**Camp Inspection**

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**Camp Inspection Ch. 01**

In the summer months, Elise likes to work as a Park Ranger in Sequoia National Park, famous for its giant trees in the southern Sierra Nevada. It allows her to offset the cost of her studies at the University of California, Los Angeles, which is only a four-hour drive away. The better part of her work involves hiking up the trails to remote areas, and ensuring that park regulations are followed. For the most part, it is an easy job; there are typically no more than fifty visitors on any given day at the ranger station. Every time she goes on camp inspection duty, she meets four or five backpackers on average. Furthermore, the majority of campers follows the rules rigorously, and applies the "Leave No Trace" principles with the utmost care and diligence. Only once did she find someone burning wood in a prohibited area, where it could lead to a wildfire, and she has never, in the three years she has worked for the Park Service, encountered anyone feeding wildlife, or leaving trash or food scraps behind.  
  
It is the third week of June, on a warm and sunny Thursday morning, and Elise has been hiking her favourite trail up to Monarch Lake. She is supposed to go on camp inspection duty with a colleague, but he called in sick, so she decided to go up on her own. The Park Service discourages solo outings for its staff, but it's a gorgeous day and she didn't relish the prospect of spending it in the office, answering inevitable questions about nonexistent bear attacks. She knows from the Wilderness Permit log that she should find at most one camper along the trail, a certain Daniel Ellsworth from Palo Alto, California. The spring season was fairly cool, and the trail is still partially covered in snow. As a result, only a handful of backpackers have applied for a Wilderness Permit. Unless someone failed to pick up a permit at the ranger station (a situation for which she is required to issue a citation), she will most likely meet day hikers only.  
  
After an invigorating three-hour hike, she reaches the lake. As she comes near the shore, she notices that someone is swimming. She is impressed. The lake's water temperature at this time of the year does not exceed 50 degrees Fahrenheit. Most visitors just extend their legs in the glacial water, and only the most adventurous dare swim for more than a few minutes at a time.  
  
It's a good opportunity for her to look around for campsites, especially since the swimmer doesn't seem to have noticed her. Over the last three years, she is certain that many campers have seen her coming on the trail and have run back to their camp to clear things up before her arrival. But if the swimmer is in fact Mr Ellsworth, then he's alone, and she will be able to find out how he truly left his gear before going for a dip. Did he leave food unattended? Did he litter? Did he illegally collect firewood?  
  
When she finds his camp, she searches for improper waste disposal and other infractions, she concludes that he must be an experienced backpacker. His camping gear is top-notch. She's also impressed that he has picked the best possible spot. He's exactly 100 feet from the water, clear of dying trees, with a lovely view of the lake at sunset, and has put his backpack and equipment away nicely. She meticulously goes through her inspection checklist and finds only one minor violation. She feels a little guilty having to give him a warning, but that is her job after all, and she has walked several hours up, including the arduous crossing of a boulder field, so she might as well have a quick conversation with him.  
  
She walks down to the shore to talk to him, and notices another violation. Nothing substantial, but she feels that educating backpackers is the best way to keep national parks as pristine as possible for the next generation of hikers and campers. She has the feeling it will be a fun conversation, at least for her. Hopefully he'll get a kick out of it as well. She calls out:  
  
"Hellooo? I am from the US Park Service. Can you come out of the water, please?"  
  
Daniel has been oblivious to the fact that a Park Ranger was going through his belongings. Hearing someone address him, he turns his head towards the voice, with a look of concern. He left all his clothes on the shore. He can see them behind her, bundled near the water. They seem to have fallen off the boulder he had originally placed them on. There is a gentle breeze, but every few minutes a gale comes around and adds a few ripples to the lake surface. And knocks things over, apparently.  
  
"Hi! Er... I'm coming. But I should let you know that I am not currently wearing any clothes."  
  
"You don't need to worry about that. There is no one else around. Just come over."  
  
As Daniel swims back to shore, Elise sees through the crystal clear water that he is indeed stark naked.  
  
Ten feet from the shore, Daniel crouches and looks for a flat surface to stand on, but there are only rocks and slippery pebbles. As he tries to find his footing, he attempts to cover his crotch as best he can, but has no choice but to hold on to shallow rocks with his hands. He inevitably must let the ranger see his full nudity, lest he lose his balance. Elise makes sure to stand right where Daniel is expected to come out of the water. He's never had to walk out of a lake naked in front of a woman, and he's not sure how he should present himself. He slowly walks to her with both hands covering his groin area, since she would presumably be offended by the sight of his exposed genitals.  
  
"Excuse me sir, what is your name? I'm Elise Preston, from the US Park Service."  
  
"Er... I'm Daniel. Ellsworth. Er... I'm going to pick up my clothes and come back."  
  
"Hold on. I'm afraid I can't let you do that. I've just completed an inspection and I cannot let you move anything around until we go through all the violations. Also, I'm going to ask you to remove your hands from your groin area."  
  
"But... er... wouldn't that be considered indecent exposure? Won't I get in trouble?"  
  
"Actually, no. Let me explain; there aren't any rules against skinny dipping. Since I asked you to come out, and you didn't choose to step out of the water in your state of undress, you are not technically in violation of existing indecency rules. That is, as long as you remove your hands. You see, keeping your hands over your groin area could be construed as you touching your genitals, which is tantamount to lewd behaviour. I would have to cite you and radio in other rangers to escort you out. So please remove your hands."  
  
Daniel quickly uncovers his penis and brings his palms up facing her.  
  
"No, no, look. I'm not doing anything. My hands are up here!"  
  
"Good. You can keep your arms by your side, or crossed, or behind your back. Just not... right there." She points towards his penis, which has now returned to its normal size after having previously shrunk in the cold lake water. "Let's proceed with the results of my inspection. The first trouble item is..."  
  
"Are you sure I can't go get my clothes? They're right there. It feels weird being naked like that."  
  
"No doubt. But your clothes are actually one of the violations. And don't worry about your nudity. I'm only here to report on your campsite. It's rather common for visitors to disrobe when swimming here. Whether you have clothes on or not is irrelevant." She wants to say something to make him feel more comfortable, but hesitates before saying it. "I've been known to skinny dip in this lake as well."  
  
Daniel looks at Elise inquisitively. He's used to skinny dipping, but he never thought he'd ever be asked to undergo an interview with an enforcement officer while in the buff. He is embarrassed by the fact that the ranger, in her neatly-pressed uniform, wearing solid boots and a wide-brim hat, is looking at him, while he's naked, dripping with water, and shivering. Although, at the same time, the situation makes him feel strangely empowered. He doesn't quite understand why the ranger insists that he can't put clothes on, though. The rules she mentioned sound arbitrary, and she certainly could be more flexible with respect to their interpretation. On the other hand, she does not show any interest in his body, she talks to him dispassionately, firmly, looking at him straight in the eyes. Maybe she's so focused on her work that she's oblivious to his state of undress?  
  
"OK, let's proceed with the first violation. Please step ahead of me and go to the boulder over there, where your clothes are."  
  
"Can I follow you? I feel uncomfortable walking in front of you."  
  
"I must insist you go ahead. We must keep park visitors within sight at all times during any inspection, for safety reasons." Her statement about safety causes Daniel to frown in disbelief, so she mischievously adds, smiling at him: "You might wield a giant stick and knock it over my head while I'm not watching."  
  
Daniel finds the idea amusing. He's also struck by her radiant smile. When she first hailed him, he'd been expecting a stern lecture about not bringing a bathing suit, but she acts as if it were the most normal and inconsequential thing in the world.  
  
"Yes, the giant stick. The one I have in my back pocket."  
  
"Yes, that one exactly. Mr Ellsworth, you may be hiding treacherous weapons upon your body, so I must ask you to walk ahead of me."  
  
Daniel chuckles. He finds Elise delightful to talk to. The sun and the gentle breeze are starting to dry him off. He's impressed that she is able to conduct herself with such aplomb, in spite of the fact that she is talking to a wet, naked man. His attitude about her starts shifting—she's now less a representative of the law giving him a hard time, and more of an outdoorsy woman, devoting her time to maintain America's best natural spaces. He finds her quite attractive; she is petite, with her pleated pants accentuating her round hips. Her hair is tied in a ponytail under the signature ranger's wide-brim hat.  
  
"Well of course, Ms Preston. Please follow me."  
  
While walking towards the boulder, Daniel is intensely conscious of the fact that Elise is only a couple of feet behind him, with immediate view of his buttocks. Daniel thinks he looks nice naked. After all, he eats well and exercises regularly. He's also developed a nice, even tan. Hopefully, she's appreciating his physique—even though she is too professional to make any comment about it. He wonders if she made up the rule about him not being to get to his clothes. Normally, he would be upset about it, but for some reason, he finds it amusing to interact with her in an ordinary way, with the only unusual thing being that he is in the buff.  
  
"You may stop here Mr Ellsworth. As you can see, your clothes are on the ground, just inches from the shoreline, covering vegetation. It's obvious that you left them on the boulder here, and that they fell. But I am sure you know it is illegal to trample over vegetation within 25 feet of a body of water."  
  
"Trample? That's a bit strong, no? My clothes just fell off the rock."  
  
"I see that, but the park rules don't consider whether the covering of vegetation is intentional or not. Even though the wind did it, you are still responsible for ensuring that you leave no trace."  
  
Daniel feels discouraged. He thought the ranger may give him a short lecture about something he forgot to do, maybe because he camped 90 feet away from the water instead of 100 feet. But being cited for something so minor feels harsh.  
  
"Will I have to pay a fine?"  
  
Elise stays quiet for a few seconds. She feels bad putting a camper in a situation where he's worried about paying a fine for what is truly a trivial matter. She thought it would be fun to talk to such an attractive young man while he's naked, but she definitely doesn't want to intimidate conscientious campers, especially ones who are so friendly. And... compliant?  
  
"No, no, no. There is definitely no fine. At the worst—the very worst—I would only write a warning."  
  
Daniel is relieved. He now understands she's only showing him what a strict reading of the rules is. She continues:  
  
"But let's not worry about the clothes. I only wanted to bring them to your attention. Just put them back on the rock and let's proceed to your campsite."  
  
"Okay!"  
  
Daniel starts walking but then stops, turns around, and looks at her.  
  
"Wait... Shouldn't I be able to put my clothes back on now?"  
  
Elise stares intently back at him. She knows that her original reason for not letting him put his clothes on is no longer valid. She has explained what the problem was, with the clothes not being secured, away from the water or vegetation. She is about to tell him that he can put them back on, when she notices that he's smiling at her. And his smile seems to grow larger—maybe he fully understands now that she's purposely keeping him naked, even using the most abstruse interpretations of the rules? His demeanour indicates that he feels rather comfortable being naked around her. He has made no effort to cover any part of his body, he doesn't seem to mind. In fact, she thinks he is most likely enjoying it. He has not turned around, or tried to stay out of sight. She also find him quite attractive; he looks like he may be in his mid-twenties, just a handful of years older than her. His butt was a delight to watch while he was walking ahead of her. His posture is confident, his attitude largely nonchalant; she saw him bring his hands through his wet hair a couple of times, standing in a power pose, pushing his head back, raising his elbows, inflating his chest, and pulling the hair back to keep it off his forehead. She changes her mind.  
  
"No. You cannot move anything until all violations are addressed."  
  
Daniel knows that she is most likely making this rule up. She may even have made the others up as well. But he's enjoying this moment and wants to find out how far she'll take it. He decides to play along.  
  
"Of course! I cannot disturb any of the items until the inspection is complete. Only then will I be allowed to retrieve them."  
  
Elise feels relieved that Daniel gives in so easily, and even makes up a rule to justify the extension of his forced state of undress. He just seems genuinely comfortable being naked around her. He's utterly charming.  
  
"Exactly. We must keep everything undisturbed, until we have gone through the whole list. Let's go to your camp."  
  
As she starts moving forward, Daniel interrupts:  
  
"Shouldn't I be walking ahead of you?"  
  
 "Oh, of course. I forgot."  
  
"It's for your safety."  
  
 "Indeed. I must keep my eyes on you at all times. I'm watching you closely, Mr Ellsworth."  
  
"I hope you are enjoying the sight, Ms Preston."  
  
As Daniel turns around to proceed to his campsite, Elise cannot suppress a giggle. Now she has no doubt about his assurance; she can see it in the way he walks. She can see his hamstring muscles flexing, and his buttocks jiggle at every step he takes.  
  
After reaching the camp, Daniel turns around and faces Elise.  
  
"You said there was another violation?"  
  
"Yes, see here. Your food is in the bear canister, but you didn't lock it up. It's trivial for a critter to topple it and feast on its content."  
  
She shows that she only has to tap on the lid for it to come off. After the demonstration, she looks up to Daniel, who now looks genuinely distraught. Not locking his food box is an error he himself feels bad about. A marmot could have tipped the box over and made a huge mess. Not to mention acclimated the rodent to human presence in the wilderness. Encouraging subsequent, less careful campers, to feed them. Triggering a chain of events that may lead to some of them turning into pests, and having to be euthanized.  
  
"I am so sorry about that Ms Preston. I completely understand how much of an issue that can be."  
  
Elise feels bad for him. She's been admiring his body, keeping him naked for as long as she can. The bear canister problem is common, and she doesn't think it is such an issue.  
  
"Mr Ellsworth, I do believe this is an exceptional oversight. Everything else is in order, and I assure you this does not reflect poorly on you."  
  
Daniel still seems to be deflated.  
  
"Thank you. But I really thought that I had locked it. I understand that you needed to call me out and write a citation, Ms Preston."  
  
"I think you're beating yourself up unnecessarily. I certainly won't issue a citation. I won't even write a warning. You are doing great."  
  
She approaches him and places her hand on his shoulder in a supportive gesture. Daniel looks up towards her and, seeing the compassionate expression of her face, snaps out of his sudden gloomy state. He realizes he's still in a beautiful forest, he's still naked, and he's still talking to a beautiful young woman, who just informed him there will be no consequence for leaving his bear box unlocked. He feels an upwelling of gratitude.  
  
"Oh thank you, thank you, Ms Preston, thank you so much."  
  
"Not at all. You don't need to thank me. And also..."  
  
She takes her hat off and ties it to a clip on her belt.  
  
"Yes?"  
  
"Call me 'Elise'. I'm still studying for my Master's, and I'm not quite ready for this 'Ms Preston' business."  
  
She smiles at him, tilting her head sideways a little. Daniel feels a pang of joy. Gone is the relationship of authority; they can now be on a first name basis.  
  
"Of course... Elise. And please call me Daniel."  
  
"Daniel. It's a pleasure to meet you." She extends her hand. He takes it and gives it a gentle squeeze.  
  
"I am delighted to make your acquaintance, Elise."  
  
'This guy is so charming' she thinks to herself. She blushes and looks sideways. What an unexpected turn of events! Seeing her lose her air of authority, even being demure, makes Daniel experience a surge of attraction for this lovely woman. More than a feeling, in fact, there is a clear stirring in his groin, and he becomes aware that his penis is rapidly growing.  
  
After their handshake, and them exchanging first names, Elise smiles, and looks downwards. She was only looking down because she knew she was blushing, and didn't want to lock eyes with Daniel in this state, since it may indicate that she is attracted to him. She knows it's wrong to flirt with visitors while on the job. But as she looks down, she notices that he is sporting a growing erection. It is happening so fast she can see his penis lift up, second by second, in small twitchy motions.  
  
She does not know where to go from here. And neither does Daniel. He is terrified at the idea that she could be offended by the erection. Maybe this is going too far? He certainly doesn't want Elise to get in trouble. He quickly covers himself with his hand, trying to act casual. But Elise notices.  
  
"Daniel?"  
  
"Yes?"   
  
"Have you forgotten about the rule?"  
  
"The rule?"  
  
"The rule about touching yourself?"   
  
Daniel knew that she is no longer just enforcing a rule. She is encouraging him to continue exposing his erection to her. He looks at her in the eyes, and sees that she is gazing at him with interest.  
  
"But Elise. I think I may be developing an erection."  
  
"You think? Or you are?"  
  
"Okay. It's definitely an erection."  
  
"So it is. You are not allowed to hide it, remember?"  
  
Daniel is reluctant to remove his hands. Or maybe he is just trying to delay the inevitable. Elise seems intent on taking their game further. She looks at him seriously.  
  
"You know, Daniel, your erection could be caused by a bacterium in the lake. There are cases where genitals are irritated by this bacterium, which causes arousal, in both males and females."  
  
"Really? Is it bad? Are there complications?"  
  
"Not really. Our water safety specialists say it is harmless. The symptom is redness where the glans meets the corpus callosum. That's for the males. With females, the symptom is a redness on the outer lips where they meet the clitoral hood."

Daniel starts being a bit worried. He isn't totally sure which areas of the body she is referring to. She steps forward towards him.  
  
"Can I take a closer look?"  
  
She sounds better versed in human anatomy than he is. He should definitely let her make a diagnosis; he removes his hands.  
  
"I think you should."  
  
Elise moves closer. What a beautiful erection, she thinks. She drops to one knee, grabbing his penis with her left hand. She slowly pulls down the foreskin. Seeing that it is not lubricated yet, and not wanting to hurt him, she moves the skin up and down slowly. Daniel cannot believe what is happening. Elise is basically jerking him off, albeit in slow, gentle motions. He is now completely erect. She can feel the hardness of his shaft in her hand. She approaches her head to the glans and moves the penis around, sideways, up and down, inspecting it carefully from different angles.  
  
"I can't quite reach the area I'm supposed to inspect, but I am reluctant to pull the foreskin off completely, because it's not well lubricated, and I don't want to hurt you. Would it be okay for me to add a bit of saliva?  
  
"Oh. Er... I suppose, yes."  
  
Elise sticks her tongue out and licks all the way around the glans. She moves forward and puts half of Daniel's penis into her mouth, librucating it as she rolls her tongue around the shaft. Once she thinks she has left enough saliva, she pulls her head back and lets the penis pop out of her mouth, with a grin of satisfaction. She is then able to completely pull the foreskin back, and inspect the glans in its entirety.  
  
"I see no irritation or redness. There hasn't been cases of this bacterium for years, so I'm not surprised."  
  
She looks up at him.  
  
"What I'd like to understand though, is why you developed an erection in the first place. There is nothing in the environment that could have caused it. What do you think triggered it?"  
  
Daniel now realizes the bacterium might have just been a ploy to play with his penis. She continues:  
  
"Let's see, it's not an irritation caused by the bacterium, so the erection must have been caused by some arousal, and the cause could be..."  
  
She looks up mischievously.  
  
"... me? Could that be it? Is it possible that you are simply attracted to me?"  
  
She stands up in front of him, still holding his penis in her hand, staring at him.  
  
"Is that what it is? I'm the one causing you to get a boner?" she says, with a mixture of reproach and satisfaction. Daniel pretends to be defensive:  
  
"Oh, I don't know. I mean, let's be honest: you are absolutely gorgeous. But it could still be the bacterium. If your hypothesis is correct, that I'm attracted to you, shouldn't I have developed this erection when I first saw you?"  
  
"You bring up a good point. But maybe this happened after I took my hat off. Before that, you could barely see my face, with you being so... tall."  
  
She brings her right hand up to his torso and plays with his chest hair, highlighting the fact that it is at eye level from her, and that he's a good eight inches taller. Knowing that Elise is clearly trying to elicit a response from him, Daniel comes up with an idea.  
  
"You know, we can actually find out the truth. We can conduct an experiment."  
  
"What do you mean, Daniel?" she says inquisitively, still smiling at him. She gives his penis, which she's still holding in her left hand, a gentle nudge.  
  
"Well, we could make absolutely certain that I am developing an erection from seeing you, and not from the bacterium."  
  
"And how would you go about finding that out, Mr Ellsworth?"  
  
"One way would be for you to take your clothes off."  
  
"Ah. And how would that accomplish the goal of determining the cause of your erection?"  
  
"Well, if we go into the cold water, and I lose my erection, but then gain it back after looking at you naked, then it clearly is caused by my attraction to you. Right?"  
  
"But couldn't it be the bacterium?"  
  
"That's the thing: we know it can't, because I've been swimming this morning, and I did not develop any erection while in the water. So the bacterium's effect, in our hypothesis, only occurs while I'm out of the water, in the warmer air."  
  
"I see. I'm still a bit skeptical. The experiment would still be valid if conducted while I'm wearing my uniform. I'm starting to think that you're only proposing this in order to get me out of my clothes. Are you sure you're not trying to take advantage of my helpfulness, Daniel?"  
  
"Oh no. Not at all. I'm only looking for a way to identify the cause of the erection, just like you asked. And you keeping your uniform on won't work."  
  
"How so?"  
  
"Well, notice that the lake bottom gently slopes down to about 30 feet from the shore."  
  
"That is an astute observation. But that doesn't explain why I'm required to be in the nude for this experiment to be valid."  
  
"Hear this out: in order to cool my body down and lose the erection, I must swim at least thirty feet to get away from the shore."  
  
"And?"  
  
"Then you'll be quite far from me. I won't be able to admire the elements of your physique that I may find enthralling."  
  
"Such as?"  
  
"Your smile. The curve of your hip, here, just above your belt. The shape of your clavicule, there, behind your shirt collar."  
  
"My goodness, Daniel, you certainly have been staring at me this whole time. And to think that I've been keeping my eyes on your face only! I think I should start gazing at the rest of this beautiful body of yours."  
  
"I think you did a pretty thorough inspection of some part of it."  
  
"Oh I did. But that was purely technical. I was not... admiring it. I was not fully appreciating it. Although..."  
  
"Yes?"  
  
"Come to think of it, I did spend some time staring at your superb butt when we walked around. But let's not dwell on this. I think you were quite the gentleman not to look at me in such a way that I would notice it. And I think you are right."  
  
"About you being enthralling?"  
  
"No, silly! About me needing to take my clothes off. Not only must I be close to you for the arousal to develop, but I must also be close to you so that I can witness the change of state of your penis."  
  
"Oh yes, that makes sense. You cannot trust my own observation."  
  
"Precisely. And the only way to be close to you, is to be in the water with you. And I can't let my uniform get wet. So I must remove it."  
  
"Great, how do we proceed?"  
  
"You can start by helping me out of my clothes."  
  
"With please. Thank you for seeing this experiment through."  
  
"Not at all. I'd be remiss if I didn't help you find the cause of your erection. It's either my fault, or something that I should report to our water safety specialist."  
  
Daniel starts unbuttoning her shirt. As he pulls the front apart, he sees that she is wearing a skin-coloured bra. When the last button is undone, she pulls the shirt back off entirely, folds it, and walks up to the place where his own clothes are, near the shore. She places the shirt down, then reaches her hands back to unclasp her bra. Before she actually unclasps it, she stops and turns around to face him.  
  
"Hold on. I just thought of something. The experiment is moot if you don't lose your erection when you get in the water. And you can simply sit in the water, close to the shore. You don't have to go all the way out."  
  
Daniel is disappointed by the new turn of events. He was looking forward to seeing this beautiful woman disrobe. How long will she be teasing him for? However, she perks up and runs back to him.  
  
"Well, let's go! I'll follow you to the water. Then you can immerse yourself and we'll see if you lose your erection."  
  
As they reach the shore, Daniel takes a deep breath. The most difficult part, he feels, is first getting immersed in the frigid water—then he's fine. He hopes he will lose the erection quickly. Otherwise he might not convince Elise to continue the game. Or day hikers might show up. He tries to think of something incredibly unsexy: changing a tyre on his car? Mopping his kitchen floor? Standing in line at the Post Office? But while he's trying to conjure up unsexy thoughts, he slips on one of the many algae-covered pebbles, and falls forward into the lake, hitting his right knee against a shallow rock in the process.  
  
"Are you ok? Daniel? Are you hurt?"  
  
"I... Am... O... K..." He says through gritted teeth as he curls into a ball holding his knee, clearly in agony.  
  
"Don't move! I'm coming!"  
  
Elise jumps into the water and rushes towards him. Since she's wearing her hiking boots, she's able to find a firm footing and maintain her balance. When she reaches him, he is still clutching his knee.  
  
"Show me! Is it bleeding?"  
  
He removes his hands and she's able to inspect: it looks like a minor contusion, and there is faint bleeding. He hit a part of the knee that causes great pain at the time of impact, but she's fairly certain it will fade away within the next five minutes.  
  
"Daniel, you don't seem to be injured, but I want you to stay here and not try to walk until you feel better. My boots and pants are soaked, so I'm going to hang them to dry on the shore, and come back to help, okay?"  
  
"O... kay... thanks, Elise."  
  
She rushes back to shore and quickly removes her boots, socks, and pants. She was hoping that she could have taken her clothes off in a sexier way. Daniel really deserves a strip show, but it isn't an option anymore. She needs to get back to him and help him out without getting the rest of her uniform soaked. After her wet pants are hung to dry on a branch, and her boots placed in direct sunlight, she prepares to rejoin him, still wearing her panties and her bra.  
  
Daniel is still seated in shallow water, holding his knee in his hands, but he's feeling a lot better already. It doesn't look like the pain will affect his ability to swim or walk.  
  
"I'm coming back Daniel. How do you feel?"  
  
He turns his head, and sees Elise standing on the shore, in her underwear.  
  
"I'm OK, Elise. Don't worry."  
  
He cannot take his eyes away from her. He even repositions himself so that he doesn't have to twist his torso while looking at her. Elise notices how captivated he his. Maybe this is the right time for the show he's definitely earned. She unclasps her bra, lets the cups fall forward a little but catches them with her right hand before they reveal her breasts.  
  
"You're sure you're alright? Is there anything I can do for you?"  
  
Without waiting for him to answer the question, she lets her bra slide down her arms, revealing soft breasts with pink, protruding nipples.  
  
Daniel is still clutching his knee but he is paying no attention to it, and has completely forgotten about the pain. He sees Elise placing her thumbs inside the elastic band of her panties.  
  
"I know you were going to help with taking these off, but maybe if I remove them slowly while you watch, it will make you feel better?"  
  
Before he can acquiesce, she bends forward at the hips, drops the panties down, and lifts one foot off the ground after another to remove them. Her head is in the way; Daniel can only see the top of her head, her back, and a little bit of her cute butt sticking out at the top. Finally, she pulls herself up, throwing her panties and bra away towards the rest of her clothes, not caring where they land.  
  
Daniel's jaw drops. She is now totally naked. She is beautiful. It is the most amazing tableau he has ever laid his eyes on. Her skin is almost blindingly white. He can see that her lovely hips are even more pronounced when not wearing the thick ranger's belt. Between them, she has a soft—if slightly chubby—belly, over a small patch of pubic hair. Her breasts are cute—he notices that they cast a long shadow down on her abdomen. She has narrow shoulders, and thin, long arms.  
  
"Daniel? Why aren't you answering? Is everything OK?"  
  
She steps into the glacial water and walks up to him with ease—she's clearly more adept at finding her footing than he is. When she arrives, she holds him in her arms. He feels her breasts pressed against his upper back. He has completely forgotten his knee pain. Maybe the nerves in the knee are still sending signals to the brain, but he's just not processing them. He tries to stand up to hold her as well.  
  
"Don't move. I don't want you to fall again. There, let me step in front of you. I'll help you back to shore."  
  
She is now standing in front of him, bent slightly forward, with her hands holding on to his shoulders. His eyes are just just inches from her breasts, and he's looking down between them, seeing her belly button, her pussy, and her shapely thighs. Below, he sees her rippled reflection in the water surface. His erection is back to full intensity.  
  
"Elise. Hold on. I think it's better if I stay in the water. Besides, I want to swim. I don't think anything could make me happier right now than to go swim with you."  
  
"Aw, Daniel, of course I'll go with you. But are you sure you don't want to wait a little?"  
  
"Honestly, I can't even remember feeling any pain. Do you have any idea how much joy you bring me this very instant?"  
  
"You're adorable. I'm going to trust that you know what's best for you, OK? Although I would feel more comfortable if you took it easy. If swimming is what you want, please hold on to me as we move into deeper water. There. Come on up."  
  
As he props himself and straightens up with Elise's help, his erect penis comes into contact with her belly.  
  
"Oh, hello there. I had almost forgotten about your predicament."  
  
"Elise, this boner is not going to subside while you're anywhere near me. You're the most enchanting sight in the world."  
  
Elise looks at him seriously. She doesn't know how to respond. She brings her head slightly closer, and he immediately closes the gap, kissing her. He doesn't let go. She doesn't want it to stop. After close to a minute, Elise pulls back, taking a deep breath.  
  
"Daniel, I'd like to show you a spot on the lake that you may not have found yet. There is still time for day hikers to come to the lake today, so we may want to find a bit more privacy. Follow me?"  
  
She crouches down into the cold water and pushes herself forward. He follows her. Once they reach deep enough water, she turns around and waits for him. When he catches up, he encircles her with his arms and they kiss again. As their bodies touch, they both feel the other's warm skin against their own. In spite of the frigid waters, they feel like they could do this all day long. She smiles at him:  
  
"As much as I'd love to remain glued to you, we have to get to that island over there. Also, I'm getting really cold. I'm afraid we need to separate."  
  
A few minutes later, they have reached a rocky island near the opposite end of the lake. She asks:  
  
"Have you been here already?"  
  
"I have walked around this island, yes. But I don't think I know of a particularly private place. Besides, isn't this whole place rather private?"  
  
"Well, I've seen folks picnic here before. But follow me. You'll see why it was worth coming all the way."  
  
After climbing over a tall boulder, they arrive at a flat, grassy alcove encased by a twenty-foot boulder on one end, and a small beach on the other. Elise walks up to Daniel and wraps her arms around his waist.  
  
"So, what do you think?"  
  
"What I think? It's... amazing. We're protected from the sun on this side, we're away from the mosquitoes, we can sit on the soft grass, and also..."  
  
He doesn't have time to finish his sentence as Elise pulls him closer to her and kisses him. Daniel worries that she's at work and will probably need to go back to the valley soon. After a long, passionate kiss, he asks:  
  
"Elise, I know you're working today. Can you stay here a little longer?"  
  
"Daniel, I'm definitely not going back yet. I can trust you to not tell anyone at the Station. I am going to spend the rest of the day with you. This is such a magical moment."  
  
He lifts her up and she wraps her legs around his waist while they resume kissing. She grinds her crotch against him—her pussy is on fire. He drops to his knees while still holding her, and with her back securely held with his arms, he places her down on the grass. He keeps kissing her gently, moving his mouth down the front of her body, stopping at her breasts to suck on her nipples as she moans. Before long he is nuzzling her pubic hair with his nose and kissing around her pussy lips and inner thighs. She doesn't need any more teasing; she grabs his head with both hands and guides him towards her opening. Daniel places the flat of his tongue along the length of her vulva; she buckles under the sudden intense pleasure and pushes his mouth down further between her legs, opening them wider. He doesn't need any more encouragement. He licks, fondles, and sucks on her spread pussy, increasing the intensity as he feels Elise building up towards a climax.  
  
"Aaaaah! Daniel! That feels so good!"  
  
He inserts two fingers into her and explores until he finds the nerves of the clitoris against the front wall of the vagina. He knows he's found the right spot when she opens her mouth wide, screaming:  
  
"Holy fuck! Daniel! Right there! Fuuuuck!"  
  
With one hand stimulating the sensitive clitoral nerves, and the other fondling her breasts and pinching her nipples, he sucks her pussy lips fully into his mouth and laps them with the tip of his tongue, with increasing speed.  
  
"Fuuuuuuuck! Fuuuuuck! I'm almost! I'm... I'm... haaaaaaaaaaaaaa!"  
  
Elise squeezes Daniel's head with her thighs, as waves of pleasure run through her body. Her body shakes, as orgasmic aftershocks take hold of her. After a couple of minutes, she releases her grip on Daniel's head and lets her limbs relax, stretching them out. Daniel lies down next to her, lifting his head with his elbow resting on the ground, caressing her stomach, chest, and neck. Her eyes are closed. She looks radiant. After five minutes, she opens her eyes and turns to the side, facing him.  
  
"That was amazing. I've never had an orgasm like this one."  
  
She caresses his penis, which is still erect.  
  
"This poor fellow has been ignored for too long."  
  
Daniel is concerned; she's only barely touched his penis, yet he is ready to explode. A simple squeeze from her hand may bring him over the edge to an immediate climax. He grabs the wrist of the hand that is playing with his dick, and pulls it towards him.  
  
"Come on top of me."  
  
He lifts her so that she ends up lying on him, with her knees on the ground on each side of his body. He guides her down until the tip of his penis is pressed against the opening of her vagina. He takes a deep breath, trying to limit the stimulation level, but while he's concentrating, she pushes her hips down with a quick movement, and his glans is now firmly inside her.  
  
"Aaaaaah! Wait, wait... Don't move, don't move."  
  
"What? Did I hurt you?"  
  
"God no. This feels amazing. It's just, I'm about to cum, I need to... resist... stay calm..."  
  
"Oh, well, I can stay still like this if you want. You feel really good inside of me. You're sure you don't want to cum?"  
  
"I do, I do. I just want it to last a bit longer. This feels amazing."  
  
"Do you mind if I slightly reposition myself? I'm a bit off balance."  
  
She moves her knees forward a little bit so that the angle of his penis is more aligned with her vagina's.  
  
"Fuck! Please. This feels so good... I... Elise..."  
  
"Daniel, this tantric session is very exciting, and I'm impressed by your capacity for self-control, but I want you to release your cum inside me. Right now."  
  
"I... But..."  
  
"No 'but's. You can have as many orgasms as you want today. The first one is coming right now."  
  
She places her hands on his chest and lifts her upper body up. Daniel sees her cute breasts, her lovely stomach, and the patch of hair between her legs, mingled with his own pubic hair. She starts moving her hips forward and back, grinding herself against his pubic bone.

"Oh, oh, Elise, fuck, it's happening, it's happening."  
  
"Let it go, Daniel, cum inside of me."  
  
Seconds later, Daniel's dick erupts. Warm cum shoots up inside Elise's pussy; he's never felt it so hot, as if it had been heating in his balls for hours. Elise herself feels the warming sensation from the juices spurting inside her. He grabs the top of her hips with his hands, and pulls her down, letting the tip of his dick press against the cervix, sending him into even greater levels of ecstasy.  
  
After a minute, Elise bends forward and rests the side of her head against his chest. She feels his penis, still hard inside of her. He caresses her hair.  
  
"Daniel?"  
  
"Yes, Elise?"  
  
"I have about seven hours left before I must leave. We can spend our time several ways. We can swim, we can walk around, or we can fuck each other's brains out. How do you think we should spend our time together today?"  
  
"Well, we can swim when we get too hot, and we can walk to get something to eat from my pack when we're hungry, but otherwise, we fuck each other's brains out all day."  
  
Elise lifts her head and looks at him keenly. She smiles.  
  
"My plan exactly."

**Camp Inspection Ch. 02**

Elise just finished setting up camp near Monarch Lake. She has fond memories of this treasured place within Sequoia National Park (see Camp inspection Ch 1). She left the Park Service twelve years ago to pursue a career in investment banking, and she now visits the mountains of the Sierra Nevada for her own enjoyment. She loves camping in remote areas and backpacks two or three times a year to break away from the high-pressure world of finance. On hot summer days, there is nothing she likes more than skinny-dipping in the crystal clear waters of high-altitude lakes. After ensuring that her campsite is tidy, she removes her clothes, walks down to the lake, and slowly wades into the frigid water.  
  
After she has been swimming for half an hour, occasionally standing up on shallow rocks to keep warm, she hears someone calling from the shore.  
  
“Hello! Hi! I’m Robin Kimball, from the National Park Service. I’m here to check your Wilderness Permit. Would you mind coming out?”  
  
In all the years she’s been backpacking, no ranger had ever come all the way past the end of a trail to verify her paperwork. Since it’s early in the season, on a weekday, she didn’t think she would bump into anyone, let alone a ranger. She yells back:  
  
“I’m coming, but I should warn you, I don’t have any clothes on.”  
  
She does not hear him respond, and given how far he is, she’s not sure he heard her. She swims back to shore, and as she approaches, she notices that he has turned away from her. She reaches shallow waters, stands up, and walks towards him.  
  
“Mr Kimball? It’s me, I’m right behind you.”  
  
“Oh hello. I’m sorry to disturb you.” He does not turn around to face her. “May I know your name?”  
  
“I’m Elise Preston.”  
  
“Thank you. You are indeed on the list of registered backpackers. You obtained a Wilderness Permit from the ranger’s station two days ago.”  
  
“Indeed. You can turn around. I’m on this side.”  
  
“Oh yes, I’m sorry. I’m turning this way because you said you weren’t wearing a swimsuit.”  
  
“Yes. Is that a problem?”  
  
“No, no, it’s just that visitors tend to wear one when they swim, so I thought you’d be wearing one.”  
  
“Well, it’s unnecessary weight. I never bring one when I backpack. It’s one extra item to carry and leave out to dry when it’s wet.”  
  
“That’s a good point. I just don’t know how to deal with the situation.”  
  
“Well, if the sight of my body makes you terribly uncomfortable, I could go back to my camp and pick up some clothes.”  
  
“You don’t have any here?”  
  
“I do not. I didn’t want to run the risk of them being stolen by a marmot or falling into the water. It’s happened to me before. So I keep them in the tent.”  
  
“I see. So you had no clothes on when you walked down from your camp to the lake?”  
  
“That is correct. How about we go to my campsite so that I can retrieve clothes from my tent.”  
  
“I’m afraid we can’t do that.”  
  
“And why is that?”  
  
“I must ask you not to touch anything when we get to your camp, so that I can run through the issues I identified during my inspection.”  
  
“You mean you’ve been there already?”  
  
“Yes ma’am.”  
  
“That’s fair. But I’m going to ask you to turn around and face me. It’s quite unnerving to have to talk to you while you’re looking the other way.”  
  
“It won’t be a problem?”  
  
“As long as you don’t act weird, it will be fine. It seems to me that you are having a problem with me being naked.”  
  
“Oh, no, I don’t mean to imply that there is a problem, ma’am. I am just trying to be respectful.”  
  
“I understand your intent, but looking away as if I were some terrifying monster is having the opposite effect. I would like you to look at me. Please turn around.”  
  
Robin turns around and faces Elise. She’s a good eight inches shorter, and has the sort of tan one achieves only by spending time naked in the sun. He figures she must be in her early forties, but her breasts are still holding up well, and would be the envy of many a younger woman.  
  
“Okay, so we’re going to go to my camp because you’ve conducted an inspection, is that right?”  
  
“Yes, ma’am.”  
  
“And while we go through the inspection, you want me to remain naked?”  
  
“No, no, that’s not... It’s just that you can’t touch or move anything until we’re done. It shouldn’t last more than a few minutes. It’s the rules. Unless you have clothes around here, I’m afraid you are going to have to remain in this state of undress. If that’s a problem, I could loan you, er... “ he looks at his outfit and realizes he had nothing to loan her. “My hat, maybe?”  
  
Elise refrains from rolling her eyes at the offer.  
  
“And what would I do with your hat, Mr Kimball?”  
  
“You could, well, er... cover your... I mean...”  
  
“Yes? What could I cover?”  
  
“You know... Your private area?”  
  
“My private area? And what would that be?”  
  
“I mean... If you want to... You could cover... You know... Right there.” He makes a slight gesture with his hand in the direction of her crotch.  
  
“What? So I would cover my pussy?”  
  
“I’m just offering my hat, so that...”  
  
“You think I should be ashamed of my pussy? Is that what you are saying? You think I’m horrified by the idea that it is exposed and that you can see it?”  
  
“No, no, I don’t mean that at all.”  
  
“You know, generations of people have tried convincing women that their body is shameful and that it should be covered and hidden at all times. That is a harmful and unhealthy perspective.”  
  
A look of panic starts forming on Robin’s face.  
  
“I assure you that it is not my intention to make you feel uncomfortable. I am aware of the negative attitudes that some people harbour about nudity and the display of genitalia in a nonsexual setting. You are free to... er... remain unclothed for as long as you wish. I withdraw my offer of a garment.”  
  
“Thank you. But now I’m a bit suspicious. This isn’t an attempt at making me parade around naked, so you can ogle me, is it?”  
  
“Oh no ma’am. Here, let me show you.” He pulls out a manual from his backpack, and opens it after finding a particular bookmark. After sifting through a few paragraphs, he points to a certain sentence.  
  
“See, it says: “During the investigation of camping and backpacking violations, you must ensure that the visitor does not interfere with the investigation. You must instruct them to remain within sight at all times, until such point that you have gone through each violation with them, and if necessary, delivered every written warning or citation commensurate with the severity of the violations, as defined in sections II.a.3 through II.b.5.”  
  
Elise smiles. This ranger is not only a strict follower of the rulebook, he’s actually carrying the rulebook with him everywhere he goes. He seems incredibly young; she thinks he’s probably nineteen or twenty years old. He looks like a nice person, but still socially awkward, and without much experience dealing with strangers.  
  
“How long have you been a ranger?”  
  
Robin is taken aback by the question. “I have been a park ranger for nine weeks ma’am. But I was also a volunteer ranger for 4 years before that, and a junior camp counsellor for the National Park Service for 6 years.”  
  
“But you’ve only been on solo wilderness duty for a few weeks, then. You couldn’t have been sent on this mission without going through Backpacking Inspection Trainings I and II. Each one of them takes two weeks to complete.”  
  
Robin is surprised that she knows so much about the inner workings of the Park Service.  
  
“You are correct, ma’am. This is my first solo mission. But I’ve performed many with more senior rangers, and you can be certain that I am doing nothing out of the ordinary.”  
  
Elise smiles. “Oh, so you mean that you regularly hang out with naked women?”  
  
Robin blushes. “No, no, I mean that I am only following the standard procedure, which allows you to contest any of the violations that I have inventoried.”  
  
“Ah. Well, we should probably head out to the camp, then.”  
  
“Indeed. Please follow me.”  
  
Robin takes a couple of steps in the direction of where he knows her camp is.  
  
“Mr Kimball?”  
  
“Yes?”  
  
“If I’m not mistaken, the rulebook states that I must, and I quote, ‘remain within sight at all times’. If you walk ahead of me, I am by definition no longer within sight.”  
  
Robin knew of the rule, but had chosen not to apply it, lest he be accused of wanting to ogle her on the way to the campsite.  
  
“I, I.. er... yes, that’s true.”  
  
“So shouldn’t you be walking behind me?”  
  
“Yes, technically, I should. It’s just that I thought, you know...”  
  
“Yes?”  
  
“... that if you’re ahead of me, maybe you... you won’t feel comfortable.”  
  
“You thought I would be uncomfortable having you stare at my butt while we walk to my camp?”  
  
“Er... something like that, yes.”  
  
Elise looks at Robin sternly. She takes a deep breath before continuing:  
  
“I have already explained to you that I do not care whether I have clothes on or not in front of you, Mr Kimball. Your attitude with regards to my state of undress suggests that you think I should somehow be ashamed of my body.”  
  
“No, no, that’s not...”  
  
“Let me finish. Your apparent concern for my so-called modesty is entirely misguided. From now on, you must act as if you were unaware of my nudity. Is that understood?”  
  
“Yes ma’am.”  
  
“I will let you complete your inspection, review all the rulebook violations, issue all your citations, but I don’t want to hear anything about me having to be somehow hidden from your gaze, or witness you looking away from me, or make comments about my appearance. You will address me as if I were fully clothed.”  
  
“I understand. I apologize.”  
  
“Good. I will walk ahead of you. And while I do that, what will you do?”  
  
“I will follow you?”  
  
“Will you look at me, or will you look away?”  
  
“I will be looking at you.”  
  
“Will you be staring at my butt the whole way?”  
  
“Absolutely. I mean.... No! I...”  
  
“I am just pulling your leg, Mr Kimball. You don’t have to stare at my butt.”  
  
Robin sighs in relief. He has completely lost control of the situation. As she starts walking, she tells him with a smile: “You’re of course welcome to admire it.”  
  
Robin feels relieved that Elise is willing to lighten up the situation. He is starting to feel nervous. He had thought that by following the rulebook to the letter, he would stay out of trouble, but evidently, even the rulebook requires some flexibility. He needs to start improvising a little. Otherwise Elise may choose to file a complaint against him—and strictly following the rules isn’t necessarily going to work out in his favour, especially on his first solo mission.  
  
“There we are. This is my camp. What is the first violation?”  
  
“Let me pull out my notebook. Ah, yes, the first infraction—it’s not actually a violation, just an infraction, because I can only give you a verbal warning. It’s the fact that your wilderness permit is not visible from outside your backpack.”  
  
“That is true, it’s right here in this pocket. There it is.”  
  
“Yes, thank you... In the future, it’s better if you leave it visible, so that we can check your camp, and then move on in case you’re not there. If I can’t see the permit, then I need to come looking for you, wherever you might be. It’s in the rulebook.”  
  
“I will leave it visible next time. But where’s the fun in that?”  
  
“What do you mean?”  
  
“You would not have pulled a naked woman out of the lake if I hadn’t left the permit in the pocket, no?” Elise looks mischievously at Robin, who blushes.  
  
“Oh. Ah. I suppose so.”  
  
“I’m pulling your leg again there, Mr Kimball. Do proceed.”  
  
“Ah, I see. Well, the next item is that your tent is less than 100 feet from the water.”  
  
“It is? It looks pretty far from it. Are you sure it’s less than 100 feet?”  
  
“I measured it two different ways, and both times it fell short.”  
  
“By how much?”  
  
“The first measurement was 94 feet, and the other 97 feet.”  
  
“That sounds incredibly close to 100 feet. Do you mind if we take another measurement?”  
  
“Not at all. I was going to show you how I made it. I have the tape measure right here.”  
  
“You took a 100-foot tape measure with you? I’m impressed.”  
  
“It’s actually 30 feet, but I use pebbles as markers. So the closest point to the water is... this corner of your tent here. Let’s unroll the tape measure. Follow me.”  
  
“You mean: follow ME?”  
  
“Yes, yes, of course. I’ll follow you.”  
  
“Let’s go.”  
  
Elise starts walking down the same path they followed on the way to the campsite. Robin calls her:  
  
“Ms Preston, hold on! You’re not taking the straightest path. It will be even longer.”  
  
“Oh, right. What’s the shortest path then?”  
  
“It goes down here, past that fallen tree, then through that bush here, and over the boulder behind it, then...”  
  
“Mr Kimball, aren’t you overdoing it here? You really went through bushes and over rocks just to measure the linear distance between my camp and the shoreline?”  
  
“Er... yes. It needs to be the shortest path. Any other way would overestimate the distance. It would defeat the purpose. Look, it’s not that far. Once you pass under that fallen tree and step over that boulder, it’ll be a straight line to the water’s edge.”  
  
“Under that dead tree and over the boulder behind it? OK, let’s do it.”  
  
The trunk of the dead tree hangs about three feet above the ground. It’s too low to crouch, so the only way is to crawl on all fours. Elise drops to her hands and knees and starts crawling underneath the trunk. She knows exactly what view she’s giving him, with her butt in the air. She stops, turns her head around, and notices that Robin is still standing.  
  
“Mr Kimball?”  
  
“Yes?”  
  
“Aren’t you following?”  
  
“I was just waiting for you to... I mean, I’m right behind you!” He immediately comes down on all fours and starts crawling up to her. To demonstrate that he’s sensitive to her earlier request, he quickly catches up to her, ignoring the fact that, because of her pose, her butt cheeks are spread apart. When he reaches her, his head is right behind her butt. He can see her pussy lips slightly spread apart, and her anus. A part of his mind tells him to look away, but he remembers her admonition about acting normally. So he stares straight ahead. Elise stops, turns her head back; she is satisfied that he almost has his head up again her butt, and is looking straight ahead. She asks:  
  
“Which way do I go now?”  
  
“Continue straight ahead, then climb over the rock.”  
  
After crawling under the fallen tree, they both get up, brush the dirt off their knees and hands, and get ready for climbing.  
  
“I’m going to have a hard time climbing this without shoes. Do you think you could hold my foot in place?”  
  
“Of course, maybe you can place it here, on this ledge?”  
  
“No, I think that will hurt. I am going to put it higher. Here. It’s flatter.” She places her foot on a ledge two feet above the ground. “Can you hold it in place?”  
  
She knows she can climb this boulder easily but she wants to give Robin a taste of what happens when one follows rulebooks too closely. She could probably insist that she pick up some clothes, at least some shoes, but she wants to torment him at little. She knows she looks quite nice naked, so she surmises that he’s enjoying the situation, at least visually. There’s something adorable about his state of embarrassment.  
  
“Okay Mr Kimball, please hold my foot with one hand and push on my butt with the other.”  
  
“You want me to put my hand on... er... Okay.... I’m ready.” He now has one hand on her foot and the other hand on her butt.  
  
“Uuuuuuuh” she pretends to push hard when she lifts herself up. She waits for Robin’s hand to provide some lift as he pushes into the soft flesh of her buttocks. After a little bit of help, she is now standing on the ledge, with her butt hovering inches above his forehead.  
  
“I’m going to place my other foot here, and pull myself up.”  
  
As she says this, she lifts her right thigh, spreading her legs open, giving Robin a close up view of her labia again, but from below.  
  
“Can you push down on to my heel to make sure I don’t slip?”  
  
“Of course. There. Go ahead.”  
  
As he holds on to her heel, Robin looks straight up between her legs. He is so close he sees the clitoral hood and the opening of her vagina.  
  
Elise pushes herself up, but pretends to lack strength, so she drops her weight down and plants her pussy straight onto Robin’s nose.  
  
“Oh I’m sorry, are you okay?”  
  
Robin lowers his head a little to put some space between him and Elise’s genitals.  
  
“Yes, it’s nothing, maybe I can also push this time around.”  
  
“That’s a great idea. I may have overestimated my strength. Can you push with both hands this time?”  
  
“Yes, of course.”  
  
Robin removes his hand from Elise’s heel, and places both of them lightly on the outside of her butt cheeks.  
  
“Ready?”  
  
“Er, no. I’m a bit concerned that you don’t have a good grip. It feels like your hands could slip and I may fall. Can you place your hands more firmly on my butt, closer to the middle?”  
  
“You mean here?”  
  
“Yes, with your thumbs even closer to the butt crack. Yes, there. Can you squeeze to make sure you have a good grip?”  
  
Robin squeezes Elise’s soft buttocks to prove that his hands are in the right location.  
  
“Is that good?”  
  
“Yes, can you hold on to them tight?”  
  
Robin digs his fingers firmly into the cheeks.  
  
“Can you shake your hands a bit to make sure they don’t lose their grips?”  
  
“You want me to shake my hands?”  
  
“Yes, you should see my butt jiggling.”  
  
“Er... Okay.”  
  
Robin follows Elise’s instructions and moves his palms left and right while holding on to her buttcheeks. They feel soft, and he can see the skin ripple all the way around her hips.  
  
“Is that good?”  
  
“Yes, I feel safe now. You can push me up.”  
  
Robin pushes Elise up and she lifts herself until she reaches the top of the boulder, with Robin standing on the ground looking directly up between her legs. She turns around, and finds him staring intently. She was going to scold him if he had been looking away, but since wasn’t, she thinks it best to compliment him.  
  
“Thank you so much for helping me. I’m going to reach down and help you.”  
  
“It’s very kind of you, but I think it will be simpler if I climb up on my own.”  
  
“You are sure? How are you going to hold on while you have the tape measure in your hand?”  
  
“Oh yeah, I forgot. Can you hold on to my hand while I step on the boulder?”  
  
Robin grabs her hand and he feels a strong grip while she almost single handedly lifts him up. He wonders how she could have had such difficulty going up given how strong and balanced she feels. Was she pretending to be weak so that he had to help her out? Did she actually want him to put his hands on her butt? Why did she ask for him to jiggle her buttcheeks? Did she purposefully fall back and land her crotch on his face? He has definitely lost all control of the situation.  
  
As he reaches the top of the boulder, he finds himself standing only an inch away from Elise. After releasing his hand, she wraps her arm around him as if to help him maintain his balance. Her left breast is pressed against the side of his body.  
  
“Are you good? Can I let go of you now?”  
  
“Er, yes. I’m good.”  
  
“Wow, Mr. Kimball, look at that gorgeous view. You found a great viewing spot here. I wish I had a camera with me. Well, I do, but I’m not yet allowed to retrieve it, is that right Mr. Kimball?”  
  
“Well... no... but I’m happy to loan you my smartphone if you want.”  
  
“Oh, that’s very nice of you. Since you are here, do you mind taking the photo yourself? Then I would be in it. I can share it with my friends. I rarely have pictures of myself on my solo expeditions.”  
  
“But don’t you first want to... I mean... of course, let me turn it on.”  
  
Elise smiles. It’s difficult for Robin to come to grips with the idea that she actually enjoys being naked, and wants to be photographed naked. She’s spent half her life going to watering holes, hot springs, nude beaches, and clothing-optional saunas. She hopes that he will at least come to realize that being in the buff is nothing to be ashamed of.

“OK it’s on. Where do you want me to take the photo?”  
  
“Let’s see. Okay, go to that end of the boulder, I’ll go to the low end here and you make sure lake is in the background.”  
  
She moves back a couple of steps, opens her arms wide as if welcoming the world and says:  
  
“There, take the photo!”  
  
“I’m taking photos, but it’s either focussing on you or the background. It doesn’t give me the full depth of field. Which part should be in focus, you or the background?”  
  
“Me of course. The lake is the decor. I need to be in focus.”  
  
“Okay let me try that again.”  
  
“Are you sure I’m in focus?”  
  
“It’s difficult to tell. I click on you on the screen, and that’s supposed to focus on you, but it’s hard to see. It’s quite bright today.”  
  
“Well, can you zoom in and make sure it’s focussing on me?”  
  
“Yes, sure, let me zoom in. Yes, it looks like you’re in focus.”  
  
“What are you focussing on?”  
  
“On you.”  
  
“But specifically? What part?”  
  
“Oh well, I... er... kind of zoom on your face.”  
  
“Then my feet may be completely blurry. I want you to zoom to the middle.”  
  
“Okay...”  
  
“Yes. Zoom in the middle, so it’s less likely that a part of my body will be blurry. In fact, do this: I want you to be able to see my pubic hair clearly. If it looks blurry, it’s not focussed. So tap on my pussy, zoom on it, and if it’s sharp, then you can zoom back out and retake the photo.”  
  
“Oh, I see. Mmmmh, well, it looks pretty sharp to me.”  
  
“You are sure? Can you take a few shots and bring them to me?”  
  
“Er... yes, hold on.”  
  
Robin seems to zoom using his smartphone and take a few photos. He then walks up to her and shows her.  
  
“See, look, you can see the curls pretty well.”  
  
“Oh yes, very nice!”  
  
“You see sometimes, it doesn’t focus quite well and it doesn’t look as distinctly bushy, but most of the time it’s quite clear. You can see beads of sweat on your hips here, and a little beauty mark here between your thighs.”  
  
“An astute observation. You take great pussy pictures, by the way, Mr Kimball. Do you do that a lot?”  
  
“Me? arrumph... no, I wouldn’t say so.” Robin’s never been asked to take a photo of a naked body. In high school, he was told many times that it was not a good idea, in this day and age, to do so. He always wondered what the previous generation thought of it, having grown up without smartphones and high speed internet. Evidently, this forty-year old woman did not give it a second thought.  
  
Robin goes back to his side of the boulder and takes photos of Elise posing with the lake in the background. She can see him follow the procedure: focus on her, zoom in on the pussy to make sure it’s in focus, then zoom out, and take the full photo. Afterwards, she sees him review the photos, and bring her the results.  
  
“Look, if I zoom in on your... your... groin area? You can see that it’s in focus.”  
  
“Wow, that’s perfect. Thank you so much for indulging me.”  
  
She gives him a quick hug. Before pulling away completely, she rests her hands on his hips and looks straight up at him.  
  
“Mr Kimball?”  
  
“Yes?”  
  
“Will you delete the photos after you send them to me?”  
  
“Of course. Of course. I will let you delete them yourself.”  
  
“That’s very considerate. Tell you what: I won’t delete the pussy photos. I’ll copy the full-body ones to my phone, but you’re welcome to keep the close-up ones. Only you will know whose pussy it is.”  
  
“Really? You are sure?”  
  
“Absolutely. You are fun to hang out with. Aren’t you having a good time?”  
  
“I... I am... Yes. But, I’m at work!”  
  
“Oh, I didn’t mean to accuse you of not being focussed on your work. I understand that you are at work. Speaking of which, let’s continue this measurement. Woah, I can’t go down this way. It’s too steep and slippery. You’re going to have to go down first. I’ll hold the measuring tape.”  
  
Robin jumps down elegantly from the boulder, and offers his hand to guide her down. She crouches and spreads her knees open a little to maximise balance. Robin now has a full view of the underside of her vulva. She can see him fighting the urge to look away. Her stern warning earlier seems to have accomplished its goal: he maintains eye contact regardless of how exposed she is.  
  
“I’m going to sit here and slide down little by little, okay? There isn’t much for me to hold on to. The rock is too smooth, especially without shoes and rubber soles. Can you stay right there? Please catch me if I slide.”  
  
She extends her legs out while keeping them apart. She pushes on her hands, lifts her butt up, and slides down a few inches at a time. Her hips are coming down the slope little by little and approaching Robin’s eyes, who are staring directly up her body, with direct line of sight over her pussy, between her breast, and up to her chin. Seeing that he is in a position to catch her, Elise pretends to suddenly lose her grip, by pushing herself up more than necessary.  
  
“Oops! Please catch me!”  
  
While she is sliding down, she also lifts her legs so that they come over Robin’s shoulders and her crotch comes in contact with his neck. While she was coming down, he placed his hands under her butt cheeks and lifted her hips up enough to prevent her from scratching her skin against the rock. His mouth is now just a few inches from her perineum.  
  
“Oops I’m sorry. That wasn’t a very elegant slide. But please hold on to me. I’m afraid to fall.”  
  
“What should I do?” Robin’s mouth is so close to her pussy that he feels like he’s talking to it.  
  
“We need to find our balance again. I’m going to prop myself up from the rock and you’re going to balance me on your shoulders. You think you can do that?”  
  
“Yes, I can lift you up and then bring you down.”  
  
“Please don’t bring me down until I’m sure it will be safe. You’re quite tall and I don’t want to hurt myself.”  
  
“Of course, of course.”  
  
“OK, I’m pushing myself up, and... now lift me up!”  
  
Elise’s torso comes up and her belly makes contact with Robin’s forehead, blocking his view in the process. She wraps her arms around his head and places her hands on the back of his neck. At the same time, he pushes her butt up so that she doesn’t slide down and she takes advantage of his strength to lift her thighs and wrap them around his neck. Her pussy is now tight against his chin and her belly pushes his hat off his head. It tumbles behind him.  
  
“Mmmhfm mfffhm!”  
  
“Sorry, I need to tuck my belly, otherwise I can’t hear you.” She shimmies until Robin’s mouth is no longer pressed against her pubic hair. He asks:  
  
“Are you ok? Do you want to come down?”  
  
“No! You can’t see where you would drop me. This spot is too dangerous. I think you need to drop me near the water.”  
  
“Okay, but how do we get there, I can’t see anything!”  
  
“Are you sure you can’t see anything? What do you see right now?”  
  
“I see... your belly button.”  
  
“Oh, let me guide you then. Take two short steps back. Turn around clockwise ninety degrees. A bit more. Now, take a step forward, but make sure you don’t step on your hat that is a little to the right of you. Yes, that’s good. You’re clear. Take a step forward. Another one. We’re about five feet away. Continue... A bit more... There! We’re near the water now. Let’s think about how you will bring me down. How about you go down on your knees. There. Slooooowly. Now, very slowly bend forward, very slowly, just like that. I’m going to drop my arms on the ground, but keep holding me tight so that I don’t fall backwards.”  
  
Her arms are extended behind her back, with her palm on the ground, while he’s kneeled in front of her. Her legs are still wrapped around his neck. From his vantage point, he can only see her torso, with her breasts pulled to the side by gravity.  
  
“OK, I’m not sure this was the best way to come down, but let’s see if I can get off. I’m going to slide my legs down around your shoulders slowly.”  
  
Elise pulls her thighs apart, once more revealing the inner folds of her pussy to Robin, who has now been inhaling a mixture of sweat and vaginal secretions for the last five minutes. When her knees reach his elbows, her legs are wide open. He can see the hood of her clitoris, the entrance to her vagina, the glistening inner labia, her perineum, and most of her intergluteal cleft.  
  
“OK, now bring me down slowly.”  
  
With his hands still holding her hips, and his elbows supporting her legs, Robin drops Elise’s weight down slowly, until her shoulder blades make contact with the ground. Her butt and lower back rest on his thighs—still providing him with an intimate view of her vulva. Elise lets a deep sigh.  
  
“Aaah, I feel better now. I was afraid we might fall. Thank you for helping me down this rock. Can you scooch back and let my back lay on the ground?”  
  
Robin complies, and after a few motions backwards, Elise’s entire back is now against the ground, with only her legs still held by his elbow. While he’s trying to place her feet down on the ground, she exclaims:  
  
“Oh crap!”  
  
“What’s the problem?”  
  
“I think there is dirt in the wrong place. I feel it down there. I’m worried because I don’t want it to cause an infection.”  
  
“You have dirt... er... down there?”  
  
“Yeah, and I don’t want to brush it off or touch it with my hands. They may be carrying germs. Do you mind taking a look?”  
  
“Sure.”  
  
Robin lets Elise’s feet drop on the ground, with her knees still bent, and her legs spread out. He bends forward and approaches his head to her pussy to inspect closely — this time with her explicit approval.  
  
“Ah, yes, I see a bit of grey dust on your outer lips, close to the perineum. You probably picked it up when you slid down that boulder earlier. Do you want me to brush it off?”  
  
“No! Your hands have been touching the ground. We were on all fours when we crawled under the tree trunk.”  
  
“Oh. Right. What do we do?”  
  
“Maybe you can blow on it? Maybe that will be enough to clean it?”  
  
“I can try.”  
  
“Hold on. Let me stand up. It will be easier for you to blow if I’m not lying on the ground.”  
  
Elise comes to a standing position, while he stays kneeling. She places herself in front of him, spreads her feet wide, and tells him:  
  
“Okay, try to blow the dust away?”  
  
“Sure.”  
  
“So... is it coming off?”  
  
“Well, I don’t think so. It’s silicate, so it is not going to come off without some rubbing.”  
  
“Mr Kimball?”  
  
“Yes?”  
  
“Would it inconvenience you if you could... ahem... try to remove the dirt without using your hands? I’m thinking you could use something that has not touched the ground. Maybe your nose?”  
  
“You would like me to try to remove the dirt with my nose?”  
  
“Yes. I know it’s a bit unorthodox, but I would feel much better if I didn’t have dirt stuck to my vulva, given that I can get no medical attention if there is an infection.”  
  
“Could you maybe wash it in the lake?”  
  
“Like you said, it’s not going to come off without some rubbing. So I could go in the lake, but it would not completely clean it. I really don’t want to have to worry about it. Please help me.”  
  
“Okay, I’ll give it a try.”  
  
Robin moves his head underneath her groin, places his nose between her labia, and starts rubbing gently.  
  
“Mmmh, I don’t think you’re in the right spot.”  
  
“It’s not easy to reach the back of the vulva with my nose from this angle. Do you mind crouching a little lower and spreading your legs a bit more?”  
  
“Like this?”  
  
“It’s better, but the root of my nose is now hitting against your mons. My nose isn’t that long.”  
  
“Okay, I think we need to try another position. Please lie down.”  
  
“On the ground?”  
  
“Yes, on your back.”  
  
Robin complies.  
  
“I’m going to squat over you, so that you can have better access to my perineum.”  
  
“Okay... I’m ready.”  
  
“Let me think. Should I be facing towards your head, or towards your feet?”  
  
“I think you should face towards my feet, so I ran rub backwards with my nose, and push the dirt away from your vagina, instead of towards it.”  
  
“Great idea. Thank you for thinking about these details, Mr Kimball.”  
  
“Not at all.”  
  
Elise places her feet on both sides of Robin’s ears, and squats until her groin makes contact with his nose. She feels him rubbing gently. The sexual tension had been mounting throughout their encounter, but she is now afraid to lose all control. She can feel her juices dripping from her vagina and coating his nose. She is tempted to sit on him and rub her clit all over his face, but restrains herself. She needs a distraction. She quickly finds one. Since Robin is lying on the ground, the pole in his pants is unmistakable.  
  
“Mr Kimball!”  
  
“Yes?”  
  
“I think you have an erection.”  
  
“Me? No, no, of course not.”  
  
“I’m pretty sure you do.”  
  
She reaches out with her hand and places it on his crotch. She can feel his hard penis constrained within his slacks.  
  
“See, you’re clearly aroused.”  
  
“Er... it’s just that...”  
  
Elise stands up and unstradles him. He pushes himself up and brushes the dirt off his slacks, taking the opportunity to adjust them so that the bulge may look less apparent.  
  
“I don’t know what to think now. You had your nose in my pussy, and you developed a hard-on. I’m worried that you think this is some sort of sexual play, and that you’re enjoying it at my expense.”  
  
“No! No at all! It’s nothing. It’s just that... er... “  
  
“I don’t know about it being nothing, Mr Kimball. It seemed pretty hard to me. Oh, and look, there is even a stain.”  
  
“What? That? It’s just sweat!”  
  
“I don’t think so. You look very aroused, so it’s most likely seminal fluid.”  
  
Elise takes a step forward towards him.  
  
“That type of stain is going to elicit some questions at the ranger station. I’m starting to feel bad about this. I don’t want you to get in trouble Mr Kimball, because you’ve been quite helpful. I’ll help you out: I have brought some special biodegradable soap that is designed for use in nature. All you need to do is rub some of the soap on the stain and we’ll let it dry. It’s so warm and sunny here that it will probably dry in 15 minutes.”  
  
“Oh, thank you, but I don’t think that’s what it is...”  
  
“Well, the best way to know is to take the pants off and see if your underwear has a stain in the same location.”  
  
“But! I can’t take my pants off here!”  
  
“Why not?”  
  
“Because... because I’m at work. I can’t take my clothes off while I’m at work.”  
  
“That’s true, but you are entitled to 10 minutes of rest per hour. Given that it took you 2.5 hours at least to come from the trailhead, you’ve accumulated 25 minutes of rest time.”  
  
“But I can’t take my pants off while in uniform. There are strict rules about that.”  
  
“That is correct. However, the only parts of the uniform that are official are the hat and the shirt with your name badge. If you take these two off and put them away, you would be neither working nor in uniform. You can wash your pants at your leisure.”  
  
“How do you know all this?”  
  
“Ah, Mr Kimball, I should probably tell you that I used to be a Park Ranger.”  
  
“You were? Where?”  
  
“In this very park. Now take this hat, shirt, and pants off while I go get the soap.”  
  
She goes back to her backpack and retrieves the small packet of soap. When she gets back, she finds Robin standing in the same location, the only difference being that he had put his hat back on.  
  
“Why didn’t you remove your pants?”  
  
“It’s just that... I’m not sure...”  
  
“Are you ashamed of your body?”  
  
“No! That’s not it...”  
  
“Then take them off. You want me to take them off for you?”  
  
Elise steps up to him, and before he has time to object, she unbuckles the belt, unbuttons the pants, and pulls them down.  
  
“I should probably remove my boots first.”  
  
“Ah yes, I may have missed a step here.”  
  
“It’s okay, I’ll do that.”  
  
Elise watches him remove his boots, and his pants. He neatly folds them and places them on a rock.  
  
“OK, give me the shirt and hat now.”  
  
While he unbuttons his shirt, Elise notices that his erection is stretching his underwear to the point there is a gap between the waistband and his waist.  
  
“It looks like your underwear has an even larger stain. You must be incredibly aroused. You should wash it at the same time.”  
  
“But, I don’t think...”  
  
“No more arguing now. Give me the shirt, take the underwear off and go wash it with the rest.”  
  
He hands over the shirt and the hat, then drops his underwear. His massive erection becomes visible to Elise. She realizes she’s probably been torturing the poor guy. He must have been aroused from the minute she got out of the water. Maybe that’s why he tried to face away from her at the very beginning. As soon as his briefs are off, Robin holds them in front of his crotch. He then turns around and starts walking into the lake.”  
  
“Hold on.”  
  
“Yes?”  
  
“Turn around and face me.”  
  
Robin looks at her quizzically, while still covering his penis with the stained underwear. Elise walks down to the shore until she stands only a foot away from him.  
  
“You’ve been quite the gentleman. You’ve made me feel perfectly at ease. It’s only fair that you should feel equally comfortable. “  
  
“Oh, thank you, but I am totally comfortable.”  
  
“Then you should not be hiding any part of your body.”  
  
“Oh, that. No, no, I am not covering anything.”  
  
“Then what is this?” She points to his underwear.  
  
Robin slowly brings his arms to his side. He does feel embarrassed by the fact that he’s standing in front of a guest, naked, with an erect penis. But she’s lectured him enough about not acting self-consciously and he knows she will not tolerate any censorship, no matter how justified he thinks he is at applying it to himself.  
  
“Ah, that’s better. Wow, you have quite the body there, Mr Kimball.”  
  
“Thank you.”  
  
“But you’re a little pale, especially around your waist. A bit of sun will be good for you.”  
  
Robin blushes. “Well, I should get going with the wash.”  
  
He picks up his folded pants, turns around and takes a few steps into the shallow water of the lake. Elise watches him, as he bends forward and starts scrubbing his pants and underwear with her biodegradable soap. He’s quite muscular, and his body is lean; she can see the detailed shape of his muscles. She’s quite aroused herself. She brings her fingers to her slit and feels the warmth. She moves her index finger up and down her labia a few times, and finds out she’s still dripping. She’d love some release, but she’s not sure how to proceed. Robin is about twenty years younger, and she won’t go further in the sexual games unless he shows some initiative. Until now, he’s looked like a deer in the proverbial headlights.  
  
While he’s washing the clothes, Robin thinks back at the sequence of events. He cannot deny that Elise has stepped into sexual territory with him. He can still feel the smell of her arousal on his face; his nose is still covered in her vaginal secretions. He should have taken the hint a long time ago. He wants to find a way to turn the situation around, but he still has a lingering doubt that she is not actually coming on to him.  
  
After a couple of minutes, he comes out of the lake holding his pants and underwear. He places them next to the rest of his clothes.  
  
“Thank you for the soap, Ms Preston.”  
  
“I think you should call me Elise.”  
  
“Elise. It’s a beautiful name. I’m Robin.”  
  
“Robin. Are your clothes all clean now?”  
  
“Indeed. And while they’re drying, I’m thinking we could go back to trying to clean the little bit of dirt between your legs.”  
  
Elise looks at him with interest. Has he finally taken the hint?  
  
“That’s right. We should go back to that. Where were we?”  
  
“I was lying down and you were crouching over me.”  
  
“Yes, I remember now. I noticed your erection.”  
  
“You did. You shouldn’t let it distract you.”  
  
Elise chuckles as his erection is undeniably more distracting now, as he stands naked in front of her.  
  
“Let’s get back into position.”  
  
Robin lays on his back, and Elise brings her pussy down to his face, where he resumes rubbing with his nose.

“Robin? I’m concerned that your nose is a bit dry, and it hurts a bit when you rub it against my perineum. Would it be okay if you used your mouth?”  
  
Robin stops rubbing for a second. There is no more doubt in his mind now. She wants him to lick her pussy. It’s time for him to take control of the game.  
  
“I think I have a better idea.”  
  
Elise has been waiting for this moment. She cannot believe how long he has played along while maintaining the illusion that she was only undergoing a routine camp inspection. She stands up, takes a step back, and pulls him up after extending a helping hand.  
  
“What is your idea?”  
  
“If you’re still concerned about the dirt in the folds of your... labia, I might have a better solution.”  
  
“I’m all ears.”  
  
“There is a surefire way to clean your perineal area. But it requires some assistance from you.”  
  
“This sounds appealing. What should I do?”  
  
“Well, I have brought an implement that is ideally suited. It has a balanced pH. In fact, it matches your vagina’s. So you need not fear any infection or discomfort.”  
  
“Great! What is this ‘implement’ of yours?”  
  
“Well, it’s... my penis.”  
  
Elise is relieved. He’s finally responding to her teasing.  
  
“Ah yes. I was hoping you would bring it up. I mean... the penis itself is already up. I was hoping that you would bring up the subject of your penis.”  
  
“You were?”  
  
“Yes.”  
  
She walks up to him, and brings the palm of her hands underneath his shaft and starts caressing it. Robin opens his eyes wide.  
  
“It’s because I feel a bit responsible for your predicament.”  
  
She now moves the index finger of her hand around his glans, while the other hand reaches down to his scrotum, which she gently fondles.  
  
“I hope you were not indisposed by all the visual stimulation that I unwittingly provided.”  
  
“Not at all. The stimulation was most agreeable.”  
  
“Good. But it was foolish of me not to anticipate the reaction it may cause... right here” as she says it, she lightly squeezes his shaft. His legs are about to buckle. Her touch feels wonderful. He’s about to moan when she suddenly releases him.  
  
“But let’s get back to the topic of cleaning my nether regions. I’m really glad you brought this... implement with you.”  
  
“Well, truth be told, I never leave without it. But for it to work, you must follow my precise instructions.”  
  
“Of course. I will follow them to the letter. Haven’t I been doing so all along?”  
  
“You have indeed. I’m going to lie down, and you will straddle me across my hips, then crouch down.”  
  
“Shall I face you, or face away?”  
  
“Face me. Once you have lowered yourself, you will bend your torso forward, and slide your hips backwards.”  
  
Elise complies.  
  
“Like this?”  
  
“Perfect. As you slide back, you will feel something between your legs. That’s my cleaning implement. You will feel it enter your vagina. That’s normal. Once it is inside your vagina, and to ensure the cleaning is thorough, you will need to move back and forth in slow motion.”  
  
Elise complies. She cannot wait to get Robin’s cock in her pussy. But she also wants to enjoy these last moments where they pretend not to be about to fuck. She slowly lowers herself, inch by inch, until she feels his tip at the entrance of her vagina. She waits a few seconds, takes a deep breath, and pushes down. She feels his rock hard penis entering her, sliding all the way in one motion. Her body is in overdrive. She starts to move up and down—from feeling his cock tight against her cervix, to pulling it almost entirely out, with only the glans inside her. Every stroke is performed deliberately, in slow motion. She wants to ride him wildly, but prefers to follow his instructions literally. She loves the way he has taken control of the situation, even though he still pretends that they’re not really fucking.  
  
“Robin?”  
  
“Yes?”  
  
“This feels so incredibly good. There is so much warmth emanating from your penis. I think I may lose control of myself.”  
  
“This is good. It’s supposed to feel this way. But you must not lose control.”  
  
“What if I feel like going faster?”  
  
“You must hold off. Follow the rhythm of my hands on your hips.”  
  
“Oh yes, pull me closer to you, like that. It feels even better.”  
  
Robin maintains a steady rhythm for a few minutes. Elise is coming ever so closer to a climax, but she would need to move a little faster to get over the edge. She enjoys Robin’s control too much to give in to the temptation. She drops her torso forward and kisses him.  
  
“Mmmmmmmh.”  
  
“Is that okay? Can I kiss you during the cleaning?”  
  
“Of course. This actually helps.”  
  
“It does? How so?”  
  
“Well, the full cleaning effect is reached when I’m able to release an agent inside your vagina. It will fully clear your vulva of any potential contaminants.”  
  
“Oooooh, I see. Does it help if I scratch your chest like this?”  
  
“Aaaaah. Yes. Yes, it does.”  
  
“How about if I bite your earlobe?”  
  
“Mmmmmh. Yes! It’s definitely working.”  
  
“What if I clench my vaginal muscles, like this, does it help?”  
  
“Fuck! Fuck! How do you... it’s... incredible...”  
  
“Shhhh. Just feel it.”  
  
“Elise, it’s too much! I’m going to cum!”  
  
“I know, Robin. I am too.”  
  
“My god... my god... Elise!”  
  
As their orgasms erupt, she grinds herself against his pelvis to maximize her pleasure. He feels the thick, sticky cum travelling through his penis, erupting with force into her, coating her insides. Both of them close their eyes and grip each other tight, breathless, as the first wave continues building up. When it peaks, Elise bites Robin’s neck; he responds by grabbing her buttcheeks with his whole hands. As the next swells of pleasure rush through their bodies, they roll on the ground frantically, sucking on each other’s lips, until they find themselves panting, covered in sand.  
  
Elise is the first to catch her breath.  
  
“Holy fuck, Robin. That was amazing. But... when do you need to go back to the valley?”  
  
Robin smiles. He lifts his head, looks at Elise, and kisses her.  
  
“Something tells me you already know the answer.”  
  
“You’re damn right. You don’t need to be back until 8 pm, and you’re staying here with me until then.”  
  
“My plan exactly.”