**On Display**

by[HStoner](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1564334&page=submissions)©

It had been a rough few years, but I'd reached a place that was, at least, tolerable. I'd married Gail, the woman of my dreams, three years after graduating from law school. At her insistence, I left the large law firm where I'd been doing well to set up my own shop. Unfortunately, the business didn't follow me, and I really struggled to meet my own income expectations, much less Gail's. Gail, a lawyer herself, started a relationship with a senior partner at another big firm in town. She divorced me. Eighteen months later, I settled a huge class action that had been one of the few good cases I'd gotten on my own. The payoff for me was huge. I wasn't Michael Bloomberg wealthy, but I now had more money than I'd ever spend in my lifetime and no one to spend it on but me. Still hurting from the divorce, I opted for early retirement. I left Cincinnati and retreated into the woods of Southeastern Ohio.  
  
I found a property of about 50 acres of woods abutting a state forest. There was a 1960s style ranch house on a small hill about a quarter mile off the road. Many dollars later, the dreary ranch was transformed. There was a library room for my 2,500 books and a weight room in the basement. I added a deck to the back of the house that overlooked a wooded valley that was partly mine and partly state forest. I put a spa, an outdoor shower, and an elaborate grill on the deck. Buying the property and fixing it up made no significant dent in my new bank account.  
  
I had gone to college on a wrestling scholarship. I wrestled at 185 pounds in probably the best wrestling conference in the country. I never won a conference championship, but I did win more matches than I lost. However, I'd spent the last several years in practice really busting it to make money. I simply had not had time to work out and any visible evidence of my athletic past had disappeared into a blob of flab and fat.  
  
I had not anticipated the magnitude of change from the practicing lawyer's life of constant demands that really required thirty- hour days to retired life with, literally, nothing that had to be done. To give my new life some structure, I started working out fiendishly once I was settled in my forest retreat. It was slow and painful. However, 18 months on, my bodyweight was down to 200. My bench max was up to 450 pounds and, on a good day, I could do a full squat with 600. No world records were in danger, but I thought that was respectable for a guy in his forties.  
  
As I entered my second spring in the woods, I decided to start using my outdoor shower after my workouts. I wasn't entirely sure why I had it put in. I suppose the idea of showering with a view over the valley seemed appealing. I certainly did not intend to be seen. The risk of that seemed since my property backed up on a relatively inaccessible part of the state forest. I'd chosen the property for privacy and solitude.  
  
Once it warmed enough that spring, I started using the outdoor shower daily after my workouts. Sometimes, I'd dry off and sit nude on the back deck enjoying the sights and sounds of the forest. For several days around Memorial Day, I thought I heard something moving in the woods while I was showering. I didn't see anything and assumed I was hearing a large squirrel or, maybe, deer. At any rate, I was sure no people were around.  
  
It was late afternoon the first Monday in June. I had finished a leg workout and was in the outdoor shower. I usually spent most of my shower facing the woods to enjoy the view. This time, I had turned to adjust the shower temperature when I heard a female voice awfully close by.  
  
"Excuse me, Sir," the voice said.  
  
I had never encountered another person on this my property. I was so surprised, that I spun around without thinking about covering myself. Standing just a few feet off the deck was a young African American woman in the uniform of an ODNR ranger. Shit! Was I about to be busted for being nude outdoors on my own property?  
  
"Hi," the ranger said with a smile. "I'm Patti Wilson. I work at the state forest. I've been working in this part of the forest for the last week checking rates of erosion. I couldn't help noticing you in your shower each afternoon. I, uh, watched you for a while. I felt bad about that until I decided that someone who showers in the nude outdoors probably doesn't mind if other people see them. I, well, I watched you shower several times. I thought ought to come up and confess."  
  
"I'm not in trouble?" I asked.  
  
"For what?" Ranger Wilson replied. "From my point of view, you're adding to the natural beauty of the area."  
  
"That's a relief," I said. I turned around to turn off the shower, grabbed a towel, and stepped from the tile pad onto the wood deck. Ranger Wilson had a lovely face. It was hard to tell with the unisex uniform she had on, but I suspected she had a lovely body too.  
  
"You're not upset that I spied on you?" Ranger Wilson asked.  
  
"No," I replied.  
  
"Uh," she said hesitantly, "would you mind if I came back?"  
  
That question crystalized the situation in my mind. I was standing nude in front of a lovely young woman who had just admitted that she was there to look at me in the nude. Now, she wanted my permission to come back and look at me in the nude some more. I'd never thought about showing off my nude body. To the contrary, I had always been careful about my modesty. Ranger Wilson was very openly looking at my bare body. That was inexplicably exciting.  
  
"That's ok with me," I replied as casually as possible. "Most of what's out there is your forest anyway."  
  
"Well," Ranger Wilson said, "I was hoping you'd give me permission to come onto your land. You know, so I can get a closer look."  
  
There was something about that request and the way she said it that I found appealing. "I suppose," I replied, "that seeing a naked man outside gives you probable cause to come onto the property to make sure nothing untoward is going on."  
  
Ranger Wilson laughed. "You sound like a lawyer," she said. Looking straight at my exposed dick, she added, "it looks pretty upright to me, but that could change from day to day."  
  
"Perhaps," I said. "May I get you something to drink?"  
  
Ranger Wilson smiled again. "No but thank you. I need to get back to work." Her smile widened. "I'll see you again." She turned, revealing what looked like a nicely shaped ass, and walked back into the woods.  
  
As the shock of the encounter wore off, I realized that I'd "shown off." I'd never done that before. The only women who had seen me nude were a couple of doctors, some girlfriends, and Gail. Today, I'd stood naked in front of a woman I'd never met before, a law enforcement officer no less. I'd made no effort to cover myself and carried on a conversation. I'd enjoyed it. Was I an exhibitionist?  
  
Patti Wilson started coming by almost every day as I showered outside. She no longer hid in the woods but came right up to the deck. She also stayed longer and talked. I enjoyed listening to her and enjoyed her looking at me.  
  
I'd been showing off for Patti for about three weeks. She almost always showed up while I was showering. However, she would stay for a while as I dried off. I would stand or walk around the deck nude while we talked. I started hoping she would be inspired to join me in nudity, but Patti always stayed fully clothed. One day, she said, "I probably shouldn't admit it, but I really enjoy looking at you."  
  
"Why shouldn't you admit that?" I asked.  
  
"It makes me sound like a perv," she replied. She paused. "This will make me sound like a real perv, but I'd love to watch you jack off."  
  
In my old life, I'd have been shocked. Now, I thought "that would be fun!" The idea of stroking myself until I came with Patti's gorgeous face watching started the blood to my dick. "On one condition," I replied.  
  
Patti's face got a fearful look. "What's that?" she asked.  
  
"After I come, you have to stay for a drink," I replied.  
  
Patti giggled. "Well, the supervisor's in meetings in Columbus today. I suppose I could, but I have a condition back."  
  
"What's that?" I asked.  
  
"You can't put anything on until I've left and, uh, don't clean yourself off after you come," she said.  
  
"Ok," I replied.  
  
"We've got a deal," Patti replied. "What are you waiting for?"  
  
I stood facing Patti. My dick was already coming up. I wrapped my hand around myself and began stroking the length of my shaft. Watching Patti watch me stroke myself got me rock hard. I started imaging her lips around my shaft with my head in her mouth being licked by her tongue. The obvious pleasure on Patti's face as she watched me made it even more arousing.  
  
Patti had stepped closer to me, to get a better view, I guess. When I shot, some of my semen went on her slacks. "I'm sorry," I said quickly.  
  
Patti looked at me with a smile. "Don't worry about it," she said. "It'll wash out. That was so hot it is worth it." I was glad I'd done something she thought was hot.  
  
"Ok," I said. "You promised to stay for a drink. What may I get you?"  
  
"Uh, do you have any wine?" Patti asked.  
  
"I have several varieties of red, if you drink red," I replied.  
  
"Red is fine," Patti said. "You choose, I'm not a wine expert."  
  
"Neither am I," I chuckled as I walked into my house. I opened a good Italian wine I had gotten during a trip back to Cincinnati and poured Patti a generous glass. I poured myself some less expensive Australian cabernet. I took the glasses back outside. Patti and I sat next to each other on my deck, me nude and Patti in her uniform.  
  
As we talked, I learned that Patti was originally from Cleveland. She had gone to college out west on a track scholarship. "I'd been a pretty good sprinter in high school," she said. "When I got to college, I was great for the first 40 yards, but I couldn't develop that extra gear that the other girls had for the last 60. I started to focus on long jump." Patti had also gotten a BS in something called "natural resources management."  
  
"My goal," Patti said, "is to be the boss of something like the state forest here. There's a lot of undeveloped land and habitat preserved out west, but there are few people. I came back to Ohio because I think it is important to preserve natural areas near where people live and work, both for the environment and for people's mental health."  
  
As you may have picked up, Patti was intelligent and articulate as well as being very good-looking. I was enjoying listening to her talk about herself and had become perfectly comfortable being naked around her. After a while, Patti said, "You look like you lift. Where? I've been in the area for almost four years and I haven't found any place."  
  
"I have a weight room in my basement," I replied. "Would you like to see it?" Patti said yes, so I led her down to my weight room. Men tend to take pride in their possessions, so I was gratified that she seemed to be impressed. "You're more than welcome to come over and use it," I said.  
  
"I'd love to," Patti replied. "It's been so long; I could probably use a refresher in how to use the equipment and correct form. I'm off Sunday. May I come over Sunday afternoon?"  
  
"That would be fine," I said. "Any time. I'm pretty much always here."  
  
"Uh," Patti said, "do you think you could be dressed Sunday the same way you are now?"  
  
I usually wore a tee shirt and shorts to lift, but I was willing to accommodate a lovely woman. "Sure," I replied.  
  
Patti showed up Sunday afternoon in shorts and a tank top over a sports bra. At her request, I was naked. I spent about twenty minutes showing her where things were and how I preferred the equipment be used. We talked about her lifting goals. I'm not a coach, but, going back to college, I had lifted enough and read enough about weight training that I thought I could help her. We went through most of the major lifts with Patti using light weights so I could check and correct her form. That meant getting very close to her.  
  
Patti typically worked until about 5:30 p.m. She clocked out at the forest office about ten miles away. We developed a routine in which Patti would show up two or three evenings a week around 6:15 p.m. She would lift in my basement for an hour and a half or so. I'd spot her. Patti always wore her workout clothes. At her request, I was always naked.  
  
I found that I enjoyed being naked around Patti. She did a good job of creating the impression that she liked looking at my body. I hoped that the nudity would become mutual. I had a strong suspicion that Patti looked great with nothing on. However, she didn't volunteer to undress. It seemed unwise for me to suggest that she get naked.  
  
One Sunday afternoon in late August, Patti showed up at my house unexpectedly. With her was another woman whom Patti introduced as Belinda. "Belinda's my best friend," Patti said. "She works a couple different retail jobs in Athens, but she's really an artist." Patti looked at Belinda to supply details.  
  
Belinda appeared to be about Patti's age, around thirty. She had strawberry blonde hair and a very pale complexion. Belinda was a big woman, and I don't mean fat. She simply had broad shoulders, wide hips, and obviously heavy breasts. "I do sketches, painting, and some photography," she said. "I do a lot of landscapes because they sell, but my primary interest is the human form."  
  
"I brought Belinda over because I thought she may be able to use you as a model, if you don't mind," Patti said.  
  
Since Patti had started coming to my house earlier that summer, I had gotten into the habit of staying nude. It was more comfortable than wearing clothes around the house. I was already nude when Patti and Belinda showed up. Belinda walked around me slowly, appraising me the way a buyer might look at an animal at a livestock show. She finally came back in front of me. "You are willing to pose nude?" she asked.  
  
"Sure," I said. I'd never posed but I enjoyed Patti looking at me and I thought I'd enjoy Belinda doing it too.  
  
"I can't pay you," Belinda said, "but, if I sell a work you modeled for, I'll give you 30 percent of what I get for it."  
  
"That's fine," I replied. Belinda had a location in the forest where she wanted me to pose. We made a date to meet early the next Sunday. Belinda intended to be done before many people were out.  
  
It was about 7:00 a.m., just getting light, when I parked next to Belinda's rather beat-up Toyota in the lot of a strip center in the nearest town. To my slight surprise, Patti was with Belinda. I liked Patti so I didn't say anything. I just climbed in the back seat.  
  
Belinda drove for about twenty minutes, ending up on a one lane road deep in the forest. She came to a spot where she could pull off and park, which she did. We all got out. Belinda opened her trunk and took out a large camera bag. "Whether I'm doing a sketch or a painting, I photograph my models and work from the pictures," she said. "Of course, if I like the photos, I may just clean them up on the computer and go with them."  
  
I was standing waiting to be told what to do. Belinda pointed at a stand of trees on the other side of the road. "There's a small pond about 400 yards through those woods. That's where I'd like to work this morning. Will, you should probably take your clothes off here. You can leave your shoes on."  
  
I stripped off and we locked my clothes in Belinda's trunk. We walked single file with me in the middle and Patti behind me. At one point, Belinda led us through some waist-high weeds, which felt strange rubbing against my dick, balls, and ass. I hoped I wasn't rubbing against anything like poison ivy.  
  
We spent, probably, two hours around the pond and in the adjoining woods. Belinda must have shot several hundred frames of me. None of the poses she directed were particularly racy. Patti basically just watched. After we finished, we had just reached the road across from Belinda's car when another car came along the road. I don't know whether they noticed the naked man standing between two clothed women, but the car didn't stop.  
  
When Patti came over to work out the following Tuesday night, she said, "Belinda would like you to see some of the pictures she took Sunday. Do you have time to drive up to Belinda's apartment in Athens tomorrow evening?" Athens was 45 minutes away.  
  
"I suppose," I said. It wasn't like I had anything scheduled.  
  
"Great!", Patti said. "Pick me up outside my apartment tomorrow at 5:00."  
  
Patti lived in the one nice apartment complex in the town nearest to me. She was waiting for me in the parking lot outside her apartment. The print sundress she had on emphasized her athletic figure. As I drove in, I saw several other people walking around the complex as if they lived there. Those folks were all white. I wondered how that worked for Patti. This part of the state could be very redneck. It wasn't a question I thought I could ask.  
  
Patti pulled open the passenger door of my SUV and got in as soon as I stopped. As if reading my mind, she said, "Yeah, I'm the only black person in this complex. Most of the people here are nice. There are a couple of guys in the next building who apparently think every black woman's greatest desire is to have a white dick inside her. They initially thought I needed some persuasion to act on my overriding desire. The police had a long talk with them a few months after I moved in. Apart from an occasional insult shouted out their truck windows if they see me when they're driving by, they leave me alone now."  
  
"Jesus!" I said with genuine disgust.  
  
"It's just a part of my life," Patti said. "I've been dealing with it in one form or another for as long as I can remember."  
  
I didn't say anything. There was nothing I could say. Patti was an intelligent, articulate, physically beautiful black woman who held a job in the fringes of Appalachia that regularly put her in a position of authority over whites. I knew enough to know that I didn't have a clue what it was like to live her life.  
  
We drove about 15 minutes in silence. I was trying to think of something to say to get us onto a more pleasant, less dangerous topic of conversation. Patti broke the silence, but not with anything I'd expected.  
  
"Will," she said, "I owe you an apology and an explanation. I've been hanging around you for a couple of months now taking every opportunity I get to look at your nude body. Shit, I even asked you to jerk off for me. I know you think I'm attractive. I'm sure you're frustrated that I always keep my clothes on around you."  
  
"Not frustrated," I started. Patti cut me off.  
  
"Will, I do like you. I like you a lot. It's just that, well, not long after I came here, I met a guy. Jevon. Jevon initially seemed like you: smart, considerate, good-looking. Jevon lived up in Athens. After we'd dated a couple of months, he talked me into moving in with him. That's when things changed completely. I guess Jevon thought I was now his property to use as he pleased. Sex started including him slapping me around some. I complained. It got worse. Then it went from us wanting to have sex to him wanting to have sex. My 'no' didn't matter. One night, Jevon raped me in the apartment. When he was done, I grabbed some clothes and my purse and ran out. Belinda lived a few blocks away. I went to stay with her."  
  
Patti took a breath. It seemed to be costing her a lot to tell me this. "Belinda put me in touch with a group who help abused women. They found a lawyer. We filed for a protection order to keep Jevon at least 500 feet away from me at all times. Jevon waltzed into court like it was a game. His attitude pissed the judge off. The judge also knew I'm a ranger. The judge basically told Jevon he thought Jevon was a worthless piece of shit and if Jevon ever got 499 and a half feet away from me or less, Jevon's ass was going to prison."

Patti paused again. "Telling you this isn't easy," she said, "but you need to know it if we're going to spend time together. Anyway, the protection order pissed Jevon off. I was still staying with Belinda, which Jevon knew. That night of the day I got the order, Jevon came to Belinda's apartment. He kicked in the front door. He started hitting me. Belinda started hitting him with a camera body and yelling for her neighbors to call 911. Fortunately, someone did and there was an Athens PD patrol car a block away. When the Athens officers showed up, Jevon went at them. To make a long story short, I spent a night in the hospital. Jevon's spent about three years in prison and has a couple more to serve." Patti took a deep breath. "Will, the point of this is that I really like you, but I've learned not to trust my judgment about men."  
  
Again, I thought "Jesus!" I didn't say anything. Patti had been through a lot. I didn't know what to say. I was strongly attracted to her and had hoped we'd have a relationship. After what I'd just heard, it looked like our odd version of "just friends" was as good as it would get.  
  
We drove a few more minutes in silence. In a slightly brighter tone, Patti asked, "So, how does an educated, attractive man end up living by himself in the woods of rural Southeastern Ohio?"  
  
I gave Patti a short version how I'd gotten to where I was. When I finished, Patti said, "So, your wife left you just because she found another guy with more money? That is being a real bitch!"  
  
"To be fair to Gail," I said, "I think she realized that we only get one life. She felt that living with me wasn't going to give her the life she wanted, and she felt she had to do something about that while she still could. I suppose Gail felt that, if she didn't act to protect her dreams, she couldn't expect anyone else to either."  
  
"Will," Patti said, "you are way too fucking reasonable."  
  
Our mutual revelations were interrupted by the need for Patti to direct me to the small house Belinda rented. We parked on the street. Belinda was waiting for us on her porch.  
  
Belinda showed us twenty of the several hundred pictures she had taken the Sunday before. "I've cleaned these up on the computer," she said. "Will, with your permission, I'd like to frame them and try to sell them. I know a gallery here in Athens that will take them and there is another one in Columbus."  
  
I was never much into pictures of naked men, even myself. If Belinda wanted to try to sell the pictures, I was fine with that.  
  
Patti spent a long time looking at the pictures. She singled out one in which I was standing next to a tree facing the camera. "I really like this one," Patti said.  
  
"I'll make another print for you," Belinda said. "That picture would be even better if there was also a woman in it to give it some sexual tension."  
  
"No," Patti snapped.  
  
"Patti," Belinda said, "you know I've wanted to do a series with a couple. You're the only woman I am close enough to that I can ask. I can't afford to hire a model. The contrast between your skin tone and Will's will make some great pictures."  
  
Patti sat quietly, frowning. Belinda said, "Will, would you go out on the porch for a moment please?" I went out on the porch. "A moment" became about half an hour. I could hear voices inside. I went out to stand by my SUV so there would be no risk of overhearing any of Patti and Belinda's conversation.  
  
Patti and Belinda finally came out onto the porch. I was about hallway up the walk to the house when I heard Patti say, tiredly, "yes, I said I'd think about it." Patti started to come off the porch, so I stopped. She looked upset.  
  
Standing on the porch, Belinda looked cheerful, even a bit smug. She called out, "Posing Sunday Will? Meet at the same time and place?"  
  
I hurriedly said, "sure" as I turned to open my passenger door for Patti.  
  
The drive home from Athens was quicker and quieter than the drive to Athens. Patti had the passenger door unlatched before I'd come to a complete stop outside her apartment. She got out. I was prepared for the door to be slammed shut. Instead, Patti turned to face me. She gave me a tired smile. "Just so you know," she said, "Belinda says that you're as far from Jevon as a man can be." Patti softly closed the door and walked up to her apartment.  
  
I was not surprised that Patti did not come to work out the rest of that week. I was disappointed, but not surprised, that she didn't call. I thought about calling her but decided that wouldn't be welcome. At least, I thought, this relationship ended before I'd invested several years in it.  
  
I'm not sure why I went to meet Belinda the following Sunday morning. I had only posed because Patti wanted me to. Patti was apparently past tense. I was stunned, and a bit scared, to see Patti in the passenger seat of Belinda's Toyota that Sunday morning. Patti gave me a nervous smile and said "hi Will" as I got into Belinda's back seat.  
  
Belinda took us on a longer drive that morning, deeper into the forest. She finally stopped on a dirt track which, based on the weeds, hadn't been used in years. To our right was a small clearing surrounded by large trees on three sides. On the other side of the track was a small hill with a large rock exposed at its peak.  
  
We got out of the car. Belinda again opened her trunk and pulled out her camera gear. She turned towards me. I understood that was my cue. I kicked off my sandals, pulled my tee shirt over my head, and dropped my shorts. I gathered my clothes and put them in the trunk. I stood there naked as Belinda's gaze turned on her friend.  
  
Patti stood, obviously nervous, looking between Belinda and me for what seemed a long time but was probably only a few seconds. I didn't know what was happening and kept my mouth shut. Nothing was said between Belinda and Patti, but there was clearly communication going on. Patti finally said "oh, ok" very softly.  
  
To my amazement, Patti slipped off her running shoes, pulled off her tank top, and undid her bra and let it slide down her arms. Patti's breasts were, roughly, grapefruit size, very firm looking, with alluring upturned nipples. Patti put her top and bra in the trunk. I thought Belinda had talked her into posing topless.  
  
My amazement increased exponentially when Patti undid the clasp at the front of her shorts, unzipped them, and let them drop to her feet. Patti was wearing a pair of conservative beige panties. Nonetheless, her flat stomach and firm, slender thighs were completely exposed. Astounded, I watched as Patti's hands went to the waistband of her panties and pushed them down to her ankles. She bent over to pick her clothes up. When she straightened, I saw the closely trimmed black hair covering her triangle. Patti saw me looking between her thighs and smiled, slightly, for the first time that morning.  
  
Belinda directed us to go up the small hill and get onto the rock. I followed Patti's tight, perfectly rounded ass. Clothed, Patti Wilson was an extremely attractive woman. Nude, she was the most beautiful woman alive, at least in my mind.  
  
Belinda had us do many poses on the rock. Each pose kept a bit of distance between Patti and me. Patti was nervous and seemed uncomfortable when we started. As we stayed on the rock, I noticed Patti was looking off in the distance less and looking at my dick more. I couldn't help but look at her. She was special, even if the poses Belinda directed let Patti keep her thighs clamped firmly together.  
  
After a long time on the rock, Belinda called us down. She took us to the other side of the track. She pointed at a large tree with several low-hanging big branches. "Climb it," she said.  
  
"What?" Patti asked.  
  
"Climb the tree, like when you were a kid, remember?" Belinda said.  
  
Patti exhaled, walked over to the tree, and put her arms around a large branch. She then swung her legs up and crossed them over the top of the branch. She rolled herself to the top of the branch and carefully stood up. I walked over to the tree and pulled myself up onto a branch on about the same level as Patti, but on the opposite side of the trunk.  
  
"Go on," Belinda called out, "play. Play together."  
  
Patti started climbing higher up the tree. I swung around the trunk to the branch she had been on and followed her at a respectful distance. I had not looked up until I heard Patti say, "Will, I hope you're enjoying the view." That caused me to look up. Patti was standing a couple of branches above me facing away from me. Her legs were apart and, in addition to her perfect ass, I could see pink between her legs. Patti gave me a look. Could there have been a smile in it?  
  
Patti and I each climbed a branch higher. Below us, I could hear Belinda's camera. Fortunately, I was still firmly on a large branch because Patti slipped. She didn't fall far, because I caught her in my right arm and swung her onto the branch I was standing on. That also had the effect of pulling her against me.  
  
Patti and I stood on the branch with her breasts against my chest and my dick pressed against her belly. We looked into each other's eyes for a long moment. "Who thought climbing a tree naked could be fun?" Patti said with a smile. We kissed, quickly, on the lips.  
  
From below, Belinda called up, "the kiss was nice. Some hugging and passion would be better. Act like you're really into each other because, you know, you really are."  
  
Patti's smile widened. I moved my hand from the small of her back to her ass and pulled her tight against me. We kissed again. This time, our lips were open. Our tongues met. Patti put a hand on my ass. She was right. Nude tree climbing was a lot of fun.  
  
Belinda called us down out of the tree. We got to the lowest branch, which was about five feet off the ground. I jumped off first to be on the ground below Patti just in case. Patti called "catch me." I just had time to get my arms out so she could fall into them. I had one arm under the middle of her back and the other under her thighs. Patti was smiling. I leaned down to kiss her again as Belinda took more pictures.  
  
Belinda had us go back across the track to a spot at in the grass at the base of the small hill. "Act like lovers," she instructed.  
  
Patti and I embraced and kissed. Patti turned us so that my back was largely towards Belinda's camera. "I've wanted to touch this for a couple of months," Patti said as she took my dick in her hand. She stroked me slowly from the base of up my shaft to my head. Patti's hand felt wonderful. I reached a hand between Patti's legs. She moved her right leg to give me better access. I ran my finger around her outer lips as she continued to slowly stroke me. I moved my finger to her clit and began to rub. We were so engrossed in each other that we didn't realize until Belinda showed us the pictures that she had moved to a place affording a clear view of our foreplay.  
  
I had a full hard-on and Patti was wet when she said, "Will, get on your back on the ground." I did.  
  
Belinda called out "that's great" as Patti stood over me straddling me.  
  
Patti looked down at me. "Do we trust each other?" she asked.  
  
"Yes," I said.  
  
Patti lowered herself down to me. When she could reach my dick, she took it in her hand and guided me into her vagina. There were so many things we were doing wrong at that moment, but I'd never felt better.  
  
Patti rode me and I thrust up into her. I took a little exploration to find the spot on the wall of her vagina she liked best. Once I knew where to aim for and knew I could push into it consistently, I relaxed a little and savored the view of Patti above me. She was smiling and her nipples were hard and pointed. She looked incredibly beautiful. I reached up and took a nipple in each of my right and left hands.  
  
Patti and I kept staring into each other's eyes. As I was getting closer to my orgasm, she gently pushed my arms away and leaned forward until she was lying on my chest. I shifted my hips to keep pushing my dick into the spot she liked best. Patti was breathing hard, but gasped into my ear, "if you want this to work between us, you're coming inside me." It wasn't going to be long before that happened.  
  
Still lying on me, Patti began making "uh, uh" sounds. Even horizontal, she was bucking as hard as I was pushing. She put her face on my chest and bit me just as her whole body convulsed. A second later, she raised her head and she moaned "ohhhh God!" That was when I came, hard and for a surprisingly long time.  
  
Patti stayed on top of me as our breathing slowed. We kissed. I heard Belinda's camera again. Patti softly said, "oh shit, she's got pictures of the whole thing!" Patti giggled.  
  
"Does that bother you?" I asked.  
  
"No," Patti said. "Does it bother you that you might get a black girl pregnant?"  
  
"Not if she's the girl on top of me," I answered. We kissed some more.

**On Display Ch. 02**

Patti did not get pregnant. Part of me was disappointed. A pregnancy seemed like it might offer the opportunity of a permanent relationship with Patti, which seemed very desirable.  
  
Pregnancy was not the biggest risk Patti and I took having unprotected sex together. Objectively, it was extremely poor judgment. Yet, as the financial types tell us, you must take greater risk to earn greater return. That is what happened with us. I think Patti probably explained it best in a conversation she and I had later:  
  
"I told you about Jevon," Patti said. "After Jevon, I was convinced that my bad judgments about men could, literally, be the death of me. Yeah, I liked you, liked your body, and wanted to fuck you. For me, those were all red flags. Belinda sort of shamed me into taking my clothes off and posing. You were so non-threatening. I took the initiative to have sex. You didn't say, 'hey, I don't have a rubber.' You just trusted me and went with it. That you trusted me so completely was exactly what I needed to trust you."  
  
We went to Belinda's place in Athens the next week to see the photos. Belinda had separated her pictures into two groups: the ones she thought she could show and sell, and the ones which were too explicit. Belinda had taken some very explicit pictures of Patti and me fondling each other and fucking. Belinda showed us those pictures first. Patti's comment was, "Will, we look pretty good together." You can't imagine how good that comment made me feel.  
  
The other group of pictures included Patti and me nude in the tree. There were some in which Patti and I were fucking but Belinda's use of angles and light made the sex implicit rather than explicit. "I talked to a gallery in Columbus," Belinda said. "They're willing to give me a show including these pictures. I won't use them unless you agree, but, without your nudes, I don't get the show. I'll send you the files of all the pictures and give you prints, if you like, of the one's that are too explicit to show." Patti and I were fine with any of our pictures going into Belinda's show.  
  
The show was at a gallery on the north side of Columbus on a Saturday afternoon in October. In addition to our nudes, the show included some of Belinda's other work and was well attended. The way some people looked at us, I'm sure they realized that the black woman in the red dress and the older man beside her were the models for the nudes. No one said anything to us. It would have been interesting if someone had.  
  
Patti and I posed for Belinda several more times. As the weather got cooler, we had to stay indoors. Belinda found some interesting venues (e.g., an empty high school gym). Her pictures were just short of what Belinda felt the gallery would reject as "pornographic." Patti and I had fun.  
  
Patti's lease on her apartment ran through the following summer. Nonetheless, she spent more and more time as my house as fall turned into winter. Patti and I continued to lift together three times a week, although we started doing our workouts nude. We were, usually, disciplined enough to finish the major lifts before we started fucking.  
  
The weather got consistently warm the following May. Patti came from work one evening, stripped off her uniform, and put on running shoes. "We need more aerobic work," she said, "get your shoes on." I stayed nude all the time around the house. I guess I gave Patti a quizzical look because she said, "haven't you ever run nude?" I shook my head. Patti smiled. "I haven't either so it will be a new experience for both of us."  
  
I put on running shoes and followed Patti outside. Once off the deck, Patti set out at a moderate pace, which she increased as we warmed up. Patti knew the woods and found paths on which we could run. Running in the woods was different from the running I'd done on paved surfaces. We had to be much more conscious of where we put our feet, especially since neither of us wore anything to protect our skin if we fell.  
  
We were both sweating when Patti finally stopped in a glade. "That's about three miles," she said. The perspiration on her dark skin looked, well, arousing. Not having clothes available was exciting. Patti came close. "Did I mention that I like it when you're sweaty?" she asked. She began running a hand along the top of my dick. As I got hard, she wrapped her hand around me and continued stroking. Suddenly, she giggled, pulled her hand back, and started running towards home. Over her shoulder, she said, "I want to see how well you run with a hard on."  
  
Following Patti's bare ass was ample incentive for me to keep up. We'd gone about a mile when Patti stopped in front of me and bent over. I kept running until I was right behind her. She stayed bent over and the sight reinvigorated my hard on. I came up behand her and slid in. "I'm glad you can take a hint," Patti said. We were in a place where the trees were much thinner. "There's a hiking trail just to our right," Patti said as I fucked her. "Wouldn't it be great if someone sees us?"  
  
As Patti became more aroused, I had to wrap my arms around her to hold her up. I was basically fucking her doggy-style, except we were standing. That changed the angle enough, I guess, that it felt different from our horizontal intercourse. The difference didn't keep either of us from coming. After we'd kissed and caught our breath, Patti gave me a look of mock disgust. "Damn," she said, "now I have to carry those ounces of your cum for the rest of the run." It didn't seem to slow her.  
  
A week or so later, Belinda called Patti. Belinda had a friend who was a yoga instructor in Athens. The university had just finished second semester and most of the students were gone. To generate some business, Belinda's friend was going to give nude yoga classes two nights a week. Belinda thought we might be interested.  
  
Patti was interested, but I had never done yoga. Patti called the instructor, Gretchen, to see if neophytes were welcome. When Gretchen told Patti that people new to yoga were welcome, that sealed the deal. We were going to make the hour and a half roundtrip to Athens twice a week to do yoga with no clothes on.  
  
I wasn't sure what to expect from a nude yoga class. Gretchen was a very slender, rather plain, woman about my age. There were six other people in the class, five women who all appeared to be in their twenties, summer students I assumed, and a boyfriend whom, I think, had been shamed into coming. I unwrapped my new mat and put it on the floor at the back of the room next to Patti's. There was some giggling as everyone undressed.  
  
Young women with no clothes on are invariably attractive. However, none of the girls in the class compared to Patti, nude or clothed, except one. This woman was shorter than Patti or me. She had jet black hair to just below her shoulders and a skin tone that suggested Central or South America. She had a gorgeous face with prominent cheekbones, huge eyes, and a ready smile that formed between two exquisite lips. She seemed perfectly comfortable undressing with strangers. I could understand why: her breasts, although somewhat large, were firm and she had a perfectly shaped tight ass. I was more than happy to watch her, when I wasn't preoccupied trying not to fall into Patti.  
  
Nude yoga was better than I had expected. By the end of the hour class, everyone seemed comfortable being nude around each other, except the boyfriend. On the drive home, Patti commented, "the girl who looks Latina is certainly a rare beauty, isn't she?" I had to be careful not to agree too enthusiastically but I also couldn't feign indifference. Patti's BS meter is remarkably effective.  
  
After the second class, Gretchen suggested that we all have a drink at a bar a few doors away to build "camaraderie." All eight of us went. I guess it made sense that, as the only non-whites in the class, Patti and the young beauty would gravitate to each other. The young woman sat next to Patti at the outdoor picnic table where we gathered once we had drinks in hand. The two of them hit it off immediately.  
  
The young woman's name was Soluna Warren. "Mom was a teacher in Guatemala," Soluna told us. "She was well-educated by their standards and spoke English. The local government changed. The teachers were fired and replaced with people who were supporters of the new party in power. Mom was desperate for a job and naive. Someone told her there were teaching jobs in America and offered to take her there. Of course, Mom came in illegally. Once she was here, she was told that she owed a lot of money to the people who brought her here. She was put on a crew of farmworkers who went around the country."  
  
Soluna took a sip of beer before continuing. "Mom's crew ended up picking berries at a farm in Auglaize County. It was owned by an older couple and managed by their son, Keith. Since Mom was the only person on the crew who spoke English, she was who Keith dealt with. Mom was very beautiful, I've seen pictures. She and Keith Warren fell for each other and got married. I was born in Auglaize, well, actually, at a hospital in Troy, and grew up on my grandparents' farm which Dad inherited."  
  
That explained Soluna's name, appearance, and her unaccented Midwestern English. She and Patti kept talking. I sat quietly, enjoying the company of the two most beautiful women I had ever met.  
  
Soluna was a rising senior at the university. She was taking a summer school class and working at a local grocery. "Frankly," she said, "summer in Athens is more exciting than being home in Auglaize. You won't find any nude yoga classes there." Soluna was taking a dual major in creative writing and Spanish. "You know," she said, "I never spoke Spanish until I took it in high school. Dad doesn't speak it so the only language I heard growing up was English."  
  
We were into our second beers. A few of the others in the class had already left. Patti and Soluna were talking about how they spent their spare time when Patti let slip that she and I had started running nude in the woods.  
  
"Wow," Soluna said, "that is so cool and an odd coincidence. I ran cross-country in high school. There was a pond right on the edge of our property. Every summer the boys and girls in the area would skinny dip there. Nothing at all sexual, but I'm sure the parents would have freaked out if they'd known. I thought it felt great. One of the girls I skinny dipped with also ran cross-country. We used to talk about how great it would be to run with nothing on. Of course, we couldn't do that in a meet. But, at the end of our senior year of high school, we started going out on Friday nights to run. We knew some routes through fields where no one would see us. We'd take our clothes off and run in our birthday suits. It was just as great as I'd imagined."  
  
"You should come down and run with us," Patti said.  
  
"I'd love to," Soluna replied. "When are you running again?"  
  
Patti looked at me. I nodded. She told Soluna, "tomorrow evening, around 6:15 - 6:30."  
  
"May I join you?" Soluna asked.  
  
"Of course," Patti replied.  
  
It was about 6:30 the next night when we heard a car with a bad muffler coming up the track to the house. A few moments later, there was a knock on the door. Patti and I were already undressed to run. I opened the door. Soluna, looking incredible in a tee shirt and jeans, stepped inside with a pair of running shoes in her hand. She looked at me, then at Patti. "I love your running outfits. You guys really have privacy out here."  
  
Soluna sat down in a chair in the foyer and took off her shoes. She peeled off her tee shirt. She wore nothing underneath. She stood, unzipped her jeans, and pushed then down. Again, she wore nothing under her outer clothes. As Soluna stepped out of her jeans, she said, "I didn't see the point of putting on underwear since I was coming here to get naked." She sat again, put on her running shoes, then stood. Holding her arms out, she asked, "What do you think of my running outfit?"  
  
"Sensational," Patti said, which seemed an understatement to me.  
  
Soluna looked at me. "What do you think Will?" she asked.  
  
I had to be careful. I didn't want to say anything that would suggest to Patti that she might have competition. She didn't. I also didn't want to discourage Soluna from going nude around us. "You look beautiful," I said.  
  
"Thank you," Soluna said. "If you haven't noticed, I like people looking at me when I'm nude." Soluna smiled.  
  
Patti took the lead because she knew best where to run. Much of the way, we had to run single file. I let Soluna go ahead, honestly, to watch her gorgeous ass. She looked over her shoulder at me often. When the trail permitted, she slowed so we ran side-by-side. The run was much less demanding for her than it was for me.  
  
Patti led us to the same glade she and I had run to on our first nude run. As I stood catching my breath, Soluna was walking around. "I haven't gotten outside Athens as much as I should," she said. "This place is beautiful. It would be almost sacrilegious to wear clothes here."  
  
"More and more," Patti said, "I wish I could go without clothes everywhere."  
  
"I'm with you on that," Soluna replied. She looked at me. "This is the first time I've run with a naked guy. It is kind of interesting to watch him bounce around."  
  
"You like looking at my boyfriend's dick?" Patti asked.  
  
"I do," Soluna answered.  
  
"I do too," Patti said. The two women smiled at each other. It was one of those smiles that communicated something which we men don't understand.  
  
After our run, Soluna used our outdoor shower. We invited her to stay for dinner, but she declined. She said she had a paper due Monday that she needed to finish. It was Friday night. I expected someone was waiting for her in Athens. Given Soluna's attractive personality and incredible physical beauty, it seemed impossible that there wasn't.  
  
Soluna gave the first example of her disconcerting ability to know what I'm thinking. "It really is a paper, Will," Soluna said. "I don't have a boyfriend. Maybe I'll explain why not next time we get together. When are we running again?"  
  
"Sunday?" Patti asked.  
  
"I can do that," Soluna said with a smile.  
  
After Soluna left, Patti said, "I really like her." Patti paused. "No bullshit, Will. You think she's hot too. That's ok."  
  
The three of us ran naked that Sunday afternoon. Patti got daring and led us along a road for about a half mile. One car passed us. It honked but didn't stop.  
  
When we were back at the house, we let Soluna use the outdoor shower first. She was in for about two minutes when she turned, looked at Patti, and said "join me?" Patti got under the shower with Soluna. At first, Soluna was just washing Patti's back. Then, Soluna's hands moved to Patti's ass. After a few moments, Patti turned to face Soluna. The women kissed. Each soon had a hand between the other woman's thighs. It was incredibly hot watching Patti and Soluna finger-fuck each other to orgasms.  
  
After they had come and then kissed some more, Soluna turned to look at me. I was sitting in a patio chair with a raging hard on. To Patti, Soluna said, "Will looks lonely."  
  
"We can fix that," Patti replied. They stepped out of the shower and made a show of toweling each other off, which did nothing to reduce my erection. The two women walked over to where I was sitting.  
  
When Patti and Soluna were so close they were almost touching my knees, Soluna asked Patti, "do you share?"  
  
Patti smiled and said, "I will with you."  
  
Both women knelt and leaned over my lap. Patti started licking up the right side of my dick while Soluna licked the left. They did that several times before Patti said, "I'll bet he's close." Patti bent down and took my balls in her mouth. Soluna leaned over her, pressing her magnificent breasts into Patti's back, and put her sensuous lips around my dickhead. With Patti's tongue on my balls and Soluna's on my dick, it wasn't long before I shot forcefully into Saluna's mouth. Patti let go of my balls and said, "he came."  
  
Soluna made a show of swallowing before she smiled and said, "yes, he did."  
  
Patti explained, "what we did in the shower was spontaneous, but we didn't want you to feel left out Will." In truth, I felt rather good just then.  
  
Soluna agreed to stay for dinner. We didn't bother getting dressed. I fired the grill while Patti threw together a salad. Once dinner was on the outside table, Soluna quipped, "you guys eat better than I do."  
  
The three of us managed to go through a bottle of wine over dinner. After we had cleaned up and opened a second bottle, Patti asked, "so, Soluna, what's this about you not having a boyfriend? That doesn't seem right."  
  
Soluna thought for a moment before she answered, "I think you two are going to be special friends, so I'll be candid. When I was in high school, I was getting it on regularly with my cross-country coach. He was about twenty years older than me, but single. We both knew that the coach/athlete thing was illegal as hell so we kept it quiet. You may think Jerry was taking advantage of me, but I got as much or more out of the relationship than I gave. He taught me a lot, and not just about sex. Anyway, that ruined me for guys my own age. They just seem so immature and awkward. Maybe I'd have felt that way even without Jerry. Mom says I have 'an old soul.'"  
  
Patti glanced at me. "So, you like older men?" she asked Soluna.  
  
"Very much," Soluna answered, also looking at me. Soluna, I knew, had turned 21 about a month ago. I was literally twice her age. I was also eleven years older than Patti.  
  
"I do too," Patti said to Soluna. They shared another one of those smiles that said something I didn't get.  
  
Soluna's grocery shift started at 7:00 a.m. he next morning, and she had to drive back to Athens. Patti was usually at work by 6:30. Soluna stayed the night that night. We went to bed early. However, it was a while before we got to sleep. Patti rode me while Soluna sat on my face and let me eat her. She tasted nice. Astonishingly, we all came at about the same time.  
  
Patti and Soluna showered together again early the next morning. I fixed both women coffee in travel cups. I got two kisses on the lips in thanks. I felt lonely after Patti and Soluna left for work. I dragged my naked body back to bed.  
  
Between our runs and yoga class, Patti and I saw Saluna almost daily. During most of that time, none us had a stitch on. Belinda had been nice enough to frame a couple of the prints she had of Patti and me very obviously fucking. I had hung them in the house the Monday after Soluna stayed over. She saw the pictures when she came for our next run.  
  
"You two posed for these?" Soluna asked. "That is so cool!" Patti told Soluna about our work with Belinda. Very soon, the three of us were posing nude for Belinda on Sunday mornings. The poses usually included some sex, either Patti and me or Patti and Soluna. Soluna would come home with us. In the afternoon, Soluna, Patti, and I would take a nude run. Soluna would stay for dinner, and usually stay the night.  
  
I had never been happier. I should have known it couldn't last. Things started going sour when the head of the forest where Patti worked announced his retirement. His deputy was immediately promoted. Patti was next in line and should have been promoted to the deputy position. That would have meant more authority and a pay raise. No announcement came.

Patti started to worry. I tried to reassure her. I shouldn't have. The announcement finally came on August 1. The new deputy was a white male transferred from a park in northern Ohio. That was unusual because, I understood, ODNR rarely moved people around. According to Patti, it was more unusual because management of a forest differed materially from managing a park. She thought she was passed over because she was black and female. I couldn't refute that.  
  
I helped Patti send out resumes. I decided I'd cross the bridge of what to do if she got a job out-of-state if we got there. It didn't take long. Patti went to an interview with the Colorado Department of Parks and Wildlife and came back with a job offer. The only downside, to Patti, was that the job was in the main office in Denver. The upside was that it offered substantially more responsibility, and pay, than she was likely to get in Ohio. It was a major move up the career ladder.  
  
We talked for hours. We brought Soluna and Belinda into the conversation (our only living family was Patti's brother who was an Army officer stationed in Korea). Patti said she would turn the job down and stay if that's what I wanted. I couldn't do that to her. I also couldn't move to Denver.  
  
I bought Patti a new SUV as a going away present. It was painful as we loaded her things into it, and she started her drive to Denver. I could not erase the image of Patti in in the driver's seat as she pulled out of her complex for the last time. I really didn't want to lose that image, but it wasn't doing me any good. I felt worse than I had when Gail had dumped me.  
  
Patti left at the end of August. I moped around the house, not even returning calls, for a week. Patti had left on a Saturday morning. Sunday a week later, I heard a car with a bad muffler coming up my track. The car stopped out front, but it was a few minutes before Soluna came through the front door. She no longer needed to knock. She was nude except for running shoes. To illustrate how hard Patti's departure had hit me, I was dressed when she came in.  
  
"Get naked and let's run," Soluna instructed. I didn't move from my chair. Soluna came over and stood in front of me. She looked exquisite, as always. After a moment, she said, "you don't look like you can handle a run." I nodded morosely. "Come on," Soluna said, "get your clothes off. We'll take a walk. You need it."  
  
Slowly, I stripped off my clothes and put on the shoes I wore to run in the woods. Soluna took my hand and led me outside. It was a gorgeous early September day. Where the sunlight struck my bare skin through the trees, it felt warm and good. Birds sang. Squirrels played in the branches. Soluna kept my hand in hers. We walked slowly side-by-side.  
  
After, maybe, eight or nine minutes of silence, Soluna said, "wouldn't it be nice if it can always be this way?"  
  
"What do you mean?" I asked.  
  
"Us, naked in the woods, Soluna replied. I had nothing to say in response.  
  
We walked to the same glade we had run to the first time Soluna had run nude with Patti and me. Soluna led me to a large tree trunk lying on its side. We sat down on our bare asses. Soluna looked in my eyes for a time. "Will," she finally said, "I love Patti too. I miss her too. My mother has told me I have a special insight into people, that I can see what they have in here." She placed her right hand on her left breast. "When I first met you and Patti, I knew the three of us would have a special relationship, and we have. Patti will always be a dear and unique friend, to both of us. What has changed is how we enjoy that friendship."  
  
Soluna looked at me as if I didn't understand her. A butterfly landed briefly on her shoulder. Soluna smiled. The butterfly flew off. "I'm glad," Soluna said, "that I will be a writer."  
  
I didn't see how that statement connected to what she had been saying. "Why?" I asked.  
  
"Because," Soluna replied, "I will work for myself. What people will have to judge me on are my words, not my skin color or my heritage or my lifestyle. They won't see that I'm Latina and won't be able to impose their ideas of what that means on me. Patti doesn't have that. She must work with people. The people she worked with here judged her based on their ideas about a black woman."  
  
Soluna could see that I still wasn't following her exactly. "Will," she said, "our relationship with Patti hasn't ended, but it's changed. That change creates room for the relationship between you and me to grow. Our relationship won't change because of how people judge me."  
  
Soluna stood. "Ready to head back?" she asked. I stood up. "Brush off my ass please," Soluna said and turned her back to me. There were some dirt and leaves stuck to her gorgeous buttocks. With an open hand, I gently brushed them off. Soluna turned to face me. "You have a nice touch," she said. She leaned forward and kissed me on the lips. I put my arms around her bare body and held her to me.  
  
Soluna finally broke our kiss and backed away slightly, creating enough space between us for her hand. She wrapped her hand gently around my dick. "This," she said, "has never been in my body in the place it is supposed to go." That was true. Patti, Soluna, and I had a lot of sex together, but I'd never had intercourse with Soluna. Soluna began rubbing her fingers over my dickhead. "Let's fix that now," Soluna said.  
  
Soluna led me to a mossy patch of ground. As she stroked my dick with one hand, she spread her legs and guided my hand between her thighs with the other. I began tracing her lips with my finger. As Soluna made me erect, I slid a finger in her and began rubbing her clit. All the time, we were looking in each other's eyes. When we were both ready, Soluna said softly, "Patti told me about her first time with you, how you trusted her. I want you to trust me too. I promise you will never regret it."  
  
Soluna lay down on the moss. She spread her legs. I got down above her, lowered my hips, and slid my dick into her. The look on Soluna's face as I entered her was a look of satisfaction and accomplishment.  
  
Writers, me included, often make it sound like a couple has intercourse for the first time and everything just falls into place: they intuitively know how to bring each other to monumental orgasms. Of course, that is not how it really happens. It takes trial and error to learn what is most gratifying for a new partner. Soluna was wonderful because she told me how what I was doing felt to her. She asked how what she was doing felt to me. She suggested small changes that enhanced the sensations for her and for me. It sounds districting, but her constant verbalization of what she was feeling and what she wanted me to do next was extremely erotic.  
  
Soluna had a strong, flexible body. She seemed to have complete control over every muscle. Not that I'd had intercourse with a huge number of women, but I felt the walls of Soluna's vagina doing things to my dick which I had never felt before. They all felt great.  
  
Most endearing, Soluna was patient. At one point, I started thrusting into her faster. "Will," she said, "relax. You don't have to impress me. We'll both come, but what we're doing right now also feels wonderful. Let's enjoy it, not rush." I slowed down and tried to focus more on savoring that instant rather than planning my next move.  
  
We made love on the moss for a long time. Our orgasms built slowly. When we came, however, it was explosive. I started to come first. My first shot inside Soluna was painfully hard. She, of course, felt me spurt and said "good," which soon morphed into "gooood!" Suddenly, her strong legs were locked around me and her pelvis was bucking into me violently. Her fingers dug into my back as she took short, fast, deep breaths. Finally, she squeezed her arms and legs powerfully and emitted a loud "uuuuuuuugh, oh, uuuuum." I shot my last semen on "oh."  
  
I'd had orgasms before, but not like this one. I had been in women when they orgasmed before, but nothing like Soluna coming beneath me. I thought this was part of what Soluna had meant when she promised to be "here for you always" and I loved it.  
  
After a long time, we stood up and brushed each other off. Soluna took my hand. "We'll shower when we get back to your house," she said.  
  
In all the time Patti and I and Patti, Soluna, and I had run naked in those woods, we had never encountered other people. As Soluna and I walked home from our first intercourse, we met a young couple going the other way at a point where there were evergreens close on both sides of the trail. The other couple was, of course, clothed. There was no space for any of us to step off the trail and let the others pass, so we had to brush by each other. The clothed young man and woman gave us thorough looks. As close as we were, it would have been almost impossible for them not to. They smiled at our nudity but didn't say anything.  
  
After we came out of the evergreens, Soluna stopped and faced me. "They could see we had just made love," she said with a smile. "I'm proud." She kissed me again.  
  
Soluna had class four days a week so she had kept her apartment in Athens. There were days we didn't see each other. We did talk by phone every day. Although Soluna had just turned 21, talking to her was like talking to any other fully formed adult. Maybe there was something to the "old soul" thing.  
  
Patti called a few days after Soluna and I made love in the woods. "I'm sorry Will," she said. "I should have called sooner but I've been busy getting my feet on the ground and, honestly, it was too painful." She paused before saying, "please tell me you and Soluna have fucked by now." I had always been completely honest with Patti, so I admitted that we had. "Good," Patti said. "When I was leaving, I thought about telling you to hook up with her, but I didn't think I could run out on you and tell you what to do with your life going forward. Hang on to Soluna. She's one of a kind. I know you and I'm fairly sure I know her. She's young, but she's the best partner you'll ever find."  
  
I steered the conversation to Patti's new job and her new life in Denver. Both seemed to have started well. Before she ended the call, Patti circled back to Soluna. "I want you two to fuck a lot," Patti said. "I'm hoping you'll discover some things you can show me when I come back to visit." Unfortunately, when Patti finally did visit, she had her own lover.  
  
As I said, Soluna's aspired to be a writer, in both English and Spanish. Soluna gave me a couple of pieces she had written. One was a longish short story for a class about a young girl from El Salvador who is adopted by a childless couple in Central Ohio, obviously somewhat autobiographical. It took the girl's life through the start of high school and, I thought, painted a vivid picture of someone from one culture growing up in another culture which she hadn't chosen with no roots to her origins.  
  
Soluna gave me the other piece with the explanation, "this is my only piece of erotica so far. I wrote it in high school. You're the first person, besides me, to read it."  
  
Soluna's erotica told the story of a young woman, Inez, who was walking in a field and was abducted by aliens. They took Inez into their spaceship, stripped her naked, and tied her spreadeagle to a table in the main compartment of the ship. The entire crew of aliens inspected and probed her pussy before deciding Inez was worth taking home. The aliens threw her clothes out of the ship and took off, leaving her tied naked on the table. The rest of the story told of the journey to the aliens' planet. The aliens, who had both male and female genitalia, would either fuck Inez at will with their unnaturally thick dicks ("I must have been imagining you," Soluna teased me) or force her to eat their pussies. By the time Inez reached the alien planet, she understood she had been abducted because constant sex with both male and female was her purpose in life.  
  
Soluna's senior year of college was a lot of fun for both of us and cemented our relationship. Soluna graduated with honors. She would stay at the university two more years to get her master's degree. As a grad student, Soluna spent less time in classrooms, so she moved in with me.  
  
We met Soluna's parents for lunch in Columbus one Saturday. I had met them briefly at Soluna's graduation. Soluna was close to her parents. Since Soluna was now living with me, everyone thought I and her parents should get to know each other.  
  
When Patti and I first met Soluna, she had described her mother as exceptionally beautiful when her parents met. From what I saw at graduation, that description still applied in the present tense. Adria Warren looked much like her daughter. Adria was older, about my age, and carried a few more pounds than Soluna, but she was a strikingly beautiful woman. My impression of Soluna's father, Keith, had been of a quiet man, a typical farmer. I got that one wrong.  
  
When we met at a Columbus restaurant, I refined my impressions. Keith Warren didn't talk a lot, but he was articulate and well-informed when he did speak. Adria was more loquacious. She was also articulate and intelligent, with only a hint of an accent. Like Soluna, Adria had a quality that made almost everything she did, down to picking up her fork, seem slightly erotic. She seemed aware that she had that effect and seemed to enjoy it.  
  
Adria and Keith asked me a lot about myself. They were pleasant and polite, but the questioning was comprehensive. When they seemed satisfied with me, the conversation shifted, as it often does in that kind of situation, to stories about Soluna when she was younger. There was nothing surprising until Adria made a passing comment about "you kids skinny dipping in the pond every summer."  
  
I looked at Soluna. She had told me that her parents didn't know about her skinny dipping with other kids in the neighborhood. Soluna's mouth fell open. Finally, she stammered out, "you knew we were skinny dipping?"  
  
"Of course, dear," her mother replied. "Most of the parents knew. No one thought anything of it. You were old enough, we thought. We all knew you weren't getting into trouble. I won't say it was a more innocent time because it wasn't that long ago. It was a more innocent place."  
  
"How did you find out?" Soluna asked.  
  
"It made sense," Keith said. "That's a great pond. Adults in the neighborhood skinny dipped there. It seemed likely you kids weren't wearing suits either."  
  
"When you came home with wet hair but basically dry clothes, and I knew you hadn't taken a swimsuit, I could figure it out," Adria said.  
  
"Your mother and I still skinny dip in that pond," Keith said. "The two of you should come to the farm some weekend this summer and join us."  
  
Now, it was my turn for shock and amazement. Had I just heard Soluna's father invite us to swim naked with him and his wife?  
  
Apparently, I had. Soluna replied, "That would be great. I hate swimming with anything on and it would be nice to get us all together in the altogether."  
  
"Any weekend Dear," Keith replied. "Just give me a few days' advance warning so I can get the weekend chores done early."  
  
On the drive home, Soluna laughed. "Will, your face went white when Dad invited us to go skinny dipping with him and Mom!"  
  
"Well," I said, "your jaw dropped when your mother said they had known about your skinny dipping."  
  
"Ok," Soluna replied, "we were both surprised. We're are going, aren't we?"  
  
"Skinny dipping with your parents?" I asked to be clear.  
  
"Yes," Soluna replied.  
  
"Sure, if you want to," I said.  
  
A couple weeks later, we made the long drive to Auglaize County. We got there about 7: 00 p.m. on a Friday night. The Warren farmhouse, about a quarter mile off the county road, looked prosperous. Soluna had warned me that her mother would insist on fixing dinner. In the event, dinner was waiting when we arrived. I have no idea what we ate. Adria said it was a traditional Guatemalan dish. It was good. After dinner, Adria and Soluna cleaned up while Keith gave me a quick tour of the farm. There was a pleasant breeze, so the four of us ended the evening with wine on the Warrens' massive front porch.  
  
Soluna and I spent the night in her old room. Adria and Keith seemed happy that Soluna and I were sleeping together. "I've never had sex in my old bedroom," Soluna said. She did that night. She seemed particularly emotional as we made love and, after she came, I thought I saw a tear in her eye. I fell asleep wondering whether I'd done the right thing.  
  
I pulled on shorts and Soluna pulled on a long tee shirt Saturday morning before she led me downstairs to the kitchen to make coffee. The coffee was brewing when Adria came in. Soluna and I were, momentarily, dumbfounded. Soluna's mother was completely naked. As I said, Adria was almost as beautiful as her daughter. Soluna finally said, "Mom?!"  
  
"Well," Adria said, "we're spending the day skinny dipping at the pond. Why should I put clothes on just to take them off again?"  
  
"Good point," Soluna conceded. She turned to me and pulled my shorts down. Getting the idea, I stepped out of them and tossed them on a chair. I took the bottom of Soluna's shirt in my hands, pulled it over her head, and tossed it on top of my shorts. Soluna gave me a quick kiss.  
  
As Soluna was pouring the coffee, we heard Keith say from outside the kitchen, "I smell coffee. Save me a cup." A moment later, Keith walked in, also naked. I sensed that Soluna had never seen her father naked before. Keith looked at us and said, "everyone's ready for the pond, I see."  
  
We drank coffee in the nude while Soluna helped Adria pack a picnic basket. Keith left the room and came back with towels and sunscreen. He looked at his daughter and me. "We'll be walking across the field," he said. "You might want to put shoes on." Soluna and I went upstairs, did that, and came back down, naked but for shoes.  
  
The pond was roughly a mile from the Warren house. It struck me as both strange and wonderful to be walking across a field on a summer Saturday morning with my lover and her parents and all four of us were naked.  
  
The pond was beautiful, shaded in a grove of trees. It was bigger than I'd expected, being roughly 150 yards long and about 70 yards across. Keith explained that the pond had been manmade many decades ago. It was fed by a spring and water flowed out through an old pipe to a nearby stream. The pond was lined with stones which were a bit slippery with age, but which felt more reassuring than standing in mud and who-knows-what.  
  
Despite the hot day, the water was a little chilly. We spent more time on the bank than in the water. In other words, most of the time we were fully visible to each other. That seemed to generate a subtle competition between Adria and Soluna. Both women accentuated the sway of their bare hips when they walked. Both women sat with their legs apart. Both women seemed to seek out opportunities to bend over. Keith noticed it too. At one point in the afternoon, he whispered to me, "I hope you're enjoying the show as much as I am." I was.  
  
We had been there a couple of hours when three clothed people suddenly appeared. There was an older man and woman and another woman who looked to be around 30. I had not seen or heard them coming. When he saw them, Keith called out, "Hello Kath, Bill. How are you?"  
  
"Just fine Keith," the older woman said. "How are you Adria?"  
  
Adria and Kath exchanged greetings Keith explained quietly to me, "that's Kath and Bill Wooster. They have the farm west of ours. I don't know who the younger woman is."  
  
Bill said to everyone in general, "fine day for skinny dipping."  
  
"It is that," Keith replied.  
  
Kath put an arm around the younger woman and nudged her forward slightly. "You remember our daughter Yvonne, don't you? She's a lawyer in Chicago now." The younger woman raised a hand in timid greeting.

Adria said, "You remember our daughter Soluna, don't you?" Soluna raised her hand. "This other man," Adria said, "is Soluna's boyfriend Will Hoffman." I raised my hand.  
  
Bill had taken off his clothes. He looked even older nude. Seeing him, Beth said, "Oh, I'd better get my clothes off too." She started stripping. Soluna got up from beside her mother and sat next to me. "I didn't know it," she said, "but I guess this has been going on for years."  
  
Beth Wooster got her clothes off. She was very slender and wrinkled. The only person left dressed was Yvonne. She seemed more than a little unsure. I guessed that she hadn't committed to skinny dipping when her parents suggested it and her reluctance was increased by finding us at the pond.  
  
"Yvonne," Beth Wooster said a touch sharply, "you're the only one left with clothes on. Don't worry. We've been skinny dipping with the Warrens for years. Besides, you have a gorgeous figure. You should be proud to show it off."  
  
Yvonne Wooster (I assume that was her last name) blushed deeply. "I, uh, well, I'm not sure," she said.  
  
"Jesus girl!" Bill Wooster exclaimed.  
  
"Yvonne," Beth said in a calming tone, "you won't be showing anything Adria, Soluna, and I aren't also showing. The breeze on your skin will feel great and sometimes it's nice to let people see you instead of the wrappings we buy at the store."  
  
Yvonne gave a sort of a defeated shrug and took off her shorts. Underneath her shorts, she was wearing a one-piece swimsuit. It seemed likely that Yvonne did have a nice figure. She reluctantly pushed the straps of her suit off her shoulders and down her arms. She hesitated before she let the top part of her suit drop to reveal two large, slightly sagging breasts with pronounced tan lines. She slowly rolled the suit down her flat stomach and, finally, pushed it off her hips and let it fall. Yvonne had very distinct bikini tan lines, and a good figure.  
  
Keith said, "Yvonne, you are much more beautiful with nothing on."  
  
That could have been a risky, if not offensive, thing to say. However, Keith's tone conveyed such sincerity that Yvonne smiled and said, with some surprise in her voice, "why, thank you." I don't think she had been complimented on her nude body before.  
  
"I've been telling her she looks better naked for years, but she won't listen to her mother," Beth grumped.  
  
Yvonne tried to ball herself up until she finally got into the water. She stayed in longer than I'd have thought comfortable, watching Soluna, Adria, and her mother moving around with no effort to conceal themselves. When Yvonne finally came out of the water, she stood straight with her hands at her sides.  
  
Adria told Yvonne that I was a lawyer. A retired one, I hastened to add. As Yvonne got more comfortable being nude, she finally came over and sat next to Soluna and me. We talked law for over an hour.  
  
I hadn't noticed, but Yvonne suddenly said, "Will, I'm sorry. I've been looking at your penis."  
  
Before I could say anything, Soluna said, "That's understandable. Will has a great penis. It feels wonderful too. If he minded people seeing it, he'd cover it up."  
  
"I guess it's more difficult for men," Yvonne said. "Your sex sort of sticks right out there."  
  
"There's a way to compensate for that," Soluna said. She had been sitting crossed-legged, not a particularly concealing posture. However, she uncrossed her legs, put both feet flat on the ground, and pulled her knees up to her chest. "See," Soluna said, "now I'm as exposed as Will is. Try it, it is really nice and sexy." Yvonne blushed again. Soluna held her pose. She was obviously enjoying it so much that Yvonne finally mimicked her. Beth noticed and called out, "Doesn't Yvonne have a nice-looking slit Mr. Hoffman?"  
  
I made a point of looking directly at Yvonne's vagina. She blushed but held her exposed position. I finally looked up at Yvonne and said, "yes, Yvonne looks very nice."  
  
Yvonne softly said, "thank you." She paused before adding, "I've never been looked at there like that before. Soluna, you're right. It is sexy."  
  
We all gathered up our things around 5:30. Kath and Bill Wooster dressed. Grinning, Yvonne said, "I think I'll walk back naked." Of course, Soluna, Adria, Keith, and I hadn't brought any clothes in the first place.  
  
Soluna and I were leaving to go home around mid-day Sunday. Keith had taken Soluna to see some new piece of equipment he had bought. He had dismissed me by saying, "I know Will doesn't care about farm stuff." I stayed on the porch with Adria. We were both clothed.  
  
Will," Adria said, "Soluna is young in years, but she has an ancient soul. That means she has extraordinary insight into people, and I trust her judgment about people implicitly. Soluna loves the people she loves, is fiercely loyal, and doesn't let go."  
  
Like Soluna did regularly, Adria looked at me like I didn't understand what she was saying. "What I mean, Will," Adria said, "is that Soluna has already decided you are the man of her life. I know you had a girlfriend, Patti, when you met Soluna. Soluna loves Patti. Soluna told me you were also married once. I understand you may not be as committed to Soluna as she is to you. If that's the case, I'll ask that you end it now. It will be easier for Soluna and easier for you. Soluna has a way of working on your mind until you want what she wants, and you think it was your decision."  
  
Adria looked at me intently. I had already thought long and hard about the question she was raising. I'd talked to Patti about it on the phone for hours. Certain it was my decision, I said, "I'm not sure why Soluna wants a man twice her age, but I'm with her until she gets bored with me."  
  
"That isn't going to happen," Adria said. "I know Soluna." Adria paused and then smiled. "How is the sex?" she asked.  
  
That threw me. "Uh, well, great," I replied.  
  
"The Spanish came to Central America centuries ago," Adria said. "They brought the notion that sex is an evil temptation useful only to create laborers and soldiers. There was a highly developed society in what we now call Guatemala when the Spanish came. Those ancient people believed that sex was the gods' compensation for the hard work and suffering of life. They thought it was an affront to the gods not to enjoy sex as often as possible. Soluna and I are, partly, descended from those people. While I'm very loyal to Keith, I've tried to incorporate my ancestors' view of sex into our lives and impart it to Soluna."  
  
I did not realize that Keith and Soluna had come onto the porch behind me until Keith said, "Adria taught me that view of sex and it has made our marriage paradise."  
  
Smiling, Soluna said, "Will, I think you know I learned mother's lessons. I love you."  
  
There is a cliché that "third time's a charm." After Gail and Patti, Soluna proved the cliché true in my case.