**Kristen’s Days Off**by TrackJim with suggestions by Nemo

Based on the “universe” created by Nemo

**Part 1**
**The Invitation**
“Come on, Kristen, I want to spend a couple of days with you. I haven’t seen you since Spring break.” Caren, Kristen’s best friend from high school, was excited. Kristen could picture her friend, smiling, at the other end of the phone call. “You said you weren’t scheduled to work on Thursday and Friday. I want to hear all about your new job.”

Kristen had only been at Black Knife Beach two weeks and had just finished her initial probationary period. The emotional mixture of thrill and embarrassment around her new job remained very fresh in Kristen’s mind. She had told Caren she worked at Black Knife Beach, but Caren did not know of its unusual nature. What would her friend say when Kristen told her about working at a nude beach?

“Caren, I have to be back on the job bright and early Saturday morning. As the newest lifeguard I must work all weekends and I can’t be late.”

“No, problem! We can leave at six in the morning on Saturday, stop for a quick breakfast and still have you at your beach by eight. I might even stay awhile and catch some rays. I’ll meet you at the beach’s parking lot at 6 PM Wednesday. It’ll be fun. Bye.”

Kristen heard the line disconnect. She worried about Caren’s possible reaction to her new job. Caren had always been the more popular and social creature in their high school years. With her tall lithe figure, dark reddish hair and electric eyes and smile, Caren had been both the prom queen and harvest queen during her senior year. Her high grades had earned her full scholarship to Stanford where she had just completed her freshman year. Thankfully, none of that had gone to Caren’s head. Despite the fact Caren was a grade ahead of Kristen, Caren has remained the same friend Kristen had first met in middle school. They had shared their adolescent experiences during many sleep-overs. Caren knew all Kristen’s secrets except one. Caren knew nothing of Kristen’s nudist parents’ history, a history Kristen was still digesting.

“I guess Caren will find out Wednesday”, Kristen thought as she prepared for bed.

**Part 2**
**Wednesday Evening’s — Secrets Revealed**
The days at the beach passed quickly. Kristen’s tan had deepened as her skin turned a beautiful golden brown. She would soon loose all visible traces of her “cottontail” status. Wearing just her uniform lifeguard cap and her wristwatch, Kristen stood near the lifeguard station and checked the time. Her digital watch read 5:45. She needed to get up to the parking lot to meet Caren. Turning, Kristen entered the station and walked to its small office. Beth, the beach’s head lifeguard, was hard at work on papers at the desk. Two weeks earlier the sight of Beth, working nude at her desk, had been a shock to Kristen. Already, Kristen had learned to accept it as a normal sight.

“Beth, you said I could leave a few minutes early to meet my friend. It’s time for me to go.”

Beth looked up and smiled. “Go ahead. Get out of here. Have fun on your days off.” Beth paused before continuing. “Kristen, I think you are doing a good job adjusting. I know these first days at our beach have been a unique life experience for you, but you’re fitting in well.”

Kristen smiled back. “Thanks, it’s always good to hear praise. Bye, now.” She turned to leave.

“Kristen”, yelled Beth.

“What?”

“Aren’t you forgetting something?”

“Like what? “ After a moment Kristen blushed when she realized she was still in just her watch and cap. “Oh, you mean clothes? I guess I am really getting into the spirit of the beach. It IS infectious.”

“Kristen, only a few days ago you were mortified to walk on the beach without clothes. Now you were leaving on you own without them.” Beth beamed a smile. “Congratulations. You’re a convert.”

“I really do need to get my clothes. Since Caren doesn’t know about my conversion, I brought a change of clothes in my bag. I’ll get dressed and take my bag with me.”

“Why get dressed? Caren’s going to learn about our beach as soon as she reads the sign in the parking lot.”

Kristen’s blush returned. Indeed the sign clearly labeled the beach “Clothing Prohibited”.

Beth was smiling as she added, “Take your bag but don’t get dressed. I’m sure it will make for an interesting conversation during the ride to the mountain cabin.”

A smile burst forth on Kristen’s blushing face. She grabbed her bag from her locker. After donning a pair of canvas sneakers and placing her cap in the locker she waved bye to Beth. In her sneakers, cap and watch Kristen walked to the trail to the parking lot and started her climb. With each step she felt her body warm, not just from the sun, but with the warmth of her blood as it reddened her body. She felt alive with each step, knowing the bounces of her body’s parts were visible to anyone looking at her. It was almost like that first day at the beach. Her nudity felt right, felt natural, but there was the undercurrent of embarrassment surging through every cell of her mind. By the time she had climbed to the parking lot, she was somewhat out of breath, and it was not just due to the climb. The parking lot was almost full as she stood between two vans, looking for Caren’s blue Metro. A bright new red Trans Am Coupe T-top slid to a stop in the gravel a few cars away. Kristen looked around the back of the van to her left. The driver stood, looking out the open T-top of the car. It was Caren.

Marveling at the new car, Kristen stepped into the open toward Caren. “When did you get the new car?”

With an \_expression of shock, then a smile of astonishment, Caren asked her own question. “When did you start running around naked?”

Kristen, remembering her unclothed state, ran to Caren’s car, opened the door, stuffed her bag behind the seats and slid into the passenger seat.

“Just get moving! I’ll explain on the way.”

A naughty, astonished smile filled Caren face. “You got some explaining to do, girl.” Without another word, Caren roared out of the parking lot and sped along the coast road.

They were cruising along a curving road, well up into the mountains. The air was cool and crisp. The soft leather seat was warm against Kristen back and thighs. Caren had ceased driving like a possessed, madwoman. Driving more conservatively she had listened as Kristen explained in detail the events of the past days, leading up to her waiting naked for Caren. Kristen had told the whole story while riding naked, save for the locked seat belt which only accentuated her unclothed state. With the story told, Kristen sat in silence as Caren digested the tale. After a mile or so, Caren spoke.

“So, this is a secret that you kept from me because it had been kept from you, the story of your nudist parents? And now you are working at a NAKED beach?”

“Caren! It isn’t a naked beach. It’s a beach where clothes are prohibited.”

“What’s the difference?”

Kristen thought about that a few seconds. “It’s all in the context, the attitude of the people there. Sure, to most people, it’s a bunch of naked people, but the people of our beach enjoy the natural feelings it gives you. It makes you connect with the sea, with nature. It’s freedom, almost spiritual.”

“Yeah, right! And I’m sure you haven’t looked at any of the men below the waist.”

“Well…” Kristen could not hide her smile.

“See, it DOES involve sex. I’m not saying that is wrong, unless you insist sex isn’t at least a part of it. Then you’d only be fooling yourself.”

Kristen broke out in giggles and soon the two were laughing their heads off. The rushing air blew their loose manes of hair. The feeling of the wind against all Kristen’s exposed parts was great. It was wonderful to talk openly with her trusted friend Caren. They could be honest with each other, and with themselves. They were almost through laughing when Caren turned off the main road and drove down steep, dirt, side road to a small, level outcropping. The quaint, little cabin was built directly on the slab of rock. It was isolated, surrounded by coniferous trees. The smell of pine was thick in the air. Kristen was the first to speak.

“When did your family get this? Or have you been keeping secrets from me, too?”

“Daddy got this a month ago as part of a settlement. It’s only two years old. I was up here last weekend to stock it. It’s a great hideout.”

Caren shut off the engine and the two stepped out of the car. Caren was wearing low-hanging jeans and a tank top which left a band of her tanned flesh exposed above the belt. This tan matched the one of her face and shoulders. She was not wearing a bra and her nipples made two well defined points in the top.

**Part 3

The Dare**

“Caren, it looks like at least part of you has been getting a tan.”

“You bet I have, but it’s not as complete as yours. You really have a rich deep tan over all of your body. I can’t ever see any tan lines anywhere.”

“There’s still a shadow of tan lines if you know where to look. Eight plus hours each day on the beach and a good sunscreen get the credit. You should try it sometime.”

“On your beach?” Now it was Caren blushing. She had planned to surprise Kristen. Caren’s new teeny bikini would have shocked the old Kristen. Its design was very daring; exposing little more than the most personal body parts. Compared to Kristen’s complete lack of coverings, the bikini was modest.

“Why not? Maybe you could understand the difference between a naked beach and a beach without clothes.” A sneaky smile appeared on Kristen’s face. “I have an idea. Why don’t you go the nude with me for the next two days?”

“Why should I?”

“I dare you. Take off your clothes and keep them off until you drive me back Saturday morning. Come on, what have you got to lose. I think you’ll enjoy it.”

“Well, I do have all the food, drinks and videos we would need.”

Kristen saw Caren was considering it, but she needed some extra incentive.

“Look, try it for this evening. Even if you put clothes on in the morning I’ll stay nude until you drop me off at the beach parking lot. Deal?”

Caren thought a moment. “But you were planning on being naked, weren’t you. You’re not giving up anything.”

“I had brought some clothes in case we had to meet other people.”

“Then let’s test your real dedication. I agree to be naked tonight in exchange for locking your clothes in the trunk of my car until I drop you off at the beach Saturday. Agreed?”

This was all still so new to Kristen. She had grown comfortable, most of the time, working nude at Black Knife Beach. However, her new life and pre-BKB existence were in collision. Caren was her oldest friend. Could Kristen stay naked in the real world? This was a test of her true convictions, but only a second elapsed before she answered.

“Agreed.”

Caren’s smile looked just a bit distressed. “Then I better get my clothes off.” Caren stood beside her car’s open door. She removed her Nikes and white socks, placing them on her car seat. She wiggled her toes in the cool, fine dirt of the road. She paused as she reached for the bottom of her tank top. Even as Kristen watched, she could see Caren’s nipples grow perkier beneath the material. The blush on Caren’s face spread as a nervous smile graced her features. In one quick movement she pulled the tank top over her head, and threw the top on her shoes and socks.

Caren wrapped her arms around her torso, covering her proud, perky breasts. Tan lines revealed she had recently worn a new bikini, one whose top covered little more than her nipples. Each dark aureole was surrounded by pale, firm flesh. The two young ladies exchanged a look, a non-verbal communication of feelings. Caren dropped her arms to her sides and straightened her back. Her figure would have brought whistles from every male who saw her, be he 14 or 74; probably some females, too.

Caren’s hands moved to her waist. She unfastened the top button of her jeans. The waistband slid down an inch to hang precariously from her hips. She pulled the fly zipper down; the jeans slid down her legs to puddle about her feet. Caren wore no underpants. She also had no body hair below her head. The tan lines of a very skimpy bikini bottom emphasized her shaven loins. Caren kicked her feet out of the pant legs and gathered the pants in her arms. She held them to her chest as a last bit of visual protection. Sighing, she placed her last bit of clothing on the car seat. Kristen was the first to speak.

“That’s quite some bikini trim you have there.”

“Yeah, I got a bit carried away shaving for my new bikini.”

Caren picked up her bundle of clothes and walked to the trunk of the car. Kristen pulled her bag from behind the car seat and met her at the trunk. Kristen reached into the bag, retrieving her sun screen and a pair of sunglasses before placing her bag in the trunk.

Caren’s clothes were placed beside the bag. The sound of the trunk lid slamming shut echoed through the wooded area. It had a note of finality.

“This feels naughty!” Caren voice was higher than normal.

“Just try to relax. You’ll get used to it.”

“Are you turned on?”

Kristen’s face reddened. In her own way Kristen was a bit shy — a condition that was at odds with her current lifestyle. Instead of answering the question she offered Caren a suggestion.

“Take a deep breath. Show me the cabin. And, by the way, you never told me how you got the Trans Am.”

The cabin’s door was unlocked. Caren led the way into the cabin. It may have been small, but it was nicely decorated. The wood panel walls were finely polished. A fireplace took up one wall of the cabin’s central room. A couch and two stuffed chairs faced the fireplace. To one side was a counter behind which was a tight but well arranged kitchen. To the other side was a door through which could be seen a bedroom almost filled with a king-sized bed. A bathroom had doors from both the kitchen and bedroom. It was all compact but arranged so as to appear uncluttered.

“Caren, I love it! It’s cozy.”

Caren stepped to the refrigerator and retrieved a bottle of beer. She popped the cap and took a long swig. After a comforting “AHHH”, she offered a bottle to Kristen.

“Thanks, I’m parched. Uh, a beer. I don’t Know….”

“Oh, come one, Kristen. You’re old enough! Live a little.”

“Okay.” Kristen took a hesitant sip. “It’s not bad, is it?”

She smiled and the two sat on the couch, facing eat other. Caren tried to sit conservatively, not an easy feat when you are without clothes. She frequently held the beer bottle and her arms so as to block the view of her firm naked breasts. A hand often rested on her lap, an attempt to hide her untanned loins. As they shared old times and discussed newer events, Caren’s attempts grew less frequent and effective. After an hour of chatting Caren acted almost as comfortable as Kristen felt.

“Hey, Caren, with all this nature around us, why don’t we get outside and enjoy it before the sun sets. We should have about an hour of sunlight.”

“Outside?” Caren face flushed. “You want to walk around outside, like this?” She pointed first at Kristen’s body, then at her own uncovered one.

“Absolutely! At the beach I feel the sun and wind on my body. While this isn’t the beach, the feeling could be much the same here in the woods.”

“But, but, we might be seen!”

“I saw no other cabins on this side road, right? We’ll stay in the woods, away from the main road. I doubt we’ll be seen.” She gave Caren a long look. “You’ve been getting comfortable inside, it’s time to be outside with nature.”

Caren voice was barely more than a whisper. “Okay.”

**Part 4**

**An Evening Walk**
Kristen led the way out of the cabin. The summer sun felt great, just warm enough to blunt the chill of the high sixties of the mountain air. Her body responded to the clean crisp air as she set off through the woods. She could hear the padding of Caren’s footsteps behind her as they walked on pine needled ground. The fragrance of pine filled her Kristen’s nose, with only the sounds of birds and the occasional squirrel. She was swept away by the feel of the situation, walking with nature in the most natural way possible. It made her feel so alive. Even as the outer world flooded through her mind, Kristen’s body responded. Her breasts seemed firmer with each step. The skin of her inner thighs felt excitingly sensitive as one thigh brushed the other. It was as if all the nerve-endings of her body grew more alive with each step, and those nerve-endings passed delicious signals.

A broad smile spread on her face even as she picked up the pace.

Caren followed her friend, feeling very exposed. She was not unaffected by the assault of nature. With each step following her naked friend, Caren reactions were more centered on her own passed experiences, and those reactions were turning her on. Her nipples hardened until they hurt, but in a tantalizing manner. The occasional brush of pine needles from a passing branch raised goosebumps on her body, and it felt soooooo good. Her mind fought with her body, trying to deny the juiciness which she felt deep in her loins. Her breathing quickened even before Kristen increased her pace. Her body won the battle as a branch whipped passed her breasts, lightly kissing her nipples. She stopped as a spasm ran up and down her body.

Sitting carefully on a downed tree, Caren wrestled with her emotions. She was so turned on, but she couldn’t be. It wasn’t right. She closed her eyes and tried to center herself. The woods grew quieter, but each call of a bird was clear, the movement of tree limbs in the slight breeze was very noticeable. Peaceful, yet erotic, the feeling was intoxicating.

Caren opened her eyes. Kristen was nowhere in sight. Caren strained to hear footsteps, but she could hear none. She was all alone, naked and lost. Some fear nibbled at her brain, but it was her vulnerable exposure when really attacked. She covered her breasts with her arms as she squeezed her thighs together. Caren’s body betrayed her, as her arousal mounted. She wanted to stand and run, hunting for the cabin, but her legs felt weak. The bark of the downed tree felt rougher on her bottom, yet she sat and hugged her arms more tightly to her torso. The only sound she heard was the twittering of birds and the wind in the tree limbs…and her own breathing.

Her eyes scanned her surroundings. Nobody was in sight, but she felt eyes staring at her body.

From behind a tree about a hundred yards away and behind Caren’s right shoulder, Kristen watched her friend and giggled. “She’s freaking out. I’ll give her some time as I watch.” She giggled to herself again. “I guess I have to watch over her, just to be on the safe side.” Kristen was enjoying the nip of the mountain air as the sun angled toward the horizon. The trees cast long, thin shadows. As the shadows grew, Caren remained frozen to her spot, sitting on the downed tree. “I can’t resist.” Kristen carefully placed her bare feet to avoid snapping any fallen branches or pine needles. Foot by foot, she worked closer to her friend. If Caren had heard a sound, or just looked over her shoulder, Kristen would have been detected, but Caren did not sense Kristen’s approach.

Caren sat, her eyes closed. She was immersed in her feelings. Her nipples were very tight and erect, crushed against her own hugging arms. A feeling of arousal threatened to erect from between her tightly clenched thighs. She felt very naughty as her mind played images of her own naughty designs.

She sat with her ankles and thighs tied tightly together. Her arms were wrapped around her torso, but a soft length of silky material encircled each of her wrists and crossed her back. She was unable to free her arms even as she struggled to hide her uncovered sensitive breasts from view. She had been left as some tribute to the gods of nature in payment for the past years harvest and the coming growing season. Her sacrifice would guarantee the gods’ grace for another bountiful year.

Even if she were to escape her bonds, she would be shunned by her fellow clansmen. If she betrayed them she would be an exile for the rest of her life. The painted pattern on her back and arms would forever mark her as a designated sacrifice. No clan would welcome her, fearing the wraith of the gods of nature. Naked, and without weapons, she was on her own.

Hark! What is that sound? The sound of near silent footsteps approached from behind her. She turned her head but she could see nothing due to her blindfold. Would a god approach in such a manner? Hands, warm and alive, touched her back. She felt her bonds loosen about her wrist but before she could stretch them away from her body, the hands gripped her arms and pulled them behind her back. The silken cords were again tied about her wrists, tightly. She bit her lips as she realized her condition had worsened. Her breasts were exposed and there was no manner in which she could cover them.

The warm hands were felt at her ankles and those bonds were removed. She tensed, fearing how she might be re-bonded, but finger tips traced up the sides of her calves, then her thighs until they touched her bonds there. The hands were gentle as those bonds were loosened. The hands left her. For several minutes she sat with her legs unbound, but she feared to stand. Her arms secured behind her, she would be only a hazard to herself if she ran blindly through the woods.

She was taken by surprise as the hands touched her shoulders and lifted her to a standing position. A strong but gentle hand encircled her left upper arm and pushed her forward. She moved blindly, first very slowly, then increasing to an almost normal pace as the hand carefully led her away.

“BOO!”

Caren bolted straight up, staggered and lost her balance, and plopped bottom back down on the fallen tree. “Ouch!” Caren sputtered. After recovering her breath she added, “Damn, Kristen, you almost gave me a heart attack!”

Kristen was laughing so hard she had to join Caren, sitting on the tree trunk. Tears of laughter filled Kristen’s eyes. Standing slowly, Caren rubbed her slightly injured behind and frowned, but Kristen’s laughter was contagious. Caren found herself laughing at her friend’s trick. After a few short minutes the two smiled and giggled as they staggered back toward the cabin. Kristen was delighted when Caren made no effort to cover her body.

**Part 5

The First Night**
The sun was setting as the two re-entered the cabin. Caren went straight to the kitchen and started to prepare a quick dinner. Kristen watched her naked friend act quite normally as she washed her hands, prepared a salad and placed two small steaks in the oven to broil. To Kristen it all felt natural, friendly. What could be wrong?

But Caren’s thoughts were different. She had been able to keep her mind filled with the details of food preparation, but as she bent to slide the broiling pan into the oven, the oven’s heat swept up her uncovered front. She realized she was mooning her friend. Closing the oven door Caren turned and saw Kristen smiling at her.

“You’re enjoying this, aren’t you?” asked Caren.

“Yes! I’m going to convert you, and you’re already acting natural.”

“Not really. Do you get turned on when others are around you?”

“Life’s a turn on! Being unclothed is natural, sensual. Are you turned on?”

Caren thought for a moment. “Yes, but it feels more sexual.”

Kristen hesitantly asked, “You aren’t attracted to ME, are you?”

Caren laughed before she answered. “Not sexually. I haven’t changed THAT much. I like boys too much and the way our parts fit together. But that doesn’t make it less arousing to be naked, even with another woman.”

With an embarrassed grin Kristen tried to steer the conversion away from sex. “Ithink you are confusing sexual with sensual. Give yourself more time to think about it.” Caren voice was low, almost conspiratorial. “But do you get aroused, you know, juicy when you are naked with others?”

Kristen was clearly uncomfortable talking about the subject. “Can we change the subject?”

“Okay, but I need a cold shower before we eat. Watch the steaks and call me when they’re about medium.”

Caren went to the bathroom. “Doesn’t take any time to get undressed when you already are,” she chuckled to herself. After turning on the shower to adjust the temperature, she stepped under the streaming water and soaped up. She was definitely turned on. Without thinking about it, her hands lingered between her legs over her smooth, shaved area. Her fingers were reacting to the sensations pulsing from deep within her loins. When she realized what she was doing, she forced her hands away, to work down her legs. The delicious ache refused to fade. Instead it spread. Her nipples grow erect even under the warm water. She put down the soap and stood to rinse her body clean.

The rinse done, she adjusted the water to cold, hoping it would squelch the embers burning within her body and mind. She stood as the now cold water splashed down her body. Her nipples grew harder, but the fires within her breasts refused to cool.

“The steaks are almost done, Caren.”

Kristen’s shout through the bathroom door brought Caren out of her mental fugue. She turned off the water, stepped from the shower and dried her body with a soft bath sheet. Without thought she wrapped it around her body and stepped from the bathroom.

“You’re cheating.” Kristen’s voice had in a serious tone, but the smile in her eyes betrayed her true emotions.

“I…er…I forgot.” Caren pulled the towel from her body and experienced the same rush of embarrassment she had experienced earlier. In addition to the sensations already resonating within her body, there was a very pleasurable throb between her legs. She hung the towel over the shower rod before walking to the table. Kristen had set the table for two. The salad bowl sat at center with cans of ginger ale next to each plate. The aroma of cooked beef grew stronger as Kristen sat a platter of two steaks next to the salad bowl. Kristen sat and prepared to eat. Looking up, she saw Caren’s face had a deep blush.

Caren battled her mind, taking slow steps before sitting opposite Kristen. She forced her hands to fill her plate with salad and a steak. She cut the meat and concentrated on chewing the first piece. It was delicious. Slowly, by concentrating on the normality of eating, her body and mind were calmed. Recognizing the confusion in Caren’s mind, Kristen smiled and let them eat in silence. They were both almost done with their meal when Caren broke the silence.

“Was it a constant rush of emotions when you started working naked?”

“Hmmm. Well, Yes. Sometimes it still is an emotional rush”, answered Kristen. “Why? It can’t be too much for you. I’m the only person here. I had a beach full of strangers.”

“I get strange thoughts in my head.”

“Are you getting in touch with nature and your body?”

“I need to work through it and sort out my feelings.” Caren rose and, carrying her plate to the kitchen, poured the crumbs into the waste can. She thought Kristen’s eyes followed her every step, but when she turned Kristen was still at the table facing away from her. Caren glanced out the window over the sink and saw the surrounding mountain woods. Twinkling stars filled the night sky casting little light into the woods’ dark recesses.

“Kristen, it’s been a long day. Would you mind if we went straightto bed?”

“Sure,” answered Kristen. “Hmmm. I just realized I never slept naked with another naked female.”

Caren felt a flash of heat through her body as her blush raced down her body. She almost said “I have”, but she stopped herself. Only one other person knew of that night in her dorm room and that person was Stephanie. Caren had partied and gotten wasted. Stephie helped her to Caren’s dorm room. Caren had not pushed Stephanie away after Stephanie got a little ëfeelly’ helping Caren out of her clothes. Indeed, Caren had helped Stephie out her own clothes. The two had done far more than slept together that night. The next morning both had been embarrassed by their shared experience. They had shared guilty smiles, but after that night they had both avoided talking about it. There had been no change of Caren’s preference. She still liked men, but she had to admit the right woman was very nice too.

Kristen saw the rapid changes of \_expression on Caren face, but decided not to ask the reason for those expressions. Caren would tell her only when and if she wanted to tell her. Kristen admitted she was also tired. Sixteen straight days of life-guarding and her other experiences had worn her out. These two days with her old friend Caren would serve to recharge her batteries.

With no further words, the two walked into the bedroom and turned down the bedclothes. The sheets were clean and crisp, perfect against a tired body. She slid between the sheets. More slowly, Caren turned off the light and got into bed beside her friend. Kristen yawned once before falling asleep.

Caren stayed awake for a few minutes, thinking through the events of the day, but she was asleep within a few minutes.

**Part 6

Thursday Morning**
Caren woke to the smell of coffee brewing. She groaned and pulled the warm covers over her head. The morning mountain air was cool and crisp, and someone had opened the bedroom window. The covers trapped warmth against her bare body.

“Bare?”

Caren’s eyes snapped open, remembering where she was and who was with her. She peeped from under the covers. The other side of the bed was empty. She hid under the covers again, but Kristen had other ideas as she came through the bedroom door, a mug of steaming coffee in her hand. She sat the mug on Caren’s side of the bed.

“It’s time to rise and shine, sleepyhead.”

Caren groaned at the cheerful tone in Kristen’s voice. Caren curled more tightly under the covers

“No, you don’t,” challenged Kristen. She grabbed the covers at the foot of the bed. “Get up or I’m stealing the covers.” Only Caren’s groan answered Kristen challenge.

The next moment the covers disappeared, leaving Caren’s naked body exposed to the cool air. Goosebumps covered her flesh instantly as she curled into a tight fetal position. She might have stayed in bed even then had not Kristen used the ultimate approach; she tickled the bottom of Caren’s feet. Caren jumped and promptly fell off the side of the bed. Quickly regaining her feet, Caren was out for revenge.

Caren’s fingers went straight for Kristen’s ribs. Now it was Kristen who was backing up to avoid Caren’s fingers. Caren chased Kristen twice around the living room before she realized what she was doing. The sight of two attractive and very naked females involved in a tickle fight was the sort of thing Caren imagined was a typical male’s fantasy. Even without a male present Caren became self-conscience, but her tickle attack continued. Kristen tried to catch her breath after Caren stopped her attack.

“Uncle! I surrender,” Kristen gasped.

Caren halted her attack and flopped down on the thick rug the fireplace. Kristen already has a fire burning and the warmth was delicious. Without clothes Caren’s body quickly warmed, well half of it did. Her front was toward the fireplace, but the back of her body remained cool. She rolled over to warm her backside. Now it was the front of her body which felt cool. Her nipples became perkier even as she curled into a fetal position to conserve her body’s own heat. Kristen sat on the couch a few feet away, drinking a mug of coffee.

“Okay, Kristen, I made it till morning naked. I get my clothes back on, but you don’t.”

Kristen smiled as her friend. “Sure. Just go out and get your clothes from your trunk.”

“Not me, not yet. It’s gotta be colder out there so early in the morning. You go get them for me.”

“Okay. Where’d you put the car keys?”

For several seconds Caren thought. Suddenly a look of shock appeared on her face. “Oh, damn! The keys were in my jeans and they’re locked in the trunk.” She had locked her own clothes away from her.

Kristen saw a red blush grow to cover saw her naked friend. “Relax, Caren. I know just how you feel. My first day at the beach I locked my clothes in my lifeguard locker. I was lucky to have a second car key hidden on the car, but I still had to drive all the way home in just a towel.”

“But, I don’t have a second key. Damnit! We’re going to have to call somebody for help.” Caren’s blush grew redder and she tried to think who she should call. She was embarrassed being naked with just Kristen, and now someone else would have to see her too. Caren was still pondering when Kristen rose and walked to the phone in the kitchen. Caren withdrew into a blushing ball of female flesh as she heard Kristen talk on the phone, but Caren did not listen to the words. A few minutes later Kristen returned.

“Okay, I called one of the other off-duty lifeguards to come help us. You’ll like Don. I met him my first real day at work.”

“One of your naked lifeguard friends?” asked Caren.

“Yes. He said he’d be here about eleven-thirty. We should meet him up by the main road, so he knows this is the right spot.”

“But,” sputtered Caren, “that means I have to stay naked until then. I wish you had called one of your FEMALE lifeguard friends.” Then another thought struck her. “He wants us to meet him up by the road? Naked?”

“He doesn’t want to miss us. If you are so worried, you can wrap a sheet around you.”

Caren shivered but it was not from the cold. Desperate for a distraction from her forced nudity, Caren asked, “How did you meet this Don.”

Now it was Kristen’s turn to blush. “Well, uh, er, that first work day at the beach he helped me put on my sunscreen. Then I helped him with his.”

“You mean he rubbed sunscreen on your naked body?”

“Yes.”

“And you had just met him?”

“Yes, Caren, Beth introduced us in the locker room.”

“What a minute! He was in the women’s locker room?”

“At Black Knife Beach only one is necessary. If you’re going to be naked all day, why start it by hiding in the separate locker room.”

The effect on Caren was obvious. Kristen saw her curl more tightly into a ball before the fireplace. Caren hid the front of her body as best she could, not an easy thing when one is without any clothes. Kristen thought it was best to move on with the day and let Caren adjust at her own pace. Kristen rose, saying, “I’ll get breakfast ready.”

With Kristen out of the room, Caren forced her body to uncurl. She felt embarrassed, naughty, and … aroused. Her nipples were very sensitive, almost throbbing with her inner fires. She hugged herself, but it wasn’t for warmth. She forced her hands not to roam down to her crotch. Her clitoris was begging to be touched. She turned to face the fireplace with her feet extended toward the fire as she sat on the posh rug, her legs together. Soon the bottoms of her feet grew hot from the blaze. After checking that Kristen was still in the kitchen, Caren inched her legs apart, keeping them straight. The heat of the fire warmed her inner thighs, and reached up to her loins. She scooted back to the couch and leaned against it. Her head fell back onto the cushions. Despite her inner turmoil she was asleep in less than a minute.

She ran with difficulty, her arms tied behind her back. He captor had left her legs untied and removed her blindfold after he had taken her to his cabin. With careful, controlling actions he had released her arms, only to tie them again in a different manner. He had raised her arms above her head, tied the wrists together in an X. Then he had fashioned a harness around her upper body with ropes crossing between her naked breasts. He had pulled her wrists down and tied then off to the top of the harness between her shoulder blades, leaving her elbows pointed straight up. When he had left for an errand, she had fled in panic. She did not know where she was going or who would help her. She just fled. It seemed every leaf she passed was drawn to her undefended breasts and underarms. As she ran, they slapped and caressed her nipples, making them hard and long. The tickling at her underarms robbed her of her breath.

After several minutes of running, she slowed, and then leaned against a tree. She struggled against the bonds on her arms, but she could not reach any knots. Her elbows still pointed skyward, she was completely exposed from her neck down. Sniffling quietly, she listened for sounds of pursuit.

From behind the tree hands grabbed her ankles, forcing them apart. Wider, wider.

“Caren, wake up!”

“What?” sputtered Caren. She blinked her eyes until they focused on Kristen.

Caren was still leaning against the couch; her wrists were crossed behind her head. Her legs were spread obscenely toward the fire. Kristen held one of Caren’s ankles, shaking it to wake up. Realizing her exposed condition, Caren pulled her legs together and dropped her arms to cover her chest.

“Day dreaming?” asked Kristen. “What were you dreaming of?”

One of Caren’s hands dropped to cover her lap while the other tried to hide her pert nipples. Caren sighed, “That’s another problem with out clothes. You can’t hide your body’s reaction to things.”

Kristen blushed, realizing the kind of dream Caren may have had. “Come on, breakfast is ready.”

Caren scurried to the bathroom. She was a bit more composed when she joined Kristen at the breakfast table. Caren looked over the food Kristen has prepared. There was freshly squeezed juice, slim milk, and a small but tasty-smelling western omelet. Caren stomach growled. The two dug into their meal with lusty appetites. As they were finishing Kristen was the one to break the silence.

“The mountain looks wonderful. Let’s go exploring.”

“Now? Like this?”

**Part 7

Another Unexpected Challenge**
“It’s better than sitting inside, away from all of that beautiful nature.” Kristen rinsed their plates in the sink and pointed out the window.

Caren groaned. She had never been able to resist Kristen once she had set her mined to something. Caren tidied up the kitchen as Kristen finished the dishes. Wearing just her watch Caren followed her friend out the cabin’s door.

It was a glorious day. The sky was that brilliant blue which could only seen from up in the mountains. A few thin wisps of scattered clouds contrasted against the blue. The air was full of woodsy pine aroma. The woods were not clogged with dense underbrush but it was still easier to follow a trail, especially since one had to work much less to keep branches away from ones body. Kristen walked ahead down a trail. At first they did not talk, just enjoying the feel of nature. After twenty quiet minutes, Kristen stopped in a small clear and the two girls started to talk about everything.

Caren was drawn out by Kristen’s queries. Soon, Caren was telling her friend about all the wonderful, and sometimes scary, experiences of her freshman year. The conversation became quite comfortable — like old times talking up in her bedroom at home. Both enjoyed the conversation.

Kristen was happy, seeing her friend become comfortable with her nudity.

Caren was the next one to take the lead up a side trail. Her arms swung normally at her sides as they explored the mountain side. They lost all track of time until Caren glanced at her wristwatch.

“Oh my, it's 11:10. We better get up to the road to meet Don.”

The closer they got to the main road, the more Caren lost her recently found comfort. First, an arm rose to her chest. A few seconds later she fought to keep a hand from covering her loins. She then forced her arms to swing at her sides as they hurried up the trail. The sound of a vehicle passing told them they were near the main road. Caren turned in the direction of the dirt road to the cabin, but she remained in the woods, thankful for the cover provided by the trees.

Kristen twisted her ankle stepping over a downed branch as they paralleled the road. She fell farther behind as Caren pressed on. When Caren reached the side road to their cabin, she stopped and looked back for her friend. Kristine was nowhere in sight. Another glance at her watch informed her it was 11:25. She should really go up to the road and watch for Don, but she didn’t even know what Don looked like, or what type of vehicle he owned.

“Kristen!” yelled Caren. “Where are you?”

Faintly she heard the answer.

“Go on up and wait by the road. I’ll be there in a few minutes. Don’s got a green VW bug.”

Caren gulped. After a brief pause, she strode up the dirt road.

Caren hid beneath a large pine a few feet to the side of the road. She pulled her body up to sit on the lowest branch of the pine. The branches and green needles partially hid her from view, but she could see and hear any car that approached. If she saw a green VW she could drop from the tree and wave it down well before it passed her stop.

The thought of dropping and exposing her body to a stranger was embarrassing. The feel of her bare bottom on the tree branch only heightened her embarrassment. Her mind was taking her to where her body already was … aroused. She was unprepared when Kristen tickled the bottom of her foot.

“Shit, Kristen,” screamed Caren as she struggled to stay on the branch. “I swear you’ll gonna scare me to death.”

“Sorry, but you foot was too tempting a target. I’m staying on the ground. My ankles still sore.”

“Good, then you go wait by the road for your friend.”

“Okay.” Kristen walked toward the road. Caren had been sure Kristen would make her wait naked with her.

There was the sound of an approaching car and Caren saw her friend wave when the VW came into sight. The car slowed, turned onto the cabin’s dirt road and stopped.

“It’s okay, Caren. It’s Don.” Kristen got in the passenger door and climbed into the backseat. With reluctance, Caren dropped from her perch and walked toward the car. The door was still open. Caren took a deep breath, walked to the door and climbed into the front passenger seat.

Don’s wore a white T-shirt and loose purple shorts. He smiled as Kristen did the introductions. Don gave Caren a long hard look before he spoke.

“I see you need to visit our beach. Your tan isn’t complete.”

Caren’s face reddened as she covered her breasts with one arm while dropping her other to cover her lap.

“But you blush nicely,” Don added.

Kristen chuckled. “Give her a break, Don. She’s not one of us … yet, but I’m working on her.”

“Well, let’s go break into Caren’s trunk.” Don added with a sinister tool. “I brought my tools.”

Caren was wordless as Don drove down to the cabin. She was first to leave the car, fleeing inside as Don and Kristen moved to the back of Caren’s car. Caren watched as a few minutes later the trunk door popped up. She saw Kristen reach into the trunk and retrieve the car keys. Then, to Caren’s despair, Don slammed the trunk shut. Then the two advanced to the cabin. Don and Kristen entered to see Caren’s bottom disappear into the bedroom.

“Caren, get out here and thank Don. He’s already seen you naked.”

Caren answered, looking around the open bedroom door, but hiding her body with the door.

“But you didn’t bring me my clothes.”

“Caren, Don’s help comes with a price. He wants you to spend a day at our beach.”

“ME?!?”

“Yes, and he wants you there today. He’ll drive us there and bring us back.”

Caren groaned. Reluctantly, she answered. “Okay, but give me something to wear during the ride.

Before Kristen could answer, Don removed his T-shirt and threw it almost all the way to Caren. “You can wear my shirt.”

Caren reached for the shirt, but it was too far from the door. Don told her to hurry. With a lump in her throat, she stepped from behind the door and bent to retrieve the shirt. She quickly pulled it over her head and it slid down her body. Despite its simplicity the T-shirt felt like a comforting suit of armor against the eyes of Kristen and Don. Both smiles as they ushered her out to the VW. Caren hid in the backseat as they drove away from the cabin, her car and all of her clothes.

**Part 8

Thursday Afternoon at the Beach**
Don and Kristen chatted in a friendly manner, letting Caren remain quiet in the back. Before they reached the beach, their casual manner pulled Caren from her silence. She was almost comfortable when they stopped in the beach’s asphalt parking lot. The lot was nearly full on the hot clear day with people coming and going. Kristen stood naked as Don removed his shorts. It was only when Don threatened to rip his T-shirt from Caren’s that she was persuaded to exit Don’s car.

Don walked to the trunk and retrieved the girl’s canvas shoes. He handed the shoes to the girls. “You’ll need these for the walk down the trail.”

After pulling on her shoes Kristen spoke. “Come on. We aren’t supposed to stand around naked up here in the parking lot. Don, let her keep your T-shirt until we are at the bottom of the trail.”

Kristen walked to the trailhead as Caren pulled on her shoes. It was not easy to keep covered by the T-shirt. She scurried to catch up with Don and Kristen as the walked down the trail. Caren was very concerned as Don’s T-shirt fluttered in the wind but those concerns were forgotten by the view Caren saw.

The view of the beach from the top of the steps was magnificent. The blue sky, blue-green water, dark cliffs and bright off-white beach made a great picture. It was only as they descended the steps that Caren took note of the naked bodies. Prone on the sand, walking along the water’s edge, throwing Frisbees, playing volleyball, swimming, splashing in the water; all without any clothes.

“It doesn’t look unnatural at all,” thought Caren.

They stepped off the bottom of the trail onto the warm sand. Kristen on her left and Don on her right grabbed her arms and turned her to face the sign of beach rules. Don pointed at the “Clothing Prohibited” rule and held out his hand. It took a lot of nerve for Caren to pull the T-shirt over her head and reluctantly handed it to Don. The three walked to the lifeguard station. Don took the T-shirt into the station. When he emerged, Beth was with him.

“Kristen, I thought you were visiting a friend,” asked Beth.

“Don and I wanted to introduce Caren to our beach,” Kristen answered. “She’s never been to one like it.”

“Really?” Beth answered. “What do you think of our beach?”

Caren had difficulty talking with Don, Kristen and Beth — all standing naked a few feet from her. “I don’t know. It seems so naughty.” Caren’s voice could barely be heard above the sound of the surf.

“Well, don’t forget to put sunscreen on you untanned areas,” suggested Beth. “We wouldn’t want your first day here to end painfully. Here, use some of mine.”

Caren took the offered bottle of sunscreen. She did not move as she watched Kristen and Don each apply sunscreen on their own bodies before checking each other. Kristen applied some to an uncovered spot between Don’s shoulder blades, and then Don rubbed screen on Kristen’s lower back.

Kristen saw Caren’s stare. “Come on, Caren, put on the sunscreen, or do you want us to apply it for you?”

“NO! I’ll do myself.” Caren squeezed the screen into her right hand then rubbed her palms together. She started at her feet, working her way up her legs. When she got to her upper thighs, she put some more screen on her hands applied it to her stomach, back and shoulders.

“Tisk, tisk,” sounded Kristen, “you missed the very pale areas.”

Caren gave Kristen a very evil look as she spread the sunscreen on her breasts. Her nipples betrayed her mind as they once again grew hard and perky. Kristen pointed lower and Caren gritted her teeth as she applied more sunscreen to the pale areas of her bikini shave. Again, her body’s reaction forced its way into her mind. If she were alone, she would have let her hands respond to those delicious sensations.

But she just couldn’t!

She followed Don and Kristen down the beach. Caren tried to hide her stares and glances at the many exposed bodies on all sides of her, male and female.

**Part 9

Thursday Evening**
Caren had to admit the day at Black Knife Beach has been a hoot. Kristen and Don had made sure Caren did not find some secluded point and cower in silence. They had made a point of introducing her to all their beach friends. The beach people had been very nice, even tolerant of her modest tendencies. She saw the way they accepted the human body as part of nature, but she remained very conscience of their glances which took in all of her body.

As the day had worn on, she had even let Don apply more sunscreen to her back. He hands had avoided those areas which were more personal, but she had witnessed the look in his eyes after each application. She had even found herself smiling at his appreciate looks. When it came time to leave, Caren has not even asked for Don’s T-shirt. After all, he had not put his purple shorts on before they left.

As Don drove them back to the mountain cabin, the three shared stories of the past. Not one of those stories was sexual in nature. Caren’s thoughts drew inward. Her first full twenty-four hours naked was a rush. Caren was not a convert, but she could see some of the reasons for Kristen’s change of attitude on nudity. As they turned onto the dirt road Kristen made an offer to Don.

“Why don’t you stay for dinner? It’s the least we can do for helping us and driving us to and from the beach.”

The thought of sharing the cabin with a naked hunk brought Caren mixed feelings. The casualness of the nudity in a domestic setting was embarrassing, and yet intoxicating. Besides, to deny Don at least a dinner would be rude.

“Sure, Don, stay for dinner. I make a mean steak and salad,” chimed in Caren. She did want the car key to get her clothes, but she enjoyed the thrill of her friends keeping her clothes from her. She decided they would offer the key when they felt like it.

“Thanks, I am famished,” answered Don. “I can help, too.”

Caren was the first to answer. “No, we’ll take care of everything.” Besides, the compact kitchen had barely enough room for two. Three bodies in the kitchen would make for a lot of bumping into each other, and smiled at that thought. To herself she thought, “My lord in horny. I’d never get dinner done right with two nudes brushing against me.”

“Ah, guys, I want to take a shower before dinner. I’ll get the steaks started and grab a quick shower,” suggested Caren.

Kristen chimed in next. “I’ll take a shower right now. Don’t worry; I’ll leave some hot water for you.” She went directly to the bathroom.

For the first time all day Caren and Don were together with no one else around. Caren found him non-threatening. She went into the kitchen to get the steaks started. She had scrubbed out the broiler the previous night so all she had to do was prepare her special marinate for the beef. She was mixing her secret ingredients when she felt a presence behind her. She turned to find Don standing in the doorway. She blushed, again, wondering how long he had been watching her.

“How long have you known Kristen?” Don asked.

“Since middle school.”

“Then you didn’t know about her nudist past?”

“I didn’t have a clue until she told me yesterday. We’ve never kept secrets. I know she didn’t keep if from me since she didn’t know it herself.”

“But it looks like you’re adjusting to the nudist way.”

“Oh, my goodness, no! I only wanted to understand her better. I didn’t plan on being naked all day.”

“Why don’t you stay naked?”

“What choice do I have? My clothes are still locked away.”

“Then you do you want your clothes back?”

“Oh, yes.”

“Why? You seem to be doing just fine, and looking fine too.”

That last comment reddened Caren’s face again. She thought she had blushed more today than in all her previous life. “I want to have the choice. Besides, it's really messing with my head.”

The door to the bathroom opened and Kristen emerged; tanned, healthy looking and still naked.

“If you want a quick shower,” suggested Caren looking at Don, “go ahead. I want to marinate this a few more minutes before I put it in the broiler.”

“Thanks. A shower would feel good.” As Don left, Kristen took his place at the door.

“You like Don.”

“I guess I do. As we talked he even looked me in the eyes, most of the time. Is he involved with anyone?”

“I don’t know. You’d have to talk to Beth. She’s the official ërumor central’ for our beach. You could always ask him.”

“Kristen, babe, it’s difficult to talk to a naked man, especially when you’re naked, too.”

“I think you’re doing fine.” Kristen could see Caren was uncomfortable with the subject, so she switched. “So, what’d you think of our beach? Wasn’t it great?”

“I admit, it was interesting.”

“Are you coming back?”

A slight smile eclipsed the look on Caren’s face before she whispered, “Maybe.”

“How about Saturday when you drop me off?”

“I guess I’ll have to if you don’t give me back my clothes.”

Kristen giggled. “Didn’t Don tell you? You can have them back anytime you want them.”

“But? Where’s the key?”

“Go ask Don. He was supposed to give it to you while I took my shower.”

Caren, looking a bit angry, stormed out of the kitchen. She hated being tricked like that. She opened the bathroom door. There was Don’s body, partially obscured behind a steamy, normally clear shower curtain. Caren halted and stared. “Yummy,” she whispered. Her body responded and as she became a naked voyeur. Before Don caught her looking, Caren shook her head and backed out of the steamy bathroom. She leaned against the outside of the bathroom door to steady herself. She heard the shower stop and scurried back to the kitchen and Kristen.

“What’d Don say?”

Caren’s throat felt constricted but she forced her voice to work. “Ah, I didn’t ask him.”

“What were you doing? You were gone almost five minutes.”

“Ah, er, well….,” Caren stammered.

Caren’s face was obviously very red to Kristen’s watchful eye. Kristen looked down and blushed when she noticed Caren’s nipples were very erect. Caren’s entire body had a healthy glow from her head to her toes. Kristen blushed as she wondered what had gotten Caren so fired up, but Kristen was not going to state her guess.

Caren finally found her voice. “Well, I, ah, caught Don in the shower.” Caren’s face reddened even more. “I sorta just … stared at him through the shower curtain.” Caren looked Kristen in the eyes and said, “Please don’t tell him I gawked at him.”

“He is a handsome fellow, isn’t he?”

“Kristen, I have to get some clothes. This whole situation is screwing with my mind.”

“I can tell.”

Caren followed Kristen’s stare and clasped her hands over her erect, and oh so sensitive breasts. Kristen blushed and giggled at her nude friend’s reaction.

“Relax, Caren. Do you think this is the first time Don’s gotten a rise out of a woman?

Besides, the whole beach including Don got good long looks at your bod all day. There’s nothing to be ashamed about…at least nothing he has not already admired.”

“Kristen! Please!”

“Okay, calm down. Don will be back in a minute and you can take a few minutes for your shower … and anything else you need to do.” Kristen had stammered the last part of her sentence.

At the subtle inference to Caren’s need to release, Caren’s face grew pale with shock.

“Kristen! Really!”

“What’s the matter, girls?” Don’s clear tenor voice asked from a few feet behind Caren.

Caren was very embarrassed and self-conscience. Her hands flew down to cover her bottom, but then she realized the bathroom was available and she raced to it. Don and Kristen chuckled as Caren ran, bent forward, her hands not quite covering her firm our behind.

“What’s gotten into her?” asked Don.

“I think the day has overwhelmed her. Why don’t you give her a break and return the key for her trunk and her clothes?”

“The key’s on the dinner table in plain sight. All she has to do it pick it up. Do you think I should take it to her?”

Kristen smiled to herself, imaging Caren’s current activities in the privacy of the bathroom.

“No, I think we should give her a few minutes alone. I’ll take it to her when we hear the shower stop.

Caren emerged from the shower stall. The hot water had run out leaving her refreshed after she had satisfied her needs under the hot water. She had settled for a cold rinse before stepping out of the stall. After retrieving a fresh bath towel from the shelf over the toilet, she spent several minutes enjoying the soft comfort of the towel as she dried her body. She was about to wrap the towel around her by habit when she realized her friends probably would not allow it. With some trepidation she hung up the towel before stepping out of the bathroom.

“Oh,” said Kristen as she walked toward the bathroom, “here’s your car key.”

“Oh, thank you!” Caren grabbed the key as if her life depended on it. She looked at the key in her hand once before racing out the front door to her car. She fumbled getting the key into the lock twice before she succeeded in unlocked the trunk. Standing there in the outdoors, she pulled on her pants, then a T-shirt. Her clothes felt wonderful. For the first time in a day, she took a deep breath and relaxed. Still in her bare feet, she walked casually into the cabin.

“Dinner’s ready,” declared Kristen. Don was already seated at the table. Kristen waited to take her seat until Caren pulled out her chair and sat. Then Kristen spoke as Don dug a fork into a still sizzling steak and transferred it to his plate.

“Congratulations, Caren, you’ve spent your first full day naked. You willing to try another?”

“I just want to enjoy this steak.”

Don passed the steak platter to Caren and added, “Come on, give it a try. I saw you smiling after you’d been at the beach for a while. I think you enjoyed at least part of the experience.”

“Honestly, you two, couldn’t you both see I was dying of embarrassment? All those people could see all of me. I couldn’t hide anything.”

“But I saw you smiling later in the afternoon after you got brave enough to roll onto your back.” Don’s tone of voice was not aggressive. “Look, our way of life is not for everybody, but I really think you could grow to appreciate it if you gave it a real chance.”

Caren remembered that incident while the yummy hunk was playing catch with a Frisbee with a group of his friends. When he had retrieved the Frisbee which had landed near her he had given her the dreamiest smile she could recall. He had not gawked but she was sure he had liked her figure. She thought he had intentionally missed catching the Frisbee another time so he could again move toward her.

Kristen saw the corners of Caren’s face turn up as she recalled the incident. “See, you’re smiling again,” Kristen noted.

Caren answered wistfully, “That was a nice moment.” Then she realized what she was admitting and she could not hide the glee in her voice even as she objected. “Hey, that’s not fair! It’s like you are reading my mind.”

Don replied, “See there are some perks to our beach.”

The conversation became one of normalcy as Kristen and Don talked over lifeguard matters. Caren concentrated on her food but her mind remained unsettled as they finished the dinner.

“It’s time I hit the road,” Don commented.

“But aren’t you going to put something on for the drive,” asked Caren.

“Oh, yeah, I guess I should,” he admitted with a chuckle. “I’m just so comfortable without clothes.”

The three said their goodbyes by Don’s car as he pulled his shorts on. The girls settled on the couch in front of the fireplace. Caren continued bringing Kristen up to date on her events of the last year. Kristen let Caren control the conversation. Kristen listened patiently, interrupting only for clarifications. It was much like their time in high school except that Kristen was naked.

By 10:30 PM they were both yawning from the long day. Kristen was first in bed while Caren brushed her teeth. When Caren emerged from the bathroom, she wore cotton pajamas. She slid into bed next to her still naked friend and was fast asleep.

**Part 10

Friday Morning**
Caren woke with the morning sun was peeking over the mountain. She slid from under the sheet and, rubbing sleep from her eyes, she stepped into the bathroom. It was only when she saw her reflection in the mirror that she noticed she was naked.

“Oh, damn it! KRISTEN!”

She race back into the bedroom, but the bed was empty. There was no answer to her shout. She checked the dresser drawers, then her bag. There were no clothes in the cabin. Running out to the front of the cabin she found her car sitting where she had parked it. Returning to the cabin she found her car keys on the table.

Caren mind raced. She could drive home wearing the sheet from the bed, but she would have some explaining to do. Her mother was sure to be home.

She flopped down on the bed and wrapped the sheet around her body.

“Caren, wake up! You’ve stolen all the bedclothes!”

Caren looked up at a goose-bump-covered Kristen who was tried to pull loose the covers tightly held by Caren.

“It’s too cold to sleep without covers,” Kristen complained.

“Sorry. I was having a nightmare,” Caren said apologetically, but Caren still held the covers tightly.

“Never mind, I’ll go build a fire. It’s almost time to get up anyway.” Kristen hugged her arms to her chest as she walked into the living room.

Caren felt lousy. Holding the covers tightly to her body, she padded into the living room.

“Kristen, you can have some covers.”

The front door was open. Kristen re-entered the cabin having retrieved more firewood from the stack around the side of the cabin. Kristen went straight to the fireplace and build a roaring blaze. Caren sat on the couch, watching her nude friend prepare and start the fire. Only then did Kristen plop down beside Caren and snuggle under the covers she was offered.

“MMMMM, you've got the covers nice and toasty.”

The two were mesmerized by the flickering flames. In only a few minutes sleep came upon them.

Caren was the first to wake. For a few minutes she watched her friend sleep. Kristen’s \_expression was one of innocence and peace. Arranged as they were under the warm covers it was impossible to discern if either or both of them wore any clothes. Caren might have fallen asleep again, except….

The sound of the truck crashing down the mountain side through the trees was horrific. Both were startled wide awake by the cacophony of rending metal and snapping wood.

Kristen’s reaction was immediate. She raced out the front door and looked up at the main road. The level of noise had diminished but she could still hear the snapping of wood and creaking of straining metal. She raced in the direction of the noise. Caren emerged from the cabin wearing her pajamas after having donned her shoes. She saw Kristen vanish into the brush and trees and ran to follow her.

The trailer had twisted ruptured spilling its massive load of groceries in all directions. The tractor had some to rest sideways against a trio of strong pines with the driver’s side facing downhill. Caren saw a bit of tanned flesh downhill from the tractor. It was Kristen and she was kneeling over a body.

“Call 911,” Kristen shouted.

Caren ran back to her cell phone in the car. Upon catching her breath she gave the location and directions to the cabin to the Police. She was trotting back to Kristen with the phone when she saw what Kristen was doing. Kristen was giving CPR to the downed truck driver.

“Help is on the way,” Caren said.

Kristen acknowledged Caren’s comment with a nod of her head as she concentrated on reviving the man. Kristen was still working on him when the sounds of sirens filled the air.

“I’ll bring them here,” shouted Caren.

Caren met the ambulance as it stopped and led the paramedics to Kristen and the truck driver. The paramedics, a man and a woman, were not distracted by the Kristen’s nudity. It was all business as they set up their equipment while Kristen continued CPR. The female paramedic tapped Kristen on the shoulder. “We’ll take over now.” Kristen stepped back and let them take charge.

“There’s a heart beat but it’s irregular and faint.”

“I can’t get a BP.”

“He's going into arrest. Paddles!”

“Charging.”

“CLEAR.”

The man’s body jumped as he took the electrical jolt.

“That’s better. The heart’s beating on its own.”

“BP, 90 over 40, and rising.”

Two police officers appeared a few feet off to the side. Kristen was leaning against a tree as her adrenaline burned itself off. Caren gave the officers her description of the scene as she had seen it. The first officer asked who gave the CPR.

“She did,” answered Caren, pointing at Kristen. Caren’s mind raced as she realized Kristen was still naked. Would there be trouble?

“Officer,” said the female paramedic, “we’re transporting the patient now. Don’t give the young lady a hard time. I think she saved his life.”

“Is he going to be okay,” asked Kristen?

“I think his chest impacted the tree hard enough to stop his heart. I think he’s got a couple of broken ribs, but he awake and moving his limbs. That’s a real good sign.”

The officers, Kristen and Caren followed the paramedics as they carried the patient up to their ambulance, carrying some of their equipment. As the ambulance roared away, the officers turned to Kristen. The male officer spoke.

“We need a statement and an explanation.”

“I’m a lifeguard at Black Knife Beach,” answered Kristen.

The officers looked at each other then the female officer spoke. “Oh, you’re one of those people.”

For a moment Kristen thought she would be in trouble until she saw the friendly smiles form on the officers’ faces. Now it was Kristen who looked hard at the police.

“Harold, Betty? I didn’t recognize you in clothes.”

Caren was confused. As the other three smiled and chatted it became clear they knew each other. Turning to Caren, Kristen did the introductions.

“Caren, you didn’t meet them yesterday, but these are two of our regular beach buddies.” Turning back to the officers she added, “I didn’t know you two were police.”

Betty answered. “We keep that to ourselves. There’s no need to spread that around to the others. It could make problems.”

“Why,” asked Kristen.

Now it was Harold who blushed brightly. “I lost a ridiculous bet at the gun range with Betty. To pay it off I had to spend an hour at our beach. I had never been to a nude beach before and was surprised I liked it. Two weeks later, Betty lost the bet and it was her turn. Surprise, surprise, she liked it too.”

A car zoomed by along the road. A male voice whooped as they passed.

“We should get you away from the road in your unclothed state,” said Betty, “before we cause another accident.” The officers drove their squad car as Kristen and Caren walked down to the cabin.

Upon entering the cabin Harold used the phone while Betty took a full statement from Kristen. Harold was smiling broadly when he hung up the phone and he announced, “Dispatch says the driver’s condition is very good. He says he was reaching for his heart pills when he had the accident. Kristen, it looks like you’re saving lives in the mountains like you do on the beach. Congratulations!”

The police radio squawked and they took the call. With brief goodbyes the officers had to rush to their next assignment.

Caren and Kristen ate a breakfast of cereal, juice and milk. The morning’s unplanned activities left them both thoughtful. Kristen thought back over all her emergency aid training, wondering if there had been more she could do.

Caren’s thoughts were more numerous. Kristen had always been one to lead but the thought of her saving a man’s life was overpowering. Then there was the matter of saving a life while naked. Kristen had been so confident that Caren had forgotten her friend was naked until after the police showed up. And finally, to be confronted by two more of Kristen’s beach people in uniform, Caren discovered real interest in Kristen’s new way of life.

So far all of Kristen’s new friends were nice people. Could their naked way of life somehow make them better people or were mostly nice people attracted to the naked beach?

They had just finished eating when the phone calls started to come in. The newspapers wanted to know about the “naked angel of mercy” described by the truck driver. The television and radio stations called wanting an interview. Kristen co-operated by doing phone interviews which satisfied the radio people, but the papers and television people wanted to send cameras. Even Kristen was blushing as she envisioned her naked image on the nightly news. Caren had been encouraging her to do the interviews until Kristen shared that image.

**Part 11

Friday Afternoon**
Both young ladies were getting frustrated with the constant phone calls. It was spoiling their time together. Lunchtime came and past and the phone kept ringing. Caren changed into a baggy jersey and shorts, and then made sandwiches. When Kristen hung up from the most recent plea for an interview, the two fled the cabin with the sandwiches and bottled water in Caren’s backpack. The hiked down the mountainside toward the stream that ran through the valley. Within thirty minutes they stood at the edge of the babbling brook. The air was clean with the temperature in the mid-seventies. Kristen stuck a toe in the water, declared it refreshing and waded in. Kristen waded to deeper pool and was enjoying herself.

“Come on in. You’ll love it.”

Caren looked around, and seeing no one in sight, timidly slid her shorts down her legs. The jersey was just long enough to cover her personal parts, but she already felt quite naked.

“Come on,” urge Kristen.

With one quick motion Caren pulled the jersey over her head and jumped into the pool next to Kristen. She surfaced, sputtering.

“Jesus Christ! This water’s ice cold!”

“I know,” chuckled Kristen, “but I got you in.”

It was at that moment that the news copter dropped into the valley. Spotting swimmers the pilot dropped and headed toward them.

Only Kristen’s and Caren’s heads were above the water when they heard the “thwap, thwap” of the copter as it came to hover over them. Both looked up in surprise. Kristen waved.

“Don’t encourage them. Maybe they will go away,” urged Caren through suddenly chattering teeth. She slid lower in the water and turned to see her clothes -- so near yet so far away. The copter slowly eased downstream to her relief until she saw it drop lower and two men, one with a camera on his shoulder, stepped from the hovering craft.

“Cable News Service,” shouted the man without the camera. The two trotted upstream, splashing along the bank until they stood between Caren and her clothes. “We just wanted a few pictures from the heroines.”

Both girls remained in the water. Caren was hesitant to appear before the camera and lord knows how many viewers but Kristen was bolder.

“I’ve got nothing to add to what I said on the phone,” shouted Kristen as she waded toward shallower water.

“My producers want pictures of you as you’re interviewed. It’s my job. It’s nothing personal.”

Kristen answered. “It’s our bodies you want on the news. That’s not fair.”

“We do the interview here or my producer will send me down to the beach where you work. It’s your choice.”

Kristen thought a minute as she moved to waist deep water while Caren remained in the deeper water. “Okay, I’ll give you an exclusive interview at the beach, but you’ll need to get it cleared through the Parks Service Department. It’s that or nothing. And tell them I want the producer at the interview.”

The reporter checked with his producer via his microphone and headphones. The producer reluctantly agreed to do the interview at 10 AM. The newsies dawdled, hoping for at least one good shot of the “naked angels” but they eventually hurried off for another assignment.

As the copter passed out of sight over the edge of the mountain, two slightly blue-skinned, attractive and very naked ladies stepped out of the cold brook.

Caren was the first to speak. “Damn, I think they took my shorts.”

“Caren, let’s just get back to the cabin and warm up.”

Caren pulled on her jersey before she followed Kristen up the valley.

A new fire was burning in the fireplace giving a warm glow to the room. Caren had removed her jersey and put on knickers, bra, T-shirt, sweatshirt, her heaviest pants and two pairs of socks. She slipped hot cocoa. Another steaming cup of the chocolaty drink sat on the end table for Kristen. Kristen had taken a hot shower and emerged wearing Caren’s long terrycloth robe. She sat between Caren and the end table where her cocoa waited.

“Why’d you agreed to the interview on the beach?”

Kristen smiled. “Come tomorrow and see. I promise it will be a good show.”

**Part 12

Saturday Morning**
Kristen was delighted that Caren joined her at her beach after dropping her off. A few other new services had called later on Friday, but the two had relaxed and enjoyed each other’s company. Caren had remained clothed for the rest of the day. Once Kristen had gotten the cold out of her bones, she had shed the robe. Caren had almost gotten used to seeing her best friend do everything naked.

The next morning Kristen had ridden naked as a clothed Caren drove to the beach. Caren needed less encouragement to leave her clothes in her car and descend to the beach naked. Caren’s stomach was still doing some back flips as she accompanied Karen on her rounds.

At 9:45 AM the CNS news copter came into viewed. After survey the beach the pilot found an open spot on the north end and landed. Three people exited the copter before it flew up to the parking lot. There was the same camera man as the day before, but he was accompanied by two women. One of the women was in her mid-twenties, wore earphones and carried a hand microphone. She had the typical look of a young attractive reporter on her way up the company ladder. The second woman was tall, in her mid-thirties and was dressed in a stylish pantsuit.

“She must be the producer,” Kristen said to Caren.

The news people looked around until the cameraman spotted Kristen and pointed her out. The trio strode down the beach straight for Caren and Kristen until…

“Sorry, ma’am, but you can’t be here,” announced Beth as she walked into their path.

“I have the approval from your Parks Department.” The producer handed a sheet of paper to Beth. “Please step out of our way and let us work.”

Beth stood her ground as she read the paper. “This is all in order, but you still can’t be here like this.”

“Why not?” asked the producer.

“This beach is clothing prohibited. You have to remove your clothing here and now.”

The look on the producer’s face was priceless; her jaw dropped open. The reporter’s \_expression was almost as good. Only the cameraman seemed unaffected by Beth’s pronouncement. Well, almost unaffected. He was sporting a big smile and adjusting the camera which was aimed at the backside of his producer.

“I never heard of such a thing,” the producer replied pompously.

“Beth, is there a problem with these people?” Harold appeared beside Beth. He was not exactly nude for he wore his police cap with the badge pinned to it.

Caren and Kristen had continued walking toward the newsies and were standing only a few feet away. Kristen saw Betty a few feet off to the side, wearing only a belt with her badge and a walkie-talkie attached to it.

“These people are in violation of the beach ordinance.” Beth did not raise her voice but her statement was heard by those nearby. Several of the regular beach goers stood and waited, encircling the confrontation.

“Ma’am, Black Knife Beach rules are city ordinance. The rules are posted at the top and bottom of the beach accesses.”

“But we didn’t use the beach accesses. We were brought by a copter.” The producer’s voice had grown louder and higher pitched.

“Sorry, ma’am, ignorance of the law is no excuse. I can let you off with a warning citation but I insist your crew remove its clothes immediately.”

The smile on the cameraman was from ear-to-ear. He had the whole conversation on tape with his producer’s back to the camera. He had already unbuttoned his shirt and unbuckled his belt. The reporter was looking a bit scared. She wanted no part of a naked beach, but she was sure her pain-in-the-butt producer was going to get them all stripped. She waved Betty over and the two exchanged whispers.

The producer was still arguing but Harold was not yielding an inch. Behind the producer a red-faced reporter was handing her clothes to Betty while a smiling camera man dropped his pants and boxers to the sand.

Harold had had enough. “Ma’am, comply with the law right now or you’re going to be taken to the station and charged with violation the beach ordinance AND resisting an officer.” Betty moved next to Harold and offered a pair of handcuffs which had hung from her belt.

The crowd of watchers had grown. The producer, seeing the crowd and their support for the officer, was getting very nervous. She turned for support from her crew. Upon seeing them already naked her confidence faltered. With shaking hands and surrounded by a lot of staring eyes she handled her jacket and then her pants to the officer. Standing in the matching black lace knickers and bra she was very conscious of the off-shore breeze and the effect it was having on her nearly bare body. Kicking off her flats she pleaded with her eyes to Harold. He maintained a severe \_expression and put his hand out for more of her clothes. With her hands shaking, first her bra and then her knickers were handed to Officer Harold.

“That will be fine, ma’am. Have a good day.” With her clothes in his hands, Officer Harold walked toward the trail to the parking lot.

“Jim, Barb, do the damn interview and let’s get out of here.”

Both Kristen and Caren were interviewed by a blushing Barb. Jim assured them he was taking headshots but a carefully examination later would reveal he used a wider lens setting. When the tape was aired, only their ladies heads and shoulders were seen, but the original tape found it way to Jim’s private home collection. In particular he had his producer’s entire strip sequence as well as additional footage taken as they climbed the trail to the parking lot.

All in all, Caren had mixed feelings about Black Knife Beach, but she promised to come again….soon.

But that’s another story.