

Nature Lover

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Based on a true story. My first post, so please comment! I would love constructive criticism and opinions. Otherwise, enjoy!!! :) For as long as I can remember, I have always loved the outdoors. There's something about being alone with nature that can still me to the core, filling me with a peace that cannot be found in any other venue. So here I remain--in my secret hiding place. It didn't take me long to find. An hour and a half of hiking the course I'd created so many seasons ago led me to my familiar cliff. The view was breathtaking. I pause only for a moment to take in the quiet majesty of a barren forest blanketed by a thin sheet of snow. My Christmas hike had always been my favorite. It was almost a gift to myself. My brief pause granted me time to catch my breath and set about work with my rappelling gear. Anchor set, ropes in place, knots tied, and figure-8 in hand, I begin my descent to my quiet place. It's only 35 degrees F, but it may as well be 90 with all the layers, gear, and climbing I had done. Sweat beads form and threaten to freeze on my forehead with the whisper of a delicate wind. Finally I find my foot on solid ground again, and I smile as I find myself filled with a feeling of home. I unhook myself and suck in a sharp breath. The fresh powder that had found its way to my private overhang remained untouched, and I scarcely dared to disturb it myself. Instead, I find a spot in the shadow of the rock that would allow me the opportunity to leave this place exactly as pristine as I'd found it. The world speaks out from its silent slumber in a love language that only we can share. My eyes close and I feel the world around me sending its energy to me, as I send my energy right back out to it. My fingers graze across my body slowly, almost unnoticeable through the many layers I wear. As though to answer the question I had yet to ask, my hands move with lightening speed, and I peel away layer after layer, feeling the sharp bite of the air on my skin. My pert nipples ache for the kiss of some unknown lover, and I find myself arching my back into the wind. The air currents flow around my nipples, caressing each one until I fear I may find myself falling over the edge. I sit back abruptly, feeling the frigid touch of the rocks against my back. I relish in the cool feel of nature's own "skin" against my own. Already I can feel a heat building deep within me, pouring out from between my strong thighs. Slipping my jeans down, I stand naked for a time, allowing the air to dip and dive amongst my curves. Absently, I run my fingers along my body, up my sides, across my belly and to my breasts--a lover's touch manifested through my own hands. I lower myself down to my pile of clothes and lay back, allowing each knee to fall to the side. My legs remain spread wide as the energy of the world sends bursts of wind to explore my bare sex, thrilling me in ways no other lover could. Back arching on the cool stone, my fingers find their way to my thighs, teasing and grazing just

out of reach of what I desire the most. Fingers nearly numb from the cold, I finally make a wide circle around the blazing inferno that is my pussy and I set about my work. My fingers move with a mind of their own, flicking and twisting, first this way, then that way. The acoustics of my overhang allow for a symphony of blissful moans, as though my imagined lover was just as pleased as I. Again and again, my fingers pull me close to climax, only to halt to a torturous stop. I beg my imagined lover for more, desperate to find release! A sharp burst of wind finds its way across me, nearly slapping me in the face, and I can feel the intensity building within me. Groaning loudly, my symphony of near-orgasm groans echo from the walls. I suddenly find myself on my knees, bucking my hips back and forth as my breath becomes ragged and harsh. Independent of thought, my other hand slips behind me, pressing me face down into my pile of clothes on the rock floor, and slipping a wet finger against my pulsing star. I squeal in delight as one hand works diligently on my clit, whilst the other presses deep, past my anal sphincter, and slowly probes in and out. Bare breasts press against the cold ground, causing my nipples to harden to a point that was nearly painful. Shivers and electric shoot through my body, and finally my body concedes to blissful orgasm. My body rocks and quivers as every pleasure sense in my body lights up, sending wave after wave of sheer pleasure through my body. The world shakes around me as the tight walls of my gentle sex go into convulsions, gripping and tightening again and again. The finger in my ass is met with uncountable pulses, quivering as my body begins to recover. My hand is drenched in the sweet elixir that is my sex, and I move it to each of my nipples. I massage it onto my perked nipples and slowly lower my head so that my tongue can find each, slathering it with a mix of my own lubrication and saliva. I continue to reel as waves of satisfaction roll through me, and raise my eyes to the setting sun. I smile as my lover begins his descent past the horizon, and I begin to clothe myself once more. Gingerly, I make my way the rest of the way down the cliff, and leave my quiet place undisturbed, unspoiled, and unruffled, just as I always do.