**Geocaching for Clothes**

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**Geocaching for Clothes Ch. 03**

Paulie stood triumphantly over his slain prey, stroking his hard member with his right hand while wiping the sweat from his face with the other. He savored the vision of his victim writhing in ecstasy on the hay, silently grading his own performance, memorizing every square millimeter of her flesh, mentally recording every little moan and sigh, relishing her beaming smile, watching her heart pound like a jackhammer through her lovely chest. He knew she could not fake that last bit of telltale evidence. Yes, he had ravished and satisfied her fully, and he reveled in the power he felt at this moment.

Nevertheless he tore his eyes from Buffy's sweat-glistened body to turn sharply to his left when the barn door suddenly swung open. The dingy interior flooded with sunlight sending shadows racing towards and around him and causing him to recoil wide-eyed, cupping his hands over his scrotum while trusting that his hard dick might remain hidden behind his wrists.

But the expression of shock on his face survived only a fraction of a second as a swirl of dust and hay instantly saturated the air, assaulting his eyeballs and nostrils. The bright light forced him to squint and use one hand to protect his eyes and the sun's glare reduced the mysterious visitor to a silhouette.

"You guys finished in here, yet?" Felicia chuckled, her broad grin coming slowly into focus as she neared the two unclad lovers.

"Do you mind?!?!" Paulie snorted as he relaxed a bit and reached for his jeans with his free hand. He draped them over his lower half, his pupils straining to adjust to the intrusion of sunlight and airborne granules into his idyllic, though fleeting, slice of paradise.

"Not a bit," she replied wryly, checking him out with a quick glance from the floor to his face, then back down toward his toes again, stopping to allow her eyes to come to rest on his midsection. "A little skinny, but definitely more fuckable than I'd given him credit for," her eyes announced. She slapped him on his bare ass and asked with an impish smile, "Everything come out okay?"

Paulie seemed unamused, so she turned toward the totally naked, ebullient woman lying in the hay who had not even bothered to cover herself or respond in any way to the interruption. In fact, Jennifer's system had become so overwhelmed with sex hormones and liquor that she was only vaguely aware the door had opened at all.

"Looks like you finished her off pretty well," Felicia continued. She looked into Paulie's eyes, licked her lips slightly, and added, "Didn't know you had it in you, boss."

"Well now you know!" he retorted angrily, his stinging eyes searching through the haze for his discarded underwear.

Getting back to business, Felicia announced the purpose of her visit: "Your first trail ride is ready to go. Just a family of four. A mom, a dad, and 2 teenage boys that look like they'd rather die than ride horses with their folks. They'll probably be glued to their phones the whole time. There aren't any more rides scheduled for today; it's going to be too hot."

Paulie looked pleadingly at his cowgirl employee and inquired, "I don't guess you could lead this ride for me, could you?"

He knew the answer in advance, of course, but she stated the obvious, anyway: "No can do, boss. You know the insurance company won't allow it. Better put some clothes on. Sorry."

Paulie slumped and sighed his acquiescence.

"Okay, tell 'em I'll be right there," he responded irritably, bending over to retrieve his boxer briefs while angrily flinging the jeans aside in a pretense of annoyance, but in reality as an excuse to show her more of his ass and the profile of his fading tent pole.

The irony of the situation didn't escape him, for he'd always wanted to see Felicia naked, but he'd been too shy and diffident even to float an innuendo her way, let alone make an overt advance. Standing in the buff before her was the next best thing, he reckoned. Maybe it would lead to more later, now that she was no longer a married woman, now that he had - at least for today - cast aside his insecurities and adjudged himself a stud. Maybe his employee would soon introduce him to Fellatia, for it was the woman's naughty alter-ego he really wanted to become acquainted with... intimately acquainted.

Felicia smirked her approval of his undraped physique, glanced back at Buffy, and remarked, "Don't go anywhere. I want to ask you something before you go."

Jenn, still enthralled by the aftershocks of her latest climax, opened her eyes but couldn't speak yet, still groggy from what she and her ex-husband used to jokingly refer to as a "coma-sutra." She squinted and tried to focus though the dust, sunlight, sex-fog, and rum, and was surprised to see that Felicia was no longer wearing the faded blue jeans, tennis shoes, baseball cap, and Wisconsin Badger tee shirt she'd sported earlier. Instead, she was dressed more like Annie Oakley in an old-fashioned denim skirt, designer western boots, a bejeweled belt, and a striped shirt accessorized by a bandanna tied neatly around the neck. On her head was perched a cowboy hat - or, cowgirl hat, she silently corrected herself.

Jenn couldn't talk, but nodded her assent. She had nowhere to go until Irv texted her again, anyway, and that would still be 20 minutes away she noted, glancing weakly at her phone to ascertain the time.

Felicia departed to reassure the park guests that their cowpoke tour guide would be out shortly, leaving the two sweaty and satisfied lovers alone again. Paulie dressed in silence, occasionally stealing a glance at Buffy to permanently etch the image of the naked woman into his memory. Once he'd managed to complete his outfit by forcing his feet into his boots and bunching the cuffs of his way-too-long jeans around the ankles as cowboys do, he asked, "Do you mind if I take a picture of you?"

"Not at all," Buffy smiled. "I'd like that. How do you want me to pose?"

"Any way you like," he replied deferentially.

Buffy was still drunk, and celebrating her new identity as "slut for a day." (Or maybe for a lifetime; who knew?) She didn't want deference or respect; not today. In fact, Paulie's reversion to his customary gentlemanly manner frustrated her deeply. She took stock of this unexpected emotion in a fuzzy attempt to identify it. There was no mistaking it, even if her brain had not yet fully returned to full functionality. She felt angry, much to her bewilderment. She expected to be ordered around and she insisted that a dominant man should conquer her and have her for his plaything to be used in any manner that pleased him, not her.

"No," she responded brazenly. "It's any way you like."

The answer took Paulie by surprise. He'd never met a woman like Buffy, but he seized the moment. "Spread your legs," he ordered with confidence in his manner but fear in his gut. To his delight she replied, "Yes, sir," with a mock salute and instantly complied. He snapped a few photos of her body, then zoomed in to take three close-ups of her pussy. "Now stand up, and come here," he commanded.

"You have to call me 'slut,'" she responded matter-of-factly, consciously horrified at the carnal depths to which she had descended in just a single morning, but at a primal level delighting in the sheer depravity of it all. Just delivering such a filthy answer made her mouth run dry, for apparently all of that moisture had drained directly into her pussy. She was contending with a swamp down there, complete with a ravenous alligator longing to be fed again, and soon.

Paulie's eyebrows arched in amazement, but he did as instructed: "Stand up and come over here, slut," he ordered. The very word drove her to the brink of an orgasm right then and there, but she squelched it.

She instead arose and backed into him, snuggling up against his neck while he took a couple of selfies that no doubt extended low enough to capture her bare nipples, and perhaps the words "FREE FUCK" below her tits. At least, she hoped it did. Paulie would want his friends to see that, she knew. She wanted them to see it, too.

"Okay, Slut, stand in front of me, put your hands on your hips and spread your feet apart," he barked. Astonished that she offered no objection - or even hesitation - whatsoever, he snapped a couple more, and was momentarily angry that he didn't have all day to take advantage of this once-in-a-lifetime happenstance.

"Squeeze your tits toward me."

"Turn around, bend over and spread your ass cheeks for me."

"Stick your finger in your pussy."

No matter how debauched or twisted the command, she obeyed instantly.

Paulie glanced back at his phone to gauge the time, then said, "There's still time for a couple of tasteful ones." This was a lie, for he knew that his customers were surely impatient as he was already 10 minutes late. But he would not pass up this amazing opportunity. He would make the time, for he wanted a couple of demure pics that he could keep in his phone that might pass for art rather than pornography should someone accidentally see them. Or not so accidentally.

"Lie down and bend your legs up to your right a little and smile for me, slut." She obeyed, loving the feeling of being totally under the control of a man. "Put your left hand in your hair." He shot five more pics in the iconic Marilyn Monroe pose that hid her pussy behind her bent leg, but allowed a good look at her bare breasts and face. Of course, he had to admit to himself, in those nude photos of Marilyn Monroe that once graced the initial issue of PLAYBOY the model didn't have cum on her face. But he could Photoshop that out if he ever wanted to show these to anyone else. He was an artist, after all. Or maybe he would leave them as they are and see if anyone noticed.

Paulie knew that he could delay no longer. He feebly thanked the nude beauty, kissed her on the forehead tenderly while cupping the back of her head with one hand and dipping the middle finger of his other quickly into her pussy, then reluctantly shuffled toward the barn door. As he disappeared through it he could hear Buffy, suddenly cogent again, shout, "It's a shame you have to go, honey! I have 20 minutes left to kill!" She enjoyed the knowledge that he would probably torture himself for weeks over the fact that he couldn't return and do her all over again.

Once the door had swung shut behind the cowboy, Buffy lay back in the hay to collect her thoughts and enjoy the afterglow. She read Irv's note again, aided by the light from the screen of her phone, and knew that she ought to be furious with him for making today's challenge so much more difficult. Strangely, she WASN'T. Just like Paulie had done, Irv was giving her degrading commands and she LIKED IT. No, she LOVED it. She quietly cursed because there was no man present at this very moment to command her to do something shameless and wicked. She'd sucked the cocks of two strangers in the past 90 minutes and was desperate for more. What was wrong with her?

She sorted through the geocache again to see if she'd missed anything, and for a moment was tempted to drink the concoction of ice and water in the bottom of it, not only because she was still thirsty but because she needed to dilute the alcohol in her system. But she'd promised Irv to do exactly as he commanded, and consuming water was verboten.

The insect repellent had so far proved unnecessary and given today's expected high temperature that would probably remain the case until dusk. At 100+ degrees, even the bugs preferred to stay out of sight, and it had been too dry to support a significant mosquito population. No wonder there were no more trail riders scheduled for today; it was going to be a scorcher.

Jenn fondled the bottle of baby oil with a chuckle. As if strolling through a park naked weren't enough, Irv now expected her to do it glistening in the noonday sun? She would not put that on until she felt herself beginning to sunburn, she decided. She was not even certain that baby oil would block UV rays, anyway.

She tried on her new flip-flops and strolled to the far end of the barn to get the feel of them. They were clumsy and hurt the tender flesh between her big and second toes, but they at least shielded the bottoms of her feet. That was something, at least.

The barn door squeaked and opened once more and the interior lit up so much that Buffy immediately had to shield her eyes with her hands. She was pleasantly surprised that she felt no instinct at all to cover her body, though. In four hours she'd lost any desire at all to conceal her private areas. Were they now public areas? It would please her if they were.

Felicia called out, "Buffy?"

"I'm here," the naked woman called from the back of the barn where she'd stopped to peek through the slats. There was apparently nothing but forest behind the building.

Felicia walked the length of the structure, which was no more than 60 feet, activated the flashlight function in her phone, and eyed Jennifer up and down with a disbelieving smile as she approached.

She was taken aback and momentarily stunned to see the words "FREE FUCK" come into focus on her belly. "Where did that come from?" she asked incredulously. She'd not noticed the writing earlier while Jennifer was lying nude in the hay.

Buffy inflated her belly, picked off a few bits of hay and dirt to make the artwork more visible, and purred, "Paulie did it."

Felicia was silent for a moment, then responded, "He sure did you, anyway. You're not planning on going through with..." She groped for words and, coming up with none, pointed at the indelible red letters and continued, "that, are you?"

Suddenly wary, Buffy ignored the query, folded her arms and asked in a businesslike manner, "What can I help you with?" She had no idea where this conversation might be going, nor whether she could even trust this woman. For all she knew, Felicia had already called the cops, or at least the park rangers.

Realizing Buffy wasn't going to answer her question, she changed the subject. "How's your, uh... adventure going?" she asked.

"So far, so good," Jenn replied cautiously.

Felicia bit her lip and continued, "Paulie told me that you did this to yourself, that there was no bet. Is that true?"

Jenn immediately regretted having spilled the beans, but nodded almost imperceptibly.

"Where did you get the nerve?" Felicia asked. The question was not asked in judgment, Jenn noted, but in genuine curiosity and interest. Rather than accusatory or Puritanical, she seemed intrigued.

"I don't know," Buffy replied. "My husband - soon to be ex-husband - and I used to play naked dare games all the time and I liked it. It's the risk of being seen and all. I think it must be the same sensation that Hollywood chick - I've forgotten her name - used to get from shoplifting. She had all the money in the world and could easily have bought those items, but she just got off on the thrill of gambling with her life. I think I do, too, but I don't steal. I just take off my clothes in places where it's not allowed."

"And fuck strangers," Felicia added pensively, almost talking to herself, but without even the slightest hint of disapproval.

Buffy felt a sudden urge to defend herself. "I don't do this every day. In fact, I've never done it before and might not ever again, but today I'm all-in," she said.

Felicia felt a strange stirring in her loins as she contemplated what it might be like to be sexually available to any and every man she met for a whole day. Certainly it was every girl's fantasy to be used by an entire football team of hunky guys, one after another, but no one actually went through with it, did they? Let alone a parade of strangers of every age and shape. She brushed aside the question and ignored the arousal between her legs.

Jenn noted that Felicia had been hanging on her every word, so she continued.

"Walt - that's my ex - would dare me to get naked in the movie theater, then in public parks, and once in the mall. I even flashed my tits and pussy in the grocery store a few times. No one ever saw me, but it was the possibility of getting caught that made it so fun."

Annie Oakley remained quiet for a moment, then responded, "When I was in college, a bunch of my suite-mates went camping with some guys we knew. Everyone got drunk except me. Then everyone took off their clothes and went skinny-dipping in the lake - except me. A few of them even had sex on the sand. They were all having such great fun, but I just couldn't bring myself to do it. I wanted to, but I couldn't. I went back to camp and read a book. I felt like such a stick in the mud, and I've always regretted it. They've never let me forget it, either."

She paused and looked at the floor, and for a moment Jenn thought she might cry. But she composed herself and continued, "I wish I could've be more like them."

She lifted her chin to look the naked girl in the eye and finished her thought: "More like you."

Jenn could not have anticipated this turn of events in a million years. Even in her liquored-up state she was able to deduce that this was the exact opposite of what she could reasonably expect from any random stranger. She did not sense even a hint of criticism or disdain from the cowgirl before her, let alone denunciation. It was more akin to envy.

Jenn wanted to probe further, but chose to proceed carefully so as not to overstep. "Why didn't you do it? Do you think you wouldn't look good naked?" she asked.

"Of course not," Felicia replied with a sad chuckle. "I look fantastic naked. My boyfriends all rave about my body. I'm only 25, for Pete's sake."

"Well, you apparently don't have any trouble being naked in front of your boyfriends, then, right?"

"Sure, but that's when I'm horny. My motor gets running while I'm making out or blowing a guy and then I just naturally shed my clothes. But to do it in a group of people or in front of strangers is where I freeze up. I just can't do it. My boyfriend and I even went to Hippie Hollow once, and I was the only one who didn't get naked. There were hundreds of naked people there sunning themselves and swimming, and I was the only one with my swimsuit on!"

Jenn had heard of Hippie Hollow, the City Park on Lake Travis in which nudity is not only legal, but the norm, but she'd never been there. Since Walt had run off, she'd had no one to go with. She wouldn't have dreamed of going with her brother-in-law, at least not until very recently, and Camela definitely wasn't the type. Going alone didn't seem like much fun, either. It might even be unsafe.

Then again, after today, maybe she'd just go out there sometime, get naked, and see what happened. It couldn't be any more dangerous than what she was doing today, could it?

Felicia interrupted Jenn's daydream after a brief pause and continued, "I admire people who are as uninhibited as... well, as you." She sounded almost defensive, as though she were ashamed of being a good girl.

The she continued, "I like being naked. I sunbathe naked sometimes, but only when no one can see me. While you and Paulie were in here, I even changed clothes behind the water tank and made sure to get completely naked for a few seconds before I put on this western crap. I get off on that kind of thing."

Sensing Felicia's angst, Jenn asked with genuine compassion, "Okay, how can I help?"

Felicia steeled herself, took a deep breath, and replied. "Paulie gave me the day off. No one else is coming to ride anyway." She paused, then continued, appearing to summon all of her internal resolve to force the words to emerge from her mouth: "I want..." She paused and started again: "I want to come with you."

Jenn did a double-take. "You mean, naked?"

"I'm not sure, yet. I have my swimsuit in my gym bag. I was going to go swimming this afternoon in the river after work - the last trail ride usually leaves at 3, and I sometimes sneak up to a quiet place and go swimming there. Yes, naked, but alone. I'm not ready to walk around the park in the buff yet, but maybe I could come along in my bikini and sort-of, you know, slowly work my way up to it? I could walk ahead of you and be your scout."

Jenn looked at Felicia with a blank face and, in her best Yoda impression, croaked, "Hmmm. Unexpected this is."

Both girls laughed as the imitation broke the tension in the air, then a faint glimmer of light in the far corner of the barn interrupted the mood even more. Buffy's phone had apparently lit up.

The naked woman walked toward her phone saying, "Why don't you go get your swimsuit while I find out where my - er, our - next geocache is."

"I already got it," Felicia replied. She walked alongside Buffy back to the barn door, opened it, and retrieved the gym bag she'd deposited there before entering. She deliberately left the door open a foot to provided light for what she was doing. She then pulled both halves of a pink bikini from the end pocket. "This is what I'll wear."

"Wow," Buffy responded. "I guess you've made your mind made up. But couldn't a park employee get in really big trouble for this? No one out here knows me. I wouldn't dare do this in a place where I might be recognized."

"I'm not a park employee," Felicia countered. "I work for Paulie. Hardly any of the rangers have even met me before."

"Okay, I'm sold," Buffy shrugged. "It would be really cool to have a sidekick, but I have to ask Irv."

Jenn picked up her phone and read Irv's impatient question aloud: "DID YOU DO AS I ASKED YET????"

Jenn felt a twinge of impishness come over her - not to mention a tad of arousal at the opportunity to resume her subservient role - and typed her reply: "No, I did as you COMMANDED, sir."

Before sending, though, she erased the word "sir" and replaced it with "Master." She hit send and waited. She was in really deep now, and she knew it. She pressed her hand deeply into her clit to relieve the pressure, and sighed deeply.

Since she was still in her Star Wars mode, she texted a follow-up before Irv could reply: "What is thy bidding, my Master?"

The next message read, "Well done, naked slave. Upload footage here:" followed by a long hyperlink. She was simultaneously offended and pleased by Irv's use of the word "slave," but she was thoroughly enjoying life on the edge and chose to embrace the latter emotion and ignore the former. Buffy was not just a Vampire Sucker. She was anything Irv commanded her to be. The matter was settled. She would not even question his orders, she concluded, but would obey without hesitation for the rest of the day. And maybe tomorrow.

She obediently began transmitting the video of her and Paulie's literal "roll in the hay" to her Master.

Felicia looked over Buffy's shoulder attempting to absorb what was taking place before her. She stood in stunned amazement, having surmised what was in the video, and feared that she had now begun to live vicariously through her uninhibited partner in crime.

Beyond the sensation of wanting to enjoy - or at least observe - Buffy's shameless, devil-may-care indecency, she also desperately wanted to watch the video of the two screwing each other's brains out. She became aware that she was now breathing slowly, rhythmically through her mouth, a sure sign that she was becoming deeply aroused.

She knew she couldn't watch the video until the upload was complete, however, so she stood by aimlessly trying to figure out what to do with herself.

"Might as well put on your swimsuit. I'm sure Irv will be thrilled by your idea," Buffy offered. "Besides, it'll take at least 5 or 10 minutes for this upload to complete. I've only got 2 bars of service here."

Felicia hung her bikini on a stall door to her right, took a huge breath to steady her nerves, and then perched her ten gallon hat on a nearby post. She hated that big Stetson, anyway. Paulie made her dress like a cowgirl so that she would fit the part for the guests, but she was glad to be rid of the ridiculous get-up. The whole persona never fit her. She was a city girl from Wisconsin, but had moved to Texas two years ago for love.

She adored animals and had taken this part-time job to supplement her boyfriend's income and to be near the horses. But they'd broken up and he had moved out weeks earlier. Nevertheless, she'd promised Paulie she'd stay on until the end of the season, then decide whether to move back north or remain behind to live life as a Texan.

Felicia sat down on a bale of hay and removed her boots, which came off smoothly, unlike Paulie's had done. She untied and jerked the red bandanna from around her neck - almost angrily - and stuffed it in the pocket of her skirt. She then unbuttoned her blouse, pulled the shirttail from her western skirt and paused.

The conflict on her face and in her manner was palpable, but Jenn noticed that her hands were poised on her belt buckle, telegraphing that she really intended - no, wanted - to go through with this.

In a moment of sudden resolve and clarity, she quickly unbuckled her belt, unzipped the skirt at her right hip and thrust them both all the way to her ankles.

Without stepping out of them, she stood tall in front of Buffy for effect. Jenn gasped when she saw that Felicia had worn no panties beneath her skirt. She'd been going commando, and with a cleanly-shaven pussy, at that! Jennifer immediately thought of how the saddle had felt on her own bare pussy just 45 minutes ago, and understood Felicia's temptation to rest her full weight on her bald labia as her horse jockeyed and swayed.

"No panties, huh? You naughty girl," Jenn offered playfully.

"Like you're one to judge," Felicia replied with a grin.

Felicia then pulled off her blouse, removed her bra, and stepped out of her skirt. Her tits were quite nice, Jenn noted. Her areolas were much darker and her nipples bigger than her own but the breasts, themselves, were only a little larger.

In her drunken state, Jenn even felt a sexual attraction to Felicia, though she'd never been with a woman. She'd read an article once revealing that even straight women find the sight of a naked adult female arousing. It was apparently true, given the way she couldn't take her eyes off Felicia's body.

Jennifer had never even thought of a woman in that way. She liked rigid penises and unyielding pecs, firm abs and brick-hard biceps. She loved the vulnerability of feeling a sturdy and heavy masculine body on top of her and inside of her. The softness of a woman's physique had never appealed to her in any way before this very moment, but Felicia was breathtaking.

She hadn't been exaggerating. She really did look fantastic naked.

For the first time, Jennifer studied her new friend closely. She was perhaps 3 inches taller with long sandy-blonde hair hanging halfway down her back. She had a willowy figure and a pretty face. Jenn also noticed something else: Felicia's naked body showed only the faintest trace of tan lines. Her breasts and pubic area were barely a shade lighter than the rest of her lovely skin.

"Did you get that all-over tan out here?" Jenn inquired knowingly.

Felicia nodded, and explained that at the end of most of her shifts here she had made it her practice to drive to a secluded section of the park and hike a mile to her secret swimming hole. It was actually located a few hundred yards outside the park boundary on private land, and she had to gingerly step through a barbed wire fence to access it, but she'd never seen a soul there. She'd spotted it on Google Earth the previous summer in the back corner of a massive ranch next door.

Each time she would strip completely, go for a skinny dip, and take advantage of the day's failing sunlight to tan all of her lovely body. Though it was almost always late in the day when she'd arrived at her own personal Shangri-La, a huge shelf of limestone that in centuries past had fallen from the cliff above was by chance angled almost precisely at the sunset during the summer months. It afforded her the luxury of pointing her naked body directly at the sun at 4 or 5 pm, allowing her to tan even when the sun was low in the sky.

She had learned the hard way to bring a towel with her to insulate her bare buns and back from the scorching rock. But thus shielded, she could lounge there completely naked, take a dip in the cold spring water when needed, and even walk around in the woods like Eve in the Garden of Eden. On occasion, she'd hiked back into the park as far as a mile from her clothing before returning, always carrying her balled-up bikini in her hand as a safety precaution.

A few times she'd even hidden the bikini behind a tree and ventured farther. She found the possibility of being spotted nude in the woods incredibly arousing, and with every additional step she put between her and her swimsuit she became hornier. She frequently pleasured herself after arriving back in the safety of her oasis, enjoying the hot sun on her skin, wriggling in pleasure secure and carefree on her stone perch in full view of the birds, but otherwise alone. But she didn't relay this last tidbit to Buffy.

Jenn took in the whole story with fascination, sensing she may have found her first true friend since moving to Austin. After completing her tale of nudity in the woods, Felicia removed her socks and stood totally naked and proud. She then gathered all of her belongings and placed them in a neat pile on the exact spot where Paulie and Buffy had just recently ravished one another. Felicia smiled as she imagined the look on Paulie's face when he returned and found all of his employee's clothes left behind. He would go nuts, she knew.

She had noticed the way he looked at her these many months together, but the poor boy was too young and shy to say anything. To be sure he got the message, she pulled her jeans, socks, and tee shirt out of her gym bag and laid them there, too. She wanted Paulie to think she'd left all of her garments behind. He couldn't possibly know about her swimsuit.

It suddenly dawned on Jenn that she could still use her phone to perform other tasks even while the video was uploading. She swiped and tapped into camera mode, and pointed it at Felicia. "Do you mind?" she asked.

"Let me get my swimsuit on first," she replied.

"No need," Buffy quickly responded and snapped a couple of photos as Felicia frantically attempted to cover her tits and crotch with her hands.

"Stop it!" she whispered angrily, hoping not to attract the attention of anyone who might be walking through the area. She reached for her bikini.

"No! You stop it," Jenn commanded. "If you're in, you're in. Now drop 'em."

Felicia remained motionless for a moment, the conflict between her sane and daring selves warring within.

"Remember the lake with your suite-mates?" Buffy continued? "What do you wish you had done?"

Felicia swallowed hard and felt blood rush to her face and warmth spread through her chest as her nipples hardened and stood up almost instantly. Gathering all of her courage, she tentatively dropped her hands to her sides. She immediately recognized this rush of blood to her pussy as the same one she always felt when a man's stiff cock invaded her mouth.

There was a recklessness that overtook her when she became so deliriously horny that she would shamelessly strip herself bare for her boyfriends and become a wild animal satisfying herself with wanton disregard for modesty. But there was not a male in sight at the moment; just another naked woman, one with a camera.

Weirdly, the experience of being commanded to expose herself felt oddly compelling to her, even comforting in a way. It somehow lifted the responsibility from her own shoulders and shifted it to another's. Thus absolved of any culpability for her actions, she turned toward the barn door to take advantage of the beam of light that poured though the crack, and crossed her ankles demurely to hide her pussy. Jenn walked beyond her until the light fully illuminated her subject's naked body on her screen and snapped a photo.

Loving her own new sense of authority, Jennifer continued, "That's good. Now spread 'em."

Felicia obediently, even if slowly, uncrossed her ankles and stood at attention.

"Farther," Jenn ordered.

The subject heaved a sigh of resignation ad spread her legs to shoulder width, hesitated, then shifted them a little farther.

"Hands behind your back," the budding dominatrix insisted.

Jennifer relished the role of puppeteer almost as much as she had enjoyed being Irv's and Paulie's marionette. She crouched low and took a vertical photo of Felicia from so close that her pussy appeared almost as large as her head.

Felicia stood motionless, looking straight ahead, but felt the heat of humiliation and passion swirl together within her, a bizarre concoction that puzzled and pleased, befuddled and teased her all at once. She could feel her pussy lips shifting, emerging, and moistening. A drop of lubrication oozed from them and began to run down the inside of her left leg, but she stood fast awaiting her next instruction.

Jennifer then typed a message to Irv: "Mind if someone else joins me?" She sent it and Felicia's pussy photo to Irv and waited with a sly smile.

While they waited for his reply, Jenn spoke to her puppet: "I think you're like me. I really get off on it when Irv - that's the guy I'm texting - orders me to do something risky or slutty. How about if I get to tell you what to do for the rest of the day?"

Felicia regained her wits enough to balk without saying anything. Sensing her reluctance, Jenn continued: "How about trying it for just a half-hour?"

Felicia didn't want to do it, but couldn't think of a good reason not to agree. Perhaps she would find the sense of powerlessness elevating, not degrading, so she nodded.

"It's 11:12 now, so you'll be under my command until 11:42. Got it?"

Felicia sighed heavily, but agreed. "If I'm in, I'm in," she replied.

The phone shook in Jenn's hand again. Irv was clearly thrilled with the unexpected doubling of his pleasure as she knew he would be. "Wow!!" was all he could write. Then, a few seconds later, he texted, "Who is she?"

Jenn spoke aloud her words and letters as she typed deftly with her thumbs: "Her name is F-E-L-L-A-T-I-A," causing Felicia to blush.

She pressed send, then looked at the naked girl still standing at attention. "I'm sure you've figured out that my real name isn't Buffy. That's just the name assigned me for today by Irv. For the rest of today, you'll be Fellatia."

The second naked nymph of the Pedernales nodded her acquiescence. "Might as well," she allowed. "I'm certainly not going to use my real name, that's for sure."

Irv's next text was only three words: "I love it!" Then, a minute later, he sent them their new coordinates. "Proceed to 30°17'35.21°N Latitude and 98°13'46.32°W Longitude. Jones' Joy: A little hydrotherapy. Use the bug spray now if you want to, then leave it in the barn. Be sure to take the baby oil with you. You'll need it. Before leaving camp, text me a photo of both of you by the Polly's Equestrian Camp sign."

"Baby oil?" Felicia repeated, clearly puzzled.

Jenn picked up the bottle and tossed it to her. She then quietly picked up the magic marker in hopes that she might get to use it on her new traveling companion today. She knew there was a word for this type of relationship and groped in her mind for it. "Sub!" she suddenly recalled. "That's what you're called, my 'sub.'" she said happily.

"What's that?" Felicia repeated.

"It's short for 'submissive.' You have to do anything I say for the next 30 minutes."

"I'm going to regret this," Felicia muttered, but determined to fulfill her promise, though she doubted she'd like it the way Buffy obviously did.

Buffy began to enter the new coordinates into her phone, but Felicia interrupted.

"I know where it is," she said.

Buffy was taken aback by the announcement. "How?" she asked.

"It has to be Jones' Spring," she said. "There's an old stone homestead in the northeast corner of the park where a Jones family lived a hundred years ago, and right by it is a spring named after them."

Buffy silently computed in her head where the northeast corner might be and slowly realized that it might be miles away.

Just to be certain, she completed the entry in her iPhone and held it up for Felicia to see. "Is that little blue dot near Jones' Spring?" she asked.

"That's exactly where it is," her knowledgeable guide replied with noticeable trepidation in her voice, face and manner.

"Why does that bother you?" Buffy inquired, as if strolling there naked weren't reason enough.

"I've been there several times, and it's a long way - maybe two miles - down this main road. There will be lots of hikers," she replied. She bit her lip, suddenly wavering in her resolve.

"Is there a back way?" Buffy countered.

"Not that I know of," came the even more worried reply, then whispered to herself, "What have I gotten myself into?" Suddenly she brightened and said, "I have an idea. We can use Wheatley Trail. But getting to it will be a problem."

"Time to go. Lead on." Buffy declared without any trace of hesitation, hoping by her manner to instill confidence in her skittish partner.

Felicia strode to the railing and retrieved her bikini, which evoked a hint of sadness in Buffy. She'd hoped that her friend might actually leave the barn naked with her. However, she didn't want to insist on full nudity to begin with for fear of scaring her out of the whole adventure completely.

Felicia balled up the skimpy garment in her right hand and walked over to her pile of clothing. She tucked the bottle of baby oil in her armpit, then emptied her gym bag over her other clothing and tossed it aside. She sorted through the scattered articles of clothing and pulled out first one, then the matching water sandal. She sat down on the floor, put them on, and declared, "All in," standing to her feet completely naked. She held up the hand clutching the bikini and said, "This is just in case I chicken out."

Buffy was overjoyed, but revealed only a small smile. "Grab your phone," she suggested. "You might need it." She then swung the barn door open a bit farther, and peeked out. The coast was clear.

"It's now or never," she said, gesturing for Felicia to lead the way. "After you."

The submissive girl felt terror crawl through every cell of her body so as to make every nerve ending in her skin tingle, but steadied herself with admirable resolve. She closed her eyes and visualized squeezing the fear right out the ends of her hardened nipples, grabbed her phone from the pile of assorted clothing on the floor, and stood up again tall and proud.

With the bikini balled up in one hand and the bottle of baby oil and phone in the other. She walked purposefully toward the light. She'd agreed to do anything Buffy commanded for the next half-hour, so she paused only long enough to stick her head out the door to assess the threat, then emerged into the broad daylight stark naked.

Buffy concealed the magic marker behind her own phone, followed, and was immediately struck by the heat. It was noticeably warmer than when she'd entered the barn and the sun was now almost directly above them, causing them to both begin to sweat.

"I guess we're dressed appropriately for the weather," Felicia quipped with a nervous smile.

The two of them sneaked as quietly and breathlessly as possible back down the short path toward the back edge of the clearing.

Buffy's body was still covered with bits of hay and dirt that had clung to her skin while she had been sucking and screwing Paulie. She struggled to rid herself of the debris, but only managed to remove a particle or two.

The girls then tiptoed hurriedly - as best they could, given their respective footwear - down the short path. A flock of startled birds departed a tree to their left and nearly made both women jump out of their bare skin, but in less than a minute they arrived at the back of the water tank.

Felicia's eyes revealed a mixture of terror and exhilaration as she plastered her backside into the wooden tank that resembled a huge barrel the size of small bedroom. The sun had been shining directly on this side of the tank for a couple of hours, so it felt hot against her bare ass, but not enough to inflict pain. She glanced at Buffy and managed a fake smile, but her heart was pounding as hard and fast as though she were being pursued by armed terrorists. Nevertheless, she felt a sense of accomplishment. After today, no one could ever again accuse her of being a fuddy-duddy.

Buffy peered around one side of the tank. Unlike her submissive friend, she was as serene as a Buddhist monk. Four-plus hours naked had inured her to the sensation of frayed nerves any normal person would feel. She was still cautious, but convinced of her ability to remain hidden should someone come along or, better still, to enjoy it if she were found.

To lower her profile, she got down on all fours and crawled. She could almost feel Felicia's gaze transfixed on her bare ass and exposed pussy as she disappeared around the circumference of the tank. Buffy noted that it was not as erotic as when a man stared at her naked body, but it was nice to feel on display, nonetheless.

Buffy quietly crept around the tank until she was in full view of the road. No one was around, so she stood up and whispered loudly: "All clear!"

When Felicia emerged cautiously from behind the tank she was surprised to see that Buffy had picked up the garden hose that emerged from the tank and was opening the faucet. She showered herself in the bright sunlight, blithely unfazed by her precarious state. Felicia found herself mesmerized as she watched water cascade over Buffy's tits, run down her abdomen and converge into her dark triangle, then flow haphazardly down the space between her legs.

Once the debris had been washed from her front, she asked Felicia: "Can you get my back?"

Felicia was agitated and replied, "Sure, but shouldn't we hurry?"

"Might as well get used to it," Buffy admonished happily. "You're going to be naked for a looooong time," stretching out the next-to-last word for about three seconds. Felicia doused Buffy's bare back with water and used her hand to squeegee it down her backside, brushing for the first time against another woman's ass.

Buffy turned around, spread her arms and asked, "All clean?"

Felicia swallowed. Reluctantly, she responded. "Aren't you forgetting something?"

Buffy was baffled.

Felicia cleared her throat and pointed to her own cheek and Jenn got the meaning instantly. She cupped her hands and, once Felicia had filled them, splashed the water on her face to remove the caked semen from her chin and cheek. She was relieved to know that Felicia had to assume it belonged only to Paulie, not to two men. Her more recent lover had never mentioned the residue Mark had left there. Did he even notice?

Buffy retrieved the hose and rinsed her crotch thoroughly to prepare it for the next invader, and smiled.

The task complete, Buffy tried to fling the wetness off the ends of her fingers and the two nude beauties walked - one fearfully and circumspectly, the other quite as naturally as though she'd been fully clothed - toward their first destination, the sign.

Two of the horses noticed them and whinnied, but there were no humans around. Silently, the women crossed the frazzled grass and leaned forward to look up and down the road in front of the corral. They then hurriedly scampered to the sign and crouched before it.

It took about 45 seconds to position themselves in such a way that their naked bodies and the entire "Polly's Equestrian Camp" sign, and the words "FREE FUCK" appeared on the screen of Jenn's phone. She took three quick photos and was prepared to stand up when Felicia said, "One more!" and pulled out her own phone.

"No one's ever going to believe this without proof," she explained with a giggly exhalation of nervous energy. She snapped two quick pics and then both girls then hurried into the woods behind the sign to admire their photography skills.

"When does Paulie get back?" Buffy asked.

"At least 30 more minutes, I would suspect. It's an hour trail ride unless the guests get too hot and decide to bail. That does happen frequently this time of year, though." That was sufficient to convince Buffy that she had time to complete her assignment.

She assessed that the second photo was the best of her three, for you could also see a couple of horses in the background to give it context. Buffy texted it to Irv. Meanwhile, Felicia was satisfied with both of her photos and began typing frantically with her thumbs on her own phone. Three separate times Buffy heard the unmistakable whoosh of a text being dispatched.

"Who are you sending that to?" Buffy asked in amazement.

Felicia was giggling so crazily that she could barely speak, but managed to answer: "My former boyfriend - let him eat his heart out, Paulie..."

Buffy's mouth hung open in astonishment, but she said nothing.

"And one of my suite-mates from college!" she finished proudly.

She then had to lay her phone and her other scant belongings on the ground to shake her hands madly with fingers wide-spread as she giddily jumped up and down to burn off the mad energy she felt coursing through her body. She then clenched her fists tightly, along with every muscle in her nude body, and spit out the words, "I'm ready. Let's go visit the Joneses."

Before they could begin, though, they heard the roar of an engine and crouched low in terror as a pick-up truck passed at perhaps 25 miles per hour, a fast clip for road of this nature. They could see that a lone man was at the wheel, but he never even glanced in their direction. The insignia on the vehicle door read, "Texas Parks & Wildlife."

Buffy looked at her friend with fearful eyes that communicated what they were both thinking, "Boy, did we just dodge a bullet!"

Felicia then quipped, "I'll bet he has no idea just how WILD life in this park is going to be today!" She then glanced at the calligraphy on Buffy's body and continued, "Or how wild it's already been!"

Buffy smiled, "You're quite the comedian, aren't you?"

"Comedienne," Felicia corrected her.

Buffy looked at Felicia's bald cunt and wisecracked, "Obviously."

Both laughed. This was going to be a fun day and they might be friends forever at the end of it, they both suspected.

Felicia gathered her phone, the baby oil, and her bikini just as Buffy's screen lit up. "Good work, ladies. Now get on a horse and ride one lap around the camp. Be sure you get some photos for me."

Both women were suddenly aghast at the obvious danger of this latest mission. Not only were horses noisy and unpredictable, it would also take time to mount them, ride them around an open field, then dismount and put them back in the corral. But along with the elevated threat level, there came an unexpected benefit: the assignment amped up the thrill level in every part of their bodies as though they'd consumed a pint of Mountain Dew and injected Red Bull directly into their pussies.

They made eye contact in a silent communication of, "In for a penny, in for a pound," then sprinted toward the corral. Felicia, knowing the horses, assumed command as she opened the gate and ordered, "You take Rosie," pointing at a mare who stood alone at the far end. Buffy noticed immediately that Rosie bore no saddle. She'd never ridden a horse bareback, let alone bareback.

Nevertheless, without hesitation she streaked just beyond the animal, climbed the rail beside her and slid aboard, wetting the poor beast with a glob of shining pussy juices. Having no other idea what to do, she grabbed Rosie's mane and pulled toward the exit. Rosie docilely obeyed and sauntered to follow Felicia, whose horse wore a saddle and was already leaving through the open gate.

Rosie was moving way too slowly for comfort, but try as she might Buffy couldn't get her to move any faster. Once they passed through the gate, Felicia closed it, jabbed the heels of her sandals into her mounts ribcage, and clicked her tongue. Her horse lit out toward the sign they'd just left and Rosie followed at a gallop! It was all Buffy could do to hold on, so she leaned forward and grabbed the horse around the neck while squeezing with her thighs and ankles.

Felicia was obviously an experienced equestrian. She darted toward the sign and turned left, leading her naked friend on a gallop around the entire clearing that took at most 45 seconds. At the end of the lap, Felicia was smiling and laughing like she hadn't done in months, though covering her mouth to try to muffle the hysteria.

The exhilaration was almost more than she could handle. She stopped and told Buffy (actually, she spoke more to Rosie than to her rider) and commanded: "Stop here." Rose stood obediently while Felicia took off for a second lap! "Get a picture!" she shouted over her shoulder.

Buffy glanced down and was surprised to see she'd managed to hold on to both the phone and the marker during the daring ride, but composed herself enough to get at least 10 snapshots of her intrepid friend having the time of her life galloping nude through her workplace.

When she completed the lap, she reached into her saddlebag to retrieve her phone and said, "Now you!"

Buffy was shocked at the request, but before she could object Felicia slapped Rosie on the rump and shouted, "Go, girl!" Buffy's mount took off at a gallop again and the naked rider held on for dear life as she laughed aloud for the whole trip.

Felicia opted to video record the new Lady Godiva during that second lap.

"Meet you behind the water tank!" she shouted, galloping there to intercept Rosie and her rider halfway around the camp.

When Buffy arrived both girls were laughing hysterically.

"What's Irv's phone number?" Felicia asked through her guffaws.

Buffy couldn't remember, but read it aloud to her from her own screen. Both ladies then texted their images to him and sat nude and unashamed on their horses not caring - at least for the moment - one whit if anyone saw them.

Buffy came to her senses first, asking, "Okay, which way to Wheatley Trail?"

"It's a mile that way," Felicia pointed through the woods in a northeasterly direction.

Buffy's eyes scanned the tree line for a trail but found none.

"We have to go up Windmill Road half a mile," she replied, giving a name to the gravel strip before them, "then turn right down a pipeline easement another half-mile to catch it. But once we get there we're home free for the next mile to the spring. Almost nobody uses that trail," Felicia instructed.

Buffy was nonplussed, wondering how in the world they could possibly walk up this wide gravel road with almost no cover at all. She'd only traveled it for about 100 yards this morning and that had been stressful enough.

"We're going to have to streak," Felicia announced.

Buffy, an expert at traversing gravel roads in the nude, protested, "We can't run in these shoes and, trust me, we definitely can't run without them!"

"We won't have to run," Felicia replied with a cat-that-ate-the-canary look on her face.

Buffy was puzzled, so Felicia continued, "Let's take the horses! We can gallop to the trail head right past anyone on the road. Even if people see us, they couldn't possibly catch up to us!"

Buffy was unconvinced, to say the least. "But what would we do with the horses?" she objected.

Felicia, the obvious expert in all things equine, replied, "We'll just let them go. They know where they live. You left the barn door open, didn't you?"

Buffy nodded.

"So they'll just go straight in on their own," Felicia said with certainty adding, "That's where their food is."

Buffy instantly concluded that the idea was crazy. But wasn't this whole day an exercise in madness? She couldn't help but imagine what it might be like to ride right past shocked hikers on the road completely nude, tits a' bouncin'. Their facial expressions alone would make the whole day worthwhile!

"But what if a park vehicle sees us?" she reasoned aloud, her resistance weakening. By now she knew she was actually looking for an excuse to talk herself into streaking on horseback, not out of it.

"We'll cut down the easement where they can't follow. There's a ditch that cars can't get over, but a horse can jump with no trouble," Felicia responded with an air of finality and triumph.

Buffy glanced doubtfully at the "ditch" that ran alongside the road. "More like an indentation than a ditch," her expression protested.

"Trust me, it gets bigger," Felicia replied, reading Buffy's mind.

"That's what he said!" Buffy replied with a grin.

Felicia laughed at the worn-out trope, and Buffy continued, objecting, "Anyone who sees us will report us, then park rangers will be crawling all over the park looking for us."

Yet, her argument was issued feebly enough to communicate that she was almost convinced.

"Look," Felicia offered. "There are at most a dozen people who are on duty in the park at any given time. Most of them are at the entry gate or running the gift shop, or they're life-guarding, or at their stations. They couldn't leave if they wanted to. Most of the rest are maintenance workers that are cleaning the restrooms or picking up trash. That leaves MAYBE 2 park rangers - and I mean tops - that could look for us and the park is FIVE MILES WIDE. How likely do you think it is they'll find us?"

Buffy was silent, biting her lower lip with concern as she contemplated the plan.

"You promised to do ANYTHING I commanded for half an hour," Felicia said sternly.

Buffy was stunned, "No; that was you promising me."

Felicia smirked and shot back, "That's not the way I remember it."

Buffy was totally flabbergasted.

"Give me your phone," Felicia commanded. Buffy surrendered it to her, along with the magic marker that was hidden behind it.

Felicia fingered the marker suspiciously and inquired, "And just what is this for?"

Buffy shrugged her best "I'm busted" reply.

"Thought you were going to decorate me like that?" she asked threateningly, pointing at Jenn's belly. "Oh, you're gonna pay for this," she continued with a sly smile.

"Turn around," she admonished with the same tone of voice a parent uses when correction of a toddler is about to be meted out. Buffy angled her body away from Felicia, unconsciously telegraphing that she was surrendering to a changing of the guard. Felicia removed the cap from the marker and began to write something on her back. While it was impossible to discern what letters she had written, the last three strokes of the pen were unmistakably and arrow pointed directly at her butt crack.

"What did you write?" she asked nervously.

"You'll find out," Felicia replied playfully.

She then shoved the marker and phone into her saddlebag, quickly peeked from behind the tank and, seeing no one, barked, "Follow me, slave!" She bolted from her cover at a full gallop and shouted over her shoulder, "Come on, Rosie!" Without hesitation the unsaddled horse followed as her rider hung on frantically and Jennifer wondered what had just happened. She had now become a slave twice over?

In less than five seconds they had stepped over the sorry excuse for a ditch and turned right onto Windmill Road in full view from both directions for a very long way. The horses instinctively slowed their pace to a trot to adjust to the unsure footing created by the gravel.

The first minute of the equine streak passed without incident, and the ladies were loving the feel of the wind and sun on their bare bodies, not to mention the rhythmic pressure exerted on their crotches. Felicia, in particular, felt her arousal mounting rapidly as the hard saddle squeezed and pounded her clit with greater pressure than Buffy's softer horse flesh could do. Both held onto their mounts with one hand while trying to minimize the undulating of their boobs with the other.

To Buffy's relief, the ravines on both sides of the road soon widened and deepened to the point of respectability, if ditches had a social order. No vehicle would dare attempt to cross them. That much, at least, was in their favor. Moments later they rounded a curve and saw the first batch of hikers come into view in the distance.

"Eyes straight ahead, Buffy," Felicia ordered. "Don't change your pace at all."

"She's giving me orders?!??" Jennifer marveled. But she helplessly obeyed nonetheless.

Thirty seconds later the trekkers were right beside them. Buffy desperately wanted to make eye contact with the four or five hikers as they passed to gauge their reactions, but she followed orders.

One of them, a male voice, shouted, "You go girls!"

Another man let out a "Woohoo!" after which a female voice angrily followed, "Put some clothes on!"

Both naked ladies stared directly ahead as if they had passed no one at all, and had heard nothing. Muffled laughter arose from the group but soon faded into the distance behind them.

Once the girls had rounded a curve out of sight of the park guests, Felicia turned her head as far to her left as possible to look at her nude twin. Both of them were smiling broadly and immediately broke out in laughter even as they picked up their pace.

The next challenge proved one they had not accounted for: cyclists!

Felicia saw them first and barked, "Don't cover your tits!" Buffy meekly obeyed.

Felicia, who had been grasping hers with her right arm while holding the reins with her left, now grasped the bridle with both hands to afford the bikers a better look. She even used her forearms to squeeze them slightly so that they would look bigger.

Three men on mountain bikes were pedaling hard towards them for at least twenty seconds before they spied the naked beauties on horseback. Unable to believe their eyes, they squinted in an attempt to confirm that their senses had not lied to them. Sure enough, two beautiful naked women were moving toward them on horseback at a near-gallop!

First one man, then another, then another stopped to watch this vision approach them, mouths hanging open in disbelief. Felicia's hair was flowing in the breeze behind her, leaving her pert melons on full display in the noonday sun. The only thing missing was slow motion editing that would have enhanced and pronounced the bouncing of her perfect tits, stretching downward elastically to their limits, snapping upward almost to her shoulders, then falling again hard at the mercy of gravity and inertia. At the apex of her tits' arc her body, too, lifted momentarily off the saddle to provide the men a glimpse of her most private area.

Buffy, meanwhile, held onto Rosie's mane with both hands while her not-as-firm, but still nice jugs flopped up and down with a rhythmic precision that would make a watchmaker envious. In time with the horse's gait, her breasts weirdly bounced downward twice before rising almost to her chin, then repeated the cycle in such a way that the men found themselves almost hypnotized.

As they passed, Buffy dared to make eye contact with her audience. Finding two of the men to be cute in their tight biker outfits, and the third downright handsome, she smiled and chirped, "Hi, guys! See anything you like?" This, she soon realized, was a mistake!

Her words somehow snapped the men out of their temporary hypnosis so that they looked at one another, then back at the girls' asses as they rode away, and turned their bicycles around!

Though mountain bikes were no match for the horses' speed, they weren't terribly far behind and were pedaling with all their might in hot pursuit! They soon made out the words printed on the back of the second rider: "U Catch Me, U Fuck Me!" it read, with a bright red arrow pointing at her asshole!

The distance between the cyclists and the equestrians lengthened a few inches every second until the girls were almost 50 yards in front of them. If not for the offer written on Buffy's back, they might have given up and turned back. But the carrot they were chasing imbued them with almost superhuman stamina, so they pedaled on.

Buffy noticed that the road was now passing beneath power lines, undoubtedly the same ones she'd walked beneath three hours ago on the far side of Pedernales Falls Road. She could see perhaps a mile in both directions, and was more exposed than at any time since she'd arrived in the park slightly after dawn.

She was about to turn off the gravel to follow the wires to her right when Felicia shouted, "Not this one! It's the pipeline easement we need, not the power one! It's right up here."

Indeed, a minute later they had passed a thirty-foot-wide swath of trees which ended abruptly at yet another clearing. It was perhaps 75 feet wide and extended as far as the eye could see to her right, and would probably have done so to her left had a hill not obscured her view.

Felicia pulled hard to the right on the reins and shouted, "Jump girl!" Her mount easily cleared the depression. She stopped and turned around to be sure Rosie completed the task, "Come on, girl! Jump!" she said sweetly.

Rosie, who was clearly older than Felicia's mount, hopped over the ditch gingerly as Felicia warily eyed the cyclists who were now closing fast. She then took off at a full gallop through the grass and Rosie followed without even being instructed.

Meanwhile, the men arrived at the clearing, got off their bikes, and walked them over the ditch! They then remounted and resumed the chase. For the next three or four minutes the girls periodically looked over their shoulders to confirm that the men had not given up the chase. Indeed, they had not. They seemed to be as relentless as Ahab pursuing the great white whale, though falling farther behind by the second, eventually becoming little more than dark specks in the distance.

Finally at the trailhead, the girls slowed and turned left up Wheatley Trail. The horses almost instantly slowed to a walk, given the narrowness of the pathway. It soon became obvious that riding the horses along this footpath would be impossible due to low hanging branches that dangled above them.

The naked ladies dismounted and retrieved all their belongings from Felicia's saddlebag. With a sad and frightened sigh, she slapped her mount on the rump, whistled loudly, and commanded, "Go home, Dandy!" Her mount turned and trotted back toward the clearing with Rosie again taking up the rear.

By now, the cyclists had slowed markedly due to the heat and their level of exhaustion. Even the motivation of free pussy has its physical limits. The men were about to give up and turn back dejectedly since they had no idea where the girls had turned into the forest when the two horses emerged from the woods only 200 yards distant.

"They went in there!" one of the men shouted, and the three began to pedal in earnest once again. A minute later they spied the trailhead from which the equines had emerged and used their renewed hopes as fuel to continue the hunt. Once on the trail, they were certain they were gaining ground on the two horseless nymphets. The bikes were lower to the ground and permitted them to maneuver their way up the trail where the taller horses had been unable to continue with their riders.

Less than three minutes up the trail, the front cyclist caught a glimpse through the trees of a cute naked ass and shouted over his shoulder, "There they are!"

Buffy and Felicia, assuming that their pursuers had long since given up, had slowed their pace to a leisurely stroll. But the sound of the man's shout cut through their tranquility like a knife.

Both instinctively broke into a sprint, but the trail almost immediately made a hairpin turn and doubled back in the direction from which they had just come! Looking to their right they could see the three cyclists just below them pedaling with all their might up the trail. More importantly, the men could now see them clearly, too.

Hampered by woefully inadequate footwear, the girls watched their head start dwindling by the second, a problem exacerbated by the fact that one of the cyclists hopped off his bike and let it careen into the trees as he scrambled up the hill through the brush. This shortcut, Felicia instantly discerned, would put him AHEAD of them. She stopped dead in her tracks and looked right and left to search for an escape path through the woods.

Unable to find a path up the steep hill to her left, she instead chose to cut to her right, down the hill toward the path they had just traveled and hope for the best. But she waited too long and Buffy, who had been looking over her shoulder at their pursuers, ran right into her and both fell into the leaves. Before they could get up, the men had them surrounded!

One man, the handsomest one, stood behind them straddling his bicycle while the one who had taken the shortcut occupied the trail ahead. The third wisely blocked the only escape route below them.

Felicia was beside herself with panic and was prepared to fight her way out at all cost, but Buffy actually felt a bit relieved and looked forward eagerly to what was surely about to happen. Even if the men intended to harm them, which was extremely unlikely, two pretty naked ladies could certainly talk them out of it!

The man behind looked at Buffy and said, "Well, we caught you."

Buffy, having no idea what Felicia had written on her back, shrugged her lack of understanding.

"We want to fuck you, like it says on your back," he continued.

Buffy instantly understood, and was unable to help but squeeze her thighs tightly together to discharge the electricity she felt there. She stood up and faced the man ahead of her, spread her arms wide to display her torso to him, and confidently said, "It's written on the front, too." She paused as the incredulous men looked at each other in amazement, then she added, "Who's first?"

She slowly twirled 360 degrees, arms still outstretched, and made eye contact with all three men as she did so.

Meanwhile, Felicia's mind was reeling. She still lay on the ground in a mixture of terror, bewilderment, and... what was that other feeling? Horniness, she silently conceded. She was as horny as she could ever remember being.

Before she could speak, her more experienced partner in crime, piped up, "My name's Buffy, the Vampire Sucker." She paused again for effect, then continued, "And this is my good friend Fellatia."

Felicia was not ready for this. She looked into Buffy's eyes in terror, shook her head almost imperceptibly, and silently mouthed the word, "No."

"Relax," she comforted her friend.

The man who had blocked their path downhill through the woods was the first to catch on. He furiously unbuckled his belt, unzipped his fly and allowed his hard dick to pop out. It was so large that Felicia imagined she should have heard a thud. She swallowed hard at the sight of it but remained as motionless as a statue.

Buffy saw the fear in her naked friend's eyes and interrupted. She held up her hand toward the man after he'd pulled his pants down to his knees: "Not so fast. First, you have to oil us up."

She held out her hand to Felicia, who had almost forgotten that she was clutching the bottle of baby oil along with her bikini. The magic marker had apparently gotten lost along the way.

Felicia surrendered the plastic bottle hesitantly and watched helplessly as Buffy immediately handed it to the man with the exposed monster. He began to pull his pants back up when Buffy commanded, "Leave them down. I like it."

"Start with me," she ordered.

The man didn't have to be asked twice. He immediately opened the bottle, filled his hands, and began tentatively to rub the oil into her shoulders.

She turned to the other two men and offered, "Why don't you boys help him out."

They eagerly complied, daring to rub the oil closer and closer to her private areas and then, when she offered no resistance whatever, directly onto and into them. Buffy made no attempt to hide her arousal.

She closed her eyes and moaned with pleasure at the feel of six strong hands massaging her from every direction.

Felicia watched in rapt attention as the men oiled up her friend, but she couldn't help glancing again and again at the one man's exposed cock, which had become almost fully erect as he rubbed oil into Buffy's tits and pussy.

Suddenly, Buffy awakened from her erotic stupor and said, "Stop. Give me the bottle." The men halted their work and the bottle was surrendered.

She then looked at Felicia and commanded, "Stand up and put your hands behind your head."

Felicia stood tentatively, still glancing at the man's hard cock and interlaced her fingers behind her head.

"Close your eyes," Buffy ordered.

Felicia nervously complied, and Buffy poured a bit of the oil in her right hand and began to massage it into and around the terrified girl's neck and shoulders. She then worked her way behind her, squeezed some on the nape of her neck, and began to rub it all over her back, gathering up with her hands the dribbles that had flowed down almost to her lovely ass and plowing them back into her shoulder blades and sides, lightly grazing the sides of her breasts.

Like Buffy, Felicia had never made love to a woman - nor even come close - but the touch of female hands felt to her more tender and understanding than that of the half-dozen men she'd allowed to fuck her in the past. That number didn't count at least five more that she'd blown. Having been drunk during most of the latter encounters she had no way of knowing the precise number.

Felicia didn't dare open her eyes, but she imagined that the three cyclists were gathered around in awe of her naked beauty, longing to fuck her in every hole, wishing that the hands that now caressed her were their own.

Buffy allowed her hands to stray southward onto the tops of Felicia's butt cheeks, then squeezed more oil into her hands and massaged it deeply into both of them, allowing a finger to stray between them a few times before retracting them. She then forcefully put her hands on Felicia's hips and turned her gently around to face her.

"You're okay, right?" Jenn asked.

Felicia swallowed hard and nodded. Buffy then filled her palms with oil and dribbled it just beneath her chin above each breast and watched it flow slowly onto each orb. She then planted her hands on the bottom of each breast to gather the droplets and pulled them up and over her rigid nipples, causing Felicia to gasp.

The feeling was odd and delicious as soft hands massaged her breasts and teased her nipples and she was a bit surprised to find herself getting horny at the touch of a woman.

A moment later, Felicia could feel another hand, this one rough and calloused, stronger, more insistent. Then there was another, then another until she lost count. In and out of every crevice and over every mound they probed, all with the erotic slipperiness afforded by the baby oil.

"Let yourself go," she heard Buffy whisper in her ear.

Slowly, Felicia felt herself surrendering to the moment. She knew this feeling, the groggy awareness that willpower would soon desert her. The craziness that always engulfed her when she was horny would soon reach the boiling point. She chose not to fight it.

Without opening her eyes, she felt blindly around with her hands at waist level. With her left hand she felt a belt buckle, then slid lower to grasp fabric that concealed a quite-hard penis. But her right hand searched in a different direction and struck pay dirt: the huge, bare, rigid cock she'd been craving for the last five minutes. Or was it twenty minutes? She didn't know and didn't care.

Once she's located the sought-after treasure, she lapped up some of the oil from her left breast with the other hand and began using both to stroke that beautiful cock, pulling with long slow squeezes almost as though she were playing tug of war.

Afraid to open her eyes for fear of chickening out, she dropped to her knees to address the job more fully. She sensed that she was no longer Felicia. For the rest of the day, she was Fellatia. Could she revel in this badge of slutty dishonor the way Buffy did in hers?

Almost on cue, she felt the unmistakable tip of a hard penis against her lips and inhaled the unmistakable aroma of a sweaty penis. As always, it was both unpleasant and erotic at the same time. It came from her left, so she knew this cock belonged to one of the other men, not the one she stroked in front of her.

To her surprise, her head turned instinctively toward it, her lips parted slightly almost of their own accord, and she allowed the thing to slide horizontally across her lips until she felt the tickle of pubic hair on her cheek, then back. The anonymous schlong completed five or six more laps back and forth across her mouth when she felt her tongue spontaneously peek through to feel the hardened flesh for itself. The taste and feel drove her insane with desire.

When the stranger's cock changed angles to attempt a frontal assault, she opened her mouth open and allowed it to slide over her tongue until the entire cavity was filled. She inhaled deeply and savored the glorious sensation, but did not move.

She remained a passive orifice into which the man repeatedly plunged his hardened rod. But soon she could contain herself no longer and dared to entrap it between her lips. She tentatively touched the man's ball sack with her left hand and, sensing no resistance, she grabbed it and massaged it, grasping it so hard she heard the man wince. But she didn't care. She instead used it as a handle to pull him forcefully into her mouth, then began to blow the man properly, licking and sucking the way only a girl named Fellatia could do... all while stroking the other man's monster cock with her other hand.

She was so enraptured by the two cocks - her first try at a three-way - that it took a while for her to realize that the hands that had been probing her body had ceased their explorations. For a moment she wondered what the third man might be doing and if he might try to fuck her from behind, but she pushed the thought from her mind.

He was already busy with Buffy, she sensed. She could tell from the squeals of delight that indicated she was being fucked somewhere nearby.

Seconds later Fellatia reversed and began to stroke the dick on her left and placed the one on the right into her mouth. It was almost too big to fit in her mouth, and it was just as well, for the taste of the baby oil caused her to recoil and spit it out. She couldn't resist opening her eyes to at least behold the thing, even if she couldn't suck it. It was a thing of beauty, the most perfectly-formed dick she'd ever seen in person, and perhaps the largest, as well. The man had removed his shirt revealing an admirable set of abs and had his pants bunched around his ankles.

She made eye contact with him, and resolved that she would not close her eyes again. She wanted to enjoy every sensation that her eyes, ears, nose, taste buds, and flesh could deliver. The sight of Buffy on her back with a naked man pounding her from above was so stimulating that she had to bite her lip to keep from groaning audibly.

Without even consciously making a decision, she turned back to man on her left and returned his cock to its proper place, her mouth. She simultaneously managed to rise to her feet in a bent-over position and presented her welcoming ass to the owner of the massive cock she would never forget.

Immediately he pressed the tip of it against her soaking pussy and pushed. She was so wet that a normal-sized cock would have penetrated easily, but this one stretched her until she could not avoid screaming with pleasure. She had never felt so full, so satisfied, so possessed, so filthy.

For the next few minutes she absorbed a pounding from a dick at either end, then a finger in her oiled-up asshole that caused her to come with an intensity she'd only imagined might be possible.

A moment later Buffy shrieked just as loudly and three men came in them almost at once. Sperm covered Fellatia's face, even as another load ran down her thigh. Cum drained out the bottom of Buffy's cunt onto the dirt and leaves below.

Fellatia was smitten - not with the men, but with the sensory overload that all at once elevated her to the pinnacle of femininity even as it degraded her into a trashy, cum-hungry, insatiable whore. She was both a goddess and a skank, and never realized until this very moment that these could be two sides of the same coin.

But what she did know was that she loved it. One dick would never be enough for her again, she knew. Oh, she would TAKE just one, if that was all that was available, but she knew that in her imagination there would always be at least one other horny stud using her from the other end while multiple strong hands explored every square inch of her yearning flesh.

She stood on wobbly legs, grabbed each of her two men by his dripping cock, and said to the whole group, "Who wants to go swimming and clean up? I know just the place."