**Geocaching for Clothes**

by[friend88812](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=2901521&page=submissions)©

**Geocaching for Clothes Ch. 01**  
  
Irv Watson and his wife, Camela, trudged happily down the Juniper Ridge Trail of central Texas' Pedernales Falls State Park, her with eyes glued to the screen of their handheld GPS unit, him scrutinizing the park's trail map he had printed before leaving home that morning, both trying not to clumsily walk into a tree in the process. "It should be up here on the left a little ways," Camela offered over her shoulder to her husband and their fellow trekker.  
  
Following behind them was Jennifer, Irv's sister-in-law who was living in their upstairs guestroom in Austin while navigating a complicated divorce from his brother. She was blonde, and beautiful in a very natural way, a bubbly long-ago hippie, but far from an airhead. Her low-cut tee shirt revealed an ample amount of cleavage, as was her style, and her tight spandex workout shorts had attracted glances from every man they'd passed on the trail that morning (not to mention a few women, too). Their divorce was one of those rare situations in which the Watson family had sided with her, effectively divorcing Walt, too, though he was their flesh and blood.  
  
This is not to imply that it had been a difficult choice. The forty-something S.O.B. had run off with their buxom 21-year-old Brazilian housemaid who barely spoke English. As if that weren't bad enough, he had taken all the money with him, leaving Jennifer destitute until police could track him down and get some of it back. She couldn't even sell their home or furniture in Dallas, the city in which they had all grown up, until the courts sorted things out. That could take many months, for no one knew where the pair had absconded to. Probably Brazil, they all agreed.  
  
The family had been mortified, as though somehow Walt's actions reflected badly on the whole Watson clan. For now, Jennifer would be broke until she found a job, and was living rent-free with Irv and Camela until she could get back on her feet. Her presence in the house was a daily source of irritation for Camela, who valued her privacy and resented Jenn's revealing clothing and carefree ways. But Irv insisted that it would be cruel to not take her in since she was the innocent victim in the whole sad affair.  
  
He had gotten his way and Jennifer received an open-ended invitation to stay as long as she needed. The fact that she was quite nice to look at and seven years younger than his wife didn't factor into his decision, he told himself, but it was a nice and unexpected benefit to behold her lovely figure, tight outfits, and radiant smile bouncing around the house.  
  
Geocaching was about the only thing Irv and Camela still had in common. At least once a month the two of them spent a Sunday morning traipsing through some nearby forest, using billion-dollar satellites to find Tupperware in the woods. For the uninitiated, geocaching is a worldwide phenomenon. All over the globe, individuals who enjoy this "sport" hide small containers (most are smaller than a shoebox, some as tiny as a matchbox) in a variety of publicly-accessible locations along highways, in parks, or deep in forests, publish the geographical coordinates online, and challenge others to use GPS to find them.  
  
Usually the person who places the geocache gives it an intriguing name and writes a sentence or two containing enigmatic clues to help guide (or confound) those who seek it. Some of the containers lay in plain view. Others are buried in the ground, hung from trees, tucked under bridges, concealed in fake logs, hidden in drain pipes, etc. They're virtually everywhere, and the more diabolically disguised or cleverly hidden, the better. Most people in the USA pass dozens of them every day, blithely unaware of their existence.  
  
Inside each container is a random assortment of worthless trinkets. Each person who finds a given cache is expected to sign and date the enclosed sheet of paper to document their find, remove one item and leave another for the next successful seeker, then carefully place the container back in its original location. Jennifer was new to geocaching but was game enough to come along as a third wheel since she didn't know anyone else in the area yet. Not having invested in the proper equipment, she used her smartphone as her GPS and to consult her ViewRanger app to know exactly which trail they were hiking.  
  
Today's geocache was placed just last week by someone with the username "twingems," and was called "Out on a Limb." The clue read: "Fly like a Juniper Jaybird." Irv and Camela hated it when the clues were so transparent. They preferred a challenge, a conundrum, a puzzle to be solved the way Hercule Poirot might unravel an Agatha Christie murder mystery. This one, however, would obviously be perched on the limb of a tree near the Juniper Ridge Trail.  
  
But today had been the first time that Jennifer had chosen the sought-after treasure, so they had humored her, driven their SUV to the trailhead nearest the coordinates she had printed out, and hiked toward the indicated destination. As they walked, Irv thought about his wife.  
  
Camela was still beautiful, he silently conceded. As he walked three or four paces behind her he admired her long, auburn hair that always looked as though she'd just come from a salon. He enjoyed the gentle sway of her shapely butt, still impressive after 20+ years of marriage. But he wasn't likely to see it uncovered anytime soon, nor her magnificent 36C breasts, for she was a prude.  
  
Whenever the two of them had ventured into the woods together over the years he had tried to persuade her to go skinny-dipping in one of the area's many secluded spring-fed ponds, or to make love to him under a tree in the forest, or just to give him a quick blowjob. But she would have none of it. In fact, he'd stopped asking more than a decade ago. She hated being naked even indoors and rarely left the bathroom undressed.  
  
She wouldn't even sleep in the nude, preferring granny pajamas that covered her body from neck to ankles. There was no way he was ever going to get her naked outdoors. And to tell the truth, Irv was afraid of his wife. Her anger was a fearsome thing to behold, and wired on a hair-trigger. It just wasn't worth the risk of setting her off to suggest something risqué or daring, especially since he knew the answer in advance.  
  
He had long ago accepted his fate: to live the remainder of his life unfulfilled, "enjoying" perfunctory sex with her once or twice a month until he died. He didn't even harbor much hope that he would outlive her, as she was a year younger than he, extremely cautious, and a health nut. She was gorgeous, but that fact diminished the sting of his mundane existence only slightly. At least he could enjoy her pretty face every day, he consoled himself.  
  
Jennifer, on the other hand, was a free spirit. Before the divorce, Walt had confided in his older brother about their freewheeling sex games, wild escapades, nude beaches, even a trip to Jamaica once during which they had gotten drunk and enjoyed steamy sex on the beach while half-a-dozen people watched. Afterwards, still unsatisfied, she had given blowjobs to three of the men gathered around. Walt reminisced that he had never seen her happier than she was that night.  
  
Irv imagined Jenn naked on the beach, her pretty face wrapped around his brother's cock as her beautiful hazel eyes looked up at him longingly and her blonde shoulder-length hair swayed in the gentle Caribbean breeze. He pictured her eyes dark with desire and her nipples as hard as pebbles as she rode Walt's dick in the sand. Then he visualized her passionately sucking on a stranger's cock while she ferociously massaged two others by hand. Why would his brother leave that, he wondered? Irv would give anything to be married to a woman who had any libido at all, let alone an insatiable one.  
  
Since she'd moved in upstairs, Irv had enjoyed seeing their houseguest come downstairs for coffee braless a couple of times, and once in just her panties and a white v-neck undershirt that didn't quite cover her crotch. Her breasts weren't as large as Camela's, but seemed pert and perfect nonetheless. The dark outline of her areolas could be seen through the thin cotton on those occasions and seemed smaller than his wife's, though he couldn't be certain because he didn't want to stare.  
  
Okay, he wanted to stare, but he'd chosen to be a gentleman about it, only stealing a quick glance or two (or five) when she wasn't looking. Irv was glad she'd never appeared dressed (or, more accurately, undressed) like that while Camela was in the house. His wife would have raised hell and put a stop to that for good. She might have even thrown her out.  
  
Irv wondered if Jennifer had always made sure that Camela was at work or out in the backyard watering her plants or weeding her garden before she popped out scantily clad. She could certainly have confirmed the fact by glancing out the window of her bedroom before descending the stairs to the kitchen. Did she want him to see her? Was she teasing him? Did she enjoy showing off her body? Her eyes had sparkled as she'd made eye contact with Irv on those three mornings when she'd appeared only partially-dressed, as if to say, "Bet I know what you'd like to see more of!" If only his wife were so playful and uninhibited!  
  
And so, Irv Watson was left with only his fantasies. A thousand times he had envisioned coaxing his wife naked into a cool, clear Texas swimmin' hole (you always had to replace the g with an apostrophe or people would know you weren't from Texas) on one of their geocaching outings, then he would - in his imagination - quickly get out of the water and run away with all of their clothes. He smiled as he envisioned standing forty feet away from her stark naked, holding every stitch of clothing they had propped on his hardened member as she, terrified of being seen, edged nervously out of the water and crouched low as she crept closer to him, demanding the return of her clothes, only to have him run farther away.  
  
In one version of his reverie he would drop a single shoe before retreating farther up the trail. Then, one by one, she could retrieve her articles of clothing by chasing him a mile or two up an isolated trail in various states of undress. In his mind, Camela would find the scenario strangely enjoyable and arousing, despite herself. She would bashfully admit to him that the risk of being seen in the buff had so turned her on that she couldn't wait to drag him back in the water naked, or to fuck him senseless in the woods.  
  
In the real world, however, he knew she would not find it arousing in the slightest. Instead, she would despise him for it and make him pay in a thousand ways for many months to come. Maybe forever. It was all moot, anyway. It was never going to happen. So, in recent weeks, Irv had begun to replace his wife in those fantasies with Jennifer, who was now living rent-free in his head, not just his home.  
  
Forcing a woman to run naked through the woods did more than just intrigue Irv. He couldn't stop thinking about it. His fantasy was a little on the impish side, not overly cruel, he told himself. He wasn't into anything perverted, and he certainly didn't want to hurt anyone. He just got-off on thinking about a beautiful woman stuck out in the woods without any clothes. In Irv's mind, a nude woman in the forest was a vision of Eden, his own imaginary microcosm of a pristine and perfect world. She would be like a regal mare at home in nature the way God intended. Or at least the way Irv intended.  
  
Whenever they passed an attractive woman on the trail (which was often), he would always wonder, "Why can't she hike naked? What harm would it do? It would make the world a much better place!" Whenever searching for porn on the internet he found himself seeking out videos of women walking nude in the woods, or skinny dipping in a lake, playing naked on a beach, or canoeing topless. When the possibility existed that the woman might get caught by passersby in her unclothed state, it fueled his fantasies even more. He wondered what Jennifer would look like, bare-ass naked, hiking the very trail down which the three of them trekked this morning.  
  
Camela shattered his daydream when she suddenly stopped and said, "Wait a minute. I think we passed it." She backed up a few paces, peering at her GPS, then turned left off the trail through some thick brush. "It should be about 40 feet this way." Irv and Jennifer, being several feet behind, found an easier path between some dead cedar trees that would take them in the same direction.  
  
Irv glanced upward and said, "I'll bet it's in that big oak tree." A minute later, all three were standing at the base of a majestic tree that must have been at least 150 years old.  
  
"I see it," Irv said, pointing to a small plastic recipe box wedged into the crook of a large branch about 10 feet off the ground. They looked at each other with the same unspoken question: How can we get it down? Finally, Jennifer looked at Irv, smiled, and said, "Pick me up!" Irv braced himself for Camela's patented disapproving scowl before daring to glance at her to gauge her response. She instead shrugged her permission, so Irv squatted and wrapped his arms around Jennifer's lovely shins.  
  
He stood erect (in more ways than one, he joked to himself), hoisting her into the air in the direction of the treasure. He felt the smooth flesh of her leg against his cheek and wished he could tenderly kiss it. Glancing upward, he could see straight up her shirt and took note that her bra was black, sheer and barely there. He could clearly see the creamy flesh that comprised the underside of her boobs through the fine mesh.  
  
Her tummy was flat and he couldn't keep himself from momentarily noticing that the tension created as she stretched toward the geocache had pulled her spandex shorts into a well-defined camel-toe a mere 12 inches from his eager lips and tongue.  
  
A moment later she had the box in her hands and shouted to Camela, "Catch!" She dropped the box into her sister-in-law's waiting hands and Irv reluctantly lowered the lithe beauty to the ground, allowing his right hand to "accidentally" brush the back of her thigh as he stood up. He thought he detected a slight smile from Jennifer as he did so, but couldn't be sure for she quickly turned her head toward the box. She bounced up and down excitedly as she asked, "What's in it?"  
  
Camela removed the few rubber bands that held the box shut, opened the lid, and immediately scowled and thrust it away from herself as far her arm would permit. She covered her mouth with her free hand to suppress a visible gag reflex, and Irv thought for a moment that she might hurl the box into the woods. What could have disgusted her so? A dead mouse? Rancid food?  
  
He gingerly took it from her, holding it at arm's length with two fingers, and reluctantly tilted it toward his face enough to peek inside. He suddenly scoffed and rolled his eyes, pulled the box close to him, and pulled out a pair of red lace thong panties! Otherwise, the box was completely empty, he demonstrated by holding it upside down and shaking it.  
  
"That's the most disgusting thing I've ever seen!" Camela snorted. "Some pervert somewhere getting his jollies."  
  
Irv tried half-heartedly to mimic his wife's revulsion. He certainly couldn't let her know that he thought it was funny, could he? He held up the panties with two fingers and rotated them in the sunlight for all to see.  
  
Jennifer giggled and said, "Looks like someone out here's having more fun than we are!" Irv and Camela looked at her curiously, both puzzled at her meaning.  
  
"Naked as a jaybird?" she proffered.  
  
The old married couple both now signaled their recognition of the "hidden" meaning in the geocache's online description, "Juniper Jaybird."  
  
Jenn grabbed the panties, twirled them around on her index finger and proposed, only half-jokingly, "Maybe Camela should put these on and leave her own panties in the box!"  
  
"Like Hell!" Irv's cold wife huffed, and stormed off in the direction of the car. Jenn pocketed the panties and she and Irv replaced the empty box on the branch, once again affording him the opportunity to hug her athletic legs to his eager face.  
  
PART II  
  
For the next several mornings, Irv watched Jennifer climb into her car and drive off to yet another job interview or two. The routine was always the same. She would toss a gym bag into the trunk, place her purse on the front passenger seat, and depart. At the end of each day she would return home in her workout clothes, sexy with sweat, nipple impressions alluringly outlined through her form-fitting top and threatening to burst through the fabric, and announce that she had found nothing that suited her yet, but at least had taken all her frustrations out in the weight room of the gym.  
  
All day every day, Irv fought to prevent his mind from drifting back to the same daydream: somehow getting Jennifer naked in the forest and then stealing her clothes. He smiled and breathed slowly, deeply, rhythmically as he pictured her frantically trying to hide behind scruffy shrubs as she sneaked her way... somewhere. But where? How? He didn't know the answers to these questions. All he knew is that it made his cock so hard he could dull a sawblade on it.  
  
The following Saturday morning, he sat sipping coffee at the kitchen table watching his wife through their bay window as she chatted with the neighbor guy over the thick hedge that separated their backyards. The two of them were obsessed with gardening, so this was a weekend routine they both cherished.  
  
They would usually chat for 45 minutes about fertilizers, bugs, the proper way to mulch, the pesky deer that ate their flowers, and the like. But today, he doubted they would talk very long. Soon she would rush back into the house to shower, he knew.  
  
At noon, he was to drive her to the airport for her 25th High School reunion in Dallas that very evening, a trip that had been on the calendar for months. Because Irv had attended a rival high school whose reunion had been held a year earlier, he wouldn't be accompanying her. She would spend a couple of nights with her parents, and wasn't scheduled to return to Austin until Monday evening.  
  
Not one to complain, Irv instead looked on the bright side: he would have all night alone in his bed to dream about their houseguest.  
  
His thoughts were suddenly interrupted by a smiling Jennifer who waltzed down the staircase into the kitchen wearing less than he had ever seen her in! A sheer negligee covered her torso, but left her lovely breasts on display through the red gauzy fabric. She wore nothing on her lower half but a crimson lacy thong. Irv swallowed hard, but remained silent and agape, having no idea how to respond.  
  
She glanced out the window to confirm that Camela was still fully engrossed in conversation, then grabbed a cup from the counter and turned to face him squarely. She poured herself a cuppa as she looked straight at him, not even attempting to hide herself as she stirred a packet of Equal into her brew. Smiling devilishly, she inquired, "Do you like my twin gems?"  
  
Irv sat speechless. What did she mean by "twin gems," the username of the geocache owner?  
  
She hooked her free thumb into the waistband of her panties, and asked, "Recognize these, Sherlock?"  
  
Irv turned his palms upward in a sign that he was completely baffled, but managed to say, "Are those the panties from the geocache?"  
  
"Yes," she replied. "Don't you think it's a bit coincidental that they form a matched set with my negligee?"  
  
"Sorry, I don't get it," he replied, but only half-truthfully. In fact, it was beginning to dawn on him that perhaps she had hidden the geocache with her own panties in it! But he dared not say so aloud, for fear of offending her. "Are you saying you're Twin Gems?!?"

"No, you idiot! These are the twin gems," she replied playfully as she put down her coffee and used both hands to squeeze her tits in his direction. "I was trying to help you out!"  
  
Irv was clearly still bewildered, so the nearly-naked woman continued, "I used your computer a couple of weeks ago to look for a job and saw in your search history that you're into naked ladies in the woods."  
  
Irv's throat went dry in an instant. For a moment he feared he might never breathe again.  
  
Jennifer defended herself, "I wasn't snooping! I saw a job posting for Naked Juice and when I typed the word in, up popped your search history, filled with 'naked women hiking' and 'naked women swimming,' and "naked women outdoors." I clicked on all the links that were purple to see what you'd been looking at. You naughty boy, you!"  
  
Irv's mind reeled as he envisioned his whole world disintegrating that very morning. His wife was not the type to shrug off this sort of thing. She would be repulsed by it, and by him. Even the minuscule sex life they shared would be snuffed out. But Jennifer assuaged his fears, injecting, "Don't worry! I'm way naughtier than you! Your secret's safe with me. Besides, I like a horny man!"  
  
Irv felt his cock twitch in his pants. He relaxed, but only enough to seek more information. "How was the geocache thing supposed to help me?" he inquired incredulously.  
  
"Well, I was hoping that Camela would find it funny, maybe even put on the panties and leave hers in the box. I thought maybe that taking off her pants in a public park would get her unstuck and she would loosen up and become the naked forest nympho you want her to be. But that didn't happen. She's a cold fish and always will be. Am I right?"  
  
Without waiting for Irv to respond, she continued, "I know I'm right. Your evil brother told me all about you two. Anyway, not to worry, dear brother-in-law. I've launched Plan B."  
  
Still a tad terrified, Irv managed to stutter, "What's Plan B?"  
  
Jennifer smiled slyly, raised her left eyebrow like she was up to something devious, and asked impishly, "Did you get a good night's rest?" Irv nodded.  
  
"Good," she said, "You've got a very busy afternoon ahead of you."  
  
With a quick glance, she confirmed again that Camela's focus was still on the neighbor beyond the hedge. She then reached into the stairwell, pulled a full backpack off the steps, and tossed it at his feet, announcing, "This is Plan B."  
  
She smiled that bewitching smile again and said, "More specifically, I am Plan B. Your little brother - God curse his black soul - and I used to play naked all the time, and watching your videos got me horny as hell and gave me an idea. Here's the plan..."  
  
PART III  
  
Five hours later, Camela was on an airplane and Jennifer sat at home alone on the sofa in the living room wearing nothing but her beautiful smile, grinning as she pondered where she would be the very next morning. The thrill of it made her moist, and the buzzing in her clit was almost unbearable. She hadn't been naked in public in months, and she missed the exhilaration terribly. Somewhere in the vast 5000-acre wilderness of Pedernales State Park Irv was - right now - setting up an obstacle course of sorts, one that would soon have her sneaking around a park filled with Sunday picnickers, swimmers and hikers... as bare as the day she was born!  
  
As she had explained to Irv that morning while Camela chatted away with the neighbor, on one of the days she had supposedly spent interviewing for jobs she had instead busied herself laying an elaborate trap for herself. She had visited thrift shops in the area and used her limited cash to acquire 5 containers in which she had placed the following items, respectively: a necklace, her tennis shoes, a pair of socks, the red thong panties from the geocache, and the lacy black see-through bra she had worn to flash her breasts to Irv while reaching for the geocache the previous Sunday. She had then crammed them all into a backpack she'd found in the garage, along with the GPS unit, a tube of sunscreen, several bottles of water, some insect repellent, a pad of Post-it notes, and a portable USB battery with a phone-charging cable. Irv would need them all after dropping off his wife at the airport.  
  
At this very moment, Jennifer mused, Irv is carrying those containers all over the park and hiding them, hopefully well enough that no one else might stumble onto them before tomorrow, D-Day. She couldn't help but play with herself as she anticipated the adventure, rocking herself with three seismic orgasms before falling into a deep and satisfying sleep on the sofa.  
  
Her next conscious thought came as she awakened to the sound of a camera. Irv stood over the nude sleeping beauty, capturing the magical moment forever. He and Camela had lived in this house for 14 years, he recalled with a mixture of sadness and anger, but never once had his wife ventured out of the master bedroom in even her underwear. Yet here was lovely, unashamed Jennifer in all her glory.  
  
She sat upright, not even trying to hide any part of her nude body from her brother-in-law. She wasn't mad about the photos, he noted. She seemed proud that he would want to look at her naked pictures in the future. She even shifted her pose and opened her legs a bit, smiling a kittenish smile that invited more photos to be taken. Irv happily obliged.  
  
"You're getting an early start on your little outing, aren't you?" was the only thing he could think to say.  
  
"Sure am," she replied. "My plan is that the next thing I put on will be that necklace sometime tomorrow morning, assuming I can find it. Is everything ready?"  
  
"I think so," he replied. "I hid all five containers - pretty well, if I do say so, myself."  
  
He explained how, in accordance with her wishes, he had hidden the container containing the bra first, carefully noting the latitude and longitude registered by his GPS on a yellow sticky note. He had then hiked a mile or two away and concealed the panties along with the coordinates he had written down for the bra. He then wrote new coordinates on a slip of paper and hiked up another trail a mile or two before secreting the socks along with the location of the panties, and so forth. A bottle of water had been included in each of the larger caches to keep her hydrated, the battery with the phone charger in the one with the panties, and the sunscreen and bug spray tucked into her shoes. The final item hidden had been the necklace in a tiny pill bottle.  
  
"I have the coordinates for the necklace right here," he said, patting his shirt pocket. "Are you sure you want to go through with this?"  
  
"Am I!" she replied, beaming with joy and anticipation. "I'm so jacked-up I would fuck you right now if you weren't married!"  
  
The next morning she arose at 6:30 AM to the sound of her alarm, though she'd been awake already for at least an hour, restlessly enjoying the feel of her bare skin against the sheets. She had smiled so much since yesterday that her cheeks hurt. She reveled in the thought that it would be hours before she felt fabric touch her flesh again. Irv was already at the kitchen table sipping coffee when she appeared at the bottom of the stairs completely naked. The sight took his breath away. Years ago he had begged his wife to cook a meal in the nude, but the mere suggestion had revolted and angered her.  
  
He gestured for his pretty, unclad guest to take a seat while he poured her a cup of coffee and stirred in her usual packet of artificial sweetener. He looked her tenderly in the eyes and said, "Thank you for doing this."  
  
"My pleasure," she grinned. "Literally."  
  
They both smiled. A few minutes later, under cover of the darkness that still lingered despite the brightening sky on the horizon, they climbed into Irv's SUV and began the 45 minute drive to the park. "Thank God for tinted windows," Irv thought, having no idea that his naked cargo was seriously considering rolling her window down to give the world a passing glimpse of her glorious nakedness.  
  
With daylight now fully upon them, Irv pulled up to the trailhead he had scouted out the day before. While technically inside the park boundaries, it was situated along a little-used stretch of road at the south end of the park, about three miles before the ranger station where visitors were required to pay an entrance fee. Irv couldn't believe that he was finally about to live out his fantasy! He took out a bottle of water and said, "Better take a big swig of this before you begin. It's going to be a hot day."  
  
Jennifer nodded, removed the cap and drank as much as she could hold before returning it to her driver. "Did you charge your phone overnight?" he asked. She nodded and held it up for him to see the battery icon at full power.  
  
"Okay," he said. "You're off! Here are the coordinates for the necklace."  
  
Jennifer sighed, steeling herself for what she was about to do. It would be by far her most challenging naked adventure! She took the small piece of paper and began to enter the coordinates into her phone.  
  
"No," Irv objected, placing his hand over the lit screen. "Against the rules. You have to enter the coordinates after you get out of the car."  
  
"That's not a rule!" she protested.  
  
"It is now. My rules from here on out. Whatever I say, goes." he stated matter-of-factly.  
  
Jenn's eyes widened in disbelief, but then she decided it would mean all the more fun, all the more risk, all the more uncertainty, all the more time spent naked in the woods. "Whatever you say goes," she repeated. "Just don't get me arrested."  
  
"Fair enough," Irv intoned.  
  
"Okay," she said with cheerful nervousness. "I'll call you when I find the bra, and you can tell me where to meet you. See you in a few hours!" She looked up and down the road to be sure no one was coming. This was, of course, impossible to gauge because in both directions there was a hill only a hundred yards away that obscured her view of what might lay beyond.  
  
She rolled down the window and listened carefully. Hearing nothing, she opened the door, stepped out onto the shoulder of the road with nothing but her phone in one hand and the slip of paper in the other, and scampered up the trail 30 yards before stopping.  
  
Almost immediately she chided herself for choosing not to wear shoes. Her tender feet suffered when she stepped on the small jagged stones that lay all over the exposed limestone bedrock that was so typical of central Texas. She had certainly considered wearing shoes as she had developed her crazy plan, but decided that footwear would constitute cheating. Naked was naked, she had concluded, and that was that.  
  
To wear anything at all, even make-up or jewelry, would diminish the whole experience for her. "It wouldn't count," she had thought, knowing how insane that would sound to anyone who didn't share her odd compulsion to bare herself to the world, even if only Mother Nature might see her. To wear shoes would reduce today's exploits to the status of a practice run in her mind, and she knew she'd forever feel an unquenchable obsession to repeat the whole exercise over again, starting with absolutely nothing but her body.  
  
Even to carry the phone - though indispensable for today's challenge - took a bit of the edge off, she lamented. She placed the phone and the slip of paper on the ground behind a tree and walked away from them until she couldn't see them any longer, then waited a minute or two. She entered a small clearing and twirled her nude body in the morning sun with arms outstretched, then squeezed her breasts and pinched her nipples hard, loving the exquisite sting she felt in her clit as she did so. She looked down to see her perfect white skin contrasted against the earth tones of the dry, late-summer Texas landscape. "There!" she thought with satisfaction. "Now I've begun totally naked." She bounced up and down giddily for a moment, almost unable to prevent herself from squealing with glee over her deranged adventure - and growing sexual arousal - that had only just begun.  
  
PART IV  
  
She listened carefully for any telltale sounds of human beings and heard none. She was, after all, on a little-used trail at 7:45 in the morning, so she figured she would be safe there. The park didn't even open until 8:30, anyway, not counting overnight campers, of course. She walked back to her stash, entered the coordinates from the slip of paper into her phone and cursed. "Damn!" she said. The coordinates were on the other side of the road! Irv had deliberately sent her down the trail on the wrong side! "Bastard," she muttered. But she was smiling, quivering, and already wishing some young hunk - or perhaps three of them - would come along and satisfy themselves fully at her expense.  
  
She cautiously walked back toward the road she had just left. Before emerging into the clear, she heard a vehicle approaching and slipped behind a tree for cover. A minivan passed without incident. Listening again and hearing nothing, she peeked out onto the road and saw... Irv! He had parked on the shoulder and was waiting, phone in hand, to snap some pictures! He grinned at her widely. She smiled back and mockingly shook her fist at him as if to say, "I'm going to get you for this!"  
  
She then dashed across the road to the tree line on the far side while Irv snapped as many pictures as he could. From the trailhead on the south side of the road, she dared to perch herself on a huge rock placed there to block automobiles from accessing the trail, smiled, stood akimbo, and stuck her tongue out at him. The early morning sun bathed her skin in a golden glow that made her seem even more entrancing than when she'd first appeared on the stairs that morning.  
  
Irv laughed at her antics, snapped three more quick photos, and adjusted his pants to allow room for his hardening cock. He then climbed back into his vehicle, stopping to take one more photo before she dismounted from her stone pedestal. He started the engine and waved goodbye to "Buffy," as he had begun to call her in his head. A few seconds later his SUV topped the hill and disappeared from her sight. She was fully alone now, for many hours, completely naked in a busy state park.  
  
She retreated a few yards into the woods beyond sight of the road and glanced at the clue on the slip of paper. "Madrone's Madness" was the name Irv had assigned her first challenge. She checked her hiking app and noted that she was, indeed, standing on Madrone Trail. It paralleled the pavement through the woods in a small sliver of the park that extended a half-mile, at most, southward from the roadway.  
  
The vast majority of the park stretched northward several miles to beyond the Pedernales River. She would, no doubt, spend most of her day in that portion, which meant her day included at least one more streak across the strip of asphalt she had just left.  
  
For now, though, she was thankful that the ground on this side of the road was made of soft dirt, not the exposed limestone shelf that had punished her feet on the north side. Not that there we no pebbles. There were plenty. It's just that they receded into the dirt slightly when she stepped on them, cushioning each blow.  
  
The first geocache was less than a mile away from where she now stood, she noted, but the trail wound in serpentine fashion that made the trip at least twice that long. Judging by the topography lines on the map, though, there seemed to be no more direct path - other than the road, of course. But she certainly wasn't going to stroll a mile down a public street in broad daylight stark naked!  
  
The necklace would be hidden in a tiny pill bottle a mile to her west, as the crow flies. She began to walk the trail with purpose, consulting the GPS in her phone from time to time, and enjoying her nakedness. The cool morning air gave her chills and made her nipples stand erect. She loved the way the gentle breeze caressed her private parts. She even reached down and separated her labia to allow greater access to the cooling wind.  
  
She wished she could live her entire life naked on an island inhabited only by a strong man who really knew how to make love to her, and did. Three times per day, every day. Occasionally, her heart would leap into her throat when a startled deer would snort and flee through the brush. But she suspected that she was safe on this trail, at least for a while yet.  
  
Bicycle tire tracks and shoe prints in the dirt made her wonder if she were really alone, but she assured herself that these had almost certainly been left by visitors a day or two earlier. It hadn't rained in weeks, so they might even be many days old. But the possible presence of cyclist posed a problem she hadn't considered. A person on a bike might come up on her quickly and silently, so she disciplined herself to take ten steps, then stop to look both ways and listen. She followed this pattern rigorously, determined not to become complacent and forget how vulnerable a pretty, unclothed girl alone in the woods might be.  
  
Thirty minutes later, Jenn heard human voices in the distance. A male and a female voice penetrated the silence, though at least a hundred yards away. One thing, though, was certain. The voices were getting louder! Jennifer crept off the trail trying to remain utterly silent. She found the only nearby tree whose trunk was almost large enough to conceal her if she stood perfectly upright and still.  
  
Her pulse quickened as she tried to become as skinny as possible and she cursed herself for being so stupid as to volunteer for this stunt! About 90 seconds later, the couple passed within about 8 feet of her, chatting about their son's soccer coach, then disappeared around a bend the way she had come - none the wiser that a beautiful naked woman had been right there for the viewing. Had they glanced in her direction they almost certainly would have seen a tree trunk with a pink ass and firm tits protruding from either side!  
  
Jennifer breathed a sigh of relief - one of many she would discharge that day, no doubt - and continued up the trail. Before long the path took a hard right turn and angled back toward the road. No surprise there, as this had occurred at least three times already.  
  
The shock came when she consulted her phone and saw that the first geocache lay at the end of a short spur trail that returned to the road! She warily followed as her GPS took her directly under huge high-tension power lines for which a massive swath had been cut out of the forest at least 50 feet wide. Nothing but knee-high brown grass grew here, and she could see for hundreds of yards behind her, and fifty yards ahead of her to a roadside parking lot. She could even make out the tops of cars as they traveled down the road, and with every step up the hill she became more and more visible to them.  
  
The necklace, if she read her GPS correctly, would be hidden somewhere in that gravel lot half the size of a football field, every inch of it completely exposed to passing traffic! She was at least relieved to see that there was only one car in the lot, no doubt belonging to the couple that had just passed her on the trail.  
  
She crouched behind the large sign on the edge of the parking lot that pointed the way to Madrone Trail, and consulted her GPS once more. The necklace was hidden in the middle of the lot! How was this even possible? There was nothing out there but gravel! Surely Irv wouldn't put the pill bottle where it could be run over and crushed, she reasoned. But the coordinates didn't lie.  
  
She began to evaluate her options. Her best gambit was to run about 25 yards to the parked car and hide behind it. Perhaps from that vantage point she would be able to get a better view of the center of the lot and hopefully detect anything out of the ordinary.

After listening for approaching vehicles, she sprinted out through the lot as fast as she could go without hurting her feet severely. Her awkward gait felt like that of an 80-year-old running across a blistering-hot beach. She must have looked hilarious, if anyone had been there to see her, she mused. (A small part of her wished someone actually were secretly watching her.)  
  
Before she arrived at the car, though, she heard a vehicle approaching from the west. She was sure to be exposed if the passing driver were to simply glance her direction, so she instantly lay down in the gravel to reduce her profile and wait for the vehicle to pass. But to her horror she saw the dark blue SUV pull into the lot and park just beyond the car she had planned to hide behind. She was now trapped!  
  
It was far too late to run back to the sign. Besides, whoever was in the car would be certain to walk right by it a minute or two from now. Having no other alternative, she skittered on all fours and hid beside the parked car. From this position, she was completely exposed to the road and the trailhead, but at least shielded from anyone in the newly-arrived vehicle. She sat cowering as she listened for telltale clues and prayed that no more vehicles might drive past.  
  
A single door opened, then shut. That was good, at least. Only one person to evade. She then heard the hatchback open, revealing that the driver was now standing behind the vehicle. Jennifer decided her only chance was to work her way around to the front bumper of the car she was now hiding behind and just hope against hope that the new arrival would take the most direct path to the trailhead between the rear of the car and the road.  
  
Jennifer could feel her heartbeat in her temples and hear it punish her eardrums as adrenaline coursed through her system. Yet despite her terror, she feared she might spontaneously climax on the spot! The burning in her clit threatened to cross the fine line between pleasure and pain and she fought to squelch it with all her might so that she might keep her wits about her.  
  
As though matters couldn't become more desperate, she heard a man's voice say, "Come on, boy!" She then detected the unmistakable sound of tags jingling as a dog leaped from the back of the vehicle to the ground! Within three seconds she found herself crouched beneath the bumper fighting the urge to orgasm as a German Shepherd stared at her curiously.  
  
The dog barked once but Jennifer didn't move. "Clancy, come!" the man shouted. The dog looked back toward his master, then back at Jennifer. He then stuck his nose between her legs and sniffed her pussy! Apparently liking her scent, he even licked it twice! She had been aroused for 24 hours and her musky fragrance must have been overpowering to a canine, she knew. She pushed him away and sharply whispered in his ear, "Go away!"  
  
"Clancy, come now!" the master ordered more insistently. This time, the dog let out a tiny yelp of objection, but obeyed. Jenn listened as the hatchback was slammed, an electronic chirp announced the locking of doors, and a leash was affixed to Clancy's collar. A few seconds later she watched from behind as a man who looked to be in his 40s headed off down the trail with the leash in one hand and a plastic bag in the other. Every few feet Clancy glanced behind him in search of the naked girl, who had now crept between the vehicles out of sight.  
  
Once the man and dog had disappeared into the forest beyond the power line easement, the naked nymph of the Pedernales set to work again on her assigned task. She glanced at her GPS, then crawled between the two vehicles and peered underneath toward where the GPS indicated the prize lay. Nothing but nondescript gravel! She pulled out the Post-it note again and studied the description. It read, "Madrone's Madness will rock your world!" No help there, she concluded. He had apparently buried the pill bottle beneath the gravel somewhere! But where?  
  
Her only hope was to run out to the middle of the lot when the coast was clear and look for any recently disturbed gravel. It seemed like a longshot, but it was her only shot, after all. She waited until another car passed, then sprinted to the center of the lot and looked around frenetically. That's when she glimpsed the corner of a piece of paper protruding from the gravel.  
  
She'd already been out in the open for half a minute but, recklessly tempting fate, she ran over and grabbed it. It was a nude photo of her asleep on the couch from the night before! Irv must have driven here after dropping her off and placed it there as a marker. She glanced around quickly to confirm no one was coming, then hurriedly brushed away the gravel below it. There it was! She grabbed the tiny pill bottle from the ground and sprinted back to hide between the cars, just in time to avoid being spotted by a passing car - a police car, no less!  
  
That had been too close! She glanced at the bottle and saw that there was something in it besides the necklace. She knew that she would have to wait until she found a safer place to open it, though. Thirty seconds later she had sprinted past the sign and down the trail in the same direction that three people and a dog had recently passed. At the T intersection where the entry path intersected with the Madrone Trail a few feet beyond the tree line, she suddenly realized that she had no idea which way the man with the dog had turned! Why hadn't she been paying attention? She might now run into people in either direction! "Oh well," she told herself, "This is what I get for running around naked in a park all day." She turned the opposite direction from which she had come, figuring there was a 50% chance that this portion of the trail would be unoccupied. She proceeded down it about 20 yards, then saw a clearing to her left. She slipped through some light underbrush and entered the secluded clearing to pee, to rest... and to read.  
  
After relieving herself in the bushes, she curiously popped open the pill vial and dumped out the gold chain necklace and... a tube of lipstick!?! Around the lipstick was wrapped a piece of paper. She unrolled the note as cautiously as she would an ancient Egyptian papyrus. What had Irv done?  
  
She read the paper and smiled: "Jennifer: There's been a slight change of plans to make your adventure more exciting. Put on the necklace, then take the lipstick and write 'FREE BLOWJOBS' on your stomach. Then go to the Madrone Trailhead sign, take a selfie and text it to me. Every now and then I'll ask you to text me another photo so I'll know you didn't erase the writing. Then continue to 30°16'54.71" N and 98°14'46.28" W. BTW... if anyone sees you and wants you to make good on the blowjob, you have to do it. New rule. Also, if anyone asks who you are, tell them your name is Buffy, the Vampire Sucker."  
  
Jennifer chuckled at the insanity of the message. She didn't know whether to be mad or exhilarated. She felt a bit of both, actually. Buffy was a fun and appropriate name for a girl in her birthday suit, she knew. It sounded perky. But the "Vampire Sucker" part felt insulting.  
  
Heat radiated from her face, but couldn't be certain whether it was anger, embarrassment, or arousal. What she was certain of, however, was that she hadn't touched a penis since her husband had disappeared and the mere thought of getting face-fucked by a hard cock sent another sharp tingle through her nether regions.  
  
She squeezed her thighs together to momentarily satisfy the itch, then surrendered fully to the urge, closed her eyes, and played with her engorged clitoris until she spasmed with ecstasy.  
  
After regaining her composure, she pulled out her phone and entered the new coordinates. She let out a sigh of relief when she ascertained that the next geocache was only a 10th of a mile away, almost due north... but across the road again. She slipped on the necklace, and shook her head in disbelief as she wrote "FREE BLOWJOBS," in all caps, on her belly, then quietly slipped back out onto the trail.  
  
She backtracked to the turnoff and headed toward the parking lot, proceeding up the wide, exposed entry trail as stealthily as she could. Crouching low she was mostly concealed by the tall grass. She could see the back of the sign she had hidden behind earlier, and was relieved that there were still only the same two cars parked in the lot. Sensing no approaching vehicles, she slipped out in front of the sign, tossed the lipstick and pill bottle in a nearby garbage can, and pulled out her phone.  
  
Foolishly, she hadn't thought to unlock her phone, open the camera and tap the selfie icon before stepping out into the open. She did so as quickly as she could, spending a lot more time exposed to the road than she would have liked. Finally prepared, she lifted the camera and framed it to get the trail sign, her naked body, and the bright red lettering on her belly in clear view of the lens.  
  
It seemed to take 30 seconds, which played havoc with her nerves, but she managed to snap three quick photos before slipping behind a scrubby plant nearby. She paged through the three pics trying to decide which one would be best to send to Irv, then noticed something in the lower right corner of the third photo: the dog!  
  
Clancy's barking nearly made her jump out of her alabaster skin. He was in her face again, this time with his startled master standing behind, stunned to find an attractive, nude woman on the trail. "Are you okay?" he asked with genuine concern in his voice.  
  
"Yes," she replied meekly. "It's just a bet I lost," she lied. "Please don't turn me in." Before the man could speak, Clancy pressed his nose once again deep into her crotch and began licking furiously. Jennifer stood up in an attempt to get the dog off of her, trying desperately to cover her breasts and pussy with her hands as the man shouted, "Clancy, no!" and jerked his chain so hard the dog winced loudly.  
  
"Sorry," he said, apologizing for his dog's behavior. Then, looking at the words printed on her stomach, asked, "Is that true?"  
  
Jennifer felt a stirring in her loins and sensed her nipples getting so erect they almost hurt. For a moment she feared a gush of arousal might trickle down the inside of her thighs, but she squeezed her legs together to delay it. She sense herself hoping for an excuse to say yes, then recalled her agreement to do anything Irv commanded her.  
  
She slowly lowered her hands to her sides and paused a few seconds to let the man's eyes wash over her completely. Her eyes visibly darkened and her breathing slowed. She yearned to feel a stiffened cock in her hands and in her mouth. She looked the man dead in the eye and coyly inquired, "Are you accusing me of false advertising?"  
  
The man couldn't believe his luck! He almost had to pinch himself as he asked, "Really? Where should we go?"  
  
Jennifer thought for a moment and said, "How about in your car?"  
  
It sounded good to the man, so he ran toward the road - unlocking his car remotely on the way - and looked both ways. "Clear!" he whispered as loudly as he could. She hurried toward the parked vehicles, slipped between them and then climbed into the backseat of his SUV.  
  
The man tied Clancy's leash to the front bumper and then reached into the driver's side to start the engine and get the AC working. It was only 9 in the morning, but this was Texas in September, and the temperature had already topped 80 degrees. He then closed the front door, opened the back one, and climbed into the backseat beside her.  
  
Jenn couldn't believe she was about to do this. She had never blown a stranger except for that drunken orgy in Jamaica 5 years ago. But she was stone cold sober now. Yet, her hormones were raging and reason deserted her. As soon as the man had closed the door behind him, she grabbed his belt and began to unbuckle it. In a frenzy of lust she unbuttoned and unzipped his pants, and violently pulled them and his underwear together down to his knees. His hard dick popped out. It wasn't anything special, she couldn't help but notice, but she didn't care. In fact, she had never cared so little about anything in her entire life.  
  
She almost threw herself upon it, bobbing up and down frantically as she massaged his balls between her fingers. Her other hand found its way to his mouth where he licked and sucked her fingers, driving her mad with desire. She had never come while sucking a man off before, but this one was explosive. It was all she could do to keep herself from biting the poor man's cock off as she orgasmed. She removed her fingers from his balls and began to furiously fuck herself with them.  
  
Moments later she came again, convulsed with pleasure, and let out a shriek. She was about to climb aboard and fuck the man when he grunted loudly and came in her mouth. His sudden eruption filled her mouth, ran down the back of her throat, and seeped out of her lips onto her cheek. Still, she couldn't bring herself to stop sucking until the man went completely limp. She practically exhausted herself trying to get him hard again so he could fuck her, but the effort was interrupted by the chime of a text notification. She glanced at her phone, which had fallen to the floor of the car. The message from Irv was simply, "Pic???"  
  
She picked it up and texted the first photo to him. That's when she noticed they had an audience! The couple that had passed her on the trail had returned to their car to find a barking dog tied to the bumper of an idling SUV. While checking on the distressed pet they had glanced in the window and beheld a naked woman delivering a porn-worthy blowjob! The moment Jennifer made eye contact with them they turned away, embarrassed at their spying, and hurried to get into their car. But Jennifer, all modesty long gone, shouted through the glass, "Wait!"  
  
She lowered the window and said, "Would you guys mind taking a picture of me?" They looked at each other in disbelief, even as the man she'd just sucked off began to object. "Don't worry," she reassured him. "You won't be in it. At least, your face won't."  
  
She opened the car door wide, handed her phone to the woman and said, "Get a couple of shots of me with his dick in my mouth." The man was getting hard again, she noticed. That would be better for the photos she wanted to keep as a memento. She opened her mouth and licked the shaft as the woman took close ups of the man's cock and Jennifer's face, complete with his oozing jizz on her cheek. Meanwhile, the woman's husband stood behind her taking picture after picture with his own phone.  
  
Jennifer stepped out of the car in full view of the couple and the road. She smiled slyly as she texted one of the new photos to Irv.  
  
The husband's jaw almost hit the ground when he saw the words printed on Jenn's naked body. He pointed at them and looked at his wife as if to say, "What do you think?"  
  
"No way, buddy!" she replied. "But if you take me home right now, I'll give you one you'll never forget."  
  
The couple hurriedly got into their car. As they pulled away, Jennifer could see that the woman already had her head in his lap and her ass in the air!  
  
Meanwhile, Clancy yelped away while his master pulled up his pants and thanked the stranger who had just delivered the best blowjob of his life. "I'm Mark," he offered, able to think of nothing more substantive to say.  
  
"Buffy," she replied, wiping his cum off her mouth with her finger and licking it clean. She swallowed hard and managed sheepishly to choke out her full title. "Buffy the Vampire Sucker," she mumbled softly.  
  
"What?" he inquired.  
  
This time she summoned all of her pride. She held her head high, arched her back until her breasts stuck out as far as humanly possible, raised her left hand as though holding a sword aloft, and announced with conviction: "I'm Buffy the Vampire Sucker!"  
  
The man was silent for a few seconds, trying to wrap his head around her odd pronouncement, then replied with a chuckle, "Good name."  
  
With that, Jennifer glanced at her GPS, then walked slowly, majestically across the road toward her next adventure. Today was going to be a day to remember.

**Geocaching for Clothes Ch. 02**

The hot asphalt delivered a painful jolt to the soles of Jennifer's feet that almost telepathically summoned her brain back into her body. "What the hell....!?!?" she thought, shaking off the cobwebs and emerging dumbfounded from her sex-coma. While not yet hot enough to blister her feet, the pavement had already become uncomfortable enough to clear the orgasm-induced haze from her mind and to jar her back into coherence.  
  
She suddenly regained consciousness to find herself sashaying regally across Pedernales Falls Road like a peacock in all its glory, as though she would be proud for all of humanity to behold her in her current state: butt naked, a rivulet of semen running down her cheek and neck, upper thighs glistening with vaginal juices, and the smudged but still legible words "FREE BLOWJOBS" emblazoned across her abdomen in all caps.  
  
Now that she had recovered her wits, however, she didn't want to be seen again, at least not now, not by anyone who hadn't already feasted their eyes on her nakedness.  
  
The reality, she reminded herself, was that she could easily get herself arrested, publicly humiliated, and fined. If a child were to see her, she might even be jailed. And what would she tell her mother? Abruptly in touch with reality again, she covered her breasts with one hand and clutched her phone over her pussy as she hurried across the remainder of the road, broad-jumped the broken asphalt chunks that comprised the crumbling edge of this aging country byway, and scrambled on all fours up the rocky hill to the edge of the foliage beyond.  
  
The sharp rocks proved even more unpleasant than the hot pavement had been, but she had lived in Texas long enough to know that this would soon change. In another hour or two the blazing sun would make all of the area's paved roads virtually impassable without shoes. But she would not have to worry about that again. Once "Buffy" located the next geocache, her feet would be covered for the remainder of this demented naked escapade.  
  
She paused at the treeline only long enough to stand, turn, and wave a sheepish but cheery goodbye to Mark, the man to whom she had just provided an extended look at her ass and the backside of her furry beaver lips as she had climbed up the roadside embankment on her hands and feet. But that was okay with her. In fact, it was more than okay.  
  
Impelled by the unseen force of nature that raged within her, she had lingered in her bent-over position a second longer than necessary to lengthen and deepen the experience for him. After all, she knew she would never see him again and couldn't resist giving him one last erotic image of her to remember, to long for, and to lust after.  
  
While she had never been one to shave off all of her pubes, she had trimmed them neatly the previous evening in the secret longing that she might be spied by some lucky man (or men) in the park today. She stood on the crest of the embankment and turned to face him squarely. She dropped both hands to her sides to provide him an unobstructed view, all the while lying to herself that she wouldn't allow anyone else to see her this exposed again for the remainder of the day. In truth, though, she subconsciously knew that Mark would be just the first of many to ogle and crave her body today.  
  
Almost hypnotized, the lucky man who had found her by chance stood transfixed in the parking lot as he watched his naked forest nymph vanish forever into the soft gray tissue of his memory.  
  
Of course, Jennifer couldn't know that the fortunate man would spend the remainder of his life wondering if the morning's events had actually taken place, then assuring himself that they most certainly had and, finally, cursing himself for being too discombobulated by the stunning turn of events to take a few pictures of her when he'd had the chance. A thousand times during the next four or five decades he would close his eyes to relive those delectable minutes with the nude goddess whose real name he would never know. A dozen times he would return to this same spot to picture her naked where he had found her, entertaining faint hopes that he might encounter the couple who had photographed her. Perhaps, he thought, he might persuade them to email the proof to him.  
  
Mark scolded himself for not at least video-recording her walk from his car to the treeline beyond the road. This would have bolstered his case before the host of jealous but skeptical men that he would later regale with his tall - but true - tale of a naked babe he'd found in the park, and whose pretty face he'd fucked only three minutes after meeting her.  
  
"Talk about a scarlet letter!" he would often tell his disbelieving friends. "She had a dozen of them scrawled below her tits offering to suck the cock of any man lucky enough to stumble upon her in the wild!" No one would ever fully believe him, but he didn't care. He knew that he'd blown his load in the mouth of a sexy woman he'd found wandering the woods in the buff. If he'd had more self-control, he was pretty sure she'd have let him fuck her, too.  
  
Lacking any actual photographic evidence, the mental high-definition brilliantly-colored footage of her lovely tits and inviting pussy and the back of her head bobbing up and down in his lap would have to suffice for him. He would replay them again and again almost daily, but with each passing month these would gradually fade into a few blurry sepia-toned snapshots. He wondered if perhaps her naked body was the last thing he would envision on his deathbed in the distant future.  
  
Of course, she too was still savoring their explosive encounter. The aroma of his spunk still teased her nostrils and only served to further-moisten her sopping slit. Clancy let out a disappointed bark as the lovely unclad girl reluctantly disappeared into the brush to gather her thoughts and plan her next steps.  
  
Jennifer glanced at her GPS and suddenly realized that Irv had never assigned a name or a clue to the next geocache, but had provided only the coordinates for it. Armed with just the latitude and longitude, she turned to head in the indicated direction when her phone chimed again.  
  
Her heart leaped into her throat at the sound of the arriving text message. She cringed and crouched low to the ground, knowing that any nearby hikers would be sure to hear the familiar notification tone and glance in her direction to investigate. Sensing no-one around, she read the message and grinned. "Having fun yet?" was all it said. Irv had obviously enjoyed the pic of her with Mark's dick in her mouth. Before she could respond with a thumbs-up emoticon and a smiley-face, her screen lit-up again. The loud chime once again drilled terror into her chest. The terse text read: "Current adventure: The Perils of Polly."  
  
"Who the hell is Polly?" she mused. However, her more urgent priority was to silence the damn phone to prevent it from going off at the worst possible time. What if Irv had texted or a spammer had called when she was hiding behind the tree as that couple had passed an hour ago? How could she have been so careless as to neglect this critical factor? She flipped the switch to mute, confident that she'd be able to feel the vibration should another important message arrive.  
  
Ten seconds later the phone shook again - silently this time - as yet another message arrived: "No horsing around, now!"  
  
An ominous feeling inched across her soul as she wondered what the mysterious message might portend. Surely he didn't expect her to have sex with a horse?!?! Jennifer was undeniably a wild-child, but even she had her limits! Irv would never do that to her, would he? Even if he commanded it she would never comply anyway, rules be damned. But what else could it mean? She shook off her doubts, convinced that there had to be some other meaning to the puzzle, one that she would probably figure out only a few minutes from now.  
  
Jenn retreated a few more yards in the direction of the next cache, contorting herself into comical positions to avoid scratching her tits, torso, and legs on a host of scraggly dead branches. She tiptoed gingerly between the trees, wincing as almost every step pricked her feet on a twig or a rock, and shivering when dew-covered branches doused her chest, tummy and legs with cold water. Within a minute, however, she was surprised to emerge into the clear again and find herself on a gravel road that ran parallel to the blacktop she had just crossed.  
  
This was no footpath for hikers, but apparently designed to provide quick access to the interior of the park by official vehicles, or perhaps by campers who wished to drive to their remote campsites. It was wide enough to accommodate an automobile, which alarmed her to no end. Nonetheless, having no other practical choice, she turned right - due east - and continued toward the next treasure, feeling as exposed and fearful as she had when scanning the parking lot for her necklace earlier.  
  
She was clearly visible for about 75 feet behind her and even farther ahead of her where the road curved through the woods in a broad arc beyond her line of sight in both directions. "No one would build a path this wide unless it were used frequently," she cautioned herself. To say that this fact made her nervous would greatly understate her level of consternation, for the vegetation that lined the road was scrubby and sparse, and would provide little cover should a vehicle happen along. If the offending vehicle happened to be occupied by a park ranger she would find herself in big trouble. Lacking any other reasonable alternative, however, she continued as fast as her bare soles would permit.  
  
Uncomfortably-warm rocks pummeled the bottoms of her feet as she hastened along the road in the direction of Polly's perilous treasure, whatever that might be. The fact that her shoes lay in the next cache heartened her greatly, for she knew she could pick up her pace markedly once her tender soles were protected. In fact, once her feet were covered, she would be able to run away from anyone who might see her before they could think to follow. As a last resort, should she need to, she could sneak through the woods without following a designated a trail.  
  
Until her feet were covered, though, the pain inflicted by tiny sticker-burrs that had several times already this morning punctured and clung to her flesh would be too great to allow that. Even the act of removing them hurt her fingers almost as much as they did her feet. For now, she knew she must hurry down the gravel road, spending as little time in the open as possible.  
  
The strip of jagged gravel she was following lay a mere 20 yards from the paved road, so she could still see bits of it through the bedraggled Juniper shrubs that everyone in these parts mistakenly called cedars. They were apparently the only "trees" that could thrive in this arid, rocky area. Few were more than 15 feet tall. The exception to this rule was the occasional massive hardwood whose roots had somehow penetrated and exploited a crack in the stone decades earlier.  
  
Twice she heard the roar of an approaching engine and fled into the brush and crouched, only to realize the passing vehicle traveled the paved road, not hers. "It's good practice, anyway," she told herself. Since vehicles might approach her quickly and unexpectedly on the gravel, she needed to pre-plan and rehearse her escape strategy. She hugged the left side of the road as she walked because it formed the inside of the curve.  
  
This otherwise meaningless factor would provide her an additional half-second of cover if she were to hear someone approaching from either direction, she estimated. As an added benefit it was at least 15 feet farther from the paved road, which felt safer to her - even though it likely wasn't. Eventually, however, she decided that anyone driving on the asphalt road probably wasn't a threat anyway, so she threw caution to the wind and resolved to ignore them from now on.  
  
On three occasions thereafter she heard a car drive toward her on the main road, and she watched each one's outline flash for milliseconds between the branches and trunks on her right, appearing and disappearing in flickering momentary frames as though in a century-old silent film. Nevertheless, she refused to flinch or even alter her gait. Her fear of being seen subsided as she surrendered to the knowledge that being viewed and lusted-after in her current state was what she really wanted anyway.  
  
She reluctantly acknowledged to herself that the thought of her nude body being ogled by a man was making her unusually randy, even by today's new stratospheric standard. The salty taste of Mark's seed in her mouth lingered on her taste buds and made her thirsty to take another man's hardened member into her mouth and to drink his cum, and the sooner the better.  
  
Bolstered by the arousal in her clit, Jennifer moved to the right side of the road, tempting fate and quickening her pulse. Now on the outside of the curve, she was visible for a greater distance along the gravel path, and she found herself taking tentative steps on tiptoe while leaning forward to peer an extra few feet around the distant trees so that her face would be visible to anyone approaching a microsecond before her body could come into view.  
  
After several such tentative steps, though, she silently scolded herself and resolved to walk slowly to increase the risk that she might be spotted. She walked deliberately, just as though she were fully clothed, and even stopped for a few seconds when a crack between the trees on her right made her visible from Pedernales Falls Road. She was nervous - even scared - but she was becoming addicted to the sensation of danger. Cars were passing by more frequently now, and she knew that many more must be coming into the park via the highway a mile or two behind her.  
  
Needing to push the level of risk to the limit to amplify and satisfy the stinging sensation in her clitoris, she actually did a few jumping jacks facing the sound of vehicles approaching on the paved road to attract attention. She suspected that even if someone glimpsed her momentarily between the trees they wouldn't be sure what they had beheld, would they? And could they then convince anyone else in the car that they had just seen a naked woman?  
  
Even if they were sure, what could they do? Pull over to the side of the road, park, jump out, and run through the woods in her direction? "No one would do that," she assured herself. Even if they did, she'd have plenty of time to hide.  
  
She chuckled to herself as she imagined a college jock trying to persuade his friends there was a beautiful woman roaming the woods in the buff. "I swear it!" she imagined him telling his companions, "Her tits and bush were right out there on display! She was doing calisthenics nude! You gotta believe me! She's hot as hell!"  
  
Or maybe he would just rub his eyes, and wonder if his mind were playing tricks on him. "Better to keep quiet and let people wonder if you're an idiot than to open your mouth and remove all doubt," he might reason to himself.  
  
She briefly imagined what it might be like if four young studs visiting the park that day had, indeed, glimpsed a bit of her raw gyrating flesh between the branches, parked hurriedly, and sprinted through the brush determined to locate her. She pictured them finding her crouching behind a tree off the beaten path. She wondered what they might do to her. She pondered what she might let them - no want them - to do to her.  
  
Today's expedition had been intended to be merely a lark, a protracted streak through the forest, a naked game of high-stakes hide and seek. The enhanced incentive to remain unseen was what made it so much more exciting than the mundane children's game.  
  
Yet, in less than two hours the journey was morphing into what might become a roving day-long one-woman orgy, a cougar on the prowl for male flesh to devour on sight. "This cougar is hungry for another hot dog!" she chuckled to herself, slightly embarrassed and utterly horrified at her lame, slutty private joke. She recalled having recently seen a hunky man wearing a tee shirt advertising a local spaghetti restaurant that offered, "I've Got Your Big Hot Italian Sausage!" Any man wearing that shirt today was almost certain to bury his big "sausage" in any hole he pleased, she knew. And to quickly lose the tee shirt, to boot.  
  
Jenn felt her cascading libido spreading through every cell of her body, threatening to impair her judgment again despite three intense orgasms already this morning. Or maybe because of them. She felt guilty about hoping that yet another stranger might come along and use her, but she wanted what she wanted. She knew others would label her a whore, but she justified her wanton desires by thinking, "I haven't been fucked in months! Any healthy girl would be desperate for a cock by now, especially after the morning I've had!"  
  
She lamented the fact that Mark had shot his load in her mouth before she could mount him and satisfy her pussy on his hard rod. Rather than satiate her, it had left her even less-fulfilled than before, and itching to be fucked to within an inch of her life. But that would have to wait. The current agenda was to find her shoes.  
  
As she had done before, she disciplined herself to take no more than ten steps before halting to listen for cars or hikers traversing her camp road. Would she be able to distinguish between the sound of tires on the pavement and those on the gravel? She felt she could. Each time she paused to listen for potential threats, she also looked around to find a possible hiding place should it be needed. There weren't many. Insanely, she challenged herself to perform three jumping jacks before continuing another ten paces. She committed to this pattern at least until she found the next geocache. Then she would reevaluate.  
  
An hour earlier, she had been strolling carefree through a comparatively dense forest in relative safety, enjoying the cool air on her skin, basking in forbidden nudity in a park that was not yet open for business. She had felt majestic, gleefully frolicking like Bambi in the chilled morning air, as though the world were her private playground. But her experience had since changed markedly.  
  
The park had by now been open for an hour. More and more hikers would soon be wending their way through her many trails, crisscrossing from so many directions that some of them were bound to stumble onto the naked girl eventually.  
  
"Well, not completely naked," she lamented. She now sported the tiny gold necklace, and its locket-style pendant bounced merrily between her breasts. With each step her tits jiggled in synchronization with the locket as it caromed against her chest in the valley between them. It maddened Jenn that just wearing the necklace detracted from her feeling of being naked, even if only by an immeasurably small degree. She feared that she must be at least partially crazy to feel overdressed in her current state, but she couldn't shake the sense that she was cheating, that the best part of her adventure was behind her. For the rest of the day she wouldn't be totally naked, and that saddened her a bit. But the necklace wasn't all that had changed.  
  
The day was warmer now and would soon be distressingly so. For the moment, the warmth of the sun on her face felt delicious, but the glare as she walked directly into the rising sun made her wish she had included sunglasses on her list of items in the backpack Irv had used to load the various geocaches.

Jennifer shaded her eyes with her free hand and made a mental note not to overlook this important item in case she ever dared to venture out so insanely nude again. She then frowned and forcefully banished the thought from her mind as she tried to reassure herself that she would never be this reckless again in the future, that this was a never-to-be-repeated one-off.  
  
She furrowed her brow in a willful attempt to shoo the thought of any future foolishness from her mind, but found herself unable to repress the hidden awareness that she knew she couldn't forever resist her bizarre compulsion to shed her clothes in forbidden places and risky situations. Her addiction was just too strong, and she found the elixir of surrender too intoxicating. She was quietly certain that the humming between her labia would eventually prove irresistible again.  
  
She even imagined that next time - if there were one - she would put shades in the first geocache, the necklace in the second, and shoes in the third. "That would be even more fun," she thought. "And more psychotic, too." Judging by her current state of arousal, exhilaration, and terror, she knew the "next time" might just be tomorrow. After all, Camela wouldn't be home until tomorrow evening. How long could she resist imbibing again such a powerful cocktail of titillating sensations?  
  
She was certain that even a heroin junkie could feel no greater tug to risk everything in a headlong mad dash to replicate a feeling over and over again. She felt herself teetering in a gravitational field at the edge of a black hole of obsession, and feared that today she had crossed its event horizon and would be swallowed inexorably by the desire to be helplessly, totally, vulnerably naked almost anywhere and everywhere from now on, sucking or riding any cock within her reach. She was a moth, and she was inching ineluctably toward an irresistibly-alluring flame.  
  
Knowing that her bare body was fully illuminated by the morning sunshine made her feel even more on display than she had previously. She stroked her nipples lightly with her fingers, enjoying the erotic thrill of it all. She like the idea of being utterly uncovered, and she basked in it even as she bathed in the mid-morning sun.  
  
Anyone who might be lucky enough to see her from the front now would not have their view frustrated by shadows, she knew. They would see bathed in golden sunlight every contour of her tits, her pussy, her flat almost-six-pack tummy, and her serene face obscured only by the hand that shaded her eyes. She pulled her hair behind her shoulders to be certain that no part of her front would be hidden from view, should anyone be so fortunate as to suddenly come along and spy her.  
  
She even tossed her locket over her shoulder, madly reasoning that 99.99% exposure of her flesh was insufficient to get her off. Of course, if someone did appear around the bend she would cover herself as though she were ashamed, but she would be sure to wait for a half-second to assure them a good look first. All she needed was plausible deniability so that she could credibly pretend she didn't want to be leered at by a hunky stranger.  
  
She silently imagined that very thing happening. And what if the man whose shadow suddenly emerged from the glare of the sun were doing the same thing she was, skulking naked through the park just for the fun and exhilaration of it? In her mind's eye, their eyes would meet and they would cover themselves instantaneously with their hands, but then slowly realize that they were birds of a feather (but without the feathers, of course), that they were both enjoying the same crazy fascination with risk and nudity. They would both nervously lower their hands and walk toward one another, embrace, and then begin to kiss passionately right in the middle of the road.  
  
She would then gently pull him by his dick into the woods a few feet, where he would pick her up, and lower her around his huge cock. Of course his dick was huge, and his pecs well-defined, and his face and hair gorgeous. This was her fantasy, no one else's. She could make him be anything that pleased her. He would stand there on his powerful legs, lifting her with his muscled arms up and down, repeatedly impaling her on his engorged phallus as she secured herself by wrapping her legs around his waist and clasping her hands behind his neck.  
  
Soon he would fill her with his cum while their tongues explored each others' mouths. Afterwards, she would tell him of her geocaching escapade and, in her mind's eye, he would happily join her on the day's journey, stopping to make love to her after each cache was located.  
  
Jenn shook off her silly daydream and tried to focus on the fact that she was completely exposed on a wide and rocky road. If anyone did happen upon her, it certainly wouldn't be a handsome nude man who would share her adventure. It was more likely to be a group of elderly bird-watchers who would scowl, insult her, and call the sheriff.  
  
This knowledge quenched her libido momentarily and gave way to a greater awareness that her feet were being simultaneously punctured and heated by sharp stones. Sweat was beginning to form in her armpits and would soon run down her sides. She suddenly felt vulnerable and longed for a less exposed path down which to travel. Pushing that unrealistic wish aside, and knowing that she had long since burned any escape bridges behind her, she instead pressed on purposefully. Ten steps, stop, look and listen, three jumping jacks. Ten more steps, rinse and repeat.  
  
She was still traveling pretty-much due east, she noted, but the compass app in her phone informed her that the next geocache lay to the northeast. Unwilling to cut through the woods where there was no defined trail, she continued down the road. Bushwhacking was inadvisable, she knew, for she would emerge scratched and bleeding. "What if I scratch my bush on a bush while bushwhacking?" she silently joked to herself. Soon, though, she would have no choice but to turn northward to reach her destination, trail or no trail.  
  
Jenn slipped off the road a few yards to consult the online park map and see if she could find a footpath that might lead her more directly in the direction of her shoes and the waiting supply of water and sunscreen. The morning's hot sun and hotter events had left her more than a bit thirsty.  
  
She scrutinized her GPS, then her digital trail map. She found that her current route followed a bright red dashed trail. The path was unlabeled, so she used her fingers to pinch the map smaller and smaller until she could see much of the huge park. Discerning that the name of the gravel road was typed along it a mile or two north of her current location, she zoomed in close enough to read it. Though she found it difficult to see her screen in the bright sunlight, by shading it with her hand and squinting she made out the name: South Loop Equestrian Trail. She was on a horse path! No wonder it was so much wider than Madrone Trail had been!  
  
At that very moment, she heard the distant sound of hooves crunching on gravel, the whinny of a horse, and the unmistakable whistling of a human being. Glad she was not at this moment in the middle of the road, she retreated in terror farther into the brush and crouched on all fours behind a tree that wasn't big enough even to cover her face, let alone her body. She looked around frantically for something bigger to hide behind but, finding nothing, simply lay down on the bare ground, pressing her tits into the dirt with her face pointed away from the road. She desperately wanted to see the rider or riders pass, but reasoned that her hair was much more likely to blend into the background than her face. A jagged rock poked at her stomach, but she bit her lip to squelch the pain and remained motionless.  
  
Seconds later the sound of the hooves had become so loud that Jenn felt certain that she was being passed at that very moment. She clenched every muscle in fear when the whistling abruptly stopped, and the sound of shuffling hooves ceased a second later. "What the..?" she heard a drawling male voice mutter.  
  
If it were possible to become more still than still, and to lie lower than ground level, Jennifer would have managed it at that moment. Eyes open wide with panic, she nevertheless held her breath and pressed her flesh into the dusty earth as she listened for telltale signs of what this man or these people might be doing.  
  
The snap of a twig in the direction of the road was followed by what she believed must be approaching footsteps. But could she be sure? She became furious at herself for choosing the advantage of camouflage over vision, but the die had been cast. She was definitely not going to move a single millimeter.  
  
Suddenly, she heard a man say, "Oh my God!" as his footsteps hastened. Two seconds later she felt a strong hand on her shoulder attempting to turn her over.  
  
She sprang to life, wrenched herself from his grasp, stood up and ran as fast as she could - which, given her bare feet and the tortuous nature of running naked through the woods was not fast at all. She was, in fact, doing nothing more than tiptoeing in a hurry, not even looking at the man to prevent him from seeing her face.  
  
"I thought you were dead!" the man said after her angrily. "Are you okay?"  
  
"I lost a bet!" she repeated her earlier lie to Mark over her shoulder. What else could she say? That she likes to run naked through state parks? That she's a hopeless pervert? A slut hoping to get fucked by a stranger or two or ten?  
  
"You know there's nowhere to run, right?" he offered. "You're heading right for a campground full of people."  
  
Jennifer froze. She knew he was right, for she had noticed the campsites on the trail map and resolved to avoid the area at all costs. She slipped behind another tree, which was really just a sapling, still with her back to the man.  
  
"You're not going to hurt me?" Jenn begged tenuously.  
  
"Of course not!" the man replied. "I came out here to help you! Or at least to see if you were still alive."  
  
Jennifer dared to slowly turn around, concealing herself (barely) behind this meager excuse for a tree. It was so thin that she knew he could now see her breasts on either side, but at least her face and pussy were partially obscured. By crossing her arms across her chest, she concealed her nipples from the man, too.  
  
He was obviously a cowboy, complete with chaps, leather vest, and 10-gallon hat. He was perhaps twenty, not bad-looking, and seemed a little slight in his build, at least for a wrangler. His horse nickered with frustration in the distance, apparently chafing at being left tied to a tree beside the road.  
  
"Settle down, Duke!" he shouted without taking his eyes off of the girl.  
  
"Why are you naked?" the man asked.  
  
"I told you, I lost a bet!" she replied, exasperated at having to tell the same lie three times in a single morning. She might be an exhibitionist - even a slut or a crazy person - but she was definitely no liar.  
  
"Oh right," he said. "You did say that. Do you need help?"  
  
"I'm looking for someone named Polly, I think."  
  
The shock on the man's face took her by surprise. "Did you say Polly or Paulie?" he asked tentatively.  
  
"Polly. P-O-L-L-Y." she reiterated, glancing at her phone to be certain.  
  
The man became pensive and looked at the ground. "That's gonna be hard. She died two years ago."  
  
Jenn was immediately aware that she had somehow caused her would-be hero to grieve and she instantly felt guilty about it.  
  
"So you know who Polly is?" she inquired hopefully, trying not to be insensitive.  
  
"Of course I do. She was my mother. She ran the horse camp here forever. I took over when she died," he said.  
  
A few pieces of the puzzle began to fall into place for Jenn, and she took advantage of the opportunity to learn more. "Look, I'm truly sorry for your loss. I really am. But I'm in a bit of a bind here, as you can see."  
  
The man didn't reply, but turned his left palm upward as if to ask how he might help.  
  
"Can I show you something?" she asked.  
  
"I thought I'd already seen everything," he said, embarrassed at his lame attempt at humor.  
  
But he was relieved when she peered from behind the tree and smiled. She confidently stepped into full view and walked toward him holding her phone out toward him.  
  
"Now you've seen everything!" she replied playfully, delighting in the cleverness of riposte.  
  
The man's dick stood up in his pants almost immediately at the sight, but he didn't let on. He glanced at her torso and asked in alarm, "Is that blood?"  
  
Jenn glanced down to see that dirt had become embedded in the lipstick on her stomach and blurred the writing so as to make it unreadable. She wasn't even sure that one could tell that the reddish-brown smudges were supposed to be letters.  
  
"No," she replied. "It's lipstick. Long story." Without explaining, she continued.  
  
"A part of the bet is to find my clothes using GPS," she explained. "I need to go about a tenth of a mile north-northeast of here," she said, pointing in the precise direction indicated by the coordinates.  
  
"That's got to be the horse camp," he said. "But how did you know my mother's name?"  
  
Jenn quickly gave him a truncated explanation of geocaching, complete with the custom of assigning mysterious names and clues to each one, and concluded by showing him Irv's text in which she was instructed to proceed to "Polly's Peril."  
  
She scrolled carefully to make certain he didn't also see the photo of her jizz-covered face sucking Mark's cock.  
  
"So this is the person you lost the bet to?" he inquired.  
  
"Yes," she lied again. The deception was starting to get to her. She wondered what could be so wrong with a girl that she would see nothing wrong with streaking through a public park and sucking strangers, yet feel terrible about telling a meaningless white lie. Nevertheless, she pressed on. "Can you help me find it?"  
  
"I'm on my way there, now," he replied. "The camp opens at 10."  
  
She glanced at her phone. The time was 9:36 AM, giving her just enough time - hopefully - to get there, retrieve her shoes, and move on before park guests might start arriving for their trail rides.  
  
She smiled broadly and genuinely at the man. "How'd you like to give a naked girl a ride?"  
  
"Okay," the man said cheerfully, frustrated that he could come up with nothing witty to say.  
  
"I'm Buffy," Jenn said, offering the man a handshake, and feeling slightly remorseful that she wasn't yet ready to reveal the remainder of her moniker to him. Not yet, anyway.  
  
"You sure are," he replied with a smile, relieved that his wits hadn't failed him again so soon. They began to walk back toward the road.  
  
"Let me guess," she continued. "I'll bet your name is Tex."  
  
"Not even close," he retorted. "My name is Jerald. But people call me Paulie. My middle name is Paul, but since my mother's name was Polly, everybody started calling me Paulie. We were Polly and Paulie."  
  
When they neared the road, Paulie indicated with his right hand that Buffy should remain back out of sight while he emerged onto the road, then reached into his saddlebag and pulled out a rain jacket. He tossed it to her, saying, "Put this on."  
  
To his surprise, she tossed it right back. The bewilderment in his eyes struck her as funny, and she couldn't help laughing.  
  
"I can't," she replied. "It's against the rules of the bet."  
  
Paulie, a bit nonplussed, exclaimed, "I can't be seen with a naked girl on my horse! I'll get in trouble."  
  
"How?" she asked. "You found a bleeding naked woman in the woods and you rescued her." She crooked two fingers of each hand into quotation marks around the word "bleeding."  
  
Paulie couldn't argue with her line of reasoning, so he unleashed Duke from the scrawny branch that had served as his makeshift hitching post. He glanced nervously in both directions. Seeing no one, he gestured for her to quickly run out and mount the horse. He gladly offered her a boost by clasping his hands together. She brushed tiny pebbles off the bottom of her left foot and stepped into his eager hands.  
  
She lifted herself up, spreading her legs wide to give the man below the most unobstructed view of a pussy he had ever had in his life. She plopped down on the saddle and couldn't help but notice that the horn of it protruded between her legs. She found it irresistible to grasp it with both hands, and subconsciously found herself stroking it a bit before she caught herself. She then scooted forward, supposedly to allow room for her host to take his place in the saddle behind her, but enjoying the pressure exerted on her pussy lips by the horn. Paulie, busy cramming his rain slicker back into Duke's saddlebag, missed this subtle indication of just how horny his naked passenger really was.  
  
Paulie placed his left foot in the stirrup, threw his right leg over the horse, and was immediately overjoyed to find that the smallish saddle didn't permit enough room to allow any space between the two riders. The concave nature of it served to squeeze the two of them together in a tight valley, and he prayed that she couldn't tell how hard he was against her backside. On the other hand, he had no way of knowing that she was loving the double ecstasy she enjoyed being sandwiched between his hard cock pressing on her ass and the horn of the saddle against her clit.  
  
A minute later the two of them were sharing the saddle, the man riding happily with a pretty, naked woman in front of him between his arms (and between his legs), the woman pressed hard against the swaying saddle. Each step of the horse rubbed her most sensitive spot, making her almost delirious with lust. Before long, she could feel his cock throbbing through his pants. His breathing became slow and shallow, so she took a risk.  
  
"Do you need both hands to drive?" she inquired.  
  
"No, why?" Paulie replied. Without answering, she took his left hand off the reins and placed it on her nub, guiding it in slow, wet circles. Once she was confident he would continue on his own, she removed her hand from his and put it behind her to massage his shaft. Gathering a bit of courage, Paulie dared to slip his middle finger inside her, then two fingers, then - sensing no resistance - a third.  
  
She happily adjusted her weight, braced her free hand on the saddle horn to lift herself up an inch, and leaned back with her head against his shoulder to allow him easier access. He began to vigorously finger-fuck her while she did the best she could on his dick given her precarious position and the tight space between them. With his right hand still holding the reins, he freed a couple of fingers to lightly pinch and massage her right nipple.  
  
The stroking of Paulie's fingers, his hot, rhythmic breath on the back of her cheek, and the gentle rocking of the horse exerted an almost hypnotic effect on Jennifer. She closed her eyes and deliberately let her mind drift back to that long-ago evening on the beach in Negril. She easily conjured the memory of that stranger's cock probing her mouth, and two others' in her active hands. The recollection threatened to overtake her like a tidal wave, and she welcomed it.  
  
Not wanting to telegraph the utter filthiness of her thoughts to Paulie, she opened her mouth only a crack so as to better recall and relive the torrid sensation, and squeezed the horn of the saddle with her right hand while still trying to stimulate the real dick behind her with the left.  
  
They might have both come right then and there if Paulie hadn't suddenly interrupted. "Hold up, Duke," he said firmly, removing his hands from her pussy and breast while pulling gently on the reins. The horse neighed his objections and shuffled his hooves, but obediently stood fast.

Baffled and frustrated, Jenn asked, "Why are we stopping?" Paulie replied that soon they would be in full view of Pedernales Falls Road. Jenn had been lost in her reverie, but collected herself. She peered into the distance and could see that 30 yards beyond where they now stood the road dead-ended at a T intersection.  
  
While her eyes had been closed, they had begun to follow the road back to the right toward the paved thoroughfare. She had been so distracted by her lust that she had not noticed - nor would she have cared - about this important fact. To the right, she now calculated, this new perpendicular gravel road would have to quickly intersect the now-busy blacktop.  
  
"What should we do?" he asked.  
  
"Just hug the right side of the road until we get to the intersection," she barked decisively. After two hours skulking totally nude in the woods that morning she had become the calm and sure voice of experience in such matters. "That will keep us out of sight behind the trees until we're right on it."  
  
When they arrived at the intersection, she dismounted the horse, leaving a sloppy wet smear on the saddle, and crept cautiously up to the intersection to peer toward the paved road. She stood behind the most substantial tree she could find and peeked out. The asphalt was much closer than she had expected, at most 20 feet, and the intersecting road was much wider than the equestrian trail they'd been traveling. It was a recently graveled and well-maintained road plainly intended for two-way vehicle traffic.  
  
To her right, cars periodically passed on the pavement with a roar. To her left, this new gravel road extended as far as she could see in the distance. However, her immediate concern was the large metal gate blocking it to prevent unauthorized access by automobiles.  
  
A quick glance confirmed that the gate was padlocked shut. "You have a key?"  
  
"Of course," he replied. I come this way almost every day.  
  
"Toss it," she commanded.  
  
"I don't think that's a good idea," he replied. "One of them cars is bound to see you. Why don't you stay where you are while I go through my usual routine? Once the gate is open, you can run through and wait for me on the other side."  
  
The idea seemed an improvement on her plan, so she nodded her acquiescence. But instead of waiting for him to open the gate, she instead suddenly felt the impish impulse to entertain him by climbing over it! She looked in every possible direction for passersby and, sensing none, streaked up to the gate and climbed up one side and down the other, once again deliberately flashing her beaver to her cowboy companion.  
  
Paulie smiled, shook his head in bemused disbelief, and dismounted. He then led Duke up to the gate, key in hand, while Jennifer crept into the woods on the left side of the road to wait for him. He unlocked the padlock and allowed the huge metal gate to swing open a few feet, catching it before it could travel far enough to open the entire road. He then gave a gentle tug on Duke's reins, and waited for his mount to pass through just as he had almost every morning for the past two years. He then closed, re-chained and padlocked the gate, mounted the horse and glanced in both directions.  
  
Convinced the coast was clear, he beckoned his naked beauty to come back aboard. She looked quickly in both directions, then darted out of the woods, put her left foot in the stirrup that Paulie had briefly vacated, and extended her right hand upward for an assist. Paulie instead grabbed her wrist and powerfully pulled her up onto the saddle in front of him, thus shielding her body from view from the rear just as two cars passed behind them.  
  
"Not sure what we're gonna do when we get to the horse camp," he stated matter-of-factly as Duke picked up the pace and began trotting up the road. The horse was apparently eager to arrive at his destination and unload his cargo.  
  
"Why? How far is it?" she asked.  
  
"Right there," he replied, pointing at a small wooden sign in the distance less than 100 yards away.  
  
Despite the small size of the sign, she could still make out the wording carved into it and painted white: "Polly's Equestrian Camp."  
  
"Is there anyone there, yet?" she asked nervously.  
  
"Probably only Felicia," he said, "But I think she'll be cool with it. She's not as crazy as you, but she's pretty open-minded."  
  
"Who is she?" Jennifer asked warily.  
  
"My only employee," he answered. "She lives in Henly, but she comes in early to bring all of the horses from the barn to the corral. There might be guests there already, too. You never know. Some of 'em get real eager and show up an hour before their trail ride is supposed to start."  
  
With that, Jenn stated, "I'd better get off and walk behind you a bit to find out."  
  
Fifty yards later, Jenn dismounted and crept along the treeline toward the equestrian camp. Paulie arrived before her and seconds later she could hear muffled voices. Apparently there were no park guests present yet. She breathed a tiny sigh of relief over this one tiny victory, but then Paulie's voice startled her so badly she almost wet herself: "Buffy, it's safe! You can come out now."  
  
"Buffy?" she heard a female voice ask incredulously.  
  
"Yeah, that's her name," Paulie replied. "Or that's what she says it is, anyways."  
  
Jennifer crept up the road and turned the corner into view of Paulie and his female companion. "Hi," she said sheepishly.  
  
"This is Felicia," Paulie offered. "Felicia, this is Buffy."  
  
Rather than returning Jenn's greeting, Felicia instead inquired with alarm, "What happened to your stomach?!?"  
  
"Nothing," Jenn replied. "It used to be lipstick, but it's all muddy and blurred now."  
  
Paulie had completely forgotten to ask her why there was lipstick on her torso. Both he and Felicia simultaneously turned their palms upward and raised their eyebrows in a gesture of complete bewilderment.  
  
Jenn exhaled a long slow breath of resignation, and explained with unmistakable embarrassment: "I lost a bet and I have to do whatever the guys says. He made me write FREE BLOWJOBS on my stomach."  
  
She paused for the words to sink in, then continued, "There you have it."  
  
Paulie's eyes were suddenly as big as saucers, while Felicia laughed out loud.  
  
"What if some guy wanted you to do it!??" Paulie asked incredulously.  
  
"Well, then I have to do it," she replied, making deliberate eye contact with him in hopes that he might take the hint.  
  
Paulie glanced at Felicia. "It's okay with me," she shrugged. "My girlfriends in college called me Fellatia." She blushed a bit, then sternly looked at Paulie and commanded, "Don't ask."  
  
Now Jennifer laughed and said, "I like your name even better than mine!" But Paulie was by now so flustered that he could hardly contain himself. What a morning of surprises this had been!  
  
Jenn continued, "Yeah my full name - for today, anyway - is 'Buffy the Vampire Sucker.'" She paused in mortification, then apologetically offered with a shrug, "It's part of the bet. But first, I have to find my shoes." She then took a quick look at her surroundings while Felicia chuckled almost uncontrollably.  
  
Polly's Equestrian Camp was more rustic than Jenn had anticipated. Not a single building stood in the clearing. A couple of small corrals housed fewer than a dozen worn-out looking horses, none of them nearly as fine a specimen as Duke.  
  
There was also a weather vane, a huge wooden water tank with the words "NOT POTABLE" emblazoned in large letters across it, and a picnic table standing beneath the shade of a giant oak. Otherwise, this roadside clearing was little more than a grassy field which, like everything else in central Texas this time of year, was brown and parched.  
  
Both Paulie and Felicia stood grinning and dumbfounded as naked "Buffy" took out her phone, held it at waist level like a compass, and turned almost 360 degrees in search of the proper bearing. She then glanced up and became convinced that the geocache would be hidden just beyond the water tank.  
  
She began casually walking that direction, momentarily forgetful that she should be careful lest some park guest suddenly turn up. Realizing her precarious position again, she then hurried to the tank and hid behind it to check her phone. She realized that by now she was becoming much too nonchalant about being naked and must be far more careful to avoid getting in trouble.  
  
"I think I know where it is," Paulie offered, startling her as he came around to the back of the tank beside her. "It's in the barn."  
  
"How would you know that?" she inquired.  
  
"I saw a guy sneaking around in there yesterday, and when I showed up he just apologized and wandered off. He had a piece of equipment in his hands. I thought it was a walkie-talkie, but I'll bet now that it was a GPS. It must be the guy you lost the bet to."  
  
"Yep," she agreed. "That's got to be Irv."  
  
By now, Jennifer was completely parched. Her horniness had taken her mind off her thirst for a while, but her physical limits with regard to hydration had now been reached. "Do you have any water?" she asked.  
  
"Sure. I have a canteen on Duke's saddle."  
  
She glanced quickly toward Duke, who was wandering the corral 60 yards away, then back at her GPS. She immediately deduced that her stash of water in the geocache was even closer. "Which way to the barn?" she asked.  
  
"It's right up this path," he pointed, walking that direction. "Follow me."  
  
Jennifer smiled coyly. "You wouldn't be trying to lure a naked girl into a barn all alone would you?"  
  
Paulie turned three shades of crimson and poked at the ground with his foot trying to squelch a smile. But Jennifer grinned like she'd won the lottery and slipped her hand into his. "I'll take that as a yes," she chirped. As the two of them walked hand in hand into the treeline at the back of the corral Paulie shouted over his shoulder, "Felicia, can you watch things for a few minutes?"  
  
Felicia smiled knowingly and said, "Yeah, no hurry! Have fun, you two!"  
  
As they walked Jennifer reached over with her free hand and tried to unbuckle Paulie's belt. But his was a Texas-sized buckle that might have once been somebody's satellite dish, and she couldn't make it budge. So she settled for unzipping his fly and wedging her hand inside to continue the stroking she'd begun on horseback a few minutes earlier.  
  
His dick was still pretty hard, but her hand was so constricted within his tight pants that she found herself frustrated by the whole encumbered process. She removed her hand from his fly and settled for stroking his dick through his pants.  
  
The barn appeared in short order, no more than 40 feet past the clearing, where Paulie lifted the latch and pulled the big door toward him. Inside it was dark and musty, save the slits of light that peeked between the old boards that formed the walls of the aging structure. Golden beams washed the interior in dappled yellow and highlighted the veritable fog of flying dust particles that swirled within.  
  
Jenn was desperate to fuck Paulie (or any man she could find at the moment), but disciplined herself to locate her shoes first, along with the bottle of water she'd instructed Irv to put in it. She knew would not be able to focus on his cock until she'd slaked her other thirst first. Once this had been accomplished, she knew she could devote all her attention and energy to getting her young buck naked and riding him harder than he'd ever ridden Duke.  
  
Sensing her first-things-first demeanor, Paulie pointed to a pile of straw in the corner and said, "That's where the guy was." Rather than consulting her GPS, she walked briskly to the corner and began searching through the hay. Within 30 seconds she located a small, soft-sided insulated bag, not the large red Tupperware container she'd purchased at Goodwill two days earlier. For a moment she pushed it aside to continue her search, but then spied a folded note protruding from the outside zipper pocket of it. The letters "B-u" could be clearly seen, so she pulled it out revealing the name "Buffy."  
  
Tucked behind it was the tiny spray can of insect repellent she'd loaded in Irv's backpack. She tossed the note aside and examined the remainder of the cache. "Irv pulled another fast one," she thought with a mixture of fear and excitement on her face. The pocket on the back side of the cooler contained a small plastic bottle of baby oil, not the tube of SPF-40 sunscreen she had provided, and a red magic marker.  
  
She eagerly unzipped the main compartment of the cooler and was momentarily speechless.  
  
"What's wrong?" Paulie inquired, unable to miss the visible shock on her face.  
  
Jenn didn't know how to reply, for inside the container there was a cheap pair of flip-flops she'd never seen before, not her expensive Adidas running shoes. She removed the "clam-diggers" as Texans called these plastic thong slippers and found them to be cold and wet. Below them, in addition to the bottle of water she'd expected, lay a wet washcloth and two tallboy cans resembling beer packed in a soup of ice and water.  
  
Irv had obviously gone shopping with a purpose yesterday. She picked one up of the icy cans and read the label: "Gosling's Dark 'n Stormy." She'd never heard of such a thing before, but the smaller print described it as a ready-to-drink rum cocktail. The purpose became immediately clear. Irv was planning to get her drunk!  
  
She was about to open and consume the bottle of water when she could stand the suspense no longer and picked up Irv's instructions. With trembling hands, she unfolded it and strove mightily to absorb his handwritten message:  
  
Dear Jennifer,  
  
By now you know there are no shoes in this geocache. These flip-flops will have to suffice for the remainder of the day. I don't want you to be able to run away from anyone who might want to use your body today. Nor are you to drink the water. You will instead use it to wash the word 'blowjob' off your stomach and replace it with the word 'Fuck.' Use the enclosed magic marker. BTW, it's indelible. Once you've done that, you will drink both of the cocktails, then offer to fuck every man you see until one agrees to do so. You will record the session and upload the footage to my iCloud account. I'll text you further instructions at 11 AM, along with a link for the upload.  
  
Jenn handed the note to Paulie, who read it in disbelief. "You can't do this!" he insisted.  
  
"I have to," she replied. "It's part of the bet."  
  
By now she was becoming accustomed to repeating this little white lie, for she suddenly realized that it not only provided her with an acceptable excuse for her public nudity, but also afforded her the opportunity to wrap herself in an aura of honor (even while in her otherwise unwrapped state).  
  
Anyone she told about her "bet" would have to admire the fact that she was clearly the type of person who had made a vow and would stick to it no matter what, wouldn't they? She wasn't a slut, she could argue. She was a woman of her word, a bold feminist gamely making good on a promise, an honest adult who said what she meant and meant what she said. She could pretend, if needed, that she hated what she was doing, that she'd made a foolish bet but was honorable enough to bravely fulfill her forfeit after losing it.  
  
She sighed in feigned resignation to a horrible fate, removed the lid from the bottle of water, then handed it and the rag to Paulie with reluctance in her manner but eagerness in her soul. She interlaced her fingers behind her head as though she were being arrested, arched her back and leaned her head back to make her stomach more accessible. She then asked sweetly, "Will you do the honors?"  
  
Paulie thought he might come then and there in his jeans. But he composed himself enough to pour half the bottle of water sensually over her tits, allowing it to run between and over them and to moisten the reddish dirt caked on her belly. The frigid water caused her to brace and gasp, but without letting his gaze leave her breasts he began to rub the cloth beneath them across her flesh.  
  
As he did so, she couldn't help imagining herself in this very posture, having a handsome police officer forcefully pulling her right hand from her head to the small of her back to affix handcuffs like she'd seen on TV, then completing the task with her left. "That might be fun," she thought with a smile, "as long as he lets me talk him out of completing the arrest." She envisioned herself on her knees sucking him off with her hands cuffed behind her and she absentmindedly allowed a satisfied grin to form on her lips.  
  
She then quickly re-established a poker face lest Paulie ask what she was smiling about, but it was too late to hide the grin; he'd already noticed it. She was relieved when he returned her smile and quipped, "I think you're enjoying this."  
  
She nodded as though he had read her mind, but was really thinking, "You have no idea how much I'm enjoying this!" She glanced down momentarily and watched as he removed what he could of the muddy smear below, folded the cloth, poured a little more ice-cold water on her, and wiped some more.  
  
He tore his eyes from her breasts to evaluate his work, then spilled the remainder of the bottle on the rag and continued rubbing until almost all of the residue had been removed. Goose pimples now decorated her areolas and her nipples stood erect and hard as pencil erasers. She relished the knowledge that with her back arched so sharply her breasts appeared larger than they really were.  
  
When part one of his duties had been completed, Jenn silently gave further instructions, nodding authoritatively toward the geocache. Paulie obediently retrieved the magic marker from it and stood before her.  
  
"Are you sure you want to do this?" he asked with genuine concern in his voice.  
  
"A bet's a bet," she replied matter-of-factly.  
  
Paulie had once hoped to attend college as an art major, but his mother's abrupt passing had put those plans on hold, perhaps forever. Nevertheless he still possessed his natural talent. In beautiful, flowing calligraphy he wrote, "Free Fuck" below her tits, appending flowing loops to the ends of the Fs and the bottom of the k. He even turned the top of that final letter into a flower and drew a shining sun below her left breast, then stood back to admire his handiwork. "I think that's got it," he said proudly.  
  
Jenn rolled her eyes and giggled. She then bent over, picked up the first cocktail, popped the top, and drank it hungrily. The liquid was desperately needed, but in addition to quenching her thirst the alcohol landed in her empty stomach like a grenade and instantly made her swoon. She shook it off and took another gulp, then finished it off with a third.  
  
She repeated the process with the second can and became immediately aware that full-on inebriation threatened to overtake her. She'd never been one to seek out intoxication, for she preferred to remain in full control of her behavior. She was a control freak when it came to her own actions, and rarely let go of herself. But Irv had -- at least for today -- deprived her of that burden, and she was glad of it.  
  
  
  
"Good riddance to it," she thought. For once in her life she didn't want to be responsible her actions. Her raging libido would be her only master today; her mind and body would become its submissive slaves. With a visible shudder she shucked off her last remaining vestige of inhibition and delighted as it deserted her and the void became filled by an all-encompassing sense of boundless liberty.  
  
Jenn attempted to steady herself so that she could fully immerse herself in this newfound sensation of utter abandonment to passion, but found herself momentarily unable to stand. She sat down in the hay, dizzied by the alcohol and sugar she'd consumed, and glanced at the note Paulie had dropped on the ground. In mock coquettishness, she lowered her chin while rolling her eyes upward until they met his. She nibbled at the tip of her index finger, allowed a sly smile to form on her lips, and asked with slurred speech in her best imitation of a ditzy valley girl, "Like, was there anything else in that note? I can't seem to, like, remember."

Paulie suddenly felt his oats, as the cow folk say. Emboldened by the fact that his conquest was now an apparent certainty, he stood his tallest, supported his hands on his hips, and puffed out his chest like Superman in that iconic pose. He asserted his dominance over her by reversing their roles, suddenly assuming the persona of the brazen stalker instead of the disoriented prey. Rather than pouncing upon her and taking her before she could change her mind, he took a risk (albeit a small one, he estimated). He confidently announced, while dropping his vest and hat to the barn floor, "The note says you have to ask me for it."  
  
Jenn liked it when a confident man bossed her around - at least when she was naked, anyway. She propped herself up on her elbows, pulled her legs up toward her chest, then slowly spread her knees so as to point her dripping pussy directly at his eyes. "OK, Mr. Bossy. Will you please fuck me?"  
  
Paulie, choosing not to tempt fate with another second's delay, didn't wait to be asked a again. He quickly removed his shirt and unbuckled his chaps and satellite dish, then stood bare-chested as he struggled comically to remove his boots while hopping on one foot. Jennifer had lived with Irv long enough to know that cowboy boots don't come off without help. Most Texans keep a device by their back doors that grasps the heel so that the foot can be removed.  
  
"Come here," she beckoned playfully, offering her right hand to help. He obediently placed first one heel, then the other in her palm and extracted his feet. The sight of the phallic bulge in his jeans at her eye level elevated her degree of urgency, so she jumped to her knees and unbuckled his chaps and unbuttoned his tight jeans. She peeled the leather chaps off him with enormous effort. It seemed to take forever, since Jenn had never stripped a cowboy before, and such garments don't like to be turned inside out.  
  
Once the chaps had been carelessly tossed to the side, she unzipped his fly and the two of them together hurriedly pulled his jeans down, then off. All that remained were his socks and whitey-tighties. She reached her hands into the bottoms of each leg hole and worked them up to his cock, massaging it with both hands as Paulie gasped and moaned audibly. It seemed bigger than Mark's had been, but not quite as hard yet. "I can take care of that," she thought to herself.  
  
She withdrew her hands and roughly pulled his underwear down to his calves, momentarily stretching his cock downward, then releasing it from the elastic band as though shot from a catapult. It almost hit her in the forehead as it sprang free, but instead slapped his belly with a loud smack. She then deftly hooked her thumbs into the tops of his socks and removed all three garments at once as he stepped out of them. She began to work his dick with frantic hands while she planted her mouth upon it and began to suck it passionately.  
  
"It's hard to smile and give head at the same time," she thought. But she managed. She was somehow joyfully grinning from ear to ear while with the same lips she formed a perfectly round orifice for the repeated insertion of Paulie's cock.  
  
For less than a second she berated herself for being such a slut as to suck two strangers' dicks inside an hour, then to offer her spread-eagled pussy to a man almost 15 years younger than she, but then she powerfully shoved the thought from her mind and resolved to enjoy this day like she had no other before. She might allow herself to feel embarrassed tomorrow, and if that happened so be it. But not now. Not today. She had already proven beyond any doubt this morning that she was a shameless slut, so today she would live up to the title come hell or high water. There was no going back now. She was Buffy the Vampire Sucker, so she licked and sucked like fellatio were an Olympic event and she were competing for a medal.  
  
When she sensed that Paulie was on the verge of coming in her throat as Mark had done, she abruptly lay back on the hay before him and spread her legs, holding her feet high in the air and as far apart as humanly possible. The smile disappeared from her lips as raw passion overwhelmed her. She was deadly serious now, looking at him through darkened eyes as though begging him to mount her. He lay down upon her and she kissed him hungrily, forcing her tongue between his surprised lips.  
  
He caught on instantly and returned her sloppy kiss, panting at the touch of her experienced hands as they pulled his ass cheeks toward her willing crotch. This woman knew her way around a man's body quite well, he couldn't help but note, and he liked it. She was much more aggressive than the three young women he'd been with before, so he dared to mirror her assertiveness. He boldly placed the tip of his cock against her wet pussy and was about to enter her when she suddenly pushed him to the side and forced him onto his back.  
  
She grabbed her phone and with a few quick taps was in video mode. She aimed it at his stiff dick for a moment, then lifted it toward his face as she flung her right leg over him and climbed on top. She wanted to be in full control of the encounter, even if the alcohol coursing through her bloodstream had left her helpless to her mad desires. She placed her free palm on his chest and lifted herself above him, hovering tantalizingly over his cock for a few seconds.  
  
She then handed him the phone and ordered, "Film this." Once he had panned from her face to her pussy, being sure to pause at the words, "Free Fuck" so artfully printed on her tummy, she grabbed is now rock-hard dick with both hands, aimed it at her pussy, and slowly lowered herself with a delighted squeal upon it. She watched her lover and was delighted to witness the sheer ecstasy on his face as penetration was fully realized.  
  
"That's more like it," she said aloud, embracing fully her role as an all-day fuck toy for anyone and everyone who might want to use her. She would use them, too.  
  
She rocked back and forth on Paulie's cock while he videoed every sweaty, filthy millisecond for posterity. "I'm going to watch this recording in the nursing home when I'm 90," she silently resolved.  
  
"By the way," she said aloud to Paulie, who was so enraptured that he could barely concentrate on her words, "There was no bet. It was my own idea to run around naked in the park all day, and I'm glad I did it. Now fuck the shit out of me or I'll find someone who will!"  
  
Paulie obliged with vigor, tossing the phone in the hay and rolling forcefully on top of her, pounding her as she smiled and moaned with delight. Jenn stretched for the phone with her left hand and tried feebly to point it toward the action, but her mind was so focused on her pleasure that she didn't know or care whether she was recording the two people or the ceiling. Minutes later she recognized the sure signs that he was about to come. She dropped the phone, grabbed his hips and emphatically shoved him away, saying, "Not in my pussy. I want you to come in my mouth!"  
  
He grabbed the phone with his right hand as he stood and commanded her with his eyes to kneel before him once more. She instantly obeyed and frantically squeeze his dick in short, rapid, twisting strokes with her mouth hanging open in anticipation. Seconds later he exploded onto her tongue. He then changed his angle of attack and shot the second and third strands onto her face while recording every frame of the action on her iPhone. She took him back in her mouth to absorb the remaining bursts, grabbing his ass to pull him so far insider he that she gagged and orgasmed simultaneously.  
  
Paulie felt more powerful than he ever had in his life as he watched his slut lick his cum off her lips and swallow it. He owned her now. She then scraped the remainder from her face into her mouth with her fingers and swallowed again, all the while looking him squarely in the eye and massaging his ball sack as she shrieked over and over again as waves of pleasure wracked her body.  
  
She then collapsed backwards in delirious joy in the hay and basked in the swarm of sensations that had enveloped her while Paulie towered above her stroking his spent member in triumph. Buffy (that's who she was now, for Jennifer had receded in her memory to the status of a vaguely-remembered acquaintance) closed her eyes to shut out the rest of the world, spread her legs wide in a subconscious invitation to every heterosexual male on the planet, and smiled her most authentic and robust smile.  
  
"I wonder how many men I'm going to get to do this to today?" she giggled aloud.