**Natural Tease**

by[damppanties](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=111933&page=submissions)©

"Leigh! You finished?" came floating in the open door as I leaned in closer to the mirror and whisked the brush through my hair one last time before tying it into a high ponytail.  
  
"Coming," I answered. Applying a dash of lip gloss, I moved back to look at the entire image. The white, tiny halter top reached just below my breasts and was covered by a sheer see-through shirt on top to keep off the direct sunlight. Red shorts stretched tightly over my hips as I sat on the little bench before the mirror, the legs emerging from them, long and perfectly tanned. I had applied the minimum of make up; because I'd be a whole day out-of-doors, if I indulged in it, I'd be stickily sweaty in less than an hour.  
  
I knew I looked good. Perfect for teasing Vince all day.  
  
Vince was my co-worker and friend. I had been attracted to him for a long time but had not made any advances because I knew he was in a relationship. Recently though, he'd broken up, and after waiting for a decent while, I knew I had to go after him before he was snapped up by someone else. The plans to seduce him were formed since he had suggested a weekend hike on a trail we'd both been on before. Eager to begin my assault on him, I quickly tied a handkerchief over my hair, and walked out.  
  
Vince was waiting with the backpack in one hand. A tight grey t-shirt hugged his torso and showed off his muscled abs nicely. I was a little surprised to see him in jeans because shorts were our usual attire for the outdoor days. I looked pointedly at the jeans and then raised an eyebrow at him.  
  
He shrugged. "I'm wearing shorts underneath. Might peel off the jeans later on."  
  
We set off in the open-top jeep. The rushing wind skimmed over my bare legs; goose pimples popped up all over my skin and my nipples took notice of the fact. I seemed to be aware of every inch of my body, and when Vince's hand brushed the outside of my thigh while shifting gears, I sighed.  
  
He turned his head and looked over at me.  
  
I smiled at him and tried to cool myself, not wanting him to know what I was up to just yet. A little innocent teasing would make him squirm in his pants; and I wanted him to.  
  
We reached the beginning of the trail in the mid-morning, and set off immediately. It was a long one and we needed to hurry if we wanted to make it back before sundown. Staying in the cabin half way up the trail was not in our plans... well, definitely not in Vince's plans. I could hope.  
  
As we trudged up the narrow, rough track through the towering trees and rich green undergrowth, I was almost lulled into a daze. The weather was humid and warm under the trees, making half my mind drift off into a lazy slumberous state. The other half concentrated on putting one step ahead of the other, my gaze fixed on the bobbing ass in the tight jeans one step ahead.  
  
I ran right into Vince as he stopped suddenly. My arms went around his waist to steady myself. "What's going on?"  
  
"Just thought we'd stop for a drink," he said, amused.  
  
The drink of glucose mixed in water was to keep us from dehydrating in the warm weather. Vince handed me the bottle after taking a swig, and I drank a few sips, a few drops of the sweet water dribbling down my chin. I saw Vince gazing at the corner of my mouth as I surreptitiously watched him from beneath my lashes as I screwed on the cap of the bottle.  
  
"Here," I said, holding the bottle out to him.  
  
He quietly took the bottle from me and stuffed it back into the backpack. Throwing the straps on to his wide shoulders, he took off without a word.  
  
We came to a grassy clearing after some time and stopped for lunch. I lowered my tired butt on a flat rock, thankful for the break as the pace was getting to me a little by then. A rest would be good.  
  
Vince settled onto the ground, facing me, the backpack between us. He rummaged inside to come up with foil wrapped sandwiches. Handing me one, he peeled his and started eating it. Two bites later he noticed that I hadn't opened mine. "What's the matter?" he asked around a mouthful.  
  
"Just getting my breath back."  
  
The real reason was that I couldn't stop watching him. He looked utterly desirable with his attention focused on satisfying his hunger, a sweat-soaked lock of black hair falling over his forehead. His skin was shining from a fine sheen of perspiration, his t-shirt wet down the middle of his chest. My eyes strayed down to his groin, the legs spread open as he was sitting cross-legged. The jeans were tightly snug, outlining his...  
  
I swallowed. This would not do. My plan was to make him want me, not the other way around. Lazily, I started opening the buttons down the front of my shirt. Vince noticed when I shrugged out of it, my full breasts pushed out towards him as I shook off the sleeves with my hands behind my back. Innocently, I brushed my hand over my breast while throwing the shirt on top of the backpack between us. My nipple reacted, faintly discernible against the fabric of my top. I started opening the foil around my sandwich and noticed that Vince had stopped eating his.  
  
"What's the matter?" I asked him this time.  
  
He came out of the trance, guiltily meeting my eyes. "Nothing," he murmured.  
  
"Well, eat then," I threw back and smiled inwardly.  
  
I finished before him and stretched my legs out to one side, propping myself up on my hands on the ground behind me. I closed my eyes and let my head fall back, relaxing, and rolling my head around on my neck sensuously.  
  
I knew my breasts were sticking out; and I knew Vince was staring at them. The nipples hardened gradually and poked out through the material covering them. I could feel the puckered up centres brush against the cloth with every breath I took. It was exquisite torture; and I knew Vince was going through the same thing.  
  
"Ready?" I spoke with my head still thrown back.  
  
"Huh? Yes."  
  
I moved my legs closer to myself gracefully and got up, throwing my arms up into the air, stretching. Stomach sucked in and breasts thrown out, I stayed that way for a moment before letting myself go loose.  
  
Vince shifted his eyes off me immediately when I looked down at him.  
  
"Water." I extended my open hand to him.  
  
He handed me the bottle and I started drinking. Water spilled out and seeped down my chin, cooling my neck and disappearing into my top, then trickling down the valley between my breasts causing me to stop drinking and recoil from the icy coolness. With my left hand there, I rubbed the place vigorously, trying to take the edge of the cold, wet feeling. All the time, I could feel Vince's eyes fixed on me.  
  
"I'm such a klutz," I muttered, smiling down innocently at him.  
  
Without replying, he ducked his head and started gathering up the things.  
  
I held out my hand for him when he was ready to get up. He hesitated for a moment before putting his hand into mine. I pulled and leaned back, throwing all my weight behind me. Vince was pulled off the ground into a standing position. When I didn't stop pulling, he fell against me, his arms going round my waist to stop me from falling backwards. His leg behind me, he caught me in mid-air.  
  
Waiting like that for a moment, like I was surprised, I took the opportunity to stare right into his blue eyes, mere inches from my own. They were gorgeous, a deep blue; the black of the irises extending into the blueness in sharp points. The blue eyes blinked as they looked down at me. I realised I was supposed to move.  
  
My hands went around him, clasped around his firm back. I heaved myself up, pressing into his body for a second before moving back and giving him an apologetic smile.  
  
"Sorry."  
  
"It's okay." His voice sounded gruff.  
  
We set off down the trail, this time I led the way. I knew Vince was aware of me as a woman by then. I thought about his eyes on my firm ass in the tight, red shorts, swaying just in front of him; my naked waist with the spine bisecting it; the ponytail bobbing up and down with each step, reaching to the nape of my neck. I hoped he was suffering.  
  
Suddenly, I remembered the morning's incident and without warning, bent down double right in the middle of the narrow trail, my butt sticking out in the air. As I had hoped, Vince ran smack into me.  
  
"Sorry." I turned around and caught him pulling down the ends of his t-shirt, hiding... what? "Should have warned you. I wanted to pluck that cute little flower, that yellow one." I pointed to a tiny bloom off to the right of the path.  
  
"It's okay," Vince muttered, almost inaudibly. His jaw was clenched. He was taking deep breaths.  
  
I frowned at him and put a hand on his arm. It was hot.  
  
"Are you okay?" I asked him, a picture of friendly concern.  
  
"Yes, I'm fine."  
  
I looked at him for a full minute. He started fidgeting, moving from one foot to the other. "Shall we continue?"  
  
"Sure. I'm fine," he repeated.  
  
We began walking again. The silence between us zinged with sexual tension. I could feel it, but acted innocent and unaware while enjoying it immensely. Vince didn't seem to be in the mood for talking, and we walked for a couple of hours, a silence stretching between us.  
  
We came to the halfway point where a stream ran across the trail. Hikers were supposed to wade through the waist-high water. Vince and I took off our backpacks and holding them above our heads, started walking into the water. A few steps into the stream, I simply bent my knees and sat down with a sharp ,"Aaahhh." I was immersed up to my neck in the cool water.  
  
Vince turned and started to come toward me, but I rose up immediately, the water coming down my body in huge rivulets, soaking my clothes and making them stick to my body. The white top turned translucent. My brown nipples clearly visible, poked straight out, from the shock of the cold water.  
  
Vince stopped and stared.  
  
I bit the inside of my cheek as I tried to hold back my laughter on seeing the look on his face. He looked like he was zapped. And I guess he was.  
  
Holding out my hand to him, I put on a pained expression. "I think I twisted my ankle, Vince. Would you help me out?"  
  
Grudgingly, Vince came toward me. I draped my arm over his neck and he put one hand around my waist as we hobbled to the other side. I put most of my weight on him, leaning into his warm, hard body as we crossed the stream. As soon as we were on the other side, he tried to move away but I held on to him, ignoring his efforts.  
  
"Just look out for a place to sit," I instructed as we moved along, squeezed together on the trail made for one.  
  
A little further, we came to an outcropping of rocks, and Vince led me towards it, helping me to sit down on it. He then crouched down in front of me. Having taken off my shoes, he started probing my ankle. I let out a suitable "Ouch" when his nimble fingers pressed into the skin.  
  
"Does it hurt?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"A lot?"  
  
"Well, kind of. Though I think I'll be okay in some time," I said, trying to sound brave.  
  
"No way. You're not walking on that ankle," Vince pronounced.  
  
This was what I had wanted! "Then how...," I trailed off.  
  
Vince looked grim. "I'll carry you."  
  
"No, of course not." I was firm, but not very.  
  
"No arguments. We'll go up to the cabin and... see what we can do. It's a few minutes down the trail."  
  
And that was that. Vince heaved me up in his arms. One hand supported my back and ended just under my breast, the other went under my knees. I felt almost sorry for the guy; until he stumbled a bit on something on the trail and my hand immediately went around his neck, pushing my face into him.  
  
I breathed in his maleness. My lips brushed against the tendons standing out, and I slipped my tongue out and licked my lips. He was salty. Something kicked in the pit of my stomach. I held my breath for a moment before letting it out in a long sigh.  
  
"You okay?"  
  
"Mmmm."  
  
"Hurts?"  
  
"No."  
  
"Then?"  
  
"Nothing."  
  
I bet he was puzzled. How was I supposed to tell him I was totally aroused by his nearness?  
  
We came to the cabin. Vince took me inside and lowered me on to the polished wooden floor. There was no furniture. There was a tiny basin in one corner with an empty bucket next to it. Walking over to the bucket, Vince picked it up and escaped out the door without meeting my eyes.  
  
"I'll get some water to wash."  
  
I looked around. It was somewhat clean. Well, not dirty anyway. I got up and walked over to the window; I could see Vince walking away toward the stream, the empty bucket swinging in his hand. Long, easy strides, straight, firm back and that butt! My nipples reacted.  
  
If that was something to be aroused about, I was totally unprepared for what came next.  
  
Vince reached the edge of the stream, set the bucket down and began stripping. The jeans came off, exposing lean, muscular legs. The grey shirt was next. I was hoping and praying for the briefs to come off when he suddenly whirled around and looked back toward the cabin.  
  
I jumped away from the window with such force that I almost lost my balance. I gave him a minute before peeking out again.  
  
He was nowhere to be seen!  
  
I moved closer to the pane and peered out, scanning the area.  
  
Ah! There was a swell in the smoothness of the water and a head bobbed out. Vince took his time washing off the sweat and dirt of the day while I watched him stealthily. At last, he started wading out.  
  
I gasped. The briefs were off!  
  
I was sure my mouth was hanging open as I watched Vince walk towards his pile of clothes, totally naked. Every inch of my body reacted; I felt I'd almost have an orgasm right then. Calming my overheated body, I watched him get dressed, and fill the bucket.  
  
Scooting over to where he had left me, I sat down heavily and attempted to get my mind off fantasies of the naked body. It didn't work.  
  
Vince walked in the door and I stared at him, dry-mouthed. He put the filled bucket in the corner, then came and sat down on his haunches next to me.  
  
"How's the foot?" he asked, laying his hand on my ankle.  
  
I wrenched my foot out of his reach like I was burned.  
  
He wrinkled his brow. "Hurts that much?"  
  
"Uh, no." I blinked. "Well, yes." I closed my eyes and took a breath. "Kind of."  
  
Vince was staring at me. "I'll see if we have anything to put on it. I think I should have something in my first-aid box."  
  
I stared at his back as he moved towards the backpack, and then abruptly shifted my eyes away from temptation. Presently, he came back with a tube. Crouching next to me, he applied a little liniment to my ankle. Started rubbing.  
  
"Th.. thanks, I'll do that," I stammered and tried to pull my leg out of his grasp.  
  
The grip around my leg tightened and he looked straight into my eyes; his silent gaze forced me into submission. I let him rub the stuff into my heated flesh as his other hand held my leg with the sole against his thigh. The hardness was apparent as I could feel the flexed muscles under my foot with every stroke of his hand on my ankle. I closed my eyes and swallowed, letting my mind centre on the feeling of his fingers moving over my hot skin.  
  
I don't know how long he kept at it; the time seemed to drag on. Eventually, I became aware of his fingers moving up... very slowly. Inch by slow inch, but surely. My lips parted just a fraction. My stomach tensed. My fingers started to curl involuntarily; I stopped them and held them rigid. When I could stand it no longer, I opened my eyes and looked at him.  
  
He was staring at me, his lips curved up on one side into a sexy half-smile. "This is what you've wanted since morning, huh?" The smile faded away; his eyes became intense. "You're going to get it."  
  
With that, his hand slid up my leg, lingering at the soft flesh behind my knee for a scant moment before gliding up over my thigh and stopping halfway. The thumb moved in lazy circles. I could feel every individual finger burning into me. I clenched my teeth and held back a "Don't stop."  
  
"All morning...," he breathed out the words softly. "You've been teasing me all morning. Want some of it back?"  
  
"No, please." It burst out.  
  
Vince smiled.  
  
"Please," I repeated.  
  
"Please what?"  
  
This wasn't going to be easy, I realised. Instead of answering him, I moved towards him, getting into a kneeling position before him.  
  
He looked pointedly at my ankle. "I thought so."  
  
Placing my hands on either side of his face, I kissed him to get his mind off my perfectly fine ankle and the long drawn-out tease session the morning had been. Vince didn't disappoint me. His arms encircled my waist and crushed me against him, then moved down to cup my buttocks and squeeze them hard. My hands moved to the back of his head and bunched around fistfuls of his half-dried black hair. This was going too fast. Every nerve in my body jumped as his mouth broke off mine and swept across my jaw, to my earlobe and took a playful bite before sucking on it hungrily.  
  
"Oh my GOD! Slow..." I moaned.  
  
"No way," he growled. "Go slow when you've been torturing me all morning? How much self-control I've had to..." His voice trailed off as I dragged his mouth back to mine and ravaged it.  
  
We were beyond control. Vince pushed me back roughly until I was lying back on the wooden floor. Single-mindedly, he started to strip the clothes off my body. He yanked the semi-wet camisole off, gritting his teeth and letting out an impatient noise when it snagged against my arms. Though I fully cooperated, he was too fast and impatient, and the little, red shorts tore as he opened the zipper and pulled them down my legs, and off.  
  
As soon as I was naked, his mouth dived down to my nipples, and he had me reduced to a writhing, moaning body in seconds. He was like a fanatic, sucking, pinching, kneading my breasts like crazy while I could do nothing but mutter incoherently while the assault continued.  
  
Just when I thought I could bear it no longer, one of his hands moved down, dipped into my navel, and continued downward, blazing a trail to my wet centre. The shock of his finger touching my clit sent me into an unexpected, shuddering orgasm which almost blacked me out. Thousands of stars exploded behind my tightly shut eyelids as I struggled to suck air into my lungs. My fingers fiercely clenched around handfuls of his hair.  
  
He realised what was happening and the finger stilled. One moment. Two. And then started moving with a frenzy which made me arch up into the air, bang into his body hovering over me and then fall back on the hard floor. I was aware of a distant pain, somewhere in the back of my mind, as my shoulder blades smacked against the wood.  
  
"OH GOD! FUCK ME!" I shouted.  
  
"Yes, baby." Vince closed his teeth around a nipple, adding to the sensations overwhelming my mind.  
  
I have no idea how long I remained in the state of heightened awareness where each touch, each movement stirred up a thousand feelings. When I finally came down, Vince was gently lapping at my breast, his eyes fixed on me. He stopped as my eyes lost the distant, dreamy look and focused on his.  
  
"Payback," he said with a satisfied smile.  
  
I shook my head from side to side, still unable to make my tongue move around in my dry mouth. I swallowed and licked my lips while concentrating on getting my breath back to normal. "Get you for this," I gasped out finally when I could speak.  
  
"Sure. Please do." Saucy reply.  
  
I took him at his word and threw him off me. The startled look on his face would have been comical if I had stopped to think, but I was too busy moving up on to his body which now lay flat on the floor. Not losing a moment, I grasped the ends of his t-shirt, yanked it over his head, and threw it aside. My hands roved over his chest; feather light fingers touching him, moving up and down over the firm muscles. My eyes moved away from his and wandered over his chest, attracted by the small, dense hairs, and peeking out from between them, one dark nipple.

I bent my head and took it into my mouth. Was rewarded by a missed breath. My teeth closed over the little nub; there was a stifled moan. My hand reached down between our bodies, over his tight stomach, coming to rest between his legs, cupping him gently. I paused, then squeezed. He turned harder.  
  
"Let me...." He tried to move me off him.  
  
I held him down. "No. My turn," I said sweetly and saw him consider, before he relaxed and let me get on with my plan.  
  
I moved my wet mouth down his torso, trailing kisses and licks randomly. When I came to the waistband of his jeans, I didn't stop, but continued over the jeans and hovered over his bulge for a moment before starting to lick and kiss it fervently.  
  
Vince wasn't ready for it. His back came off the floor and he erupted in a choked "What the...?"  
  
By the time I was finished, his crotch was soaked with my saliva; I ran a hand lightly over it, to make sure. Moving up, I started kissing him, my hand staying at his crotch, stroking lightly, or rubbing urgently. He grew rock-hard.  
  
"I need to get that off," he panted as there was a break in kissing and he roughly pushed me off. Sitting up, and then kneeling, he slid off his jeans and briefs.  
  
He turned toward me and looked at my naked form lying there, my arms above my head in a relaxed, abandoned pose. His eyes strayed from my face, to my breasts, down my body, pausing between my legs and then down the long legs. "You're hot," he whispered.  
  
I smiled, moved a hand to my breasts and stroked myself; my eyes fixed on his.  
  
"Dear God." He was on me in a flash.  
  
I don't know how we coordinated hands and legs and body positions in the freaking hurry that seemed to grip Vince. I marvelled that we didn't hurt ourselves as our sex-crazed minds took over, banishing all other thoughts.  
  
We were reduced to a pile of squeezing hands, kissing mouths, stroking fingers and hot skin; it was too fast. One moment Vince was frenziedly kissing me, landing random kisses anywhere he saw a patch of skin, the next moment I felt his fingers fumbling at my pussy, sliding deep into the slit and plunging into my wetness. Then his cock was poised at my entrance, exerting gentle pressure as his hands charmed my breasts.  
  
"Sweetie. Now. In me," I breathed out.  
  
That was all Vince needed to hear. With a slight movement of his hips, he slid into me, filling me totally. Clamping my pussy walls around his cock, I moved my hands over to his lower back, holding him and urging him on as he started the rhythm. High-speed, right from the start. The heat between our bodies threatened to consume us as Vince gradually quickened the strokes, if that was possible. The heightened thrusts went on for an interminable period....  
  
Just when it seemed like we could hold it no longer, I felt slight tightening in my stomach which warned me of the impending orgasm, and before I could prepare myself, it ripped through me. It was too close to the mind-numbing ones I'd had earlier and I remember thinking brokenly that if that kept on, I'd die during one of them. My whole body tightened and shuddered, uncontrollable, almost painful contractions racing through me until I felt I could take them no longer.  
  
Vince hadn't stopped his mad thrusting when I reached my peak, but shortly after he shouted something I couldn't catch and drove deep into me one last time before losing all control. He collapsed on top of me, knocking out what little breath I had managed to get control of, and I sorely wished I had the strength to push his body off mine. After a moment, the uncomfortable feeling passed as he lay still and then transferred his weight on his legs and hands on either side of my body.  
  
We lay for long moments, hot and wet, totally exhausted.  
  
"That wasn't fair."  
  
Vince moved his head a fraction; it was resting on my shoulder. "What wasn't?"  
  
"You didn't let me get my turn," I said softly.  
  
A deep laugh rumbled out of him, doing crazy things against my stomach.  
  
"There's always a next time, wench," he said as he settled himself more comfortably.  
  
There was.