**Naked Confession**

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I like to get naked.

I especially like to get naked outdoors.

Just typing these words gives me a warm, wet, tingly feeling

I have had this naked outdoor addiction since I was very young girl. Our family lived at the base of a small mountain. My brother and I and the neighborhood kids loved to play in the woods above our house. We devised all sorts of imaginary games, although none involved taking our clothes off.

I was ten the first time I climbed the hill by myself. My favorite spot was a little rocky bluff, warmed by the sun through a break in the trees. There was a patch of moss that was as soft as the carpet in our living room. I lay on my back that day, gazing at the blue sky, watching the branches of the evergreens sway gently in the breeze... and for the first time in my life I had the strange urge to take all my clothes off... outside the safe confines of my bedroom.

I pulled one arm into my T-shirt, then the other. Should I really do it? I hesitated, then pushed the shirt up over my head, quickly shielding my bare nipples and budding breasts with the scrunched up cloth. I felt like I had just done the naughtiest thing in my life. My heart was beating so fast I thought it would jump out of my chest. Once I had looked around long enough to make sure no one was watching, I kicked off my sandals, lifted my bum and pushed off my elastic-waisted shorts and panties. To this day I can still feel the thrill that surged through me when I let go of them and lay back naked in the warm glow of the sun.

The sensation of the solid, damp earth supporting me, the slight wind caressing the wetness between my thighs and teasing my stiff little nipples, the smell of pine needles and wild flowers... caused an ache inside me that I did not understand. That first time I just lay there and enjoyed the yummy, queasy feeling in my belly. I was hooked.

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At first I didn't think I was going to enjoy the summer between my third and fourth years of university. My uncle gave me a job as a "joe-girl" at his hardware store in his small home town. Twice a week I drove 40 miles into the city in the company van to do a variety of errands. I quickly learned that my uncle saw these as all day trips. He was never concerned about how late I got back, so I didn't break any speed records. At first I took the highway, but it soon became boring.

One day in the city I looked over a map on my lunch break. I discovered I could make the trip home via a connection of several small roads that wound up into the hills and back down. That route would take a little longer, but I didn't care. The scenery would help chase away my boredom.

I drove with the windows rolled down, enjoying the pine trees, little lakes, meadows and occasional peaceful farm. Somewhere along the way I realized it would be easy, and fun, to get naked on top of one of the little hills I was passing.

I told myself I would do it if I found a place to pull over where the van could not be seen. You can't imagine how hard my heart was thumping when I followed some dusty tracks into a little, old rock quarry, almost completely hidden from the road.

As I was about to jump out of the van the first raindrops of a thunderstorm hit the windshield. Darn it! I hadn't even noticed the weather changing. I promised myself I would stop there on the way home from my next run. Besides, it was already late... and next time I would come prepared.

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Three days later I got my city errands done in record time and was headed home shortly after noon. It was a beautiful day. I could already feel the excitement inside me as I pulled into the quarry and shut off the engine.

Yes, I had come prepared this time. I grabbed my small, blue knapsack and hopped out before the dust had settled. Making sure all the doors were locked and safe, I turned and headed for the trees along the side of the rocky cut. There was no time to waste. I wanted to get to the top of the small peak above the quarry and spend some time enjoying... the view.

The first 100 feet or so was pretty steep. Full of anticipation, I climbed too fast and had to stop to catch my breath. The van and quarry already looked small below me through the trees. I could not see the road. Relax, I told myself, there's still quite a way to go, enjoy the climb. I turned my face to the sun, closed my eyes and let my breathing slow. Why not, I thought. With a sigh of expectation, I put down my knapsack and pulled off my tank top and bra.

Ahhhhhh, what a glorious feeling... that first moment of air moving over previously covered skin. My nipples tingled as the breeze caressed the perspiration on my chest. I let my fingers slide to my breasts and tweaked their tender, stiffening peaks before taking my hands away. The quick pinch sent a shudder of appreciation through me. I love the way my nipples stay permanently aroused when I am outdoors.

Hell, why wear any clothes! With quick movements I removed my jean shorts and panties as well, then stuffed my discarded garments into my knapsack. I straightened, lifted my arms to the sky and took a deep, worshipful breath -- a slim, 20-year-old, obviously natural blonde, naked except for my hiking boots, wrapping myself in the sensuality of nature! Just like the first time when I was ten, the moving air made me aware that my pussy was aroused and wet... except I now know what to do about that warm, achy feeling. Thank goodness! No, no, Maddy, I teased myself, you'll have to wait a little longer for that.

I picked up my knapsack, slung it over a bare shoulder and resumed the climb, revelling in the naughty feeling that walking naked in the woods always gave me.

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This little story is a confession of sorts. My nude hikes have always been a private thing for me... a secret. The thought of visiting a nudist camp doesn't really appeal to me. There you are supposed to get naked. Here you're not. The woods... even remote wilderness areas... are ultimately public places. Someone could be out here... could see me... hence the feeling of naughtiness I suppose. The squirrel chattering at me from a tree above probably sees me. I wonder what he thinks of this pale, almost-hairless creature striding up the hill.

More than anything, I just love the connection I feel with the world... the natural world... when I am alone and naked like this... just God and Mother Nature and I.

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After a few minutes of climbing I stopped to catch my breath again. The top of the hill was not much further up the pretty little gully I was following. I put down my knapsack and pulled out two bottles, one water and the other insect repellent. Yes, I came prepared. There was an odd mosquito here and there, so I gave myself a quick spray from top to bottom, enjoying the coolness of the mist. A lot of people think the bugs -- spiders, ants, crickets -- in the woods are icky, but I am not bothered by any of them. Well, maybe ticks. I always check myself for them after being in the woods.

I closed my eyes and let the chilled drinking water trickle down my throat. The outdoors has a wonderful silence to it, except for the soft sounds of wind in branches and leaves... and the occasional noises of insects and animals. It gives me a sense of great peace, which I love to drink in like the water.

I missed my mouth on the next swig, sending water splashing off my chin. The cold shock of the drops hitting my tummy reminded me how warm I was inside. I'm not sure why I get so hopelessly turned on when I go on these solo, naked nature walks. I know the air moving between my legs, caressing the seeping wetness on my pussy lips, only makes me wetter.

Not long after my 13th birthday I had my first orgasm. I was shocked to discover I could give myself such pleasure! And the first time I did it outside... in the woods... I had the most intense orgasm of my life! I suppose knowing I'm going to make myself cum at least once during these outdoor adventures keeps me aroused as well.

Mmmm... yes... I can hardly wait! I couldn't resist letting my fingertips graze against my little thatch of pubic hairs... just barely... just enough to tweak the roots in my skin as I stood there. Without thinking I moved my legs further apart, reached between my thighs and lightly, very lightly, rested my fingers against the the length of my warm lips. By rocking my my hips slightly... making a fucking motion... I created a soft caress.

Oooooh yeeessss, I could drive myself insane like this! I pulled my fingers away and stroked my thighs and lower belly before moving them back over my wet crescent. I can't imagine what some poor hunter would think if he came across me standing there naked, half crouching, legs apart, eyes closed, mouth wide open... fucking my hand.

Whew! I was beginning to melt inside! Enough... for now! I grabbed my packsack and headed up through the trees.

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Getting to the top of a hill or mountain is always a thrill. You reach a pinnacle of sorts... making you higher than almost everything around you. As a girl I used to think it got me closer to heaven. This hill had two peaks of equal height, about 150 yards apart, separated by a grassy swail. Both featured nice rocky outcrops, bathed in sunshine, providing a wonderful view of a little river valley that ran up into the taller mountains further north.

"Oh my... God..." I said out loud between panting breaths. "It's beautiful."

I dropped my pack to the ground and walked over to the edge of the bluff I was on.

"Fantastic..." I sighed, putting my hands on my hips and absorbing the view. I suddenly felt very small. To the hawk I could see circling far above me I would look like a little speck... a little naked speck... on a giant piece of granite. This is what I loved, feeling like I could blend into the natural world around me... wrapped in Mother Nature's loving arms... touched by God.

I must have stood there for several minutes, not moving, letting the strong breeze cool and caress every nook and cranny of my bare skin while my breathing returned to normal and the sun warmed my soul.

"Fabulous..." I said to the wind, shaking my long, blonde hair as I looked around for a place to lie down. Not satisfied, I glanced over at the twin bluff... and got an idea.

Carefully settling my bum on a large rock, I took off my hiking boots and socks. Ahhhh... it was good to free my feet from their sweaty confines. I wriggled my toes in delight as the air tickled them. My watch was next to go, carefully stored inside my right boot. I began to rise, then sat down again. Not quite ready! I wanted to be as naked as the day I was born, so my earrings had to come off. I put them in my boot as well, then carried my footwear and their contents over to my knapsack and placed them beside it.

With an excited smile, I gingerly set off towards the other peak, my pussy feeling warmer and wetter than ever.

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I love feeling the soil, the rocks, the plants -- the living earth -- under my feet. I have tough soles, but there's no denying that we humans are incredibly fragile and sensitive compared to the rest of the animal world. In this terrain I would have no chance if a bear, or even a raccoon, decided to chase me.

I won't deny I like to feel vulnerable. And now, naked and barefoot in the woods, moving away from my clothes... away from the safety of knowing I could quickly put them on if I wanted or needed to... I felt extremely vulnerable. I often fantasize about being stranded naked out in the wilderness somewhere.

Ouch! I stumbled on another sharp little rock. The ground was not all that rough, really. I was already halfway through the swail, which was covered mostly by grass and moss. The grass spears, with those little seed clusters at their tips, tickled my bare legs as I slowly made my way. They would make a wonderful teasing tools, I thought. I stopped and plucked one of them, then closed my eyes and let the hairy cluster tickle its way down my arm. Ahhh... goosebumps! Mmmm... my other arm, my neck, my chin... which made me giggle... along my shoulder, and yes, down over my breasts, onto my nipples, giving me tingles... sweet tingles!

I reached behind me and let the spidery tip tickle my ass. Umm... very nice! Circles on one cheek... and then the other... and slowly up the valley between... oooooh God it felt good to be alive! Down the outsides of my thighs... and then... oh my goodness... up the insides! I swear I have extra sensory cells there. My knees quivered with delight as I stroked my way to the top.

Okay... okay... I was REALLY getting aroused. I stuck the grass spear between my teeth and started walking again, quicker than before.

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The view from the second peak was as breathtaking as the first. I gingerly walked around the edges of the old, worn granite bluff. I wondered how long it had been like this, slowly wearing away, never moving, since it was carved out centuries ago by a retreating glacier. What a wonderful sense of permanence... of eternity!

I found a spot near the drop off, where the rock was smooth... well, as smooth as weather-beaten rock can get... next to a little slope covered with green moss and more long grass shoots slowly turning brown from the heat of the sun. I sat down on the hard, unforgiving surface, then carefully lay back and gazed up into the blue sky. The hawk was still circling far above, watching me perhaps.

I was overcome by a warm rush of contentment. How good it felt to be there, relaxed, completely naked, my clothes a distant memory. I ran my hands over the granite on either side of me, feeling the angular ridges and cracks. When my fingers touched the smoothness of my hips they were surprised by the difference in texture. I let my palms slide up over my body until they met the swell of my breasts. How soft and smooth they were in comparison to the rough, hard rock! The contrast amazed and thrilled me!

I smiled to find my nipples were more like the granite... stiff and firm, with their own little ripples and ridges. I touched them gently, then squeezed them, feeling their taut resistance, then rolled them between my fingertips, back and forth, back and forth. Mmmm. I bit my lip as little electric sparks coursed into my chest.

Ever since I was a young girl I have liked to pretend that my nipples are a new discovery... these sensitive swollen buds that suddenly get in the way when I lightly stroke my hands from the lower part of my tummy, up over my ribs, up onto my chest. And when I start to move my hands back down I like to flick my nipples with my thumbs. Ahhhhh... again and again... feeling the yummy warmth build inside me each time.

With a sigh of pleasure I raised my knees, tucked my feet up near my bum and opened my thighs, gently stroking the insides of my legs with my fingers. Ooooh yesss... rivers of delight!

I was in no hurry. Time was irrelevant now. Eventually I let my fingertips touch my pussy lips very gently, as I had earlier in the gully. Light strokes... up and down.... sometimes firmly pressing... making circular motions, teasing my hidden, throb-throb-throbbing clitoris.

At home I often masturbate myself to orgasm with my thighs squeezed together. But when I am outdoors I find it incredibly arousing to cum with my legs apart... wide apart... opening and exposing myself to the world... letting the world enter me... and (for lack of a better word) fuck me. It's hard to describe how I imagine this, but the result is always earth-shattering.

I began to gently pry my pussy lips apart with my fingertips... a little bit... then a little more... feeling the air blow over my tender wetness. Here I am! Can you see me... my lovely mountain... see how pink and wet I am? I dipped a finger softly inside me and used it to coat my lips with slick moisture. The first contact with my anxious clit made me grunt out loud with delight! God, I was not going to last long today!

Soon I was wet all over. Ahhhh... the breeze felt like Mother Nature herself was licking me. I reached past my clit and lightly caressed the tender skin just behind it with little strokes. This always aroused me more than rubbing my swollen nub directly. Once in a while I would strum my aching bud with little flicks to make my body quake.

A gasp of pleasure reminded me that the grass spear had been in my mouth all this time. I felt it fall from between my teeth... and suddenly had a delicious idea. I picked stalk up and lowered its hairy tip over my pussy lips, held open by fingers on my other hand. Oh... my... Gawd... what heaven! The contact of the tiny hairs inside my pink valley made me shudder all over. The minute caresses seemed to directly touch the growing ache inside me... making the sweet pain push up into my chest.

I slipped a finger over my clit, wiggling the fingertip from side to side... while the little hairs tickled my rippled entrance. Ohhhhh fuck... I could feel it coming now... legs spread wide... insides quivering... as if I was the trembling tip of a volcano... melting, at one with the earth, about to explode.

Ohhhhh yeeessss... and then, just before I got past the point of no return, I had another delicious idea! Why had I never thought of this before! I scrambled to my feet, dropping the grass spear to the ground.

Quickly moving to the bottom of the little slope next to me, I stepped onto the softer ground amidst the thick grass. I found the right spot, bent down, placed my hands on the damp ground and lowered myself over the swaying spears. The hairy tips immediately made contact with my breasts, my ribs, my tummy... each one teasing me delightfully. With a sigh of pure joy, I began to rock my body forward and back so that each little frond began to stroke my skin. The sensation took my breath away! In my mind the mountain was suddenly making love to me!

I have to admit it was not very lady-like position! I must have looked like a large insect, arms and legs apart, my bare ass stuck up in the air, little chirps of pleasure coming from my mouth as I humped my body back and forth. I didn't care. I was totally lost in pure hedonistic pleasure! This was the moment that made this hike so memorable.

I swayed my body in different directions to let the grassy hairs tease me all over... my neck, my face, my nipples, my hips. I crawled up the slope just a bit and moved one clump of spears between my legs. Ohhhh myyyyy God... the hairy cluster teased and tickled the insides of my thighs, the insides of my ass cheeks, the back of my pussy lips... while other spears seemed to caress a thousand parts of me. Every time a tickly frond grazed my asshole, I shivered all over. The mountain was intimately touching all my private places!

I managed to maintain my rocking motion while I reached a hand back to my pussy. My fingers joined the rhythm of the grass caresses... massaging the very center of the ache that was about to rip me in half.

Ahhh yessss... my beautiful mountain... caress me... fuck me... rise up and enter me... melt me and absorb me... fill me up... uhh... uhhhh... oh God... oh God... oh god-god-god-god-GOD...!!! I came so hard I lost my balance and fell headfirst into the ground. At that point I didn't care. I vaguely remember the taste of dirt in my mouth, but was so consumed by sweet orgasmic pain that I didn't even try to prevent the impact. I lay there naked amidst the crushed grass, my arm stuck between my body and the damp earth, fingers still teasing my clit, legs shaking, cumming over and over.

***AUTHOR'S EPILOGUE:*** *I had a great summer visiting that little mountaintop. I still occasionally find a way to get naked outdoors alone and commune with nature. Yes, I have also made love outdoors. But I have yet to find a partner who appreciates the outdoor experience as deeply and innately as I do... who revels in the same sense of freedom, spirituality, naughtiness and eroticism all mixed into one! I'd like to be that squirrel for a day and watch someone else get the same thrill, walking naked, alone and aroused up that hill. That person would be a true soulmate!*