**The Clearing**

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She had loved hiking in the woods ever since she was a teenager. She hiked in all weather, but she especially loved to hike on days like this, when it was warm and the sun was shining brightly. It was, she suspected, the only thing that kept her reasonably slim and fit. Not that she was fat exactly; her mother had called her 'pleasingly plump.' Her body had always been curvy rather than angular, and she had big boobs, wide hips, and an ample, but shapely, butt. She had never had any problem getting the attention of the males of the species: ever since she grew tits, she never seemed to have any trouble attracting men, but none of them ever stayed around long. Once they got what they wanted, it seemed, they always just packed up and moved on.

Out here in the woods, though, on the trail, she had no troubles. The fresh smell of the forest, the sun filtering down through the tree canopy, the birds, the insects, the plants, and especially the flowers... It was all just too perfect. She had never been in this part of the park before, but the park was vast, and she doubted that any one person had seen every square foot of it. She never worried about getting lost, even when she ventured off the clearly-marked hiking trails, as she was an experienced hiker and was expert at registering landmarks in her mind and using a field compass. She also preferred hiking alone, like today, because company always slowed her down, and because by herself she could better tune in to the beauty of her surroundings.

She was on one of the trails, when she spied an animal run off to her right that snaked off into the thickest part of the woods. In her experience, such side trails often yielded the greatest rewards in terms of bird and animal sightings. Without hesitation, she left the trail and ventured off into the forest. She had walked on for about half an hour, when the dense foliage and the tree canopy suddenly gave way to a wide clearing, flooded with sunlight. Here the grasses were bright green, and the land sloped away gently to the tree canopy boundary and a tiny brook on the other side. It was, she thought, one of the most beautiful and peaceful places she had ever seen. She resolved to relax and stay there a while.

The sun felt great on her shoulders, warming her, as she moved into the center of the clearing. She slipped off her backpack and her cap, letting her auburn hair cascade down around her shoulders. She lifted her face up to the sun and closed her eyes, basking in its warmth. She watched a hawk ride a thermal, making lazy circles above her. Then she got a wicked idea. She rummaged in her backpack and found her carefully folded poncho. She spread it out on the grass, and began to strip, starting with her hiking boots and socks and ending with her pink panties. Totally nude, her clothing neatly folded in a corner of the poncho, she fished her sunglasses out of her backpack, put them on, and then walked naked down to the brook and dipped her toes into the frigid water. She couldn't remember ever feeling so free or naughty before.

Turning back, still enraptured with her surroundings, she sat down on her poncho, and ate the lunch she brought: a PBJ sandwich she had assembled hastily that morning, a small bag of chips, and bottled water. Then she lay down, using her backpack as a pillow. She relaxed and soaked up the warmth of the sun's rays, admiring the golden glints the sunlight imparted to the thatch of auburn between her legs. She touched her breasts, fondling them, teasing her nipples. She was proud of her breasts and the way her rosy nipples stood out from her puffy pink areoles, hardening to her touch. Contented, she began to doze off.

She heard, rather than saw, them coming. There weren't supposed to be any bears, or large animals other than deer in the park. The deer moved quietly, and she was sure that only one other type of animal made that much noise in the forest. It could have been just one person making that much noise, or more, it was hard to tell, but it was sure that they were headed this way. They were close. She might have gotten her panties on if she was quick about it, but that would be about all. She could run, but that would only draw their attention, and, besides, she was naked, and, anyway, where could she run? Wouldn't getting up and covering herself with the poncho only draw their attention? She quickly resolved to just freeze and be quiet on the outside chance that they would pass by and never notice the clearing or her lying in the middle of it. Then the noise stopped. She was sure that he, she, or whoever had seen her, and that they were contemplating their next move. But nothing happened. Aside from the noises of the forest, there was only quiet.

Time passed. Exactly how much, she was not certain, but she definitely felt eyes on her. She was getting stiff; she couldn't help it, she simply had to move her hands and legs, like she was stretching. Still she heard nothing. She thought about her situation. *Are they just sitting there, looking at me? Should I call out? Or should I just lie here and let them look at me like this?* The more she thought about it, the more she thought that doing nothing at all might very well be the best course of action.

She was sure, now, that she heard somebody other than herself breathing, and an occasional rustle: not like leaves, but more like somebody changing position. *There's some guy in the bushes, looking at me, and jerking off! Or maybe two guys! Or even a girl!* She tried to glance around her without moving her head too much, in the direction the noise came from, but she could see nothing. The sun was right overhead now, and warm; she hoped she wasn't getting sunburned.

*What if he comes out of the woods and overpowers me? He could easily threaten me with a knife, or even a gun, and make me do anything he wanted. I wouldn't have any choice; I'd have to take his cock in my mouth and suck it and let him fuck me if he told me to. No, I wouldn't have any choice; he could use my body any way he wanted.*

She might never admit it to herself, but the very thought of such an assault excited her. She could feel her pussy moisten and her nipples tingle.

*What if there are two of them? Then one could hold me down while the other one sodomized me; then they could switch. My poor asshole would burn for a week!*

She could feel her sphincter muscles clench at the very thought. She could almost feel the pain of a cock being roughly inserted into her anus.

*I couldn't stop them from gang-banging me all afternoon if that's what they wanted. They could even tie me to a tree and take turns standing up.*

That really excited her. It was a scene she played over and over in her mind at night when she would lay in bed and fondle herself. She wanted badly to fondle herself now, just thinking about it, and she would if she were alone.

*Or what if one of them is a woman, she might make me go down on her and lick her pussy. I've never done that, and probably wouldn't even be very good at it. She might even get pissed because I was so bad at it and beat me.*

And yet another fantasy would be fulfilled. She wanted badly to touch herself now.

She got an idea. She sat up slowly, and went into her backpack, and pulled out some sun lotion. She tried to be casual as she looked around the clearing while she applied the lotion, but whoever was out there had hidden well. In applying the lotion, she knew, she was only displaying herself more, but, what the hell, they had pretty much seen everything she had already, anyway. She rationalized: *And I really don't want to burn.* She wanted – no needed – to touch herself, and this was her excuse. In applying the lotion to her breasts, she found her nipples were very hard, and when her hands brushed against her pussy as she coated her thighs, she longed to plunge her fingers into its moist dew.

*So I'm giving them a show, and it's getting me excited. So what? If they were going to do anything violent they would have done it by now. Maybe they only want to watch. Then maybe I should give them something to watch.*

She lay back down on her poncho, parting her legs just a little. Then she began to massage her breasts, rubbing the lotion into her skin, and teasing her nipples. It felt very good. She thought she could hear somebody breathing hard then, somewhere off in the bushes, but she couldn't be sure. She decided to up the ante, to really feed her growing hunger, and moved her hand between her legs.

When she touched herself this time, she was not just dewy, she was wet. Her probing fingers were covered with her juices in no time, and, on a whim, she lifted her wet fingers to her mouth to taste herself; she was disappointed: what she tasted was mostly the acrid flavor of her sun lotion. She was sure she heard a moan then, so she continued her tease. Still rubbing, squeezing, and mauling her tits with one hand, she returned her other to the job of fingering her pussy and then teasing her clit. She opened her legs wide then, as much to give her friend or friends in the woods a better view as to give her fingers better access. She dipped her fingers into her slit, got them well covered with her juices, and then smeared her wetness over her clit, sending electric shocks through her body every time she touched it. And every time she touched her clit, she moaned softly. Soon, she forgot about her audience and concentrated on pleasing herself. Off in the woods, she was sure she heard someone breathing very hard.

She was breathing very hard herself now, her head was thrown back against her backpack, and her eyes were rolled back into her head. Her fingers working her pussy were moving fast then, four fingers together flicking across her clit, more jolts of electricity building up a charge somewhere deep inside her, building, building. Her body took leave of her control then, taking on a presence all of its own, its needs overriding her reason, driving the fingers between her legs, driving the hand that squeezed her breasts and tortured her nipples. The electric charge inside her built and built until it could build no more. Finally, there was a massive discharge of electricity, a fiery spark that convulsed her entire body, throwing it into spasms of pure pleasure, making her cry out "Oh, fuuuuck!" as it gave her sweet release.

She came so hard that her juices had run down between her legs and onto the poncho. She reached for something to dry herself off with and found her panties on top of the pile of clothes next to her. Grabbing them, she wiped herself dry with them and then dropped them onto the ground next to her.

Sitting up, she searched the woods, staining her eyes, but still saw nothing. Her panties were soaked, so she just left them and pulled on her jeans without them. Then she put on her socks and her hiking boots, taking her time. Finally she put on her bra and the rest of her clothes. She used her soggy panties to wipe up the wet spot on the poncho, then folded her poncho up and put it back into her backpack, leaving her panties back on the ground where she had dropped them. She stood up, set her backpack on her back, put on her cap, and began to hike off in the direction from which she had entered the clearing. She felt bad about leaving her panties behind on the ground – it was not a very environmentally-friendly thing to do – but then she had already resolved to return to this place next Saturday, and if they were still there, to retrieve them.

When she had left the clearing, and was certainly well on her way back to the main hiking trail, he came out of the underbrush and into the clearing. He went straight to the crumpled up pink rag in the center of the clearing and picked it up, bringing it to his face, breathing in the aroma of its former owner's sex. It was even still wet with her juices, so he tasted it with a flick of his tongue; it tasted at once sweet and salty. He unzipped, freeing the cock which had again expanded so uncomfortably in his jeans. He wrapped her panties around it, and stroked his shaft with them. When he was about to cum, he made sure the head of his cock was free of her panties; after all, it was her scent, not his, which he wanted on them. His balls clenched tightly, and pumped rope after rope of creamy white cum out across the clearing, the first spurt traveling several feet. His fist continued to work his shaft, milking it, until the last drop of cum was expended and glistened on the end of his cock. This drop and only this drop he wiped off with her panties, a symbolic comingling of their fluids. Then he folded up his precious find and put it lovingly into his pocket. Once his cock was back in his jeans, and he was zipped up, he too left the clearing the way he had come. As he left, he wondered if his auburn-haired vision might return the next weekend.