**Exposing Elysa**

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**Exposing Elysa Ch. 01**

"Woohoo! We're off!" Elysa shouted out the passenger window to no one in particular as I pulled away from her apartment block and turned toward the highway.

The bustle and traffic of the city quickly receded behind us, and the visions of mountains and desert wilderness filling my head soon turned to reality on the horizon. With the windows down and the sunroof open, the dry summer air ripped through our hair and ears. The late morning sun warmed Elysa's dark skin and reflected off her brilliant green-tinted sunglasses, amplifying her joyous smile. As I thought about the road ahead, I shot a satisfied grin her way, and she blew me a kiss. This is going to be a great trip, I thought to myself.

It was late June. I planned the trip as a post-graduation retreat for myself - an escape out to the Nevada desert for a few nights of solutide and decompression, with a stop through Yosemite on the way back. I'd spent much of my youth in the wilderness, and was thrilled to finally get back into nature. Even more thrilling was my beautiful new girlfriend Elysa, who I invited along for the adventure. She was less experienced with the outdoors, having grown up in the suburbs of LA, but no less enthusiastic. My imagination overflowed with possibilities - of new sights, majestic wilderness, hot springs, and great sex. Needless to say, we were both buzzing with energy that morning, but neither of us could have guessed how much wilder our week was about to become.

We'd met a couple years earlier, at the beginning of graduate school. We were fast friends, growing close over long study sessions and post-exam pub nights. As we spent long days and late nights together, feelings began to spark. Her good looks caught my eye from the moment I saw her, but it was her quick wit, and our shared sense of humor that drew me in. A spontaneous late-night kiss after one too many drinks quickly ignited that spark into a passionate love affair. At first, she struck me as a more reserved type, but I soon discovered a desire for sexual exploration and kink simmering just beneath her composed surface. Soon we were secretly making out in campus hallways or sneaking off on "lunch breaks" to fuck in her apartment just off campus. She'd send me suggestive texts from her bed while I was supposed to be studying, or pass neatly folded notes with dirty messages inside: "I fingered myself thinking about you this morning", or "I'm not wearing panties under my dress." She loved to tease, and I loved the attention. She also loved to be dominated, a role I was happy to play. After winding me up with her sexy playfulness, I'd return the favor by tying her hands to the headboard, or bending her over a table and slapping her ass until she screamed, then wrapping my hands around her neck and choking her while fucking her from behind.

Elysa was the daughter of Thai immigrants, with South Asian good looks and a Southern Californian attitude. She had an effortless look of refinement and elegance well beyond her years. Her features were soft yet sophisticated: a long, subtle nose, deep opal eyes with wide upturned lids, and a round, pouting mouth, with succulent, full lips. Framing her face was a perpetually tussled mane of thick, wavy black hair that ran to her mid-back.

That morning she was wearing short denim shorts that made her smooth, caramel legs seem as long and slender as the road laid out ahead of us. They sat low on her waist, accentuating her hips. To keep cool in the June heat she had thrown on an old t-shirt with the sleeves and collar cut off. She had small, perky breasts, with defined brown nipples that had a tendency to show through her thin shirts - I think more than she knew. Today was no exception, and in the sunlight I could make out their profile - and the barbell piercing on her left one - against the threadbare cotton.

I was driving barefoot, wearing loose khaki shorts and a linen button up to stay cool. I'm an athletic guy, with a thin frame and lean, toned muscles from years of trail running and rock climbing. With a shirt on I look skinny, and people are often surprised at my flat abs, muscular back, and defined arms. My dirty blonde hair and scruffy beard give me a bit of a surfer boy look, though I never convincingly fit the persona. Since childhood, I've always been drawn to mountains, not oceans.

We stopped for lunch in the last real town we'd see for two days. We settled into a small booth and ordered. I scanned the atlas, planning out the route ahead, while Elysa picked at an underwhelming salad.

"Excited?" I asked between bites of my sandwich.

"Just a little!" She replied. "I'm so relieved to be finally done with school, and so happy to be out here with you!" She reached across the table to snag the atlas. "Don't just read that, tell me more about where we're going!"

"Well, we're here now" I traced out our route on the page. "A few hours more and we'll camp up here. Then tomorrow," my finger followed the invisible line eastward, "Have you ever been to a real hot spring?"

"No! Only hot tubs at the hotels."

"The natural water is so much better than any hotel. Not to mention the views! This one is right on the edge of the desert. Nothing but open space and mountains for as far as you can see." I said.

"Oooh that sounds amazing." She bounced in her seat excitedly. As she did, two older men walked past our table toward the exit. I saw their eyes lock onto Elysa, and look her over as they passed. Her smile faded and she leaned in close to me.

"Okay, that's like the third time some guy has stared me down here." she said quietly. "I mean, I'm used to getting a little attention from men, but this is crazy! Do you think..?" she paused. "I don't mean to be judgmental but maybe they don't see too many Asian people around here."

I looked at her, and grinned slightly, "Lys, I don't think they see too many hot girls without a bra on around here."

Her eyes went wide and her cheeks flushed red. She leaned into the table to hide her chest. "Is it that obvious?" she said nervously.

"I didn't mean to make you uncomfortable!" I replied. "But, yeah it's pretty obvious. Hey, don't be embarrassed. You wear it well! You should be proud"

Her expression lifted a little, along with her posture. "You think I look good like this?"

"Good doesn't even come close. You look fucking fantastic!"

She bit her lip a little. "You like it when I go braless, don't you?"

"Lys, I can barely keep my eyes on the road with you beside me. You're stunning."

She sat up straight, arching her back to press her chest forward. Her shirt pulled taut on her frame. Her nipples were hard. She was getting excited by this.

"Does it make you jealous?" she prodded. "All these men staring at me?"

"Nah, I'm not a jealous guy." I answered, perhaps a bit too matter of fact. I think maybe she'd wanted me to say yes. "I mean," I continued, "you're hot as hell, of course people are gonna look. But, the way I figure, you're with me, not them. They're the ones who should be jealous."

"Good answer." She said with a smirk, leaning across the table to snatch a french fry from my plate. Her shirt fell forward just enough to give me a glimpse of her bare chest. She sat back, gave a knowing wink, and bit down on the fry. "You can look at my tits all you want, hot stuff."

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Not long after, were cruising out on a single-lane road towards the vast nothingness of the Great Basin. Elysa reclined and soon dozed off. In the relative solitude, I stole glances at her bare midriff, and the contours of her torso under her thin shirt. Her little display at lunch replayed in my memory and my mind started to wander. I began to picture her lifting her shirt and massaging her young, small breasts, rolling her piercing between two fingers and smiling at a passing motorist. Or unbuttoning her shorts, sliding them down around her ankles, spreading her knees and fingering her pussy while we drove through the landscape. Every glance over at her would bring a new, titillating daydream, and my cock started to harden.

Little did I know these fantasies were foreshadowing the miles and days ahead.

I pulled the car over at a dirt turnout and quietly stepped out to pee. No sense disturbing her nap. I walked around to a bush by the passenger side, unzipped, and let loose on the dry ground. We hadn't seen another car for an hour, so I didn't bother to find privacy.

"Hey there big boy." she called in a comically deep tone. I turned to see Elysa's head and elbows resting on the open window, a big grin on her face. I had no idea how long she'd been watching - not that I cared if she saw. "Need a ride?"

I turned towards her, my dick still hanging through my fly. "Like what you see?" I egged on with a little hip shake.

"Hard to say. Think I'll need a closer look." she shot back.

She played along so well.

I stepped toward the open window and she grabbed at the waistband of my shorts, pulling me against the car.

"Very nice." she said from inside. I felt a wetness against my foreskin as she wrapped her lips around it.

"Mmm, yes I like this quite a bit." She joked as she eased down another inch or two and my half erection quickly hardened. I rested my arms on the car's roof, looked up at the sky, closed my eyes and basked in the feeling. She was putting those full lips to work, taking nearly my whole cock in her mouth. She worked it in and out, pushing her own limits as she took every inch of my hard member to the back of her throat, emitting a satisfying slurp as she slid out and down again.

I looked up and down the road to check for traffic. Seeing none, I reached down with my right hand and pulled at her shirt, exposing her left breast. I pinched and rolled her piercing through my fingers, and she groaned an open vowel from her cock-filled mouth.

"I love when you grab my tits, Andy." she moaned between wet breaths.

I alternated between light pinches and caressing handfuls of her bare breast as she continued working her own magic, each soft lick, each full-throated push sending increasing pangs of warm ecstasy through my belly. She dove a hand into my shorts and began rhythmically rolling my balls in her palm, all the while making slow swirls with her tongue along the delicate underside of my foreskin. I started to feel the warmth rising up in me. I gripped her chest tighter and exclaimed "Fuuck, you're gonna make me cum already!"

She pulled back.

"Not... until I say so."

She sat back in her reclined seat. My wet cock pulsed with excitement and dripped with her spit, suddenly cool in the dry air. I stepped back to meet her eyes, and she was waiting with a devious smile and low, seductive eyes. She unbuttoned her shorts and pushed her black lace thong aside, slid her other hand along her side and hip, running her fingers through her soft black pubic hair and disappearing into her shorts.

"Hop in. Let's... go... for a ride." she moaned between heavy breaths.

"You're such a fucking tease." I laughed as I crossed back around to the driver's seat.

We'd played this game before, bringing each other to the edge of climax over and over, each time stopping just short of full release. We'd make each other moan and beg - growing more and more intense with each swell until the pressure was nearly unbearable - before finally allowing ourselves an intense mutual orgasm. Nothing else has ever made me cum so hard.

We'd never played it outside.

I took my seat and started the car. Elysa's hand was still down her pants, wriggling under the denim, coaxing soft moans from her open mouth. I took a second to admire the sight of her, then put the car in gear and slowly pulled back onto the highway.

She looked over at me, still massaging her pussy. She let out a few long, loud breaths that made her whole chest heave. My cock was still out, hard as steel, and her gaze moved towards it.

"Now, where were we?" she said softly as she leaned forward in the seat and across the console. She wrapped her fingers around my erection and resumed licking around my head and upper shaft like it was a melting soft-serve on a hot afternoon. Her saliva ran over her fingers and she stroked, smoothly, up and down. I accelerated the car, trying to keep my focus.

She looked up at me, still stroking, and said - in a tone somehow both begging and commanding - "Don't you dare cum yet."

Then she dipped her head back down and filled her throat with my dick, doing her damnedest to make me fail.

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The pavement ended and I slowed to navigate along the gravel road through a spectacular river valley that sliced through the desert plateau. The sun shone hot and blooming wildflowers lit up the surroundings. Elysa had her knees up on the passenger's seat and her face buried in my crotch. I was excited by her new-found boldness.

For the next few miles, she slowly worked my cock to the edge and back. When I got close, I'd pull on her hair, and she'd stop for a bit, holding my energy just below the threshold. The feeling was nearly overwhelming. The rush of being pleasured while driving along an open road was incredible! If a car came along, or up behind us, it would be obvious what was going on. My heart was racing and adrenaline poured through me, heightening the intensity of Elysa's masterful oral skills.

I steadied the wheel with my left hand, and moved my right down her back, under her unbuttoned shorts, and began massaging her ass. She moaned and I could feel the vibrations on my cock. I pushed her shorts down to her thighs and worked my hands around her butt, tickling her asshole and occasionally brushing her pussy. If she wanted to be a tease, I could tease her right back. Each time I ran my fingers across her pussy lips, she flinched a little and increased the pace of her bobbing head. I felt her getting wetter, her slit lining my fingertips with each pass. I eased a finger into her hole, and she jolted.

"Hey!" she looked up at me. The tone was half accusation, half invitation.

"Two can play at this game." I replied as I pushed my finger deeper into her.

She put her lips back around my dick and sped up her stroking.

Just as the tension was becoming too much for me, I spied a turnout up ahead. Inspired by her willingness to play around in the car, I suddenly felt compelled to see if she'd enjoy something more daring. I followed the dirt path a couple hundred yards up to a turn-around atop a sandy bank on the shore of a small reservoir. I pulled the car around halfway and cut the engine.

Elysa pulled her head up and looked at me, quizzically. I bunched her hair in my hands and pulled her face to mine. I met her mouth with my tongue and gave her a wet, voracious kiss.

"I want to bend you over this car and fuck you until you scream." I whispered in her ear, still holding her firmly by the hair. She nodded and bit her lip hungrily.

I opened the door and stepped outside, standing in the bright sun with my dick hanging out of my shorts. I looked back at Elysa, still perched on the passengers seat. She crawled over the console and leaned out the driver's side door, her hand reached for my crotch but I took her arm and pulled her outside.

"Get on the hood" I commanded.

She stood to attention. Her clothes slung off of her like a sheet carelessly draped over a forgotten sculpture. Her thick black mane flopped over her face and shoulders, covering one eye. Her top was pulled up and twisted to expose a single breast. Her unzipped shorts slipped off her left side. With each sultry step they slid a little lower so by the time she reached the car hood they were halfway down her thigh.

She put her hands on the front of the car and I positioned myself behind her. I kissed the back of her neck and then fell to my knees, pulling her shorts and panties the rest of the way down with me. I grabbed a cheek with each hand and spread her ass wide, then dove my face into her juicy pussy. I curled my tongue over her clit and through her musky sweet crevice. She fell onto the hood and cried out in ecstasy. I smacked her ass as I tongued her ferociously.

Her breathing quickened, and I dove my thumb deep into her hole, moving in and out slowly while massaging her thighs and butt with my fingers. I pulled her cheeks wide open again, revealing her tight, puckered asshole, and in a moment of spontaneity I ran my tongue around its rim. Again she cried out.

Working her pussy with my thumb and tickling her asshole with my tongue, I could feel her start to twitch and buck as her orgasm grew closer. She was moaning loudly with each breath, pounding her hands against the hot metal of the hood. When she came I felt a rush of wetness surge past my thumb and run down my hand. One more long, deep groan and her muscles relaxed.

I stood, placed my cock between her legs and leaned forward over her. I whispered in her ear, "My turn now."

"Fuck me already god dammit!" she spoke into the hood.

I wet my cock against her dripping clit and then pushed into her. I thrust hard and quick, and her spasms and moans returned in no time. I had my hands on her shoulders, pushing her body onto the car and holding her in place as I fucked her from behind. "Yes! mmyes! mmyes!" she repeated with each smack of my hips on her ass. "Fuck me hard, Andy! Harder!"

I placed a hand around the front of Elysa's neck and pulled her off the hood towards me. I pumped my cock deep into her. I wrapped my other arm around her hips to hold her in place as I felt myself about to orgasm. I gently bit her neck and whispered into her ear, "Tell me to cum for you."

"Cum for me baby!" she wailed. "Cum for me, Andy. I want it inside me!"

My whole body tensed and I gripped Elysa's neck so tightly she yelped and coughed. My cock spasmed and shot my hot seed into her. She shivered with each pulse. "Get it all deep in my pussy, baby." she whimpered.

The spasms ended and I stepped back to regain my breath. Elysa remained slumped over the car hood , shorts around her ankles, in post-orgasmic bliss. A drop of my cum appeared on her thigh, trickling out of her. As reality snapped back into focus, she stood and turned, fixing her shirt. She kicked off her shorts at me and leaned back, resting her bare ass on the hot metal.

"That was fucking hot!" She exclaimed, running a hand along her thighs and hips.

As she spoke, something caught my eye. I looked past her, across the hood of the car, onto the lake. Suddenly, I realized it was a small fishing boat idling some hundred feet offshore, not close enough to see detail ...but certainly close enough to see the man sitting on the back, his fishing rod cast out behind. He silently flashed me a thumbs-up when he saw me look over, and I chuckled.

"Hmm?" Elysa sleepily inquired.

I wasn't sure if I should tell her. "Well, um, there's a guy on that boat out there. I think he's watching us."

Elysa flashed a glance over her shoulder. She paused. I tensed for a second, thinking she might be embarrassed. Much to my surprise, she hopped off the hood and strutted around the car, nude from the waist down. She flashed a cute little wave towards the boat and sat into the passenger's seat. I looked down at her through the open window. I handed her shorts back and she tossed them onto the floor. She reclined and spread her legs, rubbing her inner thigh with one hand and running the other through her hair. She grinned, and repeated between quick breaths "..so..fucking.. hot."

God damn, I thought to myself as I settled back into the car. This is going to be a good week.

**Exposing Elysa Ch. 02**

"I'm so happy you came along, Lys."

"I'm so happy you invited me!" she replied. "This place is beautiful! It's unlike anything I've ever seen before."

"It's magical, isn't it?"

We only had a few hours drive between campsites today, so we got an early start and found a short hike across a ridge to a lookout point.

Elysa was wearing a pair of capri-length yoga tights and a loose white tank top over a grey sports bra, her brand new hiking boots, and her big, beaming green-lensed sunglasses. The heat of the day hadn't set in yet, but the morning sun shone down bright and warm, and the smell of sagebrush on the wind was pleasantly intoxicating. We chatted about the trip, and told funny stories about our respective pasts as we hiked along. It was easy to forget, since we'd become nearly inseparable towards the end of school, but we had only been together a couple of months and there was still so much we had to learn about each other.

"I can't stop thinking about yesterday." she said, catching a lull in the conversation to change the subject. "I've never been fucked outside before! The way you bent me over the hood in broad daylight...mmm. I can still feel your hands around my neck." She looked back at me and rubbed at her clavicles. "And, my god, and that guy on the boat! Do you think he was watching the whole time?"

"No clue." I said. "...probably."

"First at the diner, when I noticed those men staring at me, I was a little embarrassed at first but then I felt - well - a little excited about it. Then, I really thought I'd be embarrassed to get caught fucking like that. But in the heat of things it was such a thrill! And every time I think about it, about being exposed, and watched, it, well, it kinda turns me on."

I wrapped my arms around her from behind. "Sounds like we've got a little exhibitionist discovering herself."

"That's why I brought it up." She turned her head and spoke softly into my ear like she was revealing a secret, even though no one else was around to hear, "I think I want to explore that more with you."

My heart jumped. I smiled and looked down at her. "We've still got plenty of vacation ahead of us, let's see what we can get into!" I slipped my hands under her shirt and ran my fingers up her side.

She smiled back, and giggled. "You're fun."

She started to step away but I gripped her arm and pulled her around to face me.

"I've got an idea, if you're up for it."

"Shoot." she replied.

"...a little game, I guess. To, uh, explore your boundaries."

"I'm listening." she said, her eyebrows perking up.

I smirked, tightening my hand around her arm. "Like Truth or Dare. Or, well, just Dare I guess. To push you a little. Help you discover yourself."

"Mmmhm!" she interjected, curiously.

"If you keep going along, I'll keep pushing. But only as far as you want. The point is to rile you up. Turn you on. So - remember - if you're ever turned off, or uncomfortable, or upset, just say the safe word and we'll stop. Got it?"

"Red Fern... got it." she nodded, recalling the safe word we'd picked a few weeks earlier, inspired by the childhood book on the shelf over her bed that I noticed while tying her up.

"Ooo! This'll be fun!" she wrapped her arms around me and leaned in.

"Ready for your first dare?" I inquired.

She raised an eyebrow. "You got something in mind?"

I reached through the oversized arm holes in her tank top and lifted her sports bra up.

Elysa giggled and blushed, cupping her tiny tan-lined buds in her hands as she sprung back. "Andy!! I thought you were going to ask first!"

I gestured around. "Hey, nobody's on the trail. Let this be a warm up for you." I stepped forward and gently pulled her hands away. I leaned in and kissed her breast sweetly, letting my tongue linger around her soft areola. She sighed and closed her eyes. I felt it start to harden on my tongue.

"Warmed up?" I asked, between licks.

"You always know how to warm me up." She replied, lowly. I learned early on that her nipples were a short circuit to her libido. I could almost always get her going with a few kisses, a light nibble, or a playful pinch. I'll never forget the time she told me - months before our first kiss, when my crush seemed woefully unrequited - about getting her nipple pierced and nearly climaxing in the shop chair.

"Alright then." I said. "Let's hike."

Elysa turned and bounded down the trail, tits freely bouncing in the sunlight. I followed close behind, enjoying the view. Her skin flushed and her breathing quickened. She was clearly aware of her nudity, and it gave her an air of heightened alertness. It was oddly arousing to watch.

As we walked on, her confidence seemed to grow. She eased, smiling and giggling a little to herself. Her loose shirt fluttered in the breeze, tickling her bare chest. Before long she was practically parading, proudly announcing herself to the empty trail ahead. I walked up beside her, and she turned to catch me staring at her beautiful, goosebumped chest.

"Take a picture, it'll last longer." She sarcastically quipped.

I snagged the camera from my side and before she could react snapped a quick photo of her glancing over her shoulder at me.

-click-

"Hey!" She exclaimed.

"You said..."

"I wasn't serious."

"I'll keep these between you and me. Besides, if you want to explore your wild side, here's your chance." I snapped another photo, catching the profile of her chest.

"Pervert." she replied.

"Dare you." I winked back.

She pressed against me and wrapped her arms around my neck. "Promise you won't show these to anyone."

"I promise. I'd never do anything you weren't okay with." I said, and gave her a loving kiss.

"Okay then." She stepped back and gave me a seductive look.

-click-

She hooked her thumbs in the sides of her shirt and gathered the fabric between her tits.

-click-

She slipped her bra around her arms, and pulled it off from under her top. She combed her fingers through her hair, and stretched her arms out to the sky, arching her back. She sighed as the warm sunlight beamed across her skin.

-click-

She turned and began walking down the trail. After a few steps she reached at her tights and lowered them halfway down her ass, shooting a glance at me over her shoulder.

-click-

"You're a natural, Lys." I called to her. "Work it, babe!"

"This is kinda fun!" She laughed and kept on walking, ass out. She turned and flung her bra at me like a slingshot. I stashed it in my small pack and continued snapping sexy candids of her nascent exhibitionism.

She seemed to come alive for the camera, flaunting her body and practically dancing down the trail. She turned to face me and inched her tights down a little more.

-click-

The sight of Elysa flashing her pussy in the desert sun was irresistible. My cock was hard and my heart was racing.

As if she could read my mind, she took a step towards me and bent over forward. Her shirt billowed open and I aimed my camera down her bare torso.

-click-

She reached at my shorts, lowered my zipper, and pulled my dick out. Then she leaned in and kissed the tip of it

Elysa looked up at me. "Can I dare you too?"

"I don't see why not." I replied, my voice wavering with excitement.

"Good... I want to have something to stare at too." She reached out for my camera and turned it back on me, standing smugly with my cock out.

-click-

We hiked along for a while, both exposed and growing more and more aroused. Elysa with her shirt pulled low past her tits and her shorts down below her hips, me with my erection awkwardly peaking out from my pants. I alternated between snapping photos and stroking myself. She alternated between touching herself and touching me.

We were so wrapped up in the moment that we almost didn't notice the other hiker come around the corner. Luckily we saw him before he saw us. I quickly concealed myself. Elysa inched her tights up just enough to cover her pubic hair, but otherwise made no attempt to cover up.

She wants to show off! I thought to myself.

I saw his eyes widen as he noticed her, then his poor attempt to hide his surprise as he approached. He scanned her down and up, his gaze locking on her braless chest. Elysa silently smiled from behind her sunglasses as she confidently marched along. He caught himself, blinked, and looked at me.

"H..hi" he stuttered as we passed.

"Morning." I grinned back.

A few steps later I heard him mutter under his breath "...god daaamn" and Elysa looked at me, her mouth wide in silent laughter. She gestured with her head and took a few steps back on the trail. "Money shot." she whispered.

Elysa grabbed her shorts and slid them down to her knees, then lifted her shirt over her head and stood spread eagle, flashing the unaware hiker. I snapped a picture of her bare ass and back.

She turned and faced me. The late-morning sun illuminated her skin, accentuating her tan lines - islands of caramel cream on her cinnamon brown body. A soft triangle of hair pointed at the gap between her toned, thin legs, and with her feet spread wide, the crease of her pussy was silhouetted by the bright rock behind. I scanned up her thin waist and soft, flat tummy. She shook her hips side to side a couple of times, making her small breasts bounce ever so slightly. Her smile was electric, amplified by the sky reflected lime green in her lenses.

I gripped my hard cock in one hand and held the camera out with the other. "Say cheese" I joked, just as I noticed the hiker down the trail had turned around to watch.

-click-

I thought it best not to tell her.

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It was nearly noon when we returned to the parking lot. The mid-day desert heat was setting in, and the refreshing breeze that had cooled us through the morning was slowing. The trail widened, and we walked side by side. I noticed that the lot appeared to be quiet. A few empty cars were parked next to mine, but no other people were in sight.

Good, I thought, keep pushing her.

"Woo, I'm getting hot!" I said to Elysa. I pulled my shirt off and dabbed the sweat from my chest. "Much better."

"I'd agree" she said, gazing lewdly at my glistening skin.

I looked over at her. "You must be sweltering." I exaggerated.

Before she could react I grabbed her shirt and pulled it over her head. She gasped, and her hands instinctively shot up to her chest, but only for a moment. She drew her fingertips over her small mounds, biting her lip as she caressed herself, and then let her arms fall back to her side. I bundled our shirts in my hand and we both strolled back to the car in quiet excitement, bare from the wast up.

I opened the hatchback and we both sat on the bumper. I unlaced my boots and tossed them in the car. I took a long drink from my canteen, leaned back on my hands and looked over to admire Elysa, wearing nothing but her lycra tights. Her bare back stretched as she bent to undo her own boots, and her smooth, tight skin stretched into rippled waves over her ribs. She stood, tossing her boots into the car beside me, and looked around the empty lot. Her hands idly found their way to her breasts again and she lightly massaged her chest. Her eyes met mine and she let out a sensuous chuckle.

Elysa stood over me, placed her hands on my thighs, and leaned in for a kiss. Her lips parted slightly and her tongue beckoned at my teeth.

"This was fun. Thanks for teaching me something new about myself." she spoke softly.

I checked again to make sure we were alone, then unbuttoned my shorts and pulled them down slightly. I took my cock in my hand and gripped Elysas side with the other. Kissing her again.

"One more dare?" I said, taking her hand and guiding it to my hard dick. "If you really want to thank me."

She dropped to her knees between my legs and gripped my cock, stroking it quickly. With her free hand she swept her hair back over her shoulder, then kissed my erection, licked my shaft, and wrapped her lips around the head. I grunted in the immediate pleasure of it. After a whole morning of teasing and stroking myself, I was ready to explode.

She spit on her hand and stroked me fast, bringing me to orgasm as she ran the tip of my member along her tongue.

"Mmm, cum on my face, Andy. I wanna watch you burst!"

A blast of my jizz landed on her tongue and she moaned in encouragement. She licked her lips as I unloaded another, and another, around her cheeks and chin.

"You taste so good." moaned Elysa, licking my seed from her lips.

I buttoned my shorts and walked back to the driver's seat. Elysa slipped into the passenger's side. An errant drop of my cum glistened on her chest. She caught her reflection in the mirror, wiped the drop with her finger and licked it off.

"You can have your shirt back now ...if you want." I said.

She thought for a second. "Meh."

I laughed. I leaned over and kissed her nipple, tugging the piercing between my tongue and teeth. Elysa gasped.

"God damn you're amazing." I said, taking one more long look at her bare top before starting up the car. "I love you, Lys."

"Love you too Andy."

**Exposing Elysa Ch. 03**

We found our destination, a remote hot spring on the edge of a dry lakebed, by mid-afternoon. We took an open campsite - a simple fire ring with a ragged picnic table - farthest from the pools. There was a small group of other campers by the springs, but no one was too close to our site for the moment, and Elysa felt confident enough to stay topless as she set up the tent and unloaded our bags. She was taking advantage of the opportunity to indulge her budding exhibitionism, and I was quite impressed with her growing confidence. I was surprised, then, when she emerged from the tent wearing her bright red string bikini and flip flops.

"Let's wash this trail dust off already!" she chuckled as she threw my swimsuit at me.

I caught the shorts and replied, "Now you want to wear clothes?"

"There's a lot of people down there. Let's scope out the vibe first."

I thought about our game of dares and wondered if I might take advantage of her submissive side. I briefly fantasized about ripping her bikini off and marching her down to the pool fully exposed. The thought thrilled me, but I quickly came to my senses. If I pushed her too hard, I risked ruining all the fun. Better to take it slow, I thought.

"Fiiine." I feigned annoyance as I took off my shorts and tossed them into the tent. Then I bent and slid off my boxer-briefs. I turned to face Elysa and put my hands on my hips, giving her a full view of my nude body. "...you suure?"

"Oh quit showing off," she rolled her eyes slightly but kept her gaze fixated on me.

"Alright then," I replied as I put my swim trunks on. "Your loss!"

She came closer to me, pushing her chest into mine. With a hand she took my wrist and guided it under her bottoms. My fingertips slid past her soft hair and felt the wetness between her legs. "Plenty of time for fun later." she moaned softly.

She giggled, then darted off to the spring.

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We eased into one of the rock pools, slowly adjusting to the hot mineral water. We made small talk with various folks and basked in the immensity of the wild landscape.

As we talked, I noticed several of the men in the pool seemed fixated on Elysa. I watched them out of the corner of my eye, and sure enough their gaze was not subtle. But who could blame them? She was a goddess in that string bikini. The suit screamed a fire engine red against her deep tan skin. Its high lines and halter strap seemed to extend her already elongated limbs. My eyes traced her features. Her legs softly met the twin crescent curves of her butt, a narrow sliver of daylight visible between her thighs. A pair of dimples in her lower back seemed to anchor her torso to her lower half. She stretched, and her hipbones peaked from her skinny frame just above the red fabric of her bowtied bikini bottom. Her top - a pair of red triangles tethered by thin red cord - carried her breasts without effort, and a sinuous curve between her tits revealed the gravity-defying contours of her youth.

I alternated between watching these men admire her, and admiring her myself. I wasn't upset by their gaze, but I was disappointed at their presence. Elysa in that suit was irresistible. I suddenly wished we'd been alone. Or that she was bold enough to give them more of a show.

I'd get my wishes later.

After our soak, we returned to our site to organize and get dinner started. I cooked up a good camp meal, and Elysa got a small fire going. We ate by the crackling flames, exchanging laughs at the events of the past two days and wistful predictions of the days ahead. The summer light dwindled slowly into a long, late twilight. As the fire died down and the temperature dropped, we sat peacefully at the picnic table with her head nestled on my shoulder. She rolled a joint, our little after-dinner ritual, and we passed it between us in familiar silence.

"Hey Lys."

"Yeah Andy?"

"Ready for another dare?"

"Sure!"

"Once it's dark," I said between puffs, "let's get another soak in before we sleep."

"...what's the dare?" replied Elysa.

I took another drag and blew a tiny smoke ring her way. "...no suits this time."

"Mh-hmm!" she encouraged.

The desert gets chilly at night, even in the height of summer. So I donned pants and a sweatshirt for the walk. Elysa wrapped her towel around her waist and threw on a zip-up hoodie to keep warm.

We went to the hottest of the three pools and found it quiet except for two older women chatting to each other on the far corner. It was difficult to see their features in the dark, but they said hello to us and resumed their conversation. I smiled calmly at Elysa as I tossed my clothes by the bench and stepped through the dark fully naked.

"Go for it!" I whispered to her. "It feels so free."

Boy did it feel free. The cool dry breeze on my bare skin made my body hair stand on end, and in the moment I felt the tingle start to arouse me. I quickly slipped into the hot water before anyone might notice.

Eased by the darkness, the lack of leering eyes, and perhaps the joint, Elysa unzipped her top, set her towel aside and stood bare facing the desert for a few seconds. She took a deep breath and let out a long sigh. Then she turned, stepped in and cozied up beside me on the bench opposite the two other women. I gave her a kiss on the cheek.

"You look fantastic." I whispered into her ear.

She smiled and in the faint light I could see her eyes brighten with excitement.

My eyes slowly adjusted to the glow of the rising moon and I began to be able to see the droplets of water reflecting off the two delicate arches of Elysa's chest. She was perched upright on the bench, the water-line at her breasts, and each rise in the wind from across the lake bed whipped the calm water up into tiny waves that lapped at her nipples and tickled them into taut attention. She was clearly enjoying the feeling, and I was very much enjoying the view.

"Incredible, isn't it?" said one of the women, breaking the silence. It took me a second to remember she was talking about the springs.

"Worth every dusty mile," I replied.

They laughed. "First time?" the other one chimed in.

"It is, we just got out here this afternoon."

"I'm sure it won't be the last." the first one responded. "We started coming here a decades ago and..."

The women were close enough to carry on a quiet conversation with, but featureless except for the blue-white outlines of their hair. By the sound of their voice they seemed in their 40s or 50s, though their figures appeared to cut an athletic profile of someone younger.

"...this desert is just so peaceful. Nothing else quite like it..." I began to relax further as our chatter drifted into tales of past trips, and other camps and soaking pools in the area. I let my legs stretch out, and wrapped my arm around Elysa's shoulders.

I was describing our week's itinerary to the two women when I felt Elysa's hand on my thigh. I took her wrist, moved her palm up the inside of my leg until she was holding my balls. I continued talking as if nothing was happening. I was already hard when she wrapped her hand around my cock.

"So... we, uh, then we're headed toward Yosemite..." I carried on.

I turned my head to her and she met me with a fierce gaze. I nodded in encouragement. To the women she appeared simply to be listening to my story, but closer up the moonlight reflected the intensity in her opal eyes, and her smile held an air of devilish satisfaction.

"I've never been before." she chimed in, talking to the women but never breaking eye contact with me and still slowly working my cock beneath the shroud of the black water. "when he invited me, I just couldn't say no!"

"You two are in for a real adventure! I'm envious." said one of them.

I breathed deep and let out a long, blissful sigh, then chuckled "We're pretty lucky."

"We sure are." Elysa replied, tightening her grip.

I slid my hand from her shoulder, into the water, and down along the crest of her naked back. The women continued on to us about camping and hiking. My hand came to rest on Elysa's ass and without a word she shifted her weight so that my middle fingers brushed the soft mound between her legs. I curled my hand slowly, teasing her back. She brought her head to rest on my shoulder and shifted again, pushing her weight down on my hand in response and letting out a barely audible moan.

We both managed to hide our building energy - although our responses had become shorter and less attentive - and they kept on conversing with us and each other. I kept gently brushing Elysa's pussy and circling around her clit. I didn't want to be too obvious. She returned the favor, continuing her slow caressing strokes just enough to keep me hard.

Thankfully the two women left first. Once they were safely out of sight, I pulled Elysa closer to me and gave her a long kiss. "You're fucking incredible," I said to her. Then I lifted myself out of the water and sat on the deck to cool.

She moved in the water between my legs and rested her head against my inner thigh. "That was wild!" she said. "They had no idea!"

"So you're still enjoying this game?"

"I am."

She turned to face me, put her hands on my legs, then brought her head down and licked the base of my still rock-hard cock. Her tongue traveled up the length of my shaft and briefly wrapped her lips round its tip.

"Is that all?" I cajoled.

Without a word, Elysa slid back in the water, her hands still firmly planted on my legs. She pushed herself up until she was standing facing me in the thigh-deep water. Steam rose off her nude body as she moved further forward, put her hands on my shoulders and guided me onto my back on the deck. My dick stood at full attention. She rose onto the deck, straddling me on her knees. The moon was higher now, and I could see the contrast of her body in cold-sepia above me: her hard nipples dark spots upon the twin mounds of her small breasts, the subtle folds of her pussy barely visible at the base of her soft brush of hair. She lowered herself onto me, kissing my chest, my clavicles, then my neck. Finally she met my lips and my eyes. She pressed her tits against my chest and gave me a heavy, strong kiss. I brought a hand to her hip and nudged her crotch down onto mine. I could feel her wetness on the head of my cock. I wanted nothing more than to fuck her on the deck. But before I could go any further, she grabbed my wrist.

"Not here."

"What? You nervous?"

Before I could say anything else to persuade her, she sat up straight, her pussy slid along the underside of my cock, and her clit pushed against the tip. It felt amazing, and I nearly lost my restraint. She looked off at the desert for a few seconds, then back at me.

She spoke with a sudden intensity "I dare you to run naked to the campsite. Then I want you to bend me over the picnic table and fuck me from behind." and suddenly sprang to her feet.

Still hot from the soak - and Elysa's teasing - I slung my pants and shirt over my shoulder and let the calm desert breeze cool me. Elysa took off in front of me along the narrow boardwalk, clutching her clothes in one hand. Her bare ass reflected ghostly blue, and bounced tightly with each step she took. I followed closely, half hoping no one would see us and half wishing someone might.

As soon as we were back at the campsite, Elysa practically ran to the table. She planted her hands on its end and spread her legs wide. I tossed my things on the table bench and sauntered up behind her, intentionally taking my time. I brought one hand between her legs toward her clit, and firmly slapped her on the ass with the other. Another short moan escaped her. She shot a look back over her shoulder, and heaved two passionate, wanting breaths as I massaged her pussy. "Quit teasing and get your cock in me already." she moaned.

I squared myself behind her and grabbed both her hips with my hands. I pressed into her crotch and she pushed back into me. I slid into her with surprising ease. She was dripping wet with anticipation. We both moaned as the tension of foreplay finally snapped, and I slowly thrust forward until I was fully in her. I paused for a few seconds, my cock already pulsing in excitement.

My heart was pounding and my breathing was heavy. I looked around and basked in how exposed we were. More exposed even than yesterday by the lake. Invisible in the darkness, but with no cover in the desert foothills, I could see in every direction for miles.

I pulled back slowly, and thrust into her again, this time quicker. She gasped. Quicker again. Quicker, then harder. I worked up to a pounding rhythm. Keeping one hand gripped on her hip, I grabbed her by the hair with my other hand and pushed her down onto the picnic table. She was panting audibly, doing everything in her power to keep her moans soft enough to not give us away. My hips slammed against her ass again, and again. Her tight wet pussy hugged every inch of my cock as a I slid in and out of her. Her breaths were getting shallower and faster, and I could feel her hips start to spasm and her legs shake beneath me. I held her tight to me as she started to lose control, and gripped the back of her neck with my free hand. She took my hand in hers, and brought it around to the front of her neck.

"Choke me while you fuck me" she whispered.

I squeezed and she gasped a barely audible "Yess."

I thrust faster, more violently, struggling to remain control of my own orgasm until she came. It didn't take long. Another pounding thrust and I felt her entire body buck under me. I held myself to her, my grip still firm around her neck, and she bit her knuckles to stifle a scream as she came. Her pussy tightened around my cock and I could feel each wave of energy shooting through her, convulsing against me.

I pulled out and was about to push in again when she reached back, put a hand on my pelvis and said "Wait." She stood, turned to face me, put her arms around my shoulders and hit me with a long, wet, tongue-heavy kiss. "I want to watch you cum." she whispered.

I grabbed her by the ass with both hands and lifted her onto the table. She wrapped her legs around my waist and pushed her skin against mine, her hands on the back of my head, her full lips dripping kisses around my shoulders and neck. She rolled her hips forward and we both moaned as I entered her again.

After all this, I was ready to explode. I looked at Elysa intensely as I fucked her, the eye contact heightening my exhilaration. I could feel the warm tension in my groin building towards climax. Her hands were tight against the back of my neck and we stared deeply into each other, nose-to-nose, as I pumped again and again into her, each inch bringing me closer to the point of no return. "Tell me," she whispered. "Tell me when you're ready to cum all over me."

That was all I needed. Lightning bolts of energy shot from my chest to my groin, and with a few quick, jolted spasms, all I could respond was "Fuck...now!"

She let go of me and laid back on the table. She pulled my spasming dick out of her pussy and pressed it against her flesh. She lifted her head to meet my gaze and purred "Drench me, baby."

My whole body tensed and shivered. All the buildup of the day flowed through me, and out onto her. Time stopped, the waves seemed to go on for a full minute as I shot line after line of thick, white cum up Elysa's tummy, over her tits, to the base of her neck, each stream glowing pearlescent in the full moon.

Finally, I let out a heaving sigh, shivering again. I slid up next to her on the table, and we both lay silently watching the stars for a moment. I looked over at her, the young goddess by my side, sprawled out on her back, a magnificent canvas glistening with my release. She dragged a finger through a line of cum, across her tits, and then put it in her mouth, circling the finger with her tongue. "Mmmm" she said softly, still staring up at the night sky. "You're such a good fuck."

We toweled off and walked slowly back to the tent. I knelt and reached into my bag for a pair of shorts. Elysa leaned over and put her hand on mine.

"No," she said. "I want to feel your skin on mine tonight."

We slipped into our dual sleeping bag still nude, gently spooning and touching. As we drifted towards slumber, Elysa whispered, "You feel so nice. Why don't we sleep naked every night?"

"Great idea." I agreed. "Let's make it a rule. No more clothes in the tent."

"Mmm, even better." she mumbled, pressing against me.

**Exposing Elysa Ch. 04**

"Good morning, sunshine."

I awoke to Elysa's face eagerly hovering over me in the tent. Her nude body propped above mine in the sleeping bag, leaning on one elbow as her finger traced invisible shapes on my pecs.

I rubbed my eyes and smiled. "Hello gorgeous. Been awake long?"

"The sunrise woke me up. I didn't want to wake you, though. You look so happy when you sleep. I've just been watching you, and thinking."

"What'cha thinking about?" I asked

"Oh.. last night. The day before. Tomorrow..." Elysa rolled onto her back and stretched her arms over her head. Her smooth dark skin pulled taut as her back arched, ribs rippling along her side like windswept dunes. She yawned, then relaxed - the soft curves of her returning - and looked back at me with sweet doe eyes.

Clearly I've died and gone to heaven, I thought.

"I'm not sure what it is..." she said, tracing shapes on herself now. "Maybe I'm finally relaxed enough now that we've graduated, maybe it's this fresh air, or maybe it's just coincidence, but ever since we left the city I've been so fucking horny!"

Yep. This is heaven!

I rolled to face her. She had a look of anticipation on her face, and she reached out to pull me in for a kiss. She leaned her whole body up against mine and wrapped her leg over my hip.

"And since we started this game," she continued. "it's the only thing I can think about."

I'd barely thought about anything else either. The whole purpose of our trip had dramatically shifted towards coming up with bolder and more trilling ways to expose each other. I kissed her passionarely, licking her teeth and lips, then her check and neck. Her smooth skin was warm against my naked body, her wet kisses

"Then how about another dare?" I suggested, between heavy kisses. My mind had been racing through various scenarios.

"What've you got for me today?" she mumbled, pulling her tongue across my clavicle.

"You packed that lingerie I love so much, right?"

"I did." Her face looked curious, trying to guess what was coming.

"Excellent. Why don't you wear it while you cook breakfast?"

"Mmm," she bit her bottom lip. "Okay, right now?"

"In a minute." I said, moving her onto her back and kneeling over her slender waist. I kissed her neck and licked around her breast. My hands explored her bare skin. She sighed easily.

"Right now..." I said to her between kisses down her belly. "I just want to enjoy you."

She moaned in satisfaction.

"Shhh. These tents are awfully thin." I placed a finger over her lips, then dove between her legs, tonguing her clit toward an early morning orgasm.

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"Damn, that was nice Andy." said Elysa, crouching over her bag and searching for her lingerie. "I was hoping you could make me cum before breakfast."

She slipped the bra on -- two sheer patches of black mesh with a thin lace trim, spaghetti straps and a lace back -- then stood and pulled on her bottoms -- matching black mesh boy-shorts.

"Return the favor after?" I asked

"...or during." She suggested, shimmying her hips into her tiny undies.

She peeked out of the tent cautiously. No other campers had set up near us, but a few tents sat at the opposite end of the campground. Elysa stepped into her sandals and into the morning sun. She tiptoed delicately to the car, eyes scanning side to side to check for any onlookers who might be too close. Seeing no one, she loosened up and stretched a little in the bright light. She unpacked the food and gear from the car and set up on the picnic table. From a distance she appeared to be wearing a stylish swimsuit -- a revealing one, but nothing too suspicious. As she came closer, though, the intimate details of her toned body became apparent under the sheer mesh.

She set up the stove and prepped water for coffee. As it heated, she mixed up batter for pancakes, her hips swaying back and forth to a silent beat in her head.

I laid in the tent, still nude, and watched her through the opening. The sweet taste of her cum was fading from my lips, but the morning's excitement had just begun. I kicked off my blanket and stretched on my back while I watched her silently dancing. As if she sensed it, she turned around and met my eyes. She grinned and blew me an exaggerated kiss. She set the bowl on the table. Then she spun back around, still swaying rhythmically, and bent forward. Her hands traced her curves, and as she rose she pulled the back of her bottoms into the cleavage of her ass. My hand found its way to my erect cock as she whipped her head around at me and winked. She slowly turned, hips rocking side to side like a belly dancer, and pulled the tiny cups of her bra aside. She ran her hands over her bare breasts and then pulled back her long hair. The look on her face was of pure sexuality. I was thrilled that she was no longer worried about people watching. Then it crossed my mind that she might be excited about people watching. The thought sent a butterfly through my stomach, and I slowed my stroking. On queue, the water kettle began to whistle. Elysa stopped her silent striptease, let her hair fall to cover her breasts, and turned to prepare the meal.

I tossed on a pair of shorts and got up. I walked up behind Elysa at the stove, wrapped my arm around her waist, slipping my fingers under her waistband - feeling her smooth, bare skin, and kissed her on the neck.

"Somebody's awake." She joked, reaching a hand behind her to feel the erection under my shorts.

"After a show like that, I don't know if I'll need any coffee." I joked. I brushed her hair aside, exposing her right breast.

She slipped her hand into my shorts and briefly caressed me. Then she pulled my hand off her waist and fixed her hair.

"Why don't you have a seat and let me take care of this?"

"Guess I'll just enjoy the view." I said, taking my seat across the table from her. My dick poked through my unzipped shorts, and I sat back, legs spread.

"Guess I will too" she said, eyeing my cock.

Elysa poured two cups of coffee and scooped the pancake batter onto the griddle. As it sizzled her eyes surveyed the distance. Behind me, I could hear campers starting to stir, and a gentle buzz of activity around the hot pools.

"Nervous someone might be watching?" I said

"A little.." she replied. She looked back at me, "and a little excited."

Elysa loaded up a plate with pancakes. She pulled her hair back, took the plate, and strutted around the table, slowly. I sipped my coffee and leered at her. She presented the plate to me, bending and pressing her breast into my cheek.

"Your breakfast, love." She spoke in a sultry tone.

"None for you?" I asked.

"I thought we could share..." she replied as she lowered herself into my lap, nestling my cock between her legs and wrapping and arm around my shoulder. I could feel the heat off her crotch as she shifted her weight. Almost involuntarily, I thrust gently between her thighs. I kissed her cheek, then cut a bite out of the syrup-glazed stack.

We alternated bites. As we ate, she placed a hand between her legs and rubbed the head of my cock.

"So, about that favor." She said softly.

With my free hand I grazed her hips, tummy, breasts, and back. She opened her legs enough to pull her panties aside, and my cock met the warmth of her skin.

"Keep going" I replied.

Her slender fingers slid up and down the underside of my shaft as she pressed the tip into her clit. She offered me another forkfull of breakfast, then licked the sticky-sweet syrup from my lips. The scene was downright decadent. It might have been funny if it wasn't so damn hot.

She looked around, then at me. "Dare?"

"More daring than this?" I questioned.

"Fuck me. Let's fuck right here." Elysa purred into my ear. "I'm so wet thinking about it!"

I steadied one hand on her hip and nudged her forward. She answered with a slow gyration, gliding my cock between her pussy lips and up into her, massaging her clit faster as I slowly inched inside. She exhaled loud and slow, and I answered with a moan. We paused for a second, enjoying the feeling. I pushed suggestively on her hip, and she began subtly sliding back and forth.

"Nice and slow." I instructed.

Working her hips on my cock, she turned to meet my eyes. Her mouth hung open in ecstasy. She took her fingers from her clit and placed them at my lips. I sucked her sweet cum off of them.

"I love the way you taste, Lys." I said. "Sweeter than syrup."

We each ate a bit more, pausing between thrusts to as not to be too conspicuous to any wandering eyes.

Elysa slid her hand again across her pussy, massaging my cock as it slipped out of her. She inserted her middle two fingers deep into herself, then brought them out and guided me back in. With a similar ease, she swallowed her own fingers all the way to the knuckle. She planted her lips on mine and we shared the savory, hot flavor of her pussy juice, mixed with the sweet maple sugar, and bitter coffee. It was a feast for all my senses, and I nearly lost control.

Elysa shifted, planting her feet between mine. I sat back, spread my legs and she put her hands on my knees. Looking back, she whispered, "Fuck me until you cum, Andy. Don't stop until you cum in my pussy!"

I gripped her hips with both hands and guided her as she bounced faster and faster in my lap. She bowed forward, riding up and down with her whole body, struggling to keep quiet. The fear of being caught fell away from my mind, as any rational thought was washed over by successive waves of rushing adrenaline.

Under her breath I could barely hear her repeating "Fuck my pussy, fuck my pussy, fuck my pussy, make me cum baby make me cum.." as she edged closer to climax. I reached forward and put my hand over her mouth to quell any noise, and she bit down on my index finger as she pushed back hard onto my cock. I felt her whole body shudder as she came. She arched her back and rolled her shoulders in quaking ecstasy, biting harder to stifle her moans.

"You fuck so good, you dirty girl." I said softly into her ear. "Work that gorgeous pussy for me."

She reached between her legs and caressed my balls with her hand as she rocked forward and back on my cock. As I felt the warmth building in me, I gripped Elysa by the hair and pulled her ear back to me. She leaned back and put an arm around my shoulder, licking my ear, alternately rubbing my balls and her clit with her other hand.

"This is so fucking hot" She whispered into my ear. "I love your hands around my neck and I love your powerful cock buried in my cunt." Her voice deepened. She growled like a woman possessed, "I love fucking you out in the open, Andy. I hope someone's watching. I hope they see how good you fuck me, baby."

I felt my climax building as each dirty word came out of her sweet mouth.

"Take me anytime, anywhere, just keep fucking me this good!"

I grabbed her by the waist and thrust hard and deep three times as I orgasmed. I could feel her starting to shake.

"Oh fuck yes you're making me cum again!" she whispered. "Yes, oh yesssss!" She held in as best she could as she furiously worked her clit while I shot pulse after pulse up into her.

I let out a massive sigh of relief and rested my head against her back. She nearly collapsed into the breakfast, steadying her elbows on the table for balance. I caressed her belly for a minute, holding her tight to me. Her pussy was still pulsating around my hard shaft.

After a moment, she slid off of my lap and onto the bench next to me. She rested her cheek against the tabletop, "Wow!" She exclaimed. "You've made me cum twice already and it's not even nine yet!'

"Need a break?" I sarcastically suggested.

She kissed me, then stood and adjusted her lingerie back into it's only-slightly-less-revealing position.

"Keep pushing." She encouraged.

Her eyes signaled that she was very much still in the mood. I looked over her gorgeous figure again, astonished at her beauty and her sudden lack of shame. I wondered how long I could keep her exposed, or how much more exposed I could get her.

"Let's break camp first." I said. Maybe she was ready for another round, but I needed a few minutes to recover.

I gathered the dishes and began cleaning while Elysa broke down our bed. Much to my delight, she didn't seem bothered to put any more clothes on -- sauntering from the tent to the car and back in her lingerie. I kept my eyes fixed on her as I worked. She shielded herself from peering eyes with various blankets, pillows, bags. But upon each hurried return to the tent she was uncovered -- her black hair dancing in the desert breeze and her nearly bare body a radiant bronze in the morning sun.

As I packed the kitchen I noticed she had left a white sundress on the table. Her outfit for the day, I assumed. Elysa was bent over the hatchback, arranging our bags into the limited space. Her attention elsewhere, I quickly squirreled the dress into a dish bin.

Elysa finished packing up and looked out at our former sleeping spot. Her eyes scanned the campsite, stopped on the picnic table, then darted around. Her eyebrows raised slightly, but she didn't say anything.

"Looking for something?" I inquired.

She glared at me -- equal parts exasperation and delight. "Okay, where is it?"

"Where's what?" I tried to play coy but my grin gave me away.

"My dress? It didn't walk off by itself." She glared, feigning frustration but clearly amused.

"I think you're already dressed enough." I sipped my coffee smugly. Don't you?"

"No! No way." She shrank.

She didn't say the safe word, but I relented before she could protest any further. "Okay, okay." I paused, then the idea hit me. My eyes lit up. "How about a negotiation? If you want to put something on, something's got to come off. Fair?"

"Fair!"

Crisis averted, I thought. A second passed. She looked at me expectantly.

"You first." I focused my eyes on her chest, then -- wishfully -- on her panties.

She pulled her bra off, making no attempt to cover her tits, and tossed it at me. She planted her hands on her hips and stood proud with her chest out. "Happy?"

"Very." I said, holding the mesh piece in my fingers. Then I reached into the car and fished out her dress.

**Exposing Elysa Ch. 05**

"Truth."

"Huh?" I looked over at Elysa, having only half heard what she said. I'd been driving for about an hour without much conversation, enjoying the music and the scenery.

"Truth!" she repeated. "You know, as in 'Truth or Dare.' I thought it'd make these long drives more interesting... we can't always be daring each other. So, Truth. Ask me something."

"Alright, let me think." She caught me off-guard with the idea and I scrambled to think of a provocative question.

"Oh quit overthinking. There's no bad questions. Just ask me anything to get the game going!"

"Fine." I said, and tossed out the first question that came into my head. "When did you lose your virginity?"

"Really?" she sighed.

"Hey, you said no wrong questions!"

"I know.. I.." she paused. "It's just a little embarrassing for me."

"What were you like, 12?" I joked.

She hit my shoulder. "Ew, no!" then, after a moment, she answered quietly. "twenty-two."

"What's embarrassing about that?" I asked.

"It's so - late! It was like, two years ago." she shifted in her seat.

"What'd you grow up super religious or something?"

"No it's nothing like that. I wanted to. More than anything. God, I was such a horny teen. Just, I was a really shy kid. We moved around a lot for my dad's work and I never made many close friends in school. Then, when I went away to college..." she trailed off. "It took a while to catch on, ok? Let's just move past it."

"Okay, okay." I relented. "Didn't mean to embarrass you, I was just curious! Plus, you've certainly made up for lost time!" I playfully poked at her pierced nipple.

"Har har" she rolled her eyes.

"Alright, my turn. Truth!"

"Tell me a fantasy you have that I don't know about." She asked so immediately, I had to imagine she'd thought up a few questions before starting the game.

"Good one. Hmm." I pretended to think even though I knew exactly what my answer was. "Oh! I got it. Fucking in front of people."

"Isn't that what we've been doing?"

"No, like an audience. You know, in a sex club or at an orgy."

"Sex club?! They have those?"

"Yeah! There's some in the city." I responded, adding "if you're interested."

"I've never thought about it before." she said. "I guess there's a lot I haven't thought about before!"

"No pressure." I said.

"Well, I'll keep thinking about it."

It wasn't a 'no' and that was enough to send my mind racing.

"Alright." I said, interrupting my own thoughts about fucking Elysa in a crowded club. "Your turn again. Same question. What turns you on that you haven't told me about?"

"Oh I know!" she barely hesitated. "The other day, when I was napping and you pulled over to pee. I woke up and saw you out the window..."

"Watching me pee turns you on?" I interrupted, half-joking, half curious.

"..no, silly. Your cock was hard, and watching you hold it. I started to fantasize about spying on you while you were jerking off. I got so turned on that, well, you know the rest."

"So you want to watch me masturbate?"

"Yeah! I've never seen a guy play with himself before. That's not weird, is it?"

"Not at all. I think that's something we can, uh, keep thinking about."

She grinned. "We're going to have a lot to think about when we get home."

"If not sooner." I responded.

Neither of us spoke for a bit. I expected her to request another question, but instead she turned quietly. Her mouth opened to speak, but the words seemed caught in her throat. She pursed her lips thoughtfully. I could practically hear the gears spinning in her head. After a few seconds, she built up the courage.

"Ok I'm gonna say something and it might be weird but I just want to say it." The words flew out of her mouth as if she'd just rehearsed it in her head one too many times. "Watching you pee was kinda sexy. Like, um, in a voyeuristic, taboo sort of way."

To my surprise, I agreed with her. And, conveniently, I needed to relieve myself. I checked my mirrors for traffic. Seeing none in any direction, I pulled off to the shoulder of the empty road.

"Why'd we stop?" Elysa asked.

"You want to watch? Now's your chance." I hopped out of the car and walked around to her side. I unbuttoned my pants and let them drop to my ankles. No reason for modesty out here, I figured.

She propped her elbows on the open window and gazed out.

I'd never peed with an audience before, and it took a minute to loosen up, but soon enough I felt the pressure of liquid inching closer to daylight. A small trickle emerged and dripped onto the dry sand. Elysa giggled and smiled in encouragement.

I turned to face her. I relaxed my muscles and released a steady stream, slow at first, the building. The arc of liquid marched closer to the car door.

"Yes! Keep going!" Elysa encouraged. Her eyes grew wide as she watched, and one of her arms conspicuously dropped below the window.

With a playful shake I shot higher, my piss splashed on the door just below her face.

"Hey!" She exclaimed. She defensively raised the window a few inches, leaving enough space for her eyes and nose to poke over the top. In response I aimed at the window. For a split second I felt a tinge of regret, worried that my enthusiasm had gone too far. I was not expecting what happened next.

She pulled her dress aside and pressed her breast on the glass. I aimed at her nipple. As my stream ricocheted off the window and onto the desert floor, I imagined the barrier between us vanishing. I pictured her chest wet with piss, the stream tickling her nipple and dripping down her belly. I didn't expect the idea to be so thrilling. I started to get hard.

I wondered if she was also fantasizing about the glass disappearing, and I hoped she was also getting turned on. Her arm was moving rhythmically up and down, and though I couldn't see inside the car I was sure she was touching herself.

"Good aim baby!"

I shook the last few drops from my now fully engorged erection. The shaking turned to stroking, sending butterflies through me. I picked up my shorts from the ground, and quickly walked back around to the drivers side, naked except for a shirt, with my hand wrapped around my cock and Elysa's fiery eyes locked on me.

"I didn't expect to like that so much." She replied. Her hand was still buried in her panties.

"Yeah, that was wild!" I said as I started up the car and accelerated back onto the highway. "I think we both learned something new just now."

"I think we did." She replied, audibly flustered. She wrapped her free hand around my dick, stroking me and rubbing herself in a synchronous rhythm.

"Just one more thing to think about for later." I stammered, trying to maintain focus.

"You were thinking about pissing on my tits, weren't you?" she said boldly as she lowered her head into my lap. Before I could respond, she licked my cock and continued, "Think about it now."

Then, for the second time this week, Elysa sucked me off while I drove. This time, though, she didn't mind making me cum immediately.

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