**Coming Back**

by[theAmateur](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=2105538&page=submissions)©

Coming back for the school reunion had been a big mistake.

Ten years changes everyone a lot, especially the ten years after leaving school. Most of the people who had turned up were strangers to me - I could barely remember them from school and had certainly not kept up to date with their lives since. None of my closest school friends had come back and I was wishing I hadn't either. The majority of those at the party last night still lived in the town and hadn't done anything with their lives. I shuddered as I remembered Trevor making a pass at me - he'd not only stayed in the town, he'd pretty much stayed at the school and become the caretaker! I'd left the party as soon as I could, just after ten, and gone back to my hotel for the night. Now, I was stuck here for another day with nothing to do and nobody to share it with.

I'd decided to visit some of my old haunts, and was now strolling along the riverbank. This wasn't a public footpath, but as children we'd set off across the farm fields, following the river as it meandered its way out of town. It was a hot, lazy day. Little wind, just the gentlest of breezes to relieve the baking sun. The sun was sparkling on the water, brilliant flashes of light where the wavelets caught the sunbeams, reflecting them in all directions, flashing like a disco light show. This bit of the river was one of my favourite places as a child. The river had just come tumbling down a cascade of broken rocks and it fell into a wide pool that suddenly stilled the rushing water and let it spread out and slow down. The pool was about twenty feet across and forty feet long, with a wide grassy bank on my side of the river and steep cliffs, crowned with trees, about thirty feet high on the other side.

As the river left the pool it turned through ninety degrees, so this little pool was a private as anywhere in the world. You had to be almost on top of it before you could see it. We used to come here as a gang in our earlier years, skinny-dipping together without any shame or worry until puberty hit us. After that, the boys would still strip off but the girls rarely did. We would still come down here to watch them though, pretending to be shocked at their antics, secretly comparing and admiring their ripening bodies.

Francis, Jane and myself, the inseparable trio we were known as, still used to come here and swim naked together each summer up until we all left for university after school. Nothing sexual in it, it was just a secret place we all enjoyed together. On a hot, sunny day like today it was lovely to splash around in the cool water and afterwards lie together on the grassy bank to dry off. By the time we were ready to leave school the talk at those times would usually revolve around boys, which ones were hot, which ones we fancied, which ones fancied us! It was mostly fantasy and make believe. We three were all still virgins when we went of to university.

Walking beside the river today brought back many of those happy memories, and coming up to the pool, I sat down on the grassy bank recalling all the fears and hopes we had had then. Francis and Jane were both married, with two children each, they hadn't been able to come away for the weekend. I had been married too, to Tom, for five years. When we'd split up two years ago it had been obvious that we had little in common, we'd fallen in love, rushed into marriage and regretted it within twelve months. The marriage had struggled along for the next four years, love turning into companionship, then into habit, finally into irritation. We'd actually got along a lot better after the divorce and now were quite good friends again. Tom was seeing a new girl, a nice girl called Tracy I liked her, but she was obviously very wary of me being around Tom and I got the feeling that she gave him a hard time whenever we spent time together.

Lying back on the bank, musing to myself, I realised, as I batted the flies away for the twentieth time, that it was really very hot. Down at the level of the water, shaded by the bank behind me and the cliff in front of me, there was no wind at all. I was sweating and getting uncomfortable. I slipped of my sandals and started to paddle in the river. The edge was quite shallow, but the bottom sloped away quite sharply. Up against the cliffs the pool was over ten feet deep.

As I stepped into the water, the sudden chill of the cold water on my feet made me gasp. Two more steps out and the water was more than half way up my calves. I was wearing a summer frock that came down to my knees so I hitched the hem up a little and took another step outwards. The water was now lapping at the top of my calves, one more step and it was over my knees. I walked a little way parallel to the bank, holding my frock up out of the water. It was lovely and refreshing, the water was cold and clear, sparkling like champagne as it gave up the air that it had absorbed during its tumble down the rocks.

I took a couple more steps along the pool, and almost stumbled as I stood on a rock shaper than the others. One hand let go of my frock and I reached my hand out to steady myself. The edge of my frock almost fell into the water but I clutched at it again, saving it from getting wet. I looked around, suddenly nervous as a thought occurred to me. The place was still as secluded and private as ever, so I pulled my frock over my head and threw it onto the bank. Standing there in my bra and pants, I felt naughty and excited. I wasn't a schoolgirl any more and though I had no qualms about wearing a bikini on a holiday beach, or even sunbathing topless when lying down, standing in an English country meadow in my frilly underwear seemed suddenly wanton!

I crouched down and ran my hands through the water, considering. We'd never worried about swimming naked here as children, why not do it again? My insides tingled at the thought. As teenagers, getting caught never really occurred to us and if we had been, we'd have been embarrassed, but would have laughed it off. Now, I was a twenty-eight year old, if I was caught naked in public, it could go a lot harder for me. One more fly buzzed round my face and as I swatted it away, my mind was made up. I was already pulling off my bra as I stepped back to the bank. My panties quickly followed and were dropped onto the bank with the rest of my clothes.

Giggling to myself I ran back to the water and plunged straight in, gasping as the coldness enveloped me. A few strong strokes and I was up against the cliff face, relishing the coolness and the exposure. I felt like I was sixteen again, and wished I could share this moment with my old friends. I swam the length of the pool a few times, went diving down to the bottom to pick up stones like we used to and then floated quietly in the water, enjoying the contrast between the warmth of the sun and the coolness of the water.

It was the cold of the water that won in the end, and I swam back to the bank and clambered out to warm up in the sun again. Only now did I realise that I had nothing to dry myself on. Not to worry, the sun would soon take care of that and I lay down to relax and bask in the heat.

Lying naked in the open was making me feel quite naughty once again, and I could feel a tingling in my insides. It had been months since I'd been to bed with a man, and the excitement of nudity outdoors was getting to me. Apart from the sun and the air on my body there was the thrill of doing something outrageous, and the fear of being caught. I looked round again, quickly, but the place was as deserted as ever. Not really any chance of being caught at all. No rowdy teenagers looked like coming down here and finding me stretched out naked for all the world to see. I realised that I was a little disappointed by that thought and wondering about this caused a tingle in my nipples. I brushed my fingers across them and was surprised to find them standing hard and stiff. I shivered as I touched them, and rolled them between my finger and thumb, squeezing my breasts as I did so.

I have nice breasts, not overly large, a 34B, but still quite firm and well shaped in spite of my twenty eight years. They have always been very sensitive as well, one of my more intense erogenous zones. Whilst I have never quite had an orgasm simply from playing with my breasts, I have come pretty close to it on occasions - especially if the person playing has been skilled with teeth and tongue! Lying there now, playing with my breasts and nipples I was getting quite excited. I felt a sudden wetness between my legs that had nothing at all to do with the river. A tightness inside my belly and a sudden shortness of breath making me very aware of my needs at this time. Swimming naked was one thing, could I also masturbate in the open like this? I wanted to, my body needed to, whether I should or shouldn't no longer seemed to matter.

My left hand left my breast and moved down over my belly and rubbed the patch of hair I had left above my pussy mound before moving on and sliding over and around my clean-shaven pussy lips. I could feel how swollen they were and I was dying to push my fingers in between them to feel the wetness in there, but I waited, letting the passion, the desire, the need, build within me. I parted my thighs and raised my knees, leaving my feet flat on the floor. My aching pussy was now fully exposed and gaping open. My fingers continued to slip around and over my pussy lips, pausing to rub gently on the little bud of my clit as they passed over it. I realised that I was panting quite hard now and was close to coming, even before I had dipped my fingers inside my pussy at all.

With my middle finger I finally parted my pussy lips and slipped my finger in to rub on the hard little button of my clit, gasping as I did so. I rubbed gently on it, three, four times, before sliding my finger deeper and pressing two of them gently into the wetness of my pussy. I moaned out loud as I did so, intense waves of excitement passing up through my insides.

My right hand moved down as well now, rubbing on my clit from above while the fingers on my left hand pushed deep into my pussy and pressed up against my clit from below. Another wave passed through me and my bottom lifted of the grass as I felt my orgasm building. My left hand started pumping my fingers in and out, quicker and quicker as I moaned and pushed my groin upwards, waiting for the release that was only moments away.

Suddenly, a noise that I had been hearing for a few moments without realising finally broke in on my attention - the noise of a child's laughter. I sat up, panic stricken. The laughter came again from the direction of the rock cascade just upstream of the pool. My only escape was downstream, round the edge of the grassy bank and into the field behind. My clothes, though, were upstream, just on the edge of the rocks where the sounds were coming from. I was frozen in indecision. Go and grab my clothes? I'd be seen for sure. Run the other way? No guarantee of a hiding place and I'd be abandoning my clothes. What to do?

Modesty won over discretion and I made a move towards my clothes. Just as I did so a little spaniel jumped out from the rocks and stopped dead, looking at me with his head on one side. I froze. A movement in the bushes behind him triggered me into running in the opposite direction, round the bend in the river and into the field beyond. This field was laid to grass ready for making hay for winter feed, the grass was about waist high and quite dense. I plunged into the field and ran for about ten yards before lying flat to hide in the long stems. I had abandoned my clothes and was now trapped, naked, in a field with a family of strangers between me and safety.

I crouched down on hands and knees, panting from fright and my sudden exertions. My mind was racing, asking question to which there was no answer. Did they see me? Where were they? How many of them? How old were they? What if they took my clothes? That last one was the killer. If they took my clothes, I had no way back to the hotel. I'd walked through the town to the river and the only way back was along the road into town again. Nowhere to get clothes before I got back to town, no phone to call anyone - nobody to call even if I had a phone!

The panic was leaving me now as I concentrated on figuring out a way of getting out of this with my pride intact. First, I had no information to base any decision on, I needed to know who was there and what they were doing. That meant getting close to them and watching. I worked my way through the grass until I was about five or six feet away from the edge of the field near to where the grassy bank started to dip away towards the river. I could now clearly hear voices calling, laughter and splashing in the water. The family, for it seemed to be a family, had obviously found the pool and were playing there. I worked my way further upstream to where the trees met the rock cascade. The trees would give me cover enough to watch what was happening.

Moving slowly and cautiously, from bush to bush, I was finally able to get a clear look at the grassy bank. It was a family, Mum, Dad and three kids. An older girl, probably about thirteen of fourteen, two younger kids, around seven and ten, and the spaniel that I had met earlier. The two youngsters were down at the edge of the river, throwing sticks in for the dog to fetch. The older girl was sitting to one side, watching, but being too 'cool'; to join in the fun. Dad was lying back on the bank and mum was fishing in a large bag, apparently getting out food for a picnic. I could see my clothes lying where I had dropped them on the ground about twelve feet away; they may as well have been on the moon, they would have been no less accessible. At least it looked like they hadn't seen them, but the downside was that it also seemed as though they were planning to be there for some time.

I carefully worked my way back into the field and sat down to think things through. The grass roots weren't very comfy on my bare bottom, so I switched back to hands and knees again. My fears were subsiding again. There didn't seem to be any immediate fear of discovery and it looked like I would just have to wait them out.

As I squatted there relaxing once more I became aware again of my interrupted orgasm. I had been so close and was still very wet. The urgent ache was returning to my womb and there was a tingling in my pussy that was making its presence felt once again. My fingers once again strayed to my slit and I shuddered involuntarily as I touched my still very sensitive clitoris. This one touch triggered a fresh release of fluid from my pussy, and I slipped a finger inside myself again. The urge for release rose up and hit me like a sledgehammer. I needed the release of the orgasm that I had just abandoned at the last minute, and I started probing my pussy and rubbing my clit once again.

I could hear the sounds of the family in the distance and the combination of the naughtiness of my actions, the open air, the sunshine and my growing need brought me swiftly to a high state of arousal. I squatted back on my heels, knees apart and two fingers deep in my pussy. Cautiously I raised my head above the top of the grass to make sure there was nobody near before I returned to all fours and started to finger-fuck myself in earnest.

I was so wet I had no problem stretching my pussy with three fingers and was quickly fucking them in and out of my pussy, feeling the orgasm growing within me. Pausing every few moments to rub my clitoris in circles I felt it swell and grow until it was standing out from under its hood. I was panting and gasping now as the climax approached, I think I started to moan out loud, but the world seemed a long distance off now, there was just me, my fingers and my pussy - everything else was a dream.

I felt the orgasm start to unwind within me and tried to stifle my cries. The arm that was supporting my body buckled and I went down until my forehead touched the earth in front of me as my orgasm blossomed, my backside pointing up to the sky. I felt a wave of pleasure rip through my pussy, feeling it contract and pulse, another wave, stronger than the first, then a third even more powerful. My head was swimming now as wave after wave of pleasure so intense it was almost painful racked my body. My whole insides were contracting and I could see the juices dripping from my pussy, dripping down to wet the earth between my knees.

It was an orgasm such as I have never experienced before. As the successive waves and contractions subsided and sense returned I slumped sideways, gasping and panting. My hands were sticky, my thighs coated with slick wetness, I was tingling from head to toe. I lay recovering for a while, I don't know how long, I may have dozed or I may have been simply dazed by the strength of my orgasm.

Eventually, I became aware of the world around me once more and realised the sounds of laughter had stopped, had they gone? I raised myself up on shaky legs to look around - no sign of anyone in the field. I worked my way back to my former vantage point and found the grassy bank empty. I couldn't see my clothes! My heart was in my mouth, but I didn't rush out, I stayed still and waited, watching and listening for any sounds. Nothing. I forced myself to wait for about five minutes before I finally crept out onto the bank.

My clothes! They were still there! My clothes were neatly folded, not far from where I had left them. A piece of paper and a small rock were on top of them to stop them blowing away. I picked up the note and read; *"You left us quite a puzzle when we found your clothes. When we realised you were probably still around we cleared out as quickly as possible. I hope we didn't scare you too much."*

My heart was racing with relief. I started to put on my clothes as quickly as possible, but then paused. I was still sticky with cum juice. I smiled to myself, remembering the intensity of my orgasm and in anticipation of just one more dip in the pool...