

# Trail Magic

(c) Copyright 2000 by Wiseguy

Bridget and I were at that awkward stage in our relationship. We'd been dating full-time for about eight months, sleeping together for most of that. We spent nights together a lot, sometimes at my place and sometimes at hers. Things had been pretty steady that way for a while, but with my lease coming up in just over a month the big question hung in the air around us: do we move in together or not?

It wasn't just a question of logistics, of course. Moving in together is a big step, one that implies the relationship is moving in a certain direction. At 26 I still thought of myself as a young guy; I wasn't averse to the idea of a Mrs. Leo Simmons, but I wasn't actively looking for one either.

At the same time, choosing to keep my apartment for another year also seemed like it might imply something. Would Bridget take it as a sign that I didn't want to commit? I wasn't getting a good reading from her either way, and I'll admit I didn't have the guts to ask straight out. The 90's may be over (or not, depending on who you ask), but I'm still trying to figure out that sensitive male thing.

What I did do is agree to go with Bridget on a weekend hike across the Maryland leg of the Appalachian Trail. She's very outdoorsy, loves to go hiking and camping and climbing. I'm more of a fishing and hunting type myself, but I'd gone on hikes with Bridget before and I can keep up with her. I had visions of making love under the stars to motivate me, too.

And so it was that we found ourselves in South Mountain State Park early on a cloudy Saturday morning. It was late May, not quite tourist season yet, so traffic wasn't too bad. My pal Jerry drove us up in his Jeep and dropped us at the trailhead, agreeing to meet us in Harper's Ferry late Sunday afternoon. It was a 40-mile hike, which is pretty aggressive for only two days, but we were in good enough physical shape to handle it.

Bridget set a comfortable pace for us and we started out hand in hand along the trail, watching for the blue blazes that marked routes to shelter. We walked quickly over the flat parts, more slowly when the trail got

rocky. After each steep climb we rewarded ourselves with a short breather, then pressed on. We planned to cover a good 25 miles or more Saturday, camp overnight, then do the rest on Sunday.

By lunchtime we had already covered 12 miles, so we were right on schedule. We followed a short side trail to a scenic overlook and sat down on a fallen tree trunk to eat the sandwiches we'd packed with us for lunch.

"Thanks for coming along," Bridget told me between bites. "I know long hikes aren't your favorite weekend activity."

"No," I agreed with a lecherous wink, "but I'm sure you'll make it up to me when we turn in for the night."

She grinned back. "What makes you think we'll still have the energy by then?"

"Good point," I retorted. "Maybe we should duck into the bushes now while we're fresh."

Bridget started to respond, but an unfamiliar voice jumped in instead. "I wouldn't if I were you -- brambles." We both jumped, then we saw the source of the interruption: a lone hiker had come up the trail behind us. "Sorry if I startled you," she said, coming to a stop in front of where we sat. Her voice was bright and rich and a little winded.

"It's okay," Bridget said. "We didn't realize anyone was nearby."

"I guess not," the hiker replied. "You two must be in great shape -- it was quite a challenge catching up to you. I haven't worked this hard in ages." She pulled off her hat, revealing a matted mop of rich blonde hair and a plain, friendly-looking face. I guessed her age at mid thirties. She had bright blue eyes and a deep natural tan. The hand she held out to us was slightly calloused but well cared for. "I'm Gretel," she said.

I shook the offered hand. "I'm Leo, and this is Bridget. Pull up a log and make yourself at home."

"Thanks." Shedding her pack, Gretel took a seat on a tree stump next to our log. We shifted to form a conversational circle.

"We've got some extra food if you'd like some," Bridget offered.

"I've got my own, thank you." She fished in one of the pockets of her pack and pulled out one of those energy bars. She peeled open the foil packet and took a good-sized bite.

"So why did you work so hard to catch up with us?" I asked.

"No special reason," she said. "I first caught site of you at South Mountain and could tell from the pace you set that you weren't typical day hikers. I like to challenge myself, so I decided to try and catch up to you. It's just a game to pass the time."

"How long have you been out here?"

"A week," she replied. "I want to walk the entire Trail, but I don't have the time or stamina to do it all at once, so I'm taking it in pieces. I started out at the North end four years ago and I do one or two outings a year. This leg started out in Pennsylvania last weekend; I'm aiming to reach the Pine Mountain loop in Virginia in another ten days, then go back home to Pittsburgh to recuperate. Next time I'll pick up at Pine Mountain and see how far I can get. My goal is to finish the trail before turning 40."

"Wow," I said with respect. "What does your family think of you hiking alone?"

"They think I'm nuts," she confessed, "but it beats sitting in front of a computer all day."

We rested and talked some more, sharing some bottled water. We learned that Gretel was a 37-year-old widow with two kids in their late teens, and that she worked as a freelance writer for outdoor sports magazines. I could feel that strange, magical sense of kinship, of camaraderie, that so often bonds strangers on the trails. Bridget felt it too, I think, because she invited Gretel to walk with us to Harper's Ferry.

The three of us rejoined the trail rested and with a new energy, talking little as we clicked off the miles but appreciating the scenery and the company every step of the way. Gretel was in great shape, with a pair of powerful legs that carried her easily over the rocks and hills. We took a ten-minute break every 90 minutes or so, watching the still-cloudy sky for signs of rain, and still reached the spot where we had planned to camp a good hour ahead of schedule.

There was a campground there, a good-sized clearing with a well and a fire circle maintained by the Appalachian Trail Conference crews for

exactly that purpose. We had been planning to pitch our tent and spend the night there, but when we reached the clearing it was already occupied by a party of 16 teenagers and their chaperones. We didn't mind a little company on the trail, but bedding down with a busload of partying youths wasn't what we had in mind.

"We've still got plenty of daylight left," Gretel suggested. "Let's go a few more miles down and find a quieter spot." We checked the map in our guidebook; there wasn't another maintained campground for about 10 miles, but we figured we could find a suitable spot before then.

Sure enough, we went another five miles or so down the Trail and found the perfect spot: a smaller clearing at the end of a side path, where an unnamed creek flowed by. The ground was flat and firm leading to a smooth stone slab at the creek's edge, and bare enough that we could safely build a small fire if we needed to.

The sky was darkening a little, so our first order of business was to set up shelter. Ours was really just a large tarp, which we lashed to a pair of trees and tent stakes to form a simple but effective lean-to shelter. The open sides gave us the feel of sleeping under the stars but there was enough cover to keep us dry if it rained. Gretel liked the arrangement so much that she mimicked it, using the outer skin of her small one-person shelter to make her own lean-to.

"This is nice," she remarked as she rolled out her sleeping bag. "You can actually move around this way; as a tent, this thing is barely big enough to crawl in and out of."

We had a nice dinner, cooked on our camp stove, and were able to use the creek to wash our utensils. There hadn't been any rain in the forecast, but by the time we had the dinner debris cleared up it was obvious we were in for a wet night. We made sure our things were under cover, and opted to turn in.

Gretel wasn't shy -- the three of us were still talking, swapping stories about trail experiences and whatnot, when she stripped down to her underwear and did a few stretches before sliding into the sack. She had a splendid body, rugged and lean but soft-looking in all the right places. I didn't want to get caught looking too closely, though, so I concentrated on working with Bridget on setting up our double bag.

Then I realized my mistake: our shelters were facing each other at a distance of only a few feet. The lack of privacy was going to put a serious

crimp in my half-formed plans for the evening, not to mention Bridget's ardor. Dammit!

Gretel must have read my face, because she grinned at me. "I'm a very sound sleeper," she said with a wink. "Give me twenty minutes and I'll be so gone a minor explosion couldn't rouse me." Then she turned her back to us and was silent.

Bridget and I exchanged a bemused look and followed our new friend's example, stripping down to our underwear and stretching a little. Watching Bridget stretch her tired muscles wearing next to nothing had its usual effect on me and I started caring less about what Gretel might see or hear. By the time we slipped into our double sleeping bag my flag was already at three-quarters mast.

We settled into the bag like spoons, with Bridget tucked inside me. My tent pole pressed against her butt and she teased me by rubbing herself on it, which of course only made things worse. I snaked my left arm underneath her and brought both hands up to her chest, undoing the front clasp on her bra and grabbing a breast in each. Her nipples were semi-erect and grew quickly under my touch.

"Careful," she whispered with a nod toward where Gretel lay a few feet away. "Don't start anything you're not prepared to finish."

"I'm prepared," I said softly, pressing my hardness into her a little more firmly. "The question is, can we do it without attracting attention?"

"Keep that up for long enough," she answered, patting the hands that were fondling her breasts, "and I may not care."

"Works for me." Gretel was silent, her unmoving form barely visible in the meager moonlight. Emboldened by her stillness and by Bridget's apparent willingness to risk it, I nibbled lightly on my girlfriend's neck and slid one hand down inside her panties. There I found the magic button and nudged it a few times until my fingers were slick with her juices.

"No fair," Bridget protested in a half-moan, but her hand reached back, found the bulge where my shaft was trying to push through my briefs, and started pumping me.

The body heat was building up inside the sleeping bag. I could feel a fine mist of sweat starting to cover us both. I was also feeling a strong need to get us out of that underwear, and that was going to need a little more

freedom of movement. With one more look toward Gretel -- no change there -- I unzipped the bag and moved on top of Bridget. She took the opportunity to push down her own panties, then as I propped myself up on all fours above her she grabbed my briefs and yanked them down out of the way. The unzipped bag gapped open, exposing us completely to Gretel's view had she been looking, but we were too far gone to worry about it. I kissed Bridget's navel, then worked my way up to her chest and adored her breasts with my tongue. She was impatient, though; she grabbed me with both hands and pulled me up higher, hooking her legs around my butt and hauling me in.

I slipped into her easily as our mouths met in a kiss, then I rose up a little and plunged myself in deeper. Bridget's back arched and her eyes closed as she relaxed into it, letting all of her energies gather at the place where we were joined. Her legs kicked and I felt the sleeping bag fall back as she came, moaning sweetly into the night air.

A hint of movement caught the corner of my eye. I looked again at Gretel but it was hard to tell what, if anything, she was doing as heavy clouds had choked off most of the moonlight. I heard, or maybe imagined I heard, a soft grunting from nearby and a faint swish of moving nylon, but before I could examine it I felt the rush of an orgasm shooting through me and all thought was choked off by the pleasure of the event. I finished slowly, relishing every second, then slid off Bridget and held her as we went to sleep.

We woke in the morning to the sound of heavy raindrops against the shelter. I felt a pleasant coolness at my back and realized the sleeping bag was still unzipped and my back and butt were hanging out of the open side. I also realized that my briefs were still around my ankles. There wasn't much I could do about it without waking Bridget -- our nocturnal activities had gotten the bedroll twisted around -- but I did manage to roll us both over a little so I was on my back with Bridget half on top of me, her head resting on my chest. That was cozy and kept my crack covered.

"Don't cover up on my account."

I looked over and saw Greta sitting up inside her shelter and smiling at me. She was digging in her pack and soon brought out a zippered plastic pouch.

"Good morning," I finally said lamely. What else do you say when you're buck naked and wake up to find a stranger in her underwear looking at you? "Sleep well?"

"Like the dead," she replied with a wink. Then to my surprise she crossed her arms, grabbed the bottom edges of the sports bra she was wearing, and pulled it off over her head. She had really nice breasts, a little smaller than Bridget's but with plenty of bounce. I got that far, then realized I was staring and quickly turned my head.

"I'm sorry," I stammered. "I wasn't expecting..."

"It's okay," she said with an amused sparkle in her voice. "I should have warned you -- after a few days on the trail, I tend to leave my modesty behind."

I felt Bridget's head rise up off my chest. "What's going on?" she asked sleepily.

"I think I embarrassed Leo," Gretel answered. "He's blushing."

"He does that when people get naked around him. What are you doing?"

"Well, since it's raining hard enough to preclude most other activities, and since I haven't had a good shower in almost a week, I thought I'd take advantage."

"You're going to shower in the rain? Won't you get cold?"

"It's not that cold a rain," she answered. "In fact, it's very stimulating. You should try it some time."

Curiosity overcame decorum, and I looked over at Gretel again. She had peeled off her panties and was standing up just outside her shelter, letting the water drip down over her. "Join me if you want," she invited, walking over toward the flat stone area by the creek. "It's invigorating."

Bridget and I exchanged glances. "She has a point," Bridget said tentatively. "We could use a shower -- we're all sweaty and sticky."

"And you wouldn't mind ..." I gestured up towards Gretel, who was soaping herself up on the rock.

"Like she said, the rules are a little different out here. Just don't get carried away." With a wink and a kiss, she threw back the top of the sleeping bag and crawled over to her pack.

In less than a minute we had located our soap, shampoo and washcloths and joined Gretel on the big rock. Having stone rather than dirt under our feet made it seem almost like a big shower stall. The water was tepid, but somehow the feel of it flowing over and around me was, as Gretel had said, invigorating. I felt my spirits rising to new heights as Bridget and I playfully scrubbed each other, almost forgetting about the naked stranger nearby, who had finished her shower and was simply stretched out on her back on the stone floor letting the rain have its way with her.

Soon I noticed that something other than my spirits had risen to new heights -- something about the openness, the strangeness of being out in the rain and naked, was really putting a charge into my libido. I turned my back to the women and tried thinking about my mother to get my hyperactive dick to cool down.

It was almost working, too, but then I felt Bridget's hands on my back, sliding smoothly over my skin. She felt her way down to my butt, lingered over the cheeks and then forward until her hand closed around my lengthening shaft. I felt her breasts pressing against me from behind and it was exquisite.

"Careful," I said playfully. "Don't start anything you're not prepared to finish."

"I'm prepared," came the soft whisper into my ear. "The question is, can we do it without attracting attention?"

I laughed quietly at the situation. What the hell, I figured. "Keep that up for long enough and I may not care."

The hand on my shaft squeezed and started pumping me a little more quickly. I wasn't going to last long if she was going to do that, I knew, so I reached back with my hands and groped for her breasts. I found them, but something seemed wrong -- they were a little higher up than I expected, and felt smaller.

Then Bridget stepped in front of me with a wicked grin on her face. "Looking for these?" she taunted, caressing her breasts slowly. There was still a hand on my cock and another stroking the hair on my chest, and now I knew why the breasts I'd found didn't feel like Bridget's.



I can't begin to explain what went through my head in the few seconds after I realized what was happening. Shock, surprise, and the most intense arousal I've ever felt would be a start. I think my yardstick grew an extra inch in that time. Bridget pressed herself against me from the front, making a Leo sandwich with Gretel, and kissed me deeply. I felt her hands reaching behind me, groping, finding. Gretel's hand left my iron rod and slipped between Bridget's legs, making an opening and sliding me in between Bridget's thighs for good measure. My knees got weak and I found myself slipping down, taking the girls with me. They laughed wickedly as they laid me out on my back and then Bridget climbed on, dropping herself down over me and burying my sword completely. Gretel's face popped out behind Bridget and her hands snaked around to Bridget's breasts, playing with the nipples in a way that made Bridget throw her head back and cry out. Her pelvic muscles clamped down on me tightly and she squealed as she came, leaning back on Gretel for support and bouncing up and down on me.

"Your turn," Gretel said, and one hand disappeared from my view. I didn't have to wonder long where it was going -- a second later I felt fingers playing with my balls. I gasped and twitched, and Bridget opened her eyes to watch me. Gretel's fingers danced up and down on my ball sack, then she reached a little further back and touched something that blew me away. My whole body went nuts and I came hard in an instant, groaning out of control with each clenching movement in my groin. Still the fingers kept caressing my balls, prolonging the sensations until I was sure I'd have nothing left for a week.

Bridget rolled off to my left, Gretel to my right, and for a few minutes we lay side by side by side, letting the rain wash over us some more. I became aware of moaning and movement to my right, then Bridget tapped me on the shoulder and pointed to Gretel. She was stretched out on the rock, one hand on a breast, the other between her legs. "Why don't you help out?" Bridget suggested. "We owe her one."

"Yes, ma'am," I said, and got up between Gretel's legs. "Let me take care of that," I told her, and gently moved her hand out of my way. I lowered my face to her mound, kissed it once, then looked to Bridget to make sure she was okay with this. She nodded vigorously, mouthing "Do it," so I went to work.

The rain water mixed with Gretel's own juices as I probed, poked, prodded and teased, learning the territory as I went. Bridget crawled over at one point and helped out, telling Gretel to relax and enjoy. I found the magic

spot and circled it with my tongue, something that drives Bridget wild, and got a similar result. Gretel's hips pumped and her breathing came in loud gasps as she climaxed, squeezing my head between her thighs with an amazing strength. I stayed in the saddle, triggering more twitches every time she seemed to be easing off, keeping her in ecstasy for as long as I could. Finally she'd had enough; she squirmed away, laughing breathlessly with us.

"I'm not 26 anymore," she pointed out breathlessly. "If we keep this up I'll need a six-hour nap to recover."

The rain was slowing down, so we washed off the traces of our activities and dried off inside shelter. By the time we were dressed the sun was peeking out and the rain had stopped. We cooked and ate a big breakfast -- somehow we'd all worked up a huge appetite -- and broke camp.

Thanks to the extra miles the night before, we had only about 10 more to go before reaching our destination. We took it easy, laughing and joking and holding hands all the way. We killed off the rest of our provisions at a brief lunch stop, and made it to Harper's Ferry well before Jerry was supposed to meet us. We offered to treat Gretel to a restaurant meal while we waited for him.

"No thanks," she said with a smile. "As tempting as the offer is, my trail isn't over for the day. It's been an amazing, exhilarating time, but I need to press on if I'm going to stay on schedule."

"I don't know what to say," I told her. "We've never done anything like that before. It was incredible."

Gretel smiled and took both of our hands. "Neither have I," she said. "In fact, you were the first people I've been with that way since my husband died. Meeting up with you two has been a blessing for me ... a touch of trail magic."

We hugged and exchanged addresses, then we escorted Gretel to the trailhead and watched her disappear into the woods.

As we waited for Jerry in a picnic area by the highway, I looked at Bridget with new eyes. I wondered why I'd been so reluctant to think about having a future with this girl, so hesitant about making any kind of commitment to her.

Jerry showed up on schedule in his Jeep. He took a look at us and grinned widely. "Looks like you had a good time," he remarked.

"Pretty good," I agreed. "Even the rain wasn't too bad." Bridget slapped me on the butt for that one.

"Do you want to eat first," Jerry asked, "or just head home?"

"Let's head home," I suggested. "I want to get a look at the newspaper. It's time to start looking for a new place." I gave Bridget a squeeze and added, "Our place."

We spent most of the drive home necking in the back of Jerry's Jeep. At one point I looked up to see him watching us in the rear view mirror.

"What got into you two?" he asked.

I winked at him. "Just a little trail magic."

-wg

7/4/00