**A Woman, Nude**

by luv2custrip

*Dina must explain her “Naked Challenge” to an older neighbor.*

Dani had never been out in her special woods this early before. The sun wasn't up yet, and she had to be so careful when she reached the slippery rocks along her special stream. She was prepared: wearing the very best hiking shoes, appropriate socks -- and nothing else.

She couldn't spend too much time at the stream. She couldn't wait to feel the rising sun on her body... something she had never felt before.

She quickly but carefully made her way back to the edge of the woods. Her house was only about eighty feet away. And the sun was finally rising between her house and her neighbor's. She felt it's warmth on her bare skin, she felt that welcoming breeze that gave her goosebumps all over -- and she felt her neighbor's eyes upon her.

Mike was sitting on the back steps of his house, on the steps that led to his sun porch. It was hard to tell his expression from this distance. He seemed oddly expectant; waiting.

How much could he see? Well, she had wondered how her body would catch the light of the rising sun: now she had a witness! She looked down. Her breasts, only 34B's, were nonetheless the most obvious part of her. They were quite the perky handful, and she cursed her over-sensitive nipples for already getting hard. Farther down, the sun's golden rays had a nice effect on her patch of light brown fur. At least it now appeared to match her dyed blonde hair on top.

All this observation took just fifteen seconds. She glanced up, surprised to see that Mike had turned away and was now climbing his few steps. Dani was momentarily stunned -- what man would turn away from all this?

Mike opened his screen door, turned around and backed against it. Yes. He was inviting her over for coffee, like he had done so many times before for her and her husband -- but this time, she was all naked and all alone.

She considered her options as a kind of classic geometry problem. Well, classical nude geometry! She was eighty feet to a door directly in front of her. She was 120 feet from a door at a 45 degree angle. What was the area of the triangle? Well, with one option, Mike would be soon be able to more closely ascertain the area of her pubic triangle...

She held her head up. She straightened up which made her breasts even more prominent. She was trying, with her naked challenges, to show that she was a brave and confident woman. She took a deep breath and walked toward the open door.

As she got closer, she could see Mike's eyes almost frantically roaming up and down her body and her legs. He was desperately trying to maintain eye contact -- and was failing miserably! Who could blame him? His beautiful, 34-year-old neighbor was walking up to him totally nude. So many times, she knew, she had caught him glancing at her legs when she was in her cute little shorts or a pretty skirt. The time for secret glances was over. He could now clearly see that those long shapely legs of hers did indeed go all the way up.

She stopped at the bottom step. Her heart was beating and her breathing was much too fast for that short walk.

He was looking down at her and she knew what he was seeing: long blonde hair, breasts jutting out just so, and of course those legs with just a hint of the softness in between.

She was a piece of ass and she didn't want to be!

"Coffee?" was all she managed to squeak out. "It's kinda early..."

He nodded. "I get up 'kinda early'" he looked her up and down. "I guess you didn't know that!"

She resigned herself to walking up the stairs under his watchful eyes. She was now realizing that every movement made by a naked girl ran the risk of exposing ever more of her hidden charms to the delighted male gaze.

Such as right now. He was holding the door for her like a gentleman, which meant she would have to pass in front of him, giving him a very close up eyeful of her sweetly curved bottom. Well why not, she thought. If she had anything to hide, she wouldn't have come over here.

He directed her to her usual wicker chair. She was so grateful for the plush seat cushion as she gingerly settled her bare butt down. She had sat on this same chair so many times, but the feeling against her naked flesh suddenly made her feel so real, so alive -- so nude!

Mike had walked over and was staring down at her. She decided she was not going to make any attempt to hide from him. She could feel the effect of his attention on her breasts: her notorious nipples were still obviously hard and getting harder. No, she wasn't hiding, but she wasn't exactly spread out with her legs open. She was trying to sit as normally as possible, but she was sure he was taking in her tuft of hair, and the very beginning of her inviting slit.

"Coffee?" she sweetly reminded him.

He nearly jumped; apparently surprised that this naked vision was able to speak.

"Oh of course. Right away. Right." He backed away from her, unwilling to take his eyes off her until he nearly slammed into his interior door and went inside.

As soon as he was out of sight, Dani bent down and started taking off her hiking shoes. There was just something ridiculous about wearing these things when she was naked. She underestimated how quickly Mike would return: he was back in a moment, obviously unwilling to tear himself away from her bare beauty for more than a minute.

"You're taking off your shoes!" he wisely observed, standing over her, coffees on a tray.

She shrugged, which she knew accentuated her breasts, but every little movement was sensual when naked.

"I just thought they looked ridiculous -- considering how I'm dressed!"

She thought that would get a smile. Instead, he was staring down at her little white socks. She wondered why grown men were so turned on by ladies wearing nothing but socks.

"Coffee?" she asked yet again, hoping to distract him.

"Oh! Sorry!". He set her cup down. "You really need to be careful: it's very hot. Do you want something to cover... I mean... to protect you?"

"I'll be fine" she said, leaning forward for her cup. Her breasts leaned with her, followed by Mike's unwavering eyes. "I do realize that I'm naked."

Mike blinked. "Um... I'm going to... sit down and have some coffee."

'Thank God' Dani thought. She used the seven or so seconds that he was turned away to bend all the way down and get her little socks off without Mike observing her titties hanging down. She was working on a plan to get Mike more comfortable with her nudity, but enough was enough!

He finally sat down in his usual chair and began to sip his coffee. There was a long silence, but Dani was committed to try to train him. She had an interesting something in mind, and while his enjoyment of the sight of her was fine, he would have to do a bit of a reset if things were to continue.

At last, he leaned back and steepled his hands. "I'm guessing that you have one hell of a story to tell me!"

She leaned back. She kept her coffee by nestling it on her lap -- if naked ladies had laps.

"David got his big promotion about a month ago. It was a big increase in salary -- but also in responsibilities. Suddenly he was the national sales manager instead of regional. And suddenly, his ideas about transforming the regional offices were gold.

So, visiting all eleven offices in two months. It's been crazy! At least he's busy. I'm suddenly alone for days at a time, every week." She paused for a sip.

Mike seemed about to speak. "Please, if the members of the audience can hold their questions till the end? Thank you.

"Anyway, bored and lonely in that big old house. My online editing job only takes two hours a week -- I used to edit bestsellers, for goodness sake!

"So, I ended up addicted to the Internet, like about 94 million other people. I found, lo and behold, The Naked Challenge! Or, how to combat boredom by getting naked -- and staying that way.

"Why did that appeal to me? Well, I've always been a closet naturist. Drove my parents crazy. Running around inside with nothing or almost nothing on... it was already natural to me.

"Now I have to go nude within a minute of entering the house. I know it sounds silly, but it eased the boredom. But then David calls and wants to do FaceTime... won't get into that now!

"Of course the Challenge wants you to test your limits. Try to go as far as possible from your house in the nude. I've been gardening nude since it got really warm. But it's private: a wall on one side, a hedge on the other.

"And now, the woods..." she added. Mike sat up straight.

"What did you think when you saw me?" she asked.

He hesitated.

"It's okay: you can expose what you were feeling. I'm exposing everything else!"

Mike smiled. "When I saw you... emerge, I thought I was losing it. That you were a wood nymph. And then the rising sun just lit you up. You were practically glowing! I thought that I was seeing a painting come to life; 'A Woman, Nude.' Then I noticed the hiking shoes."

He took a deep breath and looked away. "I admit... I am a man and you are a beautiful woman. I have imagined you... without your clothes on." He looked back at her, blushing now. "But the reality of you, far exceeds anything I ever imagined. I will never forget the way you look now. Never."

He turned away again. Was he actually getting all emotional too?

Dani took a deep breath. Suddenly it was all too much. "You've been such a good friend. Helping David and me around the house, in the garden. You know we both love you." She was openly crying now. "And what do I do? I ruined it! Oh, look at my tits! Look at my pussy! I'm naked!! I'm a fucking selfish idiot!"

She was sobbing and Mike got very quiet. His first impulse was to run to her and comfort her. Oh no! Comforting a naked girl was tempting enough. But a naked, crying girl?

There was a box of tissues on the coffee table and he gently pushed it toward her. Dani grabbed a few tissues and burst out laughing.

"Look at me! I'm apologizing cause I'm naked, now I'm apologizing cause I'm an emotional wreck!" She blew her nose. "Whatever do you think of me?!"

Mike looked at her directly. "I love you. You are every man's fantasy. Why can't there be a girl like you, who just gets naked whenever we need her? Why does it require such a social contract to get a pretty girl to take her clothes off? We men are very simple: we are absolutely idiotic when it comes to women, but we also can't imagine a world without you in it."

"You're so wonderful." She wiped her eyes. "I was hoping we could do something like this again. Naked coffee every morning, your place or mine. If you're really okay with this whole thing."

He nodded, remaining silent, not wanting to spoil this moment.

"There's that new mystery book you were raving about to David and me" she continued. "Bring it over around two. I'll put out wine and cheese... and me. I'll be out there, the way I am now. You want a naked friend? You've got one."

He shook his head in wonder. "You are unbelievable. You've brought a sad old man back to life."

"Old? You're not that old."

"72 this July."

She was shocked. She always thought of him as looking like one of those distinguished mustachioed older gentlemen from 'Upstairs Downstairs' or 'Downton Abbey' -- even though they were both as American as apple pie. 'But 72' she thought. 'Wow!'

She smiled. "There are so many things that we can do together -- if you're up to it" she added that last part with a sly grin.

"Like naked hiking?" he asked.

She laughed. "Oh yes. Obviously I need an adult companion. Speaking of adult... there will be times that I may get... a little naughty. Now, I'll be the only one naked, and I'll still be saving some very special things for David. Is that okay?"

"How naughty?" Mike squeaked out.

She stood up. She bent to get her shoes and socks. She walked over to Mike. She put her things down and squeezed herself in between his chair and the table. Her bare knee actually brushed against his clothed knee.

He stopped breathing. He would have the same reaction if Aphrodite suddenly appeared before him -- nude and definitely without her girdle.

He looked up at her sweet face smiling down at him. At her golden hair that fell just so, accentuating her soft shoulders. At her twin handfuls of breast, topped with nipples that seemed to be growing as he watched. At her gently rounded tummy made for tickling.

"I mean, are you okay with all this?" She did a game show hostess sweep of her hands at the area below her waist.

He didn't need any more of an invitation. He had a huge smile in his face. No more niceties about maintaining eye contact. He was just openly staring into her pussy, just two feet away from his face.

Dani knew her body and could picture what he was seeing. With her legs slightly apart, her hood was prominent. Her clit needed a bit of coaxing to slide out: a touch or a kiss. Below, her inner lips flared out like butterfly wings. But the main attraction was the swirling folds of flesh around her lower opening.

She knew he really couldn't see her vagina; not unless her legs were wide open. It was just, she knew, such a thrill for a man to be right there. A finger or a tongue away from paradise.

She wondered how long Mike would stare. Probably until she called things off. It gave her the idea for a very naughty session. Mike would be allowed to study any part of her for a set time, like she was an art exhibit. She would be very interactive. If her breasts were being studied, she would lift her arms and touch her toes while Mike watched. She would cup each tit and tweak each nipple as he examined the effect.

It was wonderful having her body worshipped. So wonderful, in fact, that it would be obvious how much she was enjoying it very very soon.

She announced that she had to get back home to shower and take care of some things around the house. Actually, she was going to take care of herself on one of nice plush chairs in her pretty garden.

Mike rushed to hold the door open for her, always the gentleman when it came to naked ladies! She sensed that, although he hated to see her go, he also had some urgent business to attend to.

"Hugs?" she asked innocently.

Mike looked trapped. "Uh... umm... it would have to be.. above the waist!"

"Don't be silly" she scolded. "We're both adults: it's perfectly normal to have that reaction." And then she practically wrapped herself around him.

'Oh my!' she thought. He was really hard! She quickly disentangled herself, lest she caused a mess. She was making up the rules as she went along, but touching was definitely out. It was too tempting. She realized that Mike should have the chance to relieve himself during their naughty sessions. Although she definitely didn't want to see that! She would arrange for him to be peeking through her window, or hiding in her house, watching her. As long as she didn't see it, and he didn't leave a mess..

A peck on his cheek and she was down the stairs. It felt so good to be barefoot all over, on the grass and in the sunshine.

Oh dear! She was still feeling naughty! She 'accidentally' dropped her shoes and socks. She bent over, most unladylike. She held that position until she was sure that Mike had memorized the size, shape and coloration of her two nethermost holes.

Then she straightened up, making sure she exaggerated the movement of each ass cheek until she was out of sight.

Then she ran to her garden. She almost couldn't wait. She started running her hands all over her body, teasing herself. Her chair awaited. She wondered if Mike would be able to hear her when she finally let out her silly, squeaky moan as she came.

**A Wood Nymph, Nude**

by luv2custrip

*Dani surprises Mike with her naked wood nymph fantasy*

Dani held Mike's hand tightly as they descended through her woods, toward her stream. She was totally naked this time: no silly hiking shoes, and no jewelry of any kind. She had even taken off her wedding ring.

Not that she thought Mike would notice

how totally stripped she was. He was so solicitous of her, worried about her bare feet on the rocks. She seriously hoped that he hadn't become so used to her nudity that he wouldn't enjoy the little performance she was about to give him. She didn't think so.

Finally they reached her stream. Mike set his backpack down. She had insisted on packing it with a few 'surprises'. Mike sat on his usual tree stump, waiting for her.

This was his favorite part, although this was only her second naked hike. Dani would enter the water nude and start splashing around. It was only six inches deep, but she would squat and make sure the water got on her breasts. Her notorious nipples would harden from the cold, getting up to a half inch in length.

She knew that Mike loved to see her naked form. He simply couldn't get enough of her. This time, she showed him a little more of her from behind, cupping her ass cheeks for him playfully. And in her squats to splash water all over, her pretty knees were more open than usual: Mike had more than a few glimpses of her treasures in between.

He must have been wondering what was going on. This wasn't a scheduled 'naughty session'. All those rules had been established two weeks ago, when Mike caught Dani climbing out of these same woods nude.

Dani had bravely gone over to Mike's undressed, and they had their usual morning coffee with her remaining totally nude. It was then that Dani became Mike's 'naked friend.' Mike was a lonely widower; Dani's husband was away from home on business up to three days per week. Dani had adopted a Naked Challenge that she found on the internet that required her to be naked every minute she was home alone. It was only when she dared herself on a nude hike that she was caught. The Challenge solved her extreme boredom. Including Mike as a clothed participant in her bare-ass adventures solved their mutual loneliness.

Dani settled down on her usual flat rock in the center of the stream. It had been worn smooth over the years, and it made a perfect platform for her wet, naked body.

Last week she had sat here almost ladylike, her legs turned slightly away from Mike as they shared lunch and laughter.

Today she was at her most coquettish, her knees together, her arms cradling her knees, her head resting on her arms. And although her long lovely legs were closed, Mike couldn't help but see the soft line of her vulva in between, with her little female parts poking out here and there.

Mike knew something was up. Besides the obvious! "What's up?" he managed to get out.

She smiled. "Remember what you thought, when you first saw me naked?"

"Ah" Mike said, understanding where this was going. "A wood nymph. Is that what you are today?" His voice was already getting that hint of sex underneath.

"I am" she replied. "But we wood nymphs are very shy. Men, you see, get the wrong ideas when they see us. We're cursed with a female form. We're only here to support Nature's beauty, and pass on Her magic."

"I see," Mike said. "You've got this whole thing all planned out."

Dani nodded. "I'll need you to open your backpack and get two special packages out."

Mike pulled out two paper bags. One had a pink ribbon, one blue. "I'm assuming the pink one is for the naked lady on the rock."

She grinned. "It is! Can you get it to me without dropping it?"

She was only four feet out. Mike leaned out as far as he could, and so did Dani. The effect on her breasts dangling out enticingly over the sparkling water was quite noticeable.

She placed the bag behind her without incident. "Why don't you open yours?"

Mike thought he could guess the contents and he was already turning red. Yes: paper towels, a pre-warmed bottle of water — and a small container of baby oil.

It was what Dani gleefully called 'the outdoor masturbator's survival pack.' It was everything Mike forgot to bring for their very first naughty session, just last Wednesday. Mike was supposed to play a Peeping Tom looking in Dani's window as she undressed and masturbated. She accomplished everything but was laughing hysterically at the funny faces Mike was making. It was their first time, and they were both nervous. But Mike told her afterward that watching his lovely female neighbor strip and play with herself naked was the most exciting thing he had ever seen.

"What about your package?" Mike asked.

"That's for later. You, mister, have to get behind your tree!" she pointed.

"My tree?! I thought wood nymphs or dryads were connected to their own tree."

"Mike" she interrupted. "Would you rather give me a mythology lesson or see me act out a nude fantasy?!"

"Hmmm" he fake considered. "I choose the tree!"

Dina shook her head and watched until he was safely hidden away, peeking out. She never knew if he dropped trou completely or just got it out. And she didn't want to know!

She knew Mike was excited; so was she. She leaned back on her rock and pointed the place between her legs directly at him. He had never seen her so nude before.

One of her rules was that certain areas still belonged to her husband. She was getting close to violating that rule and she knew she had to try to control herself.

She dearly loved David. He was the most expert and considerate lover she had ever known. He would pause during their lovemaking and examine her state of arousal: her eyes, her mouth, her hard tits, the force with which her vaginal muscles was gripping his cock. He would ask if she wanted him to slow down or speed up; if she needed him to ride her higher and press harder on her sensitive mound. No, she did not want to give up on any of that!

But as for fantasies... she still remembered her breathless descriptions of all her most sensual dreams to David. And his reaction "Given what we do in the bedroom, why do you need fantasies?"

Sorry David, she thought. She was a former editor and a frustrated writer. And all of the stories that filled her head involved her slowly undressing in front of eager men and then entertaining them with every part of her naked body.

Now for the main performance. She opened the bag and put it within reach, about halfway between her pretty knees and her bared pubes. She looked up at Mike: she wanted to be sure his view of her female anatomy was unobstructed.

She reached in and pulled out a cut red rose of the un-thornec variety. She leaned back on the rock, placing the red rose about halfway between her own rose buds.

"Oh no!" she exclaimed, finally in character. "Look at what the humans have done to this poor rose! They have cut it off from the Earth; from it's Mother. What can I do to bring it back, to give it life?"

She looked down at herself as if noticing her breasts for the first time. "Why... I have rosebuds of my own! I thought I was cursed with this female form, but perhaps I was wrong!"

Dina took the rose in her right hand, leaning back. Her left arm was supporting her. She delicately rubbed the rose petals on one of her nipples, then the other. Predictably, they got even harder and longer. She thought that her tits themselves were stretching up and out, reaching for the sun.

"Alas," she exclaimed theatrically, "my own body grows, but not the rose!" She dropped it into the water and watched it float away. "Farewell poor rose!"

She glanced up to see Mike still peeking out, watching her nude in nature debut intently.

"But what is this?" she exclaimed. "I sense moisture, and the aroma of the sea." She reached down between her legs.

Now she didn't dare look at Mike. Thirty

feet away and she could sense him holding his breath. She circled her feminine folds, around her vaginal opening, then gently pushed up her hood to expose her glistening clit.

"Mmm..." she said. "Sweet honey." And she lifted her fingers to her mouth and tasted.

She had done that in private, but never in front of a man before. She slowly licked her fingers as if she was savoring the taste. Amazingly, the act of tasting her juices made even more juices flow. She parted her long, luscious legs just a tiny bit more. Then she reached into her bag for another flower. It was a daisy.

She traced the daisy so softly over her pussy, it was as if she had never seen anything so delicately beautiful before, and she was afraid it might break.

"Oh daisy: where can you go to grow?" She pressed the stem between her pouty inner lips to no avail. She avoided her pee hole as it was way too sensitive. Finally she found her way down to her vagina.

"An opening! Perhaps a place where life can grow!" And then she straightened her lower body out. She raised one knee briefly to block the view. She had to sit up, rest the flower against her inner thigh, and then open herself up with one hand.

She had practiced this delicate insertion at home, on her bed. It wasn't a matter of hurting her inside, it was getting the stem in without breaking it.

Ahh. The first flower was in. She lowered her knee to give Mike a good view and she thought she heard a gasp. Yes, she had succeeded in getting four flowers in at home. When she gingerly got up and looked in her mirror, she just had to reach for her love button, coming hard and fast. The sight of pretty flowers adorning her cunt was too much — even for her.

Dani had discovered that she had a very welcoming vagina — once you successfully inserted one thing, it became easier and more open for more. The stems tickled going in, but in a good way. It seemed to her that tickling stimulated her inner walls, making them start to pulsate and grip. So the next two stems slipped right in without all the fuss of fingers and hiding herself.

Now she looked up the hill, directly at Mike. She opened her legs wider than ever before and then lifted her lower body off the slab of rock. Yes, she was quite the sight with the three yellow white and pink flowers emerging from her hole.

It did help that she was already leaking. That and the incessant tickling made her want to go for it and clit her way to a quick one. But she had more to do. Her most intimate act was yet to come.

She took a deep breath. Time to get back in character. "These flowers are not growing. This liquid is only for the pleasure of this frail female skin. I must cleanse my body of this curse."

This was the part she didn't like. She slowly pulled the flowers out of her sweet opening. She hesitated, then began crushing the soft petals in her hand. It wasn't like she was going to display these flowers again; not after they'd been shoved up her cunt!

She looked up at Mike and very deliberately opened her legs. She was breaking rules and showing him so much more than he'd ever seen, and she wanted him to know it. Then she started pushing the crushed petals inside her.

She mushed them around with her fingers. She was trying to get them soaked up in her wetness. She licked her lips in excitement and pulled some of her new, floral cunt paste out. She smooshed some in between her pokey inner lips. She avoided her clit, which had turned into an instant orgasm switch. She played with her belly button, leaving a little mess inside.

She reached down and made some more paste, like she was a paste factory, staring straight at Mike all the time. Once suitably wet and sticky, she began massaging her breasts with the mixture. She very carefully made sure each nipple was covered. Then she brought her fingers to her lips.

She knew Mike was ready to explode. She silently implored him to wait. Just the feel of the petals in her cunt had already put her on the edge. She tasted her fingers and was surprised at the sweet and salty taste. She had never tasted herself in front of a man before, and certainly not with her juices mixed with flowers.

She very suddenly lifted up her knees and brought them up to her tits, squishing them. More important was the view she was presenting. She now had easier and closer access to her cunt. She swirled more petals around then out. Then she opened up her cheeks.

She applied her paste inside, avoiding touching her actual anal opening. She heard Mike begin to moan. She had reached his breaking point. She quickly

switched both hands to her pussy.

Then she saw something she had never seen before. With an accompanying moan that was practically a scream, she actually saw an arc of white liquid burst out from behind the tree.

Now she was lost. She squeezed her inner lips, pumped her clit and plunged fingers into her vagina. She wasn't sure if her first orgasm started at those centers of pleasure and radiated out, or the waves started at the tips of her toes and roared up her quivering legs. She only knew later, in her shower, that she had scratches in places she never had before.

Her soft little fingers and toes clenched and unclenched as they tried to find a grip on that hard, cold rock. Her personal heat infused her body with sweat running down every long limb, indistinguishable from the hot juices flowing out from her center.

She found herself bouncing her sweet naked ass up and down and yet somehow, never lost her hard grip on and inside her pussy.

"Oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck!!" she cried out, and she heard the startled flapping of bird's wings as she ended the peaceful quiet in her special, secret forest.

Subsiding. Slowly crashing down. She settled back down on her rock and it was as if the world came back into focus. She propped herself off and saw Mike. He had come out from behind the tree and was seated on the grass. He was nude from the waist down but his legs were bent and he was facing away. She was surprised at how muscular those legs looked.

It was no longer fair for a grown man to have to hide behind a tree. She was the one who had just brought their relationship to a whole new level of intimacy. She would make it up to him, today. She probably needed help in the shower, and getting dressed. It was unlikely that the South would rise again at Mike's age. In this case, having an older man tend to her needs was a blessing.

She lay back down again. She wanted to hold onto this moment forever. She was feminine, she was sexual, she was beautiful... and she had two men in love with her.

She noticed the spots of sunlight on her body as a warming summer breeze stirred the leaves. It was as if the Sun was dancing with her. She spread out her arms and her legs, like the most un-virginal sacrifice ever.

"Go ahead," she whispered, maybe to the Sun, "if you want to dance, I'm ready!"