**The Climb and The Fall**

by ClothesOffNow

June was hot in that year, but the breeze made it not so unbearable. If only the experience at Woodcrest Creek Camp was more pleasant.

Tuesday had arrived, the day the group was scheduled for a morning of climbing straight-after breakfast.

“I sure hope the instructors don’t make us climb too high,” spoke the timid Cassie.

She carefully moved the spoon into her mouth, a small milk moustache forming around her lips. She made sure to quickly wipe her face when she noticed Rachael, the group leader, smirking at her.

That was always Rachael’s thing – her smirk. It wasn’t malicious in nature and it wasn’t the kind of expression that was motherly either. Racheal’s smirk meant life was good and all was well in the world; her smirk was a sign that she was your friend.

“Oh, thank you,” Cassie responded as Heather joined the two girls at the table.

“Morning! I slept awful last night!” the third girl opened with, a comment to which Rachael teased, “I’m glad you didn’t swear this time. Keep that up and our group will start to regain those lost points again.” But Heather simply took a sip from her orange juice glass, ignoring-off the comment.

“Hey, I was only kidding,” smirked Rachael.

Once breakfast was finished the three girls made their way to the climbing site. Once there they stood before their mountain: a tall wooden scaffoled. All the way up the building large cylindrical poles dangled from ropes, each one higher than the last. Five poles in total for the girls to climb.

“I heard the climb is 12 metres,” Heather boasted, “are you sure you’ll be okay, Cassie?”

Cassie looked all the way up to the top of the scaffold, eyeing it back down to the ground. She stood right where she was although she had turned to bronze and Heather was sure she could see Cassie’s legs tremble ever so slightly, giving her incentive to push the younger girl further.

“Yes, it’s a long fuck-en way’up… maybe one of us will die.”

Ropes attached and harnesses strapping them in tight, the three girls were ready to go. Heather tackled the first pole with ease, making her way to the second pole before Rachael. Heather looked down below to Rachael, “try to catch-up,” she jeered.

Rachael lifted her leg onto the first pole, “I hate to see you doing so well, Heather,” she taunted, “you’re only going to get tired and then you will have to catch up to me.”

The race was on between the two girls. At the third pole, Heather struggled to place her foot up while Racheal had just managed to do so. “Only two poles left, you can do it!” she cheered to her opponent, who began staggering behind.

“I’m blaming this on not getting enough sleep last night. If I got eight hours of goddamn sleep I would have destroyed you,” Heather said.

On the fourth pole, Racheal’s attention was caught by the huffing-and-puffing coming from the first pole. Cassie was lying there, clearly exhausted from the effort of climbing. The group leader had to make a choice, proceed or help the team.

Still making her ascent, Heather’s face became level with Racheal’s shoe before connecting, getting hit square in the nose. “Hey, Racheal! Watch where you’re going!”

“I’m going back to help Cassie, sorry about your nose,” she said, smirking once more.

Still huffing-and-puffing, Cassie was met with a hand, “come my child, it is your time, let me take you to the top.”

Pole five, Heather stood proudly, peering down at her friends below. She was thrilled to have beaten her group leader in the race and imagine all the times she might bring it up just to prove she was a better scout. But the cool breeze began to pick up and the fifth pole, being the highest of all the poles, wobbled the most in the wind causing Heather to loose her balance. She slipped, falling head first towards the ground, silent from the horror of feeling her harness slowly slipping from her body. Luckily, her foot caught onto the pole above, but her harness made it’s way down her torso, hooking uncomfortably onto the waistband of her sweatpants.

Heather released a sigh when she realised she was safe from falling what would have probably been her inevitable death, but another problem emerged. The rope from which her harness was attached was still pulling upwards, and the black sweatpants from which the harness was attached soon followed.

Knowing she was in trouble, Heather desperately tried to reach-up to grab her waistband to stop it from moving. She latched on, fighting the rope’s fight, like a tug-of-war. She fought hard, but the harder she pulled the more her foot began to slide, threatening to let her fall the 12 metres. Deciding between death and utter-humiliation, Heather chose the more reasonable option.

Closing her eyes in preparation of what was to come, Heather let her arms fall back down beside her face and let the harness win the war, stifling a humiliated ‘eek’ as her pants were slowly pulled from her body.

Below, Racheal and Cassie had discontinued their climb to enjoy the show above. The look on Heather’s face was priceless as the waistband of her black sweatbands ever so slowly slid down her legs and the waistband of her light-blue panties came into view. Each second, more and more of her cute blue panties where revealed, until the pants slid right-off her legs entirely.

Heather put both her hands over her reddening face. She was completely helpless.

A million giggles came from below.

“Nice panties, Heather!” Rachael called-out, smirking, “you always seemed like the kind of girl who would wear more mature panties, but I guess blue really does suit you!”

“Heather, are you okay? Your sweatpants fell back down to the ground, we can climb-up and give them back to you, so you cover-up before the boys have their turn to climb. We’ll try to climb as quick as we can.”

Heather’s mind immediately imagined the thought of the boys seeing her in this predicament and her hands shot to cover herself-up.

The breeze blew that day where the breeze did not normally blow and Heather cringed when she thought of how many times Rachael would bring this day up in days to come.