**Summer at Cache Lake**

 **Chapter 211: Dylan or Cory**

That evening, Cory didn’t come to the cafeteria. Jill knew that it probably had nothing to do with their brief conversation after class; however, his absence deprived her of the opportunity to apologize.

During dinner, Sanaa informed Jill that there was a black and white film series on campus. Every Friday, a select movie would be shown and it would be followed up by a professor-led discussion of the film’s place in cinematic history. Sanaa wanted to go and she was hoping that Jill would accompany her.

“Not if it means sitting through ‘Citizen Kane’ again,” Jill replied.

“It’s not Citizen Kane. It’s called, ‘Bringing Up Baby,’” Sanaa replied. She continued, reading from the student newspaper, “Why 'Bringing Up Baby,' a secretly dirty movie about crazy people, is a work of genius.” After she’d finished reading the synopsis, Jill decided she’d go. A screwball comedy sounded fun, and she’d heard of both Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant.

Jill thought about going to look for Cory to see if he might like to join them. She decided against doing that. She didn’t want to seem too pushy, and she had no idea what type of movies he might like. She needed to be more careful about what she encouraged him to do. And guys were supposed to do the asking. Eventually, she’d ask him out, if it came to that. But that could wait. Given what had happened at the end of class, the timing wasn’t at all right.

Instead, she gave Mia a call. Mia loved the idea and said she’d meet them there.

The movie turned out to be a lot of fun and the discussion afterwards was not only interesting but entertaining as well. As the three girls walked to the Student Union with the intention of getting dessert, Jill noticed that Mia and Sanaa were hitting it off. She was glad about that.

A trailer for the following week’s movie had been shown. It was slated to be another comedy, an even older one, a film from the silent era: The General starring Buster Keaton. The trailer had been especially funny and had included an Orson Wells’ quote. He had supposedly described The General as, “The greatest comedy ever made, the greatest Civil War film ever made, perhaps the greatest film ever made.”

“Interesting that Orson Wells said that about next week’s movie,” said Jill. “He made ‘Citizen Kane,’ right? And it’s the film considered by many to be the greatest movie ever made.”

Mia agreed that Jill was right. They all decided that they were looking forward to The General. Mia had heard of Buster Keaton, but Jill and Sanaa hadn’t. The three of them decided to make the movie series their regular Friday night thing.

The next day was Saturday. Jill decided to sleep in – because she could. However, she was wide awake at 7:30, the same time she’d gotten up the day before.

Sanaa was not in the room, so she got up, deciding to go for a run. That week she’d been kayaking and ice skating. For another person, that might constitute a lot of physical activity; however, she was used to a great deal more. She’d also been wanting to do some running as a way to explore campus as well as the surrounding community. Someday, she’d find a group to play basketball with, but that would have to wait.

After her run, she walked past the lounge on her way back to her room from the showers. There was a group of girls studying around a table. “Hey, Jill,” one of them called out.

Jill walked over to say ‘hi.’ She didn’t recognize any of them.

“Jill. I’m Nat,” said the girl. “Short for Natalie. We have the same Core class . . . Dr. Torres, two-thirty.”

Jill nodded. That explained how she knew her name. “Hi, Nat,” she replied. “Nice to meet you.” Glancing at the table she saw a couple of copies of The Republic; at least one of the girls looked to have it open on an e-reader.

“She’s already read all the books,” Nat explained.

“Smart!” said one of the other girls. “I should have done that.”

“Totally!” said another. “But how did you know what to read?”

Jill explained how she’d found the book list on the college’s website early in the summer. She spent a few minutes talking with the girls before heading back to her room to stow her shower things. The conversation had been good for her self-esteem. The girls had seemed to have only respect for her and the discipline that had been involved in reading everything on the syllabus prior to the start of school. That had made her feel good. No one had insinuated that she might be dull or boring.

As Jill had walked away, she’d noticed that they weren’t actually studying together. They were simply sitting together while reading. Apparently, none of them had finished the book. The Monday lecture would again be about The Republic. That was a slightly sad thought. It meant that she and Cory didn’t need to get together to discuss the next book. She liked the idea of doing something extracurricular with him, but she couldn’t think of how to make that happen. As she imagined it, she might see him in the cafeteria sometime during the weekend, but maybe not. She and Sanaa had been talking about trying out some of the other cafeterias on campus.

That afternoon, Jill was walking alone down the hall in Two West. Mack’s door was propped open.

“Hey, Jill. Is that you?” she called out as she passed by. Jill backed up to peek in. “I’ve been looking for you,” Mack continued.

“For me?”

“Not just you,” said Mack, standing up and walking out into the hall. “I’m putting together a hike. I posted a signup sheet.”

She led the way to a bulletin board at the entrance to the lounge. Jill liked what she was hearing.

“A week from today,” Mack was explaining. “I’ve tentatively booked one of the Outdoor Program vans . . . holds fifteen and comes with a driver. I have to get ten or more signed up. That’s what the school requires to provide transportation, but there is a small fee. Since you’re a hiker, I thought you’d want to go.”

“You heard I’m a hiker?” Jill was surprised, but then she realized how Mack must have heard. “Sanaa told you, didn’t she?”

"...but you're hardly the only one . . . lots of hikers in Two West. Olivia, for example."

"Olivia?"

"You haven't met her? You’d like her. I’ll introduce her sometime. Lives at the end of the hall,” said Mack pointing. “And I’m sure there are others. I still have lots of people to ask. But anyway . . . it’s about a two-hour drive, each way. Over to the Sierras. Have you done any hiking in the Sierra Nevada?”

Jill told her that she hadn’t, but that she liked the idea. It was to be a day trip. It would be a long day due to all the driving, but it sounded fun. She didn’t need to give it any thought. There were just two people on the list, one of them, Mack, the other, Olivia. She signed up, making it three.

Walking back to her room, she thought about how excited she was about the prospect of hiking in the Sierras. She started thinking about the wonderful opportunity that it would be to meet some people who were like-minded. She was comfortable in the mountains; in the mountains, she was at her best. What a wonderful opportunity to get to know a few of her fellow students. Even the long van rides would be a great time to talk. All in all, the outing sounded perfect for expanding her circle of friends.

But then her thoughts toggled over to thinking about how proud of herself she was. All the hours she’d spent reading that summer meant that she could participate in such things! She wouldn’t need to hide herself away in the library reading. She wasn’t boring! She didn’t have to ‘get a life.’ She had a life!

That evening at dinner, Jill pitched the hike to Sanaa, hoping to persuade her into signing up. Unfortunately, Sanaa was not open to the idea. Jill wasn’t particularly surprised. Sanaa hadn’t liked the idea of hiking the day they’d gone kayaking. And, unsurprisingly, Sanaa mentioned that she thought she’d need the time to study. Jill told her that she’d surely be able to read in the van, but it wasn’t enough. Sanaa was nice about it, but she dug in her heels. As far as she was concerned, hiking was drudgery, plain and simple. Jill couldn’t imagine why she saw it that way. As far as she was concerned, nothing beat leaving civilization behind.

Cory showed up just as they were exiting the cafeteria. Jill spoke with him briefly. She wished that her timing had been better. She wanted to sit with him and talk, but she decided that it might seem weird if she did that after having eaten. What was she supposed to do – eat a second dinner?

The next day, Jill went by the bulletin board and saw that one more person had signed up. She’d started thinking that maybe she ought to help Mack by talking up the hike. She didn’t want it to be canceled.

Looking carefully at the signup sheet, she noticed that someone had penciled in ‘Tarzan’ just after her name. She sucked in a breath involuntarily, cursing David for having let that slip. Had that not happened, then any appearance of the ‘Tarzan’ nickname would be conclusive evidence that someone had seen the Channel Five broadcasts. As it was, there was no way to know. Most likely whoever had added that to the sheet hadn’t, but how could she be sure?

What was certain, however, was that now the odds were significantly higher that the videos would be found. A google search of her name, even in combination with ‘Holden’ hadn’t found them, but she was relatively certain that searching on ‘Jill Wahlund Tarzan’ would. As a matter of fact, she was so sure that she didn’t feel the need to do a test search to see what came up. The videos would be there.

Jill went back to her room. A minute later, she returned with an eraser. There was no way that she could leave ‘Tarzan’ where it was. Others would see it, and the nickname would continue to spread.

All in all, Jill’s weekend ended up being rather boring. She’d met a few people, but she hadn’t yet gotten to know anyone particularly well – mostly just Sanaa, and she had spent most of her time studying. Jill, too, had been mostly preparing for the week ahead.

She’d read that it was typical for freshmen to feel lonely and get depressed. It was easy to see why, but she was bound and determined not to let that be her. Among her issues, was that she still couldn’t get her mind off of Tyler. She wanted to call him and see how he was doing, but she was not allowing herself to do that. She hoped he’d call, but she knew that it didn’t much matter. After all, he was Nicole’s boyfriend.

Again considering Tyler, she realized that finding her own boyfriend was surely the best remedy. However, that wasn’t exactly working out for her. She’d identified two suitable prospects. She wanted to get to know them better; however, neither Dylan nor Cory seemed all that interested. She knew that she was being impatient, that she needed to just relax and let things happen at their own pace. Indeed, she’d only just started college.

But why did Dylan and Cory seem indifferent when Nick and Kyle had both wanted to go out with her almost as soon as they’d met? They’d told her that it wasn’t because they had seen her naked, but she’d never quite believed them. Considering that, she decided that it was more likely that everyone was simply focused on classes at the moment – and it had to be a factor that there were so many girls around. She certainly had a lot of competition. There were pretty girls everywhere she looked.

Giving her situation some more thought, Jill decided that she’d ask Cory out herself, but that she’d give him two weeks to come around. She picked up her phone and made a notation to that effect on her calendar. It read simply, “Ask Cory out.”

The girl she’d been in high school would have never made the first move. She wasn’t positive that she’d be able to do it, but it was on her calendar. She’d have to! She was now much more confident – almost to a fault as she’d proven by baring her breasts to Tyler. She didn’t want to be just a passenger in life. She was ready to take the wheel!

**Chapter 212: Monday**

Before Jill knew it, it was Monday afternoon and she was walking to Core. Noticing all the girls in sundresses that morning had inspired her. She’d changed right after lunch, slipping on a cute little dress of her own. It was a fairly simple number, a sleeveless dress in a floral print.

Unlike many of the things she’d picked out that day with Amber, it wasn’t at all tight. It was light and airy, even the bodice hung rather loosely around her torso. Jill liked that about it. She was dressed, and yet the air flowed all around her, caressing her skin, making for a sensation that felt as close to naked as one could get without actually being naked.

She’d picked out a pair of heeled sandals. They added about two inches to her height and were among the highest heels she owned. With them, she was just shy of six feet tall.

She started having second thoughts on her way to class. Indeed, the dress was short – too short. It surely hadn’t been designed with a tall girl in mind. As it was, it showed off her legs to great advantage. But why not show them off? They were probably her best feature. She had the legs of a model, an athletic model. She hadn’t put the dress on to try and reel Cory in, but so what if she had. With so many pretty girls on campus, maybe she needed to be thinking creatively – aggressively. Maybe she needed to use her ‘ASSets’ – as Mia had referred to them – to her best advantage.

However, it was a dress that she had to be careful in. One quick move and people would be treated to a view of her panties – had she been wearing panties. As it was, she needed to be very, very careful indeed.

But that seemed like a non-issue. Once in her seat, her midsection would be fully hidden by the comfortable, wrap-around seats. And in an hour and a half, she’d go back to her room and change, or maybe just slip on a pair of panties.

Entering the auditorium, a blast from the air-conditioning hit her full in the face. It felt wonderful. From there, the cool air found its way up inside her dress, swirling around her body and invigorating her skin. The sensations made her happy. She was lucky to be a girl and be able to go out dressed as she was.

She looked for Cory. She wanted to say ‘hi.’ If he asked, she was planning to sit with him; however, in the absence of an invitation, she wasn’t ready to be that forward. Until her calendar told her that it was time, the ball was in his court. She wanted him to make the first move, but he had a deadline.

She caught his eye and waved. She saw him smile, but then she continued on down the aisle. As she arrived at her row, she heard her name above the din in the room. “Jill, there you are,” came over the loudspeaker. She stiffened.

Glancing forward, she saw Dr. Torres at the podium beckoning to her. Why was he doing this to her? What could he be thinking? She didn’t want to go up on stage. It had been bad enough to be singled out as the one student who had done all the reading. Hesitating, she tried to think of an out.

Not coming up with an option, she made her way slowly down the aisle toward the short set of stairs that led to the stage. The other students in the aisle stepped aside, allowing her to pass. Her eyes met a few of theirs. They were communicating, ‘so glad to not be her,’ vibes.

As Jill reached for the handrail, she remembered her short dress and froze. She definitely wasn’t dressed for the stage.

“Don’t be shy,” Dr. Torres said, gesturing to indicate that she should come up to the podium.

Jill’s eyes darted anxiously around the large auditorium as the first pangs of panic raised goosebumps on her arms. Quite a number of people were still making their way to their seats. She didn’t know what to do. She couldn’t leave, but she couldn’t go up on stage. The first time that she’d gone to class, any class, without panties, and this was happening. Was it just bad luck or was it karma?

Attempting to keep her cool, she looked again at Dr. Torres; he seemed to be growing impatient. She placed a foot on the bottom step and started up. Rather than grab the handrail, she held the hem of the dress to her body. In horror, she realized how much shorter the dress was than her arms. The part of her palms near her wrists was on fabric, but lower down, where her fingers were, there was only skin.

Arriving at the top of the stairs, she again hesitated. She knew that she was drawing attention to herself with her indecisive behavior, but being on stage was a very bad idea. However, she couldn’t keep Dr. Torres waiting any longer. With her hands holding the dress down at her sides, she started toward him, keeping as close to the curtain as possible. Unfortunately, the portion of the stage in front of the curtain was rather narrow; the lip of the stage was uncomfortably close.

The only saving grace seemed to be that Dr. Torres was up on stage with her. He’d surely noticed that her dress was short, but from his vantage point, he’d only be able to see legs, nothing more. The class, however, was an entirely different matter, especially the front rows.

Jill had been trying her best to ignore the students, pretend they weren’t there, but that wasn’t really possible. She glanced over, immediately noticing a few cell phones. They didn’t appear to be pointed at her, but she knew that could change in a heartbeat. The importance of holding what little there was of her dress down and in place was foremost in her mind.

If she slipped up, whatever was seen would be preserved for all time. There was no telling who might see the images and where they would end up. She couldn’t allow anything to happen. She didn’t want to be Internet famous, certainly not for flashing pussy in class. Oh, why had she not worn panties? Oh, why had she worn the heels?

She reached the podium and stopped. She wanted to stand behind it, but Dr. Torres had that spot. She couldn’t very well go behind him. Slowly she turned toward the class, still holding the dress tightly to her hips.

As Jill squinted, looking out at the audience, Dr. Torres began, “The Republic concludes with what we refer to as the Myth of Er. Before we talk about the reason that Plato invokes the Myth of Er, can you summarize it, Jill? For any students that might not yet have completed the reading.”

Jill considered the question, but all she could think about was that it was a question to which she could have responded from her seat. Glancing down, she noticed that pressing the dress to her hips was forcing the front out away from her thighs. She gripped the hem and slid her arms back hoping to cure that potential problem. Fortunately, there was no one behind her.

“Umm . . . right. So, Er dies in battle. More than a week later, they come to collect the bodies. Unlike the rest of the bodies, Er has not decomposed.”

“I can’t hear her,” someone shouted. A few other students chimed in.

“Here, let’s do this,” said the professor. Jill glanced over and saw him lifting the microphone free of its support. He extended it to her.

Jill hesitated. “I’ll talk louder,” she said. She didn’t have a free hand. They were both busy with dress duty.

“Use the mike,” he insisted.

Reluctantly, she reached for it. Hopefully, it would be fine if she kept her legs together and didn’t move. But as she raised the microphone to speak, a connector along the cord caught her hem. She felt cool air shoot up along her ribcage. Initially, it seemed as if it might just be because she wasn’t holding the dress against her body on that side, but glancing down, she saw that the hem had risen so that she could see her hip bone. In horror, she caught a glimpse of her slit as well. If she could see it, then everyone was seeing it. Her face reddened with embarrassment. Glancing up at the class, she noticed a flash and then another. The moment was being preserved!

In the next instant, Jill panicked. She turned to race back to the stairs; however, the cord was still hooked on her dress. As she started away from the podium, the dress went higher and she heard a rip.

Jill saw Dr. Torres stepping toward her. He reached for the cord, obviously planning to try and free it. Simultaneously, Jill grabbed for her dress. Freaking out from the terror gripping her, she pulled. Even though the dress had risen further and was bunched up around her waist, she had to get it loose of the cord before she could disappear – hopefully, without causing any more damage.

Working together, she and Dr. Torres quickly succeeded; however, during that brief period of time, there had been a nearly continuous barrage of flashes. Jill hadn’t been able to locate the tear. The dress seemed fine, short but largely intact.

Finally free, Jill turned again for the stairs. The gravity of what was happening had her head swimming, and in that instant, she tripped, falling to her knees. The flashes continued. Jill worked the dress back down over her bare butt as she rolled into a sitting position. Pausing momentarily, she kicked off her heels.

She needed to slow down and preserve what modesty she could. All that was left for her was to retreat; however, with care, she might be able to do that in an orderly fashion. The dress was finally back in place. She’d be able to keep it there – if she were able to pull herself together.

Leaving the shoes behind, she made her way back to the stairs. She could hear everyone laughing and talking, but the voices all blended together. She couldn’t make out what anyone was saying, but she had a pretty good idea. She’d just flashed her bald hoo-ha in a class of several hundred. They’d be talking about her for a long time to come. And their photos would instantly start making the rounds.

At the top of the stairs, she found herself wondering if she’d just tripled her tally. Was it now above three hundred? The thought made her woozy, and before she had gotten a hand on the railing, she stumbled. She fought to catch herself, but in so doing, the dress went back up as she fell. The flashes continued unabated.

She lay at the bottom of the stairs, realizing that she needed to capitulate. She’d lost. Not just the battle, but the entire war. Her dignity was gone. It was time to stop struggling. Hopefully, unlike Er, she’d decompose where she lay. She couldn’t imagine going on living. No one would be talking about how boring she was, but they’d be talking about her, that was a given. There would be no recovery from what had happened.

And yet, she wasn’t dying. She was alive and the students that were near were crowding ever closer for a better look. Somehow, she pulled herself back up and then got the dress down so that it was again covering her. Paying close attention to her footing, she held the dress in position and began her walk of shame, heading slowly up the aisle toward the exit. The crowd parted as she advanced. She could feel their eyes staring at her, but she couldn’t bring herself to look up. She kept her eyes fixed on the ground in front of her. She had to get out of the auditorium. And then from there, she’d have to get out of California.

But in the next moment, she felt someone grab her. Someone had ahold of her! She struggled, fighting to break free. However, whoever it was wouldn’t let go. This couldn’t be happening! Not only were they keeping her from leaving, but they were shaking her.

“Jill, Jill, are you all right?”

Jill’s eyes blinked open. It was Sanaa. She was in bed. Why was she in bed? She looked around. They were in their dorm room. There was a limited amount of artificial light coming in around the curtain. It was still dark out – just the campus security lights filtering into the room.

“You were yelling, moaning. I think the monsters had you,” said Sanaa. “You were flailing.”

Jill struggled, trying to sit up. Had it really been a dream? Her blanket and sheet were on the floor, but her nightshirt was short, just as the dress in her dream had been.

“Oh, my God,” she said, panting with anxiety.

Sanaa sat down beside her, wrapping her arms around Jill’s shoulders. After making sure her shirt had her covered, Jill leaned her head toward Sanaa’s neck. She needed to try and calm down.

“It’s all right,” Sanaa said soothingly. “I’ve got you. You’re safe.”

“Thank you,” Jill muttered. It felt good to have someone close – someone friendly. It was especially nice to not be in the auditorium. Jill couldn’t believe that it had been just a dream. It had all seemed so real. A moment later, she slid a hand down past her belly. She was wearing panties! She pressed the cloth against her pussy. Nothing said, ‘it was just a dream’ like the feel of cloth covering her crotch. She was amazed – but glad. She hadn’t just flashed her entire Core class!

“Jill . . . what are you doing?”

Jill realized that Sanaa was looking at her fingers. She jerked them away from the damp garment. “Just verifying that I’m not naked,” she replied, quickly pulling her nightshirt down to hide her panties. She hoped that Sanaa had not noticed that they were moist. “What a dream! I was naked. I was in class. I was in Core . . . the big auditorium.”

Sanaa laughed. “The ol’ naked at school dream!”

Jill nodded. She had heard that it was a common nightmare. Somehow she was guessing that hers had been a little more intensive than most, but maybe not. Maybe that was how it was for everyone.

“What exactly was I doing?” she asked apprehensively. “I mean, before you woke me up.”

“Panting. Mumbling. Flailing,” said Sanaa. “Obviously under duress. I was sure that the monsters had you. You were struggling. Trying to run, I suppose. I didn’t intervene right away, but then it became clear that you needed saving. I didn’t want you to have a heart attack.”

Jill thought about telling her the details of her dream but decided not to. It was good that her nightmare fell into a category that was relatively common.

She was thirsty. Sanaa handed her a bottle of water. Jill was still having trouble believing it had only been a dream. Everything had been so real, but she was clearly in her bed. In the back of her mind, she was still thinking that she would probably need to find a new college. After flashing her entire class, even if it had been in a dream, how could she face the other students – or her professor for that matter?

As Jill was starting to relax, Sanaa returned to her own bed. A few minutes later, her breathing indicated that she had fallen back asleep. Jill was sitting up, her back against her pillow and her knees hugged to her chest, her nightshirt pulled down over her legs. She was still feeling unsettled. It wasn’t just the fact that the dream had been a horrific shock to her system that was keeping her awake. She had started worrying about something else. In the past, she’d had dreams come true.

**Chapter 213: Monday, continued**

Jill continued to sit there thinking about the dream. Mostly she was trying to decide if something like that might end up happening to her in real life. It didn’t seem like something she could dismiss out of hand. Indeed, she’d already ventured out in a short dress without panties. Who or what was going to keep her from doing that again? Could she even trust herself? Going to the concert pantiless had been contrary to her better judgment. She didn’t want to spend four years at college worrying that one day the dream would come true and she would end up bare on a stage in front of a large number of her classmates.

She thought back to the dream in which she’d been bottomless in Nick’s truck. It was interesting, but probably a coincidence, that in it she had been similarly exposed, in other words, bare from the waist down.

She didn’t recall thinking about the possibility of that particular nightmare coming true. Of course, she hadn’t. It had been ludicrous to believe that she might end up riding with Nick while bottomless.

She’d jumped to the conclusion that her subconscious mind had generated the dream because Nick had tried to get her to go up the mountain with him that night. But she had been too smart to get into a truck with a guy she barely knew. It had been a fate that she had assumed she could avoid by behaving wisely and turning down such invitations. She hadn’t bothered to try and think of other circumstances that might get her into such a vulnerable position. But if one dream could come true, what was to stop a second dream from coming true?

Did she want it to? She wished she hadn’t thought to ask herself that. It was a ludicrous question. Of course, she didn’t. But she’d done some pretty crazy things – and ended up liking them. But flashing pussy in class? Even if a microphone cord were to blame, it wasn’t something she could stomach. She tried to reassure herself that it would never happen, and yet there remained a sliver of doubt in the back of her mind.

That summer, she’d dismissed too many things as being impossible, only to see them come to pass. At one time, she’d even been completely convinced that she’d never agree to the guys ‘terms’ and go topless. That seemed so long ago. Even topless had eventually come to seem like a rather insignificant step. Why had the idea once bothered her so much? If guys could go around without shirts, then why not girls?

She did eventually get back to sleep, waking up just as Sanaa was gathering her things to leave for her nine o’clock class.

After she was gone, Jill realized that she had exactly two hours before she’d need to leave for Astro. She returned to the room a few minutes later, after relieving herself, and locked the door. She stripped off all that she was wearing. The dildo hiding underneath her bed was calling to her.

She retrieved it and removed it carefully from its package. It seemed so big. She wrapped her hand around it to get a sense of its girth. She was unsure that she could accommodate it. Was that what a real penis looked and felt like? She’d seen Ryan’s, but not up close. And she certainly hadn’t touched it. She restored the dildo to the package and returned it to its hiding spot beneath her bed. Maybe one day, she’d give it a try; however, right then, she didn’t need a dildo to accomplish what she had in mind.

Standing there in her room, she closed her eyes, attempting to return to the auditorium. On stage, in front of her class, her feet somewhat apart, her hands made their way to her hips. That was exactly what her skin had felt like on stage – bare. She slid a finger over and found the cleft of her pussy. She investigated further down. She was moist. Gradually her pelvis came to life, tilting wantonly, first forward and then back.

With two fingers, she explored her fleshy groove, using them to split her outer labia and caress the delicate small lips within. It felt really good. It had been much too long.

The next thing she knew, her professor was on stage next to her. He was a very naughty man. He was watching her every move as she stood there playing with herself. She was probably going to have to report him. Looking out into the auditorium, she saw that he wasn’t the only one. All of her fellow students were observing what she was doing. It was so naughty of her to be standing there butt naked, her hand on her crotch. But since her class had seen everything, they might as well see what her pussy enjoyed having done to it.

She pulled harder, burying her fingers deep within her slit, smashing her clit up into her pubic bone. A moment later, she was pulling so hard that she lifted herself up onto her toes.

She wasn’t recreating what had happened in her dream; she was extending it. She was imagining what she might do if she again found herself with such a big audience. Of course, she’d never masturbate in front of her classmates, but it was certainly exciting to daydream that she might. Picturing them watching her rubbing her pussy in her elevated position on stage was more than enough to get the juices flowing.

Her pelvis started dancing, twirling round and round, one of her fingers anchored in the entrance to her tunnel. In her mind’s eye, the camera flashes returned unabated. That did it. An orgasm consumed her. After first rising up onto her tippy toes, the spasms subsided and she collapsed down onto her bed just as she’d fallen at the base of the stairway in her dream. It was delicious to return to that moment in which she’d been dreaming that she was being watched.

On her bed, still picturing the big audience, Jill indulged in some more rubbing ultimately resulting in a second orgasm. The audience was key. Just rubbing her pussy might have been enough, but it certainly wouldn’t have been nearly as much fun as imagining that she was doing it while being observed.

A short time later, Jill was in the shower. She wasn’t the only one in the large Two West bathroom, but as it was midmorning on a school day, it was a relatively lonely place. The shower stalls themselves had curtains, but they were barely wide enough and had seen better days. At one time, that would have bothered her a great deal; however, now it was hardly worth a passing thought.

As she didn’t need to worry about hurrying, she went about shaving her pussy meticulously, front and back. Even though the odds of anyone seeing it were slim to none, she wanted it to look its best. She chuckled at the thought. Why did a dream about flashing pussy make her want to keep her lady bits presentable? Surely it wasn’t necessary.

With nothing more than a towel around her body, she made her way back to her room. It seemed remarkably daring, especially since there were often boys in the hallway. However, she’d seen other girls do it. California! If other girls could get away with it, then so could she.

Back in her room, she stretched out naked on her bed, phone in hand. She had some housekeeping to do. Very carefully, she moved all her naked images and video clips into their own folder. She gave it an additional layer of password protection. Even if her phone was unlocked, someone wouldn’t be able to navigate over and get to them. She liked having them on her phone, but she wanted to be able to show people the rest of her photos without needing to worry.

She got ready and went to Astro a bit early, hoping to have a chance to catch up with Mia. As she was there, Jill asked her if she’d like to come to the cafeteria and have lunch with her and Sanaa. It didn’t really seem like something that someone would want to do; however, if Mia really wanted to meet and get to know people, she might view eating in the cafeteria as an opportunity.

Mia liked the idea, but she had been planning to spend her lunch hour reading in order to be better prepared for an afternoon class. She’d packed a sandwich. After a brief conversation, they decided that she would meet them at the cafeteria for dinner that evening and they arranged a time.

That afternoon, Jill changed into a dress. If the Jill in her dream could wear a dress to Core, then so could she. None of her dresses seemed quite as short as the one from her dream. She paired her selection with an attractive but slightly conservative pair of panties. She didn’t think she’d get called up on stage, but if it happened, she wanted her potential embarrassment to top out at a survivable level. It might be fun to flash panties – if put in a bad predicament – but not pussy. Other girls would understand as something like that could happen to any of them under the wrong circumstances.

Just as in her dream, the cool air felt nice as she stepped into the auditorium. She waved hello to Cory and then went on down to her row. She glanced at the podium. Surprisingly, Dr. Torres wasn’t there. She was glad about that, but it probably only meant that she was early. She smiled that things were working out differently as she made her way in across the row. A few of the students stood to make room for her to pass, but others stayed seated, a group of guys among them. She felt their eyes on her thighs as she made her way by. Who could really blame them for looking when she’d chosen to come to class in a short dress?

She made it to her seat and sat down. Her bare legs were now completely hidden from everyone except those in her immediate vicinity.

When Dr. Torres started speaking, he didn’t ask her to come up. In fact, he didn’t ask anyone to come up on stage. She wasn’t surprised. That was behavior that he reserved for his female students’ erotic dreams. Jill smiled at the thought. If only he knew!

Dr. Torres didn’t call on her even though she was prepared. She’d been thinking that he’d ask her about the Myth of Er. Something from her dream had to come true! But in the end, it didn’t. However, once class was letting out, she realized that the future was completely open. Her dream could still become reality. She was going to need to be a good girl and wear panties every day – just in case.

That evening, while having dinner with Sanaa and Mia, Cory came in. Jill waved to make sure that he saw them. He and Geoffrey joined them at their table after they’d gotten their food.

“Can I tell them, Jill?” Sanaa asked. “About your dream?”

Jill tried to recall exactly what she’d told Sanaa. She knew it hadn’t been much. She shrugged. After all, a naked at school dream was said to be quite common.

“Jill had a nightmare last night. Woke me up. She was in quite a state . . . moaning, thrashing about. Had to save her. Had to wake her up.”

Jill was nodding. She was reliving the moment when she’d come out of her dream.

“What were you dreaming about, Jill?” Mia asked.

Jill wasn’t planning on answering questions, but before she could decline to respond, Sanaa continued, “It was a naked in school dream. She mentioned that it took place in Core. That’s the class she shares with you.” Sanaa looked at Cory and then at Geoffrey.

Jill looked up and her eyes met Cory’s. He had an intrigued look on his face. “You were naked in Core?” he asked, looking deep into her eyes.

The corners of Jill’s mouth turned up as a delicious thought occurred to her. She hadn’t foreseen this, but maybe this was her route to getting Cory to think of her as more than just a fellow student.

“Not exactly naked,” she said. “But I went to class in a dress. One very much like this actually,” she said, drawing attention to what she was wearing. “…only shorter. So short, in fact, that I was just one false move or small gust from being exposed.”

“Were you…” Cory’s voice trailed off, but his eyes were wide as his imagination got the best of him.

“Yep,” Jill acknowledged, her cheeks turning red.

“Yep . . . what?” asked Sanaa.

“She wasn’t wearing panties,” Mia explained.

Jill looked over at her, wondering why it had been clear to Mia when it hadn’t been to Sanaa.

“You went to class without panties?” asked Sanaa, her mouth falling open.

“Hey, don’t look at me,” said Jill. “I wear panties.”

“Prove it!” said Mia.

**Chapter 214: A Better Plan**
Jill considered the request. Why not prove she was wearing panties? As Mia was sitting on her side of the table, she lifted up her hem on one side, allowing her to see the waistband on her hip.

Instantly, both Cory and Geoffrey hopped up, trying to see over the table, but they were too late. Jill had dropped her dress and it had fallen back in place.

“Yep, panties,” Mia confirmed.

“But I didn’t see,” Geoffrey complained.

“A practical pair, but cute and lacy,” Mia offered.

“See.” Jill smiled.

“But not in the dream, right?” asked Cory.

Jill liked where things seemed to be going. She had a crush on Cory and suddenly she had him thinking about her panties – or about her without them.

“Right,” she confirmed. “Embarrassingly, I wasn’t wearing panties, but it, of course, never happened. It was a dream.”

“But, Jill. A dream is a wish the heart makes,” interjected Sanaa. “Ancient Trini saying.”

Jill blushed even brighter red, but Mia came to her rescue. “That’s not a Trini saying. That’s 100% Disney. From Cinderella.”

Sanaa laughed. “And just where do you think Disney got it?”

Jill saw no point in denying that, in her dream, she’d gone to class with no panties under her dress. After all, it was a naked dream AND she had Cory right where she wanted him. He seemed to be eating out of her hand.

“And then what happened?” he asked, clearly on the edge of his seat. He seemed to have forgotten that they were talking about a dream.

“Dr. Torres invited me up on stage. My dress was much too short for that. But I had to go. I mean, it was a dream. What’s a girl to do, right? You go where the dream takes you.”

She described how the cord had caught, lifting her dress way up. From there she recounted seeing students taking photos and videos. She mentioned panicking and how that had led to more trouble. How she’d fallen, at least twice, leading to additional exposure and embarrassment.

She saw how big the guys’ eyes would get each time she mentioned something that would have brought her pussy or butt into view. She didn’t need to say that it had. She didn’t even use the word pussy – not once. It simply wasn’t necessary.

“And then what happened?” Cory asked.

“The next thing I knew, Sanaa was waking me up.”

Geoffrey looked over at Sanaa. “Damn you, Sanaa!”

Jill could tell that he was trying to be funny, but his disappointment sounded genuine.

“Don’t blame me,” said Sanaa. “Jill needed saving. I did what I had to do.”

“Thank you, Sanaa,” said Jill. “I’m glad you came to my rescue. I can just picture what might have happened from there?”

“What might have happened?” Cory asked. It was clear that he did not want the story to end.

“I guess we’ll never know,” Jill replied coyly. “…unless the dream resumes tonight.”

“Or unless you go to class without panties . . . in real life,” Mia said.

At first, Jill wished that Mia hadn’t said that, but then she realized that it might have Cory wondering at the start of every class if she was with or without her panties. That might not be a bad – if she wanted him to be interested in her as a member of the opposite sex.

From there, the conversation bounced around, eventually settling on their dessert preferences as they finished their meals. Jill declared banana hot fudge milkshakes to be her dessert of choice. Cory announced that root beer floats were his favorite at which point, Mia said that she knew of a place in town that was widely believed to have the best root beer floats in all of California. Before Jill realized what was happening, Mia had volunteered to take him and the two of them had departed.

Jill was left sitting there with Sanaa and Geoffrey. She didn’t much like Geoffrey. She’d never quite forgiven him. She’d just been putting up with him, not wanting to raise a stink in Cory’s presence. After she and Sanaa were alone, putting their trays on the belt, Sanaa said, “Some friend! I can’t believe she just took your guy.”

Jill shrugged. That was exactly what it had seemed like to her as well. She hadn’t seen it coming. One minute they were there; the next, they were gone. There she’d been, implementing her plan, waiting two weeks before making her move, and Mia swoops in and steals Cory right from under her nose.

“But she didn’t know . . . and he’s not exactly ‘my guy,’” Jill replied. “You’re the only one that knows that I’ve been crunching on him.”

“Fuh troot, Jill? If yuh noh gonna swell up yuh face, den I swells up mine,” Sanaa replied angrily.

Jill spent the rest of the evening feeling down. She did her best to study while Sanaa continued trying to convince her that she needed to be angry at Mia. But she couldn’t quite bring herself to see it that way. She’d been outplayed, and Mia hadn’t known. Mia wasn’t to blame. She was just trying to make friends. That was understandable – something she had every right to do. And maybe she had no designs on Cory; however, that was hard to believe. Of course, she was after Cory. He was too cute to believe that Mia hadn’t been making a move.

That night in bed, Jill changed her mind. She didn’t have to wait two weeks. If Mia was after Cory, then it was ‘Game On!’ She wasn’t going to go down without a fight!

The next day was Tuesday. She didn’t expect to see Mia or Cory as she didn’t have Astro or Core.

To her surprise, Dylan asked her to go out with him on the bus on the way back from Ice Skating. Jill almost laughed out loud. He’d lost his opportunity. It had been brief, but it had come and gone. There was no way that she was going to go out with anyone else now that she was 100% focused on landing Cory. She let him down as gently as she could, blaming everything on how she was still preoccupied with how her relationship with ‘her high school sweetheart’ had ended. It wasn’t necessarily untrue.

She’d spent the day wondering what had happened between Cory and Mia the prior evening. Indeed, she might never find out, not unless she brought it up in Astro the next morning. Jill didn’t imagine that she would come right out and ask Mia.

If she’d had no interest in Cory herself, then she’d ask Mia first thing – and she’d even be encouraging her to pursue a relationship with him. However, as it was, she wasn’t going to do that. She and Mia were locked in competition. The less Mia knew, the better. The unbelievable part of the whole thing was that she’d been the one who’d introduced them.

Were they to one day marry, then she’d be due the credit for them having met. As far as she knew, they didn’t share a class. If it hadn’t been for her, they most likely would have remained strangers. She couldn’t believe her pattern of thought. Mia and Cory had just met and already she was picturing them in a serious relationship.

She tried to shift her thoughts to Tyler, but even that didn’t work. Somehow, she’d become so fixated on Cory that Tyler had been displaced! It was a surprising development.

But she had something Mia didn’t. She and Cory were planning to study together for Core – just the two of them. They’d be getting together that very evening.

Jill couldn’t believe that she was on the verge of losing Cory to Mia – and for no other reason than that she’d been nice to Mia. She’d gone to some trouble to befriend her, introducing her to her circle of friends. It was a small circle, but it had been what she’d had to offer.

That evening, she met with Cory to review the next book everyone was supposed to have read for Core: Oedipus Rex. As far as Jill was concerned, other than that Sophocles and Plato were both Greek, the book had essentially nothing in common with The Republic.

She and Cory ended up discussing that very topic. The best that they could come up with was that the purpose of the class was to fill in perceived holes in students’ preparation for college. Indeed, the reading list was a bit of a mishmash, spanning the centuries and the globe. Many of the books did relate to early America, but even those ran the gamut.

As they weren’t the only ones in the Two West lounge and it was a bit noisy, Jill proposed that they walk to the Student Union and continue their discussion over dessert. It was a veiled attempt to transition their encounter to one that wasn’t solely focused on academics. Her attempt failed. Cory said that he had a limited amount of time for Oedipus Rex as he had other studying he needed to get to that evening.

The two of them ended up on the floor above in the Three West lounge. It was much quieter. Jill hoped that Cory might invite her to walk down the hall and show her his room, but he didn’t. To her disappointment, they focused on the book and then said goodnight to go their separate ways. She chuckled to herself, imagining that he was the boring one, not her. However, that was among the things that she liked about him. Like her, he took school very seriously.

That night in bed, Jill reviewed her day. She’d turned down a date with Dylan because she was hoping that Cory would ask her out. Unfortunately, Cory was showing no real interest. ‘The story of my life,’ she thought. She seemed destined to get asked out, but never by the guy that she most wanted to be interested in her. Why did she even like Cory? But she knew why. The answer was simple. She was attracted to him, and she’d decided that was as good a reason as any. In addition, they had a lot in common. She could use that as her logical justification if one were needed.

Considering that, she decided to make the things that they had in common her focus. So what if he hadn’t wanted to go and get dessert with her. Of course, he’d gone in search of root beer floats with Mia, but that didn’t mean it was time to give up. The old Jill would have given up, but she wasn’t about to. She was a fighter! She simply needed a new approach.

The next day in Astro, Mia was very talkative. She had a lot of questions about Cory – a few too many. It was more than obvious that she had Cory on the brain. Jill pretended not to know the answers to any of her questions. She mostly found herself wishing that Mia would stop talking. However, she wasn’t about to be rude. It wasn’t Mia’s fault that they liked the same guy. It wasn’t really anyone’s fault; however, she had a new plan.

That afternoon, as they were leaving Core, Jill hurried and caught up with Cory. The gods seemed to be smiling on her; he was also heading back to Colina Vista, meaning that she could walk with him without it seeming as if she were doing so on purpose.

Jill mentioned the hike that coming Saturday, asking Cory if he’d spent much time in the Sierra Nevada. From his reaction, Jill instantly knew that she had something! Cory was interested and he had Saturday free. Like her, he felt that he could spare the time due to all the reading he’d done over the summer. Jill was in heaven! It wouldn’t be a date and it wouldn’t be just the two of them, but it seemed like an ideal way for them to become better acquainted. And hiking, she was in her element!

All the way back to the dorm, the two of them talked about the hike. Cory had questions that Jill couldn’t answer, so they went up the stairs to Two West and knocked on Mack’s door. She wasn’t there, and they had a brief conversation with Hailey, her roommate, the Two East R.A. She knew even less about the hike than Jill.

Jill then took Cory over to the bulletin board and showed him the signup sheet. To her surprise and delight, he pulled out a pen and added his name to the list. He was number seven. Jill explained that the hike required ten, but as she said that, she knew that she was fully prepared to beg, borrow, and steal to get three more people to sign up.

Jill was elated; Cory seemed genuinely happy about the prospect of going on the hike with her. The two of them ended up sitting down and relaxing together in the Two West lounge. Jill pulled out her phone and showed him more photos from Cache Lake and the hikes she’d taken there that summer. She was so happy. Suddenly, the two of them were clicking like never before. Cory was adorable and things weren’t at all awkward.

As they said goodbye a short time later, Jill was sure that they had not only become friends but that the seeds had been sown for something more. She was so happy that she felt like tearing off her clothes and pounding on her chest, belting out a victory yell! A Tarzan yell seemed entirely in order; however, unfortunately, there was no place that she could go to indulge.

Instead, she made a quick trip to her room and returned with her psychology textbook. She found a spot where she could read and keep an eye on Mack’s door.

**Chapter 215: Shaken**

When Mack showed up an hour later, she was on her even before she’d gotten in her door. Jill was ready to roll up her sleeves and go to work. She didn’t know many people personally, but come hell or high water, she was going to find three more people for the hike. Mack informed her that they had barely 48 hours. It was late Wednesday and the plug would be pulled Friday afternoon if there weren’t ten names on the list.

Mack was glad that she had gotten Cory to sign up, but she seemed downright excited to hear of Jill’s enthusiasm. Jill quickly got the impression that Mack had all but written off the hike. They compared notes. Mack had already gone door to door, approaching everyone on the floor, both Two West and Two East. She suggested that Jill go down and talk to Olivia. She said that, like Jill, Olivia really wanted the hike to happen – maybe the two of them might join forces and come up with a plan of attack.

Olivia was the girl that Mack had mentioned as Jill had been signing up. Jill walked to the end of the hall and knocked on her door. Fortunately, she was home.

The two of them hit it off right away. Even though Olivia was from a very different upbringing, a seemingly wealthy family in an upscale suburb of San Francisco, they had a lot in common. They both loved being out away from civilization. Working quickly, they made a banner and set up a table at the entrance to the cafeteria. Their fellow students, who started filtering in for dinner a half-hour later, were accosted by two attractive fit girls in ponytails, Olivia, a blonde, and Jill with her chocolate brown hair still aglow with the highlights acquired over the summer.

The two of them worked their butts off, but by the time dinner was over, they’d done it! They’d gotten three more people to sign up! Jill was on cloud nine. She’d been hoping to hit eleven to have a safety factor, but they’d gotten to ten. A win was a win!

As they folded up the table, Jill and Olivia decided to celebrate. Jill could already tell that the two of them were destined to be the best of friends, but she hadn’t leveled with Olivia. She hadn’t told her that a boy was the real reason she’d been so fired up to make sure that the hike happened. That little detail could remain her secret.

Together they walked up to Mack’s room to share their news. Mack was overjoyed. She obviously hadn’t been expecting such quick progress. They asked her to celebrate with them, but Mack declined the invitation saying that she needed to study – especially now that the hike was a ‘go.’

As it was a school night, Jill and Olivia decided to limit their celebration to a walk to the Sub for dessert. Jill almost ordered a milkshake, but then decided on a brownie hot fudge sundae instead. Oliva ordered a piece of berry pie a la mode. Jill had a great time getting to know her better. They’d just spent three hours together, but they been focused on talking up the hike.

Jill learned that Olivia was very much in love with a guy who was a few years older. He was a senior at Stanford. She’d hoped to get accepted there, but that hadn’t worked out for her. It was such a hard school to get into.

Later, Jill shared her excitement with Sanaa. Sanaa was very happy to learn that she and Cory would be spending Saturday together. Sanaa thought that hiking might be the ideal foundation upon which the two of them might build a relationship. Jill was delighted to be reminded that, even though she might have more in common with Olivia, Sanaa was solidly in her corner.

That evening in bed, Jill considered the developments of the day. Not only had she watched Cory put his name on the list, but they’d gotten enough people to sign up that the hike would actually happen! And, what was more, she’d made a friend in the process. It had truly been a great day!

Mentioning the hike to Mia crossed her mind, but she knew she wouldn’t. Even though an eleventh person on the list would be good, she wanted Cory all to herself. That was a bit selfish of her, she knew, but that was how such things had always worked.

The next morning was Thursday, and Jill woke up to rain. Even that made Jill happy. Due to concerns about wildfires, California needed the rain.

Jill hadn’t been enjoying her History class or her Psych class all that much, so she didn’t especially like her Tuesday and Thursday mornings, but even that and the rain couldn’t dampen her spirits. She was still on cloud nine thinking about spending Saturday with Cory – somehow she’d even make sure that she got to sit next to him on the bus!

Ice Skating was the bright spot of her Tuesday, Thursday schedule, and it didn’t disappoint. Nicole started teaching them forward crossovers. Jill was definitely unsteady trying it at first, but she could tell that she would have it mastered within a class or two. Something about turning while skating like that was actually fun.

She tried to talk to Dylan, but he didn’t seem very interested in speaking with her. That didn’t seem particularly surprising given that she’d turned him down, but there was nothing she could do about that.

That evening, she and Olivia were sitting in Mack’s room discussing final preparations for the hike, among them, getting release forms distributed and signed. Mack had just stepped into the other room, the one that she and Hailey used as their bedroom. While Jill and Olivia were talking, a cell phone on the table started ringing. She glanced at it. On the screen, she saw, “Britt Copeland.”

As soon as she’d read that, Hailey scooped it up and took it into the other room. A second later, she overheard Mack answer the phone. She perked up her ears. “Yes, but. Yes, but. Yes, but . . . we’ll have to talk later.” That seemed to be the extent of the conversation. In shock, Jill stood up, her chair falling to the floor behind her.

“What’s up?” Olivia asked, peering up at her curiously.

“I’ve got to . . . some fresh air,” she managed. A second later, she was out in the hall. Had she really seen what she thought she’d seen? What was happening? She needed to think.

Olivia had followed her. “Are you okay?”

“I just need some air,” Jill repeated, again taking off. She made her way to the stairway and headed down. Fortunately, Olivia didn’t seem to be following.

Once outside, Jill turned and headed around the building. She didn’t really know what was back there. From there, she took a path and headed up the hill. She wasn’t going anywhere, just away. She needed time to think.

Did Mack know a different Britt Copeland or was it her Britt Copeland? What were the odds? She tried to remember everything she could from the brief phone conversation she’d overheard. Mack had said, “We’ll have to talk later.” That seemed like a giveaway. Why had Mack needed to talk to this ‘Britt Copeland’ – later? Was it to keep her from overhearing whatever it was that they might talk about?

But if it was her Britt, as in her Britt and Jenna ‘Britt,’ why was she talking to Mack? There was no way those two could know one another, right? Was the hike a setup? Indeed, Britt had suggested that in California she’d be able to hike naked. Had she arranged it? Had Britt and Mack teamed up? It all seemed too incredible to be possible, and yet she knew how driven Britt was. She was a doctor because of that very character trait.

Jill started trying to figure out how Britt might even be able to accomplish such a feat. She lived in Arizona, not in California, and her residency would not allow much in the way of time off to travel. So if she was behind it, she would have had to do everything remotely, via the internet and phone.

But then Jill remembered giving Britt her mailing address. Her address had, of course, included the name of her dorm. Jill sat down on a curb and with her phone started scouring the college’s website. She navigated to the pages relating to housing. Under ‘Living Groups,’ she found ‘Colina Vista,’ and then under ‘Emergency Contact Information,’ she found the current list of R.A.s. Mackenzie Schenck was on the list. Jill hadn’t remembered her last name, but that was Mack. The list included the various ranges of room numbers that were assigned to each R.A., along with contact information. Mack’s phone number and her email address were there.

It was clearly an information page intended primarily for parents. Also on the page were phone numbers and addresses for local hospitals, urgent care facilities, pharmacies, doctors, dentists, as well as police and fire.

But that had solved what had seemed as if it would be the first hurdle that Britt would have to overcome. Armed with just her mailing address, she would have been able to get in touch with Mackenzie. But then what? Might she have been able to talk Mack into arranging a hike? Would she have suggested a plan that involved the goal of getting one of the freshmen on her hall naked on that hike? Wouldn’t an R.A. be predisposed to protect the freshmen girls that they were responsible for? Wouldn’t someone like Mack do that instead of assisting a predator on the phone – albeit a very persuasive one – with a scheme to get one of her charges naked in a public setting?

But then Jill remembered all the photos that Britt had. Might Britt have sent photos to Mack? What story might have accompanied them? Indeed, from the photos alone one would infer that she, Britt, and Jenna were very close friends, and it would be obvious that she had done a lot of nude hiking in their company. Anyone seeing those photos would conclude that she enjoyed hiking nude. That was the story the images told. And Britt could have sent links to the Channel Five broadcasts. Just possibly, Mack knew much more than she had ever imagined.

Jill spent more than an hour walking aimlessly. Her world seemed to be coming apart at the seams. She’d always known that people at college might discover what she’d done with her summer, but never in her wildest imagination had it gone down like this. Or was she mistaken? Was it all coincidence?

She paused again and did a google search, this time on ‘Britt Copeland.’ She found a number of women with that exact name. She tried ‘Brittany Copeland’ – more women. ‘Brittney Copeland’ yielded even more results. Next, she searched a couple of social media sites. Britt Copeland had seemed like an uncommon name, and yet, there were definitely other women with that name in the country. Would it be a bigger coincidence for it to be the same Britt Copeland or a different Britt Copeland? Jill couldn’t decide.

A short time later, Jill was back in Two West. She was staring at the signup sheet on the bulletin board. She studied every name. There were only three people that she could not connect up with faces. She, Mack, and Olivia were there as was Cory. In addition, there were the three individuals that she and Olivia had signed up. Those three certainly weren’t in on any scheme.

No matter how long she stared at the signup sheet, nothing jumped out at her. The answer simply wasn’t there. She thought about confronting Mack. She decided not to. She didn’t want to show her cards, at least not yet.

Instead, she wandered down the hall to see if Oliva was in her room. She wasn’t planning on telling her anything. Indeed, what could she tell her? Instead, she’d simply ask some casual questions about how the topic of the hike had come up with Mack in the first place. She couldn’t say, ‘I’m concerned that Mack found out that I sometimes do things naked and is planning to trick me into hiking nude on Saturday.’ She certainly couldn’t say anything like that. She’d have to be much more discreet.

In the end, Jill learned very little from Olivia. She’d simply been walking by as Mack had been posting the signup sheet. Nothing about how the topic had come up sounded at all suspicious.

**Chapter 216: Struggling**

Jill didn’t know what to do. She couldn’t hike naked. Even if Mack were to somehow try and trick or force her, she couldn’t allow it to happen. If push came to shove, she’d have to drop out. She hated the idea of doing that, and she knew she’d do it only as a last resort, but she absolutely wasn’t hiking naked. She realized just how sad she’d be if she had to drop out.

This was supposed to be her chance to get to know Cory. It was an ideal arrangement from that point of view. If she dropped out, the trip would be canceled. She’d look terrible in his eyes. She’d have to keep her reasons a secret. He might not want to have anything to do with her. There would be no way to explain how she’d talked him into signing up only to later cause the cancelation of the entire trip.

And dropping out would also mean letting Olivia down as well as the three people that the two of them had talked into signing up. And, as with Cory, she wouldn’t be able to tell her the truth.

The more she thought about it, the more it seemed as if she had to go. But she couldn’t end up hiking naked. She could go with the intention of keeping her clothes on. Might that entail some risk? If it wasn’t a setup – if Mack knew a different Britt Copeland – then it wouldn’t be a problem.

And it if was a setup, she could just keep her clothes on. Was there anything that Mack could do to get her naked against her will? Jill couldn’t think of any way that she might be able to. A forced stripping wouldn’t work. Surely Cory and Olivia wouldn’t stand by and let that happen. Olivia certainly didn’t seem to be in on anything.

Jill’s mind was going in circles. The only advantage that she seemed to have was that Mack didn’t know that she knew. It seemed clear that she ought not give up her one advantage by confronting her. Besides, if it was a setup, she’d probably deny it. Jill had no proof. Or she could call and confront Britt. Britt might deny everything as well, but then she’d contact Mack – and then what might Mack do?

Mack would probably cancel the trip. And that would be the end of spending the day getting to know Cory. She wanted everything to be perfect, and for a short amount of time, it had seemed as if it was going to be. However, suddenly everything appeared to be in tatters – and only because she’d seen the name of a caller on a smartphone screen.

“Are you okay?” Sanaa asked when she walked into their room.

Jill looked at her and their eyes met. Her expression had obviously given her level of concern away. “Oh, I’m fine,” she said. But then she remembered a question that she’d been wanting to ask Sanaa. “But there is something that I have been wondering about. Did you, by chance, tell Mack that I was a hiker? Not today . . . quite a few days back?”

Sanaa got a puzzled expression on her face. “Now why would I do that?” she asked.

“I was just wondering . . . that’s all. Because when she first mentioned the hike, she had already heard that I do a lot of hiking. I started to ask her where she’d heard that, but then I think I assumed that you had told her.”

“I’m pretty sure I didn’t say anything of the sort.”

“Maybe she asked you to go on the hike, and you said, no . . . but to talk to me?”

“Didn’t happen. I first heard about the hike when you tried to get me to sign up. Why?”

“No reason. It’s just something I’ve been puzzling over.”

“It’s important, isn’t it?”

“Not really,” said Jill. She knew she needed to drop the topic. She’d already gotten Sanaa too curious.

Jill pulled out her diary and flipped through the pages, but there weren’t any clues there. She was grasping at straws. She started trying to remember who else she might have talked with about hiking. She thought of Erica and Harper across the hall. She’d spoken with them a number of times, but those conversations had been rather superficial. She couldn’t remember mentioning hiking. She’d definitely talked with Cory about hiking, and that had been prior to Mack mentioning the hike; however, she couldn’t imagine that Cory might have told Mack. Indeed, as far as she knew, they had probably never met. She and Cory had looked for Mack at one point, but that had been later and they hadn’t found her. Again, Jill found her thoughts going in circles.

Later, she fell into a troubled sleep. At one point during the night, she woke up and started thinking about the matter again. Try as she might, she couldn’t find the definitive answer within her head. It was the same Britt Copeland; it was a different Britt Copeland. It was a setup; it wasn’t a setup. She was going to cancel; she wasn’t going to cancel. Mack would try and make her hike naked; it was ridiculous to think that Mack might try and make her hike naked. Mack had some trick up her sleeve; there was no way that she could be tricked. But might she have some trick in mind that Jill hadn’t thought of?

Friday morning, Jill woke up in a rather different frame of mind. The shock of seeing ‘Britt Copeland’ on Mack’s phone had worn off. Although she was still completely committed to making a clean break from her summer of nudity, she found herself indulging – letting her mind run wild.

The idea of again hiking naked – in this new place with this new group – was exciting beyond what she might have imagined. She pictured herself standing facing Cory wearing nothing but her small daypack, her well-worn hiking boots, and her tan. Hadn’t Ryan commented on how sexy she looked nude while wearing a backpack.

For some reason, probably due to her crush, it was particularly thrilling to fantasize about Cory looking at her naked body. She slid a hand up and pinched a nipple between a thumb and forefinger, giving it a firm tug. Her daydream had rendered it diamond hard. The nipple sent appreciative signals through her nervous system making her want to maintain her grip.

In her mind’s eye, Cory’s gaze, which had been lingering on her breasts, traveled down to the juncture of her legs. She pictured herself nonchalantly shifting a leg over and angling her knee out while keeping her own gaze fixed on a distant peak. Cory’s eyes felt wonderful as they tickled the delicate folds of her labia. She tilted her pelvis forward and out, doing her best to enhance Cory’s view. His eyes lit up, which, in turn, made her smile.

Even though she knew she’d never do it with anyone watching, she slid a hand down across her taut abdomen and fluffed up her responsive inner lips. If someone was looking at them, they might as well look their very best. Unsurprisingly, her finger found things moist within her cleft. The prospect of standing nude before Cory out in the backcountry was thrilling indeed.

From there, her thoughts turned to the trail. How exciting it would be to hike along in a good-sized group butt naked – the only one naked! She thought of the ten names on the list. She’d been one of six girls, meaning that she’d have four guys taking in the view. She tried to picture how they might react to having a nude woman in their presence.

Would they jockey for position and stare brazenly at her bikini areas as Ryan had always done, or would they make an effort to divert their eyes respectfully more on the order of how Matt had behaved in her presence? She imagined it would be a mixed bag. She expected that most guys would look when they thought that she wasn’t looking, but surely some would not be so shy. How might Cory himself behave?

The reaction of the girls was somewhat less predictable. As with the guys, she had every reason to expect a variety of reactions. There would probably be a quiet mousy girl who would attempt to keep her shock or indignation to herself. There would likely be a girl who would react more as Britt had, engaging her aggressively in conversation while attempting to supersize her experience. Possibly a few girls did that because they were imagining themselves in her shoes, enjoying the nudity vicariously – or suffering vicariously. And then there might be a girl who would react with open indignation. That person might view her as unfairly competing for the attention of the opposite sex. Possibly that would manifest itself by having her morals called into question. Worst case, she might be called a hoe or a slut. She doubted that she’d face that, but it was best to be prepared for it in advance.

Hopefully, everyone would take her nudity in stride, and they would all have a lot of fun. In fact, that was how she pictured it going. She’d certainly had her share of experience when it came to meeting people while naked. There would indeed be a variety of reactions, but in the end, the majority of her fellow hikers would largely embrace the idea of having a naked girl in their midst – and they’d all have a wonderful day. At least that was how she hoped it would work out.

She imagined herself bopping gleefully up the trail, her diminutive breasts jiggling happily atop her chest. It was an exhilarating feeling that she’d come to miss, but one that she’d have to continue to avoid at all costs. It would be deliciously enjoyable to hop up on a boulder in front of a new group and demonstrate how she had earned her Tarzan nickname. She’d love doing that, and yet she knew she couldn’t – wouldn’t.

Truth be told, Jill wished that she might be able to hike naked. She wondered if it would cement her chances with Cory or scuttle them, but there was no reason to waste time speculating about that. As far as Cory would know, she was a woman who hiked in shorts and a T-shirt – like everybody else. Maybe one day, if, on the off chance they became lovers, he’d learn of her penchant for nudity in the great outdoors. But if that ever happened, it would be way down the road. That side of her personality would have to remain hidden for the foreseeable future.

After getting up, Jill decided to undertake some detailed research on the hike itself. She didn’t know what she might learn, but she couldn’t leave any stone unturned. As expected, the chosen route wasn’t an especially popular one. Indeed, it sounded like a lovely hike. It just wasn’t near any population centers, meaning that very few people found their way to that particular trail. Indeed, if Britt was behind it, she had done her research; under different conditions, it might be suitable for hiking naked. However, that too might be just a coincidence.

And then Jill thought of another possibility. What if Britt and Jenna were intending to come on the hike? Indeed, Arizona was a neighboring state – well within a day’s drive. What if they were at the trailhead when they arrived? There was nothing to prevent others from hiking the same trail on the same day. But even if they were there, what could they do?

Jill made it to Astro with seconds to spare. She’d done very little that morning other than sit and think, but even that had almost made her late. Fortunately, her seat next to Mia was empty. As soon as her butt was in it, Dr. Chapman started the lecture. Jill forced herself to pay attention. It wasn’t easy, but no matter what happened, she couldn’t allow her grades to slip.

After class, Mia spoke with her briefly. She brought up the Friday evening movie series that they had decided to go to each week. Jill had been so preoccupied that she’d essentially forgotten about it; however, she quickly reconfirmed her interest in going. Maybe a comedy would be a good way to get her mind off of her predicament and her looming decision.

Jill considered the black and white film when she noticed Cory while finding her seat in Core. The prior week, she’d thought about inviting him to come along. She again wanted to do that; however, she knew that she didn’t dare. She was not about to invite him to something at which Mia would be present. It wasn’t her fault that the two of them were suddenly rivals.

**Chapter 217: Jill’s Conclusion**

After Core, Jill found herself again fantasizing about what it would be like to go hiking naked. Considering that, she realized just how much she wanted to show Cory her itty bitty boobies. On a whim, she decided to give Ryan a call and thank him.

He answered on the first ring. He sounded exceedingly surprised to hear from her.

“Just calling to say, ‘thank you.’”

“You’re welcome. For what?” he asked.

“I’d rather not say. I just wanted to call and thank you.”

“You’re kidding. You’re thanking me but not telling me what for?”

“Okay . . . I’ll tell you. You cured me. As we both know, I had serious body-image issues . . . terrible self-esteem on account of being flat…”

“You’re not flat!”

“Nearly flat, then. But I’m over it. I still experience a little bit of boob-envy now and then . . . when I see a girl with lovely breasts. But not so often anymore. Now, I actually love my tits.”

“Good for you! I told you . . . you’re a f\*\*king supermodel!”

“Well . . . I don’t know about that.”

“You are!”

“Not really. But I can’t thank you without saying that I don’t approve of your methods. Don’t you dare put another woman through what you put me through! However, in my case, the results are worth all the pain and suffering. I can’t believe I just said that.”

“You’re welcome. Your boobies are gorgeous. Don’t you ever let anyone tell you otherwise!”

“Oh, I won’t. They’re still small…”

“I know they are. So what?”

“Exactly. So what!”

Jill found herself enjoying the conversation. Ryan had always been a jerk, but being a jerk had allowed him to say things that no one else had. There were plenty of guys, she now knew, who thought that small breasts were beautiful. Unlike Ryan, they kept their opinions to themselves. Ryan’s willingness to talk about things that others didn’t had been the impetus behind how she had finally been able to see herself as others did. There were things about him that she didn’t like, but she did owe him a debt of gratitude. She needed to be big enough to admit that – to herself as well as to him.

“So tell me. You must be enjoying yourself and showing them off. Pussy too?”

“Nope. Keeping things hidden. Staying dressed. I was just realizing how much happier I am. I used to think that, once I got a boyfriend, that he’d dump me as soon as my top came off. I no longer picture it going that way.”

“Do you have a boyfriend?”

“Nope. But one day I will. Thinking back on the summer, I have to say that being ‘one of the guys’ was fun. Good memories, but I can’t go topless here.”

“I expect you can.”

“Nope. Can’t. But . . . I just wanted to say ‘hi’ and ‘thank you.’”

“Again . . . you’re welcome. You’re a gorgeous woman. Call anytime.”

They said goodbye and Jill hung up. She was glad that she had called him. She hadn’t even bothered to ask him how he was doing, but she knew he’d still be wearing the cast. Talking about other things had seemed as if it might dilute her message. She’d wanted him to know of her gratitude. She expected that he cared enough about her that he’d be happy for her – even if it was clear that he wasn’t destined to be a part of her life going forward. Never again was she going to think that she was unattractive on account of having tiny breasts. It was indeed a good place to be!

“Ey, waz de scene, gyul?” Sanaa asked her when they met for dinner. It was an expression that she used regularly, but, as far as she knew, only around her. It was her way of asking, ‘What’s up?’ Sanaa used her dialect sparingly, but Jill was proud that she was beginning to understand more of it.

An hour later, as they were departing for the movie, Sanaa brought Mia up. “Whatever you do, don’t tell Mia that you are going hiking in the morning . . . and don’t mention Cory. She doesn’t need to know.”

Jill nodded her agreement. She was glad that Sanaa had brought it up so that she didn’t have to. She still expected that she was most likely not going on the hike, but the last thing that she needed was for Mia to sign up. Suddenly, she imagined a worst-case scenario.

If she canceled, that might put Mia in the position of being able to save the trip. That would reflect badly on her, positively on Mia, while, at the same time, giving Mia and Cory the perfect opportunity to get to know one another. Even in the unlikely event that she decided to go, she didn’t want Mia to come along on the excursion and be competing for Cory’s attention.

She didn’t like what she was seeing in herself. She was giving herself over to devious thoughts of the sort that she disliked when she observed them in others, but, to some extent, seeing Britt’s name on Mack’s cell phone had knocked her into crisis mode. Her past was threatening to intrude on her future in an unexpected and most unwelcome manner. How dare Britt do this to her! What right did she have to be interfering?

But even though she needed to be cunning as regards not telling Mia about the hike, she did want to be friendly. She liked Mia. She sent her a text reconfirming their meeting location for the 1926 film.

The three girls met and watched The General together. Jill ended up enjoying it a great deal. It was more of an action flick than she had been expecting. That made it easy to forget that it was a silent movie; there were very long stretches without pauses for dialogue screens.

The talk after the film pointed out a number of aspects of the movie that hadn’t occurred to Jill. Notably, that even though it was set in the Civil War, politics were completely absent. Buster Keaton (as Johnnie Gray) had two loves: his locomotive (The General), and his girl (Annabelle Lee). Everything he does is inspired by a deep conviction to save them both. Never do his thoughts or actions relate to the cause of the South in the war.

Jill was particularly impressed that Keaton did all his own stunts, many of which were clearly quite dangerous and had to be accomplished in one take. Special effects did not exist at the time, so to make it look as if something was happening, it was necessary for the actors to actually do whatever it was.

After the post-film discussion, she, Sanaa, and Mia again walked to the Sub. Going there for dessert seemed destined to become an integral part of their Friday night out. Jill hoped to one day be able to invite Cory to join them for the movie and for dessert, but that would have to wait.

Back at Colina Vista, Jill walked down to Olivia’s room. She was busy finalizing her daypack for the hike. Jill so very much wanted to confide in her, but she knew she couldn’t. How might she tell her that she was planning on staying behind, potentially ruining the hike for everyone – all because she had reason to believe that Mack was part of a plot to get her out of her clothes such that she would have no choice but to hike naked?

On the face of it, that sounded ridiculous. Olivia probably wouldn’t believe her – not unless she explained all the background at length. She certainly wasn’t about to do that. The best strategy that she’d been able to come up with was simply to be a no-show in the morning. And then, later when asked, she’d say that she’d had food poisoning or 24-hour flu symptoms during the night. Possibly her absence would cause the trip to be canceled, but maybe it would be so late that they’d proceed without her. That was what she was hoping might happen. Unfortunately, she couldn’t ask anyone about that. That would give everything away.

“Are you packed and ready to go?” Olivia asked.

Jill hadn’t anticipated the question. She hadn’t even started. “Umm . . . not yet,” she replied, realizing that she was going to need to go through the motions if she was expecting that Sanaa and Olivia would believe that she had been intending to go.

“Well, time’s a-wasting. I’ll help you.”

A minute later, Olivia was leading the way down the hall to Jill’s room. Jill followed along reluctantly while simultaneously doing her best to appear enthusiastic.

Once in her room, Jill started pulling out her boots, her backpack, and the clothes she had to choose from. Fortunately, she had taken some steps toward being ready prior to the shock of seeing Britt’s name flash across Mack’s screen. She’d obtained some juice pouches as well as some trail mix. Additionally, she still had treats from Britt and Jenna’s care package she could pack. It struck her as ironic that they were assisting by providing treats for the hike that they had ruined. Additionally, Jill had filled out a cafeteria form. A sack lunch would be waiting for her at breakfast in the morning. That had been what Mack had suggested that they all do.

In short order, she had her things packed and her clothes laid out for the morning. Jill was glad that she’d had Olivia’s help. She’d appreciated the distraction, and, most likely, Oliva would believe that she’d been planning to be there when she didn’t show up in the morning.

As she considered that, she imagined Olivia running back to the dorm to look for her. She expected that she’d have to put on a good act. She’d have to come across as convincingly sick. She wasn’t looking forward to that. She’d decided that nudity wasn’t going to make a liar out of her, and yet, here she was again. It seemed as if there were no easy solutions; she needed to be pragmatic. Given that she still seemed to be in Britt’s crosshairs, she needed to do what she needed to do.

Jill felt quite melancholy as she said goodnight to Olivia, but she did her best to hide it. Olivia had witnessed extreme degrees of enthusiasm as she’d poured her heart into signing up hikers the evening they’d met. It stretched the limits of her acting ability to be that same girl, given that she now knew that she wasn’t going.

As she climbed into bed and turned off her light, she allowed herself to wallow in despair as her thoughts turned to Cory. Would he be disappointed? Was he looking forward to the hike because he expected she’d be there? It was exasperating. The plan had been so perfectly constructed. Its destruction had been similarly perfect. Surely Britt and Jenna had no idea that they’d laid the groundwork for an ideal first date while simultaneously putting the pieces in motion for what appeared destined to ruin her chances with Cory completely. Possibly, she’d find a way to recover, but making a clean break from her summer of willingly hiking naked was all-important. Being careful in that regard trumped all else.

She rolled over and picked up her phone from where it was charging on the nightstand. She turned off the alarm she’d set. If Olivia did indeed come for her, it would be best if she discovered her still asleep. That would be a fitting condition to be found in. And then from there, she’d do her best to act as sick as possible.

Before falling asleep, Jill thoughts wandered back to the professor’s discussion of The General. He’d talked about how Buster Keaton had been able to gracefully interweave his exceptional athletic abilities with an occasional serious mistake as well as moments of sheer clumsiness. As Jill thought about it, she started to see herself in Buster Keaton.

Indeed, she was an outstanding athlete, both on and off the court; however, she had committed more than her share of consequential errors of judgment over the course of the summer. She thought back to her decision to swim naked to Sunken Island and then on to the far side of the lake. Twice that morning she’d made what she now knew had been grave mistakes. The second had been in a state of panic. She was at her worst when she panicked.

However, like Keaton, she could rise to the occasion when circumstances required. Her nude run down from the ridge to get help was a perfect example. Even clothed, she probably wouldn’t have done better. She smiled wondering if she had actually been faster because she had been completely unencumbered by clothing.

Most likely, no one would have been able to get help to David and Ryan more quickly. While she had always responded modestly whenever anyone had referred to her efforts as heroic, she’d kicked some serious butt that day – and she knew it! She wasn’t going to say it out loud, but she was very proud of what she’d been able to accomplish. She could move mountains when the chips were down!

Jill’s thoughts about what she had in common with Buster Keaton’s character reinforced her decision to avoid the hike. Possibly if she went she’d be able to keep her clothes on. Maybe she could have asked Olivia to carry an extra pair of shorts and a top for her in her daypack – an emergency stash – but how might she have explained that? Olivia might have said, “Carry them yourself.” And indeed doing so might work, but she couldn’t be certain. If she were to have her clothes taken from her, might she not also be deprived of her backpack?

She thought back to the day of her nude swim across Cache Lake. It had been quite the turning point. She shuddered as she recalled the indignation of being roped. Had that been the worst moment of the entire summer? Most likely, but there had certainly been others. Being tackled and handcuffed came to mind.

Swimming to Sunken Island and, later in Holden, going to the park to play basketball after midnight had seemed risky, but for some reason, she’d also deemed them safe enough. She needed to be a person who learned from experience. Going forward, she needed to avoid ALL such risk.

Somehow, she did fall asleep, but it took a long time. She revisited her choice at least another dozen times before finally dozing off, always concluding that she couldn’t go. That was how she tended to make important decisions. She would reweigh the various considerations over and over until the correct course of action revealed itself. It was a laborious process, but the hike and the opportunity it represented was very difficult for her to turn her back on.

**Chapter 218: Story Conclusion**

“Jill, Jill, Jill,” Sanaa was yelling, shaking her by the arm. “Your alarm must not have gone off. Weren’t you planning to be in the shower by now?”

As she opened her eyes, she recalled her plan. After a lengthy pause, she replied groggily, “I’m not feeling well.”

Sanaa walked to the window and yanked the curtain wide open. The early morning sunshine filled the room.

Jill looked at the time. “Shit! Shit! Shit!” she said hopping out of bed. Seconds later, shower tote in hand, she was racing down the hall to the Two West restroom. She had to hurry. Fortunately, thanks to Olivia, she was packed and ready to go.

In the shower, her thoughts returned to her typical decision-making process. This was exactly how it often went. She’d consider her options ad nauseum, and then at the final moment, she’d do exactly what she wanted to do. Maybe it didn’t make a lot of sense, but she wanted to go on the hike. She was going on the hike! Somehow things would work out.

She was no longer the girl she had been before her ‘one of the guys’ summer. Prior to that, she’d been a person who had run from her problems, often causing even bigger problems in the process. She was bound and determined to no longer be that girl. No more running! Sure there were risks, but she’d meet them head-on. She would overcome them! Somehow she’d achieved a level of self-confidence that would have been unfathomable to her prior self. Not only was she now proud of how she looked, clothed and naked, but she felt as if she was the equal of anything that might be thrown at her during the day. Somehow she’d keep her clothes on!

Indeed, what might Mack be able to do? Very little, right?! Even with accomplices, she wouldn’t be able to strip Jill or otherwise get her out of her clothes. She felt confident about that. It was reassuring to realize that every time she’d been naked had involved her complicity. She’d been caught spying on the boys – but that had happened because she’d been sneaking up on them at their campfire in just her panties. She’d ended up streaking through Cache Lake West – but that had happened because she’d gone swimming nude. Even the rockslide – she herself had taken off her clothes that morning, placing them in her tent. The answer was obvious. As long as she didn’t take off her clothes, she’d be fine. It seemed as if it ought to be quite safe to go hiking!

Arriving at the rendezvous location, she peered into the van. Cory was already inside. He was seated next to a window in the next to last row.

“Saving you a seat,” he said with a charming smile, patting the spot next to him.

“Thanks!” Jill replied. Her heart did a somersault. Cory had saved her a seat! She knew then and there that she had made the right decision. Maybe he really was interested in her! “I’ll be right there,” she added, racing to the back of the van to place her pack with the others.

A minute later, she was in what she considered the best seat in the van, Cory on her left and Olivia on her right.

She exchanged greetings and small talk with them as her eyes roamed the parking lot. Eventually, she found Mack. She was quite some distance away. She appeared to be alone; however, upon close inspection, Jill realized that she was talking to someone in a car.

Jill smiled to herself realizing that it looked to be a Korean sedan, small and white. In fact, it appeared to be an exact match for the one that Britt and Jenna owned.

“Are you all right?” Olivia asked.

Jill turned to face her, realizing that she must have had a worried look on her face. She smiled. “You bet I’m all right. Never better. We’re going to have a kick-ass day!” she replied, full of genuine enthusiasm.

Jill thought about hopping out and confronting the Copelands. She imagined that they were both in the car. How funny it would be to greet them warmly without the slightest hint of surprise in her voice. Hugs of welcome! That would surely throw them for a loop! She quickly decided not to. As it was, they had to be thinking that she was not expecting a thing. They imagined that they had the element of surprise, and yet she was the one with the element of surprise. That was golden! The more she knew and the less they knew, the better!

A few minutes later, Mack climbed in and took shotgun. As the trip organizer, her seat was the one next to the college-provided chauffeur.

“Everyone ready?” Mack asked enthusiastically, turning and looking back into the van full of students.

Her eyes fell upon Jill’s. They stared at one another. Jill smiled. How nice it was to be ‘in the know!’

“Ready!” Jill shouted along with everyone else.

After the van had pulled out of the parking lot a minute or two later, Jill glanced furtively back. She saw the white sedan following at a considerable distance.

Jill sucked in a breath as she turned and smiled at Cory. Yes, she was indeed ready – ready for fun, but also ready for everything and anything that they might throw at her. She was going to have a great hike and she was going to remain dressed. No way was she going to allow them to separate her from her clothes. However, that very morning, she had taken the time and done an impeccable job of shaving her pussy – just in case.

The END