely. As moved out of the door she hear a voice call her name.

"Jenny?" it was unmistakeable Katy's voice. Jenny spun around, exposing her naked rear to the ramblers. There was Jenny alright, accompanied by the friend she had gone to visit. "I brought Hannah back, she said she'd like to meet you and get to know you. I just didn't think she'd be getting to know you quite so intimately."

Jenny blushed and went to run past them. As she did so the table cloth caught on the door latch and tore away from her body. Jenny rushed up to the cottage door and tried the handle. Obviously locked still she once more tried to cover her most intimate parts with her hands. An arm brushed past her and unlocked the door.

"Let's get you inside," Katy muttered reassuringly. They all but fell into the room. Katy and Hannah smiled broadly and started to giggle. The giggle evolved into a laugh, the laugh into hysterics. Jenny felt relieved, but also somewhat excited now. The embarrassment had welled up into the most erotic feeling she had experienced since her last naked experience a few weeks back.

Katy stopped laughing and, smiling, looked Jenny in the eyes and started to unbutton her dress. "I wouldn't want you to feel uncomfortable any longer than necessary, Jenny," she said, with a gleam in her eye, "What say you, Hannah?".

Hannah looked at them both and, reaching for the hem of her top, pulled it up over her head, revealing a magnificent pair of breasts, nipples already stiffening. Katy was stepping out of her panties, Hannah dropped her skirt to reveal that she had no need to remove hers as she was not in fact wearing any, Hannah never wore underwear, knickers or bra. The three naked ladies fell onto the settee.

"Oh, before we continue, Jenny -- this is Hannah. Hannah -- Jenny," the last words uttered before mouths met, fingers touched and pussy lips were parted. It was going to be an amazing night.