**Summer at Cache Lake**

**Chapter 81: Potluck**  
  
“Yep, like I said, she disproves the beauty times brains equals a constant rule,” said Jenna.  
  
“You know I don’t like it when you say that,” said Britt. “But the same can be said of Jenna. She graduated Magna Cum Laude.”  
  
“Magna what?” asked Ryan.  
  
“It essentially means ‘with high honors,’” explained Britt. “It is a Latin term that appears on the diplomas of students with very high GPAs.”  
  
“Britt starts a three-year residency this fall,” said Jenna. “We decided to do some hiking as her training schedule won’t allow for much of that sort of thing for quite some time.”  
  
“And what have you done since college?” asked David, addressing Jenna.  
  
“Well, one of us had to work. I’m a one-woman office. I answer the phone, crank out invoices, make deposits and post them, and file HR paperwork for a company that produces cardboard boxes . . . a packaging company,” said Jenna.  
  
“She runs the place,” said Britt proudly.  
  
“That’s a bit of an exaggeration,” said Jenna. “But I do handle all the day-to-day in the office. I don’t run any of the machinery or have anything to do with pricing or box design. It pays the rent.”  
  
“But enough about us,” said Britt. “I want to hear about you guys. Especially you, Jill. I’m dying to hear your story! David tells us you’re a nudist. How did that realization reveal itself to you?”  
  
“I’m not a nudist,” said Jill, scowling at David.  
  
“Well, whatever you are, I’d like to hear your story. Jenna?” said Britt.  
  
“Yes, please. We’re both dying to hear your story,” said Jenna.  
  
To her surprise, Jill found herself ready to give the girls an honest rundown of all that had happened. They were so friendly. She couldn’t imagine herself lying or telling a partial truth.  
  
“How far back should I start?”  
  
“All the way back,” replied Britt. “We’ve got all evening.”  
  
Noticing that Jill’s wine cup was empty, Britt refilled it. Jill had been trying to decide if she might be feeling any of the effects of the alcohol; however, she knew from driver’s training, that those under the influence are often not aware of that fact. Since she’d only had the one cup, she didn’t think there was any chance she might be.  
  
“Well, David and I grew up playing basketball,” said Jill.  
  
Both girls laughed.  
  
“What?” asked Jill in surprise.  
  
“I’d just never guessed that there might be a connection between basketball and nudism,” said Jenna. “Sorry . . . please go on.”  
  
“You said ‘start at the beginning,’” Jill reminded them.  
  
“Please continue,” encouraged Britt.  
  
“It’s just that I had an athletic childhood, and I’ve always been tall and skinny. I was the tallest kid in the sixth grade, even taller than David at that moment in time. Somewhere in there, the Boob Fairy started visiting all my friends.”  
  
Jenna and Britt laughed.  
  
“The Boob Fairy found me in the sixth grade,” said Jenna. “She took her wand and smacked me hard. A few girls caught up later, but I had the early lead. It was embarrassing . . . actually.”  
  
Jill looked over and saw Britt laughing. She relaxed and laughed along with her.  
  
“The Boob Fairy had a lot of difficulty finding me,” said Britt. “I think it might have been the cul-de-sac where we lived. And when she finally found me, I’m not sure she had her wand with her . . . but, little by little.”  
  
“I’m still waiting,” said Jill, pushing out her lower lip to look particularly sad. She looked down at her small breasts with their embarrassingly long, pointy nipples and felt the warmth flow into her cheeks. She took a big sip of wine.  
  
“You’re lovely,” said Britt. “Brave and lovely. The Boob Fairy blessed you, not so much with quantity but with quality. And you have such poise. Given how elegantly you hold yourself, your body doesn’t need much in the way of breasts to look beautiful.”  
  
Jill liked Britt’s response. She hadn’t told her she was ‘lucky’ to have small breasts. Jill was also realizing that she never would have been able to have a conversation like they were having prior to that summer. Even though she was blushing, she knew that she couldn’t have talked about her chest at all, especially not in mixed company, and certainly not with strangers.  
  
Somehow, with her chest on full display, there were no secrets. It seemed silly to have inhibitions about talking about something that everyone was looking at. Her breasts were small, but there was no need to mention that. Everyone could see exactly how big they were.  
  
To the surprise of the Copland twins, Ryan entered the conversation at that point, “Quality! That’s what I keep telling her. Sexiest body on the planet! She should be a supermodel . . . that’s my opinion.”  
  
“A supermodel?!” said Britt chuckling. “I’m not sure I’d wish that life on my worst enemy, but I do see what you mean. Tall, slender, fit, high cheekbones, a perfect nose, the works! And above all, a mouth-watering smile. She does indeed seem to have it all.”  
  
“I’ve seen bodies like hers in the Swimsuit Edition!” bragged Ryan.  
  
“Yes . . . I’m sure you have,” said Jenna with a snicker.  
  
“Don’t make too much fun of him,” said Jill. “Ryan’s my biggest fan. Probably my only fan. For a girl with body-image issues, he’s nice to have around.”  
  
She looked over and saw a smile on Ryan’s face. She was definitely saying things that she hadn’t anticipated saying. She expected that she’d end up regretting having said that he was nice to have around.  
  
As Jill looked at him, she saw his eyes fall down to her crotch. Somehow she’d been careless, allowing her knees to fall apart such that she was sitting cross-legged. Doing her best to appear as if she were merely shifting positions, she brought one of her knees over to the other, again getting her pussy hidden from view.  
  
“Well, Ryan definitely has good taste,” said Britt. “He and I seem to agree on the topic of your beauty. But the two of you . . . you aren’t dating, right? …or did I miss that?”  
  
“No . . . friends,” said Jill.  
  
“Odd, real odd. Friends with benefits?” asked Jenna.  
  
Instructing Ryan to masturbate crossed Jill’s mind. “No benefits . . . just friends,” she said.  
  
“Maybe she has a girlfriend,” said Brit addressing Jenna. “Stranger things have happened.”  
  
Jill looked up in surprise. She saw a warm, friendly smile on Britt’s lips.  
  
“No, no girlfriend. No boyfriend, no girlfriend . . . neither. I’m free and single . . . heading off to college completely unencumbered.”  
  
“You go girl!” said Jenna. “It worked for me.”  
  
“Me, too,” said Britt. “Maybe you’ll wake up naked in some pretty girl’s bed the morning after Valentine’s Day.”  
  
Jill didn’t know how to respond. She couldn’t imagine that happening.  
  
“But back to your story,” said Brit. “How do we get to naked hiker-chick from skinny basketball player hoping to be visited by the Boob Fairy?”  
  
“I’ve always been very shy, and I’ve always been self-conscious about being so lightly chested,” Jill replied. She thought about telling them how Tyler had commented that he could ‘feel bottom’ the one time that she had let him feel her up. She decided not to. She didn’t want Ryan to know about that, and she needed to get on with her story.  
  
“Well, last summer, the three of us were camped at Cache Lake.”  
  
“What a lovely lake!” said Britt. “Too bad there isn’t a campground there.”  
  
“Our grandparents own a plot. They have an Airstream on it,” said Jill. “We camp near there.”  
  
“Cool,” said Britt.  
  
“So, last summer, the three of us were way out in the lake . . . there is this submerged island. Long story short, I thought David and Ryan could be trusted. Wrong! The next thing I knew, Ryan yanked off my top. David even helped him; he pushed my legs out from under me.”  
  
“Your twin brother?” gasped Jenna, her eyes wide, her mouth hanging open.  
  
Jill nodded. “My twin brother! They wouldn’t give it back. They left me there like that. Ryan swam off with my top. I had to swim back topless. Can you imagine? Well . . . I was devastated.”  
  
“And then what happened?” asked Britt.  
  
“I cried. I kept my hands clamped to my chest. I wanted to make sure they didn’t win . . . didn’t get to see.” She put her hands on her breasts and squeezed tightly, just as she had the prior summer. The memories of that moment came flooding back. “I hid by a certain log. A few hours later, David gave in and brought me my top.”  
  
“Glad you finally wised up,” said Jenna, addressing David condescendingly. “But what an asshole thing to do in the first place!”  
  
“Ryan never wised up, never apologized,” said Jill.  
  
“He’s the ultimate asshole,” said Jenna glaring at him.  
  
“I did too apologize,” said Ryan.  
  
“Oh, yeah . . . like six months later . . . as if that counts!” Jill scoffed.  
  
“And to think . . . I was starting to like you guys,” said Britt angrily, looking from one of the boys to the other.  
  
“That was so mean!” said Jenna. “You knew that Jill was insecure about her chest, so you go and do that to her?”  
  
“All’s well that ends well,” said Ryan.  
  
“No it’s not, asshole!” replied Jenna. “I hope you reported them.”  
  
“I should have,” said Jill. “They deserved it, both of them.” Jill recalled how hurt she had felt, but now, seeing Britt and Jenna’s reactions to her story, she felt as if she had been fully justified to have been so upset.  
  
“Well, believe it or not, we all ended up back at the lake this summer,” said Jill.  
  
“Why would you ever come back . . . with these losers?” asked Britt.  
  
“I did,” said Jill. “One last summer before saying goodbye to my youth and heading off to college . . . that was the plan. I love Cache Lake. David and I have been spending our summers there since we were little . . . as long as I can remember. I didn’t want to end on a sour note. And they promised not to strip me. I thought I was safe. I was sure we could have a great summer . . . end our long-standing tradition on a positive note. That’s why I can back . . . to overlay the experience of last year with a positive one . . . much like all the others.”  
  
“Obviously a couple of pricks! You two should be locked up,” said Britt, glaring first at David then at Ryan.  
  
“Just listen to the story before you jump to conclusions,” pleaded David.  
  
“Like I said, I thought I was safe. But they ganged up on me,” said Jill, suddenly feeling as if telling her tale might end up being therapeutic.  
  
“They stripped you after promising that they wouldn’t?” asked Jenna.  
  
“Not . . . exactly,” said Jill. “They tried to talk me into being ‘one of the guys.’ Because I’m titless, they thought that I should just spend the summer without my top.” Jill paused and took another sip. “After all, that’s what they do.”  
  
“But they’re guys!” said Brit.  
  
“That’s absolutely ridiculous,” said Jenna. “Don’t get me started! In the first place, you’re not titless. You do have boobs! So what if they are on the small side? And in the second place, you’re a girl . . . you couldn’t do that even if you were completely flat.”  
  
“Please don’t tell me you gave in,” said Britt.  
  
“No, well . . . not really . . . at least not for the longest time. But it got lonely. I hiked on my own, went swimming by myself, floated the outlet alone. And I started tanning topless. That was fun! As odd as it sounds, I found that it was nice to tan topless.”  
  
“I can see that,” said Jenna. “You have a gorgeous tan. However, it would appear as if you’ve only recently started going bottomless.”  
  
“Yeah, stand up so we can get another look at your tan lines,” suggested Britt.  
  
Jill didn’t know what to say. She was not about to stand up so that they could get a better look at the white skin around her landing strip or on her bottom.  
  
“Don’t worry. Nobody’s going to make you,” said Jenna.   
  
Jill realized that her discomfort must have been more than obvious.  
  
“We tan topless,” volunteered Britt. “…all the time.”  
  
We love tanning topless,” added Jenna.  
  
“You can take your tops off right now!” suggested Ryan.  
  
Jill looked over just in time to see David jab his elbow into Ryan’s ribs.  
  
“And you’re an asshole,” said Jenna. “Guys like you remind me how lucky I am to have been born with no interest in men.”  
  
“Exactly,” Britt chimed in, “We may have our share of problems, but I assure you, men aren’t one of them, right Jenna?”  
  
“Exactly!” she replied. “Jill, please continue.”  
  
“Well, a few weeks later I floated the outlet . . . again tanning topless,” said Jill. “But Ryan and David had tricked me. I thought they had left for town. Ryan got topless photos of me on the river that day. The worst kind. Stretched out like that on a tube, my chest looks particularly pre-adolescent. It’s so embarrassing.”  
  
“So us!” encouraged Britt.  
  
Jill hesitated, but then decided that they’d already seen how lightly-padded she was. Raising her arms straight overhead, she stretched for all she was worth, lifting her ribcage way up in the process. “See . . . so embarrassing.”  
  
“You’re still lovely,” said Jenna.  
  
“Right. That doesn’t change a thing,” said Britt. “But if he’s blackmailing you, then that changes everything. If that’s the case, then I’m performing an orchiectomy after he falls asleep tonight. No anesthesia! And I’m not sterilizing my instruments either!”  
  
“What’s that?” asked Jill.  
  
“Surgical removal of the testes,” said Britt, glaring at Ryan.  
  
“No one is blackmailing her,” said Ryan, acting uncomfortable and shifting his knees together.  
  
“I’m not taking your word for it,” said Britt.  
  
“I was so mad,” said Jill. “I tried to beat them both up.”  
  
“I’d never seen her so mad,” said David.  
  
“So mad,” Jill muttered.  
  
She took a large sip, emptying her cup. She then held it out towards Britt. Doing so involved shifting her weight on her pillow. The movement caused her to feel the cloth as it slid along her lady bits, very gently reminding her of her nudity. Attempting to again forget about that, she focused on Britt as her cup was refilled. Once she was done with that, Britt topped up her own cup followed by Jenna’s. Jill found herself wondering if she’d be telling her story were it not for the wine.  
  
“Where are the photos?” asked Jenna.  
  
“David forced Ryan to delete them,” said Jill. “He looks out for me.”  
  
“Sure he does,” said Jenna sarcastically. “I think you need to trade this one in and get a new brother, Jill. A real brother.”  
  
“I love my brother,” she said, but then recognizing the potential for a misunderstanding, she added, “…as a brother.”  
  
“So the photos were deleted? What happened next?” asked Britt.  
  
“What did happen next?” said Jill. “David, help me out.”  
  
“The night at the fire? Maybe that’s the next part of the story to tell,” he suggested.  
  
“I’m not sure I want to talk about that,” said Jill.  
  
“You have to,” said David. “It was the turning point.”

**Chapter 82: The Turning Point**  
  
“Okay,” said Jill, reluctance in her voice. “Well, I went sneaking around one night . . . after dark. I was being pretty daring for a flat girl. I was topless . . . just a little pair of panties . . . black, to help keep me from being seen.”  
  
Jenna laughed.  
  
“What?” asked Jill.  
  
“Black might help . . . if it covered more of your body than a pair of panties,” said Jenna.  
  
“Well, at least they weren’t white . . . like the ones on the post,” said Jill. She slapped a hand over her mouth, instantly wishing she hadn’t said that.  
  
“Post?” asked David.  
  
“Oops . . . maybe I’ll tell you later,” said Jill.  
  
“Tell me later, too!” said Ryan.  
  
“Maybe,” said Jill, knowing that she needed to quickly changed the subject in hopes that they’d forget. “But the boys, Ryan and David . . . they were enjoying a campfire much like this one. I was spying on them . . . sneaking closer and closer . . . trying to hear what they were saying. I don’t know . . . it’s embarrassing . . . but to make a long story short, they caught me. I ended up staying at the fire . . . in just my panties. I kept my boobies hidden . . . like this.” Jill draped an arm around her breasts, bringing her story to life.  
  
“No you didn’t,” challenged David.  
  
“Well, for the longest time I did. But he’s right.” She took her arm down to help the Copeland twins picture what had happened. “That was the first time that I was topless around them. More wine?” asked Jill, smiling at Britt.  
  
“Probably the last one for you,” said Britt, taking her glass and refilling it.  
  
Jill took a big sip and resumed her story. “I don’t think I’ve ever told anybody this, but it was fun to be topless. Exhilarating! Liberating, too. And the look in Ryan’s eyes made me feel good about myself. I’d never felt good about myself, my chest.”  
  
“I’m glad to hear that you were feeling good about yourself,” said Jenna. “But sorry to hear that an approving look from a male had anything to do with it.”  
  
“I guess,” said Jill. “Eventually, I moved my tent and became ‘one of the guys.’”  
  
“Moved your tent?” asked Britt.  
  
“Yeah,” said Jill. “This story could take all night . . . if I wanted it to, but I was camping near our grandparents’ trailer. Once I decided to try being topless . . . being ‘one of the guys’ . . . I moved my tent out to the point where David and Ryan were camped.”  
  
“And that’s when the fun began!” said Ryan in a celebratory voice.  
  
“Shut up,” said Jenna. “This is Jill’s story.”  
  
“I started going topless every day. We did a lot of hiking, and my titties got tan, just like they are now,” she said, reaching down and pushing them up from below.  
  
“Nice!” said Britt. “But we’re going to have to talk about that.”  
  
“Huh?” said Jill.  
  
Tomorrow,” replied Britt.  
  
“What’s next?” asked Jill, turning to David. She was having trouble getting the timeline straight in her head.  
  
“Um . . . you fell on the trail below Snow Lake,” said David.  
  
“Right,” said Jill. “It started raining. There were people. I panicked and down I went. Bang! I slipped and fell. These guys carried me over five miles and then drove me to the ER.”  
  
“You guys carried her five miles?” asked Jenna in surprise.  
  
“Piggyback . . . trading off,” replied David. “She got stitches in her knee, but nothing was broken.  
  
“Crutches for a week . . . my ankle,” said Jill. “But I didn’t want Katie’s poncho. Was that her name?”  
  
“Who’s Katie?” asked Britt.  
  
Jill paused while taking another sip.  
  
“And then Nick came and saw me topless . . . with Jerk-boy . . . whoops! So did his sister.”  
  
“Who is Nick?” asked Jenna.  
  
“I met him at the pizza parlor ‘cause his dad called him, but he’s older and has a truck. I don’t like trucks. Guys take advantage of girls in trucks, at least that’s what I’ve heard. What’s his sister’s name? … nosey bitch. Valentina?” she asked, turning to Ryan.  
  
“No, Valentino . . . that’s Nick’s dad,” said Ryan. “Maybe her name was Martina.”  
  
“Right, Martina! That’s it.”  
  
“Who is Nick?” asked Jenna again.  
  
“Don’t worry, he’s not my boyfriend. But neither is Jerk-boy. And he’s naughty. Guys should have permission before they suck on nipples. Naughty, naughty, naughty,” she said, wagging her finger at Ryan.  
  
“What did he do?” asked Britt.  
  
“Ryan or Nick?” asked Jenna.  
  
“…or David?” asked Britt.  
  
“Did one of them take advantage of you, of your nipples?” asked Britt.  
  
“Uh-huh, and he’s not my boyfriend. I don’t like boys or boyfriends near my titties. Maybe someday, but so far it hasn’t gone well. Boys and boobies . . . bad combination . . . bad juju. And I don’t like trucks.”  
  
“Are you getting confused, too, Jenna?” asked Britt, looking over at the other blonde.  
  
“But then I went swimming naked,” said Jill. “Butt naked. Big mistake, but awesome orgasms!”  
  
“Orgasms? Swimming?” asked Britt.  
  
“Shh . . .” said Jill. Looking around at everyone, she cringed. “Oops!” she added quietly.  
  
She slapped herself on the face, but continued, “Everyone was chasing me. It was so scary and I got dirty . . . had to take a bath . . . in a stream. Hector… Did I mention kicking Hector in the balls? . . . but not my foot. You can’t really hurt a guy with just your knee, right? Should have ripped them off . . . but he wasn’t naked like me . . . nothing to grab.”  
  
“Who’s Hector?” asked Jenna.  
  
“Why did you kick him in the balls?” asked David.  
  
“Didn’t . . . kneed him.”  
  
“Okay, so why did you knee him?”  
  
“Because he roped me!”  
  
“Wait . . . raped you?” asked Jenna.  
  
“Roped me . . . I was running, like stark naked . . . running for my life! Suddenly . . . bang! And it hurt! …hurt bad!”  
  
“What did he do? I’m confused,” said Britt. “Can you speak up? You’re a little hard to understand.”  
  
“Like I said, Bang!” shouted Jill, clapping one hand down onto the other to recreate for her audience what it had been like to hit the ground. “He thinks he’s a cowboy or something . . . a purple lariat. I hit the ground so hard . . . knocked the wind out of me. Maybe if I was padded like you, Jenna . . . it wouldn’t have been so bad. But I’m not. No airbags here . . . see!” She thrust out her chest, pulling her arms back to make her point.  
  
“Did this happen?” asked Britt, looking over at David for confirmation.  
  
David just shrugged. He too was paying careful attention to what Jill was saying.  
  
“Of course . . . I was bare naked. The rope pulled one of my feet like this.” Jill stuck one leg out to the side, recalling the position she had been in. “All those guys looking at my hoo-ha . . . that’s what David calls my pussy. Funny, right?” she said, looking over at Britt.  
  
“That’s okay,” said Britt, reaching over and gently pushing Jill’s legs back together.  
  
Jill looked up and her eyes met Ryan’s as she realized how wide her legs had been apart. She saw him smile.  
  
“Did this happen, Jill?” asked David in a very concerned tone. “I need to know.”  
  
“It was scary. I don’t like being roped! Am I an animal? A farm animal? A wild animal? Can guys do that to girls just because they’re naked?” Jill took a big swig from her cup.  
  
“Of course not,” said Britt.  
  
“But I was quick. Hector says cows don’t have hands . . . but I do.” She held her hands up and studied them, wiggling her fingers. “Those other guys said he was just staring at my pussy. So I ran . . . serpentine! Back and forth and then I climbed the tree. There was a bird nest, but I never looked into it. All those guys, not Kyle. Well, he had one or two . . . taking pussy pictures. Nasty ones! Videos, too! I was trapped . . . I tried, but I couldn’t get my pussy hidden . . . they loved that. I didn’t . . . hated it! You should have seen the pictures . . . actually, I’m glad you didn’t! Absolutely obscene . . . slut pictures. Why did they do that to me? Did I deserve that? Why do guys do that? Why do guys rope girls? Why did they rope me? Why did they take pictures of my vagina?”  
  
Jill was feeling very emotional, almost to the point of tears, as she tried to deal with all the thoughts that were swirling around in her head.  
  
“David, what really happened?” asked Jenna.  
  
“Jill, did Hector really rope you?” asked David.  
  
“Uh-huh, he did. Just this leg,” she said, reaching down and rubbing her ankle. “Yesterday, right? Yesterday morning. I guess I’m an animal. A cow, calf, cattle. Wait . . . Ryan says I’m a civilized . . . wait . . . barely-civilized animal.”  
  
“Did you say that?” asked Jenna, looking at Ryan point blank.  
  
Ryan just shrugged.  
  
“It’s not nice to treat girls like animals, right? Just because they want us to be one of the guys . . . and take pictures of us . . . banging on our chests . . . and look at us naked . . . doesn’t mean that they should treat us like animals. I need more wine.”  
  
“Don’t give her any,” said David, holding up his hand.  
  
“What in the HELL have you been doing to your sister?” shouted Britt angrily. “You guys should be locked up!”  
  
“It wasn’t me,” said David. Jill, tell them, when you were in the tree, who saved you?”  
  
“You know.”  
  
“I know, but I want them to hear it from you.”  
  
“Pocket! Pocket saved me.”  
  
“See,” said David.  
  
“Pocket?” asked Britt.  
  
“That’s what she calls David,” explained Ryan.  
  
“Pocket?” asked Jenna.  
  
“Uh-huh, Pocket. He made me come down, but there were rules. I couldn’t go like this,” said Jill, covering her crotch with her hands. “That wasn’t allowed. I had to do this,” she added, taking her hands away from her crotch and letting her knees drift apart, putting her pussy back on display. “He saved me. I cried. I was so happy to hear his voice. I had to let all those guys look at my tits and hoo-ha all they wanted. That’s how he saved me!”  
  
Britt pushed Jill’s knees back together.  
  
“Lovely!” said Jenna sarcastically.  
  
“That’s not exactly what happened,” said David.  
  
“Sure it is!” said Jill.  
  
“You’re an asshole, David!” said Britt, glaring at him.  
  
“And then we got in the Jeep . . . to go hiking. I packed my clothes.” Looking right at Ryan she shook her finger saying, “Tsk, tsk, tsk,” but then she shrugged. “Naked and no clothes. I made a skirt out of Jasmine. Rip! Where is it, Ryan? Do you guys know where my skirt was?” Jill stopped talking and looked at Britt, then at Jenna.  
  
“Where?” asked Jenna.  
  
“Right there!” she said pointing at the fire. “He burned it! This fire! That’s why I have no clothes. All I have is this friendly caterpillar,” said Jill, opening her legs and petting her landing strip with an index finger. “He’s soft and furry. What’s his name?”  
  
“Fuzzy Wuzzy,” said Ryan.  
  
Both girls glared at him.  
  
“I don’t want him to go into my pussy. But this is the kind that does that sort of thing.”  
  
Britt saw Ryan staring at what Jill was doing down between her legs. “Knees back together,” she encouraged.  
  
Jill looked up at her in surprise. “Why?”  
  
“For me,” said Britt, reaching over and giving her leg a nudge. “Jenna, can you get her some water?” she added.  
  
“I’ve got it,” said David hopping up.  
  
A moment later they were handing Jill an open bottle of water and helping her drink it.  
  
“David, can you help me put her to bed?” asked Britt.  
  
“I don’t want to go to bed,” Jill complained, standing up, but swaying.  
  
“I think you need to lie down,” said Britt. “I don’t want you to fall down. You don’t have to sleep . . . just lie down.”  
  
“I need to pee,” said Jill.  
  
Jill stumbled toward the trees, Jenna on one side, Britt on the other.  
  
David and Ryan stayed at the fire, allowing the girls to help Jill. A minute later the sound of Jill throwing up broke the silence.  
  
“David, we need paper towels or toilet paper,” one of the girls called.  
  
David grabbed a roll and a flashlight and headed off to help.  
  
Ten minutes or so later they had Jill cleaned up and in her sleeping bag. She wasn’t asleep, but she wasn’t exactly conscious either.  
  
“I guess that one can’t hold her liquor,” said Britt when she and Jenna returned to the campfire a few minutes later.  
  
“I guess someone shouldn’t have been giving her wine,” said David.  
  
“And I guess you two have quite a bit of explaining to do,” said Jenna. “David, you told us she was a nudist. I’m not sure the story we just heard supports your contention. What do you think, Britt?”  
  
“That was disturbing, to say the least,” replied Britt. “I was expecting to hear a story about a young girl loving the freedom and the feelings associated with doing things like skipping naked through fields of daisies. That’s not at all what I heard. She had her top yanked off. She was photographed against her wishes. Something objectionable relating to her nipples. She talked about people chasing her while naked . . . lassoed like an animal. She apparently had her skirt torn off and burned . . . by none other than you, Ryan.”  
  
“I’m really pissed at Hector about the roping!” said David.  
  
“I’m upset about all of it!” said Britt. “What in the hell have you put this girl through?”  
  
“I think we’ll be over in the morning,” said Jenna. “Maybe over coffee we can learn what has really been going on. I mean, that’s a smart girl there. She doesn’t deserve to be treated like an animal. No girl deserves to be treated like you guys have been treating her.”  
  
“She should be feeling better tomorrow. I’m glad she got some of that out of her stomach,” said Britt, looking back into the darkness to where Jill was lying. “You guys have obviously been playing with fire. My personal opinion is that Jenna and I have a moral obligation to try and get to the bottom of this.”  
  
“Other than the wine that YOU gave her, she’s fine. She’s been having fun,” said David. “I knew about all that, except for the roping. I wasn’t there then. But all the rest, it’s not like you imagine.”  
  
“I doubt that, but for your sakes, I hope that’s true,” said Jenna.  
  
David picked up a stick and started pushing the few remaining logs together. A minute later, Britt and Jenna departed for their own campsite.

**Chapter 83: The Morning After**  
  
Jill woke with the dawn. She knew instantly that it was quite early. She didn’t remember going to bed, but everything seemed in order. She was nude, but she was in her sleeping bag. David was asleep in his bag next to her. Lifting her head up a little, she saw that Ryan was in his bag as well.  
  
She tried to piece together what had happened the night before. She remembered the meal at the campfire. She remembered the Copeland ‘twins’ saying they were married. She remembered it getting dark. She remembered talking about what her summer had been like, but there it got a little fuzzy.  
  
Suddenly, she noticed that her mouth was dry and tasted gross. It didn’t seem as if she had brushed the night before. She remembered the wine, but then she found herself wondering why she didn’t have a headache. Once, at a party, she’d had a few peppermint schnapps shots, only to wake up the next morning with a dull headache. This time, her head seemed surprisingly clear, but then she started to have some vague recollection of throwing up. No wonder her mouth tasted awful!  
  
It was a chilly morning. She hopped up, ran into the trees for a quick pee, and then crawled right back into her bag. She might have stayed up . . . if there had been a fire or if she had clothes to wear. Her sleeping bag was the only place that was warm. Shortly thereafter, she nodded back off.  
  
When she next awoke, the sky was much brighter. David was not in his bag. Looking up, she saw him; he had a nice fire going. She hopped up and raced over to get warm.  
  
“Remember, I’ve got flannel shirts . . . if you’re cold,” he said. “As a matter of fact, I should get you one.”  
  
“I’m good,” she said, surprised that David might bring that up.  
  
“I’ll get you one anyway,” said David heading toward his pack.  
  
“David, no!”  
  
He’d always been pushing her. She didn’t like David reminding her that she didn’t necessarily have to be naked. After all, it wasn’t that cold. She had her backside to the fire and with her hands rubbing her upper arms she was starting to get the goose bumps under control.  
  
“Are you sure?”  
  
“I’m sure.”  
  
“Okay, I guess,” he said. “Almost twenty-four hours . . . and counting. Naked and staying naked?”  
  
That’s more like it, she thought. “I don’t remember going to bed,” she said.  
  
“The twins helped me get you into your bag . . . after you threw up,” said David, pouring her a cup of cowboy coffee.  
  
“Thanks!” she said, accepting the warm mug. “I guess I remember throwing up . . . vaguely.”  
  
“That was quite the story you told! A little disjointed, but…” he paused.  
  
“But what?”  
  
“But . . . why didn’t you tell me about Hector? What really happened there? I’m going to have to beat the shit out of him.”  
  
“I was going to tell you . . . just not right away.”  
  
“He really roped you? You were running and he roped you?”  
  
“I’m afraid so . . . caught my foot . . . fell flat on my face.”  
  
“There’s absolutely no excuse for that!”  
  
“I’m trying to put it behind me. Let’s talk about something else. Where are we hiking today?”  
  
“Centurion Peak, but how’s your head? Four cups of wine . . . that has to be a lot for a skinny girl.”  
  
“I feel okay . . . not great, but okay.”  
  
“I’m glad to hear that. We do have a problem, though,” said David. “You got the twins all spun up. They’re planning to come over this morning. They seem to think that Ryan and I ought to be locked up.”  
  
“For what?”  
  
“Mistreating you. They think they have a moral obligation to get to the bottom of this.”  
  
“Mistreating me?”  
  
“Yes. Have Ryan and I mistreated you? Should we be locked up?”  
  
“Duh. You’re lucky I’m not the vindictive type.”  
  
“But it’s been for you, and you have blossomed this summer.”  
  
“I hope you know how lame that sounds.”  
  
David didn’t respond. Studying him, Jill thought she saw a somewhat contrite look in his eyes.  
  
“Okay, then . . . should we break camp? Disappear?” she asked.  
  
“That wouldn’t solve anything . . . just talk to them. I’m sure I’m not the model brother, but I also wasn’t the one who roped you. I sure wish you would have told me about that.”  
  
“Now you know why I kneed him.”  
  
“Correction . . . now I’m glad you kneed him, the bastard! Thankfully, he didn’t get away with that shit . . . at least not scot-free.”  
  
After a minute of staring off in the direction of where she knew the twins’ blue tent was, Jill announced, “I’m going over to talk to them.”  
  
“Why don’t we just wait for them to come over? We should talk to them together,” said David. “It’s likely to be a very awkward discussion.”  
  
“I’ll handle it,” replied Jill. “Just make me a refill to help me stay warm, and I’ll be on my way.”  
  
The idea of a naked walk all by herself in the crisp morning air had Jill feeling a little anxious; however, that was certainly part of the attraction. It was scary, especially since she was going over to talk to two people she had only just met; however, she really wanted to do it. And, she’d never been dressed around them, so in that regard, it was going to seem ‘normal.’  
  
While David worked on a second pot of coffee, Jill fished a clean pair of socks out of her pack and went about putting on her boots. While she was getting ‘dressed’ for her mini-adventure, Jill gave some thought to what the twins needed to hear to allay their concerns. She decided that she needed to convince them that, although she hadn’t always been, she was now a willing participant in the boys’ games. If they came to believe that she was indeed the nudist that David had described her to be, then the girls would surely decide that the terms of their ‘moral obligation’ had been met.  
  
“Good luck with the twins,” said David with an uncomfortable smile as Jill departed. Both David and Jill were enjoying calling them ‘the twins,’ thereby perpetuating their deceit. “I’m not sure you can convince them that we haven’t been mistreating you, given how you described things last night. However, I suppose there is a possibility. They are obviously exceptionally bright women.  
  
A few minutes later, Jill was making her way along a small trail that seemed as if it went all the way around the lake. She walked briskly, doing her best to get her blood circulating. Except for the boots, she was completely naked, and she was carrying nothing more than a steaming mug of black coffee.  
  
It felt very strange to be heading off on that particular mission, planning to visit another campsite, walking all alone during daylight hours; however, she knew that it was the only way. Both, because she really didn’t have anything to wear, but also because she needed to convince them that she really had become a girl who enjoyed being nude. They needed to end up believing that she was happy with how things had worked out.   
  
Of course, the twins might not be able to do much more than report suspected problems to the authorities, but even that needed to be avoided. She realized that, even though he didn’t deserve it, she’d do what she could to protect David. That might end up involving telling even more people that she enjoyed nudity. That was exactly the opposite of what she felt inclined to do, and yet she knew that it might come to that.  
  
“Well, what a nice surprise!” said Jenna when she looked up and saw Jill approaching.  
  
Jill was pleased to see that they had a small fire going. “May I warm my buns?” she asked.  
  
“By all means!” said Jenna. Raising her voice slightly, she continued, “Britt, we have company!”  
  
“Oh, Jill. How nice!” said Britt as she crawled out of the tent a moment later. “Still naked, I see.”  
  
“Yep . . . remember the part about how I have no clothes?”  
  
“I hadn’t forgotten. I just thought that David, were he really a good brother, would lend you something, especially given how chilly these mornings can be,” said Britt.  
  
Jill examined how the girls were dressed; they were both wearing ripped jeans and long sleeve shirts, but no jackets.  
  
“I expect you would be able to lend me something as well,” said Jill.  
  
“Sure, what would you like?” replied Jenna.  
  
“The truth of the matter is that I have been saying that I have no clothes because it is fun to have no clothes. Having people around who are willing to give me something to wear . . . well, that takes some of the fun out of it.”  
  
“This is what David told you to tell us, isn’t it?” said Jenna.  
  
“How insulting! What makes you think that I am not my own person, acting on my own behalf? Do you really think that he controls what I say and do?”  
  
“What I’d like to know, first off, is how you are feeling this morning,” said Britt. “I’m really sorry about the wine.”  
  
“I don’t know exactly what a hangover is supposed to feel like,” said Jill. “But frankly, I don’t feel all that bad. Maybe crisp mountain air on the nipples is the perfect anecdote.”  
  
“I wouldn’t know,” chuckled Brit. But those certainly are chilly looking nipples that you’ve got there. Are you sure you wouldn’t like a shirt or jacket?”  
  
“The fire’s plenty, and please, stop offering me clothes! I want to be denied clothing, not given some . . . I want to feel trapped in my nudity.” As Jill said those words, she found herself wondering if she was playing a role, or if those were her genuine sentiments.  
  
“Jenna, whatever you do, don’t give Jill any clothes. She is trying to get us to join forces with the enemy . . . her brother and that asshole friend of his. Maybe we should play along,” said Britt in a whimsical tone. Turning back to Jill, she continued, “But about the wine . . . I am sorry. I had older brothers and sisters. I grew up raiding the parents’ liquor cabinet. I just assumed you knew your own tolerance level.”  
  
“I’ve tasted wine a few times,” said Jill. “But that is the first time I’ve had more than one glass. I’m one of those boring kids. My parents have a liquor cabinet, but I’ve never raided it.”  
  
“Based on what happened last night, you’ll need to watch out for fraternity parties,” advised Jenna. “College guys will be trying to take advantage of you. I even had guys trying to get into my panties. Can you imagine?”  
  
“And given that you threw up so easily, I suspect that you might have an alcohol intolerance issue,” said Britt.  
  
“Alcohol intolerance?”  
  
“It’s a genetic condition in which the body can't break down the alcohol efficiently. And I wouldn’t suggest attending frat parties dressed as you are now . . . I think that you’ll want some barrier. At least make the guys work for it . . . what I’m saying is that I think there are some environments in which this nudist thing would be a bad idea.”  
  
“Britt, I think we need to back up a little,” said Jenna. “The things that we talked about last night. Remember?”  
  
“Absolutely,” said Britt. “Jill, in all honesty, have you been raped?”  
  
“Roped! That should be clear by now,” said Jill.  
  
“I know what you said,” said Britt. “But I’m concerned that you may have been raped at some point this summer. Things just don’t seem to add up. All the guys that you mentioned last night, in addition to Ryan and your brother. Has forced entry taken place? We’re here for you. We need to know if there has been a crime that needs to be reported.”  
  
“I haven’t been raped,” said Jill as solemnly as she could manage. “In fact, I’m a virgin.”  
  
“By your definition?” asked Britt.  
  
“What’s that supposed to mean?” asked Jill.  
  
“I don’t know why I said that,” said Britt. “It’s just that, by the traditional definition, I’m still a virgin. But I’m married. I’m sexually active. By my own definition, I’m hardly a virgin.”  
  
“That’s for sure!” said Jenna.  
  
“Well, by any definition, I’m a virgin,” said Jill. “A couple of guys have tried for second base. One boyfriend got there. I let him . . . but it only happened once.”  
  
“Hmm . . . curious,” said Jenna. “Not at all what I was expecting a pretty girl parading around naked in amidst a bunch of guys to claim.”

**Chapter 84: Discussions and Arrangements**  
  
“Hard to imagine that you’ll be a virgin long,” said Britt. “Whatever you do, you’ll want to avoid getting pregnant with your brother’s baby. That would have very serious consequences . . . mess up your life . . . his too.”  
  
“Eww! Why did you have to bring that up?” asked Jill. “That’s gross . . . to even think about . . . on so many levels!”  
  
“I didn’t want to mention it,” said Britt. “But I have chosen a career in medicine. One learns that difficult things have to be discussed. And based on what I have observed, you and your brother seem to be very close.”  
  
“Duh! We’re twins!”  
  
“Well, it just seems unusual, quite risky actually, for a girl to be nude around her brother. But I am glad to hear that you find the idea distasteful.”  
  
“As does David!” said Jill. “I guess I should forgive you for being concerned, but . . . it will never happen. I don’t even want to think about it.”  
  
“I expect that your attitude about that will see you through . . . especially if David feels similarly. I just didn’t think it should go unmentioned, but we can drop the topic,” said Britt.  
  
“Thank you,” said Jill.  
  
“On a completely different subject,” said Jenna. “We’d like you to spend the day with us. We’re planning to hike up to the Lupine Lakes. Come with us!”  
  
Jill liked the idea of hanging out with the Copeland twins, but she was suspicious. “Why exactly do you want me to hike with you?” she asked skeptically.  
  
“Mostly because it will be fun . . . but . . . to be completely honest, we do have an ulterior motive,” said Jenna. She paused.  
  
Jill felt a little shiver ripple through her body as she realized that both girls were looking at her intently.  
  
Jenna continued, “To be completely honest, we aren’t sure that hanging out with those two guys makes for a very healthy environment . . . for a naked teen girl. We think you need a break from them . . . a chance to gain a little perspective on the direction in which things seem to be headed. We can’t help but think that they have you brainwashed.”  
  
“Brainwashed?” asked Jill. This seemed to again be the idea that David was calling the shots, telling her what to say and do.  
  
“How about some eggs?” asked Britt. “I was about to make breakfast. Scrambled eggs with veggies and salsa . . . my own healthy version of huevos rancheros. We have enough to share.”  
  
Jill didn’t need any time to decide that eggs easily beat out another bowl of instant oatmeal. “Sure, if you really do have enough to share!”  
  
As they ate breakfast, Jill decided that she really did like the idea of hiking with the two girls. They were friendly and had an intelligent, mature air about them. She knew they had an ulterior motive, but she felt she had a pretty good understanding of it. They were still trying to evaluate the extent to which David and Ryan had been mistreating her. As far as she was concerned, that aspect was of little importance. What caused her to hesitate was that heading off with them would represent movement away from her comfort zone . . . not that she had much of one left.  
  
Her mad dash around the west side cabins had been a catastrophic crash landing into her discomfort zone. Compared to that, her nude hike with David and Ryan had been tame, and yet that too had been well out of her comfort zone. Even with just the two boys, she’d never been able to relax; Ryan had made sure of that. Her emotional state had been on quite the roller coaster.  
  
The possibility of hiking with the girls rather than David and Ryan was yet another step away from the staid existence that had characterized her life prior to that summer. It seemed like an exhilarating opportunity. Part of her wanted to take advantage of the opportunity. Part of her was afraid to.  
  
As she considered her options, she realized that she didn’t want to be away at college in a month, trapped in her clothes, wishing that she had been more adventuresome when the chance had presented itself.  
  
She knew that she wouldn’t be giving the idea any thought at all if the Copeland twins did not seem trustworthy. Indeed, every indication was that they were genuinely concerned about her wellbeing.  
  
“Okay, I’ll go and tell David that I’m spending the day with Mrs. and Mrs. Copeland. I mean, Dr. and Mrs. Copland,” said Jill correcting herself. “He won’t like the idea, but it’s not up to him. I also need to make myself a lunch and grab a water bottle and my sunscreen.”  
  
“I’d like to come with you,” said Britt. “He knows we’re on to their little game. I expect he’ll try and talk you out of it . . . maybe because we’re a pair of lesbians.”  
  
“Oh, he probably will. But sure, you can come with me.” After a little consideration, her curiosity got the best of her. “Speaking of spending the day with lesbians, I don’t need to be concerned about that, do I?”  
  
“Why might you need to?” asked Britt as they walked along.  
  
“I don’t know. You brought it up.”  
  
“It’s the elephant in the room . . . for you . . . isn’t it?” said Britt.  
  
Jill just shrugged. She had known a few lesbians, and she didn’t consider herself prejudiced.  
  
“Nothing to be concerned about, Jill. I know my share of lesbians. We’re mostly the same as other girls. This might surprise you, but there isn’t really such a thing as a stereotypical lesbian.”  
  
Britt was right; David did do his best to talk Jill out of spending the day with the Copeland twins. “Jill, I don’t think this is a good idea. I mean, they’re lesbians . . . you’re naked.”  
  
“You left out the most important factor,” said Britt. “She’s f—king gorgeous. In fact, she’s a tasty morsel . . . if I’ve ever seen one. I could just about eat her up.”   
  
Jill gulped; she saw David’s eyes go wide. Looking over, she saw Britt give her a little coy smile and a wink.  
  
“I didn’t need that image,” said David.  
  
“I’m kidding,” said Britt. “But that’s what you’re worried about, isn’t it? That Jenna and I will ‘turn’ your innocent sister . . . take advantage of her . . . that sort of thing?”  
  
“Maybe,” said David.  
  
“Don’t be silly! We told you we’re married. Very happily married, actually. We aren’t looking for conquests. But to be completely honest . . . she hasn’t been all that safe with you, now has she? Where were you when the cowboy . . . what’s his name?”  
  
“You mean, Hector?” asked Jill.  
  
“Right. Where were you when Hector was roping her? Based on what little I know about what actually happened, the amazing thing is that she was not gang-raped. And now you’re concerned about her taking a hike with a married couple?”  
  
“She does have a point there,” said Jill.  
  
“I know she does,” said David. “But I hope she realizes . . . or that you tell her . . . what really happened that day. You got yourself into that mess without my help. I did eventually get you out of there, but this roping incident happened while I was looking for you. I can’t be held responsible for that.”  
  
“And yet, as I understand it, you created the environment in which these things all occurred,” countered Britt.  
  
“I know I’m not completely blameless,” said David. “I just don’t want something to go wrong today. If that happens, if I let her out of my sight, and things go wrong, then I suppose that will be my fault as well.”  
  
“Nothing’s going to go wrong. We’re just going hiking,” said Jill.  
  
“Well, you’re on your own if it does,” said David. “Ryan and I are climbing Centurion Peak. That would be a great place to film Tarzan. However, we’ll be too far away to hear a call for help.”  
  
“Film Tarzan?” asked Britt.  
  
“I’ll tell you later,” whispered Jill.  
  
As Jill was leaving, David gave his naked sister a hug, doing his best to make sure that it looked platonic. Both Britt and Ryan were watching.  
  
“Watch out for yourself, Jilly,” he said quietly. “I’m not at all comfortable with this.”  
  
“I’ll be fine,” she said. “I hope you and Ryan have a fun day. I know we will!”  
  
Inside Jill was chuckling to herself. She felt like she was taking the ball and going home. She expected that David and Ryan would have a great deal of trouble enjoying their day without her. They had gotten quite spoiled, having her around each day in various stages of undress. They had probably come to regard it as a given.  
  
“And, Britt,” said David. “I’m holding you personally responsible if anything happens. Don’t forget how Jill tends to panic. If you encounter other hikers, don’t let her run off a cliff. I'd suggest taking her hand . . . as you witnessed me doing yesterday.”  
  
David’s comment caused a shiver to ripple through her body; however, she knew they were in the primitive area. Although hiking where they were was allowed, most people kept to the areas where the trails received regular Forest Service maintenance.  
  
“You don’t need to do that,” said Jill as they turned to start back to the other camp.  
  
“Wait . . . you’re really leaving?” asked Ryan.  
  
“Deal with it, Jerk-boy!” said Jill.  
  
“I want to come! Why don’t we all hike to those lakes together,” he proposed.  
  
“Jill wants her space,” said David resignedly. “We’re staying here . . . I mean, we’re climbing Centurion Peak.”  
  
“But I’d rather be with them. Jill says she likes having me around . . . because I’m her biggest fan. That’s what she says.”  
  
“When did I ever say that?”  
  
“Last night,” replied Ryan.  
  
Jill looked over at David, confusion in her eyes. “I’m afraid you did,” he said.  
  
She looked over at Britt and saw that she was nodding in agreement. Jill found herself wondering what else she might have said if she had said that.  
  
“So it’s settled then, we’ll all go to the Lupine Lakes,” said Ryan hopefully.  
  
Jill looked at David, shaking her head almost imperceptibly as their eyes met.  
  
“They’re going without us,” said David. “Don’t worry . . . Jill will be back. At least she’d better be back.” Glaring at Britt, he added, “…well before sunset.”  
  
“Oh, don’t worry about Jill. She’s in good hands,” said Britt.  
  
Jill looked over and saw a mischievous smile on Britt’s face. She was holding up her hands, palms toward David, wiggling her fingers playfully.  
  
Jill glanced back at David and saw a look of concern on his face.  
  
“Don’t worry. I’ll be fine,” she said, trying to reassure him as well as herself that what she was doing was a good idea.  
  
Looking back at Ryan, she saw a look of grave disappointment on his face. “And keep an eye on Jerk-boy here,” she added, speaking to David directly. “He’s not known for his self-restraint. I don’t want him following us . . . or spying on us.”  
  
“Don’t worry. He’s staying with me . . . aren’t you?”  
  
Jill looked back at Ryan. He didn’t respond. He looked distraught.  
  
“Why do you call him Jerk-boy?” asked Britt.  
  
“I caught him jerking off. He’s very naughty . . . does it all the time.” Seeing a look of profound embarrassment wash across Ryan’s face, she added, “But not today . . . no jacking off!”  
  
Ryan didn’t respond.  
  
“Ryan?” she said, hoping for a response.  
  
Dejectedly he turned his back to the girls.  
  
Britt and David laughed.  
  
“I’ll know if you do!” Jill said as they turned and walked away.  
  
They’d only gone about fifty feet when David came running after them. “Take this with you, Jilly,” he said, handing her a small hand towel. “So you can sit down.”  
  
“Thanks,” she said with a quick smile, accepting the towel.  
  
“Okay then, bye,” he said before turning and leaving.  
  
Turning to Britt, Jill said, “I didn’t sit down yesterday . . . during lunch. You know . . . bare bottom.”  
  
Britt just nodded.   
  
A moment later, after confirming that David was out of earshot, Britt chuckled, “My God, were you ever hard on Jerk-boy . . . outing him like that! But it was funny . . . poor kid.”  
  
“He deserves it,” said Jill.  
  
“No argument there, but you’ve got a lot of spunk!” said Britt. “There’s more to you than meets the eye!”  
  
Jill smiled to herself. That seemed like quite a compliment, especially considering who it was coming from.  
  
“I don’t think those guys are going to know what to do with themselves without you around,” added Britt. “Such long faces!”  
  
“I was thinking the same thing,” said Jill smiling.

**Chapter 85: Getting Jill Ready**  
  
When they got to the other camp, Jenna looked ready to go. She had changed into the knee length yoga pants that she had been wearing when they met the day before. In addition, she was wearing a blue sports bra, and her long blond hair was pulled back in a ponytail.  
  
“My, aren’t you pretty!” said Britt. Turning to Jill she asked, “Isn’t she pretty?”  
  
Jill didn’t know what might be expected of her, but the situation required a response. “Yes . . . lovely!” she said admiring Jenna.  
  
“Don’t you just love her tits?! They stay up on their own, but I love it when she straps ‘em down like that!”  
  
Again, Jill didn’t know what to say.  
  
“I’d die for tits like those,” continued Britt. “But we’re married, so now they’re mine . . . all mine!”  
  
“Stop . . . you’re embarrassing Jill,” said Jenna.  
  
Was it that obvious? Jill wondered. She found herself hoping that the lesbian love banter was not going to be the order of the day.  
  
However, Jenna’s breasts were indeed breathtaking. They were probably about ideal, in terms of size and shape – as far as Jill was concerned. They were absolutely fabulous. She, too, would die for such a pair. How different her life would be if she looked like that! She’d probably have to give up basketball, or at the very least, she wouldn’t be nearly as competitive. That would be sad; she loved the game. But for those boobs, it would surely be worth it!  
  
As Jill stood observing, Britt pulled a lime green sports bra out of her pack. Turning her back, she yanked her shirt off over her head and removed her bra. Jill couldn’t help but admire her beautiful bare back. As Jill watched her put her arms into the straps, Britt turned just enough that Jill caught a quick glimpse of one of her breasts from the side. It looked high and had the loveliest teardrop shape to it.  
  
A moment later, Britt had the sports bra on and was again facing them. Maybe she has the perfect pair, Jill found herself thinking. Not small, but also not too big. She realized she would probably still be able to be a good basketball player with breasts like those bouncing around on her chest.  
  
Jill glanced over at Jenna and realized that she had been caught staring while Britt was changing.  
  
“I think this one prefers your tits, Britt,” said Jenna, winking at Jill. Jill felt her face flush.  
  
“But why would she?” said Britt. “Her own shape is perfect. Like Ryan pointed out, she has the body of a swimsuit model.”  
  
“I simply meant, from the look on her face, I think she prefers your beauteous B’s over my larger pair,” said Jenna.  
  
In embarrassment, Jill looked down at her own chest. As usual, her bare nipples were sticking way out. At least it was still brisk, so she had a good excuse for how excited her nipples made her look.  
  
“I want those nipples!” said Britt with a happy laugh, flicking her hair back and gathering it up into a ponytail that matched Jenna’s.  
  
Jill couldn’t help herself. She blushed and crossed her arms over her chest, pressing her nipples into her breasts with her fingers.  
  
“You don’t have to be embarrassed,” said Jenna. Reaching for the tube of sunscreen that Jill was holding, she said, “Let’s get you ready for this hike.”  
  
Jill watched apprehensively as Jenna popped the cap and squirted some lotion into her hand. To Jill’s relief, Jenna walked behind her. Jill reached up with one hand and pulled her hair over one of her shoulders. As Jenna started applying the sunscreen to her shoulders, Jill returned her hands to her breasts. She felt Jenna spread the lotion across her shoulder blades and then begin working it on down her back.  
  
Jill looked up and saw a smiling Britt eyeing her. She walked over and took the tube from Jenna.  
  
“SPF 100,” she read aloud.  
  
Reaching up and grasping one of Jill’s forearms, Britt applied light pressure. Jill found herself allowing Britt to lower her arms. She watched apprehensively as Britt’s hand came up toward her. To her relief, Britt stopped short of touching her. Instead, she pointed at the area around Jill’s nipple from the distance of just an inch or two.  
  
“You’re getting too much UV, Jill,” she scolded. Jill breathed a sigh of relief as Britt continued, “Your skin may be gorgeous now, but this is not good for the long run.  
SPF 100 is more than adequate. My guess is that you aren’t applying it frequently enough.”   
  
Britt squeezed some into her hand and gave the tube back to Jenna, who had just reached Jill’s waist.  
  
Jill stood stock still as Britt squatted down and started applying sunscreen to her shins. Behind her, Jenna did the same. Squatting down, she started applying sunscreen to the backs of her legs. Jill shivered, suddenly realizing that she had two faces at crotch level, one in front, the other behind. As Britt paused just above her knees to get more lotion, Jill felt an almost irresistible urge to shift her hands to cover her pussy.  
  
She didn’t think that the married woman in front of her would put lotion there, but how could she be sure? After all, she was a lesbian. Jill found it quite difficult to think of them as a married couple; they were so young. They did look much more like twins than a married couple. She did her best to dismiss that thought as it seemed to be prejudiced.  
  
Behind her, she felt Jenna pausing to reach for the tube. Jill pressed her palms into the sides of her upper thighs apprehensively. She tried unsuccessfully to relax, not wanting the girls to know how uncomfortable she felt sandwiched in between then like that. She forced herself to look at the sky as she felt them both rubbing lotion into her thighs, Britt in front, Jenna behind.  
  
Suddenly Britt broke the tension with a good-natured laugh. “Calm down, Jill,” she said standing up. “You know we’re not going to take advantage of you. You need sunscreen . . . that’s all . . . everywhere.” She took one of Jill’s hands and squirted lotion into it. “Here, you need to help. Take care of your private areas.”  
  
Jill breathed a sigh of relief as Britt went back to working her way up her thighs. Jill shifted her feet a little further apart to allow both girls better access to her inner thighs.  
  
“Private areas? I’m not sure this girl has private areas,” laughed Jenna. “All the effort you expended last night trying to keep her knees together!”  
  
Jill looked down at Britt in shock.   
  
“You probably don’t remember that either, right?” said Britt looking up into her eyes.   
  
Jill bit her lip and shook her head. “I didn’t think so,” laughed Britt. “Or at least I didn’t think you’d admit it.” Jill blushed bright red as a faint memory or two came back to her.  
  
Both Britt and Jenna laughed. Jill made an effort to laugh along with them as she went about forcing thoughts of what had happened at the campfire back out of her head. She decided to instead focus on doing something productive with the lotion Britt had placed in her hand.  
  
She started spreading it on the pinkish-white areas around ‘Fuzzy Wuzzy’ and down onto her smoothly shaven lips just below. She tried to make her efforts appear as purposeful as possible. She didn’t want it to look as if she were touching herself, even though she was. Indeed, Britt’s face was right there. It was actually a relief to be applying the lotion down there. She had been concerned that her natural moisture might have become visible. The sunscreen would provide ‘cover.’ At the very least, it was a much less embarrassing reason why her labia might glisten.  
  
As soon as that was done, Jill moved up and took care of her breasts while Britt moved up to her midsection.   
  
“Here, Jill . . . you need more on those puppies,” said Britt, taking and squirting lotion into one of Jill’s hands so that she could apply a thicker layer to her chest.  
  
Jill bit her lip as she felt Jenna massaging lotion into her butt cheeks. Jenna stayed away from her crack, but she also didn’t leave any skin back there still in need of sunscreen.  
  
“Thanks for the help,” said Jill as the full-body sunscreen application session came to its natural conclusion. As she put a little lotion on her face, she realized that her heart was racing. Hopefully the fragrance in the sunscreen and the slight breeze had kept her feminine scent from being noticed by the two girls; although, she realized they might have caught whiff of it. She certainly had.  
  
“Now Jill, tell me how often you have been applying sunscreen on such days,” said Britt, pointing up at the cloud-free blue sky.  
  
“Usually twice, but a few times only once . . . in the morning. I always have good intentions, but I don’t always remember.”  
  
“Well, there’s your problem,” said Britt. “Every few hours . . . that’s what it needs to be. I assume you don’t need a skin cancer lecture.”  
  
“No, I’m good,” said Jill.  
  
“Life with Doctor Copeland!” said Jenna. “See what I put up with, Jill!”  
  
“I’m not a doctor yet,” said Britt.  
  
“Yes, you are! You have an M.D. degree . . . framed and hanging on the wall at home. And you’ve always been a doctor. You’ve been giving me medical advice from day one,” said Jenna. “When I got sick that first semester, months before Valentine’s Day, it was Britt who decided I needed to go to the health center . . . and took me. It was Britt who brought me chicken soup. It was Britt who made me take the antibiotics and Britt who nursed me back to health. That’s when I think I fell in love. She’s a caring person . . . a lovable caring person.”  
  
“You guys are great together,” said Jill. “Thanks for inviting me to spend a little time with you.”  
  
“We’re going to have a lot of fun today,” said Jenna. “In addition to a break from those guys, you need someone to brush your hair. May I?”  
  
Jill accepted the offer gladly. Her hair needed attention. She’d been neglecting it all summer. Jill found it very relaxing to have Jenna brushing her hair. Besides feeling good, it was nice to have the help. Quite a bit of time and effort was needed to properly care for long hair.  
  
While Jenna worked on her hair, Jill watched Britt crawl into their tent. A minute later, she came back out. Gone were her jeans. In their place was a pair of yoga pants that matched Jenna’s. Jill smiled, realizing that Britt had chosen to change her top outside, but not her pants.   
  
For some reason, it seemed modest of Britt to change in the tent. She herself had spent the last twenty-four hours, with her pussy completely uncovered, walking around naked in the wide outdoors. Everything about her own behavior seemed curious to Jill. She knew full well that she never would have changed her own pants in camp, other than in the privacy of her tent, even if it had not involved the removal of her panties. When she thought about it, and she did so often, she realized how much her attitudes about such things had been shifting.  
  
Once she had her hiking boots on, Britt came over and took an interest in Jill’s hair.  
  
“What do you think would look nice?” asked Jenna.  
  
“Maybe braids,” suggested Britt.  
  
Jill listened with interest as the Copeland twins discussed various hairstyles. She’d never done much with her hair beyond simply tying it back. Most of her friends, as well as the girls on her basketball team, had not been much ‘into’ hair and makeup.  
  
“It’s not that important,” said Jill. “We’re just hiking.”  
  
“Leave this to us,” Britt insisted.  
  
A bit later, the two girls decided on a pair of French braids, each starting near a temple and extending back over an ear and flowing down along the hairline. Somewhere near the nape of her neck the two braids would merge and go on down her back as a single braid.  
  
Jill wished that there was a mirror so that she could watch them work. It seemed a little ridiculous, all the effort they were putting into the hairstyle, but she was glad that they seemed to be having fun. Indeed, they were acting as if they were helping get her ready for the prom. First, they had taken care of her skin, now they were doing her hair. And it was fine; she knew it would be a practical hairstyle. Above all, it was a relaxing way to get better acquainted.  
  
As the twins worked as a team, Jill recalled something that she had read that related to middle school age girls. About the most common sleepover activity was for the girls to all do each other’s hair, even though they would ultimately just be going to bed. Supposedly it was a bonding activity as much as anything else, and completely unique to their gender as boys did not engage in anything of the sort.  
  
“Am I ready?” asked Jill once the girls had stepped back to admire their handiwork.  
  
“Yep! And boy do you ever look pretty!” exclaimed Britt.  
  
“Too bad there’s no mirror,” lamented Jill, reaching up and feeling her braids. “I’d love to see how I look.”  
  
“Wait! I’ve got one,” said Jenna, going and digging around in her pack.   
  
A minute later, Jenna returned with a makeup compact with a mirror in the lid. It would have been perfect, had there been a wall mirror behind her. However, Jill was able to get a bit of an idea of how her hair looked. Both girls seemed pleased to see Jill smile.  
  
“I’ve got a better idea. Why didn’t I think of this in the first place,” said Britt, going to her pack.  
  
After she had stepped away, Jill brought up the topic of Uncle Tom’s Cabin with Jenna. It was one of the books they both had read. When Jill glanced over at Britt a minute later, she saw that she was holding a phone up. She was taking pictures! Caught completely off guard, Jill started to protest as Britt skipped over to show her how nice her hair looked.  
  
Still in shock, Jill glanced at the image on Britt’s phone. There she was, in all her glory, obviously engaged in an intellectual conversation with Jenna who also appeared in the shot. The image was from the front but at an angle. Jill caught a glimpse of her landing strip as Britt zoomed in to allow a close-up look at her braided hair.  
  
“This style looks great on you!” exclaimed Britt. “Don’t you love it?”  
  
Jill was tongue-tied. She couldn’t manage to focus her eyes or her thoughts on the hairstyle. All she could think about was the nude image she had just seen and how she had not agreed to any photography.  
  
Not waiting for Jill to respond, Britt said, “Here, I’ll show you how it looks from behind.”

**Chapter 86: Just the Three of Them**  
  
With that, Britt stepped behind Jill. Jill started to turn to object but hesitated. She didn’t want to give Britt the opportunity to get another frontal shot, especially not another one that showed her face. Trying to decide how to deal with the situation, Jill stood stock still, her back to Britt. Instinctively her hands, palms facing back, went to a position covering her butt.  
  
“Don’t worry, Jill,” said Britt. “I’ll erase them later if that’s what you want. I recall how you felt about Ryan taking topless photos of you on the river.”  
  
“And when they were taking my picture in the tree!” said Jill.  
  
“I know, I know,” said Britt. “It’s up to you . . . but you might like these. I could send them to you once we get back to civilization.”  
  
A moment later Britt was again at Jill’s side showing her a photo. Even though her hands were somewhat in the way, Jill saw that her buns were not as dark as her back or her legs. That portion of the image disappeared as Britt zoomed in on her hair.  
  
Britt pointed out and mentioned some detail about the hairstyle, but Jill could think of nothing other than how this woman suddenly had images of her nude body, both from the front as well as from the rear. She liked Britt, but where was David when she needed him?  
  
“You’ll delete them, right?” she asked.  
  
“Of course, of course,” said Britt. “…if you want me to. But first, let me take a good one of you and Jenna.”  
  
Jill was confused. “Just to delete?” she asked.  
  
“Maybe you won’t make me,” said Britt, stepping back to take a photo.  
  
Jill felt a hand on her back. Looking over she saw that Jenna had slid in next to her. She was posing, looking at Britt and smiling.  
  
“Cheese!” said Britt. Jill didn’t know what to do, but she knew she wasn’t smiling. She didn’t want to be there, but she also didn’t want to make a scene. She wanted to become friends. Jenna tickled her ribs playfully, so Jill turned and smiled for the camera, knowing full well that she was posing for a full-frontal photograph. Still, at a loss as to what she should be doing instead, she continued to smile while Britt clicked off a few more images.  
  
“Okay, now it’s my turn to get you with Jill,” said Jenna stepping toward Britt and taking the phone.  
  
As Britt came and stood next to her, also putting an arm behind her back, Jill realized how surreal the situation was. Was she really posing naked with girls she had only just met?  
  
“I’m really not comfortable with this,” she said. “It’s one thing to be naked . . . quite another to be photographed.”  
  
“I get that,” said Britt. “I know you don’t know us all that well, but this is fun. It’s fun to hang out with a naked girl, and it would be fun to have mementos of the occasion . . . for you as well, I imagine.”  
  
“I could never show pictures like these to anyone,” said Jill.  
  
“You wouldn’t have to, but one day you might decide that you could . . . maybe to your husband,” said Britt.  
  
“I can’t imagine doing that,” said Jill.  
  
“Well . . . you really don’t have anything to be concerned about,” said Britt. “Jenna and I have nude photos of each other. They are completely safe.”  
  
Sure . . . but you’re married, thought Jill. Somehow that made all the difference in the world.  
  
“I wish there was an easy way to get a nice picture of the three of us,” said Jenna, walking toward them.  
  
“Let’s try a selfie,” suggested Britt, taking her phone back from Jenna.  
  
As if an agreement had been reached, the girls moved to positions on either side of Jill. Britt held the phone up at arm’s length. Jill looked up and saw all three of their faces on the screen. Much of her body was visible as well, especially her breasts.  
  
“Smile, Jill,” encouraged Jenna.  
  
Jill tried, but the butterflies in her stomach were going crazy. She was sure she wouldn’t be able to produce a natural looking smile. It did look more like a grimace . . . and she saw how red her face looked. Britt clicked a few times.  
  
“Poke out those nipples, girl!” said Britt. “Make the most of what you’ve got.”  
  
Jill glanced down and saw that her nipples were standing out from her chest as far as ever. Reluctantly, she did as Britt instructed. She pulled her shoulders back, causing her breasts flatten out but making her nipples even more prominent. Looking up at the screen, she saw that Britt had lowered the camera. The angle change cut her off at the waist, but it made her nipples pop. With a little bit of encouragement, Jill again smiled while Britt clicked off a few more shots.  
  
“Okay, that should be good,” said Britt. “Let’s see what we’ve got!”  
  
Jill and Jenna looked on as Britt flipped through the photos. At least there is no cell reception so she can’t send them to anyone, thought Jill. Given the boys’ photos that she had seen and deleted, she was expecting these images to look nasty; however, to her surprise, they looked markedly different. In a few of them, she had a troubled look in her eyes, but by and large she was smiling.  
  
In general, they were simply photos of three girls posing in the great outdoors . . . one of which, the brunette, just happened to be stark naked. Once they had all gotten a chance to view the photos, Jill watched as Britt slipped the phone into a pocket on the pack.  
  
“Umm . . . time to delete,” she suggested meekly. The photos definitely needed to be taken care of, and the sooner the better; she just didn’t want to have to make a big deal out of it to get it done.  
  
“I’ll delete them later . . . if you still want me to,” said Britt. “You know, we might be taking more during the day.”  
  
Jill gulped but hesitated. Britt turned away and put a water bottle into an outside pocket on the daypack they had been preparing. Jill knew that she should say something, right then and there, but she was a bit undecided about how insistent she wanted to be. It was one of the moments when she knew she needed to force herself to communicate her wishes clearly, and yet she sensed that she was putting that off.  
  
Jenna found room for Jill’s lunch as well as her other things in the pack. Jill agreed to leave the bag that she had brought her things in behind, on the condition that she be allowed to carry the group’s pack at some point during the day.  
  
With no further ado, they set off up the hill. Still worrying about all the photos, Jill took the initial lead. It had been decided that she should serve as scout as she had hiked the trail to the Broken Canyon - Lupine Lakes trail junction the day before.   
  
It felt odd to head up the same trail as the day before, again naked, but this time with two female college graduates on her heels. As the trail climbed up the exposed hillside, she felt unbelievably naked, and yet naked always felt unbelievably naked, especially when she wasn’t alone. She imagined that Ryan and David might be watching from their campsite, so she held her head high and made a point of not turning to look. Instead, she searched the path ahead, doing her best to be constantly on the lookout for other hikers.   
  
After the first switchback, Britt passed her, such that Jill had a potential observer both in front as well as behind. For some reason, hiking with the girls felt different than hiking with David and Ryan had the day before, and yet that didn’t make much sense. Indeed, she was again the only one nude in a group of three, but this time they were a group of females. However, given that Britt and Jenna were lesbians, she knew that they very well might be looking at her much as any two males might.  
  
Once they got to the top of the moraine, Jill breathed a small sigh of relief. The trail entered an area with trees, meaning that there were again places to hide should the need arise. Also, the slope leveled out, meaning that talking was easier. Britt brought up the story Jill had related at the campfire the night before. She and Jenna asked to hear it all again, only this time they wanted the unabridged version, rich with detail.  
  
“I got a little confused last night, Jill,” said Britt. “Some of it was surely the wine . . . after all, you weren’t the only one drinking . . . however, you did seem to be skipping around a bit. The boys were obviously following your story, but they had lived it, all but the part where you were roped . . . anyway.”  
  
“Okay,” said Jill. “Where do you want me to start this time?”  
  
“With your top getting taken off out on the island, I think,” said Britt. “That was the beginning of your long slide into nudity, right?”  
  
“My long slide into nudity,” said Jill with a chuckle. Although it was true, she had never imagined during the course of the journey that she was in the middle of a ‘long slide into nudity.’  
  
She told them the whole story, all the way up to when they had all met the day before. As she was concluding her tale, she got sidetracked by a few questions about her love life. That forced her to cycle all the way back to Tyler and his infamous, ‘I can feel bottom,’ comment, which had resulted in their immediate breakup.  
  
Britt surprised Jill by taking Tyler’s side. “I think you could have cut the poor guy some slack,” she said. “You talk as if you liked him. The teen years are such an awkward time, and guys . . . well, they’re especially awkward . . . particularly around girls.”  
  
“I know,” said Jill. “At least I do now. But I was so hurt...”  
  
“Jill, stop where you are,” Britt instructed.  
  
Jill stopped. To her surprise, Britt came right up to her. Placing one arm behind her on a shoulder blade, Britt reached up and gently placed her other hand on one of Jill’s breasts. Before Jill knew what was happening, the blonde had forced a couple of her fingers deep into her breast tissue.  
  
Jill jerked herself free. “Oww!” she yelled. She was surprised to be touched at all, but it was especially shocking to be handled so roughly.  
  
“I can feel your ribs, too,” Britt announced earnestly. “The guy was only telling the truth.”  
  
Reaching up and covering both breasts with her hands, she massaged the one that Britt had just poked, almost as if she were verifying that it was still there. “Oww!” she said a second time, trying to come to terms with what had just happened. Turning her back on Britt, she looked over at Jenna. To her surprise, Jenna was smiling.   
  
“I think you hurt Jill’s feelings,” said Jenna.  
  
“And my tit!” said Jill vehemently.  
  
“I was just making a point,” said Britt. “Jill, do you want your lovers to lie to you?”  
  
“No, but…”  
  
“Well, all right then,” said Britt. “Sorry about grabbing your boob, but it seems to me that if there was anything wrong with this guy, it was just that he was a little too honest . . . for you to deal with. Did he say that he didn’t like how your breast felt . . . because he could ‘feel bottom?’”  
  
“No, but…”  
  
“Did he say that he didn’t like how they looked?”  
  
“No!” said Jill glaring at her.  
  
“All right then . . . maybe you overreacted. Earlier, I told you that your chest has been getting too much sun. Did you get mad at me?”  
  
“No . . . it’s probably true.”  
  
“And then Tyler says something that’s also more or less true . . . and you ghost him?”  
  
Jill took in a deep breath and let it out. “I’m sensitive,” she snapped. “And you didn’t grab my boob, you poked holes in it!”  
  
“I probably pressed a little hard,” said Britt. “But we both know that boobs are tough. Just wait until you get your first mammogram!”  
  
“You haven’t had a mammogram,” said Jill spitefully. “You’re not that old.”  
  
“No, but one of my clerkships was in a clinic that did mammograms. My God! The boobs go into vises . . . they smash them flat . . . not looking forward to that, but I now know what boobs can take. But back to Tyler . . . it’s okay to be sensitive. However, it seems like you could have gotten over it and worked things out – talked it through. That’s all I’m saying. You liked him, right?”  
  
Jill looked away. She’d already said that she liked him; she might have been in love with him, and her boob did hurt.  
  
“I’m sorry about Britt,” apologized Jenna. “Psychology was part of her curriculum, too.”  
  
“And I’m sorry, too . . . about your boobie,” said Britt. “But I enjoyed it. It’s a nice little boobie, but your ribs are right there. I hope you’re not too mad at me.”  
  
“I guess I’m just going to have to get used to these spontaneous tit attacks,” Jill grumbled.  
  
Both Britt and Jenna laughed. They knew all about what Ryan had done to her nipple at Arrowhead Falls. Jill had included that in the full version of her story.  
  
“If I were you, I’d be very mad at Ryan; however, Tyler seems as if he might be forgiven. And I hope you’ll forgive me,” said Britt. “I am sorry.”  
  
“It’s okay,” said Jill. “But I think you could have made your point without getting physical.”  
  
“Probably,” agreed Britt. “But that wouldn’t have been nearly as fun!”  
  
“For the record, I have started feeling bad about my role in how things went down with Tyler,” said Jill. “He’s nice and he’s smart. I liked having a boyfriend I could have intellectual discussions with.” Jill thought about telling them how she had thrown away his unopened letter, but she didn’t need to hear Britt tell her what a mistake that had been. That she knew.  
  
At that point, Jill changed the subject by again bringing up Uncle Tom’s Cabin. Talking to Jenna about the half dozen or so books that they both had read was important to Jill. It had the potential of helping her get off on the right foot in the one college course she hoped to be well prepared for. To that end, she intended to use some of her time with Jenna to her advantage.  
  
When they got to the trail junction, Jill showed the twins the log that she had hidden behind the day before. She described how close she had come to being caught naked by the group of fathers hiking with their sons and how David and Ryan had arrived while she was hiding.  
  
“I don’t get it,” said Britt. “Are you a nudist or not?”

**Chapter 87: Taking David’s Advice**  
  
“I think I’m a nudist,” said Jill. That was the path that she had chosen, to deflect the girls’ inquiry away from David and Ryan, so she knew she needed to stick with it.  
  
“Well, if you’re a nudist, why hide?” asked Britt.  
  
“Enjoying being naked and being comfortable with being seen naked are entirely different,” said Jill.  
  
“I don’t think that’s true . . . as far as a nudist is concerned,” said Britt.  
  
“That sounds like a semantics argument,” said Jill. “I’m new to this, remember? I’m me, and I’m not comfortable being seen.”  
  
“The story you just told seems to say otherwise. And look at you! You’re enjoying been seen right now!” said Britt, staring at Jill’s nude body, a knowing smile on her face.  
  
Jill wanted to ask Britt just how she could be so sure, but she stopped herself short. She was sure that her body or her behavior was betraying her inner thoughts or emotions in one way or another. Whatever it was, she didn’t want to hear Britt say it.  
  
“As a matter of fact, I think we’ll be conducting an experiment or two during the day,” said Britt. “You’ll be the test subject.”  
  
“Uh, oh,” said Jenna. “The scientist is about to come out of hiding. For your information Jill, Britt was planning to pursue a career in research had she not gotten into medical school.”  
  
“I don’t want to be anybody’s test subject.”  
  
“Too late. You already are,” said Britt with a broad smile.  
  
“What are you going to do?” asked Jill apprehensively.  
  
“The test results won’t be valid if the subject knows certain things in advance,” said Britt. “That’s why members of the control group are never informed that they are in fact receiving the placebo . . . the sugar pills.”  
  
“I don’t know what you have in mind, Britt,” said Jenna. “But remember, we have Jill with us today to give her a break from an environment that didn’t seem to be taking her best interests into account.”  
  
“I have her best interests in mind,” argued Britt. “Why might helping her understand herself be inconsistent with her so-called ‘best interests’?”  
  
“Pardon me, Britt, but this is sounding quite a bit like her brother’s argument.”  
  
“Will you excuse us for a minute?” said Britt, taking Jenna by the hand and leading her back down the trail.  
  
“Why do I get the feeling you two are scheming against me?” Jill called out as the Copeland twins whispered to one another.  
  
When they returned a minute later, she asked, “So am I still your lab rat, or did Jenna talk some sense into you?”  
  
Jill looked over at Jenna and saw her roll her eyes and shrug.  
  
“We have your best interests at heart, don’t worry,” said Britt with a smile. “Let’s get going.” With that, she turned and took the right-hand trail, the one leading toward the lakes.  
  
“After you,” said Jenna.  
  
Jill turned and followed Britt, but she was not very happy. It seemed as if the decision had gone against her – as if Jenna had backed down; however, she had made her decision. She was going to spend the day with the Copeland twins. Fortunately, they did seem to be good people.  
  
Expecting that she had little to worry about beyond the fact that she was naked in the wilderness and largely at the mercy of two lesbians that she hardly knew, Jill shifted her thoughts over to her reading list. She brought up the topic of Dostoyevsky’s ‘Crime and Punishment.’ She had a number of questions for Jenna.  
  
She was successfully immersing herself in that conversation, when, a half mile or so up the trail, she saw Britt turn and walk back toward them. She was smiling.  
  
“We all probably need a water break,” said Britt, slipping off her pack. She removed a water bottle from a large side pocket as she set the pack down.  
  
Realizing that she hadn’t had any fluids since they had left camp, Jill nodded; however, the hand that Britt extended toward her wasn’t the one holding the water bottle. To her surprise, Britt took her hand. Jill looked at her inquisitively, not knowing what to make of her behavior.  
  
“Here, Jenna,” said Britt, extending the water bottle toward her wife instead.  
  
Jenna came forward and very gently took hold of Jill’s other hand as Britt explained, “Just taking your brother’s advice. We both know how much you trust him.”  
  
“Wait . . . what?” asked Jill, as Britt reached up to grasp her upper arm with her other hand.  
  
“Don’t try to run,” Britt whispered. “David said that this was the best way to keep you from getting hurt, remember?”  
  
All of a sudden, Jill realized that they weren’t being friendly – they were holding her. She looked around to ascertain why she might want to run. As she had guessed, there were hikers approaching from the direction that they had been heading. She froze.  
  
“Don’t do this to me!” she pleaded.  
  
“Relax, nudist,” said Britt in a calm voice. “This will be fun . . . for you.”  
  
“Not fun,” Jill said in a quiet, trembling voice. In a state of panic, she realized that the hikers had not yet noticed them. “Please!” she begged, attempting to gain her freedom by pulling her hands free.  
  
“Sh, sh, sh…” said Britt, holding onto her hand firmly as if to reassure her.   
  
Jill realized that both girls were holding her tightly.  
  
“Let go!” she said insistently.  
  
“Will you stay if we let go?” asked Britt.  
  
“Just let me go!” insisted Jill, trying desperately to regain complete control of her faculties; however, it was already too late. They had all been seen.  
  
The group consisted of three hikers. They approached cautiously, puzzled looks on their faces. Jill couldn’t imagine what they might be thinking. What might she think if she suddenly came upon three girls in the backcountry, two of them wearing sports bras and yoga pants, the third one nude but for a pair of hiking boots?  
  
“Oh, good,” said Britt, addressing the newcomers in a cheery tone. “We’ve been hoping to meet up with some people. Would one of you be willing to help us with a group picture? We so very much want a photographic memento of our outing together.”  
  
The hikers stopped in their tracks. They were each looking from face to face, person to person. They obviously did not know how to react or respond to such an unusual situation.  
  
Jill’s heart was pounding and she was as embarrassed as she had ever been . . . her cheeks were burning. She felt so exposed, but she hadn’t gotten her hands free, and she was unsure if she wanted these strangers to witness a struggle. With her hands out of commission, she couldn’t even she could even use them to hide what she didn’t want strangers to see.  
  
The three-person group was made up of a middle-aged couple and a young man who looked to be about Jill’s age, maybe just a little older. He was tall, thin, and had dark wavy hair. His face looked a little scruffy.  
  
“What’s going on here?” the man asked.  
  
“Are you all right?” the woman asked, looking at Jill.  
  
“No, I’m not,” said Jill gruffly.  
  
“Oh, she’s all right,” said Britt. “She’s just a little shy, aren’t you, Lola?”  
  
Jill looked over at Britt. Lola? Where did that come from? But then she realized that Britt had just given her an alias.  
  
Jill didn’t reply. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw some movement. Glancing back, she saw that the young man appeared to be signing. In the next moment, she saw the other two individuals replying . . . also in sign language. As the other two had both spoken, she decided that the young man had to be deaf. Studying him carefully, Jill decided that he looked as if being deaf might not be his only disability.  
  
“This is our son, Austin,” said the woman. “He wants to know why the young lady is nude.”  
  
“Tell him she’s a nudist,” said Britt.  
  
Jill started to object; however, she realized that Britt was only repeating what she herself had been saying. Jill watched the man signing, presumably relating to his son what had been said.  
  
“So, Lola. I’m sure this shouldn’t concern us, but ARE you a nudist?” asked the woman.   
  
Jill glanced at the ground, taking a second to think. A moment later she looked back at the woman and replied, “Yes.”  
  
Jill felt herself relax, given that she herself, with that one word, had just gone public, buying into the premise. There was no longer any real reason to run and hide. Once her answer had been relayed to the young man, she saw him look at her. A smile crossed his face. It was an awkward looking smile; he was obviously shy. Hoping to put him at ease, she returned the smile.  
  
“So, you guys really want a photo?” asked the woman.  
  
“Yes, please,” said Britt.  
  
“I think it has to be up to Lola,” said the woman. “She’s naked. She has more at stake.”  
  
Jill saw Britt look over at her and smile.  
  
“Yes,” said Jill. “A photo of the three of us would be wonderful.”  
  
Britt’s smile broadened and she let go of Jill’s hand.  
  
At that point, Jill realized that she could run off into the trees, and yet she didn’t, nor did she make any effort to cover herself.  
  
“Austin is quite the photographer . . . one of his hobbies,” said the woman. Jill watched as both parents signed to their son, presumably bringing him up to date with developments.  
  
Britt held out her phone. She saw Austin blush, but he took a step forward to accept it. Britt showed him where to touch the screen to take a photo, but that looked to have been unnecessary.  
  
Jill took a step back as both Jenna and Britt lined up on either side of her. They put their arms behind her back, so she did the same, glancing down her body. Her feet weren’t apart, but they weren’t exactly together either. She decided that there was not much need to adjust her body position. She knew that her lower lips were surely visible, but given the justification for her nudity that had been put forward, there seemed to be little point in behaving modestly by bringing her knees together. Even if she did, she knew that her shaved slit would not be hidden.  
  
Her well-groomed pussy and her eternally pointy nipples were on full display, as well. Fortunately, it was Britt’s phone. Presumably, all the photos would be deleted in short order.  
  
Austin held up the phone, framing the shot. Jill saw him point at her and smile, indicating what he wanted her to do. She nodded her understanding and smiled.  
  
“How old is Austin?” asked Jenna, speaking for the first time.  
  
“He’s twenty-one,” said his father. “He just graduated high school and will start college this fall. He had to repeat a few grades early on. We were working with his school to get an effective program put together for him . . . given his disabilities . . . it didn’t happen instantly.”  
  
“Congenital?” asked Britt.  
  
“Yes,” replied his father. “Are you in a medical field?”  
  
“I will be,” said Britt.  
  
“What does congenital mean?” asked Jill.  
  
“Present from birth,” replied Britt.  
  
Austin snapped his fingers a few times to get their attention. Their focus had drifted away from the project at hand. They looked at him and saw that he was smiling and pointing at his smile.  
  
“Oh, sorry,” said Britt.  
  
They all smiled for the camera, and Austin took a few shots. Suddenly Jill became aware that her knees were not together; however, the damage had been done. The photos had been taken. Shifting one leg, Jill reprimanded herself for not being able to think about everything at once.  
  
As Jill watched, Austin moved to the side a few steps and took several more photos of the three of them from that angle. When he was done, he handed the phone back to Britt. While Britt was looking at the results, Jill saw Austin pull his own phone out of his pocket and hold it up to take a photo.

**Chapter 88: Austin**  
  
Just as Jill was about to panic, Jenna saw what Austin was doing. As quickly as she could, she stepped in front, blocking Austin’s view.  
  
“Britt,” said Jenna, getting her attention.   
  
As soon as Britt figured out what was going on, she too moved in front of Jill. Looking at Austin, she held her finger up. Wagging it back and forth, she said, “Sorry. I’m afraid we can’t allow that.”  
  
Jill was surprised but pleased that the girls had intervened on her behalf. Peeking around Jenna, she saw a crushed look appear on Austin’s face. The wagging finger was obviously a gesture that he was familiar with. As she continued to observe, Austin glanced over as his mother who communicated something to him using her hands.  
  
Austin slid his phone back into his pocket as his face turned red. Jill saw him look down at the ground. She felt bad for him. He appeared to have been reprimanded, and he looked ashamed. A moment later, he turned and signed something to his parents.  
  
“Austin says that he is sorry. That he was wrong to assume that it might be okay to take a photo of the pretty girl with his own camera,” said his mother.  
  
Jill felt bad. It had been an honest misunderstanding. Austin looked like a sweet boy, and he had obviously been born into a life that lacked a few of the advantages that everyone else took for granted. She imagined how difficult it must be for him to understand all that was going on around him when he could hear none of what was being said.  
  
Wishing she could communicate with him directly, Jill stepped in front of Jenna. Doing so was difficult, and her face reddened as her body came back out of hiding, but she felt the need to communicate as best she could.  
  
Jill studied Austin’s sad expression. He looked up and their eyes met.  
  
“Please tell your son…” she said staring into his eyes. She stopped midsentence, wondering if he might be able to read her lips. The mother signed a few words but then paused as well.   
  
Jill realized that the main reason that she had paused was that she needed to gather her thoughts. She wasn’t sure exactly what she wanted the mother to tell him on her behalf.  
  
“Yes . . . what shall I tell him?” his mother asked.  
  
“I want him to know that I’m not upset,” she said continuing. “I just have to be very careful when it comes to photography. I can tell that he understands.”  
  
Jill looked over and saw that the woman was signing. Austin’s face was still toward her, but his eyes were focused to the side, on his mother.  
  
Jill continued, “Tell him, I apologize for putting him in such an awkward position . . . and that I realize that it was simply an honest misunderstanding.”  
  
As she watched, Austin started signing. She watched his hands with fascination as she waited for the translation.  
  
Jill stared into his eyes as his mother began speaking, “Austin says he’s sorry. He wants me to tell you that he thinks you’re very beautiful.”  
  
Jill felt her face flush at the compliment. She imagined how awkward it must be for a young man to compliment a girl via his mother.  
  
“I’m not that beautiful,” said Jill, casting her eyes down. She’d never thought of herself as beautiful. Noticing that she was relaying her remark, Jill said, “Wait . . . don’t translate that.”  
  
“Too late,” said the woman. “But he thinks that you are indeed lovely, your face as well as your body.”  
  
Jill wondered what his actual words had been, given that the messages were all being transmitted via his mother. Suddenly she pictured him going on a date and taking his mother along to help with the communication.  
  
Jill looked up into his eyes and saw his hands ‘say’ something.   
  
“What is he saying?” she asked.  
  
“He again wants you to know that he is sorry. He says that he wishes that he could get to know you.”  
  
“Tell him,” she said. “That it’s probably not going to be possible. I’ve just finished high school. Soon, I too will be heading off to college.”  
  
“He’d like to know where you’ll be going to college,” came the reply a few moments later. “He’ll be attending Baylor down in Texas. It happens to be a disability-friendly institution . . . and they gave him a nice scholarship.”  
  
“Wow,” said Jill. She knew of Baylor. As far as she was aware, it was a very selective university. “Austin must be a smart guy.”  
  
“He is,” said his mother with a proud smile.  
  
“Umm . . . tell him I’ll be going to college in California,” she said. She thought it would be quite obvious that she hadn’t given the name of the institution; however, she felt the need for anonymity.  
  
After the message had been relayed, she saw Austin smile and nod.  
  
“Okay . . . should we be going?” asked Britt.  
  
“Umm . . . I guess,” said Jill.  
  
“Please thank your son for us,” said Britt. “The photos came out great.”  
  
As his mother relayed her message, Britt walked over to him and shook his hand. Jenna did the same. Jill was about to follow suit when she had an idea.  
  
Turning to his mother, she asked, “Would you ask him if it would be all right if we took another picture . . . just the two of us . . . with our camera?”  
  
“You with Austin?” asked his mother.  
  
“Yes,” said Jill.  
  
“I expect he’d like that. I’ll ask him.”  
  
After the message had been relayed, Jill saw a smile again cross his lips.  
  
“He likes the idea,” said his mother as Jill noticed that he was nodding.  
  
“Will you take our photo, Britt?” asked Jill, motioning for Austin to come and stand next to her.  
  
“With ‘our’ camera, right?” said Britt with a smirk.  
  
“Okay ‘your’ camera,” said Jill. “Please.”  
  
Austin stepped over next to her. His hands were in front of him, one holding the other.  
  
Jill took his left hand in one of hers. She spun around such that his hand ended up on the small of her back. She held it there. In that way, she was pretty sure that there could be no misunderstanding. With her right hand, Jill reached behind his back, moving next to him such that their bodies almost touched.  
  
“How is this?” she asked.  
  
“Perfect,” said Britt, framing the shot. “Full body?”  
  
“Umm . . . sure,” said Jill, trying to act much more confident and relaxed than she was.  
  
“Smile you two,” said Jenna, pointing at her own smile exactly as Austin had.  
  
Once Britt had taken a few shots, Jill stepped forward and took the phone from her. The photos looked just as expected: a butt-naked leggy brunette, her hair back in braids, next to a tall young man with dark wavy hair dressed in hiking attire. She knew she couldn’t let him have such photos, but she could let him see them.  
  
She stepped back next to him and turned around so that he could look over her shoulder. The two of them were nearly touching. Jill felt relatively sure that he would keep his hands to himself, but she wasn’t one hundred percent positive. She hoped he would.  
  
While she was looking at the second photo, Austin extended his arm around her to the phone. She almost jerked away in surprise. She was glad that she hadn’t when he simply placed two of his fingers on the screen and moved them apart to zoom in. After zooming in, she watched as he scrolled down her body. He seemed to realize that he was being allowed to look at a photo that he would not be given.  
  
He paused on her breasts. Jill sucked in a breath as the amount of time spent studying that part of her anatomy grew. A few seconds later, he started scrolling on down her body, first to her bellybutton, but then down to her crotch. Jill felt her cheeks redden as Austin zoomed in even further, as far as the phone would allow. Jill trembled. She was surprised at how much detail showed – more than just her outer lips – even her inner labia were making their presence known in the essentially life-sized image. It was difficult, but she managed to hold the phone nearly steady so that he could look.  
  
She was growing quite uncomfortable but didn’t want to say anything. Eventually, Austin scrolled on down her legs. Once he got to her boots, he stopped and zoomed back out. After looking at the full image of the two of them side by side for a long moment, he zoomed in on her face and studied it as well.  
  
Taking his hand off the screen, she saw him signing to his parents.  
  
“He says, thank you,” said his mother. “He wants me to tell you that your most beautiful feature is your smile. That it sparkles.”  
  
Jill didn’t know what to say. She couldn’t get it out of her mind how long he had lingered on the magnified image of her pussy.  
  
As she stepped away from him, she saw him reach into his pocket. He pulled out a small notebook. As he opened it and started writing, she realized that having pen and paper handy made a lot of sense, given the challenges that the deaf faced communicating in a world full of people who did not know sign language.  
  
Once done, he tore out the page and handed it to her. Looking down, she saw the name “Austin Simmons” and a telephone number. Below that, he had written, “You’re beautiful, Lola. You are also nice. Thank you.” Underneath there was a small sketch. It looked to be a smiling robot, very well drawn. The guy clearly had talent. The robot made her chuckle. She looked up and saw Austin smiling at her. Their eyes met and they shared a brief moment.  
  
Jill folded the piece of paper. As she had no pockets, she clenched it tightly in her fist which she pressed to her chest as she handed the phone back to Britt.  
  
Speaking to Austin’s mother, she said, “We have to be going, but please tell him that I’d like to consider us friends.”  
  
As the mother started to sign, Austin’s father remarked, “Thank you, Lola. I’m sure he will remember this encounter for a very long time.”  
  
“As will I,” she said, biting her lip and involuntarily casting her eyes down.  
  
With that, she turned and started down the trail in the direction they had been going.  
  
“Coming?” she asked, calling back to Britt and Jenna.  
  
Britt picked up her backpack, and the two of them followed. After going about ten paces, Jill turned to look back. Austin was just standing there, watching them walk away. She lifted up her hand and waved by wiggling her fingers. Austin returned the wave.  
  
“Stop flirting, you little hussy!” said Britt.  
  
“What?” said Jill. “I’m not flirting.”  
  
“You were absolutely flirting!” said Britt. “And he was flirting with you.”  
  
“Right?!” said Jenna. “Amazing how guys react to you, Jill,” she added with a laugh.  
  
“…because I’m naked. Otherwise, they tend to ignore me.”  
  
“Do you think that being naked had something to do with it?” asked Britt.  
  
“Ha, ha,” Jill replied.  
  
“So what did he write on the piece of paper . . . Lola?” asked Britt.  
  
“None of your business,” said Jill.  
  
“I’ll bet it’s his phone number. Can I have it? I want to send him a photo of the two of you.”  
  
“It is a phone number, but no way am I giving it to you. Besides, we’re deleting the photos.”  
  
“Says who? It’s my phone.”  
  
“You promised,” said Jill.  
  
“Did I?” she laughed. “Maybe I’m growing attached to them.”  
  
“Don’t tease her,” said Jenna. “Do I need to remind you that we are not David and Ryan? That’s the kind of thing they have been doing to her.”  
  
“Only David always makes sure the photos get deleted,” said Jill.  
  
“At least that’s the impression he leaves you with,” said Britt. “He’s probably got his own stash.”  
  
Jill shook her head. “He looks out for me,” she said quietly.  
  
“And what is it with you and deaf guys?” she asked. “First this guy tries to take your picture. We stop him, and from there on in, he’s your best buddy. What gives?”  
  
Jill didn’t reply. She had just felt bad for him, but as she considered Britt’s question, she remembered Hellen Keller’s autobiography. That book had served to focus her attention on those dealing with disabilities. Even though it hadn’t crossed her mind while she had been in Austin’s presence, it had surely been one of the influences that governed how she had reacted to the situation.  
  
“That was sure mean of you to force me to meet a group of unknown hikers, Britt,” she said reproachfully. “They could have been weirdos.”  
  
“Weirdos don’t go hiking, Jill,” she replied. “Besides, I protected you with the alias.”  
  
“So, was that my test?”  
  
“And you passed with flying colors! I suppose you really are a nudist.”  
  
“Really?” said Jill in surprise.  
  
Britt laughed.  
  
“I mean, what did I tell you!” said Jill.  
  
As Jill processed Britt’s conclusion, she realized how much her concerns about her own plight had diminished as they had been displaced by feelings of empathy for the young man who had been born deaf. Right then and there, she resolved to learn some sign language. She knew that she was unlikely to master it; however, the next time that she met a deaf person she wanted to be able to at least exchange a few pleasantries and introduce herself.  
  
“Do you want to put that slip of paper in the pack, or are you going to carry it the rest of the day?” asked Britt.  
  
Jill knew she couldn’t carry it all day. “In the pack, I guess,” she said reluctantly.  
  
Britt stopped and turned around. Jill slipped it into the pocket with her sunscreen.  
  
From there, the forest closed in as the trail began descending gradually toward the valley that contained the Lupine Lakes.  
  
As Jill considered the encounter that she had just lived through, her anger at Britt and her accomplice began to dissipate. She was still upset at them for thinking that they had the right to expose her to strangers. The part about taking David’s advice to protect her had been little more than a sham. And then they had followed through and actually exposed her. However, she was starting to realize that the memory of that particular encounter would be one that she’d carry with her.  
  
She imagined that she might be thinking back and reliving what had just happened over and over. With time, it might even become one of her favorite memories from the entire summer. In part, because meeting Austin had been interesting, and yet it had been much more than that.  
  
Indeed it had been exceedingly embarrassing; however, she had somehow managed to interact. Initially, she had frozen. After that, she had wanted to get away, but then a bit of a transformation had occurred – and she’d been able to be some semblance of herself. All the while, her emotions had been going crazy, but in spite of their inability to communicate directly, she felt as if she and Austin had made a connection. It seemed unlikely, but she wondered if they’d ever see each other again.

**Chapter 89: Jill’s Tally**  
  
With Austin and his parents, Jill realized that three more people had seen her body naked. Suddenly she realized that she might be close to losing count of just how many people had seen her nude. That would have been unimaginable prior to her swim across Cache Lake just two days earlier.  
  
As she walked along, she decided to figure out where the tally stood. The first person had been the woman watering plants, followed closely by the couple out for a morning walk – three. Add to that the four guys she knew from basketball – and her tree climbing experience. That made seven.  
  
Considering the tree, there was the younger boy. What was his name? Zachary Todd. Add in his mother and little sister. Those three brought the tally to ten. And David – that brought the first day total to eleven. The total floored Jill. Eleven people – and just on Friday. David had, of course, seen her earlier, but he still belonged in the tally. Had more people seen her from inside a cabin or two as she raced by? That was certainly a possibility; however, she decided that her tally was not going to involve speculation.  
  
Saturday added just three to the roster. ‘Just’ three! Ryan, Britt, and Jenna. Jill chuckled at the thought that three new people seeing her nude did not seem like all that many, but it didn’t – in light of what had happened the day before. So those three brought the total to fourteen. And now, with Austin and his parents, the total stood at seventeen.  
  
Jill had never bothered to consider just how many people might one day see her naked. However, had she done so, she was sure it would have been less than seventeen. And that would have been in her lifetime. Here she was at seventeen – and all in one weekend – a weekend that wasn’t even over.  
  
As they came out of the trees into the sunshine on the slope above the first of the three Lupine Lakes, Jill paused to take in the sweeping view. All three lakes were easily visible; they were so high above them. The far lake in the distance was easily ten times the size of either of the other two. It was long and narrow, largely filling the U-shaped valley. Not as big as Cache Lake, but still quite large. There was probably a terminal moraine at the far end, Jill suspected.  
  
The two smaller lakes were essentially round, almost the width of the large lake, just much shorter. They were simply further up the same glacial valley, probably also behind terminal moraines created as the glacier had retreated. The distances between the lakes were short.  
  
“What a lovely color of blue,” Jill remarked as Britt stopped and unslung her pack.   
  
“Water and sunscreen break,” Britt announced as she too took in the view. “You especially, Jill. It’s been more than two hours.”  
  
Hoping to avoid a replay of what had happened earlier, Jill made straight for her tube of sunscreen. As she did so, the Copeland twins went about replenishing their fluids.  
  
“Look who doesn’t need our help,” commented Britt as she watched Jill spread lotion onto her skin.  
  
Jill had started with her bikini areas, including her butt. It was her thought to get those areas out of the way, should one or both of the twins come over to offer their assistance.  
  
Continuing, Britt added, “It would appear that she got her fill of lesbian attention this morning . . . or wants us to think she did . . . when we had her sandwiched in between us.”  
  
“Or possibly she is just showing us that she is capable of taking care of herself,” said Jenna supportively.  
  
“I CAN take care of myself!” said Jill. However, a moment later, as she finished putting the lotion everywhere that she could reach, she added, “Except for my back. I’d appreciate a little help with that . . . please.”  
  
For a second, no one moved, but then Jenna stepped forward and took the tube of sunscreen from Jill’s hand. After she had a good-sized dab in her hand, Britt took the tube from her. As Jill watched, Britt too squeezed some lotion into a hand.  
  
“Oh, look . . . you missed a spot,” she said. Jill noticed right where Britt was looking, directly at one of her nipples.  
  
“Did not!” said Jill, placing her fingers over the centers of her breasts, covering her nipples and then some.  
  
“What?” said Britt with a chuckle. Stepping close, she lifted her hand up and started applying the sunscreen near Jill’s hairline with the tips of her fingers. “With your hair ‘up’ like this, you’ll need to be careful. Some of this skin looks to have led a very sheltered life.”  
  
“Okay . . . thanks,” said Jill amiably. It had certainly looked as if Britt had meant to add a layer of sunscreen to her nipples, but she didn’t say anything. And it was probably true that she could burn near her hairline if she wasn’t careful.  
  
Once Jill was taken care of, the girls took turns doing each other’s backs. They had their own sunscreen. Jill noticed that it was of the foam type.  
  
Heading down toward the lake, Jill found herself admiring all the lupine. “I left one rather insignificant detail out of my story earlier,” she said. “During those few boring weeks at the beginning of summer, while I was resisting becoming ‘one of the guys,’ I got a book and studied up on the wildflowers of the region.”  
  
“Nice to know you did something productive with your time before becoming the boys’ topless stooge,” said Britt.  
  
“Stooge?” said Jill, caught off guard by the derogatory term.  
  
“Just saying,” said Britt. “Even though you purportedly have not been raped, it still seems as if they were taking advantage of you.”  
  
“It just took me a long time to realize that I am a nudist,” said Jill defensively.  
  
“As if!” said Britt condescendingly.  
  
“Jill,” said Jenna. “You have to understand that Britt and I have never been too keen about seeing guys get their way . . . not when it comes to girls.”  
  
“I get that, but…” said Jill pausing. “All I was doing was initiating a conversation about the lupine.”  
  
“They are lovely wildflowers, aren’t they?” said Jenna.  
  
“I think so,” said Jill. “A few weeks ago they would have been at their peak, but they are indeed beautiful . . . so many blossoms.” Jill went on to talk about the flower, expounding on details such as color variation and how she had read that some cultures had cultivated the seeds for food. The girls listened attentively.  
  
Down at the lake, they found a nice spot for lunch right at water’s edge. It was in the full sun, but that was the only option as there were no trees close to the lake. Jill was glad to have the small hand towel that David had given her that morning. Placing it on the ground, she sat down and removed her boots and socks, after which, she waded a short distance into the lake. The cold water felt more than refreshing. Feeling very exposed, Jill looked all around to ensure that they were indeed alone.  
  
After they had eaten, the Copeland twins decided to indulge in a little topless tanning. Jill observed discreetly as they shed their sports bras. It felt odd to watch, but it seemed as if it would have been even more awkward to purposefully turn and face in the opposite direction. They slipped off their yoga pants as well, both revealing what looked to be very utilitarian thong-style panties of the sort that were designed around not showing panty lines under tight clothing.  
  
Jill wondered if they were going to take off the panties and tan in the nude, but they didn’t. She remained the only one naked. That was a relief. Bare boobs were enough. She didn’t think she could take seeing the girls’ pussies.  
  
Jill did her best to make sure she didn’t look as if she were staring, but she couldn’t resist the temptation to look. She’d tanned topless, but never before with other girls.  
  
In the past, she had looked upon other girls’ breasts with envy. However, studying bare breasts while being aware of these particular girls’ sexual orientation had her thinking differently about breasts in general. She couldn’t keep herself from wondering what it might be like to touch them. She didn’t really want to, but she couldn’t keep from trying to imagine what it might be like.  
  
Britt’s breasts were much like her own, just something like a cup size larger. They were nice and high on her chest and were capped by about the smallest nipples she had ever seen on a girl. Like her nipples, they were pointy, just very small in diameter, and they didn’t extend out very far.  
  
Jenna’s breasts were significantly larger, one or two cup sizes larger than Britt’s, and as might be expected, they sat a bit lower on her hourglass frame. They were beautifully round and featured much larger areolas. There would be absolutely no way to feel bottom through those, Jill thought.  
  
“Would you like to touch?” asked Jenna with a smile.  
  
Jill’s face flushed. She looked away. In spite of her best intentions, she had been caught staring.  
  
“Umm . . . no,” she stuttered. “I was just noticing . . . umm . . . white skin . . . wondering if you’d be putting on sunscreen.” Jill had thought that had to be a good way to explain why she had been looking; however, Britt’s response had her instantly regretting it.  
  
“Would you like to do the honors?” asked Britt. “You can do us both.”  
  
Jill choked on her reply. She felt her cheeks grow even warmer as she unavoidably pictured herself touching one girl’s breasts and then the other’s. She knew she couldn’t do it, but the need for sunscreen did seem to offer an excuse. It would allow her the chance to find out what other breasts felt like under the pretense of UV protection.  
  
“I don’t know about you,” said Jenna. “But I don’t’ think my boobs need sunscreen. They’re not destined to see enough sun today for it to matter.”  
  
“The nipples, at least,” encouraged Britt. “They absolutely need sunscreen.” Holding the sunscreen out to Jill, she continued, “Here, help her out.”  
  
“No, thank you,” said Jill, her mouth suddenly dry. She lay back and placed a forearm across the bridge of her nose, as much to hide her embarrassment as to protect her eyes from the sun.  
  
She was conscious of Jenna and Britt applying sunscreen to each other’s nipples right next to her, but she made a point of not turning her head to look. She tried to clear her mind so that she could relax, but that proved difficult. The position might have been more comfortable, had the towel been large enough to extend up under her shoulder blades.  
  
After a few minutes without conversation, Jill was surprised to suddenly hear voices. She rose up on her elbows and looked around, apprehensively trying to figure out where the noise was coming from. Someone was shouting, but at a great distance.  
  
Britt and Jenna were sitting up; however, they were in full panic mode, frantically working to get their tops and pants back on. Jill sat the rest of the way up, her hands covering her chest in hand bra position. Without anything to put on, she was focused instead on ascertaining where the voices were coming from.  
  
Looking across the lake, she saw two people waving and shouting.  
  
“Calm down,” she said to the Copelands. “They’re all the way on the other side of the lake.”  
  
“But they’ve obviously seen us,” said Jenna.  
  
Jill glanced over at her two companions. They looked quite frazzled as they hurriedly went about getting into their clothes. She laughed. It was pretty funny . . . seeing their reactions, now that the roles were reversed.  
  
“Why are they yelling?” asked Britt once she was decent.  
  
Jill was trying to figure that out as well. And then she saw the likely reason. There was a green canoe in the middle of the lake. It was riding high and appeared empty.  
  
“A canoe,” she said pointing.  
  
“Looks like they must not have had it secured,” said Britt.  
  
“And now the wind has it,” added Jenna.  
  
“Hardly our problem,” said Britt. “Looks like they’ll have to swim for it.”  
  
“Maybe they can’t swim,” chuckled Jenna. “They probably want us to get it.” The canoe was indeed being pushed across the lake by a steady breeze, but it wasn’t headed right toward them. Instead, it was heading toward the shore way off to their right.  
  
“The water’s dang cold,” remarked Jill. She knew exactly how cold it was from wading in earlier.  
  
“They can surely swim . . . they just don’t want to,” said Britt, standing up and waving back.  
  
“I could get it,” said Jill.

**Chapter 90: Jill’s Good Deed**  
  
The lake was not that big. Jill was unsure if the people looking across at her might be able to tell that she was nude. She imagined that her dark racing stripe might stand out from a distance, and yet it was relatively small. Were it not for that, she might just look as if she had on a swimsuit that did not differ in color much from that of her skin, not that those were very common.  
  
With an arm across her breasts and a hand covering her landing strip, she made her way into the lake, partially hunched over. It was chilly indeed, but she quickly slid down into the water to get her body hidden.  
  
A moment later, she was stroking energetically toward the riderless boat. She was an excellent swimmer, and she didn’t mind having the chance to demonstrate that to the twins. However, more than anything, she needed to get her blood circulating to combat the temperature of the water.  
  
Concentrating on the project at hand, she wondered if there would be paddles in the boat and if she’d be able to climb up into it without tipping it over or otherwise swamping it. If not, she’d be stuck trying to tow it.  
  
It wasn’t far and the next thing she knew, she was at the boat. It was a fairly new looking plastic or fiberglass model. Peeking over the gunnel, she saw a pair of paddles within.  
  
Now to see if I can climb in, she thought. Her body was hidden in the water, but the water temperature had her wanting to get into the boat.  
  
She pulled down on the side, lifting herself up a little. Based on that experiment, it seemed as if it might go low enough to take in water if she tried to climb in that way. Moving along the gunnel, toward the front end, she repeated her test. The boat seemed much more stable. The reason occurred to her. The boat was narrow there, meaning that she was pulling down closer to its centerline.  
  
She decided to try and get in there. Dunking under the water in order to get some momentum going, she kicked vigorously and pulled with her arms as she shot up out of the water. She got one hand and then the other across onto the opposite side. The boat had tipped less than she had anticipated.  
  
With her torso across the boat, she rolled to the side allowing her hips to fall down into the canoe. She had made it, and on her first try! She knew that she didn’t weigh all that much, but she was impressed that she had probably made the maneuver look effortless to her distant audiences.  
  
Conscious of the fact that she had people watching, Jill crawled to the middle of the boat and picked up a paddle. Rather than getting up on one of the seats, she chose a kneeling position, sitting on her heels in the bottom of the boat. In that position, the boat would be more stable, and a greater portion of her body would be hidden.  
  
She knew that there would be no way to paddle and conceal the fact that she was topless. Paddling required both hands; there wouldn’t be an arm free to drape across her chest. At least, she would be hidden from the waist down. Considering that, she realized that the Jill she had been would never have paddled a canoe topless. That Jill would have curled up in a little ball and cried – or more likely stayed on shore in the first place.  
  
As she dipped the paddle irresolutely into the water, she was forced to confront a choice that her subconscious mind had already been struggling with. If she took the boat back, as she knew she should, there would be no way to avoid meeting its owners. With quite a bit of hesitancy, she turned the boat and paddled toward where she could see Britt and Jenna standing on the shore.  
  
Conscious of the fact that at least two strangers were probably able to tell that she was topless, she glanced down at her bare chest. Her nipples were as pointy as ever. Every reason in the world for them to fully erect, she thought as a shiver of embarrassment rippled through her nude body. Why in the world had she taken it upon herself to rescue the canoe?  
  
As she neared shore, Britt and Jenna, waded into the lake to catch the bow of the canoe.  
  
“I don’t know what you’re doing, Jill. This isn’t ‘finders keepers,’” said Britt with a chuckle. “You don’t get to keep the boat.”  
  
“It has to go back,” said Jenna, pointing across the lake.  
  
Jill turned to look. She could see the boat’s owners on the opposite shore. They appeared to be just standing there, looking at them across the water.  
  
“Will you guys take it?” she asked in a hopeful tone.  
  
“Well, it certainly needs to go back,” said Britt. “The boat was their problem . . . until you made it your problem.”  
  
“Please!” Jill begged.  
  
When Britt didn’t reply, Jill continued, “I know! We can leave it here . . . they can come and get it.”  
  
“They’d probably have to swim,” said Britt. “…and they don’t seem so inclined. The water’s so dang cold.”  
  
“True,” said Jill. “But they could walk around.”  
  
“Actually, they might not be able to. Certainly not around that end,” said Britt pointing to the left shore where the scree slope extended right down into the lake.  
  
“Yeah, not there,” agreed Jill. “But the other shore.”  
  
“The guidebook mentions a trail,” said Britt. “But it says that it is typically impassable . . . without a machete, that is . . . unless, of course, someone else has recently opened it up. As you know, this is the primitive area . . . no trail signs, no trail maintenance.”  
  
Jill examined the shore that they were talking about. It did look as if it was probably choked solid with buckbrush and other vegetation.  
  
“If that’s the case, then what was our plan? Where did you have us going from here?” Jill asked.  
  
“We were probably just going to have to turn around and go back the way we came,” replied Britt. “…unless we found a way around the lake. I did very much want to get past this lake. That would be ideal. That would allow us to make this a loop hike. There is a trail up and over that ridge.” Jill turned to look where she was pointing as Britt continued. “The trail on the other side of the lake would take us back into the Aspen Lakes valley. If we manage that, then we can hike back passing right by Broken Canyon Falls. I really want to visit those falls. They are said to be spectacular.”  
  
“Supposedly the highest falls in the region,” interjected Jenna. “The guidebook says that on a hot day a good percentage of the water evaporates before it gets to the pool below.”  
  
Jill remembered David mentioning the falls. She, too, wanted to see them. They could get there from camp; however, they were headed home the next day. They didn’t have the food to stay any longer than they had originally planned. If she was going to see the falls, it had to be on this hike.  
  
So, let me guess,” said Jill, climbing out of the boat and stepping into the shallow water. “You want to use the canoe to cross the lake . . . so that we can do the loop hike.”  
  
“Bingo!” said Britt. “It’s perfect, right? A godsend really.”  
  
“But . . . I’ve met my strangers for the day,” said Jill looking across the lake apprehensively.  
  
“Maybe you’re just getting started, Lola,” said Britt with a smile.  
  
“No more Lola!” said Jill adamantly.  
  
“I thought that you’d appreciate that I didn’t use your real name,” said Brit.  
  
“Oh, the alias was fine. I just don’t want to again be in the position of needing it.”  
  
“Well, the boat has to go back. The best solution is for the three of us to take it back,” said Britt.  
  
“Here’s my idea: one or both of you can take it back,” proposed Jill. “They can bring you back, and then we can hike back the way we came. That works.”  
  
“Britt and I both want to see the falls,” said Jenna.  
  
“You’re staying longer. You can go and see them another day,” replied Jill.  
  
“We could and we might,” acknowledged Britt. “But we want to see them today. And besides . . . you’re my test subject.”  
  
“But I passed . . . with flying colors,” said Jill. “That’s what you said, remember?”  
  
“We have one data point . . . statistically insignificant,” said Britt. “The experiment continues!”  
  
“No, it doesn’t!” said Jill defiantly. “I don’t like being your guinea pig. I’m going back the way we came!” To show that she was serious, she sat down and started putting her boots back on.  
  
“We all need to stay together, Jill,” pleaded Jenna, a worried look on her face.  
  
“I agree. Come with me,” said Jill.  
  
Just then the people across the lake started yelling again. Jill looked and saw that they were waving their arms as before.  
  
“Those people need their boat back. It’s your responsibility,” said Britt.  
  
“Well, I guess we’re splitting up. They need their boat. You both want to see the falls. I’m going back this way,” said Jill, pointing with her two thumbs over one of her shoulders. “It’s been fun,” she added, a hint of sadness in her voice.  
  
She didn’t want to split up, but they seemed to be at an impasse. Jill went and got her water bottle and her sunscreen out of Britt’s pack in preparation for departing.  
  
“We really should stay together,” said Jenna. “I’m sure your brother expects that we’ll stay together. How do we make sure that you get home safely if we split up?”  
  
“Well, I’m going this way. That’s all I know,” said Jill. She didn’t like the idea of hiking all the way back alone. It was five or six miles, a lot farther than she had ever traveled on her own while nude.  
  
“Austin Simmons,” read Britt, holding up a slip of paper. “This must be the number to which I’m sending a ‘Lola’ picture or two.”  
  
“Don’t tease Jill,” reprimanded Jenna.  
  
“Give me that,” said Jill, stepping forward and grabbing the slip of paper out of Britt’s hand.  
  
“Oh, you can have it,” said Britt. “I don’t need it. I’m not sending anyone your photos. I’d never do that.”  
  
“You better not!” said Jill as Jenna and Britt went about rounding up their belongings.  
  
“As I’ve said, the photos are safe with me, and if you decide you don’t trust me . . . then we delete them. They’re fun for now. They’re helping you get in touch with your inner nudist.”  
  
Jill stood on shore and observed as Britt and Jenna started getting into the boat. Britt steadied it while Jenna climbed into the front seat. Jill was struggling mentally. She was imagining the long walk back. She knew she wouldn’t get lost, but the idea of going the whole way all alone stark naked was daunting. Meeting people was bad enough; alone the possibility was completely dreadful.  
  
The other choice was similarly scary; however, in a different way. She wouldn’t be by herself, but it was a foregone conclusion that she’d be meeting more people; it would happen right away. She remembered how she had concluded that meeting Austin and his parents might be a memory that she would treasure. What was wrong with her? Had she really enjoyed that? Could she stomach another experience of that sort? She couldn’t believe she was actually considering remaining with the Copelands.  
  
Once Britt and Jenna were both in the boat and preparing to say goodbye, Jill capitulated. “Oh, all right. Wait for me,” she said, full of anxiety and misgivings.  
  
By giving in, Jill had surprised herself. Somehow she had managed to decide that another nude encounter was the lesser of two evils. She had not been warming up to the idea of being naked and alone that far from camp. Resignedly, she reached down and started untying her boots.  
  
She knew she might end up regretting it, but a minute later she was sitting on the bottom of the boat, right in the middle. She hugged her knees to her chest and closed her eyes, attempting the impossible, trying to not think of the encounter just ahead. The Copeland girls were both up higher, sitting on the canoe’s seats. They were both paddling.  
  
“Don’t worry, Jill,” said Britt. “We’ll keep you safe . . . and if they’re weirdos, then we won’t hang around and chitchat.”  
  
“Oh great,” said Jill. “If they’re not weirdos, then we’re going to chitchat?”  
  
“You mean, Lola, right?” asked Jenna.  
  
"Exactly . . . Lola,” replied Britt.