The Trespasser

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An older American man and younger Scottish woman tell the story of how they met and became friends.

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/straight-sex/the-trespasser.aspx

His POV

It was a beautiful Summer day and I had decided to spend it working at my hunting land, cutting some trees that bent across the trails during an ice storm in the Winter. I was hiking down a trail through lush green Wisconsin woodland, listening to the songbirds and mentally apologizing to them for the ruckus I would soon be making. I had a chainsaw in hand and a hardhat on my head. But first, I had a different call of nature to answer to. I set the saw and hardhat down and stepped off the trail near my deepest pond to take a leak, never expecting that one of my oldest fantasies would come true that day.

Her POV

Where the fuck did this guy come? I'm having a swim in a pond on the property my Yank husband just recently inherited in rural Wisconsin. At least I thought it was on our property. Turns out I was a wee bit over the border, but I'm getting ahead of myself. I was riding on my husband's ATV to familiarize myself with the trails and borders when I came upon this tantalizing pond. The weather was prime for a dip and I thought I was safely hidden from all eyes.

I've barely had 10 minutes when I look up and see this yellow safety helmet bobbing through the trees. Underneath it is an older looking woodsman or maybe lumberjack is the word. Before I go any further, please forgive me if I don't get the lingo right as I've only been in America for two years. He's tall and he's wearing jeans and a long-sleeved shirt and carrying a chainsaw. He doesn't seem to like shaving as he's got about a two week white beard.

I tuck up behind a bush so he doesn't spy me. I'm not wearing a stitch and even though he's trespassing, I don't want to make a scene, at least not until he threatens one of my trees. But it never gets that far, because he sets his saw down, and starts having a pee. He doesn't just pull his willy through his fly. He opens his belt and his jeans and drops his boxers enough so his balls are hanging

halfway to his knees. His cock isn't very impressive and he also doesn't have much pressure in his firehose. I don't know why he looks my way, but he spys me and his eyes just about pop out of his noggin.

His POV

I was just about finished when a ripple in the water caught my attention and I turned to see a naked woman hiding behind a bush at the water's edge and watching me. This was one of those dream-come-true moments for me. I don't know why, but I had often fantasized about being caught while pissing by a beautiful naked woman out in the woods. Something about whipping my taproot out in the wide open makes me think of naked women. It was clear that she knew I'd seen her, so I finished as nonchalantly as possible, tucked my lizard back in and said, "Sorry Ma'am. I didn't intend to expose myself to you."

She said, "Oi, no problem, but please go away now. You're trespassing on private property."

"I'm very sorry ma'am, but I think there are three things you should know. No wait, four things. There are four things you should know. First, you're on my land without my permission. If you came here on the trail from the Walters' property, the fence is about 100 yds. that away, but it's not easy to see at the trail because a tree fell on it. I was just heading that way to fix it."

"Oh, damn! I'm sorry. I was hoping this lovely pond was mine. I was riding the trails on the Walters' property. I didn't mean to trespass. If you'll turn around, I'll just get out and leave."

"Well that's okay, Ma'am, there's no harm done and if you're a friend of Bud Walters, you can ride here if you want. I'll fix the fence, but you'll be able to open it so you can ride my trails. Just don't ride here from September to January. But the second thing you should know is that there are snapping turtles in that pond. I fished a big one out for soup last week and threw one back that wasn't quite big enough."

"Well, I'm not afraid of snapping turtles, they don't bite if you leave them alone. Now please, just give me some privacy and I'll be on my way."

"Well I didn't think it was gonna bite you, but people around here know that snappers bring hitchhikers when they move from pond to pond. The third thing you might want to consider is that the one I pulled out was hosting about a dozen leeches."

"Leeches! Arghhh!"

It was actually comical watching her thrash her way out of the water and scurry behind the bush that she had hung her clothes on.

"Oh shit, there's one on my arm!"

"Don't pull it..."

Too late. She grabbed it and pulled it off. The mouth end didn't let go and the leech broke, squirting blood on her arm. Then the fun began.

"Ohhhhhhh," she moaned as she wobbled a bit and then collapsed in a heap into the wild raspberry stickers. I rushed over and she was passed out, blood streaming from her arm and an almost serene look on her pretty face. I quickly grabbed her bra from the bush and wrapped it around her arm so one cup would pad the bleeding wound and its still sucking cause, a fat half-leech. Then I tied her other arm to the first with the straps. I covered her bare and very gorgeous breasts with her T-shirt. I thought about taking off my shirt to cover her flame red pubic patch, but I quickly decided that it might not be a good idea for her to wake up and find a half-naked, almost bald, gray haired and grizzled old codger hovering over her. The only thing about that that I could do anything about was keep my shirt on.

I held her trapped wrists with one hand as I tapped her face gently and called to her.

"Miss. Miss. Miss. Wake up."

Her POV

"Ohhhhhhh. What the..." I look up and start to struggle, but the dozen small pains in my bare backside quickly become 100 and he's holding my bound arms with a surprising amount of strength for a guy his age.

"Don't struggle. You're safe. I promise. You fainted and fell into the stickers. Your arm is bleeding and there might be more leeches on you. No! Take it easy. They won't kill you, but you can't just pull them off. Let me pull you up and we can get you dressed and cleaned up and I'll get the bloodsuckers off you. Just promise me you won't pull anymore of them."

"You'll get them off?" I ask.

"Yes, just don't worry about them for now. Just hold onto my hands and I'll hoist you straight up. See if we can't minimize the damage to that pretty ass. On the count of three, now. One, two, three."

He hauls me up and once again his strength amazes me. I'm not light and he's not particularly well muscled, but when he tightens everything at once, his pull feels solid and unstoppable. My shirt falls to the ground and his eyes seem like they're drawn to my breasts by magnets. He frees one wrist and ties my bra around the wound on the other. I bend over to grab my shirt but he says, "You need to check all over, every square inch, even between your toes and behind your ears and any other places they might hide."

He must sense that I don't trust him. Not that I have any real choice. But I suddenly catch his Monty Python reference and I start to feel better. People who quote Monty Python skits aren't usually serial killers. At least I think not.

"Don't worry, Ma'am. I made a promise to my wife that all beautiful redheaded damsels-in-distress would be safe with me this week. No promises about next week though."

The fact that he addresses my fear so directly helps. If he's going to hurt me, I think he'll just do it, not waste time telling me he won't. He's got me out here where nobody can see what happens. I decide that the leeches are a bigger concern. Add to that that I'm a bit of an exhibitionist and this was more excitement than I'd had in many months.

"Uh... this is embarrassing. I can't see everywhere. Will you inspect the areas I can't see?"

His POV

My heart thumped and my swizzle stick stirred at that request. "Well, like where do you mean?"

"Like my whole backside. I can't see my own arse!"

"Your arse? Are you a Brit? Around here we say ass."

"I'm a Scot, so yes, technically I'm a Brit, but my husband's a Yank, excuse me an American, and he likes the way I say arse. So how about it?"

"We've been called worse than Yank, Ma'am. I'll be happy to look at your arse for you and I'll try not to enjoy it too much."

She pulled her long red wet tresses to one side and I confirmed that her back was clear. I knelt behind her and checked the backs of her legs, which were also clear. "Do you want to spread your cheeks or should I?"

"Oh god this is embarrassing." She leaned forward and pulled her gorgeous buttcheeks open with both hands. There was a leech in there, right about halfway between her wrinkled rosebud and the soft pink folds of her pussy.

"Good call Ma'am, you've got one on your taint." It was crawling and not attached yet, so I quickly grabbed it and pulled it from her.

Her POV

I feel his hand suddenly dig into my crotch and tug some of my pubic hair.

"Ooh. Oi! I thought you said not to pull them."

"Sorry Ma'am, but this one wasn't attached yet. Here, see?" The fat black wriggler was trying to latch onto his thumbnail and I got a little woozy when I thought about where it had almost got a meal. I nodded my head and he threw it back towards the pond.

"My taint? What's that?"

"Well, it's right between your... Well it taint puss... er, vagina and it taint er, arse."

"You do know there's a proper name for that, don't you?"

"Well, yeah, but most people around here wouldn't know their perineum from their philtrum and they're at opposite ends of the alimentary canal. So it's just called a taint."

I turn around and laugh and point at the two lines from my upper lip to my nose and say, "Now just keep your eyes on my philtrum while I cover my perineum." He seems disappointed that the show's over, but I notice the bulge in his jeans and I don't want to seem ungrateful. "Thank you for helping me, Sir."

"Call me Chuck. I'm Charles Cochran. I own this parcel. Lucky I came by when I did, you could have been covered by those things."

"I'm Alice Walters and I'm pleased to meet you, Chuck."

"Oh, you must be Mikey Walters' bride. Bud told me he was getting married."

"We married two years ago. We met in London about five years ago. Now, how do I get this fuckin' parasite off my arm? Pardon my French."

"Oh, don't worry about your French. I fuckin' speak French, too. The way to get them to release is to put salt on 'em, right near their head. They let go and then die a horrible writhing death."

"That suits me just fine. I'll ride back to the house to get some salt."

"I've got some in my camp, if you want. It's just a short walk. I don't think you should ride so soon after going lights out."

"You'll remember that promise to your wife?" I'm still not sure that I can trust him, but I find myself wanting to get to know him better. I guess you could say that I'm attracted to helpful men and not just on a mental 'he could be useful' level.

He picks up his chainsaw, puts his safety helmet on his head and says, "Alice, I promise that you'll be remembering the day I tied you up naked for a long time and it will be a happy memory. I love my wife and I'll be relying on you not to
make me regret that I stopped to take a leak here today. If I can trust you on that, you can trust me to take good care of you."

His American country mannerisms are clearly intended to put me at ease, so I put on my best movie cowboy imitation and say, "You got a bargain, pardner."

He laughs and then surprises me by putting on a movie aristocrat Brit persona and says, "I say old girl. You're a bit of a smart arse, aren't you?"

"That's smart ass, pardner. An ass is a dumb animal that you sit on and an arse is... not an animal." I'm pleasantly surprised by how much I'm warming to this man.

As we walk to his camp, I explain that old Bud passed away in the Spring and left his homestead and lands to Mike. I tell him that Mickey's working in Green Bay and visiting on the weekends and that I teach Summer School at my new job in the county school system, where I have to be very careful to use proper English with the little sprogs. I tell him how I hate living in the city and love the farmhouse so we decided to move here and that Mickey will be moving out of the city in time for Christmas.

He tells me that he was a retired engineer and an amateur gynecologist. "That's a code for dirty old man."

I laugh and say, "Not so old I think. You remind me of one of my professors at uni. He's a highlander and has a rugged rural thing going for him." I don't tell him that the older man was my first lover or that I left Scotland after the scandal that caused and moved to England and hated living there, too.

Chuck's POV

The way she talked about her professor sounded like a memory of an old lover, so I took a shot in the dark.

"Got into your knickers, did he?"

"Oi! Now who's the smart ass?" She laughed, but it was clear that I had guessed correctly. I also saw a moment of sadness touch her eyes, but it passed quickly. An old hurt had clearly surfaced and I made a note not to mention it again.

At my camp, I opened the cooler that I keep outside and held up a beer. "Can I beer ya?" It was a domestic knock-off of brown ale and was the closest thing I could find locally to the 'Neukie Browns' that my Brit coworkers had favored when we hit the pubs on my one visit to London. Its main feature is that it doesn't need to be chilled to near freezing like other domestic beers to make it palatable. Alice looked as if she was about to say no, but when she saw that bottle, she changed her mind. "I guess I could use a little liquid courage."

I twisted the cap off and gave it to her and got one for myself before going inside my small camper trailer. She stepped hesitantly in behind me. "Do you live here, Chuck?"

"No. this is just my deer camp. I live about 30 miles away. I spend a lot of time here while deer hunting in the Fall, but not much during the rest of the year, except for when I'm doing things to prepare for deer hunting. Do you mind if I change out of this shirt? It's a little warm for long sleeves when I'm not cutting brush."

"By all means, get comfortable in your own place. I get the feeling you really like deer hunting. I've been wanting to try that since I learned how popular it is here."

"Well don't count on Mikey to teach you. He's one of the few local boys who never took to it. Bud would be happy to have someone hunting his land. I'd be happy to teach you. Now let's see your arm and I'll show you how this works."

She removed her bloody bra from her arm and held it out with her eyes averted. "Sorry. I can bear to see a bit of blood, but this is too much." I took the bra and tossed it in the sink then I poured a little

salt on the leech's head and it started to writhe. After a few seconds, it dropped off and blood oozed freely from the hole. "Now this part's gonna hurt pardner. Sorry." I poured salt right into the open wound and held her arm tightly as it burned. "This will neutralize and extract the anti-coagulant from their saliva." After about thirty seconds, I wiped the wet salt off with a wet cloth and gave her some toilet tissue.

"Press that against the hole."

When the bleeding stopped, I sprayed some Bactine on the wound and taped over it with gauze from my first aid kit.

"See? Easy peasy. Now I recommend that you get naked again and thoroughly check your whole body, even under your hair. I'll just make us some coffee. I might have tea here if you prefer."

"Coffee's fine."

I turned away as she checked herself over.

Alice's POV

When he changed his shirt, I liked that he turned away rather than trying to impress me with his chest. He pulled on a T-shirt over his grey-haired back and for some reason, I thought of a silverback gorilla. He's not that hairy, but he does seem to have the confidence of seniority. I almost laughed when I saw the back of the T-shirt. It says 'Rolling Stones Steel Wheels Tour'. It was over 20 years old and a bit shabby, but not 20 years shabby. I knew him better now and maybe that was his intent. I wonder if he understood how suggestive the big Stones "lips and tongue" emblem on the front of the shirt was.

I'm also pleased that he turns away now to give me some privacy. He really is being a gentleman and I really appreciate that. I lower my estimate of his age. His skin indicates younger than his white beard and grey hair. He's clearly prematurely grey and lacks the vanity to do anything about that. My curiousity gets the better of me and I ask how he happens to be retired at such a young age.

"I got sick of working so I fired my employer. I'd made a little money, learned how to make a little money go a long way, avoided the traps of living the American Dream, married a woman who puts up with a cantankerous old coot and we discussed it and decided to starve the beast that was chaining us to the grindstone. We lead a pretty good life."

"You're not bored?"

"If you're self-motivating, there's no connection between a paycheck and boredom. I don't need a career to give me things to do."

'What an interesting philosophy', I think. I could learn a few life lessons from this unconventional man who initially appeared to be rather ordinary. I dig a little deeper.

"Twice you've referred to yourself as old. Aside from your hair, you don't look a day over fifty."

"Not a bad guess, Alice. I'm 51. Started going gray when I was 25. Some days I'm 51 going on 90 and some days I'm 51 going on 18. Pretty girls bring out the 18 in me but I'm old enough to know they see me as more of a father or even grandfather than as a stud."

"Don't sell yourself short, old coot. Some of us like a man who's 15 to 20 years older."

"You can't be a minute over 30, Alice."

"What a charmer you are! Let's just say I'm thirty-something. I was well on my way to being on the shelf before I met Mickey. He offered me the American Dream and I might still be able to have the 2.2 sprogs, but I'll skip the big McMansion. The Walters farmhouse is more to my liking."

"Smart girl. A simple life has its own rewards."

I know this conversation may be boring to you, but it was doing something to me. I've always had a thing about mentors and he seems the type. Older men overlook a few extra pounds and mentors pass on wisdom so I don't have to learn it the hard way. Something about that excites me. He keeps his back to me the whole time as I check myself and wash up and secretly contrast him to my husband. He seems wiser and more understanding than Mick. Maybe it's a response to the trauma or maybe it just his sexy voice, but I also feel a growing yearning for more physical contact. I'm not ready for action yet, but I want to feel his touch. I lay face down on the bed and say, "It's okay to look now, Chuck."

Chuck's POV

I turned around to find Alice still naked, lying face down on the bed. "Murky buckets, Alice! You're showing a menu to a starving man."

"Starving, is it? You said you're married."

"Married yes, but the menu has been all main course, no appetizer and no dessert for what seems like forever."

"I was hoping you would spray some of that bottled pain on my pricker scratches."

"You want bandaids, too?"

"If you think I should."

I carefully sprayed all of her scratches and a few of them were deep enough to draw a gasp of pain from her. "Sorry, but you asked for it." I applied small bandages to her back, but two were where she couldn't reach them. "How're you gonna explain these to Mikey?"

"He won't be here until Friday. I'll manage them off by then."

I sprayed the last scratch and pressed a bandage over it. It was in the center of her ass cheek and I clearly startled her by touching her there. "That's the last one, Hon. You can get dressed now."

I turned to look away and I heard her moving behind me.

"Chuck, would you check me once more in case anything crawled where I can't see it?"

I turned back and she was up on her elbows and knees with her legs spread slightly. My pecker was not expecting that and it tried to leap right through my jeans.

"Um, are you going to spread those cheeks for me?"

"You can do it. I trust you."

I set my hands on her ass and pulled her cheeks apart with my thumbs. She had an abundance of hair and that doesn't bother me one bit. Some guys like a smoothie or a nice tidy landing strip, but I'm just as happy being a bush pilot. I looked through it very carefully, but after finding it clear, I just stared. I wanted very much to just lean over and kiss her soft pink lips. They were clearly quite wet now and I knew she was tempting me intentionally, but I didn't know why. I decided to let her make the next move. Meanwhile, my snake was wide awake.

"Do you see something you like on the dessert menu, Chuck??"

Alice's POV

I know it isn't the most subtle way to get my desire across, but each of the pains he caused on my back with his spray increased my excitement. I'm not normally one who enjoys pain, but this was a healing pain delivered by a man who seemed to instinctively push the right buttons. The touches as he applied the bandages felt so... intimate. I felt his warm breath on me when he stared at my arse and pussy and that pushed me over the edge. I want to be faithful to my husband, but he's gone so much and is a rather plain vanilla lover. I hoped Chuck would do what Mickey wouldn't do for me.

"That strawberry hairpie looks delicious, Alice."

That's exactly what I had in mind. I pull away from him then, but only to lie on my back with my knees drawn up and together. "Mickey never licks me there. So I can let you do that, but I want him to be the only man who fucks me there."

"No main course, just a dessert. No problemo, Alice."

He reaches out to my knees with both hands and then leans in and kisses each kneecap. His hands slide down my outer thighs to my hips and his tongue licks the crack where my knees meet. I can tell that he isn't going to rush, so I open my knees a little. He kisses side to side then, left, right, left, right as I slowly open my knees wider and wider and my pussy gets hotter and hotter. As he moves down my inner thighs, I feel his tongue come out for a lick with each kiss and his lips close and tug a bit before he goes to the other thigh.

By the time he gets to the edge of my forest, I'm on fire. He licks right down into the creases of both thighs and I pull my knees back to expose my taint. He licks there too, and I moan my appreciation. His tongue crosses the border into my slit and he laps the juices that I know are pooling there. He proceeds up my lips, probing deep and pushing side to side. I feel a finger slide into me and then another joins it. I moan again as his tongue finds my clit. His fingers slip from me then one slides across my taint down to my wrinkled arsehole. I feel a light pressure and let it slip inside. He eases it in and out until I relax and then the second finger pushes in beside it.

His tongue continues circling my clit while two fingers from his other hand work into my pussy. I pull my hands up to my nipples and begin to gently pinch, twist and pull them. My moans get louder as his hands alternate in my holes, two fingers sliding in while two slide out. His tongue is pushing my clit around quite forcefully now and then his hands begin to push in and out together, faster and faster until the waves of pleasure lift my legs into the air above us and I release all my troubles. I enter the state of bliss that only comes when I know I'm spending time with the right man and I enjoy the mild convulsions that occur as his tongue sweeps past my clit and his hands slow until I'm completely spent and then withdraw from me.

I know that from this point forward, Mickey will be my husband and we'll have all the great sex that his bigger and younger cock can provide and I will love him in a fashion, but Chuck will be my lover, even if only in my imagination. I know that I will see him again, because he said he'll teach me to hunt. I also know that his wife will be the beneficiary of better sex as a result of this tryst, but I'm not that selfish that I'd receive without giving. I want to be welcome here in his camp in the future and even though the cock I'd seen beside the pond was unimpressive, what he had just delivered orally was well worth rewarding.

"Mmmmmmmm, that was wonderful. You can order dessert at my diner anytime. But now it's my turn for dessert. Is that a creamsicle making that tent in your jeans?"

Chuck's POV

"Alice really, there's no need to return the..."

"Does Sir Knight really intend to refuse his Lady's request for sustenance?"

"Well, when you put it that way, how can I refuse? It's just that I..."

"Enough, Chuck. This is one thing I can't really do with Mickey and I do enjoy it."

She sat up in the bed, unzipped my jeans and released my leather work belt. One button later and she slid my jeans down and then pulled my boxers over my straining cock. It was ready for action.

"Sit thee on the royal throne, Sir Knight, and allow this damsel to reward thee in the manner we choose."

There's only one chair in the camper and it's a nice comfy armchair. I dropped a cushion onto the floor for her knees and sat on the edge of the chair with Winky pointing toward the roof. Alice wasted no time getting comfortable and then taking my saber in hand. She started by stroking it and I immediately felt how much more interested she was in pleasing me manually than my wife had ever been. She seemed to know that it could take a while longer with a man my age and she wasn't trying to rush it. I laid my head back in the chair and just let the sensations of having a really good handjob wash through me. I soon felt the soft wetness of her mouth as she engulfed my cockhead and I looked down to see her eyes looking up at me. I smiled and she continued stroking while she licked the underside like a lollypop. It felt great and she pulled it out just long enough to say, "No need to warn me when it's coming. I swallow. Just relax and let it fill me."

There's no way to relax with the kind of pressure that was building, but I knew what she meant. Her hand slowly began to stroke a little bit faster and grip a little tighter. Her thumb used some of her saliva as lubricant while it slid on the underside in the special spot just below the tip. Her tongue and lips stayed on and around the head, pushing and squeezing as my breathing got quicker and I felt the tightening deep within that signaled the impending eruption. A few more strokes and a few more licks and my cock was pulsing and my cum was pumping out with more force than I had mustered in longer than I could remember. Alice smiled and stroked and sucked until she had milked every last drop out of me.

"Now there, that wasn't so bad was it?"

What can I say? I had a new friend and I could tell she was a true friend. We made plans to see each other in a week and I walked her back to her ATV. Just before she drove off, she turned and asked, "What's the fourth thing I should know?"

I put on my best imitation of a deepwoods redneck and said "You got a purty mouth."

"Ahahahahahaha. I saw that movie. Deliverance. You would have scared the shit out of me with that line if the leech hadn't done me. Now I've got another question for you. I don't suppose your wife lets you fuck her in the arse?" She smiled and drove off as I stood there stunned. She didn't need to know that my real fourth thing that she needed to know was that her picture was being taken by a motion-sensing camera that I use to photograph deer coming to drink at the pond. I couldn't wait to retrieve the memory card and see what shots it had captured.