**Jogging for Fun and Exercise**

by[Iwroteathing](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=4775337&page=submissions)©

"I... fucking... hate... this" I groaned to myself in the rhythm of my footsteps on mud. I had been jogging a couple of months now and it still felt like the worst thing of my life. Not just the burning muscles and gasping lungs, but the knowledge that my best years are over. In my youth everything was easy, my body required no long term attention, a spray of hairspray in my black pixie cut hair, a light splash of makeup, a padded bra for my b-cups, and a short enough skirt to let my long legs do the work was all I required to show off. It was almost exactly on my 25th birthday that I lost my ability to eat whatever I wanted, do no exercise, and still maintain a relatively trim figure.  
  
"Fuck... you... trees." Words I pushed through my gritted teeth, swearing at my surroundings now a familiar coping mechanism for the final part of my run. "Fuck... you... lake." I didn't take much of an expansion of my tummy to get me to take the drastic step of actually exercising. My one saving grace was living near enough to Richmond Park to have beautiful scenery to swear at as I ran. I had decided to start jogging early in the morning to avoid other people and to have time to shower before work, but as October rolled on I found myself jogging in the almost darkness of the earliest dawn, Richmond being a safe (and wealthy) enough place to do so.  
  
"Fuck it that will do." I exclaimed collapsing onto a tree stump to catch my breath before my resigned walk home, taking my phone out of its jogging case to check the pedometer app. I took a moment to admire my surroundings now the unyielding slog of jogging had stopped and with it my desire to see everything burn.  
  
The trees were shedding the last of their brown leaves, the pond was silent and still, the naked woman was doing a better job of jogging than me...  
  
Wait.  
  
"Holy crap!" I inadvertently shouted. There was a woman wearing nothing but jogging shoes and a phone strap on her arm. There was a blur of blonde hair as she heard me and gave a high pitched yelp before diving back towards the clump of trees she had emerged from, her bottom jiggling with her sudden burst of speed.  
  
"Wait!" I yelled not knowing why, I doubt she actually would have and if she did, I'm not sure what I would do next. I certainly wasn't about to chase after her as I was barely going to be able to make my way home my legs were so weak. I had my phone in my hand but it never occurred to me to take a picture or anything, not that I would need it, the sight of her naked body was immediately burned into my brain.  
  
I made my way home thinking about her perky breasts and how they bounced with her footsteps. I went to work thinking of her tuft of blonde pubic hair. I took the train home thinking about the shivering blush that ran the length of her body when she saw me seeing her. I ate my disgustingly healthy dinner thinking of the look of exhilaration on her face before she noticed me. I went to sleep knowing the whole day was one spent dwelling on the shock and excitement of spontaneous nudity.  
  
The next day I prepared for my jog with a new determination, I was no longer jogging for my body, I was now jogging for hers. It was a long shot, after what happened I'm sure she would take steps to avoid being seen again, but I became the most vigilant jogger in the entire park. I was so frustrated with the lack of a naked woman's presence I didn't even notice I had jogged significantly further than usual.  
  
This was my routine for a week, I was able to put the naked woman out of my mind day to day, but the moment my jogging shoes went on my only thought was "maybe today I will see her." I don't jog on weekends, maybe it was the lack of opportunity that drove my mind wild with frustration but by Monday I had resigned myself to the naked woman being nothing more than a fond memory. Monday's jog was the worst yet, I skipped jogging Tuesday, I just didn't feel up to it.  
  
I spent Tuesday in a cloud of guilt, I really didn't want to be one of those people who took up exercise only to give up a month or two later, I decided I needed some form of change to keep me going. Wednesday as I stared at my running outfit I decided to give myself a taste of the thrill that the naked woman I saw must have felt. I took my sports bra and knickers and put them back in the drawer, it wasn't a lot but I would know. I pulled on my Lycra jogging trousers and red running top and examined myself in the mirror. The top was not tight enough to perfectly frame my breasts, but there was an unmistakable bulge where my nipples were stood to attention, I had always been a bit self-conscious about how my tight trousers framed my bottom, but now where the outline of my knickers used to be, there was smoothness confirming the exact contours of my butt. I quickly left my house feeling that I couldn't change my mind once I was jogging.  
  
I thought that having smaller breasts would mean I wouldn't suffer from the lack of a sports bra, but as my tits began to bounce with the rhythm of my jog I would be lying if I said it wasn't distracting. As my run progressed I realised the scale of my mistake, my underwear wasn't just there for modesty, as my labia rubbed against the tight Lycra of my sportswear and my nipples bounced against my top fabric, I could feel the oncoming chafing and decided to stop running. It was very short of my usual distance but I had experienced chafing when I first started jogging and knew enough to know I didn't want it to happen again.  
  
I slowed to a stop next to the first lake on my route, angry with myself for making such a stupid decision. Now I was going to have to walk home and I wouldn't have time to do a proper jog before work. Dwelling on the path to that stupid decision gave me an idea of how to mitigate its harms that I couldn't get out of my head. I cast my eyes around the lake, it was as uninhibited as it always was. My hands shivered as I pulled my top over my head, my whole body began to shiver next as I nervously pulled my trousers down, clumsily bundling them over my running shoes. I was now as naked as she had been.  
  
I stood looking out over the lake, the cold October air chilling my whole body. In its panicked state my brain began to rationalise as best it could my new circumstances. "Think of the calories you're burning" it reasoned. "Your heart is pumping a mile a minute, heat is leaving your body yet your insides feel like they're burning. This must be helping."  
  
I realised I had been stood still for too long, and decided I would do one lap of the lake naked, leaving my clothes next to the stump to give me a reason to go as fast as I could. It felt like my first time jogging, willing my right foot to take that first step, starting so that continuing would be easier than stopping. I groaned with effort and bounced into my first step. A step became a jog, a jog became a run and before I knew it I was sprinting around the lake, my curves bouncing while my breath floated in the air. My skin grew cold with the breeze and slick with sweat but my core was warm and my pussy felt like it was on fire.  
  
I was about three quarters of the way around when I saw the deer. I always liked that I was able to live in London and yet be near a park with deer in it, Richmond Park was special that way. But this fucking deer had decided that even though there was acres of grass for it to chew on, my clothes looked more tasty for it. My eyes bulged in disbelief as the deer sauntered up to my clothes and lowered its head. I wanted to shout to scare it away but at the same time I didn't want to risk drawing attention to myself in case there was someone nearby. I summoned every reserve of strength I had to sprint at the damn thing.  
  
The deer clearly heard the sounds of my heavy footsteps as it looked up, my trousers dangling out of its mouth. On seeing a furious naked woman charging towards it the deer did what any deer would do and bolted, but to my horror it didn't drop my trousers as it ran into a wooded area.  
  
Deers are annoyingly fast. I couldn't outrun a deer in optimal conditions let alone with my tits bouncing around and my mind clouded by how humiliating this situation is. I managed to keep it in sight, which I figured would have to do. Eventually it ran out the other side of the wooded area and into a clearing that I at least had the presence of mind not to follow it into.  
  
Richmond Park is like a mini national park in the south of London, one thing it has on top of the deer, the lakes, the wooded areas and the clearings, is roads used by everyone who wants a scenic route to work. This fucking deer had just stopped next to one of these roads so it could eat my trousers. It was still early enough that the road was not the usual constant stream of cars, but there was no time that this road was empty. I crouched in the wooded area, watching from behind a tree as the deer chewed on my trousers before a car drove by, scaring the deer enough for it to drop them and run.  
  
My trousers were within reach, all I had to do was wait for a break in traffic. I spent so long waiting for there to not be cars that the sun was beginning to rise, eventually I decided that the road was getting busier by the minute and I would have to resign myself to being seen. I waited for the biggest break I could find and made a run for it, my head in my hands. I got lucky that I was able to make it to my trousers before any cars appeared, snatching them off the ground and sprinting towards the woods where I would be safe until I got back to the lake.  
  
The moment I had my trousers in my hand I heard the engine of a car approaching. I turned my back on the road and ran, knowing at least one car would see my naked bottom before I would be hidden. I didn't look back but I did hear two different horns honking behind me. Maybe someone will dwell on my naked body the way I dwelled on that other lady's.  
  
Once clear of the road I put my trousers on and went to pick up my top. With the first step I realised something was wrong, that bastard deer had chewed a hole right in the crotch, looking down I could see the black fuzz of my pubic hair poking out of the front as well as more of my pale skin then I would have liked. Once I had reclaimed my top (thankfully right where I left it, unmolested by deer) I began the ultimate walk of shame, my hands covering my exposed pubis.  
  
When I finally got back home I sighed in relief. A few people had passed by and wondered why I had my hands over my pussy but I'm sure the look on their face would have been different if I hadn't. Despite everything that went wrong, the rest of the day was spent daydreaming about doing it again sometime.  
  
...  
  
In the coming weeks I never really pushed myself as far as that first day, I tried some minor rebellions, like flashing London from the hill, or having a quick play with myself behind a tree. I remember jogging in a loose fitting vest with no bra and having my tits constantly bouncing out was a fun experiment. But these techniques were something to boost motivation rather than part of the routine.  
  
November was starting to wear on when things changed again. I was doing my usual jog when a pink and black speck under a nearby streetlight caught my eye. It was another jogger so I had to dejectedly shelve my plans to do a section of my run in just my underwear. As she got closer on the path and the next streetlight shone on her, I immediately recognised her as the woman I had seen naked about a month ago, that image was so burned into my brain there was no mistake. Sure now she was dressed in a sleek jogging outfit but there was no mistaking that mischievous face and curly blonde hair. My stomach dropped at the presence of someone who had been on my mind for so long and in panic I casually rerouted into a separate path and then hid in a bush to avoid passing her.  
  
Just off the path my mind raced, I had spent a good amount of time hoping to run into the naked jogger again but had no idea what I should do now she was on the same path as me.  
  
Well I had one idea.  
  
In a frenzy, before my better senses could stop me, I began to strip off my clothes. Naked and shivering in the cold winter morning, I decided to wait for the sound of footsteps to get closer and then I would jog alongside her naked. I was only naked in that bush for a moment or two but it felt like a lifetime. I questioned how she would react? What was she going to do? What if she laughs, or attacks me, or what if I had been fixated so long on that naked woman I was seeing things and I was about to thrust my naked body on some unsuspecting and innocent stranger. The footsteps passed and I once again willed myself into that first step that had me jogging naked, getting ever further from my clothes.  
  
It took a few steps before she glanced behind her. What a sight I must have been; pale skin in the moonlight, tits bouncing everywhere, probably a look on my face somewhere between ravenous and mortified. She stopped to stare for a second and I felt it appropriate to stop next to her. There was a couple of seconds of stunned silence that began to feel much longer than was comfortable so I decided to break it by pretending everything was normal.  
  
"Having a good run?" I nonchalantly enquired.  
  
"Clearly not as enjoyable as yours," she chuckled. Eventually after another uncomfortable silence, my embarrassment got the better of me.  
  
"Ever since I saw you jogging naked, I have thought about it every day and sometimes I do something like this!" I blurted out like a schoolgirl confessing to a teacher. She gave my naked body a look up and down, before peeling off her top. I couldn't believe it, she was also getting naked, I saw that same hesitation and fear giving way to resolve and soon she stood as naked as I was. I couldn't help but stare, she was a bit older and our tits were the same size but everything else was more trim and toned.  
  
"Top of the hill and back?" She asked. In stunned silence I gave a nod and we began to jog. The feeling was everything I hoped it would be, the rush of air and the feeling of risk tempered with the reassurance of having someone else with you. As we got to the top of the hill I couldn't keep the grin off my face as we stopped to stretch.  
  
"I've always wanted a jogging partner." My new friend mused. "How about we jog together every day?" Overwhelming joy rose up inside of me at her suggestion, naked and on the top of London, we exchanged information. She introduced herself as Scarlett and we decided to meet at the edge of the park every morning at 6:00. We both agreed we wouldn't be jogging naked every time, but we would push some boundaries, it turns out she had been on a similar journey to mine in terms of the evolution of her jogging habits.  
  
We had been chatting so long, it was Scarlett that noted the sun was coming up and that we should probably get back to our clothes before the park cleaners put them in the bin (something that had happened to her once.) We ended up jogging at a slow pace so that we could continue swapping stories and then I picked up my clothes and went home to prepare for work.  
  
I when I first dragged myself kicking and screaming into doing some exercise, I felt like I was going to hate it but it would be a down payment on a happier life. I never could have envisioned that the jogging itself wouldn't just be fun, it would be the thing I look forward to most of every day. Every day I made sure to make it to the park entrance by six and felt a deep squeal of joy deep inside me when Scarlett was waiting for me with a cheeky grin on her face. Most commonly we would jog like normal people, no surprises. We had a sort of unspoken understanding that was how it would be unless circumstances outside of our jog made us want to try something different, at which point one of us tended to have an idea and the other would contribute the drive to go through with it or even improve upon it.  
  
No corner of Richmond Park was a stranger to our antics, Scarlett loved my loose fitting vest idea, while she showed me this fun trick to jog along the road wearing thick tights without underwear, fooling driver's into thinking you're wearing yoga pants while you know anyone looking closely enough would be able to see your pussy. Before long months had passed and it was early May when Scarlett discussed an idea she had for our jogging group.  
  
"So every so often I take a jogging holiday, it's exactly like it sounds. Anyway, I thought this year I could bring a friend." She suggested as we jogged.  
  
"How much will it cost?" I asked, excited at the prospect but mindful that most of my paycheque went to Richmond level rents.  
  
"Nothing for you, I am far wealthier than I have ever mentioned, in fact part of what I like about our friendship is those day to day concerns don't matter to the likes of us. Nevertheless, in July I have flights to a holiday house on the Faroe Islands for a long weekend, Thursday to Sunday, and I would be thrilled if you came as my guest." My head was spinning, not just at the free holiday but what it would entail, I barely hesitated in saying yes. She gave me the dates and now I had something to look forward to.  
  
As summer rolled around and temperatures began to rise, the anticipation of the holiday ahead made everything else fall into a mundane routine. Scarlett even suggested that despite our feelings, any time we had an idea for how we wanted to de-stress during our jogs, we should make a note of it for the holiday rather than acting on it immediately. A good idea but one that really made me begin to stress in the days ahead. Eventually it was holiday time and I met Scarlett at Gatwick airport.  
  
I think the flights to the Faroe Islands was the first time Scarlett and I actually chatted about our lives. She had started a couple of internet companies out of University when the net was young, eventually hitting the jackpot of being bought out by a bigger company and leaving her a relatively young millionaire at 33, now taking any consultancy jobs that excited her. Jogging appeared to be her only hobby outside the workplace and until I came along she viewed it as a lonely release.  
  
When we landed at the airport, I was amazed that on top of our business class flights, Scarlett had booked a helicopter to take us from the airport to the island where our cottage had been booked. As I looked out the window I marvelled at the rolling hills unfolding before me, there was simply no way to understate how beautiful the Faroe Islands are. Once we reached the helipad, a rental car was waiting for our final part of the journey. Scarlett drove us to the front door of a large yet cosy cottage in a small fishing town and we spent the evening unpacking and getting rested.  
  
On day one we woke up at the crack of dawn as was our routine, but we looked out over the mountains, our minds filled with ideas. We had decided that I would pick the day one activity as Scarlett had some ideas for days two and three. Before we started Scarlett showed me the jogging backpacks she had prepared, they contained all the things necessary for safe exploration; a compass, a whistle, energy bars, and plenty of water. More importantly it contained thermal blankets so we could leave the house in as little as we wanted and not end up freezing to death on a hillside (the Faroe Islands are a cold place even in summer).  
  
Once Scarlett had shown me our backpacks, I showed her the outfits we would be wearing on day one, we both agreed that we would be spending a lot of time jogging naked, but we were still in the middle of a village and we needed something to wear until we had the rolling hills to ourselves. I had bought us matching outfits, a loose fitting white vest and a short tennis skirt, to be worn without underwear, of course.  
  
We put on our outfits and stood at the front door looking at each other, our hearts pounding in our chests. Scarlett opened the door and held it open for me as I stepped out into the world. The Faroe Islands weren't especially cold, but the wind was vicious, whipping around all my exposed skin and threatening to lift my short pleated skirt. As Scarlett left the house I saw a shiver run up and down her body as she came to the same conclusion. We began to jog down the road and towards the large hill we had decided to jog to the top of today, keeping a slow pace and occasionally laughing as the wind caught one or both of our skirts and we gave anyone who was there to see it a good view of our bottoms. The town remained quite sleepy and abandoned despite our show.

It didn't take us long to reach the edge of town, sparse houses giving way to rolling hills. As we were uphill we could see a good amount of the town and wondered how easily its residents would spot us. Scarlett and I discussed it and decided that when we could no longer read the time on the church's clock tower, we were far enough away and the outfit I picked out would go in our bags. Our pace quickened at the prospect, our breasts spending more time popped out than contained in the flimsy vests.  
  
We didn't put much effort into squinting at the clock tower when we were far enough away, as a practiced reflex we whipped off the scant clothing we had and began joyously running up the hill. Richmond Park had always been in the shadow of London, what risks we took were freeing, but were incomparable to the purity of running naked among the untouched hills of the Faroe Islands. It was just me, Scarlett, our bodies and the world dancing in pure exhilaration. Whether or not our naked bodies could be seen from town was an irrelevance, we were certain they could hear our joyous laughter echoing among the hills. Every so often I would look over to see Scarlett, smiling with every inch of her body, her flesh bared to the world, and I would wonder if I also looked like I was in a joyous nirvana of nudity.  
  
When we got to the top of the hill we dropped out backpacks, kicked off our shoes and stood sky clad at the top of the world, the sweeping pastures and coves laid bare beneath our female forms. My heart was pumping so fast I didn't even notice I was shivering from the cold, it was a surprise when I felt Scarlett wrap a huge fleece blanket around me to keep me from literally freezing my tits off. I watched as Scarlett bent over to rummage through her bag for the second blanket, her perfect ass framing her clearly drenched pussy. Covered in goosebumps and shivering in the wind, I decided on a more direct approach to help her. I took the corners of the blanket in my arms and wrapped them around her shoulders so the blanket was covering us both, our naked bodies shivering together.  
  
Although we had shared our bodies a lot in our time together, I had never touched Scarlett. It was a wild and exciting feeling, being able to feel her breasts pressed against mine, our arms and legs clumsily intertwined, looking out over the hills it felt like the whole world belonged to us. I turned to see Scarlett staring at me. All the beauty of the world stretched out before us and she just wanted to see my smile. I hadn't noticed but I had been stroking her leg and seeing her face at its most ecstatic and content I knew what was coming next.  
  
The world swirled around us as, drawn by a mutual pull from an invisible force, we pulled ourselves to a close embrace. Scarlett bit her bottom lip as she brought her face closer to mine, our lips connected and suddenly that same excitement I felt when I first saw her naked came rushing back, like lightning had struck our hill and filled every pore with radiating electricity.  
  
She grabbed my bottom and pulled my body onto hers, rolling on top of one side of the blanket while the other rolled off my back. Our bodies once again exposed to the whipping winds, the tingles running up and down our skin as our hands began to explore each other in new and exciting ways. I remember I managed to get my hand between Scarlett's legs first, her pussy drenched and pulsing with anticipation. As I began to caress her pussy, spreading her labia and beginning to explore inside, my body gave way to a shudder of joy as I felt her fingers begin to explore my pussy in response.  
  
We howled with the wind as or we worked inside one another, our bodies rising and falling with waves of pleasure. I fell back in delight and before I knew it, Scarlett was shifting her body into a new position, her toned legs sliding past my body as she moved between my legs and began to grind her pussy against mine. On that hill with all of nature as our witness we became one flesh and shuddered to a fall together.  
  
We spent the next hour or so wrapped in the second blanket, sat on top of the first, caressing each other as we took in the surroundings our recent experiences, both absolutely breath-taking. After a while of calm, Scarlett took a big swig of her water and stood up.  
  
"Come on lazybones!" She announced, "Just because you pulled doesn't mean this isn't a jogging holiday. Let's head back to the cottage." Scarlett ran her hands up and down her body, and I once again saw that cheeky smile she gets when she has an idea. "How about a game of naked chicken? First one to put their clothes back on loses."  
  
"OK" I replied, "winner gets to sit on the losers face for as long as they want." Scarlett's face was a picture of admiration for me raising the stakes, she heartily agreed and we began to return to the cabin. Excitement turned to trepidation as the isolated nature began to be encroached upon by the man-made town. Suddenly we were not alone and my bravado was replaced with my classic bashfulness. I could now very clearly make out the time on the church clock, but also I could make out the cars bustling around on their business. It was when I could make out the paved roads and even some distant pedestrians that my nerves got the better of me and I began to reach into my bag, much to Scarlett's amusement.  
  
I put on my tennis skirt and loose vest and prepared to jog when Scarlett pointedly coughed.  
  
"Aren't you forgetting something?" She asked.  
  
"Right here?" I couldn't believe what she was asking.  
  
"Right here, right now, I get to sit on your face for as long as I want." I had envisioned it being a fun little romp for when we got home but she was right, I had never specified where or when. Gingerly I took off my backpack and lay down on the cold grass. I took a last look at the nearby town before my view was obstructed by Scarlett standing over me, lowering her pussy onto my face. I stuck out my tongue in anticipation and when her lips met mine, I ate greedily. I have no idea how long I lay there, burying my tongue as deep into Scarlett's pussy as I could, but I was aware that Scarlett was having the time of her life, being eaten out on the outskirts of town, still bare and proud, I wish I had that confidence.  
  
After a shuddering orgasm that left me with a wet face, Scarlett got up and put on her own tennis skirt and vest. After being naked this scant covering gave us more comfort than it had done on our way out of the house, however I was still nervous of showing off my intimates to some local fisherman or storekeeper. When we got back to the cottage we stripped off, showered together and collapsed into each other's arms for an early afternoon nap.  
  
In the evening we descended on the town, it was fairly small and close knit but we were still able to find a pub that served a serviceable fisherman's pie. As the pub got more crowded we kept our ears to the ground, listening for any mention of naked women on the nearby hillside. As the night went on and the wine flowed we began to get more hands with one another and decided to head back to the cottage to use a hot tub Scarlett had neglected to tell me about.  
  
The next morning Scarlett made a show of revealing the outfits she wanted us to wear for our jogging excursion today. When she brought two tins of paint out of her bag I thought she was joking.  
  
"Of course we'll both have to shave some bits beforehand but yes, this is a nice thick paint that we can put on one another and fool the town into thinking we're wearing clothes." The paints were black and pink to match Scarlett's usual running clothes. I was still staring wide eyed at the tins of paint when Scarlett came back from her room with a razor and ushered me into the shower to lather me up. Scarlett was so graceful and precise with the razor, I felt smoother than I had ever felt down there, but that did make me nervous when it was my time to shave her. I feel I did a commendable job and seeing our shaved pussies made me feel like we were even more naked than before.  
  
Scarlett allowed me to go first with the paint, I started with the black paint, passing my brush over her skin to draw an outline of the jogging outfit I remember her having, black trousers and black top with vivid pink stripes. Scarlett couldn't help but giggle at the ticklish brush passing over her skin, I then filled in the gaps with a nice thick layer of paint, making sure to spend plenty of time covering her pussy and ass, a difficult task with her wet pussy interfering with the paint drying. I finished with the pink detailing and stepped back, I was actually quite proud of what I had done, it wouldn't fool anyone who passed close by but from a distance you could believe she wasn't naked. Scarlett took her the brush and stared into the paint cans.  
  
"You realise I only brought the two cans right?" She asked gazing into the pots. "With the amount you used on me, I'm going to have to give you a skimpier outfit than mine, and yours is going to be far more pink then black." I gulped with trepidation, I didn't realise I had to be sparing. I closed my eyes as Scarlett dipped her brush into the pink tin. My mouth slipped out a gasp of betrayal as I felt the brush begin to glide over my sensitive skin. My breathing audibly quickening as Scarlett paid close attention to my pussy. It wasn't long before she implored me to open my eyes and examine myself in the mirror.  
  
Scarlett had effectively given me a sleeveless crop top paired with tight pink short shorts. Some black detailing sold the illusion a bit but the abundance of bright pink made my contours more visible than Scarlett's concealing black. I stood as far away from the mirror as I could and still my pussy lips were clearly defined and visible from most angles, not to mention my stuff nipples that stood out so much they could be used to direct traffic.  
  
"Nobody is going to be fooled by this" I objected.  
  
"It's fine, barely anyone will be around this early in the morning and our running route takes us to the coast, along a bit and up a river, won't be anyone there this time of day and anyone far away won't give us a second glance." Scarlett reasoned pushing a backpack into my hands and ushering me towards the front door.  
  
I peeked out around the door and sure enough the road was empty, I stepped out and immediately felt that signature Faroe Island wind send goosebumps up and down my body, yet another thing that would easily give the game away to anyone close enough. Scarlett seemed more confident than me as she stepped out of the house but in fairness she had more to be confident about.  
  
We began our jog and I was immediately on the lookout for anyone who might see us. The sleepy village on a Saturday morning remained asleep, as we jogged by the bar the state of the gardens surrounding it spoke to a village wide hangover keeping our jog private. Once or twice a car would zoom past us, I was certain they would have gotten a great passing view if they were even half paying attention. As we got to the coast, some boats offshore gave me pause for concern, I only hoped the fishermen were concentrating more on the fish than on the functionally naked girls on the shore.  
  
Eventually we made it to the river and began to run inland, the isolation once again claiming us and removing all doubts. We remained on the riverbank, only straying as the surrounding muddiness forced us away, the uphill jog causing our calves to burn in sync. When we reached a beautiful waterfall, we didn't need words to agree this would be a good place to stop for a breather.  
  
There was no hesitancy like the previous day, the moment the blanket was down Scarlett was on me, our bodies immediately intertwined. Scarlett then pushed me flat to the blanket, and edged her way down between my legs. I couldn't believe my luck as I felt her tongue begin to playfully flick at my clitoris, I felt my body begin to betray me and clearly Scarlett felt it too, as she went from a playful toying to plunging her tongue between my labia, greedily eating my out, I unashamedly squealed myself through an orgasm. As she looked up at me from between my legs, I couldn't help but burst out laughing at the electric pink paint that had rubbed off on her face.  
  
"Oh you think that is funny?" she giggled pointing at my pussy. I looked down to see all the paint surrounding my dripping vagina missing, framed by bright pink there was no way anyone was missing that.  
  
"You bitch," I snorted, "that's it, I'm going to lick every ounce of paint off you" I yelled tackling her to the ground. We rolled around play fighting, interspaced with kissing, Scarlett often coming out on top and holding me down, the roar of the waterfall drowning out my groans of delight, but Scarlett clearly heard them.  
  
"You want me so bad, come and get me." She announced, her tell-tale cheeky grin letting me know she was about to do something crazy. Without warning she ran into the river behind us, heading straight for the waterfall and letting out a shriek as the cold water rinsed over her body and the paint began to flow into the stream.  
  
"Are you insane?" I yelled.  
  
"Come on, haven't you ever wanted to make out under a waterfall?" She replied. "Plus this paint isn't exactly non-toxic, I already feel woozy even though I spat out as much as I could, I couldn't have you licking it all off me."  
  
I knew it was a terrible idea, but seeing Scarlett wash away her paint, revealing her purest form frolicking in the crystal waters overwhelmed my brain with desire. Before I knew it, I was slowly wading out to her, the icy water numbing my legs. The cold waterfall took my breath away, but as I gasped I felt Scarlett's hands grab my waist and pull me tight to her, her tongue darting into my mouth as her body became a beacon of heat surrounded by the sensory pleasure of rushing water. My mind focused on every touch as my body numbed to anything that wasn't Scarlett's embrace.  
  
Our liaison under the waterfall was intense but brief, there's only so long you can spend under cold water before you need to dry off and warm up to save your extremities. We hadn't packed towels but the blankets seemed to work alright and we once again decided to share our body heat. It was quite some time before my head stopped spinning and I was able to address the question my mind had silenced in its erotic fog.  
  
"How are we going to get back to our house now?" I asked Scarlett.  
  
"We still have these blankets, we can just return with them wrapped around us," she sighed. It wasn't ideal but I agreed it was better than the alternative, we wrapped the damp blankets around our shivering bodies and began the long walk back to our warm cottage.  
  
By the time we got back the town was a bit busier. As we returned from the coast we got a few sideways glances but I was keeping my blanket tight around my body and Scarlett was doing the same, although she had taken to occasionally flashing me when nobody was looking.  
  
We fell through the door and immediately got to work lighting the fire to warm up our naked shivering bodies. We fell asleep in each other's arms in front of the fire and didn't wake up until mid-afternoon. I kissed Scarlett awake and went to grab a bottle of wine, after today I was fascinated about what her final day plans could possibly be.  
  
I was confused when Scarlett turned down the wine, her cheeky grin had been replaced with a nervous determination I had never seen from her.  
  
"This is the second jogging holiday I have been on." She stated pensively, "and what I want to do tomorrow is something I chickened out of last time. Please understand you don't have to do what I am promising to do, I just hoped that having someone with me would make it easier." I gulped at the thought of what would make Scarlett so nervous.  
  
"My plan is as follows, tomorrow we are due at the helipad at three in the afternoon, and it is about 5 miles away. What I want to do is drive to the waiting room tonight, and lock all my, and possibly your, clothes and bags in our storage locker. I have made arrangements for our rental car to be picked up from this house, so I want to leave the house naked, lock the door, post the keys through the letterbox and be without any possessions between here and the helipad." Scarlett stuttered out, blushing from head to toe, I blinked in shock.  
  
"People will definitely see you if you do that." I pointed out.  
  
"People who live in another country that I will never see again." Scarlett replied. "I just love the idea of having nothing on me at all, reset to just me. Please I want to do this even if you don't, and I won't force you to." I was clearly standing agape in front of Scarlett, who decided to make dinner to give me time to think.  
  
We ate dinner in silence, and then to make things seem more real, Scarlett left to begin packing up everything she owned, as she would have to take my luggage as well I decided to pack alongside her. But before I started, I picked out my jogging outfit and put it on.  
  
"Sorry Scarlett, I don't think I can go along with this." I announced as a single tear dropped down my face.  
  
"It's OK" Scarlett responded, "Just by being here you are doing more for me than I thought possible." She pulled me close for a hug that made me really feel like she meant what she said and more, this did not assuage my guilt.  
  
It was night when Scarlett edged out of the house naked, carrying her suitcase, me walking dejectedly behind her with mine. We loaded up the car and I shut the boot as Scarlett climbed into the driver's seat, pulling the seatbelt across her heaving breasts, struggling to contain her heavy breathing at the thought of what lay ahead. She gave me a shy kiss on the lips that I felt tingle down my body, shocking my system.  
  
"Wait!" I yelled. I still didn't feel comfortable with what was ahead, but I knew anything I faced with Scarlett I could handle. With shaking hands I stripped off my jogging outfit. Unashamed of the sleepy town surrounding us I took my time to open the boot and pack my only outfit into my bag, the tail lights of the car illuminating my naked body in scandalous red the whole time. I went back to the driver's seat to give Scarlett a much more intense kiss and as I turned to walk away she gave me a playful slap on the bottom.  
  
I went and sat in the house, fiddling with whatever I could, contemplating what lay ahead of me in silence. It was a couple of hours before I heard the car pull up at the cottage and Scarlett walked through the door, beaming with joy at the sight of me.  
  
"How does it feel to have absolutely nothing?" She asked.  
  
"I dunno, pretty freaky." I replied honestly. Scarlett put another log on the fire and sat down with me on the sofa.  
  
"I won't leave you." She reassured, stroking my body with all of herself. "Tomorrow when we step out of this house and lock the door behind us, the only thing we will have is the only thing we will need, each other."  
  
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I don't think I had ever seen Scarlett genuinely nervous. I had sometimes seen that slight fade in her cheeky grin that would betray a measure of trepidation, but stood next to the front door I saw her whole body shaking at the thought of what lay ahead, her face a picture of steely determination. Thinking of myself, I felt my face and body language was probably no more reassuring.  
  
I took a deep breath and decided it was time to repay Scarlett for the world she had inadvertently introduced me to. I took her hand and smiled at her as I opened the front door, our bodies giving a small tell-tale jump as we heard the door close behind us. Scarlett was holding the keys to the house and car, so I nodded at her to do the final task that would lock us into our fate. I grabbed her ass as she bent over to post the keys back through the letterbox, then we both shuddered as we hear the metallic rattle of the keys hitting the floor.

The previous days we had at least faced an empty road to get started in, that old adage of starting so it is easier to continue than to stop, but on those days we had left early in the morning while the town was still sleepy. We turned around and immediately noticed a couple stood in the street staring at us. Scarlett stared back at them, her hands instinctively moving to cover herself, I wasn't going to let that happen.  
  
Forcing myself to laugh, I grabbed Scarlett by the hand and dragged her into a jog, giving a cheerful wave to the gawking couple as we passed.  
  
"Oh my God, I can't believe this is happening." Scarlett stammered as she got into a familiar rhythm of a jog, her naked body drawing stares from the occasional bystander.  
  
"Come on Scarlett!" I yelled, "I'm not leaving your side." I was hoping that keeping my focus on Scarlett would help distract me from the equal attention my nude form was getting. We jogged along the road, our bare feet slapping against the concrete. I was concerned that the town still seemed quite empty, we were getting the odd passer-by who would receive us with either a gawking stare or a hearty catcall, but I could have sworn I had seen the town busier on other days. When we turned the corner at the end of the road, it became clear where the whole town was.  
  
That church, the one whose clock tower we used as a barometer of town proximity, had been filled with townspeople attending the Sunday morning service. Almost exactly as we turned the corner, the bells began to ring and the doors were flung open for all the people of the town to go back to their lives. We stared in disbelief at the crowd of churchgoers, who in turn stared back at two naked women, approaching them at speed. Scarlett began to wave.  
  
There was no single reaction from the crowd, the priest was the first to break the silence, yelling that we were "Jezebels" and all manner of uncouth names. The wives mainly tried to cover their husband's eyes while the husbands did what they could to get an eyeful of our tits and pussy. Among some of the parishioners I saw a shock with a glint of intrigue, leading me to wonder if we had spread out love for spontaneous nudity further that day and that copycats would be left in our wake.  
  
As we passed the crowd a couple of older ladies broke from the masses to chase us, handbags firmly grasped and ready to be swung at any errant body part not fast enough to avoid their wrath, we were confident we could outrun the elderly but quickened our pace just in case.  
  
Once we had enough distance from the crowd to ensure our getaway, our pace slowed again. Scarlett turned to blow the crowd kisses and even gave a couple of cheeky slaps on her bottom to taunt the pious. I could barely bring myself to wave at them, the thought of my naked body being burned into their minds started to chip away at the false confidence I had used to get Scarlett moving.  
  
"One second, in all this excitement we forgot to stretch at the start of our run." Scarlett announced, bringing our jog to a halt, still firmly within view of the church crowd. "Come on, we don't want to cramp." She turned to face the crowd and lowered herself to a squat, stretching one leg to the side before stretching each leg in turn, showing off her open legs to the crowd. She was stretching for a good ten seconds before I decided to join in.  
  
Next we moved stood up straight and leant on each other in order to lift our legs up behind our backs, each pushing the other to lift higher and show off more. The crusading old ladies were catching their breath and getting ready for a second assault so we decided one more stretch, we didn't even need to look at each other to know which one.  
  
We both turned our backs on the crowd, moved our legs apart to a wide stance, before bending over and touching the ground. Between my legs, I could see the reaction from the crowd as I thrust my pussy and anus towards them. The Faroe Island winds whipped around my rudest parts and my body shivered all over. I didn't have time to really drink in the moment as one of the healthier old women had caught her breath and was within handbag swatting distance of our exposed bottoms. Laughing our heads off we began running again.  
  
We got to the edge of town and kept going, Scarlett leading the way as she knew where we were going. We decided to run on the grass verge next to the road to keep our bare feet from being scraped by the concrete road.  
  
"This is amazing!" Scarlett yelled to the hills. "How does it feel to have absolutely nothing on you?" I blushed at the question, fumbling for words to answer her but Scarlett couldn't stand the silence. "I mean think about it, if we get separated, or if I couldn't remember the locker combination, we're both out here with nothing on us, what would we do?"  
  
Scarlett had a point and I felt a deep feeling of fear deep in my stomach at the thought. I was, in every sense of the word, exposed. Even more so than Scarlett as I didn't know how to get to the locker, or its combination. The only thing keeping me from being permanently naked and penniless in a foreign country was trust in a woman I had fallen in love with l, but a woman I only knew as the Richmond park streaker about six months ago. Scarlett interrupted this train of thought by grabbing me and giving me a deep and frenzied kiss.  
  
"Thank you so much for doing this with me." She cooed, licking my taste off her lips. "I've never felt so free, I feel like I could just dissolve into the breeze with you and we could spend the rest of our lives blowing around the islands, forever entwined." My knees felt weak at this, I never was one for soppy romance but it was hard not to feel so loved at that moment. Clearly Scarlett was also not one for romance as she caught herself and quickly corrected, "Unfortunately we have a helicopter to catch so we'll have to do that another time."  
  
We kept jogging over a hill before we spotted a small village, Scarlett pointed out that the helipad was over the hill on the far side and we agreed that even though we had the option to go around the village and avoid all the villagers, we would be going straight through the middle.  
  
Once again empty roads gave way to sparse houses and the occasional person who would stop to stare at the two naked women jogging through their village. We drank in every look we got, each one encouraging us in their own way, the excited would will us on and the disparaging would be another person we were rebelling against. We got to the centre of the village and another cheeky grin found its way across Scarlett's face.  
  
"We didn't bring a bottle of water on this run, hydration is important." She announced, "how about we nip into that village pub for a glass of water?" The words were barely out of her mouth by the time she was pushing open an old oak door of a whitewashed cottage, the old sign on the threshold announcing we were entering 'The Salty Captain.'  
  
As I entered the pub, I immediately discovered why the village was a bit sparsely populated, they appeared to all be in the bar. Every seat was taken and there was a small but disorderly queue by the bar, the quiet hum of conversation cut to a thick silence as we walked in the door.  
  
"Two glasses of water please?" Scarlett demurely asked, her every word seeming to echo around the stunned silence of the pub. The bartender mutely obeyed, his jaw barely leaving the floor. With nowhere to sit, we each took a glass of water and stood at the bar, clearly now the firm centre of attention. Slowly the murmur of chatting began again and we began to feel like we needed to get our helicopter. We walked towards the door, rising above the moans and pleas for us to stay, but one voice seemed to cut above the rest.  
  
"Scarlett?" All colour drained from Scarlett's body, the whole point of this trip was we could do things like this without being recognised and yet someone in a remote Faroe Island pub just blurted out her name. She staggered round as if someone had just punched her in the stomach to look for who had just seen her. Sitting in one of the booths with a pie and a pint was a wiry man that looked vaguely familiar to me, I could see from the look on Scarlett's face she had the same sense of Deja vu but couldn't place the man. "It's Tim, the helicopter pilot."  
  
Scarlett relaxed a little but not a lot, it wasn't someone who knew her directly, a Faroe Islander who wouldn't have any connection to our normal lives. Nonetheless this was someone who knew her name and address from the booking, even if he couldn't do anything with this information she was now more known than she wanted from the experience.  
  
"I was just finishing up before coming to give you a lift to the airport, why don't you come sit with me and we can head to the helipad together." Scarlett stammered for a second before I decided to be her pillar of strength.  
  
"Thanks Tim, but as you can see we need to get changed out of our jogging outfits before the helicopter flight." I replied, gripping my thigh to try and keep my composure. We stared at him for a second before I grabbed Scarlett by the hand and dragged her out of the pub.  
  
"Shit." she remarked, "Shit!" she went on to exclaim. "Shit, shit, shit" she added.  
  
"Maybe there is something we can salvage from this?" I interrupted, grasping Scarlett's arm to calm her down.  
  
"What do you mean?" She asked, visibly panicking.  
  
"Calm down honey." I stated, grabbing both her shoulders and forcing her to stare straight into my eyes. "Our helicopter pilot has seen us naked, we need to accept that. If we do we can have some fun. How about a race? If we jog to the helipad before Tim can finish his pie and drive there, we get changed as planned. If Tim beats us there, we give him our luggage and let him decide when we get it back." I could see Scarlett weighing up this option in her mind, my mind was eased when I saw her trademark cheeky grin return. She gave me a big hug and I marvelled that I still felt so overjoyed at the feeling of her naked body pressing against mine. Before I had a chance to stop her she rushed back into the pub, she was barely in there 20 seconds before she returned to me.  
  
"Alright, now Tim knows our plan and the code to our locker. We should get moving," she announced before jogging right past me and towards the hill with the helipad on the other side. I squealed with disbelief and took off after her, I had hoped a cheeky suggestion would give her back her pep, but now we were risking so much more. I was willing to trust Scarlett but not Tim, I was powerless against Scarlett's charms but I wasn't willing to be powerless to a helicopter pilot I have never met before.  
  
Scarlett took us off the road and through the countryside, adamant that we were going as the crow flies and with the added bonus that we wouldn't see Tim overtake us in his car so would not know whether or not we had won until we reached the helipad. We started off with our usual jogging and laughing, but gradually this evolved into a mad dash across the countryside, each of us with thoughts of the consequences of our tardiness.  
  
As we crested the hill we saw a helicopter take off, alerting us to how close we were to the helipad (and making us worry about whether Tim was behind the controls.) We bounced our way down the hill, naked, tired and aching and practically kicked down the door of the hangar where the lockers were kept. Scarlett staggered to the locker, catching her breath and twisting the padlock to the combination that would yield our bags.  
  
The locker swung open to reveal it was as bare as we were  
  
We looked around and out of the window spotted Tim, stood next to his helicopter, waving to us. Scarlett shot me a look that said "this was your idea." I shot her one back that hopefully communicated "you were the one who gave him our locker code." Shaking we walked out onto the concrete helipad.  
  
"Hello ladies, as per Scarlett's instructions I have hidden your suitcases." He announced with a gleeful look on his face. "I'll you what, pose for a commemorative photo in front of my helicopter and I'll tell you where they are." Scarlett's face turned crimson.  
  
"Hell no, what of someone I know sees it?" she objected.  
  
"You know many people planning to take a helicopter flight in the Faroe Islands?" Tim retorted. Scarlett considered this for a minute before taking a deep breath and going to stand next to the helicopter, me walking dejectedly behind her. Tim raised his camera phone and beckoned us to smile and pose for him.  
  
I chose to point at his helicopter in the most sexy pose I could muster, but as I got in position Scarlett had a different idea. She grabbed my body and pulled it close to hers, licking my lips before connecting with her own, one fabulous kiss later Tim's camera was full and his cock was clearly hard. Scarlett stared into my eyes and grinned at her ingenuity, with our faces pressed together it would be difficult to tell who we were.  
  
"Lovely, this will make great promotional material. Well a deals a deal, I know you want to get to the airport as soon as possible, so I sent a friend ahead with your luggage." Scarlett and I looked at each other. We were even further away from our luggage than when we first started this adventure, more isolated and more nude. Tim helped us into his helicopter, both opting to strap ourselves into the back seats, the five point harnesses causing our breasts to bulge and digging in to our pussies.  
  
Tim got into the helicopter and started her up, the blades swinging, sending vibrations throughout the cockpit. I looked over to Scarlett and saw she was starting to enjoy this as much as I was. As we rose up into the Faroe Island sky, I leaned over as much as I could with the harness and gave Scarlett a kiss, a quick peck to know we still had each other. Scarlett had clearly been affected more by the vibrations than I had and grabbed me to give a much more passionate kiss back.  
  
High above the Faroe Islands, we looked upon the stretching hills and valleys for the last time, we were flying in every sense of the word, our naked bodies inadvertently grinding against our seatbelts, our hands as much on each other as air safety would allow, the roar of the helicopter motor hiding our moans of ecstasy despite everything the flight was over too soon.  
  
We got to Vagar airport and Tim's friend was soon on the radio to tell us where we could collect our suitcases. He had left them in the small helicopter hangar that he assured us was usually empty. Scarlett and I were still in a daze from the helicopter, which I think is what prompted Scarlett to grab the helicopter radio.  
  
"That won't do," she announced. "Take our bags to baggage claim in the airport and we'll pick them up there." She looked at me and her cheeky grin turned maniacal, once the helicopter engine was off and it was safe to undo the straps she pounced on me, wildly kissing and grabbing anything and everything she could.  
  
Tim guided us to the door to the arrivals section of the airport, all the way staring at our tits and telling us how unbelievable the situation was, I couldn't help but agree with him.  
  
Vagar airport is not the busiest airport in the world, it receives a few flights a day from mostly Scandinavian tourists, so I felt so lucky that as we entered the arrivals terminal the whole place appeared to be empty. Scarlett and I walked up to the baggage carousel and began to wait, playfully pinching one another. We waited and waited and still no sign of the carousel starting up to relinquish our clothes, in the distance a plane's engines roar as our playful pinching turns into an all-out tickle fight.  
  
We were jerked out of our fun by the sound of the carousel engine roaring into life, a few moments later the belt began to move. We bounced in anticipation of finally having our bags back.  
  
With the benefit of hindsight I realise what went wrong, the carousel was not turned on by Tim's friend, he simply put our bags on it and left. The carousel was turned on when a flight full of people pulled into the terminal. So as Scarlett and I waited for our final moments of nudity to be over, the door from the runway opened, and behind us filtered in a plane full of passengers.  
  
We could hear the tumbling of bags behind us but they weren't out yet, we were doomed to be seen by even more people. Scarlett simply shrugged, turned around and waved.  
  
"Welcome to the Faroe Islands!" She announced as the doors opened.  
  
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Epilogue  
  
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After greeting some people and posing for a few photos Scarlett and I were able to get our bags and get out of there. We spent the entire flight back to London in a haze of relief and giddiness. When we arrived back at Heathrow we went our separate ways, planning to meet up for jogging tomorrow morning. I didn't think we could just go back to the way things were but somehow we managed to slip into old patterns, jogging everyday with the occasional bit of nudity and risk taking.  
  
It was another couple of months before Scarlett greeted me with her trademark cheeky grin.  
  
"How attached would you say you are to your job?" she asked. I admitted I was not paid enough and did not like my manager enough to have cultivated loyalty. "That's great, how would you like a new job? It's just my consultancy firm has won two new contracts that I would really like an admin to help me with. It seems the US national park service wants someone to set up a network of webcams all over their national parks, so myself and one other person would need to go deep into national parks all over America setting them up." I found myself chuckling at the thought, being paid to go on naked hikes with Scarlett seemed like a dream come true.  
  
"What's the other contract?" I asked.  
  
"The bread and butter of any web consultancy, a porn site. This one specialised in exhibitionism and public nudity, plotting their videos on a map so people can look up places near them where women have been naked in public." This made me a bit more uncertain, but as I looked into Scarlett's eyes I knew I couldn't say no to the life of adventure she was inviting me to.  
  
"When do I start?" I nervously asked.  
  
"Well I promised them a video from London by the end of the day," she stated, pulling out the camera she had hidden behind her back, "so consider your job interview a naked lap of the golf course."  
  
With a blushing smile, I began to remove my jogging outfit.