**What was Found When Lost**

by[Requiax](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=3095865&page=submissions)©

*Going to a nudist getaway was never my idea. But to give him the benefit of the doubt, it wasn't Todd's idea either.*  
Todd was my boyfriend, and he was a freelance writer. His main bread and butter wasthinkpieces and experience reports for various hip websites and blogs. When we first met he called himself a 'travel writer' but he didn't actually seem to go to many far-off places, at least while we were together. What he did do, though, was get sent by editors to various quirky bars, restaurants and venues in and near to our state, to write up how they were for somebody who had never experienced their like before.  
  
That was how we ended up visiting Sunny Rest nudist resort.  
  
Sunny Rest was miles from anywhere, a real backwoods place, and had been operating as a nudist resort for about thirty years. Todd told me that an editor had been looking for a millennial couple to go along to the resort and try nudism for the first time, then write up their experience. Hardly Pulitzer-winning stuff, five minutes with Google could find you ten articles with the same premise, but I guess the particular site Todd was working for hadn't gotten around to doing that story yet. And, Todd explained, none of the staff writers had been exactly keen, so his name had been thrown into the ring as a hip young freelancer (he's your typical bearded, tattooed twenty-something guy, but mercifully he's light on the pretentiousness of the hipster crowd) or, more likely, as someone who would do anything short of eating live scorpions if there was a paycheck in it.  
  
He broke the news to me almost apologetically. For the story to work, he couldn't go by himself, so he needed me to accompany him. I'd have to go to the resort with him, spend a day there -- and I'd have to be naked.  
  
"It's just for work," he explained, "just for a day"... but he needn't have worried. While for a lot of women the idea of going up into the wild blue yonder and spending a day running around naked in front of a bunch of complete strangers would be the cause of much blushing and anxiety, I've always been rather unaffected by modesty. I was no nudist, and I have plenty I dislike about my body, but I've never really felt as though it would be a horrible experience to be nude somewhere like a nudist beach or resort. I'm a nude sleeper anyway, and so casual nudity in front of Todd was a fact of life for me -- the prospect of expanding that to be me being casually naked in front of a bunch of people I would never see again after that day didn't fill me with dread. In fact, my biggest worry was how I'd feel about seeing other people naked -- would I stare? Laugh? Get excited, even? What if I ended up behaving contrary to what was expected of a visitor to Sunny Rest -- would I be asked to leave because I couldn't stop laughing at all the exposed peen?  
  
We'd made our reservations without disclosing the reasons why we were there. Todd didn't want to get any "special treatment" because he was a "journalist", he wanted to write about how the resort came across to a regular punter. So as far as anyone knew, we were just newbie nudists wanting to give the resort experience a go for no reason other than that it seemed like fun.  
  
I wasn't hung up on fears of being naked in front of others, but in the run-up to our trip I did develop an uncharacteristically vain streak, booking myself in for various waxings and other grooming and body-improvement techniques. I'm average height, build and fitness for a twenty-five year-old white girl, but it understandably became important that I look my best unclothed, for reasons that I'm sure you'll understand. That vanity was a little contagious -- the night before our trip, making love to Todd, I noticed he'd taken the time to trim and sculpt the hair around his cock and balls in a manner he didn't usually feel the need to bother with. I wasn't complaining though!  
  
Our first visit was every cliché you can think of. Leather-tanned naked old folks playing shuffleboard, an endless parade of people who looked like our parents, only naked -- but everyone was incredibly welcoming, friendly and attentive to our needs and feelings as self-confessed newbies. We both surrendered our clothes on arrival, not wanting to appear out of place given that not a single person there was dressed, but I soon grew accustomed to my nudity and lost any worry I might have had about how to act and behave when naked in a social environment.  
  
Despite the resort's demographic skewing towards the over-50s crowd, a peculiar thing happened -- both Todd and I started to enjoy ourselves. The weather was beautiful, the woods surrounding the resort were majestic and tranquil, and being naked in the open air was both relaxing and invigorating. I didn't miss my clothes at all, especially when I was laying in the sun with a strong drink, or splashing around in the resort's swimming pool -- and nor, apparently, did Todd.  
  
Our drive home, and some time after, was spent enthusiastically recapping our adventure, and it wasn't long before we'd booked a return trip -- no article involved this time, just for us.  
  
Our second visit was just as enjoyable as the first, another day of clothes-free bliss in the sun and the trees and the water -- with just one fly in the ointment.  
  
Her name was Christina.  
  
She'd not been there the first time we visited, having been away at college. The daughter of the resort's owners -- 19 years old.19 years old and drop-dead gorgeous.19 years old, drop-dead gorgeous, and as enthusiastic a nudist as anyone else in her family.  
  
She was vivacious, engaging, funny, confident, intelligent without being condescending -- and totally thrilled that some younger folk had opted to visit a resort where most of the regulars were the same age as her parents. She was lovely, excited and welcoming.  
  
I hated her immediately.  
  
It wasn't just her headful of luxuriant, shining blonde hair, wide blue eyes and winning, adorable smile. It wasn't just her perky, lush, youthful breasts, her slender waist, flat stomach, subtle curves, tight butt, perfect bikini wax and flawless golden tan. I mean, it was those things -- I couldn't help compare my own petite, imperfect figure to hers and come up wanting. But it was more than just simple vanity that set me against her -- it was the fact that as soon as she appeared on the scene, I became invisible to Todd. It's not exactly a good feeling to be completely naked in front of your boyfriend and yet have his attention entirely elsewhere, especially if that elsewhere is a woman six years younger than you who has been given, by God and nature, a rack that you could only achieve with the help of Miami's finest cosmetic surgeons and a sugar-daddy's bank account.  
  
What made it worse, a million times worse, was that she clearly found Todd's attention not just flattering but welcome, and appeared to find my boyfriend just as fascinating as he found her.  
  
Very quickly, as it became apparent that Christina intended to be our close companion for the whole day, I began to feel like a third wheel. We sat by the pool, the three of us, Todd between myself and Christina -- but I might as well have been on the moon for all the attention I was paid. My subtle, and less-than-subtle, efforts to steer the conversation -- and my boyfriend's eyes -- back to me were all failing to hit their target, so I sat and pouted, which in hindsight I realise probably only made Christina shine more in comparison.  
  
Eventually though, I even got tired of pouting. The resort boasted woodland trails, wild but still within its grounds, which patrons could hike and wander through without needing to be clothed. It had promised to be the ultimate "back to nature" experience -- a nude sojourn into the woods -- and Todd and I had been very keen to sample it this visit.  
  
I reminded my distracted boyfriend of this, and to my relief it seemed to work, as Todd responded enthusiastically to my suggestion that we take a walk and we both stood up to make a move. Relief turned to annoyance, though, when Todd turned to Christina and asked if she would like to come along.  
  
The blonde goddess smiled thoughtfully. "No, thank you," she said at last. "I would, I love the trails, but I had a late one last night and I'd rather just chill by the pool today."  
  
I almost sagged with relief -- as Christina had declined, I could now take Todd off by himself to an isolated spot, and if necessary beat him to death with a tree branch. Well, that's maybe a bit drastic, but I was definitely going to give him a piece of my mind, and a reminder that he was supposed to be dating me, not Miss Nude USA there.  
  
But then...  
  
"Um, actually babe," Todd said, awkwardly, "I'm, uh, not really feeling it myself. Maybe we could hang out here a bit longer?"  
  
He probably thought I didn't notice his eyes darting over the entirety of Christina's naked body as he stammered his excuse out.  
  
I said nothing. I fixed him with a look that I hoped said "how stupid do you think I am?" and he had the good grace to at least blush.  
  
Then I smiled.  
  
It wasn't a nice smile. It wasn't a happy smile. It was the smile of a woman who has HAD ENOUGH of sitting and watch her supposed-to-be boyfriend flirt his way through the day with a naked blonde co-ed.  
  
"Okay," I said eventually. "Fine. Well, I am 'feeling it'. So I'm gonna go for a walk. In the woods.By myself. You two stay here." My smile grew wider and more humourless, until it was practically a grimace. "Enjoy each other's company," I said through gritted teeth. Then I turned on my heel and stormed off in the direction of the gate that marked the entrance to the woodland path.  
  
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I barely noticed my surroundings. The woodland was wild and beautiful but all I could think about was how pissed I was at Todd.  
  
The worst part was, this wasn't an isolated incident. Oh, the fact that everyone was naked was new, but the whole experience of having my boyfriend more interested in blatant flirting with other women than he was in spending time with me was, tragically for me, not. In fact, it had been a factor in our relationship from the early days and although we'd not been together all that long, it had been long enough to have finally taught me that he wasn't going to change his habits. Many's the time we'd been out in a bar or club and I'd come back from the bathroom to have him introduce me to Misty or Lisa or Sia or some other chick that he'd gotten talking to in my absence, who just so happened to be a phenomenal looker with a great personality.  
  
Oh, nothing would happen. Todd wouldn't go off with these girls. He'd still go home with me. But I'd spend my evening playing second fiddle to a woman I couldn't help but feel he would prefer to leave with.  
  
Of course, I'd confront him about it. I'd get mad and yell, or I'd get hurt and cry, and he'd soothe me and reassure me. He wasn't interested in anyone but me, I was crazy to think otherwise. He was just being outgoing, friendly, meeting new people. It didn't mean anything, it was just his personality, he couldn't help but "connect" with people very easily and quickly.  
  
And I would dry my eyes and calm down and I'd nod and say, yes, that makes sense actually, after all, we did connect very quickly, our first date ended up with us spending an entire day together -- and the night, too. And why shouldn't a guy be "friendly" to women, just the way he was with other guys? Todd had a big personality, everybody loved him -- was it really so surprising that other women wanted to get to know him? I should be proud to have such a great guy in my life -- and he was in my life, he was still sticking with me, even if he was a bit of a flirt with other girls.  
  
This is what I'd tell myself every time I suspected that my boyfriend was a hair's breadth from cheating on me, to make myself forgive him and stay with him.  
  
But now, as I walked briskly through a strange forest wearing only a pair of sneakers, leaving Todd sitting by a pool making goo-goo eyes at a naked blonde teenager, I was finally waking up to the idea that maybe my boyfriend was kind of a jerk.  
  
I think it was the nakedness factor that had made it hit home for me. It was one thing to see him in action in the sort of meat-market environment of the local bars and clubs -- full of people turned out in their best get-up, determined to attract the opposite sex. You couldn't help but act up in that sort of environment, with all the pheromones in the air, the alcohol flowing and the music playing.  
  
But the nudist resort was such a sexless place, in spite of all the nudity. It was a place where, we'd come to understand, the interplay of smuttiness between the sexes just wasn't really on the cards. In both our visits, in spite of the fact that (until Christina had appeared) I had been the youngest, and most attractive, woman in attenBriance, I'd never been made to feel like an object of lust by the numerous, older, men in attenBriance. I'd not been offended by that -- it hadn't caused me to doubt my own attractiveness. I look pretty alright, clothes on or off. While it's true I don't have the sort of body a girl like Christina has, neither do ninety per cent of the women on this planet. And in that remaining ninety, I'd put myself in the group of people who look, well, pretty good. I don't struggle to stay slim, even if my belly is a little soft. My skin is clear and my hair, although a mousy brown, largely does what it's supposed to when I want it to. I'm shorter than average but not to the point where I feel like the "little woman" in a crowd. I don't have big tits, but I've never felt that what I do have is cause for complaint to Mother Nature either. My butt maybe needs a little toning but I've also had the word "cute" applied to it by more than one person, so who cares?  
  
My point is, dressed as I currently was -- well, undressed -- I felt pretty good about myself, and had I walked into a club in my present naked state, I didn't think it egotistical of me to say I would have had no shortage of approving attention. But at the nudist resort my youth and attractiveness held no particular importance, no matter how naked I was. The folks there were so accustomed to nakedness, and so relaxed and comfortable about their own state of being, that there didn't seem to be any overt sexualisation of mine or anyone else's bodies during our time there.  
  
But now, Todd had met Christina, and he'd managed to overcome the entire chilled-out, sexless atmosphere of the place to fall back into his typical manner of interaction with an attractive member of the opposite sex. He'd been on Christina from the moment she'd skipped her naked self into view and he was doing that here, where naughtiness, despite the constant nudity, was the last thing on most people's minds. That had finally opened my eyes to the fact that, if I was to list what I actually needed in a serious partner, the ability to control their need to undisguisedly eye-hump and blatantly flirt with every hot piece of ass he they met would be high up there.  
  
I marched through the forest, giving little heed to my direction or the terrain, mentally listing all the wrongs Todd had done me. In a way, I think I was psyching myself up for what, I expected, would be a conversation on the car ride home that would lead to Todd and I no longer being a couple. I wasn't going to dump him purely because he'd come to a place like this -- a place where we had come specifically to be naked and enjoy one another's company -- and spent the entire time ignoring me in favour of a girl who had a better body than me. But that was the final straw, the icing on the cake, the icing on the straw, on top of a pile of other things that I'd previously written off and brushed aside, telling myself, he's a great guy, cut him some slack when, in truth, I now rather suspected I'd been a bit of a doormat the entire time.  
  
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At this point, if someone else was telling this story, they would draw attention to the fact that I didn't notice the missing fencing, the gap that I passed through without realising, and that that I remained unaware that the trail I was following had suddenly become a lot less well-trodden. That omniscient narrator would be able to explain exactly how I managed to leave the relatively anodyne grounds of the nudist resort, and enter the true wilderness beyond, where I went after that, and how it was that I came to be completely and hopelessly lost.  
  
But there isn't one, so you'll just have to figure it out for yourselves, like I did later.  
  
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Realising I was lost in the woods was a gradual process.  
  
At first, I thought I'd doubled back on myself. Where I stood, alone and naked under the vast and silent trees, seemed like somewhere I had been before, and I took that as a sign that I was on my way back to the resort proper. Having been walking for maybe forty minutes (I wasn't wearing a watch -- or anything -- so I had no idea of the actual time) I reasoned it was probably about the time to head back, and so I set off in the direction I thought the resort was.  
  
Another fifteen or twenty minutes later, having passed by no familiar sights, I had to conclude that this wasn't the way to go after all. But I didn't feel worried yet. After all, the whole area of the resort wasn't exactly vast, if I walked around long enough, I was bound to get back to where I could at least see the buildings. So I changed direction and headed off to where I thought now I needed to go.  
  
Another five or ten minutes or so and I began to suspect I might not be where I thought I was at all. Five minutes of now more hopeless wandering later, surrounded by apparently identical trees with no clear idea of the direction to head in, panic began to rise in me.  
  
I was in a forest in a strange part of the state, where I had never been before.  
  
I didn't even know exactly how long I'd been walking or how far away I was from where I needed to be.  
  
I had no food and no water.  
  
I had no suitable outdoor clothing.  
  
I was in fact not wearing any clothes of any kind.  
  
And now I was lost.  
  
I clutched at hopes. I ran back along the way I had come, hoping to retrace my steps. When that didn't help I picked a direction at random, my leg muscles and bones jarring as I bounded over the uneven, unfamiliar terrain, telling myself the familiar sight of the resort would be just around the next corner or up the next bank, heart sinking each time it wasn't.  
  
Eventually I realised that none of that was helping and, suddenly terrified and miserable, I sank down, sitting bare-assed on the loamy forest floor, and began to cry.  
  
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That didn't last long.  
  
I'm not the sort of person who gives up that easily. Soon I was clearing the tears from my eyes with the back of my arm, getting to my feet and brushing myself clean.  
  
I needed to take stock of my situation, I told myself. What did I have?  
  
1) A forest. Big.Possibly vast. How far did the forest go? We'd driven up tree-lined highways for several dozen miles before we arrived at the gates of Sunny Rest, and there was no telling how much more forest lay beyond the resort's grounds. I had no idea what the local terrain was, whether there was water nearby, a river or creek or stream. I had no idea if there were cliffs or canyons. I didn't know what the native wildlife was. Were there bears in this forest? Cougars?Wolves?Bigfoot? I was clueless.  
  
But, I told myself, the forest wasn't exposed. There were trees here, plants, wood. If I needed to, I could find or make some kind of shelter, however crappy or temporary that might be.  
  
Still, it wasn't exactly reassuring. What else did I have?  
  
2) Me. A twenty-five year old woman.Someone who has lived their whole life in towns and cities. Someone who, until today, had viewed the wilderness as something to be watched on television from afar, not experienced up close. Oh, I'd been fine with walking the well-kept, signposted trails at the resort, but now it was as if I'd broken through the side of my kiddie pool and found myself adrift in the open ocean. I was woefully under-prepared for this experience. I had no idea how to navigate in woods like these. I could barely see the sun and even if I could have, I wouldn't have known how to use it to find north or south or whatever. And even if I did know that, I didn't know which direction the resort lay in.

I was also woefully under-equipped. I was wearing a pair of Nike sneakers, a pinkie ring, and NOTHING ELSE. I had no clothes with me, they were sitting in a locker at the Sunny Rest resort. Ditto my wristwatch. My phone was in my bag which I had, in my hurry to be away from Todd and Christina, left by the pool.  
  
I attempted to reassure myself. The air was warm and the weather forecast for today, and for the next few days (if it came to it) was good. While running around naked in the forest wasn't the most sensible way to spend my time, the fact that I had no clothes on was unlikely to see me come to any more harm than if I was out here lost and fully-dressed.  
  
In fact, my nudity itself was reassuring because it reminded me where I had come from. I'd gotten lost hiking around outside at a nudist resort, where people would notice me missing, and where people knew where I had gone. Todd and I were only supposed to be visiting for a day, come evening we'd be expecting to leave and head for home. He'd worry when I didn't return, alert someone at the resort (as they were located in the forest they'd know the area better) and people would go out to look for me. It might take all night, but someone would find me and take me home.  
  
I didn't want to sit and wait it out, though. I wasn't comfortable with not knowing where I was. I might not know how to get back, but that didn't mean I couldn't make sure to put myself somewhere that I'd be easier for a search party to know the area to find. If there was a landmark, or a water source, or even if I could find a highway, I'd stand a better chance of getting found than if I stayed in the middle of the dense forest, I told myself.  
  
I decided to try to follow a route downhill wherever I could. I figured that going uphill meant I would be heading deeper into the forest and hills beyond, and that wouldn't be smart because it would take people looking for me longer to find me. But if I tried to keep in one direction and head downhill, I might be able to put myself closer to the resort.  
  
It wasn't much, but to me it was logical enough, and I set off.  
  
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As I explored the forest, tentatively, now much more aware of where I was, I also regained awareness of my own nudity. Since arriving at the resort, being bare had felt so natural and normal (because everyone there was walking around in their birthday suits) that I'd stopped feeling, well, naked. I don't mean to say it was no different to if I was dressed -- there would be little point driving upstate to a place where one could walk and tan and swim and socialise in the nude if it felt the exact same as if one were at home with clothes on. But I did more or less stop thinking of myself as explicitly naked in the way I might if I were somewhere else... like, say, the middle of a forest, God-knows how far from safety and civilisation.  
  
Now I was here, alone and unclothed, I felt much more exposed, and afraid. But curiously, with that fear, with the adrenaline fuelling my animalistic need to run and hide and protect myself, came a weird and surprising sense of excitement. I started at every noise, my hair on end, my arms prickling with goosebumps, my nipples stiff and prominent. As I walked, fear and excitement began to evolve into arousal.  
  
I had never masturbated outdoors before. I don't think that's unusual. It just wasn't something that I'd had the opportunity to explore. Self-love was done in private, in my bedroom or bathtub -- my few experiences of sexy times outdoors had been in company, never solo. But now I found myself leaning against a tree, the bark warm and rough against my bare back, my hand going unbidden between my legs as I massaged labia swollen with desire, surprised by my own wetness, slipping a finger between them and inside myself as I stimulated my clit with a hooked thumb.  
  
I felt like an animal, like a wild woman, as I pleasured myself. I didn't fear discovery -- who around here was there to stumble upon me (and, the logical part of my brain reasoned, if someone found me, it would mean rescue, for which the embarrassment of being caught frigging myself in the middle of a forest would be an acceptable price)? So I let myself go with wild abandon, succumbing to a naturalistic, primitive ecstasy I had never felt before. I clenched my thighs tightly, my working hand between them, my mouth slack with lust and my eyes wild, and at last my orgasm came forth, like fireworks within me, and I cried out wordlessly, without restraint, sounds I never even knew I could make, before falling to the floor, dizzy, my bare skin soaked with sweat.  
  
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My arousal spent, reality began to re-intrude. No longer did I feel the animal thrill of being alone and nude in the wilderness. As I got shakily to my feet I found that masturbating had, of course, provided exactly zero solutions to my immediate problems -- I was still lost in the forest and I still didn't have any clothes on, and once again worry and panic began to prey on me.  
  
I was beginning to tire, and I was incredibly thirsty. While I had no concept of how much time had really passed, I suspected it had been something like an hour since I had realised I was lost, which made it maybe two since I had left Todd and Christina at the resort. For most of that time I'd been walking the unfamiliar woodland, no idea of my direction, and it was beginning to make me feel weary. Masturbating had burned more energy and my orgasm had left me exhausted, not invigorated. My progress from here on was much slower and I now frequently stumbled and tripped on exposed roots, or slid down loose dirt banks, until my bare skin was grimy and I was scratched all over. The undergrowth was becoming more dense, and I was on the point of giving up and retracing my steps back to friendlier ground when, off in the distance, I noticed the trees were less close together and, as I drew closer, I realised what I was seeing.  
  
A stretch of asphalt.  
  
I'd found a highway.  
  
I ran towards it, half-mad with relief; it took a lot of my restraint not to throw myself down onto the ground and kiss the warm asphalt like some cartoon sailor washed up on a beach after months adrift at sea.  
  
I still had no idea where I was, but I was no longer lost among the trees. If this was the highway, it would eventually lead to salvation. Either to a town or some place people lived, where I could find clothing, water, and a telephone -- or even, if I was truly lucky, back to Sunny Rest. Plus, while this was an isolated part of the world, I might be able to flag down a passing motorist to rescue me, and my ordeal would be ended all the sooner.  
  
I looked around, trying to remember if this was the same highway Todd and I had driven along earlier in the day, but it seemed unfamiliar and lacking in distinctive features. There were no landmarks, signposts or buildings in sight, just dense forest either side of the narrow road. I could be only a few hundred yards from civilisation, or I could be miles from it. It might be just around the corner in one direction, while if I took the opposite route it might be hours before I found a home or outpost or store.  
  
I stood for a moment, undecided, then with a shrug of my shoulders (for whose benefit, I don't know -- who was there to see me?) I picked a direction and began to walk.  
  
In spite of the fact that I was now in a place where mankind's imprint on nature was impossible to ignore, I felt no particular need to cover or conceal my nakedness. I was still alone after all, and hobbling along with my arm folded across my breasts and my hand covering my pussy seemed a pointless endeavour no matter how exposed I felt. I could worry about being seen naked when I found my way back to the world -- for now progress was the important thing. So I tried to walk as if I were fully clothed -- confident, rhythmic strides, arms swinging, head up and constantly listening for the sound of an oncoming vehicle or some other signifier of other human beings. Getting rescued now was more important than modesty, I told myself -- if I saw a car or truck, I would wave it down no matter what it meant the driver saw of me, as long as I could get them to stop and to drive me back to Sunny Rest. In a strange way, it made me feel alive, walking nude by the side of the highway, a little bit of nature following the path of man.  
  
But my goodness, this was not a busy highway. Not a single vehicle disturbed the peace and tranquillity of the afternoon, no truck or car sped past me sounding their horn at the sight of my bare butt before screeching to a halt to offer me a ride. I began to suspect this was not the route Todd and I had taken to Sunny Rest, but some seldom-accessed backroad in the forest, only travelled by those who needed to get from one specific place to another -- and they few in number.  
  
Still, I reasoned, it had to lead somewhere, and so I kept walking.  
  
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I saw him before he saw me.  
  
I was just cresting a bend in the road when I spied the roof of the truck. It was a big pick-up, a Ford or similar, parked up just off the highway. The hood was popped, and a man was leaning over, looking into the engine.  
  
I froze, parallel thoughts occupying my brain. On the one hand, relief -- I'd finally found someone else out here. Someone with a vehicle, to boot; pretty much all I needed to finally end this ordeal.  
  
But self-preservation was also demanding a say. I'd told myself getting rescued was more important than not being seen naked by a complete stranger... but now I was in this situation, I wasn't so sure. Here I was, five feet and some change tall, a petite little girl, butt-naked out in the middle of nowhere; if the man up ahead turned out to be a bad guy, well he might very well take my gender, lack of clothing and complete inability to look like I could defend myself as an invitation to make my day even worse than it already had been. I wanted to get rescued; I didn't want to get punched in the face and wake up in some redneck rape dungeon.  
  
In the end, fear won out and like lightning I left the highway and ducked down into the undergrowth that ran alongside it, hoping that would be enough to conceal me.  
  
I had a better view from here and, barely daring to breathe lest I risk discovery, I watched the scene ahead.  
  
The motorist was alone. His vehicle was indeed a big ol' Ford pickup truck, battered and well-used. He was taking a few tools out of the back, and appeared to be trying them on something under the hood, but evidently each one he tested wasn't quite right for the job in hand and he'd after a few moments set it aside and reach for something different.  
  
He was an older guy, with tanned arms and face and salt-and-pepper grey hair. He was tall, and the way his grey t-shirt clung to him betrayed a surprisingly impressive physique which, in my mind, I instantly ascribed to a life of hard work outdoors and not the gym workouts a guy like Todd used to keep himself sculpted. Along with the t-shirt, which was marked with sweat and with grease from the truck's engine, he was dressed in a pair of well-worn blue jeans, held up by a belt with a big, heavy buckle. From my position, I couldn't see his feet, but I assumed to myself he had to be wearing cowboy boots of some sort, just to complete the cliché.  
  
Apparently out of options for whatever he was trying to do to get his truck going again, he straightened up, carefully put down his tools and leaned back against the side of the truck, folding his strong-looking arms across his broad chest. He had a handsome profile, of the sort that age it seemed had improves rather than spoiled.  
  
Hiding in the bushes, I began to feel a little light-headed at some of the thoughts that were swimming unbidden to the forefront of my mind!  
  
I had a choice now. I could hide out in the brush until the guy either fixed his truck and went on his way, or until I was able to sneak back the way I'd come and out of sight. Or I could reveal my presence, approach him and find out if he was able to help me with either my lack of clothing, or my lost state.  
  
I thought hard. I tried to imagine what a hillbilly rapist might look like. Some big ugly guy named Bubba in a pair of coveralls, three teeth or fewer, chewing on a hay stalk, maybe.  
  
This guy didn't look like that. He looked like the old timer sheriff in the primetime rural crime show, the guy who's seen it all, who all the deputies look up to, the rock they all depend on, the one-hundred per-cent good guy. He looked like the sort of guy who knows all there is to know about horses or engines or both and spends all the time he can with either because he simply finds people disagreeable in comparison.  
  
He looked like the sort of guy who it was easy for me to make up a compelling backstory about in order to reassure myself that he wasn't going to react to the sight of little ol' naked me out here in the wild by slurring something about being "a long way from home, city girl" and pinning me down while his brothers take turns.  
  
Cautiously, slowly, I stood up and, covering my breasts and my pussy as best I could with my hands, I croaked out, "hey Mister? Can you help me?"  
  
The stranger turned with slow precision towards me as I drew closer. His eyes widened in his weathered, curiously handsome face as he saw who had spoken.  
  
"Please," I stammered. "Please help me. I've been walking in the woods for an hour. I'm totally lost and I don't have a phone or... any clothes."  
  
He didn't answer me at first. He slowly unfolded his arms, letting them hang by his sides, and looked me over. I blushed deeper than ever as his eyes travelled the whole length of my body more than once. I was left with no doubt that he clearly found the sight of me appearing naked apparently from nowhere to be more than a little intriguing, and I felt very aware that my method of trying to cover myself with my hands was not really concealing a lot.  
  
"How come you've no clothes on, miss?" he asked eventually.  
  
"I'm from the resort... from Sunny Rest, the, uh, nudist resort. Off Route 95? They have trails in the woods you can hike without... like this? I was on one and I must've got turned around without realising, 'cause I lost the trail and I didn't know where to go to get back."  
  
He nodded, once, with a short exhalation of breath. Then he grinned.  
  
"Rookie mistake," he said. "You must be from out of town."  
  
I tried to return the smile. "What gave it away?"  
  
"Well, you ain't dressed like a local." He raised an eyebrow. I swallowed nervously. His voice was deep, with a local accent and a warm timbre. Up close, I could see he was definitely on the handsome side, and his eyes on me, not to mention his repeatedly going to the subject of my lack of clothing, were doing something to me that I wasn't sure I was entirely comfortable with.  
  
"Well," I said, trying to sound confident, "do you have something I could wear, maybe? Or a phone so I can call the resort, have them send someone to pick me up?"  
  
He didn't answer at first, but took a couple of steps closer. "Nothin' you can wear out here," he said slowly. "'cept the clothes on my back, and you'll understand I'm using those."  
  
"A phone, then, at least."  
  
"Sorry" he replied, "would've been mighty useful for myself to have one but they don't work much out here so I never felt the need before." I looked crestfallen, but he continued. "I can give you a ride back to civilisation, though."  
  
"Oh, thank you!" I exclaimed -- but he wasn't finished. He took a few more steps forward and grinned again.  
  
"But first, you gotta do something for me."  
  
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"It's almost in, I can almost fit it."  
  
"You're sure? It's pretty small in there."  
  
"Yeah, I can do it. Just gotta..."  
  
"You wanna grease it up some more?"  
  
"No, it's good, just... help me push it in."  
  
I could feel the part just out of reach, my slim fingers reaching deeper into the engine. I'd almost got it but my first few tries had caused it to slip further out of reach. I was determined to get it though -- my ride depended on it.  
  
The big old-timer, whose name I had discovered was Brian, had been stranded at the side of the road because something had come astray in the engine of his truck, and loose and rattling round had done some damage that would need attention. He'd pulled over to try and retrieve it before it did any more harm but none of the tools he had on him was even remotely right to reach into the engine and hook it loose. If he'd managed to make it back to town before something important broke in the engine, he'd have been looking at a day's work or more to get the engine out, apart and fixed -- but Brian, with his big strong arms, didn't have a lot of other options.  
  
Then suddenly along comes a slender little (naked) city girlie with slim arms and little hands, and I guess he figured I might stand a good chance of getting between all the bits and bobs of the engine and just being able to yank out the loose part, and I was happy to oblige.  
  
I'd given up pretending to modesty around him. I was pressed up against the hood of the massive truck, bent over and reaching over into the workings --there was no possibility of me covering myself and besides, once I'd revealed all I'd started to feel strangely comfortable naked in his presence. He'd been genuinely apologetic that he'd nothing to give me to cover up with, especially as I was now grease-marked all over my bare front and arms; but as he pointed out, it was just him out here, and he'd not been expecting to have to clothe a lost nude hiker who had stumbled across him. He could have gone back into town to get me something but without the truck it would take him maybe an hour or more to get there and back, so the truck needed fixing first.  
  
I think the hillbillyact had just been a bit of a joke, a tease on me. I got the sense he'd found it pretty funny when he realised I'd been wandering round naked in the woods all afternoon and decided to prank me a little with his Deliverance routine. In actuality, once he'd explained what the favour he'd wanted from me actually was, he'd been a perfect gentleman; albeit one who made no effort to disguise the fact that he found the sight of me appealing, and was enjoying the fact I was not trying to cover myself up around him.  
  
That, too, I found more than a little exciting. After Todd's act at Sunny Rest, after he treated me like I was almost invisible in favour of Miss Nude USA, it was nice to be in the company of a man who liked what he saw of me, even if he was seeing ALL of me.  
  
He was, as I may have mentioned, handsome himself. I wouldn't say I've ever had a thing for older guys, but Brian seemed to be sparking some hitherto undiscovered places of my mind. I couldn't help but admire his brawny arms, salt-n-pepper hair and -- yes, that was a faded USMC tattoo on his bicep. In a weird sort of way, he reminded me of my daddy, and Sigmund Freud would have been having a field day with what that was currently doing to my libido.  
  
But there was no time to be coy, I had a job to do.  
  
"I can almost reach," I grunted. "Can you maybe give me a boost though? Pick me up?"  
  
Two looks crossed his face at once. One seemed to be an anxiety of manners -- after all, I was a naked girl and he was a gentleman, who was now being asked to lay hands on my person. The other couldn't believe his luck, because I was a naked girl and he was being asked to lay hands on my person. He didn't hesitate long though, and I felt rough, warm, confident hands grasp me about the waist and, with barely any effort, hoist me up. He pressed against me -- the sensation of his clothing against my skin after so many hours naked was strange, but pleasant -- and bracing myself against him I leaned deeper into the engine cavity.  
  
Straining, I finally grasped the bent metal in my hand and began the slow process of extricating it. I could have done it quicker but in all honesty, I was enjoying myself too much -- feeling Brian's strong, warm body press me against the truck, smelling his earthy, sweaty scent... I fancied I could even feel his prick growing stiff and forceful underneath his jeans as he held me.

Something was coming over me -- over us both, in fact.  
  
I decided to test myself a little. I rolled my hips, just a tiny bit, just to grind my bare ass a fraction against Brian. I heard his breath catch in his throat for a second, and grinned to myself. The intimacy of our position was not lost on him, then -- nor was he finding it anything other than enjoyable.  
  
With a metallic noise, my hand slid from the engine, bringing the errant part with it. "Yes!" I exclaimed happily, turning myself around. I was quicker than Brian's reaction though, and he was still pressing up close to me as I moved -- exactly what I wanted. I looped my arms around his strong neck, registering his surprised expression with a grin.  
  
"Now that's sorted," I said mischievously, "is there anything else I can do for you?"  
  
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Was I myself, then? Was I doing this because I was mad at my (soon to be ex) boyfriend for making me feel like chopped liver next to a marginally younger model? Was it simply that Brian and I found a chemistry, an attraction between us, that my current naked state had made impossible to resist? Or was it something more, some recurrence of that primal spirit that had gripped me when I'd pleasured myself earlier; a compulsion to give into natural animal instincts; to run, to hide, to fuck.  
  
All I knew was that I couldn't let my encounter with Brian end on platonic terms. I craved his touch, longed for him to fill me up and fuck me like I've not been fucked in a long time.  
  
There was no need for foreplay. The Atlantic Ocean was between my legs-- I've never been wetter in my life than I was then and there. He picked me up, those strong hands around my little waist again, and sat me on the tailgate of his truck. I leaned forward, fumbling a little with that big belt buckle, feeling the taught muscles of his stomach as my hand slipped under his t-shirt. I unfastened his zipper and freed his thick, hard cock from his underwear, gasping slightly as I wrapped my hands around it -- it was clear he, too, was ready to go.  
  
I spread myself for him and he slipped into my wet cunt with the barest resistance. I inhaled sharply as I felt the suddenness with which he went inside me, the tension as he filled me -- and then we were away. He had his hands under my ass, pulling me closer to him, pulling himself deeper into me -- I had my arms around his strong shoulders, hanging on for all my might. Each of his thrusts was graceful, strong -- and hard. He wasn't concerned with being gentle, or taking his time.  
  
Perhaps he sensed he didn't need to. I was far gone with arousal now, on the edge of climax already. It wasn't that Brian was an exemplary lover (though he clearly knew his way around a woman as much as he did an engine); it was relief and release, all my anger and frustration and fear and repressed emotion coming out as I let this stranger, this man I had just met, barely spoken with, pound me against the base of his truck, him still fully clothed, while I was naked, vulnerable and exposed.  
  
I came without warning, muscles tensing and releasing as my orgasm exploded through me, prompting a return of the same animal yelps and moans I had unleashed earlier by myself in the woods. Coloured lights Briancing before my wide eyes, I threw back my head and cried my ecstasy to the treetops.  
  
It wasn't over then, though. This time, the desire didn't vanish the way it had when I had climaxed alone in the woods -- there was no cold light of day realisation that I was fucking a perfect stranger by the side of a woodland highway. We still had more to do.  
  
My legs had been wrapped around Brian -- shakily I unlocked them, releasing him. Perhaps thinking the gesture meant I was having second thoughts now my own lust had been sated, he withdrew with a puzzled look on his face, but his expression soon became knowing and pleased as I hopped down from the tailgate, turned away from him and, bending over, presented my still-wet and throbbing pussy to him from behind. Not yet finished himself, he slid his erection back between my moist and eager lips, placed his strong hands on my hips and began to fuck me, hard, from behind.  
  
I was so soon from my last orgasm, and his rhythm so well placed against my spot, that another climax was nearly instantaneous for me -- but this time, Brian was at his own edge too, and I heard him grunt and gasp, felt the first tremors of his cock and then, with perfect timing, he pulledback and I felt the hit again and again of warm wet spunk as it spurted across my exposed asshole and pussy.  
  
(I'd have been more than happy for him to have come inside me, but I guess he wasn't wanting to take assume a lady's willingness without asking -- he was, as I had suspected, a gentleman).  
  
I sagged then, sweating and panting, shaking and spent.  
  
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We didn't say anything for a while.  
  
Brian tucked himself back into his pants. He seemed rightly unembarrassed at what we'd just done, but I could understand him not knowing exactly what to say. For myself, I felt no shame at all, not at my nakedness, nor the act we'd just performed at the roadside, in the open air where anyone could have seen us (and I would not have stopped if they had); but words weren't coming easily to me, either.  
  
I sank to the ground, sitting legs akimbo on the asphalt of the road, my head and back resting against the truck's wheels.  
  
"You... okay?" Brian asked. I think he was starting to wonder if the sort of girl who appears naked from a forest, helps him fix his truck and then lets him fuck her hard on the back of it might, worryingly, actually be some special kind of crazy. Which, to be honest, I think I was.  
  
I nodded. "Just... exhausted. It's been one hell of a day."  
  
He grinned. "Ain't that the truth..."  
  
I smiled up at him. "You mean random naked women appearing when you're parked up in the middle of nowhere and fucking you isn't something that happens all the time to you?"  
  
He laughed. "Once every couple months maybe. Depends on the weather."  
  
We both laughed then, hard, crazy laughing, as the madness of the moment we'd shared dawned on us both.  
  
Brian found me something to clean myself up as best I could with -- not just his cum, which was still on me, but the grease from the truck and the dirt from my adventures in the woods. I still looked a complete mess, but it made some difference. Then he opened the passenger door for me, and I hopped up, still naked, into the cab of his truck. The seats had been warmed by the sunlight through the windshield, and it was a pleasant and comforting sensation against my bare skin.  
  
Brian joined me in the cab, but he didn't drive off straight away. Instead we sat and talked, a sense of obligation to get to know one another and provide an explanation for the events that had led to me emerging naked from the woods and approaching him. I told him about where I was from, about coming to Sunny Rest -- about Todd, and Christina. For the first time, I felt guilty -- I'd raged at Todd for eye-humping that blonde beauty, but then I'd gone and done more than that with the handsome older guy by my side. Could I still be angry at Todd when I'd behaved so much worse?  
  
It was a question I'd have to answer in my own time. Now though, I was enjoying Brian's company, as he recounted some things about himself, his own life here, the place he had nearby, just him, his wife having passed many years before, no children, just him building things and fixing things and living a simple, untroubled existence. I thought about my own life, the bustle and stress of the city, the need both Todd and I had felt to escape it, travelling up here, even discarding our very clothing in an effort to leave it all behind. Brian's life seemed pretty good to me.  
  
I found his manner warm, flirtatious, and appealing -- my attraction to him was no less diminished now we were no longer slaves to primal desire. My body language was a conscious effort to communicate to him that what had happened between us was not, for me, a product just of mad lust but of something that I felt was genuine chemistry. I relaxed in the cab, not trying in any way to conceal my nudity from him, letting him see all of me -- and his eyes, observant but nonintrusive, clearly appreciated my lack of modesty.  
  
Eventually, though, the conversation turned to my need to go back to Sunny Rest, to Todd and, perhaps more importantly, my clothes and belongings. Brian offered me a ride, which I gladly accepted, and he started up the truck, listening to the engine complain, strain and then, suddenly, spring fully to life. He smiled at me, acknowledging the role I'd played in its repair, and then pulled onto the highway and we were away.  
  
Reclining in the cab I kicked off my sneakers, suddenly feeling a need to be entirely bare from head to foot, and lifted my right leg up, knee bent, to rest on the dash (the truck cab was huge and I am a small woman -- there was plenty of room for me to adopt such a relaxed pose). Sat as I was, my pussy was revealed to Brian to a much greater degree, and glancing over he smiled when he saw what I was showing him.  
  
"Eyes on the road," I jokingly rebuked. "We've only just got this thing going, we don't want to wreck it."  
  
I wasn't sure if I was talking about just the truck, or something else.  
  
We hadn't, it turned out, been all that far from Sunny Rest. It had seemed as though I'd been walking miles from the resort but I think the reality was I'd been wandering this way and that, looping back and forth, so I hadn't covered much distance. Within five or ten minutes, the road to the resort had appeared, and Brian turned the truck into it, driving me up to the front gate.  
  
There was an awkward silence between us then as we sat in the cab. Our encounter had come to an end, and I think both of us were more than a little disappointed by that. Indeed, after making sure I was okay, Brian turned to me.  
  
"I'm ten miles back the way we came," he said. "Get to a town called Bow Creek, you've gone too far. You'll see the turn for my place on the left, it's the only other one on the road between here and town.  
  
"No pressure," he continued. "I'm not asking you to say now. I'm gonna drive back and I ain'tgonna get mad if you decide to head home yourself and you never show up at my door. But if you go in there and say whatever you need to say to that boyfriend of yours and decide you wanna come and stay a while up here, well, that's where I'll be."  
  
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I didn't give the truck a backward glance as I went through the gate. I figured if I did, it would mean my mind was already made up, and I wanted to tell myself it wasn't just yet.  
  
It was over with Todd, I was certain now. Not because he'd been a jerk, today or any time before. But I'd cheated on him, however I wanted to dress it up. I'd fucked a man I'd just met, and I'd goddamn loved it. I still felt a little guilt, but not enough guilt I realised. That I didn't feel all that bad was waking me up to the idea that maybe the relationship Todd and I had shared wasn't really all that much to begin with. We were both better off with other people.  
  
But where I went from here, well, I wasn't so certain just yet.  
  
I got some surprised looks as I walked past the resort front office. For one, guests probably didn't usually arrive naked through the main gate. For another, despite my clean-up effort I was still dirty and scratched from trees and underbrush, and I still had black grease marks all up my arm from rummaging around in the engine of Brian's truck.  
  
I made my way to the pool area; but to my surprise neither Todd, nor his new friend Christina, were anywhere to be seen, although my bag was right where I had left it. I picked it up.  
  
I went back to the resort parking lot, and sure enough our car was still there. Well, I say our car. Todd didn't make enough from his writing to run a car of his own, so the car he'd driven us up in was mine, which he frequently borrowed.  
  
I was about to turn back to explore the resort and see if I could find them when I noticed something -- the back door of the car was ajar.  
  
It was only when I got closer that I could see why.  
  
Sitting together on the back seat, passionately making out and both still as buck naked as I was, were Christina and my boyfriend.  
  
Well, I just burst out laughing.  
  
The noise alerted them to my presence, and both sprang apart guiltily -- but they knew they'd been rumbled. They clambered from the car -- I laughed all the more as I observed Todd's half-erection, which of course being naked he had no way to hide -- all protests and denials, but I didn't care. I wasn't even mad. I might be later, but right now it felt like a sign from God.  
  
I got into the car in the driver's seat, reaching up under the driver's side visor for the key, which to my relief was still there. I put it into the ignition and started the engine.  
  
Too late, Todd realised what I was doing and made a grab for the car door, but with a spray of dust I pulled away and drove full pelt out of the parking lot and towards the road leading away from the resort. Behind me, Todd was running in pursuit, yelling things I couldn't really make out, protestations to me to stay, let's talk about this, don't take the car, how will I get home? I didn't care, but then one thing he shouted, in desperation, as I disappeared from his view, came clearly.  
  
"Anna!" he yelled, "you don't have any clothes!"  
  
I looked down at myself almost distractedly. Yes, I was still naked, as I had been all day. But, I thought with a very filthy smile, where I was headed that wasn't likely to be a problem...