**Cedar Hill Cheerleaders Ch. 14**

It was a dark and stormy night. Suddenly a bolt of lightning struck the tallest cedar tree on the nearby ridge, setting it alight; the associated thunder rumbled around the ridge and echoed of the distant mountains. The flames quickly spread from tree to tree, fanned by the warm wind heated in the sandy desert to the north, from whence it came...

Well; actually, the sun was about to set on a fine summer's day; a few soft white clouds drifted above the near side of the mountains to the west, as a gentle breeze wafted up the creek below.

Amidst the dense forest of cedar trees, not too distant from the town of Cedar Hill, Hanson Road passed over a very picturesque bridge. It was a suspension bridge with twin ornate sandstone towers atop the pylons at either end. Each end looked very much like the draw-bridge entrance to some grand castle. In the shallow ravine below was Flat Rock Creek, beside which there was a crescent shaped sandy area where the creek curved to the south. As there had been heavy rain the week before, there was sufficient water to make pleasant gurgling noises as it cascaded over and around the smooth rocks.

In the distance, an owl's deep call reverberated; was he proclaiming his territory; calling for a mate; or, was his call an omen foretelling some misfortune to cum.

A few crickets strummed loudly nearby.

Seated around a small camp fire beside the creek, was a group of five nerdy guys. There was nothing remarkable about any of these guys; they were neither very tall or very short; nor were they extremely fat or skinny; they were just the type that went unnoticed in any crowd. They were:

Jamie Taylor; who normally spent his Saturday afternoons at the Cedar Hill high school editing videos of the latest high school sporting fixture. It was on one such Saturday that he caught the very desirable cheerleader, Chantelle Spiros walking nude in the corridor of the high school. Since then he had encouraged her extrovert desire to be naked and have sex in public places.

Greg Arden; he was one of the Audio/Video geeks at Cedar Hill high school and a class-mate of Jamie. He played tennis on Saturday afternoons, and usually stopped by the local Wal-Mart to buy something as an excuse to see Skye McDougal. He had dated her ever since he accidently walked in on her in the Wal-Mart store's unisex toilet. He and Jamie were the only guys to have ever seen her huge pussy lips, which she called her 'curtains'. Her labia minora were at least 3 inches long when hanging free, rather than being tucked into her cunt.

Andy Meadows; he was a class-mate of Jamie and Greg. He was not quite as bright as Jamie, who he often consulted when doing his homework. He had felt rather lonely ever since Jamie and then Greg had found their kindred spirits. However, he was much happier since becoming involved with his widowed aunt Lorrie, who had moved in with him, his sister Arleen, and their mother. Lorrie was about Andy's age, or maybe a year older at most. She must have spent sufficient time at the gym, or at least exercising at home, to keep away any excess fat and leave the muscles on her arms and legs well defined. She was a brunette with large brown eyes, and she used her beauty to seduce Andy, not that he minded.

Michael (Mike) Yorke had a roundish baby face, and sometimes he secretly wore girls' underwear. A little over a month before, a lesbian friend had suggested he grow a beard to make him look less childish, and so it would tickle her whenever he kissed her pussy. His beard had grown well, and was now soft and silky.

The other nerd was Dinesh (Saju) Sharma. The nickname Saju was given to Dinesh by his parents, but his best friends call him that as well. Very little else was known about him, except that he was doing the same audio/video course at Cedar Hill high school as the other four, with whom he normally had lunch in the school cafeteria.

None of them could remember whose idea it was to go on this picnic, or who choose the location, but there they were. This location had a happy and slightly erotic aura about it. It was very popular for family picnics on weekends, and often used by lovers in the evening; as such most of the guys had been there before. For example, Jamie had made love there with Chantelle one Saturday evening; and Dinesh, with his family and friends, had spent more than one afternoon building sand castles by the creek.

The guys had lunched on the finest of American cuisine; cans of baked-beans and cups of coffee for the main course, and roasted marshmallows as dessert.

The topics of conversation for a group of guys were, as usual: cars; girls; sex; cars; and, being the nerds that they were, the latest school assignment.

After some discussion about their audio/video homework; Michael brought the conversation full circle with this question, "Have you seen how many fully-electric cars are available now?"

"Yeah; even the school gardener has one," replied Dinesh.

Greg added, "Would you believe it's a Jaguar, what's more?"

"Why not!" Michael was quick to say, "When he bought it, the Jag was almost the same price as the original Tesla. Given that, I know which one I would buy."

"Yeah; but there are now some new makes that are much cheaper; for example, the Hyundai Ioniq and the Nissan Lea..."

"BRRRRRRRRRAP!"

Just then, one of the boys was the first to pass wind. None confessed to being the culprit, but it did lead to a change in the topic of conversation.

Jamie noted, "It's obvious that our lunch is about to make itself known; just like in the movie 'Blazing Saddles', eh?"

Air leaving the nose is breathing; leaving the mouth is talking; but any wind escaping from the other end is normally embarrassing; this is called flatulence, or in the vernacular, a fart.

Jamie suggested, "How about we have a farting contest?"

"What will determine the winner; will it be the loudest; the smelliest; or the one who farts the most?" Mark enquired.

Jamie added, "I've heard that farts can burn; this is due to the presence of the hydrogen and methane they contain. So, perhaps the winner should be the one who creates the biggest flame."

Mark thought out loud, "Couldn't that be dangerous? Won't your bum cheeks get burnt?"

"Yeah. Um; I guess it might be a good idea to keep your underpants on. But how will we light the fart?"

"How about we just lean over close to the remains of our fire."

To ensure greater conflagrations would be achieved, they dined on the remaining baked beans. It was just on dusk.

And so, with their trousers removed ready, the contest began.

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Miss Janette (Jan) Prentice and Miss Frances Emilia Lambert were on an overseas holiday from Australia. They were staying in back-packer hostels and driving themselves between places of interest in America. Their hire-car was a small white sedan with a retractable sun-roof.

They were enjoying a gap year, after which they both intended to enrol in an education degree in Sydney.

Janette was a plain girl-next-door type. She was a full red-head; that is, her hair was the colour of brightly-polished copper and she had a red-heads characteristic freckles across her nose and on each cheek; her eyes were a healthy captivating green. She had small pout breasts, just big enough to complement her trim but otherwise curvaceous body. The muscles in her long legs were enhanced by her fine ankles and slight knees.

Her companion was normally known by her second Christian name, Emilia; however, her friends just called her Emmy or Em. She had a similar build to Jan, but she was a honey blond with peaches-and-cream complexion, a cheeky precocious face, and bright blue eyes. She wore graduated glasses which she only really needed for reading; she felt they gave her an appealing educated air and hid her true nature; that of a nymphomaniac.

Emmy was the driver as they left Miami early that morning. They travelled north on highway i75 until they reached the Everglades. Here they stopped to enjoy a one-hour Everglades adventure.

As soon as all the adventurers were seated in the airboats, each driver announced, "Please put on the seat-belt provided; we don't want to lose anyone in these alligator infested waters, do we?"

Airboats are flat bottomed vessels that are propelled by a giant fan above the rear of the boat. They are a very popular means of transportation in marshy and/or shallow areas where a standard inboard or outboard engine with a submerged propeller would be impractical.

The girls both considered the Everglades airboat ride exhilarating; especially gliding sideways into the tight corners of the open canals. Skimming through the low sawgrass was also an experience, although at a slower speed.

There were two airboats, each carrying six passengers, that went out together; so Jan was able to use her inexpensive compact camera to capture a few action shots of the other airboat.

They didn't consider the alligator wrestling, that followed the ride, as fascinating, since they had seen plenty of videos of Steve Irwin catching the much bigger salt-water crocodiles in Australia.

Jan was the driver as they left the Everglades heading west.

They lunched in Tampa, then our intrepid pair joined a three-hour manatee and dolphin tour of Tampa Bay.

As the last of the passengers came aboard and sat down, a tall lanky sun-tanned guy in a navy-blue t-shirt and blue jeans made the following announcement; "Hello, I'm Joe, and up there," pointing to a heavy-set middle-aged man in the small raised cabin, "is your skipper, Jack."

At this point Jack took over the introduction, "Firstly; would you all watch your 'stewardess' Joe as he demonstrates how to put on a life-vest."

Joe forced a smile at the reference to his duty as the 'stewardess'; he had heard the same reference on ever tour, and didn't think it funny anymore. He did however demonstrate placing a life-vest over his head and tying the straps about his waist.

Jack continued, "Now could you all put on your life vest; it's located under your seat. Thank you."

Joe and the skipper observed the passengers making sure they all fitted their vest correctly.

"Right folks; now let's go and see some of the hundreds of manatees that live here in the Bay. We'll go where they feed in the shallows, so you can see them feed as well as watch them as they breathe on the surface... Joe! cast off please!"

With all of the preliminaries completed, the skipper manoeuvred the boat out into the bay.

They approached the manatees' feeding ground from the windward. Then the skipper allowed the wind to push the boat slowly over the manatees. There were a large number of manatees feeding on the various sea-grasses in these shallows. They were easily observed feeding below, and there was nearly always one or more on the surface breathing at any one time.

There was great excitement when one manatee came to the surface only a couple of feet up-wind of the boat; this excitement soon vanished however, when the manatee's breath wafted over the tourists; it smelt like an unholy mingling of fart and cow-dung.

They drifted over them for just over half-hour before the two-way radio crackled;

"Spotter bird 1 to Watch boat 3; are you receiving? Over."

"Watch boat 3 receiving you loud and clear, over."

"Dolphin pod feeding 5 miles south-west of your current position, over."

"Thanks; watch boat 3 over and out."

Then, using the PA, skipper Jack announced, "Sorry folks, but it's time to leave the manatees and catch the dolphin while they are still feeding."

The skipper immediately started the engine and slowly at first, so as not to hit any manatee, headed south-west toward the feeding dolphin.

Soon they were able to see the helicopter, Spotter bird 1 hovering high above.

The skipper cut the engine and again allowed the wind to push their boat slowly amongst the feeding dolphin.

The tourists, including Jan and Emmy, hung over all sides of the boat recording each and every dolphin that swam within sight. The atmosphere aboard the boat was truly electric, with continual shouts of "Look here!" "Did you see that?" "Gee, they're all around us!" "Hey mum; I actually saw that dolphin catch a fish!"

With her camera, Jan mostly took still photos, but sometimes she tried to capture the action. She was especially pleased when she actually managed to record a dolphin leaping completely clear of the water.

When their allocated time was up, they returned to the dock, much to the disappointment of all aboard.

Emmy took her turn at driving as they left Tampa in the middle of the afternoon. They re-joined highway i75, and headed north.

Once they had left the city and suburbs, Jan was intrigued, almost hypnotised by the look of the various fields they passed. She used her camera to photograph the patchwork of colours; sometimes blocks of newly sown brown or black soil, or squares of orange stubble; other times there were different fertile crops; green; olive; and even great swathes of yellow flowers.

However, Emmy found driving along the frequent long straight stretches extremely boring, and sought to entertain herself. She put her left hand onto her right breast and massaged her nipple through her dress.

Soon her hand slipped under to increase the pleasure. This pushed the shoulder strap down her arm, allowing the side of her dress to fall; thus revealing that she wore no bra. Her firm breast was completely exposed; its nipple stood out, erect.

Emmy moistened her index finger and second finger before returning them to her nipple. She thought, 'Oh yeah, that's much better.'

Her eyes concentrated on the road in front and the lanes either side; however, occasionally they flickered to the rear-view mirror to see if any traffic was approaching. At that time, the traffic was light on their side of the motorway, and at the speed she was travelling, normally they neither passed anyone nor were they overtaken by any other vehicles.

Jan complained, "Damn! Just as I pressed the shutter a couple of trees got in the way." She concentrated on holding her camera still as she tried again.

As Emmy's arousal increased, and the novelty of what she was doing faded; her boldness increased. She pulled her dress up until all of her thighs and her bald pussy were exposed; she never used panty. She sucked her index finger, before sending it down to find her clit and rub quickly around it.

She selected cruise control so that she could spread her legs further.

On the extremely rare occasion that a car did over-take them, Emmy thought, 'Did the driver or passengers look this way? If so, they must have surely seen her exposed breast. Did they notice; or even care?' The prospect of being seen gave her a wash of excitement and increased her arousal.

Emmy spread the wetness from her cunt up and down her slit, and especially over her clit, which had emerged from under its hood; it was swollen, smooth and very sensitive.

Again, she sought an extra edge to her sexual fantasy. The highway was so straight that she was able to briefly let go of the steering wheel. The first time she did this, it was just as a test. Later, she let go long enough to lift her dress up and over her head; this left her completely nude.

Jan protested, "Bugger! It happened again. I tried to take a picture of that field of lovely flowers, but just as I pressed the shutter another bloody tree got in the flaming way."

As a 4-wheel drive came along-side, a boy passenger, about 12 years old, obviously saw every part of Emmy's nudity. She nearly exploded with excitement during this reveal.

Again Jan protested, "Now there's a damn car in the way!" But she continued to look that way, ready to try again as soon as the car moved on.

Emmy watched the boy's reaction as her fingers reached deep within her cunt, leaving her thumb to rub her clit. When she brought those fingers up to her mouth, she saw the boy's smile change; he screwed up his face and unconsciously mouthed, 'Err, yuck'; but he continued staring until their car was completely out of sight.

"Well about time!" Jan exclaimed. "Great; I finally managed to get a good picture of those flowers."

Emmy wasn't really listening to Jan; she was too absorbed fingering herself. She had found that it was definitely electrifying and super exhilarating to masturbate while driving nude. She was definitely excited doing it, however she remained mindful of the need to keep control of the car.

Whenever the sun shone through the driver's side window it lit her groin and pussy, as if the target of a spotlight; the warmth quickened her heart-rate.

When Emmy turned on her vibe, it attracted Jan's attention.

"Damn it Em! Where's your dress?"

Emmy grinned like a child caught with their hand in the cookie jar; she turned her head and used her eyes to point toward the back seat.

Despite Jan's protests, Emmy remained nude and used the vibe to add to her excitement.

Jan considered recording a video of Em's wickedness, but she was worried that it could prove to be embarrassing evidence, should Em be caught.

Then they passed an empty semi-trailer truck that was travelling slightly slower in the lane on their right; 'Could the driver, looking down through the sun-roof, see more than just her legs? Was there sufficient time for him to make out the vibe between her naked thighs?' These thoughts made Emmy grin nervously. 'What would happen if he phoned the police?' She was already beyond the point of worrying about such a possibility.

Emmy's orgasm approached and she began to breathe heavily, her mouth open and her nose dilated. "Ooh; haa; ooh; haa."

Jan became truly scared and felt they would surely crash; so, she insisted that Em pull over and allow her to drive; but she was too late.

"Ooh; haa... UMmmm."

Emmy had a short powerful orgasm, more frantic than normal; explosive; having a real punch; her whole body stiffened as her pussy contracted violently around the vibe; her entire body was awash with waves of pleasure. She actually did close her eyes briefly.

Their car drifted about in the lane, but not dangerously; thankfully.

Emmy was woozy for a minute. As soon as she recovered, they stopped; and she reluctantly put her dress back on.

Emmy handed the driving over to Jan.

They had barely re-joined the motorway, when Jan noticed a police car in the rear-view mirror. It approached steadily. As it passed on the left, the passenger, a police woman, looked them over thoroughly, as if she suspected something.

"Do you think someone dobbed us in?" Jan asked.

"Geez, I dun know. Guess it's a good thing you made me put on my dress, eh?"

"Ah ha!"

Soon after, they left the highway, and followed the designated tourist drive to Cedar Hill lookout.

You would have thought that Emmy was satisfied by her earlier antics; but no. She continued to quietly finger her clit under her dress, as she imagined having her clit sucked by a nude young guy on the stage in a theatre full of cheering, shouting and whistling men.

"Em look! There's a mob of deer grazing in the clearing." Jan's shout distracted Emmy from her fantasising; but, by the time she opened her eyes, they had already passed the clearing.

As they approached the bridge that crossed Flat Rock Creek, the sunset was so magnificent, that Jan parked just before the bridge.

They walked out onto the bridge, hesitating only to take selfies with the impressive sandstone towers in the background.

They stood there in complete silence, looking up at the beautifully coloured sky. A few crickets chirped nearby, as Jan tried to capture the amazing sight of the brilliant yellow clouds fading through cooler oranges before only the western edge of each was left a dark red. At one stage the cedars even appeared an iridescent green.

Gradually they became aware of a rattling noise in the distance. As it grew louder, they recognised the sound as that of an empty truck. In no time at all, the semi-trailer appeared, and tooted his horn briefly as he sped across the bridge. The bridge bounce slightly.

The truck was followed by a swirling cloud of fine dust.

Jan wondered, 'Was that the same truck they had not long before passed on the highway? It certainly looked the same. Was that a toot of recognition; or was it a warning as the bridge was rather narrow?'

The truck had barely disappeared between the cedars, when its noise was swallowed by a deeper, heavy sound. This turned out to be another semi-trailer; however, this one carried a full load of huge timber logs. This truck caused a scary, violent bouncing of the bridge as it passed. Both girls grabbed onto the handrail firmly.

Emmy looked worried, "Bloody hell! I'm not sure it's safe for us to stay here."

The crickets did not resume their chorus immediately after that truck melted into the distant forest.

"Did you hear that?" Jan asked, as she looked down toward the faintest of noises.

"What?"

Wafting up from the creek below was a sound of voices just audible above the chorus of frogs that hid amongst the rushes.

"I thought I heard voices." Jan pointed down toward a small flickering glow beside the creek, "Down there, look!"

Emmy put her hand to her ear as she peered into the valley below, "Oh, yeah; I hear it."

The sky was now sufficiently dark for the first stars to appear.

Suddenly the darkness was vanquished by the row of lights that were positioned along the western side of the bridge.

The hoot of a distant owl was again heard. Was this a bad omen? If it was, the girls had not noticed.

Shielding their eyes with their hands, they both peered down into the darkening valley; soon there was a flash of fire; this was immediately followed by a chorus of loud laughter.

"Strewth! What was that?" Jan exclaimed.

"I don't know; but I game to go and investigate; what d'ya say?"

Emmy didn't wait for an answer, but grabbed Jan's hand and pulled her across the bridge toward the trail that led downward. The trail was well defined and easy to follow, due to its frequent use.

When they neared the trail's end, they could barely make out the five semi-naked guys who stood around a small camp fire. Their white under-pants were the most visible things against the darkness of the river and the cedars beyond.

One figure bent over with his behind close to the fire; "PFRRRRRRTT"; a flash of flame suddenly issued forth.

"Watch where you're facing, will you." Jamie protested, "You nearly lit our clothes."

"Holy shit!" Emmy shouted loud enough to be heard over Jamie's complaint.

"Who's there?" A voice demanded.

Emmy stepped out of the shadows onto the sand as she spoke. "Sorry guys; I was up on the bridge when I heard your shouting and laughing, and I just came down to investigate."

"Really; and who are you?"

"I'm Emmy Lambert. I'm an Aussie chick here on holidays."

"So now you've seen what all the noise is about, eh?"

"Ah ha; do you think I could try that?"

"You mean lighting a fart?"

"Yeah, what else? I had eggs for breakfast, so I think I can probably manage a fart or two."

"Well you'll have to take off that dress, won't you? Otherwise it might catch fire."

Emmy did a rather professional looking strip-tease in which she pretended to be reluctant to remove her dress.

First, she played with the hem; pulling it up, but not quite enough to show her groin, then quickly dropped it; her head bent low and biting her lower lip. She repeated this a couple of times, until she did expose her bald pussy, but not long enough for the boys to be sure what they saw in the flicking light of the fire.

Continuing to feign an unwillingness, she lowered her left shoulder strap enough to reveal all but the nipple of her pert left breast. She still wore no bra.

She placed her right arm across her breasts, and after a pause pushed her right shoulder strap down. Now both breasts became completely exposed except for her nipples which remained hidden behind her arm and hand.

Emmy pretended to be startled by a small explosion in the fire; "Blood hell!" She recoiled back, her arms dropped, and her dress fell down around her ankles.

Quickly she put her hands in front of her bald pussy; but gradually she let the pretence drop, along with her hands. Her nudity was made even more erotic by the fact that she still wore her glasses and her Roman-style sandals.

Emmy swayed slowly, inviting their stares; she was a most exotic sight; made more so by the camp fire's flickering light, that danced all over her nudity. The love juices produced earlier in the car, glistened on her now completely visible bald pussy lips.

James ruined the atmosphere when he stated the obvious, "You shouldn't have taken off your panties. You'll need them to protect your bare arse if you light a fart."

"But I didn't take them off. I don't wear any."

James was amazed, "What! Never?"

"Yeah; never."

"Well you need to wear something to protect yourself."

Emmy begged Dinesh, as he was the closest, "Hey you; lend me your underdaks, will you?"

The sight of Emmy's nudity and her brazenness, ensured that all of the boys were sporting erections at this stage. Their rigid dicks pressed hard against their undies; each like a tent post holding up a small tent.

Dinesh being a bit of an introvert, hesitated.

Jeered on by the others; he final pulled his undies down and off; leaving his rigid cock free to stand proudly pointing at the moon, though partly hidden behind his left hand.

He offered his undies to Emmy in an outstretched right hand; his head bowed low in embarrassment. She took his undies in her left hand as she reached for his cock with her right.

Dinesh didn't know what to do; he had never been attacked by a girl before, especially such a sexy one at that.

Emmy played with Dinesh's cock; she squeezed the shaft before gently stroking its length. Even if it was already at maximum extension, his penis very soon became even harder; and definitely painful. He couldn't believe what was happening; he felt he must have died and gone to heaven.

She discarded his undies, and guided his hand onto her pussy. As he timidly explored her pussy, she lent forward and kissed him; her tongue licked his lips. Dinesh thought, 'This was surely heaven.'

"Way to go Saju!" one of the guys shouted. The others cheered.

Emmy stood on her toes and moved her hips close enough to place Dinesh's throbbing cock between her legs. Slowly she lowered herself down onto his eager ramrod; he sighed as he entered her warm wetness, "OH, shit; ooh."

Emmy began to force her steamy cunt up and down his rigid cock. He felt it being sucked; sucked hard by her massaging pussy.

Unbeknown to his friends, Dinesh had enjoyed very few sexual experiences, and he was unable to delay his ejaculation beyond a few strokes inside Emmy all-embracing cavern. He sprayed years of frustration deep within her; coating her cervix with loads of sticky thick cum.

"OH, gawd no! Don't pull out! Shit; I haven't cum yet!" Emmy protested as her cunt pushed his shrinking manhood free.

Michael offered to help her out, "Can I be of assistance, Miss?"

"Too bloody right you can."

Emmy dropped down onto the nearby blanket and spread her legs wide apart; the inflamed pink lips of her cunt revealed how hysterically aroused she was.

"Well come on then; hurry up; get those damn undies off." She was impatient to have a cock, any cock stretching her insides again.

Now Michael had been taught well by his lesbian friend. She always liked having her clit massaged until she was very aroused; then she would insist on having her partner use their tongue and lips to bring her to orgasm.

So, Michael knelt between Emmy's legs and lent forward. She felt his hot breath caress the tender folds of her quivering cunt-lips; while he revelled in the fragrant aroma that wafted about her crotch.

She swooned when he proceeded to mouth her inflamed clit. It was already swollen, smooth and peeping out from under its hood. He enjoyed tasting the tang of her arousal.

He swirled his tongue around the edges of her little pea; sometimes pausing to sucking on it; sometimes just kissing its edges, while his tongue licked its tip and his beard tickled her pussy lips.

Emmy moaned, "Ooh... Um... Ooh yeah."

His tongue toyed mercilessly with her sensitive little button.

He placed his index finger below his chin and slowly pressed it into her warmth. When his finger found her sensitive G-spot, she squeezed her knees tight against his head, "OH, shit yeah. Tickle me insides, you bastard... Suck harder; ooh yeah."

Emmy rocked her hips frantically against Michael's mouth; her moans prompting him to continue with his administrations to both her clit and her G-spot.

Finally, Michael had to come up to breathe.

His ears finally freed again; he unconscientiously registered the night noises about them. These noises were not really noticed by any of the others; only Jan, who was still standing in the shadows, sometimes became aware of this chorus.

While still breathing heavily, he moved up her body until his dick found her slit; with it laid between her inner lips, he pushed it back and forth so that the tip bumped against her clit. He could feel the heat of her arousal edging his hungry cock.

He kissed her; pushing his tongue into her mouth with a frenzy. She reciprocated, and they sucked on each other's tongue with an urgent passion.

Emmy was impatient, very impatient; she reached between them, and guided that-which-she-so-desired into her moist cavern; in until she felt his dangling sacks touch her exposed buttocks.

"Oh yeah; COME ON! ... Oh; I hope you'll last longer than your damn friend did." Emmy pleaded as she commenced thrusting her hips up and down.

Michael was not very reassuring, "I'll do my best; but you know, you're just too sexy like."

They soon attained unison in their thrustings; each time he pushed forward she lifted her hips up and squeezed.

Meanwhile, the other guys took turns trying to muster a suitable fart.

High above, a deep rumbling noise followed a streak of light onto the bridge and off into the night. Only Jan noticed and stopped watching the antics of the guys long enough to looked up.

Emmy and Michael were still both completely engrossed with their own pleasures; he wallowed in her slippery warm cunt as it rubbed up and down squeeze his cock; she had her eyes closed, moaning and jerking each time his dick-head rubbed her G-spot and his pubs tickled her clit.

"pffftpt." Emmy had an explosive orgasm; though quiet, the fart attracted the attention of all the guys.

Andy laughed, "That wasn't very nice; was it, Mike?"

Michael just moaned, "Ooooh!" His orgasm was very close, and that was all he could think about; He sped up his thrusting.

Emmy confessed, "Sorry mate; I bloody-well just couldn't help it... OH! Shit, that's great; don't stop; Mike, is that your name?"

The spasms of Emmy's orgasm had set off Michael. He felt the sperm surging through his penis and into this young damsel, seeking to fertilise her, as was its purpose. This left him drained; elated; and with a sense of accomplishment. In all he added three loads of his own seed to that left by Dinesh.

Then, when he was finally able to respond, "Um; yeah; I'm Michael. It's only these nerdy friends of mine that call me Mike."

"Oh."

They kissed as they continued to lay together; he did not completely stop thrusting his cock within her, though it was now slightly shrunken and he only moved slowly; their tongues wrapped around and past each other, just like two snakes intertwined in sex.

Just then, a large fish splashed about in the shallow water nearby; this startled three deer that were drinking at the furthest edge of the clearing. Their hasty retreat into the shrub, caught Jan's attention.

Exhaused; Michael finally surrendered and rolled clear of Emmy.

She wanted more; she knew the second and third orgasms would be even better than the first.

Andy and Greg both sensed that Emmy wasn't satisfied yet, and both walked toward her.

"Where'd you think you're going Andy?" Greg mocked.

"Well, where does it look like? I can see a sexy chick in need of an experience lover." Andy put his shoulders back and raised his head in a cocky gesture.

"You; experienced? Don't make me laugh."

"I think I know what she needs, and I intend to give it to her; so there!"

Emmy looked directly at Andy, who was the closest; raised her eyebrows; threw him an inviting kiss, followed by a wink. "Well come on then," she said impatiently.

He lifted his undies out over his erection and let them slide down his legs.

Andy lay on top of Emmy, his legs between hers. He kissed her; licking her lips with his tongue.

She was most definitely still on fire, and sought to have him immediately inside stimulating her G-spot; she reached between them, and guided his throbbing cock into her warm slimy cunt.

Without further ado, her hips rocked back and forth massaging his cock; extracting as much pleasure as she could from its penetration; his curly pubs tickled her labia. And still they kissed; their tongues fighting to stimulate the others lips.

Jamie bent over the fire, "pfft; pfffft;" his fart did not light.

"Well Jamie, that was a real fizzer, wasn't it?" The other boys laughed, especially Greg, who felt a fart coming, "Here; I'll show you like, how it's done."

Greg bent over the fire; "BRRRRRRAP". It was a magnificent sight; the brilliant yellow flames exploded across the sandy area, lighting up all the surrounding cedars; the fireball was so intense that it singed his undies. In its light Jamie saw Jan lurking at the end of the pathway.

"Hey! What are you doing there?" Jamie yelled, as he hurried across to her. Jan just stayed where she was; frozen.

When Jamie stood immediately in front of her, she responded, "Err... I was with Em up on the bridge filming the sunset, when I; ahh; we noticed a flash of light down here. Em wanted to investigate, and forced me to accompany her; so umm; so here I am."

"So, you've been here watching us all along, have you?"

Jan was embarrassed by his implication that she was some sort of dirty voyeur. "Well err... yeah; but I'm not a pervert."

"What then?"

"I just didn't wish to join in; and I'm; umm; I didn't want to, err..."

"So, if you don't want to light a fart; how about you at least come and sit with us."

Jamie took Jan's hand and pulled her towards a vacant spot on the blanket.

As she sat down, Jamie asked, "Hey; what's your name, Miss?"

"I'm Janette Prentice; ah, Jan." She sat down in front of Jamie. "And who are you?"

Jamie bowed, with great solemnity, sweeping an imaginary hat from his head; and as he did, he declared, "Jamie Taylor at your service Miss."

Jan smiled at his pretentious reply, made quite ridiculous by the fact that all he wore was a pair of white under-pants. "And what brings you and Em to..."

His question was interrupted by his own loud fart; "PFRRRRRRTT".

"Sorry; I guess we shouldn't have eaten so many baked-beans for lunch and dinner."

Now Jan could barely speak, she laughed so hard. "Lunch AND DINNER! No wonder you're all so windy."

She continued to laugh as another of the guys attempted to light a fart, but without much success.

Dinesh walked over to where they sat. Jamie introduced him, "Jan; this is Saju. Saju this is Jan."

Dinesh put out his hand, which Jan shook, before he dropped his bare arse down beside Jan. She looked him in the eye and beamed.

"What?" He asked indignantly.

"Sorry; it's just the first time I've sat next to a naked bloke with a limp dick."

"It's me who should apologise. Your truly pretty; it's just limp because I only just finished with your friend, and like, that's when it decided to just hang loose." However, talking about it did cause a slight stirring between his legs.

"Yeah, I saw your effort. A bit bloody quick, weren't you?"

"Well, I could always try to last longer with you; what d'ya think?" Dinesh placed his hand on her thigh, just below the hem of her dress. His dick grew somewhat firmer.

"Ah..." Jan wondered, 'Should she spread her legs, and so invite his hand up onto her panty? Should she reach out and massage his cock back to life? Did she really want to encourage him, or even Jamie for that matter?' As she contemplated this, she looked at Jamie; she saw that he was definitely primed and ready to go, or was that just a budgie in his undies.

In her peripheral vision Jan saw that Em still laid there; her legs spread; her fingers furiously rubbing her clit; and with a trickle of juices oozing from her cunt.

Andy had succeeded in giving Emmy a second orgasm, before he too added to her internal collection of sperm.

Jan saw Greg moving toward Em. 'Holly cow, what a doozy!' she thought. His dick must have been at full stretch, as it protruded out of the top of his undies and its head covered his navel. She estimated it must be all of nine inches long, and more than two inches fat, like a club or the wrong end of a baseball bat. The sight made her gulp at the thought of it thrusting inside of Em; now she felt horny.

'Oh well; damn it. I've never had more than one guy in an evening, but here goes.' And with that thought, Jan spread her legs and allowed Dinesh's hand to move up onto her panty; then she reached out and squeezed the bulge in Jamie's undies.

Jamie turned toward her smiling; lent over and kissed her; their lips intermingled as he licked her lower lip. Her hand slid under his undies and pulled his throbbing penis free.

When Jamie broke the kiss, Jan changed to a kneeling position; she bent down and mouthed Jamie's cock as she pulled her panty down to her knees.

Soon after, Jan shuddered as her G-spot was massaged. She didn't know if it was Dinesh's fingers or his cock come back to life; she didn't care; it felt good and Jamie's pre-cum tasted good too.

The jolts of pleasure shooting from her cunt made it hard for Jan to concentrate on milking Jamie; sometimes she just stopped, her mouth open, eyes closed. She sighed, "Oh, shit; ah; ooh."

When Emmy saw Greg's club emerge from his undies, she was very pleased, "Oh, thank you God; thank you!"

Greg hunched between her spread legs as she waited impatiently, savouring the anticipation of what he was going to do.

Gripping his enormous cock with his hand, he placed its bulging head at the opening of her cunt. She felt his prick brush lightly against her swollen ultra-sensitive wet pussy lips. Up and down the length of her glistening, hot slit his cock-head went, pushing her love juices before it, and getting itself coated with those juices.

After teasing her so for some time, Emmy yelled, "Put the bloody thing in, for gawd sake!"

Greg's massive cock inched ever so slowly into her eager cunt; it slid easily into her, only because she was so well lubricated by her own love juices, and by the sperm of those that had cum before.

Her pussy was stretched over its entire length by what felt like an unyielding tree branch. It even threatened to penetrate the very entrance to her womb.

Emmy exclaimed as Greg impaled her, "OH GAWD! That feels so damn good. You're the best. Please fuck me long an' hard... Oh, YES; MORE; FASTER ... OOH!"

He didn't hesitate before jerking his monstrous pole back, allowing her cunt-walls to suck it as he retreated; then again, he rammed his weapon hard all the way into her quivering cunt, splitting apart the convulsing walls; in and out, again; and again; and yet again.

She was truly pleased that he was so massive; and having him after the others, when she was well prepared, made her delirious with great surges of pleasure.

Another semi approached the bridge; its driver was haunted by the nude girl he saw driving on the i75 that afternoon, and the two girls that were on the bridge earlier. 'Was one of them the girl who had been driving nude?' He thought so because the other girl wore the same outfit in both cases.

With his mind already so absorbed with these thoughts; seeing the parked car in his headlights, further messed with his brain; especially as it was a white sedan with a sun-roof. 'Was that the one belonging to the two girls?' He wondered where the occupants of the car were, and what they were doing.

Being so distracted and tired, he swerved slightly, but that was enough for his rig to break through the handrail and plummet downwards.

KIRIK; KIRIK. DWOIINNNG: The sound of the semi crashing off the bridge caused all of the assembled revellers to look up just in time to see two headlights and a row of orange side-marker lights about to crash onto the huge flat rock on the edge of the sandy clearing.

"HOLY SHIT!" "WHAT THE FUCK!" "RUN!" were their cries.

KLUNK, KIRIK, SPOIINNNG. By the time the truck had come to rest, the two girls and the five guys were running away from it; some nude; a few with just their underwear; only Jan had all of her clothes, having pulled her panty up immediately before standing.

They stopped and turned. In the moonlight, it was hard to make out the details of the pile of crunched up metal that covered the flat rock. All of the truck's lights were broken.

Jamie yelled, "Someone check the driver!" as he searched for his mobile phone among their clothes:

There was no reception.

Michael and Andy were first to arrive at the wreckage. "Ooohh; shit; what happened? Oohh," moaned the driver.

The area reeked of diesel and burnt rubber.

Jamie ran up the path, yelling as he went, "I'll phone for help as soon as I find a signal, OK?"

As they waited for help to arrive, they thought it might be sensible to get dressed. So, Jan comforted the driver as the others sorted through the pile of garments and made themselves decent.

Emmy protested, "Geez, I dun know; it's hard to finish a good fuck in this damn country."

Greg comforted Emmy with a cuddle, but neither felt it would be appropriate to resume having sex; and besides the accident had completely destroyed what was a truly electrified, erotic atmosphere.

Soon only Jamie's clothes remained, and Greg took them up the path to him.

They both waited there for the emergency vehicles to arrive.

Greg directed the paramedics down the path, while Jamie answered the initial questioning of the police; before they too went down to the wreckage.

That night Jan and Emmy followed the ambulance to the Cedar Hill hospital, and visited the driver as soon as his initial treatment was completed.

He had thirty-five years of character etched into a face that was a rough-cut diamond, even without his cuts and bruising; he laid there with his left leg held up in traction and his left arm in a sling.

As they entered his room, they could hear the muffled voices of the people in the adjacent rooms.

His face lit up as soon as they entered, "I know you two, don't I? You were on the Flat Rock Creek bridge about sunset, weren't you?

Jan answered, "Yeah, we were there." The girls stood on his right-hand side nearest the door.

"I thought I recognised your outfits. Umm... So how come you're here?"

"Well; we were down by the creek, near where your truck crash-landed, and we thought we would come to see how you were."

"Oh shit; I bet my rigs a-right-off; eh?"

"Yep; sure is." Jan thumbed backwards through the photos on her camera until she found those she took of the smashed truck.

"Good God! It's almost unrecognisable; isn't it?" He exclaimed as he viewed the first photo.

"Yeah, really bad... And how are you?"

"Not too bad, I guess... Hey, if you don't mind me asking: didn't you pass me on the i75 earlier?"

"Could have; we did come up that way."

"So is your car a small white one with a sun-roof?"

"Sure is. So how come you remember us passing you?"

"Well, how could I forget your friend's sandals... But; but I can't recall what else she was wearing; why's that?"

Jan smiled; she knew exactly what he was hinting at, "You're right; she didn't leave much to the imagination, did she?" At which point Emmy looked at Jan, screwed up her face, and scowled, "Alright, so I was enjoying myself; it's not a sin is it?"

The driver's face nearly split in two with a smile, "Oh, don't make me laugh; it hurts, you know." Turning to face Emmy, "From what I saw, you do have a really sexy body."

Emmy realised that he must have seen all of her nude body as they passed him that afternoon.

She took his good hand and guided it under her dress, and replied, "Why thank you."

He responded with a smirk, "You know they say, beauty is only skin deep."

Emmy looked him directly in the eye and teased him with, "I think if you care to try, you'll find my beauty goes deeper than that."

He needed no further encouragement, but slid his naughty finger into her wetness; deep enough to caress her G-spot.

Emmy closed her eyes and rocked her cunt back and forth, masturbating herself on his finger. He responded by inserting his index finger as well.

Soon a little man under the sheet caused it to rise, making a small tent in the process. Emmy put her right hand under the sheet and went searching for that tent pole.

Jan cautioned with a frown, "Em! Someone might come."

Emmy was excited by the risk she was taking, and replied "Don't worry; she'll be right." Emmy mumbled this more to convince herself, than to reassure Jan.

Just then, one group of visitors left from the next room, shouting as they went, "We'll visit again tomorrow, OK?" Their footsteps were initially loud, but soon became quieter as they headed away toward the elevator.

Jan again warned, "Em! Please!" But Emmy made no effort to desist.

Her hand found the driver's pole which she stroked lovingly.

Muffled voices could still be heard coming from the other room.

The proceedings were soon to be stopped by the head nurse ringing a small bell and demanding, "Could all visitors please leave! Thank you!".

Emmy initially ignored the call. Her hand rubbed the driver's pole up and down, while she rocked her hips to masturbate on his fingers.

The footsteps of the head nurse did not phase Emmy, even as they grew louder, and louder, and louder.

"Sorry girls, but you have to leave now." It was the head nurse at the doorway. She was not aware of the goings-on because Emmy's back hid the proceedings.

"Can we stay a few minutes more, Mam?" Emmy pleaded, turning only her head toward the doorway as she spoke.

His fingers still moved within her, and Emmy struggled to stand still as her orgasm approached. She did however continue to squeeze his cock, even as the nurse stood there.

"Well I shouldn't allow it; but what do you say Sir? Have they cum to lift your spirits?"

"Oh, yes; most definitely."

"OK; but only 10 minutes more."

"Thank you, Mam."

Emmy managed to have another orgasm just as the driver soiled the sheets.

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