**Rock**

by Deirdre (1995)

We hadn't run into a single person, which surprised me a

little. It was a good trail for a little hike even if it

did lead away from the waterfall and the creek. The

trail wasn't too hard, but there were enough hills and

ravines to keep the walk interesting.

"It sure is deserted," came Jeff's voice -- his thoughts

must have been echoing mine. "People don't know what

they're missing."

"There weren't that many people around and everyone

seems to like to hang out around the waterfall," I

offered.

"Hey, I've got an idea," he returned, and in a voice

that raised an alarm in my head. But he didn't continue.

"Yes?"

He looked up and down the path, then came up close to

me, and in a low voice said "Take off your clothes!"

I laughed. "One track mind!" I answered.

He grinned in response, but only briefly. "No! Let's do

it! Take them off!"

"Honey!" It was dangerously close to a whine.

Jeff didn't answer immediately, but looked away, out in

the woods. Then he turned around and came up to me. He

looked very serious. He leaned over and whispered, "I

love you."

I felt myself smile. I couldn't help it, I suppose. I

have a weakness for those words when Jeff says them. He

was backing away from me again but I caught his neck and

kissed him. We must have stood there kissing for a

minute or more.

He put his lips to my ear again: "Take your clothes

off." It was just a whisper, but I tried to make out the

expression in his voice. Was it a loving request? A

command? Which did I \*want\* to hear?

We backed up from each other until we were holding each

other at arm's length. I looked at his face and he

looked so serious. He dropped his arms and backed up a

couple more feet, then stood there looking at me, his

legs slightly apart and his arms crossed.

I glanced up and down the trail. Still no one. I looked

back at Jeff. Still that determined expression. I

started unbuttoning my shirt. His face seemed to relax

just a little and he gave me an almost imperceptible

nod. I'd paused after unbuttoning about three buttons,

but started again, more slowly.

I didn't know how much of this I was actually going to

do. I got the shirt unbuttoned and pulled it off. I

stood there looking at him again, standing there in my

jeans and bra. He didn't move a muscle except that he

raised his chin just a tiny bit. I looked up and down

the trail again--still not a soul in sight. I reached

back and unhooked my bra. I stood there, my arms

dangling, my bra dangling from my right hand, still

facing him.

I wanted to do something to change the mood. I smiled

and then touched my own nipple, watching him for a

reaction. His expression didn't change for a second.

"All of them," he finally said.

My shoes. I got down and untied them and took them off.

I worried about my socks. Should I stand there in socks

after taking the rest of my clothes off? Silly of me. I

realized I was thinking about actually doing it--getting

completely naked out on this trail. I pulled off the

socks.

I stood up and undid my jeans. Again I looked around:

nobody. I slid them down and stepped out of them. I

stood there looking at him, standing in my underpants.

It was only a little bit of clothes, but I felt very

reluctant to part with them. He still stood there

looking at me. He seemed so stern--I didn't remember him

acting this way before. I slipped down the underpants

and stepped out of them.

He smiled just a little. "Good," he said, quietly. Then

he went on:

"Gather your clothes, roll them up in your jeans, and

give them to me." I still didn't say a word. I just

looked around, gathered them, and rolled them up in a

neat little bundle. I stepped forward and gave them to

Jeff. Something made me stay back from him and hold them

out at arm's length. He took them and tucked them under

his arm, still looking at me. I backed up and stood

where I had been, about six feet in front of him. He

turned and looked around, then walked over to a tree and

reached up, putting the bundle of clothes on top of a

branch where it met the trunk. It was way out of my

reach.

Then he turned again, now smiling. It wasn't the

friendly smile I was used to. I wondered when he

normally used this smile: it frightened me. He walked up

to me and picked me up. Over his shoulder, holding on to

my legs.

Believe me, this was beyond anything I could imagine us

ever doing. I didn't make a sound though--I guess it was

some irrational fear that someone might hear. He walked

down the trail and then set me down--on a huge rock.

He'd put me right on the ede and in an instant, he was

down on his knees between my legs, licking.

I didn't realize how excited I was. In an instant I

couldn't get enough; I just wanted him to keep licking

forever. My feet dangled onto his back and I leaned

back, supported by my straight arms behind me. I really

felt out of control. I didn't want anything in the world

except for Jeff to keep licking. And he did.

But something caught my eye. I looked back along the

trail and realized I was looking at two girls who had

come up behind us. They were standing maybe one hundred

feet down the trail, not moving, looking in our

direction.

But I didn't do anything. I couldn't.

After I realized I'd seen them, I still couldn't break

away from what Jeff was doing to me. A part of me--a

little corner of my mind -- couldn't believe I could

just keep on like this. But something about It -- it

seemed to drive me wilder. I'd heard of people who were

turned on by the idea of discovery, but I never would

have believed that could be me.

It was mind-blowing. I'm sure they could hear me gasping

for breath as I came and came. Jeff didn't stop--at

least not right away. I couldn't believe how long my

body kept shuddering like that.

Finally I had a grip on myself. I was back, leaning on

my elbows. Jeff had stood up and was looking at me.

"Honey, there's two girls over there," I said quietly.

Jeff glanced at them and then looked back down at me.

"Wave them over here," he said. He still looked at me. I

couldn't believe he'd ask me to do that. I looked over

at the two girls again. I guessed that they were in

college, but I couldn't be sure.

They were in jeans and sweatshirts. They looked like

they might be sisters: both were small and slender and

had short, dark curly hair. I lifted the arm nearer them

and made a motion for them to come. They looked at each

other briefly, then started coming forward. I'd done it.

Now I couldn't believe that \*I\* had actually done such a

thing.

Jeff was unzipping his pants. He pulled out his cock and

started rubbing it on me. Some irrational thought

worried about the girls again, as if they hadn't seen so

much all ready. They were approaching and stopped about

five feet away. Jeff looked at them. "Take her hands,"

he said.

I looked back at him, not believing he'd said that. The

girls approached and one went around to the other side

of the rock. They took my wrists and I lowered myself to

lying back on the rock. "Hold them out," Jeff went on.

Then I was lying, with one girl holding each wrist,

holding my arms straight out.

He stopped rubbing his cock up and down against me. I

felt him put it in place, then he pushed in. I held my

head up to see him doing it, but I immediately lay back,

ending up staring at the trees and the bit of sky

visible between the branches. I looked over to my right

-- the girl was still holding my wrist, stretching my

arm straight. I looked back up.

He kept pushing in. I like that feeling inside me; it

drives me wild. I couldn't get enough. He kept pushing

and pushing, in and out. I felt him pull too far out

sometimes, but it went back in so easily. The sensations

were incredible.

They just kept holding me like that and Jeff just kept

going. I \*needed\* him to go faster. I started talking to

him, not caring about the girls, trying to encourage

him. I wanted to come so badly--I couldn't wait--if he'd

only take me all the way. Once when he pulled too far

out, he paused and rubbed his cock up and down against

me before pushing back in. I almost went crazy.

I don't know when I ever came like that. It was too much

-- I'm almost glad I don't come like that every time. I

just lay there, still staring up at the trees and little

patches of sky. I realized the girls had finally given

me back my hands. I got up on my elbows and looked

around and they were gone. Jeff lifted me back up on my

feet and went back to where he'd put my clothes. Finally

I got dressed and we got started walking again.

After a little while, we briefly glimpsed the two girls

ahead of us. "Want to catch up with them?" asked Jeff. I

wasn't sure. "Come on," said Jeff, picking up the pace,

pulling me by the hand. I still wasn't sure, there was a

part of me that wanted to crawl in a hole, but another

part of me wanted to do it.

After a couple minutes of fast walking, we were finally

thirty feet or so behind them. "Wait up!" It was \*me\*

who said it! They turned around and looked at us. "Hi,

how are you doing?" I asked as we approached. Yes, I'm

more social than Jeff, but I was still surprised at

myself, feeling like I was running on automatic pilot.

Their names were Anita and Jess, probably for Jessica.

We walked along with them and they told us they were

from the nearby state school. I hadn't gone there, but

some of my high-school friends had and I'd seen the

campus. Yes, they were sisters.

I fell into conversation with Anita, who was very

friendly, and Jeff and Jess were walking ahead. They

weren't walking together, exactly, but somehow they

seemed more the hikers while Anita and I seemed to

stroll along, talking about anything and everything. We

walked on for a while, then Jeff stopped and let us

catch up. He took me aside, and said to me in a low

voice, "Why don't you take off your clothes and walk

naked for a while?"

"No! Are you crazy?" I hissed at him.

"Well, they saw you before," he answered, his voice

still low.

"But... \*now\* it would be humiliating!"

"Well, wasn't..." But he didn't finish his thought. He

appeared to give up on the idea and suggested we walk

on.

I fell in with Anita again. Jess and Jeff still walked

ahead, still not together. "What did he want?" asked

Anita in a low voice. I silently cursed Jeff for getting

me into this position.

But I gave in. "He wanted me to hike naked. Give him an

inch..." I kept my voice low enough that the others

wouldn't hear.

Anita giggled a little. "Well, you must admit, there

isn't a lot more of you that we could see," she said,

brightly.

"Listen, believe it or not, that wasn't \*me\*. We've

\*never\*..."

"OK, I believe you," she answered. Then she started

talking about something else, much to my relief. We

walked some more. It was a twelve-mile trail and we knew

it would be quite some time before we reached the

waterfall area again. We walked on and talked some more.

I noticed that Jess and Jeff finally paired off and were

talking too. I had a little tinge of doubt about it,

Jess being so young and attractive and all, but

dismissed it as not worth getting into a fuss over.

"You could just take off your shirt for a while," Anita

was saying. I started, wondering how the conversation

had drifted back into this area while I was thinking

about Jeff and Jess. "It would give your husband a

thrill," she went on. I didn't say anything and she

continued once again: "Admit it, you thought that was

exciting back there, and you'd love to relive some of

that excitement".

"Why do \*you\* want me to do this?" I returned. She

didn't answer, but just grinned at me when I looked at

her. She seemed so nice, and oddly enough, there was a

sort of \*innocence\* about the whole thing that it is

hard for me to express.

I started unbuttoning my shirt as we walked. "Yes!" I

heard her half-whispered reaction. I looked at her and

realized I was grinning too much and continued

unbuttoning. Then I got it off and was walking in my

bra.

"Give it to me," she said. I handed her the shirt. "Go

ahead," she responded. I reached back, unhooked my bra,

and slipped it off. She held her hand for me to put it

in and I complied. She bundled the shirt and bra in a

roll and held it under her arm. We just walked silently

for a little while, then she offered a comment and we

started talking again. Naturally, a part of me continued

wondering when Jeff would notice, but soon I was

absorbed in talking to Anita again.

But of course, soon it happened. I'd been watching Jeff

even though my mind was elsewhere, and when I realized

he'd turned around and stopped, I could still picture

the moment he'd noticed. Anita and I stopped before we

reached them. Jess had stopped and turned too, just a

step or two beyond Jeff. I tried to keep a grin off my

face. He started walking back to us and Jess followed.

The four of us ended up in a little circle, a little

closer together than I suppose we'd normally be. They

were all looking at my chest.

No one said a thing. Finally, Jeff reached up to touch

one of my nipples. I guess I should have expected

\*something\* to happen, but somehow I wasn't prepared for

this. When he touches my nipples, I always respond, and

I realized immediately that I had to stop this right

away or I'd probably be beyond my own control in a

minute.

After just a few seconds, I took hold of his wrist and

pushed it back to him. He stared at me just a second,

then said "Well, we'd better keep going," and pulled out

of the circle. When we'd started walking, he fell in

beside me and whispered in my ear: "Interesting!" and

kissed my cheek. Then he and Jess led the way again and

soon were a little ways up ahead.

"OK, give me my clothes," I said to Anita when Jeff and

Jess weren't close enough to hear me. She didn't do it,

but just smiled a little.

"You're very sensitive, aren't you?" offered Anita. I

realized she meant my nipples. I had a sinking feeling I

shouldn't have done this despite what Jeff and I'd done

in front of them before.

"I guess so."

"Why don't you touch yourself... a little?"

I glanced at her. She was looking right into my eyes,

expectantly.

I must have done it before thinking. I touched my right

nipple with the fingers of my right hand. I was looking

at her and her eyes were still locked on mine. She

didn't glance at my chest even for a second. Then I

realized what I was doing and took my hand away. She

smiled at me and then looked ahead again as we walked.

We walked in silence for a little while before she

started talking again.

"Can you give me back my shirt?" I finally said.

She smiled at me. "No; you keep walking like that." And

she went on as if nothing weird were happening.

I did seem to forget about my state once in a while, but

of course my mind kept coming back to it. She wouldn't

give me my shirt. The two in front of us glanced back at

us occasionally. I guess they would have done that in

any case, but I was just sure they were checking \*me\*

out. I felt like a slave with three owners. And I guess

deep down, a part of me is rather wild, because I kind-

of liked it.

Anita didn't say any more about it--she just walked on,

talking about other things. Well, we did talk a little

about her social life and she told me she hoped to

eventually hook up with a man who was into crazy things

like Jeff and me. I assured her again that this was my

only experience anything like this at all. She appeared

to accept that, but I still worried about whether she

actually believed me. I don't know why I should have

worried about it.

Finally Jeff and Jess stopped up ahead of us and turned

around and waved. Jeff yelled "Civilization!" Anita and

I immediately stopped and she gave me back my clothes. I

quickly put on the shirt and stuffed the bra in my jeans

pocket.

Jeff and Jess were standing together up ahead, talking

to each other. They looked kind of close. Anita told me

she had something that I ought to have and she showed me

a picture of me and Jeff on the rock! "I was going to

keep it, but now I think you should have it," she

explained.

"What were you going to do? Show it to your friends to

prove you really did meet up with a crazy couple?"

"No... \*really\*, I wasn't. I just wanted to remember..."

I looked at her. She really was such a sweet person.

"Keep it," I said, finally, not believing I was saying

this. "Show it to that husband you find in the future

who you want to do crazy things with." She took it back

and beamed at me. And she leaned over and kissed me on

the cheek.

I looked ahead again, in time to see Jess kiss Jeff. It

was on the mouth, but it was only a peck. I felt my

heart in my throat for a second, then decided it wasn't

worth worrying about. They didn't do any more.

We reached picnic grounds and split up. Jeff and I went

straight to our car and drove back to our motel. Though

nothing like our time on that rock, the rest of that

afternoon in the motel was plenty wild.

END