**Parks and Recreation**

by McSkyy  
  
**PART 1**  
“The Parks Department?? Are you serious Krissy?” Ashley’s tone was harsh. She rolled her eyes as she sat across the room, perched at the edge of Krissy’s bed, an iced Venti Starbucks Latte in her left hand.   
  
“I told you….I do NOT want to work inside all summer!” Krissy was resolute. Her decision to take a summer job working on the grounds crew of the parks department was based upon many factors. First, it paid almost DOUBLE per hour what her friends earned at their various mall-located retail hell-holes. Who wants to hawk clothes at Abercrombie for a lousy $7.40 an hour!!?  
  
Second, it was outdoors!! What a great way to work on her tan all summer, and go back to college for her Senior year all golden brown and sexy!   
  
And third, it meant her nights all summer long would be FREE! No more working the closing shift at some crappy restaurant or department store and not getting out until 11PM. At the park, she would work from 7AM until 4PM Monday through Friday, and had the option of working on Saturday too if she wanted to earn some extra cash.   
  
Krissy had calculated that if she didn’t miss a single day of work all summer, she would gross about $7,500 before she had to go back to school. After taxes….she’d make an easy $5,000. Oh the things she could do with 5 grand!!  
  
Ashley, meanwhile, was just angry about that fact that she would be working the back to school rush at Abercrombie and Fitch for the 3rd straight summer. All the returns, bitchy mom’s, horrible obnoxious little middle-schoolers…it was death on wheels.   
  
“I mean…it’s like all these old guys who work there….right?” Ashley continued her assault.   
  
“Um…like no! As a matter of fact, it was a woman who hired me! And there were a couple of pretty hot guys working there the day I dropped off my application too.”   
  
Ashley just shook her head. “You suck Krissy. I can’t believe you are abandoning me!”   
  
“You could have come with me and gotten yourself a job there too!”  
  
“Uh…yeah….mowing the grass all day? No thanks!” Ashley said. Then she stood up. “I need to go…my first shift is today and I need to go in early to get my name tag printed and get trained on the new cash register. Have fun raking leaves!”   
  
Krissy just smiled to herself. Ashley could be SUCH a bitch. But still….she WAS Krissy’s BFF after all!  
  
Krissy awoke the next morning at 6, took a quick shower, and got dressed in what Karen, her new boss, had suggested. Comfortable clothes that you don’t mind getting dirty. Krissy put on an old pair of cargo shorts and a T-shirt, and wore some old sneakers, then headed to the park.  
  
Seneca Ponds Park was the largest public park in the upstate area. It had over 20,000 acres of ponds, woods, huge grass fields, pavilions, softball diamonds, a boat launch and picnic areas. It was a favorite destination of the picnic crowd on the weekends, but was still used during the week by dog walkers, bikers, joggers, and just people looking to escape from the city or suburbs for a while.   
  
Krissy arrived at 6:50AM and met Karen in the main shed in the maintenance area. She would be meeting there every morning to get her work assignments.   
  
As Krissy arrived, 2 guys on huge lawn-mowers were just leaving. The cute younger one smiled at Krissy. Krissy grinned back. “Old guys….huh Ash?” she said to herself as she continued into the shed.   
  
Karen was waiting for her inside.   
  
“Hi Kristina! Welcome to the wonderful world of parks grounds maintenance!” Karen said with a smile. Krissy laughed a little. Karen was a fairly attractive woman, maybe in her 30’s. A little rough around the edges, but in great physical shape and REALLY tan!   
  
“Hi Karen….remember, you can just call me Krissy.”   
  
“Ah yes….right. Krissy. OK – ready to get out there?” Karen said.   
  
10 minutes later, Krissy was riding with Karen in a maintenance truck out to one of the picnic pavilions. Her job today was to apply a single coat of polyurethane to the 8 picnic tables in that pavilion.   
  
“UGH!” she thought to herself. She hated to paint anything, and applying poly would be worse due to the fumes! But once they got there, Karen helped her move the tables out of the pavilion into the sun so that they would dry faster. Krissy was happy about that…SUN!   
  
“Once you are finished, which shouldn’t be until about noonish, come get me. I’ll be mowing just on the other side of that hill.” Karen said. “I’ll leave you the truck.”   
  
She set off on foot, and disappeared after a minute over the large hill to the north.   
  
Krissy got the supplies out of the back of the truck, and started to work.   
  
After the first two tables, the had a method down for completing the remaining 6. She sort of turned the whole thing into a competition with herself. Trying not to drip any poly on the grass, using a systematic approach to start at the top and work her way around and down.   
  
She was finished by 11:15.   
  
She decided that instead of just loafing off for the next 45 minutes, she would go and find Karen to see if there was anything else she could do before lunch started. She had already earned $52 in her first 4 hours and had been out in the sun the whole time! So far – the new job was awesome!  
  
She drove the truck in the direction that Karen had walked. She parked it just off the road, and listened for the mower. She heard it, and continued on foot down a path through a wooded area to the large grass field that Karen was mowing. She saw the large mower right away, all the way across from where she stood.   
  
It was pretty far, but Krissy could make out that there was something different about Karen from earlier. The green work-pants and white tank top shirt were gone. In their place, Karen seemed to be wearing a bikini.  
  
“Or her undies!” Krissy said out loud, and continued to watch from the tree line. “So THAT’S how she gets so tan!”  
  
Karen drove the mower around the far edge of the field, just finishing the area, then turned it and headed back right towards Krissy. She seemed to jump a little when she saw that Krissy was there already. Krissy waved, Karen waved back. She drove right up to Krissy and shut the mower down.   
  
“Yep…a bikini.” Krissy thought to herself as Karen got down from the mower. Karen had washboard abs and not an ounce of fat on her anywhere. The little bikini she wore was a black string bikini. Krissy noticed that Karens nipples were rock hard and poking up through her top. She averted her eyes right away.   
  
“Wow….sexy boss!” she thought.   
  
“Well…you’re done early!” Karen said, then quickly put her tank top back on over her skimpy bikini. Pants went on next. She had them stashed in a little gym bag that hung from the back seat of the mower.   
  
“Yeah….I came up with a good system! Anything else you need me to do?” Krissy asked.   
  
“Initiative….I like that in an employee! If one of the guys had finished that job early, it would have been nap time!”  
  
They walked back to the truck together. The silence was a little awkward. Krissy noticed that Karen seemed to be…..embarrassed? Her cheeks were a little red when she had initially pulled up on the mower. But with a body like that – could she really be embarrassed about being seen in a bikini? Krissy shook the notion off, then decided to question her a little.  
  
“Well…now I know how you maintain that killer tan!” Krissy said once they were in the truck and driving back to the main shed.   
  
“Hmm?” Karen responded, a little confused.   
  
“Um….the bikini?” Krissy said.  
  
“Oh….haha! Yeah. That’s right! It does lead to a great tan!” Karen said. She smiled to herself.   
  
Now Krissy was a little confused. Wasn’t tanning the purpose of wearing the bikini in the first place? Karen almost seemed surprised by the connection.   
  
“Um, I was wondering, would it be ok if I wore one? Maybe just a bikini top and shorts? I would LOVE to work on my tan too while I worked.”  
  
“Well, we’ll see. It’s really not the most appropriate thing to have on at work. In fact, I only wear mine when I mow, and only in certain fields that are fairly less frequented by park guests.”  
  
“Oh….ok…” Krissy said, and decided to drop the subject.   
  
She and Karen ate lunch together and then they both worked on the flower beds near the North entrance, weeding and watering, until about 4.   
  
As a matter of fact, for the next two days, Karen and Krissy worked together in the afternoons. Each morning, Karen gave Krissy a job to work until noon while she went to mow. And each morning, Krissy would meet Karen at whatever field she was mowing once her job was completed. And each morning, Karen was in a bikini while she was on the mower. The bikini’s were always small, fairly skimpy, and skin tight. Karen always got dressed as soon as she was finished, and Krissy guessed that the guys had no idea about Karen’s tanning sessions on the mower.   
  
Another thing Krissy noticed was that Karen ALWAYS seemed more relaxed when she was finished mowing. Their afternoon’s were filled with conversation as they worked, and Karen’s mood was always much higher than at 7AM. Krissy figured that Karen was probably not much of a morning person.

**PART 2a**  
Wednesday afternoon, as they were driving back to the shed after pruning some trees along one of the roads through the South end of the park, Karen told Krissy that tomorrow morning, Thursday, she had a meeting with the parks director at 10 AM.   
  
“I’ll still be here in the morning but instead of your usual maintenance task….I’d like you to mow the field next to the field I was mowing this morning. The mower is still out there…you do know how to start and operate it, yes?” Karen asked, interrupting herself.  
  
“Yep – I still remember you showing me how….it WAS only yesterday you know….I AM in college!” Krissy joked. Karen laughed. Their interaction was becoming quite familiar over the past couple of days, and Krissy thought of Karen more like a big sister than a boss at this point.   
  
‘Of course! How silly of me! Anyway, wise-ass, I’ll meet you at the shed, then take you out and drop you off. It’s the field directly to the East of where I was today. You’ll need to get as close to the tree-line as you can with the big rider mower, the guys won’t be going out there to mow with the push mowers until next week….it’s getting really jungle-ish out there!”  
  
“Oh….ok sure! That would be great!” Krissy loved the change of pace. Then, before she could even ask….Karen continued.  
  
“So just get here by about 9:30. And feel free to wear a bikini if you want. Actually….I recommend it. Highly.” Karen said, and smiled to herself.   
  
“Good field for tanning?” Krissy asked.  
  
“What? Oh….yeah…um…tanning. Yes. It’s a good field for that too.” Karen said. Krissy frowned a little, not sure what Karen meant by “too”, but decided not to dwell on it.   
  
“YAY! Finally….some real sun time!” she thought to herself.   
  
  
The next morning, Krissy put on her usual old pair of shorts and an old t-shirt. But instead of underwear, today she put on a cute, but fairly skimpy, pink string bikini. Karen had assured her that no one would be working anywhere near that field tomorrow, so Krissy felt a little better about selecting this particular bikini. The bottom tied at the sides, and the top had a single hook in the back, strapless style tube top (Krissy HATED tan lines on her shoulders!).   
  
She raced to work and by 9:30AM was parked at the shed. She went inside and met Karen.   
  
“Right on time! What….no bikini?” Karen asked.  
  
“I have it on underneath…” Krissy said.   
  
“Oh good…I would NOT want you to miss out!” and she smirked a little.   
  
“Miss out?” Krissy asked. “On what?”   
  
“Um…you know…on some good rays for tanning!” Karen said, then winked. Krissy just smiled. Why was Karen being so cagey about the bikini thing?  
  
“Oh. Right.” She said.   
  
They headed out to the truck after a little bit and by 9:45 they were driving down the access road that lead to the Eastern most fields.   
  
“OK…I will be back to pick you up by noonish. Let’s meet right here.” Karen said as she pulled the truck over next to the trail entrance that lead through the woods out to the field where the large mower sat.   
  
“You can just toss your stuff in the back seat, if you want.” She offered. “You know…your shirt and shorts. Keep the sneakers on though, it’s a little rough on the trail for bare feet!”   
  
“Oh….I…um….” Krissy felt a little strange stripping down to her bikini HERE…in front of Karen and all….but she had seen Karen in her bikini each of the last two days, so she just shrugged, got out of the truck, and pulled off her shirt and her shorts (over her shoes) and tossed them into the small back seat of the extended cab pickup. It would be sort of nice not having to worry about carrying her clothes around while she mowed.  
  
“Cute suit!” Karen said.   
  
“Oh…thanks…”Krissy said, and blushed a little. It did feel a little weird to be wearing it at work.  
  
“Oh and one more thing…you’ll want to tip the seat back a bit. On the mower. There is a little lever on the right side, just under the seat that will allow you to tip it back. “  
  
“Um…Oh….ok. Tip it back?” Krissy had no clue why Karen was pointing out this particular feature.   
  
“Trust me Krissy….tip it back. You will thank me later.” Karen said. Then she waved and drove off, leaving the bikini and sneaker clad Krissy alone.   
  
“Tip it back….whatever you say!” Krissy said to herself as she started down the path.   
  
It DID feel great to be out in just a bikini today….the air was warm, the sun streamed through the leaves and branches as she walked down the path.   
  
10 minutes later, after crossing two other large fields, Krissy stood next to the large John Deere tractor/mower. It seemed larger now that she was going to have to drive it!   
  
She climbed up into the seat, pumped the gas pedal once, pulled back the clutch lever, and turned the key. The motor sputtered, then turned over, and as she eased the clutch lever back, the motor started to hum. She smiled to herself…her first attempt at starting a big machine like this!   
  
She threw the blade engagement handle into position, and the large series of mower blades beneath the mower deck started to spin, causing the whole mower to rock a bit. Then she put the mower into gear and kit the gas. It lurched forward, and Krissy was on her way.   
  
The sun was wonderful….hot on her bare back and shoulders. After her first pass in the field, Krissy started to feel a little more confident in her surroundings, and adjusted her top a bit to maximize her tanning results. She sort of folded the cups down a little, tucked and pulled until the top was JUST below the outer edges of her nipples….exactly how she would wear it in her yard. Then she pulled the back of her bottoms down a bit too.   
  
As she was about to start her second pass, Karen’s words suddenly echoed in her head…”Tip the seat back….trust me.”   
  
Krissy had noticed that the seat did keep her quite upright, and over time may prove to be a little uncomfortable. Again, she shrugged her shoulders, then reached down for the lever. She found it and pulled, and the seat tipped back, just as Karen said it would. Krissy’s full, round bottom sunk a bit lower than her knees now, and as she hit the gas again, she did feel more comfortable.   
  
After about 5 seconds….she noticed that she felt something else as well.   
  
“Oh…um….oh!”   
  
The seat had this little bump, right in the center of it, that up until now had been somewhat wedged between the backs of Krissy’s thighs. But with the seat tipped back, Krissy had to skooch forward a bit to reach the gas pedal, and now the little bump was right up against…something else! That, combined with the motion and vibration of the mower and the blades made for QUITE a nice sensation.   
  
“Oooo…..wow!” Krissy said, squirming a bit to adjust herself. She shifted a little more, then tipped the seat a little more…  
  
“Oh….yeah….that’s the spot…” she said as she drove along.   
  
The uneven-ness of the field just added to the experience, as did the thin material of her bikini bottom….pants and underwear would be waaaaay too thick for her to enjoy this!! After just a minute, Krissy was QUITE aroused.   
  
By the time she was heading back towards her starting point for that pass, she was tingling all over.   
  
She looked around. She wanted to make sure that she was COMPLETELY alone, as she was quite sure that her facial expressions would give away her current state of arousal.   
  
“No WONDER Karen is always glowing after she mows!” Krissy said to herself. And now, she understood all of the little comments Karen had been making the last few days. She also understood the ‘urban myth’ about women sitting on top of their washing machines during the spin cycle. This was incredible!   
  
As Krissy swung the mower around for another pass, she was acutely aware of something quite extraordinary.   
  
“If I keep this up…I am definitely going to have an orgasm. Oh my God I am going to come at work!!”   
  
Again, another nervous glance around. Coast was still clear, so Krissy set out again.   
  
“Ohhh….mmmmm…..oh yeah….oh my gaaaawwwwd….oh that feels soooooo gooooooood!” She had a tough time keeping the mower in a straight line on this pass. She also had a tough time keeping her hands off of her breasts. Her nipples were starting to throb a bit now. In fact, all of the bouncing and vibrating was starting to have an effect on her bikini top. Krissy glanced down to see that her right nipple was now completely out of her top, and pointing straight ahead….rock hard. Her left one was half out…she soft edge of the bikini rubbing across it with each bump. Another little wonderful sensation.   
  
Krissy drew in short, wavering breaths now. She was starting to feel a lot of little throbs and pulses “down there” and knew that she was well on her way. She figured that during this next pass, she would most likely lose control.   
  
She decided as she swung the mower around, that she should make this next pass along the tree/brush-line that separated the field from the woods. Just in case anyone came along, this was the most hidden part of the field.   
  
It did not take long. As she started the pass, a little wave started to rise, and her stomach muscles started to tense, just like they always did. Her inhibitions flooding away now, Krissy took a quick look around, then reached up with one hand, and yanked her bikini top down, her somewhat large breasts bouncing out, completely exposed now and free of the top. The top slid to her waist. Her completely erect nipples literally ACHED to be touched, and touch them she did. Her left hand went from one breast to the other, touching, squeezing, lightly rubbing. It felt unreal.  
  
“Oh god…..Oh god..oh f#ck yeah! ohgodimgonnacome….oooooooimgonnacome” Her thigh muscles now started to tense, and Krissy’s eyes started to close. Her other hand now left the steering wheel as the orgasm started, and she took one breast in each hand and squeezed away.  
  
“OOOOOOhhhhh!!! Uhhhh!!! Oh god….oh GOD!!” she got louder and louder as she started to come. The mower bounced and hummed along, the bump in the seat RIGHT on the PERFECT SPOT!!!   
  
“OHHHHH GOD!!” The orgasm did not subside like it usually did…it just got…..stronger.  
  
“AAAAHHHH!!!” Krissy’s eyes were now completely closed, her head thrown back, hands squeezing away on her bare breasts.   
  
She had never felt this good in her life. Sex was not even close.   
  
This was pure heaven.   
  
And it went on for another 10, 20 seconds? She was not sure. But at some point, she noticed that the sounds of the mower had changed….more crunching and whining from the blades. She opened her eyes, and saw that she was now mowing INTO the brush-line a bit!

**PART 2B**  
“OH NO!” she quickly let go of her boobs and grabbed the steering wheel. All of these little branches, and little leaves then started to brush across her right side as the mower had drifted into the brush. Krissy tried to correct, but one of the front wheels was caught behind some of the little stumps that she was now creating by mowing down the first line of bushes and saplings.   
  
“Oh Shit!” she pulled on the steering wheel with all her might, and was about to correct when she felt something pulling at her hip.   
  
“Huh?” she looked down. A branch from one of the larger bushes had made it’s way under the ties of her bikini bottom, and had snagged. As the mower drove, the branch bent a little, but her bottoms were about to give in.   
  
“AAAhhh!!” she reached down and tried to free them, but the branch, now bending severely, just pulled them tightly across her waist. In a last ditch effort to free herself, Krissy stood up.  
  
Now….the whole event took about 3 or 4 seconds. The right way to solve the problem would have been to take her foot off the gas pedal.   
  
But the orgasm, which at this point was still subsiding, had blurred her reflexes. Plus, she was NOT at all used to driving these big mowers, and her instincts took over and her brain told her to free the snag instead.   
  
When she stood up, the only thing holding her bottoms in place -- the weight of her fairly large yet oh so round and bouncy ass -- was lifted.   
  
There was an almost inaudible (over the sound of the engine) ripping noise, and the branch snapped back, Krissy’s bottoms now hanging from it.   
  
The next part seemed to happen in slow motion. Krissy gasped as she became separated from her bikini. All at once the tension released…and she was naked, save for her sneakers, and her top, now bunched up around her waist. The branch snapped back with the bottoms, all the way in the opposite direction….then started to bounce back towards Krissy and the mower. It became a bit of a catapult then…as it gave up it’s bounty – the bikini – and flung it.  
  
Directly into the path of the oncoming mower deck.  
  
“Oh…” was all Krissy got out of her mouth. Still standing, and her hands nowhere near the steering wheel since she had been using them to free her snagged bikini bottoms, and her right foot now pressing down even HARDER on the gas pedal since she was STANDING on it, Krissy watched in helpless horror as her bottoms went under the deck, and then a split second later came out of the huge grass chute to her left…..in a million little bits of pink.   
  
“AAHHH!!” she sat her bare fanny down on the mower, took her foot off the gas, and brought the machine to a stop. She jumped off of it, and ran back, boobs bouncing wildly, to the 10 or 15 square foot area where the pink bikini shrapnel had been sprayed.   
  
There was not a piece of it left that was larger than a postage stamp.   
  
Krissy gasped, staring INCREDULOUSLY at her destroyed bottoms. “Oh god…what did I JUST DO?” she said out loud.   
  
Still VERY aroused, another little twinge down below elicited a moan from the very horny, and now quite naked, Krissy.   
  
Her brain was suddenly in a battle with itself.   
  
The logical side Left side of it was mortified. She knew that Karen, and the rest of her clothes, were a good two hours away from returning. She didn’t even have her cell phone with her!!  
  
However, the more ‘creative’ right side of her brain was still enjoying the MASSIVE orgasm she just experienced. It knew that another one was oh so possible, and it had noticed that for the briefest of moments when Krissy sat BOTTOMLESS on the seat, (her bottoms having had just been removed by that naughty giant boxwood) the sensation was in a word, incredible. Without the material of her bottoms in the way….the little bump in the seat would REALLY work some magic.   
  
Krissy looked around again. No one. She looked down at her body, her top still around her waist like a little pink belt. She looked back at the mower…still idling just 10 feet from her.   
  
The motor still….humming.  
  
The blades still….spinning.   
  
The chassis still….vibrating.   
  
Krissy sub-consciously licked her upper lip as she thought about another ride on the Orgasm Express. She took a step towards it, then another, and before she knew it, she was back in the seat, squirming a bit and adjusting the angle of it until….  
  
“OOOOohhhhh yeah….right……uuuuhhhh…..right there…..” She said lustily.   
  
She had NEVER had more than a single orgasm at a time….or even in a day….before. So this was a very compelling, hard to resist situation.   
  
Left Brain waged one more attack, trying to get her to AT LEAST pull her top back up. Krissy reached down and began to pull it back up. But Right Brain immediately countered. “I’ll only be pulling it down again in a few minutes.” She said out loud. And instead of pulling it up, Krissy actually spun it around, un-hooked it, and tossed it onto a nearby bush, safe from the mower blades. “Why have ANY distractions!” she said, and giggled a little at her boldness.   
  
Her complete nudity in a very public place just added to her overall excitement, and coupled with the greater sensation now from the mower seat on her bare, well…everything…..Krissy got back to the brink again, quickly.   
  
“OOOOOhhhhhhhmygawd…” the twinges, throbs and waves were more intense this time. Her bare rear-end on the hot black leather seat….felt soooooooo naughty. “Oh my god I am mowing naked.” She said. Her heart POUNDED in her chest, and she was 100% aware of every square inch of her body. The sun on her naked back, the light warm breeze across her bare

**PART 3**  
“Oh no!” She stopped and crouched down a bit, throwing her arms across her bare breasts. Coming down the trail were at least two people, they looked like girls from this distance, but Krissy decided not to wait and verify their gender. She made a snap decision and dashed to her left about 40 feet, into the brushline, which would put her about 30 or so feet from where her top still hung. She thought for a moment about getting her top first, but decided that if she risked the extra time it would take her to get there, the people would be at the end of the trail by then, coming into the field, and she would be in plain view.   
  
She peered around the trunk of the tree she now stood behind, and watched as two girls, both maybe her age, perhaps a little younger, came into the field. They both wore shorts and bikini tops, and one carried a small backpack. They appeared to be talking, and Krissy could just make out what they were saying.  
  
“…sure he didn’t see us?” one, a blond, asked the other….a brunette.  
  
“Oh I think he did, but I think we lost him…” said the brunette.   
  
“Thank f#%king GOD! That was like, super creepy.” They were walking right in Krissy’s direction. Krissy held her breath to keep as still as possible as she peeked out to watch them.   
  
“Who DOES stuff like that?” the blond asked. “UUUhhh….I am all freaked out now!”   
  
The brunette rolled her eyes, then grabbed the blonde’s hand and pulled her around so that they were facing each other.   
  
“Well….does this make you feel any better?” the brunette said, then planted a kiss on the blonde’s lips.   
  
Krissy gasped, then stifled a giggle.   
  
The blonde at first kissed her back, then after a few seconds, broke it off and said, “Like….he could be WATCHING us right now!! AGAIN!”   
  
The brunette again gave a big eye roll, then said, “Good! I hope he is….” She took a step away from the blond and in a louder voice said, “Hey…..creepy camera guy! Take a pic of these!” and she whipped off her top faster than the blond could stop her. Her somewhat small, yet very perky and VERY un-tanned breasts now exposed. Krissy again stifled a laugh.   
  
“KARRIE!” the blond yelled, then ran up and put a hand over each exposed boob. “Put those AWAY!” They giggled a little, then the blond crouched down a little, and started to kiss the brunettes breasts, first one, then the other. The brunette looked a little shocked, but went right along with it, her head scanning in all directions for any onlookers.   
  
“Oh my god….that is sort of….hot.” Krissy said quietly to herself. She subconsciously let one hand travel up to her own breasts, and lightly squeezed. Her nipples still rock hard.  
  
“Oh wow… mmmm baby you are…gonna like….REALLY make me horny…” the brunette said. The blond smiled, then they started to kiss again. The brunette let her top fall from her hand, and then started to work her hands up the blonds back. The kissing got more passionate.  
  
Krissy watched intently….her own breathing now coming in quicker breaths. She had a breast in each hand and was lightly squeezing away. “That is so hot…” she whispered.  
  
In a flash, the blonds top was off….and her boobs…were HUGE! Krissy literally gasped when they bounced free.   
  
“Oh god Karrie…this is crazy…” the blond said, looking around nervously now.   
  
“Shut up….” The brunette said, and then yanked the blonds shorts down to her ankles.   
  
“Karrie! Here??” she said, a little breathless but obviously VERY turned on.  
  
“Here. Now.” the brunette said, and yanked down the blonds thong so hard that it ripped. She dropped to her knees then, and started to kiss the blond’s naked belly. Her hands made their way up to the blonds huge rack, and she started squeezing and playing. Then the kissing went a little lower…then a little lower….then…  
  
“OOOOhhhhh YEEEEAHHHH….” the blond let out in a moan.   
  
Krissy decided that this was the sexiest thing she had ever seen, and it was time to take matters into her OWN hands. Well…at least her left hand. The right one she needed for her boobs. She slid that left hand down her belly, following the same track the brunette’s lips had just taken down the blond. A few seconds later she was stroking away, watching the two nearly naked co-eds enjoying each other, and was WELL down the road to her third orgasm of the morning. Then, all at once, the blond reached down and stopped the brunette.   
  
“I hear someone!” she said. They both looked towards the path. The blond fumbled to pull up her shredded thong, then her shorts. Then the brunette picked up her top, and looked to her left.   
  
“Is that yours?” she said, motioning to Krissy’s bikini top, just 10 feet away from them, hanging on the little branch. She ran over and grabbed it.  
  
“Oh….no…” Krissy said, still stroking away with her left hand, squeezing with her right. “Oh no….oh…..oh….”  
  
“No….mine is right here.” Said the blond, picking her similar pink top up. “Let’s get OUT of here!” she said. “You can finish me off in the car!”  
  
The brunette giggled wildly at that, the blond laughed back, and then they both disappeared back into the woods.   
  
And Krissy’s top went with them.  
  
“MMMMmmmm….oooooooohhhhh……nnnnnooooooooo……ohh ohhh oohhhhh……” Krissy said as the orgasm started. She just helplessly watched them walk away, neither able to stop them from leaving, nor to stop herself from masturbating.

**PART 3b**  
When she finished a moment later, Krissy leaned her bare back and rear end against the tree. “Oh that did not just happen.” She said, completely out of breath, her body still shaking a bit from the orgasm. “Those two dykes did NOT just take my bikini with them!”   
  
But she knew they had. And now, she was down to just her sneakers and ankle socks.   
  
The whole situation was getting worse…but somehow, it just kept getting sexier too. Krissy had NEVER masturbated to girls before, and certainly never really found two girls kissing all that interesting or arousing. Something about being naked outdoors, losing her bikini, the whole multiple orgasm thing…she wasn’t thinking straight, but she had NEVER been this horny.   
  
“What the F#CK am I supposed to do now?” she said to herself, contemplating her next move. Karen was still like FOREVER away from returning. The payphone again seemed to be her only option. “Oh god…how am I gonna make it to that phone, like this?” she said and looked down at herself. Her nipples were sticking straight out.   
  
She took a deep breath. Her nerves were rising again. “How did I get myself INTO this???” she said. Then she looked over at the mower. “Oh….right…”   
She thought a moment, then shrugged her bare shoulders, causing her equally bare boobs to wiggle a little. “Well, I can’t just leave it ALL the way over there…” She looked around. The girls were long gone. They had mentioned something about someone coming, but Krissy had neither seen nor heard anything.   
  
A few seconds later, she was streaking, quite literally, back across the field to the mower.   
  
It DID feel really nice to be naked outside on such a great morning, and Krissy was at least SOMEWHAT aware that her nudity was a bit of a turn on. As she ran, she was very aware of all the bouncing her bare boobs were doing, and all the jiggles and wiggles of her bare rear. She covered nothing, and ran with a little smile. She hadn’t gone streaking since her Freshman year, and even that one time she wore a bra and thong.   
  
She started to run in a big circle, imagining that one of the younger guys was watching her from the woods, his pants around his ankles, his big hard-on in his hand….  
  
No wait….the girls….they were watching her now. “OOOooooo….” She shrilled as the image of the two sexy lesbians spying on her streaking caused a little pleasure ripple in her lower half.   
  
She completed her streak and ran up to the mower.   
  
“Oh my GAWD I have become suuuuch a sexual deviant…” she said to herself as she climbed up into the seat again. “THIS is crazy!” she said. She could not BELIEVE that, given her circumstances, naked from the ankles up, at work, in public, in broad daylight, HUGE risk of being seen….she was actually considering continuing to mow, and inevitably have another (her fourth) orgasm of the morning.   
  
She literally could not make herself NOT do it. She started the motor up, and as soon as those blades started to spin, Krissy was convinced that THIS was the right thing for her to do.   
  
5 minutes later, and two more passes on the field, and Krissy was riding high on yet another orgasmic wave. One hand was in her hair, the other madly groping from one breast to the other and back. Her nipples positively throbbing now…the image of those two girls pleasuring each other running through her mind in vivid detail as she came…again.

**Part 4**  
She really could not have planned it better, because she was able to finish both herself off, and the last pass on the field at the same moment. The mower was back to it’s starting position, the field was mowed.   
  
As Krissy dismounted the mower on VERY shaky bare legs, she looked at the grass. The lines were not all that straight, and it looked sort of like a science project, especially around the spot where her bikini bottoms final resting place was. But it was finished.   
  
It was damn near IMPOSSIBLE to keep that mower driving straight when you are having the big O she thought, and laughed a little to herself.   
  
Now however, play time was over. She needed to get to that phone, call Ash, and get something to wear. She could NOT risk getting caught naked by Karen, or any of her co-workers! Oh GOD the thought of that made her tummy flip.   
  
Now, calling Ash and having to explain why she was needing clothes was ALSO an embarrassing proposition, but at least Ashley was a friend. She’d understand.  
  
  
After a minute or two of some nerve steeling, Krissy set out towards the path. She decided she would stick to the path unless (gulp!) someone came along, and then she would take to the woods.   
  
One thing she noticed right away….it was a VERY strange feeling walking naked, outside, while wearing sneakers and ankle socks. Something about wearing shoes, but nothing else actually made her feel more exposed than if she was 100% in the nude. She couldn’t figure it out, but it was a stark (naked) reality.   
  
Just like before when she was starting to cross the field, she was very aware of her bare boobs and fanny, bouncing and jiggling as she walked. Again – the whole sensation seemed to be accentuated by her having ONLY footwear on! She had that sort of big “college girl” ass that looked hot (she thought) in jeans. But she was actually QUITE embarrassed about anyone seeing it…..naked!  
  
As she started to walk down the path, she glanced down at her breasts, bouncing along with each step. Now in the shade, the tan lines on them were in stark contrast to her tanned skin. She wondered what her rear end looked like from behind with it’s tan lines.   
  
She walked slowly, scanning the path and the woods ahead of her. There were trees and bushes all over, but if someone did approach her, she would not have much time to try and hide.   
  
“AAAHHH!! I can’t believe this is happening!” she said, and let out a nervous little giggle. Her belly flipped a little too. Followed by a little twinge down below. “And I can’t believe I am still turned on….”  
  
A few minutes in, she thought she heard some rustling in the woods to her left. She stopped, crouched down and threw her arms across her breasts.  
  
“Oh no…” she whispered. She listened INTENTLY now for more signs of movement….but heard nothing. After a minute, she slowly stood up, scanning the area, and continued to walk, arms crossed over her breasts.  
  
Her heart was racing now, and so was her mind. She wasn’t sure who she would have to see first, but it was going to be mortifying no matter who it was.   
  
She was coming to the end of the path, and that meant….the road.  
  
Krissy swallowed hard and tried to figure out what to do next. The most direct route was to walk along the edge of the road, about a half mile, to the pay phone. Most of the way, she would be no more than 20 feet away or so from the tree line, and could duck into the woods if a car came. There was no path through the woods that followed the same direction as the road, so walking among the trees would be very tough going, especially naked. Lots of brush, bushes, saplings, etc.  
  
“Oh god…” Krissy said as she came to the end of the path. She now stood just 15 feet from the edge of the road. She was about to step out…when she saw him.   
  
“OH!” she gasped, and clasped a hand over her mouth. A guy. On a bike. On the road. Riding right by her.   
  
He was heads down and pedaling hard, helmet on, shades….the whole “bike guy” uniform. He was about to ride right past Krissy.   
  
Krissy’s heart almost stopped. Her body went a little numb.   
  
Then she felt another twinge down below….then a bigger one.   
  
“Oooohhhhh….” She held her breath, and never took her eyes off the guy. She also never covered up anything, other than her mouth.   
  
He was past her in a matter of seconds, and had seen nothing. But DAMN had the whole near miss made her nervous AND horny as hell!!  
  
“Hahahaha…” she giggled when he was gone, and took a deep shaky breath. This was going to be tough to do without being caught. She could barely hear anything right now above her heart, thundering in her ears. A car coming, she could hear. Another bike? Or a jogger? No way.   
  
She just tried to come to terms with the fact that SOMEONE, if not MORE THAN ONE PERSON, was going to see her naked.   
  
“It’s not like I have left myself a lot of choices….oh I NEVER should have left my clothes in the truck!!” she cursed herself, then set off walking along the road, staying in the grass just a few feet from the trees so that she could dash in quickly if someone came along.   
  
After a minute or so she looked back. The trail head was now out of her view, and she estimated that it would take about 5 minutes to get to where that payphone was.   
  
“Jesus I can not BELIEVE I am streaking….at work! Who does that???” she said. Suddenly, the sound of tires crunching on loose gravel was in the air, and in a flash, Krissy side stepped into the woods and crouched behind a tree.   
  
A large dark SUV slowly drove by. Krissy, still embarrassed about being caught, dared not even glance out to see who it was behind the wheel. Not that it mattered.  
  
The large truck continued on, and Krissy came out of hiding a moment later and continued her journey. She broke into a slow jog, trying to minimize her time out here.   
  
Jogging naked was a new sensation for her, and it was not at all un-pleasurable. “Now I am OFFICIALLY a streaker!” she said, then on impulse, dashed into the road and continued to jog along the unpaved shoulder, her shoes crunching the gravel now.   
  
There was something about all that openness around her, the public road, the cover and safety of the trees now farther away…it got to her a little. She could feel herself getting a little turned on again.   
  
Left Brain once again implored her to go back towards the tree line and continue her trip there, closer to cover.   
  
Right Brain was too busy enjoying the air on her naked body and the bouncing of her bare, completely exposed breasts as she jogged to care. It even went so far as to imagine a guy on a bike, coming around the turn…catching her all naked like this.   
  
“Oh…” she said, still jogging, but a hand now wandering up to her breasts to play.   
  
She licked her lips again, and continued on. Right Brain again….victorious.

**PART 5**  
The next 5 minutes, while wonderful, thrilling and exhilarating, and full of self-groping, also went without incident or orgasm. The payphone came into view.   
  
One detail Krissy had neglected to remember was that the little phone ‘booth’ was not really a booth at all. It was nothing more than a payphone attached to a large pole, with a little roof overhead….no enclosure. And, it was at a spot that was right next to the road and a small parking area, and maybe 100 feet from any trees or cover of any kind.   
  
To use it, she would be very, very exposed to all directions.   
  
She had come this far however, and just made a run for it.  
  
She was a little out of breath as she picked up the receiver, and dialed the 1-800 number for her calling card company.   
  
Then her access code…  
  
Then Ashley’s cell number…  
  
As the phone rang, she scanned and listened for cars.   
  
“Um….hello?” came Ashley’s voice on the line.   
  
“Ash….it’s Krissy.”  
  
“Krissy? WTF? Who’s number is this on my caller ID?  
  
“What? Oh…nothing….I’m at work. Listen, I need your help.”  
  
“Oh at work….right…with all the old men in the park.” Ash said and laughed.   
  
“ASH! Seriously…I need some help. Can you meet me here, like….now??” Krissy implored, hearing something in the distance that could very well be a car.   
  
“Help? What’s the matter…did you get lost in the woods or something?” Ash said, and laughed again at her own stupid joke.   
  
“No….but I did lose….oh god…um….” Krissy was having a hard time saying it. “Listen, just come here, and please bring me some clothes.”  
  
“Clothes?” Ash asked, a little surprised. “Why do you need…..oh my god….are you…are you naked Krissy?” more laughing.  
  
“Just hurry! Meet me in the park, drive up to the Otter Lodge.” Krissy said, reading the name of the nearest pavilion off of the sign on the corner where the road intersected the parking area.   
  
“Um Krissy….why are you naked?” Ash asked, still laughing. The car noises got louder.   
  
“I was…I was…” the car was coming into view now, just over the hill, still fairly far away. Krissy estimated that she had just seconds to hang up, then run to the trees before she would be caught. “I was streaking….ok? Please HURRY!!” and with that she hung up, and dashed towards the woods….her bare fanny bouncing like crazy as she ran flat out “Oh shit…oh shit…”.   
  
She ducked behind a tree and peered out, the car now heading RIGHT for her.   
  
“Oh please…..please…..you didn’t see me…..you did NOT see me….” She whispered to herself as the car slowed on approach. It was an older model Buick – an old people car….like the one her grandfather drove. Krissy sat lower now and pulled back so that she was completely hidden. The crunching gravel sound grew louder, then….  
  
Stopped.  
  
“Oh….no…” Krissy said, too paralyzed with fear to even move.   
  
“Why….WHY did I get myself into this!?!? I can’t believe I lost my bikini….JESUS how STUPID am I???” she shouted at herself, in her head.   
  
But then, the crunching gravel started again….got louder, then softer….fading….fading….  
  
Krissy popped her head up to see the tail lights on the car moving away from her, down the hill and deeper into the park.   
  
“Oh thank you GOD!” she said out loud and towards the sky. Then she turned her gaze to the road. “Now just hurry the F\*%K up ASHLEY!!”

**PART 6**  
Krissy found it amazing just how in tune with her body she felt right at this moment. She was aware of every little sensation….even her eyes seemed to pick up things at long distances that she normally wouldn’t notice. She could FEEL her nipples getting hard. She could feel the contours of the thick rough tree bark on her left buttock as she leaned against the tree truck. When she was running earlier, she could feel her rear end jiggle, was very aware of how the air felt against her naked skin, and how her boobs bouncing unrestrained by a bra or a bikini was a TOTAL TURN ON.  
  
And it was all of these very physical, quite pleasurable influences that were distracting her from making good decisions. For example, accidentally mowing her own bikini bottoms into oblivion….or removing her bikini top and leaving it out of reach for strangers to take. And especially…  
  
…telling Ashley that she had been streaking!!   
  
“Oh god…she’s going to think I’m some sort of nudist or something!” It was embarrassing enough to have lost her clothes at work like she had. But what was more embarrassing? Having to tell her best friend that she found this amazing lawn mower that gave her the most incredible orgasms ever? Or that she was a closet exhibitionist who liked to streak in public?   
  
So now Krissy would have to pose as a streaker who lost her clothes. But how? Did someone take them? She guessed she could blame it on the horny girls who actually HAD taken her bikini top.   
  
She started to practice her story out loud…  
  
“So, I was like, streaking…and I hid my clothes under these bushes, and then these two girls came along just as I was coming back to get dressed, so I had to hide…and they found my stuff…and…took it….”.  
  
That sounded terrible. She couldn’t even convince herself.   
  
And why was she streaking at work in the first place?  
  
“Ugh….I’ll just have to wing it…” she said.  
  
And it wasn’t as if she would have had time to rehearse much anyway, as a moment later, another car crested the hill. Krissy again ducked down and peered out from behind the large tree, her left nipple now lightly brushing against the thick tree bark. It sent a shock wave through her.  
  
“OOohhh…..not….now….” she was imploring herself to NOT get turned on. She needed to be clear-headed to get out of this mess UNSEEN!  
  
The car was not Ashley’s car. But it did start to slow down as it approached.  
  
And it did turn into the parking area that Krissy was hiding next to.  
  
“Oh no….Oh no no no no…..” she said.   
  
The car, a small yellow Dodge Neon, pulled into a parking spot facing the woods where Krissy was hiding, and stopped, then the engine turned off.   
  
Krissy’s heart was starting to race and she could feel the panic rising within her.   
  
The passenger door opened.   
  
A woman got out, dressed in jeans and a sweatshirt, carrying a little backpack. Then a man got out of the driver side, and they walked over to the pavilion together.   
  
As Krissy tried to determine what to do next, another car started coming over the hill. It was Ashley! She must have been in her car and fairly close to the park when Krissy called just a short while ago.  
  
“Oh god….what now?” she said. The couple was setting up something in the pavilion at the moment, and it looked like it was going to be an extended stay.   
  
Another vehicle was following Ashley now, a minivan. Krissy watched helplessly from behind her tree as Ashley slowed, then turned into the parking area. The minivan, to Krissy’s utter dismay, followed her in.   
  
“Great.” She said. “Just great…”  
  
Ashley drove in and parked a spot over from the first car. The minivan parked down a little ways too. The glare from the sun on the windshield prevented Krissy from seeing into Ashley’s car at all.   
  
The minivan started unloading as soon as the motor was turned off. First a woman, then another, then a man. They all carried bags and packs of some sort, and were talking and laughing as they headed towards the pavilion. The man and woman already in there waved and some pleasantries were exchanged, but they were just out of Krissy’s earshot. Either way, the situation was not good.   
  
Krissy had only one option for remaining undiscovered - hope Ashley got out of her car….then try to signal to her without alerting the group in the pavilion. Perhaps then Ashley could get Krissy something to wear. Krissy knew that since it only took Ash less than 10 minutes to get here, she had NOT stopped at her house to get Krissy any clothes. Krissy had to hope that maybe Ashley had something extra in her car….a shirt, a towel…..oh god ANYTHING at this point!  
  
Krissy waited….and waited, but Ashley’s car just stayed put.   
  
“Come on!! Get out and look this way!” Krissy tried to will her friend into action.   
  
And then, action came. Ashley’s car….started to back up.  
  
“Oh no….oh God she’s leaving!” Krissy was in an instant panic. Her last chance at clothing was about to pull away and leave her there!   
  
She couldn’t think straight, and acted on instinct then. She took a deep breath and said “Ohhhh F#CK IT!!” and stood up, slapped her hands on her breasts, and started to run out of the woods, towards Ashley’s car.   
  
It took a few seconds to negotiate the little bushes and such along the tree line, so by the time Krissy was out of the woods, Ashley had already backed out of her space, and was heading out of the parking area towards the road.   
  
“ASHLEY!!!” Krissy shouted, before she could stop herself. But even from this distance, Krissy could hear the booming of Ashley’s subwoofer….she had her radio on and cranked up loud.   
  
Krissy changed direction, and started to sprint for the exit of the parking area, where it met the road, right near the payphone.   
  
She was waaaaay out in the open now, fully exposed to the pavilion, the road, everything. It was an all or nothing gamble.   
  
Krissy’s legs were churning as she ran across the grass, trying to close the gap between herself and Ashley’s car. If Ashley would JUST look in her direction, she would see her, and Krissy could hop in the car and this would all be over.   
  
It was not to be. Krissy watched in complete horror as Ashley turned left at the road, the opposite direction from where Krissy was running.   
  
“NO!!!” she shouted again, and slowed down a bit.   
  
Then she saw the cars. Three of them, already over the hill and heading right for her.   
  
“Oh… god….no…”   
  
She was stuck. At least 50 yards now from her original hiding place, and just 10 yards from the road, there was now no way to hide in time. Ashley’s car raced past the oncoming cars. Krissy stopped, and clamped a hand down below as the three oncoming cars were slowing down. The lead one already had it’s turn signal on and was beginning to turn into the parking area, not 30 feet from where the mortified, and very naked Krissy now stood.   
  
She locked eyes with the male driver, her heart beating so fast from the quick sprint, and the terror of now being out in the very, very open field - naked from her ankles up. She hadn’t looked over at the pavilion yet, but she knew that those people were watching her now as well.   
  
The cars all slowed to a stop, and the passenger window in the first car opened.   
  
“Hey! Are you ok?!” a woman called.   
  
“I….I….” she started to respond. Then she just turned her big, bare rear end towards the cars, and the pavilion, and started to run back up the road towards the spot where Karen had dropped her off this morning.   
  
At this point, she didn’t know what else to do.

**Part 7a**  
With every stride, Krissy’s round, full rear end bounced and quivered. She was EXTREMELY aware of it, especially now that she was treating a whole bunch of strangers to a clear, extended view of it.   
  
She tried putting a hand on each buttock to hide it a bit, but that just wound up slowing her down. In the end, she kept her arms pumping away at her sides. Everything was bouncing and jiggling.   
  
Of course, she was in the road now…so a bigger concern than being seen by those behind her was…  
  
….a car coming towards her. Before she could react, another black SUV crested the hill she now ran up, and was no more than 40 feet away and closing fast.   
  
“AAAHHH!!” Krissy screamed a bit, but was way too far from the tree line to be able to duck in. She just kept running along the shoulder of the road, and hid her face with her hands as she passed by the slowing SUV…  
  
“Oh please just keep going…” she said to herself, willing the truck not to stop. It didn’t, but whomever the occupants were certainly drank in a nice full frontal view of Krissy’s naked form.   
  
Once she could hear the truck behind her, Krissy let her hands drop to her sides again, and continued on. This time, she crossed the small strip of grass, and ran next to the thick edge of the woods, hoping that if another car came along, she would be able to find a spot to jump in and hide.   
  
But after another couple of minutes, she was back at the trail head. She dashed in about 50 feet to hide herself from the road, then stopped to catch her breath.   
  
“Oh….my…..god…..” she panted, hands on her knees, bent at the waist a bit. She looked like a sprinter who had just ran the 800 meters in the Nude Olympics.   
  
“Holy Sh!t! I can’t believe all those people saw me….aaaahhhhh!!” a little wave of dread and embarrassment washed over her, and she prayed that no one she knew was among them. She thought there were at least 20? Maybe more? Oh god…that was like showing up naked at the supermarket or something! “Ugh…all those people…GAWD I must have looked crazy!”   
  
Her day had gone from good, to great, to orgasmic, to revealing, to utterly humiliating.   
  
She could not BELIEVE that Ashley had just left like that!!   
  
  
She caught her breath after a few moments then continued back down the path, this time covering nothing. She just wanted to get back to the field, and hide behind the mower. She wanted to be as far from where people would be as possible.   
  
With Ashley out of the picture now, Karen was her last resort. She would have to present herself to her boss…naked.   
  
“Oh my GOD how did everything go off the tracks like this???” she asked herself as she walked. And as if strangers seeing her wasn’t bad enough, now her boss would see her naked, at work, with NO GOOD REASON as to why!!  
  
It wasn’t like she could tell Karen about everything that had happened! Karen did NOT seem like the kind of woman who would understand! How could she tell her about the whole orgasm thing, and then running over her bottoms, and then her top getting taken, and then having to streak naked through the park to make a call, and those people seeing her….and…and…  
  
More tingling….this time quite intense. As Krissy reached at the end of the path, she realized that she was one HORNY girl right now.   
  
“Who the F#CK am I?!??!?” she said out loud as she stopped walking. Everything was throbbing now.   
  
The whole morning had been one long sexy, embarrassing, exposing, sexy, hot orgasmic, sexy, mortifying experience. And one thing was for sure.   
  
“Oh GOD I need to come….”  
  
She ran over to the mower, climbed on and started it up. Seat tipped back, hands on boobs. She didn’t even need to put it in gear this time….just the vibration from the engine was enough to make her knees buckle.   
  
“OOoohhhhhh……yeeeesssssss…..”   
  
She threw her head back and closed her eyes. As her hands went back and forth between her big bare boobs, squeezing and rubbing, her mind played back all of the events from the day. The girls, getting caught, the guy on the bike, all of it. The mower worked it’s wonders, and within a minute, she was well on her way. Sure she needed to figure out what to say to Karen, how to talk her way out of all of this, but for right now, all she wanted was….  
  
“MMmmmm…..ohhhh baby……oooooohhhhhh yeah…..” the wave started to rise.   
  
She shifted in the seat just a bit…..perfect. This was it…..  
  
“OOOOOhhhhh MMmmmmmmmmyyyyyy GOOOOOOOOODDDDDDDD!!!”   
  
Her eyes opened a bit. And as the massive orgasm began, Krissy saw Karen, standing not 5 feet from her, slack jawed, look of complete shock on her face, holding Krissy’s clothes in her hands.   
  
“OOOohhh…..Ohhhh…..Ohhhhhh…….GOD!!!”  
  
And Krissy came right in front of her new boss.

**Part 7b**  
It was a fairly silent ride back to the shed.   
  
Once Krissy’s orgasm had crested, her inhibitions flooded back and she had jumped off the mower and crouched down into a little ball, arms wrapped around her knees.   
  
Karen, still looking shocked, although Krissy wasn’t sure, just walked up to her, dropped the clothes in a heap in front of her, and said “Um….I’ll be down at the truck….just um….come meet me once you….get your clothes on….” And she walked away, back down the path.   
  
Krissy’s mind was full of dread as she got dressed. She was HORRIBLY embarrassed that Karen had just caught her….what could she possibly say that would explain everything now???   
  
“Oh no….Oh I am so getting fired….” She could hear Karen telling her off, then firing her. Then….oh god….she would TELL the other employees what she had seen! The story would spread through town! Her reputation would be trashed! A streaker! A public masturbator!! Oh god the shame….  
  
The walk down the path was the longest distance Krissy had EVER walked.   
  
And now in the truck, silence.   
  
They pulled into the small parking area in front of the shed. Karen got out and headed inside. Krissy followed at a short distance.   
  
Karen headed into her small office and sat behind the desk.   
  
“This is it.” Krissy told herself. “This is the end of my summer job, and my life.”  
  
It was embarrassing enough that she had been caught, naked and mid-orgasm. Losing her job and all that income was just an additional kick in the ass.   
  
Krissy sat in the chair opposite Karen, the same chair she sat in during her brief job interview not 2 weeks earlier. At that point, Krissy had been filled with hope and nerves about getting the job. Now, she was filled with dread.   
  
And then she saw the bikini top. Her bikini top. In a little heap. Right in the middle of Karen’s desk.   
  
Krissy’s mouth started to drop open in shock.   
  
“So….I was on my way back from my meeting when I got the strangest call….” Karen started to say. Krissy was trying to form words, still staring at the bikini top…HER bikini top, on the desk. “It seems that a group of people, a group from a local hiking club, had called in to report….a streaker. In the park. They were gathering in the Otter Lodge pavilion when they say a girl….a naked girl….came running past them out of the woods, then headed up the road.”  
  
“Oh….god…” Krissy finally got out.   
  
“I know….we get the occasional middle aged male pervert from time to time, but never a young, female who gets, um….naked. Anyway… when I got to my office, two girls were in here, dropping off a “lost” article of clothing. “ and she motioned to the bikini top. “And then I thought – hmmm, that looks familiar!”  
  
“Karen…I….” Krissy was mortified now, and just wanted to run.   
  
“So I drove out to the north field where I left you, just to check in!” Karen said.  
  
“I am soo sorry….” Krissy started to say. Karen held up a hand to stop her.   
  
“Krissy, I really have just one question….” Karen said, smiling. Krissy braced herself.  
  
“Um….ok?” she said in a tiny voice.   
  
Karen leaned in a little closer, and then in a lower tone of voice said,  
  
“Did my advice about tipping the seat back help you to come faster…or harder?”

Epilogue 1  
  
Back at home that night, Krissy was smiling and shaking her head as she walked to her bedroom to get her clothes together for tomorrow.   
  
It should have been OBVIOUS to her, but at the time, Krissy was not picking up the signals. It turns out that Karen had known all along of the “magical” properties of the mower. Krissy thought that her own discovery of the enhanced ‘sensation’ when the seat was tipped back was purely coincidental – and that Karen had mentioned it as a tip for a more comfortable ride on an otherwise uncomfortable seat.   
  
In their discussion that afternoon, Krissy had divulged the details of her morning to Karen, who was more than eager to listen. Karen also shared with Krissy that her own daily rides on the mower had not been without little mishaps and side adventures themselves….including one time last summer when a male employee had caught a naked Karen a top the mower, in full mid-orgasmic glory.   
  
That awkward little moment caused Karen to rethink the whole situation, and even had her abandon all mowing duties for a while, re-tasking lawn care to some of the men. This was after, of course, she fired the employee who had caught her. He had been a deadbeat anyway, always slacking off.   
  
But the lure of the Orgasm Express (as Krissy now called it) proved to be too much for her, and soon Karen was back in the seat….mowing away happily. It seemed that just a small modification to her swimsuits would do the trick. She had found that if she cut the lining out of her bottoms, the remaining ultra thin layer of material was oh so very close to the experience of riding bare. Now she could ride somewhat clothed, and still enjoy all that the mower had to offer!  
  
As a result, Karen no longer owned ANY bikinis with lining in them! In fact, she had found a couple of places online that sold unlined swimwear – mostly for exotic dancers – but they suited her purposes perfectly!!  
  
Once in her bedroom. Krissy closed the door, and went through her swimsuit drawer. She pulled out one of her older bikinis. She had placed an order for a couple of bikini’s that Karen had ordered in the past, but they would not be in for at least a week.   
  
As Krissy went to work on the bottoms with her scissors, cutting out the cotton lining, she smiled even wider as she thought about tomorrow morning, and the task that Karen assigned her for that day….to mow the grass around the Otter Lodge pavilion!   
  
She secretly hoped that, like today, the pavilion would be booked with guests. Krissy had come to the conclusion that an audience, even one who was not clued in to her orgasmic state, was not the worst thing in the world!   
  
  
  
  
Epilogue 2  
  
  
Stuart’s heart was beating quickly as he plugged in the USB cable to his camera. He waited most impatiently as his version of iPhoto counted up the new pictures on his Canon 40D.   
  
128.   
  
“128!” he shouted. “Oh I am gonna blow those guys away!” Then he lowered his voice, he did NOT need his parents hearing him.   
  
The guys Stuart referred to were other members of the “CandidGurlzShots.com” online forums. It was a haven for “photo snipers” like Stuart, to post and share candid photo’s of anonymous girls that they had taken. Stuart was a junior member, only having posted a couple of times in the past. In those posts, he was ripped apart by the rest of the forum members as being a newb and a hack and having a shitty camera, etc…  
  
So he went out, spent $3000 on a new camera and another $2000 on a 400mm telephoto lens, with money he had saved up from his current job as the night shift supervisor at the local McDonalds. He took a couple of online courses on photography, then set out to get some better shots.   
  
For weeks he had been hanging around Seneca Ponds Park, as well as a couple of other locations, waiting.   
  
Posing as a “bird watcher” he would walk around in the woods all day, fake snapping pictures of birds and wildlife. ,In reality, he was learning all the good hiding spots, stalking young female park goers as they sought out remote places to suntan. He had some shots of a few bikini clad girls from last week, but nothing good enough to post.   
  
Then…today….jackpot.   
  
First, the couple that he had stumbled upon. A busty blond and a hot brunette, sitting together on a blanket. When they started to make out, Stuart lost his concentration. He got several great shots of them, but left his auto-focus on – a careless mistake that created more noise. The girls were alerted to his presence, and had spotted him! Stuart ran off, terrified of being caught. But at 5 feet 6 inches and 230 pounds, speed was not one of Stuart’s attributes. Lucky for him, the girls only shouted insults after him, but did not pursue.   
  
But the real catch of the day came next.   
  
Stuart marveled at the quality of the shots as they popped up on his screen. Her face, so beautiful, her boobs, sooooo perfect. Her ass….sooooo big and round. She was the ultimate co-ed!!  
  
He called her “Mower Girl”, or at least, he planned to when he posted her pictures later tonight.   
  
In the first set of shots, she was in a pink bikini, mowing. He had come upon her completely by chance while he ran from where he had been taking shots of the two lesbian chicks.   
  
However, throughout the course of 20 minutes or so, he was able to get clear, vivid pictures of her, first naked on her mower, then on the path that lead to the road.   
He had tried to make it back to his crappy old car to continue his pursuit, since his fat ass could not keep pace with her once she started to jog up the road, but he lost her. He drove around the park a while, but never came across her again.  
  
Still, it had been a candid girl photographer’s dream morning!   
  
Stuart happily logged into the forums under his username, SniperStu. He decided that he would post a few shots a day, and wait to see the comments. Then if favorable, he would post more. Stuart was convinced that these were the shots that would make him FAMOUS in the forums….just like SANDFLY and McShots85, legends in candid photography. No one needed to know that he was a 24-year-old fat, balding guy, with a crappy part time job and a 20 year old car who lived in his parents basement.   
  
No. SniperStu was bound for online immortalization!!   
  
And the best part – Stuart realized that she must be a park employee…due to her presence on the lawn mower! She would most likely be in that park EVERY DAY!!  
  
Stuart had already set his alarm clock to awaken him at 6AM tomorrow morning. He planned to start his day in the park, and had even gone so far as to reserve a small pavilion so that he would appear as a legitimate nature photographer, not just some pervert with a camera. He had even used the bogus business name “Raw Nature Photography” when he reserved the place. He had to laugh at the name of the pavilion itself…the Otter Lodge. It just played further to the whole “nature photographer” rouse that he would be playing.   
  
  
With short, sweaty fingers, Stuart started to type in the description of his soon to be historic “Mower Girl” post.  
  
“You guys are NOT going to believe the day I had today!!...”  
  
  
  
  
END