**After Work**

by[Carible](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=5001939&page=submissions)©

On Saturday, I worked the opening shift at the Dollar Tree. 8 AM to 4 PM. Fluorescent lights, green polo shirt, emotionally draining interactions. Normally on a day like this I would leave tired. But today I left feeling energized, especially... below the belt, if you know what I mean. Some tall guy flirted with me around noon and left me fantasizing for the rest of the day. It's June and everybody's a bit sweaty. I haven't gotten any action in a while. By the end of my shift, I was really worked up.

I punched out at 4:01, grabbed my purse, and walked to the tiny bathroom in the back of the store. I like to check my hair and makeup in the mirror before I leave, even though I usually go straight home. Looking at my reflection, I thought I looked pretty cute. I definitely don't blame that guy for flirting. I turned my chest to the side to admire my figure. I lifted my shirt to flash my bra at the mirror. I was so hot and bothered that I wanted to take everything off right there.

Then there was a knock at the door. I pulled my shirt down and turned on the sink for two seconds to make it seem as if I was actually using the bathroom and not just checking myself out. When I walked out of the bathroom I averted my eyes from the old lady who had been waiting for me. I walked through the store and out the door feeling electrified. I got into my car, trying to think up a plan.

I could just go home and get myself off in my room, but I still live with my parents and brothers in a tiny house and I hated the thought that they could hear me. Maybe I could go to a parking lot somewhere secluded? I didn't like that idea. Someone could see me. Then I thought of the most secluded parking lot: The dirt parking lot of Ganton Lake State Forest, about two miles down the road. I could park there and go out into the woods to have my fun.

I started the ignition and started driving. On the way there, I had my left hand on my crotch, massaging myself gently through leggings. I slipped my hand under my panties. It felt so warm and good, and it distracted me from driving a little.

Finally, I reached my destination and pulled in. There were two cars parked there already but no one to be seen. I figured they were probably hiking or fishing somewhere, but the woods are big enough that it wouldn't be hard to avoid people. I pulled my hand out of my pants and parked. I slipped my purse over my shoulder and looked around before getting out of the car. I realized how odd it was for someone to go hiking in a work polo, but it didn't matter much.

I locked my car and looked at the big wooden sign with a map of the woods and its trails. I saw that if I walked about 500 feet down the main trail and cut off to the left I would get to an area with no trails nearby, where I would have relative privacy.

I set off walking, not wanting to run but wanting to get there faster. I glanced around to see if anyone was nearby. Seeing no one, I began to rub myself through my leggings. The weather was nice and the forest was actually quite beautiful. I could imagine someone hiking peacefully out here. What I was going to do was so perverted by comparison, and that made me even more excited.

I figured I was far enough from the parking lot to turn left into the woods. I had to push through some dense branches of short trees, but I eventually arrived at a more open area of tall trees. The forest floor was nicely shaded and the earth below my feet was soft.

I realized that I didn't just want to flick my bean and drive home. I wanted to be naked in the great outdoors, though I'd never done it before. I found a nice log and took a seat on it. Heart racing, I looked all around me several times to make sure the coast was clear.

I took off my purse and placed it on the ground next to me.

Then I took off my shoes and socks and put them down together neatly. I touched my toes to the dirt. A bird squawked from above. Maybe it had a foot fetish.

I looked all around again and finally pulled my shirt off. I was sticky from sweat, but the air felt clean and cool on my bare skin. I folded my shirt and placed it on top of my shoes.

It wouldn't be too bad to be seen in a bra. I've seen some daring women go for morning runs like this, although I never understood it.

I stood up and stretched my arms. I wanted to be naked so badly.

Hastily, I pulled off my leggings and dropped them. There I was, a woman in the woods in her underwear, horny as hell. I took a few steps around like this. I was nervous to keep going but excited as well.

With butterflies in my stomach, I took off my bra and then my panties and dropped them with my other clothes. I didn't realize how badly I had wanted this. I kicked each of my legs at the air. It felt like I was floating in the water even though I was standing on dry land.

My hands glided over my boobs and thighs, soaking in the smoothness of my own skin. I felt sexy.

Being naked in the woods, I felt like I was in a whole new world, but I didn't know what to do there. I paced around a bit. I walked a few trees away and turned back to the log with my clothes. I did the same in the other direction. I leaned against a tree to see how the bark felt on my skin. Rough but, surprisingly, quite nice.

As much as I was enjoying myself, I felt like a coward. Sure, I was naked, but there was an invisible tether keeping within a few paces of my clothes.

I wanted to venture further and be free. But I couldn't leave my purse out where it could be stolen. I stuck the pile of my purse and clothes behind the log and dropped some leaves on top until they were mostly hidden. I made sure the coast was clear again.

I started walking with a new level of excitement. My whole body tingled. Walking naked through the trees, I actually quivered once with arousal. I walked up over a small hill and was rewarded with a beautiful grassy clearing. Still no one in sight and I wasn't far from my clothes.

I walked out into the clearing and felt the grass beneath my feet. A squirrel skittered up a tree and stopped to look at me. Maybe it was enjoying the show. But when I started to caress my inner thigh it skittered away.

I was starting to feel like a pro at this. I strolled further, occasionally brushing a tree or a shrub with my hand or my hip. It felt good. A crisp breeze came whistling through the trees and I opened my legs so it could hit every part of me.

Eventually I reached a part of the woods where the ground was covered in moss. I stepped onto the moss. About an inch tall and so soft. I crouched down to all fours and then laid down on my back. I moved my finger to my privates and started to play around.

I imagined that tall guy from work. Him picking me up off the ground and kissing me. I spread my legs and bent my knees for better access to my clit. I kept thinking about that stranger and I got into a good rhythm, letting wave after wave of heat burn through me. I slowed down and sped back up, wanting to take my time, but too eager to do so.

As my sensations rose, I rubbed my bottom around against the moss and all those little stems felt like the nicest soft, damp towel on my skin. The sweat dripping from my nose prompted me to close my eyes. I felt like I was in another world. I grabbed the moss with my freehand as I climaxed and slowed my fingering to a stop.

If anybody spotted me now, it'd be a strange sight. A sweat-drenched, butt-naked woman lying in the moss with her chest heaving and hair in a tangle.

I stayed there for a bit, looking at the treetops and the clouds, but realized that I had to get going soon to be home at a reasonable time.

I headed back the way I came, oddly feeling a little less brave. I covered my boobs and my crotch with my arms as I walked. I didn't remember every detail of what I had walked through before, but everything looked sort of familiar.

I encountered a huge boulder. I would have remembered this if I had passed it before, but I didn't. So that meant I must have veered off too far to the left or the right. I figured I probably veered off the the right, so I turned left and continued walking.

I came to a grassy clearing. Probably the same one from before? I crossed a small hill, which I remember doing, and reached an area that looks like where I had left my clothes.

I scanned around for the log that had my clothes behind it, but I didn't see it here. I decided not to panic and instead to look methodically. I chose a point to start from and walked around in circles, taking myself farther from the middle each time.

By the time I was on the fifth or sixth circle and still saw no sign of my clothes, I started to worry. What would I do if I couldn't find them? And, oh my God! How could I get home without my car keys? Without my phone, I couldn't even call for some kind of help. I tried to push these thoughts away but I still couldn't find that log!

I must have been looking for half an hour-- maybe longer-- and I was on the verge of crying. I had found two logs that looked like the one I was looking for, but neither of them had my clothes or keys. "What do I do? What do I do?" I kept silently asking myself.

I decided to try to get back in my car and, well, see what I could think of from there. I wasn't sure if I had locked it. I was all turned around, but I listened for the sounds of the road. I heard a distant car passing and started sneaking in that direction. I knew I looked ridiculous, not only naked but also covered in bits of moss and dirt on my back and my ass.

Then I heard tires moving over gravel. I looked in the direction of the sound and I could see what must be the parking lot in the distance, past a lot of trees. I squinted at the reflections coming off the moving car. They seemed to be backing out of the parking lot and driving away. Good. One less person that could catch me in my current state.

A couple of minutes later, I carefully emerged from the pines into the parking lot. I looked around. Just my car and some pickup truck, with no signs of life.

Crouching, I snuck over to my car and pulled on the door handle. Locked. Fuck! I tried the other doors, even though I knew they'd all be locked too.

... Would it be crazy to break through a window? But I didn't have the keys anyway.

Weirdly, as I tried to think of a plan, I get more comfortable with my nudity. I stood up straight and look around for something that can help me. Maybe I had no choice but to ask someone else for help. I hated the thought that someone would see me like this, especially a stranger, who could have bad intentions. But the alternative would be what? Running through woods and roads for miles, cutting across my neighbors properties and knocking on my family's door butt naked?

Whoever shows up in this parking lot, I decided I would ask them for help. It'll probably be whoever drives that pickup truck.

So then I waited. And waited... My hand crept down to my inner thigh. I figured, while I'm waiting, I might as well enjoy myself a little, right? I started to lightly massage my genitals but stopped when I heard footsteps. Someone coming down the path.

I crouched behind my car, with my eyes just barely peeking out. A tall man with a backpack walked into the parking lot from the woods. A handsome man. He looked familiar. Shit. He looked like the guy who had been flirting with me at work. He's the one that got me all riled up to do this. My heart raced, from embarrassment perhaps.

He moseyed over to the pickup truck, opened the passenger side, and threw his backpack in. He shut the passenger door and walked around to the driver side. I almost didn't say anything.

"Help!" I squealed. His head shot up like a deer's. I was watching him through the windows of my car, crouched low. His eyes darted around, concerned and alert. "Help!" I said again.

"Hello?" he called, walking closer to me as I watched.

"Yes, I need help. Please don't come any closer!" I shouted when he was about fifteen feet from my car. He stopped dead in his tracks. I didn't know what to say.

"... Whaddya need?" he asked, serious.

I made up an explanation, which, for all he knew, might have been true. "Some- Some pervert stole my clothes... and also my car keys. I'm stuck here."

Without skipping a beat, the guy stripped off his shirt and threw it over the car to me. "Put these on," he said. I was putting his shirt on when his jeans fell on my head. I put those on too, but they were way too big for me. The clothes were a little bit musty, but I can't blame him because I'm sure he didn't expect this situation.

I regained my composure and emerged from behind the car, holding the jeans up with both hands. He was standing in his boxers, with a nice physique.

"Um, thank you," I spat out. "Thi- I-"

"It's no trouble, miss," he said, a gentleman. "I have a phone if you need to call anyone. Or I can give you a lift." I had really lucked out.

"Thank you. I would like to call someone, if you don't mind."

"Of course not." He patted his hip and remembered he was pantsless. "Oh. Well, I guess you have my phone," he said, pointing at the pocket of his pants, chuckling.

"Oh." I laughed slightly and grabbed his phone. I called up my family's house but, thankfully, no one answered. I left a message saying I might be home late but I'm okay and y'all can have dinner without me. I hung up and awkwardly walked the cellphone over to the guy. "Just calling the folks," I said.

"I see. Thank you," he said, as he grabbed the phone and tried to figure out where to put it. He settled to just hold it.

We stood awkwardly for a couple of seconds. I may have glanced at his body. He had powerful shoulders, pecs, a light smattering of chest hair with that narrow little trail that led into his boxers.

He broke the silence. "So... I can give you a ride? Or if you want someone to stay here with you then, you know, I'll hang around as long as you like."

I really didn't really know what I wanted. Well, I wanted him if I'm being honest, but other than that. "Umm, a ride would be nice."

"Alright. Hop in," he said, walking to his truck. Seeing his shoulder blades and all his different back muscles loosen and tighten as he walked absolutely did something for me. And his boxers were loose but couldn't hide the roundness of his butt.

I climbed into the passenger side of the truck as he got behind the wheel and started the ignition. He didn't have supermodel abs but they became more obvious when he leaned forward because the muscles squeezed together.

"So where am I taking you?"

"Oh," I said. "I actually- Could you just, like, drive around a bit? I just didn't wanna stay in the parking lot."

"Okay. Fair enough," he said, backing out and heading onto the road. "Would you mind if I stopped back at my house? I could fix you up with some water that way. Water's important in this weather."

"That sounds great. Thank you..."

While he was focused on the road, I took another once-over of his body. Still good. I looked at his face. Strong jaw, slight stubble. Messy, short hair. Beautiful eyes.

He looked at me and I looked away, a bit too quickly. I could feel his eyes on me for a few seconds before he spoke. "Hey, I- Do- Do you work at that dollar store a ways down the road?"

"Umm, yeah. I do," I said, looking back at him.

He smiled with the prettiest teeth in the world. "I saw you today, didn't I."

"Hmm, maybe?" I said, knowing full well he did. "I see a lot of customers in a day."

"Right. I think I've seen you a couple of times. My name is Travis by the way." Not a very sexy name, in my opinion, but his appearance and demeanor more than make up for it.

I almost wanted to stay anonymous, given the situation. "I'm... Nora," I said quietly.

"Nora. That's a beautiful name. So, how long have you been working at the Dollar Tree?"

"Uhh, about four years?"

"Do you like it?" he asked.

I laughed a little. What a ridiculous question. "Not really, but it helps keep the bills paid."

"I understand that."

"I don't think you're from around here," I said.

"Well, I'm from the county. But, yeah, I moved here a few months ago for work."

"What do you do?"

"Carpet cleaning. My boss is expanding the business, hiring more employees, so he offered me higher pay to move out here," he said.

I'm not that big on small talk, but I realized the reason he started it was to help get rid of the awkwardness and get my mind off of my embarrassment. It was working and I appreciated it.

We kept up the small talk as my mind swirled into fantasizing about pulling his boxers down and straddling his cock.

"Is it hard to keep in touch with your girlfriend now that you moved?" I asked.

"Ah, no," he said, chuckling slightly. "No, I'm single."

"Oh. Me too..." The tension was so thick you could cut it with a knife.

"... Here we are," he said, as we pulled up to a single-wide trailer with a carpet cleaning van parked on the side.

Travis stopped the car, grabbed his backpack, and hopped out. I followed him to the door.

"You look silly walking up to your front door in your underwear," I said.

He looked me up and down. "You look silly in men's clothing."

We smiled at each other and he let me into his house. The inside looked lived-in, but nicer and neater than I expected.

"I'll get you some water," he said, walking toward the kitchen.

I stopped him by grabbing the waistband of his boxers, which also gave me a glimpse of the top of his ass. "Wait," I said. "You got any beer?"

He smiled. "Yeah, sure." He grabbed two beers from his fridge, opened them, and joined me on the sofa.

"Thank you," I said, touching his forearm and taking a drink. He took a sip of his too. "I gotta say I really appreciate you helping me. Not many men have the decency you have these days."

He looked down at the floor, very serious, a bit sad. "... Nora," he said, "I'm so sorry."

"It's not all that bad. Just glad you could help."

"No," he said. "I'm sorry. I- I have to come clean." He grabbed his backpack and unzipped it. Then he reached inside and pulled out... my clothes? And he dropped them on the sofa next to me.

"... What?" I said, baffled.

"I saw the clothes in the woods and I figured someone must have lost them somehow? I was confused by it. I circled back around half an hour later and they were still there. I thought, God forbid, maybe something terrible has happened, so I was gonna bring the clothes in to the police. I swear I didn't know you were in the woods in the state that you were."

"Why didn't you give them to me when you saw me?!"

"I should have and I am so sorry, from the bottom of my heart. You said a pervert took your clothes and I just felt so bad. I didn't know how to tell you. I- I'm just so sorry."

I looked into his eyes. They were so deep. I could tell he was being sincere. That much was obvious. I couldn't believe that I wasn't mad at him. The longer I looked into his eyes, the more sadness and honesty I could see. Maybe I wasn't mad at him because of the other thing I was feeling. The feeling I had been feeling since I first met him was growing in me until it was a gaping pit of silent, gushing desire.

"I can give you a ride back to your car now. I feel terrible. If there's anything I can do for you, let me know. Anything, really." he said.

"No, no," I said. "It's alright... I mean, it's not alright, but I'm not mad at you. It was a mistake." His eyes were still serious. He obviously wasn't the type of guy who just wants to have fun with you. He was better than that. "You couldn't have known why there was clothes on the ground... Are you curious?"

"Why you were naked? I suppose so, yes."

I figured now was the time for honesty. "Well, after I met you on my shift today... it turned me on. You're a hot guy. I haven't seen any action in a while and... I wanted to go somewhere secluded to get myself off."

He kept a calm demeanor in his face, but I knew how he felt because I saw the tent starting to get pitched in his boxer.

"So you did remember me," he said.

"I definitely fucking remembered you," I said. "... I'm not happy that you took my clothes though. Maybe we should make it even."

"What do you mean?"

"Stand up," I said. He did as I asked. I gazed at his large, toned thighs and grabbed the elastic of his boxers. When I pulled them down, his sizable penis popped up, half erect. He seemed surprised for a second, but quickly pulled the boxers down the rest of the way and off his feet.

"Fair enough," he said, his polite demeanor betrayed by his growing erection. "Is there anything else I can do for you?"

I was just horny. And the only solution was to be bold. I stood up, face to face with him and gently stroked the underside of his cock. I walked around him, taking my time to examine his back, his ass, his legs. I was face to face with him again. "Fuck me?" I said.

He looked me in the eye. "Is it alright if I go a little rough?" he asked, his voice gravely. That got me so wet.

I nodded, and he pulled the shirt off me. Then down came my pants and we were both naked.

We started to passionately kiss as he lowered me onto the couch, and pressed his throbbing penis on my thigh. I reached around him to feel his butt. Firm as I had imagined.

As much as I was enjoying making out, I desperately wanted him in me. I started stroking his penis with one hand and playing with my clit with the other.

Our kiss started breaking up as we both join in humping motions, before he's penetrated me. I grabbed his penis and scooted myself into position, careful not to slip right off his couch with my sweaty butt.

I carefully guided his penis into my vagina. It felt almost hot and filled every inch of me. I spread my legs wide and we slowly got into a rhythm.

He started thrusting harder. He was strong. With each thrust was an immediate jolt of pressure, then pleasure, and each time he slid his dick back, partially exiting me for part of a second, I longed for the next thrust.

He grabbed me by my sides, pulling upward slightly in a way that arched my back. That allowed his dick to enter me at a different angle. It was like he was scratching an itch, quenching a thirst, satiating a hunger that had been growing inside me for so long. It made me moan.

I opened my eyes and made eye contact with him. His face had what I can only describe as a look of deep lust and satisfaction, and it reflected perfectly how I felt.

I wrapped my legs around his butt and he wrapped one arm around my back and one behind my head, leaning forward so his mouth was on my forehead. It was like we were tied in a knot, both wrapped up in each other's safety and passion.

He said he would go a little rough. It was forceful, but actually very tender, more than any sex I'd had before. He reached his head down to bite the skin of my neck. It was a small twinge of pain which I could barely feel next to the explosion of pleasure down below.

My whole body had been filling up joy until there was room for no more, and it overflowed, the climax spilling over me and cascading through my veins into every finger and toe.

I wailed. I grabbed his arm. I grabbed a piece of the couch. I squeezed my fingers because there was too much energy inside of me and I had to put it somewhere. He kept pounding away, doing the work for me during my joyous tremor.

He pulled his penis out of me, which at a time like this was the rudest thing he could do. I need him in me. He gave my stomach a playful slap with his dick, which was actually quite a magnificent specimen.

Then he grabbed me and turned me over. He started doing me doggy style and my orgasm continued. It almost felt like an eternity in that moment until I felt the hot burst of his semen inside of me. He finally joined me in moaning, although his moan was much deeper.

He kept fucking me for a few more seconds as he slowed down and let his orgasm finish. I was in awe of what he had done. He slid his dick out of me and gently rubbed the tip of it around my ass.

I collapsed into the fetal position on the couch and he reclined next to me. We were both still breathing heavily. He leaned over and kissed my ass.

Well, we eventually both recovered. He let me take a shower at his place and made me dinner. Funny meeting someone, fucking them, and then having dinner together in that order. It was pleasant though and oh so comfortable.

Later he brought me back to my car and I was sure to get his number. I sensed it might be the start of something exciting.