Early Morning Run
By Jennifer Doalfer
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It wasn't exactly early morning. But for a summer cottage area like this, it was indeed before the time when most people had their breakfast. The only people out were the other joggers.

As I jogged along the now familiar path around the small lake, I felt great. The soft, still-moist ground dampened the sound of my footsteps except when I stepped on the occasional branch, which would make small snapping sounds as they broke under my foot. When that happened there was usually a frightened animal of some kind fleeing right before me. I imagined I was an Indian on the warpath trying to run as smoothly as possible.

There was still a faint mist above the still surface of the lake which was visible between the trees whenever there was an opening. I felt like taking a swim in the lake; I knew it would be cold, but that was what I needed now that I could feel the perspiration wetting my T-shirt, staining the front, making it cling to my body.

That morning I had slipped quietly out of my bed, not wanting Poul to go running with me. I enjoyed my morning runs, the quiet, early atmosphere in the woods and perhaps a swim in the lake. Poul had been breathing heavily as I got out of bed, not bothering with a dressing gown over my naked body. I could still see the indentation in the mattress where I had just lain, where we had spent a good part of the night making love and just generally playing with each other. I could still smell the faint odour of lovemaking, probably from the dried spots of Poul's sperm still on the sheet and on my body.

I tiptoed around looking for my jogging outfit, but I could hear from Poul's breathing that if I wasn't careful he would wake, and I didn't want that. I picked up my small, thin, beach shorts and Poul's wrestling-style tank top, deciding that that I would have to make do with that for this morning's run, even though the shirt was way too large for me: the arm-pits opening almost reaching down to my waist.

In the small yard outside it was already getting warmer. The tiles on the ground were not cold, and felt quite pleasant under my bare feet. A light morning breeze played with my hair and caressed my body, making me feel very naked. The stray cat that seemed to have attached itself to us when we arrived, was rubbing itself against my legs asking for the usual morning cup of milk, which was probably what had made it want to stay. But I didn't want to make a noise in the kitchen just now.

I just slipped on the running clothes and with the memory of the feeling of the soft animal fur against my legs, I walked out through the gate, closing it with just a barely audible click as the latch closed behind me. The house was right at the edge of the woods, so within only a few strides I was deep between the trees, heading for the path around the lake to begin my run.

I had already been around the lake once. Normally I only did one circuit, but on the first one I had passed Jake, the waiter at the local pub. We had met just as we both turned a corner, almost running into each other. Maybe he had also imagined himself being an Indian on the warpath, because I certainly hadn't heard him. I had been enjoying the way my shorts, which I don't usually use for running, nicely stimulatingly had worked themselves all the way into my crotch. Taking slightly longer strides and putting each step right in front of me, rather than a bit to the side, I had managed to get the seam to shift across my clit with each step.

We almost hit each other coming around the bend. I think I sensed him before I saw him, maybe it was his smell, which I certainly noticed when we stopped with no more than a metre between us. I think I gave a small yell of surprise.

"Oops," he said.

"Sorry," I said, blushing, feeling that my sexual excitement must be obvious to him. I followed the direction if his stare down my front. My excited nipples stood out prominently against the drenched tank top.

"No sweat," he grinned, as his eyes locked with mine. There was electricity in the air as we stood like that for no more than perhaps a few seconds. It was as though the forest were dead and in black and white. I didn't notice any sounds. The only smell was of his body, sweaty, a bit of stale beer and smoke, reminding me of the atmosphere in the local pub. I recognised the look in his eyes. I had already seen it in the pub whenever he looked at me. The same way as now, looking down my front and then into my eyes as a provocation. Letting me know that he had looked and challenging me to object, or if I didn't, to see where that would lead. But neither in the pub nor here was I going to let it lead anywhere. I side-stepped him carefully, knowing that if I moved my arms away from my body, he would be able to see my breasts through the wide gaps in the sides of my top,.

"You are so wrong," I laughed, referring to his obviously totally incorrect statement and jogged on with long strides for a second, forgetting my special erotic jog. It was exciting enough to know that he was still standing there looking after me. I knew my shorts would show a good portion of bum cheeks the way they had ridden up into my crotch, but that just added to my excitement. I felt a tingling in my legs and nipples as if in anticipation of an intimate touch. Then the sounds of the forest returned, the trees turning green again.

I turned and looked back. He was still there, caught in a ray of sunlight shining through the trees. I imagined him getting aroused. Was there any indication of a bulge in his jogging pants? I thought so, but I didn't want to turn around again knowing that whenever I did it presented an all too clear view of my breasts. That was when I decided I needed the second circuit. I didn't know if he usually ran twice around the lake, but it was worth a try. Just for the sake of letting him watch my wet and excited body again, and see if I had any effect on him.

It was a two-mile run round the lake. I pulled up the shorts making sure the seam was in the right position, adopting the same stride pattern as before. I guessed it would be at least a mile before we would meet again, if he had indeed run round for a second time as well. I was going to see how close to coming I could get before I met him next time. There would be something wonderfully daring about meeting again in such an excited state.

After about a mile my breathing had become heavy - and not only from running. I could clearly hear myself making more noise than usual as my concentration drifted away from placing my feet right. I wasn't an Indian on the warpath, I was a sexually-stimulated, frustrated woman about to climax from the frustratingly-inadequate rubbing of my shorts. However, as I passed the mile marker and realised I was on the return half of the run round the lake, I slowed down. Obviously he hadn't continued for a second run. I slowed to a quick walk, listening to the sounds of the forest. Could I detect any sound indicating he was somewhere ahead? I didn't think so. I could hear the sound of running water from where the overspill of the lake ran into a small creek. I could hear birds up ahead which should have been scared away if he was anywhere near. As I passed they flew up with a noise, which would clearly indicate to him that I was coming - in case he was on his way, perhaps he also having slowed down.

I gave up dreaming about meeting him again. Adopting the same stride pattern as before, I ran on hoping to be able to come before reaching the end of the run. Finally, I gave up, and slowed down enough to slip my right hand into my shorts, making my fingers attempt to do what the seam hadn't been able to. This worked much better. My other hand lifted the shirt enough for my fingers to find the exploding nipple of my right breast. I was still running at a slow and comfortable pace when I felt the orgasm approaching. I hadn't done anything like this before when jogging, but for some reason I felt so aroused this morning.

As I felt the warmth hitting my stomach, it was as if my senses intensified. I could clearly feel the still-cool wind hitting my bare stomach and the bottom of my breast where I had raised the T-shirt. In a slow-motion sense I felt the strands of my long hairs moving and then cling to my sweaty cheeks only to be blown away by the next puff of wind. My legs turned wobbly, and my steps felt as though I was running on a mattress: the softness of the black mushy forest earth being exaggerated by my state of arousal. I was only about 100 yards from the path leading from the lake en route to the cottage, and my hand was working frantically at making me come, before the path too came to an end.

Turning round the last bend I almost froze in my steps as I saw Jake sitting on a fallen trunk, staring at me, obviously waiting for my return. I yanked my hand out of my shorts and the other from under my T-shirt, only just managing to pull it down at the same time.

He must have seen my actions, and he would have to be very thick not to have had at least a suspicion of what I had been doing. I felt certain the mix of the smell of sweat and the telltale odour from my fingers, if nothing else, were bound to give me away. I continued to feel small ripples from the oncoming orgasm as I stopped completely out of breath.

"You are not used to running twice around the lake, are you?" he asked.

I could only shake my head. I knew I was blushing, but he might just take that as a sign of my exhausted state.

"I have watched you a couple of times down here, but I don't think you noticed," he said as his eyes clung to my heaving chest and exploding nipples. His voice was soft, masculine and a bit hoarse. Usually when I heard him speak at the pub, he had to speak louder to be heard over the noise. Hearing his voice like this seemed much more intimate, almost as if he was whispering to me, which of course, he wasn't.

My god, I thought to myself, I had never seen him down here, but I sometimes had gone swimming naked in the lake, just some 100 yards from here. On warm days I would go naked, on other days I would swim in my jogging underwear. On which days had he seen me? Was that why he always looked at me so strangely in the pub? Having seen my naked breasts, was he trying to imagine them under my blouse when I was leaning over in the bar?

"No, I have never seen you down here before," I said, as I slowly recovered.

"Yeah, well, you can easily miss each other with the thick vegetation around the lake. Are you going back up this way? If so, then I can accompany you some of the way as I live in that direction as well," he said, as he got up. I could clearly see the outline of his dick under the thin, shiny fabric of his jogging trousers. He was obviously not wearing underwear under his trousers either. This time it was his turn to notice the direction of my stare. But I couldn't help it. He was obviously semi-erect. Rather long and showing signs of stirring as he stood up. Again our eyes locked with the same electric atmosphere as before. You could almost detect the acrid smell of electricity as after a thunderstorm. I felt like a bitch in heat. I was still only coming down from my near-orgasm; I must been giving all the signs of sexual excitement. The evenings at the pub were going to be very strange in the future.

"No, you just go ahead. I am so hot and sweaty I am going to go for a swim in the lake," I said without thinking. My god! What was I going to do if he said he was coming along?

But he didn't. He just stared at me for another couple of seconds.

"Okay, take care then. See you later," he said as he turned around and slowly walked away.

I was swearing to myself. I had practically invited him to come and watch me swimming naked in the lake. I turned and continued down the small path leading to the lake. Suddenly, I found myself wishing he were following. If he had watched me before, he must know where I usually went swimming.

I quickly reached the shore of the lake. This was where the path ended which many people used when they went for a walk by the lake, so here it was obviously not private enough for a nude swim. But I had scouted the area weeks ago, and like the good Indian I imagined myself to be, found that if I just stepped into the water, went around an overhanging branch, I could easily reach a small grassy inlet. The sun could reach into the little cove and heat up the ground so you could lie down and rest. The lake was rather deep at that point so you couldn't walk too far out in the lake, and not being visible from the end of the path, and there being rather heavy vegetation shielding it, made it a suitably secluded spot. But on the other hand, if somebody wanted to watch you it wouldn't be difficult, as the vegetation would also hide anybody approaching the spot.

As I walked out into the lake, bending under the huge branch, I managed to catch a glimpse back up the path. I couldn't see Jake, but I saw the branches of a bush which you had to push aside to pass, move - a certain indication that there was someone moving up there.

I hesitated a bit as if resting, waiting to see if I could see if he would come forward. The water was cold, small waves lapping against the back of my knees, as I stood with my back to the lake. I saw a small green frog jump away right in front of me. I was looking for signs of movement, but either my Indian training was inadequate or, indeed, there was nobody up the path. However, as I moved on, I again saw the branches move, as if they had been held back and were now being released, as somebody carefully passed. I was certain it was Jake, but I didn't want to be seen standing there if he came out of the bushes.

I waded carefully through the water until I reached my little clearing. I sat down on the edge of the water, my toes playing in shallow water right at the edge. Here the water was already warm from the sun and it was a pleasant, cool feeling.

As I sat there I grew more and more excited again. I really needed that orgasm. The feeling that Jake was probably watching just made it more exciting. I felt sure he wasn't going to come out and reveal himself. He seemed to me to be just the voyeur type of person, which fits my exhibitionistic tendencies fine. I was already dreaming of which top I could wear the next time we went to the pub, one which would allow him to look down my breasts. If I intended to go for a swim it had to be now, before I got too carried away.

As I stood up and walked a few steps from the edge of the water I looked up at the forest and the vegetation. Where would he be if he were, indeed, watching? There was only one, maybe, two places where the vegetation allowed you to pass through. I had found that out when I scouted the area. Getting to the clearing was definitely easiest from the water's side, but there was a path through the forest which would take you down a small ravine, which would hide you nicely if you wanted to watch somebody. If he was there, I was sure that was where he was. However, I could see no sign of him.

I decided to imagine he was there. At least that would give me the required excitement. If he was actually there then that was just an added benefit.

Facing in his direction, I pulled the tank top over my head, stopping for a second with my arms above my head, pulling my hair-bun loose at the same time. When I lowered my arms and dropped the shirt on the ground, I shook my hair loose down over my shoulders, wriggling enough to allow my breasts a good wobble. I looked down at myself. The morning breeze, now a bit warmer, still managed to get my nipples to pop out. As a matter of fact, the whole area around the areolae had goose pimples, partly from the cool air and partly from the excitement of the exposure.

I shivered as I thought about what Jake would be thinking if he really was hiding in the bushes no more than 25 yards away. Was his dick jerking to life in his trousers? Did he already have a hand down his jogging trousers, caressing himself as he watched his regular bar guest exposing herself like this? Knowing what state I was in before, and what he thought I was probably doing as I approached him at the end of my run, he must now be aware how excited I would have become.

I half turned around, presenting my side view to him. I could still see out the corner of my eyes, watching for movement in the bushes. I slipped a hand down the front of my shorts, digging a finger inside me, almost coming from the sensation. Then I proceeded to pull down my shorts and stepped slowly out of them, making sure Jake would get a good side view of my full breasts dangling free as I bent over to remove them. I picked up the top and shorts and hung them over an old barren branch. I had to move a bit away from the lake to find a suitable place, all the time facing in the direction of Jake's presumed hiding place.

I went to the edge of the water again and squatted down, this time with my back to the bushes. I looked out over the water. The surface was still, apart from some very small ripples made by insects landing on the mirror-smooth surface. I could see the bottom of the lake, here, just sandy, with a few old branches. If I focused on the surface I could see myself silhouetted against the blue sky framed by the overhanging branches. Leaning forward I could also see my hanging breasts. I touched one, pushed it a bit and could clearly see the motion in the water. It was time for a swim before I got started again. I could feel it coming.

I waded a few feet out into the water and let myself fall in with a loud splash. A few strokes and I was out into deep water. I turned around taking a few backstrokes, looking towards the shore. This time there was definitely movement in the bushes where I had guessed Jake would be hiding. Could I also see his silver-coloured jogging suit? Definitely something of that colour at the rear of the bushes. I was floating on my back feeling almost weightless in the still water, my breasts pointing upwards towards the clear blue sky. A few big birds were circling overhead. Maybe they were used to having the lake all to themselves. I made small movements with my legs in order to keep floating, wanting to present my bottom part in the direction of Jake, but I soon realised I was getting so far away that, being covered by water, he would hardly be able to see me very clearly any more.

I turned around and with a few powerful strokes reached the shallow water again. I rested on my knees on the soft slippery bottom, the water reaching halfway up my thighs as my knees sank further into the muddy bed of the lake. I splashed water up my front, played a bit with my nipples, leaning my head back, obviously enjoying the sensation of the cool water trickling down my body, hitting my crotch, which, being hairless, had nothing to prevent the water from running all the way down, dripping off my lips. A tickling sensation, just driving me further towards my decision to bring myself off in front of Jake, hoping he would be out there enjoying the spectacle.

I slowly raised myself out of the water and walked to the grass-covered clearing, presenting a full frontal nude to Jake. I could feel the soft, muddy sand between my toes as I stepped out of the water. I wiped the mud off on the grass, shaking the last drops of water off my body, bending over letting my hair fall down in front of my eyes. Quickly standing up I flung my hair back, the best I could do to make my otherwise wet and tangled hair look decent.

I looked around, as if looking for the best place to sit and dry off. Almost in the middle of the clearing was an old wooden tree trunk, leaning away from where Jake might be hiding, providing a good back rest where I could sit facing the area where Jake might be. Also it was facing the sun, which would legitimise placing myself there, and at the same time, I would be facing Jake also. It was a bit far from where I had hung my clothes, but that would only be a problem if somebody else should come along.

The sun was now strong enough to start clearing the moisture in the air. That, on the other hand, gave a boggy smell emphasising the feeling of still air in the enclosed space. I took a deep breath then I walked over to the trunk and sat myself down, back against it, legs bent, slightly spread, giving Jake a clear view of my shaved pussy, with lips still slightly raw from last night's extended action. That only made my nakedness so much more apparent to me.

I could feel the still-moist long grass caressing the insides of my thighs. If I closed my eyes I could almost imagine it was the light touch of Jake's beard. The trunk was a bit hard, but in my excitement it didn't bother me too much. As I sat, still pretending just to be a jogger who has had a swim and was now sunning herself and drying off - I tried to imagine what Jake must be thinking. Was he dreaming he was between my legs? Was he playing with himself, imagining it was my touch on his hard dick? I wondered what it looked like? Was he stroking it with long, slow strokes, or was he pumping hard as he stared at me? I could feel the moisture forming between my lips. It felt cold. The breeze blowing cold over my wet pussy lips: to me it was like Jake blowing on them before he kissed them.

I moved my left hand down between my legs as if it was just something I casually did. But I had to touch myself. I forced my lips apart, overcome by a hard shudder, which made my back rub hard against the trunk, hurting. I licked the fingers on my right hand, then placed them lightly over my clit. Stretching my legs as far apart as possible, arching my back leaning my neck against the trunk, I finally touched my clit lightly. I almost buckled over. I had to grab it harder. As my fingers found the right rhythm, the speed increased.

I forced my eyes open wanting to see if I could see Jake. Something was certainly moving between the bushes, several branches shaking lightly, just a bit more than the other branches. I guess he was jerking off while watching me. The thought made me speed up. I wondered what it would be like at the pub tonight. In a way it would be fun. If he didn't know that I was aware that he had been watching, I could just behave as usual. But I would know what he had been doing while watching me. I would know that every time he looked at me, he would think of me sitting so close to him, bringing myself off right in front of him. He would know the shape of my naked breasts shaking as the first small contractions hit me. The image in his mind of my naked breasts would be superimposed on my blouse when he looked at me at the bar, making him look at me as if I was naked right in front of him there.

At the same time I would know that he was getting a hard on behind his bar and I would enjoy sitting so he could see the outline of my breasts in the overhead bar-lights. Perhaps I would wear my loose blouse, the one without arms, where you could see my breasts clearly from the side if I leant forward. I would sit with my glass, making sure the shirt was open so he could stare at my nipples, getting hard the way he was watching them now. I would get so excited I would get Poul to make love to me in the woods on the way home. Maybe I would bring Poul down here in the moonlight and have him make love to me here, imagining that it was Jake.

As the climax approached I realised I was making small sounds. I wanted to call out how I felt, letting Jake know I was getting near so he could shoot his load at the same time. I hoped the volume was right, I wanted Jake to hear me come, but not loud enough to let other early joggers know what was going on. But as I came I couldn't control myself. I let out a small howl as the shakes started to roll over me.

The contractions made me sit up, looking down myself. If possible my nipples stood out even harder - the usual reaction after an orgasm. I could see my stomach muscles ripple with the after-shocks, and the soft insides of my thighs, reddened and still moving as my knees kept shaking. I was sliding slowly down the trunk, scratching my back but oblivious to pain. Like a heroin addict engulfed in the rush and shutting out all other feelings. Finally I let out a long sigh until all air had left my lungs and the soft glow of relaxation was starting to spread through my body.

I could again feel the heat of the morning sun on my body; as the sun had been gathering strength it had started to bring out small beads of perspiration on my chest. The combination of the effort of the prolonged run, the orgasm and the hot sun almost made me want to go to sleep. I couldn't hear any sound other than my own breathing, now more under control. But slowly my senses radiated outwards away from my own body and suddenly the sound of the birds, the sound of shaking leaves got my attention. I looked towards Jake's observation point, and clearly saw a flash of a silver jogging suit disappearing between the bushes and more birds being scared away by the sudden movement. Oh, my god, I thought, as I almost blushed again. I could no longer pretend that there was any doubt. Now I knew he had been watching me. The feeling got me aroused again, as what should have been embarrassment, was instead a strong sense of excitement, which hit me right in solar plexus.

I got hold of myself, stood up and walked towards the bushes where I had seen him disappear. I wasn't bothered going over there naked. I knew he would have gone for good now. I managed to force the branches apart, squeezing through and almost falling down into a small hollow in the ground. I turned round and looked in the direction of my tree trunk. What a perfect view he'd had. Almost level with the ground he must have been able to see my actions with a clear view. I could see the flattened grass where his feet had been, the bent blades of grass now slowly straightening, showing what a short time ago it was that he had left. I looked at the leaves in front of where he had been, and it didn't take me long to identify the first blob of telltale thick, whitish moisture dripping off a branch. I put out my hand and touched his sperm, feeling it between my fingers. Still warm and soft. I smelt my fingers. The same smell as Poul's old dried come on my body this morning. But this was the semen of a stranger, jerking off while watching me masturbating. I was the cause of the wet moisture between my fingers. I smeared a bit of it on my nipples and found some more to spread over the inside of my legs where Poul's had been this morning. I was going to go back and fuck Poul, knowing I had another man's come on my body. So naughty - so sexy.

I made it back to my clothes. They were now hot from the sun and felt strange on my naked body. But the water was still cold as I stepped around the leaning tree, the water reaching up above my knees. I was shaking when I was finally out on the path. Certainly, from the excitement of the last half-hour, but also from exhaustion.

I walked slowly back to the cottage giving myself plenty of time to ponder over the experiences of the morning. Poul was awake but still in bed, the room now getting warm and needing a good airing out. I opened a window to let in the refreshing morning air.

"Did you have a good run?" he asked.

"I sure did. It is quite an experience being down there in the morning," not really thinking about the deeper meaning of my words. "It is so quiet, you feel so much at one with nature."

I stood at end of the bed as I stripped off the jogging clothes using the same movements I had used when stripping in front of Jake. I was immediately aroused again as the wind from the open window hit me and reminded me of the feeling at the lake as the breeze hit my naked body. I watched Poul's eyes following my every movement. I could hear his breathing getting heavier. I leant forward over the bed, giving him a good look at my hanging, full tits as I slowly pulled the cover off him. As it cleared his lower body his dick jumped up, hardening in small jerks until finally it pointed straight up in the air.

"Play with yourself a bit," I begged. "I want to see you really excited just by looking at me."

He hesitated a bit first. I knew he considered it a very private thing to play with himself, and he would only do it because he knew what it did for me. As he was stroking himself the way I had imagined Jake doing it to himself, I climbed onto the bed, slowly positioning myself over Poul's dick. It hit my thighs as he tried to reach up and touch me, but I kept at a distance while he played some more with himself. As the pre-come oozed out, I grabbed his dick and smeared the slick juice all over my inner thighs where I had spread Jake's sperm, mixing Poul's wet juices with Jake's dried semen. The thought drove me wild, and I finally lowered myself, allowing Poul to enter me. The feeling of finally being filled by a hard, throbbing dick was indescribable after the frustrating display of external only manipulation, which had been my only means of satisfying myself for the last couple of hours.

I lent over his head as I bounced up and down; mixed pictures of Poul and Jake played on the inside of my closed eyelids. My breasts were bouncing right over Poul's face, making me think of the coming evening at the pub and how I was going to let Jake get a sneak glimpse down my shirt. The thought made me speed up, and when Poul caught one of my breasts and started kissing and sucking on the nipple which I had covered with Jake's dried sperm, I just exploded. As good as it is to let people watch you exhibit yourself as you masturbate, orgasm as part of intercourse is just the ultimate. As usual my contractions brought off Poul as well, so just as I was coming off my high Poul exploded inside me. I wondered if there was any way to keep his sperm from being washed off when I showered. I wanted to keep some of it on my body, possibly rubbing some my nipples when we went the pub in the evening.

But for now I collapsed on top of Poul. His familiar smell was so welcome. The dream and excitement of strange encounters always increased the intensity of our lovemaking. I am sure he sometimes wondered where I got these sudden sparks of intense arousal from. But I knew he loved it and before I fell asleep on top of him I smiled and reminded myself how rewarding it was to go looking for inspirations.