**Naked Revenge**

**by [shandal](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1099063&page=submissions)**

*For all lovers of literotica with a little humour and a twist, I dedicate this to you.

Please feedback, I love to hear your comments.*

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Sasha stood at the top of the hill looking around, checking to make sure that they were alone.

"Yeah babe, we have the place to ourselves. Get your bloody kit off and let's begin."

Dropping her bag onto the grass at her feet, Angie laughed a nervous laugh, "Are you sure you want to do this Sash. I know it's really late and nearly dark, but it's a bit chilly now, and what if someone were to come along and see us?"

"Come on Angie, don't be such a wimp. We discussed this. No one is going to come along now, it's almost eight thirty. The nearest civilisation is at the bottom of the hill, we're all alone and you promised me we could do this."

Angie looked across at her boyfriend, jean clad legs spread out and hands on his narrow hips in a pose of masculine irritation. Over the last couple of months he had been nagging her for them to make love in the open, putting pressure on her more and more, telling her that if she loved him she would do this for him.

"Sasha, I'm still not happy about this, it's so exposed, and couldn't you have chosen a more sheltered and safer place. The road is only ten feet away and some people use this as the cut through to Dorking to avoid the main road."

"Stop it, get your kit off and lay down. My prick is getting uncomfortable behind this damn denim, and besides even if someone drove past they probably wouldn't notice us."

"It's just that I feel so exposed about doing it in such an open place. Why put ourselves in such a stupid position where we could be seen."

"That's half the fun, the fact that we might be discovered. Come on stop being so shy. You've got such stupid hang ups about your body Angie. It's a great body, and you shouldn't be ashamed of showing it off, to anybody, even strangers."

Angie stood there, arms wrapped around her middle, her bottom lip between her small white teeth, the gentle breeze blowing wisps of her fine soft brown hair around her heart shaped face.

"Please Sasha, couldn't we go back and re think this? I promise to let you tie me up again!"

"We can do that any time, you know this has been a fantasy of mine for ages, and once we start you know you'll love it. Come on Angie," and he walked the few yards towards her, cupping her face with his large warm hands, and leant down to kiss her, a sweet gentle kiss, "If you want I'll start to take my clothes off first."

In a quiet shy little voice she answered, "Please!"

Looking down at the front of his body he started to unbutton the soft light blue shirt he wore. Humming the tune of the stripper he started to slowly swivel his hips, and as each small button became undone from its small hole, his body started to move in a sensual dance.

Angie laughed at the sight of her tall, wiry boyfriend doing a striptease in front of her, framing behind the view of the Surrey valley, its villages and country roads leading off into the distance, the lights of Dorking starting to twinkle in its place at bottom of the high hill. Around her she could hear the rustling of leaves as the breeze flirted with the tall trees dotted along the top of the hill, and the occasional sound of birds could be heard, singing a goodnight song to the dusk.

Shrugging his shoulders the shirt slid slowly down his sinewy arms, and he turned his body and then looked at her over his shoulder, a sexy look that promised more to come. Wiggling his bottom at her, encased in the tight light blue denim, she watched the taut skin of his shoulders move, as the muscles below it rippled with the movement of his arms. Grabbing the sides of the shirt he removed it, throwing it towards Angie where she caught it and clutched it to her bosom.

"More, more." she gleefully cheered him on.

Getting more into his strip, facing her and with a look of male superiority his hands went to the buckle of his belt, and thrusting his hips forward, legs spread, he slipped the worn brown leather through the silver buckle, releasing it, before slowly pulling the long strip from the confining belt loops that held it around his body. His chest, with the pelt of dark black hair sprinkled across his pectoral muscles looked so very sexy, the small dark pink masculine nipples hard, pointing out, the right one pierced with the gleaming gold ring she loved to worry with her teeth as their bodies entangled when making glorious love.

A big smile broke across Angie's face, her green eyes glittering with a deep pleasure, as Sasha took the belt and holding it, one end in front, the other behind him, rubbed the length up and down on his crotch, between his thighs, his groin thrust forward, the bulge in his jeans enjoying the friction the taut leather was giving him.

"Hmmnnn....I'm gonna ram this big boy right into your wet tight cunt." He growled as he rocked his hips, the belt between his thighs, his arms holding it tight.

"Come on Sasha, more. Take off your jeans. Show big boy to me, prove it." She egged him on.

Tossing the belt towards her, where she caught it deftly in her right hand, to join his blue shirt, he then kicked off the white trainers and they too joined the pile of his growing clothes gathered in her arms.

"Are you ready for this?"

"Yes."

"I said are you ready for this?"

Laughing Angie shouted, "YESSSSSSS."

Undoing the metal button and slowly running the tab down on the zip he turned around, and pushing down on the waistband of both his jeans and boxer shorts, moved the blue material down his thighs, revealing his naked butt, the two tight globes of his arse topping long legs, thighs and shins sprinkled with hair.

Bending down, his arse pointing straight towards the fascinated woman standing behind him, fully dressed and holding his attire, he removed his socks at the same time as stepping out of the legs of his jeans.

Turning around to face Angie he trilled, "Tra La." a big grin on his face, as he stood totally naked, the only things left on his nude body, the nipple ring and the elephant hair bracelet on his wrist.

Tossing the remainder of his clothes to her he ordered, "Your turn Angie let me see those great tits you're hiding under that tight top. I've done it, now you do it."

"Sit down there on the grass." She said pointing a little way away, "and I'll give you a great show."

Walking back towards where the hill started to descend, he sat, long legs spread out before him, muscled arms leaning back, waiting for her performance. "I can't wait, this is going to be soooo good, I promise you." Winking at her, as she stooped down with her free hand towards her bag that sat at her feet, he growled, "I'm ready and waiting."

Angie stood up, the pile of his clothes clutched in her arms, the bag hanging from her elbow, and looked across at the man sitting slouched on the grass, totally naked, his cock standing up to attention as it nestled in the dark thatch of pubic hair, long torso leaned back, relaxed, the summer moon now rising high in the sky glinting off his golden skin.

Suddenly she turned and ran towards the car parked at the side of the road fifteen feet away, and taking the keys in her hand pressed the door release button as she heard him shout. "Hey, what are you doing, come back here!"

Opening the door and jumping into the driver's seat she quickly locked the doors, throwing the pile of clothes onto the seat beside her, just as Sasha reached the door and banged on it, shouting, "Angie, open the fucking door. Babe, open the fucking door. What are you doing? Come on open the door."

Sliding down the window slightly Angie looked up, a hard look on her face, at the shocked expression on her boyfriends face.

"Thought you could screw my best friend did you? Enjoyed fucking her did you Sasha? Maybe you should have told her to keep quiet about it, 'cause she told everyone in the pub yesterday, and by last night it had got back to me."

"Babe, I can explain......"

"Yeah, well explain it to any motorists that stop for you on your long walk down to the pub at the bottom of the hill just why you're walking around naked by yourself on a dark night on the top of Box Hill. Your clothes if you want them will be in the bins in front of the 'Screaming Duck pub' and by the time you get home I will have packed my things and left. Bye."

Rolling up the window, she started the car and drove off leaving the naked man standing there, cloaked only in the descending night, his dignity and a now limp cock on view.

Revenge is best served up cold, especially if the recipient has no clothes on to keep them warm!