**Discovering Melanie**

by Cave

**Discovering Melanie Ch. 5**

Melanie had joined the Walker family for lunch again. Yet again she was helping to clean up the table afterwards. She was bent over on the patio table and sensed someone was behind her. She turned her head but couldn’t see who it was. Her arms were extended out over the table.

“Whatcha doin’ Mark?” She heard Josy’s say, dragging out the words.

She felt her skirt being lifted and then it was taken off, leaving her naked below the waist.

“Look at her, Mark. She seems to like it”, Josy said, in that same slow voice.

“What are you doing?” Melanie finally found her voice as she felt soft hands on her thighs.

She was getting excited by Josy’s light touches and knowing that Mark was watching. She was pushed further up the table so that her whole body rested on it and didn’t resist when she felt her legs being spread open. Her feet went off the sides of the table and she shivered from arousal knowing how obscenely exposed she was.

“Shhh, don’t worry Melanie, all part of the course”, Josy said as she started massaging her butt.

“Part of the course?” Melanie moaned. She heard murmurs around the classroom.

“Look class, this is what happens when a woman gets excited”, Josy said as Melanie felt delicate fingers trailing down over her anus before touching her wet folds. “I can easily slip a finger in. Would you like that, Melanie?”

“Please, it’s been so long”, Melanie begged, gasping and squirming.

She heard more murmurs around her and then felt the finger enter her. She woke up feeling extremely hot.

What on earth was that? She felt her panties, they were soaked.

When she had calmed down, she checked her phone. 3:41 am. She changed into fresh panties and went to drink a glass of water. It took a while to fall asleep again and when she woke up again, she had forgotten about the dream.

As predicted the weather changed, bringing cold and rain. It spelled an end to Melanie’s fun in the sun for the year.

Her usually style had long been to wear pants to school, and she’d continued doing so in the first few weeks of college.

After this weekend however, she’d felt like changing it up. Though the temperature had already dropped due to the rain last night, she opted to brave the chill with a black mid-thigh A-line skirt with a loose-fitting white top. For outside she wore her dark grey jacket.

In the first class on Monday, she’d just seated herself and was getting her notebook when she heard someone ask, “Can I sit here?”

She looked up to see a guy standing by the seat next to her. The college classrooms were more spaced out than in high school and were almost never full. Two sets of connected long tables made up the rows. Not having a particular reason to say no, she indicated that the seat is free.

“Brian”, he said after sitting down, extending his hand towards her.

“Hi, uh, Melanie” she said, shaking his hand.

During the lecture she focused on making notes. She noted that while he glanced in her direction a few times, he didn’t seem to be leering.

After the class, Brian walked over to talk to a girl and a guy who’d arrived later and had been sitting some distance away from them. Melanie was walking out the classroom to head to the next class when she heard him call her name.

“Do you want to walk with us to the next class?” He asked as she turned around. “I’ll introduce you, this is Sarah” – indicating the girl – “and Cohen” – indicating the guy. “We know each other from high school”.

“I’m Melanie”, she said, and they briefly shook hands before heading towards the next class.

“Cohen and I know each other since we were little. Brian here was in our class, so since we three decided on the same direction in college, we formed our little group”, Sarah explained.

They seem a friendly bunch, thought Melanie and she sat with them during the next classes. She let them pick a place to sit and ended up the last one sitting down, next to Brian.

“So now we have S and M”, Cohen piped up. Brian laughed while Sarah rolled her eyes. Melanie gave a forced smile.

Between classes learned that they also lived in the same city, though much further away from this college than she did. All three of them had signed up for student housing well in advance and so had moved closer to the college. She was a bit embarrassed to admit she still lived with her parents, but they didn’t seem to make much of it.

They invited her to join them during lunch at the college lunch hall, which she accepted.

Though she still felt a bit like an outsider to their tightly familiar group, the three kept the conversation casual while she mostly listened.

After lunch she felt that she’d been tagging along enough for today, not wanting to bother them further and so for study hours she excused herself and joined her usual group.

It was a larger group consisting of 15 people. Though she hadn’t really gotten to know any of them yet, the group had worked together to go through daily assignments, which worked quite well.

That evening after dinner, Josy came over to talk.

“You’re also looking for a room, right?” Josy asked.

“Yeah, no luck so far. Why?”

“I’ve been checking the website and saw there are about a dozen rooms coming available 1st of October. They’re in a complex near the college, about 10 minutes’ walk. I signed up for them, maybe I’ll get lucky, and going to take a look this Friday afternoon.”

“Oh, let’s check. Maybe I can still sign up for them too.”

“You should be able to.”

They checked the website. Registration was still open, so Melanie signed up for each option as well. It was a large student housing complex, set up in units of six bedrooms with common room with open kitchen and two bathrooms. It also had a food court inside the building.

“Look, these two are in the same unit. Wouldn’t it be funny if we’d get those? We’d be roomies.” Melanie said.

“Yeah, but what are the odds of that?”

With only a few months of built up wait time, the odds were pretty slim of even one of them getting a room in the complex, let alone them getting into the same unit.

“Alright, so let’s check it out this Friday. We can dream, right?”

Tuesday followed the same pattern as Monday. She’d sit with the three friends during morning classes and joined the bigger group in the afternoon. Slowly but certainly, she was beginning to feel like part of their little clique.

Cohen and Sarah seemed to gravitate towards each other, which made sense as they’d been friends for many years. It seemed to Melanie that Brian had been the odd one out and now focused more on her. She found herself wishing she’d had such relaxed group of friends in high school.

On Wednesday, her new friends suggested she join them for the study hours. Finding no real reason not to, she accepted. From what she’d seen so far, they seemed to have a similar level of dedication to their education as she did.

Melanie and Josy talked regularly nowadays, and not just about Saturday’s events. Josy still had her own group of friends – making friends was so easy for her, Melanie knew – and though they didn’t have time to meet up during the week, on Wednesday Josy sent her a text inviting her to join her family for their Saturday lunch again.

Melanie swiftly declined, adding “Nice try”.

She didn’t feel the need to see her humiliation at Josy’s hand spelled out on Mark’s face and could imagine that simply fine on her own.

She got a sad emoji back, quickly followed by a couple of laugh emojis.

Lack of outdoor activity due to the bad weather was making her restless. Yoga alone at home wasn’t enough for her and she needed some additional exercise, so when the forecast predicted a brief break from the rain Thursday morning, she set her alarm to wake up early. She’d go for a run before classes.

Shortly after her alarm went off, she was pulling on the dark blue runner leggings that suited the colder temperatures, black sports bra, and her runner’s jacket. She fixed her shoulder length hair into a bun.

Phone, keys, shoes, reflective safety LED armband.

6:08am. It was still dark out, but the sun would rise during her run.

She could easily fit in a 30-minute run followed by some cooldown time and a nice hot shower.

After some stretches and other warmup exercises, she went out the door, heading towards the park. She had briefly considered running the park road along the highway, but the other park was nicer, and she usually went there instead even though it was further from home.

It also saw more people than the park road in the early hours, mostly people walking their dogs, and she’d encounter other runners as well.

It was great to be outside again and she felt invigorated. At the park she did some interval training and soon felt the sweat on her forehead and back.

During a downtime in the intervals, she slowed to a walk, lowering the zipper on her jacket to about halfway to feel out the chill of the air.

It wasn’t too cold, she thought.

Though her sports bra covered much more than a regular one, it still felt embarrassing opening her jacket. The sun was coming up and she could easily see a few dozen people around the park. Would they recognize it as her bra? She wondered as she nervously looked around.

She did another high intensity interval, then slowed to a walk again. No one was looking at her funnily.

Act natural, she told herself, though she was turning her head this way and that to see if people were looking at her.

She stopped walking next to a couple of trees. Nervously she lowered the zipper all the way, though she couldn’t get herself to pull off the jacket.

This looks even less natural, wearing an open jacked over a bra! She turned towards the trees and realized she would have to take it off or risk people noticing her weird behavior.

She was wasting time here and needed to finish her run, so she rezipped her jacket. The sweaty cloth now felt cold to her skin.

Yuck, she thought and quickly unzipped again, face reddening since she was now definitely acting weird. To avoid changing her mind yet again, she quickly pulled off the jacket and tied it around her waist. She looked around and did see some odd looks aimed at her. They should mind their own business, she thought.

Angry at herself and at the people looking her way, she put in some extra effort and got out of the park fast, heading home.

Arriving home, she went into the backyard and sank into a deck chair. She’d run that last stretch at high intensity and needed a few minutes to catch her breath. She was too tired to care about sitting there without her jacket.

During her shower she reflected on her run. She needed to be more confident in her actions, to own them. Take off her jacket if she wants to and stand there in her sports bra, defiant. She should also buy a new sports bra, a racier one to challenge herself.

She was grinning to herself all the way to college.

“You seem in a good mood, what happened?” Brian asked her when she got to class.

That took her off guard and she struggled to think of something.

“Inside joke”, she said, blushing.

“You’re cute when you blush”, Brian said.

“Hey!” she didn’t like being made fun of and lightly punched him in the arm.

“Violence is not the answer, and now I wonder what the joke was”, Brian said, pretending to rub his arm.

“Maybe later”, she said as they picked out a place to sit.

That afternoon before dinner, Melanie asked Josy to come over for a quick chat. They talked about the past week and Melanie mentioned her new friends. Josy seemed interested to hear about them and asked if she could join their group for lunch on Friday. Melanie in return had asked Josy to go shopping Saturday afternoon.

“Sure Mel, but only if you join us for lunch Saturday.” Josy grinned at her.

“Your bad side is showing again”, Melanie said, rolling her eyes.

“I know, but just humor me”, Josy laughed.

“Fine, but I’m choosing my own clothes this time.”

“You’re no fun”, Josy pouted.

On Friday, Josy joined Melanie and her new friends for lunch. Melanie had checked with them that morning if it were alright if she invited a friend and they said that’s fine.

After a brief introduction, they sat down to eat.

“So, you know little Melanie here?” asked Sarah.

Melanie wondered what ‘little’ was supposed to mean. She was about the same height as Sarah.

“Yeah, we’ve been neighbors since we were little”, Josy said to Sarah. “She’s a shy one, isn’t she?”

“Excuse me, I’m right here”, Melanie interjected. She got a little nudge from Brian, who was sitting next to her. Though she protested, her friends talking about her in a light and fun way gave her tingles. Somehow it made her feel part of the group.

“She’ll warm up to you and then I’m sure she’ll show you her fun side.” Josy said as Melanie suppressed a groan. Josy continued, “So you’re all following the same course?”

“Yup, standardized schedules for the first years.” Sarah said.

“Ah, I’m in building C most of the time. They have a much smaller lunchroom there.” Josy.

For the most part Josy and Sarah played off each other, social butterflies at work. Melanie just listened while she ate, though most of it passed her by. Cohen and Brian were also fairly quiet. Still, Melanie had an enjoyable lunch break.

“See you at 5?” Josy asked Melanie after lunch.

“Yeah, see you at the entrance.”

“What’s at 5?” Brian asked her as they walked to the study hall.

“Oh, we’re looking at some rooms today. We signed up for some openings that come available next week.”

“Oh, that’s great, hope you get in. Is it nearby?”

“It’s about 10 minutes’ walk from here.”

At 5 pm, Melanie met Josy at the housing complex. It was three buildings in a U shape with 8 floors. The ground floor had a small reception area that led to the food courts.

They were both amazed at the setup and hoped they’d get assigned rooms here. They were not able to check out the rooms themselves, since those were still occupied till the end of the month, but they were allowed to walk around a bit.

Melanie spent Saturday morning with her parents. She’d agreed to lunch at Josy’s again and shortly before noon she went to her room. Thinking back to the previous Saturday lunch and the way Josy had pulled her skirt up, she suddenly remembered the dream she had that weekend.

In her dream she’d been a willing participant in being exposed, and then even begged Josy to slip a finger inside her. Why had she dreamt like that? She felt a lot closer to Josy these days, but as a close friend. Reflecting on her feelings, she felt no sexual attraction to her friend. Rather she felt it was the circumstances that excited her.

She tried to imagine a generic guy in place of Josy and it made her feel uncomfortable. It’s the trust that makes the difference, she realized. What was it about Josy that makes her trust her so easily? She didn’t know.

Even so, she decided not to change and stayed in the black skinny jeans with black and white striped casual t-shirt she was already wearing.

Josy didn’t remark on her outfit and it was a casual lunch, indoors due to the colder weather. It was nice to be able to talk to the Walker family in a more relaxed state. Melanie was surprised Mark was there again, but apparently he’d made plans with an old friend that day.

After lunch Melanie and Josy cleared the table together again and she kept evading Josy, who seemed to keep trying to get behind her. Finally, she gave in and wiggled her butt, as they were alone in the kitchen.

Josy gave her a playful slap and then rubbed her butt before slapping it again.

“This was better without the pants. I wonder where Mark is”, Josy said, making them both laugh.

Feeling whimsical, Melanie wiggled her butt again, but then quickly got out of Josy’s reach.

“You seem obsessed with my butt, Josy. Did you spank your boyfriend as well?” She asked playfully.

Josy didn’t answer and stopped chasing her. She wondered if it was her calling Josy out or her question that made Josy uncomfortable. In high school Josy had a boyfriend for a couple of years and they had broken up some time in May. Melanie knew of him, but she and Josy hadn’t been that close at the time and never talked about boyfriends before. Did Josy still have feelings for him? She figured she’d better steer clear of the subject for now.

They finished cleaning the table and then got ready to go. Melanie borrowed her dad’s car, and they went to the mall.

**Discovering Melanie Ch. 6**

“Tell me again, why you wanted me to come along”, Josy said after they got out of the car after parking, adding “not that I mind, you know”.

She gave Melanie a playful shoulder bump, the awkward question about spanking her ex apparently forgotten.

“I could use your opinion for an outfit”, Melanie said.

“Good enough for me. Anything specific?”

“Oh, just some new things for running.”

They headed towards a major sports outlet.

“I know you like running, but you should come with me to the gym sometime”, Josy said.

“I’m not really into gyms.”

“Oh yeah, I remember. Why don’t you like them again?”

“I don’t know, I just don’t”, said Melanie. She’d always disliked the communal changing rooms and showers in high school and this dislike transferred over to gyms.

“Alright, so where first?”

They walked into the store and started looking around. Josy followed Melanie to the runner section.

“I like this one”, Josy said, holding out a black and purple themed sports top. “I’m going to try it on.”

It looked nice but wasn’t what Melanie was looking for. She continued browsing the racks as Josy went towards the changing room area.

She finally found a few nice sports bras, all three in black:

First was a mesh pattern halter design that showed a lot of skin through the mesh between and above the cups with two solid stripes. The back was an open halter shape with meshed straps.

Second was an unpadded halter bralette with strappy design above the cups and mesh back.

Third was an open V-neck with basic back design. This last one left a lot of cleavage and Melanie doubted whether it would be effective for running.

When she arrived at the changing rooms, Josy was just done fitting her choice.

“I’m taking this one”, Josy said. She saw Melanie’s picks and her eyes perked up. “Nice choices. So, you want my opinion?”

Melanie nodded.

“Okay, come here, this one’s free.”

To Melanie’s dismay Josy pulled her into the changing room she’d just vacated.

“I think I’ll just fit them and show you outside”, Melanie said.

“Nonsense, this is much faster”, Josy said, taking the items off Melanie’s hands and waiting for her to take off her loose-fitting blouse.

Melanie hesitated but then turned to close the curtain. She’d barely closed it before Josy pulled her blouse up from behind. She lifted her hands and Josy pulled it off her. Filled with embarrassment, she felt like a child getting changed by a parent as Josy also took off her bra. Josy then turned her around and unbuttoned her pants.

“I’m not fitting for that!” Melanie exclaimed as she stopped Josy from pulling her pants down and rebuttoned them.

“Oh pish, fine”, Josy said, rolling her eyes. She moved around the topless Melanie and opened the curtain. “I’ll go look for some gym shorts for you”, she added as she left.

Melanie hurried to close the curtain again, doing her best to hide behind it. As she did, she saw a guy waiting by the entrance to the changing area, looking her way. He was not much older than her.

Josy did that on purpose, thought a red-faced Melanie.

She hurried to put on the mesh pattern design pick before Josy would come back. She had it on and was looking at herself in the mirror when the curtain opened again and Josy came in. Josy had brought a pair of pale blue CrossFit shorts and a pair of maroon gym booty shorts.

“That’s a cute one”, Josy remarked on her sports bra, as Melanie closed the curtain again.

“You think so? I like the design”, Melanie said, twisting and turning to show it to Josy. It was a little embarrassing as it showed a lot of her chest through the mesh.

“Now let’s try on the shorts, I’ll help”, Josy said as she again unbuttoned Melanie’s pants. “You change into the next top.”

“You know, I won’t be wearing those till spring”, Melanie said as she let Josy take off her shoes.

Then she started to take off the mesh pattern halter bra, while she felt Josy pull her pants down.

“You could wear them for yoga or to the gym”, Josy said as she pulled Melanie’s pants to her feet and helped Melanie step out of them.

Melanie pulled on the strappy design bralette along with the pale blue shorts. Josy said the shorts looked good on her and she had to admit the shorts looked nice, but they were quite skimpy and covered only a few inches of her legs. The bralette was not a success.

“You can see your panties outline”, Josy said.

“Well, I’m not removing them”, Melanie was adamant. “Besides, I have some at home that’ll fit with this.”

With a little help from Josy, she was again down to her panties and socks before trying on the open V-neck and the maroon booty shorts. She liked these shorts as well. These had even less leg and barely covered her butt, but it seemed to make the most of what she had in that area. She was not sure which pair she liked better, but she was actually looking forward to trying these out in the spring. The V-neck looked hot and judging by the gestures Josy was making, she thought so too.

“It’s not suitable for running”, Melany said.

“Just like I said before, yoga or gym. It looks fantastic with these maroon shorts”, Josy said.

She looked at the price tags. Both the sports bras and the shorts were a 2 for 1 deal.

Josy again helped with her shorts while she took off the V-neck.

Melanie looked down after taking off the bra. Josy was still kneeling in front of her, looking impish. This time she’d taken her panties off as well, and except for her socks Melanie was standing there completely naked with not a hair below her neck to cover her embarrassment.

She felt hot as she realized that only the thin barrier of the curtain was shielding her naked body from onlookers. Josy stood back up and placed Melanie’s pants and panties on the little bench.

Melanie reached out to grab her panties, but Josy stopped her, whispering in her ear, “have you ever touched yourself in public?”

She stared wide eyed at Josy, shocked at the question. She shook her head as answer to the question as well as to the implied suggestion, as she didn’t consider her own backyard as qualifying.

Josy gently pushed her backwards till she leaned against the wall, and then with her hand applied a light pressure on the inside of Melanie’s right knee. The touch was electric. With ever increasing arousal she gave in to the pressure, letting Josy guide her leg out and up to place her foot on the bench. Fully aware of the erotic pose this put her in, her heart was beating loudly in her chest. She was sure that the people bustling about on the other side of that curtain would be able to hear it.

She was intrigued and moved her hands up, placing them on her waist, and then moved them in towards her tummy, under her breasts and then down her abdomen and out again to her legs. Leaving her left hand on her hip, her right hand moved onto the raised leg, outward over her inner thigh and stopped there. It left her breathing hard and slightly trembling, but she wasn’t sure if she should continue.

Josy looked at her, but she just stood there, so Josy guided her right hand to her sex and left it there.

Did Josy really think she would touch herself there in the changing room? She would never imagine going that far, but standing there as she were, the location and the chance anyone could open the curtain at any time, it all fueled the fire inside her.

Still, the idea of touching herself in front of her friend felt uncomfortable. That is not something friends do in front of each other, she told herself. It breaks boundaries. What will Josy think of her if she does this?

“It’s okay, Mel”, Josy whispered just loud enough for her to hear, perhaps thinking along the same lines.

She pressed her hand down and felt the heat of her lips while Josy mouthed her approval.

She started moving her fingers through her folds, spreading around the moisture she found there. It felt wonderful and she wanted to continue, but her doubts distracted her.

On the other side of the curtain someone walked past and feeling frustrated she forced her hand away. She looked at Josy, wondering what she was thinking and whether she’d try to push her further, but Josy looked at her and nodded, picking up her panties and handing them to her.

She lowered her leg back to the floor, but before putting her panties on, to her embarrassment she knew she had to take care of the mess she’d made down there. Taking a tissue from her bag, she cleaned herself up, hoping that Josy wouldn’t make fun of her for that.

As she was getting dressed, it felt like she had just lost something important.

Afterwards, they paid for the two sports bras Melanie liked as well as the shorts. Josy wanted to pay for her shorts, asking that Melanie join her at the gym sometime, and bought the black and purple themed sports bra she’d tried on earlier.

They spent a while longer window shopping before they went back to the car to head home.

“I’m sorry, Josy, I couldn’t do it.” Melanie put her regret into words when they were in the car.

“Was it too much?” Josy asked. “You don’t have to apologize for that.”

“I wanted to, but…” Melanie hesitated.

“You don’t need to explain, Mel.”

Melanie was silent for a moment, unsure what to say. Josy had pushed her in a certain direction, but it hadn’t felt forced. The choice had been entirely her own, but now she felt regret at not going through with it.

“I remembered what you said last week. To take it easier on you”, Josy said. “I’m sorry for pushing.”

Melanie thought about Josy’s words. Apparently Josy had considered her words carefully and taken them to heart. She was a little surprised at that, but also thankful. Another piece to the puzzle that was Josy.

“I appreciate that, Josy”, she said and paused a moment. “But maybe sometimes I do need a little push.”

She was still frustrated and thought about how to explain it to Josy. If she hadn’t been driving, she thought she might have stripped off in the passenger seat just to prove she could diddle herself in front of Josy.

They drove the rest of the way in silence. When they got home she hugged Josy tightly, feeling a slight hesitation before Josy hugged her back.

“Josy”, she said as Josy turned to leave.

“Yeah, Mel?”

“We’re okay, right? Don’t be sorry for pushing.”

Josy nodded and left.

During Monday’s lunch, the four friends talked about their weekends and hobbies. Brian mentioned he went for a run the previous day, and after Melanie mentioned she also liked running, he suggested they go for a run together sometime. The idea of running with someone did appeal to her, even though it means having to adjust to the other, but she squashed that idea as they live too far apart. Perhaps after she moved, she thought.

Since the previous week, Brian would sometimes send her some funny texts and memes, even when they were just sitting near each other, and she found his sense of humor aligned pretty well with her own. They had also created a group chat and Sarah and Cohen each had their own distinct sense of humor. She was growing quite fond of her new group of friends and hoped they could hang out sometime outside of college after she moved.

That evening she got an email notification that she was eligible for one of the rooms. She called Josy to let her know.

“I also got assigned to a room.” Josy said excitedly. “Which room did you get?”

“314” Melanie answered.

“540” Josy said. “Guess we’re not roomies then. Still, almost as good as neighbors!”

They both laughed at that, though the conversation felt strained and Melanie wondered if Josy was disappointed in her after Saturday.

Melanie discussed the move with her parents. She’d already talked with them about signing up the previous week and they were happy she got the room. They decided to make the move that weekend, since the weekend after she’d be busy preparing for the first exams.

Tuesday morning, she went for another early morning run. She put on her runner’s outfit, this time with her new mesh pattern top under the jacket and headed towards the park. On second thought, she decided to run the park road near the highway.

Not long after, she was running past the footbridge and with a twinge of excitement briefly looked out to the little field. She couldn’t see the grass or bushes, just shadowy outlines. Anyone could be hidden there. The thought spooked her, and she ran a little faster.

By the time she estimated she’d run about 15 minutes, she slowed down to a walk, then turned back around. She breathed in the fresh air, enjoying the scents of nature. It felt good to be out there, working her muscles.

She stopped a moment to move her hands over her inner and outer quads, spending a little more time doing that than might be considered normal. She saw no one nearby and felt her excitement build as she ran her hands up her inner thighs to meet at the top. Though it was chilly, her core temperature was good, and her legs were warm.

Not the time nor place for this, she reminded herself. She noticed the sun was coming up as she sped up again.

By the time she passed by the footbridge again, it was light enough to easily see the surroundings and on a whim she crossed over to the little field.

She took a step onto the grass and noticed it was wet. It must have rained during the night and she knew it would soak her shoes. Head back or take off her shoes? She did the latter and with shoes in hand she walked into the grass.

The wet grass was cold to her feet, but the feeling of walking barefoot through the soft grass was wonderful.

Still hot from her run, she walked over to where she and Josy had been more than a week ago. She thought back to her bout of nudity there as she set down her shoes and lowered the zipper on her jacket to about halfway, bringing her sports bra into view. The mesh gave a tantalizing view of her chest, she thought.

Standing there, she could see over the bushes and make out the park path. It also meant she would be quite visible herself. She’d only encountered two other people during her run, both walking their dogs. Looking out in both directions of the path, she didn’t see anyone.

Laying down in the grass was not an option, she’d get soaked. But if she carefully put her jacket on her shoes, it would stay dry.

She unzipped her jacket the rest of the way and took it off and placed it on her shoes. Feeling the cold air on her hot skin, she hugged herself. If she didn’t do stretches while cooling down like this, she feared she’d get muscle cramps the rest of the way home. However, if she did her stretches here, her leggings might get wet. It was either go home now or stretch her muscles. She checked her phone, finding that she still had some time.

She wanted to do those stretches, she thought to herself.

Feeling excitement building at doing this out in the open, she hooked her thumbs into her leggings and started pushing them down. The cold air hit her hot skin and with a rush she realized she’d grabbed her panties along with it.

Too late for that now, she thought, feeling impish. Excitement built up inside her at stripping herself out here. At least her lower half wouldn’t be immediately visible from the path.

After pulling her leggings and panties off her feet, she carefully folded them and placed them on top of her jacket. Except for her sports bra she was now naked, and it made her jittery. The idea of running around the little field like this briefly crossed her mind.

She ran her hands over stomach, abdomen, between her thighs. Her skin still felt quite hot to the touch, but she’d get cold fast as exposed as she was. At least there was no noticeable wind, she thought as she started her stretches.

She imagined it would be quite a view for anyone to see her like that. Throughout the routine she stole touches on her bare tummy, thighs and even ran her fingers over her glutes and up her cheeks to meet at her tailbone. It was the most sensual stretching routine she’d ever done.

As part of her routine, she bent over forwards with her feet spreading apart to lower her body and placed her hands on the ground. She let her head drop down to see behind her.

There was a dog, about 15 feet behind her. It’s owner only a few feet further, holding the leash. It was a middle-aged man, and he was staring straight at her naked ass with a phone in his other hand, aimed at the ground in front of him.

Where did he suddenly come from?

While she was still bent over, she saw the wide grin forming on his face. He stood stock still, staring at her.

With her legs spread as they were and bent over like that, he could see all of her, she realized. Heat rushed to her face from more than just her stance. He was the first guy to see her privates, let alone in this extremely compromising position.

She suddenly felt really hot, the cold air forgotten. Her mind briefly flashed back to her shopping trip three days ago with Josy and she balanced on the razor thin edge between fight and flight.

He still hadn’t moved a muscle.

She shifted her left arm on the grass and brought her right arm up. Holding her slightly shifted stance, she brought her hand to her pussy, fingers slipping through her folds as she saw his mouth gape open. She was already wet and easily slipped her middle finger inside. She moaned and felt dirty, touching herself in clear view of this man as she continued to slowly rub herself.

That’s when she saw him raise his phone, pressing buttons on the screen.