**Summer at Cache Lake**

**Chapter 191: Game On**As Jill took but missed her first jump shot, her thoughts traveled back to how much fun she’d had below the falls with Britt and Jenna. She wasn’t going to admit it, but she found herself wishing that she wasn’t the only one naked. And yet, she knew that playing with her bra exposed probably felt quite daring to Dani, surely daring enough. Jill decided not to push too hard; that might end up backfiring.As Dani dribbled, Jill regarded her. For an athletic woman, she was exceptionally well-endowed. She had a trim waist and a flat stomach but proportionally wide hips, and she was even larger than Jenna on top. Jill hoped that one day she’d stop noticing women’s busts, and yet she couldn’t help herself. Comparing her own minimal endowment with that of other women had always been part and parcel of her feelings of inadequacy. And it fed on itself. She looked because she felt inadequate, and she felt inadequate because she looked.She was not going to admit it, but she found Dani’s breasts fascinating. They were large and yet relatively high on her chest if one took into account how heavy they had to be. If she didn’t know better, she might suspect that they weren’t natural. Indeed, Jill happened to know that some girls were sure that she’d had her boobs done.Dani tossed the ball to Jill for her next possession. Jill charged past her, going in for a layup. There had been a little skin on skin contact as she’d slipped by. Just being outside naked meant that she was dealing with an elevated libido. The contact certainly didn’t help matters. Jill realized that she needed to be careful. It would be extremely embarrassing if Dani picked up on her level of arousal.For the same reason, she knew she needed to not allow herself to think about certain things, but disobediently her thoughts inevitably returned to Dani’s glorious breasts. In a way, she was jealous of them; of course, she was – they were magnificent. She’d found it within herself to be content with her own, and yet it was impossible to not envy a woman with a pair as big and beautiful as Dani’s. It was difficult to look past them and think only of Dani as a person – as if those breasts weren’t mounted on her chest.Jill maintained an early lead; however, they mostly traded baskets, the score staying quite close. Jill’s thoughts traveled back to Patrick’s older sister, the blonde at Cache Lake West who had remarked how lucky Jill was because her own large breasts kept her from playing sports. That girl needed to have Dani brought to her attention. Dani proved that notion to be completely false! Her breasts were much larger than average, and yet, she had been one of their teams starting players. She wasn’t quite as competitive as Jill, and yet she’d been instrumental in their team’s success. **“**What are you looking at?” Dani asked her out of the blue.Jill thought about denying it, but she knew she’d been caught. “I may have grown content with my A-cup beauties,” she teased, “…but wow! Your boobs . . . they’re magnificent . . . world-class melons.” **“**Aww, shucks,” said Dani, walking over and playfully patting Jill’s naked bottom.A shiver passed along her spine. She hadn’t forgotten that she was naked, but the unanticipated contact brought it back to the forefront of her thoughts. Somehow it seemed to shift the dynamics.The next time Jill had the ball, dribbling while working her way in closer to the basket, her backside unavoidably toward Dani, she received a smack that extended across both of her bare cheeks. Jill was again caught off-guard; she wasn’t used to having her butt touched. Dani capitalized on Jill’s confusion to steal the ball. Before Jill could recover, Dani pumped in a short-range jump shot from within the key. **“**Don’t do that again!” **“**Do what?” asked Dani, acting completely innocent.Jill shook her head. Dani knew exactly what she was referring to.Jill tried to get Dani to leave her butt alone, but her efforts only seemed to encourage her. Every chance she got, she was slapping Jill’s naked backside. Jill didn’t know what to do. A skilled basketball player always kept the ball away from their opponent by keeping their body in between. That meant that her butt was often not only right in front of Dani but typically pointed at her, making it an easy target.Amber had long since figured out what was going on as well. She was laughing and cheering Dani on from the sidelines. From Jill’s point of view, that too seemed to embolden Dani. And what was even more embarrassing, Jill was aware that her libido had continued to rise, her pussy experiencing the typical changes. Fortunately, there was a bit of a breeze. She was also glad the light was low and from a high angle; she knew that her delicate tissue had gotten not only moist but might also appear engorged as well.Jill’s early lead evaporated as she’d found herself feeling flustered. Dani tied the score and then moved ahead. Jill tried to rally, but that was difficult given that she was trying to alter her habitual tactics and keep her bottom out of swatting range. As she tried to concentrate, she found herself asking, where is the player that she had always been . . . the unflappable girl that could rise to the occasion and sink the winning shot under extreme pressure?And just when she thought that it couldn’t get any worse, Dani decided to find out what it would be like to play without her bra. She unclasped the strap behind her back and slid the garment down her arms, placing it carefully with her top on the picnic table just outside the large opening in the fence along the side of the court. Jill did her best to celebrate her bold choice even as Amber berated her for it. She knew how distracting it was going to be for her, but she had certainly been encouraging her.She looked at Dani’s large breasts, swaying gently back and forth on her chest as she walked back onto the court, but then looked away. However, thinking that Dani might notice how quickly she’d averted her eyes, she forced herself to again look at her. She needed to keep her cool. Above all, she didn’t need Dani noticing that she was having trouble maintaining focus. She saw that Dani’s areolas were quite large, proportionally so, much larger than her own. Even in the subdued light, Jill could tell that she had not done all that much topless tanning that summer; her breasts were much lighter in color than the surrounding skin, white globes pendulously protruding from her bronze torso.Jill found herself wondering what they might feel like. However, as she looked away for a second time, she thought about how she couldn’t allow herself to think about such things – not and maintain her equilibrium such that she might win the basketball game.A moment later, Jill again had the ball. She tried to focus, driving in for a layup. Again, Dani spanked her bare butt as she went past. However, in spite of the distraction, Jill managed to sink the basket, bringing her score to within two points of Dani’s.It was Dani’s turn with the ball. She dribbled in place, facing Jill defiantly. Jill’s eyes went from Dani’s breasts to the ball and then back to her breasts. They were quite entertaining to watch, bobbing up and down and all around on her chest. As Dani was dribbling with her right hand, her right breast undulated more dramatically, moving in time with the beat of the ball on the concrete.Just as she’d allowed herself to become quite distracted, Dani drove at her. She faked left but cut to the right, going in and scoring with a layup.After recovering the ball, Dani again walked straight toward her. Looking up from her breasts, Jill saw Dani smiling. She was on to her. Jill looked quickly away, realizing that Dani was well aware just how much the sight of her bare breasts was getting to her, robbing her of her ability to concentrate on the game.She tossed Jill the ball. As Jill dribbled, working her way closer to the basket, Dani again gave her butt a spirited swat. “I love your tush!” she announced playfully. **“**Stop that!” Jill shouted. It was no longer working to pretend that it wasn’t getting to her. The best that she was able to hope for was to attempt to make it appear as if all the attention Dani was paying to her butt was simply interfering with her game when in fact the real problem lay in how horny it was making her. **“**What?” said Dani, trying to act completely innocent. **“**Hands off my booty!” stated Jill in no uncertain terms.Suddenly Jill realized that her gaze had again dropped down to Dani’s breasts. They looked so sexy in the subdued light. To her surprise, Dani took a couple of steps toward her. In the next instant, she took ahold of one of Jill’s wrists, firmly with both hands. She pulled and, Jill felt a large breast being shoved into her hand, the soft, bountiful tissue flowing all around her fingers.Her first inclination was to give it a squeeze. Indeed, she wanted to. Instead, Jill jerked back, pulling her hand quickly free. In that instant, Dani reached for her own small breast, her fingers grazing across the stiff nipple. In a jittery state of shock, Jill jumped back, turning a little in the process to prevent Dani from again touching her. **“**Get a room, you two!” Amber shouted gleefully from the sidelines. **“**What are you doing?” Jill demanded. She didn’t know what to make of Dani’s behavior. “Not the booty! Not the boobs!”Acting as if she felt bad about what she had done, Dani moved to the picnic table that held her clothing. To Jill’s surprise, she put on her bra, quickly positioning the cups. A few seconds later, she was pulling her shirt on over her head. Jill didn’t know if she should be happy or feel bad. Had she ruined Dani’s fun? Her bra hadn’t been off for more than a couple of minutes.Jill scolded herself. Had she sounded genuinely angry? Indeed, she'd been a little upset, but that had mostly been due to feeling confused and rattled as a result of Dani’s unexpected advances. The butt swatting had seemed like Dani’s way of getting her off balance – playful teasing intended to make it hard for her to concentrate on the game. The breast involvement, especially the touching, had been a major escalation, well outside the range of what Jill had been prepared to deal with. **“**I’m sorry,” said Jill. “I guess I overreacted.”If Dani heard her comment, she ignored it. She was, instead, looking out into the park. **“**Who goes there?” she inquired in a suddenly serious voice.Jill stiffened, turning to peer into the darkness, straining to see whatever it was that Dani had noticed. **“**Just us,” said a male voice. “Matt and I.” **“**Oh, hi, Brendan,” Dani replied. “You startled me.”Panicking, Jill caught a glimpse of the two guys. She considered making a run for it, but with the enclosed basketball court behind her, there was no suitable escape route. However, Dani was close by. A second later, Jill was behind her, doing her best to keep herself hidden.” **“**You set me up!” she hissed into Dani’s ear. **“**I did not!” Dani protested, her hackles instantly up. Continuing in a louder voice, she asked, “How in the world did you guys find us.”The guys were getting closer. Cowering behind Dani, Jill did her best to shrink, to make herself invisible. **“**We went by Amber’s,” Brendan explained. “You know . . . the great American tradition . . . crashing girls’ slumber parties. But you weren’t there. I pulled up our app. It led me here.” **“**Oh . . . oops,” said Dani. “I’m sorry, Jill. I’d been planning to go ‘off-grid’ tonight.” **“**Your app?” Jill mumbled. **“**Brendan and I downloaded a GPS tracker. We can each see where the other is in real-time . . . dots superimposed on a map. Unless one of our phones is off . . . or we turn off tracking.” **“**Hey, Tarzan,” said Brendan, walking toward them and attempting to peer around Dani.Jill didn’t know what to do. She couldn’t very well make a run for it – she could, of course, but not without being seen. Given the position of the court, she’d have to run toward the guys. But she could do that, and then she’d be able to go back to Amber’s or attempt to get all the way home. However, home was all the way across town. As her clothes and the Jeep were at Amber’s, that was where it made sense to go.Brendan’s use of her ‘Tarzan’ nickname was an in-your-face reminder that he’d seen the videos. So had Matt. Jill didn’t reply, instead trying to focus her thoughts on what she wanted. She wasn’t in any real danger, so safety wasn’t a concern.Earlier, she’d been lamenting that Dani had chickened out by not inviting any guys. Initially, she’d been glad, but that hadn’t lasted long. But now there were guys there – two to be exact – resulting in both her embarrassment as well as thoughts about her need to keep her body hidden. ‘I can’t let this happen, not in Holden!’ kept going around and around in her head. **“**Well, Tarzan, aren’t you going to say, hi?” Amber prodded. **“**I guess,” said Jill hesitantly. She was feeling genuinely reluctant, but then again, coming across as reluctant was important to her. She stayed behind Dani, not wanting to seem at all eager to have the two interlopers see her nude. **“**Well, then go ahead,” said Dani, hopping quickly to the side.

**Chapter 192: Their App**Doing battle with her natural inclinations, Jill stayed where she was; however, she’d already had her hands up, an arm across her breasts, the other down in fig-leaf position, her fingers extended back, keeping things hidden. Guys had seen her naked before, but somehow this seemed different. These were guys that she’d known for years and gone to school with.At first, she didn’t say anything. She looked back and forth from Brendan to Matt, biting her lower lip. They both looked stunned, probably hoping to see her naked but never really expecting to. **“**So, Dani didn’t tell you that I’d be here . . . here naked?” she stammered. **“**No,” said Brendan, shaking his head. “I just decided to crash your slumber party. Jacob . . . Jacob P. wouldn’t come . . . boy is he going to be sorry! So I called Matt . . . didn’t have to twist his arm too hard. He’s always had a crush on you.” **“**Hey!” objected Matt, turning sideways in displeasure, but never for a second taking his eyes from Jill.Jill had always known of Matt’s interest. Several times she’d been told that he was going to ask her out. Apparently, he’d always chickened out – unless, of course, there was a different explanation. **“**You guys have seen the broadcasts? The news segments?” she asked tentatively. She knew they had. For some reason, she felt the need for definitive confirmation – as if Ryan’s text and Brendan calling her ‘Tarzan’ hadn’t provided it. **“**Yes,” said Brendan. **“**You, Matt?” she asked. **“**Yes, sorry,” he apologized.Jill found the idea that they had watched the videos and knew that she had been willingly nude prior to the rockslide stimulating. A tickle sensation rippled along her skin. As her hand was already covering her crotch, she wiggled her middle finger, tickling her clitoris. She knew she couldn’t get away with much, but she was sure that slow movement of the one finger would be hidden by her other fingers. **“**What did you think?” she asked. She had a pretty good idea, but she was curious to hear what they might have to say. **“**F\*\*king hot!” said Brendan. Upon hearing that, Jill felt goosebumps pull her skin taut. In response, she bore down on her clit, pressing the one hidden finger discreetly into her slippery folds. He continued, “I have to admit, I really like the idea of women running around naked. I think Dani should take up the hobby. Maybe you could train her.” **“**Dream on,” interjected Dani, a hand indignantly on her hip. **“**If you guys had been a little more sneaky, you’d have caught her,” said Amber. **“**Naked?” asked Brendan in surprise. **“**No!” said Dani. **“**Just topless!” said Amber gleefully. “But Dani rocks topless.” **“**Wow!” said Brendan. Jill was relatively sure that as her boyfriend, he would have seen her topless, probably nude – just not in the context of a group of friends in a park. **“**So, Matt,” said Jill. He’d been struggling to respectfully keep his eyes averted; however, upon hearing his name, he looked up. “You’re quiet. I haven’t heard what you thought of the videos.” **“**Umm . . . I liked them,” he said meekly after a long delay.Jill heard both Amber and Dani snickering. “You did, did you?” Dani asked with a great deal of levity. “I’ll bet you really liked watching her naked sprint through town!” **“**Leave him alone. I asked him. He’s answering truthfully.” She did her best to maintain an even tone of voice. That wasn’t as easy as it might have been, given how the reminder of her naked trek through Stanton was animating her middle finger. **“**So tell me,” Jill asked, probing deeper – with her finger as well as her line of questioning, “…what exactly did you like?” **“**I don’t know,” he said. “At first I felt sorry for you. Sorry for your brother and Ryan, of course, but mostly sorry for you. It seemed so terrible what you were forced to do to save them. But then they talked about how you’d been naked . . . already naked . . . making naked Tarzan videos . . . stuff like that . . . banging on your chest and all.” **“**Did you jack off to her video?” asked Amber. **“**Don’t ask him that! Matt, don’t answer,” interrupted Jill. She didn’t want to know. It seemed possible, but she didn’t want that image in her head. She’d seen Ryan beat off; that had been enough. She also didn’t want to have to hear Matt struggle through a denial.Realizing that Brendan and Matt were destined for her tally, she casually transferred her hands to her hips and shifted her feet apart, ensuring that they qualified. ‘One-hundred, one-hundred-one,’ a voice inside her head counted. Maybe things weren’t working out as she might have hoped, but she was secretly glad to have passed the ‘hundred’ mark.As Jill watched, she saw Matt’s eyes travel down from her face to her chest and from there, on down to her pussy. Both boys were seeing it for the first time. She happened to be facing the nearest outdoor light, so she knew they’d have a fairly good view of her ‘charms.’ She didn’t know the extent to which her slit might be visible. She hoped things wouldn’t appear moist; however, at the very least, she was sure that both Brendan and Matt had seen that she was a shaved pussy girl. That was a detail, possibly the only one, which a viewer of the Channel Five segments would not have seen. **“**So, what should we do now?” asked Dani. **“**Wait,” said Jill. “I wasn’t done.” **“**Sorry,” mumbled Dani. **“**How did you find out about the videos?”Matt pointed over at Brendan. **“**From Brendan?” she asked.He nodded. **“**Brendan?” she asked, looking him in the eye. **“**I got a text from Ethan . . . with a link. I’d just started watching the first one when Jacob called, interrupting me. But that was what he was calling about . . . to ask me if I’d seen them.” **“**Has everyone seen them?” she asked, even though the answer seemed to be a foregone conclusion. **“**Probably not yet . . . but I’m sure they will,” he replied.Jill looked away, biting her lip. It wasn’t exactly a surprise, but the news was difficult to deal with. She’d made her choice to go for help. About that she had no regrets. It was just a difficult situation. Over the course of twenty-four hours, about everyone she knew would watch the videos. They’d find out that she’d been willingly nude, willing beating on her chest while being filmed – by Ryan and her brother, no less. It was even more embarrassing given that it had been those two. **“**Pretty exciting, huh, Tarzan?” Amber remarked. It had been more of a statement than a question, but Amber did seem interested in hearing her take on this latest development. Something about it was indeed exciting; however, that particular emotion was hardly the overriding one. Scary was up there – embarrassing as well. **“**I don’t know about the rest of you,” said Brendan before Jill had gotten around to responding, “…but I need to hear this Tarzan yell for myself.” **“**Me too!” said Dani enthusiastically. “How about the picnic table, Jill? I mean, Tarzan? Climb up!”Jill studied the table. It would be a fitting place for Tarzan to let loose. “Sorry, guys,” she said. “It would be fun, but I’m pretty loud. Not here, not in the middle of the night. I’ve had all the attention I can handle.” **“**Oh, well . . . next time,” said Brendan.Jill smiled. She didn’t think there would be a ‘next time.’ **“**I know it’s late,” said Dani. “But would you guys like to play some basketball?” **“**Sure!” said Brendan enthusiastically. **“**I’m not very good,” admitted Matt. **“**Doesn’t matter. You can be on my team,” Jill replied.She’d already thought through the team options. If they played girls against boys, one of the guys would be guarding her at all times – possibly they’d take turns. They might keep back a respectful distance – Matt would because he was Matt, and Brendan would because Dani was there – and because of that, they wouldn’t end up with much of a game. If they split up into boy-girl teams, Dani would probably continue guarding her. She might resume with the spanks, but that would be preferable to having either one of the guys guarding her. That seemed as if it would be much too awkward. **“**You should get dressed if you want,” Matt suggested.Jill looked at him; she almost laughed. Did he really think that she had some clothes stashed nearby? **“**That’s very kind of you, Matt. However, Tarzan travels light,” she replied. “You watched those videos, and you still don’t have that figured out?”Jill saw Matt’s jaw drop. **“**Wow! Just wow!” said Brendan. **“**Yep. My nearest clothes are at Amber’s.” **“**And my house is locked,” Amber interjected gleefully.Jill hadn’t considered that possibility. She saw Matt’s eyes go wide as he figured out what that meant – that she’d come the entire distance naked. It had ended up being almost a mile. **“**And Dani needs to play topless,” proposed Brendan. “No fair putting on your top just because we’re here.” **“**It’s staying on,” Dani announced resolutely. **“**But wouldn’t Jill be more comfortable if you were also naked?” he asked. **“**Who’s worried about Jill? I’m not. She’s wearing what she wants to wear. So am I,” said Dani with a shrug.Jill shivered at her comment, her nipples cinching up tighter still. Was she really dressed as she wanted to be? And yet she knew it was true, she just didn’t really want the guys to know. **“**I think the four of you should all play naked,” exclaimed Amber with a smile. “Put your weenie where your mouth is, Brendan.”Brendan looked surprised. “Physically impossible,” he sneered after he’d gotten over the shock of Amber’s suggestion.Amber cracked up. “I’ll bet you could manage.”Brendan ignored her. “Well, that settles it. Just Jill then,” he said. **“**Yep, just Jill,” agreed Dani.Jill glanced over and saw that Matt was looking down at her crotch in a stealth fashion. His head was turned one way, but his eyes were definitely focused down between her legs. Noticing that he’d been caught, an embarrassed look spread across his face as he quickly averted his eyes. **“**Okay, Dani and I against Jill and Matt,” said Brendan.Matt didn’t reply. “Are you good with that, Matt?” Jill asked.Lifting his gaze, their eyes met. He nodded slowly. Jill noticed the hint of a worried look on his face. **“**Okay, then. Come here,” she said. “Team meeting.”She walked toward the far basket, the dark one, expecting him to follow. As she did so, she noticed something she hadn’t seen before. At that end of the court, obscured by the shadows, there was an opening in the fence. It was in the corner, a designed in opening easily big enough for a person to walk through. She kicked herself, realizing that she would have been able to escape when the guys had first shown up. Maybe it’s best I didn’t know about it, she decided. Truth be told, she was glad she hadn’t run off. Her tally was now over a hundred and she was looking forward to the game with the two guys.Glancing back, she saw Matt lingering where he’d been standing the whole time. She beckoned to him, indicating that he needed to follow. Studying him, she found herself wishing that he were Kyle. She expected that Kyle was a better ball player, plus she’d had a little time to work on plays with him. What was more, she realized how much Kyle would enjoy playing with her, naked or not. She’d enjoy it, too.Matt, on the other hand, was acting too inhibited to do much of anything. She knew it was because she was naked; although, she realized he might be that way around her even if she weren’t nude. He’d always seemed to have inhibitions when it came to talking to her.However, she wanted it to be fun. As a matter of fact, she was going to do everything she could to make sure that it was fun – for the both of them. She was finally getting her basketball game! It wasn’t working out at all liked she’d hoped or imagined, but that was okay. That was probably for the best, she realized, remembering the game she’d fantasized about, the one in the packed gymnasium under the bright lights.Even though this was not the game she’d had in mind, this was the game that fate was delivering. She was determined to make it memorable. It was likely a once in a lifetime opportunity. She was going to have fun, and as always she was focused on winning. Playing naked was sure to be difficult. She’d prove to herself that she was up to the challenge by playing a solid game. **“**You look scared,” she observed, once she and Matt were near the unlit backboard.He nodded. “A little, I guess.”Jill smiled. That seemed like a straightforward answer. “Okay, first off, there’s something I’ve got to know. A few times, I had people telling me that you were going to ask me out. You never did.”

**Chapter 193: Matt  
  
“**I didn’t,” he replied dejectedly. **“**I know, but . . . why not? Be honest with me.” **“**I’m kind of a chicken shit.” **“**But you’d tell people . . . I’m assuming . . . and then not follow through?” **“**Like I said . . . a chicken shit.” **“**But you wanted to ask me out? Intended to ask me out?” **“**Yes, that’s right. I thought that if I told someone . . . then I’d have to. I thought if you knew, then you’d be ready . . . to say yes or no. That seemed only fair. Mostly, it was my way of working up my courage . . . and painting myself into a corner, so I’d have to.” **“**But?”He shrugged. “But it didn’t work. I still didn’t have the guts.” **“**Did you want to go out with me?” **“**More than anything.” **“**I wish you would have . . . asked me out. You know I would have said ‘yes.’” **“**You would have?” **“**Of course! I wanted you to ask me out. It made me feel good to hear that you liked me enough to be considering it. You weren’t the only shy one at Holden High, you know. I even thought of asking you out myself . . . when you didn’t. But I couldn’t. I’m kind of a chicken shit, too.” **“**You don’t look chicken,” he observed, allowing his eyes to travel down her body.Jill glanced down at her nude body and thoughtfully licked her dry lips. “Well, I guess I’ve made some progress. I hope you have as well.” **“**Not much.” **“**Well, it’s time to man up, good buddy. I play to win, so that’s what we’re going to do. And while we’re at it, let’s consider this our first date.”Jill was very surprised to hear herself say that, but then she remembered the wine. She wasn’t exactly drunk, but she had heard that alcohol lowered a person’s inhibitions.Jill saw a look of surprise in his eyes. “A date?” he asked. **“**Yep . . . unless you don’t want to date a naked girl?” **“**I don’t mind,” he replied quickly.She smiled and continued, “…probably our only date . . . I’m off to college this coming weekend. But if you’re interested in the possibility of a second date, winning this game would be the place to start. As you probably know, basketball is important to me, very important. You do play, don’t you?” Jill knew he’d never been on the basketball team. As a matter of fact, as far as she knew, he’d never taken part in any organized athletics. **“**Some . . . not much.” **“**Well, it’s time to learn!” She proceeded to give him a series of verbal instructions to help the two of them work as a team. If she passed him the ball and said nothing, he was expected to pass it immediately back, instantly. If she said his name, either alone or in a sentence, he was to pass the ball back, but wait until after she’d gotten past Dani. If she said something other than his name, he was to start dribbling and try for a basket himself. In that way, she’d be able to direct what they did on the court, hopefully without Dani and Brendan picking up on the clues.Matt was obviously trying to concentrate on what she was saying, but he was so cute about it. She didn’t know how he was going to be able to do what he needed to do. Being around a naked girl seemed to have him nearly paralyzed. But she realized that it was more than just the nudity; he might be experiencing the same thing if she were dressed – because of his long-standing crush on her.He was funny. Jill found the situation rather entertaining. He’d notice her nipples and look immediately away, but then he’d glance back. He’d raise his chin, attempting to force himself to look at her face. But then his eyes would appear to again be drawn down to her chest. She wondered if she should talk with him about her nipples – in hopes of allowing him to get his fill so that he might be able to concentrate. Instead, she found herself playing with him, moving her tits around enticingly within his field of view, testing him by seeing if she could get his eyes to follow.She didn’t know if they were going to be able to win or not, but she decided to at least have a little fun with the guy. Pretending to be stretching, she lifted up her ribcage, nonchalantly arching her back. As she was tall and he wasn’t particularly so, it was relatively easy to draw his eyes to her nipples. For some reason, Jill found it amusing to tease the poor kid. She reached up and scratched one of her nipples absentmindedly while looking away, a fingernail scraping back and forth on her areola on each side of the stiff point. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw a look of wonder on his face. **“**Ready, guys?” Dani asked from the other side of center court. **“**Almost,” replied Jill, “…but I’m so thirsty.” **“**There’s a drinking fountain,” remarked Amber, pointing off into the darkness.She led them a short distance into the park. Jill went first, and they all took turns. Jill was so thankful. She hadn’t thought to bring a water bottle. Had it been the wine? Indeed, they’d headed to the park without so much as a basketball. Dani hadn’t been the only one that had forgotten that they’d be needing one.As she took a second drink, Jill examined the cleft of her pussy. She couldn’t believe how she was dressed, who she was with, where she was, and what they were doing. It was all so exciting – and her lower lips looked to be fully aware of what was going on; they were moist. She thought about allowing some water to dribble down her front. Indeed, that might provide an alternate explanation should someone look and notice that she was wet. Being completely devoid of pubic hair meant that any amount of moisture was much more visible than it might otherwise be.As the four-player game started, Matt threw the ball in to Jill. It went wide, but she pulled out the stops and got to it first. She started dribbling. As luck would have it, she again found herself working her way in toward the basket while protecting the ball from Dani, advancing toward her butt first. It was instinct as much as anything. **“**You better not,” she warned, but it did no good. Dani slapped her bare bottom just as it came within range.The spank on her bare skin reminded Jill of not only how naked she was, but also how vulnerable she was. The familiar activities of dribbling and shooting would momentarily take her mind off of that, but the sound and feel of Dani’s hand on her butt would bring it all back into focus. She’d instantly return to being a naked woman, her privates flapping in the breeze where everyone could see them and probably even be able to touch them if they tried. She dribbled away from Dani, trying to concentrate to keep it from getting to her. Somehow she needed to find a way to keep Dani from getting her so flustered that she couldn’t play.Again she advanced toward the hoop, and again Dani slapped her butt. “Enough of that! If you’re going to do that, you’re going to play topless,” said Jill, continuing to dribble while doing her best to sound calm and in control. **“**You’d like that, wouldn’t you?” challenged Dani. **“**Or maybe I’ll strip you naked . . . butt naked,” Jill threatened. “I’m here to play basketball.” She made a break for the hoop mid-sentence, scoring an easy two points.Shortly thereafter, Dani had the ball and Jill was on defense. Jill thought about swatting her butt. After all, turnabout was fair play; however, she decided against that course of action. On the one hand, Dani was wearing shorts, so the effect would not be at all the same. Dani would probably just laugh at her. And on the other hand, Dani might feel encouraged. By joining in with the slapping, Jill might be inviting an escalation that she’d end up regretting. She was feeling very naked and extremely vulnerable.On their next possession, Jill decided to test Matt’s memory. She passed him the ball saying, “Here, Matt. Take a shot.”Matt bounced the ball a few times and then shot and missed, the ball bouncing off the front of the rim.Calling a timeout, Jill pulled him aside. “What did I say just before that shot of yours?” she asked. **“**To take a shot.” **“**No. I said, ‘Matt.’ That’s what you need to key off of. What are you supposed to do when I say your name?” **“**Oh . . . pass the ball back after you get around Dani.” **“**Exactly! All you have to do is listen for your name. Easy, right?” **“**I guess.” **“**The rest of what I say is for Dani’s ears. I expected to have an easy time getting by her because I’d just told you to take a shot. Get it?” **“**Okay,” he replied, acting as if a lightbulb had just been turned on in his brain. **“**You don’t mind me being Team Captain, do you?” **“**Of course not. I want you to be.” **“**Thanks,” said Jill, smiling appreciatively. She knew it was necessary if they were to have a chance at winning. David would pick up on her system immediately, she thought, but hopefully, Dani wouldn’t. Their high school team had used codes; however, they had been quite different, incorporating hand signals – pointing. Her coach had determined them.Jill was doing her best to focus on the game, but even for someone so disciplined, that was proving to be quite difficult. The wine she’d had earlier was proving to be just one component of the intoxicating cocktail that she was dealing with. Another ingredient was the endorphin rush that came with the all exertion. She’d read that it could produce a state of euphoria very similar to that of opioids. Whatever endorphins were, they too were making her feel good.In addition to the alcohol and the exercise-induced endorphins, she was experiencing all the thrills and chills of being naked ¬– naked around new people in a risky outdoor setting. Naked and vulnerable, she couldn’t even protect her own butt from Dani.It was quite the combination!And as if that wasn’t enough, she had just shaved her pussy. She could only imagine how naughty she must look. What might Brendan and Matt think of her on account of her bald pussy? Did they think that she liked to show it off? Did she? Wondering about what they might be thinking about that aspect produced a tingly sensation inside her pelvis every time it crossed her mind.On Jill’s next possession, Dani again swatted her naked backside. She again protested, but even doing her best to sound as if she didn’t like the attention couldn’t keep a shiver of excitement from passing through her body.She pumped the ball to Matt without saying anything. Obviously concentrating on what he was supposed to do, he fired it right back.Again she dribbled. She thought about staying far enough away from Dani to avoid the possibility of a slap, and yet she didn’t. Did she want to again feel the stinging sensation of Dani’s hand on her bare skin? What was happening to her?Tossing the ball to Matt, she called out, “Your turn.”He caught the ball. She saw him hesitate as he processed her words. In that moment, Dani again smacked one of her cheeks. **“**Stop it!” she protested. But as she realized just how distracting the spanks were for her, she noticed that Dani’s ‘butt-game’ was having a similar effect on Brendan. That created an opportunity; Matt charged in unopposed and scored with a layup.Jill ran over. Colliding intentionally with him, she gave him an enthusiastic congratulatory hug, lifting his feet momentarily from the concrete. It had been his first basket. However, she instantly realized that she needed to be much more careful. He did not return the hug. The poor lad looked shaken, his arms hanging limp at his sides. Guys apparently weren’t used to getting hugs from naked celebratory girls. Considering that, Jill realized that she needed to try and keep Brendan distracted without having the same effect on Matt. **“**Great play!” she said, stepping quickly back from him while wishing that there might be a way to take back the hug. **“**Umm . . . thanks,” he said, blinking his eyes. He looked as if he were trying to regain his balance.On the next play, just as Dani was passing the ball to Brendan, she extended her arms overhead while jutting out a hip, trying to steal his attention. Brendan managed to catch the ball, but in the moment that followed, Matt grabbed it out of his hands and drove in for a layup. **“**I saw that, you little tease!” said Dani, glaring at her. “Best not be trying to steal my boyfriend!” **“**As if I’d have any chance with these,” said Jill, reaching up and cupping a pair of imaginarily large breasts from below. She held her hands protruding from her chest such that they were essentially empty, her tiny breasts not coming anywhere near filling them. The gesture emphasized how severely lacking she was in that department.Dani smiled. “One would think that you wouldn’t have a chance. But I’m not so sure.”Jill returned her smile. She wasn’t so sure either.

Summer at Cache Lake

**Chapter 194: Up By Four**  
Dani turned her attention to Brendan. “What are you looking at, Bucko?” she snapped.  
  
“Nothing,” he replied, peeling his eyes away from Jill’s chest and looking over at Dani.  
  
“Ouch!” said Jill, stumbling and acting as if the comment had stung.  
  
“I didn’t mean it that way,” he apologized.  
  
“Sure you didn’t,” she mumbled, pretending to be sad.  
  
As the game continued, Dani kept paying a great deal of attention to Jill’s naked bottom. More often than not, it came in the form of a slap, but a time or two she had touched her a bit more gingerly. To Jill, one of her touches had felt almost like a caress. In reality, it might have been just Dani resting her hand there as she endeavored to stay between her and the basket. Indeed, that sort of contact occurred at all levels of the sport. It was generally ignored, provided that no foul was committed. Jill was having a great deal of difficulty ignoring all the contact given her state of arousal.  
  
Earlier she had been lamenting that Dani wasn’t nude like Britt and Jenna had been in the pool below the falls. Considering that, she realized that it didn’t really matter. The fact that she herself was naked seemed to be enough, and just possibly it was even more exciting because she was the only one naked. As had happened when she’d been horsing around with the Copelands in the water, Jill’s libido continued to rise. The basketball game was proving to be every bit as exciting as she had hoped – or feared.  
  
Suddenly, she remembered Jenna mentioning that Britt had experienced an orgasm while they’d been wrestling. As she called for a timeout to take a breather, she remembered the spontaneous orgasm that she’d had on the brightly lit court in her ball-riding fantasy. She needed to throttle back her excitement just enough to make sure that didn’t happen to her in real life. It was one thing for everyone to see her pussy, even if they noticed it was wet. It would be quite another if they all witnessed her shaking, trembling, and moaning as she went over the edge. She definitely couldn’t let that happen!  
  
She walked to the drinking fountain and took a long drink. Noticing that Matt and Brendan were heading over, she splashed water on her chest where it mixed with her sweat. She made sure that there was more than enough so that it ran down across her tummy and added to the moisture at her crotch. The water felt good. She didn’t know if it might contribute to the deniability factor, but it seemed worth a try.  
  
As each guy bent over, taking his turn at the fountain, she saw their eyes peeking out at the lower half of her body. She happened to be facing the light. She told herself that she was allowing them to view her pussy in order to keep Brendan distracted, but she knew that wasn’t the full story. She was also doing it because she liked having her girl parts seen. It was so naughty but at the same time so thrilling. It had taken her a long time to be able to admit that to herself; however, she now knew that it was true.  
  
Dani joined them, again smacking her on the butt and accusing her of being a tease. “Why you little minx! You ought to be ashamed of yourself!”  
  
Jill knew she should, and yet she wasn’t. Maybe later she’d feel ashamed. Right then, her excitement was too great to feel bad about how she was blatantly displaying the petals of her blossoming pussy.  
  
As the game resumed, Jill found herself considering a new approach. The next time Dani slapped her bottom, accusing her of trying to steal her boyfriend, Jill dropped the ball and sauntered over to her. Reaching around and placing her hand on Dani’s cloth covered bottom and squeezing, she stared into her eyes. “Actually, maybe it’s Brendan that needs to be worried. Have you considered that I might be trying to steal his girlfriend?”  
  
She saw a wide-eyed look of concern appear on Dani’s face as Amber cheered. Dani pushed her away. “You’re so naughty,” she said, fighting to regain her composure. She again slapped at Jill’s bare bottom; however, this time she missed.  
  
Jill smiled. “Ooo . . . I love it when you do that, girlfriend,” Jill remarked playfully. “And I want you . . . so bad . . . but you know that.”  
  
“You’re just saying that,” snapped Dani, but her confidence seemed shaken.  
  
Shortly thereafter, Dani had the ball. As her butt came within range, Jill grabbed ahold of one of her cheeks. She wrapped her other arm around Dani’s waist. The ball bounced away as Dani twisted, trying to free herself. Jill held on tight, digging her fingers into Dani’s butt, kneading it playfully. It was payback time.  
  
“Come on you two. Get a room!” Amber called gleefully from the sidelines.  
  
Jill replied, “We don’t need a room!” Twisting her around, Jill pulled Dani to her and planted a big sloppy kiss on her mouth. Dani tried to break free, but Jill had shifted a hand to the back of her head, holding their faces mashed together.  
  
“Wow! Is there something I should know?” Brendan asked excitedly.  
  
“No there isn’t,” said Dani, after she’d succeeded in getting her mouth away from Jill’s. “Keep her away from me,” she added, once she’d fought free of Jill’s grasp.  
  
“Keep who away from who?” Brendan asked. “Who has been messing with whose butt?”  
  
Jill laughed. She picked up the ball and drove in for a layup.  
  
“Two points!” she called out gleefully.  
  
“And Tarzan scores!” announced Brendan.  
  
“Doesn’t count,” said Dani.  
  
“It most certainly does,” said Jill, again walking aggressively toward her. She was intending to give her a spank or again grab her butt; however, noticing that Dani’s nipples had gotten stiff and were visibly poking through multiple layers, she considered her options. She could slap her butt or grab a boob and go in for another kiss. The kiss had worked. It had really seemed to get Dani rattled.  
  
Just the fact that Jill was behaving aggressively must have been enough. Dani shrieked. “Keep her away from me, Brendan. She’s got that look in her eye,” she said, backing away.  
  
“I think you’re ready to try a little naked basketball,” Jill threatened. “It’s more fun than you realize.” She bent her knees, dropping down into an offensive stance, and started circling.  
  
“Stay back!” insisted Dani, assuming a defensive posture, her arms up in front. Brendan and Matt backed away.  
  
“You started this, remember,” said Jill. “Now, do you want to play basketball, or do you want to be stripped naked?”  
  
Jill saw Dani’s eyes go wide with fright. They both knew that Dani would be no match for her; the Wahlund twins had a reputation as far as fighting was concerned. It seemed obvious that Jill would win, especially considering that she didn’t have anything to lose; she was already naked.  
  
“Strip her! Strip her! Strip her!” Amber started chanting from the sideline.  
  
“I think I will,” said Jill, eyeing her prey as she continued to circle her threateningly.  
  
Dani again squealed, running quickly behind Brendan. “Keep her away from me.”  
  
“Now why would I do that?” he asked. “Seeing you get stripped would be the highlight of an already wonderful evening. And then I think the two of you should hook up. It’d be fun, for you as well, I imagine.”  
  
“Brendan!” she admonished.  
  
“But whatever happens, it serves you right. You started this!” he replied.  
  
“I’ll divorce you!”  
  
He laughed. They, of course, weren’t married. “Maybe, but eventually we’ll kiss and make up. That’s always fun.”  
  
“Brendan, NO!” she screamed, seemingly thinking that Brendan was considering allowing Jill to have her way.  
  
“Matt, you’ll protect me, won’t you?” she asked, a look of desperation in her eyes.  
  
Jill glanced over at Matt. He looked very uncomfortable to be suddenly brought into the confrontation. But as she continued to observe him, a look of resolve appeared on his face.  
  
“I’m not going to protect anybody. I’m here to play basketball. Tarzan and I are going to whoop you two. Now everyone . . . you too, Jill . . . quit screwing around!”  
  
Jill smiled. She remembered what she had told him about his best route to a second date. Apparently, he was taking her advice to heart.  
  
“All right then, let’s play,” said Dani. After studying Jill apprehensively, she walked over and picked up the ball. She looked relieved that Matt had given them all an excuse to get back to the game.  
  
Jill, too, was glad. The idea of stripping Dani hadn’t been completely to her liking. Things had just escalated out of control. She couldn’t even believe that she had kissed her.  
  
As they resumed play, Jill found that Dani had been completely cured of her fascination with her butt. Apparently, she had decided that it was much too risky to continue messing with Jill. Jill felt good about having won the battle of wits. It had been fun and she’d come out on top. Now all they had to do was win the basketball game.  
  
Six or Eight points later, Matt and Jill were up by four. Jill again had the ball. Shouting his name, she threw it to Matt and then cut hard right to get around Dani. As she fought to get a little distance ahead of her to receive the ball back, light suddenly flooded the court.  
  
“Hold it right there! Stay where you are,” a loud voice boomed. In shock, Jill turned to look toward the light. The voice continued, “Police officer. Everyone stay right where you are!”

**Chapter 195: Game Over**  
Jill was caught completely by surprise. In a state of sheer panic, her feet reacted even though her brain was locking up. The light, seemingly a powerful hand-held flashlight, was blinding. It was located somewhere just behind where Amber had been watching from, the middle of the large opening in the chain-link fence enclosure.  
  
Jill had no idea how her friends might react, but she wasn’t about to stick around to find out. They were dressed; she wasn’t. Her adrenalin suddenly sky-high, she wheeled around and sprinted for the only other opening in the tall enclosure, the narrow gap she’d noticed in one of the back corners. She wasn’t about to be caught naked. Allowing that to happen simply wasn’t an option.  
  
“Hold it, Miss. Don’t run!” the voice rang out again.  
  
She was scared, but she doubted anyone would be able to catch her, certainly not a policeman. She didn’t have a plan in mind. All she knew was that she wasn’t staying where she was. The policeman had the light trained on her, but there was a silver lining in that. It was illuminating the gap that she was racing toward, simplifying her escape.  
  
Trying to be careful about her footing, she slowed slightly as she charged through the opening. Suddenly she hit something or someone, bringing her forward momentum to a complete stop. The impact knocked the wind out of her.  
  
The next thing she knew, she was flat on her back in the grass.  
  
“Gotcha!” a deep voice exclaimed close to her ear.  
  
As Jill tried to take a breath, the realization of what had happened hit her. A second officer had been lying in wait just past the opening. As she’d exited the enclosure, she’d run right into him and been tackled.  
  
Jill fought the man, trying her best to get free; however, he had his arms solidly around her chest, squeezing her such that she was having trouble breathing. He was big, much larger than she was.  
  
“Resisting an officer is a crime, young lady,” he stated calmly. “Give that a little thought.”  
  
She was all pumped up on adrenalin, but her chances of getting away seemed to have evaporated. Even though there no longer seemed to be the possibility of escape, she continued to struggle. She was still panicking, simply reacting, barely thinking.  
  
All of a sudden, the man flipped her over onto her front, sending her limbs every which way. With a hand on her neck, he pushed her face into the ground. Jill went limp. It was clear that she’d lost. Something, possibly his knee was pressing into her back, smashing her chest into the ground. She was again having difficulty breathing. She didn’t want to seem to be fighting, but she needed air.  
  
In the next instant, she felt cold steel against one of her wrists. She heard a click. Handcuffs! She squirmed, attempting to pull her arm free – she couldn’t. She felt steel against her other wrist and then heard a series of clicks as the second cuff was closed down more gradually against her skin. Lying there on her stomach, her face turned to the side, she felt the man’s knee leave her back. She felt something else, the cold steel chain that connected the cuffs against her buttocks.  
  
“Why are . . . you doing this . . . to me? I didn’t . . . do anything!” she called out between breaths. She was realizing the seriousness of her predicament. She’d been captured by a large man who was most likely a police officer. Besides the cuffs, she was wearing her shoes, nothing else.  
  
“Are you all right?” he asked.  
  
It seemed like a stupid question. Jill turned her head further, trying to look back at him. Given the light, all she could see was his outline. He was resting on his haunches. He had a hand on her upper arm and was no longer pinning her to the ground.  
  
What does he mean, ‘Am I all right?’ went through Jill’s head. Of course, she wasn’t all right! She’d just been tackled. She was lying face down on the ground, her hands back behind her in cuffs. Who treats a girl like that?  
  
“Are you okay?” he asked again.  
  
Jill was still at a loss for words. In addition to her appalling physical situation, she felt mentally and emotionally broken. She was his prisoner.  
  
“Did you get her, Bash?” a distant voice called out.  
  
“Yep, got her!” the man who had cuffed her responded. “Where are the others?”  
  
“They’re here. They didn’t run. Only the naked one ran.”  
  
“Okay, let’s join the others,” said the man as he yanked at her arm. “Can you get up? Or are you drunk?”  
  
“I’m most certainly not drunk,” Jill asserted defiantly while simultaneously recalling the wine she’d had before leaving for the park.  
  
“Then get up,” he directed as he himself stood up.  
  
Jill twisted, first one way and then the other. It was much harder than she’d been expecting. How was she supposed to get to her feet without the use of her hands and arms?  
  
“Here, let me help you,” he said, again pulling on her arm.  
  
Jill didn’t want his help. She tried to flip around into a sitting position, but the man’s grip on her upper arm made that difficult. Jill attempted to pull free, but he held on tight, gripping her arm tightly.  
  
“What are you going to do to me?” she asked apprehensively as she finally succeeded in getting into a sitting position.  
  
“Just going to help you to your feet,” he replied.  
  
“And then what are you going to do? Arrest me?”  
  
“One step at a time, little lady.”  
  
His tone was friendly enough; it was mostly the gravity of the situation that was so menacing. Jill didn’t like thinking about where things were headed, but it was hard not to.  
  
Again he asked, “Have you been drinking? Are you high?”  
  
Jill knew that being under the influence might seem like a logical explanation for why a girl might be naked under such circumstances. In addition to that, she knew that she probably looked drunk as she fought to get her feet under her. But that was the cuffs. Few people would be able to stand up without the use of their hands AND appear completely sober while doing so, she decided.  
  
“Please take these off,” she requested in the most level-headed sounding voice that she could muster. “I won’t run.”  
  
“We’ve already established that you’ll run,” the man replied in a matter-of-fact tone.  
  
“But I won’t . . . not now. Please!” she begged. Jill felt alarmingly vulnerable. Having her arms secured behind her was much worse than she might ever have imagined. She’d felt vulnerable before, but Dani swatting her butt paled in comparison.  
  
“You shouldn’t have run. You disobeyed an officer of the law.”  
  
“I did?”  
  
“You did. It’s a serious offense. My partner identified himself as a police officer. He told everyone to stay where they were. You ran.”  
  
“But, but…” Jill didn’t quite know what to say. Those did seem to be the facts; how could she deny what he was saying. However, in her case, there seemed to be extenuating circumstances. Wouldn’t being naked be an exception? She knew better than to say that even if it made sense to her.  
  
By then they were up and walking. They’d gotten back through the opening in the fence and were making their way across the concrete court. Jill couldn’t see much. The bright light was still there, again shining into her eyes, disrupting her night vision. She squinted, trying to see ahead.  
  
She definitely didn’t want to be where she was. Her instincts were telling her to make a run for it; however, she knew she wouldn’t get far – not with the man’s hand holding onto her upper arm and the handcuffs securing her arms behind her.  
  
Her heart was pounding in her chest. She felt so exposed. She had no way to cover her pussy or her breasts. The bright light illuminated her. She glanced down at her nude body. Whoever was holding the light was studying her. And what was worse, she was beginning to think in detail about what lay ahead. She could picture a ride in a patrol car. She imagined being locked in a cell. She expected that they’d call her parents – or maybe she’d have to do that herself. They allowed prisoners one phone call, didn’t they? Or was that just Hollywood?  
  
“I’m so sorry, Jill,” said Dani as they approached.  
  
Jill glanced around. Everyone was staring at her. She wanted to cover her nude body in the worst way. Dani and Amber were sitting on top of the picnic table, their feet on the bench. The two guys were a short distance away; they were seated cross-legged on the ground.  
  
“Have a seat with your friends while I confer with Officer Franks,” said the officer who had cuffed her. Jill was finally able to get a look at him. He looked as if he was bald or shaved his head. Additionally, he was a good-sized man and he was indeed wearing a dark uniform.  
  
He guided her toward the table where Dani and Amber were sitting. Amber shifted over, making room for her. Both girls reached out to steady her as she climbed up and took a seat between them.  
  
“I’m so sorry, Jill,” Dani repeated.  
  
Jill sensed heartfelt sympathy in her voice. She looked over at her and their eyes met. It was a disaster, but she knew it wasn’t Dani’s fault.  
  
She felt something on her cheek – Amber’s hand. “Sorry, you had some grass,” she said.  
  
“Thank you,” she replied. Glancing down, she saw that it wasn’t just her face. Her entire body was rather dirty. She’d been sweaty and then she’d been flung down and rolled. There were even blades of grass and other debris clinging to her breasts. “My chest, too,” she said quietly.  
  
Amber nodded and proceeded to brush her off, her upper body as well as her legs. Dani leaned back and took care of her back. “Thanks, guys,” she muttered, staring sightlessly at her knees. She’d been stripped of her dignity, but somehow being a little less dirty helped.  
  
From the girls, Jill learned that the basketball court and the area around it was a location that the police checked on a nightly basis. Supposedly the picnic tables near the basketball court were popular, and the police caught kids drinking, smoking or doing drugs there on occasion.  
  
“He bragged about it being the perfect trap,” said Amber. “They try to flush everyone onto the basketball court . . . and from there, there’s only the one exit . . . where his partner, Officer Bashford, lies in ambush.”  
  
“So they’ve done this before,” said Jill, realizing that she’d fallen into a trap.  
  
“Sounds like they do it all the time,” Amber replied.  
  
“What are they going to do to us? Has he said?” Jill asked, her voice trembling. She was realizing all of a sudden that she was the only one in cuffs.  
  
“I don’t know,” said Dani. “He’s been asking about drugs . . . about drinking.” Suddenly her voice got real quiet. “Don’t mention the wine, whatever you do. He’s been looking all around for evidence . . . bottles, I suppose.”  
  
Jill was in a terrible state, quivering with worry. “I suppose running counts as resisting arrest,” she fretted.  
  
“Probably,” agreed Dani. “And you’re naked. Laws against that as well.”  
  
Jill didn’t know what to think. She seemed to be in a lot more trouble than her friends. They weren’t naked and they hadn’t run. No wonder she was wearing handcuffs and they weren’t.

**Chapter 196: Franks and Bashford**  
As they sat there waiting to learn their fate, they saw a car pull up and park at the base of the slope, it’s headlights illuminating a parked police car. How had they missed seeing that car arrive?  
  
“Great!” Jill heard one of the officers exclaim sarcastically. She hadn’t been able to follow their hushed conversation, but that one word had been loud and clear.  
  
She heard car doors open and close and then saw flashlights being directed into the park.  
  
“Up here, Sergeant,” one of the officers called out. But then in a much quieter facetious tone, he remarked to his partner, “Just what we need . . . reinforcements.”  
  
A minute later, there were four officers huddled together talking over the situation. After a protracted discussion, one of the late arrivals walked toward them. Jill angled her head down and closed her eyes as his flashlight caught her full in the face. Squinting, she watched as he then shined his light on her friends, one after the other. The other officers followed along behind, maintaining their distance.  
  
“Playing basketball, you say, Officer Franks?” he asked.  
  
“Yes, Sergeant . . . basketball,” one of the other officers replied.  
  
“No bottles? No paraphernalia?”  
  
“Not that we’ve found . . . probably here somewhere,” the man who was clearly Officer Franks replied.  
  
The sergeant’s light shone around the court, settling on the ball which had rolled against the fence. “Whose basketball?” he asked.  
  
“It’s mine,” said Dani, her voice cracking.  
  
“Why did you bring it?” he inquired.  
  
“To play basketball,” she answered, doing her best to keep a straight face.  
  
The man with the flashlight walked around the table, going behind the girls. He was shining the light on them, clearly studying them.  
  
“Officer Bashford . . . these are your cuffs?”  
  
“Yes, they are.”  
  
“Why are they on her?”  
  
“Indecent exposure. Disobeying an officer. Resisting…”  
  
“Goddammit, Bashford,” he hissed under his breath.  
  
Jill sensed the sergeant coming closer. She felt him touch her, his hands on one of her arms. In the next moment, she realized that he was unlocking a cuff.  
  
“She’ll run,” cautioned Officer Bashford.  
  
“You’re not going to run, now are you, little lady?” the Sergeant said in a reassuring tone.  
  
“No. I won’t run,” she replied softly.  
  
As she felt the cuff release, the sergeant continued, “Bashford, Franks . . . there’s a blanket in your car, right? One of you go and get it.”  
  
Jill could sense the tension in the air, but Officer Bashford, the man who had tackled her, hurried off toward the cars. One of her arms free, Jill brought it around to her chest. Encountering something on her skin, she dusted it off, and then grabbed a breast, covering it completely.  
  
“I’m sorry about the cuffs, young lady,” the sergeant apologized as he unlocked her other wrist. “I hope they weren’t too tight, too uncomfortable.”  
  
Both of her arms finally free, Jill rubbed where the cuffs had been. They’d been uncomfortable but not especially tight. It had been the indignity more than anything, the feeling of helplessness, the vulnerability. After briefly rubbing her wrists, Jill wrapped her arms around her torso, attempting to regain a little dignity by concealing her breasts.  
  
“Again, I’m sorry, Miss,” he reiterated quietly, walking back around the table.  
  
He took a few steps toward the officer coming up the slope. Taking the blanket from him, he turned to Jill and extended it toward her. Jill stood up on the bench, reaching out to accept it. She was surprised at the turn of events. She wrapped the blanket around herself. She hesitated, considering her options, but then sat back down between Amber and Dani.  
  
The blanket felt especially good against her skin – mostly because she was no longer exposed, but also because of how much it had cooled off. That was something that she had started to notice once she’d been sitting still.  
  
The sergeant walked over to where Brendan and Matt were sitting quietly on the ground. He started questioning them. Jill tried to listen as she heard Brendan describe how they’d been intending to crash a slumber party, how his GPS had led them to the park where they’d found the girls playing basketball, how one of them had been naked when they’d gotten there, and then how they’d picked teams and started playing.  
  
The sergeant asked both boys several pointed questions about drug use and drinking. He listened carefully to their responses, neither commenting nor interrupting.  
  
Walking back over to the table where the three girls were seated, he asked, “So, they tell me they drove here. How did you ladies manage to get here?”  
  
“We walked . . . from Amber’s house,” Dani volunteered.  
  
The sergeant followed up with a series of questions to establish the distance to Amber’s house as well as Jill’s state of dress during the journey.  
  
“Okay, Officer Young Bear and I will drive the girls home,” the sergeant announced, turning to face the three other officers.  
  
Upon hearing his name, Jill studied the officer who had arrived with the sergeant. He did appear to as if he might be of Native American descent.  
  
“But Sergeant, with all due respect,” objected Officer Franks. “Public Indecency. Evading the police. Disobeying an officer.”  
  
The sergeant turned back to Jill. Looking straight at her, he asked, “Young lady . . . were you nude in public this evening?”  
  
Jill didn’t know how to answer. She supposed she had been.  
  
“Take the fifth,” Amber whispered, giving her a nudge with her elbow.  
  
“Let me ask it this way,” continued the sergeant. “What are these guys’ names?”  
  
Her voice was unsteady, but Jill managed to list off their names.  
  
“And how long have you known them?”  
  
Jill did her best to answer. She didn’t recall exactly when she’d first met them, but Brendan had gone to her same elementary school.  
  
The sergeant then asked her the same questions about Dani and Amber.  
  
After considering her replies, he turned back to the officer. “Officer Franks, there’s no ‘public’ here. These are her friends.”  
  
“But…” he started to object.  
  
“Besides, the park is closed to the public.”  
  
“Exactly!” replied Officer Franks, acting as if he’d won the argument. “And she ran!”  
  
“Trying to avoid public indecency, no doubt. Now, as I was saying, we’ll drive the ladies home.”  
  
“But you can’t just let her go,” implored Officer Franks.  
  
“I most certainly can and I’m going to,” said the sergeant. “I know the laws out here in the West differ . . . from where I trained. However, one thing I recall clearly from my time in Florida; we didn’t arrest women for nudity. And believe you me, we saw more naked women in one week during spring break than you guys will see during your entire law enforcement career here in Holden. And in Florida, we certainly didn’t handcuff naked co-eds, especially not with their hands behind their backs. Rather disrespectful, don’t you think?”  
  
“She ran . . . after I identified myself as a police officer and issued a command for everyone to stay where they were. She ran! We need to take her in.”  
  
The sergeant regarded him scornfully.  
  
“I’ll tell you what we’re not doing. We’re not f\*\*king marching Tarzan into the goddamn station naked! Do you want to go down as the officer who arrested Tarzan? I know I don’t. Now, let it go!”  
  
Jill saw the younger officer’s jaw drop as he turned his attention back to her. “Tarzan?” he asked. He looked dumbfounded.  
  
“Isn’t it obvious?” asked the sergeant. “Don’t tell me you were watching but not listening. Holden High! Basketball! Think man!”  
  
Jill saw a look of understanding come across Officer Franks face.  
  
“Come on, ladies. Let’s go.”  
  
Jill didn’t need to be told twice. A second later, she and her friends were following the two police officers toward their car.  
  
“Officer Franks, you and Bash take care of the guys,” the sergeant called back.  
  
“What do you want us to do with them?” one of them asked.  
  
“Throw the book at them for all I care,” he replied.  
  
“For what? Being in the park after hours?”  
  
“Exactly!” the sergeant shouted back.  
  
“I’m sorry about my fellow officers,” he apologized as Jill, Dani, and Amber piled into the backseat of the patrol car. “These young recruits! They come out of the academy with a fair amount of knowledge in terms of the law, but little in the way of good sense. That takes years to develop. It’s hard to convince them to look at what they do from the eyes of a taxpayer. Those paying their salary want them fighting actual crime, not arresting kids for enjoying their youth . . . even when it involves nudity.”  
  
Jill finally indulged in a sigh of relief as the sergeant climbed into the passenger seat. She was naked in a police car, only not at all as she had imagined she would be earlier – she was no longer wearing the cuffs, she had a blanket around herself, and they weren’t headed for the police station. It seemed as if she was destined to get off much easier than she might have dared to hope just minutes earlier.  
  
“Where to, Sergeant?” asked the younger officer behind the wheel.  
  
The sergeant turned to regard the three girls in the backseat. “I suppose we should take Tarzan home first,” he said. “Word to the wise, Officer Young Bear, should duty place a nude woman in your charge, keep as many witnesses around as possible. That’s why we’ll drop her off first.”  
  
Suddenly Jill was imagining the police car pulling up in front of her house, the sergeant walking her to the door and ringing the doorbell, her parents coming to the door, only to find the two of them on the doorstep.  
  
“Umm . . . since you’re not arresting us, can’t we go to Amber’s” she asked, again doing her utmost to sound sober and mature.  
  
“Yeah . . . please,” said Dani. “You know . . . our slumber party.”  
  
The sergeant sat there quietly. He appeared to be weighing his options.  
  
“How old are you?” he asked, looking directly at Jill.  
  
She suspected he knew. She’d answered that question before he’d gotten there. She’d been tempted to tell the other officers, ‘twenty-one,’ but she’d known better. “Nineteen,” she replied.  
  
He then asked Dani and Amber the same question. Dani was also nineteen; however, not Amber. She gave the sergeant her date of birth trying to stress how she was almost nineteen.  
  
“Are your parents home?” he asked, looking directly at Amber.  
  
She hesitated. “No . . . they’re out of town.”  
  
After seemingly taking a long moment to decide, the sergeant replied, “Officer Young Bear, let’s take these women back to their sleepover . . . provided…”  
  
“Provided what?” Amber asked when he didn’t immediately finish his sentence.  
  
“Provided that Tarzan agrees to come down to the station and speak with me.”  
  
“Speak with you?” asked Jill apprehensively.  
  
He reached into a shirt pocket and extracted what looked to be a business card, handing it back to her. Jill accepted it, extending it forward under the car’s dome light. She didn’t put any real effort into reading it, only noticing that the sergeant’s name started with the letter T.”  
  
“May I just call you?” she asked hopefully. It sounded scary to have to walk into the police station. She knew she would if she had to, but she didn’t want to.  
  
“That would be fine,” he said with a friendly nod. “Sometime in the next week?”  
  
Jill breathed a sigh of relief. “Sure,” she agreed, bending forward and slipping the card into her sock. One consequence of nudity that Jill had never found a way around was the severe lack of pockets.  
  
“Let me get your number . . . just in case,” he said.  
  
“Oh, I’ll call you, don’t worry,” she said hurriedly, but she gave him her cell number. It seemed like a small price to pay given where things had seemed to have been headed before he had intervened.  
  
Next, Amber gave them her address, and they were on their way.

**Chapter 197: Still No Clothes**  
“Now, on the topic of underage drinking,” the sergeant began. “…I’m hardly naïve. I want you girls to do something for me. First, you need to stay away from alcohol until you are twenty-one.” He proceeded to lecture them on the many perils of drinking. He mentioned the risks drunken young girls might face at parties as well as the grave danger associated with drinking and driving. Jill didn’t know how he knew, but he certainly seemed to. She and her friends were all getting what they most wanted, a ride back to Amber’s, so they listened attentively, nodding when appropriate.  
  
“We should get the blanket back,” said the sergeant as the girls were climbing out. “Can one of you drop it by the station tomorrow?”  
  
“I will,” Dani volunteered.  
  
“That’s all right,” said Jill, removing it and handing it to him.  
  
He accepted it, saying, “Thanks . . . only now you are in violation of several local ordinances.”  
  
“Oh, oops!” said Jill, covering down below with a hand and wrapping an arm across her chest.  
  
“Best get inside, Tarzan,” he suggested with a wink.  
  
Jill had thought they might go around back; however, he’d just said ‘inside,’ so the girls made their way quickly to the front door. A motion sensor turned on the porch light as they approached. Remembering that her buns were bare, Jill glanced nervously back at the officers in the patrol car. They were just sitting there watching. Her first thought was that they were stealing a last look at her naked body, but then it occurred to her that they were probably just doing their jobs, making sure that they got safely inside.  
  
As she was about to follow Amber and Dani inside, she turned and waved.  
  
“Jill, what are you doing?” Amber admonished her. “Get your naked ass in here!”  
  
“Just waving goodbye,” she said sheepishly as she stepped inside.  
  
“And flashing a few cops your pussy,” Amber added.  
  
“I was not!” objected Jill. “Not intentionally.”  
  
“That’s sure what it looked like.”  
  
Jill didn’t reply. She was naked. How was she supposed to wave such that Amber wouldn’t think that she was flashing?  
  
A moment later, they were all in Amber’s kitchen downing large glasses of water.  
  
“How did he know we’d been drinking?” Dani asked.  
  
“Maybe he could smell it on our breath?” considered Amber.  
  
“He probably just knew,” said Jill thoughtfully. “If he really worked in Florida, I’m sure he’s had plenty of experience with drunken college students.”  
  
“But we weren’t drunk?” said Dani.  
  
“But not exactly sober either,” reasoned Jill. She’d only had two glasses – less than Amber and Dani. She thought back to how she had kissed Dani. Had she slipped her some tongue? She couldn’t remember. Kissing Dani had been strange behavior indeed, especially for her. She realized that she never would have done that, at least not sober. Was it any wonder that an experienced cop might have concluded that they were drunk based solely on their behavior?  
  
Just then, Dani got a text. Looking at her phone, she announced, “Wow! Almost three a.m.!”  
  
“Who’s the text from?” Jill asked.  
  
“Brendan. He says he has my basketball.”  
  
“And you’re wondering why a cop might think that we’d been drinking?” Jill asked with a chuckle.  
  
Amber laughed. “That’s twice in one evening.”  
  
Jill had been expecting that they’d go right to bed, given how late it was; however, the three of them had far too much nervous energy pumping through their veins. For Jill, the late night outing had been quite the roller coaster ride. She’d had a lot of fun, but the scary moments made her shake when she thought back to them: the car crashing into the trash cans, the unanticipated arrival of Brendan and Matt, especially being tackled and handcuffed.  
  
The whole time she’d had the cuffs on, she’d been expecting to get marched naked into the police station and end up with a record. Having a police record had seemed like a foregone conclusion. How fortunate she’d been that a mature officer, one with a high rank, had shown up just when he had. She reached down and verified that his card was still in her sock.  
  
She didn’t really want to call him, but she knew that she would. She’d given her word. She imagined herself gluing his card into her diary. Only a few of her most treasured possessions ended up there. She knew she probably wouldn’t write about what had happened. She wouldn’t want anyone to read it – not ever. And she didn’t need to record it; she’d never forget all that had happened. Just the sight of the sergeant’s card would bring all her memories and the associated emotions flooding back.  
  
Suddenly there was a knock on the door.  
  
“It’s f\*\*king three a.m.!” Amber spouted. “Who in the hell could that be?”  
  
A shiver passed through Jill. She felt like hiding. Was it the police? Had they changed their mind? Were they back to arrest her?  
  
Dani got up and raced for the door, opening it without hesitation. “It’s just Brendan,” she said. “I invited him over.”  
  
Dani threw her arms around him as he entered. Jill looked over at Amber, and their eyes met. “Now you know what my summer was like . . . why I was so glad you were back.”  
  
“They don’t have to stay long,” Dani scoffed, making it clear that she’d overheard Amber’s comment.  
  
“But they will,” Amber whispered to Jill as she walked by to close the door.  
  
Matt was, of course, there as well. After both guys had entered, Jill saw Amber step out and glance around as if she were making sure that they hadn’t been followed. Once she was satisfied, she closed the door.  
  
“You guys didn’t get arrested?” Jill asked.  
  
“No,” said Matt, holding up a piece of paper. “But we got a warning.”  
  
“It says we were very naughty . . . all kinds of stuff like that,” added Brendan. “They looked us up on their cop computer in their cop car. Had we been wanted for murder, or something, I’m sure we wouldn’t have gotten off nearly so easily.”  
  
Matt walked over to Jill. “I was so worried for you. At first, I thought that you’d gotten away. I couldn’t believe it . . . when I saw the handcuffs, I mean. So rude!”  
  
“Seemed rude to me!” agreed Jill. “Scary too! I never would have imagined that handcuffs might be like that . . . I mean, to anywhere near that degree . . . felt so defenseless.” At that point, Jill realized that she was subconsciously rubbing her wrists. They still hurt, but not that much. The damage to her psyche had been much greater than anything done to her skin. “I was terrified. It was so clear that I was not in charge . . . not even of my own body. I was thinking of how easy it would be to trip and fall . . . flat on my face.” She’d also been considering how easily a girl in handcuffs might be sexually assaulted, but she wasn’t about to bring that up.  
  
The look on Matt’s face made Jill feel as if he really cared. “I’m sorry you had that experience. We were having so much fun. We were ahead . . . we would have won, and then that had to happen. I was so worried for you . . . so mad at the cops.”  
  
“Yes, we would have won,” she agreed, “And I didn’t like being tackled. Maybe that was the worst part.”  
  
“So awful,” he said wincing, but then Jill saw his eyes drift down.  
  
Matt’s glance drew Jill’s attention to what he was looking at. She was still nude! The lights were much brighter than things had been in the park. She blushed, and then with a hand in front of her crotch, she excused herself to go and get dressed. She’d taken her clothes off in Amber’s downstairs bathroom. Upon closing the door she realized just how badly she needed to pee. Once she’d taken care of that, she studied herself in the mirror. She looked terrible – as if she’d been sweaty and then had rolled around on the ground – about exactly what had happened.  
  
She took the hand towel from the rack. As there wasn’t a shower or a tub, she wet it in the sink and went about washing herself, head to toe. She ended up making a bit of a mess in the process, getting the floor all wet, but she got her skin relatively clean. Unfortunately, there wasn’t another towel to dry off with. She wrung out the small towel and did her best to get much of the water off – so that she’d air dry more quickly. What made her particularly mad was that her clothes weren’t where she’d left them. What had Amber done with them?  
  
Back in the living room, Jill went up behind Amber. “Where are my clothes?” she asked quietly through clenched teeth. “You did something with them, didn’t you?”  
  
Amber turned around, immediately noticing Jill’s wet skin. She smiled. “Hey, everyone…” she started to say.  
  
Jill clamped a hand over her mouth. “Don’t you dare…” she whispered, but it was too late. Everyone was staring at the two of them, and Jill looked almost as if she’d just stepped out of the shower.  
  
“I was dirty. I had to do something about it,” she explained as she let go of Amber.  
  
“Come with me, Tarzan,” said Amber. She took Jill’s hand and led her into the kitchen. Once there, Amber started looking in the cupboards.  
  
“You hid my clothes in here?”  
  
“Let’s make some popcorn,” she replied, taking a package over to the microwave.  
  
“Amber, my clothes!” Jill insisted.  
  
“Get one of the big bowls . . . maybe the white one. It should be under there,” Amber replied pointing.  
  
“Amber, I’m on to you,” said Jill as she opened the cabinet. “I need my clothes.” She located the bowl and pulled it out.  
  
Amber kept herself busy, effectively ignoring Jill. Together they made two large bowls of popcorn and two pitchers of juice from frozen concentrate.  
  
A short time later, the five of them were seated around the table in Amber’s backyard. It was the same table they’d had wine around prior to going to the park. Jill was no longer feeling the effects of the wine, which didn’t help matters. However, once her skin had dried, she’d no longer felt as uncomfortable being nude as earlier. It still felt strange to be naked given the setting and the guys present, but she’d decided that if no one else was too concerned about it, she didn’t need to be either. It was fun and she was feeling sexy even if it seemed out of place.  
  
She was seated next to Matt. At one point, he asked her, “Should I be considering this our second date . . . or is this still the first?”  
  
“Hmm…” she replied thoughtfully. She didn’t want to lead him on; however, she had been the one to bring the term ‘date’ into the conversation. “What would you like it to be?” she asked.  
  
“It’s all good. I guess, it doesn’t really matter,” he replied.  
  
His reply surprised her. “It doesn’t?”  
  
“I had my chance . . . muffed it.”  
  
“I guess that’s true,” she said with a smile.  
  
There seemed to be more to him, personality-wise, than she might have thought. However, they hardly knew one another. If Matt had ever had a chance, it had been back in high school, likely freshman or sophomore year, not in the days before she was leaving for college.  
  
She gave a little thought to taking him upstairs and finding a bed. If she wanted to, she’d probably be able to lose her virginity in short order. She imagined he’d be game. She stole a glance at his crotch, wondering what he might have hiding in there. He looked to have a rather large bulge, but that might just be due to an erection, she realized. She expected that he probably had one given that he was sitting next to a naked girl.  
  
Jill decided against the ‘sex’ option. She’d probably been ready to lose her virginity a few days earlier, but that would have been to Tyler. With him, it would have been an act of love. That was completely different than screwing a guy to simply get it over with – besides, then she’d been prepared with condoms. She’d never consider it without protection. She smiled to herself considering what Matt might think if he knew what she was considering.

**Chapter 198: Jill’s Parents**  
Occasionally someone would slip up and call her ‘Jill,’ but, for the most part, her four friends were all calling her ‘Tarzan.’ She found that she rather liked being Tarzan. She’d always viewed him in a favorable light.  
  
Jill arrived home just before 9:00 a.m. She, Dani, Brendan, and Matt had been troopers, none of them sleeping a wink! They’d stayed up all night and she’d been nude the entire time. Amber had been the exception. She’d disappeared around five or six in the morning; however, Jill was more than willing to forgive her given that she probably had to work that evening. Another reason that Jill was willing to forgive Amber was that her clothes had miraculously reappeared in the wee hours exactly where she’d put them when she’d taken them off the night before. Even though she could have dressed then, she left them there, only dressing as she’d been preparing to leave.  
  
At one point during the night, they’d been feeling droopy, but playing ping pong had taken care of that. Mostly she had been able to stay awake all night because of the adrenalin in her system due to their brush with the law as well as the constant ‘high’ that came from being naked; however, activities such as ping pong had also been a factor.  
  
Ping pong had been particularly fun. The two guys had not been able to take their eyes off of her. At times, she could feel her completely unsupported little titties bobbing around on her chest. She’d glanced over during such moments only to notice that they appeared to have the guys’ undivided attention – smiles plastered on their faces. That was still surprising to her – that guys enjoyed looking at small breasts. It seemed to be especially true when she was doing something active, like running, playing basketball – even ping pong.  
  
When she considered it, it seemed to Jill as if hanging out with a naked girl had to be what was keeping Matt and Brendan awake. She decided not to spend too much time thinking about that. On the one hand, it was quite invigorating to imagine that her skinny body could have that effect on a guy (especially Brendan, given how large his girlfriend’s boobs were); and yet, she knew that it could. Over the course of the summer, she’d come to realize just how sexy she was, especially with her clothes off; however, also with her clothes on. Ryan comparing her to a supermodel had been a turning point. Prior to that, she’d viewed her skinny self as a beanpole; however, afterwards, she’d started to consider that she might, in fact, be an attractive woman.  
  
And, though she’d never admit it out loud, she’d decided that nothing looked cuter than shaved pussy, especially hers. Given its placement at the juncture of her legs, her narrow hips, toned abs, and her even tan, her tiny little girl slit looked as adorable as could be.  
  
That summer, she’d seen her first real live dick – Ryan’s. There was certainly something to be said for the male anatomy; however, there was something rather obnoxious about how a penis looked as well, especially erect – threatening even. Female genitalia, on the other hand, was completely different; it was essentially the exact opposite. The vagina had a peaceful appearance about it. Where a man had protrusions (penile and scrotal), she had none. Where a typical man, as far as she knew, had hair, she had none. Where a man got all stiff and hard, she got the opposite – slippery and inviting, her pussy actually blooming with excitement. The differences in the sexes were wonderful; she’d simply come to the conclusion that her tiny little bald pussy was cute, nothing more and nothing less.  
  
That night, hanging out with the others at Amber’s house, she’d made no attempt to hide it from view, even allowing her thighs to drift apart when it wouldn’t appear too intentional. She’d also gone to some effort to keep her eyes diverted such that the guys might be able to study her anatomy to their hearts’ content. To her surprise, Dani seemed to know exactly what she was doing but hadn’t acted as if she minded. She didn’t even accuse her of being a ‘tease’ or a ‘minx’ as she had done earlier in the park. Possibly she wasn’t the jealous type; however, Jill’s best guess was that Dani simply felt secure enough in her relationship with Brendan that it didn’t really bother her.  
  
Possibly she didn’t see Jill as competition. Maybe she knew that Brendan loved big boobs such that Jill, even a naked Jill, simply wasn’t a threat. Alternately, maybe Dani was enjoying Jill’s nudity vicariously. Maybe she was glad that Jill was getting to have the experience, or possibly it was something that Dani herself might enjoy trying – if she had the guts.  
  
The actual reason didn’t seem to matter. What mattered was that all four individuals were having a great time – and there didn’t seem to be any downside – other than that they would all be dog tired the next day.  
  
Once home, Jill went straight to bed. She didn’t wake up until late afternoon. When she went downstairs, she saw a knowing smile on her mother’s face.  
  
“I just love slumber parties,” said her mother. “You didn’t sleep a wink, did you?”  
  
“Nope,” Jill admitted. She made herself a pot of coffee and a pan of macaroni and cheese.  
  
As Jill ate, she found herself thinking about her nearly disastrous scrape with the law. Her parents didn’t know it, but they’d come very close to receiving a middle-of-the-night phone call – or a knock on the door. She gave a little thought to telling them what had happened.  
  
Four police officers had been there. They’d raised her tally to one hundred and five! Maria had been number ninety-five. Doing the math, she realized that ten people had been added in Holden. She shook her head. That was not at all what she’d been intending.  
  
The four policemen had all seemed to know about ‘Tarzan.’ That meant that the rumors, as well as the videos, were clearly making the rounds. They also knew her real name. The chance of one of them starting a new rumor, one about what Tarzan had been doing in the park the night before, seemed like a possibility. That might be a violation of a police officer’s code of conduct, but there had been four of them present; it seemed as if it might happen.  
  
Maybe it would be best if her parents heard the truth – that she’d been naked in the park – from her, rather than finding out via alternate means. She thought about telling them herself, but she knew she wouldn’t. She couldn’t imagine bringing the topic up. What would she say? ‘Hey Mom, Dad . . . I like to do things naked . . . go places I shouldn’t . . . let people see me . . . see my ass, tits, and pussy.’ There was no way to have that conversation. It had proved to be healthy for her soul to come out to her friends at the lake as well as a few of her friends in Holden; however, telling her parents fell far outside of what she could see herself doing.  
  
The best she could hope for was that the four officers, as well as Matt, Brendan, Dani, and Amber would all take her secret to the grave, never mentioning anything about what had happened in the park. Of course, they’d be talking about the news videos. That was now common knowledge, but what had gone down in the park was different. Hopefully, word of that could be contained. It seemed like too much to hope for, but maybe there was a chance that this new rumor wouldn’t start making the rounds until after she’d left town. Again, she found herself thinking that college couldn’t come soon enough.  
  
To her surprise, her parents brought up the topic after dinner that very evening. “You’re the talk of the town, little lady,” said her mom.  
  
Jill swallowed hard. “I am?”  
  
“I’m sure you know you are. Everyone’s talking about Tarzan,” she continued.  
  
Jill cringed. “What are they saying?” She wanted to know, and yet she didn’t. At least it seemed much too quick for any news of what had happened the night before to have spread. But even that seemed a possibility. Brendan especially might talk. He might brag about playing basketball with a naked ‘Tarzan.’ It was hard not to be paranoid, given all that had happened to her that summer.  
  
As they continued to talk, Jill learned that her parents had not heard about the basketball game nor her naked brush with the law, at least not yet. They talked only about how their friends and neighbors were discovering the news broadcasts and discussing them. That was certainly bad enough.  
  
“You may as well know…” said Jill holding up her arms and displaying her slightly bruised wrists. Before continuing, she saw David glance over, a curious look on his face. “I came this close to getting arrested last night.” She held a thumb and forefinger about an inch apart to illustrate. “Maybe this close,” she said, moving them such that they were almost touching.  
  
Jill paused, studying the looks of surprise and shock on her parents’ faces. “Yep . . . these bruises . . . exactly what you’re thinking. They had me in handcuffs. And just to be clear . . . those handcuffs . . . all I had on. Well, shoes . . . not that shoes count.”  
  
Jill had not been intending to take the conversation in that direction. It had just happened. She’d come out to others; now she was apparently going to do the same with her family. She seemed to have a deep-seated need for people to know. She’d apparently come to enjoy baring not only her body but also her soul. It was as if she were again hoping to find some measure of acceptance.  
  
“Well, if the police aren’t going to lock you up, maybe your father and I should . . . at least put you in time out . . . maybe even ground you,” said her mom.  
  
Jill’s jaw dropped. Was she serious? “Mom, I’m nineteen. I’m an adult.”  
  
“You’re not behaving like one, dear.” Their eyes met. For a few seconds, they stared at one another, neither of them blinking. Jill didn’t know what to say. This didn’t seem at all like the acceptance she’d been hoping for.  
  
“Jill, as I’m sure you know, we saw the second news broadcast when we were at the hospital,” said her father. “That was the Tarzan broadcast. The segment that made it clear that you were naked . . . and enjoying yourself as such well before the rockslide.”  
  
He paused, but her mother continued, “We grilled David. But you twins . . . always looking out for each other. He wouldn’t tell us what we wanted to know. He’s always protecting you.”  
  
Jill shot a glance over at David. She glared at him. “Protecting himself!” she seethed.  
  
She stood up and stormed out the front door. She had no idea where she was going, but she needed some fresh air. She’d suddenly felt very unwelcome, even in her own home.  
  
“Well, that went well,” she said aloud just as she passed the section of walk where she’d ridden her basketball to a series of orgasms. Her comment, as well as her memory of what she’d done to her poor basketball, caused her to laugh at herself. As there was no one to laugh along with her, she turned and headed up the sidewalk in the general direction of the grocery store.

**Chapter 199: Ryan**  
Subconsciously, she knew she was running from her problems, as she’d typically done, but this happened to be one of the times when it made sense. At the very least, she needed some time to digest her indiscretion as well as her parents’ reaction. Timeout! What a joke – she wasn’t a kid! Why had she even told them? And, she wouldn’t be able to put the genie back in the bottle. She really did need to leave for college! Her parents just didn’t understand her and they certainly didn’t realize how much progress she’d made that summer on so many fronts. They seemed to still view her as a child! It was maddening! She knew how her behavior must look from their point of view, but hadn’t they noticed how much happier she was?  
  
Jill ended up getting a banana hot fudge milkshake and carrying it to the park where she’d spent a great deal of time watching Tyler on his skateboard. As if to prove to herself that she wasn’t hoping to see him, she went straight to the table that she’d been at a few days earlier – right where Amber had found her. She could see the skatepark from there, but she really did try to ignore it – for all of two minutes. Eventually, she gave in and looked for Tyler. He wasn’t anywhere to be seen. That was for the best. This way, she wouldn’t need to think about how she wasn’t going to go over and talk with him. She could instead spend her time thinking about more important things – like what an impulsive dipshit she was.  
  
It was a good milkshake, but not quite as good as Elmer Franks’. She smiled, thinking back to the day she’d driven off, abandoning both David and Ryan as well as her hamburger and a banana hot fudge milkshake in Agency. So much had happened to that point; indeed, she’d already been going nude. And yet, so much had happened since then as well.  
  
When she finished her shake, she was still not ready to go home. Instead, she sent Ryan a text asking him what he was up to. A short time later, she was on her way to his house, traveling on foot. She’d stopped by the store for some lemons. She wanted to see him to say goodbye before leaving for college. Her plan was simple: she’d make a pitcher of lemonade, hang out with him a bit, find out how his leg was doing, make him feel bad that he missed out on naked basketball, and then be on her way.  
  
“You know you can take off your clothes, Tarzan,” he said once they were both in his backyard. My parents won’t be home for hours.”  
  
“You’ll never grow up, will you?”  
  
“Overrated!” he replied. Jill recalled that he’d said that before. “I was just thinking that you’d be more comfortable naked.”  
  
“You’re so generous. Always thinking of others,” she replied, just a hint of sarcasm in her tone.  
  
He shrugged. “Up to you.”  
  
To her surprise, Jill found herself actually considering getting naked. However, she quickly decided that it would be weird. With a group, it often seemed okay. One on one with a guy, with Ryan? That seemed quite different. Under such conditions, it would no longer be straight nudism or exhibitionism. And Ryan was likely to take it wrong.  
  
“I’ve given up nudity,” she announced.  
  
He laughed. “Oh, you have, have you?”  
  
“I have,” she asserted. “I’ve moved on. No more nudity for me. Time to be a grownup.” Saying that brought her mother’s words back to her. “Yes, from now on, I’ll be acting my age. I’m off to college. Fortunately, there won’t be anyone like you there, so I won’t be dealing with someone determined to get me naked.”  
  
“But you’ll be there.”  
  
“So…”  
  
“Things have changed. You HAVE moved on. You no longer need anyone else. You’re up to the task . . . all by your lonesome.”  
  
Jill found herself wondering how he’d come by so much insight. She wanted to deny it, but she remembered her decision not to allow her penchant for nudity to make a liar out of her.  
  
“Well, I better be going,” she said, standing up.  
  
“Just don’t leave mad.”  
  
“Oh, I’m not mad.”  
  
“You sound mad.”  
  
“It’s just that . . . summer’s over. Now, I’m going to need to focus.”  
  
“Okay,” he said, acting as if he believed her. “By the way, I like your shirt. Is it new?”  
  
Jill looked down. It was indeed one of her new shirts. “Yes. Is it too revealing?” she asked. Her nipples were plainly visible and it was more than obvious that she was not wearing a bra.  
  
“You’re asking me?”  
  
“I guess not,” she replied.  
  
Just as she was about to leave, she brought up the game. “Oh, I almost forgot,” she said. “You missed a fun basketball game.”  
  
“You didn’t!”  
  
“I did!”  
  
“Butt naked?”  
  
Jill smiled teasingly. “Yep, and I even got my bare butt spanked. But I probably deserved it, right? I guess I was being very naughty. Who plays basketball naked in a public park? I mean, really?”  
  
“You didn’t!”  
  
“You’re going to have to believe me. Butt naked. Pussy naked. Titty naked. Naked naked. You really missed out.”  
  
“I don’t believe you!”  
  
“Would you believe Brendan?”  
  
“Brendan was there?”  
  
“Maybe you’ll have to ask him, but after you talk with him, don’t mention it to anyone else. I don’t mind if he tells you all that you missed out on, but I don’t want the world to find out. Everyone is already finding out more than I can stomach.”  
  
“I can’t believe it! With Brendan?”  
  
“And not just Brendan. So sad you missed out!”  
  
Seeing the look on his face made Jill smile. She’d accomplished her mission. It was fun to tease Ryan, to get a small measure of revenge. Of course, he had seen more of her than anyone. But it was funny that he’d missed out on the big event, the basketball game that seemed as if it represented the culmination of his ‘one of the guys’ initiative.  
  
A few minutes later, she was on her way home. She was walking slowly, almost dragging her feet. There was simply nowhere else that she could think of to go. Suddenly a man with a black dog caught her eye on the sidewalk across the street. She studied the dog. It did seem to have long hair. Was this Ninety-Six? As she sped up, the man crossed the street in front of her. He was acting as if he were intending to intercept her. Jill felt the need to turn and run, and yet, she knew that running would draw his attention.  
  
“Miss,” he said, addressing her. “Do you happen to have the time?”  
  
Was this Ninety-Six? Was he really talking to her? “Umm…” she said, clicking on her phone. “It’s eight-thirty.” She tried to slip past him as the dog started sniffing at her shoe.  
  
“You’re Jill . . . Jill Wahlund, right?”  
  
Her heart skipped a beat. She looked away. She wasn’t positive it was Ninety-Six, but she was sure of one thing; she didn’t want to get to know him – it didn’t really matter who he was.  
  
“Umm . . . I…” she stammered, stepping off the sidewalk onto someone’s grass to zoom past him. She started jogging away. He was either Ninety-Six or someone who had watched the videos. Either way, she didn’t want to talk to him. There were other possibilities, but why find out? She really needed to get out of Holden!  
  
She’d wanted to delay getting home; however, she ended up hurrying there instead. She slipped quietly inside, making her way quickly to her room. After sitting for a while to calm down, she picked up one of her few remaining books and read for an hour. She then got up to get ready for bed.  
  
After washing her face and brushing her teeth, she returned to her room and stripped off her clothes. She’d returned to sleeping in her bed; however, she hadn’t yet given up on sleeping in the nude. That was coming. In college, she’d have a roommate. She’d probably be wearing panties and a large T-shirt to bed.  
  
She found herself thinking about the dorm assignment email she’d just received from the housing department. She’d be in room number 221 of a dorm named Cerro Vista. She’d found it on a college map. It looked to be centrally located. That seemed to be something to be happy about. She also liked that the number indicated that she was on the second floor. She remembered from her tour that many people found first floor rooms to be less desirable. Girls in those rooms didn’t tend to sleep with their windows open due to security concerns. They also generally kept their curtains closed for reasons relating to privacy.  
  
The most puzzling thing about her housing assignment was the name of her roommate. It was Sanaa. She’d never heard of that name. She also had a foreign looking last name; however, she was from Ozone Park, New York. Jill had never heard of Ozone Park. It didn’t really sound like a real place, but she had googled it. She’d learned that it was in Queens. She’d certainly heard of Queens.  
  
Even though ‘Sanaa’ wasn’t from outside of the country, her name and the fact that she was from New York made her sound very exotic. She couldn’t wait to meet her! Jill tried to imagine what she might look like, but she really had no idea. She’d done a google images search on ‘Sanaa’ – to try and get an idea of what someone with that name might look like. Google had come up with only pictures of buildings. If it was indeed a girl’s name, as if had to be, it was a rare one.  
  
Jill imagined that somewhere in New York there was a girl who had gotten a similar email. Had she googled, ‘Jill Wahlund’? Had she googled ‘Holden’ to try and get an idea of what she might be like?  
  
Jill had tried those very searches herself to get an idea of what Sanaa might find. The results were hardly surprising. Fortunately ‘Jill’ was rather common. She was glad that, even though she’d gotten pictures of women, none of them had been of her. She was especially pleased that no links to the Channel Five website came up via her searches. It would be a disaster if her future roommate was able to find those with nothing more than the info listed on the housing department email.  
  
From there, Jill’s mind wandered to being handcuffed in the park. She’d had such good intentions about leaving nudity behind at Cache Lake. She hadn’t followed through. She’d nearly made a mess of things. She was now going to get one more chance, but just the one.  
  
As things stood, she could no longer show her face in the communities surrounding Cache Lake. Holden itself was headed in that same direction. And what was more, she suddenly didn’t feel very welcome in her own home. It was as if she were burning bridges behind her wherever she went.  
  
Down in California, she’d have to be on her best behavior. There would be no more second chances. Maybe Ryan and David had ruined her, but she could fix this! She’d become more confident in her abilities; somehow she’d rise to the occasion. She’d be a good girl and keep her clothes on.

**Chapter 200: Last Day in Holden**  
  
The next morning, Jill rolled out of bed trying to decide what to do. It was to be her last full day in Holden. That was exciting! She was looking forward to starting college; however, unfortunately, she felt as if she’d be leaving home with her tail between her legs.  
  
She’d already shipped the majority of her stuff to California, so she had very little in the way of packing to do. She also had no one she really needed to visit. She wanted to see her grandparents again; however, they were still at Cache Lake. They typically stayed well into September.  
  
Avoiding her mother as best she could, she went downstairs and got herself some breakfast. A short time later, she was seated on the patio looking at one of the last two books that she needed to read, The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin. She expected that it would be rather light reading based on a cursory glance and the fact that it was only 130 pages long. She started reading and managed to finish before lunch.  
  
She had just one book left! It was hard to believe. She felt very proud of her accomplishment. She realized that she might even be able to complete the last book on the plane if she hadn’t started it before then. She pulled out her diary.  
  
Following through on something that she’d thought about doing earlier, she taped in the sergeant’s card. She definitely couldn’t lose it. She still had five days to call. She thought about getting that out of the way right then but decided instead to put it off until she was in California. She wasn’t usually one to procrastinate; however, she saw no advantage in calling him sooner than she had committed to. At the very least, she’d have to leave the house to make the call. She didn’t know what the sergeant wanted to talk about, but whatever it was, she couldn’t take the chance of anyone overhearing the conversation, certainly not her mother.  
  
While she had the tape handy, she also taped in Austin’s two notes, the one with the robot sketch on it as well as the one with Jane’s phone number. Before she was done, she rearranged the items into chronological order. Studying the page, she came to the conclusion that the three mementos just about summed up her summer.  
  
Austin’s robot sketch dated from the approximate end of the first phase; she’d just started hiking nude, willingly nude. And she’d just met Britt and Jenna. She smiled remembering the circumstances of how she’d decided to leave David and Ryan to venture off with the Copeland twins. For the most part, she’d done that to protect David and Ryan from Britt’s stated intention of turning them in to the authorities.  
  
Jane’s phone number related to a later phase, the rescue phase. She’d met Jane on her desperate nude run down to Stanton. Jane’s phone number brought to mind not only the horrendous day of the rockslide but also her Tarzan alter ego. Tarzan and Jane! Maybe she would have to give her a call – someday.  
  
And what was more, Jane’s phone number also elicited memories of the repercussions resulting from her decision to prioritize the rescue over her personal needs – getting dressed. There might not have been many consequences had the news broadcasts not occurred and then been made available on the web. Indeed, the news segments had not been especially long; however, they seemed to be quite significant in that they were still out there and still playing a role in how things were continuing to unfold.  
  
One hundred and five people had seen her naked in person. Many of those people had probably never learned her name. The news broadcasts, on the other hand, were completely different. Thousands of people had surely seen them as they’d been broadcast; all of those people had been informed as to her name as well as where she lived. Also, everyone in Holden, again, thousands of people, were now watching them. And all of those people, thanks to Jane and her companions, had learned that she’d been willingly naked that day – enjoying herself while allowing herself to be videotaped nude on the top of a mountain.  
  
And lastly, the sergeant’s card represented the most recent phase, the Holden phase. In a nutshell, there was her summer. If it was missing anything, it might be some reminder of Tyler. He’d been in her thoughts in one form or another throughout; however, he hadn’t played a role in the trap that Ryan and David had set for her, the one that she’d jumped into, somewhat reluctantly, but ultimately with both feet.  
  
That afternoon, Jill again went for a walk. Even though she hadn’t thought of doing so at the outset, she again got herself a banana hot fudge milkshake. She’d never needed to be careful about what she ate, probably due to all her athletic activities combined with her genetic predisposition. Over the years, she’d had numerous people comment on how lucky she was to have high metabolism. She’d never seen it quite that way. While it did mean that she’d never been fat, it also meant that she didn’t have feminine curves where they would have been appreciated.  
  
Shake in hand, she again found her feet carrying her towards the park – she just couldn’t help herself. She again told herself that she wasn’t going there in hopes of seeing Tyler; however, would it really matter if she was? Weren’t they ‘friends?’  
  
Trying not to give it much thought, she went directly to the skatepark. She thought about drinking her shake while sitting on the familiar pole fence. However, Tyler wasn’t there, so she decided that she didn’t really feel like staying there.  
  
As she turned and started away, she heard a voice behind her. “Jill? Jill Wahlund?”  
  
She didn’t feel like turning back around, recalling how the man who she presumed to be Ninety-Six had approached her the day before. She’d already glanced at everyone there; none of them were people that she knew. She expected that it was just someone who had seen the Channel Five broadcasts. She didn’t need to have an awkward conversation with someone who’d watched videos of her stealing a kid’s bike while nude and entering the thrift store bottomless.  
  
“You don’t remember me?” the female voice asked as Jill hesitated.  
  
Jill had no choice. She turned back around. Forcing a smile, she studied the redhead before her. It didn’t help. She was drawing a blank. “Do I know you?” she asked.  
  
“I thought you’d recognize me. I’m Nicole,” she said with a friendly smile.  
  
Suddenly all kinds of bells went off in Jill’s head. She did know her! This was Nicole Jenks, Tyler’s new girlfriend. She hadn’t been able to picture what she looked like, but now that she was in front of her, she did recognize her.  
  
“Oh, I’m sorry. It’s been a long time.”  
  
“Yes . . . two years. My dad was transferred and we moved the summer after sophomore year.”  
  
Jill nodded. She looked around. If Nicole was there, might that mean that Tyler was somewhere nearby?  
  
“He went to the restroom,” she said, correctly guessing Jill’s thoughts.  
  
Jill took a sip of her shake. She wasn’t very interested in talking to Nicole, and she no longer wanted to see Tyler, not if Nicole was there.  
  
“The move didn’t end up being as bad as I thought it would be,” Nicole continued. “I didn’t want to leave Holden . . . like it much better. But I did manage to make a few friends . . . eventually.”  
  
Jill nodded as she regarded the girl. She had a nice smile and a small but disproportionally wide nose as well as an abundance of freckles. The freckles made her look like she’d spent too much time in the sun for a girl with such fair skin. Other than her red hair, she was on the plain side. She was neither tall nor short, thick nor thin, chesty nor flat.  
  
Things were awkward and they seemed destined to get more awkward. Jill couldn’t help but wonder what Tyler had told her about her ill-fated attempt to win him back. And had she seen the videos? She expected that Nicole was likely well-informed on all fronts.  
  
Jill continued sipping her shake, forcing Nicole to hold up more than her half of the conversation. “I probably shouldn’t bring this up, but Tyler was pretty broken up. When we first started talking just after school got out, he was kind of a basket case. So hurt by what had happened between the two of you. Still hasn’t told me everything. But that’s fine. I don’t need to know what happened. Best I’ve been able to figure out is that you broke up with him.”  
  
“I guess that’s true,” Jill mumbled. She was a bit suspicious. Hadn’t Tyler said, ‘I tend to tell her everything?’  
  
“Truth be told, you broke his heart. I’m pretty sure he’s still in love with you. I’m sure that if you said the word, you could have him back. He’d drop me like a rock. I’m his rebound girlfriend . . . sad but true.”  
  
Now Jill was really puzzled. Had Tyler really not told her about her recent attempt to patch things up between the two of them?  
  
“I’m sure that’s not true,” Jill replied. “I expect he’s quite smitten. I imagine that you’ve got a tighter hold on him than you seem to think.”  
  
“Doubt it. I’m pretty sure his heart still belongs to you.”  
  
“It doesn’t matter,” Jill shrugged. She knew that what Nicole was saying wasn’t true. Even though this girl didn’t realize it, she had won his heart. That thought caused Jill to think back to her own relationship with Tyler. She’d never told him that she was in love with him, but he’d also never spoken those words. Were she and Tyler alike in that regard? Was Tyler in love with Nicole but keeping it to himself? How else might she explain that this girl seemed to believe that Tyler would leave her at the drop of a hat when she knew otherwise?  
  
In hopes of steering the conversation away from such uncomfortable topics, Jill asked Nicole what she’d been doing since graduating. She learned that Nicole worked in a shoe store in Benton. She’d been working full-time, meaning that she hadn’t been to Holden very often. She and Tyler had spent a lot of time together, but the majority of it in and around Benton.  
  
At that point, she asked Jill about her summer as well as her college plans. To Jill’s surprise, she seemed to know much less about her than she might have thought. Her questions were much broader than they would have been had she heard mention of the rescue or seen the news segments. Tyler must now know about that. He had clearly been avoiding the topic of his ex.  
  
Jill replied but only as regards her future, talking primarily about her college plans. She mentioned how excited she was to enter college even though she didn’t know what she’d be majoring in.  
  
“Oh, right . . . you’ve been reading, reading classics,” Nicole remarked.  
  
“That’s true. How did you know that?” she asked. She, of course, knew that Tyler had told her. She was just trying to draw out more information.  
  
“Tyler said he ran into you. He said you were doing really well.”  
  
“He said that?” Jill asked in surprise. She had started thinking that Tyler hadn’t mentioned her at all, but that hadn’t been the case. “What else did he say?”  
  
“Not much, but I could tell that he was really glad that you two had spoken. He really likes you. He tries to conceal it, but his voice gives him away . . . a lot of emotion.”  
  
Just then, Jill saw Tyler headed toward them. He was rolling along the sidewalk at a good clip on his skateboard.