**Caught**

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I was awake early this morning and it did not take me long to get dressed, breakfasted and such then it was into the car. I had remembered to take a holdall, my red scarf and a thick elastic band. I was wearing a green t shirt and a shortish brown skirt. It was a lovely drive out to the forest; the forecast was correct and the sky was a brilliant blue.  
  
Just before 8am I was driving down the single track road to Rufus Stone. This is a clearing in the forest marked by a waist high stone to show where the heir to the throne was murdered in the eleventh century. I pulled off the road and parked on the gravel. At this time of day I had the place to myself. Tracks lead away from the car park into the forest and my plan was to walk down one of these tracks then go off the track into the wild forest.  
  
I secured my keys to my wrist with the rubber band and set off to walk down the track carrying the scarf inside the bag. The birds were singing and the air smelt good. I was soon well out of sight of the car park and I picked my way off the track and through the trees. After weaving between the trees I came to a spot where thick bushes had grown around the base of a huge old tree and I stopped to look around. If I was really going to do it this was the place.  
  
I unzipped the bag and placed it on the ground with the scarf beside it. Then I slipped off my shoes and put them in the bag. Looking around I dragged my shirt over my head and dropped it in the bag. My senses were now on full alert as I stood there in my brief white bra. The bra came off and went into the bag then I unzipped my skirt and pulled it down and off. I felt very excited and gulped a little as I stripped off my knickers and consigned them to the bag. I was now totally naked in the open air. I only half zipped the bag -- I might need to open it in a hurry then very carefully I pushed it deep into the bush where it was invisible. I reached as high as I could and tied the scarf to a branch then I stood completely naked and looked around.  
  
I felt deliciously free, a bit like Eve. There was warm leaf mould and pine needles underfoot as I walked away from the place taking occasional looks backwards to make sure I could see the red scarf. One hand went unselfconsciously to my shaven pussy just gently stroking. It was like being a little girl playing naked in my garden. I imagined girls who grow up on fabulous private estates who have acres to run around naked away from prying eyes. There was no clearing; it seemed to be thick trees for a very long way but equally there were very few brambles apart from the odd bush. I was well over 25 feet from the bag and I had to peer a little between the trees to make out just a glimpse of the red scarf. I spun myself around with my arms outstretched enjoying the open air then I sat down with my legs shamelessly apart and my hand on my pussy.  
  
At one point my heart jumped as I heard a definite rustling in the undergrowth and I sat still and listened hard but saw nothing. A deer or a badger perhaps? I wondered what it would be like to be out here naked and handcuffed to a tree. I do own a pair of chrome handcuffs which I have used for self bondage experiments inside my flat.  
  
I looked at my watch on my bare arm. Time was passing slowly and my self imposed task was to stay here until an hour had passed or until I had some evidence of human company. I lay on my back looking up at the trees and a patch of sky.   
  
Suddenly there was a single bark, unmistakably a dog. Where had it come from? I sat up and caught a faint male voice. There was a rustling over in that direction. I stood up but kept bent low and ran to a place behind a tree in the opposite direction to where I thought the dog was. There was more barking, the dog was excited. Dogs have a good sense of smell; should I move away or just freeze? I was crouching behind my tree and I saw the black and white Colley with its nose to the ground. It was moving in vague circles then an old man came through the trees. He was wearing a green cap and a green quilted jacket which was unfastened. In one hand was a stick. The task was now complete and I could go to collect my clothes but to move would invite being spotted. Suddenly the dog gave a great Woof and came bounding right at me. I tried to make myself invisible but Rover had come around the tree and was right in front of me baring his teeth and growling at me. He had found his prey and was holding it at bay.  
  
The man knew from the growling that the dog had found something and he came running over. I guess there is a range of possible reactions to finding a naked girl; the man was angry and he demanded what I thought I was doing. My mouth was dry and I was very afraid. The first thing which came into my mind was a dare and that was what I said. The man was absolutely livid and was raving about polluting the forest. He used the word "disgusting" quite loudly and told me to "be gone". I think that is what one says to cast out demons.  
  
With my eyes fixed on the dog I began to edge myself in the direction of my bag. The dog moved forward. I think he had his eyes on my throat. I don't know what the man's eyes were on. The man asked if I had a car. I nodded. He put his hand into the dog's collar to hold him back and he waved his stick in a direction which was away from my clothes.  
  
"The car park is that way. Go before I set the dog on you".  
  
For a moment I stood open mouthed in the accepted position with one hand across my tits and the other between my legs (There are some places where a girl does not want to be bitten) then I just turned and fled in the direction he indicated. It seemed a long run twisting between trees but it was probably quite soon when I caught a glimpse of my red car through the trees. Now I crouched down cautiously.  
  
I could see my car. There was also a four by four which was empty and a small saloon containing two old aged pensioners. The old folks had parked perhaps ten feet from my car. I could not wait here. If the old man and his dog came back there was no knowing what the man would do. The only thing was to make a run for it. I took my car key from my wrist and held it in front of me then I took a deep breath and dashed for my car. I wrenched open the door and started the car. My bare foot on the accelerator felt very odd as I revved away and turned onto the road heading away from the main road. Of course the old couple had seen me but it must have been less than thirty seconds between breaking cover and being out of sight.  
  
My heart was pounding as I drove down the road and eased my foot off the accelerator so that I was doing a speed more suited to the road. I was on a public road driving completely naked in full daylight. How was I going to get home? How would I get from the car into my flat?  
  
Eventually my mind began to function. I always keep an old coat in the boot (trunk) of the car in case of breakdowns. I waited until I was on a fairly straight stretch of road where I could see both ways and I pulled over. This would have to be done fast. I looked both ways and ran around to the back of the car, seized the coat and slammed the boot then I pulled on the coat. I was standing beside the car doing up the coat when a car came past doing less than 30mph. There was a couple in the car and I don't think they saw anything untoward.  
  
So now I was dressed. My only thought was to get home. I did not fancy driving on fast roads in bare feet but what choice was there?  
  
I arrived back at my flat at around 10am -- just the time on a Saturday morning when everyone is up and about. Thankfully there was a car parking space in the street right beside the front door. That would avoid my having to park at the back of the block and walk to the flats in full view of all the windows at the back of the block. I parked and made sure my coat was fully fastened. I would look very odd wearing such a long coat in brilliant sunshine especially with bare feet. Fortunately my flat keys are on the same ring as my car key. I locked the car and moved to the front door of the flats as fast as I could. I was into my flat without meeting anyone.  
  
Once inside I just stood in the kitchen looking out of the window. Today had been a very narrow escape. It could easily have been very much worse. I did think of going back to Rufus Stone (fully dressed) to recover my bag but what if the man lives in a nearby cottage? I definitely don't want to meet him again. I will have to buy a new holdall some time and I have lost a set of perfectly good clothes but they can stay where they are hidden in the bush unless the man and his dog have found them.  
  
I am still a bit worked up but coming gradually. I keep seeing that old man with his stick raised over his head. This is the part which never appears in stories.