**The Hide**

by Winefiend

*An ecologist gets a biology lesson.*

The two lizards were locked in combat. Standing on their hind legs, propped up by their powerful tails, they embraced, front legs bearing sharp talons holding onto each other as though they were dance partners, not territorial rivals. The ends of their tails lashed from side to side as they tangoed, flailing noisily through the dry leaf litter. Long, forked tongues periodically flicked from their mouths.

The reptiles paid me no mind, partly because their focus was squarely on their fierce battle and partly because I was concealed within my portable canvas hide.

My PhD research on the ecology and behaviour of sand goannas regularly brought me out to this patch of eucalypt woodland on Sydney's North Shore, where I spent endless hours following goannas around and watching them do very little. This battle was exactly what I had been hoping and waiting to see, and I frantically took notes on postures and behaviours.

And then, suddenly, it was over. The smaller lizard clearly realised that it was outclassed and released its rival before rapidly retreating, the larger lizard in hot pursuit.

Just as I was finishing writing up my notes, I heard something off in the distance. Footsteps, the crunching the brittle sticks and leaf litter, getting louder. I peered out of the small slit in the hide and watched as a woman came into view. She was about my age -- early twenties -- shoulder-length mousy brown hair, pale, almost translucent skin, dressed for bushwalking in jeans, sturdy walking shoes, a t-shirt and fleece, a day pack on her back.

She stopped at the base of a broad, smooth-barked eucalypt not far from where I was hidden, dropped her bag and unzipped it, pulling out what looked like a small picnic rug. After opening up and laying out the rug, she took off her shoes and socks, and then she surprised me by beginning to strip off the rest of her clothing, carefully folding each item and placing them in a neat pile on the rug's edge. Eventually she stood there in just her bra and knickers. Her underwear was strictly functional -- plain cotton without even a hint of lace to sexy things up.

Squatting, she rummaged around in the day pack, pulled out a bottle of water and a book, and then sat down, leaning back against the tree. For a while she was still, eyes closed, soaking up the warmth of the sun. Then she took a swig of water from the bottle, picked up the book and began to read.

Now that she was still, I took a proper look at her, scanning her through my binoculars. Quite plain, bordering on the unattractive, but wow, what a body. Slim and taut -- I could even see a hint of a six-pack -- but with a set of very nice-looking breasts. Big but not too big, C-cup I guessed -- a nice handful. That thought sent a jolt of electricity to my cock, which responded by beginning to fill with blood.

I could see why she had chosen that particular spot. It was in a slight depression, with thicker undergrowth curving around behind the big tree, creating a proper sun trap, warm on what was otherwise quite a cool morning, and also very secluded. I wondered how she had chanced upon it -- we were quite a long way from the nearest path.

Obviously, I couldn't really get up now -- I would scare the shit out of her and probably also embarrass the hell out of her -- and frankly I really didn't want to. Watching goannas fight was all very interesting but watching a gorgeously stacked young woman lie around in her underwear was on a whole other level. I settled down to wait, something I was more than used to doing.

And then, finally, perhaps half an hour after the girl had appeared, my patience was rewarded as her right hand dropped from her book and began to idly caress her left breast, moving down from her upper chest, over the curve and then stopping, cupping the breast from below as her thumb slowly moved back and forth over her nipple.

I silently raised my binoculars. Yep, her nipple was now visible, poking out against the cotton material of her bra. She began to squeeze it lightly between thumb and forefinger as she raised her left knee, running her foot against her right calf.

After a while she swapped hands, her right hand holding the book, her left repeating the slow slide down over her breast and her thumb beginning to stroke her right nipple, but a little faster this time.

My cock was properly hard now, but bent slightly and pressing uncomfortably against my shorts. As quietly as I could, I shifted position and reached inside my underwear to shift my throbbing cock's position, pausing to run a finger over the sensitive area on the underside, just below the head, and savouring the rush of pleasure that spread out from my groin.

Even without the binoculars I could see that both of her nipples were now properly hard. She curled together her thumb and fingers on her left hand, leaving only the forefinger extended, and slowly slid the finger under the edge of her bra. I could see it moving back and forth beneath the material, flicking across the nipple. Her mouth opened slightly and I watched the tip of her tongue run across her top lip as her chest rose and fell in a long sigh. All the while she was continuing to rub her left foot up and down her right calf.

Picking up her bookmark, she placed it inside the book, which she then put down beside her. Looking around, she raised herself up and slid her knickers off, placing them carefully on top of the pile of clothes. Leaning back against the tree, she ran her hands down over her tits and stomach, and then along the insides of her thighs as her legs spread apart. For a while, she just ran her hands up and down her inner thighs, her feet far apart and pointing outwards, her pussy now fully exposed to my hungry gaze, her own eyes closed. She had a nice, neatly trimmed bush, the dark triangle setting off the pink, fleshy, shaved lips below.

After a while, her left hand slid all the way up from her thighs to cup her right breast while her right hand slid up to her pussy. First, she ran her fingers through her pubic hair a few times, bringing her fingers together and pulling upwards, so that she lightly pulled on the hairs. Then, she slowly ran her forefinger up and down her slit, pausing every now and then to lightly rub back and forth over her clit.

Leaning forward slightly, she reached behind her back to unhook her bra, which she slid down her arms and then added to the clothing pile. I had to suppress a groan as her gorgeous breasts finally came into full view. Soft as pillows, they swung ever so slightly as she moved. The pale flesh was unmarked by tan lines, her pink nipples and areolas contrasting with her milky-white skin.

Resting her back on the tree again, her hands returned to their previous positions, but only after each one had stopped at her mouth to get a little bit of saliva on her forefingers. The left finger circled around her right nipple, smearing the spit around and making it nice and slippery. The right finger rubbed its payload over and around her clit, spreading her pussy lips apart and exposing the glistening pink flesh beneath. Again, I saw her chest rise and fall, the escaping sigh this time loud enough for me to hear.

Mimicking her, I got a little saliva on my right forefinger, too, then crooked it under the waistband of my shorts and spread it over the underside of my cock, which was properly aching now, desperate for a firmer touch. I held back, however, keen to savour the feeling.

Her hands were moving faster now. A second finger joined the first as it roamed around her pussy, first dipping in the juices that were now flowing from her cunt then sliding up and down on either side of her clit. I could see her hips begin to move, almost imperceptibly, in time with, and in opposition to, the movements of her fingers.

The hand on her tit was rubbing with more strength, too. I could see her fingers digging into the flesh and then relaxing, her hard nipple peeking out between fingers that also squeezed and released.

Her mouth was open, her chest rising and falling more rapidly, the movement of her hips becoming more pronounced. She was properly rubbing her clit now, all of her fingers moving together in small circles as she squashed it against the flesh beneath.

Her soft moans reached out across the space separating us, melding with the sounds of the woodland -- birds calling, the wind jostling the leaves -- and my own increasingly heavy breathing, which reverberated around in the darkness of my little hide-out.

I had my cock in my hand now, squeezing gently and running my fingers up and down the shaft and over the almost painfully hard head. Each time I clenched the muscles in my pelvic floor, I got a jolt of pleasure tinged with pain as more blood filled the engorged head.

I watched as her left hand released her breast, dwelt briefly over her mouth as she collected some more saliva and then dropped to her pussy. Her right hand continued to rub her clit as she spread the saliva around the opening of her vagina before slowly inserting first one finger and then another. Her hips were properly moving now, thrusting forward as her fingers disappeared into her cunt and then backward as they reappeared.

Her moans were growing louder, but she would periodically go silent as she held her breath and I could just pick up the moist sounds of her fingers pistoning in and out of her pussy. Then, suddenly, all of the air in her lungs would be released in one long, unfathomably sexy guttural groan.

'Oooohhhhh, fuck,' she said as she slowed things down a little, apparently keen to draw out the journey to what was clearly an impending orgasm. Her voice was surprisingly low and rich for someone with such a slight frame, contributing another element of sexiness to the whole scene.

She removed her fingers from her pussy holding them under her nose as she inhaled her scent and then moving them down to smear her juices on her right nipple. Her right hand continued to play with her clit, a bit more slowly now, alternating a broad, sweeping circular rubbing motion with an up and down movement with fingers running alongside her engorged button, sometimes squeezing together so that it popped up even more prominently.

Her left hand dropped back down to her pussy and two fingers once more explored the opening to her cunt before disappearing inside. Her right hand began to speed up again and her hips resumed their thrusting. She was obviously going for it now and I put some saliva on my own hand and began to slide it up and down my cock, hoping I could time my orgasm to coincide with hers.

I could hear her whimpering and moaning with the odd 'Fuck' thrown in for good measure as she frantically rubbed her pussy. Her beautiful tits gently swayed and bounced with the movement of her arms.

And then, suddenly, she stiffened. 'Oh my god,' she cried as her eyes bugged open in her now flushed face, her thighs clamped together around her hands and her body began to shake violently. Her orgasm caught me slightly by surprise, but I'd been teetering on the brink for some time and before her spasms had subsided, I sprayed several thick jets of cum onto the inside of the hide.

When the shaking stopped, she let out a long sigh and brought her left hand up to her mouth and languorously licked the milky juices from her fingers. She lay there for some time, her eyes closed, her breathing slowly returning to normal, her legs apart once more, one hand playing absently with her nipples, the other very lightly rubbing her pussy.

Eventually, her eyes opened and she rocked forward onto her knees and began to pick up pieces of clothing from the pile on the rug, dressing methodically before putting the book, water and rug back in her daypack. Taking one last look around her -- her eyes sliding over me and my well-camouflaged hide without stopping -- she shouldered her pack and walked back the way she came.