**Exposing Elysa**

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**Exposing Elysa Ch. 06**

We arrived at a remote campground along the shore of a small lake. No sites were occupied, so we picked the best looking one - a secluded little spot at the end of the row with a patch of sandy beach and a shaded bit of grass backed by a small berm, just the right place for a tent and just the right amount of privacy. I parked the car and stepped out to open the hatchback, but Elysa had other plans.

"It's fucking hot out here!" She called back to me. She was right, even in the light clothes we had on, the sun was sweltering. "We can set up later. Let's cool off in the lake first."

She pulled her sundress over her head and tossed it through the open window onto the passenger's seat. She ran her fingers through her hair, pulled it back into a ponytail with the tie from her wrist, and stood for a moment fanning herself in nothing but her mesh boy shorts.

"Good thing we're alone." She said, stretching her arms above her head.

"Damn, Lys." I replied. "You're getting bold! I don't even need to dare you anymore."

"Oh, I'm sure you can think of something bolder." She replied in a seductive tone. Then she turned and walked confidently down to the beach.

I slipped off my clothes and followed her. I saw no reason for a suit if we were alone.

Elysa ran out and dove forward into the water, and quickly popped her head up.

"Woah! That's cold!" She shouted.

She turned to face me and stood in the thigh deep water. Her ponytail slicked back into a silvery black mane across her shoulder. Rivulets of water trickled down her body as she rose, and goosebumps radiated out across her bare torso.

"Come join me! It's chilly at first but it feels amazing."

"Here goes nothing." I said as I gathered my breath and darted in after her. I dove under and felt the cold of the lake water snap through my chest. I resurfaced with a holler. "Woo!" I shook my head with a shiver, then drifted to Elysa.

"You're right. It's kinda nice after the initial shock."

I pulled her towards me for a wet kiss. Her giggles turned to pleasured moans and she squeezed her body against me. I pulled away from our kiss and looked into her eyes. I could tell she was open to some more fun, and I had thought of something bolder.

"Hey," I said. "Stand back up."

"...What?" she said, confused.

"You heard me." I commanded.

She smiled slightly, "Dare me?"

She stood over me. I ran my hands up her wet legs and tucked my fingers under the waist strap of her panties. I pulled the fabric down and gently kissed her hips, running my tongue along her bikini tan line. I heard her gasp and then I felt her hand on the back of my head, encouraging me to keep going.

I glanced upward and saw she was massaging her breast with one hand,. With her other hand she tugged at my hair. She spread her feet and rocked her pelvis forward to meet my mouth, and I brushed my tongue across her dripping clit. She answered with another gasp, and her grip on my hair tightened as she pushed my head into her crotch. I worked my tongue around and into her pussy, the cold, pristine lakewater mixing with her hot fragrant juices in my mouth. Her moans and gasps begged for more. I flicked my tongue faster over her clit, and inserted a finger into her pussy hole.

"Ohhh fuck! Fuck yes. Yes! Yes!" she repeated rhythmically, subtly thrusting her hips to the same rhythm as I worked my finger in and out of her.

Then, suddenly, she gripped my head with both hands. "FUCK." I thought she must be close to orgasm, but she jumped back. "Oh, shit, uhh, damnit... Red Fern!"

"Wha?" I stopped and spun my head around, wondering what had caused her to finally use our safe word. A pair of RVs were coming up the road toward the campground.

"Oh. Shit."

Elysa darted towards the shore, covering her breasts with her hands as she ran. I followed. We retreated behind the car. I grabbed my shorts and shirt from the front seat. Elysa slipped into her sundress. The fabric clung to her her wet body, becoming translucent in spots.

I leaned back against the car and she wrapped her arms around my shoulders. I held her hips and pulled her wet body close. I kissed her gently.

"I totally forgot it's a Saturday night. Of course this place is going to fill up! You alright?" I said.

"I'm fine. I know you're trying to push my boundaries, and god damn I was about to cum!" she said. "But the surprise was a little too much."

We kissed again. I slipped my hands under her dress and slid them up her sides.

"How about something a little more subtle... for now." I suggested as I slowly pulled down her underwear.

Her boy shorts dropped to her knees and she stepped out of them, snagging them with one hand and tossing them into the car. I ran my hand up along her bare sides and she sighed pleasurably. I leaned in for a kiss but she met my lips with her finger.

"Hold that thought." She said. "Let's get set up first."

"Always gotta be a tease." I joked.

She slipped a hand into my pants and whispered into my ear, "I can't fuck you in the tent if there's no tent." She emphasized the words fuck and tent like a drum beat.

It was starting to become a tradition now to make and break camp in a state of partial undress. With nothing underneath, Elysa's contours clung to the thin wet fabric. My own shorts rode low on my waist, and I kept my shirt unbuttoned. It took longer than usual to set up because we couldn't keep our hands off each other, even as more and more campers rolled into the lake. Anytime we felt their eyes were off us, I'd give her dress a playful lift. In response she'd tug at my pants or grope my chest as she strode by me, ferrying gear from the car to the tent, bending over suggestively, gracing me with a view of her bare bottom with each pass.

"How about a little happy hour on the shore?" I suggested as we finished unrolling our sleeping bag.

"That sounds nice." Elysa replied. "I'd like to, uh, catch my breath."

I knew what she meant. We were buzzing with energy, but the sexual tension of the moment was too enticing to break just yet.

I snagged two beers out of the cooler and walked down to the patch of sand. I found a certain spot that, when we were seated, was shielded from the rest of the campsites. I sat cross-legged, propping myself up with one hand & holding my drink with the other. Elysa nestled into my lap, leaning back on my chest and digging her feet into the sand. Her knees bent slightly and the hem of her dress rode up nearly to her hips.

We toasted to another amazing day and sipped our beers as the sun slowly set in front of us. I looked down at her curled up against me. Her thin white dress ruffled around her svelte shape. The smooth skin on her lithe limbs reflected the buttery evening light. My attention retreated from the stunning sunset to her sumptuous body as my fingers drifted down her side and under her dress. I slowly inched it up past her waist. She nodded in agreement. I continued until her belly button appeared, tickling the insides of her legs, her hip, and her tummy with the tips of my fingers. Silently, she smiled and closed her eyes, taking a slow sip, then sighing blissfully.

I took her hand and placed it between her legs. I put my fingers over hers and pushed lightly. I could feel her moisture already, our fingers glided easily downward.

"Make yourself cum for me." I hummed into her ear as I moved my hand away from hers.

Elysa slid down my lap until her head was resting on my crotch. She looked straight up at me and touched my cheek with one hand as her other hand continued in slow circular motions. Her pace and her breathing quickened. I ran my hands over her body, from her shoulders to her hips. With each pass of my hands her dress drifted further up her body, until it was more a scarf than a dress. I massaged her breasts as she worked herself closer to orgasm. Her hips thrust upward and she bit her lip to stifle a moan. Over the berm we heard the splashing and laughter of nearby weekenders taking an evening swim. I gripped her face and pushed two fingers in her mouth. She bit down as her eyes clamped shut. I felt the vibrations of her muted moans on my fingertips as her hips gyrated in the air. With a final lurch, she peaked. Her back arched, her eyes and mouth shot open and a hint of a scream escaped.

With a long loud breath her body loosened and fell back against the sand and me. Her eyes opened and she broke into a wide grin. "Wow!" she laughed. "That was more intense than I expected!!"

"That was fucking hot!" I exclaimed in a muted voice. My heart was fluttering and I felt like my own passions might boil over at any moment.

She pulled her dress over her head and rolled onto her stomach. Sand caked her sun-washed thighs and ass. Working upward with kisses she pushed my shirt off my chest then off my shoulders. She crawled up onto her knees and unbuttoned my shorts.

"Your turn, Andy." She dared.

"I thought you wanted to fuck me in the tent." I replied.

"I changed my mind." she said, moving her hands from my body to her own. "You watched me cum on the beach. I want to watch you cum on the beach."

I'd already cum twice since breakfast, but after that display I was more than ready to go again. I lowered my shorts, gripped my cock and started stroking, slowly at first to draw out the feeling. The sand felt cool on my bare ass, the sun warm on my chest, and the contrast amplified my senses. Elysa sat alert between my legs, her knees spread, butt resting on her ankles. Her shoulders were high and drawn back, as if she was presenting her beautiful, perky tits to me, and she ran her hands over her skin. I looked her over while I jerked myself off. Her eyes were squarely fixed on my movements. She licked then bit her lip, squeezing her tits together and leaning forward.

"Like what you see?" she moaned to me.

"You're so goddamn hot, Lys" I stammered as my stroking quickened. "Keep doing what you're doing."

She rose on her knees. The sun settled into the horizon behind her and Elysa's nude body was silhouetted in the orange dusk. The stark black outline of her hand ran down her side. "I will if you keep jerking yourself to me. I want you to cum so hard."

In the distance noticed the swimming group, mere flecks in the still lake water. I hoped we were far enough away that we would appear as nothing but fuzzy shapes to them. At the same time, knowing they were in our line of sight intensified my arousal. I refocused my gaze on the copper skin of the naked girl kneeling over me. She placed her hands on my thighs and rubbed up and back, leaning in closer each time, stopping just before I could touch her. I jerked myself faster and faster, edging closer and closer.

"You're close, I can see it in your eyes Andy." She whispered. "It's so sexy watching you jerk yourself off, out here, so exposed."

Out of sight, but not very distant, a dog barked and a woman admonished it. My heart leapt and a surge of adrenaline rushed through my body at the same moment my groin seized. I clenched my teeth, struggling to stay quiet. Elysa's eyes widened and she sat straight up.

"Cum in front of me, baby." she continued whispering. "In front of everybody. All these people. They can't see you but you know they're there. Cum for me!"

I collapsed onto my back as I climaxed, firing shot after shot onto my belly. The rush was amazing. I hadn't been able to make myself orgasm like that since I lost my virginity. Elysa was right. She wasn't the only one who got off on being exposed.

I laid in thoughtless elation as Elysa knelt forward to lick every drop of semen from my abs. Her gentle, deliberate laps and kisses evaporating with a menthol chill into the dry air. She licked her lips once more as she swallowed the last of my cum, then crawled next to me, burrowing a shoulder into my armpit and draping her arm and leg across my body. We cuddled and kissed. Neither of us were in any hurry to cover up. The sun had set, and the receding twilight brought a hint of privacy, or at least the illusion of it.

Eventually, Elysa climbed off my limp body. She looked down at me, then turned to face the lake. I buttoned my shorts, and rose to stand next to her. I suddenly realized how many other campsites - and campers - we could see. And, standing, how many could see us. We stood for a moment, amusedly watching the groups of families and friends going about their evening, unaware. Silently, Elysa turned and sauntered slowly toward the tent, leaving her dress in the sand at my feet. As she strode away, I saw more than a couple heads turn our way. I pretended not to notice them watching her, lest they look away. I smiled, satisfied, then wandered up to our site to get a fire started.

Minutes later, Elysa emerged dressed in a small zip-up hoodie, yoga pants, and flip flops. She'd folded down the waistband of her tights to show her hipbones and midriff, and had only zipped the shirt halfway. I could see enough of her tanned chest to notice she had nothing on under it. She came up behind me with a hug. Placing her hand on my crotch, she whispered into my ear, "I really like this game."

I turned to face her, smiled, and pulled her zipper a couple of inches lower. "Good. I like it too."

**Exposing Elysa Ch. 07**

I pulled into a rest stop just before the state line. The gas tank was almost empty and my bladder was almost full. I parked at the pump and held out my credit card toward Elysa.

"I gotta pee. Want to fill up the tank?"

She glanced down, "Like this?" She asked.

Somehow it had slipped my mind that she wasn't wearing anything but a sweater. But the thought piqued my imagination, and her face suggested she was ready.

"Like that." I nodded.

She nervously stretched her sweater as low as it would go, barely two inches below her crotch. "Okay," she agreed, "but only if you stay and watch."

"I can hold it if you put on a show." I said. I'd be a fool not to watch.

She stepped cautiously out of the car and slowly crept around to the gas pump. A sliver of her bare buns peeked out beneath her shirt. She surveyed the scene, her hands nervously tugging at her single piece of clothing. The rest stop wasn't too crowded, but far from empty. Everyone appeared too hurried or too focused on other tasks to notice the bottomless girl sneaking around the lot. She let go of her shirt to unscrew the gas cap and the persistent breeze caught the loose fabric. I watched her in the side mirror. She caught my eye in the reflection and lifted her shirt for a brief second, flashing a cute smile and her bare crotch at me.

Soon she was playfully exposing herself; bending over, straddling the pump nozzle, letting the wind catch her sweater. Surely enough, a few people gave a second, or third glance her way, but luckily no one did anything more than inconspicuously stare.

The tank full, Elysa strutted up to my driver's side window and leaned in, resting her elbows on the door.

"That was fun." she said, handing back my card and planting a kiss on my cheek. She leaned over me, baring her hips and lower back to the world as she stretched to grab her small purse. "I'm gonna go to the ladies room."

"Like that?" I echoed.

"Like this." She stood up and pressed her body into the open window, lifting her shirt up to her belly button. I ran my fingers across the fine black hairs on her crotch and she inhaled with a shudder.

"Have fun." I said, pinching the mound just above her clit and sending another shudder through her.

I watched her step across the lot toward the bathrooms. Now people were starting to notice. Nearly every head turned as she passed. Seemingly undeterred, her hips swayed with a slight swagger as she walked on, head high, pretending she wasn't turned on by the attention.

I drove away from the pump, parked in a far corner of the service area and hopped out. I momentarily fantasized about following Elysa into the bathroom, bending her over the sink counter and ramming her from behind; or perhaps pressed against the stall partition with her feet wrapped around my waist. I knew it was far too risky, so instead I made use of the men's room and returned to the car. I stared off at the landscape awaiting her return. Images of the past days replayed in my head, and I grew more and more aroused as the seconds passed.

My phone buzzed, snapping my attention back to reality. We hadn't had a cell signal in so long I forgot my phone was even on. I looked down to see a message from Elysa. I opened it to see a bigger surprise: a picture of her standing in the middle of the restroom, reflected in the mirror. A few people were visible in the background but no one facing her. Her free hand was lifting her shirt up to her hip. She was winking, with a playful smile. A caption read "Hope I don't get caught! ; )"

I was about to put the phone down when it buzzed again.

The next message contained similar pic, but this time her shirt was completely off! In one hand she held her phone, the other clutched her bunched sweater high over her head. She was standing totally nude in the middle of the public restroom, legs spread apart, her eyes and mouth beamed with excitement. "All alone! (I hope)" said the caption.

I thumbed between the two pictures. I was already hard from watching Elysa's show at the gas pump, but something about those photos - that little voyeuristic view into the ladies' bathroom, with my sexy girlfriend strutting around naked, showing off her amazing body, practically daring someone to walk in on her - was intensely arousing.

It was the third photo that really made my heart leap: Elysa sitting on the toilet, still completely naked, biting her lip and pinching a nipple. Her hand held the camera high, pointed down at her legs, spread wide, with a clearly visible stream of pee flowing from between them.

My eyes went wide. I looked around to see if anyone was near, then unbuttoned my shorts and lowered my zipper. My cock was already twitching with excitement. I slowly unzipped my sweatshirt and pulled it open. I wasn't wearing a shirt, or underwear. I sat there with my clothes half-off, my bare chest framed by open zippers. Risk be damned, I thought. I sunk into the seat as I started to masturbate. If anyone walked by, I'd be easily caught, but I didn't care. I was horny as hell and I wanted to have something waiting for my gorgeous little exhibitionist when she returned.

Elysa bounced out of the restroom without a care in the world. Heads turned, sunglasses lifted, and she elicited more than a few gasps. I watched her from a distance in the rear view, patiently stroking my cock. She stopped at the curb, a ring of onlookers circled about her as she scanned the parked cars for a familiar one. I think someone even worked up the nerve to say something to her. She ignored him and fished her phone out of her purse. A few seconds later mine buzzed.

"where r u?"

"Look to your right, far corner." I replied.

I saw her look up, then the flash of recognition and relief in her posture. She took a deep breath, then took off running toward me. She dropped into her seat, smiling innocently for a moment before noticing what I was doing.

"Woah, Andy!" she exclaimed, impressed.

"Nice photos, gorgeous." I said, stroking myself.

"Hey, I got to see you pee. It only seemed fair!" She leaned across and licked my earlobe. "Maybe next time I'll let you come and watch."

"Think I'd rather watch first, then cum." I replied, as I put my hand on the back of her head and pushed it into my lap.

She smiled and licked her lips. I bit my tongue to keep my face from contorting, trying to avoid any more attention than we had already attracted. A few keen eyes had followed Elysa as she ran, and probably kept watching her after she hopped into the car and disappeared below the dash.

The bustle of the gas station and rest area reflected in the rear view mirror. Cars sped on the highway just in front of us. Risk be damned, I had to have her here.

I reclined the seat and gripped her hair tightly. I pushed her head down slowly but forcefully, feeling the tip of my cock slide down the back of her throat. She gagged slightly, moaning to signal her approval. I held her there for a second, then yanked her head back and to the side to face me. A thread of spit slung from the tip of her tongue back to my pulsing, wet erection. Her breathless panting gave way to an intense, carnal grin.

"Get on top of me" I commanded.

"Only if you keep pulling my hair like that." she insisted.

I leaned back as Elysa straddled me. She gripped my cock, slippery with her saliva, and directed it into her. She accepted me easily.

"You're so wet" I whispered.

"Walking around with my pussy exposed got me so horny" she replied breathlessly, sliding all the way up my cock and back down to the base. "and feeling your cock in my throat made me wetter."

I pulled her close to me, pressing one hand on her back and taking a fistful of her hair in the other, I held her down as I thrust up, hard, from under her. "Oh yes, oh yes, faster!" she pleaded. I buried myself in her, skin slapping on skin. Her whole body tensed and released, I tightened my grip, trying to stay low in the seat and out of view. I slowed as her muscles loosened.

Her eyes seemed to lock on something in the distance as she continued riding me. "I think someone's watching us." she said, excitedly.

In a half-panic, I started to sit up and turn. Elysa quickly put her hands on my shoulders and pressed me back into the seat.

"Don't stop!" she moaned. "If they wanna watch, let's give 'em something to remember."

She sat up, still slowly sliding along my engorged member. I gripped her tiny waist, my fingertips nearly touching around her slender circumference. She guided her own hands up her ribs toward her breasts, lifting her sweater and leaning back, still staring off towards the stranger - or strangers? - watching.

\*HONK!\*

Elysa's arm brushed the car horn as she leaned back on the wheel, startling us both. I shot up in surprise and Elysa sprung forward with a yelp.

"Whoops" she said with a deadpan sarcasm. "They definitely noticed that." she continued looking past me to the audience we were starting to attract.

She wrapped her arms around me and pressed my face into her chest, then playfully pulled her sweater over my head, burying me in the hot darkness between it and her steamy skin. I licked the salt sweat from her breasts and brushed her nipple with my teeth, eliciting another yelp. She pressed against me and rolled her hips around in my lap, pulling every nerve in my body towards climax.

"I want to taste you again." She moaned, climbing off of me and kneeling on the passengers seat.

As she lowered her head I felt myself pass the point of no return. She barely had time to prepare. The lightest touch of her tongue on the head of my throbbing cock and I burst into her open mouth. She recoiled in surprise but I held her head tight as I fired successive pulses of cum down her willing throat.

"Take it all, you beautiful slut." I growled at her in a moment of primal lust. "Swallow my cum for your audience."

"Mmhmm" she mumbled in delight, swallowing a final load.

She lifted her head to look up at me, still panting. Her lips glistened with spit and semen, and her hair was heavy with sweat. The look in her eyes was different, like something new had awakened, a deep and fierce desire within her. We'd explored flashing and teasing, even fucking, in the secluded outdoors of the desert, and I had wondered if our return to more populated areas would mean an end to our game of dares. Looking in her eyes at the rest area parking lot, with dozens of people around and a few obviously watching, I had my answer.

"God that was so good." Elysa said, sitting back on her knees, ruffling her shirt to cool herself. She ran her fingers through her matted hair and continued, "I've been having so much fun getting naked in public I almost forgot how much I love when you're rough with me."

I smiled, started the car and turned the fans on high to cool us both off. "I don't think it would be too much to combine those, do you?"

Elysa leaned forward and kissed my lips. "Not at all. I'll be your beautiful slut anywhere you want, baby."

With that, she reclined her seat and laid back. The hem of her sweater rested at her ribcage, and she spread her knees as she fanned her bare belly and legs. She sighed easily and closed her eyes. I left my clothes open as well, enjoying the cool breeze of the air conditioner on my skin. We sat for a moment of calm, then I put the car into gear and backed out of the parking spot. I felt the eyes follow us, and I looked over at Elysa, bottomless and spread eagle next to me. I flashed back to the driving daydream I'd had on our first afternoon, realizing my fantasy had just come true. With a smug smile, I rolled slowly around the lot, giving the voyeurs one final view before returning to the highway.

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