**An All Natural Walk**

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For a better understanding, I'll introduce you to some prior information before my story that is put-together from emails I sent to my girlfriend Tessa.  
  
In fact, this is the content of the emails we've exchanged concerning my little adventure and follow-up right before Harvest came.  
  
Tessa was at that moment the sub in a relationship that to a certain extent is like the relationship I happen to be in (and am happy to be in) with John.  
  
On Fridays we have our little standard way of 'starting the weekend' that we have done since the start of our marriage.  
  
I usually get home before John. Since he loves to see me naked, I undress as soon as I get home. Sometimes I wear an accessory or a combination of accessories, like a shawl, a hat, a pair of stockings, high heels or maybe a pair of long sleeved gloves. Afterward I start preparing dinner.  
  
When John comes home, we kiss without him even mentioning a word about my nakedness. He might say something like; 'You look great! How was your day?'  
  
Then when he is seated, I bring him a drink, unzip his pants, pull his dick out and give him a quick blowjob to relax and as a good start of our weekend...  
  
This story started September past; we started our weekend as usual, after which we were having a drink together. I took a glass of Chardonnay as, for my part, it's the drink that tastes best after swallowing cum. To compare, like coffee and brandy go together quite well.  
  
It looked as if we were having the last warm days in autumn. John, still in the afterglow of his orgasm, suggested that I should take my chance to enjoy what could be my last walk in the nude for this year. That's when we decided to go for it on Sunday, as the weather looked to be extremely good for it.  
  
When Sunday arrived we got up early, having the alarm set at quarter past six in the morning. After freshening up with a little makeup, I put on only my short blue dress, as planned. I was going to walk totally naked, without even wearing shoes. Since there was no point in taking any other clothing along, I only grabbed a small towel to wipe off my feet afterwards, in case they get wet or dirty along the way. While I went down to the kitchen to make us a cup of coffee, John took a quick shower and dressed, needing more time than I did...  
  
After we finished our coffee, John drove us to our usual starting point, which was twenty-minutes from our house.  
  
John drove backwards onto the path and parked to the side, leaving a gap between the passenger side and the bushes, thus creating my 'dressing-room' as he referred to it. We both got out of the car, and I undressed behind the open door. I handed my dress to John to take care of and closed the door behind me. John left it in the back with my towel, after which he closed the hatch and locked the car.  
  
We were ready to go for our walk, so I gave John my hand and we went on our way. I had these thrilling mixed up sensations; of fear and pride; tension and calmness; hot and cold, all in the same moment, like I always have during my naked walks and I enjoyed every minute of it! Feeling the fresh morning air all over my skin and the cool moistness on my feet made me very aware of the totally naked state I was in. The only things I was wearing at that moment were my wedding-ring, perfume and make-up.  
  
The whole walk normally takes about an hour. We started about 7:00 o'clock, so we would finish our circuit before pedestrians would appear.  
  
The air wasn't too cold, but the grass was!!  
  
As I'd thought, the grass was still wet, so I walked the path on the dry soil. I held John's' hand while he led me and we had a nice, cozy conversation about anything except my state of nakedness, as it was no subject between us. That is, until John looked at my bouncing breasts and complimented me on the sight of my nipples, saying they looked astonishing. Due to the morning air, my enlarged nipples in the center of my extra pronounced lumpy-surfaced areola had become real eye-catchers, he said!  
  
I thanked him for his compliment while we continued our walk. John asked me to stop. He lifted my hand and made me stand on the tip of my toes, turning me around to check every part of my naked body, including the small triangle of pubic hair that was left pointing at my clitoris, and underneath, my small labia naughtily peeped out between my pussy lips.  
  
'You look more beautiful than ever and your pussy's haircut suits you so well... quite casual in nature...' he said. I got a blush and asked him not to exaggerate. Then John kissed me, gave me a tap on my buttocks, and we continued our walk and our entertaining conversation.  
  
After walking about three quarters of an hour, John saw movement ahead of us on our trail. He said that he thought we were about to meet some fellow walkers and that I should prepare myself for passing them.  
  
I felt how wet I suddenly became just at the thought of what might happen in the next few minutes and I blushed, starting between my breasts the heat went up to my face. Turning back was no option, so I would have to confront whatever or whoever we were to meet while I was completely naked... I squeezed John's hand tightly. In minutes we saw movement around us in the bushes. It turned out we had walked into a group of bird watchers (how fitting for the situation), who now came out of their hiding places.  
  
They were a group of eight men, all equipped with large cameras. John reacted quickly, as he always is in a crisis. He told them not to take any pictures of me in that moment. But if they agreed to not take any pictures at all, John said they'd be allowed a closer inspection.  
  
The man who acted as their spokesman was okay with that condition. John asked them to follow us to a picnic table nearby, 'for practical execution of their inspection' as he referred to it.  
  
We continued hand in hand for a few minutes. I was all red...sweating all over with hard nipples and dripping wet. I felt, cool, wet droplets of my own juice dripping on my inner thighs!  
  
Finally reaching the picnic table, John told me to go and lie down on the table on my back, lifting my knees and spreading my legs for my inspectors. John instructed me to open up my pussy with my fingers, so the gentlemen could have a decent look inside. So, I parted my labia using two hands and though I felt totally humiliated, my arousal was also heady. John told me to ask the gentlemen to come and inspect me when I felt ready for it. As I wanted to have this over with, I invited them to have a look one by one which they did!  
  
Needless to say, they wanted their relief afterwards, but as we didn't have any condoms with us and of course, they didn't either, John said that I should suck only one of the gentlemen. The rest were allowed to jerk off on me, depositing their cum on my body and face. That sounded fine to me, so I agreed. John picked some straw from the side of the path, making sure there was a shorter one in between.  
  
When he was ready, he let the men pull one straw each. It turned out that the man in charge of the group was the lucky-one I was to give the blowjob to.  
  
I asked John if I should swallow and John nodded 'yes' so the fun started; seven men on their knees on the benches next to the table jerking off and the glance of the most impressive rock hard, veiny cock was laid in my mouth by its lucky owner. I lost all concept of time sucking, before the man I was working with my mouth started to groan, spasm and then exploded to deliver the content of his well-filled sack into my mouth. I counted while swallowing his cum; he delivered seven rhythmic spurts. I swallowed every drop he gave me. That seemed to be the sign for the others to ejaculate all over me. My body was drenched in cum!  
  
When they all were done, John told me to spread and massage the loads all over my body and face. I started wiping the cum from my eyes before opening them, and started laughing off the stress I had felt before.  
  
John told me to thank the men for their contributions, which I did. When all the cum was spread, we wished them a good day, said goodbye and continued to our car.  
  
John told me how proud he was of me satisfying the group. He told me how sexy it was to see me totally exposed and working hard on the blowjob I was performing, even when I frowned and fully concentrated as I swallowed and was covered in cum. He complimented me on how much suction I'd used. The leader's cock made my cheeks bulge, causing a rhythmical plopping sound as he pumped.  
  
I answered that it had all been a great pleasure to me. I thanked him for his guidance and assistance to make it possible, I kissed him on the cheek, giving him a smell of the cum that was still around me and on my breath.  
  
The man I had sucked gave John his phone number in case we wanted to meet again. I laughed at that, saying it might lead to a very interesting evening or adventure. John said he thought so too, but we should discuss how to explore that later on.  
  
Without meeting anyone else on our way, we reached the car. John opened the hatch and gallantly helped me put my dress over my head. He gave me the towel for my feet. In the car I dried my feet and toes, and we made our way home. Once back home we went immediately to the bedroom, where I took off my dress and John did his work on me, licking me to a great orgasm, after which we fucked till the moment John said he was going to come. That was the sign to change position fast, as he would have about three seconds before ejaculating. He pulled his dick back out of my pussy while I turned on my hands and knees to receive his dick and load in my mouth.  
  
After we were done, I took a shower while John changed the sheets of our bed.  
  
The rest of the day I only wore my black pareo, stockings and boots to please John as a reward for his fabulous guidance during our walk that resulted in our sexy encounter with the group of birdwatchers.