**Summer at Cache Lake**

 **Chapter 71: Trail to Aspen Lake**

Now together, the three of them resumed their hike. Jill took the lead as she’d have it no other way. As she plodded up the gentle incline, she had all kinds of thoughts and emotions swirling around in her head. She liked hiking with David and Ryan, but she couldn’t help but think that it was entirely inappropriate for them to be attempting to trick her such that she’d have no choice but to be naked.

And yet she knew that on some level she was enjoying the game, if that was what it was. She knew that she had a measure of safety in that they were not going to physically strip her. A physical contest – that she would surely lose – after all, there were, of course, two of them. However, what was going on was much more cerebral than that. This was somewhat analogous to a game of chess.

The more she thought about her summer and how she had first lost her top and how her bottoms were now in play, the more she realized that what made it all so exciting was how scary it was. The stakes were indeed high, really high.

She realized that it represented a huge change that she was now able to view it as a game. Previously it had all been much closer to a matter of life and death.

Her perspective had certainly evolved. She’d just had lunch with David and Ryan. She’d been topless the entire time, but what was even more significant was that she hadn’t been particularly conscious of that fact. The truth of the matter was that she was now so used to being bare-chested around them, that she didn’t tend to think about it.

The only thoughts about being topless, that she recalled having, had related to her desire to be topless. She was aware of just how significant the change that had taken place over the summer really was. At the start of the summer, she would have been so self-conscious, unable to think about anything other than how embarrassingly small her breasts were. They were now no bigger than they had been, but concerns about being so small up top were no longer something she gave much thought to.

Her primary concern of late had become concealing from them her interest in being topless. For appearance's sake, she felt the need to have them believe that she was going along with it reluctantly. She gave that aspect a little thought. All she could come up with related to an ingrained notion that a good girl or a normal girl would not want to be topless – and most certainly would not enjoy it.

As she continued to ponder her predilection for toplessness, she was reminded that it was quite limited. Initially, she had found that it was enjoyable, provided that she was alone. Things had now developed to the point where she was comfortable topless in the presence of David and Ryan, but it ended there. Others had seen her topless, but that had been anything but comfortable.

She wondered if it might be a slippery slope, and yet she thought that it was unlikely that others might be admitted to the inner circle. At least, she couldn’t picture how that could happen. She certainly wasn’t open to the idea; that she knew.

For the first time, she found herself actually considering the possibility of being fully nude around David and Ryan. She’d known for a long time that being nude was fun, but again only while she was alone. The parallels with how toplessness had originally felt were too obvious to ignore.

Now, after her wild morning, she knew exactly what it felt like to be naked around others . . . regrettably.

Initially, it had almost made her sick to her stomach. Her thoughts had been thrown into disarray and she had panicked. She had done everything she could manage to extract herself from the scariest of circumstances. They had been much more frightening than anything she had ever imagined. It had been a nightmare come to life; and yet, over the course of a few hours she had found that she could actually think and function a little while naked.

She’d even been able to talk to the boys while standing stark naked before them. She’d managed to think on her feet well enough to exact a little revenge. And then she’d been able to work with their phones. She’d actually been thinking rationally! It was quite a revelation to realize that she had not been in panic mode at that point. Her blushing had been nonstop, yet she had been able to function.

And then, what was at least as significant, once the photos had been erased, she had not sought to hide her girl parts. The terms of the agreement had been met, so she had been free to do so, and yet it hadn’t occurred to her until later. She found herself considering what that might mean.

Her thought pattern was interrupted by David. “Jill you’re walking exactly like a geisha. Why don’t you take the skirt off so you can walk normally?”

Jill turned and looked blankly back at him. Without replying, she reached down to the bottom of the garment and located the side seam. Using both hands, she started tearing it apart. She stopped about mid-thigh. That was something that she had already been thinking about doing.

“Don’t stop there,” he encouraged.

Ignoring him, Jill turned and again started trudging up the trail. Opening up the seam had helped a lot. She was now able to walk almost normally. Only if she pushed her stride out to its maximum did her skirt pull tight.

She heard a little rip and, looking down, noticed that the opening had advanced a few stitches. She didn’t think it would tear much higher, but she wished that she had a sewing kit to put in a few stitches to stop it in its tracks.

“Go ahead . . . rip it all the way up,” Ryan called out from his position behind David. “Or just take it off altogether.”

“Yeah, you don’t need the skirt,” agreed David.

Jill ignored them, returning to her thoughts. In that moment, she made a decision. They were obviously going to keep pushing her in the direction of full nudity. Since they were going to be doing that anyway, she might as well adjust her attitude and enjoy it.

In a way, it was fun to have guys trying to get her out of her clothes. It was far from ideal, in that this was her brother and Ryan. However, maybe that did make it ideal?! She was more comfortable around them than anyone. And besides, she wasn’t going to end up naked. She could keep that from happening. She decided to just relax and try and enjoy the game.

Each time they had said or done something to try and get her naked, she had reacted negatively. Now she was going to do her best to embrace it for what it was – a game – a game that she would win. She’d won the latest round, and she felt confident that she could keep the skirt on and win future rounds.

Indeed, it was thrilling to have them suggest that she ought to be naked. Each time it came up, a spine-tingling little adrenaline rush would traverse the length of her body. A little shiver of fright mixed with excitement. She might as well enjoy the arousal that it created. A few minutes later, it started again.

“Jill, seriously, you’ll be more comfortable without the skirt,” said David.

“You might be right,” she answered without stopping or turning. She smiled even though they couldn’t see her face. Placing one hand on a hip, she jutted her booty back and started swinging her hips in an exaggerated fashion as she walked.

Ryan’s wolf whistle pierced the forest stillness.

Jill turned and glanced back. “If you think that looks hot,” she said. “Just try and picture what it would look like if I were butt naked.” To emphasize her point, she flashed him a coy little smile and a wink as she gave one of her buns a gentle little spank.

She saw the look of surprise on both Ryan’s and David’s faces as she turned back around and resumed hiking.

That had indeed been fun, she realized. A bit further on she did something similar. She turned sideways, allowing one of her tan legs to make a sexy appearance through the slit in her skirt, bending her knee and flexing her calf just enough to showcase how fit she was. That too had caused Ryan’s tongue to hang out and his eyes to betray the lust within.

Jill had pushed her leg through the slit so far that she had felt another few stitches give way.

As she again resumed walking, she heard Ryan comment, “Legs to die for . . . attached to an ass to die for!”

She rewarded him with a nice little hip shimmy.

Jill was again enjoying teasing Ryan, allowing him to imagine just how sexy she’d look without the Princess Jasmine skirt while knowing full well that he wasn’t going to get to see the real thing, her bare butt. As she considered that, she wondered how she could be so sure. Might there be circumstances that could result in her ending up nude in front of Ryan? Indeed, she’d come very close back at the Jeep. She decided to dismiss those concerns. It seemed as if she could mess with him without needing to worry about any real risks.

“Take it off, Tarzan!” he called out.

“I haven’t been called Tarzan for a while,” she said, pausing and turning to again look back.

“Maybe, given that you are now wearing a skirt, I should call you, Jane,” said Ryan.

“Tarzan!” said Jill making her preference clear. Without doing the yell, she thumped her chest to emphasize the point.

“Can I have a turn at that, Tarzan?” he asked.

“What do you think, Jerk-boy?”

Yes, this was indeed much more fun than allowing herself to feel insulted or offended each time her nudity was discussed, she thought as she resumed plodding up the trail. And yet at that same moment, she realized that her batteries were running low.

She had started the hike with so much energy. She had even been skipping, which was surprising given how she had been wearing her pack and how hard she had run through the cabins that morning, not to mention her long swim interrupted by the orgasms out on Sunken Island.

Now, as she thought about it, the reason she had been skipping probably had more to do with the adrenalin associated with being naked than anything else. Her libido had been so high right then. After lunch, things had felt very much as if they were returning to normal. She had been trudging along single file rather than skipping happily up the trail.

She’d just eaten, so that must have been a factor; however, she’d had the skirt on, so the scary excitement of being butt naked had been removed from the equation.

“How many more miles?” she asked.

“About one, probably less,” replied David. “Do you need a break?”

“If we stop, I’ll fall asleep.”

“Do you want a piggyback ride?” volunteered Ryan. “Of course, you’ll have to take off the skirt or rip the seam to the waist.”

Pausing a moment to consider her reply, Jill said, “You know, I’d do that. But the packs would be a problem.”

“Yeah, I don’t think I can carry all three,” laughed David.

“Darn!” said Jill. “A piggyback ride would be so nice.”

“I’ll come back for the packs!” said Ryan enthusiastically.

“I’m sure you would,” said Jill with a happy laugh as she turned and again started making her way toward the lake that they were intending to use as their backcountry base camp.

Once they were finally there, Jill took her sleeping bag and her Ryan-provided pillow and headed for the nearest shady spot. She had been planning to read a little before napping, but knowing that she wouldn’t last more than a paragraph, she didn’t even bother to pull a book out of her pack. It was warm, so she stretched out on top of her bag. As soon as she was horizontal, she was fast asleep.

**Chapter 72: Aspen Lake**

The shadows had grown long by the time she opened her eyes. She lay there for quite some time, thinking of all that had transpired. Her morning had been disastrous. How nice it was to be miles away and to have a few days to attempt to recover. How ironic it was that she would be attempting to get over the trauma resulting from her nude adventure while David and Ryan continued with their ‘game.’

She sat up and took in her surroundings. She had been so tired when they had gotten to the lake that her blinders had been on.

She was near the shore of a small peaceful mountain lake. It was much smaller than Cache Lake, about the size of Snow Lake. It was completely different, however, as the altitude was much lower. This lake was situated in the middle of a meadow. She glanced around looking for wildflowers. Disappointingly, it was too late in the summer for much in the way of blossoms.

Tall ridges, obviously lateral moraines, towered toward the deep blue sky on two sides. She quickly realized that the sun would only reach all the way down to the lake during the middle half of the day. She didn’t know what time it was, but the shadow of one ridge was already part way up on the canyon wall opposite. Her boots were there next to her; although, she didn’t recall taking them off.

She stood up and wandered barefoot through the amber colored grass over to where David and Ryan were making camp. They had found and adopted a fire circle. It was ringed with large rocks and looked as if it had served many hikers well. Together David and Ryan had made a good start on a woodpile.

“Feeling a little rested, Tarzan?” asked David. “You sure were out like a light.”

“Yep . . . feeling much better,” she replied, extending her arms overhead, her fingers interlaced. She’d gotten so used to Ryan admiring her chest and permanently pointy nipples that she didn’t give that a second thought as she lifted her ribcage and stretched her torso this way and that. “What did you say the name of this lake was?” she asked.

“Big Aspen Lake,” said David.

“Where’s Little Aspen Lake?” she asked, assuming that there had to be one. Looking around, she noticed the preponderance of aspens in their immediate vicinity.

“Little Aspen Lake is just a little farther up the valley, the next lake you come to. We haven’t seen it, but it’s on the map,” he replied.

“What’s the water like?” she asked, taking a step toward the shore.

“Cold, I’m sure. Not that I’ve checked,” said David. “Be my guest.”

“Don’t mind if I do,” said Jill, stepping into the shallow water.

“Do you remember taking off your boots?” asked David.

“Did you take them off?” she asked.

“I did.”

“Thanks. I guess I was sound asleep.”

“I thought it would be better for your feet if you slept without them.”

Jill smiled at him appreciatively. She turned and waded a short distance into the water. Unlike the much larger Cache Lake, the bottom consisted primarily of sticks, leaves and other plant debris. As she continued into deeper water, she had to lift the hem of her skirt to keep it from getting wet. With evening approaching, she needed to make sure she kept it dry.

Eventually, she was as deep as she could go. Any deeper and she’d have to lift the homemade skirt up so high that her bare bottom would be visible to the guys behind her on shore.

“I should just take this off, right?” she teased.

“Great idea, Tarzan!” said Ryan.

“Would you keep my skirt safe and dry for me, if I did that?” she asked.

“Absolutely!” he replied.

“I wouldn’t trust him,” said David with a chuckle. “But you can trust me.”

“I don’t think I can trust either of you,” she said, walking back toward shore while holding the ragged edge of her skirt just below pussy level to keep it dry by preventing it from coming into contact with her wet legs.

That evening at their campfire, Jill sat on her pillow. There were, of course, no chairs, and they hadn’t been able to find suitable rocks or logs nearby. She knew her pillow would end up quite dirty, but she needed to do everything she could to keep the skirt clean. It was destined to be all that she had to wear for three days.

Normally, she would have been cross-legged, just as the boys were sitting; however, that wasn’t really an option with a pencil skirt. To do so, she’d have to hike it all the way up. She smiled, imagining just how obscene that would be. Instead, she sat with her knees together and bent, her feet back and to one side.

“Pocket,” she said. “I hope you know that you’re sleeping in the middle. There’s no way I’m sleeping next to Jerk-boy here.”

“Maybe we could try zipping our bags together, Tarzan,” suggested Ryan.

Jill laughed. “You just never give up, do you?”

“Where would the fun in that be?” he asked. “But, I know you don’t want to sleep with me. I’m not convinced, however, that you want that skirt on.”

“You’re not?” she asked in surprise.

“I think that you are regretting having made it. If not, I think that you will be shortly. You’re not willing to admit it . . . yet . . . not even to yourself, but . . . you want to be naked. I sense it?”

“That’s so not true!” she snapped, but she wasn’t sure that her tone of voice or expression were all that convincing. “It isn’t!” she added for emphasis. “And I don’t appreciate you suggesting that.”

David laughed.

“What?” said Jill indignantly.

“You’re funny, that’s all,” he responded.

“Why am I so funny?”

“You just are,” he replied, exchanging knowing glances with Ryan. “Your mouth says one thing, but your body language says another. You’re not fooling anyone. The girl who took off her bikini to go for a nude swim this morning wants to be naked. You’re just in denial.”

Both David and Ryan laughed.

Jill didn’t respond, hoping that the conversation would stop there. And she didn’t see what was so funny. As she sat there contemplating the coals, she tried to decide if she did want to be naked. Were they right about her body language? Did she regret making the skirt? How could they even think that?

She tried to imagine what it would have been like to have completed the hike without it, to be sitting right where she was bare naked. She felt her face flush at the thought. Fortunately, that was likely to go unnoticed as their cheeks were all red due to the radiant heat from the fire.

She now had a much better ability to imagine what it might be like to be naked in front of Ryan and David. It wouldn’t be quite as extreme as her experience in and around the tree, given that it would be just David and Ryan. And yet, she felt the butterflies stir in her tummy and her skin tingle nervously just thinking about it.

“So tell me,” she asked. “What happened this morning? You headed off to get a Backcountry Permit. You obviously didn’t go all the way to Stanton.”

“We intended to,” replied David. “Part way there, we got to talking. The way you were acting. We both felt that you seemed a little excited to have us leave.”

“I did?” asked Jill, wondering if her behavior had been what had set her nightmare in motion.

“You walked back to the Airstream to see us off,” said David.

Jill wondered if they had seen her walk all the way out to the road. She wanted to know, but she was not about to ask.

“So, you didn’t get the permit?” she asked.

“We decided to leave early for the basketball game so that we’d have time to get it on the way. We wanted to get back to the lake to see what you were up to.”

Jill bit one side of her lower lip, looking down at the ground. She had concluded that the trip to town had been a ruse; however, this made just as much sense.

“And we do have a permit,” said Ryan. “After loading all our gear into the Jeep…”

“Except for my clothes,” said Jill interrupting him mid-sentence.

Ryan laughed. “Right! Well, now you know why it took me so long. Not only did I have to load everything up all by myself, but I also went by the ranger station in Stanton along the way.”

Jill realized that she hadn’t known how long it had taken him. Indeed, he was there when they went looking for him. She had assumed that he had probably been waiting at the community bulletin board for some time.

“That’s our story,” said David. “Short and sweet. Now it’s your turn. We’re dying to hear how you ended up in the tree. Actually, we’d like to hear all that happened between the lake and the tree.”

“I guess that’s only fair,” she replied. As she contemplated telling her tale, she realized that it would be another great opportunity to torture Ryan. Her orgasms out on Sunken Island crossed her mind; however, she knew those were going to remain her secret.

“Well, I had just started back from Sunken Island when I saw you guys on the beach. It looked like you were by the log. Did you find my bikini?”

“Just the bottoms,” replied Ryan. “By the way, I tossed them into your tent after I returned from my swim . . . I put the clothes from your backpack there as well.”

“Thanks,” said Jill. But then realizing what she had just said, she continued, “Wait! What am I saying? I take that back. You should have left my clothes in my pack.”

David and Ryan both laughed.

“Water under the bridge,” said Ryan.

“Go on with your story, Jill,” said David.

After scowling at them, she continued, “Well, I guess I panicked. But you’ve seen me at my most frazzled. Now I know how stupid I was. I should never have swum to the other side.”

“Probably not,” agreed David.

“And once there, I should have just sprinted along the beach to the trail . . . but I didn’t want to be that exposed. I headed into the forest, the cabin area, to hide and make my way cautiously to the trail. But I started immediately running into people. Hard to say how many. It was a nightmare.”

“Whatever you do, please, don’t lump them together,” said Ryan. “I want this blow by blow. I want to hear about every encounter.”

“Okay,” said Jill. If he wanted it that way, she could tell it that way. It would be embarrassing for her, but she was expecting that it might be hardest on him. At least, she was going to do her best make him suffer.

“I can tell it that way,” she said. “But it’s not going to be quick. And I’m sure it will be very embarrassing for me. If I do this, no making fun of me if I end up blushing, all right?”

After they had agreed, she continued, “This is going to be so hard. Everyone who saw me today, and there were so many, saw my pussy. Everyone!”

“I didn’t,” said Ryan, his tone despondent.

“Well, you’re the sole exception,” she said, doing her best to conceal her glee.

“The first person to see me was a woman watering plants in her yard. From the beach, I went between some cabins and came to a dirt road. To get off the road, I climbed a fence.” Jill stood up to give them the image of how she had climbed the fence. “Of course, I can’t exactly do it in this skirt, not without hiking it up . . . and that would allow you the view that woman had . . . so I’m definitely not doing that.”

Jill was acting it out to give them the impression that she had climbed over the fence, first one leg and then the other. In reality, she had gotten down on all fours and crawled through it. To tease Ryan, she was trying to make it sound as if she had been much more exposed than she had been.

“I didn’t see the woman until she spoke to me. She asked me if I was alright. Well, she must have really gotten an eyeful! You’re curious about how I keep myself groomed down there, Ryan. Well, suffice it to say, that woman knows!” Jill wasn’t sure that she did; she just knew what she wanted Ryan to think.

“Mrs. Evans,” said David.

“Excuse me?” said Jill.

“She introduced herself. She’s the first person I ran into as well. She was standing in the dirt road you mention. She would have told me all about your visit, but I cut her off. At that point, I thought I was hot on your trail.”

“You talked to her?” asked Jill in surprise. “What did she say?”

“A few comments about a naked girl. Like I said, I didn’t hang around for the full story.”

Jill looked over at Ryan. She was pleased to see the look on his face. She decided that she needed to continue embellishing her story for his benefit, at least to the extent that she could get away with it, given that David had talked to a few people.

“Well, to get away from . . . Mrs. Evans, right?” David nodded, and she continued, “I had to climb back over the fence. So embarrassing! And I was in a hurry. No way to climb over a fence with your legs together, at least not quickly.”

“So she saw everything?” asked Ryan, his eyes wide.

“Unless she’s blind . . . but she couldn’t be. She saw me before I saw her.”

“Oh, she’s not blind,” said David smiling.

“What did she tell you?” asked Jill, a little concerned that their stories might differ.

“I already told you,” said David. “I didn’t hang around. She pointed which way you had gone, and I took off after you.”

**Chapter 73: Jill’s Vow**

“Should I go on?” asked Jill.

“Please do!” encouraged Ryan.

Jill could tell that she again had Ryan eating out of her hand. If he wants more torture, then more torture he shall have, she decided.

“I sprinted down that road. At that point, getting away was more important than not being seen. I went around a bend, and there was a couple out for a morning walk. Did you talk to them?” she asked David.

“Nope. They weren’t there when I went by.”

Jill realized that she had full license to exaggerate the story of that encounter. “I ran right into them. No one was hurt, but again, I know for a fact that they got quite a look at me before we were able to disentangle ourselves. As quickly as possible, but not fast enough, I was back on my feet and away.”

“They saw your hoo-ha?” asked Ryan.

“Up close and personal, I fear . . . embarrassingly so.”

She’d of course not collided with that couple; they’d only had a fleeting glance of her. She was simply trying to make the experience more intense for Ryan. Interestingly, it was having the opposite effect for her. By fictionalizing a few elements, the story was turning out to be less embarrassing to tell. She was blushing, but probably not as bad as she would have been, had she been sticking closely to the facts.

“I’m sure glad that couple didn’t have a camera. At least I don’t think they did. They sure could have gotten some dirty pictures!”

“Dirty pictures?” asked David, but he had a smile on his face. He looked as if he knew exactly what Jill was doing.

“Yes . . . dirty. I was a very dirty girl at that point. I’d gone straight from the lake to rolling around on the ground. Pictures taken right then would have shown me very dirty indeed.”

Even Ryan laughed at her joke. They all did.

“Well, after that, I ran down the road and turned off onto a trail in case someone was following me. That trail came to a bridge over a small stream. I shouldn’t have, but I stopped there to take a bath. I didn’t like being dirty.”

“A bath?” asked Ryan.

“Well, I knelt in the stream and splashed water all over myself . . . to wash off the dirt and leaves. I was really thirsty at that point, but I knew better than to take a drink.”

“Good for you,” said David. “See . . . your brain still works when you’re naked.”

“Well, that’s it then,” said Jill, pretending to capitulate. “That must be the final hurdle. If my brain works while nude, then I must be ready to do this. I may as well just take off my skirt and be naked for the rest of the hike.”

“I second the motion!” said Ryan enthusiastically.

“All in favor, raise your hand,” said David.

Jill looked back and forth between the two boys, both of whom had a hand up.

“So . . . majority rules?” she asked.

They were both nodding. “Of course it does,” said David.

“Nice try,” said Jill sarcastically. “But ‘A’ for effort. As your reward, I’ll even grant you a few more stitches.”

She reached down and tore the seam about an inch higher. As she did so, she glanced up and saw the excitement in Ryan’s eyes. The excitement was contagious. Not only was it stimulating to have so little on, but there was something quite thrilling about knowing just how badly Ryan wanted to see what lay within. However, denying him was surely the most fun of all!

“Don’t worry, Ryan,” she said. “I’m really enjoying the fact that you are the only one who has not seen my hoo-ha. Fully intending to keep it that way.”

Jill was delighted to see a look of profound frustration in his eyes.

“Why me?” he asked.

Jill smiled. “It’s not like I’m singling you out, Jerk-boy. It just seems to be your destiny. I didn’t set out this morning to let anyone see anything.”

“Back to your story, Tarzan,” said David, obviously trying to relieve the tension by changing the subject.

“Right,” said Jill. “Where was I?”

“You were taking a bath,” said Ryan.

“Oh, yes. So I was. That’s where Hector comes in.”

“Hector saw you taking a bath?” asked Ryan, more than a hint of jealousy in his voice.

“And he recognized me. I didn’t know he was there until he said my name.”

Actually, as far as she knew, Hector didn’t see her until after she had climbed up out of the stream and was on her way. She just thought that the story would be more excruciating for Ryan if she allowed him to imagine Hector watching her bathe.

“It turned into a footrace at that point. I raced across the bridge. I’m sure he would have caught me. I was barefoot, remember? But we must have gone right past Patrick’s cabin. The next thing I knew, Hector was banging on a door and yelling ‘Patrick’ over and over.

“I used that moment to get off the trail. I turned sharp and vaulted a few fences. I raced across a few backyards, right in front of more windows than I care to imagine. Once out of the backyards, I hid in some bushes. Scary as hell! Before Hector did that, stopped to bang on Patrick’s door, I thought I was a goner.”

At that point, Jill realized that she shouldn’t depart much from the real chain of events. Ryan and David were likely to discuss what happened with the Cache Lake West guys the next chance they got.

Next, she told them about how she had overheard Hector and Patrick talking. She hoped that would get back to them via David and Ryan. She thought it would be funny if Patrick and Hector learned just how close they had been to her at that point in time.

“Smart!” said David. “…changing directions while Hector was distracted. Again . . . your brain does work when you are naked.”

“Second the motion!” said Ryan.
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“All in favor?” said David.

Looking at both guys as they each raised a hand, Jill said, “Dang! Does this mean I have to get naked?”

“Or just rip the seam higher,” suggested David.

“Maybe one more stitch,” said Jill with a coy smile. Tearing the seam a little seemed to be a fun way to tease Ryan, but the seam was already split pretty high, especially considering that there were no panties under the skirt. She’d have to be careful if the skirt was going to last the duration of the hike.

“Oops, two stitches,” she said, experiencing pangs of genuine concern.

“So you heard Hector and Patrick talking,” said David.

“And I saw which way they went. I took off in the opposite direction. At that point, I just wanted to find the lake to swim back. That shouldn’t have been too hard, right?”

“You couldn’t find the lake?”

“I kept running into people.” She knew that it wasn’t a very good excuse. She’d surely been within a quarter mile of the shore and would have found it easily had she been dressed.

Jill continued telling the rest of her tale, noticing that she had both guys’ undivided attention. From that point on, she didn’t depart much from what had actually happened; she knew that David and Ryan would probably be talking to those guys soon. She didn’t much like the idea, but she knew full well that her crazy morning would be the primary subject of discussion when they next were together. She didn’t want to be caught telling half-truths. However, there was hardly the need. The experience had been harrowing enough as it was – and she’d been completely naked. Nothing needed to be embellished.

Jill did, however, skip over one part of the story. She wasn’t ready to talk about being roped. She mentioned at that point simply having ‘fallen.’ Other than that one very significant detail, she allowed the story of what happened on the way to the tree to unfold much as it had actually happened.

Once she had completed her story, David remarked, “You left something out.”

“Why would you think that?” she asked; however, she wasn’t surprised that he was on to her. She’d always had trouble fooling him.

“Something about Hector. Based on the story you just related, I see no reason why you would single him out for special treatment.”

“Hector got special treatment?” asked Ryan.

David filled Ryan in on what he’d witnessed just after Jill had climbed down out of the tree.

“Ouch!” he winced.

David looked at Jill, waiting for an answer.

“I’m not ready to talk about that,” she admitted, her eyes downcast.

“Some sort of unwanted sexual advance, right?” asked David.

“No, not that,” said Jill. “I’m sure I’ll tell you someday. I’m just not ready to talk about it now.”

“Well, I guess I need to respect that,” said David.

“Thank you,” she replied.

She suspected that David was thinking that something terrible had happened to her, and it had. However, she found herself thinking that, once he heard that she had been roped, that he wouldn’t think it was all that bad. Maybe it wasn’t.

But she knew exactly how she had felt in the moment. In her opinion, anyone who might think that it was not a big deal had never been roped under such circumstances. For God sakes, she’d been scared to death, stark naked, and running for her life from a posse of teen boys! She hadn’t imagined that they might be capable of doing something truly evil until she’d been treated like a wild animal and captured. At that point, every unimaginable atrocity that a girl had ever experienced at the hands of the opposite sex seemed likely. She was still having a very hard time dealing with that. The memory of it haunted her more than anything else that had happened that morning.

The very thought was so repugnant, and the memory of what it had been like was hard to put in perspective. The only thing that made the memory at all bearable was the fact that she’d gotten some measure of revenge on poor little Hector’s nut sack. She knew she’d caused him some significant pain, and yet she felt that it had probably fallen short of the physical pain she herself had experienced when her leg had been yanked back causing her to impact the dirt. But considering the physical pain, she realized that it paled in comparison to the mental anguish. She might even end up suffering roping nightmares for the rest of her life for all she knew.

Later, once the fire had been doused and they were all in their bags, Jill and David ended up having a nice long discussion. Ryan had fallen asleep, effectively leaving the two of them alone. That was nice as Jill found it much easier to be herself when Ryan wasn’t around.

The moon was surely above the horizon, but it was not visible down in their canyon, so there were a lot of stars to enjoy. They saw a couple of shooting stars, but the peak of the Perseid meteor shower was still a few days off. They had grown accustomed to watching it each summer.

To Jill’s delight, she and David talked about everything except how they were pushing her to be naked. They mostly focused on the coming school year and what it would be like to both be starting at separate colleges.

She would be attending a liberal arts college in California and he would be at the state university, living on campus but within driving distance of home. David’s primary interest was engineering, making the university a good choice. They both would have preferred going to the same school, but it hadn’t worked out that way. Jill knew she would miss him; however, she knew that they would likely be in daily contact via text if not video chat.

Eventually, David too drifted off, leaving Jill alone with her thoughts. First, she spent a little time reliving various stimulating moments from her morning excursion. She trembled with excitement as she remembered Eric’s ‘she shaves’ comment as he had caught a particularly intimate view of her pussy as she had lowered herself down out of the tree. The more she thought about all that had transpired, the more excited she became. At one point she was feeling so aroused that she almost got up to slip away for some alone time.

Somehow she managed to resist the urge. A little later she found herself thinking about how she had decided to play along with the ‘Get Jill Naked’ game. She’d actually been having a fair amount of fun with that, keeping Ryan all keyed up. She’d had so much fun tormenting him as she had told her tale at the campfire that evening.

For fun, she found herself imagining that it was an actual game, one that she might even lose. For some reason, it was exciting to think about losing. She didn’t know what tricks the guys might have up their sleeves, but she knew that there might very well be something – something that they might do that could result in her ending up naked. She realized that she was again getting a little moist down below as she thought of that possibility.

She did make another decision, however. To spice ‘the game’ up for herself, she decided that if she again ended up nude, like she had been just before she had made the skirt, that she would graciously admit defeat – that she would simply give in and remain naked.

She felt her heart race as she pondered just what that commitment might mean. If they got the skirt off of her, then she would not again go in search of a means to get herself covered, at least not until they went back to Cache Lake. Contemplating that unlikely outcome, she tried to decide if that also meant that she would not cover her private areas with her hands. Wow! It was all so much to think about!

That particular pledge, the ‘one and done’ skirt option, ended up being a most exhilarating thought. She wondered if she might be able to follow through, were ‘the game’ to go against her. She decided that somehow she would have to.

That decision, her vow, coupled with her long nap, kept her awake for over an hour after David had fallen asleep. She was even awake to see the moon rise above the ridge, flooding the entire canyon with beautiful silvery light. Shortly thereafter, however, her exhaustion won out.

**Chapter 74: Cowboy Coffee**

Jill awoke a little earlier than normal. There was a steady breeze blowing around her face and neck. The cooling wind woke her up as she was used to sleeping in the still air inside a tent.

David was already up, He was making a fire; however, Ryan was still in his bag, snuggled way down low. Jill got up and said ‘Good Morning’ to David before heading off on her morning potty walk.

After she had relieved herself, she continued on into the nearby aspen grove. It was a goosebump-chilly morning, so she walked along with her arms hugging herself. Squeezing her shoulders with her hands, she pressed her forearms into her breasts. She needed time to think.

The night before, while in a much different mood, she had made a vow. She had decided to simply give in and remain nude if the guys managed to get her naked. She hadn’t forgotten the commitment, but in the cold light of day, that pledge felt as if it had been made by another person. Would she really do that? Could she even do that?

There was no easy answer. The more she thought about it, the more the realized that she had developed a very polarized relationship with nudity. On the one hand, she loved it and was drawn to it. But that was at odds with how she was just as scared of it as ever.

However, she knew that she was probably quite safe. The chances of her again finding herself naked were very low. She had spent much of the prior day naked, but she herself had brought that about. As long as she didn’t take off the skirt, she had every reason to believe that it would stay in place.

In the end, she decided that the percentage odds were more or less irrelevant. It could happen . . . that was what mattered. She needed to consider how she would react if and when it did.

And even though the idea of being naked was still frightening, her concerns had evolved. She wasn’t too worried about David; he had, of course, already seen her naked. But how did she feel about Jerk-boy? Mostly she felt like teasing him – making him think that he was getting close – only to yank the carrot away at the last moment. She smiled at that thought. They had a good game going. Why mess that up?

Yes, he deserved to be permanently denied the privilege of seeing her nude; however, it would hardly be the end of the world if it happened. She could take that, she realized. Compared to the guys who had surrounded the tree, Ryan would be a pushover. She’d seen his, so it wouldn’t be all that big of a deal if he saw hers. It was just much more fun to string him along.

Trying to break her concerns down a little, she decided that her number one concern remained photographs. It could all be viewed as fun and games until a permanent record got into the hands of someone who, through carelessness or ill intent, might use it to permanently impact her life.

Continuing, she concluded that her number two concern was having anyone, even Ryan and David, think that she actually wanted to be nude. For some reason, the idea of being considered a nudist bothered her a great deal – mostly because she didn’t consider herself one.

As far as being topless went, she was comfortable that way around David and Ryan provided that they did something to make it seem as if she had been tricked or pressured. The ‘one of guys’ rule had been perfect until she had messed with it. Prior to going along with it, she had put up more than enough of a fight to establish her aversion to the concept. However, she still felt the need to act reluctant – for appearance's sake.

Did all that mean that she was ready to be fully nude around the two guys? What if she could be nude without her primary concerns being an issue? If she were tricked and no photos were taken, would she do it?

No, she decided, even though she was giving it some thought. Being nude was exhilarating, but being seen down there between her legs was too embarrassing. She wasn’t ready. She’d never be ready. She was too self-conscious about that – having that part of her body on display. Indeed, she had already changed her grooming based on comments that Ryan had made. Not because someone might see; simply because she was self-conscious about how she looked.

Even though she had already been seen naked, it had to be avoided, and she had just the one skirt. It was flimsy and not much to look at, but it was working; it would have to stay on.

However, ‘the game’ – she still wanted to have fun with that. They’d still be trying to get her naked, and she would be doing her best to play along, to tease and torture them, especially Ryan – keeping him constantly thinking that she was on the verge of being naked, when in fact, she wasn’t. Now, that would be worth the price of admission.

Rather than telling him to run off every afternoon, she decided that she should make sure he never had a private moment to take care of himself. That was a fun thought – imaging Ryan getting hornier and hornier. Get him stiff, keep him stiff, allow him no relief. She laughed, imagining herself torturing Ryan in that way as she headed back.

As soon as she walked into camp, David handed her a mug of freshly brewed cowboy coffee. Most people had no idea how to make decent coffee over a campfire, but not David. He was a genuine cowboy coffee barista.

“Thank you, Pocket,” she said, touching the mug to her chest for warmth. Walking close to the fire, she turned around to warm her buns.

“Keeping the skirt on today?” he asked.

“Already with the skirt?” she asked, realizing that there was going to be no let up.

“You don’t need it, Jilly.”

“Why do you care?” she asked. “You already know what lies within . . . and there is the brother-sister thing.”

“Yep, I’m indifferent,” he said with a chuckle.

“Sure you are,” she said suspiciously. “You probably think that it would be healthy for me to walk around naked.”

“Wouldn’t it be?”

Jill looked up to the sky as if praying for heavenly assistance for her poor brother. When none appeared, she changed the subject to the various hiking opportunities available to them now that they had their base camp established. For the first time, Jill took the time to study the topo map.

“I’ve got quite the hike planned for today, Camelback Mountain,” he said, pointing it out on the map.

“Looks like a two-humped camel,” she said as she studied the contour lines.

“That’s right. I saw a photo of it in the ranger station. We should catch a first glimpse of it from the top of the ridge up there,” he said pointing. “First we climb the lateral moraine, then up onto the ridge above.”

“Is that the trail?” asked Jill, noting a scar on the hillside just below where he was pointing, a few bare areas indicating where there had been slides.

“Yep, that’s it.” David pointed the rest of the route out to her on the map. “About a mile up the ridge, we’ll reach this hanging valley, Broken Canyon. At a junction there, the right fork heads off toward the Lupine Lakes. We’ll take the left fork, up into Broken Canyon. A large waterfall comes out the end of Broken Canyon, but I don’t think it is visible from above.”

“This looks like an interesting lake . . . obviously a tarn,” she said pointing at it on the map. “Hidden Lake.”

“I expect we’ll have lunch there,” he replied. “We’ll follow Broken Canyon back about a mile, then take these switchbacks and climb up to Hidden Lake. After lunch it’s a straight shot up to Camelback Mountain. Bring sunscreen . . . not much vegetation up that high.”

“Looks like a long hike.”

“Ten, eleven miles round trip,” said David. “Pasta tonight. We’ll be hungry.”

Jill pulled out an orange. She peeled it, throwing the peels into the fire as she went. She was really excited about the hike. It wasn’t all that different than other hikes that they had taken; it was just all new. The others had all been hikes they had taken year after year.

Once she was finished with the orange, she copied David and made herself a double helping of oatmeal, adding extra raisins and brown sugar.

“I hope Ryan doesn’t mind that we went ahead and ate without him,” said Jill.

“If he’s not up soon, I’m waking him up,” said David. “We need to get an early start.”

“First time in a long time we’ve missed breakfast with grandma and grandpa.”

“Yep, I’ll sure miss our breakfasts once we’re off at college,” said David.

After they were both partway into their bowls of oatmeal, David remarked, “It was hilarious, but you sure were hard on Ryan yesterday. I mean, he started this whole thing. I’m sure you saw the look on his face as you talked about all the people who saw your hoo-ha. It was killing him . . . to be the only one who didn’t.”

“I have to admit that I was enjoying myself.”

“You sure didn’t let up on him. I could see so many emotions in his expression . . . excitement, followed by frustration, rejection, defeat.”

“The poor kid, right?” she said with a chuckle.

“You could always surprise him by taking off the pillowcase.”

Jill frowned at the suggestion and shook her head. “Why would I do that? That would be weird . . . very weird. Girls don’t just take off their skirts.”

“You could. It wouldn’t be that weird.”

“And I don’t owe him anything. Certainly not that. No one deserves to see me naked. Just because he wants to, doesn’t mean he gets to.”

“I get that,” said David. “Do it for yourself.”

“For myself?”

“I know you’d enjoy it,” said David. “And I can tell how much you’ve grown this summer?”

Jill looked down at her bare breasts. “Grown?” she asked.

“I don’t mean those,” said David. “I mean your confidence. Frankly, you seem happier and much more self-assured. Your composure is way up. You needed this summer. Hiking naked today . . . the rest of the weekend . . . would be good for you. Above all . . . it would be fun.”

“After yesterday, I could almost do it,” said Jill. “Almost. That means I can’t. Be realistic!”

About fifteen minutes later, Ryan was up and had joined them.

“Hi, Jill. Are you ever a sight for sore eyes.”

“Good morning, Ryan,” she said, turning to face him knowing full well that he was staring at her breasts.

“Got to love these chilly mornings . . . but speaking of eyes, you’ll need to be careful with those. It’s all fun and games until someone loses an eye,” he joked.

“Don’t worry, Ryan,” she replied. “The nipples won’t be coming anywhere near you. You’re safe.”

“Reassuring, but disappointing,” he replied. “Wow! This coffee’s bitter,” he added making a face after taking his first swig.

“Just your cup,” said David. “That’s what happens when you sleep in. To keep it warm, I had to keep it on the fire. Cowboy coffee waits for no one.”

“Well, I guess I’ve had worse.”

“Jill thinks she’s wearing the skirt today,” said David with a smile. “Your turn to persuade her otherwise.”

“Doesn’t she know how much better she’d look without it?” asked Ryan.

Here we go again, she thought, rolling her eyes. “But I’d be butt naked without it. Someone forgot to bring panties . . . or pack me a panty shaped pillow,” she said with a teasing smile.

“Someone forgot to bring a lot of things,” replied Ryan with a smile.

“But not my pillow! Did I remember to thank you for being so thoughtful and putting it in my pack?”

“You did!”

“I slept so well, thanks to you. And without it, I’d be completely naked right now. Can you just imagine? Girl parts on display? I’d be so embarrassed, standing here at the fire, drinking my coffee . . . if my . . . if I was naked,” she said. She had meant to say ‘hoo-ha,’ but she hadn’t even been able to speak that word when she’d gotten to that point in her sentence.

“Just what might it take to get you naked?” asked Ryan in a friendly tone of voice.

“I guess you’d have to strip me, so it won’t happen,” she replied after pondering his question. “I’m a proper girl, so I’m staying dressed . . . at least below the waist. Go ahead and look at the tits all you like. They’re small, but that’s all you get.”

“So, I’d have to strip you,” he said, his voice sounding as if he were giving the idea some serious thought.

“Don’t be getting any ideas, Jerk-boy,” said Jill, wishing that she hadn’t brought that up. “You know you wouldn’t dare!”

“I think this IS a dare!” announced Ryan gleefully. “Are you daring me?”

Suddenly Jill felt a little flustered, but she didn’t want to back down.

“You want it to be a dare, don’t you?” she said. “But you wouldn’t dare.”

“Dare me and find out.”

“You wouldn’t strip me, even if I dared you,” said Jill, knowing full well that he would.

“I wouldn’t egg him on . . . unless you really do want to end up naked,” cautioned David.

“He wouldn’t dare,” said Jill, her adrenalin rising.

“Try me,” said Ryan.

Jill didn’t know how to respond. The prospect of being stripped was making her tremble – it was scary – but an exciting kind of scary.

“Maybe David’s right. I probably shouldn’t dare you. But I know you wouldn’t . . . even if I did.”

“Try me,” he repeated.

She looked over at David. He was smiling. “Go ahead, Bean,” he encouraged. “Just think about what you’ll be getting yourself into.”

Jill found herself trying to think of a way to extract herself from the situation. She bit her lip, turning back to the fire. She didn’t like the idea of backing down. More than anything, she was feeling confused as she tried to think about what she really wanted.

“So, Jill,” said Ryan, “Don’t chicken out on me. I think you are ready for this dare. You’re thinking about it, aren’t you? It’s a dare, right? It’s not a dare? No? Yes?”

“Yes . . . wait . . . I mean, no!” she replied. “Wait…” she added, suddenly completely confused – confused about which reply meant what, but also perplexed when it came to knowing what she really hoped would happen.

Suddenly she felt both of Ryan’s hands take hold of the thin cotton material just below her buttocks. She was pulled back and heard the sound of tearing fabric as the skirt was being ripped away. Dropping her mug of coffee, she stumbled and almost fell as she reached down in a desperate attempt to try and save the skirt. Her hands met with only bare flesh. In utter disbelief, she realized that the skirt was gone. Except for her boots, she was nude.

**Chapter 75: Bonus Chapter**

“Hey!” she screamed in surprise as much as in anger.

Had she gotten her wish or was this her nightmare? She blushed bright red as it began to sink in that she was completely naked. She put her hands behind her to block Ryan’s view of her butt. She wanted to turn around and get her skirt back, and yet she didn’t want to turn around. She was steadfastly committed to keeping him from seeing her pussy. The difficulty of doing so had gone up immeasurably with the loss of the skirt.

The need to get her skirt back, quickly won out. With her cheeks burning, one hand down in front, the other behind hiding her butt crack, she turned hesitantly around. Part of her was furious at Ryan, but an even bigger part was completely occupied with the powerful emotions associated with feeling embarrassingly naked.

Doing her best to overcome her mortification and rise to the occasion, she stared him point blank in the face. “Give me my skirt!” she yelled insistently.

Seeing that Ryan’s eyes were glued to the hand at her crotch, she curled her fingers back between her legs, making sure that everything was well covered. She tried to ignore his expression but saw that he was smiling broadly as if he was quite proud of what he had accomplished.

Trying to ignore him and focus on getting her skirt back, she looked around for it in desperation. She couldn’t see it but suspected that it had to be behind his back. That’s where his hands were.

As she watched, he brought both of his hands slowly out from behind his back, holding them up for her to examine. They were empty. Bewildered, she looked up. Ryan smiled and shrugged sheepishly.

“Where is it?” she shouted furiously.

Ryan shrugged but then pointed past her legs. Jill spun back around, making sure to keep her hands glued in position, one in front, the other behind. In horror, she saw the skirt on top of the fire, flames leaping all around it. In a state of anguish, she grabbed a stick and knocked it out of the fire. Stooping down, she slapped at what was left of it with both hands, desperately trying to extinguish the flames.

“Careful! Careful!” she heard David exclaim.

Ignoring him, Jill examined the charred remnants of her pillowcase skirt. It was beyond hope. There was no way she’d be able to salvage it. A lone tear slid down her cheek. Not so much because it had been her only piece of clothing – mostly because it had been a remnant of her childhood.

“Meany!” she said, glaring up at Ryan.

He didn’t reply.

“Why didn’t you stop him?” she continued sadly, looking over at David. “You guys promised!”

“I think you dared him,” said David. “I’m not positive about that, but it seemed like it.”

Jill tried to reconstruct the conversation in her head. “I don’t think I did,” she mumbled pensively. “I know I didn’t mean to,” she said, standing back up.

“How dare you . . . you burned Jasmine!” she said scornfully, looking at Ryan.

“I’m sorry about that,” he said, suddenly realizing that she seemed genuinely sad. “That wasn’t my intent.”

Even though his voice sounded sincere, he was again staring at her crotch. Jill had dropped her guard. Realizing just how naked she was, she flushed crimson as she quickly brought both hands forward to cover herself.

Suddenly, she remembered her vow to stay nude if she again found herself naked. Feeling flustered and with very few options available, she took off running for the aspen grove.

“Jill . . . wait!” she heard David call, but she had no intention of waiting.

“Sorry about Jasmine but . . . Wow! Nice landing strip!” she heard Ryan call out.

“Shit!” she hissed to herself. “So much for keeping that under wraps.”

Fortunately, she’d eaten breakfast, but it was still chilly, and suddenly she was stark naked. Reaching down she discovered that she still had the double strand cord around her waist. The cord had held as the fabric had been torn away. She was slightly less naked than she had thought, not that the cord changed anything.

She slowed once she was out of sight. Here I am, running naked just like yesterday, she realized. She thought about how effective the running strategy had been. As she pulled up, her thoughts again returned to the burned pillowcase. It had been part of her childhood; however, she had already cut and torn it in order to wear it. Its real value had been its utility as a skirt. She had other more significant mementos of her childhood.

How did that even happen? What had she said when he’d asked her if she was daring him? She again tried to reconstruct the conversation, but it was all a blur.

She quickly decided that it didn’t matter. The skirt was toast – literally. She was naked. She had made a pledge to remain naked. Might her commitment apply? Suddenly, she needed to get a look at the fine print. Did her agreement cover this particular situation? Still in shock, she realized that there hadn’t been any fine print. Her pledge had been straightforward. If they again managed to get her naked, then her vow meant that she would have to remain naked.

But stripping? She hadn’t taken that possibility into account. It wasn’t fair, she fumed. She didn’t want to go back on the agreement she had made with herself, but Ryan had cheated! Hadn’t he? She was certain that he had cheated, and yet she realized that she had been encouraging him. She could have shut down the, ‘Are you daring me?’ conversation, and yet she hadn’t.

“Jill! Oh, Jill!” she heard David calling. He sounded quite close; he was coming to find her. She turned and headed away. She needed time to think.

A few minutes later, she let David find her deeper in the grove.

“Are you okay, Jilly?” he asked.

“Do I look okay?” she replied.

“Naked . . . otherwise okay.”

“That’s exactly what a guy would think! I’m going to the Jeep. Have a great weekend,” she said sarcastically, turning to head in the general direction of the trail.

“Okay,” said David. “If that’s what you want to do, you’ll need the key. “It’s in my pack. I’ll be right back.”

With that, he turned and raced off. Jill was astounded. Was he really ready to give her his key at the drop of a hat?

“You know you’ll be stranded . . . if I take the Jeep,” she said when he returned and handed her the key.

“You need the Jeep worse than we do. Take it. We should be able to hitch a ride. What would you do? Hitchhike back naked? I don’t think so.”

David didn’t know that she had provided herself with a hidden key as well as clothes. She knew he was picturing her driving back in the nude.

“Or, I could return on Monday and pick you up,” she replied.

“Sure, whatever you want to do.”

Suddenly Jill was again unsure about what she wanted to do. She wasn’t at all uncomfortable around her brother. It was still a bit weird to be naked in his presence, but it only seemed that way when she forced herself to think about it. There certainly weren’t any sexual overtones. At the moment, he seemed primarily interested in her wellbeing.

“Early afternoon on Monday,” he said. “Maybe close to 3:00.”

“Hmm . . . wait a minute. I need to think,” she said.

David shrugged. “All the time you need.”

Jill wandered slowly away. She’d typically had difficulty with such decisions, but this one was the worst for some reason.

She enjoyed many aspects of being nude, and she felt relaxed and comfortable around her brother and even somewhat around Ryan. No photography – that was a given. That would not be an issue. And she had been stripped. What more did she want? This was her chance. Was she really going to throw it away?

What would she do if she left? She’d hike out to the Jeep. She’d open her emergency kit and get dressed, then she’d drive back to the lake. There, she’d sit and read – all weekend. What fun! The whole time she’d be wondering what her weekend could have been like if she hadn’t chickened out.

As it was, she had no clothes within fifteen, maybe twenty miles – except for her emergency stash in the Jeep – even those were five miles away. How cool was that! And it was getting warm; it was destined to be a nice day. There were mountains and lakes to explore. She loved nature and she loved being bare-naked in the great outdoors. It was perfect. Suddenly she knew what she really wanted to do.

“I’m staying!” she announced after returning to where David stood waiting. She handed him the key.

“Okay . . . cool,” he said with an understanding smile.

“I’m going to get a head start.”

“Okay . . . do that. I’ll go back and pack a lunch. Ryan hasn’t had breakfast, but I expect that’ll take all of thirty seconds once he learns that you stayed and headed up the trail.”

“Yep . . . I think I remember the way. Follow the trail up the ridge. Somewhere up there, I go left at a junction and head back into Broken Canyon. Then another left to climb up to Hidden Lake.”

“Whoa, whoa, whoa . . . don’t get that far ahead. I know you’re traveling light, but let us catch up at some point.”

“Oh, I will,” she said. “Bring water. Bring my sunscreen. It’s in one of my upper pockets. God knows I’ll need sunscreen, dressed like this.”

She glanced down, looking at the skin right next to her narrow landing strip. It was still white, only now there was a tinge of pink.

“You’re right,” said David. “It’s going to be a hot sunny day. We’ll all need sunscreen . . . and lots of water.”

“Pocket,” she said. “I don’t need to be embarrassed about this, do I? I mean, hiking naked. I don’t need to run off . . . go back to Cache Lake . . . or should I? That’s what other girls would do. Is that what I should be doing?”

“Hell, no! You’re making the right decision. It’s your decision. This is so cool. There’s nothing wrong with being naked. We’re born naked. It’s completely natural.”

“Thanks,” she said, rising up on her tiptoes to give him a peck on the cheek.

She turned to leave, but then remembered something important.

“If I’m doing this, I need you to do something for me.”

“Name it.”

“I still don’t trust Ryan. Can you take possession of his phone and camera? Or maybe disable them. Take and keep the batteries . . . whatever. If I’m naked for the next two days, I don’t need to be worrying about him sneaking a few photos. Since I have photos of him, I’m sure…”

“Enough said. I’ve got you covered.”

“Pun . . . right?” she said with a smile.

David laughed.

A moment later she was skipping off through the aspens, heading off in the direction of the trail. She was happy. She didn’t know exactly why – she just was. As she came out of the trees into an open meadow, the thought of Julie Andrew running and singing, ‘The hills are alive…’ came to mind. That’s exactly how she felt as she ran, spinning, across the meadow, searching for the bottom of the trail up the ridge.

A minute later she was on the trail. The hillside was bare. She felt so exposed and yet so alive. She knew that David and Ryan would be able to see her from camp; however, she didn’t turn and look. She skipped resolutely into her future.

**Chapter 76: Hike to Hidden Lake**
She knew that David and Ryan would be quickly throwing a lunch together, packing it into David’s small daypack. The large packs would all be left behind. Ryan and David would be quickly filtering water, filling a few water bottles. Surely they’d remember the all-important sunscreen. But Jill’s thoughts were largely elsewhere. On the bold future she’d just chosen for herself. Yes, Ryan had torn the skirt off and burned it, but she had chosen to capitalize on the opportunity. She had selected her own path forward. There had been options.

She had the next forty-eight hours plus to be gloriously naked! She couldn’t believe how much her attitude had changed. She thought of how David had mentioned having flannel shirts to keep her warm. She knew she’d slug him if he so much as brought those up.
There was no way she was putting anything on, no matter how cold it got in the evenings. This was for her! She knew that Ryan would be a happy camper, but this wasn’t about him . . . this was about Jill and what Jill wanted. And she hadn’t needed to admit it because she had been involuntarily stripped. She’d put up a good fight.

She loved nature. She loved being naked. She wasn’t going to be alone, but she was going to enjoy herself anyway. She couldn’t keep from skipping, she was so happy. She even stopped a time or too to spin in the sunshine, her arms outstretched, her head tilted back, a broad smile on her face angled up to the heavens.

At the first switchback, she thought of stopping to let them catch up. How odd that seemed. She kept going. Her elation to be racing up the trail naked gradually decreased as her altitude increased. A bit of realism started to creep into her thoughts – she found herself feeling so very naked.

The day before she had also been racing up a trail naked, but then she’d been wearing her backpack – a backpack which she had assumed contained clothing.

Today there was no backpack. Like the day before, there were no clothes, only this time she knew it. The chances of being able to get dressed were now completely zero. There was no pillowcase to repurpose – nothing.

She did not really want Ryan to see her naked body, and yet this time it was inevitable. He was going to see her naked – all of her. And she was going to remain naked – for over two days. How excitingly strange was that? She found it odd that the idea of being naked around Ryan bothered her more than the idea of being naked around David.

She and Ryan had always had an unusual relationship. That summer it had only gotten more bizarre. She despised him and yet she enjoyed his company. She wanted him to lose their mind games, and yet she knew that what she had bought into represented a giant win for him. She hated the thought of that, and yet she loved how she felt.

She realized that her ability to tease him had not come to an end simply because she was naked. Just possibly she would now be able to really drive the poor lad crazy. That was a fun thought!

A few times she stopped to wait for David and Ryan to catch up, but each time, after a brief wait, she continued on. It was inevitable that they would meet and continue on together, and yet she felt like putting it off. She couldn’t prevent Ryan from seeing her naked, but she could make him wait. She smiled as she imagined him hurrying along, looking up the trail, trying to catch a first glimpse of her naked buns in the sunshine.

She knew that meeting up would be perfectly okay, and yet she was happy to enjoy a little ‘naked and alone in nature’ time.

Finally, she found herself well over a mile up the trail. She had reached the hanging valley, Broken Canyon, and the views were spectacular in all directions. There were trees, but the forest was thinning out with the altitude.

Once she reached the junction with the trail to the Lupine Lakes, she decided that she had gone far enough alone. She was thirsty and she definitely needed the sunscreen. She didn’t need a peeling pussy. She chuckled imagining what that might look like.

She found a log in the shade and sat down. It was right near the junction and the bark was smooth on top, indicating that it had been used by others as a place to take a break.

Examining her landing strip, she chuckled. Even Ryan had now seen it. And it wasn’t that big of a deal. She’d seen his dick; he’d seen her pussy. He’d see it again, she realized – again and again. It looked pretty good, she thought – certainly nothing to be ashamed of. That’s what girls looked like. Guys had penises; girls had vaginas. Vive La Différence!

She heard voices and realized that the moment was at hand. A split second later, she realized that the voices were coming from the wrong direction. In the nick of time, she managed to fall back, rolling off of the log into a prone position stretched out just behind it. She had caught a glimpse of a man with a group behind him.

Scarcely daring to breathe, she pressed her body into the log and listened as the group arrived and paused at the junction. They had come via the Lupine Lakes trail. She imagined that one or more of them might sit down on the log. If that were to happen, then it seemed a foregone conclusion that he or she would glance down and notice the naked girl snuggled up to the backside of the log.

She could hear them talking but she was too frightened to be able to follow the conversation. They were obviously taking a water break. From what she could tell, it seemed to be at least two men as well as a group of boys. She imagined two fathers out hiking with their sons, or a couple of scout leaders out with their troop. She trembled, imagining what they would say if they discovered a naked girl in their midst.

Her torture went on and on, but there was nothing to do other than to do her best to keep still and quiet. Just when she thought they were about to leave, she heard David and Ryan’s familiar voices. She heard them greet the new party and begin a conversation. In horror, she realized that there seemed to be eight or more people there. At least, if she were discovered, she’d have David there to stick up for her.

“You didn’t happen to see a young girl . . . about our age,” she heard David ask.

“A slender brunette,” she heard Ryan say. “And she’s completely…”

“Tan! She’s very tan!” she heard David interject.

Jill couldn’t believe that Ryan had almost told them that she was naked. What else might he have been planning to say? What an idiot! That would have had them looking for her. Thank God, David had been there.

They mentioned not having seen a lone female hiker of any description. At long last, she heard the two groups wishing each other the best and saying goodbye. Over a minute later, she was still down behind the log, still shaking. She was pretty sure the coast was clear, but she did not want to come out of hiding too soon.

As she raised her head to peek around, she saw that she was indeed alone. The large group seemed as if it had continued down the trail toward the Aspen Lakes and David and Ryan had taken the trail that went into Broken Canyon.

Looking around cautiously, Jill stood up and dusted herself off. Fortunately, she had not been wet this time. With glee, she realized that she was now behind David and Ryan. She pictured herself sneaking up on them as she started up the trail in the direction that they had gone.

As her heartrate started to stabilize, she caught sight of them just before they went around a bend. She scurried along to catch up, doing her best to be as quiet as possible, her small breasts bouncing rhythmically in time with her quick steps. The boys were both shirtless and talking boisterously, David in the lead. In a moment of inspiration, Jill thought of a funny trick to play on Ryan.

As silently as possible, she snuck up behind him. Placing her hands on his shoulders to make her presence known, she held him tightly, keeping him from turning around.

“How about a piggyback ride?” she asked, hopping up before he had much of a chance to react.

“Sure . . . why not?” he said agreeably. Jill felt Ryan’s hands slide under her thighs to support her weight.

“Hi David,” she said, waving to him. He had stopped in the trail and was looking back.

Jill laughed happily. She was going to make Ryan carry the naked girl that he had yet to get a good look at. Even though her nude breasts would be pressed into his back, she suspected that it would be torturous for him.

“You’re naked right?” he said.

“Duh!” she said gleefully. “You’re the idiot that burned my skirt, remember? And be careful with those hands. Absolutely no liberties! I know that you’re not one to behave, but from now on, you’ll have to.”

She looked forward and saw David laughing.

“Can you put some sunscreen on my back?” she asked making eye contact with David.

“I’ll put sunscreen on your back,” volunteered Ryan.

“David can do it,” she said. “You’re busy. You’re giving me a piggyback ride.”

Jill didn’t especially like the idea of David going behind her, but it seemed like a necessary evil. She’d gotten out of camp without any sunscreen. She needed it everywhere, but given her position on Ryan’s back and the sun’s angle, getting some on her back was of utmost importance. Fortunately, David was tall; he’d be looking down on her back, so she didn’t think she needed to be too concerned about her legs being apart . . . which is to say that she did her best to force those concerns from her thoughts.

As David rubbed lotion into her back, he commented, “Not much of that skirt left . . . just these cords.”

“I know,” said Jill. “Ryan can’t do anything right. He can’t even strip a girl properly.”

David laughed. “I know. I have to help him with everything.”

Jill glanced back and saw David getting his knife out of a pocket. She smiled and nodded. As she felt him cut and remove the cords, he said, “There. Now you’re naked.”

“I suppose I am,” she said. “And now you’ll never be able to deny that you helped strip me . . . your very own twin sister. You should be ashamed of yourself!”

“I probably should be,” said David, adding more lotion to her lower back. “However, I’m going to focus on having fun. Summer’s not over, you know.”

Jill felt his hands getting a bit too close to her butt for comfort. “That’s as far as you go,” she said. “Brothers stay away from the danger zone.”

“Yep . . . I wasn’t going any further,” said David.

“I’ll take care of the danger zone,” offered Ryan.

“Not on your life!” said Jill. “From now on, you’re on your best behavior.”

“But I want to pet Fuzzy Wuzzy,” said Ryan.

“Fuzzy Wuzzy?” she asked.

“You know . . . the little furry caterpillar just above your girl slit. He needed a name. It’s Fuzzy Wuzzy!”

“Well, no matter what his name is, you’re not petting him,” said David sternly. “All joking aside . . . your best behavior . . . like Jill said.”

“Thanks, Pocket,” said Jill looking back over her shoulder and smiling at her brother. She didn’t want her landing strip discussed. She especially didn’t want it to be a caterpillar named Fuzzy Wuzzy, but she knew that the best way to make the name stick would be to object. “Okay, let’s go,” she added.

“Sure, but you need to hold on,” said Ryan.

Jill knew exactly what he meant. There had already been some contact, but she had been avoiding leaning into his back. They would be skin on skin. It wasn’t at all what she wanted; however, delaying him from seeing her nude seemed too fun to pass up.

“Okay, but don’t read anything into this,” she said as she leaned forward and tightened her grip around his neck and shoulders.

“Ouch! Ouch! Ouch!” said Ryan in mock pain.

“Shut up!” she said, lightly slapping his head.

“Am I bleeding? Do you sharpen those things each morning, or what?”

“They’re not sharp, and you know it,” she said. ‘Now, let’s go.”

“They sure look sharp,” he said. “I love how sharp they look. Diamond-tipped cutting instruments.”

Jill let out a sigh of disgust. “Let’s go,” she repeated. She secretly liked that he thought her nipples looked ‘sharp,’ but she wasn’t about to let on.

She was glad that David took the lead and started up the trail. Being naked around David and Ryan was going to be very hard to get used to. Having one of them just behind her, especially while in the vulnerable piggyback position, was bound to be particularly embarrassing. She’d gotten used to being topless around them. This was different. She didn’t think she’d ever get used to this.

As Ryan started up the trail, Jill thought about how problematic it would be to encounter other hikers with her naked on Ryan’s back. Considering that David was in the lead, she decided that she should do her best to watch the trail behind them. She turned and looked back over her shoulder. As she suspected, there was no one there. She reminded herself to check periodically as they went along.

“All right up there?” Ryan asked.

“Yep, just taking in the view,” she replied.

Barely a hundred yards up the trail, Ryan said, “I can’t even feel Fuzzy Wuzzy.”

“Good!” she said. She had tried to ignore the comment, but she hadn’t been able to.

“But I want to feel Fuzzy Wuzzy.”

“Shut up!” she said, knowing full well that he wouldn’t.

He didn’t. Ryan kept talking about how he wanted to feel Jill rubbing Fuzzy Wuzzy against his lower back.

Jill found herself wishing that there was no ‘Fuzzy Wuzzy.’ However, a caterpillar seemed a much better thing to be teased about than a mustache, especially one that looked like Hitler’s. She wished she had shaved it all off, but she knew that he would have come up with a name for that and be teasing her just the same.

She was going to have to grow a thick skin and do her best to turn the tables on him. That hadn’t been too hard in the past. She started trying to shift her thoughts to more things that she could tease ‘Jerk-boy’ about. There were so many possibilities.

**Chapter 77: Hike to Hidden Lake, continued**

She thought about giving his dick a pet name but quickly decided against that. He’d probably like that, and it would be too weird. Whatever she did, she’d have to make sure that he couldn’t misconstrue the meaning. Even though her bare chest was against his back, he couldn’t be allowed to forget that he was permanently in the friend zone.

Jill’s thoughts shifted over to how she still had her grand unveiling ahead. She was indeed nude, but in a way, she was clothed by Ryan himself. Other than the brief glimpse at the fire, Ryan had yet to see her in all her glory.

After a time, Ryan stopped talking. He seemed to be lumbering along contentedly. Jill imagined that he might actually be enjoying what she had intended as torture. Possibly he liked demonstrating his strength and stamina in this manner, she realized. She even found herself liking how strong he was.

Jill knew that she’d have to get down and do her own walking sooner or later. She decided that she could delay that until the turnoff to Hidden Lake. She knew, from studying the topo map, that after that point the trail became quite steep as it climbed up out of Broken Canyon.

“How’s the ankle?” asked Ryan.

“Oh, it’s fine,” she replied. “That’s not why you’re carrying me.”

“I didn’t think it was,” said Ryan. “I just know that you’ve been on your feet a lot lately.”

“So true. If I was going to reinjure my ankle, it would have happened yesterday. All the crazy running around . . . and barefoot. Now, I’ve again got ankle support, so I’ll be fine.”

“That’s good,” said Ryan. “You know we’d carry you out again . . . if we had to.”

“Thanks . . . I hope to never find myself in that situation again.”

“I don’t blame you,” he replied.

“And if you were hurt, I’d carry you out. But I’m not sure I could. David would have to.”

After the Hidden Lake cutoff, the trail did start to climb at a sharp angle. Jill delayed getting down, letting Ryan carry her a hundred yards or more up a steep section. She noticed that he had actually seemed to speed up as the angle had increased. She imagined that he might be showing off, but that seemed fun for both of them.

“You can let me down here,” she said, reconciling herself to her fate.

“If you’re sure,” he said stopping.

“I’m sure,” she replied.

She felt Ryan let go of her legs. As she slid down, she pushed her hips back to make sure that there was an air gap so that ‘Fuzzy Wuzzy’ wouldn’t come in contact with his skin.

As soon as her feet hit the ground, she noticed Ryan turning to look. She had been dreading that moment, but it couldn’t be delayed any longer. She had decided to be a big girl and get it over with. That turned out to be easier said than done.

As Ryan’s face came into view she felt her cheeks redden. She reached involuntarily across her body, grasping her other arm near the elbow. That swung her straight arm into a position in front, such that a hand was dangling down and partially obscuring her pussy from view. She hadn’t actually placed the hand over her crotch, so she felt that she was mostly in compliance with her intent.

“You probably need some water, Jill,” said David from his position just ahead of Ryan.

“Yes, please,” she said before thinking through how drinking would involve the use of her hands.

David handed a bottle of water to Ryan who in turn handed it to Jill. Taking a deep breath for courage, she accepted the bottle but turned sideways to deny Ryan a straight on view of her pussy.

As she raised the bottle to her lips, she saw Ryan moving in her peripheral vision. He was obviously trying to improve his angle. She continued rotating to keep him from having the view he sought.

Once she’d had a good drink, she handed the bottle to Ryan and charged past him. She also went right on by David, taking the lead.

A moment later, she was barreling up the trail, seeking to put a little distance between herself and the guys. That quickly proved futile. Glancing back, she saw that Ryan had passed David and was right behind her.

Trying to leave him, she resorted to taking long strides. She imagined that he might be enjoying the view that walking like that was surely causing, and yet she saw no real option. She felt like placing a hand behind herself to limit his view, and yet she knew that it would look silly and do little good. And what was more, it wasn’t something that she was going to be able to maintain.

The worst part of the situation was how steep the trail was. When David had been applying sunscreen to her back, his head had been above hers. Ryan’s head was now below the level of her knees. It was cringeworthy to imagine the view he had up into her crack, and yet she didn’t exactly want him in front of her either.

Why hadn’t she thought this through before committing herself? She didn’t know. At that point in time, the prospect had seemed a little exciting. Now it was just embarrassing. And she needed to get sunscreen on the rest of her skin. The trail leveled out a bit at the next switchback, so she stopped.

Pointing back at Ryan, she cautioned, “Not too close, Jerk-boy.”

Ryan came to a halt and held his arms out to the side, palms forward, as if to appear non-threatening. Jill, however, noticed where he was looking. He was having an unblinking staring match with her pussy. From his lower position on the steep trail, she knew that there was little that he would not be able to see. She quickly shifted her knees together and turned a bit, at least to keep him from seeing back in between her legs.

“Can I have the sunscreen, David?” she asked.

David slipped off the small daypack to retrieve it, handing it forward to Ryan.

“Allow me,” said Ryan, popping the cap.

“I don’t think so,” said Jill, moving just close enough to take the bottle from him.

Returning to where she had been, she turned back around and faced him. Putting some lotion into a hand, she reached behind and began coating her bottom and her thighs just below. She didn’t particularly like facing him with nothing obscuring his view of her pussy, but she also didn’t want him watching her massage the lotion into her cheeks either.

Once that was done, she turned sideways and applied sunscreen to her face, neck, and then down onto her upper chest.

“Do you have to stare?” she asked Ryan point blank.

“No, I’d rather help,” he replied, taking a step toward her.

“Keep your distance,” she snapped, taking a step back.

“Okay, then I’ll just stare,” he chuckled.

For some reason Jill had failed to appreciate just how embarrassing it would be to be naked in front of him. How had she ever gotten comfortable being around the two of them topless?

As she completed coating her tummy and moved down to the area around her landing strip, she turned the rest of the way to keep Ryan from watching.

“Give Fuzzy Wuzzy the attention he deserves,” encouraged Ryan. “Or let me do it.”

Jill didn’t reply. She wanted to say something to stop him from calling it, ‘Fuzzy Wuzzy,’ but she knew that her best strategy was to ignore him. Jill worked the lotion down her thighs and then on down her shins to her hiking boots.

“Umm . . . Jill,” she heard David say.

She glanced at him past her legs and in that instant happened to see a look of sheer delight frozen on Ryan’s face. In horror, she realized that she had bent over at the waist. Her face flushed bright red as she realized just how careless that had been. She knew how exposed a girl could be in that position, but it had never been something that she had needed to pay much attention to in the past.

She stood up straight away, putting both of her hands behind her butt crack. Keeping her face angled away from the boys, she blushed like never before.

“I’m so sorry,” she said. “I’ll be more careful.”

“Please don’t,” laughed Ryan. “Dammit, David, why did you have to say something . . . and why didn’t you let me bring my camera?”

Jill tossed the sunscreen overhand to David and took off running up the trail. She suspected that Ryan would stay right with her. She had never felt so embarrassed in her life. She had to try and get away.

Glancing back after she had gone quite some distance, she saw that Ryan and David weren’t following her at all. They looked to be laughing and talking. She was glad that she couldn’t hear what was being said. She imagined that it had to be crude, indeed.

It helped her to calm down that they were allowing her some space. But then she remembered that they might not be the only hikers on the trail, so she turned her attention to scanning the countryside, paying the most attention to the trail ahead.

As it turned out, David and Ryan let her stay well ahead of them all the way up to Hidden Lake. Looking back, she could see them following at a distance. They were way too far back for her to have any of the concerns she had been experiencing when Ryan had been right on her heels.

She made an attempt to recapture the happy thought pattern that she had enjoyed at the start of the hike that morning. Even though she was able to settle down a little, she was not able to reconnect with the happy-go-lucky lady who had been skipping up the trail just after she had made the decision not to go back to the Jeep.

As the trail went over the lip, Jill caught a first glimpse of Hidden Lake; it was beautiful indeed. And the view of Camelback Mountain just beyond was glorious. It looked so close and yet she knew they still had a long hike ahead of them. It was absolutely wonderful to be enjoying some new territory and it was quite invigorating to be doing so in the nude.

The initial elation of being naked had worn off, and Jill was having a hard time comprehending just what she’d gotten herself into. The distance to her clothes and the length of time that she was going to have to be naked had her mind spinning. So much had changed in a span of barely twenty-four hours. What an unfathomable string of events she had unleashed by going skinny dipping.

She looked around for a good lunch spot. Finding an area that she liked, she discovered something to which she had not given much thought. Clothes provided a few practical benefits in addition to simply protecting one’s modesty. There were a number of places where she would have sat down, had she been wearing a pair of shorts. As it was, she didn’t feel like sitting down anywhere. She didn’t like the idea of parking her bare bottom on any of the available surfaces.

There was a grassy area that looked as if it would have been quite comfortable, had she been dressed. Naked, however, she could only think about how funny it was bound to feel to have blades of grass tickling her most delicate areas. As she had nothing at all with her to sit on, she chose to remain standing.

She waited for David and Ryan, who seemed to be taking their sweet time, but she was unsure about how she should position herself as they approached. Should she face them? Should she face away? Maybe she should stand sideways? There were so many decisions that a naked girl had to deal with, she was discovering. She hadn’t imagined that it might be that way. She tried to find something else to think about, but the truth of the matter was that being naked made her feel so very self-conscious. She was doing her best to be at peace with the circumstances, but that was much easier said than done.

Once the guys were in view, she turned to look at Camelback Mountain. Even if being unself-conscious was not really a possibility, she wanted to at least try and appear as if how uncomfortable she was with being naked was not the only thing on her mind.

To her annoyance, Ryan and David had no difficulty finding places to sit. A moment later, they were seated on the ground, their eyes right at crotch level. That was just too uncomfortable, so Jill quickly turned sideways and sat down on her haunches. It wasn’t the most comfortable position, but at least it got things a little hidden. She hugged her knees to her chest and asked what was for lunch.

“Peanut butter and root beer sandwiches!” announced David proudly. “We can’t let a summer go by without my infamous PBRB sandwiches making an appearance, right?”

Jill laughed heartily. “Certainly not!” she said happily. “I love peanut butter and root beer sandwiches! I still say you need to patent your recipe.”

The peanut butter and root beer sandwich was a concoction that David had invented. Over the years he had perfected his recipe. He had first suggested the idea at around the age of twelve; however, their parents had dismissed it as completely impractical, saying that such a sandwich would be a soggy mess. That had only served to inspire David’s ingenuity. His initial efforts, using regular root beer and Knox gelatin to give it some body had not had enough flavor, so he had experimented with mixing root beer concentrate in until he was happy with the taste of his root beer flavored jelly.

“Yep . . . so that it would be a surprise, I made my jelly in secret this past week . . . with grandma running interference,” said David as he started pulling the ingredients out of his pack.

Normally Jill might have helped put lunch together. However, she was more than glad to let David do his thing. She wouldn’t have been comfortable helping. A short time later, he handed her a paper plate with her sandwich, some chips and some baby carrots on it. It was a bit awkward, but Jill remained sitting on her haunches while eating.

“Excellent sandwich!” she complimented him.

“Thanks, Jilly, but that position doesn’t look very comfortable,” said David. “However, you’ve always been more flexible than me.”

“It’s not that bad. I didn’t feel like plopping my naked butt down on the ground.”

“Hmm . . . the hazards of being naked . . . butt naked!” chuckled David. “I should have thought of that. Maybe tomorrow we can bring something for you to sit on.”

“Tomorrow?” said Jill quietly to herself. She had been living minute to minute. She’d been doing her best to avoid thinking about the next day, how she’d still be naked and the likelihood that they’d again go hiking.

**Chapter 78: Camelback Mountain**

“So, Jill,” said David. “I’m curious. What’s it like to be naked?”

Jill looked at him blankly. It seemed like a self-serving question.

When she didn’t reply, he continued, “I mean, I know what it is like to be naked . . . just not out in the wide, wide world. What’s that like?”

“Do I have to talk about this?” she asked, looking away.

“No. I just thought that it might be fun.”

“Fun for me or fun for you?”

“It would just be interesting to know if it is like you imagined.”

“I don’t recall spending time thinking . . . imagining . . . what it might be like to go naked hiking with my brother and his psycho friend.”

“Psycho friend?” asked Ryan. “Who are you calling psycho?”

“Well, you’re certainly not normal,” said Jill.

“Normal is boring. I’m fun!”

Jill chuckled and took a deep breath, again looking up to the heavens for divine intervention.

“So . . . what’s it like?” repeated David.

“I feel very naked . . . are you happy?” she said. “That’s what it’s like.”

“Maybe you can be a little more specific,” encouraged David.

“It feels really strange to have my…” she paused.

“Your hoo-ha?” offered David.

“Right, that . . . where the wind gets at it. It’s not used to a breeze. To have people see it . . . feels so naughty. Yesterday was the absolute worst. More people . . . strangers and a few guys I barely knew. I imagined that this might be easy. I mean, easier. I know you two, but it’s really no different. I don’t think I’m cut out for this.”

“Fuzzy Wuzzy likes it,” said Ryan. “He doesn’t like being all cooped up in girl panties. He’s loving the breeze.”

“See what I have to put up with!” said Jill in exasperation.

“But seriously, Jill,” replied Ryan. “You ARE cut out for it. Your body was made to be naked. It is a shame to cover a smokin’ hot body like yours with clothing. It should be illegal!”

Jill looked at him in disbelief. “David, tell me he didn’t just say that. He’s not serious right?”

David laughed. “He probably is.”

“I absolutely am,” said Ryan. “It’s called utilitarianism. The greatest good for the greatest number! Society could force the pretty girls to be permanently nude. It should be on the ballot . . . it would win. Some girls might be unhappy, but that would be more than offset by the additional happiness of all the men, certainly thousands, that would be viewing their beautiful bodies. Society as a whole would benefit! It makes complete sense.”

“He does have a point, Jill,” said David with a chuckle.

“He might think like that, but I’d hope that my own brother wouldn’t. Surely you see the depravity in this suggestion.”

“Maybe, but it would be fun to have naked girls roaming around,” admitted David.

“Surely, Ryan, you have heard of ‘My Body, My Rules,’” said Jill. “Girls . . . in your opinion . . . shouldn’t they have complete say when it comes to their own bodies?”

“I didn’t say ‘all girls,’” said Ryan. “Just the very prettiest girls . . . like you.”

“I guess that would be all right then . . . if it’s just some of the girls,” said Jill sarcastically. “For the greater good, right?”

“Exactly!” said Ryan. “Just think of all the happy guys. And the girls wouldn’t really be inconvenienced. They could still go to school or to work.”

“Just naked, right?” asked Jill.

“Right! Why not?” said Ryan. “It makes complete sense.”

“If you’re a sexist,” said Jill.

“I’m not a sexist,” said Ryan. “I absolutely adore women.”

“Oh, brother,” said Jill, shaking her head. “As if that proves anything. What about guys? Should the most attractive guys have to be nude?”

“I don’t think anybody wants to see that,” said Ryan. “I expect there would be girls who would argue for equality. However, naked guys? That wouldn’t pass the ‘greatest good, for the greatest number’ test, now would it?”

Jill looked over and saw that David was laughing silently.

“You’re either pulling my leg, or you’re an idiot. I’m pretty sure I know which,” said Jill. “…you’re not very good at pulling my leg.”

“What if the girls involved enjoyed being naked?” asked Ryan. “Would that change your mind?”

Later, as they were making their way toward Camelback Mountain, Jill found herself contemplating her situation from exactly that perspective. What if the guys enjoyed seeing the girl naked AND the girl liked being naked? Was that her situation? And yet, she wasn’t exactly enjoying herself. But she hadn’t exactly been forced. There had certainly been quite a bit of peer pressure, and Ryan had, or course, torn off the skirt and burned it. Greater good? She didn’t know.

Getting up and leaving the lake after their lunch break had been difficult. Standing back up with the boys watching had felt almost like stripping off a pair of panties in front of an audience. Somehow she had managed, but not without her cheeks again feeling warm.

On the way up to Hidden Lake, Jill had tried being in the lead, thinking that she’d feel the least exposed with no one in front of her. For the mountain ahead, she decided on the opposite strategy.

“After you,” she said to Ryan.

“No, I insist,” he had replied.

They quickly were at an impasse. David had to intervene, telling Ryan, in no uncertain terms, to take the lead. If he hadn’t done so, it seemed as if they might have been stuck at the lake all day.

For a time, Ryan seemed content to be out in front; however, once the trail had disappeared because they were on rock, that changed. As hiking switched over to class 2 scrambling, his interest in keeping an eye on Jill proved too much for him.

For a time, a ‘slow race’ ensued, Ryan doing his best to get behind Jill and stay there as she made her way up some of the steep sections, some of which were actually class 3 rock. Jill was largely able to combat Ryan’s attempts to be right below her by moving sideways, back and forth across the slope.

“Damn you, Ryan! I hope you know how weird you’re being,” she said at long last, stopping and turning to confront him. “It’s bad enough being naked without having a pervert behind me, trying to look between my legs.”

Ryan just smiled, all the while appearing to enjoy having a stark naked girl upset at him.

“David,” she called when it was obvious that Ryan was going to ignore everything she said. David had gotten some distance ahead.

Once David had come back down to where they were, Jill said, “You’re going to have to do something about him. He won’t listen to me. I always knew he was a pervert, but I shouldn’t have to put up with this. I mean, do you guys want me to hike with you or not?”

“Jill’s right,” said David. “Your behavior is embarrassing. We’ve got a good thing going . . .why mess that up? Why make her feel uncomfortable?”

“You think I don’t know what I’m doing? I know exactly what I’m doing,” Ryan replied. “I love making her squirm. It’s so cute. Look at her. She even blushes cute.”

David looked over at Jill. She looked away. It was embarrassing to have people talking about how she blushed and squirmed because she was naked.

“What?” she said. “I can’t help it.”

“It’s not your problem,” said David. “I’d blush, too. So would Ryan.”

Eventually, David did manage to get Ryan to leave Jill alone for a while. The two of them resumed climbing, leaving Jill behind to follow at her own pace. That suited Jill much better. It wasn’t really all that bad to be naked if she didn’t have Ryan staring at her.

A half hour later, when Jill reached the summit, her mood was much improved. The view from Camelback Mountain was spectacular. The sky was blue and there was so much to see in every direction. Looking back toward Cache Lake, they could pick out a few familiar peaks, such as Sharp Tooth; however, the lake itself was down low and, of course, not visible.

“I picked this boulder out . . . just for you, Tarzan,” said David, indicating the rock that was probably the highest point on the spacious mountain top.

Jill knew exactly what was expected of her. Indeed, she’d had the same thing in mind. She was very glad to have the invitation so that it could appear as if she was relenting to the request of a fan.

She climbed the large boulder, receiving a boost from David to get to the first foothold. Once on top, Jill struck her proudest Tarzan pose, one leg ahead of the other in a sturdy stance, chest up and thrust out in the direction from which they had just come.

She was probably about ten feet above where David and Ryan stood looking up at her. She made no effort to hide her smoothly shaven lower lips nor her darkly colored landing strip, but she was thinking of little else than how bare and exposed she was . . . she just didn’t want the boys to know, and she didn’t want to let that distract her from the important business at hand.

As she prepared herself mentally for her moment in the sun, she realized that it would be such moments that she’d carry with her for the rest of her life. Years in the future, when she thought back to that particular summer, it was likely to be the brief Tarzan moments that she would recall most fondly. How far she had come from the shy girl who had always sought to conceal her embarrassing flatness under multiple layers of loose-fitting clothing!

Once the moment was right, she swung her elbows up and out, raising her fists to a position poised in front of her modest yet decidedly feminine chest. As the first resonant notes of her Tarzan yell left her throat, her fists began pounding solidly and rhythmically, the various tones mixing and reverberating within.

Jill stole a quick glance down at the two boys just below. Every bit of their attention was focused on her. She tried to imagine what she must look like. In her mind’s eye, her naked Tarzan yell just might represent the ultimate display of feminine determination, power, and beauty.

As the final notes echoed across the broad expanse and then died away, Jill again looked down at the two boys staring up at her. Ryan’s expression was easy to read. He was dumbstruck with awe, admiration, and lust. Lust might have been first and foremost of those, but it was certainly not the only thing she saw on his face. David was a little harder to read. He looked to be the doting brother who was doing his best to resist any kind of a response to his nude sister that might appear to have sexual overtones.

David remarked, “That was absolutely wild, Tarzan!”

“That needs to be recorded . . . for posterity!” remarked Ryan. To her surprise, Jill found herself agreeing. When I’m old and grey, I’ll probably wish I had more than just my fading memories . . . and it will need to be video, complete with sound . . . she realized.

“No one has a phone or camera, right?” she heard herself ask.

She saw David shaking his head. “In keeping with your wishes, Tarzan.”

“Well . . . thank you,” she said, suddenly regretting that she had just pulled off her best Tarzan effort ever stark naked and would have nothing to show for it.

“The moment will live forever in our memories,” said David.

“Yep . . . that’s best,” said Jill with a sigh, sitting down with her legs together but toward the guys. “It might be cool to have a picture, even a video, but I’d worry about it . . . even if I were the only one with it. It would be too pornographic.”

“Pornographic?” replied David. “Au contraire . . . not pornographic at all. Feminine elegance, mixed with equal parts of vigor and determination. Natural beauty surrounded by the beauty of nature.”

“You look like a barely-civilized animal!” remarked Ryan.

His comment provoked a flashback. Suddenly she recalled the moment she had been treated like an animal – the rope tightening down on her leg – the wind being knocked out of her as she had impacted the ground – the feelings of terror as she had turned and seen the boys bearing down upon her.

Doing her best to force those undesirable images back out of her mind, she tilted her head back and shook out her hair. “Beauty and the beast . . . all in one, right Ryan?” she said with a forced laugh.

With most of her weight on her hands and feet, she scooted her bottom down the rock’s steeply inclined face. That had seemed like the easiest way back down from her lofty perch.

“Help me guys,” she requested. “And Ryan, if your hands stray to where we both know they are not allowed, Tarzan will put your head in a thigh lock and then gently break your neck.”

“Careful, Tarzan,” said David. “That sounds like something that might happen on Ryan’s dream date.”

“Yep, if I have to go, I want it to be with my head between your thighs,” said Ryan in a lecherous tone.

“Okay, in that case,” said Jill. “I’ll have David put you in the thigh lock. You’ll still get your neck broken.”

As Jill inched down the front slope of the boulder toward them, Ryan asked, “Does that mean that I’m not supposed to pet Fuzzy Wuzzy? From this vantage point, he looks like he would enjoy the attention.”

“You know the answer to that question,” said David sternly. “We’re having a great first day . . . don’t mess it up.”

The guys did help Jill get her feet back on the ground, and she was pleased that she hadn’t felt any hands where they shouldn’t be.

First day? Jill found herself wondering . . . first of how many?

**Chapter 79: Fuzzy Wuzzy**

They lingered for another fifteen minutes on the peak. The second peak was more than a hundred feet lower in elevation; they could see over it. They decided that there was no reason to traverse the ridge to the camel’s second hump.

Jill spent her remaining time on the peak separated from David and Ryan, keeping to herself as much as possible; she was in a rather introspective mood. She was examining the scenery; however, her mind was busy processing the implications of what was turning out to be a most consequential day. She had this feeling that it might be a turning point in her life, but beyond that, she had trouble pinning her thoughts down. At the very least, she knew that she’d never again be the same person that she had been previously.

As they started down, Jill scanned the slope below them for signs of other hikers and
Ryan went back to being Ryan. Jill didn’t like him behaving like that, following her and staring at her, and yet it no longer bothered her quite as much. She was enjoying her contemplative mood and was determined to stay in that frame of mind despite Ryan's provocations.

Unfortunately, she was only able to stay above the fray until Hidden Lake. There they stopped for a water break. While Jill was taking a drink, Ryan was again taking a conspicuous interest in her landing strip. She was doing her best to keep her knees together, but that only hid things partially. Given her athletic legs, a gap remained near the top, even when her knees and ankles were touching. Her landing strip and the cleft of her pussy remained in full view.

“Have you forgotten that I have nipples?” she asked sarcastically.

“Nope . . . not at all,” said Ryan. “I’m just a bit concerned about Fuzzy Wuzzy, that’s all.”

Jill turned sideways, again doing her best to ignore him; however, he continued, “He’s moved a little lower down, I believe. I’m worried. I think he’s trying to crawl inside. I think we need to do something. My guess is that he’s looking for a cave. If he manages to find one, I think he’ll hibernate.”

“Caterpillars don’t hibernate,” laughed David. “I think you’ve got them confused with bears.”

“I know bears hibernate, but so do caterpillars . . . I had biology. He’s a Woolly Caterpillar. At least that is what he looks like from here. Closer inspection would probably help me confirm identification, but Wooly Caterpillars hibernate . . . when we get back, you can look it up . . . and lest my eyes deceive me, there is a cave right there,” he said pointing down between her legs. He had walked around Jill so that he was again looking at her crotch head on.

“Take a better look, David,” he added. “I know that you’re going to say that it is just pubic hair and a vagina, but I’ve been studying it carefully. I’m pretty sure I know what I’m talking about. Fuzzy Wuzzy is now much closer; he’s moved lower on Jill’s pubic mound. He’s going to crawl right in. If I were Jill, I’d be worried about having a furry caterpillar inside my pussy.”

David laughed. “I’m so sorry, Jill. I sure hope this is somehow fun for you. I can’t control him.”

“It’s not me you need to be concerned about,” said Ryan. “It’s Jill. If that thing gets inside, it could be a real problem. All three of us working together would probably have trouble getting him back out.”

Jill rolled her eyes.

“And to think, Ryan,” she said. “I was actually thinking of letting you shoot video, with my phone of course, of my next Tarzan yell . . . possibly as soon as tomorrow, should another Tarzan appropriate destination be on the agenda. However, now I’m pretty sure it would be a bad idea.”

“It’s a great idea!” said Ryan. “We’ll put it on YouTube! It’ll go viral.”

“We’re not putting it on YouTube,” said Jill with a frown. “I’m probably not even going to let you make the video in the first place.”

“We’ll do it tomorrow,” said Ryan. “It’s a date!”

“It’s a maybe,” she replied. “And if you want me to give it some serious thought, you’ll stop talking about insects crawling into my vagina. This will probably come as a surprise to you, but that’s not at all a pleasant thought. I doubt there is a woman on the planet that would enjoy that thought.”

“I think you should apologize,” said David.

Ryan looked indecisive. “You’re right,” he said. “The idea of insects . . . down there . . . inside . . . yes, unpleasant. That’s the reason for my vigilance. I’m just trying to look out for you, Jill.”

Jill shook her head and sighed. Attempting to change the subject, she said, “Goodbye Hidden Lake. Hope to see you again one day.” With that, she turned and went over the lip of the ridge, starting down into Broken Canyon.

They still had quite a distance to go and it was a warm afternoon. Jill was happy for the breeze rising up from the canyon, even though it did feel a little unusual on her girl parts which had again gotten a little moist. Little was said for the next hour or so, and Jill managed to stay in the lead. She liked that as it meant that David and Ryan only had the view down onto her shoulders. Her butt would be visible to them, but compared to what she’d experienced up to that point, that seemed relatively minor.

Periodically, Jill would search the trail ahead, watching carefully for hikers. She’d gotten less diligent about that on recent topless hikes; however, being fully nude had her senses back on full alert.

The trail, once they were back down in Broken Canyon, wandered alternately in and out of forested areas. If she saw someone coming, her chances of getting herself hidden before being seen were relatively good.

When they got to the Lupine Lakes trail junction, Jill remarked, “You guys aren’t at all curious about how I got behind you this morning?”

“I figured you just waited, hiding somewhere, until we had gone by,” replied David.

“Yes and no. I was right here,” she said, pointing at the area behind the log next to the trail.

“That doesn’t look like a very comfortable place to wait,” said David.

“It was an emergency situation. I heard voices. I had no time. I was there the whole time you were talking to those guys.”

“Really?” laughed David. “You would have given those lads, and their fathers, quite the thrill.”

“I’ll say!” added Ryan.

“I was sure I was going to be discovered!”

“I wish I would have known,” said Ryan. “I’m not sure exactly what I would have done, but it would have resulted in lots of blushing! I love watching you blush . . . your face turns all red . . . your neck, your chest, too! You never seem to know where to look. Those guys would have loved it. Too bad that opportunity slipped past us!”

“Thanks a lot,” said Jill. “Good to know that I can count on you to look out for me . . . when the chips are down.”

“That’s David’s job. I’m the devious one, remember?”

“How can I forget?” said Jill, again sighing and shaking her head.

“Devious or deviant?” asked David.

Jill just laughed. There was no need to comment.

From there they followed the ridge back to the trail that cut down to Big Aspen Lake. Just a few hundred yards from their camp, while making their way along the exposed hillside, Jill suddenly stopped in her tracks. Looking ahead, watching for other hikers, she suddenly caught sight of a tent! It was a small blue pup tent, and it was between them and their camp. Alarm shot through Jill’s body as she jumped behind David; there were two figures near the tent.

Letting out a gasp of shock, she turned to flee. Instantly, in a state of panic, she looked around for somewhere to hide. Unfortunately, there was nothing large enough to conceal a girl. They were on a narrow trail angling across a steep rocky hillside. She started to run back up the trail, but in that instant she felt a firm grip clamp down on her wrist.

“No, Jill. You’ll only get hurt,” said David.

“Let go!” she pleaded, twisting her arm in an attempt to pull free. “Don’t do this to me.”

“Where would you go?” he asked. “It’s just two girls.”

Jill turned and looked down, her eyes wide with fright. David was right; it was two girls. They had stopped what they had been doing and were looking up at the three hikers descending from above.

“I can’t,” said Jill.

“Can’t . . . what?” asked David.

She again tried to pull her arm free, but David held on tight. To her horror, he started pulling, leading her on down the trail.

“Can’t . . . go . . . that . . . way,” she said, struggling to resist his efforts and digging in her heels.

“That’s where our camp is. You can’t sleep in the forest naked . . . not at this altitude.”

“But…” said Jill.

“They look harmless enough,” said David. “What could they do? Have you arrested? Complain to the authorities? What authorities?”

“Let’s at least go around them,” said Jill apprehensively.

“I’ll try.”

She started following David. He was still holding her wrist, but he was no longer squeezing it as she was cooperating. Jill did her best to stay hidden right behind him.

In the end, there was no way to avoid meeting up with the two girls; they had walked over to greet them at the bottom of the trail. Jill continued trying to use David to shield herself from view. She felt a little like a kid, being held by her wrist, and yet it was somewhat reassuring. By grabbing her wrist, David had taken charge. He would take care of her, at least that was how it felt. It was a somewhat comforting thought.

“You can let go, David,” she whispered. “I’m not going to run off.”

She felt David’s grip relax. She pulled her arm free, rubbing her wrist with her other hand. She cowered behind David as the girls approached. They were both fit looking blondes, probably in their mid-twenties. They both wore knee-length yoga pants and colorful tank tops, and they both had curious expressions on their faces.

“Are you all right?” asked the girl in the medium blue tank top.

Jill was slow to realize that she was being spoken to. “Me?” she asked, struggling to find her voice.

“Yes . . . are you being mistreated?”

“Me? Mistreated? Oh, no . . . I’m fine,” she said attempting a smile as she peeked around from behind David. It took her a moment, but then she understood why the two women looked concerned. She was nude with two clothed males, and David had just been holding her wrist.

“Are you sure? You’re naked?”

“I’m sorry,” said Jill. “We’ve just been out . . . umm . . . having fun. I’m just embarrassed, that’s all.”

Still concealing her body behind David, Jill looked back and forth from one girl to the other.

“I’m David, and this is Jill, and this is Ryan,” said David. “We hiked up to Camelback Mountain and back today. Jill is fine.”

“So Jill . . . what happened to your clothes?” asked the blonde in the lime green top with a chuckle.

“Umm . . . I don’t have any,” said Jill blushing.

The two girls looked at one another and laughed.

“Well, I’m glad to hear that you’re fine,” said the girl in the blue tank top. “I’m Jenna, and this is Britt,”

“Hi,” said the girl in the green tank top, the one who had just been introduced as Britt.

“You two look like sisters,” observed David.

“Good guess. Twins actually,” said Jenna with a smile.

“Twins . . . interesting,” said David.

“Are you camped by the fire circle?” asked Britt. “We were disappointed to find that campsite already taken. We’ve camped there in the past.”

“Yes, that’s us,” said David.

“They are twins, too,” said Ryan, pointing back and forth from David to Jill.

“Interesting!” said Jenna. Turning to face her sister, she added, “What do you think, Britt?”

“I don’t know what to think,” said Britt laughing. “Twincest, I guess.”

Jenna laughed. “We’ll have to keep our giggling down . . . when we’re in our own tent. We won’t want them thinking the same of us.”

“There’s no incest,” said Jill.

“Well, hmm...” said Britt. “You are naked and you were just holding hands. So if you’re really twins . . . well . . .”

“We weren’t holding hands,” said David. He paused, looking over at Jill. “Believe it or not, I was just holding on to her to keep her from running off. The last time this happened, she slipped and fell. We had to take her to the ER.”

“So you were just looking out for her,” said Britt.

“Like you and I look out for each other,” said Jenna chuckling.

“Excuse me for asking,” said Britt. “But, why didn’t your parents go with Jack and Jill. Those would have been perfect twin names.”

“Thank God, they didn’t,” said David.

“We get that all the time,” said Jill, again peeking out from behind David.

“Britt, Jenna?” asked David. “What did your parents have in mind? What’s your last name, by the way . . . unless that might be prying?”

“Copeland,” said Jenna. “Our parents raised us to have completely separate identities. I’m so glad we don’t have the same initials.”

“Nice meeting you,” said Jill. She was too uncomfortable to stand there any longer.

She took David’s hand and attempted to lead him away. He didn’t seem inclined to follow. Jill looked over and saw that both girls were looking her up and down. It was an awkward situation, to say the least.

“Go on ahead,” said David. “I’ll be along in a minute.”

Jill let go of David’s hand and walked on toward their campsite, making a big circle around the blue tent. She didn’t want to leave David and Ryan there talking to the two blondes; she was afraid that they’d all talk about her. But she didn’t want to be there any longer either.

As she walked away, she felt four pairs of eyes boring into her naked backside. She felt like covering up, but resisted the temptation. She thought that doing so would look awkward. For some reason, she wanted to appear comfortable with her nudity.

When she got back to their camp, her emotional side still wanted to run and hide; however, her rational side knew that it would do little good . . . as David had pointed out. She again thought about heading for the Jeep. It was early enough that getting there before dark would not be a problem. And yet, she still wasn’t ready to pull the plug on the rest of the weekend. It had been scary meeting the two strangers, and yet it hadn’t been as bad as she might have feared. Somehow she had grown slightly accustomed to the embarrassment of being seen naked.

The Copeland sisters seemed harmless enough. They had only asked a few embarrassing questions. They were unlikely to do much more than that, she realized. She didn’t want them camped right next to them, but they certainly had the right to camp wherever they wanted.

“What all did you tell them?” she asked when David and Ryan came into camp about ten minutes later.

“That you’re a nudist,” said David.

“You better not have,” she scolded.

“What might you have preferred?” asked David. “That you and I are incestuous twins? Or that the three of us are into kinky jungle games: ‘You Tarzan, Me Jane!’”

“You could have told them the truth,” suggested Jill.

“I thought I just said that’s what I did,” said David with a smile.

Jill scowled but then decided to ignore him, getting out a book to read. When she had first gone through her pack, she had noticed that Ryan had put in ‘The Communist Manifesto.’ She had left it sitting out, planning to read it after the swim from which she had never returned. She dug it out of her pack and went over to her sleeping bag.

**Chapter 80: Britt and Jenna**

As she was removing her boots, David walked over. “By the way, I invited them over for dinner, so it will be potluck. We’ll share and they’ll share. I’m making pasta once I get a fire going.”

“You didn’t!” said Jill, obviously upset. “You know I don’t have anything to put on.”

“They know you don’t. You told them that you didn’t have any clothes. It’s perfect; they think you’re a nudist. And they think you’re really cute. They said so!”

“I hope you’re making that up. That’s just what I need,” she cringed.

“I’m not!” said David. “They actually said so. Plus, I was watching them. They really seemed to be enjoying having a naked girl to look at . . . even though they seemed to be doing their best to be discreet about it.”

Jill scowled. “Leave me alone. Even Marx is better than my life right now.”

Jill thought about the flannel shirts that David had mentioned. She didn’t much like that idea, and David might not even let her have one. He had mentioned them and ponchos so that she would know that he was going to make sure she stayed warm and dry. She was warm and dry. And, of course, Jenna and Britt had already seen her naked . . . and they had been told that she was a nudist. Jill decided that she wanted to see if she might be able to go with the flow. It was a scary thought, yet exhilarating nonetheless.

She ended up reading for over an hour; however, she was back up and standing at the fire when they noticed Jenna and Britt heading their way. Jill couldn’t believe that she was just standing there, her pussy fully visible as these two strangers approached. She fought her demons to keep from running off or covering up with her hands. She was hardly comfortable; her instincts told her that she shouldn’t be just standing there bare naked, and yet her desire to appear somewhat at ease won out. Her hands stayed where she told them to stay.

Jenna and Britt smiled as they approached. They had quite a bit of stuff with them, but they were also managing to walk hand in hand. That looked out of place to Jill, even for twins.

“We’ve decided to come out to you guys,” said Jenna. “If you happen to hear giggling coming from our tent later, it’s okay. We’re not actually twins. We’re not even sisters. We’re married.”

“You’re married?” said David, surprise mixing with skepticism in his voice.

“Yeah . . . sorry about lying earlier,” said Britt. “It’s a little lie that we’ve told a thousand times. We’re the same age and we look so much alike that people are always guessing that we’re sisters. And we have the same last name.”

“Because you’re married,” said David.

“Yes and no,” said Jenna. “When we got married, I took Britt’s name, but she also took my name. So we are both Copelands, but we were both Copelands before we married?”

“Cousins?” asked David.

“No . . . completely unrelated, as far as we know,” said Jenna.

Jill didn’t know what to believe. Unrelated, same name, married? It all made little sense. Twins – now that had been believable.

“There’s got to be quite a story here,” said David. “But first, make yourselves at home. Set your stuff down.”

The girls carried small three-legged campstools, each suspended by a shoulder strap. As they placed them near the fire, they apologized for not having extras to share.

“Completely understandable,” said David.

“But we do have enough box wine to share,” said Britt, pulling it out of the bag she had brought. “We had it in the lake to cool. I don’t know if you like white wine, but it’s what we have. Any takers?”

“We’re actually not old enough to drink,” said David.

“I didn’t think you were,” said Britt. “But no one’s checking ID.”

“Yes, please,” said Jill.

“That’s my girl,” said Britt, pouring some wine from the milk-carton-like container into a plastic cup and handing it to her.

Jill didn’t know if she liked wine, but she knew that she was going to need a little help if she was going to make it through the evening. She took a sip. It was surprisingly sweet and fruity tasting. I can do this, she thought.

“By the way, how old are you, Jill?” asked Britt.

“We’re nineteen. And you?” she asked.

“I’m twenty-six,” said Britt. “Jenna turns twenty-six this fall.”

Jill nodded. That was about what she had thought.

“Ready to hear our story?” asked Jenna, once she and Brit each had their own cups of wine.

Jill looked around. It looked as if the girls were going to be the only ones drinking, at least, that was how things stood at that moment.

“I can’t wait to hear your story,” said David.

“Me neither,” said Jill, taking another sip of wine. She sat down on her pillow carefully, her knees up but tightly together, one arm draped around them.

“By the way, Jill, you have the cutest little titties,” said Brit.

Blushing, Jill bit her lip and looked down and off to the side. It seemed like a genuine compliment; that it had come from a lesbian seemed largely irrelevant.

“Sorry if that makes you uncomfortable,” added Britt.

Jill stole a glance back at Britt and Jenna. They were both larger on top, something that Jill was used to. Jenna, the more endowed of the two, was particularly chesty. She decided that Britt was at least a B, Jenna maybe a C, but most likely larger. They both looked very nicely proportioned. Jill took a large sip of wine when she thought that no one was looking.

She hoped the wine would help. Being naked with four clothed people would have been difficult enough, but learning that Jenna and Britt were lesbians had added to the awkwardness of the situation. As she considered that, it hit her that she was with four people – all of whom were attracted to her gender – and she was stark naked. She hadn’t even bothered to put her boots back on. She was barefoot and butt naked. She took another sip of wine.

“Jilly, you should go easy on that,” said David.

“Don’t be telling me what to do,” she snapped.

“Sorry,” said David. “You’d do the same for me.”

“He’s right Jill,” said Britt. “Not too much until you’ve gotten some food in your tummy.”

“Okay,” said Jill. “Just the one cup before dinner.”

Britt smiled and gave her a thumbs up.

“Back to your story,” said David, looking at Jenna as he took the pot of pasta from the fire.

“Right, where was I?” asked Jenna.

“I don’t think you’d even started,” said Britt. Both Jenna and Britt shared a laugh.

“Okay,” said Jenna. “From the top. “We met the first day of college. Our college had a well-organized freshman orientation program, so all freshmen arrived on campus four days before everyone else. They divided us up into groups of fourteen or fifteen. To try and make the groups as random as possible, they did it alphabetically. And it worked for the most part, the jocks were mixed with the nerds and each group was about half girls, half guys. Every single person in our group had a last name that started with ‘C.’”

“Our group was designated, ‘C2,’” interjected Britt.

“From the first moment, everyone in our group thought we were twins,” said Jenna. “It was instantly our inside joke. The college provided name tags, so everyone knew that we had the same last name. From day one we were ‘The Copeland Twins.’”

“You do look like you could be twins,” said David. “Fraternal twins.”

“I agree. And we should know, right, David?” interjected Jill, taking another sip.

“We probably look as much alike as you two, right?” asked Britt.

“Probably more so,” said Ryan. “Jill has tits. David has…”

“They get the point,” said David, cutting Ryan off like he often had to do.

Jill saw Britt stand up and walk over toward her. She couldn’t imagine why she was approaching her.

“Cheers,” said Britt, holding out her cup. “Here’s to tits!”

Jill held her cup up and bashfully allowed Britt to knock her cup against it.

“To tits!” said Jenna. Extending her cup toward Jill as well. “Beautiful tanned tits!”

Jill attempted a smile. She bumped her plastic cup against Jenna’s. “Cheers,” she said meekly. It was embarrassing to have everyone not only looking at her small breasts but toasting them as well.

“To tits!” shouted Ryan. “I’ll drink to that!”

“Would you like a cup?” asked Britt, offering to pour him one.

“Ryan doesn’t need any wine,” said David. “Believe me.”

“Yeah, don’t give him any,” said Jill.

Britt shrugged but set the wine back down when Ryan didn’t complain.

Jill had noticed the girls’ eyes roaming up and down her naked form from the moment they had met. Each time that she saw one or the other of the girls glance over at her, she felt a little shiver pass through her body. It confused her. It had been bad enough when she had been standing naked in front of the two of them when they had first met. Then, she had been assuming that they were heterosexuals. But now that she knew that they were homosexuals, it felt different.

She’d been dealing with varying amounts of arousal all day, hoping that neither David nor Ryan would notice the telltale signs. Now, however, she was quite concerned that someone might notice and say something.

The smoke from the fire made it obvious which way the wind was blowing. Jill didn’t like having it in her face; however, she found it reassuring, it meant that she was downwind from the others. She could imagine Ryan teasing her if he were to figure out that her libido was rising in the presence of two lesbians.

“Smoke follows beauty!” said Britt, smiling and looking over at her.

Jill blushed and looked away, doing her best to make it appear that she was simply ducking her head out of the smoke.

She couldn’t help but wonder why it was so arousing to be seen naked by these two older women. She knew that she was attracted to guys and guys alone; however, now, as she thought about that, she realized that none of her relationships with the opposite sex had amounted to much.

“So, that was how you met,” said David. “Now I’d like to hear how you fell in love.”

“David . . . too personal,” Jill scolded.

“It’s alright. We don’t mind,” said Britt.

As Jill watched, Britt turned her attention to Jenna. For some reason, Jenna seemed to be the pair’s designated storyteller.

“Well, ‘The Copeland Twins’ were instantly inseparable buddies. We didn’t have classes together, but otherwise, we were always together. I was ‘between boyfriends,’” said Jenna, using her fingers to make air quotes. “…and Britt was in a long distance relationship with some fictitious guy who she was constantly pretending to be unhappy with because he never called. Todd, right?”

Jill looked over at Britt and saw her shrug. “At least I didn’t have to put up with guys asking me out,” she said with a smile.

Jenna continued, “So, we both had our suspicions, and yet we kept up pretenses into the New Year. Neither of us wanted to mess with a good thing. However, with no male lovers to spend Valentine’s Day with, Britt and I were stuck with each other. We got drunk to lament our pitiful love lives. Well, one thing led to another and we woke up the next morning naked in each other’s arms.”

“That’s so romantic!” said Jill.

“Actually, it wasn’t such a great morning,” said Britt with a smirk.

“Right,” said Jenna. “Her roommate walked in and caught us snuggled up together in Britt’s single bed. Our night of lesbian passion had taken place in their dorm room.”

Britt laughed, “We were both so happy. I’d been hiding my love for Jenna for too long. It felt so good to finally be able to be completely honest with the girl I had fallen for. But getting caught was beyond embarrassing and I had the worst headache.”

“Me too,” said Jenna. “Happy and in love, but oh so hungover.” They both laughed. “We’ve been together ever since.”

Jill felt an instant connection with the two girls. They seemed perfect for each other, and sensed a deep level of commitment.

“Time to dish up!” said David, breaking the mood.

“Let’s!” agreed Jill.

As she started to get up, Britt was suddenly right there, offering her a hand and smiling.

“Thanks,” said Jill, taking Britt’s hand, allowing her to help her up.

As Jill bent over to get the paper plates out of their camping supplies, she suddenly realized that she was doing it again, bending at the waist. As quickly as she could, she stood right back up. Before bending back down, she walked to the other side to make sure that no one was behind her; she then squatted down, bending at the knees. I need to get this figured out, she thought to herself.

As they all returned to the fire with food on their plates, Jenna asked, “So, who is reading The Communist Manifesto?”

Jill glanced over and saw that she’d left it on top of her backpack.

“That would be, Jill,” said Ryan.

Jenna looked over at her and smiled. “Are you a Poli Sci major?” she asked.

“No,” said Jill. “I’m a nothing major . . . not even in college yet, but I start this fall. …no idea what I want to major in. That book is on the reading list for the core humanities class that all freshmen take. I’m trying to get a jumpstart by getting some of the reading out of the way.”

“That’s so smart!” said Jenna.

“I could tell you were an intelligent one,” said Britt. “It’s commonly said that beauty times brains equals a constant. You seem to be one of those rare girls that disproves the hypothesis.”

“Just like my Britt,” said Jenna. “What else is on your reading list?”

Jill rattled off a number of the books that she had read that summer.

“Wow! You’ve been busy,” said Jenna. “I was an English Lit major. I’ve read many of those books, including some of those that were not written in English. Dostoyevsky’s ‘Crime and Punishment’ and Voltaire’s ‘Candide,’ for example.”

“But not all of them?” asked Jill.

“Oh, no. That’s quite the mishmash they have on that list, but you did say it was a ‘humanities’ class, not a ‘literature’ class. They are all great books, but a few of them aren’t ‘literature,’ per se, at least not according to the strictest definition.”

Jenna went on to list the books that she had read of those that Jill had mentioned. Jill was making mental notes. She found herself getting very interested in talking about those books with her. That would be fun, and it might also help her be more prepared to discuss them in class.

After listening to Jenna’s list, Jill asked, “Britt, I don’t suppose you were a Lit major, too?”

Britt laughed.

“Hardly,” said Jenna. “Britt hung out in the Science building . . . practically lived there. Biology and Chemistry, mostly.”

“I was a double major,” said Britt. “Like Jenna said, Biology and Chemistry.”

“She just graduated from Medical School,” said Jenna, pride evident in her voice.

Jill, David, and Ryan all looked over at Britt. Jill felt a heightened sense of respect for the girl who had been treating her in such a friendly manner. In Jill’s opinion, she looked too young to have completed Medical School.