**The Two Sides of Hannah**

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**The Two Sides of Hannah Ch. 01**

After working for five years with the environmental department, I took a few years leave to rediscover the passion for Ecology that got me in to the business in the first place. After a few enquiries, a university had a research opportunity a few hours out of town, and I was happy to get away. So I found myself living in a cabin on the edge of a state forest for a two-year project taking photos of successional change. I was in heaven.

Initially, my days were spent identifying local conditions and species, and recording reams of data to be entered into the laptop in my cabin. It doesn't sound that exciting, but the solitude, the work, and the world outside my window was enough to keep me entertained. I ventured in to town to watch some football games and have a few drinks every week too, and I got to know some of the locals superficially. But that's all I needed right now.

It was a small town bordering a state forest, and about 10 years ago the council had made every effort to make the town a nature lovers stop off. Picnic grounds, walking trails, maps, camping. It was well set up, but it didn't gain any traction, the GFC hit, and there was no funding to maintain the facilities. The walking trails were overgrown, but useable as a passing hiker infrequently trampled by. My cabin was originally built for a ranger, but no one had lived there for 10 years. It was next to the main picnic point that acted as a gateway for the walking trails.

One of the tracks was a fitness trail that has exercise equipment littered along the steep slopes over 5km return hike. I had noticed that the equipment was in pretty good working order, but didn't think much of it. I used this track pretty often as the slopes allowed me to identify the species changes with altitude, and there were some magnificent views along the range when you reached the top.

I usually did my walks in the morning, and did data entry in the afternoon, but I wanted to watch a sunset at the peak, so I found myself on the fitness trail about 4pm, about 2 hours before sunset in a subtropical summer. I had brought some food and lighting gear in case I didn't make it back before dark. It was a lot quicker when you aren't recording data though, and I was heading back down the track after a 90min trip.

About halfway, I heard the squeaking of metal about 30m ahead. I thought it must have been an animal on the equipment, but as I approached I could see a back to me doing pull downs on the body weight machine. It was a woman, brown hair tied up in a ponytail that fell down to the line of the sports bra at her scapula. I stopped and watched from a distance, kind of shocked to see anyone at all, and a young attractive woman especially. She finished her exercises, grabbed her backpack and sprinted off. Watching her from behind, her tights revealed that she was an athlete with hardened calves and ass that made the lycra taut against her skin. And that ass didn't jiggle one bit.

The next day, I took my laptop out on the deck to observe the comings and goings on the track. It was a hundred meters away, but I could see the entry to the 3 main tracks pretty clearly. A few older couples came in to do the gentle walks and have a cup of tea in the picnic area, but the place was deserted when a car pulled up at 4.15pm sharp, and the woman from yesterday hopped out and headed up the track again.

I locked up the cabin and followed.

I thought that as she was running, and I was ambling, I might just see her as she run past, but I could hear the tell tale squeaks as I approached the first set of equipment, the leg workouts. She was lying down flat with her legs at a 45 degree angle, pushing up on a platform. I didn't stop to watch this time, and I audibly kicked a few sticks at the clearing so as not to alarm her.

She looked surprised to see someone, but was obviously mid repetition, and didn't want to have to start again, so she just kept pumping her legs. I took this to mean she felt comfortable enough, so I though it safe to sit down. I made no pretense of being there to exercise, giving I was wearing my hiking pants and work shirt.

"Hi there," she said flatly. She had finished her reps and sat up to wipe some sweat from her face with a towel.

"Hi. I didn't know anyone still used this part of the woods?"

"I do."

There was silence. She looked like she was ready to leap up and run, and I realised how creepy I must have looked.

"Sorry, I'm being rude. I'm James, I live in the Cabin in the picnic area. I'm here doing research in the State Forest. I walk this track every day, and I hadn't really seen anyone using the exercise gear."

"Oh." She relaxed al little. I think it was clear who would win the running race, and a wrestling match if it came down to it. "I use this pretty regularly. No one else seems to."

"Cool. Well, don't let me ruin your routine, I just thought I'd say Hi. I don't see many people under 45 these days. Very nice to meet you." I set off to go up the slopes, hoping she was only just starting her session, and we would meet again. I was in luck, as she ran past 5 minutes later, and I got a close up look at her figure. She wasn't body builder muscly, but very well toned. I would say it was a strong body from head to toe. She had long tights again that rode up her cheeks giving a perfect out line of her ass. She obviously didn't have anything on under them either.

The next clearing was the same as when I first saw her, and she was evidently finished by the time I came into view. She was standing up toweling down, and breathing heavily.

"Tough workout eh?" I said.

"Yep." She didn't seem angry, or even inconvenienced, just kind of distracted.

"Are you an athlete? You... err... look like one." I tried to sound non-purvy, but how can you when describing a stranger's body to them.

"Not elite, but yeah, I run. I race too."

She down now on a bench seat and rifled through her bag for a drink bottle. I stood a little way away, because I wasn't entirely sure she didn't think I was a psycho.

"What are you researching?"

"Just the forests really. I would bore you if I went into details"

"You like being out in nature by yourself?"

"I sure do. But I must say after a few months it's nice to talk to someone too."

She gave a tense smile, but I sensed her guard dropping.

"Mind if I sit down?"

"Sure, sit."

I sat down on the other end of the bench staring out into the tangled forest.

"So you live in the Cabin eh? I didn't think anyone lived there anymore."

"The University paid for some features for me. It's good enough for what I need to do."

We chatted disjointedly for a few minutes while she had a drink and cooled down. Her answers were brief and to the point, I guess because she was still feeling threatened in a wood by herself with a strange man. I did find out her name was Hannah, but I got the hint quickly enough, and set off back down the slope toward the picnic area.

I was back on the porch with my computer when she bounded up, looking more relaxed out of the woods, and perhaps realizing there was some truth to my story. She had changed into a green summer dress that came above her knees, and she looked like she had had a shower. There were wet patches on her dress that clung to her frame, and her hair was out and had a "just been toweled" frizzy look. I couldn't help imagining the places that she could have got changed and showered... the amenities at the entrance? She would have walked past the cabin to get there. Maybe just washed down with her drink bottle? I saw here with the drink bottle, and it didn't seem practical. Did she know about the falls? If she did, I might just keep it myself that I also know about it.

"So you aren't some psycho after all? You really do live here!" she said, confirming why she was abrupt out in the forest.

"I do. Some would call me a psycho for choosing to live here though. How was your session?"

"Pretty good. Sorry if I seemed rude, I just get in a zone... and I... you know."

"Thought I could be a psycho?" I finished for her.

"Yeah. There's that too. Anyway, it's really good to know you're here. I have had a few situations where I could have used someone close by."

"Yeah?" I had stood up and walked over to the edge of the verandah, while Hannah was still on the grass below me.

"I twisted an ankle once, and had to drive home, got stung by a bee... Some first aid would have been handy!"

"Well, you are welcome to stop by anytime." There was an awkward pause. "What do you do for work Hannah?" I said, steering back into comfortable stranger talk.

"Well... don't hate me... but I work for the mining company..."

"The one that is suing the State Government over State Forest use?

"Yeah. That one."

"Hmm. I think we can still be friends. I'm sure we can find something else in common," I said smiling. I love nature, and hate the mining companies, but I realize a person has to work, especially in a small town like this.

"Well, good. I'll see you round! I'm here Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Get your kit ready for me!"

"My kit?" I blushed.

"Your first aid kit."

"Oh, of course."

She turned to leave with a flourish of her hand and her dress rose up as she spun, giving me a fleshy glimpse of her thighs. Did I mention she was tight? She is.

The next Monday, I saw her car pull in at 4.15. She gave me a little wave as she disappeared up the track, even though I was so far away she couldn't have known if I was looking at her. Her workouts last week were right on an hour, so I waited half an hour, and then headed up the Fitness Trail. About 700m in, there is a path that leads down to a sheer cliff that I turned onto. Before you hit the cliff face, there are two large boulders very close together, but just enough for a person to squeeze through.

Most people would walk straight past it. If you can squeeze through, the rocks overhang above your head to make a nice little cave, and there is a nearly constant flow of water from the springs coming down the hill. There is a small section of rock, about 1m apart, where a mini waterfall is created. You can't stand in it, but you can stick your head in to cool off. I have on many occasions. I found the spot while chasing a rare species of wallaby. This is where I took a punt that Hannah showered.

I walked up the opposite embankment, and moved further up the hill, so I could just see through the top of rock overhang. I couldn't see the waterfall, but not getting busted was my first priority.

I waited for 20mins or so, and my suspicions were confirmed. I could see Hannah take the turn off, and she disappeared from view in the thick scrub. I couldn't see her again until she entered the cave, and I was disappointed that my vantage point would only allow fleeting glances as she used the waterfall to cool off.

Through the gap in the rock, I saw arms get thrown above her head as she took the sports bra off, and the barest hint of side boob before she was out of sight. She must be using a ledge for her things, but she had to go back past my vantage point to get to the falls. She appeared again and I saw her full profile from the side. It was quite dark, but her breasts, freed from the sports bra, hung loose by her toned arms, and her powerful legs and ass stuck out ever so slightly, giving her a tough, but feminine shape. I got a better view of her ass as she leaned over to dunk her head, silhouetted in the fading light. She stood up again, momentarily disappearing, and then turned to face me front on.

Hannah flicked her hair over the front of her head to squeeze some water out, but her pubic hair, trimmed short into a thin wedge, was apparent. Her stomach was flat, and every movement she made seemed to redefine a new part of her body. She had a low center of gravity, making her mid section seem long, but her legs rose so far up into her cheeks it was hard to delineate one muscle from another. It was only a brief sight, and then she went back to the ledge to get changed.

I waited for about 15mins after Hannah left before returning to the cabin. I explored around a little bit to see if I could get a better angle next time, and found one that I think would suit nicely. When I arrived back at the car park, it was deserted, so I thankfully didn't have to explain my whereabouts to Hannah.

On the Wednesday, I was on the porch when Hannah pulled in to my driveway at 4.15. I looked up a little surprised, and she threw her bag over the rail before setting off at a run to the trail. She turned around as she ran backwards and called out

"Hey James, I thought I might shower at your house instead of the falls!!!"

**The Two Sides of Hannah Ch. 02**

I could hear Hannah come back down the trail before I could see her. After spying on her showering at the falls on Monday, and them finding out she saw me, I didn't really know what to say when I saw her. I had been thinking about it, but came up with nothing. Time to come clean.

She kept running all the way through to my cabin, where I stood on the porch. Hannah stopped and put her hands on her hips, and waited for me to speak.

I took a moment to taker her in before I offered my apologies. Her hair was back in a ponytail, and it accentuated her high cheekbones and forehead. Hannah's green eyes were piercing, but softened when she was talking, and she had little smile creases at her eyes from frequent use. She had raised her eyebrows now, and I could see those eyes start to flare, so it was over to me.

"I am really sorry, Hannah. I just took a guess you would shower at the falls, and it turns out you were. I have no excuses. It turns out I am the psycho you thought I was."

"How did you know I would be there? And why would you suspect I even shower there? I could use the Amenities block?"

"But you didn't, because you have to come past here."

"I could have used the taps at the picnic area?"

"No. Too risky. I often stop there for a dip too. How did you now I was there?"

"Footprints. You left quite an impression in the unmarked track. I didn't know where you were, but I suspected. And then I saw you come out of the Trail about half an hour after me. I hid the car and waited."

"I'm sorry. Really. I didn't think you'd show up, and then when you did... I ..."

"Wanted to watch?" she finished for me.

"Um... yeah. I guess so."

"It's ok. I totally would have done the same thing. And I am kind of pleased to use your shower. As picturesque as the falls are, it is very inconvenient. I can use your shower can't I?"

"Of course. I can't think of how I can pay it back to you."

"We'll think of something," she winked as she came up the steps and grabbed her bag.

"Where's the shower?"

"Well, it's actually outside. There's a big spiral screen down there, follow it round until you hit the shower nozzle."

"Right..." She didn't seem convinced.

"It's fine, you can't see in! Well, the lower half anyway. If I stand on this end of the porch I could see your head maybe? But I won't move from where I am now. Promise."

"Ok. It's that or hiking back up to the falls I guess!" And with that she bounded downstairs and around the corner.

I thought I had gotten out of the situation pretty lightly, and she seemed a forgiving, carefree type. But I remembered what she was like up in the forest that first time I met her. There was an intensity that said Hannah was not a girl to be meddled with.

"Hey James! Where's your soap?"

"Oh, sorry, there is a body wash container on the floor, just come back up the spiral a bit."

"Is this all part of your peeping plan?"

"No!" I tried to defend myself, but I heard her laughing straight away. A few minutes ticked by and then "James!"

"Yes?"

"I forgot my towel, it must be in my car. It's open, could you pretty please get it?"

"Yeah, of course"

I trundled off to grab Hannah's towel, I felt like I was in debt to her somewhat, and was eager to show her how much of a non-pervert I was. It's about 100m to the parking lot, and hers was the only car around. I had a look inside the car, but I couldn't see a towel. Back seat, still no towel. Maybe in the trunk? I tried to find the lever to release the trunk, but it took me a few minutes. It was in the trunk after all.

I was about halfway back when I saw Hannah, stark naked, run out of the shower, up the porch stairs and into the house. I got to admire for the second time her figure in profile, and this time in good light. I couldn't make out much, but she certainly didn't try to cover up as she ran. She bounced along on the balls of her feet, arms swinging by her side, and her petite breasts held high by the muscle tone of her shoulders. Did she know I could see?

I thought maybe a friendly snake had scared her, so I started running toward the house to make sure everything was ok. I called out when I got to the porch.

"Hannah! Are you ok?"

She was just behind the door, probably leaning against it to make sure I didn't come in.

"Yeah. The hot water went off, and I was freezing. What took you so long?"

I walked up on to the porch. And looked through the window. There is a mirror at the back of my one room cabin and it reflects perfectly to the front door. Hannah hadn't noticed because she was making sure I couldn't get a peek from the front.

"I couldn't find the lever. I'll just stand here and pass the towel around the door ok?"

"Ok" It wasn't the first time she had felt vulnerable around me, and it seemed to shorten her sentences.

Meanwhile, I was looking through the window at that perfect ass. It was nearly triangular shaped down to the round part of her hips, and the faintest of creases that separate the thighs. A long length of back between her cheeks and her shoulder blade, and her legs, on tip toes, accentuating the protruding calves.

She took the towel from around the door and turned around. And found me staring back at her, in the mirror, as she held the towel up over her. The towel dropped down between her legs hiding her sex, and her arms were held up over her breasts. But I followed the uninterrupted view from knees, across the bony point of her hips, past her flat stomach to her face. We made eye contact for a second. I couldn't take my eyes away, and just stood, dumbfounded. But Hannah looked down, and ever so casually wrapped her towel around her body.

I saw her turn and open the door, and then I stood face to face with her. My mouth was on the ground as she pushed past me, and she headed back down to the showers to retrieve her clothes.

I had regained some composure by the time she was dressed, and had a soda ready on the porch when she came back upstairs.

""Well that was embarrassing!" she announced on arrival. She had the same summer dress on as last week. She does seem to be a stickler for routine. Hannah flopped down onto the day bed and happily accepted my offer of a soda.

I tried to get off the exposure topic, mostly for my own sake, as I wanted to dispel any thoughts she may have had about my level of weird. We talked about her work as a project manager, and about my environmental work, and discovered we didn't necessarily have to hate each other due to our occupations. It was nice to have a normal conversation, instead of football related ones that were par for the course at the alehouse.

Hannah moved here for work as well, and had been working as a project supervisor for 5 years. She had come to love the town, even though she didn't have many friends. Her training and travelling for competitions seems to have kept her satisfied. As for the men in her life:

"Not a lot to pick from around here. Maybe that's why I keep going to the running comps. There is always something to keep you entertained for a few days."

She asked about me, and I gave her the brief rundown of the marriage breakup, and then moving out here for the work.

"I would like to see you more" I said.

"You've see enough of me already."

I blushed and looked into my empty drink, but she had returned to being the confident wit once she was clothed and in control.

"I mean I'd like to have more conversations.... Ah forget I said anything".

"I've enjoyed it too, every minute of it." Was there some suggestion there, I couldn't tell? "A quick place to shower after my runs would be excellent if you are willing to pump up your water heater."

"I'm sure I can do that" I replied, but was secretly thinking of other ways to have Hannah come running out of the shower.

"I'd better go" Hannah said, and I couldn't think of anything to make her stay as she gathered her things together. I walked her to the car as it was dark now, and she opened the door and threw her bag roughly on the back seat. She bent down to the front driver side wheel ("I leave my keys here"), and protruded that magnificent derrière in my direction. Her dress came up, and I strained to see her panties underneath, but the higher it rose, the more I realised there wasn't much under the summer dress. A half of an ass cheek I could see, so either she was wearing a slip of a thong, or was going al naturale. As she strained to reach her keys, a wisp of hair between her thighs gave away her dress code.

I shook my head out of my reverie as she came up to get in her car, and a quick wave of her hand and she was gone.

My manhood was at half-mast from her key search, and by the time I arrived at my cabin I was straining at my work pants. I peeled off and walked naked down to my spiral shower, flicking the heat boost as I went. I worked myself into a frenzy, with the thought of what was underneath that summer dress just a meter from me while we chatted. I recalled her crossing her legs several times, leaning toward me, and folding her dress down between her legs, inadvertently rubbing her crotch as she did. Was there a message there I wasn't quick enough to intercept? I took my time before I shot my load in the shower, toweled off and walked back into the cabin.

I walked back up the stairs, and was looking for clothes in my dresser when a white note stuck on the mirror caught my eye.

"Now we're even. See you on Friday".

I rushed outside to see the red taillights fade from view.

**The Two Sides of Hannah Ch. 03**

I feel like I deserved it, after Hannah had let me know that she watched me jerk off in the shower. Sure I was embarrassed, but also kind of excited that she had played peeping tom on me, like I had to her.

Friday couldn't come soon enough, but I couldn't tell if it was out of excitement, or the unresolved tension of knowing where I stood with Hannah. Did she think I was a weirdo? Did she find me endearing, or attractive even? Sure I was embarrassed, but so was Hannah, and it somehow, in my mind, made us kindred spirits.

Friday, 4.15, and her car parked behind mine in the carport. Hannah tossed her bag over the rail again, and called out "You should come James! Get some exercise!"

She was very persuasive in her tights and sports bra, and I quickly changed into my gym gear. It was old, hadn't been used in 2 years, and wasn't revealing anything worth writing about. I was about as average a male as you can get. Healthy, soft, 30 yr old male. Active without being fit. My singlet and shorts weren't up to the active dress standards Hannah set, but I wasn't in a position to refuse an invitation from a gorgeous woman who you have seen naked.

Hannah was fast, but sitting 10m behind the pace she set was the best position to run. She definitely doesn't wear anything under her tights, but her tight skin holds her whole butt together, it barely jiggled as she bounced along the trail. I could have run all day from that spot.

She stopped at the clearings to do her weights routine, while I sat and regained my breath. It was quite a regimented routine she had set out, and she was so focused that conversation ranged from stilted to non-existent. After an hour, we finally turned back down the hill for my cabin at the edge of the forest.

She was too fast, and got quite a lead on me, and as I rounded a corner she had disappeared. Then I caught a glimpse of Hannah at the waterfall turn off and tracking through the improvised path, and I followed.

There are two rocks wedged together that form a natural cave, and inside is a tiny waterfall that is excellent for post-exercise refreshment. Hannah had used this as a shower after her sessions, until I had spied her there last week. I crept up to the rocks and peeked through at the waterfall.

Hannah wasn't rinsing under the falls, but across from the waterfall is a ledge Hannah had used to put her bags when she showered. I could see her sitting there, her legs spread shoulder width apart, her hand cupping her mound and rubbing ever so gently over the top of her tights.

After staring for a momentarily at the show, I looked up to see Hannah staring straight back at me, the corners of her mouth turned up playfully. Her green eyes were calm and soft, and willed me to maintain eye contact. I dutifully complied, and my peripheral vision was tasked with catching sight of her slowly moving hands below.

She broke eye contact and adjusted her body lower down the ledge, so her legs could spread wider on the earthen floor. Hannah slipped her hand inside the tights, and kept it still on her mound for a few seconds, and then flashed me a look. Her gaze had hardened, she looked right through me, and her playful attitude had become something else. It was a desperate need that she was trying to satiate, and I'm sure that she was somewhere else entirely.

As her hand began to move slowly beneath the tights, she was almost expressionless, lost in her own sensations. Her fingers worked faster until her digits penetrated, and she hunched over either from sensation or to angle her hands better. She kept her head up and held eye contact, and I couldn't tell if she was angry or embarrassed, or if she had no emotion other than the one welling inside her.

Suddenly her free hand slipped down the side of her tights and pulled them down to her pussy level, so I could make out her cupped hand over her entrance. Hannah's coarse hair rubbing against her quickening hand was the only sound I heard. Then her frantic pulsing slowed down again, and she sat back against the wall and let out a deep sigh, the first noise she had made while touching herself.

I took a step back from the cave entrance, lost in a reverie of my own, when Hannah squeezed past me, and sprinted off down the makeshift path back toward the car park. Her ass defied both gravity and momentum as she ran, maintaining its posture at the top of her thighs, defying the laws of physics.

She would always outrun me, so I walked the 700m meters or so back to the picnic grounds. There was no sign of Hannah, so I continued on to my cabin. I could hear the splash of water from my outdoor shower as I approached, and I fixed a drink for us both and waited on the porch as Hannah finished up in the shower.

I wondered what she would be wearing. I knew by now her routine would dictate the sundress I had seen her in. But maybe... had walls been broken? Could she discard the sundress altogether? Should I lead by example and disrobe? These were my thoughts when I heard the shower turn off, and moments later Hannah appeared in her sundress.

Hannah collected the soda from the table, gave me a quick "cheers" and lay back on the sun bed, satisfied with the afternoon activities. There was two sides to Hannah. One that was light, free moving and wistful. This Hannah drank with me, let her guard down, and teased me mercilessly. The other was focused and intense. Any kind of exertion, physical or sexual, seemed to bring this Hannah out, and I had just spent the best 5 minutes of my life with her.

"Did you enjoy the workout?" Hannah finally broke the silence.

"More than I ever have before." I answered honestly. I didn't know how much of her personal performance should be acknowledged, so thought I'd let her steer the conversation.

"It's great to be in a routine. There is something comforting about knowing what is coming," she says. I have no idea if she knows about her double entendre, which I loved, but it also frustrated me because I didn't know how to respond. "I've done the same thing for nearly three years. I just add some intensity as I get fitter."

"I can see the value in your routine. I have a bit of catching up to do."

"You seemed to have nailed some of the finer points two nights ago. If you want to get better at it, it's in your hands," she said with a smirk, rolling over on to her side. For such a masculine musculature, Hannah sure knew how to use her femininity to greatest effect. Her lying on her side, hip in the air, hand propping her chin, was enough to stir my penis visibly, which she must have noticed.

"You saw me in the mirror the other night didn't you?"

"Yeah."

"And then I watched you masturbate in the shower."

"Mm. Sorry." I looked into my drink, waiting hopefully for her lead.

"That's not a fair trade is it? I thought I was just going to be peeping on you for peeping on me, but then you started fondling, and I couldn't peel myself away. I told you I was the same as you. That's why you got a show today. I have an unshakable attitude to fairness."

"Ok. Thanks, I guess?"

There was a pause. Hannah's tone changed perceptibly.

"I haven't seen your dick. I could only see your head and shoulders from the porch. And you saw practically all of me in the mirror."

"Ok. You want to see me naked? You want me to stand in front of the mirror for you?"

"No."

There was an awkward silence, and I could sense the light hearted Hannah was transforming into the intense Hannah. She shifted on to her back, but kept her eyes locked on mine.

"I can be your mirror. Copy me."

She started to roll her index finger around her nipple, so I put down my drink, sat on my side, and copied. Next she rubbed her hand up and down her stomach, which I dutifully replicated. As her hand came down her tummy, it progressively moved closer to the hem of dress, and then started flicking the hem up as her hand came ascended. I tried to copy, but not being in a dress made it difficult. I slid my hand underneath my shorts as a compromise.

Her hand kept teasing the hemline, and then a crooked finger started exploring underneath, but only fleetingly as her hand kept a rhythmic movement up and down. Then her hand stopped at her hemline, and her fingers disappeared underneath her dress that stopped at the very edge of her junction. Her hand didn't move now, and I tried to reciprocate by grabbing the bottom of my shaft under my pants. We sat in silence momentarily, eyes transfixed, and I could see that the other Hannah, the single-minded aroused Hannah, had taken over her body, and her sense of pleasure was the sole focus.

I hadn't noticed that her other palm was massaging a breast, so I adjusted as well. Out of the corner of my eye I saw her hand that was on her hemline starting to rise up her tummy again, but this time the dress came with it. The dress stopped at her navel, and she implored me with her eyes to respond.

The only way I could go was down, so I shifted my stiff penis out of my shorts, and pulled down my pants just below my sac. She didn't break eye contact at all, but I did as I stole a glance at her exposed sex, tilted slightly toward me with a raised knee on the day bed. I could see her lips swelling from her close-cropped wedge of hair. It was only a second before I met her eyes again, but her focus had gone.

She flicked her dress down suddenly, sat up and took a drink from the side table.

"You owe me one," she said.

**The Two Sides of Hannah Ch. 04**

Hannah came round for her workout on the Monday and Wednesday the next week. We had a drink on the porch and chatted for 20mins or so after her shower, wearing always the same green summer dress, and never any underwear. I tried to give her privacy, despite every fiber in my body straining to see her flesh again. But she remained demure, and we got on famously.

She was the flirty, fun, casual Hannah that exuded a lightness of being and made you feel at ease in her company. As much as I loved her sexual adventure, and the mysterious place her mind went when she was aroused, I also enjoyed the friendly banter that I missed after moving away from my circle of friends.

On the Thursday, she stopped by on her way home from her job to pick up something she left yesterday. I couldn't quite gather what it was, but I was pleased to see her so I could ask her out to the alehouse on Friday after her gym session in the National Park.

It was casual Hannah who dropped by, so it was no problem asking if she had plans for the Friday, and did she want to have dinner with me?

"Like a date?"

"Yes. Exactly like a date."

"I'm not sure about dating guys whose hard ons I've already seen, but ok, let's do it."

She's not a shy girl, and I was getting used to her teasing, and my blushes were decreasing every time I saw her. She made me feel pretty good about myself, but she had an intense side to her that I hadn't resolved yet.

My own experiences with sex were extensions of a relationship, where jokes, work talk, checking statuses on phones, were all catered for in the bedroom. What intrigued me about Hannah was how lost she would be in the moment, to the exclusion of all else, and I felt like I was missing something by still being so aware of my surroundings during pleasure. I wanted to know what is was like, and where it was she went.

She stopped by for her hour-long session along the fitness trail at 4.15, and arrived back at my cabin at 5.15 to shower. The outdoor spiral shower can be viewed from one end of the porch, and I sat with a beer on the day bed closest to it. I didn't intend on seeing Hannah naked again, I just wanted to chat while she showered.

I was starting to crave intimacy with Hannah, not just the fleeting encounters we'd had over the last week. It occurred to me that I hadn't actually touched Hannah yet, but I knew every inch of her body, and had witnessed her orgasm (and vice versa). I wanted more than watching.

I leaned over the rail while Hannah showered, and I could see her face and tops of shoulders. There was no real risk of exposing herself, but the intimacy of chatting while showering, like couples do, was enough to arouse me slightly, and look forward to the date this evening.

"We're are we going?" She called out from the shower.

"Just the alehouse. Is there anywhere else?"

"Ah, no actually. Unless you want to drive for half an hour? The food is good there anyway, and never busy."

"Friday nights are pretty busy I think? I have only been on Fridays, and there is a pretty regular football crowd. I am getting to know the locals."

Hannah went quite and looked into empty space, and then muttered, "I guess I've never been on Fridays".

I loved watching her dry her hair, and bob in and out of sight as she dried her lower half. The forest setting, a beer, and a naked women showering had me feeling pretty well relaxed. I watched her pull her dress over her head, and noticed a bra was not likely. Had she pulled panties on? I didn't see it if she did. She moved around the spiral to where the mirror is to fix up, and out of my sight, so I got my things ready to head out.

I was on the porch when she came out dressed in a denim-colored knee length dress that flared at her hips. It was tight fitting on top, V-necked to the middle of her breasts, accentuating her small size and muscular arms.

"You look great!"

"Thanks mate! Let's go!" This was classic casual Hannah. I wondered how long before the aroused, intensely focused Hannah would come out.

We had a corner booth at the alehouse, and ordered some drinks and fries, and burgers. I sat facing away from the blaring TV's, because I didn't want to lose my own focus.

I felt like we resolved some of our differences in our choice of work over some beers. She maintained that as project manager at a Mining company she was best positioned to make tough calls to benefit the local forest, which clearly she was fond of. I could see her point, but on a corporate level, Mines are out to make money at any expense, no matter how willing their employees might be. I had seen glimpses of the stubborn, don't mess with me Hannah, and it didn't surprise me that she was very good at getting things done her way. Another round of beers and then she volunteered:

"This is nice. I mean, we've done some nice things together, but this is certainly more civilized."

I loved the lack of subtlety that she used to turn the conversation. I made a note to be the instigator next time.

"I'm glad you found it nice. I am still a bit weirded out about the last week, but you seem fine with it, so I'm trying to keep up."

"You say it like I have done this before. I haven't. I am usually pretty shy about my body. I had issues as a teenager about my weight, or more specifically my thighs. I guess that got me into running. I don't care about the weight issues anymore, but I kept at the running for enjoyment. I still have some hangover about people seeing me naked though."

"You don't seem like that to me! You're so comfortable in your skin, I'm jealous."

"I'm just saying that last week was out of character. But I enjoyed it. I'm all for new experiences. And new friends!"

She raised her glass to me to tap a cheers, but pulled it away as I tried to bring our glasses together. I must have had a puzzled expression on my face.

"You should always look people in the eye when you cheers."

Our glasses came together, along with our eyes, and I saw the beginnings of aroused Hannah in her vacant, piercing stare that held a little too long. Maybe it was my turn to encourage this night forward?

"How many pieces of clothing are you wearing right now, not including your shoes?"

"Why do you ask?"

"How many?"

"Umm, let's see. If I counted right... it's... just one."

Our eyes were still locked with that stare, but her face softened into a warm smile, which I returned. I took a sip of courage.

"I wonder if I could get down to one too?"

I was ahead on the seeing each other nude score, so I hope she appreciated my own commitment to even the score.

"You can't take your shirt off, that's too obvious. And your back is to the bar, so pants and jocks then? It's possible you can match me."

I broke our eyes to have a look around the bar. No one was paying us any attention. Some locals were starting to drift on home, some stuck around to play pool at the other end. I slipped off my shoes, and ripped off my pants and boxers in one swoop beneath the table. I laid the pants beside my left leg so it kind of looked decent if you weren't looking too close. My shirt was long enough to cover my flaccid and petrified manhood.

"One-all then? I like this game. I'll get the next round."

Hannah ordered from our end of the bar, so the bar girl had to stand directly in my sight line. Hannah stood in front so the bar girl couldn't see me, thank goodness. I ordered from this girl every week, but not next week if I'm sprung. As I watched, Hannah reached down her front and pulled the back of her skirt through her legs to the front, so it rode right up her crack. Her muscles clenched to hold it in position, and her wonderful outline hardened me under my shirt instantly.

She brought the beers back, and slid down the end of her side of the booth. I was saying something that I can't remember, because aroused Hannah, while seemingly listening, was also letting her right shoulder strap down to reveal her erect nipple, which she then started tweaking with her right hand, her left hand holding her chin up on the table.

Hannah was in the zone now, and this is what I was interested in.

"Where are you now Hannah?"

"Hmm?" she breathed absently.

"You are getting aroused, and you don't know what's happening around you. Should we leave?"

Hannah looked down at her nipple while continuing to roll her fingers.

"Umm. Should we? I don't know."

"You can't do what you want to do here. We both have to live in this town."

"Oh" she said, and snapped out of it and pulled up her strap.

I gave her minute to calm down before asking, "So what happens to you? You were totally gone."

"It's never been like that before. At least before I started training at the forest."

"What happened out there?"

"You've seen it" and my mind flashed back to the show in the cave.

"So you started masturbating in the falls after your workouts? And?"

"Well. I guess it is so peaceful, and I am full of endorphins, and there isn't much else to concentrate on except...um... me," she finished bashfully.

"What do you focus on? It seems like the whole world is dead to you?"

"I suppose it is. I just focus on the heat, all the feelings, coming up through me, and it spreads through every part of my body. I guess my head is just willing it on. And the sensation is so much greater if you can abandon yourself to it. I've been doing it so long it's all I can do now."

"It sounds, and looks, awesome. You'll have to show me how."

"Some other time." Hannah took a sip from her beer and sat back. "You can put your pants on, I think we're even now."

We finished up our drinks, and she challenged me to a game of pool. The bar was empty but for a group of four gents who were betting on the TV sports behind us.

"You can break," I said.

And she did, and I didn't get a shot in until she had three balls to sink.

"There's not a whole lot to do around here," she says smugly, as she hands over the cue.

Hannah took a seat on the bar stool across the table from me as I leant down to take my shot. Her dress was hitched up so all of her thighs were showing, her flesh contacting the seat, with just the gathered dress between her legs protecting her modesty. It was off putting, but I sunk my first shot.

She leant back on the bar, and crossed her legs over, sitting on the side. Hannah pulled her dress tighter at the front so it rode up above her exposed ass. I could see the length of legs up to the small of her back, one continuous ambulatory aphrodisiac. My next shot took a lucky bounce and sunk as well.

Now she sat up straight, and flirty Hannah had turned serious, and I sensed where this was heading. She eyeballed me as I crouched over the cue, and Hannah pulled her hem up to her belly button. Tonight her trimmed wedge had become a thin landing strip, and she parted her knees across each side of the bar stool so I could drink it in. It had the opposite effect she was after, because I was determined to take it further with each sunken ball. I pocketed the 9.

Now her hand moved down to the top of her slit, and held there until she knew I was looking. She gently caressed each side of her smooth labia, once down, once up. I stood up straight, and grabbed at my throbbing erection, just to adjust so I could take the shot. But Hannah was overcome, and her middle finger hooked inside her, and she threw her head back, getting the attention of the bargirl.

I reacted quickly, and laughed out loud, shrugging my shoulders and shaking my head at the bar girl like we were sharing a joke. All the while Hannah's finger was moving in and out slowly, and I made my way over to her. Her eyes were closed and her head was nearly resting on her shoulders as she stroked.

"Wait" I whispered in her ear. I took her unoccupied arm, and moved her gently off the stool, but her right hand stayed in position. She was hardly aware of what I was doing, like she was drugged. I guess she was. I pulled her behind me to the nearest exit, out the side of the pool hall.

It was only when we were outside that I realised Hannah had been trying unsuccessfully to take her skirt up and over her head, so her naked ass and pussy were displayed as we walked through the car park. She was making low moaning sounds, and I tried to get her moving as quickly as possible to my car. There was a grassy knoll heading downslope behind the car park, and by the time we got there, Hannah had managed to disrobe and throw her dress on my car.

I let her walk by herself a little way along the grass, and then followed five meters behind. I knew her hand had begun working at her lips as she walked, and her other hand twirled her left nipple. Suddenly, she stopped, turned around and faced me.

Her fingers continued to explore her wetness, and her hand softly rubbed, but her eyes were franticly looking around for something. She seemed scared, but not from the shame of her sexuality on display, she was scared of being alone at this point.

"Hannah, I'm here," I called. "Look at me."

And she found my eyes. That's what she needed. A connection. She sat down gently on the ground still with her intense stare, she spread her legs wide as she sat, and leaned back for me standing before her. Hannah was working furiously with her fingers, penetrating herself deeper and deeper. Her hips bucked looking for the sensation of her digits, seeking it out, and all the while our eyes stayed locked.

I hadn't even noticed that my penis was out and I was working my shaft to her rhythm. Maybe this is what it was to be lost? I tried to focus back on her eyes, and I looked intently, wondering what I was supposed to look for. What did she see in mine?

I saw her pleasure. I saw deep into her insides and the nerve endings that were being flayed by her fingers merciless rhythm. I saw the waves come over her through her eyes, like a drug coursing through her body. The pleasure spread, from her pussy lips, working through her opening, her womb, and into her stomach. She arched in response, and then her chest heaved and she whispered a scream. Another wave came and it permeated her shoulders and head. She threw her head back in ecstasy and tensed from top to toe as her orgasm took control. Her mouth opened wide, and she finally closed her eyes to bathe in her senses.

Then her body went limp and she lay in the grass.

I had no recollection of my own actions, but I had spent my cum. I lay down in the grass next to Hannah and admired the multitudes of stars above us. I snuggled my body closer so our hips touched. There are two sides to Hannah, but all I could think of was our two sides, connected at last.