A Walk, a Swim and a Fuck

By naughtyannie

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A chance meeting leads to a great outdoor fuck

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The sky was still slightly overcast when I set off on a long day's walk into the hills, but the weather forecast promised that it was going to clear by the mid-morning, and that the rest of the day would be sunny. So I just stuffed a light waterproof into my back-pack, along with a bottle of water and some sandwiches, and reckoned I was ok for the day. Although I knew the route well, I still took a map and compass just to be on the safe side. I know a lot of people these days rely on modern GPS devices to get around in the hills, but I prefer to reply on the old methods. Besides, the story goes that last year some guy was found stone dead at the bottom of a 200-foot cliff without a map, but with a broken GPS nearby, and all the locals reckon he wandered off the cliff in the mist because the GPS told him there was a path. Seems a bit far-fetched to me, but you never know.

I drove in my car up to the farm at the end of the valley, which saved me a tedious hour's walk along the road up the lower reaches of the valley. I knew the farmer, and he was happy for me to leave the car in his yard, which was even better.

"I should be back by 6:00, Mike, as long as the weather stays fine."

"Have a good walk, Annie. I wish I could join you, but you know how it is."

"Sure do, Mike. Thanks again - I'll buy you a pint sometime."

For once, the forecast was right, and by ten o'clock the sun was blazing down and I'd put on my hat. I wished I didn't have to wear such a heavy pair of boots, but the route I was taking was rough and uneven, and a lightweight pair wouldn't have been suitable. Still, my t-shirt and shorts were pretty thin and designed to wick off the sweat, so I wasn't too bothered. I didn't bother with a bra either; my tits are pretty tiny to be honest, so don't need the support, and it's much nicer walking without one. Sometimes, when it's really warm and I'm sure I'm alone, I walk topless. I love the feeling of the sun on my nipples, but anyone who sees me from a distance will just think I'm a small bloke, especially with my short blonde hair. I think I must be a bit of an exhibitionist at heart.

My route followed the river upstream along the valley, and by about eleven o'clock the river had become more of a stream. The path, after ascending gently for a few miles, was starting to get steeper as the side of the valley got higher and rockier, and I was getting warmer. I knew that the path crossed the steam just up ahead, and after that there was a long not-too-steep section that led up to a small lake right at the top of the valley, where the stream began. After that, there was a final very steep climb to the summit, where I'd have lunch. I'd then have to retrace my steps back to the lake, before taking a slightly different route back to base.

So far, I hadn't seen anyone else at all since I got up into the valley. That wasn't too unusual at this time of year, and it suited me just fine. I don't mind walking with just one companion, but I can't see the pleasure in going out with a large party, and when I'm by myself I can set my own pace, stop when I fancy, and generally suit myself.

So I was a bit surprised when I came round a corner to see another walker, closely examining a map spread over a large rock. At first, he didn't notice me, so intent was he on his map, but the click of my boots on the rocky path made him look up with a start. For a second, he looked a bit surprised to see me, and gave me a slightly nervous smile. He looked to be in his twenties, not bad looking I suppose; a good pair of legs in his shorts anyway.

"Hello," he said, "It's a lovely day, isn't it?"

The etiquette about talking to other random walkers is a bit delicate. In my view, you should always say hello whenever you meet or pass someone, but there's really no obligation to stop and chat – and most people out walking don't want it anyway. If they wanted a conversation, they'd stay at home and go to the pub. This even applies when the person you meet is, as on this occasion, an eminently fanciable member of the opposite sex who you'd quite happily spend some time with if you met them in other circumstances. So I was ready to walk on past, when he spoke again.

"I'm not lost or anything," he said, "at least I don't think so, but I don't suppose you could confirm I am where I think I am. I mean, I just want to check I'm on the right path." He gave me a slightly embarrassed smile, which made him look rather cute. I was quite flattered to be asked, to be honest – everyone knows how men hate asking for directions, and he must have thought I looked as if I knew what I was doing.

"Sure," I said. "Where do you think you are?" – a bit naughty really, because that meant he had to show me, which meant he'd look silly if he was wrong. But I wanted to reassure myself that he wasn't a complete novice; that sort of person can be a right menace if they get themselves lost.

"Just here," he said, pointing on the map. "I came over the arête on this path, but part of it had fallen

away, so I had to swing left round here, and come down by a slightly different route, round by this outcrop. So I just wanted to check that I'd come down where I thought I had."

And of course he was spot on. I gave myself a black mark for doubting his abilities. He clearly knew what he was doing.

"You're spot on," I said, "and that's interesting about the path – I've not been up that way myself since last year, and there was some bad weather this winter. I guess it must have taken the path away."

I'm not sure why I said all that – well I suppose I do – I wanted to show that I know what I was talking about too.

"Did you come up from Park Farm then?" I said. "You must have started early."

"That's right, although it wasn't too bad, because they let me camp in the back field, so I didn't have to come all the way up from the village. And they even gave me breakfast, which I wasn't expecting…" He tailed off, as if he wasn't sure if I wanted to chat.

"That's ok," I smiled at him. "They do get a few campers there, so they know how to look after them. I think Mrs O'Keefe gets a bit lonely, and likes the company. She knows how to talk – as I expect you found out."

He laughed. "That's one way of putting it. But I didn't mind – she was really interesting, and gave me some useful tips about the best walking routes around here."

Whoops – we were starting to get on a bit too well for passing strangers.

"Which way are you heading now?" I asked, although the answer was pretty obvious – up to the summit. He wouldn't have been here if he hadn't been going on up, especially if he'd come from Park Farm. Which of course was where I was going.

"Oh, I'm going to the top," he said, not surprisingly. "But I guess the hard bit's still to come."

"It's not too bad if you take it easy," I said.

There was one of those pregnant pauses.

"Look," he said, "I expect you're going that way yourself, since you came from down there. And you've come out for a hike by yourself, so the last thing you want is someone tagging along. So why

don’t I give you a 15-minute head start – I’m sure you’re a quicker walker than me anyway – and perhaps you’ll meet me again on your way down.”

I was flattered by his thoughtfulness. If he hadn’t given me another one of those friendly smiles, I might have gone along with this suggestion, but my stomach flipped and I knew I’d always regret it if I agreed. He’d spoken as if he wanted to walk with me, but was giving me a way out if I didn’t want to. And I knew I did.

“Actually, I like a bit of company,” I said. “I really don’t mind - if you don’t, that is.”

Did he think I wanted to get off with him? After all, that’s what blokes are like – always thinking they’re God’s gift to women. Mind you, he wasn’t bad looking - even if I didn’t even know his name yet. I decided I’d worry about that later. For the time being, he seemed happy to accept my company, and I had no problem with that.

“I’m Annie, by the way.”

“And I’m David.”

As we walked, I found out a bit more about him. He hadn’t actually intended to come walking by himself, but his mate Bruce - “He really is an Australian – can you believe it? Poor bugger! But we met at college, he’s just a good friend” …

…Ok, so he’s letting me know he’s not gay…

So anyway, this mate Bruce had come down with a stomach bug at the last minute, and as all the travel tickets were booked, he thought he might as well come by himself. He needed a break, especially as he’d recently broken up with his girlfriend …

… Whoa – he didn’t really need to tell me that. Unless he’s letting me know … no, I’m reading way too much into an innocent comment… He’s good company, though, as well as good-looking…

We passed the lake just after one o’clock. On a hot day like this it really did look very inviting, crystal clear and still. David dabbled his hand in.

“It’s warm on the surface,” he observed, “but then it gets cold really quickly. Is it ok to drink?”

“It’s fine,” I said. “Better than the stuff that come out of the taps. I usually top up my water bottle from here. I’ve even swum in it a couple of times, on days very like this, but I never allow myself that

particular luxury until the way back. Otherwise, I don't think I'd ever get any further."

"Fair point," he smiled. "We'd better get on then."

As the path got narrower and steeper, he let me go ahead. The last ascent was very steep, a real scramble up a narrow almost vertical path. I told myself that he had no ulterior motive in letting me go first, but I think I was being too generous. From below, he must have got an excellent view of my tight firm backside and long legs. I knew what he'd be seeing; my thigh muscles tightening every time I pulled myself up; my buttocks straining against the material of my shorts; he'd be able to get a good look at the line of my panties … Oh sod it, I was starting to get a bit wet between the legs just imagining it. Would he be able to see a little moist patch around my crotch, just where my pussy lips were? What would he think about that? I could feel little beads of perspiration forming on my legs, turning into little rivulets as they trickled down over my calves. How I'd have liked him to lick them off my bare skin, tasting their saltiness on his tongue.

By the time we got to the top, I was feeling more than a little bit turned on by my fantasy. I flopped down on the grass at the top of the ridge, and out of the corner of my eye I saw him trying to manipulate a very stiff cock into as unobtrusive a position as possible inside his shorts as he joined me. So he had been ogling at my arse, the dirty sod.

We took a short breather (I always tell myself it's "admiring the view") before the last easy ascent along the ridge to the summit. Here, we shared lunches and enjoyed the view properly. The sun was high in the sky now, and very hot. We found a bit of shade behind the cairn at the highest point, and there was a bit of wind to take the edge off the heat. Even so, it was too hot to stay for long, so once David had taken a few photos from the summit (including one of me perched on top of the cairn – he was very insistent that he wanted me in it…), it was time to turn back.

As usual, the steep vertical descent was trickier than the ascent, but we managed it without any mishaps. Once we were off the ridge, we were sheltered from the wind, and I started to get hot again. We'd both drunk our water by now, so a stop by the lake to fill up was clearly called for.

By the time we got there, it was about three o'clock, and the sun was very hot. David filled his bottle and gazed at the clear water.

"It really does look good enough to swim in," he said.

"As I said, I have once or twice," I said. "Mind you, I was by myself."

As soon as I said that, I wondered if he'd assume I meant I'd gone in starkers. As a matter of fact, I

had, but I hadn’t meant to put the thought into his mind.

“So how about it?” he said, giving me a look. “I promise to keep my boxer shorts on.”

“I am tempted,” I admitted. “Mind you, as you might have noticed, I’m not wearing a bra.”

“I couldn’t possibly comment,” he said, which of course meant he had noticed. “You’d better keep your t-shirt on then.”

“Oh, why not,” I decided. “I think we’ve earned it.” I took off my boots and socks and slipped off my shorts, revealing my plain white sensible panties that weren’t really covered by my short t-shirt. I walked down the grass, then gingerly tip-toed over the shingle. I waded in up to my knees, then decided it was all or nothing, and dived right in.

“Whooo, that’s cold!” I gasped, as I swum a few strokes across the little lake. It wasn’t really big enough to swim far, so I turned round and came back. By that time, he had his shirt and shorts off, and leapt in wearing his boxers. Under the surface, the water was cold but very refreshing, and he swam over to where I was floating on my back, gently paddling with my hands to keep myself afloat.

“This is lovely,” I gasped. “I’m glad you persuaded me.”

“Isn’t it?” he replied. “But I’m not sure that t-shirt was really designed to get wet…”

I looked down at my chest, and suddenly realised why he was staring. My shirt had gone totally transparent in the water. I might as well not have been wearing it at all. It clung to the tiny swelling of my tits, every little ridge in the dark aureoles round my nipples clearly visible. And, most noticeable of all, the cold water had made my pink nipples as hard as buttons. They were sticking out so far that I thought they might burst right through the thin material of my shirt.

He was smiling, the cheeky beggar. For a moment, I was really embarrassed, and tried to cover my little tits with my hands, but that just made me sink beneath the surface of the water, from whence I emerged spluttering.

“You bastard,” I said, but I was laughing as I said it. “You knew that was going to happen!”

“How could I have?” he protested (reasonably enough) through his own laughter.

I lay back again and kicked as hard as I could with my legs, splashing him all over, then turned on my front and swam away before he could get his own back. He splashed after me. Suddenly, I dipped

below the water so he couldn’t see where I’d gone. He was standing up in the shallower water, and I could see his legs. With a couple of quick strokes I was right by him; I grabbed his boxer shorts under the water and with one swift movement pulled them down around his knees. I got a good look at his cock and balls, tight with the cold, before I surfaced.

He reached round to try and catch me, but with his boxers round his knees he didn’t get far, and toppled over into the water. He splashed about, kicking his legs around to try and get his boxers back around his private parts. When he eventually surfaced, spluttering and gasping but more or less decent, it was my turn to be laughing. I wasn’t bothering to cover my tits any more; he’d already seen what I’d got, and I’d seen his, so I reckoned we were even.

“Fair’s fair,” I giggled. “I thought I might as well see what you’ve got under there.”

I splashed back to the shore and flopped down on my back on the grass, my arms above my head, my legs slightly raised and my breasts heaving lightly with the exertion. Oh dear, I couldn’t get the picture of his wet cock out of my mind. He followed me out, and knelt down beside me. His boxers were clinging to his cock and balls. These were still shrunk by the cold water, but as he stared at my rock-hard nipples through my wet transparent top I could see them start to stir back to life as the blood started to flow back into his cock.

We stared into each others eyes for what seemed like an age, but can’t have been more than a second. Then he lunged down and kissed me hard on the mouth. My mouth opened as our lips touched, and I thrust my tongue into his mouth, wrapping it around his tongue. I put my arms round him and caressed his back with one of my hands while the other ruffled his hair, pulling our heads together. I was making a deep frenzied purring sound in my throat as we kissed. I was hot for it, and so was he.

Lying down beside me, he put his hand on the bare flesh of my flat stomach where my t-shirt had risen up slightly and massaged me gently. I loved the feel of his hand on my bare skin. He pushed his hand slowly up under my top, rubbing gently all the way. The purr in my throat was turning to a growl now; I was very turned on. I arched my back slightly, allowing him to push my shirt up a little and freeing his hand to go further.

He released his lips from mine. I was breathing hard and fast with excitement; we both were. My shirt was still soaking wet and transparent and I could see his hand through it, almost touching the bottom of my tiny left tit, the damp material clinging tight. He pushed his hand further up and over the curve of flesh until he was cupping the whole of my left breast. I smiled up at him.

“Oh yes, David, that feels good. Don’t stop.”

He tweaked my erect nipple between two fingers, gently nudging it back and forth.

“Why don't you take my top right off?”

I sat up, and using his other hand he gently slid my wet shirt up over my titties and over my head. I leant back against a rock and smiled at him. I could feel the warm sunshine on my little wet bare breasts; the sun glinted off the beads of water that clung around my nipples.

“I’m afraid they’re not very big,” I said quietly, “but they’re all I’ve got.”

“Why are you apologising, Annie? They’re beautiful.” he said, and he certainly sounded asif he meant it.

“Please touch them again. I love it when someone touches them.”

He lowered his head to my little mounds. He licked first at one, then the other. The skin around my pink areoles was pale and smooth, almost like fine china, seeming to demand the gentle treatment that he gave it. He sucked my darker pink right nipple into his mouth, and ran his tongue over and round it. My breath was coming in short gasps now. I put my hand down inside my panties and rubbed at my pussy, thrumming across my clitoris.

After the excitement of that first kiss, I think we both wanted to take things slowly, not spoil everything by rushing, enjoying those wonderful moments of exploring each others bodies for the first time.

“Take your panties off, Annie. I’d like to see your pussy.”

“Oh yes David. It’s very wet.”

I raised my bottom and slid my panties down over my legs, dropping them by my side on the grass. Shy all of a sudden, I teasingly kept my legs together.

“Naughty Annie. Let me see.”

Slowly I parted my legs, revealing my clean shaven pink slit, with just a few tiny pale fuzzy hairs around the swelling of my mound. My labia were puffy and moist where I had been rubbing them, and I knew he’d be able to see the little nub of my swollen clitoris clearly visible nestling at the top.

“Oh Annie. It’s lovely.”

“Do you like it shaven? I’m not sure myself, but everyone seems to do it these days.”

“It’s just perfect.”

His cock was rock hard now, straining at his boxers.

I rubbed around my slit with my fingers, releasing more moisture and making my nerve-ends tingle. I slipped one finger inside and gently slid it in and out, before adding a second. I could hear a little slurping sound and smell the sweet aroma of my pussy. I took out my fingers and put them between David’s lips. He sucked the juices off.

“That’s so sweet and tasty, Annie. I love your pussy already.”

But I’d had enough play for the moment.

“I want to see your cock again.”

I leant over and pulled his boxers off, his erection springing out.

“Mmmm, it’s much bigger now, David.”

“It’s your fault, Annie, for being so bloody sexy.”

I ran my hand down the length of his cock. It was warm and slightly wet. I gave it a couple of pumps, just to make sure it was good and stiff. I licked around the purple hood, and then put it all in my mouth. Mmmm, that tasted good. I put my lips around the base of the hood, and sucked at it as it were a lollipop, then licked round it with my tongue.

“Oh, Annie, that’s incredible.”

I sucked more of David’s cock into my mouth, until I could feel the knob end at the back of my throat. I pressed my lips around his shaft, and sucked on it some more. I pumped it in and out, and tasted a little bit of salty pre-cum.

“Wow, Annie, don’t stop.”

But I didn’t want him to cum yet. I released his sticky shaft and sat back again with my legs open and inviting, exposing my every fold to the open air and David’s gaze. I could feel the warm air around my

bare pussy, wafting the scent of my sexual juices.

“I want you to lick my pussy now, David.”

He needed no inviting, but he wasn’t going to rush it. He lay down between my legs and ran his fingers up the inside of my thighs, brushing the sensitive flesh. He then blew gently over my pink wet slit, and tickled my clit with his nose. His tongue flicked over my labia, before he sucked on first one then the other, manipulating their folds with his lips. God, he was so good at this. He seemed to know just how to play with each part of my pussy to give me the maximum pleasure. Now his tongue entered my slit and licked around my tender inner labia. Oooo, that was amazing. I was breathing heavy and fast again. I didn’t think I could take much more. Was he going to bring me to orgasm? If that’s what he wanted, he’d need to go for my clitoris.

As if reading my mind, he sucked my clit into his mouth, and did what he’d done to my nipples – flicked around it with his tongue, seeming to realise that it needed a bit of rough treatment. I could feel my pussy starting to fizz; a sure sign that I was going to cum. I was shaking all over and crying his name as I felt my climax approaching. He took my clit right into his mouth and sucked on it just as I’d done to his cock. That was it; I was off. Remembering it now, it was really lucky no-one else was nearby, as I’m sure they’d have heard my scream as I came. Or perhaps they did…either way, I wasn’t in a mood to care.

David sucked my juices up as they flowed out of my pussy. My labia were throbbing and my clit was aflame with excitement.

“Quickly, David, I want you now. Fuck me, David…”

He picked me up while I was still shaking and coming down from my orgasm, and laid me down against a big smooth rock, warm with the sun. It was just made for fucking against; my legs hung over the edge, while the top sloped at about 45 degrees, so my pussy was thrust forward while my upper body lay at a comfortable angle. My tiny tits were flushed and tender as David leant over and licked at them, while guiding his rock-hard cock between my thighs. He kissed me on the mouth as I felt the curved knob nudging against the entrance to my hole, pushing between my labia. After my orgasm, I was soaking wet and dripping from my vagina; my pussy was still throbbing, so I almost sucked him into me. I felt him thrust forward to fill me completely. Oooo, he was thick; I could feel the walls of my vagina having to expand to take him. The sides of his bulbous knob-end rubbed against the sides as he began to pump into me, almost pulling right out each time so my vagina was relaxed then stretched, relaxed then stretched, relaxed then stretched.

I could feel his balls slapping against my crotch as he pushed as deeply into me as he could. My

juices were running out of my slit and down the insides of my thighs.

“Oh, oh, oh, David, yes, David, yes.”

“Oh Annie, you’re so wet; so good.”

Slurp, slurp, slurp; pull and thrust, pull and thrust.

He was moving faster now, his breath coming in gasps.

Oh, David, you horny bastard. In one smooth movement, he pulled his cock out of my vagina, and shot out an enormous hot loop of semen over my chest, right across my little left tit. If anything, the next one was even bigger; I felt the end of it hit my chin. Two more big ropes of cum both coated my right tit, and a few final drops dripped over my stomach. David was gasping as his breathing returned to normal, a rope of semen still hanging from the end of his knob. He leant over and kissed me again, his still-hard cock pressed against my stomach. As he stood up again, I could see where some of the cum from my tits had stuck to his own chest. I wiped off the the loop of cum dangling from my chin.

“Oh David, that was amazing.”

“Annie, you are the best fuck ever; really; ever.”

I ran my fingers through the white streams of cum on my chest and sucked it off them, clean and salty.

“Mmm, what tasty cum you have.”

“Annie, you are a total slut.”

“Oh really, we only met today and already I’m a slut.”

“I love your sort of slut, Annie”

“Mmm, and I think I’d like to be your slut more often.”

One hand ranged over my tender sticky nipples, and he fed me some more of his cum from his own fingers, while he slipped two fingers of the other hand up inside my still wet slit, pumping them gently in and out.

“Can I be a slut with such tiny tits, David?”

“You wouldn’t be the same with big ones, darling.”

“Did you just call me darling…darling?”

“I always call people darling when I’ve got my fingers up their cunt.”

“Oh, you…”

We cleaned ourselves off with a further dip in the lake, unashamedly naked this time. I towelled myself dry on David’s shirt. By this time my own t-shirt was dry and I put it on, smoothing it over my tits.

“Oh dear, you can’t see them now.”

“I’d like to see them again, Annie.”

“As soon as you like, David.”

“Ok.”

“Not now!!!”

We walked back down the path together. At the point where we had first met only a few hours previously, we kissed one more time. David set off back to his tent at Park Farm, where he quickly packed everything up and said goodbye to Mrs O’Keefe. By the time he had hiked back down to the main road, I was there in my car to meet him.

I wound down the window.

“Can I offer you a lift anywhere, sir?”

“Can you recommend anywhere I can stay the night, ma’am? I’ve a few more days of holiday left, and I’m looking for somewhere cheap and cosy.”

“I know of a house where they might be able to put you up. Single girl, very reasonable rates.”

“I’ve not got much money.”

“In that case, we might have to come to some other arrangement.”