**Summer at Cache Lake**

 **Chapter 61: A Little Fun on the Island**

As they walked back to camp, Jill realized that she’d even have time to do a better job of hiding her clothes at the bridge after her swim. David and Ryan would be gone for at least two hours, maybe even three.

Back at camp they all got their sleeping bags into stuff sacks and secured them to their packs. Not knowing how much time she’d have to read, she put two paperbacks into one of her side pockets. She made a point of leaving ‘The Communist Manifesto’ sitting out. She wanted it to look as if she did intend to read while the boys were gone.

She walked the boys to the Jeep, wanting to be quite certain that they had indeed left. For extra measure, she even went out to the end of the driveway to watch the Jeep disappear into the distance. She recalled all the stress she had put herself through the last time she had swum out to Sunken Island with nothing on. She wanted to be completely convinced that they had left the lake. Not only did she want to avoid a nasty surprise, but she also wanted to avoid worrying about one.

Back at camp, she quickly changed into just her bikini bottoms. In a state of near euphoria, she skipped up the beach. She had considered walking there naked, just as she had done in the moonlight the night before. However, she had concluded that swimming naked was all that she had the guts for.

For some reason, she felt pretty comfortable topless in the sunshine on that particular lonely stretch of beach. Completely nude . . . in the sunshine? Nope! She laughed at herself, at the brazen little ‘one of the guys’ that she had become.

At the log, after the briefest of hesitations, she whipped off her bottoms and placed them down on the sand, right next to the log itself. She wasn’t quite as quick to dash into the lake as before. This time, she took a moment to inspect the small area that both suits covered.

She studied her tiny little landing strip, narrower and shorter than her pinky finger. It was all that remained of her brunette bush. Surrounding it was a small border of white ‘virgin’ skin. The triangles to the side were now a reddish shade of tan. They wouldn’t peel, but they’d gotten just a bit too much sun, just a bit too quickly. Placing her hands on her belly and pulling the skin up, she craned her neck to inspect as much as she could of her nether regions way down between her legs.

She was impressed with how good of a job she’d done with the razor. Her lips were completely bald. In fact, were it not for the small stripe, she’d look like a girl half her age down there.

‘Yep, better keep the landing strip,’ she decided. ‘Without it, I could be mistaken for a twelve-year-old.’ She chuckled, thinking about how some twelve-year-olds had breasts as big or bigger than hers. However, twelve-year-olds were almost never 5’9”.

She was celebrating that the opportunity for a nude swim had materialized as she dashed into the lake. Things were perfect! Her knee and ankle felt great. The bruise on her hip was gone. She had a small scar, but she had been told that it ought to be almost impossible to locate in a year or two.

As she settled down into the cool water, she was conscious of a slight breeze in her face. There was just enough wind to stir up the tiniest of waves . . . just ripples really.

Rolling over onto her back, she kicked along, exercising her legs, stressing the ligaments in her ankle just a little. Glancing down along her body, she played at keeping her nipples and her landing strip just above the surface of the lake. It was fun to be nude! She couldn’t deny that, and it was exhilarating to think that all that she had to put on was getting farther and farther away as she kicked along on her back.

She turned her attention to the high clouds. The sky was a majestic deep blue. There were a few clouds, but they were so small and wispy that she had to quickly abandon looking for animals in their shapes.

Out on Sunken Island, she continued playing, reveling in the joy that came from being young, naked and naughty . . . enjoying the fruits of voluntarily engaging in a level of risk that she never would have considered prior to that summer.

Realizing how long it had been, she allowed a hand to drift down to stroke her landing strip. A moment later, it meandered lower. With her center three fingers held tightly together, she massaged the top of her opening in a circular motion, applying just the right amount of pressure.

She hadn’t thought she’d do that out there, but suddenly the idea of having an orgasm in the middle of the lake was just too delicious to pass up. Her desire to proceed was overpowering.

Taking a deep breath for buoyancy, she managed to get her pussy to rise to the surface of the lake by using one hand to paddle while the other rubbed. She smiled as she thought of the view that she might be giving the astronauts in the International Space Station, not that their telescopes could be that powerful. Considering that, she checked the sky carefully for aircraft.

After verifying that she was completely alone, she closed her eyes. Ryan had ruined her ability to fantasize about watching a guy stroking his dick, so instead, she let her mind wander to basketball.

In her mind’s eye, she stood facing the players from the west side cabins, trying to picture each of their faces to help bring her fantasy to life. Without anyone telling her to do so, she boldly untied the strings and removed her bikini top, placing her small nipple capped breasts on display to the group.

She took another deep breath, as a pleasurable shiver rippled through her body. Imaging the removal of her top had enhanced the experience so much that she didn’t stop there. The depth of her breathing increased as she pictured herself grabbing her bikini bottoms, making fists around the straps just as she had actually done the day they had floated the outlet.

She bent over at the waist, hiding things from her audience, as she pulled her last piece of clothing down to her ankles in one motion. She stepped out of her bottoms and tossed them aside, knowing full well that she would never actually be able to do that in front of anyone. Now she was just as naked in her fantasy as she was in real life.

But this wasn’t real life. This was indeed a fantasy, and in this make-believe world she was a very bold girl who wanted to show these boys her pussy, or hoo-ha, as David called it. She even wanted to show them how nice her shaved lips looked way down between her legs. It was turning out to be very fun to pretend to be wild and wanton.

As she continued to watch her fantasy unfold, she saw herself stand up, both hands down low, forming a flesh-colored bikini bottom.

She tried to imagine them chanting something to encourage her to remove her hands and display her pussy. What she came up with was, “Pussy! Pussy! Pussy!” And yet, even this imaginary Jill, bold as she was, couldn’t quite bring herself to bare it for their viewing pleasure.

Suddenly, she felt hands on her arms. Glancing over, she saw that both David and Ryan were beside her. With their hands, they had each taken ahold of one of her arms. They lifted them both gently, up and out.

She tried to imagine the looks on Kyle’s, Patrick’s and the other boys’ faces as her pussy came into view.

“Look! She shaves!” one of them gasped in excitement. She saw expressions of delight on all four of their faces.

In that instant, the tingly sensations within her pussy transformed into fireworks, a full-blown orgasm ensued. She had to fight to keep her nose and mouth above the surface. Her body shook uncontrollably. She would have inhaled water had her feet not dropped just enough to come into contact with the submerged rocky surface.

She was still mostly floating, her back arched, but the balls of her feet were now taking a little weight, mostly just holding her in position. With them touching down, her other hand was no longer needed for paddling duty. With it, she reached up and caressed a breast, pinching the nipple firmly in the process.

As her orgasm started to subside, she opened her eyes briefly, wondering if she might have created a small Tsunami. Quickly verifying that she was still alone and that all was indeed in order, she again laid her head back and closed her eyes to return to the basketball court.

Back on the court, surrounded by the boys, she felt David and Ryan place her arms over their shoulders. A moment later, they reached down, grasping her legs from the inside near her knees. In the next instant, she felt her feet leave the ground. Her face turned beet red as she realized where things were headed. She squirmed, trying to resist, as her knees went up and up and then apart, way apart.

Glancing down, she saw that it wasn’t just her knees that were being pulled apart. Her outer lips were being stretched open as well, the space between them growing pornographically wide.

In shock, she realized that the guys in front of her were now looking at her inner petals . . . the first time that anyone other than herself had ever seen them in all their delicate glory.

In real life, Jill was still largely floating on her back, but her feet were now down on the rock, helping hold her in position and making it much easier to breathe. As her legs had been pulled apart in her fantasy, her feet had drifted apart on the rock’s surface. That had happened completely without conscious thought, the boys in her imagination having taken control of her body.

As she rubbed furiously, imagining even her inner lips parting, a second orgasm, much stronger than the first, crashed down upon her, sending spasms of pleasure bouncing back and forth inside her lower abdomen. Not fireworks, but actual artillery shells. The internal spasms translated into external motion, causing her limbs to shake. She pictured Kyle, Patrick, and the others moving in close to get a more intimate view as she convulsed in orgasmic bliss.

Waves of euphoria continued to cause her to quiver from head to toe. She might have even passed out, had there not been the distraction of trying to keep her face above the lake’s surface. She tried to relax, but it was difficult; her orgasm had taken on a life of its own, surging and then subsiding, only to surge yet again.

Once she finally started to again be a little aware of her surroundings, she worked at relaxing, trying to get her breathing under control. As she said goodbye to the west side basketball players and the fantasy that they had starred in, her brain became consumed by an unprecedented thought.

Was she an exhibitionist? Indeed, she had just experienced the most powerful orgasm of her life. She had driven herself to that state of ecstasy by fantasizing. Her fantasy had not involved any sex . . . none whatsoever.

Indeed, there had been guys in her fantasy, but there had not been a single dick . . . not a hard one . . . not even a soft one. The guys had all been fully clothed. She had been the only one undressed, and she had ended up completely and utterly naked . . . naked and on display, shaven pussy lips and all.

Being seen naked was the scariest thing that she could imagine, and yet that idea alone had just driven her to an amazing orgasm. It had been an orgasm more powerful than she had imagined might even be possible . . . so strong in fact that she was going to have to rethink the meaning and significance of sex itself. And yet, what had gotten her libido so cranked up was the idea of her naked body being seen . . . not being touched or fondled . . . just being seen.

What did it mean? Could it mean that she was actually an exhibitionist? Did she want that scene on the basketball court to actually happen, to come to life? She knew instantly that that was a ludicrous question. Of course, she didn’t want that to happen. Just because something was fun to fantasize about did not mean that she wanted it to come true. For example, she thought that it would be cool to be an astronaut; however, she had no intention of pursuing that as a career possibility. She intended to keep her feet firmly on planet earth. The vacuum of space? No thank you! Nude in front of all those guys? No thank you! Topless? Not even that.

Still trying to work out the apparent contradictions in her thoughts and her body’s demonstrated response, she pushed off and started back.

A short distance from the rock, she transitioned to breaststroke. Remembering the crazy trick that her imagination had played on her the last time she had gone for a nude swim, she started scanning the shore ahead.

Oh, my God! Instantly, she went into shock. Someone was on the beach. Looking carefully, her heart rate taking off, she saw that there were, in fact, two people on the beach dead ahead.

Oh, my God! Ryan and David? It couldn’t be! They’d have to be in Stanton right now. There was no way they could be back already, and yet that was what she thought she was seeing. That is unless her imagination was again playing cruel tricks on her, taking advantage of her tendency to worry about such things. She had just been fantasizing, pretending that mere thoughts were indeed reality.

She stopped and treaded water as she tried to make sense of her predicament. It had to be Ryan and David, she realized. Because of the distance, they were small, but they looked like Ryan and David would look from that far away. And they were at the log! There was no way that they might miss noticing her bikini bottoms on the sand next to it.

Her state of shock escalated as she realized that not only did they stand between her and the bottom half of her suit, but they now knew exactly where she was. They surely would have seen her swimming. And what made it all so terrible was that they knew that she was naked.

What to do? Oh, my God! What to do? She tried to focus her thoughts, but they were all over the place. She couldn’t swim to the log. They’d wait for her. She wouldn’t be able to walk ashore, not even using her hands to cover her private parts. That was easy to rule out.

She glanced off to the left, toward their camp. Their tents were just barely visible. She could swim there, but Ryan and David would just walk along the beach and intercept her. She thought of swimming even farther down the shore, way to her left. From there, she could swim down the outlet. She thought of her emergency stash at the bridge. If she could only reach it!

It was good that those clothes were there, and yet she knew that she’d never get to them without first meeting up with Ryan and David. They’d just walk along the beach and meet her at the mouth of the river.

As she started kicking on her back to get back to Sunken Island, she watched in horror as the two distant figures entered the lake and started swimming toward her.

**Chapter 62: The Western Shore**

This changes everything, she realized. Now it’s not about getting back to my clothes, it’s about avoiding the boys in open water. Meeting them in the lake or on Sunken Island was simply unimaginable.

Maybe David is bringing me my bottoms, she thought. But as soon as she thought of that possibility, she dismissed it. He would never do that. He and Ryan had both been pushing for full nudity. They’d never give her an easy way out, now that what they wanted had seemingly fallen into their laps.

Jill was in such a state of panic that her wits were starting to fail her. Given that, she was surprised that she was able to again find Sunken Island. That had probably been sheer luck, as she had not gone all that far. With her feet back on solid ground, she realized that she had to make a decision. What to do? What to do? She had to choose a course of action, and she didn’t have a lot of time. They were coming, and they were coming fast.

Forcing herself to concentrate, she realized that going back to the east shore was not an option. She’d already determined that. Whichever way she went, the boys would just alter course and meet up with her. Getting past them would be impossible. If she could swim the entire distance underwater, then maybe, but she couldn’t.

She turned and looked toward the west shore. There were sixty or seventy cabins there, maybe more, a couple hundred people, most likely. Many of them would be inside, but it was a lovely day. Too bad it wasn’t raining, she thought.

Ruling that out, she turned and looked back at David and Ryan. “Shit! Shit! Shit!” she yelled aloud in utter exasperation. This couldn’t be any worse!

She looked to the south. That was the only other possibility. There was no real beach there, but hidden in the trees was the trail that they used to get from one side of the lake to the other. If she made it to the trail, she’d be home free. She could hide, she could wait for dark, somehow she would be able to make it unseen to one of her emergency stashes or to the clothes in her tent.

However, it was at least three times as far to that shore, a mile and a half, maybe farther. She thought she could swim that far, and yet she never had. Drowning did not seem like an acceptable outcome. She didn’t think she would drown, and yet she knew that if she swam in that direction, the boys would simply alter to a converging course. They would still manage to intercept her somewhere in the middle of the lake.

If that happened, she could try to keep her distance from them, but ultimately she’d have to go ashore. And the boys would be right there with her. There would be no hiding.

She was mad at herself, and yet there was no time to waste berating herself for her mistake. Pushing off, she headed straight away from the boys, straight toward the western shore. She swam hard. She didn’t like the idea of what lay ahead, and yet she had to hurry. She needed to get there with enough of a lead to be able to disappear off of the beach before David and Ryan arrived. Things were about to get challenging. She’d have to keep ahead of them while avoiding all of the people that lived in those cabins.

Wishing that she didn’t know anyone who lived there, she thought of Kyle, Patrick, Eric and Hector, the four boys she had met on two occasions. She also thought of Amanda, Patrick’s sister, as well as the girls she hung out with.

Thinking of just how many people their age she knew who lived in the Cache Lake West cabins caused her to question her rash decision. In a state of panic, she stopped, intending to change her mind and reverse course. Looking back, she saw that David and Ryan were still coming. They hadn’t yet gotten to Sunken Island, but they were coming.

“Shit! Shit! Shit!” she said aloud. She was trapped. There were no good options, and the trap’s jaws were closing. Seeing no real alternative, she again put her head down and powered toward the west shore. She hoped to never arrive, and yet she needed to get ashore as quickly as possible.

It was the last place on earth that she wanted to visit naked, and yet that was her destiny.

Here she was, fleeing toward the western shore. In many ways, it was just like the time on the mountain below Snow Lake when she had fallen. Only this time everything was different. Then, she had been able to call on David and Ryan to bail her out. Now she had to keep away from them, away from everyone.

Then she had only been topless. This time she was utterly naked – and utterly alone. Alone was good – she needed to keep it that way. She’d felt nude prior to seeing the boys, but that had been the fun kind of nudity. This nudity was anything but. This was the scariest feeling she had ever known. Now she felt much more naked than before. Naked and horrified about what lay ahead. My God, how did I get myself into this?

She thought again of the boys ahead who knew her. Boys ahead, boys behind . . . herself in the space in between. And that space was shrinking. One group of boys was approaching the other. ‘Shit! Shit! Shit!’ echoed through her head.

Realizing that simply dwelling on her predicament was counterproductive, she raised her head to look and to start giving her situation some real thought, if that might be possible, given her inclination to react rather than taking the time required to think when the chips were down. Still swimming the crawl rather than switching to breaststroke, she examined the beach ahead.

She could see cabins in the forest, many of them quite large. No one had been allowed to build right on the shore, and yet quite a few were visible through a very thin layer of trees.

Picking a spot on the shore that looked to be between two cabins, she altered course slightly. She indulged in a quick look back. She had a sizeable lead, but David and Ryan were still heading right for her.

Okay, what to do? Run along the beach? That would be the fastest route to the south end of the cabin area where she would be able to join up with the trail around that end of the lake.

No, not the beach, she decided. Most of the cabins had large picture windows facing the lake. She’d be fully exposed, the chances of being seen would be too high, and it would be too scary. And, what was just as bad, Ryan and David would be able to see her. They’d know exactly where she had gone.

Yes, into the trees. That had to be her initial destination. She thought of just hiding somewhere until dark. She might decide to do that, she realized, but first, she would need to put some distance between herself and Ryan and David. If she didn’t, they’d find her right away. They’d played enough Hide-n-Seek in the forest; she knew exactly how that went.

She forced herself to concentrate on a plan that would bring her to the trail that she knew, the trail around the end of the lake. If she made it to that trail, it would take her straight out of the cabin area. Then she’d be able to run. She’d be able to stay ahead of the boys. They would be barefoot, too.

She was still feeling very panicky, but she was doing her best to channel her energy into rational thought rather than focusing on how hopeless everything seemed. It felt reassuring to have a plan, even one that was vague. It was certainly more than nothing. With an overall plan, she could attempt to concentrate on the details.

She wished she had spent time exploring that side of the lake. She knew that the cabins were connected via wandering dirt roads and a myriad of footpaths. Some areas were densely wooded and others were more open and meadow-like. What she wouldn’t give right now to know her way around! Recently, she’d been on the trail to the basketball court and back, but just the one time, and she’d been mostly just blindly following her two companions. And then they’d driven to the last game. Everything else was a jumble in her brain.

She realized that she wouldn’t even be able to tell the right trail from all the others, except near the basketball court and where it ultimately exited the cabin area. The trails varied in size, but other than that, they mostly all looked about the same.

She kept swimming hard as she approached the shore, only switching to breaststroke at the last moment. To keep as hidden as possible, she swam until the lake was only about a foot deep. At that point, she paused, supporting her weight with her hands on the sandy bottom.

“Shit! Shit! Shit!” she said under her breath as she held her head up and studied the shore ahead, contemplating what she was going to have to do. She wanted to curl up into a ball and disappear, and yet she knew that she needed to streak across the beach immediately. There wasn’t even time to catch her breath.

“Dammit!” she said quietly, hopping up and hurrying ashore, doing her best to minimize the splashing. In a crouch, one hand over her pussy, the other back behind her butt crack, palm facing back, she skittered to the tree line, her adrenalin pumping like crazy.

Stooping down to plan her next move, she suddenly realized just how winded she was. It had been a long swim, and she had exerted herself harder than ever before. Her heart was pounding like a machine gun within her chest which rose and fell rapidly as she panted. She couldn’t seem to get enough air. What a condition to be in as she gathered her wits to begin trying to sneak through the cabins that lay just ahead!

Down on one knee, both of her hands also on the ground, she turned her head and looked back at the beach. It was quite wide, and yet she’d only been on it for a matter of seconds.

Looking out into the lake, she was surprised to see that David and Ryan had split up. One of them was still headed straight for her, but the other had turned around. Either Ryan or David was now swimming in the opposite direction. She tried to consider what that might mean, and yet she wanted to be half a mile away by the time that whichever one of them was still headed her way got to that side of the lake.

She pulled her hair back, twisting it to squeeze out some of the water, as she studied the two closest cabins and the rest of her surroundings. Fortunately, there were no people visible anywhere. Taking a deep breath to calm her nerves, she popped up and made her way quickly along the path that she had selected. She hurried along at a fast walk, again in a crouch, one hand down in front, the other back behind.

Somehow it helped her to feel smaller, less visible, walking bent over like that. Her eyes darted all around, looking for people as well as the best places to place each step. She wanted to run, and yet she knew that doing so would not be wise. She might attract more attention running, and she certainly didn’t want to risk hurting a foot or reinjuring her ankle. Things were already bad enough.

She made it safely through the area between the two cabins. Thank God for large lots, she thought. Just past them, she encountered a dirt road. She kneeled before it, behind a bush, to make sure that the coast was clear and to pick her next destination.

Her heart was still pounding, the adrenalin still shooting through her veins, and she still hadn’t caught her breath. There was simply no time, and her anxiety alone would have been enough to keep her heart racing. She needed to put more distance between herself and the shore; it didn’t matter if it was David or Ryan who would be arriving shortly. They both knew she was naked; they both would be trying to track her down.

Glancing back, she saw her wet footprints on the dirt path. “Shit!” she hissed quietly. ‘What I wouldn’t give for a towel. I could dry off and then wear it. Problem solved.’

Looking across the road, she was disappointed to see a fence. Fortunately, it was a pole fence, the kind she had climbed through on hundreds of occasions.

After looking both ways, she shot across the road and then got down on all fours. After crawling through, she found herself behind a large bush. It had a carefully pruned look to it. Someone’s garden, she thought.

Glancing back, she realized just how exposed she was. There was the fence, and just beyond it the small road. Anyone on the road would see her just as if there were no fence there at all. They’d be looking right at her bare butt.

Peering around the bush, she decided that she had to go back. She’d entered someone’s well-manicured backyard. There was freshly cut grass; there was a picnic table; there was a fire circle, but even worse than that, there was a cabin with lots and lots of windows. She could also see that the fence extended all the way around.

She turned to crawl back through the fence.

“Are you okay?” A woman’s voice startled her.

Jill jerked, hitting her head on the pole she had just been ducking under. Looking up in shock, she saw an elderly woman with a watering can near some flower baskets.

She dove through the fence. Rolling across a narrow strip of weeds, she landed in the dusty road. In a state of full-blown panic, she popped up to her feet and sprinted down the road, not paying any attention to which way she was going.

**Chapter 63: Cabin Labyrinth**

As speed was suddenly her new priority, Jill was running nearly upright. However, as her ability to think began to return, her hands again found their way to her private areas and her head moved lower, her eyes darting apprehensively to and fro.

She knew that running down the road was a very bad idea, and yet she felt the need to quickly put some real distance between herself and the woman who had just seen her.

Before she had time to think of which way she was going, the dirt road she was on crossed another at a right angle. Racing across that road, she glanced over and saw a couple, walking hand in hand toward her. They looked to be out for a morning walk. They weren’t elderly like the woman with the watering can; however, the man did have grey hair. She passed no more than twenty-five feet in front of them. Regrettably, they’d both been looking right at her.

Seeing a bend in the road just ahead, Jill attempted to speed up. Once around it far enough that she knew that they’d no longer be able to see her, she slowed. The first path she came to headed straight to a large log home, so she ducked into the second one.

She raced about fifty feet in and then hid herself inside a group of bushes that surrounded the trunks of two large trees. Wrapping her arms around her knees, she curled up into a ball, her anxiety and the emotional stress of her predicament causing her body to tremble uncontrollably.

As she gave herself over to despair, she realized that nearly every choice she had made that morning had ended up being the wrong thing to do: leaving her bottoms by the log, swimming toward the western shore, running into the trees rather than racing down the beach. How could she have ever thought that she might make it through a populous area without being seen – and on a sunny morning no less?

As she lay there, she started sobbing, but she realized that she couldn’t stay put. Even though those who had just seen her might not come looking for her, the rumor mill had surely been activated.

She made a conscious decision to indulge in a sixty-second cry break, during which time she would not attempt a single rational thought.

Once her time was up, she wiped her eyes and tried yet again to get her breathing under control.

‘Good job, Jill,’ she congratulated herself sarcastically. ‘Three minutes, three people.’ The only positive development that she could think of was that by running she was now quite far from where either Ryan or David would be coming ashore – or had just come ashore. She wasn’t really sure of how much time had passed.

As she thought about it, she realized that she had likely been running the wrong way. She was probably farther from the south end of cabin area than she had been when she had come ashore. As she considered that, she decided that having initially gone the wrong way might have a silver lining. Whoever had followed her across the lake would probably guess that she would head straight for the path and then go south along it. Be it Ryan or David, he might actually get ahead of her. That might actually end up being good. He might then head back via that route, hoping to catch up with her.

Giving some thought to how they had split up, she thought of one possibility. The person who turned back might be planning to head around the south end of the lake. Possibly they were hoping to trap her between them on the trail. Maybe the trail wasn’t her best option; however, given how things had been going, getting caught by David and Ryan was starting to seem preferable to other potential outcomes.

Jill forced herself to get up. Cautiously leaving her hiding spot, she went back to the trail she had last been on. Not wanting to run into the people who had already seen her, she continued in the direction she had been going.

The trail passed between two cabins, small side paths branching off to doors. The main path itself was relatively good, which was cause for concern. The better the path, the greater the level of foot traffic, she knew. Fortunately, there was quite a bit of vegetation protecting her from being seen from those particular cabins. She hurried along, again in a crouched position, one hand at her crotch, the other behind, again palm back.

After passing a maroon cabin, she came to a footbridge. It crossed over a small brook. No wonder that particular path was so well traveled, she realized. The bridge served to funnel traffic onto it.

Seeing the brook, she realized that she was thirsty; however, she knew not to drink from such a stream. There might not be Giardia present, but the water still wouldn’t be safe to drink. However, she decided that the water would be fine to use to rinse the dust off her face.

Stepping down next to the stream, she squatted down and splashed water onto her face. It felt refreshing. In that position, she got a look at her legs. Standing up, she quickly inspected more of her skin. She was a mess. It looked as if she’d left the lake only to roll around in the dirt and weeds.

Deciding that if it was her destiny to be caught naked, she didn’t want to look like that, she knelt down in the stream and splashed water everywhere, rinsing herself off. She knew that she might again look about the same within a matter of minutes, unless she could manage to get dry before again rolling around on the ground.

Doing her best to keep an eye out for people, she used her hands and tried to flick as much of the water off as possible. The quick bath had served to remind her just how naked she was, not that she had forgotten. Her nipples were ready for glass cutting duty and her little furry stripe just above her bare slit shown like a beacon, mounted as it was in the middle of the only patch of bright white skin on her body. Some of her butt was surely also white, she realized, but attempting to get a look at it would serve no purpose.

The coast seemed clear, so she climbed out of the stream and crossed the footbridge. A short distance on, the trail divided in two. Knowing that she needed to go south, she paused to look up to see where the sun was. The trees meant that she couldn’t actually see the sun, yet she could tell where it was. She took the left fork.

She made her way cautiously along. Her new strategy was stealth at the expense of speed. Every so often she’d pause to listen and search her surroundings visually. She stayed low as she slipped quickly past yet another cabin.

“Jill?” she heard a male voice behind her say.

Someone had seen her well enough to recognize her! Without turning to look, she took off at a full sprint, her level of panic skyrocketing. The voice had been neither David’s nor Ryan’s, so it had to belong to one of the west side basketball players. She had no idea which one.

“Don’t run!” she heard the voice call out. Based on other sounds that reached her ears, she knew that the person was in hot pursuit.

Not wanting to trip and fall with someone close behind her, she did her best to watch the trail as she raced along; however, speed had to be her highest priority. She passed right in front of some picture windows. It was unfortunate, but it couldn’t be helped.

Suddenly she heard the guy chasing her pounding on a door, yelling at the top of his lungs, “Patrick! Patrick! Patrick! Quick! Quick!”

Instantly realizing that this might be her best and last chance to get away, she left the trail. She turned and headed off into the underbrush at an acute angle, ultimately reaching and vaulting over a recently painted board fence. That put her in someone’s yard. In a state of desperation, she raced straight across the yard in full view of the house, her breasts bouncing jauntily in time with her urgent stride.

Hopping a matching fence on the far side of the yard, she found herself in a second yard. Her eyes caught a picnic table complete with a checkered tablecloth; it looked to be set as if for lunch. It was obvious that her timing across that yard could have been much worse.

Sensing that life as she had known it hung in the balance, she crossed a total of four yards in that manner. She knew it was crazy, but if her pursuer had not seen which direction she had gone, it seemed as if she might stand a chance of success.

After leaving the fourth yard, she found herself again in an area that appeared to be open forest. She sprinted for a large clump of bushes that looked dense enough to hide her and dove inside.

Once within, she lay down on her side, again curling up into a ball. “Shit! Shit! Shit!” she said quietly to herself as she gulped air and fought back the tears.

Her life had quickly gone from bad, to worse, to even worse . . . yet again.

She didn’t know what to do. There might be nothing to do. She might have put a little distance between herself and the guy chasing her, but she had no way to know for sure. Had he seen her dive into those bushes? She decided to just lay there hidden and hope he hadn’t. At the very least, she needed to recover a little and allow her heart rate to come down.

A short while later, Jill wasn’t sure how much later, she heard two voices talking excitedly.

“Was she really naked?” she heard a male voice ask.

“I’m telling you!” came the reply.

“Her tits? Pussy? Ass?”

“I didn’t see everything, but she’s naked. Butt naked! A girl can’t get any more naked!”

Jill wanted to peek out from her hiding spot, and yet she didn’t dare. She held her breath. It seemed as if the sound of her racing heart might betray her.

“I still think you might be playing some kind of trick on me. Why would she be here? The basketball game isn’t until this afternoon. And why would she be naked?”

“I have no f\*\*king idea, all right? All I know is what I saw. She was soaking wet . . . looked like she had just stepped out of the shower.”

“Taking a nude stroll after a shower?”

“Hey, like I said, I have no idea! So give me a break. Let’s just round up the rest of the guys and find her.”

“Okay, you go find Eric, I’ll go and get Kyle. Let’s meet back here as soon as possible.”

As the boys headed off in separate directions, Jill quickly decided that she had to risk a peek to try and see exactly which paths they were taking. She was quivering with fright as she cautiously raised her head. Her faculties seemed on the verge of shutting down, and yet she couldn’t allow that. It was not over. There was still a thread of hope.

Fortunately, she’d been able to see which way they had gone. She now realized that it had been Hector who had seen her and then pounded on Patrick’s door as she had apparently dashed past where he lived. Those two had now headed off to enlist the help of the other two. In anguish, she realized that there would shortly be four of them. In minutes – or sooner – they’d be back and they’d again be searching for her.

Not liking the idea of having a posse out looking for her, Jill again left her hiding spot. Given which way they had gone, she needed to go back in the direction from which she had come. Not wanting to cut through the backyards again, she found a trail that went in a slightly different direction. It crossed a dirt road, resuming on the other side. After carefully looking both ways, she dashed across without incident.

Her plan, to the extent to which she was capable of forming one, was to quickly put as much distance between herself and the area where she been seen, the area the boys would be searching initially.

As she hurried along the trail, doing her best to keep her eyes peeled for any movement, she found herself wishing that she had left Sunken Island headed in the opposite direction. Compared to what now seemed to be her destiny, having David and Ryan catch her naked seemed like child’s play. Even running into one of them now would be a relief. If it was David, he’d surely manage to get her out of there, out of cabin hell. If it was Ryan, he’d also probably help her escape.

Or she could have just run along the beach. Surely that would have quickly gotten her to the trail that she needed to take back around the south end of the lake.

If she reached the beach, she would now just swim home, she decided. With that strategy in mind, she took a trail that branched off of the one she was on, thinking that it might be headed in the right direction to get her back to the lake. Unfortunately, she wasn’t very sure which way the beach was. The sun was quite high and she’d gotten turned around more times than she could count.

To her surprise, she suddenly caught sight of the hedgerow that bordered the basketball court. Approaching it and looking through the opening, she realized that she knew exactly how to find the trail that would lead her out of the cabin labyrinth and get her home. Not wanting to cross the open area near the clubhouse, she turned to make her way around the outside of the hedge.

“Mommy . . . naked,” she heard a small voice say. Glancing back, she saw a young girl pointing up at her.

Not having any interest in meeting the child’s mother, Jill bolted.

She had only just started to run when she heard footsteps behind her.

“Zachary Todd, get back here this instant!” she heard a woman yell.

Glancing back, she saw that she now had someone new chasing her, a young boy, probably ten or eleven. She imagined that he might be the older brother of the young girl who had first noticed her.

“Zachary Todd!” she heard the woman behind her yell again.

“Shit! Shit! Shit!” she cursed again, but this time Jill decided that she needed to be a little smarter. Accelerating, she turned and raced along the hedge, heading for the trail to the south end. If she was going to be sprinting through the west side cabins naked, she might as well be going in the right direction.

I should just turn around and punch the little twerp, she considered. He’s no match for me. I might not be able to outrun him barefoot, but I could certainly deck him. As she was considering whether she might be brave enough to confront a young boy while nude, she decided not to. She didn’t want him chasing her, but she knew she’d never hit a kid. In that instant, one of her feet caught on an exposed root. She almost managed to recover her footing – almost. Fortunately, her fall did not take place on a steep rocky slope – not this time.

As she rolled over to check for injuries, she heard, “Why are you naked?”

Glancing up, she saw that the boy had come to a halt just ten or twelve feet from where she lay on the ground.

**Chapter 64: The Field Beyond**

“None of your business, Zachary Todd,” she snapped. “And if you know what’s good for you, you’ll leave me alone. Go back to your mommy!”

“I don’t recognize you,” he said, seemingly taking no note of her implied threat. “You don’t live here.”

“My name’s Hilary Duff. Now leave me alone. Get out of here!” she said, getting her hands under her to push up.

“You’re not Hilary Duff. She’s blonde.”

Noticing that he was staring at her landing strip, she turned her legs to the side as she started to get up.

“I’m a different Hilary Duff, now get lost!” She was surprised that a boy of his age knew who Hilary Duff was.

Suddenly a male voice rang out from the distance, “Hey kid, who are you talking to?”

“Shit! Shit! Shit!” muttered Jill, finally getting her feet back under her but staying low.

As the boy turned to respond to the unseen person who had addressed him, Jill panicked. She had to get out of there. She took off at a sprint heading straight away from where the voice had come from. Regrettably, that had her headed right back toward the basketball court.

A moment later, she had to cut sharply to avoid colliding with a woman on the path. She assumed it was Zachary Todd’s mother; although, she hadn’t seen her earlier. The woman was holding a young girl’s hand. Jill’s little breasts were bobbing every which way and her pussy was on full display as she dodged the woman, missing her by mere inches. She made no effort to cover herself. She had bigger things to worry about.

“Who are you and where’s my son?” the woman called out after her.

Jill made no effort to respond.

From somewhere behind her, Jill heard someone yell, “It’s Jill. She’s headed for the basketball court.”

“Shit!” she yelled under breath, realizing that she probably now had all four of the boys hot of her trail. Maybe five boys, if Zachary Todd stayed in the game. “No, I’m not!” she said aloud as she raced past the court.

A few hundred yards on the trees started thinning out. She realized that she was leaving the cabin area as the trail began to climb. Getting away from the cabins was a good development, and yet she realized that she was again headed in entirely the wrong direction. This was neither the direction to the lake nor the trail she had been seeking. And yet she had to go on; behind her she could hear the boys’ voices as they yelled to one another, sharing information.

‘I’m done for,’ she realized as the trail entered a sloped field, leaving the forest behind. If she continued running, she’d be fully visible. Had she been wearing shoes and didn’t feel as if she’d just run a marathon, she knew she might have been able to outrun them. She thought about attempting that anyway; however, she knew they’d win a footrace. There were four or five of them, and they were surely wearing shoes and not already exhausted.

“Why don’t I have a cyanide pill with me?” she lamented as she slowed, picking out yet another group of bushes in which to hide. From that vantage point, she watched in utter despair as the boys came out of the forest one after the other.

“She’s got to be here,” one of them called out loud enough for the others to hear.

Jill was in a state of pure agony, realizing the hopelessness of her position, as she peeked through the branches. She was doing her best to silently catch her breath. She felt mentally and physically drained.

As she watched, they gathered in a quick huddle and then spread out in a seemingly coordinated manner. “No cyanide pill and no hole to crawl into!” she bemoaned. ‘What I wouldn’t give for a pair of panties . . . or some running shoes,’ she thought, glancing quickly at the sorry state of her feet.

“Jill, we’re not going to hurt you,” she heard Kyle call out.

“Then leave!” she muttered to herself. Kyle was nice, but she was naked. What did he expect her to do? Stand up and go and talk to them – naked? She’d rather die!

Once they were all about fifty feet apart, she saw them turn and begin walking. They were obviously planning on walking parallel paths across the field, a search pattern of sorts. She hunkered down low, searching her frazzled brain for some idea of what she might be able to do – or what she should say when they inevitably found her.

She was beside herself with anguish as she peered through the leaves, watching them work their way closer and closer. She knew the end was at hand, and yet she wanted to delay what now seemed inevitable.

It was then that she saw the rope in Hector’s hands. ‘They’re going to tie me up!’ she gasped in shock. That horrific idea gripped her mind as muscles spasms shook her. A faint memory of watching him change into cowboy boots after a basketball game came back to her. Looking down the line, she saw that Patrick too had a rope. They were stiff colorful ropes with circular coils.

Suddenly it hit her. They weren’t exactly ropes, they were lariats! Terror gripped her as she pictured herself being lassoed.

“God, I hate Rodeo Club!” she cursed under her breath. As her level of alarm shot up, she realized that if she was going to run, it had to be now. In a moment, it would be too late.

The guys kept coming toward her. Suddenly, from her hunkered down position, she saw Hector’s rope go into the air, spinning around his head. How she hated him! Had he seen her? But as he took a step in her direction, she spooked.

Her brain said, ‘Whatever you do, don’t run!’ but her body wasn’t listening. Her level of panic shot higher than it had ever been in her young life. A second later, she was up on her feet and sprinting desperately away. Before she had gone more than a few steps, she caught a glimpse of the purple rope right in front of her, a vertical loop down at ground level.

With no time to avoid it, her leg hit the stiff rope. In the next instant, the loop closed down on her right ankle. Instantaneously, her leg was jerked back, and she hit the ground hard, chest first. She hadn’t even been able to get her hands under her as their momentum flung them up above her head. The impact knocked the wind out of her. Debilitating shock consumed her as she realized what had just happened – she’d been roped!

“Yes!” one of the guys called out.

“Nice heel loop!” shouted another.

“Goddam you, Hector!” she heard a third voice yell furiously.

“I told you I wouldn’t get her neck,” someone, presumably Hector, replied.

For more than a second, Jill lay there frozen stiff, in utter shock at what had happened. She couldn’t breathe. What were they going to do to her? More afraid than she had ever been in her life, she flipped over and looked up in horror at her captors, the four large guys converging upon her. In adrenalin fueled desperation, she reached for her ankle, clawing frantically at the rope. Reaching deep to find the strength, she gave it a yank. To her surprise, the loop opened and she was able to slip her foot free.

Instantly, she was back up and running – running for her life. She saw a lone tree ahead and to the right; it was a giant deciduous tree. She altered course and raced toward it. She knew that the boys were in hot pursuit, but she didn’t dare look back. Remembering that she had seen a second rope, she cut left at a sharp angle. One advantage of being a basketball player was that she could turn on a dime.

She didn’t know what she might do if she made it to the tree, but she was determined not to be roped again – not to be again captured like that – not if she could prevent it. It had hurt physically, but much worse than that, it had wreaked havoc on her psyche. Never before had she felt so utterly vulnerable.

“No, Patrick!” she heard a voice yell, as she again cut sharply, this time to the right.

“Serpentine!” she heard someone shout in glee.

She had been in such a state of panic for so long, that she was amazed that she had her wits about her enough to engage in the evasive maneuvers. And yet, she had always been good under pressure on the basketball court. But this was different. Never before had the stakes been so high.

To her surprise, she reached the tree without again being hit by a rope. She jumped up and caught the first branch, which was quite high. Immediately she started climbing, her feet clawing at the rough bark on the tree trunk as she sought to pull herself up. Glancing back, she saw that the guys had slowed and were now walking. They seemed to know that there was no escape from the tree. Jill knew it too. She was almost as trapped as she had been with the rope around her ankle.

In horror, she saw that they had their phones out. Laughing jovially, the boys walked under the huge tree, taking pictures – all the guys that is, but Kyle. He seemed to be hanging back.

“Guys, I say we leave her alone,” he said. “I don’t think she’s having fun.”

‘Having fun?’ thought Jill. How ludicrous! That comment would be funny if her world had not been collapsing in on her.

Looking around, she saw that the young boy, Zachary Todd, was there as well. Like Kyle, he was not taking pictures. He didn’t appear to have a phone.

There were just three phones down below. ‘Just’ three phones! She realized how moronic that sounded – as if one was not enough to ruin her life. Three phones, all of them filming or photographing her desperate naked climb!

Her body shook as she tried to block out thoughts of the horrific indignation visited upon her by having been lassoed. Being treated like an animal, having them attempt to capture her in that manner, had caused her self-esteem to crash. As she thought back to that moment, she realized that being roped while naked – and then looking up and seeing guys converging on her – had triggered subconscious fears, fears of horrible things such as rape. And yet she was still in peril. She needed to try and concentrate. She forced her thoughts back to the present.

She was a good climber, but unfortunately climbing a tree required the use of all four limbs. She didn’t have a free hand to cover her crotch. Seeking to get away, she climbed higher, all the while wishing that there was a way to do so with her knees together. She was bright red, imagining the view the guys just below had, and yet there seemed to be nothing better to do than to attempt to disappear up into the tree.

“Have you ever seen such pussy!” she heard Patrick exclaim, his head at a position just below her feet. “Jill, you’re my dream girl!” he shouted exuberantly up into the tree.

“Come on, guys,” said Kyle. “I’m feeling bad for her. She’s . . . but . . . this isn’t right. We should go.”

“I’m not going anywhere,” replied one of the other boys.

“Jill,” continued Kyle. “How can we help? Do you want me to go and get you some clothes?”

Realizing that he seemed to be the only half-decent guy there, she broke her silence. “No, don’t go.”

There was a chorus of laughter.

“I think she likes you,” someone else remarked in a jovial singsong voice.

“You want me to stay?” Kyle asked in surprise.

Jill didn’t respond. She didn’t know what to say. She just didn’t want to be left there with the others. The rest of them seemed to have no shame. She was trying not to think about what they might be capable of.

She went one branch farther up into the tree, attempting to turn such that she felt a little less exposed. As she paused at that level, she realized that she was shaking in fright. She tried to think of something to say or do, but nothing good came to her. All options, both good and bad, seemed to have vanished.

She knew that she was still exposed from below. Even though she had managed to turn such that they wouldn’t now be able to see her pussy from the front, she knew that it was exposed and visible from behind. Indeed they were still taking pictures or video. She managed to free a hand. Snaking it around one of her cheeks, she managed to get part of her butt crack covered from behind; however, she wasn’t even able to maintain that position for a full minute. She needed both hands to hold on. She wanted a branch to sit on, but nature had not provided a strong enough looking one at an appropriate height.

From that point on, the best she was able to manage was keeping her head angled away. Although she knew that they already had photos that included her face, she could at least prevent them from getting more. It wasn’t much, but that was what it had come down to.

She tried to tune out the discussions taking place just below, but that had proved difficult. At one point she had heard one of them teasing Hector for not having kept his rope tight once it had been on her ankle.

“I WAS keeping it tight,” he claimed.

“But she pulled it right off!” someone replied.

“It would have stayed on a calf’s leg,” he offered in his defense. “They don’t have hands.”

“You didn’t know girls had hands? Too busy looking at pussy?” someone asked, razzing him. That comment was followed by boisterous laughter.

That remark and the laughter that it induced were painful for Jill to hear. She had been doing her best to draw into her shell and pretend that this all hadn’t happened – and yet it was still happening. She was naked and up in a tree, and down below, there was a group of boys that had seen her most intimate details – and they were talking about them – photographing them.

Fortunately, none of them had followed her up into the tree. That was something that she had been worrying about. She was glad that they all seemed as if they intended to keep their feet on the ground. And while that was good, she knew that eventually, something would have to give. She couldn’t stay up in the tree forever, and it was unlikely that any clothes were going to magically appear for her to put on. She thought of her emergency stashes, all of them very poorly located given what had happened.

**Chapter 65: The Field Beyond, continued**

With all avenues of escape blocked, Jill’s mind shifted over to trying to come to terms with how she had gotten into such an awful predicament in the first place. She couldn’t really blame anyone other than herself. She had taken off her own swimsuit. Even though the boys had been on the beach by the log, no one had forced her to continue on across the lake. No one had forced her to leave the beach and head inland.

She thought back to the very first time that she had engaged in a nude excursion. It had been the night that she had removed her bright white panties on the bridge. They were still there, tied to the post. No one had forced her to leave them there and return to her tent nude that night. That too had been voluntary – and risky.

This wasn’t even the first time that she had climbed a tree nude. One thing had led to another, and here she was. Considering her situation, she realized that she was just about as trapped and exposed as she might now be had she not gotten free of the lasso.

What might have happened then? Surely the boys would have all surrounded her on the ground. Might they have tied her up? Probably not. Hopefully not. She shuddered at the thought. Who knew what a boy who would rope a girl might be capable of? At least a few of the things that she had overheard indicated that not all of the boys down below were all bad.

Glancing around she noticed a bird nest higher up in the tree. She tried to force herself to study it, hoping to derail the downward mental spiral that had accelerated as she had contemplated what might have happened had she not been able to get herself free of the loop that had been around her ankle.

However, the nest offered no solace. She couldn’t bring herself to care whether or not there were birds, eggs or even just eggshells within. All the nest served to do was to remind her that unlike a bird, she could not fly and disappear up into the sky. Her only way out of the tree was back down to the ground.

Suddenly, she sensed a bit of a commotion at the base of the tree. She perked up her ears. A familiar voice! Could it be?

“So what’s going on here, guys?” It was David’s voice! Never before had she been so happy to hear another person’s voice.

“Your sister came for a visit,” she heard someone reply.

“So, where is she?” she heard him ask.

Craning her neck to see what was going on, Jill noticed a couple of the guys pointing up.

“In the tree?” he asked, confusion evident in his voice.

“David! I’m here!” she called out.

“Jill, is that you?”

“Help me, David,” she shouted, tears welling up in her eyes.

“Guys, why the f\*\*k is my sister in a tree?” she heard David ask angrily. When no one replied, he walked in under the tree. “Jill, have they hurt you?” he shouted, looking up.

Jill didn’t know how to reply. She had probably picked up a few bruises, but she was largely uninjured. And she certainly hadn’t been raped, or anything like that. But, she had been roped. Even though that did not seem to fall into the category of sexual assault, it did rank as one of the most degrading experiences of her life . . . most likely THE most degrading experience.

“What have they done to you?” he asked when she didn’t reply.

“I offered to go and get her some clothes,” volunteered Kyle.

“So why didn’t you?” he asked.

“She didn’t want me to,” he replied.

“Is that true, Jill?”

Jill didn’t know what to say. After a lengthy pause, she replied, “I didn’t want to be left alone . . . with the others.”

“Hmm…” said David contemplatively. “So tell me, what have they done to you?”

“I’m okay,” she said hesitatingly. She wanted to tell him about how Hector had lassoed her, but she held her tongue. She knew her brother too well. She knew that he’d start throwing punches . . . even before he’d heard the full story. Given that he was outnumbered, she realized that a fight might end badly. And it would get her nowhere.

“Why don’t you come down, Jill,” he suggested. Turning to the guys he continued, “She’s free to come down, right?”

“Of course,” said Kyle. The others chimed in with their agreement.

“She’s not in the tree because of us,” remarked Patrick.

“Yes, I am,” said Jill from above.

“Jill, come down,” David encouraged.

Jill noticed that David was dressed only in swim trunks. And like her, he was barefoot.

“David, I’m naked,” she admitted sheepishly. “I can’t come down.”

“I can see that,” he replied. Again looking down, Jill saw that David was looking up at her. She realized that his eyes would have adjusted to the dim light within the tree’s canopy.

“I’m too embarrassed to come down. I don’t want you . . . anyone . . . to see me like this.”

Looking down, Jill saw David looking at the other boys. “Anyone here not yet seen my sister naked?” he asked.

A moment later he again looked up. “Everyone’s already seen you, Jill. The damage is done. You may as well come down.”

“They’ve been taking pictures,” she said, her voice full of anguish.

“I know,” said David. She saw his hand shoot out and grab a phone away from Eric, the guy who happened to be closest.

“Hey!” he yelled, trying to get it back, but he was no match for David who shoved him away with just one hand.

“The rest of you . . . give me your phones!” she heard David demand confidently.

He wasn’t having much luck getting anyone to give him their phones until she heard Kyle say, “Here’s mine, but there aren’t any photos of Jill on it.”

Looking down, Jill saw Kyle hand over his phone. At that point, he joined forces with David and the two of them tried to talk Patrick and Hector out of their phones. They weren’t having much success.

David and Kyle went about persuading them by negotiating a somewhat complicated arrangement. The guys would each get their phones back undamaged. Any photos or videos of Jill were to be deleted. However, there was a catch. The guys had only agreed to hand over their phones and unlock them provided that Jill came down and did the dirty work herself – naked.

Jill listened to the discussion in disbelief. For her, it was like an out of body experience. She did want the images all deleted. That was a must. However, she knew she wasn’t going to be able to climb down out of the tree and work with each guy and his phone to make it happen. It would be hard enough to do fully clothed – search through phones for naked photos and clips of herself – with their full participation – and then delete the files. However, doing it in the nude? She was pretty sure that she wouldn’t be able to do that.

And what was worse, the guys had driven a hard bargain. Not only was she supposed to climb down and interact them, but they had anticipated that she might use her hands to cover up. The terms that David was discussing with them were not going to allow that. In addition, she was even going to have to keep her hair back as it had grown long enough to cover her breasts.

She wanted to shout down that she wouldn’t do it, and yet she held her tongue. She didn’t have any better idea about how they might persuade the guys to part with photos that they were obviously quite attached to. And it clearly had to be done right away, before the guys had a chance to do anything with the photos.

Once a deal had been reached and he had all the phones, David called up to her, “Okay, Jill, you can come down now.”

Jill didn’t reply or move from where she was. “Maybe when it’s dark,” she said at long last.

“I’m sorry, Jill. We’ve got a deal. And it’s a good deal for you, I imagine. Now come down.”

Jill knew that was true, but she couldn’t get her limbs to cooperate. However, she was tired and her muscles were clamping up. For that reason, she very much did want to get down out of the tree . . . just not with them there.

“There’s only one way out of a tree,” observed David after another long period of silence.

“I know, I know,” she replied. After a long pause, she asked, “Do any of you have water?” She was very thirsty.

“I do,” said Patrick. He held up a bottle of water so that she could see it. “It’s yours,” he added.

She thought about asking them to toss it up, but she knew that they wouldn’t. They would just tell her to climb down. It didn’t matter. She knew she wouldn’t be able to catch it if she talked them into throwing it up to her.

“Where’s Ryan?” she asked.

“Jill, you’re stalling,” said David. “We can talk about everything once you’re down.”

Jill knew she was stalling, but what else could she do? She couldn’t just climb down the tree naked. Counting David, there were now six guys at the base of the tree.

She’d grown a little accustomed to being topless, but this was exponentially different. Not only did she not have any clothing covering her pussy and butt, but she had just shaved. There wasn’t even a single hair down there to hide her tiny little female parts. There was the landing strip, but it was completely above her slit and all the delicate features within.

“Where’s Ryan?” she asked again.

“Sent him back for the Jeep,” came the reply. “He should be here soon. Best rescue mission we could pull together on short notice.”

Jill wasn’t sure what she thought about that remark. She had swum west to get away from Ryan and David. Now she was supposed to believe that they had been trying to rescue her?

“What happened to the trip to get the Backcountry Permit?” she asked, her voice full of suspicion.

“We can talk about that later,” said David. “Right now, you need to come down. We have an arrangement. The guys have graciously agreed to allow you to delete their prize photos. This is a good deal for you. Don’t mess it up.”

Jill couldn’t really argue with that. Dealing with the photos was more important than anything else. She was glad that David understood that and had made it his priority.

After another long delay, Jill let out a heavy sigh. “Okay, okay. I’ll come down.”

She tried to get a foot to move to a lower branch, but it refused to budge. I can do this, she thought. I have to do this. She closed her eyes, summoning all the courage she could muster. Reopening her eyes, she managed to get one leg one branch lower.

“I can’t,” she said, stopping there.

“You have to,” said David. “Nobody stripped you, Jill. You took off your own swimsuit and swam here of your own free will.”

Oh, how embarrassing! Why did he have to say that, even if it was true? “David!” she snapped. “You’re not making this any easier.”

Looking down, she saw all the guys staring up between her legs, Kyle included. David, however, was not there. He had apparently stepped away from the base of the tree.

She thought about asking them all to turn around, and yet she knew it really didn’t matter. They had already seen everything. Besides, she was going to have to remain naked, for a while at least, that she knew.

She got a second foot down on a lower branch by focusing on the tree itself rather than the boys below. From there it became somewhat easier, that was, until her pussy started getting relatively close to their faces.

Suddenly, she realized how much reality was imitating art. In quite a number of regards, what was happening was exactly like the fantasy she had concocted less than two hours before out on Sunken Island. The same group of guys was now staring at the same pussy . . . her pussy. Her legs weren’t as wide apart as they had been in that basketball court fantasy, and yet they were certainly wide enough. No secrets remained.

“Look! She shaves!” she heard Eric gasp in amazement.

My God! Even that very line had been in her fantasy! Her face flushed yet a deeper shade of red – just as it had done in her orgasmic visit to Sunken Island.

“You’re just noticing that?” said Patrick, ribbing Eric.

They all laughed, but to Jill it wasn’t very funny. She knew just how much was on display; it was impossible to climb down a tree in a ladylike manner. And then as if things weren’t as bad as they could possibly get, she caught a whiff of herself.

‘Oh, no, not that!’ she thought, realizing that her female body was about to betray her at the worst possible moment. There was a light breeze, and yet she didn’t know if it would be enough to keep them from noticing her scent once her crotch was at nose level.

When Jill was approaching the height at which the boys might easily notice her arousal, either visually or via the sense of smell, she hurried, dropping quickly down to the ground. Instantly she found herself surrounded by guys, her back to the tree. Fortunately, they were all keeping back at what was almost a respectful distance.

She tried to think of something to say, but the awkwardness of the situation was overwhelming. She had initially looked the closest boy, Patrick, in the eye; however, seeing the look on his face and realizing that his eyes were focused down below her waist, she had immediately looked away, her eyes dropping all the way down to the ground.

Simultaneously, her hands had instinctively gone to her crotch; however, as soon as she had been conscious of that fact, she had removed them. It had taken all her willpower, but she had managed. Best to just obey the rules rather than suffer the embarrassment of having to talk about them, she had decided.

She’d gotten herself into this predicament, and she might as well do her best to deal with it maturely. Besides, she reasoned, she’d only draw it out if she didn’t embrace the terms that David had negotiated on her behalf. Dealing with the digital images had to take priority over all else. That was where her focus needed to be. Only after they had been erased might she be able to get dressed. Getting dressed or at least wrapped up in something and getting herself far away from the Cache Lake West group of guys couldn’t happen soon enough, as far as she was concerned.

The warm feeling in her cheeks alerted her to the fact that her face was bright red, but then she realized that it would likely go unnoticed. The boys’ attention was captivated lower down. It appeared as if they were seeing the first naked girl that any of them had ever seen.

Jill’s stomach was doing backflips as she considered that their eyes were boring holes into her essentially bald pussy. Realizing that thinking about that might only serve to increase the moisture down there, she tried to find something else to focus on. The bird nest crossed her mind, but looking up she found that she could no longer see it. She tried to look for it, but the five boys leering at her were impossible to ignore.

“Come on guys, haven’t you ever seen a naked girl before?” she asked, immediately regretting the question. Some of them probably hadn’t. Indeed, it had only been a little over a week since she’d seen her first fully nude guy. Fortunately, no one responded to her question.

She felt confined under the tree; however, there was a certain level of security that came from being in what seemed a little like an enclosed area. Outside of the tree, there was just the giant open field and full sunshine. The area under the tree, even with the guys there, almost felt like a comfort zone in comparison to the wide-open world just outside . . . the world she had spent a good chunk of the morning trying to escape.

“Here,” said Patrick, extending his hand toward her. Jill jumped back in alarm, but then she saw what he was offering.

“Thanks,” she said, accepting the water bottle.

**Chapter 66: The Tree**

She unscrewed the lid and drank greedily. The water was warm, but it tasted wonderful. As she gulped it down, she considered something important that had been overlooked, something that having seen Patrick’s hand coming toward her had caused her to think about.

“David,” she called out once she had consumed at least half the contents of the bottle.

“Yes,” he said, his head appearing from a position behind the other guys. She indicated with a wave that she wanted to talk to him.

A couple of the guys stepped aside, allowing a path to open so that David could enter. Jill saw that he was doing his best to keep his eyes on her face.

“Come here,” she said beckoning.

David walked into the circle. Jill grabbed his arm and pulled him close so that she could whisper into his ear.

After listening to what she had to say, David turned to address the group. “There is to be no touching. Absolutely no touching . . . period! Got that?”

The guys begrudgingly nodded their agreement as David indicated with his eyes just how serious the matter was. “Any infractions will not be tolerated,” he added. “So don’t try me.”

Jill again pulled his arm, and he leaned close to hear what more she had to say.

“The same rule will not apply to Jill. She’d like to be allowed to touch whoever she pleases, wherever she chooses,” announced David after hearing her out. “Anyone have a problem with that?”

That comment was met with some snickering and smiles flashed across the guys’ faces.

“Oh, she can touch me wherever she likes!” announced Hector to the merriment of his friends.

“Great!” said Jill as she took a step toward him and slapped him as hard as she could, catching everyone by surprise.

“Ow!” yelped Hector, reeling from the blow. Everyone else fell silent.

Before he could recover, Jill took another step toward him. The morning had sapped her strength, but with everything she had left, she rammed her knee up into his groin. The expression on Hector’s face changed instantly. Everyone else froze in surprise.

As Hector doubled over, gasping in vain for air, Jill scampered to a position just behind David. There, she grabbed hold of his waist seemingly intending to use him as a human shield. She peered cautiously around him as if expecting immediate retaliation.

“I wasn’t expecting that,” remarked David as Hector crumpled to the ground.

Glancing around the group, Jill noticed that the other guys all had painful expressions on their faces, almost making it appear as if she had just kicked each one of them in the balls. She was shaking and knew that David had to be able to feel it.

“I don’t know what Hector did to deserve that,” said David. “But you could cause serious injury, doing that to a guy.”

“Don’t you dare side with that piece of shit!” said Jill vehemently.

Once it was apparent that Hector was in no condition to mount a counterattack, Jill looked around to see what had happened to the water bottle. She stepped boldly out from behind David and retrieved it from the ground. Wiping it off, she struck a defiant pose, unscrewed the lid and took another long drink.

“Thanks, Patrick,” she remarked after she had drained it. She tossed him the bottle.

“Umm . . . you’re welcome,” said Patrick, looking up from Hector to catch it. Hector continued to moan in pain.

“I guess he did something to justify such treatment?” said David. “Do I need to beat him up, or do we need to call the police and have him arrested?”

“Neither. It’s fine,” said Jill. “I can fight my own battles.”

“I can see that,” replied David. “Care to explain?”

She shook her head, looking sternly into his eyes. “Maybe later,” she said, hoping that he would be satisfied for the time being with that response. She saw David glance around at the other guys as if he were hoping that someone else might explain.

Successfully delivering a little retribution had been exactly what Jill’s psyche had needed. Suddenly she was feeling a lot less like a victim.

“I need to get out from under this damn tree,” she announced in a resolute voice.

There was a gap between Hector and the rest of the guys. Taking a deep breath to summon her courage, she strode through it, flicking her hair back and holding her head up high. She emerged from the shade of the tree into the bright midday sunshine.

As the sun’s rays hit her, Jill did her best to maintain an appearance of confidence. That effort quickly fell apart as the adrenalin associated with attempting to even the score with Hector dissipated in her system. Her shyness returned.

Standing there in the open, she felt a strong inclination to hide her pussy with her hands. As she intended to keep to the agreement to ensure that the guys would, she resisted the temptation. Instead of covering herself, she moved her knees together. Standing on one leg, she crossed her legs down at ankle level.

The boys had followed her out into the sunshine.

“So, Hilary,” said Patrick. “It would appear that you are no stranger to toplessness.” The other boys started snickering.

Jill had not considered what they might be thinking given the complete absence of tan lines on her upper body. Glancing down she noticed that her nipples too were broadcasting an extreme level of arousal. She couldn’t help it. It was embarrassing to be stark naked in front of a group of guys, but it had its thrilling side as well.

“Hilary?” asked David.

“It would seem that your sister gave Zach here an alias,” said Patrick, indicating the young boy that had been there the whole time. David had noticed him, but no one had sought to introduce him. He had simply been observing quietly. Patrick continued, “She told him her name was Hilary Duff.” The rest of the west side guys all chuckled.

“Hey! It was a joke,” said Jill.

“Don’t worry,” said Patrick. “When he told us his story, my best guess was that you didn’t have time to think up a real alias.”

“I guess that was it,” she admitted, looking away.

“But look at your awesome tan!” exclaimed Patrick. “Just the tiniest amount of white peeking out down below! Looks so hot!”

“Way hot!” declared Eric.

Jill’s cheeks flushed anew. She had spent a lot of time in the sun topless. She didn’t like that that secret was now common knowledge. However, her concern about that paled in comparison to the embarrassment that came from standing there completely naked . . . in front of them all.

Having him mention the little bit of white skin that surrounded her landing strip was the worst of all. After all, a portion of what was white down there was her shaven lips, one on each side of her little slit. She trembled with mortification as she considered all that was on display. Thinking about it made her feel so naked and vulnerable.

It was just too much, so she glanced up at the clouds overhead, trying to imagine that she was all alone rather than standing, just as nude as the day she was born, in front of a half dozen guys. It didn’t really work. She knew they were there, even if she wasn’t looking at them.

“Zachary Todd, where are you?” they suddenly heard a woman’s voice calling in the distance.

A moment later they saw a woman emerge from the forest back down the slope, near where Jill had been lassoed.

“Hey, Zach,” said Kyle. “I guess you’d better go. It’s best if your mom doesn’t come up here.”

“Okay,” said Zach dejectedly. It was quite obvious that he didn’t want to leave.

“Zach,” said Jill, getting the boy’s attention. “Whatever you decide to say, please do your best to not make this any worse for me than it already is.”

“Yeah, Zach,” added Kyle. “Best not mention anything about a naked girl. Not sure what your mom might think about that.”

“But, she already saw me,” said Jill. “I almost ran into her down by the basketball court. Just be careful what you say, Zach,”

“I’ll try,” said Zach. He turned and started heading down toward his mother. Looking back over his shoulder at Jill he added, “Goodbye, Hilary.”

“Goodbye, Zach,” she replied. He seemed like an okay kid, but she hoped to never see him again. She especially hoped to never see his mother again.

“Oh, Zach,” Kyle called out. “If you need to mention a name, keep to ‘Hilary,’ just leave off the last name.”

“Good idea,” said David.

“Do you think his mom might call the police?” fretted Jill.

“You never know,” said Kyle. “But just to be on the safe side, we should probably all go somewhere else . . . where the police wouldn’t be likely to find us.”

Jill had hoped to be quickly dealing with the guys’ phones so that she could put the rolling nightmare behind her; however, Kyle’s logic seemed sound. It was bad enough to be naked around a bunch of boys her age, but it would all be much worse if the authorities entered the picture. She realized that they probably wouldn’t do anything too serious to her. It would just involve more people seeing her naked, and then a lot of embarrassing questions. ‘Yep, I can do without that,’ she quickly concluded.

After waiting a couple of minutes for Zach to meet up with his mother and for the two of them to disappear back into the trees, the boys led the way the slope in a direction that angled left, away from the cabin area.

Jill tried to walk closely behind David in order to feel a little less exposed, but it wasn’t helping. The other four boys were all clustered around her such that each of them had an unobstructed view of the naked girl in their midst. As she walked along, Jill realized that every bit of her body was probably constantly in view of one or another of the guys.

The warmth of the sun on her skin felt nice, but that made her realize that she probably needed a sunscreen refresh. She, of course, did not have any with her, and she thought that it was unlikely that one of the boys had any. She decided to not bring it up. Even if one of them did, burning seemed better than putting on a sunscreen show.

As they walked along, she saw that David was keeping an eye on Hector. Although he couldn’t know what Hector had done to inspire her wrath, he must have noticed that the other guys had not questioned why she had attacked him. David looked as if he were ready to pounce, should Hector get out of line.

It again felt a little reassuring to know that David was there for her. Even though her Friday morning naked adventure was still in full swing, David seemed to be doing his best to look out for her.

They reached a paved road, the two-lane road leading into the cabin area. The asphalt was too hot for Jill to cross barefooted. She asked David for a piggyback ride but instantly realized that he had the same problem.

As an alternate was necessary, she asked Kyle. Just asking him caused her to blush anew, but not at all like she blushed as she climbed up onto his back. That was a very awkward moment. The only thing that made it possible was that he was facing away. As she leaned into him, her breasts coming into contact with his back, she felt quite relieved that he was wearing a shirt. It was just a tank top, and yet it made all the difference in the world. His hands were, of course, on her bare thighs, but for some reason that didn’t bother her as much as it would have if her breasts had been touching bare skin.

David, in turn, got a ride across the street from Patrick. “Boy, did I get the short end of the stick this time,” Patrick joked as David climbed on.

Jill didn’t say anything. She was doing her best to ignore just how exposed she felt, having her legs up and apart. She kept her eyes focused ahead, doing her best to not think about how Eric and Hector were right behind them. Fortunately, crossing the street took no time at all and they resumed their march.

The next section of ground that they covered was almost treeless. That made Jill realize that there was an advantage to how the boys had taken up positions around her. They were, of course, just jockeying for the best view; however, the unintended consequence, she realized, was that she would mostly be hidden were someone to see them from a distance.

A little farther on Jill was wondering just how far they might be going.

“Guys,” she said. “I don’t think a naked hike was part of the deal. As I understood it, I was staying undressed while we deleted images.”

“Exactly right,” said David. “Go ahead and get dressed if you like . . . but whatever you put on needs to come back off once we get where we are going.”

The guys all laughed, which Jill didn’t appreciate. And yet the west side guys were all wearing shirts.

“Anyone care to lend a girl a shirt?” she asked with a hopeful smile, expecting that she already knew the answer.

Again the guys laughed.

“Kyle?” she asked in her sweetest voice. She figured that if anyone might loan her his shirt, it would be him.

“Sorry, Jill,” said Kyle. “I have to live with these guys. They’d never forgive me.”

“Please!” she added.

“Jill, as I understand it, you took off your own swimsuit. I wouldn’t want to deny you the experience you were seeking.”

Jill stuck out her lower lip in a pout. She didn’t know how to combat the, ‘you’re naked because you want to be naked,’ argument.

“But . . . okay . . . even if I have to stay naked, a hike was not part of the deal. You guys are taking advantage of me.”

“Don’t worry. It’s not all that much farther,” said Kyle. “But I’m sure your feet must be pretty sore.”

“They are,” she replied.

“Up ahead, there’s a bluff that has a beautiful view of Cache Lake. We’ll be there in just a couple of minutes,” said Kyle.

Jill knew that she wasn’t in much of a position to complain. There wasn’t any way for her to get dressed, and there was no place to run off to . . . not that running had been a very effective strategy. She needed to simply stay with the program until the photos were deleted. Then and only then, might it make sense to reassert a little control over the direction things were going.

At that point, she thought of a problem with the plan as she understood it. She was supposed to delete each guy’s photos, and then they could have their phones back. What would stop them from surreptitiously taking new photos? She worked on thinking of a solution to that problem as they emerged from the trees onto the bluff above Cache Lake.

Jill found herself trying to pick out their campsite on the opposite shore. The point itself was easy to find; it protruded out from an otherwise nearly straight shoreline. Their tents were indeed visible as well, but everything else was either too small or simply blended in given the distance. The lake was more than a mile across right there.

“I see the smoke from your fire most evenings . . . if I bother to look,” remarked Kyle.

Jill had always suspected that the smoke would be easily visible. What she really wanted to know was if they had any telescopes that they might have trained on their camp. She didn’t dare ask, realizing that doing so would only encourage them to look. She wondered if they would mention it. Above all, she was wondering if they had already observed her in camp topless. But if they had, she would expect them to keep that to themselves – not wanting to mess with a good thing. She smiled to herself, thinking about how small her little boobies would have to look from a mile away.

“We should get started, right?” asked David, looking at Jill. He had kept all four of the cell phones in his possession.

“Sure,” she replied. She wasn’t looking forward to seeing naked pictures of herself on the guys’ phones, especially not with them looking over her shoulder, and yet it had to be done. The sooner it was over, the better. She knew that it would be embarrassing, standing there naked, looking at such photos. She had been attempting to prepare herself for the challenge.

“Should I just pick a random phone? Should we start that way?” asked David, holding up a phone.

**Chapter 67: The Bluff**

“That’s mine,” said Eric.

“Can I start with Kyle?” she asked.

There was some laughter. “She likes you, bro,” someone remarked.

“I’m telling you,” said another voice.

“Fine with me,” replied David with a shrug.

A minute later, Jill found herself off to the side, Kyle’s phone in her hand. Even though it had been almost half an hour since she had climbed down out of the tree, she had not gotten any more comfortable with being stark naked around so many guys. Suspecting that Kyle was being nice because he had a crush on her did not help matters.

“Why did you pick me to go first?” he asked with a warm smile.

“Well, because you have been acting nicer than the others,” admitted Jill. “And . . . I didn’t see you taking any pictures. It’s going to be difficult to look at pictures of myself . . . and see what you guys were seeing . . . up in the tree like that. That angle . . . I suspect it’s quite . . . umm . . . unflattering.”

“Unflattering?” he chuckled.

Jill didn’t reply. ‘Unflattering’ hadn’t been the first word that had come to mind. It had simply been a word that she had been willing to say.

“Jill, I have to confess that I did take a few pictures of you. It’s embarrassing, in part, because earlier I said that I hadn’t. They’re just not from the tree.”

“From the field?”

“Yes . . . you’ll see. I haven’t even looked at them yet.”

“Umm . . . Kyle . . . before we begin. I want you to know something. I mean . . . I think you think I’m a nudist.”

“Aren’t you?”

“No! Certainly not. I’m a regular girl. I’ve always been rather shy. Being so . . . umm . . . underdeveloped has kept me that way . . . and introverted.” That was embarrassing to talk about, but her chest was on full display, so what was there to hide? She continued, “I just got up this morning and decided to go for a swim. It’s not something I do . . . I mean . . . a lot of. But today I did. There was no wardrobe malfunction. I just went skinny dipping . . . all by my lonesome.

“David and Ryan had driven into town. So, I was out in the lake . . . nude . . . and then they came back early. I couldn’t go back. They were between me and my clothes. I swam over here, hoping to sneak back via the trail.

“Well, I probably should have known it would happen, but I kept running into people. I’d run from someone only to run into someone else. Well, you know the rest. I’ve made some bad choices today. I’ve been particularly unlucky. I just hope you believe me . . . I never intended to cross the lake and run around naked.”

Jill studied his expression. She hoped he was believing her story. But why wouldn’t he? It was the truth.

“I’m not a streaker . . . really I’m not . . . not a nudist,” she stammered. “You probably don’t believe me, but most days I’m quite ordinary . . . boring really. I play basketball. That’s about all that most people at school knew about me . . . because that was all there was to know.”

Kyle started laughing.

“Are you two going to chat or get down to business?” asked David who had been observing them from a short distance away.

“Right. Okay. Unlock your phone and open your photos,” she said to Kyle.

Kyle had just four photos. In the first one, Jill looked to have just landed on her face. She could even see dust from the impact billowing up around her. The rope was visible on her foot. In the next one, she had rolled over and was reaching for the rope.

“Don’t look!” she said, realizing that her legs were open.

Kyle laughed. He seemed to be enjoying his time with her.

“You have to, at the very least, let me look. I mean, if you are going to delete my photos, it seems only fair that I get to see them first,” he pleaded. “I did give you a piggyback ride . . . remember? Surely that was worth something.”

Jill bit her lip but then snorted. She took a deep breath and scrunched up her face while she considered his request. After all, she was every bit as naked now as she had been then, and she was standing right next to him. The angle was hardly the same, but her pussy was certainly in view. ‘Live’ pussy must beat a photo any day, she realized. That thought made her blush. Every thought made her blush.

Jill decided to let him look, even though doing so was difficult and made her quiver nervously. She kept a tight hold on the phone. She wasn’t about to allow him the slightest chance to store copies in a separate file somewhere where she wouldn’t find them.

The first three photos captured her being roped. “I was wishing I had gotten one just as you came in contact with the rope,” he said. “But now I suppose it doesn’t matter.”

Jill frowned. “So why did you take these, but none later?”

“I don’t know . . . I just had my phone out. I guess I knew that we were close, and then Hector was swinging his rope. I knew he had seen something.”

As far as Jill was concerned, that didn’t explain anything. The fourth photo showed her back up on her feet, sprinting off for the tree.

“You look awesome from that angle,” he remarked.

Jill moved the phone into her shadow so that she could study the image. It did seem to showcase her athletic legs and youthful butt quite well, she realized.

Jill had seen pictures of herself - but never like these. They were scandalous and yet, she found herself wishing that she had a way to send them to her phone. The roping photos would be nice to have - as evidence - if for no other reason, she realized.

And yet, there was really no good way to send the photos to herself. That side of the lake also had no cell reception. The only possible way to do it involved leaving them on Kyle’s phone for the time being. She wasn’t willing to consider that. Best to just delete them and try and forget that they ever existed, she decided.

After deleting them, she went through the extra step of emptying the trash bin.

Looking over at Kyle, she saw that he was purposefully making a sad face.

“Can I at least take and keep a selfie of you and me here together?” he asked.

“Certainly not!” she snapped.

“Just from the waist up?”

“Maybe later . . . once I’m dressed,” she offered.

She expected him to scoff at the suggestion, but instead, he replied, “I’d like that.” She expected that he was saying that just to be nice, but she appreciated it anyway.

“I get my phone back now, right?” he asked.

“How do I know you won’t take more photos . . . when I’m not looking?”

“I won’t.”

He seemed fairly trustworthy.

“Can I really trust you?” she asked, knowing full well that she’d be the one suffering the consequences if she made the wrong decision.

She had thought about giving David all the phones back; however, ultimately, they’d have to hand them back. Then, in that situation, the guys were likely to resume taking photos . . . if she were still nude.

“If you don’t want to be photographed naked, then I won’t . . . cross my heart,” pledged Kyle. “However, it is up to you to decide if you trust me. I know you don’t know me that well.”

Jill considered that. “I’d like to ask you a big favor. I’d like to entrust you with all the phones. If I give them to you, would you hang on to all of them until after we’re long gone? I need to prevent the guys from taking new photos after these are deleted.”

“I’ll do that . . . if you want me to,” he replied.

“The guys probably won’t like that solution, but I’m sure they’ll agree, right?” she said.

“They’ll have no choice,” he said matter-of-factly. “We won’t give them a choice.”

“Okay, then. Here’s your phone. Now promise.”

“I promise,” he said.

“Thanks,” said Jill. She thought she could trust him. After all, he’d helped David talk the others into relinquishing their phones. He seemed honest, and yet she’d heard him say that he hadn’t taken any photos of her, and he had. Four photos was not zero photos.

“Next,” she said turning back to David.

David looked at her, obviously expecting her to announce who would be next.

“Umm . . . Eric, I guess,” she said. She knew she was going to save Hector for last. That was going to be quite uncomfortable. But between Eric and Patrick, she didn’t really care who was next.

Eric picked up his phone from David and approached her as Kyle stepped back.

“Jill, Kyle’s phone?” said David, acting as if he was expecting to get it back.

“It’s okay,” she said. “I trust him.”

“Okay, then…” said David with a shrug.

Jill was glad that she had started with Kyle. Even though it wouldn’t be as easy with the others, she at least now had a sense for how it was going to go and what she needed to do.

She began her conversation with Eric with her story of what had happened that morning. She wanted everyone to know that she was not a nudist, simply a normal girl, just one who had gone skinny-dipping and been quite unlucky that morning. She didn’t know what they would end up believing, but she felt she had to try.

She wasn’t sure if Eric was convinced or not. However, she felt the need to say those things. In addition to deleting their pictures, she felt the need to burnish her tarnished reputation . . . at least to the extent that doing so might be possible.

Eric was a quiet one. He never said much, and this encounter was not destined to be all that different. Earlier under the tree, he had said very little. Looking through his phone, Jill found out why.

“Well, someone was sure busy snapping photos,” she remarked.

She did her best to not say much, but she was appalled by the number of images that he had taken. His photos started just after Kyle’s and included a lot of variety, wide shots as well as close-ups. He had photos of her arriving at the tree as well of photos of her climbing it.

“Tsk, tsk, tsk,” she said disapprovingly, but as the words passed her lips, she shuddered. She couldn’t keep her mind from returning to those moments of extreme panic – being roped, running for her life to the tree, climbing as quickly as she could. She took a breath and shook her head to escape back to the present. It was an awkward present, but compared to the level of fright she had experienced, it was a marked improvement.

She opened a random image. It happened to be a pussy close-up. She’d never seen that sort of image, or at least studied one in detail, especially not of herself. It was almost gynecological.

“What good’s a photo like this?” she asked, turning the phone so that he’d know what she was talking about. She held it just far enough away so that he would not be able to examine it in detail.

“I don’t know,” he said quietly, shrugging his shoulders, his eyes downcast. Jill was actually glad to see that the situation was uncomfortable for him as well. Maybe he was feeling some remorse.

“Why did you take it?” she asked. It wasn’t just a rhetorical question. She was actually curious about why guys seemed to like photos like that. In her mind, the angle didn’t show any feminine beauty, nor was it sexy. It just seemed to show folds of skin and an opening. Looking closely, she saw that it actually showed two openings. She winced.

“I don’t know,” he said again.

Jill didn’t think she could stand to see any more such images. Kyle’s between the legs shot had been bad enough, but at least it had shown all of her. Eric’s images, on the other hand, were quite the opposite. They were so much more embarrassing. Then she saw one that seemed to show her face. She clicked it, but quickly closed it in disgust. He had caught the moment when she had happened to be looking down. There was her pussy, and there was her face, both of them quite sharp and up-close. ‘Ugh,’ she thought, imagining how bad it would be if an image like that got out, the cleft of her pussy beginning right below the tip of her chin – a chin which appeared to have a little stripe of hair on it.

Jill decided not to waste any more time. She selected the entire group and deleted them en masse. She then took the extra steps necessary to ensure, hopefully, that they would not be recoverable.

At that stage, she remembered something that she had forgotten with Kyle, to look for and delete video clips.

Eric had videos. They looked to all be videos taken up between her legs. She didn’t bother to watch them. There wasn’t time, and she wasn’t interested. It was disgusting, to say the least. She also deleted them as a group.

When they were all done, Eric reached for his phone.

“Sorry, Kyle has agreed to keep the phones . . . until after I leave,” she explained.

“Oh,” was his only reply.

“Kyle,” she called as Eric stepped away.

Kyle came over to her, expecting to receive Eric’s phone. She did give it to him, but she held out her hand to take his back.

“My phone? I haven’t taken any photos,” he said, confusion evident in his expression.

“I forgot to check for videos,” she explained.

“Be my guest,” he replied, unlocking it. “There aren’t any.”

She considered taking him at his word. After all, he had told her earlier that he had photos. If she planned to entrust him with all the phones, shouldn’t she just believe him now? She decided that the matter was just too important to consider trusting anyone. It might end up disastrous if a single image slipped through.

“Okay, it looks like I can trust you,” she said, handing him back his phone along with Eric’s.

A minute later she was with Patrick. She again began by reciting her spiel about how she was a normal girl, albeit an unlucky one.

“But, Patrick,” she said. “You had a lariat, too. Now . . . the truth. You didn’t rope me, but you must have been planning to. Why else would you have had it with you? Or did you try? Did you miss?”

“No, I didn’t miss,” he claimed. “I was swinging my rope. I’ll admit that, but I couldn’t bring myself to let go. I had a clear shot. I probably would have gotten you around the . . . the . . . the chest or the waist. But, like I said, I never threw my rope, but…”

“But what?” she asked when he didn’t continue.

He covered his crotch, comically blocking a kick to the groin. “I’m to blame for Hector bringing his. You see, I was practicing in my yard, lassoing a post, when Hector banged on my door. So when I joined him and we started looking for you, I just happened to have my rope in my hand. Hector liked the idea, so later when we passed by his house, he ran in and got his.”

**Chapter 68: It’s Friday . . . Remember?**

Jill didn’t know what to say, so she just went about her project of finding and deleting photos. Like Eric, Patrick had a lot of photos of her, the majority of them showing her pussy. Not nearly as many photos in all, but more than she would have thought that a guy might take. So many of them were alike that it seemed to make no sense. She still had all the same questions about why a guy might want such photos, but she didn’t ask. She knew that there wasn’t an answer that she would find satisfactory. Guys were strange like that.

Once Patrick’s photos and videos had been deleted, and Kyle had his phone, it was time to deal with Hector. Knowing that it promised to be confrontational, she had not been looking forward to the experience. She asked Kyle to back her up. She would have had David play that role; however, she still wasn’t ready for him to learn that Hector had roped her. She’d decided that she would probably tell him, just later.

Once she was alone with Kyle and Hector, she told Hector in no uncertain terms, “You’re a scumbag.”

“It’s pretty obvious you don’t like me,” he replied.

“I don’t like you,” she agreed. “You’re a degenerate.”

“Go ahead, call me anything you like. But the kick to the balls . . . way out of line!”

“Oh, it was, was it?”

“I don’t think you know how painful that is to a guy.”

“I wanted it to hurt. It was supposed to hurt. For your information, it hurt bad to land flat on my face like that. You deserved what you got . . . much more actually. What did I do to deserve that? What did I ever do to you?”

She paused. She saw a hint of remorse in his expression, but he didn’t reply.

“Knocked the freakin’ wind out of me,” she continued. “I could have been injured. I just spent a week on crutches thanks to a fall . . . sprained ankle, six stitches. But more than that, it felt so demeaning. You treated me like an animal . . . a f\*\*kin’ animal. I don’t even think animals should be treated like that . . . but certainly not girls.”

“I’m sorry,” he replied, hanging his head.

Jill didn’t think he looked especially sincere.

“Are you?” she asked.

“I really am,” he replied.

“Even if you are, you’re an asshole!” When Hector again failed to reply, she continued, “I know you think I’m ugly because I’m flat. I hope that what happened today is completely unrelated.”

“I don’t think you’re ugly,” he interjected.

“Are you sure that’s a girl?” she quoted him in a mocking voice. “So f\*\*king rude!”

“Sorry,” he said meekly.

“You need to reconsider how you treat women. Was your father abusive? Did he beat your mother? Did he beat you?”

“What?” he asked sounding surprised.

“It’s a legit question. You seem headed in that direction. You don’t treat women as if we are human beings. We have feelings.”

“I know that.”

“Sure you do,” she replied sarcastically.

As she handed him his phone so that it could be unlocked, she noticed that he was staring at her pussy out of the corner of his eye. She turned sideways. Even though the agreement did not allow her to cover up with her hands, turning was clearly within bounds. She hid her pussy from him in that way as she went about finding and deleting images. She deleted everything she found without comment, without fanfare.

Once she was done and had handed Kyle the phone, she said, “I truly hope there has been some lesson in all this for you. Do you have a girlfriend?”

“No,” he replied.

Realizing that he could, of course, be gay, she asked, “You do prefer women, right?”

“I’m absolutely not gay,” he answered abrasively.

“Well, I certainly don’t envy whoever you may date or marry. It might be too late for you, but consider what I’ve said. Try to think of women as people. We really don’t like being roped. I’m going to go out on a limb here and say that there aren’t any women who will enjoy being roped. Kids, either. Should you one day have children, don’t subject them to that torture. They’d be traumatized for life.”

Hector started to say something, but Jill shushed him. She didn’t care what more he might have to say on the matter. She expected that she might have nightmares about being lassoed, and having the last word seemed like a good way to start putting the humiliating incident behind her.

“Okay, let’s head back then,” she said as she realized that all the photos had been erased. “David, did you set up a meeting place with Ryan? I’m ready to go home. I hope he’s bringing clothes for me. Is he?”

“I told him to meet us by the community bulletin board,” David replied.

“Oh, wonderful,” she grimaced. She knew exactly where it was, right at the entrance to the community. All the residents drove through there coming and going. It was hardly a good meeting place, considering her lack of clothing.

As they started back, Kyle seemed to be quite aware of just how sore Jill’s feet had gotten.

“I’m more than happy to give you a piggyback ride,” he offered. Somehow he had managed to get all of the phones into the pockets of his shorts.

Jill hesitated. She didn’t want to walk, but she was worried about what everyone, including Kyle, would think if she accepted. She was also quite concerned about how vulnerable a naked girl was while in that position. In the end, her sore feet won out.

As Jill climbed up on his back, she realized that she had been walking along with her pussy and other private areas on full display. Earlier, she had been thinking that as soon as the photos had all been deleted, that she would do her best to hide what she could. After all, the terms of the agreement would no longer apply. As she had only two hands, she had been thinking that a hand in front and a hand behind made the most sense.

She realized that her concerns about being seen bare-chested were no longer what they had been early in the summer. She looked like an A-cup girl with her shirt on, and she looked like an A-cup girl with it off. In some ways, it wasn’t really all that different.

When they reached the road, they turned to follow it rather than cross it.

After a few hundred yards, Jill, still on Kyle’s back, caught a glimpse of the Jeep near the sign in the far distance. Ryan was indeed there. Considering her nudity, she decided to do her best to keep Ryan from seeing her pussy. Even though everyone else had seen it, he didn’t need to. Thinking about that caused her to remember that David had dodged the question about whether or not Ryan would be bringing her some clothes. She suspected that might be a bad omen, but she was not going to give up hope.

“Uh, oh,” she heard David say.

“What?” she asked. However, peering into the distance, she got her answer.

Ryan was not alone. There looked to be quite a few people around the Jeep. Jill thought of Zach’s mother and the others that she had encountered on her wild dash through the cabin area.

“What are we going to do?” she asked. She was ready for things to settle down, not get crazy again.

“Well, I don’t think we should take you any farther, Jilly,” said David. “Maybe you can wait here. I’ll go and meet up with Ryan. Maybe you should hide in the weeds. We’ll stop and pick you up in a few . . . unless there is a delay.”

“A delay?” she asked.

“There shouldn’t be a delay,” he replied.

“I’ll wait here with her,” offered Kyle, as Jill slid down from his back.

Jill thought that sounded all right. For some reason, she didn’t much like the idea of being alone.

“Can I trust you?” asked David, hearing Patrick and the others snickering.

“She trusts me,” replied Kyle.

“But I have to trust you . . . or I don’t allow it,” said David.

“Don’t worry, she can defend herself,” said Kyle. “Ask Hector.”

David cracked a smile. “You do have a point there,” he remarked. Turning to Jill, he asked, “Okay with you?”

She nodded.

She and Kyle walked down off the road to get out of sight while David headed on towards the Jeep with the other three.

“He watches over you like a mother hen,” remarked Kyle as he sat down.

Jill laughed. “I guess,” she said with a shrug.

“You’re welcome to sit on my lap,” he said.

Jill hesitated. It did sound nice to sit, and she wasn’t about to sit in the dirt. Would he behave? Would he keep his hands to himself?

After a bit of consideration, she decided that she did want to get off her feet. She thought about which way to sit. She certainly was not going to straddle his legs and sit facing him. That was out of the question.

“Straighten out your legs,” she said. She sat down on his thighs facing to the side, she added, “No touching . . . none at all!”

“Of course not,” he said in an agreeable tone of voice. But after she was comfortable, he asked, “Would a kiss fall into the touching category?”

Jill glanced over into his eyes. The question surprised her. She knew that he seemed to have a crush on her, but really? A kiss? She thought about getting right back up.

“Yes, that would involve touching. No kiss!” She did her best to say it in a firm yet friendly tone of voice.

She heard Kyle let out a sigh.

“You really are quite attractive, Jill,” he stated.

“I’m naked, Kyle,” she said. “Teen girls are all going to be attractive to teen guys . . . if they’re naked.”

“That’s not what I mean,” said Kyle. “I know you’re naked. That’s not what I’m talking about. Ryan used to brag that there was a girl with the body, the looks of a supermodel just across the lake. We didn’t believe him. David would tell us that one day he’d bring his twin, his secret weapon, over and teach us a lesson on the basketball court. We didn’t believe him either. After all, if such a twin existed, why was he holding out on us? Little did we know that they were talking about the same person . . . you!

“And now that I’ve met you, gotten to know you a little, I realize that there is so much more to you than your looks and your skill at hoops. You’ve got a personality. You’re fun to be around.”

“Again . . . I’m naked,” she replied. “Of course, I’m fun to be around.”

“That’s not what I’m talking about, Jill. I’m not talking about what you are. I’m talking about who you are. I enjoy being around you because you’re genuine, you’re fun . . . plain and simple.”

Jill was starting to feel the same way about him; however, this was hardly the time or place. She knew that the moment had come to test her new resolve about communicating more clearly.

“Kyle,” she said. “You seem to be a nice person as well, but the fact of the matter is that this is not a good time . . . for a number of reasons. In less than a month, I’m going to California to start college. You and I can be friends. Nothing more. I’m heading off to college a single lady. That’s been my plan all along. One kiss would lead to another. It’s just not going to happen.”

“Well, I respect you, Jill. I do. But what I’m hearing you say is, ‘not today, not under these circumstances.’ I’m not giving up so easily.”

Jill let out a heavy sigh, not knowing what more there was to say. Right then, the Jeep arrived.

“The answer will still be, no,” she said, giving him a quick ‘thank you’ peck on the cheek as she stood up.

Remembering her resolve to keep Ryan from getting a look at her pussy, she ran toward the Jeep with both hands over her crotch.

“Let’s get out of here,” David yelled from the front seat.

The top was down, so Jill dove over the side into the back seat. The maneuver had required the use of her hands, but if Ryan had caught sight of anything between her legs from the driver’s seat, it would have been a very brief glimpse.

Jill turned to wave to Kyle, one hand in the air, the other in her lap, as Ryan popped the clutch.

As she started to turn back around, she noticed their three backpacks just behind the seat.

“The backpacks?” she asked.

“Yes,” replied David. “It’s Friday. We’re going backpacking, remember?”

Jill was especially glad to see her backpack. It had everything in it that she was going to need for the next three days, including . . . clothes! She reached back, touching it as if to make sure that it was real. She unzipped an upper pocket and retrieved both a scrunchie and her sunscreen.

Her hair was a mess, but she managed to quickly get it into a ponytail. It needed to be brushed, but that would have to wait. At least the scrunchie would keep it from getting worse as they drove.

As she popped the cap of the sunscreen, she said, “But we were going to have lunch, play basketball, and then leave for our hike.”

“You want to go back and play basketball?” asked David.

“Oh, no! I don’t want to ever visit that side of the lake again!” she said.

“I brought lunch,” said Ryan. Jill looked up and their eyes met in the rearview mirror. “Should we stop?” he asked. “We can have lunch along the side of the road.”

“For some reason, I don’t have much of an appetite,” she said. “But I am thirsty.”

“You just drank a whole bottle of water,” said David, handing her one from a cooler at his feet and taking one for himself.

“That was like an hour ago,” she said.

“Okay, then let’s have lunch at the trailhead,” suggested Ryan.

As she took a drink of water, Jill tried to decide if she was still in the mood for starting their hike that day. She expected that she could talk them out of it, if necessary. She’d spent the entire morning wanting nothing more than to get dressed and get back to camp. Here she was, still undressed and headed in the opposite direction.

However, now that she was again with just David and Ryan, things seemed as if they were quickly returning to normal. She was still naked, but sitting like she was, she only felt topless. Ryan might be able to crane his neck back, but all that he would see would be her bare hip. And, quite importantly, her backpack was within reach just behind the seat. That was very reassuring.

“Wait!” she said, suddenly realizing that they had a problem. “My boots! I didn’t pack my boots. I was going to be wearing them.”

“Don’t worry,” said Ryan. “As I loaded the Jeep, I tried to think everything. Look down.”

Jill did as instructed. There were her boots in the footwell just behind the driver’s seat, David’s, too. Looking more closely she saw socks hanging out the top of them.

“Can you hand me mine?” asked David. “My feet are killing me. I think I’ll go ahead and put them on while we drive.”

“I might as well do the same,” said Jill. She looked back at her backpack and pictured herself leaning over the seat to try and dig out a pair of shorts while they drove. She realized that her butt would be up in the air, right in Ryan’s line of sight in the rearview mirror. He’d get quite an eyeful. “I’ll be able to slide a pair of shorts on over them once we get to the trailhead,” she added.

“Why bother,” replied David. “I think you should consider staying naked.”

“Don’t you dare push me!” she snapped. “I’ve had all the nudity I can take this summer.”

She saw Ryan laughing. David joined in.

“And I’ve had my fill of being barefoot,” said David. “If I had known that I’d be running all over kingdom come this morning, I would have swum back and returned with Ryan . . . wearing shoes. But that would have left you up in that tree for another hour.”

“I didn’t like that tree,” said Jill. “I can’t tell you how relieved I was to hear your voice. It brought tears to my eyes.”

“Tree?” asked Ryan. “You were up in a tree?”

**Chapter 69: Jeep Ride**

“You better believe she was up in a tree. She was up shit tree without a panty!” proclaimed David jovially.

Ryan laughed.

“Up shit tree without a panty?” Jill mumbled, wrinkling up her nose as she processed his words.

“Sorry,” said David. “I couldn’t resist. That play on words came to me later, during our march out to the bluff.”

“It’s good, I guess,” she agreed. “I was pretty dang stuck. No paddle, no panties. Trapped and completely out of ideas. That was me!”

“That was what it looked like,” said David. “The west side crew had obviously been giving you the red carpet treatment.”

“They can’t be blamed for quite everything,” said Jill. “I ran, they followed. They didn’t pick the tree. I did . . . either that, or it picked itself.”

“So you were really up in a tree?” asked Ryan curiously.

“She was,” said David.

“Flying away seemed like my only option. At one point, I even wished I had a cyanide pill.”

“But you wouldn’t have taken it,” said David.

“Of course not!” … just a passing thought. Maybe I was attempting to see the lighter side of my pathetic position. Being caught naked is terrible, but it’s hardly something one commits suicide over.”

“Glad to hear you say that,” said David.

“I need the whole story!” said Ryan. “Sounds like I really missed out.”

Jill found that she was glad about that. It had all been bad enough without Ryan there. Had he been there, it all would have been much worse. She considered how much enjoyment he would have gotten out of seeing her pussy. He might even have enjoyed seeing her suffer – she found herself wondering about that. And he probably wouldn’t have allowed his photos to be deleted. Especially not now that she had photos of him.

“I need to hear the whole story, too,” echoed David. “I know what happened after I got there, but not before. How in the world did you manage to end up in that tree?”

“I don’t want to talk about it.”

“Oh, come on!”

“I don’t want to think about it. I don’t want to talk about it.”

“Later?” he asked.

“Maybe.”

“Can I tell Ryan about the portion of your morning that I witnessed?”

“I guess,” she said, her voice full of reluctance. She was realizing that he would surely tell him sooner or later. And if he didn’t, one of the other guys would.

Jill listened, paying close attention, as David recounted his story. The very beginning was of particular interest to her as it filled in a number of gaps. How he had arrived on shore much as she had. How he had wandered around looking for her. How he had eventually found someone who had noticed all the commotion and could direct him up the trail towards the tree surrounded by the boys. How he had learned that Jill was in fact up in that very tree.

She noticed that Ryan was listening intently. She thought that she’d be really embarrassed – when David talked about discovering that the guys were taking photo after photo of her ‘hoo-ha’ from just below – and she was. However, seeing the expression on Ryan’s face made it worth the discomfort.

Poor Ryan, she thought. She could tell just how much he was feeling like he had just missed out on the experience of a lifetime. She had seen his eyes light up as he had learned about all the photos that their friends had taken, and she had witnessed the hope evaporate from his expression as David told him that the images no longer existed – that they had all been erased – every last one of them. He looked like a kid who had just had his ice cream cone stolen and eaten by a dog.

“You mean to say that there were videos of Jill . . . trapped naked in the tree?” he had asked.

“Exactly, all shot from below. All showing, as I understand it, her hoo-ha in all its glory!” said David. “Boy, were those guys ever pumped about their photos!”

“God, I’d love to see those!” said Ryan.

“All deleted . . . absolutely all of them,” said David.

Jill thought Ryan looked as if he were about to cry. His expression was priceless.

“Tell me about her grooming,” Ryan asked. “I’ll bet she’s sportin’ a Hitler mustache.”

“Sorry,” said David. “She’s my twin sister. Certain topics are simply not to be discussed.”

Jill was glad to hear him say that. It was bad enough that he’d seen her naked. It was difficult to hear him tell the story, but had he offered up a detailed description of her most private area, that would have certainly crossed the line. She sort of wanted Ryan to know that he was wrong, that there was no Hitler mustache. David could have told him at least that much, and yet, she was glad that he hadn’t.

She followed along intently as the story moved out to the bluff where the actual deletion activities had occurred.

“I want to hear what the photos actually looked like,” said Ryan.

“I’ll bet you do,” said David with a chuckle. “But actually, I can’t help you there . . . not that I would if I could. Admittedly, I saw Jill up in the tree, but I never saw any of the photos. I carried the phones, but they were off.”

David was doing his best to move on from that part of the tale, but Ryan kept circling back. He really wanted David to relent and describe Jill’s ‘hoo-ha.’ Jill noted that they were both calling it that. She could tell that imagining all that he had missed was killing Ryan. It was actually quite entertaining to observe.

To her surprise, Jill found herself wishing that David would torment Ryan a little rather than talking about aspects of the experience that were of less interest to him. Ryan deserved to be tortured, and this seemed like the ideal opportunity.

“Oh, my God, those photos!” she said. “David may not have seen them, but I certainly did. So embarrassing! So disgusting!”

She did her best to hide her glee as she noticed that she had Ryan’s rapt attention. If David wasn’t going to torture the lad, then she was going to have to do it herself!

“Where is the fascination in such photos for you guys?” she asked, pausing for a reply but not expecting one. “They were awful. A photo of a nude woman . . . I mean, her full body? Now, that can be sexy. I saw a few of those today . . . not that I’m sexy. But the close-ups . . . you know . . . of down there. I mean . . . wow . . . what an eye-opener.”

Pausing for effect, she allowed her eyes to drift down to where her hand was covering her bare crotch. She knew that Ryan, looking at her in the rearview mirror, couldn’t see down that low, but she wanted to remind him that she was still naked – not that he could have forgotten. She just wanted his mind on her pussy – how it was right there and naked – and how he couldn’t see it. She was trying to decide if she was going to continue, and if so, just how far she was going to take things.

“You think you were embarrassed, Jerk-boy . . . to get caught with your pants down. Well, I certainly didn’t intend to be seen by anyone! So I guess it was my turn. I was just going swimming; that was all. But then to find myself up in a tree, all those guys below, looking up between my legs.” Again she paused. She could see that Ryan was hanging on every word.

She continued, “I was doing my best, considering the circumstances, trying to keep my knees together. Ever try and climb a tree with your knees together? Suffice it to say, my knees weren’t together. I was deluded if I thought I had been maintaining any privacy. I mean, modesty. Those photos sure burst that bubble!”

It was actually a struggle for Jill to relive her nightmare experience, especially by talking about it, but the look on Ryan’s face was making it all worthwhile. She glanced over at David. The amused look on his face spoke volumes. He knew exactly what she was doing. She gave him a wink.

“Hey, watch where you’re going, Jerk-boy!” she yelled as he swerved back into his lane just in time to miss an oncoming car. Jill was having to duck down low once in a while to keep from being seen by the occasional car.

“I’ll watch the road,” said Ryan. “But please continue. You were at, ‘burst that bubble.’”

“So I was,” said Jill agreeably. “I saw things in those photos that I’d never noticed before. I mean . . . who looks down there? Like, it would take a handheld mirror . . . down here . . . right between my thighs. You’ve probably looked at so much internet porn that you know exactly how girls look. Not me. I learned things today.”

“What did you learn?” he asked when it seemed as if she might not continue.

“Hmm…” she said thoughtfully. “Well, I learned just how good the cameras in cell phones have gotten. I had imagined that it was somewhat dim within the canopy of that tree. Wrong! Light certainly wasn’t an issue.”

“Just how good were the photos?” asked Ryan.

“They didn’t leave anything to the imagination,” she replied. She would have told Ryan that, were it not true, just to tease him. But as she said it, she knew that truer words had never been spoken.

“Just what could you see in them,” he encouraged.

“Everything! You know the best thing about those photos?”

“What?” he asked with bated breath.

“Keep your eyes on the road, and I’ll tell you.”

“I am watching the road.”

“The best thing about those photos . . . is that they’re permanently gone . . . every last one of them! I’m quite familiar with both types of cameras, Apple and Android, so I’m sure. The best thing about those photos is that you’ll never see a single one of them!”

Jill was beside herself with glee; Ryan looked absolutely crestfallen.

“Yep . . . gone,” she added. “Gone! Gone! Gone!”

Looking over, she saw David chuckling to himself.

“Those guys have their memories, I’m sure,” she added. She wasn’t at all happy about that. She would have liked to have erased their memories, as well. She continued, “But that’s more than you’ll ever have, Jerk-boy. You missed out . . . big time!”

She wasn’t exactly sure why, but she had grown to love teasing Ryan. He was low hanging fruit, and messing with him was good sport.

“Can’t you describe one of the photos?” he asked in desperation.

“Umm . . . how many more miles?” she asked, purposefully leaving Ryan hanging.

“Five more, at the most,” said David. He had a map partially open, holding it with both hands to keep it from blowing out of the vehicle.

“Just tell me,” said Ryan. “Shaved or not shaved? Landing strip, Hitler mustache, bald?”

“Sorry . . . privileged information,” she said with a wry smile.

“But Kyle, Patrick, even David . . . they all know,” he grumbled.

“Sorry, Jerk-boy,” she said. “I’ve said much more than I ever intended. How did you guys trick me into talking about something so embarrassing?”

David turned and looked back at her. She shot him a quick smile but it was gone as quickly as it had appeared.

Ryan continued trying to get her to talk about the photos, but she could tell that there was no longer the need. He obviously couldn’t get them out of his head . . . nor the fact that he’d never see them. Mission accomplished, Jill decided.

As they drove the last few miles, Jill tried to imagine just how she was going to climb out of the Jeep, open her backpack and get a pair of shorts on . . . all without Ryan seeing her pussy . . . or her butt, for that matter. It promised to be quite the challenge.

Once they were close, Ryan slowed. David pointed out the trailhead as they drove past it. Ryan made a U-turn and parked nearby. There wasn’t a parking area, per se, but it seemed as if the gravel shoulder had been constructed extra wide on one side with parking in mind.

Jill was delighted to see that there wasn’t a car in sight, parked or otherwise. She hopped over the side before the Jeep had come to a halt because Ryan still had his attention on the road.

“Hey, be careful!” he shouted as she ran to the back.

As the boys opened their doors to get out, Jill reached in and hauled her backpack up and out. Looping her arms through the straps, but not lifting the pack up to her shoulders, she turned and headed towards the trail, the backpack down low, covering her butt.

“This trail, right?” she called back, looking over her shoulder.

“That’s the one,” said David.

Jill saw Ryan’s mouth hanging open in surprise and disappointment as she turned and headed into the shadows of the forest.

“See you guys up the trail,” she called back. Once she was sure she was hidden, she lifted her pack up to shoulder level and buckled the hip belt. “Nailed it!” she said aloud with a celebratory fist pump. She was sure that Ryan had seen even less than when she had climbed into the Jeep. This was good sport and he was a poor little Jerk-boy!

Jill skipped up the trail a distance. She was feeling surprisingly good, especially considering all the trauma she had been through that morning. Even her feet weren’t giving her any grief now that they were comfortably nestled inside her boots.

**Chapter 70: Jasmine**

It felt good to be miles away from the west side cabins and to know that the photos were history. The healing process had been advanced by teasing Ryan; it had even ended up being a little exciting to torture Ryan by talking about the photos. Getting out of the Jeep and on her way up the trail without him getting so much as a glimpse of her pussy was also helping to put a smile back on her face.

She was completely bare, except for the backpack and her boots, but that was something that she had grown to enjoy – being naked – provided that she was alone.

She had to pee urgently, so she ran a few hundred yards, extending her lead, and then tossed off the pack and squatted down a few paces to the side of the trail.

“Drip dry,” she said aloud as she wiggled her butt to shake off the last drop or two. She had toilet paper in her pack, but she didn’t bother. There no longer seemed to be much need as there was no hair down there to catch and retain moisture. She was a pro when it came to peeing in the woods.

The boys were still nowhere to be seen as she returned to her pack. She thought about digging out her clothes and dressing there, but she decided that she wanted to stay naked a bit longer. This was again the fun type of nudity. The sort of nudity that she had been enjoying on the first part of her swim across Cache Lake – until she had caught sight of David and Ryan near the log.

With her pack back on, she resumed skipping up the trail. She figured that the boys, Ryan especially, might be trying to catch up, but she expected that she’d have no trouble staying ahead.

Her pack was moderately heavy, but the internal frame design meant that she could be quite active without everything jostling around. It was much nicer than the external frame pack she had used as a kid, the only downside being that the area against her back didn’t breathe.

She knew that she’d have to stop and dress if she came to a fork in the trail, but as long as there was only one way to go, she could keep going.

God, she loved the forest! Here and there a ray of sunshine made it all the way down to the ground, illuminating splendidly the ferns that it came in contact with. If ever she was feeling down or depressed, all she had to do was spend a little time communing with nature. That seemed to always do the trick.

Her mind drifted to her chosen college. She had only visited once. She wondered if there were hiking trails nearby. She hadn’t yet taken the time to investigate that. The climate certainly was likely to be good enough for hiking at least three-quarters of the year. She even found herself wondering if she might dare to hike naked.

I had better not, she decided. It’s a much more populous state. That might not go well. But then she remembered that California had a rather liberal reputation.

She continued scampering up the trail. She knew that she should stop and wait for the boys, but she didn’t want to. Her amped up libido didn’t want her to. Stopping would mean getting dressed. She felt like staying naked for as long as she could. She went on and on, reveling in the feeling of freedom that being nude in nature was sending coursing through her veins.

Finally, her stomach made the choice for her. It had been a very active morning. She came to a halt once she realized that she could no longer ignore the fact that she was famished.

She unslung her pack and leaned it up against a tree right next to a log that she would be able to sit on while waiting.

She did a little stretching, naked stretching felt particularly effective, before digging out some clothes to put on. She knew she would need to be fully clothed by the time the boys arrived.

Opening the top of her pack, she encountered their ground cloth, the moisture barrier that would keep their sleeping bags clean and dry while they slept. That was the first sign that something was amiss. It hadn’t been in her pack.

She yanked it out, realizing that Ryan had been in her pack’s central compartment. Below the ground cloth was her pillow. She loved her pillow, but she had decided that she didn’t have room to bring it. Ryan must have put it in her pack.

Quickly suspecting the worst, she pulled out the pillow and reached inside. Food, just food. In horror, she realized that the stuff sack with all the clothing she had packed was gone. The pillow and the ground cloth had obviously been added to make up the weight and volume.

In desperation, she dumped out much of the food. Some pans and a few other miscellaneous items fell out as well. There were no clothes!

“This is not happening to me!” she shrieked as she searched the smaller pockets. It was no use; there was no clothing in the pack. At long last, she found a few pairs of socks. “Socks, he left me socks,” she muttered.

“That asshole!” she shouted into the forest as she sat down to think.

She glanced through her toiletries. She was glad to see that she had the tampons that she had packed. She was pretty sure that her period wouldn’t start that weekend, but she had brought them along just in case. She shuddered, picturing herself stark naked, a little string hanging down between her legs.

“I can’t let them win! I can’t let them win!” she repeated to herself over and over as she tried to think rationally through her options. She did have an outfit hidden in the Jeep, but that was now more than a mile back. The boys were in between.

But she could go back. Somehow she would be able to hide just off the trail while they walked by. In that way she could slip past them. Her emergency stash meant that she would be able to dress and then leave, stranding them there. Stranding them! What a delicious idea! After all, it was what they deserved. It was especially mean of them to be doing this to her on the very day that she had been through hell and back.

Her brother was obviously in on it. Ryan had clearly been the one who had removed her clothes from her pack, but David was far from innocent. She imagined the two of them talking out on Sunken Island. That was likely where they hatched up their plot before splitting up.

Alternately, she realized, she could go back to the Jeep just to get her clothes. Once dressed, she could return. How she’d enjoy seeing the looks on their faces when they realized that she had outsmarted them! That option certainly had a lot of merit.

However, that would mean just the one outfit for the entire four-day, three-night hike. Not ideal, by any means.

She had been expecting, hoping, that they’d trick her into going topless. She liked the idea of being topless. She’d come to enjoy her ‘one of the guys’ persona. Being topless was fun! She had actually hoped to end up topless for the entire hike. Three days plus would be quite a milestone – one that would surely stand the test of time. She just didn’t want to be bottomless. Alone it was nice, but not around Ryan and David, not around anyone.

The more she thought about returning to the Jeep and driving off, the more unappealing that option seemed. On the one hand, she had been looking forward to the hike, to exploring some new lakes, ridges and mountains. And on the other hand, David had saved her butt that morning. Even if he had been in on this particular plot, she couldn’t imagine stranding him some twenty miles from Cache Lake. Maybe he deserved it, but it was still mean.

Had he not shown up at the tree, she would have been at the mercy of the west side guys. She shuddered, remembering their ropes. And had David not made it his priority, all those images would never have been erased. They’d have haunted her for the rest of her life.

Concluding that retrieving the one outfit from the Jeep was her best option, Jill started putting things back into her pack. She was only about half done when she heard voices. In desperation, she untied her sleeping bag and yanked it out of its stuff sack. Earlier, she had thought of unzipping it and tying it on toga fashion, but now there wasn’t time.

Instead, she wrapped it around her waist and sat down on the log next to her repacking project. In the next moment, the guys came around the bend and caught sight of her.

She imagined how she must look, sitting there on the log, topless, her hair in a messy ponytail. Other than her hiking boots, she was ‘wearing’ nothing more than her dark green down sleeping bag, hastily draped around her waist. Next to her stood her backpack, leaning against the log, much of its contents strewn about.

She glared at them angrily. To her surprise, they didn’t look one bit fazed. She then realized that this was a moment they had been expecting. They had obviously known that she would discover, sooner or later, that her clothes had been removed from her pack.

“You must be hungry,” said David in a cheerful tone.

“Angry!” she growled.

“You went much farther than we had anticipated,” replied David. “Someone must have been enjoying her nudity! We were expecting that you would open your pack and attempt to get dressed at the Jeep.”

Jill just glared at him through narrow slit eyes. She wanted him to know exactly how livid she was.

“How dare you!” she hissed, putting as much venom in her tone as possible. “On this day . . . of all days.”

“Believe me, it wasn’t exactly planned,” he replied.

“Sure, it wasn’t,” she said, her voice full of exaggerated skepticism.

“Let’s work on lunch while she settles down,” David said to Ryan, slipping off his pack.

“While I settle down? So I am just supposed to warm up to the idea of spending the next three days naked with you degenerates?”

Ryan pulled out a food bag and went about opening a loaf of bread. He looked as if he had every intention of staying out of the argument.

“Something like that,” said David with an impish grin.

Jill shook her head in disgust. Looking off to the side, she tried to return her thoughts to deciding just how she should handle the situation. She could stand up, and holding the bag around her waist, she could make her way back to the Jeep. She could leave her backpack and other belongings right where they were. Back at the Jeep, she could dress. She would then have both options available to her, departing or returning.

Those seemed to be her only two options; however, there was no food back at the Jeep, and she was starving. She needed to first get something into her tummy.

She gave them the silent treatment while Ryan assembled a few sandwiches.

“Pickles, mustard, mayonnaise?” he asked, looking over at the pissed-off topless girl.

Jill just glared at him. It was a ridiculous question. He had known her preferences for a long time. He was obviously trying to distract her, steer the conversation in a direction of reduced tension. She was on to him.

She didn’t object when a paper plate with a nicely prepared meal was placed on her lap a few minutes later. They were obviously trying to win their way back into her good graces.

She ate in silence, trying to decide just how angry she was. She was indeed furious, but some of the steam they had seen coming out of her ears had been for show. She had wanted to appear raging mad. As she thought about it, she realized that she should have seen this coming. They had been openly pushing her toward full nudity for quite some time. What better time and place to up the ante than on an extended hike?

She actually found herself wishing that they had done about the same thing, just at a reduced level. Why hadn’t they just tricked her by removing only her shirts? Things would have been ideal had they limited their ‘pushing’ to above the waist. Considering that, she realized that she wanted her shorts from the Jeep but not her shirt. If she went back there, she could pretend that she had only stashed shorts in a hidden compartment, and then she could return as ‘one of the guys.’ Might they believe that – that she’d only had shorts hidden?

She continued eating in silence, trying to make things as uncomfortable for Ryan and David as possible. However, she was putting the time to good use. She was racking her brain trying to find a solution that appealed to her.

“Jill, you’ll be fine,” said David, obviously trying to break through. “I have flannel shirts and our ponchos . . . for if the weather changes. We’ll keep you warm and dry. We’ll make fires in the evenings. Mornings too, if need be.”

“Warm and dry, otherwise naked,” she said sarcastically.

“That’s the plan,” said Ryan with a smug smile.

Jill glared at him.

“You’re such a Jerk-boy,” she sneered, returning to her lunch.

Once she was done eating, she set her plate aside and picked up her pillow and looked it over. She removed the pillowcase. With Ryan and David watching, she held it up to her waist.

Reaching for her pack, she opened a side pocket and retrieved her pocket knife along with some cord that they typically used for clothesline. With the knife, she cut open the seam at the end of the pillowcase, turning it into a tube. Very carefully, she poked a series of holes through just the outer layer of cloth at the other end, the end which happened to have a wide hem.

Next, she threaded a double strand of the cord back and forth through the holes she’d just made. Once she was satisfied with her handiwork, she put her feet through and pulled it up her legs, sliding it up over her hips in under the sleeping bag.

A few minutes later, she had everything back in her pack. She was ready to continue with the hike. She smiled to herself. She found it deliciously ironic that Ryan himself had provided her with the fabric for her makeshift skirt. And she still had her pillow. She knew that she would sleep quite comfortably, thanks to him. She’d wanted to bring her pillow; there just hadn’t been room for it.

“Do you like my skirt?” she asked, modeling her creation.

Seeing the look of disappointment in Ryan’s eyes was a joy indeed!

“How thoughtful of you to pack my pillow,” she added, doing her best to rub it in.

The perfect thing about this improvised solution was that she still had the emergency kit hidden in the Jeep. If things again went south on her, she could always leave and go get that outfit. Stranding them there would remain an option, should that be her choice. It felt wise to keep that option in reserve.

The skirt was a little tight, but it would do. It was essentially a pencil skirt, which meant that she would not be able to take long strides, nor would she be able to bend way over; however, she was determined to make it work. Outfoxing the boys had given her self-esteem a huge boost.

It had been a pillowcase that she had owned since she was a little girl, and it had become quite faded with the passage of time. It had images of Princess Jasmine on a light blue and purple background. In addition, there were a few other things from the movie scattered about such as the flying carpet and the genie’s golden lamp.

Rather than feeling sad because she had sacrificed a small piece of her childhood, she decided to focus on how she had instead made it immortal. Given her creative repurposing of an otherwise somewhat forgettable object, she thought that she would now always remember how it had literally saved her butt.

The pillowcase made for a pretty comical skirt, but Jasmine and the Aladdin movie had held a significant place in her heart as a child, so it was nothing to be embarrassed about. The look of the skirt was hardly the point. It covered her hoo-ha and tush more than adequately. She was again ‘one of the guys.’ She chuckled to herself thinking of how ‘one of the guys’ was now wearing a Disney princess skirt. Even more than before, there was no way she would be mistaken for a guy!

She shouldered her pack, feeling quite proud of the solution she had pulled out of her hat. This round had definitely gone to the lady! And this lady was nobody’s fool, nobody’s victim!