**Into the Woods**

by[strangegirly](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=5403655&page=submissions)©

Lisa's sneakers pounded rhythmically against the packed earth of the trail, the greenery of the trees whizzing by the corner of her eyes. She held her gaze steady ahead, about 100 feet in front of her. She would run until that tree, she told herself, then she could take a break.

She pushed against the burning in her legs, stretching her muscles and pumping her arms through the air. Her legs were long and toned, and she could feel my sinewy muscles ripple underneath her sun kissed skin. Her dirty blonde hair, tied up tightly in a ponytail on the back of my head bounced as she ran, and so did her breasts. No matter what sports bra she wore, her d-cup tits refused to stay still on her runs, painfully thumping on her chest, causing her tank top to heave to the rhythm of her pace.

When she reached the tree that she promised herself she would stop at, she instead kept going. She didn't want to lose the momentum she had built up. Besides, she knew what she would reward herself with if she ran the 3 miles without taking a break while keeping her goal pace. Just that thought caused her to smile through her sweat and gave her another burst of energy.

The morning air was cool, though the rays of sunlight that danced on her back promised a hot day. The further she ran, the thicker the greenery around me got, as the forest changed from sparse elm and birch to a thicket of old growth oaks and aspen. Here, the sunlight didn't have a chance to burn away all the fog yet, so a thin mist floated in patches between the trees, casting an ethereal light.

It was silent here, save for the rustle of leaves in the breeze and the occasional chirping of birds. If Lisa really listened, she could hear a brook babble in the distance, and some larger animal pause in the thicket as she ran past, resuming to move when it thought her a safe distance away. She loved the outdoors, and she loved being alone in them.

As she approached a familiar divet in the trail, Lisa checked my watch. It was one of the newfangled smart watches; a gift from her college best friend. She grinned when she saw that she was almost at 3 miles, and that her time was even better than expected. So, when she reached the turn, Lisa decided to take it.

Leaving the main trail behind for this path was a ritual of hers whenever she met her goals for the day, and was honestly her favorite part of her daily run. This area of the woods also happened to be her favorite as well. The trees here were massive and grew in close proximity to one another. Ferns and shrubbery were sporadic in between, thick enough to create privacy, but sparse enough so that you could see through the forest and occasionally spot wildlife.

She began to slow as she approached a clearing, her feet pounding into the ground to halt her speed, finally breaking into a walk. She was out of breath, so she put my hands behind her head and walked a couple laps around the clearing. As her heart rate slowed, Lisa took in the scenery. She had been here plenty of times before, but it honestly looked especially beautiful this morning. The clearing was roughly the shape of a circle, maybe about 15 feet in diameter at most. The sun shone brightly here, as the thick canopy wasn't present. That allowed the soft green grass to grow taller than it did anywhere else in the woods, halfway up Lisa's calf, mixed in with wildflowers. In the middle, laid a fallen old oak, its trunk polished smooth with time and sunshine.

Her body now calm after it's exertion, Lisa headed over to that log, slipping off her running shorts. She pulled them down, over her sneakers, revealing her toned, round ass. She never wore underwear when she ran, finding it much too constricting. Then, she pulled off my tank top and sports bra, releasing her perky breasts, slightly red from the constricting and tight fabric. Her nipples immediately hardened at their exposure to the still cool forest air.

She grinned, a thrill running up her spine. She was sure that she was alone, and yet was excited at the possibility of a strangers eyes examining her toned naked body.

She placed her leg onto the log and touched her toes, stretching out her sore and fatigued muscles. The tension in her buttocks slowly faded away as she switched legs, and she enjoyed the warm sunlight on my bare back. After stretching her naked body for a bit, Lisa jumped up onto the log, sitting on the smooth wood.

She laid down vertically, so that her back was flat against the trunk and spread her legs. Anyone in the woods would have a perfect view of her naked body and glistening pink pussy. She sighed, partly in content and partly at her secret disappointment that nobody was watching.

About 50 feet away, at the divet that led to the clearing, a man paused. Dave was a photographer, and woke up early that morning hoping to catch some shots of wildlife. He had never noticed the small diverging path before, and scanned the woods around it. The same aspects that made Lisa adore this part of the forest intrigued Dave, who was now confident that heading down this path was his best shot of capturing a photo of an elusive red fox or maybe a spotted fawn nestled in the thicket. With the soft and silent step of a nature photographer, Dave set down that path, not knowing that in the clearing lay a sprawled naked Lisa.

The wood was warm and smooth against Lisa's delicate skin, though a few knots jabbed at her back. She enjoyed that slight discomfort though, especially when paired with the pleasing sensation of sunlight on the parts of my body that rarely ever saw it.

The wind brushed over her body, tickling the sensitive skin on her stomach and inner thighs, and hardening her perky pink nipples even more. She basked in the sensation, dipping her hand slowly to her pussy.

She rubbed slowly at first, enjoying the wet slickness of her cunt, before starting to focus her attention on her clit. With two fingers, which she moved rapidly in a circular motion, she began to rub herself viciously. Soft moans began to escape her lips, and her other hand moved to her breast. She massaged it gently, rolling the pink erect nipple between her fingers, moaning louder now.

Hearing a noise, Dave stopped still in his tracks. He was 10 feet away from the clearing now, and could begin to see parts of it through the thicket between the trees. First, he thought it was an animal, and excitedly reached for the camera dangling around his neck. However, as he began to take off the lens cap, he recognized the sounds he was hearing as human moans. He blushed at the thought, thinking that there was some couple in the clearing, going at it. Despite his better sensibilities, he decided he wanted to get a better look.

Instead of following the path - Dave decided that that would reveal him too quickly- he veered into the woods. He walked slowly, placing each foot carefully so as not to make a sound. He was trained to be silent in the woods, and was able to make it to the edge of the clearing without so much as a rustle. He stood behind a thick bush, and he peered between its branches into the clearing. He almost gasped when he saw Lisa.

Her body, bathed in the mid-morning sunlight, was gorgeous. He had a perfect view, able to see not only her fingers massaging her pussy but also her large, voluminous breasts with the perfect cherry like nipples, and the contour of her neck and face. He was surprised to see that she was alone, though incredibly pleased.

Lisa, blissfully ignorant of her surroundings, continued to massage her clit. Her hips began to buck into the air, and she let out gasps of pleasure. Then, she dipped her hand lower and pressed two fingers deep inside of her cunt, groaning as she did so. She began to fuck herself, moaning even louder now, her fingers curled against that soft sweet spot deep inside.

Dave watched, transfixed by her beauty and her moans. He realized that he was getting hard, his thick cock beginning to swell inside his pants. Ashamed, he wondered if he should walk away and leave the girl to do her thing in private, but he simply could not force himself to take his eyes off of her. Without even realizing it, he began to stroke his dick through his pants.

After a minute or two, his cock was rock hard and pulsing, so he decided to fuck it and unzipped his pants, letting it spring out in all its glory. He felt a tickle of shame again; he had obviously had his dick out in the wilderness before, to use the restroom, but never in a sexual context. But as he watched Lisa's body writhe on that sunbathed log, his shame melted away quickly. He began to stroke his length, slowly first, then matching the speed of Lisa's fingers. He could see how tight her pussy was, her fingers dripping with his fluids. He imagined that instead of those fingers it was his cock inside of her, stretching her walls as she moaned.

On the log, Lisa was beginning to feel a pressure building up deep in her gut. Her fingers still pounding her pussy, she began to rub her clit with her thumb, which sent ripples of pleasure through her body. She bucked her hips up into the air, and began to thrust them wildly as she came. A wave of euphoria washed over her body and her breath caught as she tried to gasp.

Dave could see her cum, and knew exactly what was happening. Her pussy was pulsing, clenching against her fingers, and her muscles rippled as the climax ran through her body. Watching this, and stroking his cock hard and fast, he couldn't help but cum too, sending spurts of his semen into the bushes. He bit his lip to keep from groaning.

On the log, Lisa relaxed, her body filled with a pleasant tingle. She gently stroked her pussy, which was sopping wet from her orgasm. She laid on the log for another minute or two, relishing in the outdoors, before swinging her legs off the log and hopping down. She bent over to pick up her clothes from the grass, giving Dave a wonderful view of her ass and pussy. Just the sight almost made him hard again.

She quickly slipped on her clothes, pulling it over her tight, toned body and rolled her neck to get rid of any cricks. After tightening her ponytail, she checked her watch. Dave suddenly became very aware of where he was and what he just saw. His stomach tightened into a knot and he prayed that she wouldn't see him in the bushes. Lucky for him, she didn't even look in his direction, but instead just burst into a jog down the path by which she entered. Dave waited about 15 minutes; he had to make sure she was gone, before following.

As he walked back the way he came, he wondered how often of an occurrence this was. Did this girl do this daily? Or was this a one off deal? He wanted to find out, and decided to come back the next day. He would come much earlier though, so as to be already settled when she arrived. He was proud of himself for his discovery, but still cited curiosity as the reason for his return the next morning, when he knew it was actually just horniness.

As he hoped, she was there the next day, in the same spot, and he jacked off watching her again. Just as this was her ritual, it became his. He always arrived 20 minutes before her, and settled into the forest, sometimes reading a book or drinking coffee from a thermos to pass the time before her arrival. Like clockwork, she was always there. (save for, of course, the days when it rained).

About a week in, Lisa began to start to notice things. The path, which originally was only ever used by her, had become well trodden, and she even noticed a heavy boot print in the dirt one day after a rainstorm. She became more attentive to the noises she heard, and was aware that something large was moving in the woods beside her.

She didn't come to the conclusion that someone was watching her for sure for about another week and a half, partly because she didn't want to address what she should do if that was the case. Logically, she knew that if someone was watching her that was a potentially dangerous situation and warranted her not only halting her favorite practice, but also probably changing running routes. Her cheeks would flush when she thought of how she must look up on that log, fingers buried in her pussy, moaning and thrashing about.

But she kept coming anyways, and even prepared for the possibility that she was watched. She always made sure that she was clean shaven and wearing her best workout clothes, sometimes even putting on a bit of mascara or lipstick. She didn't want to admit it, but the thought of being watched sent butterflies into her stomach and tingles into her pussy.

Dave, on the other hand, was getting comfortable, even sloppy at times. He thought her oblivious, thinking that if she hadn't noticed him by now, he was safe going forward. He let the time between his and her arrival get shorter, and even let himself moan softly as he stroked his cock. He loved his dirty little secret, but as time went on, longed more and more to actually touch the strange woman. He wanted to feel her smooth skin and pound her hot flesh with his engorged cock.

Lisa, once she made her peace with the fact that there was definitely someone watching her and that she loved the attention, began to look for him in the thicket. Discreetly, of course, so as not to scare him away. As the days went by, she began to catch glimpses of him through the trees, a tall, dark lumbering form. One day, after leaving, she waited about 50 yards from the divet that led to the path to the clearing, hoping to get a better look of the man who had seen so much of her. She hid in the woods, her heart thumping at the sudden reversal of roles. When he emerged, she bit her lip in pleasure. She was honestly expecting her watcher to be some creepy old man, but the man that emerged was anything but that.

He was tall, with olive skin and black hair, and broad shoulders, like a swimmer. His square jaw was chiseled and shaven clean. He was a bit lanky, but Lisa could see the ripple of muscle underneath his clothes and could tell that he was strong. She thought back to only half an hour ago, when she was naked on the log and he was watching her, probably stroking his cock to the writhing of her body. Just that thought turned her on more than anything. She resolved then and there to fuck him.

The next day, when she arrived, her heart was pounding. She wasn't sure if he got to the clearing before her or after, but she did suspect before. Following her usual ritual, she stripped and began to stretch. Her pussy was wetter than usual that day, hungry with anticipation for the possibility of being fucked with more than just fingers. Lisa's stomach fluttered, both with excitement and nerves. What if he didn't want to fuck her? What if he just left and never came back? She was terrified of ruining the wonderful thing the two of them had going.

She pondered for a second whether it was worth it, while quickly rotating her shoulders to crack her back, her tits flying naked across her chest. But the thought of those broad shoulders holding her down, those sinewy arms running up and down her body, a cock pounding her pussy was enough to convince her it was.

Sprawled in her usual position, she began to gently rub her pussy. Taking a deep breath to brace herself, she stopped and called out "I could use some help today"

Dave seated comfortably, undoing his belt, prepared for the usual show, almost jumped at her voice. His heart started racing, and his fight or flight almost kicked in when he realized that she was asking him to join her. Still frozen in shock, he heard her speak again.

"I know you're there" she called out in a sultry tone, "And I'm honestly growing tired of my fingers." Lisa spoke with a confident voice, but she was panicking inside, worried he would run away, and listening intently for the rustle of leaves indicating his presence.

Dave's heart was still racing, but for another reason now. He wasn't panicked but excited; the thing he had been hoping for since he first saw Lisa in the woods was finally going to happen. He slowly pulled himself up to his feet and approached the log.

At the sound of his movement, Lisa sat up on the log, propping her body up with her hands. As he approached, she twisted her bod into a sitting position, both legs hanging off one side of the log, facing Dave. She smiled at him as he emerged from the woods, and he smiled back. As he walked, Dave stripped off his shirt and threw it to the ground. His belt was already undone, so he just dropped his pants to the ground, stepping out of them while keeping his shoes on. "You need help, you say?" He tilted his head inquisitively.

Lisa nodded, not looking him in the face. Instead, she was staring at his cock. It was already rock hard and engorged, easily 8 inches long and incredibly thick. A bit of precum sat at the top, glistening a bit in the sun. She had never had a cock that big, and the thought of that monster inside of her made her insides tingle.

Right in front of her now, Dave crouched down to kiss her, one hand on the back of her head, the other on her side. His tongue traced her lips, which she opened up to him. Kissing her deeper, he allowed her to pull him down on top of her, moving one hand to support himself and the other to her breast. She spread her legs around his, lying at an angle so that her body wasn't dangling off one side but still allowed Dave to lean in on top of her.

They continued to kiss, and Dave began to massage her breast. When he pinched her nipple, he could feel her gasp into his mouth, which only made him pinch harder. His cock was rubbing up against her hip, and he could feel her hot wet pussy against his leg. It would be so easy to enter her right now, but he wanted to let the anticipation build. He had waited this long, and he wanted to make this last as long as possible.

To Lisa's frustration, he began to kiss lower and lower. She was so incredibly horny that she was desperate for his cock right there and then, but it became clear to her that she would have to wait. Her fingers were tangled in Dave's hair, and she followed his head as he kissed down her neck and collarbone, nipping gently at her soft skin with his teeth.

Dave hungered for her body and savored the touch of her skin under his, but some deep part of his brain was very aware of how exposed he was. Jacking off in the bushes was one thing; he was fully clothed most of the time and very well hidden from view. Now, his face was buried in a girl's body, and he was completely naked. The woods offered some privacy of course, but he had found Lisa when she thought she was alone and there was always the possibility of some stranger passing by to take that little hidden path and walking up to them to watch. The thought both terrified and excited him, though he didn't focus much on it, choosing instead to direct his attention to the unbelievably hot woman underneath him.

He kissed lower and lower down her chest, finally arriving at her tits. He began kissing one while massaging the other with his hand. They were soft but firm, and large in his hand. Her nipples, hardened by the forest breeze, were a bright pink. He kissed and bit and sucked at the tissue, but avoided the nipple, teasing her and letting the sensitivity grow. Finally, he took it in his teeth, biting gently and flicking the tip with his tongue. Lisa jolted underneath him, moaning loudly at the combination of pleasure and pain. He circled his tongue around it a little more, sending shivers down her spine. He gave the same treatment to the other breast, though skipping the teasing.

Leaving her tits covered in hickeys, he continued downwards, kissing and licking at her stomach and abdomen. When he reached her pussy, he kneeled on the forest floor and put her legs on top of his shoulders, giving him easy access to her hot, wet, cunt. He continued to tease her, trying to prolong this as much as possible. He kissed around her outer lips first, occasionally nipping at the sensitive skin with his teeth, causing her to kick her legs. Finally, he decided that she had had enough and licked up her slit, parting her lips.

She gasped as his tongue ran up and flicked her clit, and began to moan as he started to suck her swollen little button. Her legs were twitching involuntarily, and she threw her head back and closed her eyes. She was so turned on that it didn't take long for Dave to make her cum, and she was bucking her hips wildly with his face still latched on to her, gasping for air. The orgasm was much better than anything she had been able to do for herself, and better than any that a man had given her indoors. It was the combination of Dave's skill, the thrill of him being a complete stranger, the anticipation she had for this, and the wonderful excitement she had from doing this in the woods.

Dave rose up from his knees and Lisa sat up to meet him, kissing him deeply. She could taste herself on his lips and licked her juices off of his chin. Her hands were running up and down his chest, before finally grasping at his cock. He grunted softly as she wrapped her hands around him, and she knelt to her knees.

She rubbed the cock in her hands a bit, marveling at the sized. She had no idea how she was supposed to fit it in her mouth. Cupping his balls with one hand, and continuing to rub his shaft with the other, she leaned in to put the tip to her lips. Before taking the head into her mouth, she darted her tongue along the tip, licking up the precum and sending shivers up Dave's spine. She continued to lick at the head, covering it with her saliva before finally wrapping her lips around it. This was going to be a challenge for her, but Lisa was determined to take as much of him into her throat as she possibly could.

Dave's hands were tangled in soft blonde hair as she started to move her mouth up and down his length. She was slow, but steady, and swirled her tongue along his shaft inside her mouth. Gradually, she picked up her pace, and began to take more and more of him. He groaned as his tip hit the back of her throat, and let out a soft gasp as it went past it. Lisa gagged a bit, not used to a cock going so deep into her throat, but forced herself to relax. She looked up at Dave as she continued to deepthroat him, her eyes as blue and wide as the sky.

Dave couldn't help but guide her head along with his hands, pushing her further down his cock. Nobody has been able to take his entire length before, and the prospect of that happening now thrilled him beyond belief. When he felt her lips at the base of his shaft, it took all his self control to not cum right there.

Lisa was struggling to breathe at this point, and tears were beginning to well up in her eyes from the pressure in her throat. She released him then and pulled her lips off his cock, now dripping with her saliva. She wiped the drool of her face, and was about to lean in to start again, but Dave pulled her up. He didn't want to be inside her mouth anymore, he wanted to be inside her pussy.

He sat on the log and pulled Lisa up so that she was facing him, her legs wrapped around his waist. She placed her hands on his shoulders, gazing into his eyes. He held her hips, shifting her slightly, and lowered her onto his cock slowly. As he entered her, she gasped, closing her eyes and wrapping herself around him, pushing her body into his. Her soft tits with their hard nipples were now pressed against Dave's chest, rubbing against him as she began to ride him.

Her pussy was incredibly tight and soaking wet. Dave could feel his head stretching her walls and prodding at her cervix. She went incredibly slowly at first, gasping as each inch entered her, shocked that there was still more. As she took in his full length, she bit his shoulder. Once she became accustomed to the sheer size of him, she began to move her hips up and down, going faster and faster. He helped her ride him, guiding her hips up and slamming them down. Lisa's nails were digging into his back and she was moaning loudly as he grunted.

Dave wanted to fuck her faster though, and this position was not the best for that. So, he pulled her off and laid her across the log. It was tall enough that when she was bent over it, he could stand behind her and have perfect access. He grabbed her hair and pulled her up so that her back was arched, and she tried to support herself with her arms to maintain that position. From there, he had the perfect view of her gorgeous ass, her 2 perfectly round asscheeks pale in the sunlight. One hand still holding her hair, he used the other to smack one cheek, watching his handprint turn pink and the flesh jiggle. He then guided himself to her entrance, and began to fuck he furiously.

His cock was slamming in and out of her pussy, shaking Lisa's body. The new position also meant that his head was grinding against her g-spot, which sent her wild. She shut her eyes and let the sensation wash over her. She felt a bit like she was being torn apart, his cock was that big, but she honestly didn't mind. She was thrusting her hips back against his, trying to keep up with the speed.

Dave was shocked at the way he was fucking her. Sure he'd wanted this for a long time, but he had never felt this kind of hunger before. It was animalistic, the way he was pumping her. Being outdoors had filled him with a desire to truly ravage her, claiming her as his own.

Lisa felt a pressure building again, her pussy contracting around the thick cock inside of her. "Faster, fuck, faster," she moaned, "I'm going to cum!"

Dave obliged, thrusting himself into her tight cunt as fast as he possibly could, grunting loudly. As she came, her pussy tightened around his cock in waves, sending him over the edge. He came too, sending thick spurts of cum deep inside her. He didn't know whether she was on birth control, and in the moment he didn't care. He almost wanted to impregnate her. He really did truly feel like some wild animal.

He slowed down as he pumped his seed inside of her. She was still moaning loudly from her climax, the waves of pleasure still spreading through her body. He gave her a few more strokes before pulling out. Her cunt was gaping and dripping a mixture of her juices and his cum, and Dave admired his work. Then he slumped over the long alongside her, exhausted and out of breath.

The two lay in silence for a couple minutes, their hearts racing. The sun shone warmly on their back and the wind brushed the naked curves of their body with a light feathery touch. Lisa especially felt the breeze on her soaking pussy, it suddenly cold.

Once her breath slowed, Lisa stood and reached for her clothes. Dave followed her lead. "See you tomorrow?" She asked, looking up at Dave, who was fastening his belt. He grinned.

"Of course."