

# The Park Ranger

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*What will the park ranger see through his binoculars?*

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There was no doubt about it; this was the best job in the world. Half of his time, he spent driving his truck down the isolated paths of Redwood National Forest. The other half, he spent in the Ranger tower, looking down from the heights to scan the forest for fire or campers in need. And though he has had to, on occasion, climb down from his perch to keep idiot, drunken campers from setting the forest ablaze, being a Forest Ranger was more like being a voyeur to every tree-hugger's carnal fantasy. People would do the darndest things when they thought themselves lost in a thick patch of secluded woods. Had they known they were being spied upon in their most intimate of moments through a pair of high-powered binoculars, they probably would have employed the protective screening of their tents far more often than they usually did. As it was, Jeremy found himself settled in a low slung camping chair, a Mountain Dew sweating in a mesh cup holder, and his binoculars pressed to his eyes as he scanned the shoreline of Bridge Creek where wayward campers were most likely to be. Not just five minutes before, a pair of newlyweds ducked into their tent after some seriously heavy petting. Unfortunately, all of it had been done under a blanket, leaving everything to his imagination and too little to excitement. His eyes trekked further south, closer to where the creek branched and even further from the nearest camping ground. There! His eyes quickly spied the sinuous orange movement of a fire. Camping equipment laid helter-skelter about the small clearing, as if the owners had just begun to set up their campground. Next to the crackling fire – not very safely made, he noted with a smile – he could see the telltale marks of a little mischievous outdoor entertainment. An open wine bottle, two glasses set on a nearby log and clothing scattered across the dirt ground, but not much else. Jeremy lowered the binoculars, the smile widening on his face to a lecherous grin. "I do believe that I may need to pay those campers a visit about their fire ." Within minutes, his truck was bouncing along in the general direction of perilously made fire. He hopped out when he spotted a flash of color against the green backdrop, and made his way towards it on foot. The thick trunks of the redwood trees cleared slightly as the creek came into view. The dancing fire was the only movement that he could see, but its happy crackling could not mask the sound of a pleased groan. He eagerly stepped around the screening bush, wondering if the sight to come would be as bad as last week's chubby lover's orgy, but still anticipating the entertainment of crashing

their party. However, the fire safety lecture died on his tongue as he was presented with a Park Ranger's fantasy come true: A beautifully globed ass was the first thing Jeremy saw. The rounded curves rose gloriously before him like tonight's full moon. His eyes traveled along the long expanse of her back to where her darkly crowned head was bent between the legs of her lover. Jeremy's cock slammed instantly to rock hard attention when he saw the woman wildly tonguing the clit of a red-headed bombshell. With her legs spread widely, the bombshell reclined her beautifully naked form against the still bagged tent. She had captured her rosy nipples between lavender tipped fingers and was twisting them in time with the panting of her breaths. Between her thighs, her clit was being devoured and suckled while a finger pumped in and out in search of that celebrated g-spot. Jeremy must have made a sound, because both women looked over at him with eyes hooded by mutual desire curtailed. As one, the pair smiled at him wickedly. The dark-haired, just-asking-to-be-pounded-so-hot-was-her-ass woman's lips closed once more over the clit. His cock jerked painfully as the bombshell cried out lustily, her climax overwhelming her as her clit was sucked viciously and then tongued lovingly. As the screams faded into whimpers of utter satiation, Jeremy watched as the woman rose to kiss her contented partner. Their tongues slipped and slid, breast pressed deliciously against breast. Then the bombshell broke the kiss to gaze up at Jeremy. She beckoned him closer, and he stumbled before them, kneeling so closely that the hot, musky scent that was so completely woman wove through his senses. Pressing her lover's legs open with one hand, she delved her fingers into the dark fuzz and then spread the lips open for his pleasure. Licking his lips, Jeremy inhaled the scent of her. With a sudden vision of the future, he knew that he would tongue this dark imp until she screamed for his cock. Then, as she lay replete, he would have the red beauty suck his cock clean. With nothing but ravishment in mind, he bent eagerly forward, and... fell head first out of his chair. He sat up, stunned, and his fantasy died a pitiful death as Mountain Dew soaked coldly into the seat of his jeans where it had puddled around him.