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When I was still in school, I used to spend my summer days walking around the house and the whole farm wearing nothing but a pair of sandals on my feet. My mother and father had practiced nudity here since they were married and it just came natural that I would do the same. I had learned to appreciate the freedom of going without clothes. Mom and Dad both worked, leaving me to stay home and take care of the house when they were gone. I seldom even gave a thought when I walked past a mirror in the house and saw my nude body. I did the dishes after breakfast and ran the sweeper, then went out and fed the dogs, all while wearing nothing but something on my feet to keep from getting stone bruises or anything like that. When I was growing up, mom had warned me that we had to always wear something when we were around people. Whenever we went out shopping or to a restaurant to eat, Mom and I wore nothing but a long spring coat over us and we both wore stockings so it looked to the casual observer that we were dressed. Dad used to enjoy knowing we were naked under our coats in public. He usually had on just some sweats with nothing under them too. We also liked to go somewhere in just our cots, then on the way home. Mom and I would open our coats and if it was night time, we would get out of the car and take our coats off and stand by the car naked while traffic went by.

One night, they were both doing some shopping after work and were both dressed from working and they were hit by a tractor-trailer and killed. Both died instantly, but left me alone to take care of the house. I was old enough to live by myself and was able to stay on at the farm without having to go live with a relative. It was a lot of work for just me but I did have my uncles and aunts to help when I needed it. A lawsuit against the trucking company and the insurance money left me well able to keep the farm and buy what I needed. It wasn’t until my senior year that I started dating a boy at school and this is our story.

I met Jason at the beginning of my junior year but didn’t go out with him until my senior year. It was after the accident that left me orphaned and I admit, I was really lonely. We dated like any other teens would, going to movies and dances. I hated wearing clothes so much but knew that most people didn’t understand nudism. I had seen my father nude many times and never gave thought to it. Mom had taught me about sex early in life and I fully understood what an erection was and that Dad would sometimes get one while being near Mom. They never had sex in front of me but made it clear that sex was normal.

As Jason and I continued to date, we talked about getting married and having kids but he was always respectful to me and made no attempt to have sex, other than the occasional petting sessions. As we got more serious, we talked about what we wanted our sex lives to be like. I finally admitted that my parents and I had practiced nudity and that I missed that. I made it plain up front to him that we would not have sex until we were married, since I had no desire to have a house full of kids until we were older and sure a marriage would work. I did, however start taking birth control so if something did happen, I wouldn’t get pregnant until we were ready.

Jason asked me about the nudity lifestyle and whether or not I would care if he tried it on my property. I told him I had no problem with it but also reminded him of our no sex policy. I told him that it would be normal for him to get erections until he was used to seeing us nude together. I asked him if he could accept those terms and he said he would, so when he came out to see me the following Saturday morning, I stood on our front porch and began to take my clothes off. As predicted, as soon as I started to strip, he got an erection. I took off my tee shirt and then unhooked my bra. As soon as my breasts were free, he started to get hard. I stood there, still in my jeans and told him to take off his shirt. He could hardly take his eyes off my breasts while he pulled his shirt over his head. As I lowered my jeans, I looked at him and laughed, telling him to get out of his jeans before he hurt something. He unbuttoned the top button and slowly unzipped, then let his jeans fall to the porch floor. I undid my jeans and slowly slid them off my hips, teasing him by doing so slowly. I was amused at his embarrassment. I finally stood up in just my scanty bikini panties and smiled at him, telling him that it might be better for him if we both went the final step together. He started to pull off his shorts as I hooked my thumbs inside the waistband of my panties and pushed downward until the very top of my pubic hair was showing slightly. From that point, I moved the panties down ever so slowly, watching as his erection grew and grew. I have to admit that his naivety caused me a great deal of enjoyment. Finally the panties had rolled down even with the bottom of my pubic mound and I let them rest there while I told him it was his turn. He blushed slightly and began to lower his shorts but got them hung on his dick. I had to laugh and that broke the ice. He pushed his shorts off and stood in all his glory looking me up and down. I pushed my panties the rest of the way off and playfully tossed them at him. He grabbed them and held them in front of his body and with a slight twist of his body, asked me if he would look good in panties.

I again reminded him that there would be no sex between us but that he was free to go nude all he wanted at my house. We spent a good part of the morning walking around the house and through the dense woods in the nude. At about ten that morning, we walked through the woods and stopped a few yards in from the road. I told him to wait there while I ran across the old road to check the mail. He stood and watched in amazement as I ran from behind the row of bushes and across the road to the mail box. I grabbed the mail and ran back towards where he was hiding. In just a minute or so, a car rounded the curve and roared by the mailbox. Only a bush was between me and the passing car. We walked back to the house and then came a real test. We sat in the grass in front of the house and began to kiss and make out like any teen couple. He kept his word and didn’t attempt to do anything more than explore my body with his hands as I did the same to him. I had started taking birth control pills to regulate my periods but didn’t tell him because it might have encouraged him

The experience of holding a naked girl in his arms was a little too much for him and he suddenly had an accident, his dick pumping stream after stream of sperm on his legs, the ground and some splashed on my tummy and across my pubes. He started to apologize but my laughter drowned out his words. I jokingly told him to clean up his mess. He began to wipe it off me with his hand. I giggled and asked if that was as good as he could do. He said that he thought I meant what I said earlier. I told him that As long as he didn’t try to put that thing in me, it would be okay. I suggested he lick it off me. He said, “you really mean that? I party regretted my encouragement but told him to get on with it. He bent down and slowly began to lick his sperm from my tummy and worked his way down to the spots on my mound. As he ran his tongue over my pubic hair, I drew in a deep breath. His tongue brushed the top of my vaginal slit, I saw him look up at me as if to ask if his was what I wanted. My legs instinctively parted. He licked the top of my slit, then probed inside it. I’m still not sure who was more excited by his actions. He seemed not to be bothered by the taste of his own sperm and I was going crazy with my feelings as he explored me with his tongue. Here we were, two teens alone a long way from prying eyes and lying naked out in the sun, well on our way to having sex for the first time for either one. I had masturbated a few times before this and was sure that Jason had also tried it but this was different and the hormones were running out of control for us both. Jason parted my legs wider and delve into my virgin pussy with his tongue. He located my clit and began licking and sucking it, all the time, watching for my response. My hips began to rock as he slowly brought me towards my first real orgasm. I had had light ones masturbating but knew this was going to be big! I closed my eyes and enjoyed it as he brought me closer and closer. Suddenly, wave after wave of pleasure swept over my whole body. I grabbed his hair and pulled him into me even tighter. My legs were over his shoulders, digging into his back. I must have came for several minutes, screaming out in passion as he took me over the top. I finally calmed down and lay there, my chest heaving as I tried to catch my breath.

Jason crawled up over me and kissed me deeply on my mouth. I could feel his dick pressing against my wet slit. I wanted him to fuck me so bad right then but also wasn’t ready to loose my virginity until I was sure this would be a lasting relationship. I pushed him away, telling him I wasn’t ready for that yet. He sat up with a real dejected look on his face. I pushed him back and reached for his cock. I had never done this before but had seen a few porn movies and hoped I would be okay at it. I put the tip of my tongue on his cock head and tasted the sperm that was covering it from his earlier climax. I then parted my lips just enough to take the head of his cock into my mouth. As the rim passed my lips, I sucked it deeper until he was pushing at my throat. I then began to slowly move my mouth up and down applying just enough suction to sink in the sides of my mouth. He moaned and grabbed my hair. His hips began to match my strokes and he was soon fucking my mouth faster and faster. I let him do most of the thrusting and soon he told me to let go or he would come in my mouth. I told him to go ahead and come. He raised his hips high and groaned as he began pumping stream after stream in my mouth. There was so much that it was either swallow or spit it out. I swallowed hard and kept swallowing until he had finished.

Jason lay looking up at the sky and said that for his first blowjob, I was super. I told him it was mine too. He looked at me and asked if we should practice some more. He lay on his back and told me to get on top of him, facing his feet. As I lowered myself onto his face, I leaned down and took his cock in my mouth. I felt his tongue find my pussy and start licking. I leaned forward and popped his cock into my mouth, wrapping my tongue around his shaft. I put my hands into the grass on either side of his hips and began bobbing my head up and down on his cock He had my ass cheeks in his hands and was driving his tongue in and out of me as if it was a dick. After several minutes, I felt the now familiar feeling of an orgasm building again. He was still a ways from his own climax, so I slid forward and maneuvered my asshole in front of his tongue. He took the hint and began tonguing me there, driving it deep and hard. I let my rectal muscles relax and he was able to drive the whole length of his tongue inside me. I heard him start to moan and buck his hips, signaling his approaching climax. Just as he started to spurt. I opened my mouth wide and forced the head of his cock into my throat. As he let spurt after spurt pump into my throat, I kept swallowing until he was milked dry.

About noon, I offered him some lunch then told him we should go for a walk after we ate. I led him through the woods and stopped at a small creek I had helped my dad dam up for a swimming hole. I showed him a shed Dad had built to keep towels in for drying off after a swim. We put two towels on a big flat rock lying near the water and then waded hand in hand into the cool water. My nipples immediately hardened as the water hit my feet and legs. After we got used to the water, I put my arms around him and held him close, my hardened nipples rubbing his chest. In a few minutes, I could feel his erection rubbing against my pussy. I parted my legs and let his cock rub against me, but not enter. He begged me to let him fuck me but I held fast to my promise. Held his cock pinned between my legs and gently rocked with him until he once again shot a stream of his fluids, this time into the waters of the swimming hole. We went up onto the big rock and toweled off. He was upset that I wouldn’t allow him to fuck me but at the same time, understood why. I told him that oral sex could be our outlet until we were sure.

As the summer went on, he became more and more used to being around me in the nude until we had reached the point at which he could go all day and not get an erection unless I began touching him. He had even gotten to where he could mow the lawn in the nude. We did everything around the house naked.

I began teasing and trying to convince him to do other exhibitionist things. He loved to take me places in his car knowing I was nude beneath the light coat or dress I was wearing. I used to enjoy going to some restaurant in just a dress and waiting till he went to the restroom, then exposing my bare pussy to him as he returned to the booth. He had started making a joke about me letting some stranger see it when I began sitting in the hallway of the mall in a nearby city and letting strange men and teenaged boys see up my dress while Jason sat across from me with a full view of what I was doing. I would see married guys trying to look up my dress while not letting on to their wives what they saw.

Another time an old man was in the right position to see my nakedness and I suggested we slip into one of the service corridors, where I made his day by lifting my dress over my head and letting him see my whole naked body. Jason stood at the doorway to make sure no one opened the door on us.

That was to become a regular pastime with us, as well as making sure I was naked from the waist down as we rode up and down the highway. Other times, we went swimming at a beach not far from home, where I would pull my bikini bottom aside and bare my pussy to passing strangers.

After we had gone together for about a year, our conversations became more centered on marriage. He said he didn’t mind if we continued our exploits as long as I didn’t have sex with any of the strange men. I told him I would love to show other men what he could have and they couldn’t. Jason immediately lit up with a smile and said, “you mean I am finally going to get to fuck you? I replied that it was looking better each day.

One day after we were coming to an end of our second full year and approaching our graduation from high school, we had been having a typical day of frequent oral sex and other activities, he asked me to marry him. I told him as soon as we had graduated, we could get married. If he was working and would be ready for the responsibilities. He told me that he had already been offered a job with a big supply warehouse while he went on to college. I told him that we could not have any kids until he was through college and working at a good job. I was going to take a job at a nearby gas and go type store to add to our finances. I was already getting a monthly payment from my parents’ insurance but wanted us to get off to a good start. The house and property was already paid for by mortgage insurance Dad had taken out before they died. I told Jason that with our salaries we should consider a small motor home or camper to travel in, so we could widen our circle of our nudist activities. I reminded him of our plans to visit several nudist camps and beaches within a day or so driving time of our home. During our graduation, I surprised him by showing him that the only thing I was wearing under my gown was a pair of stockings with lace tops. They were elastic and didn’t need a garter belt. He couldn’t wait to get me to the van afterwards, where we had some great oral sex in the parking lot as people walked by.

It seemed as if our relationship was destined for marriage, so I decided that I would finally let him have my virginity. Two week prior to our graduation, we were in the front yard, having wonderful oral sex and I lay on a big blanket and decided that the time had come. I waited till he was on top of me, kissing me and rubbing his chest on my boobs and whispered into his ear, “I want you. I took hold of his cock and guided it to my soaking wet pussy. He looked down at me in amazement and began to push. I could feel his cock spreading my lips apart and the head starting inside. My mind was comparing the feel of his tongue to the size and shape of his penis. I had told him long before this moment to be gentle and not just force his way in. He was doing just that. It felt as if I could feel every vein on his shaft as it slowly entered. I suddenly felt his cock against the resistance of my hymen and prepared for the pain most women talked about. I felt a stinging and a slight tearing sensation as the fragile membrane separated. Jason saw the look of discomfort and stopped. I looked into his eyes and told him to go on. He gently pushed a little more and I could feel the shaft spreading my pussy open. He took his time, allowing me to become used to the presence of him inside me. I felt him pushing against my cervix and then felt his body against mine as he pushed the last inch of his cock in me. I was aware of our pubic hair rubbing against each other as he paused with hic cock buried completely inside me. After a minute or so, he began to slowly withdraw, then pushed back deep. He kept repeating this slowly until he had established a smooth in and out movement. My pussy seemed to cling to the sides of his cock as he fucked me. I instinctively began to rock my hips in unison with his thrusts until we both were taking full strokes. With each withdrawal, he would stop with the head just inside my labia. My pussy seemed to want to suck his shaft back inside.

Jason began to thrust faster and faster, until he was fucking me in deep but rapid strokes that drove my butt into the blanket. As he fucked me, he was kissing and sucking, first one then the other breast. He sucked the nipples as if trying to nurse. My back arched upwards to meet his lovemaking thrusts. I began to feel a tightening in my lower tummy and my pussy began to pulsate as an orgasm began. Jason had brought me to orgasm many times before this, but there is a difference between clitoral and vaginal orgasms. This one began deeper and was so much more intense. This one seemed to involve my whole body. The many times we had oral sex, there was a feeling that there was more than what was happening. This told me my feelings were correct. My hips were rocking harder and harder and thrusting upward to meet each thrust of his cock. I held onto his buttocks, pulling him deeper inside me. As we fucked at a speed which seemed impossible to maintain, I felt his body stiffen and he let out a groan. He began pumping me full of his sperm. Whether real or imagined, I could feel the streams of hot sperm filling my vagina. I do know that from past experiences, he expelled a large load. I could barely hold it all in my mouth by the time he was drained. I came almost at the same time, my hips rocking and pounding against the blanket. I screamed out in cries of passion as my whole body seemed to go into convulsions with my orgasm. I could feel our combined fluids running down my ass crack and onto the blanket. I pulled him tight against me, as if I never wanted him to get up from the blanket. We lay still, with his cock still deep inside me for several minutes. I began to feel the need to pee and told him to let me up.

As I stood, I could feel a river of fluids running down my legs. I was in real need to go and decided that, rather than run all the way into the house and into the bathroom, I would simply squat and pee right there in the yard. Jason watched intently as I let go a stream of urine onto the lawn next to him. This being his first time to watch me pee, he seemed thoroughly absorbed in watching the stream flowing out of my pussy. He stood and decided it was time for him to go too and simply aimed his cock at a spot on the lawn and let go. With this, I think the last signs of bashfulness left him.

We were married a few weeks later. I had almost no family and very few friends there but his family made up for the lack of guests on my part. They would have been real upset to know what I was wearing under my wedding dress. I had only a pair of white stockings with lace covered elastic tops and my white heels. I had put a blue garter on my right leg for him to remove at the reception. I wore nothing else except my gown. At the reception, when he was reaching to remove the garter, I whispered for him to be careful how far up he pushed my dress, unless he was willing to show everyone what he was getting. He looked up at me and said that he was tempted to just lift my dress and let everyone see my bare pussy. It was all I could do to resist the temptation to do just that. After the tossing of the bridal bouquet, we ran to the car and headed off to our honeymoon. We had told the families and friends we were going to spend a week at the beach, but neglected to tell them which one. We drove to the coast and, as we approached the gates to the private beach, began to toss our clothing into the back seat. We had arranged to spend the week at a nude beach, which had a section marked off for adult guests only. We arrived at our cabin and walked slowly from the car to the cabin, enjoying the warm Sun beating on our naked bodies. This private section of the beach resort was a no-holds-barred area and we finally were able to fulfill a dream of having sex in public, while people walked back and forth in front of our cabin.

The freedom of having public sex was exhilarating. We barely looked up as people saw us in every conceivable sex position. I think we each lost about ten pounds each from all the exercise and not eating. When the week was up, we drove back home after dark with me in the nude totally and him naked from the waist down. The week of having public sex had whetted our appetites for it and so began our quest for the ultimate fuck. We would sit around thinking of ways to satisfy our lust for the forbidden. One of the most common ways was to pack some snacks and drinks in the van and head for the drive-in movie a few towns away. This particular one sat back in the woods and showed nothing but X-rated shows. There was usually as much action in the cars as on the screen. Vans were required to park on the rear rows and could turn around so that we could open the rear doors and lay on an old mattress while we watched the movies and had sex. People walking by us would look in and see us and sometimes even stop to watch us. The more observers we had, the more satisfying the sex was. The back row of the outdoor theater was known as hardcore row and we could walk from car to car, or van to van and see it all. One night, we saw two girls going at it in the back of their station wagon and I watched intently, getting wetter by the minute. Jason asked me if I would like to try lesbian sex and I replied that I would but I had to be sure of the partner. I didn’t want to take a chance of getting an STD. We both agreed that he shouldn’t even think of gay sex for the same possibility. On one occasion, the two girls stopped by our van and asked if they could get in and watch us close up. After we finished they thanked us and disappeared towards their wagon. Both were gorgeous creatures from a nearby town.

The only requirement at the theater was to wear at least panties and bra to the snack bar or rest room areas. Guys had to wear shorts. Later in the season, a new owner took over the theater and made it a private club, issuing membership cards for one dollar. This allowed him to permit us to be totally nude in the snack bar and restrooms. Neither of us would even think of going to the restrooms there. We carried a small camper potty in the van if needed. The restrooms were always dirty and we didn’t want to take chances in them. Many of the “members would simply squat and pee next to the cars. I was hesitant at first but soon was comfortable simply squatting just outside the door of the van and relieving myself as others walked by. For that very reason, everyone wore sandals or slippers on their feet.

A few weeks before the close of the season for the drive-in, we had backed into our usual spot, when the two girls we had met asked if they could watch the movie with us. There was plenty of room, so we invited them in. We lay in the back with one of the girls on each side of us. Jason and I began to play as usual and were soon fucking as if we were alone. We suddenly felt some additional hands on us as we did. I was on top of Jason and felt one of the girls begin to massage my breasts. She soon was kissing them and sucking my nipples. I felt the other one touching my ass and bent forward to let her kiss me. I was still straddling Jason and had slowed my pace to enjoy the girls’ caresses. One squatted over Jason’s head and began to kiss me. The other was licking my pussy and Jason’s cock every time I would raise up. I looked down and saw Jason hold the girl in front of me by the thighs and licking her pussy while the other licked his cock and my pussy. I raised up off of Jason and the girl behind me slid her tongue inside my gaping hole. She would alternate between that and sucking Jason’s cock. The one in front of me began to moan and bounce up and down on Jason’s tongue as she neared an orgasm. She suddenly leaned way back and raised her hips towards me. I had never tasted pussy before, except for my own juices but leaned down to her and began sucking her clit as she started to shake and cry out in passion as I brought her to a strong orgasm. The girl behind had slipped under my hips and wrapped her arms around my legs and I came just as the one in front exploded. Jason had reached a climax and shot a huge load of sperm all over the one’s hair and shoulders. After several minutes, they got up and wiped off with a towel and went to their wagon, thanking us as they left. The spontaneity of the event had us a little concerned for a few weeks but we went to a doctor and were pronounced clean. The girls had both promised us that they had not been with others and, in fact were sisters. They did give us their phone numbers to contact if we wanted to do it again sometime.

During that first summer as Jason’s wife, I seldom wore anything under my dresses or light raincoat if we went anywhere. We went shopping together many times with me dressed like that and him wearing sweatpants and teeshirt. One time we were in a Penny’s store and stepped between rows of dresses, where Jason lifted my skirt and fucked me while customers shopped nearby. I had to learn to orgasm silently to avoid being caught. We tried it in several stores and were only seen once by store security persons. In a Sears store, we were caught on tape as he drilled me from behind. We got off by telling the guard we would let him come to the parking lot and watch us fuck up close.

Another time, during the fall, we had gone to a football game at a nearby town involving our old high school and Jason fucked me under a blanket in the stands. Only after we finished did we realize there were two boys under the stands looking for dropped money. They had both watched from under the stands by looking up through them and had gotten a close look at my pussy being drilled. Both boys were of junior high age and had never seen one before. We took them out to our van and let them see it even closer and let both boys lick it. Then we asked them to jack off for us and sent them on their way. I had thought strongly of giving both boys their first pussy but the ages of the boys made me rethink that. Both were only thirteen and We were afraid of what might happen if we were caught. That night, as we drove home, we fantasized about me having sex with young boys if we were sure we wouldn’t be caught. That night, we made some real fantastic love as we thought about it. It seemed that the more chances we took on our outings, the better the lovemaking that night when we got home.

Once, we were driving along a country road about an hour’s drive from home and Jason told me we could have some real fun if we wanted. He had seen a house out along this road where an old woman had been living alone for years. He told me that he had did some repairs on her fence a few years ago and we could give her a real thrill. He told me to pull my dress down and act normal when we got to her house. He told me that I should be ready to do anything and not think about it. As we passed this old house, he shut off the engine and let the van drift to a stop. He got out and told me to follow. He went up and knocked at the front screen door. The old woman came to the door and didn’t seem to remember Jason as part of a work crew from school that had been there before. He asked her if we could use her phone to call for a tow truck, that his van had stalled out. She invited us in and told us to have a seat and handed us a cordless phone. Jason dialed the phone and I heard him ask for a tow truck and then lay the phone down. The old woman asked if we were going to get help right away. Jason told her the tow truck would be about an hour or so. She then asked if we would have some supper with her. She was having some fried chicken. Jason told her he would be honored to share her dinner. She excused herself, saying she would be back after putting the rolls in the oven and for us to just get comfy. As soon as she went to the kitchen, Jason told me to get undressed but keep my dress handy. It was an old pull over knit dress and I just pulled it off and lay it over the arm of the couch. Jason had been wearing a pair of shorts and slipped out of them. He climbed on top of me on the old couch and began fucking me as if we were alone. In only a few minutes, the old woman came out of the kitchen and stood in the doorway, a look of disbelief on her face. At first she acted like she was going to hit us or something, then just stood and watched until Jason unloaded inside me. We got up and grabbed our clothes and ran to the van. As we ran to the van, a car driven by some old man drove by. He almost wrecked, watching two naked people running through a yard. Jason started it up and off we roared in a cloud of dust. Both of us were still naked and laughing our heads off as we went out of sight. That night was a terrific night in bed at home as we relived the day’s events. We could just picture that old lady dropping her drawers and working herself off!

Of course on of my favorites was to go for a ride in our old van and pass truckers while I was stark naked. We would then tease the driver by talking to him on the CB radio. We used to go to the strip malls in one town after closing and fuck in the doorways where they were set back We still do that and flash shoppers in the malls.

Jason was always fooling around with the van and working on it. I wasn’t too surprised when he brought home an older van with blackout windows and said he was going to fix it up for our nude runs. He painted it out in the barn and cleared out an old shed to keep it in. he was always careful to keep it out of sight when we weren’t using it. It was white after he painted it and looked like a hundred others.

One weekend, we drove to a mall in a town a good ways from home and went cruising inside to find a place for me to sit on the benches and flash men. I had a thin knit dress on and nothing else. Jason went up to the food court area and told me to stay put and be ready. A little while later, he came back with a kid about the age we were when we met. Jason and this kid sat across from me. He gave me a pre arranged signal and I began slowly crossing my legs, giving him a good view of me. He nudged the boy and told him to watch me. I recrossed my leg slowly, letting the boy get his eyes full. He leaned over and talked to the kid for a minute and then gave me the sign to head for the van. I got up and walked over to where Jason and the boy were sitting and leaned down to kiss Jason, letting the front of my dress fall forward enough to give the kid a view of my boobs. I then turned and walked towards the door with them following close behind. I went to the van and opened the side door and stepped in, closing the door. Jason came up and looked around to make sure no one was watching and opened the door, motioning for the kid to get in. He did and Jason shut the door, climbing back to the back. He told me the boy had never seen a naked girl. Reaching down and lifting the dress over my head, I let him see my entire body. His eyes grew to the size of saucers. I put his hand on a breast and then down to my pussy. He was flabbergasted by the sight and feel of a female body. I told him it was his turn to get naked. He started to protest but I reminded him that he had seen me, now it was his turn to show. He unbuckled his jeans and let them fall, then pulled down his undershorts. He was already hard so I put my hand around his dick. I lay back and spread wide, telling him to put his dick inside me. He stuttered and looked back at Jason. Jason told him to go for it. The boy clumsily aimed his dick at my pussy and rubbed it against me. I grabbed his hips and pulled him towards me. His little dick slid right in my wet slit. A few quick strokes and he groaned as he came inside me. I wasn’t able to get off in that short time but I put on an act, telling him he was great and that I had come. I sat up and looked at him. He was still semi hard so I bent down and quickly sucked him off. As soon as he dressed and got out of the van, we drove off and headed for home. I stayed naked in the back and finished myself off with my fingers as Jason hurried home. We put the van inside the shed and closed the doors. Then walked to the house, both naked and laughing. He asked me how it felt to be fucked by a school kid again. We stayed clear of that area for a while. Jason had listened to the police scanner in the van to see if anything was said, but there was not a word.

Our favorite was and still is fucking out in the woods. There is something exciting to being naked and fucking while you can hear the birds and squirrels in the trees and watch rabbits and other small game playing near you. Often, when we are doing this, our clothes are back at the house and we would have no way covering up if someone were to be out walking and stumble on to us. In our quest for the ultimate fuck we tried a few other things. We have dropped to the grass in the back yard and fucked in heavy down pouring rains.

One of the best times we had, knowing we were seen by many was one summer when we were out driving. Jason was on a small road that ran along a ridge overlooking the interstate. He turned the van into a small dirt road and through a row of trees. He stopped and told me to look at this place he had found to play. I looked forward and saw that we were at the edge of a mowed field overlooking the Interstate highway. You could see cars whizzing by on their way to who knows where. He backed the van to a spot where the bushes and trees hid it from being seen from the highway, or the road we had just turned off of. He reached behind the seat and grabbed a blanket and told me to follow. We walked several yards into the clear field and spread out the blanket. He then told me to go to the van with him and take off our clothes. He picked up his portable police scanner and walked with me to the blanket. We lay there on that blanket fucking like crazy as the cars drove by below. The could see us and a few even stopped to watch but were unable to get near us because of the fence along the highway. Looking across the field and seeing people watching us fuck was a big turn on. There weren’t as many cell phones then and it was quite a while before we worried about a cop catching us. Again, I had my blonde wig on and Jason wore a false beard and mustache. This was a smart move on his part, because several people had cameras and were taking pictures and one even had a home movie camera. We even obliged by standing and waving to the crowd after Jason had come in me. We then calmly picked up our blanket and, with a final wave, disappeared from view and drove off before we could be caught by police. This was so different than nudist camp, because we were fucking in front of people that didn’t expect it.

We still, to this day go out as before and have some great sex in public places.

I will tell more stories if this one is good enough