**Summer at Cache Lake**

**Chapter 91: Infidelity**As they neared the far shore, Jill leaned over to see around Jenna in the front seat. She saw a man and a woman. That did little to calm her nerves, but at least it was just two people. **“**Ship ahoy!” called out the man when they were within hailing distance.As they got nearer, he continued, “Thanks so much for getting our boat. I thought Olivia had secured it, but I guess she thought I was taking care of that detail.” **“**It looked as if you guys had a hard time deciding what to do with the canoe,” said the woman. She was a fair skinned redhead with a pleasant smile. She was wearing a floppy hat and a long-sleeved shirt, completely unbuttoned to reveal a tank top. **“**Yes, that . . . we had to talk through the details,” said Britt. “One of us happens to be naked. She seems to have her shy moments.” **“**Oh, my!” said Olivia. “Naked . . . we were wondering about that. You were right, Rodney. I guess it is your lucky day.” **“**My lucky day?” chuckled Rodney as he caught the front of the boat. **“**Nobody’s lucky day. Nobody gets lucky,” cautioned Britt. **“**Yep. Look . . . don’t touch,” said Jenna, throwing a leg over the side and stepping out. **“**Oh, my,” said Olivia, looking distrustfully at the naked girl hugging her knees in the center of the boat. “This is bound to test your marital vows, Rodney.” **“**Don’t worry, Olivia. Your husband’s marital vows are staying intact,” said Britt. “We’re lesbians.”Jill almost started to object. The way Britt had said that made it sound as if all three of them were lesbians. She realized that it had probably been intentional.Olivia laughed. “My husband’s marital vows are far from intact . . . the lying sonofabitch! He’s been screwing my best friend . . . former best friend.” **“**Okay then…” said Britt, climbing out of the boat. “…here’s your boat . . . we’ll be on our way.”Seeing that he was getting the pig eye from the new arrivals, Rodney said, “It’s true . . . but she’s not talking about me. I’m not the husband . . . the scoundrel . . . of which she speaks.” **“**Rodney!” she reprimanded him. “We decided that we weren’t going to talk about this . . . not around other people.” **“**Olivia, you brought it up!” **“**She brought it up,” said Olivia, indicating Britt.Britt had stepped forward to help Jill climb out of the canoe. Jill had hoped to climb out with her hands covering her crotch; however, that didn’t prove to be possible. She had to have a hand on each gunnel to steady herself, and what was almost worse was that she had to step out one leg at a time. **“**Eighteen, nineteen,” she whispered resignedly to herself as the process of getting out of the boat meant that these two new strangers had just been treated to the full program.Looking up at Rodney, Jill saw that he was watching intently. This was one show he was obviously determined not to miss. Once she was clear of the boat, Jill attached an arm to her chest and covered her pussy with the other hand. She waded ashore, doing her best to keep her knees relatively close together. **“**I’m sorry,” said Olivia. “We came out here to console one another. All four of us . . . me and my husband, Rodney and his wife . . . are staying together at the campground this week. Rodney and I only just realized yesterday that our spouses are having an affair. They invent excuses to go off by themselves, leaving the two of us alone. We don’t know how long it has been going on.”Jill realized that she should probably feel some empathy for these two individuals whose spouses were apparently cheating on them, but she couldn’t get past the fact that she had just heard the word, ‘campground.’ She had been wondering why there was a big heavy canoe more than ten miles from the trailhead where the Jeep was parked. **“**Campground?” asked Jill, anxiety straining her voice. **“**Yep, the Lupine Lakes Campground,” said Rodney, swinging his arm and pointing off into the woods behind him. **“**Is it near here?” Jill asked apprehensively. **“**No . . . pretty far,” he replied. Jill started to breathe a sigh of relief until he added, “Yeah . . . must be more than a mile.”Jill had been under the impression that the trailhead where they had parked was the only way into the area. Suddenly a few things made more sense. Austin and his parents had only been carrying small daypacks. They were probably staying at the campground as well. **“**How did you get the canoe here?” asked Britt. **“**This is the third lake,” said Olivia. “The campground is on the first one . . . the big one. So . . . by crossing each lake and then carrying it to the next. Fortunately, the lakes are pretty close to one another.” **“**Fortunately,” muttered Jill under her breath. “Is it a big campground?” she asked, hoping that her voice would not crack. **“**Not that big,” said Rodney. “One hundred sites, tops.”To Jill’s way of thinking, even ten sites would have qualified as a big campground. One hundred sites would mean several hundred people on a summer weekend. **“**Would someone take me back across the lake?” she asked, her voice on the verge of faltering. **“**Oh, Jill, don’t be silly,” said Britt. **“**Lola,” whispered Jenna quietly, so that Rodney and Olivia might not be able to hear. **“**Right . . . don’t be silly, Lola,” said Britt without hesitation.Jill sighed, realizing that her cover was probably already blown. At least it was just her first name. As far as she knew, Britt and Jenna didn’t even know her last name. **“**You want us to ferry you back across the lake?” asked Rodney. **“**She’s fine,” said Britt. “She’s just a little apprehensive. She gets a little shy around other people. The campground has her worrying.” **“**I’m sorry, what was your name?” asked Olivia, looking at Jill. **“**Lola,” she replied. Her throat felt quite dry. She wanted water but was aware that she had no free hands. **“**Well, Lola,” continued Olivia. “If you’re shy, then why are you naked? The two don’t seem to go well together.” **“**I don’t want to talk about it,” said Jill, looking down and off to the side. She was doing her best to keep her breasts and crotch covered, but she could feel the warmth of embarrassment in her cheeks. **“**She’s shy because she’s naked,” said Britt. **“**Who wouldn’t be?” asked Olivia. “But why is she naked?” **“**What she told us is that she has no clothes,” said Britt. **“**I can see that,” said Olivia. “But that explains nothing. That’s like saying that she is naked because she is naked.”Jill hadn’t thought about it that way before, but Olivia was right. Having no clothes and being naked were essentially two sides of the same coin. They were more or less synonymous.She’s a self-proclaimed nudist,” announced Britt. “So she needs to adjust to being seen.” **“**I can be a nudist and not want to be seen,” Jill argued. **“**Again, Lola, I don’t think it works like that,” said Britt. **“**And I don’t see why it matters what you think. I don’t see why I need to conform to stereotypes. You’re probably wrong anyway.”Jill heard Rodney chuckling. He seemed to be enjoying their disagreement.Looking up into Olivia’s eyes, Jill asked, “Will you take me back across the lake?” **“**We were about to walk over to see the beaver dams,” replied Olivia. “However, we certainly owe you a debt of gratitude, so I will take you across the lake. Can it be after our walk? I’ve heard that the beaver have been relatively active recently.” **“**Beaver?” asked Jill. **“**Yes,” said Rodney. “Haven’t you noticed that there are no trees anywhere near the lake? The beaver have harvested them . . . for food as well as for their various construction projects, dams and lodge. I understand this lake is quite a bit higher than it used to be years ago. It’s essentially a giant beaver pond.”Jill looked around. She had noticed the absence of trees, but she hadn’t given any thought to the reason behind it. She looked at the shore that appeared to be choked with buckbrush. The lack of trees would explain that as well. It was probably a marshy area due to the raised level of the lake. **“**Do either of you have children?” asked Jenna. **“**Matt and I were getting to that,” said Olivia. “I guess it’s good that we don’t . . . since our marriage is toast.” There was a good amount of sadness in her voice. **“**Cassidy and I don’t have children either,” said Rodney. “Maybe she’ll be having children with Matt.”Jill detected a great deal of hurt in his voice as well. **“**Maybe,” agreed Olivia. “One week, your life seems completely under control. And in a microsecond all that evaporates.” **“**Maybe they’ll both admit the error of their ways and come begging for forgiveness,” said Jenna. **“**That doesn’t mean they’re getting it. I know, Matt’s not,” said Olivia. She stared off into the distance, a glassy look in her eyes. **“**Cassidy either,” said Rodney gruffly. “We had something beautiful . . . gone, all gone. Like Olivia says . . . in a microsecond.”Jill found herself feeling sorry for the two of them. They looked as if they could be a couple, indeed that had been her assumption, and yet she knew that partner infidelity was probably not a good basis for a relationship. They looked a bit older than Britt and Jenna, but not much. She thought they might be thirty, but more likely, late twenties. **“**So, what are your stories?” asked Rodney. “I mean, now that we’ve aired our dirty laundry.” **“**We’re married,” said Jenna, indicating Britt. “We met in college . . . been together ever since.”Jill was surprised to hear such a quick admission of marriage. She had been expecting them to say that they were twins, and yet they’d already admitted to being lesbians. For some reason, having Olivia and Rodney talking so openly seemed as if it might lead to everyone baring their souls. **“**Well, I hope your marriage lasts,” said Olivia. “And I mean that most sincerely.” **“**Agreed,” said Rodney nodding. “Marriage can be a beautiful thing.” **“**And you, Lola?” asked Olivia. “So, what’s your story?” **“**She’s our little nudist,” said Britt. **“**I guess I’d like to hear what she has to say . . . direct from the horse’s mouth, so to speak,” said Olivia.All eyes were on Jill. **“**I guess I’m a nudist,” she answered meekly.

**Chapter 92: Beaver  
  
“**Then what’s with the hands?” asked Olivia. “You act like you’d be wearing clothes if you had them.” **“**Yeah, Lola,” said Britt. “Time to put your money where your mouth is.”Jill hesitated. She knew that Britt was right. Feeling the need to again play the part of a nudist, she reluctantly let her hands fall slowly down. She felt the warmth surging once more in her cheeks, as her breasts and pussy were uncovered. **“**I’m thirsty,” she said, reaching for her water bottle. It was in a pocket of Britt’s daypack. She needed to focus on something other than how she was standing nude in front of two people that she had only just met. **“**What is it like to hike around naked?” asked Olivia. **“**Olivia,” said Rodney. “She said she didn’t want to talk about it.” **“**I’d rather not,” said Jill. “I’d like it if I could just be accepted . . . for who I am . . . without all the questions.” **“**Good luck with that,” chuckled Britt. **“**It’s a little difficult to ignore a naked person,” said Olivia. “They’re not very common.” **“**Okay then . . . tell us about yourself . . . ignoring the nudist thing. Who are you otherwise?” asked Rodney.That wasn’t what Jill wanted to talk about either. She decided to try and change the subject. “I’d rather hear about the beaver,” she said. “I’ve heard that this part of the country used to be thick with them.” **“**Yep . . . North America once had millions upon millions of beaver,” said Rodney. He looked to be cognizant of what Jill was doing, but he didn’t appear to mind. Doing his best to be discreet about the fact that he was eyeing the nude girl in front of him, he continued, “One thing I know about beaver is that they are second only to humans in terms of being a species that alters the landscape . . . even, supposedly, playing a role in climate change.” **“**Really?” asked Olivia. **“**Yep . . . read that recently,” replied Rodney. **“**I want to go see the beaver dam. Can we go with them?” asked Jill, looking at Britt as she always seemed to be the one who called the shots. **“**How far is it?” asked Jenna as Britt pondered the option. **“**Half a mile, if that, as the crow flies,” said Rodney. **“**Count me out,” said Britt. “The canoe thing interrupted my relax-in-the-sun time. I’ve got unfinished business to take care of.” **“**I’ll stay here with Britt,” announced Jenna. Jill expected that the girls might want to indulge in a little more topless tanning. **“**You’re welcome to come along,” said Olivia speaking to Jill directly. “Just don’t expect us to be very good company. I’ve been in quite the bitchy mood all day.” **“**That sounds fine,” said Britt. “You go on, Lola. We’ll expect a full report on the Lupine Lake beaver when you return.Jill didn’t know what to do. She did want to see the beaver dam and lodge; however, even though she’d only met Britt and Jenna the prior afternoon, they were the closest thing she had to a comfort zone. The idea of heading off with these new strangers was indeed scary. **“**Do you think we’ll see beaver?” she asked as she struggled with the decision. **“**Probably not,” said Rodney. “They are mostly nocturnal. If they happen to be out, they’ll likely hide as soon as they get wind of us.”Jill, deciding that she really did want to go, attempted to talk Britt and Jenna into accompanying her. Jenna said that she’d go if Britt did; however, Britt wouldn’t budge. “You’ll be fine, Lola,” she said. “Beaver . . . they’re vegetarian.” **“**I know that,” said Jill indignantly. She hadn’t been concerned about being attacked.A short time later, Jill had her boots back on and was ready to head off with Olivia and Rodney on a little side trip to hopefully catch a glimpse of a beaver or two. **“**Okay,” said Britt. “Time for a quick photo.” **“**Oh, please. No more photos,” sighed Jill. **“**Absolutely more photos!” said Britt, indicating to Olivia and Rodney with hand motions that she wanted them on each side of Jill. She tried to get them to each put a hand behind her, but they were not comfortable enough to do so. Similarly, Jill wouldn’t put an arm around their backs. Britt seemed to sense the discomfort and didn’t push the issue. **“**Smile,” said Britt, once they were all standing side by side. Jill didn’t feel like smiling, but when she saw that both Olivia and Rodney were smiling, she gave in. **“**There, perfect,” said Britt, after she had enough images to be sure that she had a good one. Her face growing serious, she added, “And if Jill doesn’t return on a timely basis, I have an image to give to the authorities. They always want to have a photo to circulate . . . especially one that shows what the person was wearing when they were last seen.”Jill saw the sly smile on Britt’s lips as everyone laughed. **“…**and who they were last with,” she added. That comment stifled the laughter. **“**She’s welcome to come with us,” said Rodney. “But she doesn’t have to. It’s up to her. We, of course, can’t guarantee her safety…” **“…**but we’ll look out for her,” said Oliva, stepping in to finish his sentence.Jill glared at Britt. **“**I was just making a joke,” said Britt shrugging her shoulders. “I know she’ll be fine. I wouldn’t let her out of my sight if I had any concerns.”That comment surprised Jill. Did Britt really imagine that she was looking out for her?A minute later, Jill was following Rodney and Olivia along a narrow path that cut through a marshy section just a short distance from the lakeshore. She had to be careful where she stepped in order to keep her boots dry. It was quite sunny, and the brush was thick, but it only came up to their shoulders where it was at its tallest. Jill liked that. It made her feel somewhat hidden while at the same time allowing her to keep an eye out for other people.To her surprise, Rodney and Olivia largely ignored her. They talked quietly with each other. It was quite obvious that they were preoccupied with their own problems, so she followed along behind, maintaining a respectful distance.Leaving David and Ryan behind that morning to head off with the girls had been a gutsy move. It had been an invigorating step away from her comfort zone. Leaving the Copelands behind was yet another big step off in that same direction. Doing so had again involved a significant amount of daring on her part, the resulting emotions leaving her with little ability to relax.She felt a throbbing sense of unease as her distance from the girls grew. It was much like how she would feel during lulls in horror movies, waiting for the next surprise appearance of the villain. It was an exhilarating feeling, but not an especially enjoyable one – and yet she was drawn to it. It was very much like how she had felt when she had first started tanning topless, just at an exponentially higher dose.As she scanned the area ahead and behind, hoping to avoid any more encounters, she allowed herself to daydream about an extension of her current situation. She pictured the three of them meeting another group of strangers. After a brief discussion, she imagined herself saying goodbye to Olivia and Rodney, and at that point, departing with her new acquaintances. With them, she would then head further away from Big Aspen Lake, her brother and Ryan. She imagined the cycle repeating over and over as she was passed from group to group, every time getting further and further from Cache Lake and the people that she knew.In addition to no clothes, she had no phone, no money, and no I.D. She had only her boots. She pictured the process continuing and even involving car travel and the loss of the boots until eventually, she was hundreds of miles away and completely dependent on those that she was with for sustenance as well as for shelter. Not only would she be far from those who knew her, but she would have no way of contacting them . . . or escaping. Her heart pounded in her chest as she did her best to imagine what that might be like – and it wasn’t all that hard to imagine as it didn’t differ all that much from her current situation. She had already jumped from one group to another twice that day. Britt and Jenna had not known her last name. Olivia and Rodney didn’t even know her first name. She was essentially an anonymous naked girl, a body, a personality, but no identity.The thought of continuing the trajectory was frightening yet in a most stimulating way. She didn’t want it to happen any more than it already had, and yet she knew that she’d like to know what it would be like to go way down that rabbit hole. If only there were a way to experience it vicariously, she found herself thinking – via a movie, a thrill ride, or via dream manipulation. Too bad there was no way to specify the dreams that one would like to experience each night while one slept. Her heart raced as she imagined herself being passed from stranger to stranger; nude, vulnerable – her independence and identity but a memory. **“**Psst,” she heard Rodney say. Coming out of her trance-like state, she saw Rodney up ahead motioning to her. He was in a crouched position as if trying to keep from being seen.Noticing where Rodney’s eyes were trained, Jill fought the urge to cover up as she hurried to catch up. Rodney and Olivia were standing right where the path took a ninety-degree turn. They were on the bank of what appeared to be a large pond. She quickly realized that this was the lake’s outlet, only it had been dammed up, turning it into a pond and raising the level of the lake off to their right.Rodney raised an arm to point at a nondescript pile of branches and other debris in the middle of the pond, but a little closer to the far shore. In that instant, she saw a splash and a split second later heard a loud clap. **“**Well, we’ve been seen. That was one of them,” said Rodney. “He headed for the bottom, slapping his tail against the water’s surface to sound the alarm as he left.”Jill wished she had caught sight of him, but she was pleased that she had at least seen the splash and heard the sound. **“**That’s the lodge,” said Olivia pointing.Jill studied what appeared to be an island-like accumulation of branches and other debris. There was a little vegetation growing on it, indicating that it had probably been there for a few years. It certainly didn’t look like much. Someone who was not aware of the presence of beaver in the area might dismiss it as nothing more than a random pile of branches that had gotten caught on their way down the outlet. However, it was obviously not random. Branches would not pile themselves up like that. **“**Not much to look at, is it?” said Rodney. “The entrance is underwater, so the beaver never go on top . . . unless they are working on it.”Jill nodded. It wasn’t much to look at. **“**Let’s go and look at the dam,” suggested Olivia.As she nodded her agreement, Jill glanced over and saw that Olivia seemed to be staring right at one of her nipples. Jill bit her lip in embarrassment, again resisting the temptation to cover it up. Looking down, she saw that her nipples were just as pointy as ever even though it had warmed up to the point that the air temperature was clearly not a factor. **“**You’re a lovely girl . . . and you seem intelligent,” said Olivia. “I just hope that this nudist kick that you’re on doesn’t end up badly for you.” Jill looked away bashfully, so Olivia switched gears, “Right . . . the beaver dam.”As Rodney led the way along the trail to the left, away from the lake, Jill let out a sigh of relief. Even though Olivia had apparently been thinking about the perils that might befall a naked girl, she had backed away from having a discussion about that.Jill had caught sight of the dam from above, but it was much more impressive once they got to where they could view it from downstream. To Jill it looked surprisingly long; the nearly flat landscape had clearly required a long dam. It had a shallow S-shape to it, something for which Jill could not think of an explanation.The dam held the level of the pond about a foot-and-a-half above the flowing stream just below. Like the lodge, the dam looked like a random accumulation of logs and branches. At the near end, Jill had gotten the chance to inspect a few of the logs carefully. As expected, they had pointy ends showing prominent teeth marks.As Jill studied the dam, she saw a group of people approaching the other side of the stream. Instantly her fantasy of jumping from one group of strangers to the next popped into her head. Even though she had essentially already done that, the notion was much too crazy to consider.She called out to Rodney and Olivia. “Oops . . . gotta go!”

**Chapter 93: Collision**She knew that she needed to rein in the risks she had been taking, and for Jill, it wasn’t just that. She also felt that she simply couldn’t stomach any more encounters. Her eyes met briefly with those of each of her companions, but her legs were already moving. She didn’t wait for a response. She took off back in the direction from which they had come.After passing the turn where the trail headed straight away from the pond, she ran along bent over at the waist to keep her head and upper body below the level of the brush. She glanced regularly up the path, but she was mostly concentrating on her footing. Keeping her boots dry and avoiding another twisted ankle were top priorities.Hearing a gasp of surprise, she looked up in time to see a young teen just before she collided with her. Not having the time to slow down, she hit the girl hard, knocking her on her butt and landing on top. As Jill struggled to climb up off of her, their eyes met. She saw a look of shock mixed with fright in the girl’s wide eyes. **“**Sorry, sorry,” she said as she turned to leave, but in that instant, she caught sight of another girl standing off to the side. The look on her face was one of complete bewilderment.The standing girl, also probably just thirteen years old or so, looked as if she were about to say something. Jill didn’t wait to find out what it might be. A split second later she was again running, again keeping low, only this time going a little slower and paying a little more attention to the path ahead. **“**Hey,” she heard one of the girls call out after she had gone a short distance.Less than a minute later, she came out of the brush and found Britt and Jenna right where she had left them. They were indeed sunning themselves. Both girls looked up as Jill came to a stop. With her hands on her knees, Jill worked at catching her breath. She’d just run a half mile, which wasn’t a great distance for her; it was mostly the combination; the running along with the stress of meeting people while naked that had her heart racing. **“**Are you okay?” asked Britt. **“**Oh, yeah . . . fine,” said Jill panting. “But . . . I’m ready to . . . go. What . . . do you say?” **“**You don’t look fine,” said Jenna. “Your face is red. It looks like you went down.”Jill glanced down at her body. She had picked up a few scrapes as well as a little bit of mud with some stray vegetation clinging to it; however, the debris was limited to her limbs. Landing on top of the girl had kept the rest of her body from coming into contact with the ground. **“**Oh . . . it’s nothing,” she said. “I just ran into a few people . . . literally . . . one girl in particular . . . one very surprised girl. She might be following me . . . so can we go?” **“**Sure, just give us a minute to pack up,” said Britt, standing up.Jill was antsy to get going, but since Britt and Jenna weren’t ready, she decided to clean up. She got her small towel and went to the lake. Squatting down at the shoreline, she dipped the towel in, wetting part of it. With that, she went about cleaning off the dirt. Her scrapes were relatively minor.Once she was done, she stood up and turned back around. At that point, she realized that Britt and Jenna had not been tanning topless. **“**I thought that you guys would be sunbathing topless,” she remarked. **“**Nah . . . too many people on this side of the lake,” said Britt. **“**Tell me about it,” said Jill. **“**Okay, let’s go,” said Britt, slinging the pack onto her back.Jill realized that she still needed to take a turn with the pack, but in that instant, she caught sight of the two girls. They were standing still, peering at them curiously from the trail. They were at least forty feet away, just watching wide-eyed, close to one another as if for comfort. They looked as if they were cautiously staying back a safe distance. **“**Umm . . . sorry about running into you back there,” said Jill.Neither girl replied. **“**Friends of yours?” asked Britt with a smile. **“**Like I said, I ran into some people.” **“**Are you all right?” asked Jill, looking at the shorter girl, the one she had bowled over. The girl nodded solemnly, a look of wide-eyed wonder on her face. “Okay, good,” she added, turning to leave. **“**Don’t you want to talk to them?” asked Britt, indicating with her hands that Jill should go over and speak with them. **“**No,” she replied shaking her head. “I want to keep moving. Which trail?”Britt started off down the trail that headed straight away from the lake. Jill followed close behind, Jenna bringing up the rear. Jill would have preferred going in the other direction, back across the lake and then retracing their steps; however, she had resigned herself to taking the route that Britt and Jenna preferred.Going back across the lake would have meant splitting up as well as waiting for Rodney and Olivia to return to ferry her across. She had decided that she wanted to be with the twins and she was ready to be moving . . . even if it was in a direction that seemed quite worrisome.Glancing back she saw that the two young girls had followed such that they were able to look down the trail that she and the Copelands had taken. However, the next time that she looked back, they were nowhere to be seen. Jill sighed, thinking about Olivia and Rodney. She hadn’t said a proper ‘goodbye.’ Unfortunately, there was nothing that could be done about that; she wasn’t about to go back. **“**Those girls were obviously quite curious,” said Jenna. **“**And yet they didn’t say anything,” said Britt. “I was expecting them to at least ask why you were naked . . . or had you talked about that with them earlier?” **“**Nope. I pretty much collided with them and then ran off as quickly as I could get back on my feet,” replied Jill. ‘Twenty, twenty-one,’ she counted to herself inaudibly. She decided not to count the group she had caught sight of back at the beaver dam. Possibly they had not even seen her; however, the two girls certainly had. They definitely belonged in her tally. Since she had counted Zachary Todd’s mother and little sister, she had to count these two. **“**Can we please not talk to anyone else?” said Jill. “I mean, hopefully, we won’t meet anyone else . . . but it we do, can’t we just keep going?” **“**You mean, just walk by them?” asked Britt. “Leave them wondering why there is a naked girl out hiking in the sunshine on this fine Sunday afternoon?” **“**Exactly! Let ‘em wonder.” **“**I don’t see why not,” said Jenna. **“**In the name of science . . . that’s why not,” replied Britt. “We are studying Jill, the nudist. If circumstances require, we stop and talk.”Jill took a deep breath and let it out slowly as she again began to worry about what lay ahead. She knew full well that Britt was not conducting any real scientific study. **“**The results will be more meaningful with a control group,” Jill argued. “You now have ‘talking’ data points. To make your conclusions valid, you need to now add in some data points that don’t involve conversation.” **“**She has a point there,” said Jenna. **“**Maybe she does,” conceded Britt. “However, it’s my study. The circumstances will govern what I decide.”Jill knew she hadn’t won the argument; however, she might have convinced Jenna. If Jenna were on her side, it would be two against one.Within a hundred yards or so, they caught a glimpse of the next lake. Jill realized that Rodney and Olivia had probably carried the canoe along that very trail.As they neared the shore of the second lake, their small trail met up with a large trail. One glance at it was enough to have Jill shaking in her boots. It was obviously heavily traveled; it was wide and there were fresh footprints. The narrowest section visible, where it went around a particularly large tree, was wide enough for two to walk abreast. There weren’t many trees, probably just those that had already been too big to be of interest to the beavers when they had moved into the area, thought Jill. Britt turned and headed around the lake to the right. Jill froze. “Guys, I don’t like the looks of this,” she said, her voice trembling. **“**I’m with Jill,” said Jenna, addressing Britt. “What if we meet a large group? The last thing we want is for something bad to happen.”Bad to happen? Jill tried to think of what Jenna might be picturing. **“**I’m not too concerned,” said Britt. “Safety in numbers. A large group will always contain a few good people. They would stand up for a naked girl . . . much as Kyle did when Jill was up that tree. Kyle . . . that was his name, right?”Jill nodded, thinking back. She thought of the tree, but then her mind skipped over to how she had sat on his lap, stark naked, while they had waited for the Jeep. Had she really done that?Britt continued, “The most risky situation for a naked girl might be if she were to encounter just one or maybe two guys while alone. That’s not going to happen. We’re with her. Nobody’s going to mess with her as long as we’re all together. And I’ve got my bear spray.”To Jill’s surprise, Britt pulled a can of bear spray out of one of her pack’s side pockets. **“**If this will stop a bear, just think what it will do to a guy!” she said with a nasty smile. **“**Well, we’re not here to take risks so that we end up having to use the pepper spray. We’re here to have fun,” argued Jenna. **“**Exactly!” replied Britt. “So . . . let’s go have some fun!”With that comment, Britt turned and strode jauntily down the path in the direction of the large campground, now surely less than a mile off. Jenna followed. After a few moments of hesitation, Jill followed, feelings of apprehension surging within. After considering again what Britt had said, she scurried to catch up. Britt was right; there was probably safety in numbers. However, being attacked hadn’t really been what she had been worrying about. Her fears centered primarily around being seen, and worse yet, being photographed.The trail paralleled the lakeshore fifty or more feet to their left. Jill was on high alert, paying close attention to not only what lay ahead and behind but also the lake itself. She was expecting more people to appear at any moment. She knew she’d want to run for cover; however, she was also thinking that it wouldn’t be a very good idea to get very far from Britt and Jenna. She certainly didn’t want them to get separated.There were some large trees, but then the trail emerged into full sunlight. Britt took off the pack and handed Jill her tube of sunscreen. **“**Time to freshen up the sunscreen, young lady,” she said. “I’ll train you yet. You’ve been swimming since the last time. I know it says it’s waterproof, but I’m sure some of it washes off.”Jill took the tube and without hesitation went about applying the lotion, paying the most attention to the important areas such as her neck and shoulders. As she wanted to keep moving, she hurried. She figured that the less time they spent on the wide trail, the better.Jenna took the sunscreen and went about spreading lotion on Jill’s back while Brit watched. **“**You really do have the cutest titties,” Britt remarked. “Cute, cute, cute!”Jill blushed. It was bad enough being naked without having to hear comments like that. “They’re just so small,” she sighed. “But that’s my lot in life.” **“**They are small . . . no argument there,” said Britt. “But they’re lovely. Aren’t they lovely, Jenna?” **“**Perfect actually,” said Jenna with a smile. “You wouldn’t be any more beautiful if they were bigger. You’d look different . . . not more beautiful.” **“**Size is one thing, but perkiness is another,” said Britt. “I’m sure I have never seen perkier titties. And your nipples . . . they just never relax, do they?” **“**Can we talk about something else?” asked Jill, handing the tube back to Britt. Once they had resumed hiking, Jill observed, “I find it curious that there are trees here. We can’t be all that far from the beaver dam.” **“**But we’re downstream,” said Britt. “The beavers appear to have focused their efforts on the trees around the upper lake. I’m sure that makes sense. If they manage to get a log into the lake, towing it to their dam must be much easier than dragging it overland or hauling it upstream.” **“**That must be it,” agreed Jill.At that point, Jill caught a glimpse of some people on the trail ahead. “Shit, shit, shit,” she muttered under her breath. Her legs wanted to carry her off into the trees. “Britt, if I don’t run and hide, can we please just keep going?” she pleaded. 

**Chapter 94: Jenna to the Rescue**Britt turned and looked back at her. For a second, Jill thought that she saw actual empathy in Britt’s eyes, but then it evaporated as she replied, “Don’t even think about running, Lola! Just stay close.”With quite a bit of trepidation, Jill moved up to a position just behind her, essentially hiding in Britt’s shadow as they continued along the trail. Jenna moved up as well, closing ranks. Somehow it felt slightly reassuring to be in the middle of a tight group.Jill was so anxious that she couldn’t keep herself from taking a peek. There was an elderly couple approaching, both of them quite short. They had grey hair and something about them looked European. They were wearing predominantly green clothing and had walking sticks in their hands, the wooden type to which people attach small metal shields showing all the places that they have hiked. **“**Fine day for a hike,” said Britt in a friendly tone of voice as they drew close.Jill’s heart sank. Britt was obviously initiating a conversation, intending to prolong her misery. Her consciousness of being utterly naked surged as she did her best to stave off the level of panic again growing within. **“**That it is,” replied the woman cheerfully. She did have an accent, but she hadn’t said enough for Jill to be able to place it. **“**Staying at the campground?” asked Britt as she slowed.Jill put her hands on Britt’s waist, hoping to keep her from stopping. She pushed gently, more for communication sake than anything else.Britt stopped anyway. As the woman answered, Jill was in a quandary as to what she should do. The last thing she could imagine was stopping and taking part in a conversation. She’d had her fill of meeting strangers.Doing her best to attract as little attention as possible, she ducked around behind Britt and passed her just as the couple came to a stop on the other side of the wide path.With her arms folded under her breasts, Jill took the lead, continuing along the trail. She hoped that Britt and Jenna would follow. She felt four pairs of eyes burning into her naked backside as she did her best to act cavalier about her nudity.She hoped that at least Jenna might follow, and that in turn might cause Britt to break off the conversation. Even if only Jenna followed, she’d become a moving screen that Jill would be able to keep between herself and this new pair of strangers.After going about twenty paces, Jill paused and looked back over her shoulder. No one had followed. She saw the four of them, all watching her intently. They appeared to be engaged in a casual conversation, but they all had their eyes glued to her.Jill took a deep breath and waited, doing her best not to think about the people behind her. They were surely looking at her nude bum. She could always put her hands behind her in an attempt to hide it, yet she was doing her best to appear bored and indifferent. For some reason that seemed as if that might make it less fun for Britt.Looking into the distance ahead, she saw that the trail crossed a narrow bridge. She realized that the river under the bridge was the one with the beaver dam on it a short distance upstream.After waiting about a minute, Jill decided to walk on ahead. She hoped that once Britt realized that her attempt to draw her into the conversation had failed, that she might abandon the effort and follow. She hadn’t gone more than another five or six paces when she suddenly saw people ahead. They were crossing the bridge single file.Jill froze in her tracks. There were at least ten people coming toward her. She glanced back. Britt and Jenna hadn’t moved. She was caught between two sets of strangers, the lake to the left and a river off somewhere to her right.Heading off to the right and crossing the river seemed like the best option, but she didn’t know how large it was. It had been both deep and wide just below the beaver dam.Still in a quandary as to what might be the best option, she started back toward Britt and Jenna, walking briskly. She hoped that the new group of strangers hadn’t spotted her. To her relief, she saw the girls break off their conversation and head towards her, Jenna in the lead. Jill hurried. It seemed as if it were going to be bad; however, if she was destined to meet more strangers, she didn’t want it to happen while she was alone.Jill was in quite a state, having trouble thinking straight, as she met back up with Jenna. As their eyes met, she saw compassion in Jenna’s expression. **“**I’ve got an idea. Quick . . . climb onto my back. I don’t have any clothes to offer, but on my back, you won’t be nearly as exposed,” said Jenna, turning around.It was hardly ideal, but Jill didn’t have a better idea. **“**Are you sure you can carry me?” she asked as she climbed up. **“**No sweat. You’re a toothpick.”Jill didn’t like being called a toothpick. It was a term that she’d heard a lot growing up. Having her figure compared to that of a slender supermodel had been more to her liking, but right then she had much more important things on her mind.As her front pressed against Jenna’s back, she wondered which direction she was about to be taken. Jill sucked in a breath, trying to muster her courage as Jenna turned and headed toward the large group. That was what Jill had been expecting, and yet it was still a shock to her system. The day had already been such an emotional roller coaster, and there were clearly more ups and downs ahead.Jill sensed that Britt was just behind as they made their way in the direction of the bridge. She buried her face in the gap between one of her arms and Jenna’s neck, sensing the warmth of Jenna’s soft skin. She liked her braids, but suddenly she was missing having her hair hanging loosely around her face. The braids offered nothing in terms of concealment.In no time at all, they were in among the group. Jill heard gasps on both sides. She could tell that people were noticing that she was naked. She kept her head down and her eyes closed, but then she felt Jenna slowing. Lifting her face up just enough to get a peek ahead, she saw that a few individuals were slow about moving off the path to make way for Jenna to pass. **“**Hot Damn! What an ass! Is she all right? My God, she’s dope! Holy crap! Can I have her? Damn . . . f\*\*king naked!” Those were some of the comments that swirled in the air around her as the group parted to let them through. There seemed to be a great deal of snickering and joviality in the group. **“**She’s fine. I’m just giving her a ride. Please let us through,” were some of Jenna’s responses.A short distance after they had passed the last person, Jill turned her head just enough to glance back. She saw Britt, her phone up in front of her face. Right next to her was a man in shorts and a tank top. As Jill watched, he too lifted up a phone. Britt noticed immediately. She gave him a forceful shove from the side. **“**Get lost!” she heard Britt command viciously. “I said no photos!”The guy turned and headed off down the path, his tail between his legs. Once Britt had verified that he had indeed gotten the message, she returned to her own photography effort. Jill spun her head back around. She hadn’t been aware that Britt had been making an effort to keep others from taking pictures. She was very glad to see it; however, it was a bit ironic as she obviously saw it as her right to take all the pictures she herself wanted. Too bad David wasn’t there to look out for her . . . his efforts would have been more comprehensive.Sensing that Jenna was setting her down, Jill straightened her legs and got her feet under her. **“**Thank you,” she said softly, keeping her back toward Britt and the others now disappearing down the trail behind her.The piggyback ride through the group had been traumatic, and yet it had probably been the best solution. Every other way of getting past them would have probably involved quite a bit more exposure. **“**Well, that’s certainly one way to do it,” said Britt sarcastically after the last straggler had disappeared into the trees. She was looking at Jenna as if she had spoiled her fun. **“**Stopping others from taking my picture but still taking your own? A bit hypocritical, don’t you think?” Jill snapped. **“**Hey . . . how can I resist . . . naked girl on my wife’s back,” said Britt good-naturedly. **“**Did any of them get a photo?” Jenna asked. **“**Well, if they did, it can’t be a very good one,” Britt replied. “And it most likely won’t show her face.” **“**But if one of them got a decent photo, it’ll be shared,” said Jenna. “They’ll all end up with it.”Jill gulped. She knew that Jenna was probably right about that. Any photos would be shared and shared again. But fortunately, as Britt had said, it probably wouldn’t show her face. And it certainly wouldn’t show Fuzzy Wuzzy. **“**Let’s see what you got,” Jenna asked.Jill verified again that all members of the group were indeed gone. It occurred to her that someone might double back for another chance at taking a picture.Britt held up her phone, and both Jill and Jenna crowded in to get a look. **“**Oh, my gosh,” muttered Jill as she saw how she looked on Jenna’s back. “That’s obscene! And my butt looks huge!” **“**Don’t be ridiculous. You have a tiny butt,” said Jenna. Leaning in to take a closer look, she added, “That’s just an optical illusion . . . your thighs are out to the side.”Jill looked again. Jenna was right: it was the position of her thighs, but she hadn’t contested her statement about the shot being obscene. At least she wasn’t able to see any detail within her crack. Thankfully the bright sunlight resulted in so much contrast that the area between her legs was completely black.Even though she was obviously stark naked, at least it wasn’t a shot from the front. Those people had all just seen her and someone might have gotten a photo; however, if a photo existed, it wouldn’t be from the front. There were still things to be concerned about, but there wouldn’t be any pussy pictures making the rounds or showing up on the internet – at least not from that encounter. Giving that a little consideration, she again thanked Jenna as they resumed their hike. Jill was in a hurry to put some distance between herself and the group.Unfortunately, between the second and third lakes, Jill saw yet another group approaching. Not my lucky day, she thought in despair. She looked over at Jenna, hoping for another piggyback ride. **“**This time it’s my turn,” said Britt, stepping between them and turning her back so that Jill had little choice but to accept.Jill wasn’t so sure that she trusted Britt, but she didn’t want to come right out and say so. After a brief hesitation to consider her limited options, she climbed up onto her back. Indeed, Britt had been making some effort to keep her safe. It seemed best to encourage the positive by acting as if she had faith in her.

**Chapter 95: Jill’s Piggyback Ride**  
  
To Jill’s relief, Britt seemed as if she intended to carry her right through the approaching group just as Jenna had done. She was again keeping her face down and hidden; however, just as the comments started to fly, indicating that those in the second group were discovering that they had a naked girl in their midst, Britt stopped.  
  
Jill was horrified. Britt let go of her legs and straightened up. Try as she might, Jill was not able to stay in position on her back.  
  
“Britt, no!” she implored desperately.  
  
Jill felt her feet touch down. Britt turned and looked back at her, standing there, surrounded by so many people. “Maybe Jenna is ready to take another turn,” she said.  
  
With panic pumping through her veins, Jill wrapped an arm across her chest, cupping one breast in her hand and pressing her forearm into the other. Even though her feet remained shoulder width apart, she banged her knees together, simultaneously tucking her hand between her legs, covering her female parts as best she could as her face turned bright red.  
  
Jill felt as if her feet were frozen in place as she glanced quickly left and then right, hoping to find an exit to bolt through. Unfortunately, the group had instantly encircled them. There was a slender shirtless blonde to her right. He had an attractive swimmer’s build, complete with broad shoulders and ripped abs. Under different circumstances, Jill would have given him a second look. As it was, she quickly averted her eyes. Having a handsome guy looking at her in her naked predicament only served to heighten her embarrassment. The warmth and color in her cheeks spread down her neck to her upper chest.  
  
To her left was a pudgy guy in a black heavy metal T-shirt. He was obviously staring at something down low, surely her hand-covered pussy but possibly her bare hip. He had a look of awe on his face. The comments were few but similar to those she had heard passing through the first group. There was some whispering, but mostly the members of the group, girls as well as guys, seemed to be in a state of shock. They mostly just stood there, looking somewhat uncomfortable, their eyes wide and their mouths hanging open. Jill felt trapped, a lone nude girl with a ring of strangers around her.  
  
“Jenna, help,” Jill whimpered. She was in too great a state of duress to do anything rational.  
  
“I’ll help you,” offered a tall thin boy, stepping forward.  
  
The sudden movement startled her. Impulsively she spun around and darted away in one visceral motion. As luck would have it, Jenna had come up behind her. Jill caught her flat-footed, knocking her over backwards. The two of them went down in a tangle of arms and legs.  
  
Just as she was trying to figure out which way was up, Jill felt a steady hand on her upper arm. Spinning her head around, she came face to face with the guy with the swimmer’s body. For one excruciating moment, their eyes met. He had a reassuring, sympathetic smile on his face, but that only served to heighten Jill’s panic-stricken state. She jerked herself away from his touch, colliding a second time with Jenna, who had only just managed to get into a sitting position.  
  
“Calm down, Jill,” she heard Jenna say. In that instant, Jill suddenly became aware that her legs were pointed in opposite directions. As she fought to get her knees back together, she glanced up and saw a short-haired redhead in a dark blue bikini top leaning down to offer her a hand. The girl had a bemused look on her face. Jill again pulled back, crossing her forearms over her chest.  
  
In the next instant, Jill managed to get to her knees. Seeing a gap in the circle, she hopped up onto her feet and shot through it, both her arms wrapped tightly around her upper body. She didn’t know which direction she was going, but that wasn’t important. She just wanted to be away from all those people. Mindful that she didn’t need to again twist an ankle, she slowed and watched her footing carefully.  
  
“Jill, it’s okay,” she heard a familiar voice a short distance behind say. “Slow up. We don’t want to get separated from Jenna.”  
  
Realizing that they were now a good distance from everyone else, she pulled up and turned, suddenly more angry than anything else. She glared at Britt, who stopped in her tracks.  
  
“I suppose you think that was funny,” Jill fumed.  
  
“Actually . . . it was,” said Britt, a self-satisfied smirk on her lips. “But I didn’t realize that you might panic like that, but I should have. David warned me. I hope you didn’t hurt yourself in that fall . . . and I hope Jenna is all right.”  
  
Jill glanced down. Reaching down, she felt her knees and then her elbows. “I guess I’m fine . . . physically,” she said sarcastically once she had taken stock. “But I’m mad. How could I have been so stupid? I trusted you.”  
  
“Why?” asked Britt. “You knew I might do that.”  
  
Jill was taken aback by Britt’s frankness. She didn’t know what to say. She was right. She had known that Britt might do something like that. She had wanted to trust her.  
  
“But no one got a photo. While you were rolling around on the ground, I was looking out for you.”  
  
Jill shook her head in disgust. Britt seemed to have a very self-serving definition of what it meant to look out for someone.  
  
Glancing past Britt, she saw Jenna walking toward them. They were probably a good distance from the trail; Jill had no idea where it was. Fortunately, no one seemed to be following Jenna.  
  
“What the hell, Britt!” chastised Jenna as she drew close.  
  
Britt shrugged. “Just having fun . . . and adding a data point to my scientific study.”  
  
“Scientific? Hardly! …and at Jill’s expense.” Turning to Jill she asked, “Are you all right?”  
  
Jill nodded. “Are you?” she asked. “Sorry about that. I guess I panicked.”  
  
“I’m fine . . . just ticked off,” said Jenna scowling at Britt.  
  
Britt smiled and then laughed. “You guys need to lighten up! For God’s sake, have some fun!” she said. “Now, let’s find that trail.”  
  
With that, she turned and headed off in the direction that she obviously thought they needed to go.  
  
Reluctantly, both Jill and Jenna followed. Jill’s thoughts were of the protective Britt that she had met the day before, how she had seemed so concerned about her welfare. She even had vague memories of Britt pushing her knees together to protect her modesty at the campfire. She also remembered how Britt had seemed genuinely concerned when she had been worrying that David and Ryan might have been mistreating her.  
  
It seemed as if something was driving Britt’s behavior. Even though she had only just met her, it seemed obvious that this Britt was not the same Britt that she’d first gotten to know the day before. Jenna’s hostility toward her also seemed to support that line of reasoning.  
  
Jill’s thoughts shifted to her tally. She quickly realized that it was going to now be a little difficult to decide just how many people needed to be added. The elderly couple? Including them would bring the total to twenty-three. They’d seen her from the back as she had walked away and then waited. They’d also seen her from the front as she’d been hurrying towards them. Okay, twenty-three, she decided.  
  
The first group? How big had it been? Eight, ten, twelve? And yet, she decided that it didn’t matter. They hadn’t seen her from the front, so she wasn’t going to include them.  
  
“How many were in that last group?” she asked Jenna as they continued to follow Britt.  
  
“I don’t know,” replied Jenna. “Why?”  
  
“About how many?” asked Jill, thinking that Jenna must have been in a better state of mind to make an estimate.  
  
“I’d say ten or twelve,” she replied. “Why?”  
  
“Just curious . . . about how many people just saw me naked,” replied Jill honestly.  
  
“Yeah . . . ten or twelve,” said Jenna with a shrug.  
  
Jill decided that she would use Jenna’s estimate, but she didn’t want her tally to be a range. That might get difficult to keep track of if they were to, God forbid, encounter another group. She decided to average the two numbers, adding eleven to her total. That increased the count to thirty-four. Holy shit! The magnitude of the number surprised her, even though she had lived it. That was a lot of people! Should she really be adding the entire last group? She quickly reviewed in her mind what had just happened. Yep, if one person had seen everything, they all had, she realized.   
  
Thirty-four people have seen me naked! Oh, my God! She tried to find something else to think about, realizing that they were still headed toward the campground.  
  
A minute later, she saw Britt waiting up ahead. She was on the path.  
  
“This isn’t working out so well for me,” said Jill as she came up to Britt. “Maybe we should go back . . . or I’ll just go back.”  
  
Britt laughed. “You are absolutely adorable. So endearing . . . you’re having the time of your life, and yet you’re in complete denial.”  
  
“The time of my life?” asked Jill in disbelief.  
  
“You may have Jenna fooled, but I’m on to you.”  
  
Jill opened her mouth to contest Britt’s assertion, but no sound came out.  
  
“See!” said Britt gleefully. “You know what I know.”  
  
“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” muttered Jill defensively.  
  
“Your body language betrays you, my dear Lola. Having all those people see your naked bod has gotten you hot to trot. I know all the telltale signs. As Jenna will confirm, I’m a keen observer . . . when it comes to the aroused female. Even now, your heart is racing from all the excitement. This experience . . . deep down inside it’s what you truly want.”  
  
Jill was stunned by Britt’s words. Realizing that her wide-eyed look might be betraying her, she looked away. Involuntarily, she crossed her wrists between her breasts. With her fists clamped against her upper chest, she confirmed that Britt was right; her heart was indeed pounding.  
  
“I can’t help it,” she said. “You try being naked for a while. It would be the same for you.”  
  
“You might be right,” laughed Britt. “And yet we’ll never find out. Remember . . . you’re the nudist, not me . . . the self-proclaimed nudist.”  
  
“Will you come back with me?” asked Jill, turning and addressing Jenna directly.  
  
She saw compassion in Jenna’s eyes, but she didn’t reply.  
  
“Jenna’s not going back with you, Jill,” said Britt. “And it wouldn’t make any sense. The turnoff to climb up over the ridge is not all that far ahead. We’d probably run into more people going back than just continuing on ahead. As a matter of fact, I’m sure of it . . . those two groups.”  
  
Jill turned and looked through the trees in the direction of the largest of the three Lupine Lakes as if hoping to find the solution to her dilemma somewhere in the forest. She was as far as she had ever been from her clothing. Indeed, it was six miles back to camp, not that there were any clothes for her there. That was such a scary thought, and yet Britt was right; that thought had an exhilarating side to it.  
  
Did she like being seen? Did she like having people see her completely naked? ‘Like’ . . . . that was hardly the right word. Yes, it was exciting, but that was only because it was so terrifying. She knew that she did want to avoid being seen. About that, she had no doubt.  
  
She looked at Britt and then at Jenna. They were obviously content to wait while she took her time thinking things through. While she considered her options, Britt took a step closer to Jenna, reaching over to take ahold of her hand. Lifting it up to her face, she kissed it.  
  
“Are you all right, honey?” she asked softly. “You went down pretty hard back there.” Jill saw the love in her eyes as she spoke those words.  
  
“I’m fine,” said Jenna. “I’m a little more padded back there than you.”  
  
“Delightfully so,” whispered Britt sweetly. As she pulled Jenna close for a hug, she reached down and gave her booty a playful pat.  
  
Jill bit her lip and turned away, allowing them their privacy. That was the most affection they had shown one another in her presence. Suddenly she found herself thinking about how committed the two girls seemed to be to one another.  
  
“Okay,” she said at long last. “I’m in. But Britt…”  
  
“Yes?”  
  
Jill was going to ask her to go easy on her, but deciding that it would be a waste of time. Instead, she said, “Oh, never mind.”  
  
“No . . . I’m listening. What were you about to say?”  
  
“Umm . . . let’s see how fast we can make it to the falls.”

**Chapter 96: Common Snowberry**  
  
With her statement, Jill decided to take charge. She was bound and determined to not have any more embarrassing encounters, but she knew that they’d happen if Britt had her way. Taking the lead, she headed off down the trail toward the last of the three lakes. It was frightening because she knew the campground was getting closer with every step; after all, that was where all these people were coming from. The trail supposedly turned off before the campground. She had not confirmed that on a map, but Britt had. Jill established a blistering pace, forcing the girls to work to keep up.  
  
“Jill . . . has anyone ever told you that you’ve got a great ass?!” Britt called out after her.  
  
Glancing back, she saw that Britt had her phone up in front of her face. She broke into a run. She knew that she couldn’t stop Britt from taking a picture, but if she ran, it probably wouldn’t end up being a good picture.  
  
Jill was keeping her eyes peeled, and as luck would have it, she caught a glimpse of someone coming toward her. It was a lone man, seemingly out for a jog on the wide, flat trail.  
  
Instantly, she veered off into the forest. About fifty feet into the woods, she took up a position behind the trunk of a large tree. The tree was between her and the jogger, but she was in full view of Britt and Jenna.  
  
She saw them stop and look over at where she was standing, as close to the tree as she could get, her chest mere inches from the bark. Britt struck an angry pose, her fists on her hips. She stood there glaring at Jill; however, she said nothing. Jill shifted her attention back to the man. Peeking around the tree to keep tabs on him, she moved around the tree slowly to keep it between the two of them.  
  
She saw Britt wave, flagging the man down. He stopped but kept his feet moving, jogging in place.  
  
“Good afternoon, ladies,” she heard him say. He was breathing heavily.  
  
“Did you happen to catch a glimpse of the naked girl? She’s right over there,” said Britt pointing.  
  
“Shit!” cursed Jill under her breath as she pulled her head back to ensure that it was fully behind the tree. She should have known that Britt wouldn’t let her get away with this.  
  
She heard the man laugh. “Where?”  
  
“Right behind that tree . . . the big one,” replied Britt.  
  
Jill froze, not even daring to breathe. She hoped the man wouldn’t leave the path to investigate.  
  
“What does she look like?” he asked curiously.  
  
“She’s gorgeous,” said Britt. “Taller than me, but I’m sure she weighs less . . . quite slender. Very fit. Small perky breasts…”  
  
“Go on,” encouraged the man with a chuckle.  
  
The sound of his feet jogging in place came to a halt. He was obviously paying close attention. But of course, he would – Jill realized – two attractive girls, one of them talking about another girl – a third girl who was supposedly nude.  
  
After a pause, Britt said, “Yes . . . she’s right over there . . . go and have a look for yourself.” In a loud voice, she added, “Come out, Lola. Show yourself!”  
  
Jill was not about to leave the safety of her hiding spot, not unless forced to do so. But if the guy approached, she was taking off in the other direction – as fast as she could go. She glanced down, looking for where she would place her first steps, were it to come to that.  
  
“Like I was saying, small perky breasts . . . so tan . . . never wears a top. The pointiest nipples you’ve ever seen! Dark hair, attractively braided. Her best feature is probably her ass . . . legs, too. She’s a basketball player . . . good, I hear.”  
  
Again the man laughed. He was obviously quite amused. Jill was beside herself with worry. What man wouldn’t investigate?  
  
“Just go and see,” said Britt.  
  
“I don’t know what your game is, Miss,” he said. “I don’t know why you want me to go over there, but I don’t think I’m going to take the bait.”  
  
Jill smiled. The guy sounded as if he thought that Britt was trying to lure him into a trap.  
  
“No, really . . . I’ll show you . . . I’ve got photos . . . fresh ones, taken today,” she heard Britt say.  
  
Jill’s jaw dropped and she let out a quiet gasp of disgust. She banged her forehead softly against the bark of the tree. She was going to have to hurt Britt when this was all said and done. She couldn’t believe that she was over there showing this strange man her photos.  
  
“That’s all right. You’re a little too eager,” she heard the man say. “But you ladies have fun with your naked forest nymph. Maybe the next person who comes along will want to play your game. As for me, I’ve got to keep my heart rate up.”  
  
A second later, the sound of the man jogging resumed. She laughed to herself, realizing that he hadn’t believed Britt, not even enough to look at the images she was offering.  
  
“You don’t know what you’re missing!” Britt called after him. “She’s really cute . . . sexy!”  
  
Jill resumed moving around the tree, again doing her best to keep it between herself and the jogger, in case he looked back. Once the sound of the man running had faded into the distance, she peeked around the other side of the tree.  
  
“The coast is clear. You can come out,” said Jenna cheerfully.  
  
“You don’t have to sound so happy!” said Britt, glaring over at Jenna. “And you . . . no gloating,” she added, looking over to where Jill had just emerged from behind the tree.   
  
“Who’s gloating?” asked Jill as she made her way back to the trail. “I’m pissed.”  
  
“Jill one, Britt zero,” lamented Britt.  
  
“I don’t know what the score is, but I’m not ahead.” After a long pause, Jill added, “I don’t like this game.”  
  
“Whatever,” said Britt, rolling her eyes and turning her back. Taking the lead, she headed off down the trail.  
  
Jill glanced over and saw Jenna silently extending a fist toward her. She lifted up her own arm. They exchanged smiles along with the fist bump.  
  
“Wait up, Britt,” Jill called out as she turned to follow her. Britt stopped and looked back. “Time to delete the photos. If you’re going to use them against me like that, then I can no longer trust you with them.”  
  
“Lighten up. I wasn’t going to give him a photo . . . just let him look,” said Britt, turning and walking away.  
  
Jill looked to Jenna for support, but she just shrugged. “She might have a little fun along the way, but she’ll never use them to hurt you,” she said.  
  
“I’m not so sure,” Jill muttered as she headed down the path after Britt. It was nice to hear that Jenna thought that the photos were safe with Britt. After all, she did know her much better. And yet, Jill was completely unconvinced.  
  
Jill took a deep breath. For once, Britt had not come out on top. That felt good. And yet she couldn’t get it out of her head how willing she had been to show that man her photos. Maybe the ‘showing’ of photos might be forgiven . . . as she had said, she had not offered to ‘give’ them to him. There was certainly a difference. Surely it was worse to show her naked body to someone than it was to show just a photo of it, she considered. However, Britt had been willing to do both.  
  
And yet either one was a violation, a trespass. She remembered deciding while behind the tree to hurt Britt. She was better at controlling her temper than David; however, they did carry the same DNA. She’d also been known to get physical. Fortunately, she no longer felt the need to do so. Maybe that was due to how she had won this latest round. She suspected that she’d feel differently if the man had actually looked at her pictures.  
  
“I’ll remind you, Britt,” she called out. “Earlier you said that deleting the photos would be up to me. It was your commitment that convinced me that it would be safe to pose, remember? I’ll be holding you to your word.”  
  
Jill looked over at Jenna, walking beside her. She hoped that Jenna might back her up on that point.  
  
“Don’t worry, Jill,” she said softly. “She’ll keep her word. I’ll make sure of it.”  
  
Jill smiled at her. That was somewhat reassuring. She had learned that Jenna typically deferred to Britt; however, she was still her own person. Jill actually suspected that Jenna might have considerable clout, were she to decide to wield it. Possibly, by letting Britt have her way most of the time, Jenna could call the shots whenever it became important to her. Many husband and wife relationships might be like that, Jill mused.  
  
Britt turned around and faced them. “Yes, you don’t need to worry. I know what I said. I keep my promises.”  
  
Several hundred yards later, Jill caught a first glimpse of the big lake, the one with the large campground at the far end. Shortly thereafter, they took a path that branched off to the left, going directly to the lake.  
  
As the third lake was so much larger, it had a shore similar to Cache Lake, complete with a sandy beach. Looking out from the trees, Jill saw a few boats on the lake, power boats even, and near the other end, someone was up on water skis. Given the level of activity, Jill decided to remain back behind the tree line. The girls, however, ventured on down to the water.  
  
“Don’t you want to go for a swim?” shouted Britt, obviously trying to get Jill out into the open.  
  
“I went for my swim earlier,” she replied. “This time, I think I’ll just watch.”  
  
Britt and Jenna talked amongst themselves, giving Jill the impression that they might be considering it; however, a couple of minutes later, the three of them were again on the main trail. Jill’s anxiety continued to mount as their trek took them ever closer to the large campground.  
  
Jill’s assumption, that they would not go far before seeing more people, turned out to be correct. Fortunately, quite a bit of practice and her own nudity-intensified alertness meant that she saw them approaching before either of her companions.  
  
There were three individuals approaching, and from a distance, they appeared to be middle-aged women. That guess was based primarily upon how they were dressed; they were wearing wide-brimmed hats and full-length pants. Younger girls would be in shorts and never hats of styles such as those.  
  
Having no appetite for yet another naked encounter, Jill turned off the trail and headed into the forest going straight away from the lake.  
  
“Jill, not again!” Britt called out in frustration.  
  
Jill didn’t answer. She wasn’t interested in Britt’s opinion about how she should be dealing with such circumstances. After all, what did she know? Her labia weren’t hanging out for all the world to see. Being butt naked did change one’s perspective; surely Britt should realize that.  
  
In consideration of Britt’s attempt to get the jogger to venture over to her hiding spot, Jill chose a different strategy. She embarked on a large loop. She would simply go around this group, and at such a distance that the trees would keep them from noticing her. And then she would rejoin the trail some distance ahead.  
  
The strategy worked perfectly. She was back on the main trail such that she had to wait for Britt and Jenna to catch up. They had apparently spent a couple of minutes talking to the group of women.  
  
“Well, aren’t we outgoing today!” said Jill facetiously as they came up.  
  
“You missed out,” said Britt. “You would have enjoyed talking to those women. They are quite interested in your area of expertise, the flora of the region.”  
  
“So,” said Jill disinterestedly.  
  
“Britt even told them what you told us about Lupine,” said Jenna. “. . . how some cultures cultivated the seeds for food. They found that fascinating; it wasn’t something they had ever heard.”  
  
“And now they know,” replied Jill.  
  
“They wanted to know about this plant,” said Britt, indicating a small bush with what looked like white blueberries on it. “Of course, we were of no help.”  
  
“That’s called ‘Common Snowberry.’ Many animals and birds eat those berries, but they are poisonous to humans. I hope they aren’t thinking about tasting them.”  
  
“See, Jill. You should have been there,” said Britt. “And you’re a nudist, so it would have been fun for you.”  
  
“Fun? For me? I don’t know why you think that. A bunch of ladies . . . probably my mom’s age . . . and you think I’d enjoy letting them see my body. I may be strange, but I’m not that strange.”  
  
“Strange? I guess you are,” admitted Britt. “A shy nudist . . . who’d have thought? What would be the point? You should see yourself blush! I need to get a few photos of you with that look on your face . . . those rosy cheeks.”  
  
Jill bit her lip and turned her head to the side.  
  
“Don’t tease her,” said Jenna coming to her defense. “Let’s just have fun. Surely you two can figure out how to do that without being quite so confrontational.”  
  
“Jill, you should run back and let those ladies know that those berries are poisonous,” said Britt.  
  
“Not my problem. But you can.”  
  
After deciding that the women were very unlikely to eat any of the white berries, they resumed their march. Jill was still on high alert.

**Chapter 97: The Backpack**  
  
She now had two points! Her method, the one she had originally conceived way back when she had first started hiking topless with Ryan and David, was finally proving its worth. Twice now she had kept her naked self from being seen. Simply staying alert and getting off the trail as quickly as possible was working!  
  
“Are you sure the turnoff is before the campground?” Jill asked apprehensively. She was starting to wonder if she might be falling into some sort of trap. It was clear that she couldn’t trust Britt.  
  
“I think it is,” replied Britt. “Mind you, I didn’t read that anywhere. I’m only telling you how I interpreted some small lines on the map.”  
  
Jill considered that, wondering how carefully such trail lines were drawn on USGS maps. Jill was very relieved when a short time later they came upon the junction.  
  
“First trail sign I’ve seen the entire weekend,” remarked Jill.  
  
“We’ve crossed the line,” Britt explained. “Where we are now, as well as the campground, is not in the primitive area. So this is our trail; however, I think we need to go and explore the campground before we move on.”  
  
A shiver traveled the length of Jill’s body as she pictured herself doing just that – walking naked through a campground in the middle of the day. “I don’t think so. I’m ready to put some distance between myself and these lakes. They are beautiful and all, but being so close to so many people . . . my nerves can’t take it.”  
  
“And she might get arrested,” added Jenna.  
  
Jill hadn’t been thinking about that, but she realized that it might be true. Without any further comment, she turned and headed along the smaller trail. She established a blistering pace, again forcing the twins to try and keep up. After a few hundred yards, the trail left the forest and angled steeply up, gaining altitude quickly.  
  
Jill was glad to be heading away from the campground and all the people camped there, but she was not too happy to again be making her way up a barren hillside. It reminded her of the route leading away from Big Aspen Lake. There was no place to hide; the hillside sloped steeply down to her right, steeply up on her left, and there were no trees.  
  
Given how narrow the trail was, it was clear that the number of people venturing off in that direction was much smaller. That was comforting, and yet the fact that there were no hiding spots was having the opposite effect.  
  
“Look!” she heard Britt say.  
  
Glancing back, she saw Britt pointing up the slope. Jill turned and looked. Way up above them, possibly half a mile away, she saw some bright colors, orange and blue.  
  
Jill hadn’t been paying much attention to that direction. It was essentially at a right angle to the direction the trail was headed. As she considered that, it occurred to her that they were probably going up there. There had to be switchbacks ahead.  
  
She looked again. The bright colored objects were probably backpacks. Whatever they were, she hoped that they belonged to hikers that were headed in their same direction. If that were the case, they’d most likely never meet up with them.  
  
Jill resumed hiking, just at a slower pace. If they were destined to meet some hikers, then she was most certainly not in a hurry.  
  
After quite some distance, the trail did double back on itself, continuing to gain altitude rapidly. As she turned, Jill took the opportunity to again glance up the slope. The colorful objects were visible, and to her grave disappointment, they were closer. She tried to steel herself for the encounter ahead, but all she could do was fret about it. There would be no avoiding having to pass the approaching people on the narrow trail. In fact, the trail was so narrow in places and the slope so steep that passing might almost have to involve physical contact. That might prove unavoidable unless there was a flat spot to step off the trail.  
  
She looked for such spots as she went along. She saw one just above the trail, a small spot that had a flat area that looked as if a person standing on it would not slip. Considering that particular spot, she realized just how poor that idea was. Standing in such a location next to the trail would place her crotch up, closer to eye level for any passing hikers.  
  
Forcing those thoughts from her head, she tried to find solace in the fact that they were headed away from the campground, and yet the potential for yet another encounter proved to be all that she was able to think about. This should be old hat by now, she thought. Thirty-four people have seen me naked. What are a few more?  
  
And yet the stress of being nude and knowing that she was again destined to meet some new people had not diminished. All the emotions associated with that were just as strong as ever.  
  
At the next switchback, Britt passed her. “If I didn’t know better, I’d say that you are slowing down because you are trying to delay the inevitable,” she chuckled.  
  
“Yep . . . savoring the moment. I live for this!” she lied.  
  
“I’ll bet you do,” said Britt. “Another data point for my study. Time to let a few more people get a look at your naked bod!”  
  
“Britt!” interjected Jenna, obviously unhappy at what she was witnessing. “She’s younger than you. Do you really have to treat her this way?”  
  
“What?” said Britt acting innocent. “Jill’s excited about this. I know she is. Her nipples are tight with anticipation . . . look! And even as we speak, the blood is rushing to her pussy, puffing up her tender little girl parts.”  
  
Jill tried to tune Britt out – to forget what she had just said, and yet she couldn’t. In her heart, she knew that what she was saying was true. Her body was again reacting to the anticipation of being seen. Somehow it was worse this time. This time there was simply so much time to contemplate the inevitable, and she had no idea how many people it would end up being.  
  
Suddenly Britt stopped and turned around. She folded her arms and looked at Jill sternly.  
  
“What?” asked Jill. Given the slope of the trail, she had to look up to see into Britt’s eyes.  
  
“You need to promise me something,” said Britt in a serious tone.  
  
“And why might I do that?”  
  
“Because it’s for both of us. You need to promise that you’ll keep your hands at your sides. Channel your inner nudist, and let them look at your charms . . . all your charms!”  
  
“I don’t think so,” said Jill. “My hands have a mind of their own . . . when I get embarrassed.”  
  
“Well then,” said Britt. “We could use my belt. We could strap your wrists together . . . behind your back.”  
  
Jill’s jaw dropped and her eyes opened wide as she pictured herself unable to use her hands.  
  
“I can’t let you do that,” said Jenna. “It wouldn’t be safe. What if she tripped?”  
  
“And I certainly won’t let you!” said Jill, glaring at Britt.  
  
“I didn’t say, ‘I.’ I said, ‘we.’ My thought is that you’ll go along with this . . . that you’ll let me do it. I think we’d both like it if your instinctive reaction . . . your ability to cover up . . . is removed from the equation. I think it might be fun for you . . . get your heart pumping . . . your juices flowing.”  
  
“Umm . . . Britt . . . what belt?” Jill asked, her eyes dropping down to Britt’s yoga pants.  
  
Britt smiled. “I wondered if you’d realize that I wasn’t wearing a belt. But I don’t need a belt. You want this. I sense it. So I want you to promise me . . . promise me that you’ll keep your hands at your sides . . . or behind your back. Keep them well away from your private areas. Then simply keep your promise!”  
  
Jill laughed. “Surely you’ve noticed how much effort I’ve been going to in order to keep from being seen? And now that it’s essentially guaranteed that we are again going to meet people, you want me to promise that I won’t hide . . . anything?”  
  
“Yep,” said Britt with a smile.  
  
Jill stared at her in disbelief. She did her best to ignore the tingly sensations bouncing around inside her pelvis.  
  
Jill shook her head. “No dice. No promise.”  
  
Jill did her best to speak those words in a self-assured manner. She didn’t want Britt to doubt her resolve; however, she feared that her voice might have betrayed the fact that her heart rate had jumped, reacting to the idea of having her hands tied behind her back. She would never allow that, but the thought was affecting her libido.  
  
“You go, girl!” said Jenna softly. Jill looked over and saw that Jenna was smiling and nodding approvingly.  
  
Britt scowled at them both, shaking her head. She turned and headed on up the trail.  
  
Jill followed, her mind on what had just happened. She started wondering if she really did want her hands removed from the equation. Just the thought of that was so scary, and yet it was arousing – undeniably arousing. She knew she didn’t want her hands tied. At least, she didn’t think that she did; however, her heart was racing. That would be so wild – having her hands tied behind her back – she knew how exposed and vulnerable she’d feel. Yep, way too scary!  
  
The idea alone made the butterflies in her stomach go crazy. Even if it wasn’t going to happen, she had a hard time getting it out of her head.  
  
A short time later, the trail skirted the hillside such that the next switchback came into view. In the slightly wider area where the trail doubled back on itself, there were people. As they got closer, Jill, from her somewhat hidden position behind Britt, saw what looked to be a couple.  
  
There was a guy. He appeared to be about her age, maybe slightly older. He was of obvious Asian heritage, dressed in camo cargo shorts. His black hair was long in front, his bangs swept to the side. He had a blue backpack upon his shoulders; he looked ready to go.  
  
And there was a girl. She had medium length blonde hair with dark roots, obviously a bottle blonde. Her pack was off, and she was sitting on it. That surprised Jill; she’d never lay her own backpack down in the dirt and sit on it.  
  
As Britt slowed to talk, the embarrassment of being naked surged within Jill. While she no longer panicked instantly at such moments, her tense nervous state placed her emotions rather than her rational thought process, in control of her actions. Unwittingly she accelerated. Instinctively, she knew that if she turned the corner quickly and sped on by, the amount of time that her naked front would be visible would be brief.  
  
Jill blushed bright red as she saw the expression on the guy’s face change; he had noticed that she was naked. Avoiding his gaze, she shifted her eyes back to the trail. The desire to be somewhere else was overwhelming. Her only plan was to hurry past and wait somewhere up ahead like she had done when they had met the couple with the wooden walking sticks. That would limit the viewing time these new strangers would have.  
  
But just as she was turning to race up the next section of trail, tear tracks on the girl’s dusty cheeks caught her eye. Looking more closely, she saw that her eyes were red as well. For a brief second, their eyes met. As the girl looked away, Jill stopped. Something was amiss.  
  
Glancing over at Britt, she saw in her expression that Britt had noticed the same thing. Rather than confronting that issue directly, Britt addressed the guy. “So, what’s the trail like up ahead? How long until we make the ridge? Just the section of trail we can see from here?”  
  
The guy looked up toward the ridge, but after a few seconds turned his attention back to Britt, a puzzled expression on his face. But then his expression changed.  
  
“Oh, you must think that we’re headed down,” he said. “Actually, like you, we’re on our way up. We just aren’t making much headway. I’ve transferred some of the heaviest items to my pack, but Emma’s is still too heavy.”  
  
Noticing that he spoke with no accent, Jill realized that he was an Asian-American, an Asian-American who was staring blatantly at her nude body. She felt the now quite familiar warmth building in her cheeks as she looked back at the girl seated on the pack. She too was staring at her, looking her up and down. Jill could tell that both of them were trying to figure out why she was naked. In a way, her mind was similarly occupied. She was trying to determine why the girl had been crying.  
  
“Well, I can tell you’ve both noticed Lola . . . naked Lola,” said Britt. “Doesn’t she have the hottest little bod? Barely-there titties, but as perky as they come!”  
  
A gasp of surprise escaped Jill’s lips. She couldn’t believe that Britt had just said that – focusing these strangers’ attention on her tiny breasts. Britt was obviously trying to make her existence even more awkward than it already was.  
  
Deciding then and there that Britt didn’t have to be the one to determine which way the conversation went, Jill considered the situation. While she wanted to get on past these two as fast as possible, she found herself focusing on the plight of the girl.  
  
She did look as if she might be out of shape; she certainly had a soft look about her. She wasn’t exactly heavy, but neither was she thin. Another thing that looked as if it might be a factor was that she was overdressed, especially considering that it was a hot day and they were hiking in the full sun. She was wearing shorts, but up top, she had on a baggy T-shirt with a long sleeve shirt, fortunately unbuttoned, over it.  
  
“I’ll carry the backpack,” she announced resolutely, stepping toward where the girl was sitting.

**Chapter 98: The Backpack, continued**  
  
Jill could tell that Emma’s gut reaction was to protest. She glanced up at her companion, but then when she saw that he was staring at Jill’s naked form, she looked away. Glancing at the guy, Jill saw a smile on his face. He was obviously enjoying the view. Looking back at the girl, Jill saw that she was staring blankly at her own feet.  
  
“Would you really?” asked the guy, his voice sounding hopeful.  
  
“Sure! Why not?” said Jill agreeably.  
  
“That would be so wonderful,” he replied. “I’m sure Emma’s got this . . . once we’re past this steep section. And each day our packs will get lighter as we consume our provisions.”  
  
Emma shifted uncomfortably and then stood up, but Jill could tell that she was reluctant to allow someone access to her pack.  
  
“Lola . . . I’m Jiro,” said the guy. He took a step toward her, extending his hand. Jill’s first instinct was to jump back. It was unnerving to have a guy reaching toward her like that. However, realizing that he was only being friendly, she stretched out her arm and allowed him to shake her hand.  
  
“These are my friends, Britt and Jenna,” she said, waving to indicate her companions, but never taking her eyes off of the guy.  
  
Jiro shook each of their hands in turn, but Emma stood idly by. No one extended a hand toward her as it looked as if it might make her even more uncomfortable.  
  
Jill stepped past Emma and reached down. She stood the orange pack up on end, swatting it a few times to knock off dust.  
  
“How many nights are you packed for?” she asked, sizing up the large external-frame pack.  
  
“Six,” he replied. “A week . . . essentially.”  
  
Glancing over at Emma, Jill realized that she had bit off more than she could chew. Jiro seemed to know what he was doing; however, his companion appeared as if she might be a complete novice. Possibly he had talked her into the hike. Wanting to please him, she had agreed. Jill noticed that her hiking boots looked brand new.  
  
Jill shouldered the pack in one fluid motion. As she went about adjusting the padded belt across her bare hip bones, she realized that it was lighter than she had been expecting. That reminded her that Jiro had mentioned removing some of the weight.  
  
“I’ll help you with the chest strap,” said Jiro, stepping toward her.  
  
Jill jumped back in surprise and held up a hand indicating that he should keep his distance. “I can do it. …completely familiar with these things,” she said, realizing that he might simply be an overly friendly guy. After all, he had probably been helping Emma with every little detail. She was glad to see him stepping back. He looked as if he’d gotten the message.  
  
Glancing over at Emma, Jill saw a girl that looked as if she were trying to disappear. The expression on her face was no expression at all. Her lifeless eyes were staring at the ground.  
  
As she continued to study Emma, it dawned on Jill that she had made no attempt to cover herself in the presence of this couple. In horror, she realized that her pussy had been on display the whole time. For some reason, that hadn’t been registering. She’d been so focused on racing past, and then her curiosity and concerns had distracted her from her intention.  
  
Jumping back to her original plan, she turned abruptly, instantly hiding her entire front. She announced weakly, “Okay, let’s go.”  
  
Without waiting for anyone to reply, she charged up the trail. She was angry at herself for not having had the presence of mind to cover up, but she knew that what was done was done. She cursed herself for her inability to focus on more than one thing at a time under such circumstances.  
  
Glancing up the slope, she thought about how strong her legs felt. In spite of the distance they had already traveled and the additional weight, she knew that the hike to the ridge would be a breeze.  
  
Considering those just behind, she thought about her bare butt and how it was on full display. The backpack didn’t extend below her lower back. First, it had been her chest and pussy, now it was her butt! And what made that even worse, the slope of the trail placed her up such that it might be close to eye level if not above. With a heavy sigh, she tried to force those thoughts from her mind. If she hadn’t covered up before, why start now? Instead, she quickened her pace, hoping to put some distance between herself and everyone else.  
  
She resisted the temptation to turn and see who was just behind. She suspected that it was Jiro. That boy was not a shy one, she realized. Even though she was pretty sure that he was next in line, she decided that she didn’t want to know for sure.  
  
As she strode along, she found herself again thinking about Emma. Suddenly it struck her that her attempt to help this girl might be having the opposite effect. Might she have just complicated her life?  
  
She didn’t know Emma’s story, but what she pictured wasn’t pretty. She imagined a young woman, older than herself, but still young, getting pressured into a major backpacking adventure. Hoping to cement her relationship with Jiro, she had agreed. Likely, they had spent the night in the Lupine Lakes Campground down below, somehow managing to get a late start. Heavily laden, like they were, they should have ascended the ridge well before the heat of the day.  
  
Unfortunately for Emma, she had little experience with hiking, and she didn’t have the strength or stamina for the first long steep stretch with a fully-laden pack. She’d burned herself out before mentioning to Jiro that the pack was too heavy. And then she’d probably struggled on. But by then she’d been crying.  
  
Her day was already a disaster, when all of a sudden, out of nowhere, a naked girl had materialized. At that point, Jill remembered how Emma was overdressed. Dressed, just as she herself had tended to dress, hiding her body beneath extra layers. The pieces all fit.  
  
And just when things couldn’t get any worse, this beautiful naked girl had offered to save the day by carrying her backpack, doing what she herself couldn’t do. Jill knew that some of her assumptions were surely wrong, and yet she was quite certain that she had the overall gist correct.  
  
A few paces on, she realized that she was going to need to work on squelching her desire to help people – at least when she was nude. She couldn’t believe how quickly she had offered to carry the pack – not taking the time to think things through. Just as with the canoe, her impulsiveness had made her existence more difficult; this time for the person she had sought to help as well.  
  
Jill’s thoughts went round and round, getting darker with each spin. How could she have done that to this poor girl? How could this girl ever hope to recover from the position she had put her in? How could she ever hope to compete with the naked, fit beauty who was at that very moment engaged in saving the day?  
  
Me? A fit beauty? She paused to consider that thought. Glancing down at her flat tummy, her glistening tan skin, and her long muscular legs, she realized that was what she was. She’d never really thought of herself as a beauty, and yet the summer had produced a profound change in her self-image. Ryan’s ‘supermodel’ comments had certainly had their impact.  
  
Suddenly, Jill had another reason for not wanting to turn around. She didn’t want to show her face. What she’d done to this girl was reprehensible.  
  
“Lola, slow down!” she heard Britt call out.  
  
Jill sped up. She had to get this over with – the sooner the better.  
  
Jill’s intuition told her that Emma was doing everything she could to get and hold onto Jiro’s attention. Just by showing up naked, Jill had interfered with that. By offering to carry the backpack she had made the problem much worse. She should have stuck with her original plan and passed them by, disappearing on up the trail. Even that would not have been to Emma’s liking, but at least it would have been a brief intrusion. As it was, she was hanging around. And not only that, but she was showing Emma up with her athletic prowess.  
  
Jill did not want to be this girl’s nightmare. She had no interest in Jiro, but as she charged along, she could think of no way to undo the damage she’d done.  
  
Taking off the pack and leaving it in the trail was not a good option. That would only place Emma back in the position of needing to carry it, further highlighting her lack of strength and stamina. If she did that, Britt might possibly end up carrying it the rest of the way. That would only serve to demonstrate that carrying the pack was a simple matter for other girls as well.  
  
All Jill could think of was to race up the trail. There she would drop off the pack and then go back to Plan A. She would disappear. Anything she might say if she were to hang around, would only extend her time in front of Jiro, thereby making things worse.  
  
She thought of another possibility, pretending that the pack was heavy and that she couldn’t carry it any farther. Upon consideration, she realized that she’d never be able to pull that off. Especially not after effortlessly throwing it on and racing off. By feigning weakness, she might come across as mocking Emma. That would be bad. And it would also mean more time for Jiro to ogle her naked body. That wouldn’t be to Emma’s liking.  
  
But then again, maybe she had it all wrong. Maybe they weren’t a couple. She’d guessed wrong about Olivia and Rodney – they all had. Maybe they were brother and sister. She thought of all the times that she and David had been mistaken for a couple, most recently by Britt and Jenna just the day before.  
  
They could be siblings. Of course, one of them would have to be adopted, or possibly their parents had divorced and then remarried. It was possible. However, the more she thought about it, the more she realized that it couldn’t be the case. The vibes she’d gotten, the look in Emma’s eyes as she’d glanced up, only to see Jiro happily looking at the naked girl. No, they most certainly were a couple.  
  
Jill kicked herself. She’d been complimented so many times throughout her life for her generous, Good Samaritan nature, but this time it had gotten her into an awkward situation. It had backfired.  
  
Eventually, Jill came to the next switchback. The turn forced her to look at those behind. Britt and Jenna were next in line, but her blistering pace meant that they were quite some distance back. Way behind them, she could see both Jiro and Emma lumbering along.  
  
Jill was glad to see them together. It looked as if they might be talking. Jiro was obviously paying attention to his girlfriend, just as he ought to be. Surely their relationship could survive the unexpected appearance of a naked girl, she hoped. She breathed a sigh of relief as she continued charging up the trail. She still felt a great need to get the present chapter over with as quickly as she could.  
  
It was a long hot climb. The sun beat down on Jill’s bare skin. She was surprised that she could feel so warm without a stitch of clothing to hold in the heat.  
  
Her mind drifted to David and Ryan. She smiled remembering how hot Ryan had thought she looked the first time he had seen her topless with a pack on her back. She expected that he’d like this look: nude with a backpack. In considering that, she glanced down at her naked pelvis, framed just below the pack’s hip belt, Fuzzy Wuzzy perched as always just atop her raised pubic mound.  
  
Next thing she knew, she was wondering how the boys’ hike was going. She struggled, trying to remember the destination that had been mentioned, but then it came to her, Centurion Peak.  
  
As she crested the ridge, she turned to take in the view of the three lakes one last time. They were such a lovely deep blue, contrasting beautifully with the lighter blue of the sky; one small cloud was visible in the reflection on the surface of the large lake. Down past the far lake, she could see the slope they had hiked down just before lunch. As she surveyed the scene, she thought back over the various encounters that had taken place in that valley, beginning with her rescue of the canoe and ending with the encounter that had resulted in her carrying the backpack.  
  
“Thirty-five, thirty-six,” she whispered quietly to herself, adding Emma and Jiro to her tally. “What a gorgeous valley!” she exclaimed aloud, throwing her arms up and out in celebration of the beauty of nature.  
  
“Isn’t it though!” said a female voice behind her.  
  
Jill froze. Someone was close enough to hear her! Instinctively she clamped an arm across her breasts. The other hand shot like lightning to her crotch, her palm pressing Fuzzy Wuzzy back into her skin, her fingers extending back between her legs.

**Chapter 99: The View**  
  
Slowly Jill turned, as much to hide her butt crack as to get a look at who was behind her. A short distance away sat an elderly couple. They were on a bench, a bench that was perfectly situated for the enjoyment of the view. As it was up the steep slope from the trail, she hadn’t noticed it, but then again, her attention had been focused in the other direction, on the valley below.  
  
“Shy? All of a sudden?” asked the woman with an impish grin.  
  
Still, in a state of shock, Jill bit her lip as she glanced up at the couple. When she didn’t reply, the woman continued, “Wouldn’t it be something to hike naked, Albert?”  
  
Jill glanced over at the thin silver-haired man. He wore a red baseball cap and had an arm behind the woman. He just smiled, all the while studying Jill. The woman looked over at him. He nodded as their eyes met.  
  
“I fancy I might have given that a try,” said the woman. “Had I been born in a liberal day and age such as this.”  
  
“And I fancy I would have let you,” chuckled the man.  
  
The woman laughed, smiling over at him.  
  
“Maybe even encouraged you,” he added.  
  
Remembering that she was now at the top of the ridge, Jill unbuckled and then unslung the backpack. As doing so required the use of her hands, she did it as quickly as possible to limit her exposure.  
  
Once the pack was off, she hugged it to her chest, low enough so that it extended down in front of her crotch. It hid her body much better than her hands ever could.  
  
“Cat got your tongue?” asked the woman good-naturedly.  
  
Still feeling very self-conscious, Jill glanced off to the side, trying to decide what to do. Looking back at the woman, she nodded in the affirmative.  
  
The woman smiled warmly in response.  
  
Studying the bench quickly, Jill realized that this was the perfect place to leave the pack. She didn’t want to give it up; however, getting away was going to be much better than staying there, even hidden behind the backpack. Taking a circuitous route, she made her way slowly up the slope toward the end of the bench away from the couple, all the while facing them, the pack blocking their view.  
  
“Why so shy? After all, you’re hiking nude,” asked the woman, still obviously quite curious.  
  
“I don’t know,” said Jill, finally finding her voice. “Just am.”  
  
“It’s okay,” the woman replied. “We don’t bite. Besides, the female body . . . male too . . . a thing of beauty. Every bit as beautiful as the view of the lakes that you were just admiring.”  
  
That comment had Jill remembering how long she had stood in front of them, her butt dominating their view of the lake. With that uppermost in her thoughts, she said, “I’m sorry.”  
  
“Sorry for what?” asked the woman.  
  
“Mooning you,” she answered, casting her eyes down. If she hadn’t been blushing already, that comment would have done the trick.  
  
The woman laughed. “I’m sure Albert enjoyed it,” she said, seemingly teasing the man who had to be her husband. Jill looked over at him as she continued, “He’s always been quite fond of the female derriere. Some men find a woman’s bust the most captivating female feature. Not Albert. He’s a butt man, through and through. Aren’t you, Albert?”  
  
Jill saw him raise his eyebrows and nod, a smile on his face.  
  
‘Yep, time to disappear,’ she thought. Setting the pack down on its end such that it was leaning against the bench, she quickly returned her hands to where they had been. She started backing away, her body in a slightly hunched over position, her knees together.  
  
“Love the braids,” said the woman. Jill didn’t acknowledge that comment as she had already started to turn. Once she was facing away, she put both her hands behind her to hide her crack from view.  
  
As she started to scamper away, the woman called out after her, “You’re leaving your pack?”  
  
Slowing momentarily, Jill called back, “It’s not mine. The owner will be along shortly. Point it out to her . . . if you don’t mind.”  
  
Jill didn’t wait for a response, preferring instead to hustle away down the trail, her hands still behind her bottom. She felt her breasts bounce a bit more than normal given the unusual gait caused by having her arms stiffly behind her. Once she was around a bend and hidden by the trees, she slowed and a moment later stopped.  
  
The slope up to the ridge had been barren, but up on top the terrain was nearly level and there was a lot of vegetation.   
  
With a hint of a smile on her lips, she sighed in relief. Shaking her head and chuckling, she counted quietly, “Thirty-seven, thirty-eight.”  
  
One of her hands found its way to a nipple as she peered back, making sure that she had not been followed. As expected, it was as hard as ever. Wondering what was going on down below, she slid two fingers down into the folds of skin just below Fuzzy Wuzzy. She wasn’t really surprised to discover quite a bit of moisture in her slit. For some reason, it was arousing to be naked, especially to be seen naked – no matter who was doing the seeing. It just felt so naughty. And there was something fun about being naughty.  
  
With the tip of her middle finger, she pressed on the little bud hidden just below the cleft of her pussy. It responded instantly. Jill realized how long it had been since she had last indulged. She’d experienced so much since the last time she’d rubbed one out; it had been a very stimulating couple of days.  
  
Reluctantly, she pulled her hand away. Although it would take very little time, Britt and Jenna would be along any minute. Actually, she couldn’t wait for them to arrive. Her throat was parched, and her water bottle was in Britt’s pack.  
  
Succumbing to her curiosity, she made her way carefully back along the trail. Once she was close enough, she stood behind a tree that was not quite large enough to hide her completely, peeking back cautiously.  
  
Britt and Jenna had made it to the top. They were talking to the couple. Jill wished she could hear what was being said; however, she expected that she knew. They’d be talking about her. Britt would be inquiring about what she had said and done – for her ‘study.’ The couple would be asking their own questions, many of which Britt would most likely answer cheerfully.  
  
As Jill watched from her hiding spot, Emma and Jiro arrived and joined the conversation. Jill saw the woman turn and point in her direction. She held stock still. She knew that she wasn’t completely concealed, but she was probably far enough away. She felt that, given all the branches, leaves and other vegetation, she wouldn’t be noticed if she didn’t move.  
  
The conversation went on and on. Jill was particularly curious about what was being said in relation to Jiro, Emma, and the backpack.  
  
At long last, she saw the conversation breaking up. Britt and Jenna turned to walk toward her. Hoping to not be seen, Jill crept away. She’d wait for them up ahead, out of sight of the other four.  
  
“So, there you are!” said Britt as Jill stepped out from behind a clump of small trees a hundred yards or so up the trail. “I wondered when we’d see you again.”  
  
“I really need my water bottle.”  
  
“Sure, first things first,” replied Britt, taking off her daypack.  
  
As soon as Jill had taken a good long drink, she took off down the trail, water bottle in hand.  
  
“Goodness, what’s the rush?” Britt called out after her. “First, you race up the ridge. Now, you don’t even have time to replenish your fluids.”  
  
“They’re probably coming.”  
  
“You mean Emma and Jiro?” asked Britt. “So what . . . they’ve already seen you.”  
  
“I’ve interfered enough.”  
  
“Interfered? How do you figure?” asked Britt.  
  
After listening to Jill’s explanation of how she felt she’d ruined Emma’s chances with Jiro, Britt responded, “You’re nearly as crazy as you are naked. However, you’re also impressively kindhearted. I’ve got a completely different take on things. Your selfless good deed has helped the two of them in more ways than one. Besides making it so that they can continue on with their hike as planned, you’ve shown Emma that it was not unreasonable for Jiro to expect that she could carry a pack. That has to be face-saving for him. Emma needs to realize that no one other than herself is to blame for her lack of physical conditioning.”  
  
“I still feel bad,” said Jill.  
  
“And about this notion that he won’t be interested in Emma after seeing your naked self,” said Jenna. “That’s hogwash . . . and it’s not really any of your concern. Guys look at porn. He’s already seen thousands of naked beauties . . . pictures anyway. And you need to give him a little credit. One day, I won’t be as young and beautiful as I am now.”  
  
“Nor will I,” said Britt.  
  
“And yet we’ll still be in love,” said Jenna smiling over at her wife. “If Emma and Jiro stay together for the long haul, it will be because they are in love with who they each are on the inside, not the outside. Inner beauty doesn’t fade . . . it blossoms with time.”  
  
“Well said,” commented Britt.  
  
“I don’t know,” said Jill. “I just wish I would have left well enough alone.”  
  
“For what it’s worth,” said Jenna. “We just left those two. They’re both happy. Down below, Emma was crying. Now she’s smiling.”  
  
“She is?” said Jill in surprise.  
  
“Of course, she is. You did your good deed for the day,” said Britt.  
  
“You’re a good soul,” Jenna added.  
  
“She’s really smiling?” asked Jill. That piece of information didn’t fit at all with what she had been imagining.  
  
Britt and Jenna both nodded.  
  
Jill was having trouble viewing her involvement as other than disruptive.  
  
“Jill, I admire you,” announced Jenna with a smile.  
  
“So do I,” Britt chimed in. “You’re intelligent, you’re energetic, and you have an optimistic, upbeat personality.”  
  
“Above all, you’ve got a big heart,” interjected Jenna.  
  
Jill had expected that Britt would add in a comment about her being naked, being a nudist, or maybe just pretending to be one. She was glad that she didn’t.  
  
Jill put her water bottle back in the pack. Rather than give it back, she slipped her own arms into the straps. It was high time she took her turn carrying the group’s backpack.  
  
Taking the lead and resuming the hike, Jill kept her eyes peeled. As the last two encounters proved, even though they were now headed away from the campground, the odds of running into people in that area were relatively high.  
  
Britt and Jenna’s various comments about her being, not only a nice person but also an intelligent one, had Jill feeling good about herself. That was how she hoped others viewed her. She was proud of her athletic skills, but she really liked the idea of being regarded as both smart and kind.  
  
The more she thought about it, the more she realized that their intelligence was behind why she held Britt and Jenna in such high regard. They were both college graduates, and, of course, Britt had her medical degree.  
  
She thought about how intently they had paid attention when she had commented on the geology of the area as well as the native plants. That had made her feel good. Indeed it was intellectual exchanges of that nature that had her looking forward to college.  
  
She thought of the sharp contrast to Ryan. She hadn’t seen him with a book all summer; the swimsuit edition certainly didn’t count. He was typically content to sit and whittle. Her mind drifted to Tyler and all the intellectual discussions she had shared with him. Tyler – now there was an ambitious young man. He was going places. She found herself wondering which college he had decided to attend. Considering that, it occurred to her that he might have included his choice in the letter that she had thrown away.  
  
Ryan was planning to be an auto mechanic. He’d probably be a good one, and there was certainly nothing wrong with a vocation that involved the use of one’s hands. She was simply drawn to those with more scholarly ambitions.

**Chapter 100: The Falls**  
  
That line of thought reminded Jill of her interest in discussing the books that she had read that summer. She dropped back to a position just behind Jenna and resumed that conversation.  
  
After passing an unmarked trail junction, indicating that they were most likely back in the primitive area, their trail turned to the right. It began winding its way through a forest that grew thicker as they descended down into the U-shaped valley, the one that contained their camps at Big Aspen Lake.  
  
Even though she was no longer in the lead and mentally occupied with the literary discussion, Jill kept her eyes on the trail ahead. About a half hour later, a group of hikers appeared. Jill saw them first. She stopped. Peering ahead, she saw four individuals with packs approaching. That would increase her tally to forty-two, she calculated quickly.  
  
“Jill, not again!” she heard Britt call out as she headed off into the forest to evade this newest group of strangers. “You’re being such a party pooper.”  
  
“A party pooper?” Jill yelled back in surprise. She felt like stopping and telling Britt just what she thought of that comment; however, there wasn’t time. As it was, the approaching hikers might have already gotten a glimpse of her.  
  
A short time later, she was again waiting on the trail when Britt and Jenna came up. Britt walked right by her without making eye contact, her jaw stiff.  
  
Jenna, however, smiled as she came up. “Don’t worry about her. She can be a sore loser,” she whispered quietly.  
  
Jill just shrugged. In her opinion, she was under no obligation to be the life of the party, especially if that meant meeting people on the trail while naked. Even when nothing bad came of it, it was still absolutely worth avoiding. She smiled to herself; it felt good to succeed at thwarting Britt’s schemes.  
  
She and Jenna resumed their discussion about the various books they had both read, and Britt ignored them.  
  
A cool gust of wind was the first indication that they were nearing the Broken Canyon Falls. A short time later, they stood next to the large, tree-encircled pool, their necks craning as they gazed up at the water cascading down from high above.  
  
There was an enchanting rainbow in the mist. It was just one component of how the afternoon sunlight was doing magical things to the idyllic scene around them. It was such a long drop, the highest falls in the region, that much of the water dispersed into the air in the form of tiny droplets, some of it surely evaporating on its way down.  
  
The plunge basin was much larger than that below Arrowhead Falls. It was essentially a small lake. It and the lush forest around it comprised an oasis of sorts, a true Garden of Eden. Jill could imagine fairies living there. The air temperature, at least on that hot day, was surely ten degrees below that of the surrounding forest. It felt good. Jill took a deep breath – so refreshing.  
  
Jill found herself studying the wide variety of vegetation, the large ferns in particular. All the lichens and moss on the rocks as well as tree bark caught her eye, too. Walking over to the edge of the pool, she started untying her boots.  
  
“I love this place . . . so glad we came here,” she announced excitedly.  
  
“Isn’t it wonderful,” agreed Jenna. “We came here one other year.”  
  
“Almost worth all the embarrassment that getting here cost me up at the Lupine Lakes,” added Jill.  
  
“I knew you’d like it,” said Jenna, raising her voice just enough to be heard over the roar of the waterfall.  
  
“Going skinny dipping?” asked Britt.  
  
“What choice do I have?”  
  
“Good point,” laughed Britt.  
  
“You should join me,” proposed Jill, knowing full well that they probably wouldn’t.   
  
To her surprise, Britt looked as if she might be considering it. Turning to Jenna, she asked, “What do you say, Jen? Should we?”  
  
Before replying, Jenna turned and studied the forest around the large basin. “I guess I’m game if you are,” she said, more than a hint of apprehension in her tone.  
  
“Maybe it’s safe enough,” remarked Britt, also surveying the forest.  
  
Jill chuckled to herself. She’d spent the better part of three days naked, and here these girls were struggling with the idea of going skinny dipping! There probably wasn’t any form of public nudity more mainstream than skinny dipping. In addition to how it was largely accepted, their bodies would be concealed once in the water.  
  
“I think we should do it . . . for Jill,” replied Jenna. Jill couldn’t figure out what she meant until she added, “I think I’ve heard that it only really qualifies as skinny dipping if it’s a group activity.”  
  
Jill wasn’t so sure about that, but she liked the idea of not being the only one naked – for once. She especially thought that Britt could benefit from finding out what it felt like to be butt naked and having to worry about being seen. To her surprise, the matter seemed to be settled. As she started wading into the pool, the Copeland twins began undressing.  
  
They didn’t have a lot on, and yet they were fully dressed. Their sports bras came off quickly and simultaneously. Under their yoga pants were the small panty-line-preventing thongs they had stripped down to just after lunch. Jill watched in amusement as both girls struggled with taking off that one last garment. A short time later, those too were sliding down and off, again in unison. At that point, they were as naked as she was. More naked actually, for neither of them had the slightest hint of fuzz between their legs.  
  
“What’s wrong? Never seen a completely bald mons pubis?” asked Britt.  
  
In shock, Jill realized that she had been staring. “Umm . . . a what?” she blurted out without thinking, turning sideways and doing her best to appear interested in the rainbow hovering in the air far above them.  
  
“You know, the venus mound,” explained Britt. “Surely you’ve heard that term.”  
  
“I guess . . . maybe,” said Jill meekly, finally realizing what Britt was talking about, not that there could have been any doubt as she had used the term ‘bald.’   
  
Jill stole a glance back at Britt and then over at Jenna. It was quite the look! It was pretty but also a bit lewd at the same time. It seemed to make them look so young; however, given their fully developed chests, there could be no doubt that they were in fact grown women. The completely bare pussies definitely made them look more naked. Jill didn’t want to appear to be staring, but she felt compelled to look. Doing so was hard to avoid since the slope into the water was steep. She was relatively close to them, and yet, she was down thigh deep in the water.  
  
“Jenna and I like it this way,” said Britt, taking a step forward and assuming a stance that invited examination.  
  
Jill glanced over at Jenna who was also standing such that her hairless crotch was in full view. Jill was mesmerized.  
  
“I’ll leave our reasons up to your imagination,” added Britt with a lascivious smile.  
  
Jill couldn’t help but picture lesbian sexual positions in her mind’s eye. Unwittingly, her face turned bright red. Hoping that would go unnoticed, she turned and then after a brief hesitation to prepare herself for the temperature shock, she dove forward into the pool.  
  
Trying her best to get the images of girl-on-girl oral sex out of her head, she swam towards where the main waterfall was impacting the water’s surface. As she got close, she raised her head. It was quite invigorating. It felt like a spring rainstorm in full sunlight. Pushing on ahead, she got to where it felt like a downpour. She wanted to go farther, but she didn’t dare. Any closer and it seemed as if the falling water would be hitting her head with the force of hailstones. Even where she was, it was difficult to tread water, given the turbulence. She backed off, realizing that she might be in some danger of getting sucked under. As it was, her legs were having to work against a strong undertow.  
  
Moving still farther away from the waterfall, she glanced back and saw that Britt and Jenna were taking their sweet time. They were wading in; however, they were not even knee deep. They looked so cute, standing there buck naked in their ponytails. They were even holding hands. The expressions on their faces said, “Oo . . . it’s chilly.”  
  
Their tan lines caught Jill’s eye. Most of their skin was evenly tan, but their breasts were much lighter. The color contrast made them stand out even more than the fact that they protruded from their chests. The skin above their crotches, the area that Britt had referred to as ‘mons pubis,’ was almost fluorescent white. That served to highlight just how completely hair free they had managed to get themselves. They looked freshly shaven, possibly even waxed.  
  
She’d only just gotten used to shaving around her narrow landing strip. One of her hands, hidden under the surface of the water, went down and felt the small amount of remaining hair. There wasn’t much there, and yet it was almost as if she had a full bush in comparison to her new friends. Unavoidably, she found herself considering shaving the rest of it off.  
  
Britt and Jenna’s pussies did look good. She liked how exposed their slits were. It looked naughty but in a cute way. She knew she’d have to give that a try someday. Thinking about that, she realized that it would be easier to maintain than her ‘Fuzzy Wuzzy’ stripe. Keeping the edges straight and maintaining the length took some effort. Not wanting to again be caught ogling their naked bodies, she turned, shifting her focus to the dripping-wet canyon wall. Fortunately, this time, she had looked away before Britt had called her out.  
  
All the moss on the rock face was indeed interesting, but that wasn’t where Jill’s mind was. Every once in a while, she glanced back at the twins. They looked so pretty, wading nude into the water . . . the epitome of feminine beauty highlighted by the enchanting natural setting. As she had no way to take a picture, she did her best to record a mental image for posterity – two blonde beauties, just as bare-naked as could be!  
  
She studied their breasts out of the corner of her eye. They were quite different, size-wise, shape-wise, nipple-wise . . . and yet each girl had a chest that looked perfect on her body. She had begun to believe that her tiny breasts might similarly look okay on her slender athletic frame. The girls’ breasts were captivating, and Jill was hard pressed to limit the amount of time that she spent looking.  
  
She thought of Ryan and how she had seen him naked the several times she had watched him jerk off. She found herself trying to decide if she thought the male body or the female body looked better naked. She had always assumed that she was attracted to guys, and yet it was hard to imagine anything more alluring than these women. Not only were Britt and Jenna gorgeous, but they were also over-the-top sexy.  
  
Which was the most lovely, male or female? That was a very difficult question. How could anything be more beautiful than the two naked mature women before her?  
  
Realizing that their progress into the water seemed to have stalled at mid-thigh level, Jill swam toward them. Time for a little fun! She was going to get them all the way in no matter what it took! After all, it probably didn’t count as skinny dipping if only wading was involved. Even if it took splashing and dunking, they were getting wet! Recalling all the water fights she had been involved in over the years with David and Ryan, she knew that these two women would be no match for her, even though they had her outnumbered.  
  
Approaching from an angle that brought her in closest to Britt, she put her feet down and stood up. The water surface dropped to just below her little breasts, the water running off of them in a sheet as they emerged into the bright sunshine.  
  
Smiling warmly so as to put them at ease, she brought her hands together and sent the largest splash that she could generate aimed directly at Britt’s torso. Surprise in her eyes, Britt sucked in a breath, lifting her shoulders and her ribcage just after the cool water hit her.  
  
Jill didn’t let up, splashing relentlessly. Not wanting to leave Jenna out of the fun, she splashed her once for every two splashes sent in Britt’s direction.  
  
Britt tried to laugh but instead, yelled at Jill in exaggerated sternness, telling her in no uncertain terms to, “Stop it, or else!”  
  
Jill laughed. She didn’t think Britt was prepared to back up her threat – and besides, a little retribution was in order.