**Summer at Cache Lake**

 **Chapter 101: The Falls, continued**

Britt started splashing back as best she could. In fact, both Britt and Jenna returned the fire. Their splashes were underhand, given that they were standing up and had to reach down to the water.

Jill laughed gleefully. She loved a good water fight and both of her adversaries seemed to not realize that the cold water didn’t faze her at all as she was fully adjusted to the temperature.

In short order, Britt turned and started making her way toward shore. Jill had anticipated her retreat. Pushing off the bottom, she closed the distance in a few quick strokes. Hopping up behind Britt, her competitive nature took over. She threw her arms around her waist capturing her; she lifted her up. Jill sensed the warmth of Britt’s skin as their bodies came together, Jill’s front pressed against Britt’s back. As Britt’s feet left the bottom, she squealed, obviously apprehensively imagining her watery fate.

Jill attempted to twist and throw Britt back into the deeper water, but her footing wasn’t ideal. One of her feet slid off a slippery rock, and she fell back. Britt, tightly ensnared in her bear hug, landed right on top of her. The two of them went fully under, Britt on top, thrashing and screaming.

Jill relaxed her grip, letting go of her in order to get her own head above water. Just as she surfaced and opened her mouth to take a breath, Britt hit her with a well-targeted splash from short range.

“Serves you right!” she said with an evil smile as Jill coughed and sputtered. Some of the water had gone down her windpipe. To Jill’s surprise, Britt leaned down and took her hand gently. “Let’s get Jenna!” she whispered quietly, looking deeply into Jill’s eyes.

Jill nodded her agreement, and they exchanged a smile as Britt helped her up. They then turned their attention to their mutual adversary.

Jenna had used the time to get up on high ground. Having formed an improbable alliance, the two soaking wet girls, still hand in hand, their nude bodies glistening in the afternoon sun, made their way as one toward the still somewhat dry but every bit as naked blonde on shore.

“No fair! No fair!” repeated Jenna over and over, as it became obvious that both girls had her in their collective sights. “Two against one,” she squealed. She tried to get away, but she was walking on her toes. It was obvious from how slow she was moving that her bare feet were quite tender.

“It’s okay, Jen,” said Britt, in a faux-reassuring tone, capturing her from behind. Again Jenna squealed. Britt wrapped her arms around her tightly and squeezed, lifting her up. Jenna’s ample breasts rose up toward her neck as Britt’s forearms pressed into them from below.

“Jill, get her legs,” Britt instructed.

Jill was happy to comply. Reaching down, she tried to get ahold of Jenna’s ankles, preparing to lift them up so that the two of them could carry her back to the water. Jenna was dancing around, doing her best to make it as difficult as possible.

To Jill’s surprise, she suddenly had Britt behind her, grabbing her just as she had been holding Jenna. She’d fallen for the old switcheroo! Jill struggled to get free, but Britt already had her in a firm bear hug. For a second time, the girls’ wet bodies pressed together; this time reversed, Britt’s front against Jill’s back. As she had done with Jenna, Britt squeezed and lifted. Because Jill’s breasts were so much smaller than Jenna’s, Britt’s arms slid up on top of them, smashing them flat as she squeezed.

It was Jill’s turn to squeal. It was in that moment that she realized she was having the time of her life. She loved a good water fight, and this had the makings of a great one. This time she had new adversaries. She hadn’t anticipated Britt’s move; with Ryan and David, she always seemed to know exactly what was coming next. And she’d certainly never done anything at all like that while nude.

Jill thrashed wildly, doing her best to get free as Jenna went for her legs. Jill attempted to keep her from getting ahold of her ankles, but she very much did not want to accidentally kick her.

A moment later, with Jill bucking wildly, the two of them were carrying her back to the water’s edge. The back of her head was against Britt’s chin as she held her tightly. Nothing about the way that Britt was touching her was sexual, and yet her breasts were fully involved. Did Britt know that her forearms were on them, crushing them into her ribcage?

Looking down, she saw Jenna standing between her legs, one of her elbows hooked under each of her knees, holding her legs on each side of her waist. Still Jill bucked; however, thrusting her pelvis up, down and around had little effect.

She knew that the motion had to look quite obscene from Jenna’s point of view, her shaven lips swinging all around at such close range. As if to make sure that Jill knew that she had noticed, Jenna announced enthusiastically, “I’ll bet Ryan would love this view!”

Jill flushed crimson as Jenna followed up her comment with a cheerful laugh. Even though Jenna was female, Jill wasn’t at all comfortable with being seen from that angle.

“I know what he’d say,” chuckled Britt. “He’d say, looks like you’re trying to buck off Fuzzy Wuzzy!”

Even though she knew that was what he might say, Jill tried to ignore the comment. She was fighting to get free. Indeed, that was her competitive nature; however, she didn’t necessarily want to succeed. She was having fun and she felt that Britt and Jenna needed a ‘win’ in their column to ensure that they would want to continue.

Once Britt and Jenna were calf-deep in the water, she heard Britt say, “Let’s throw her . . . on three.”

The next thing she knew, they were swinging her back and forth. Each time she went a little higher.

“One . . . two,” the girls counted in unison. “. . . three!” She felt them both let go.

Jill had certainly had enough time to form a strategy of her own. She locked her ankles behind Jenna’s bum, bending her knees in to do so. The position pulled Jenna’s pelvis into her own. Jill held on tightly with her legs, unintentionally bringing the two girls’ pussies into close proximity.

There was, however, nothing Jill could do about the momentum carrying her over the water. She was going in, that was a given, but she was taking Jenna with her!

Just before she went under, Jill saw the look of surprise on Jenna’s face as she realized the inevitability of her predicament.

A moment later, they were both submerged. Jill still had her legs wrapped around Jenna such that their bodies were right together. In order to keep her from retreating back to dry land, Jill added her arms to the mix, hugging her with all four limbs. She felt Jenna’s hands pressing into her abdomen as she fought to free herself.

Sensing that Jenna was holding her breath, Jill held onto her, their naked bodies inextricably intertwined. Jenna continued struggling, and after a few seconds, Jill relaxed her grip and stood up. As she did so, she helped Jenna up so that she too would be able to get a breath.

As she had been expecting, Britt was right there. No sooner did Jill get her feet under her than Britt was reaching around her, again from behind. Reacting quickly, Jill was able to spin such that she managed to get her own arms around Britt. The two girls hugged each other, their breasts smashed together, as each jockeyed for position, trying to get their opponent off balance.

Jill tried to lift Britt up, hoping to throw her out into deeper water. However, in spite of her effort, she felt her own feet being lifted up off of the bottom. Jenna had gotten ahold of her ankles from behind! It was again two against one, only this time her face was being pressed into Britt’s. A moment later, Jill found herself floundering in deep water. But again she had managed to take someone with her. This time it was Britt.

Mere seconds later, they both came up for air, both of them laughing. Jenna, too, was giggling. The pause for levity was short lived. Jill was just starting to catch her breath when both of her adversaries attacked in tandem. A moment later they sent her back down into the cool water.

Shortly thereafter, Jill was reaching around Jenna. Coming in contact with what she thought was her upper arm, she grabbed on and yanked hard, attempting to spin her around. In horror, she instantly realized that it was one of Jenna’s boobs that she had pulled. Feeling very embarrassed, she stood up to apologize.

“Well, I guess that means the honeymoon is over,” said Jenna before she could get her apology out of her mouth. To her surprise, Jenna reached over and playfully goosed one of her breasts twice. “Now we’re even,” she said with a wink as Jill pulled back in surprise, covering her breast with a hand.

Jill hadn’t been paying attention to where Britt was, and suddenly her head appeared between her legs. She’d swum in from behind. Before Jill knew what was happening, Britt stood up, lifting Jill’s feet off the bottom. For a few seconds, Jill was fully out of the water, sitting atop Britt’s shoulders. Jill glanced down and saw her pussy pressed against Britt’s neck. Not knowing what else to do, she tried to shift herself back, but just then Britt stumbled, and the two of them collapsed, one on top of the other.

Just as Jill was trying to unentangle herself from Britt, Jenna dove on top of both of them, compounding the difficulty. Jill twisted her body around, inevitably rubbing against them as she sought to free herself. It all seemed so innocent, all the skin on skin contact, and indeed it probably was. Jill was surprised how often both twins would squeal like teen girls. They seemed to be having a blast. For her part, Jill just wanted to win. She was determined to win, even though no one was keeping score.

Suddenly Jill realized that her hand was on Britt’s chest. She retracted it quickly, but as she did so, it slid across her breasts; Jill couldn’t help but feel their supple firmness. She raised her head to apologize, but Britt’s attention was on Jenna. She hadn’t seemed to notice.

The wrestling match continued for quite some time, interrupted occasionally for short breaks during which they would typically laugh or giggle as they all gasped for breath. They managed to keep it playful enough that they were all having a great time.

Jill felt that she was the strongest and most athletic of the three; however, the numerical advantage that the Copeland twins enjoyed meant that she’d often find herself in trouble, in some position from which she was unable to extricate herself.

When that would happen, one or the other of her opponents would switch sides temporarily, thereby keeping the game interesting. However, invariably the Copelands would again join forces, bringing the process full circle. The three-way match moved back and forth from shallow water into deeper water. They managed to always stay close enough to shore so that they could stand when necessary to catch their breath. The water antics had their athletic, competitive moments, but they also had their more frolicsome, playful moments.

Jill had learned quickly that nothing was off limits. Whenever she had wrestled with David and Ryan, both boys had gone to a lot of effort to keep their hands away from her breasts and her pelvic region. Not so with the Copelands. They weren’t at all shy about grabbing anything that presented itself as a good handhold, but nothing about it was overtly sexual – it mostly seemed to just happen.

In a way, Jill felt that it was partly her fault because of how she had grabbed Jenna’s boob early on. It had been an accident, but it seemed to have resulted in a greater degree of carelessness on everyone’s part.

A couple of times, Jill felt a hand where it probably shouldn’t be, but each time it seemed as if it was for the purpose of gaining an advantage in the rough-and-tumble game that had spontaneously arisen there at the base of the waterfall. More than once, Jill had felt one of the girls’ hands sliding along one of her thighs. A time or two it almost felt like a caress; however, typically the hand would grab on to one of her buns, once it got there, for the purpose of lifting her or flipping her around. A few times she’d even had a forearm pass between her legs and then lift, but the contact with her pussy had usually been negligible.

Jill was a little slow to gain that level of comfort, but before too long, she was also making less effort to avoid touching their breasts or come into contact with any skin near their crotches.

She couldn’t remember ever having so much fun. When they’d pause to catch their breath, they’d all look at one another and laugh or giggle. It was as if they were all kids again. Little would be said; however, there was always a lot being communicated. It was just all being ‘said’ via body language, much of the communication skin-on-skin.

In the back of her mind, she knew that she was engaged in naked antics with two lesbians, but as far as she was concerned, neither Britt nor Jenna had crossed the line, at least not blatantly so. They’d come close, close indeed. But the fact that they were lesbians was secondary in her mind to the fun they were having. Indeed, she remembered similar water fights with David and Ryan. Of course, she’d never been naked – nor had she ever had so much fun.

As marvelous as it was, all good things come to an end. Eventually, all three girls were just too exhausted to continue. The twins crawled up onto shore and collapsed into a single pile of wet, naked female flesh. Jill laughed and joined them, falling backwards such that her head ended up resting on Britt’s thigh. Jill’s heart pounded in her chest as it rose and fell as she fought to get her breathing back under control. She kept herself from stealing glances over at Britt’s lower lips. They were now red and swollen as well as more open than they had been earlier.

“My God, that was a blast!” she said to herself but loud enough to be overheard.

“I’ll say!” said Britt. “Luckily no one came to the falls while we were wrestling.” They all laughed uncontrollably for at least a minute, imagining what a sight they must have been – and how embarrassing it would have been had they been caught wrestling naked.

“Do you know what you are, Jill?” Britt asked.

Jill raised her head and looked up at her. It would have been polite to ask, ‘What?’ However, Jill had a feeling that she wasn’t going to like Britt’s comment. She said nothing.

“You’re strong . . . for a skinny little slippery thang!” Britt announced. Both she and Jenna cracked up.

After taking a moment to consider her words, Jill laughed along with them. It was probably a true statement.

**Chapter 102: Being Less Selfish**

Jill felt Britt roll away. As Britt’s leg had been supporting her head, she interlaced her fingers and placed them behind her head to keep it up off the ground. She stared up at the rainbow hovering in the mist. It was such an enchanting view, the water cascading down the steep, verdant cliff from high above, the trees encircling the magical little oasis, everything adding up to form a beautiful living frame around the shimmering rainbow floating in the air above them.

After doing her best to take a mental picture that she might retain, Jill let her eyes close. Rather than attempting to process her many thoughts on a most eventful day, she relaxed, allowing herself to simply revel in the moment. Like the mist itself, good vibes seemed to be hanging in the air all around her.

It had been a roller coaster of a day, but at that moment, she was quite happy with how things had turned out. She was feeling content with the choices she had made during the day if for no other reason than that they had surely been instrumental in delivering her to that very spot.

She was physically exhausted; however, she was feeling emotionally energized. She wasn’t sure if she had ever been happier. A state of tranquility permeated her soul. Something about their water fight had addressed so many of her needs; physical needs as well as emotional needs – and on so many levels.

She was feeling so good about the world that she couldn’t even bring herself to be angry when she opened her eyes and saw that Britt was again taking pictures. She and Jenna were stretched out on their backs; they were so close that their limbs were overlapping. But Britt was standing right above them – photographing them.

“Just now . . . you had the most content smile on your face,” Britt remarked as Jill sat up, bringing her knees together in the process.

“…only to open my eyes and see you sneaking photos,” said Jill. “My state of tranquility . . . shattered in an instant.”

“Jill, Jill, Jill,” replied Britt. “So many contradictory elements to your personality. So selfless when it comes to your concerns about your fellow man, and yet so selfish in a few regards.”

“Selfish? Just because I’m concerned about being photographed nude?”

“Exactly! As far as you’re concerned, the world revolves around Jill. Can’t you try and imagine yourself in our shoes for a moment? You’re not the only one who has been experiencing a day like no other. Do you think that Jenna and I have ever wrestled naked at the base of a waterfall before? I’m not sure I’ve ever had so much fun in my life! And look at Jenna,” said Britt. “When was the last time you saw a young woman radiating beauty as she is at the moment. Indeed, she’s got sexual irresistibility emanating from her every pore. And it’s not selfish of you to think that I shouldn’t be allowed to capture that?”

Jill glanced over at Jenna. She too was now sitting up.

“You know, you’re right,” said Jill. “She’s gorgeous. Let me take some pictures of the two of you!”

Britt’s face lit up. “Would you?” she asked cheerfully.

“Most certainly,” said Jill. “It would be fun.”

Glancing over, Jill saw Jenna’s smile brighten. Jill got up and walked back into the water; she needed to rinse her hands. Back on shore, as she dried them with her small towel, she found herself wondering if it might have been fair of Britt to call her selfish. Indeed, she had always been thinking only of herself whenever Britt’s ‘camera’ had been out, but who could blame her? However, she quickly decided that Britt did have a point.

On several occasions, Britt had talked about wanting pictures of Jenna. It had never occurred to Jill that the twins might like pictures of the two of them together. She thought of several viewpoints that they had visited during the day. Not once had she asked if she might take their picture. They clearly would have appreciated it. And they might have allowed her to take their photo when they had been sunbathing topless by the small lake at their lunch spot. Jill kicked herself for her thoughtlessness.

Handing her phone to Jill, Britt asked, “Okay, how would you like us?”

Jill considered the opportunity to delete photos that was suddenly in her hands. She decided to instead focus on getting along. Things with Britt seemed to be going in a much more positive direction.

“Hmm . . . let’s try a variety of poses,” she suggested, trying to channel her inner photographer.

She studied the two nude women before her. Just as she had done, they had waded back into the water to clean themselves off after rolling around on the ground. Their wet bodies again sparkled in the afternoon sunshine. Jill noticed how the cool water was making their nipples stand out proudly.

As Jill gave some thought to how she should have them pose, she remarked, “Too bad Ryan’s not here. He would know exactly what to do. He fancies himself quite the photographer.”

Jenna laughed. “I’m sure he does!” she said facetiously. “I’ll bet he learned it all from studying the swimsuit edition.”

“No, he’s really quite good,” said Jill.

“Do you let him take pictures of you?” Britt asked.

“Of course not,” she replied. “Certainly not with his own camera.”

“I think we’re glad he’s not here,” chuckled Britt. “Let’s just leave it at that.”

Jill didn’t reply. She’d decided that Britt was right. She too was glad that Ryan wasn’t there.

As they were already in the water, she decided to start off with a few poses there. She had them stand back to back but angled toward her. She had them hold hands with each other on both sides of their bodies and lean into each other such that Britt’s right shoulder blade was resting against Jenna’s left shoulder blade. It was a cute pose. There was frontal nudity, but it was from an angle such that the emphasis seemed to be feminine beauty rather than female nudity. Jill admired their sleek lines as she worked to get their body positions similar enough to create the illusion of one girl leaning against a mirror. Of course, that wasn’t really possible. They weren’t actually twins. Jenna’s curvier figure relative to Britt’s made for distinct differences.

From there, Jill had them do a series of poses, always standing in the water with the falls or the moss-coated cliff as a backdrop. She ended up really getting into the project. It was a beautiful setting and her subjects were both gorgeous. They were naked, but very little that they did seemed truly pornographic. They simply looked to be happy and in love and they did not seem inclined to pose doing anything sexual and Jill didn’t suggest it. At the most, she would have them embrace one another while kissing.

Some of the photos looked so nice, that she ended up hoping that they might send her a few of them. As she considered that, she realized that she needed to refrain from mentioning that. Doing so might open up a can of worms that would make it more difficult for her when it came time to ensure that her own images were deleted.

Jill was struggling to figure out how to photograph them with the rainbow in the shot. Finally, she decided to try what seemed to be the only possibility; she lay down close to the water and had them stand near her head. From that vantage point, she had a view right up into their crotches; however, that wasn’t the shot she had in mind.

She had them stand facing each other, toe to toe. She had them then lean into one other such that their pelvic regions pressed together. The position hid their pussies from view. From there, she had each of them reach down and gently rest their hands on their respective wife’s buttocks. The twins laughed but cooperated. At that point, she had them lean their upper bodies away from each other, opening up an air gap. The rainbow was hovering in the air just above their heads, so she took photo after photo with them gazing into each other’s eyes, nuzzling lovingly, even kissing. The twins loved the photos when they finally took a break so that they could get a look.

Britt wanted to try a racier variation, so Jill allowed her to take charge. Again with Jill lying on the ground, the two women stood facing one another, one of them standing on one side of her head, the other on the other side. Jill then took photos up between their bodies from that position. The photos were definitely much more explicit but not exceedingly so given that the light between their legs was somewhat subdued. The rainbow was again right above them. They had their arms loosely around each other’s shoulders. Again, they’d gaze into each other’s eyes or kiss tenderly. The shots did seem to have quite a bit of merit. Jill didn’t mind taking them, but she was pretty sure that they wouldn’t end up being among Britt and Jenna’s favorites.

As their mini photo session came to an end, Jill suddenly realized that she had been completely oblivious to the fact that she had been nude the entire time. She had simply been concentrating on doing her best to capture her subjects in the most favorable light.

Shortly thereafter, the Copelands got dressed. As Jill watched, she found herself all too aware that she had nothing to put on. Britt and Jenna asked Jill if she’d like to take a walk with them. They wanted to explore the forest in the area.

Jill decided that she’d rather just relax for a bit. They were no longer that far from camp. In an hour or so, they’d need to complete their hike as it would be dinner time.

“Suit yourself,” said Britt, as she and Jenna headed off into the forest hand in hand.

Five or ten minutes later, Jill was wishing she had gone along. The plants in the area right around the falls were thriving, and they were quite interesting. She expected that the same might be the case a short distance into the forest.

After getting her boots on, she stood up. She had decided to go for her own nature walk. Maybe she’d run into the Copelands and maybe she wouldn’t. She wandered into the woods, keeping an eye out but not necessarily looking for them. She’d stop every now and then and bend over to examine a plant.

A few hundred yards in, she caught sight of the two girls. Once she realized what they were doing, she knew she should turn around and give them their privacy, and yet she couldn’t bring herself to take her eyes off of them.

Both girls still had their bra tops on, but nothing at all on down below. They were bottomless! Britt looked to be seated on a stump or a rock. Jenna was down on her knees in front of her, her face buried in Britt’s midsection – seemingly just above her crotch. As they were so far away, Jill could only tell who was who based on the color of their tops. Jenna’s was blue; Britt’s was lime green.

Jill had known that they must engage in such activities, and yet she had never imagined that she might witness it. One of her hands went straight to her crotch. She was just as wet down there as she had been when they were in the water. Her clit was hard. Nothing could have kept her from giving her little nubbin the attention it craved.

Rubbing her slippery folds gently, she crept cautiously forward. She just had to get a better look!

In a partial crouch, her hand between her legs, she went from hiding position to hiding position, sneaking ever closer. She had never felt so turned on in all her life! The naked wrestling had gotten her libido up at a frenzied pitch, and now this! She’d done a good job of ignoring just how aroused she had been while she had been photographing them, but she was done with the self-control.

At a distance of around fifty yards, she stopped, realizing that any closer would involve some risk of being seen.

However, studying them carefully, she decided that she could probably go closer. They looked as if they were in their own little world. Britt was leaning back, her hands behind her, her head tilted way back. She probably had her eyes closed, but if she opened them, all she would see would be treetops and sky. The distant roar of the waterfall meant that there was no chance of being heard.

Jill found a smooth tree to lean against, bracing her feet rather far apart. With one hand, she caressed a breast, periodically pinching the nipple. While she didn’t know for sure, she was of the opinion that her breasts were more sensitive than most, especially her nipples.

Down below, she petted Fuzzy Wuzzy. She started giving the little caterpillar a massage as she absentmindedly began exploring her lower abdomen with her other hand. She knew she shouldn’t, but she continued to watch in fascination. She was now close enough to see that Britt was running her fingers through Jenna’s hair. For her part, Jenna looked to be caressing her lover’s hip tenderly. Her face was now definitely buried in Britt’s crotch. They were clearly engaged in passionate lovemaking, and yet there didn’t look to be anything hurried about it. It seemed so relaxed, so intimate, and yet completely affectionate.

In short order, Jill was exploring lower down. With her palm now resting on Fuzzy Wuzzy, she slid her fingers lightly around her girly bits, distributing her natural moisture all the way from the top of one thigh to the other. Before she knew it, she was rubbing furiously, pressing her three middle fingers into the soft folds around her clit and occasionally dipping a finger up inside.

It had been quite a few days and the first orgasm hit her like a freight train. A moan escaped her open mouth. Only when her eyes drifted closed did she take them off of Britt and Jenna, and then, only for a matter of seconds, after all, observing them was so stimulating. Pleasure spasms shot up and down her spine, igniting sparklers inside her pelvis. Her pussy was on fire! Never before had she felt so sexually invigorated!

**Chapter 103: In the Forest**

For a second time, she closed her eyes, trying to catch her breath. When she again looked, the two girls were in the same exact position, Britt with her head tipped back, and Jenna with her head down between her thighs. Jill could only see the back of her head. It moved up and down, back and forth, in a rhythmic pattern, but one that was constantly varying. She imagined that Jenna might be really skillful at what she was doing. And, what was more, being a woman she had a distinct advantage over any man when it came to knowing what might feel best to a woman.

As Jill’s ecstasy built toward a second climax, she started imagining that her fingers were Jenna’s tongue. They lapped hungrily at her pussy, licking and tasting her plentiful juices.

As a virgin, she’d never gotten anywhere near oral sex, and yet now she was experiencing it . . . with her eyes and via her imagination . . . with her very own pussy. It was delightful! Her mind filled in the blanks, allowing her to completely ignore the fact that the touch of an actual tongue and real human lips might differ from that of her fingers.

In that manner, imaging that there was a woman on her knees in front of her, burying her tongue in her slippery slit, Jill’s pelvic euphoria increased. The tingly tremors grew until she felt lightning bolts zinging around, reigniting the fireworks.

As her second orgasm subsided, Jill remembered how Ryan and David had overheard her vocalizing during a moment of bliss while she had been indulging in her tent earlier in the summer. She was glad that the forest was filled with the sound of the nearby waterfall.

Again opening her eyes to spy on her lesbian friends, she started climbing the mountain a third time – this time more gradually. When she again reached the summit, her body shook and quivered as lightning bolts electrified her world.

As that third orgasm subsided, Jill took a deep breath. To stay in the moment, she kept her eyes closed. Lifting her fingers up to her face, she inhaled her own scent. She allowed herself to imagine that she was smelling a pussy other than her own, and that it was right in front of her nose. After a moment to consider, she stuck out her tongue and licked. She’d never done that before, tasted herself, and yet she felt an intense need to know not only what the experience might be like for the receiver, but also for the giver. She licked her fingers, sticking her tongue in between two of them, pretending that it was a pussy. She tickled the juncture of the two fingers, trying to pleasure an imaginary clitoris with her mouth, making use of her tongue as well as her lips. She smiled to herself at what she was doing. It seemed so naughty, and yet it was fun.

Her nectar had an unusual flavor, neither bad nor especially good, she decided. An acquired taste perhaps, as it was musky to be sure, but also salty.

After processing a myriad of thoughts centering around the concept of oral sex, she took a deep breath. As she relaxed, exhaling, she opened her eyes. Glancing off into the forest, she saw that Britt and Jenna had disappeared. They were no longer where they had been!

In horror, she looked quickly around, her right hand shooting back down to her pussy, this time cupping it, covering it. Wondering where they might have gone, she searched the forest with her eyes.

“Ha! Caught you red-handed!” shouted Britt, jumping out from behind a tree a short distance to Jill’s right.

At that same moment, Jenna stepped out from behind a larger tree a little farther away.

“Guys!” shouted Jill in embarrassment, her cheeks instantly hot.

She pulled her hand free. Clamping her legs together, she turned to hide her face. She knew it was bright red, but so was the rest of her body. Indeed, she and the twins had all been red from head to toe due to all the exercise and skin-on-skin contact that their three-way wrestling match had involved.

“I’ll have what she’s having,” Britt joked. Jill heard Jenna trying to suppress a chuckle. “That looked so tasty!” Britt added.

Jill felt like running away, and yet she knew that she’d have to face the music sooner or later.

“Let me see the pictures,” she heard Jenna whisper quietly to Britt.

In shock, Jill glanced back over her shoulder. Britt had her phone up. They were both studying the screen intently.

“Really? More pictures?” she asked in a distraught tone as the reality of the situation continued to sink it. It had been painful enough, but photos made it all much worse.

“Hey,” replied Jenna. “Don’t let it bother you. Weren’t we all just doing the same thing?”

“Jenna, look,” said Britt, summoning her attention.

Jenna glanced back at Britt’s phone. Jill saw her eyes go wide and then a smile appeared on her face.

“What?” asked Jill, her curiosity too much to bear.

“Just a pretty girl in braids . . . licking her fingers . . . her eyes closed . . . her expression... Well, you get the picture,” said Britt, obviously pleased with her little play on words.

“What did it taste like?” asked Britt. Later Jill would wish that she had said, ‘As if you don’t know,’ but in the moment she had been too shocked to respond.

She definitely felt like running off into the forest to disappear, but her legs were suddenly feeling quite unsteady.

“How long were you there?” she asked, fearing the answer.

“Long enough,” said Britt, with an evil smile curling her lips. “God, it was hot . . . you’re hot!” Patting her phone, she added, “And to think . . . I’ve got it all right here!”

Jill glared at her. She was furious. Sheer embarrassment mixed with indignation permeated her soul. Did she really deserve this?

“Hey,” said Jenna, obviously trying to diffuse the situation. “It’s nothing to be worried about. Like I said a moment ago, we were all doing the same thing.”

“Maybe, but WE weren’t spying on a married couple enjoying a private moment of intimacy,” said Britt. “I guess, whatever Jill is, she’s also a voyeur. I remember your story. Now, how many times this summer have you been caught spying? Just curious. Seems you make a habit of it.”

Jill didn’t answer. Instead, she again turned and looked away. She wasn’t a voyeur. At least she didn’t think of herself as one. For her, the main issue was the photos.

Britt seemed to sense that. “Do you want to see your photos?” she asked. “You look so randy. Standing there, your legs apart, your body forming an upside-down ‘Y.’ Rubbing your pussy as if you’re in heat. And what an expression! Your mouth open, sheer ecstasy mixed with just a hint of pain written all over your face. The expression ‘to Jill off’ has now taken on new meaning! In the future, whenever I hear that term, I know I’ll think of you!”

Jill’s jaw dropped. She hated that expression. It was doubly terrible given the fact that she had just been photographed doing it . . . Jilling off. Her mouth went dry. She didn’t know how to respond.

Sensing her discomfort, Jenna came to her rescue. “Britt, stop teasing her! You told me yourself that you had an orgasm during our wrestling match. Is it any wonder that our cute little friend got all excited?”

“Wait. You had an orgasm while we were wrestling?” asked Jill, hoping to turn the tables on Britt. She wasn’t especially surprised. She’d been quite close to going over the edge herself a time or two.

“What of it?” demanded Britt. She was trying to act confident, but Jill could tell that she was embarrassed to have that little fact out in the open. “And you,” she said, glaring at Jenna, “I thought I told you that in confidence!”

“I don’t think any of us have a lot of secrets today. Just look at us,” said Jenna, waving her arms to bring attention to the lower half of her body.

Jill hadn’t been especially conscious of the fact, but both girls were still bottomless. And yet she was as well. She found herself wondering why she hadn’t given their exposed pussies any real thought until Jenna had pointed it out. But then she remembered that they had both been fully nude during the entire time that they had been at the pool below the waterfall. Now, with their bra tops, they were more dressed than before.

Glancing down, she saw that their pussies were red and puffy. They had a ‘given a real workout’ look about them. Her cheeks flushed bright red as she realized that her own pussy probably looked quite similar. She couldn’t bring herself to look.

“I don’t need to see the photos,” Jill said. It was bad enough just imaging them. “And we ARE deleting them!” With that definitive statement, she turned to walk back to the falls. Their belongings were still there. It was time to head back to camp for dinner, but first, she was going to need to pull her head together. She didn’t want Ryan or David to sense how flustered she was and start asking questions.

Considering that, she decided to go for a quick swim. She thought that the cool water might remove some of the redness from her pussy. Britt and Jenna had their clothes for concealment, but she had nothing. The guys were going to see hers. She didn’t want it looking different than usual; that would certainly invite embarrassing questions. She knew exactly what they would assume had happened given that she had spent the day with lesbians. Thinking about Ryan and her brother again seeing her nude body had her face feeling warm . . . yet again.

As she waded into the cool water, she found herself wondering how she had gotten herself to where she now was. She’d been such a careful, conservative girl at the start of summer. What had happened? Inside, she felt like she was still the same person; however, now she was naked and that was only the half of it. Something had definitely changed.

Jill descended into a solemn mood as they began the last leg of their hike. The horsing around in the pool below the waterfall had been wonderfully fun, the highpoint of the day; however, being caught masturbating had brought everything to a screeching halt. She couldn’t remember ever having been so embarrassed, but she knew she didn’t have much room to complain. After all, she had been spying on them. That she couldn’t deny. Turnabout was fair play. However, she hadn’t been photographing them. That was a big difference.

She wondered if Britt had video of her ‘Jilling off.’ She decided that she didn’t want to know. Any images or clips of her on Britt’s phone were going to be deleted, all of them! That was a given. She hoped that she’d be able to accomplish that without having to get too confrontational. She especially didn’t want to have to involve David. It seemed as if Britt wouldn’t force her to do that. Surely she and Britt would be able to handle it maturely, just the two of them.

That train of thought had her again contemplating the expression, ‘Jilling off.’ She loved her name, which only served to make it worse. She remembered the time, way back in middle school, when she had first heard that her name was a synonym for masturbation. She had initially thought that her friends were making it up, that they were pulling her leg. She was aghast when she had come to realize that the term was in common use as the female equivalent of ‘Jacking off.’ Sometimes the world was not very fair.

The three girls walked along in silence. Jill wasn’t even interested in discussing the books she had read. As always, she did her best to watch the trail ahead. She was in no mood to encounter any more strangers. She’d never been; however, in her current introspective state of mind, it seemed as if it would be more embarrassing than usual.

“We had a wonderful day!” she replied when Ryan and David came out to greet them. “Splendid in every regard!”

Glancing over, she saw Britt and Jenna studying her. Her quiet, somewhat glum mood had been quite apparent to them; however, she had decided that she wanted to hide that from the boys. She wanted them to think that she was entirely happy with her choice to spend her day with the Copelands. By and large, she was. The last thing she wanted to hear from David was, ‘I told you so.’

“The lakes were lovely, but the waterfall was the best part,” she continued. “It’s amazingly beautiful. We had so much fun there.”

Jill saw Jenna’s eyebrows rise in surprise. She, of course, wasn’t planning on telling the boys why it had been so fun, and she hoped that Britt and Jenna wouldn’t either. She wished that the three of them had discussed what would be said in advance. However, she was just being honest. She’d had fun there, and she wanted Britt and Jenna to know it. Even though things had ended on an embarrassing note, the naked wrestling at the plunge pool was destined to be a treasured memory, that she knew – probably not one that she’d ever talk about. Who would understand?

The boys wanted to hear the details. Jill avoided their questions by asking, “So . . . Centurion Peak. What was that like?”

“We never got there. The trail is gone,” David answered.

“Gone?” she asked.

“Taken out by a landslide, it would appear. Surely in the earthquake earlier in the summer,” said David. “At the ranger station, when I was doing my research, they told me that some of the trails had suffered damage. At that point, I was focused on picking an area for our basecamp, not individual day hikes, so I wasn’t making notes about such specifics.”

**Chapter 104: Nap Time**

“Yeah,” said Ryan. “But we got within half a mile of the peak, so we still had a marvelous view. The trail we were on simply ended at a steep slope. We decided it wasn’t safe to attempt to go on.”

“That’s how our day went,” said David. “Now, I’d like to hear about yours. There’s a campground on the big lake. I’m sure you didn’t go there.”

“You knew about the campground?” Jill asked in surprise.

“You didn’t? It’s on the map. You were looking at it yesterday.”

“I guess I wasn’t paying attention to those lakes,” said Jill, trying to think back. “I must have been focusing just on where we were headed, Camelback Mountain.”

“So, did you run into people?” asked David.

Jill didn’t want to answer that question. She especially didn’t want to tell the story in any detail. That would involve reliving everything she had been through. Maybe someday, but not right then. Looking over, she saw that Britt was smiling in a way that made it more than obvious what the answer to David’s question was.

“Oh, cool!” said David. “Tell us!”

Jill didn’t want to do that, and she was tired. It had been a long day, and being naked had meant that she had been on pins and needles the entire time, her adrenalin pumping. That had really sapped her energy, probably even more than the wrestling.

“Maybe later,” she said, knowing full well that she wouldn’t want to talk about it then either. “Right now, I need a nap.”

“I expect that Fuzzy Wuzzy would like a nap as well,” said Ryan. “He looks like he has had quite a day, poor fella!”

“Poor fella? As if you wouldn’t trade places with him,” David chuckled.

“Guys . . . stop!” said Jill blushing. It was bad enough being nude without the guys making immature jokes about her privates.

“If he’s tired, he might crawl inside to hibernate. I think I’ll need to keep an eye on him,” said Ryan.

“Is he serious?” asked Britt.

“Just ignore him,” said Jill. “He’s got a perverted sense of humor.”

“He’s kind of an asshole,” said Britt.

“I’m going to lie down,” said Jill, changing the subject. “If I don’t, I’ll fall asleep standing up.”

As Jill went to lie down, she saw Britt and Jenna depart for their own campsite. She was glad about that. She didn’t want them telling David and Ryan about what had happened either.

As she stretched out on top of her sleeping bag, putting her head on her pillow, she wondered what had happened to her pillowcase, her Princess Jasmine pillowcase. It was gone. But then she remembered making it into a skirt, a skirt that Ryan had later burned. The next moment she was asleep.

The sun was no longer shining down into the steep-sided valley when she felt David shaking her shoulder.

“Jill, if I let you sleep any longer, you won’t be able to sleep tonight.”

As she looked up into his eyes, she suddenly felt very naked. She sat up abruptly, covering her chest with her arms. As it was so warm, she had been on her back, stretched out atop her bag.

“How long have I been asleep?”

“Three hours, but that’s just a guess. I don’t have a watch.”

Jill looked around. In horror, she realized that she had been fully exposed and unconscious. Anyone could have been looking at her, photographing her even. She thought of Ryan. He wouldn’t be above taking pictures of her in her sleep. She glanced down at her exposed pussy, wondering if that might have happened.

“Where’s Ryan?” she asked abruptly.

“He’s at the campfire. Why?”

Jill turned to look. “Never mind,” she said with a sigh. She realized that in the future, she was going to need to be more careful. If she was going to fall asleep nude, she’d have to be in her bag, no matter how warm it was.

“I’ll be over in a minute,” she said. “First, I’ve got to visit the little girl’s room.”

She got up and scampered off into the woods. Glancing back, she saw David watching her; he was laughing. She imagined that she must look comical, bare butt and all. It was embarrassing, but she was in a hurry. Her bladder felt ready to burst.

When Jill got to the campfire a few minutes later, everyone was there. The Copelands were sipping wine and dinner was ready to go. Again the twins had contributed, adding to the variety.

“How about some wine for Jill,” Ryan proposed.

“I don’t think so,” said Britt, chuckling and shaking her head.

“Oh, come on,” he pleaded. “It’ll get her talking. Last night was so much fun!”

“Last night may have been fun,” Britt conceded, “…but at Jill’s expense. Surely you understand that.”

Jill was incredulous. Hadn’t Britt just spent the day having fun at her expense?

“At least give Jill the option,” Ryan replied. “That’s what David has been telling me all summer . . . that I can have Jill do whatever I want, provided that she does it willingly . . . of her own accord.”

Jill's ears perked up. Is that what David had been telling him? And yet she hadn’t done everything willingly! Or had she?

“Wine and Jill don’t mix,” lectured Britt. “I think we all learned that last night. At the very least, I hope Jill learned that. She didn’t really have all that much, and yet she doesn’t weigh all that much. Body weight is a key factor.”

“A lightweight, you mean,” quipped David.

“A lightweight lightweight,” added Ryan.

Everyone but Jill laughed. “Why do we have to always talk about me?” she asked.

The group’s laughter increased.

“Your naked body makes it hard to think about much else,” said Jenna. “I doubt I’m alone when it comes to that.”

Jill could tell that there was general agreement on that point; she didn’t want to talk about it. It was quite enough to be nude. It was much worse when her nudity was also the subject of conversation.

“Now about those pictures, Britt,” said Ryan. “I for one would really like to see what you took during the day. They sound great!”

“What?” said Jill, glaring at Britt. ‘You told them about the pictures?”

“Let’s just say the subject came up,” she replied.

“I’d sure like to see them,” reiterated Ryan. “I’d like copies as well, but I’ll settle for getting a look.”

“No!” interjected Jill adamantly. “N! O!”

“I don’t see what the big deal is. I’ve seen you naked. I’m looking at Fuzzy Wuzzy now. He’s right there,” said Ryan raising his arm and pointing at Jill’s crotch.

But to Jill, it was a big deal. Some of the pictures would be okay, but certainly not those of her Jilling off – and absolutely not the photo of her tasting her fingers! She shuddered. She hadn’t seen those images, but she knew they were there. Ryan might even guess that she had been pretending that her fingers were another girl’s pussy.

Jill stared into Ryan’s eyes and shook her head. This was one thing that she could definitely not allow to happen!

“Why does she get to take pictures of you naked and I don’t?” Ryan asked at that point.

Jill tried to think of a reply. Ryan’s question made complete sense. She certainly couldn’t say that she trusted Britt but not him. She didn’t trust either one of them! Given the nature of the photos, there wasn’t anyone she would trust with them.

“She doesn’t get . . . to keep them,” was all that she managed to say. Her voice had initially sounded weak, but she did her best to finish strong.

“We need to talk,” said Britt, standing up.

“…about deleting the photos,” said Jill.

“In private,” added Britt. Somewhat reluctantly, Jill followed Britt away from the campfire. “Jenna, you can come . . . but only you,” Britt added, glancing back.

The three girls walked some distance from the lakeside campsite. Once they were out of earshot, Britt turned.

“Jill, here’s the problem. My phone died. I never expected to be using it so much, and I don’t have a way to recharge it. Not until we get back to our car, and we’re staying two more days.”

Jill’s jaw dropped. She stared at the phone in shock.

“You can give it to me. I’ll keep it for you,” Jill blurted out in agony. She was doing everything she could to think of a solution that prevented any and all risk.

“Give you my phone?” asked Britt in surprise.

“You can trust me. I’ll keep it for you . . . safe. You can come and get it at Cache Lake . . . or I’ll meet you somewhere, anywhere . . . in Agency or Stanton . . . anywhere,” said Jill in desperation. “Then we’ll charge it . . . delete the photos together. You can, of course, keep the ones I took of you and Jenna.”

“I can’t let you take my phone,” said Britt.

“There’s really no point, Jill,” said Jenna. “You can trust Britt.”

Jill was skeptical. “I’m not so sure,” she mumbled.

**Chapter 105: Campfire**
“But it would be a shame to just delete the photos,” said Britt. “Maybe it’s for the best that we have a little time to ponder doing something that would be irreversible. Some of them are amazing! Jenna and I have been looking through them. Quite a few of the photos that you took of us at the falls are wonderful as well. We’re going to get a print one of those and frame it for our bedroom.”

“The hard part will be deciding which one,” added Jenna.

“Wait . . . is that why your phone is dead? You were using it while I was napping!”

“Guilty as charged,” said Britt. “But again, it’s my phone, and the photos are safe. I just don’t think they should be deleted. You’ll want them someday . . . special memories . . . for all of us, I imagine. And it only seems fair that Austin get a couple of Lola pictures.”

Suddenly Jill remembered the piece of paper that Austin had written his phone number on. “Hey, where is the piece of paper he gave me?”

“Let me see,” said Britt, as if she were trying to think. “Austin Simmon’s phone number? Might it be on that piece of paper in my pack with your sunscreen?”

In horror, Jill realized that there had been plenty of time for her to copy down the phone number while she’d been asleep.

“Britt, don’t tease Jill. You know you’re not going to send Austin photos . . . unless she agrees,” said Jenna.

“But I know I want to . . . I mean . . . to get her to agree. Just think of Austin. He’d be delighted. And he only knows her as ‘Lola.’ If they came from me, he wouldn’t even have her phone number.”

“Britt…” chastised Jenna.

“He would treasure a photo, and he seemed like a nice guy. He wouldn’t do anything to harm her,” Britt reasoned.

“How can you be so sure?” asked Jenna.

“He might show it to a few friends, but he wouldn’t give it to anyone,” said Britt.

“Tsk, tsk, tsk,” scolded Jenna, looking at her disapprovingly.

There wasn’t much more to say. Jill was still very fearful about Britt having possession of the photos; however, due to the dead battery, nothing could be done. Trying to look on the bright side, she appreciated Jenna’s attitude; she seemed to have her back. She might be able to keep Britt in line. And significantly, it was clear that Ryan and David weren’t going to get to see the photos.

“Where’s your pack?” Jill asked. “I want my stuff.”

“Next to my chair at the fire,” replied Britt.

Jill turned and headed back to the fire, making a beeline for the small pack. She quickly fished out her few belongings. The small note was there, but there was no way to tell if Britt had copied down the phone number. Indeed, she might have photographed it.

“What’s that?” asked Ryan, as Jill went over to her own pack to stow the items.

“Nothing. Just my water bottle and sunscreen,” said Jill.

“And a sketch of a robot that a guy we met today made for her,” Britt added.

Jill scowled at her.

“I wanna see,” said Ryan.

“Too bad!” said Jill, regretting that he’d found out about that.

“He seems to be quite talented,” said Britt.

“…and someone we’re not going to talk about,” said Jill.

She hoped that would shut down the conversation, but knew that was wishful thinking. Ryan didn’t give up easily when he was curious about something. He started doing his best to get Britt to recount their journey. She resisted, but Jill could tell that her resistance was just for show. She knew Britt well enough to know that she really did want to talk about what had happened. In the end, Ryan’s dogged persistence paid off. After they had all dished up, Britt did start telling the boys about their adventure.

Once Britt was giving Ryan what he wanted, Jill attempted to tune the conversation out. That proved to be difficult. She found that she had to pay attention enough to interject an occasional correction into Britt’s tale. Britt seemed to have a tendency to try and make it sound as if she had sought and enjoyed all the exposure. She was not willing to let such absurd claims stand uncontested.

Reliving the day, with an audience present, was sheer torment, and yet it was stimulating at the same time. It was all she could do to keep from squirming at certain junctures, especially when Britt was recounting the most embarrassing events. She had to concentrate on keeping it from being noticeable just how aroused it was making her. Her heart rate was up and her elevated libido was making it a struggle just to sit still. She knew she would be subject to even more of Ryan’s teasing if he were to notice her wiggling.

Britt was making it sound as if Jill had been trying to maximize her exposure when she had chosen to go off with Olivia and Rodney to see the beaver. Jill knew that it was primarily her interest in nature that had been behind her choice, but Ryan and David didn’t.

Jill winced when Britt introduced the word ’beaver’ into the conversation. To that point, no one had subjected her to any crass comments involving the use of the term. One look at Ryan’s face told her that her luck had run out.

“I love beaver!” he announced with an ear-to-ear grin.

“I’ll bet you do,” said Britt condescendingly.

Jill was glad to hear Britt’s tone of voice. It seemed as if she was going to try and keep Ryan from getting too vulgar.

“I do! Especially Jill’s!” he countered enthusiastically.

“A bunch of dam rodents, if you ask me,” quipped David.

“Who’s talking about rodents?” asked Ryan. “Jill . . . she has a gorgeous beaver. Beautiful little titties, grade A beaver!”

“I’m not going to argue, but you’re making her uncomfortable,” said Britt. “It’s hardly a flattering term.”

“Save a tree, eat a beaver . . . that’s what I always say,” announced Ryan smugly.

“Oh, how original!” said Britt scornfully.

Ryan just shrugged.

“If you’re done with this interruption, the story can continue,” said Britt.

“Yes, please continue,” relented Ryan sheepishly. “Just . . . please . . . don’t be stingy when it comes to beaver.”

“No beaver for you!” said Britt. “I can always stop here.”

“Please continue,” said Ryan meekly.

Jill smiled to herself. It was amusing to watch Britt put Ryan in his place.

Jill’s mind drifted occasionally as the tale continued to unfold. Looking around the group, she realized that these four individuals were probably destined to be who she would most remember in the future whenever her mind wandered back to that eventful summer. David and Ryan . . . that was a foregone conclusion; however, even though she had just met them, Britt and Jenna seemed to have already made the short list.

Ryan, of course, for he had been the instigator. He’d been working at getting her clothes off since the incident on Sunken Island the prior summer. Were it not for him, nothing out of the ordinary would have happened. She might not even have engaged in any topless tanning. Even the solo activities that she had undertaken had been inspired by the ‘one of the guys’ program.

And then there was her twin brother, David. He had indeed looked out for her safety, but not in the way that she might have imagined. He had gone along with Ryan’s overall scheme, apparently just providing a few ground rules. At least that is how she now understood it. Had he behaved as most brothers might, she would not be sitting there naked.

As he had once explained, he had thought that she might somehow benefit from what Ryan had selfishly proposed. Jill was not ready to concede that point; however, she now realized that David did have quite a bit of insight into her inner psyche. Going topless and now naked certainly had been quite an experience – an experience that was likely to have long term consequences, some of them potentially positive. That realization represented a dramatic shift in her thought pattern. She knew that she now viewed herself differently. Her self-image had been undergoing a transformation. It wasn’t one that she fully understood, and yet she knew that she was changing; not on the outside, but on the inside.

She turned her thoughts to Britt, the more outspoken member of the Copeland duo. Initially she had thought that her personality was similar to David’s. Even though she had supplied the wine, she had sought to control the damage by trying to get her to keep her legs together. Eventually she had denied her more wine, and then she had been taking the boys to task for mistreating her.

But then Britt had changed. She’d started pushing her toward exposure. That had initially seemed inexplicable, and yet Jill now felt as if she understood. Britt had a type A personality; she was competitive and aggressive. Initially, those traits had manifested themselves such that she’d been playing a role as her protector. She’d sensed injustice and had responded accordingly, seeking to intervene. Jenna, on the other hand, had taken a more laid back approach.

Once Britt had been satisfied that Jill was not being harmed and had in fact been going along with what had taken place, she’d called Jill on her bluff about being a nudist. Her assertive nature had then started manifesting itself quite differently. In a way, she had taken on a persona more similar to Ryan’s. Jenna, for her part, had continued to be more easy going. In short, Britt hadn’t changed. She’d always been the assertive person; a person who was willing to intervene however she saw fit.

As she continued to consider Britt, she realized how well her personality seemed to fit her chosen profession. A doctor would need to be self-assured and willing to intervene as necessary to be effective. Jill found herself picturing a chaotic scene in an emergency room, victims of an automobile accident rolling in. Yes, a medical professional would have to be decisive and willing to take quick action with only the information at hand.

While there were significant differences, she now realized that the two pairs of individuals were similar in a few regards. David kept Ryan from getting out of bounds, and similarly, Jenna seemed to check Britt’s more extreme inclinations.

As she found herself thinking about the personalities of those with her at the campfire that evening, she wondered if psychology might be a career direction to consider. She was already planning to take Introduction to Psychology during her freshman year. She knew that the subject matter interested her a great deal. She enjoyed analyzing people, as well as herself, for that matter.

“Jill, aren’t you worried about that?” she heard David say, causing her to realize just how deeply she had been lost in her own thoughts.

“Umm . . . worried?” she asked, wondering what she had missed.

“It sounds like at least one person in that large group took pictures,” he explained.

“Oh,” said Jill. “Which group?”

“There was more than one? You were daydreaming, weren’t you, Bean?”

“Sorry. I guess I was.”

“Britt just told us how Jenna gave you a piggyback ride through a large group.”

“Right . . . that group. Pictures of my bummy. Thanks to Jenna they wouldn’t have gotten any from the front. There might be a side-boob shot or two, not that I’m a side-boob sort of girl. Hopefully, there aren’t any that show my face. Britt was trying to keep them from taking pictures”

“Well . . . hmm. I guess it could have been worse,” said David, a look of genuine concern on his face.

“It’s the second group I’m worried about. I don’t know if anyone was taking photos, but if someone was, they would show everything. Everything.” As Jill repeated the last word, a shiver traveled the length of her body. “That could be bad, really bad . . . if it got on the web.”

“Why didn’t Jenna give you a ride through that group?” asked David.

“I’m sure she would have . . . but Britt . . . she offered. And then, she betrayed me.”

“Yes, Britt let her down . . . literally,” said Jenna, glaring at Britt.

“Hey . . . it was fun,” said Britt. “That’s all I intended . . . for it to be fun.”

“It was inexcusable,” corrected Jenna.

Britt shrugged. “Not as bad as it might have looked. Remember, I was protecting Jill . . . doing my best to keep people from photographing her.”

**Chapter 106: Campfire, continued**
“But . . . for fun?” asked Jill. “I thought you were conducting a scientific study.”

“Who said science couldn’t be fun?” asked Britt.

Jill just shook her head, but then she took a turn explaining the chain of events as they unfolded during and after the encounter with that second group.

“That concerns me,” said David. “Let the record show that I tried to keep you from going off with them. Don’t forget that . . . if this ends badly.”

“I know, I know,” said Jill, trembling slightly due to her concern. “Hopefully nothing will come of it, but I am worried. Do the braids help?”

“How might they help?” David asked.

“Maybe I don’t look like me?” said Jill wincing wishfully.

“Not much to rely on there,” replied David. “My first thought is that if we have to rely on the braids to conceal your identity, then we’re in trouble . . . big trouble.”

Jill was indeed worrying about the potential for photos to show up as the tale of their day hike resumed.

A few sentences later, Ryan interrupted. “If you don’t want to give Jill a glass of wine, how about giving Lola one?”

Britt and Jenna laughed. Jill had not been aware that Britt had been referring to her as ‘Lola.’ “Do you ever give up?” asked Britt.

Ryan shrugged. “Maybe Lola can hold her wine better than Jill,” he suggested. “I just know how much more fun this story might be if the girl at the center was telling the tale.”

“You might be right about that,” agreed Britt. “But it’s not going to happen. No wine.”

Ryan sighed heavily as Britt returned to the story. Jill was amused that Britt skipped right past the jogger and the three women, but she wasn’t all that surprised. Those individuals had not seen her, and those were probably not encounters that Britt wished to remember. They didn’t show Britt in a very good light, and she suspected that David would get angry if he heard that Britt had offered to show photos to a stranger. Jill exchanged knowing glances with Jenna, but neither of them said anything.

“And then, way up a steep incline, we came upon a couple with big backpacks. What were their names?” asked Britt.

“Jiro and Emma,” replied Jenna.

“Can’t we leave this part out?” requested Jill.

“Why them?” asked Britt in a curious tone of voice.

“I wanted everyone left out, remember? Those two in particular.”

“But you did them a great service,” said Britt.

“I doubt it,” said Jill with a frown.

“I expect there will be some intense lovemaking in their tent tonight. Jiro might be thinking of you, but Emma will be on the receiving end.”

“Eww . . . that’s disgusting,” Jill grimaced.

“Deal with it!” replied Britt. “That’s my prediction. And it won’t be just those two.”

Jill looked up just in time to see Britt wink at Jenna.

“Now you’ve got me curious,” said David. “You met Jiro and Emma, and Jill did something that she is embarrassed about. Just what did my sister do, pray tell . . . that she could be embarrassed about? There seem to be so many possibilities, but most of them . . . I can’t picture her doing.”

“I’m embarrassed about the whole day,” said Jill. “Everything that happened was embarrassing.”

“But what specifically did she do in front of that couple?” asked David. “Excuse me for being so curious, Jilly.”

“Other than being naked, she did nothing for which she needs to be embarrassed,” said Britt. “The girl couldn’t carry her pack. Jill did her good deed of the day. She carried the pack to the top of the ridge.”

“Her second good deed of the day,” corrected Jenna. “Don’t forget the canoe.”

“That’s my Jilly!” said David. “Her hearts in the right place. She’s always helping others . . . always unselfish . . . always considerate.” He looked at Jill endearingly.

Britt explained in more detail exactly what had happened. Jill still believed that she had interfered in a manner akin to that of a homewrecker, but Britt would have nothing of it. As before, the conversation ended at an impasse. Britt had mentioned the older couple at the top of the ridge, but to Jill’s delight, she didn’t seem too curious about that particular encounter. Jill had never told the girls how she had stopped and stood right in front of them, her bare butt blocking their view of the valley. They weren’t asking; she wasn’t telling.

“Next we come to the falls, the breathtaking Broken Canyon Falls,” said Britt, again omitting mention of a group of hikers, the final group that Jill had successfully circumnavigated between the ridge and the falls. “Ah, the falls!” continued Britt wistfully. “That was where . . .” her voice trailed off. “I’m not sure what I can or should say about our time at the falls.”

“Were there other people at the falls? Was she photographed? Did Jill’s wild adventure continue?” asked David.

Britt glanced over at Jill before responding. “Oh, her adventure continued, all right. But other people? … just the three of us.”

“Britt, I think you’ve said enough,” interrupted Jenna, laughing.

Britt looked up at her. Tilting her head thoughtfully, she nodded her agreement.

Ryan looked over at David and remarked, “Hmm . . . I sense they’re hiding something.”

Britt smiled at him. “What happens at the falls, stays at the falls.”

“Definitely hiding something,” agreed David.

“Do you want three guesses?” teased Britt.

With a heavy sigh, Jill buried her head in her hands.

“Definitely hiding something,” repeated David.

“I don’t need three guesses,” said Ryan. “A beaver sighting. A naked teen with the body of a supermodel. A whole day with two experienced lesbians . . . there’s only one direction that can go.”

“Oh, really? Pray tell!” scoffed Britt.

“A threesome!” said Ryan confidently. “I spent all day thinking about how it might go down.”

"Go down..." chuckled David to himself.

Britt shot a glance at Ryan. “I’ll bet you did!” Her tone of voice made it clear that she didn’t think much of him.

“I did! The conditions were rife. A threesome was inevitable,” replied Ryan.

“Well, you’re just too smart for us,” said Britt condescendingly. Looking at the other girls, one after the other, she continued, “Jenna, Jill, how did we ever think that we’d be able to keep this from them? Now they’re probably going to want to hear all the details.”

“All the gory details!” said Ryan, grinning ear to ear.

“What happens at the falls, stays at the falls,” echoed Jenna, trying her best to keep a straight face.

Jill rolled her eyes. She knew that Jenna was trying to help matters; however, she was only making things worse. She could see the sparkle in both Ryan and David’s eyes. They obviously thought they had their confirmation.

“You’re right,” agreed Britt. “Telling others would only tarnish the beautiful memories of what we shared.”

Jill’s jaw dropped. What a pair these two were! They seemed to both be in agreement about saying nothing, and yet they couldn’t leave well enough alone.

“Objection!” said Ryan. “You can’t talk about your threesome without giving us the details. Cruel and unusual punishment! I want this tale told lick by lick.”

“Lick by lick?” asked Britt, laughing scornfully.

Jill stood up abruptly. “Stop it! There was no threesome!” she insisted adamantly.

“That’s not what I hear,” said Ryan. “Two of you seem to remember it . . . fondly. We need the full story!”

“Now look what you’ve done,” said Jill, glaring at Britt. “I’m never going to hear the end of this.”

“No, you aren’t,” agreed Ryan with a devilish smile. “Not unless we get the full story.”

“So, Jilly,” interjected David. “Have you decided that you’re a lesbian? Or are you just bi-curious?”

“Neither!” she shot back, her fists on her hips.

“I wouldn’t be so sure,” said Britt with a smile.

Taken aback, Jill looked at her with big eyes. She didn’t know what to say. Her mind flashed back to how excited she had gotten as she had been observing their lovemaking from a distance. And yet she remembered that it had also been quite arousing to watch Ryan pleasuring himself.

“We can get to that later,” said Ryan. “Right now, let’s go back to the threesome. I want the details!”

“I’m sure you do,” chuckled Britt. “I expect you’re one of those guys who would get off on watching girls engaging in lesbian sex.”

“I’m down for that!” said Ryan enthusiastically. “I’ll take watching a threesome over hearing about one any day!”

“And you’d keep your hands to yourself?” asked Britt earnestly.

“Britt!” chastised Jenna.

“Oh, don’t worry. We’re not putting on a show. I’m just teasing the lad. Just look how worked up he’s gotten.”

Jill studied Ryan. Britt was right. She chuckled inside, realizing how disappointed he was going to be when the lesbian show he so craved didn’t happen.

“Damn right we’re not putting on a show,” said Jenna. “You can go it alone, but I’m not participating . . . and I expect Jill isn’t either.”

Jill was glad to hear that they both were opposed to any sort of a show.

“But one of us is already naked,” Britt pointed out. “Just think of the possibilities.”

“Let’s not,” said Jill with an uncomfortable gulp. Hoping that the conversation had run its course, she continued, “The only possibility I’m considering involves s’mores.” With that, she got up and opened the bag of marshmallows. Over the course of the next few minutes, she did all she could to get everyone interested in roasting marshmallows.

“Hey, Ryan,” said Britt after they were all roasting their own marshmallow. “I’ve got one for you . . . what do you call a couple of twins who both happen to be lesbians?”

Jenna groaned. “Not this one.”

“I give up,” said Ryan.

“A couple of lick-a-likes,” said Britt.

“I sure heard that over and over in college,” said Jenna as Ryan and David laughed. “We both hated it. Surprised to hear you tell it, Britt.”

Britt shrugged. “Just teasing Ryan.”

A short time later, they were all toasting marshmallows and talking about other things. Somehow they’d gotten Ryan to realize that he wasn’t going to get the story he so very much wanted, much less any live demonstration. He had given up, at least for the time being.

“Do you guys have any good twin jokes?” asked Jenna.

“Jill has a new one,” said David. “Care to tell it, Jilly?”

“Okay, okay,” said Jill, working to recall how the joke started. “So . . . this woman’s husband comes home from work…”

“A sexist joke, huh?” interrupted Britt.

“Just listen . . . it gets worse,” said David.

Jill resumed telling her joke. “‘Honey, I’m home,’ he says. She runs up to him and announces that she’s pregnant. He’s overjoyed . . . you see, they had been trying for quite some time. He hugs her, lifting her up in his arms. ‘But there’s more,’ she adds gleefully. ‘More?’ he inquires. ‘Yes, we’re going to have TWINS!’ she announces. Surprised that she might know that so soon after getting pregnant, he asks her how she knows. ‘I went to the store today . . . for a pregnancy test,’ she replies. ‘They had a twin-pack . . . I decided, why not? So I got it. And guess what! Both tests came out positive!’”

Britt laughed. “That’s funny . . . but it’s a blonde joke.”

“Twins always have the best twin jokes,” said Jenna. “Got any others?”

“David’s got a few good ones,” said Jill.

“Okay, David, your turn,” said Britt.

“Okay,” said David nodding agreeably. “So . . . this woman is talking to a neighbor. She tells her, ‘I’m always amazed how different my twins are . . . and they seem to grow more dissimilar with every passing year. Julia is generally very happy. She is always so much more upbeat and self-assured than her sister, Hog Face.”

“Boo!” said Britt. “That’s so mean!”

“But it’s funny,” said David unapologetically.

“Maybe,” admitted Britt.

“I thought you’d appreciate that joke,” said Jill. “Since you are into so-called ‘scientific’ studies.”

“Something you’d probably do to your own children, I imagine,” said David.

“Would not!” said Britt defensively.

Jill wasn’t so sure, but she didn’t say anything. She was just relieved that her nudity was no longer the topic of discussion. As she continued to toast marshmallows, she found herself thinking about how she was no longer quite as uncomfortable with being nude as she had been, especially under the present campfire circumstances. It still seemed completely out of place. It felt naughty and exhilarating; however, something had taken the edge off. She wasn’t feeling panicky – the urge to run and hide was no longer quite so strong, not with those four individuals anyway.

The girl she had been at the start of summer never could or would have done what she was doing. One by one she thought of each person there. It was strange to be nude in front of David, for example, but what of it? Sure it was strange, but nothing was going to come of it. They weren’t going to fall for each other and commit incest. She still seemed to have his respect.

Ryan’s case was similar. He could look, but he couldn’t touch. He seemed to know where the line was. He was willing to push the envelope, but not to the point that the status quo might be jeopardized. And the Copelands, there was every indication that they were happily married. They did not seem to be looking for anything more than a little innocent fun. She also couldn’t imagine them crossing the line. And so that was that. She was naked, but she was safe. At least, she felt safe. No one would try anything, certainly not against her will.

**Chapter 107: Morning Coffee**

Later in bed, she was having the problem that she had anticipated. Her long, late nap meant that she couldn’t fall asleep. She lay awake thinking about her day. She had done a twelve-mile round trip hike wearing nothing more than her boots, her pussy out in the fresh air and sunshine. Indeed her pussy had gotten an amazing amount of fresh air. She found herself wondering if that was good for pussies. It seemed as if it might be. Maybe they needed a chance to breathe once in a while.

A nude hike – the second in as many days! What a surreal concept! Prior to that summer, she hadn’t even been willing to walk nude from the bathroom to her bedroom, even when she was sure that no one was home. That day she’d hiked a great distance naked and she been seen by so many people.

She went back over her tally. It stood at thirty-eight. Friday had produced a tally of eleven. The next day, Saturday, she’d added Ryan, Britt, and Jenna, bringing the total to fourteen. That meant in that one day alone, twenty-four strangers had seen her naked. The number was mind-boggling. As they had started out that morning, she’d had no idea that it might turn out that way. She’d thought they were going deeper and deeper into the wilderness. She knew she wouldn’t have gone along with the plan to visit the Lupine Lakes, had she known that the area had a large campground.

She could hear Ryan and David breathing rhythmically next to her. She considered chancing an orgasm, but she wasn’t willing to take the risk that one of them might wake up. She slid a finger along her slit. It was indeed wet. It felt nice to touch herself gently down there, but after a brief clit massage, she forced herself to pull her finger away. She knew that she wouldn’t be able to keep herself from vocalizing. Indeed vocalizing was part and parcel of having an orgasm, at least in her case. She wondered if that was why Britt and Jenna had caught her. Had they heard her? However, she was quite sure that the waterfall had been too loud for that.

Eventually, Jill did fall asleep, but not before wondering what had happened to the old Jill. Where had this new Jill come from? Had this new Jill been hiding inside the whole time? Had she changed, and if so, had she changed permanently? Would she never again be the girl she had been before? She knew that only time would provide the answer to those and other questions.

Jill woke up and as she began to think of the day ahead, she became quite melancholy. She knew that shortly she’d be saying goodbye to Britt and Jenna. Most likely it would be forever. That thought was unpleasant. Although the prior day had indeed had its ups and downs, she felt like she’d like to continue getting to know them. They were both going places; they were both more interesting to be around than the girls she had known in high school. Britt had a strong feisty streak, to be sure, but as she was starting to view all that had happened in the rearview mirror, she was not as bothered by that.

She wished there was a way to stay longer; however, they were nearly out of food. She might be able to stay another day, if she kept all their remaining provisions, and let Ryan and David leave without her. As she considered that, she knew that it wasn’t a possibility that she was comfortable with. Her level of concern about being nude was at its lowest when she was with David. He seemed to be the only one who really had her best interests at heart. In addition to that, she didn’t know what kind of a signal it might send . . . if she mentioned wanting to stay . . . especially to the guys. Given how they obviously believed that a threesome had taken place, she knew that the wheels in their heads would be spinning. Plus, she knew that David would try and talk her out of it.

She didn’t know why she was giving any thought to staying. It was not an option. Her period was dangerously close. She had tampons, and even though the string would be an issue, they might work for a naked girl. She knew that, but she wasn’t really interested in finding out. Being naked was bad enough. Having her period while naked – that was unthinkable. As it was, she was relatively certain she’d be back at Cache Lake before her period started. She wasn’t willing to push her luck.

She saw that David had a fire going. Ryan was still asleep just a short distance away. She got up and after relieving herself in the woods, she joined David at the fire. He smiled at her as he poured her a cup of cowboy coffee, but it was obvious that he wasn’t in a talkative mood.

“A penny for your thoughts, Pocket,” she said, hoping to coax him out of his shell.

“It’s been good here,” he remarked, looking wistfully at the lake. A hint of fog floated just above its calm surface. “I wish we would have provided for a longer stay. We’ve only just scratched the surface of all that there is to do here. Time isn’t the issue. None of us have anywhere that we need to be.”

“We could go on a second overnight hike,” Jill suggested.

“We could, and we should,” he replied. “But somehow it won’t be the same. We won’t be able to get you naked . . . at least, not against your will. You wouldn’t fall for our tricks a second time.”

Jill smiled. She was glad to hear that David seemed to believe that she was nude because she had been tricked. Indeed she was; however, she was starting to realize that she might have some willingness to be nude, provided the conditions were right.

“And things here are perfect,” David continued. “I’ve really been enjoying the company, the twins. The campfires have been a blast. The next hike is not destined to be nearly as much fun.”

Jill was surprised to hear him say that. She realized that being nude had caused her to view everything in a very self-centered way. Britt had made that more than obvious at the falls. Indeed, she’d given little thought to anyone’s experience other than her own. She hadn’t even considered whether her own brother might be enjoying the company of their backcountry neighbors.

Suddenly quite interested, she asked, “Tell me . . . what is your take on the Copelands?”

“I like them,” he admitted. “I might have initially had stereotypes in the forefront of my mind, stereotypes for lesbian couples. I don’t know. It’s not like one of them is butch. Britt maybe, but not really. Except for how intelligent they seem to be, both girls are pretty much like everyone else. Maybe this experience has opened my eyes. It seems a shame to leave today when they’ll be here another couple of days.”

“I know,” said Jill. “Surprising just how similar our thought patterns are.”

“You know, one or two of us, maybe Ryan and I, could make a food run. It would take a good portion of the day, but we could be back with supplies by dinner time.”

Jill hadn’t really considered that. She hadn’t thought that the boys might want to extend their stay as well. She liked the idea; she liked it a lot. However, there was still the issue of her impending period.

“But grandma and grandpa. They’re expecting us back today,” she said, searching for objections.

“Right. We wouldn’t want them to worry . . . or call the authorities. It would be more driving, but we would have to go out to Cache Lake and let them know.”

Jill considered that. She could have him get her some clothes while there, shorts and panties. There wouldn’t have to be any tops. Of course, he might not bring anything back unless she gave him a good reason. She’d have to tell him about her period. He’d understand and most likely agree to get the clothes. But she didn’t want to do that. She didn’t like talking about her periods; certainly not with boys. Even though he was her seven-minute-younger twin, he was still a boy.

In the end, she let him know that staying longer wasn’t something that she would consider. It made her sad to have to do that, but there didn’t seem to be an option. Periods were no fun, especially not in the backcountry. At least at Cache Lake, there was a bathroom with running water in the Airstream.

Once it was settled that they were indeed leaving as planned, she made her way to the girls’ camp to say ‘good morning.’ She made her way gingerly along the narrow trail as she hadn’t taken the time to put on her boots. Not only was she naked, but barefoot as well.

The girls had just finished breakfast when she arrived. Britt was busy making a second pot of coffee in an old-school percolator atop a light-weight single burner stove.

“A bit nippy out,” commented Britt, making a point of staring at Jill’s bare chest.

Jill glanced down at herself. Her nipples were indeed at full tilt.

“I’ve always wondered about that word. When someone says that it is nippy, are they inadvertently referring to nipples?” asked Jill.

“Let’s ask the lit major,” Britt replied.

“Exactly! I’m a lit major, not a linguistics major,” said Jenna. “But I’ve always thought that ‘nip’ was a synonym for ‘bite.’ As in, ‘the puppy nipped at my ankles,’ or ‘Jack Frost nipping at your nose.’ The causation might run the other way. The etymology of the word ‘nipples’ might actually relate to how babies ‘nip’ or ‘nibble’ at them. Just speculation. I actually don’t know.”

“Sorry I asked. I prefer the idea that we are talking about nipples, like yours…” Britt paused to point at Jill’s chest. “…when we say that it is nippy out.”

Jill reached up and casually touched one of her nipples with an index finger. It was indeed hard.

“Your nipples rock!” said Britt admiringly. “May I?” added Britt, extending her hand toward Jill.

Jill stepped quickly back. “No! You’re married, remember!” she said in a joking tone.

Jill found herself thinking about how embarrassed she would get when her nipples would make themselves known through a shirt. While it was embarrassing to talk about them, her acceptance of being a girl with perky nipples had grown during the course of the summer. She now saw her spirited nipples as a big part of what made her modest chest look nice. She’d noticed that even though her breasts were small, they seemed to attract the eyes of those that she had encountered, and she’d seen their expressions change as they’d stared. She now thought of her nipples as both overtly feminine as well as exceedingly sexy.

Changing the subject, Jill said, “I was hoping to exchange addresses and phone numbers. It might be fun to keep in touch.”

“Absolutely!” said Britt enthusiastically. “You’ll have to report in now and then to tell us about college life . . . what you’re learning . . . if you’re having fun . . . if you’ve met someone special.”

**Chapter 108: Jill’s Thing**

That comment made Jill feel good. It was nice to know that they might also be interested in staying in touch.

“And I’d like to hear how your residency is going . . . and what the two of you are doing for fun.”

Jenna came up with some paper, and they each took turns writing down their information.

“I guess I would like it if you’d send me a selection of the photos before deleting them. All kidding aside, I’m worried about those photos. I don’t want to one day have my life affected by their appearance on the web.”

“I respect that,” replied Britt. “To be completely truthful, I’m not planning to delete all of them. I’ll keep a few, those of you and Jenna, for example. I do want to send one to the deaf boy, but before I do, I’ll make him promise to never post it anywhere . . . or share it with someone who might.”

“You don’t seem to understand how much that worries me. On the one hand, I’d like him to have an image. On the other hand, it’s too big of a risk. I’d much rather you didn’t.”

“I doubt I’ll send him anything, but it’s out of your hands,” said Britt with a shrug.

Jill didn’t like hearing that. She knew that it was true, but she didn’t need the blatant reminder. It was Britt’s way of saying that she was going to do what she wanted to do no matter what.

Britt continued, “I share your interest in keeping your future safe. In this day and age, there are so many millions of naked girl pictures floating around on the web, another one or two would get lost in the ocean.”

“Britt…” chastised Jenna.

“I mean, I’ll do my part to keep them off the web,” said Britt, trying to sound reassuring. “But I’m not deleting every last one. I could lie to you, Jill. I could tell you that I would . . . but I won’t. I’m too honest to tell you otherwise.”

Realizing that continuing the discussion wasn’t going to make things any different, Jill asked for a coffee refill.

“Not as good as your brother’s, I’m afraid,” said Britt after Jill had taken a sip.

“It’s not. I’m too honest to tell you otherwise.”

“Touché,” said Britt, noticing that Jill had repeated her statement word for word.

A bit later, Jill went back to her campsite to have some oatmeal and begin packing. Not being ready to say goodbye, the two blondes accompanied her.

“I was just thinking of something,” said David, as the three of them walked up. “Has Jill done her thing for you guys?”

“My thing?” she asked, trying to imagine what David might be referring to.

Leaning in and whispering, he said, “You know, your Tarzan thing.”

“Oh, that,” she replied, loud enough for the Copelands to hear. “No, I haven’t.”

David smiled warmly. “Well, you should. They’d get a kick out of it.”

“But there’s nothing to climb up on, and no jungle animals to put on notice,” she protested weakly.

“Do it anyway . . . for them,” pleaded David.

“Yes, please,” said Jenna curiously.

“How about that large rock down along the shore?” suggested Ryan pointing.

Looking along the shore in the direction opposite of the girls’ camp, Jill saw a big boulder a short distance back from the shoreline.

“I guess,” said Jill, trying to sound adequately reluctant. She really didn’t mind doing her Tarzan yell, especially if there was popular demand. She just hadn’t wanted to do it of her own accord for the girls, being unsure of what they might think.

“So . . . what’s ‘her thing?’” asked Jenna as the five of them started toward the boulder.

David smiled. “You’ll see.”

“Would you look at that!” exclaimed Ryan upon arriving at the rock. He was pointing at a few small aspens protruding out from under it. They had leaves on them.

“This came down this summer,” concluded David, looking up at the cliff above them.

“This would have been a very bad spot for a tent,” remarked Ryan.

After everyone had studied the vegetation that the rock had recently landed on, Jill said, “Okay, if I’m going to do this, I need a boost.”

She turned her back to Ryan so that he wouldn’t try and be the one to offer assistance. David interlaced his fingers, and Jill placed a bare but very dirty foot into his hands. Facing him, her hands on his shoulders, she counted, “One, two, three.” On three, she extended her leg as David lifted.

Jill tried to not think about how close her crotch was to his face as she went up. It was even closer than her breasts had been at the start of the lift. With David straight below, standing ready in case she slipped, she scrambled the rest of the way up. A moment later, she stood atop the rock, her feet eight or ten feet off the ground.

“Ready?” she asked, looking down at her audience as she began psyching up.

She saw the puzzled looks on the girls’ faces as the boys started clapping and cheering to share their energy. Placing one foot boldly in front of the other, she raised her arms overhead, lifting up her ribcage as she stretched her back, neck and shoulders.

Just after the first chords of her Tarzan yell shattered the quiet morning air, she started beating her fists alternately against her chest. The sound reverberated within and then began echoing off the canyon walls. She held her head up proudly and poured everything she had into the effort. It felt like her moment in the sun, her moment to shine! And she was more than aware that this was the first time she was doing her Tarzan yell for anyone other than Ryan and David.

Glancing down as the sound died away, she saw both girls beaming up at her. Jenna was clapping and Britt had her arms overhead, shaking her clenched fists in a celebratory fashion.

“Wow!” yelled Britt. “That would surely cause an elephant stampede!”

“Let’s hear it for Tarzan!” shouted Jenna, continuing to clap.

Jill took a bow but then inched forward to start making her way down from the top. Looking down at the four faces below, she couldn’t help but think about the view they had; they were all looking up between her legs. A moment later, she was sliding down into David’s arms. She noticed that Ryan had a hand on her lower back. It seemed innocent enough. He seemed to just be steadying her, so she didn’t object.

“Thanks,” she said, looking over at Ryan to take her mind off the fact that her nude front was rubbing against David as she slid down into his arms. A moment later she again had her feet firmly on the ground.

“You’re so athletic!” Jenna remarked. “I could never get up there. Not even with help.”

Jill turned and looked up at the boulder. It was indeed large and had little in the way of handholds on the steep side she had gone up.

“Doesn’t that hurt?” added Jenna, indicating her chest.

Jill looked down at herself. “Not at all,” she remarked, noticing that she had fist-sized red marks on her skin just above her nipples. “Or maybe I’m just used to it.”

“And to think,” said Britt. “I initially thought you were a meek, defenseless girl . . . these guys taking advantage of you. You are anything but. You are your own woman!”

“I’m just me,” said Jill softly, trying to accept the compliment with grace. However, she held her head high, trying to look as self-assured as she could. Appearing confident wasn’t as hard for her as it had once been. Her confidence had been on an upswing as the summer had progressed.

They walked back to camp and went about packing that last of their things. A short time later, they were ready to depart.

“What now?” asked Britt as Jill and the guys began saying their goodbyes. “I mean, Jill’s naked and you’re headed back to Cache Lake. I’m a little concerned about what happens to her along the way, without Jenna and me there to protect her.”

Jill almost laughed out loud. The idea that Britt had been protecting her was comical, and yet she knew that Britt surely viewed it that way.

“You’ll lend her a T-shirt or something, right?” asked Jenna looking at David. “You can’t really drive back with her naked . . . not in an open Jeep.”

“Well, we drove here and she was every bit as naked,” said David.

“But that was just from the west side of the lake,” observed Britt. “I know this area well enough to know that the road to the east side of the lake takes you through town.”

“Unless Jill takes the same route back,” said Jenna. “She could always swim back across.”

Jill hadn’t given that any thought. She’d been trying to block the return trip out of her mind. The trip through town in the Jeep was too scary to think about, but she also didn’t like the idea of swimming back. The swim itself wasn’t the problem. The real issue would be driving back into that area and then getting through the cabins to the lakeshore naked. She had firsthand experience with how difficult it was to keep from being seen in among those cabins.

“I don’t really want to swim back,” she said.

“One thing is certain,” said Ryan. “She stays naked. I’m not giving her any of my clothes and David promised me that he wouldn’t either.”

Jill looked at David. “You promised him that?” she asked.

David shrugged. “You’ll be fine. What’s there to worry about?”

“What’s there to worry about?” she asked. She did like the idea of staying naked as long as possible, but his question was ridiculous. There was so much to worry about!

“Just don’t let her get arrested,” said Britt. “Keep it fun.”

“Oh, she won’t get arrested,” said David, dismissing that as a possibility.

“I’ve never studied up on the indecency laws,” said Britt. “But I think that she has to keep her genitals and her nipples from being visible when in public. Her genitals . . .that shouldn’t really be an issue . . . on a car seat . . . they would be hidden . . . mostly. Her nipples would be another matter. Yes, a T-shirt would be a good idea.”

“No T-shirt,” said Ryan, smiling broadly and shaking his head.

Even though she didn’t want the guys handing her a T-shirt, Ryan’s comment sent a thrill shooting through her body. There was something exciting about Ryan acting as if he were in charge of such things.

“I’ve got an idea,” said Britt. “David, can I borrow your belt?”

Jill experienced a twinge of anxiety at Britt’s comment as she saw David hesitate. Suddenly she was recalling how Britt had talked about using a belt the day before. It was stressful enough to hear her companions discussing the danger associated with being naked, and what might be done, or not done, to manage those risks. She watched David remove his belt and hand it to Britt. It was a plain brown leather belt.

“Come here, Jill,” she said.

Her trepidation caused her to hesitate, but she walked toward Britt nonetheless.

Stepping behind her, just as Jill had feared, Britt reached up and wrapped the belt across her chest. Jill’s first thought was to pull away. She didn’t like the surprise or the feel of the leather on her breasts.

“How can I help?” asked Ryan.

“You can’t,” said David sternly.

“Jeez . . . just asking,” he grumbled.

Britt looked as if she were deep in thought. “Cleavage is okay, side-boob is okay, I even think that under-boob is okay,” she said as she went about buckling the belt behind Jill’s back. “However, I’m pretty sure that the nipples have to be hidden. That’s probably why pasties were invented.”

Once the belt was adequately tight, Britt stepped in front and made one final adjustment to get both nipples completely covered. “Sorry about all the handling,” she said, sounding rather sincere.

Jill had been trying to not think about it. She didn’t reply.

Britt took a step back to consider her handiwork. “Well, what do you guys think?” she asked.

Even though it felt funny to have a strap tight across her chest, Jill did her best to stand there and let them look.

“It’s kind of cute,” said Ryan in a voice that more than hinted at the powerful attraction that he felt for Jill.

“That’s not what I was asking,” said Britt. “Might it qualify as a top?”

“The boy’s right!” said Jenna. “It IS cute.”

“I know it is,” acknowledged Britt. “But that’s not the point.”

**Chapter 109: David’s Belt**

Jenna again turned her attention to Jill, standing there at attention, the belt smashing her long but rather small diameter nipples back into her modestly padded chest. “Her nipples are hidden,” she said. “If that’s all that it takes, then I guess that it’s good.”

“She almost looks like Kiera Knightly in King Arthur. Remember that strappy little number she had on?” asked Ryan.

“Good observation. You’re right,” said Britt. It showed on her face how much she hated being in agreement with Ryan.

“So this could qualify as a top?” asked Jill skeptically.

She looked down at her chest. With the fingers of one hand, she traced the outline of the belt. It pressed firmly into her breasts, raising a bit of pillowy flesh just above and below.

“If that qualifies, then I think it is the most that she should wear for the rest of the summer,” said Ryan.

“I don’t think so,” said Jill. “If it’s the ‘one of the guys’ agreement that you have in mind, you’ll have to wear one, too.”

Ryan grimaced at that comment. Jill cracked up. It wasn’t much, but it always felt good to turn the tables on Jerk-boy.

“But it does kind of seem as if it’s something that a female Tarzan might wear. All you’d need would be a matching leather loincloth to complete the ensemble,” observed David.

“Her Halloween costume!” exclaimed Ryan.

“I don’t think so,” said Jill, reaching behind her back to try and unbuckle it. As she was unable to unbuckle it that way, she pulled it down off of her breasts and then spun it, bringing the buckle in front of her tummy where she was able to undo it easily. She handed it back to David, who went about rethreading it into the belt loops of his shorts.

Before parting, both Britt and Jenna took a moment to give Jill a hug and wish her well.

Britt had one final word for David. “Whatever you do young man, don’t take your sister’s safety too lightly. She’s precious, that one.”

David and Ryan started down the trail, and Jill turned to follow. As she did so, she again found herself thinking about Britt. It was quite ironic how she assumed the role of antagonist whenever the boys weren’t around. However, when they were, she acted as if it was her duty to protect her.

After going a short distance, Jill turned and looked back. Both Britt and Jenna were there, watching them depart. She gave them a quick wave, and then turned and resumed walking. She was wearing just the backpack and her boots, so she was quite conscious of just how visible her bare buns were.

Knowing that they were watching, she reached back and gave one of her cheeks a single sharp slap, hard enough to be heard. “I deserve that. I am such a naughty girl!” she mumbled to herself. She wanted to look back for their reaction, but she knew that the gesture would carry more meaning if she didn’t. She wasn’t sure what meaning they might read into it, she wasn’t even sure what meaning she might be intending, it just seemed like a fitting conclusion to all the fun they had experienced together. She smiled as memories of their frolicking at the base of the falls flashed through her mind.

Jill kept her eyes peeled as they walked downhill through the trees, making their way back to the Jeep. As she now knew that the trailhead they had parked at was the back entrance to the primitive area, she was not really expecting that they would run into other hikers. If they did, she was planning to get off the trail and hide as necessary. She was enjoying being nude, but that enjoyment didn’t include the embarrassment that came with being seen naked by strangers. That was much too stressful to be fun.

After their first water break, Ryan ended up behind her. While she knew that he would be staring at her butt, she decided to try and not think about it. There was little point. He’d certainly seen it all that weekend. Indeed, he’d caused it. She smiled to herself remembering how quickly the pillowcase skirt had disappeared into the fire. She still needed to get him back for that little maneuver, she realized. But then she remembered going off with the girls for the day. Maybe that had been punishment enough.

As they neared the end of the trail, Jill turned her thoughts to the Jeep ride ahead. She did have her hidden outfit to consider. She could get dressed, and that would be that.

The more she thought about that, the more she talked herself out of doing that. First and foremost, it would reveal to David and Ryan that she had had an outfit at her disposal all along. It hadn’t been with them, and yet it had been close enough that she would have been able to retrieve it without having to abandon the hike. That might make it appear as if she had been willingly naked. That was the last thing that she wanted them to think.

It was okay if they thought that she had been a good sport about having been tricked. It was not okay if they were to learn that she had been able to do something about it all along – and had chosen not to. Fashioning the makeshift skirt out of her pillowcase had been a good move. That had made it appear that she had been doing everything within her power to combat their efforts. That was the impression that she wanted them to have.

Additionally, she decided that she still wanted to keep the clothes, the key, and the money concealed, so that they would be there for a real emergency. That thought made her chuckle and shake her head. Wasn’t she already experiencing exactly the emergency that she had provided for when she had stashed those things in the Jeep?

She was nude and the boys had obviously been scheming to keep her that way. And what was more, they were planning to drive all the way back to Cache Lake with her in the backseat. Who knew how that might turn out? She made a mental note to make sure that whoever was driving obeyed the speed limit. It would be very bad to get pulled over along the way. They might all be arrested.

As they arrived at the road, Jill lingered just inside the tree line. She was thinking back to her dash from the Jeep just seventy-two hours earlier, her pack down low hiding her butt from Ryan. Things had not gone at all like she had been thinking they might. What an amazing three days it had been!

Peeking cautiously out of the forest, she listened carefully, looking both ways. There seemed to be little cause for concern. Besides the Jeep, there was just one other vehicle, a small white Korean sedan. She knew that the car belonged to Britt and Jenna. Cheap transportation during medical school, she thought as she left the security of the forest and ventured out onto the road.

Still on the lookout, she placed her backpack with the others in the back of the Jeep and then hopped into the backseat. Both Ryan and David were ready to go, even buckled in. As she began looking for her seatbelt, she caught a glimpse of Ryan’s eyes in the rearview mirror.

“What are you so happy about?” she asked.

“That should be obvious?” he remarked with a smirk.

Jill heard David laugh as she clicked her seatbelt into the buckle. Yes, it was pretty obvious. He seemed to have achieved everything that he had set out to accomplish . . . and a lot more. A topless Jill had probably been the limit of his original aspirations.

“So do you want my belt?” asked David as Ryan started the motor and shifted into gear.

Jill frowned. “You’d really let me wear it?” she asked.

David laughed. “It’s not as if you’re not going to do your best to keep your nipples hidden. The belt covers less than your hands.”

“True . . . I guess,” she said, placing her hands atop her breasts and looking down as if she wanted to be reminded of how effective her hands were at hiding things. “Either way, I still look topless . . . even with my nips covered.”

“Suit yourself,” he shrugged.

Jill decided to experiment with the chest strap of the seatbelt. Stretching it out, she found that she could position it such that it covered one nipple completely. She discovered that she could hide either nipple and keep it in place by holding it lower down. The problem was that there wasn’t a good way to use it to cover both nipples at once.

After giving up on that, she looked up. In the rearview mirror, she saw Ryan’s bare stomach.

“Hey!” she said. “Fix the mirror. It’s for watching the road . . . duh! You’re such a Jerk-boy!”

Ryan did as instructed. Jill didn’t really like that she was again seeing his eyes in the mirror, and yet that was how it had to be. She could move to either side, but she felt as if she were least likely to be seen if she stayed in the middle of the backseat.

For a time they drove along in silence. Jill noticed that the clouds had rolled in. It was still warm, but it had become muggy. The breeze from the moving vehicle felt good on her bare skin.

She concentrated on keeping her eyes on the road, watching for cars. After they turned onto the highway, the number of cars increased. Each time they passed a car going the other way, Jill would hunker down, doing her best to hide behind the front seat.

This is too stressful, she thought. What in the heck am I doing? And yet she knew that it wasn’t really her doing. The summer had been like one long extended game of strip poker. And it was as if she had lost every hand. If she was guilty of anything, it was only that she had continued to play. Other girls, recognizing that the deck was stacked against them, would have tossed their cards in the air and left. Indeed, that was probably what she should have done. Early in the summer she should have packed up and gone home. And yet, as strange as it sounded, she was glad that she had stuck with it. Even though it had resulted in her nudity, she was glad that she had stayed with the game.

“Hey, Jerk-boy, watch your speed!” she shouted, noticing how fast he was driving.

She felt Ryan lift his foot off the accelerator. She lectured him about the need for obeying all the traffic laws as they continued toward town.

“I think this truck wants to pass,” said Ryan a little bit later, catching Jill by surprise. She turned and saw a semi bearing down on them.

“Ryan, speed up!” she insisted.

“You told me to slow down. Care to make up your mind?”

“You’re going thirty-five, you idiot. No wonder he wants to pass.”

Ryan looked over at David. “Do you think a lonely truck driver might enjoy seeing Jilly’s little titties?”

“I’m sure of it,” he chuckled.

“Damn it, Ryan. Speed up!” she shouted.

“He’ll pass on the next straightaway,” said Ryan ignoring her.

Initially, Jill did as she had done when cars had passed going in the opposite direction; she leaned forward and stayed low. However, as the truck started to pass she glanced back and saw how high the cab was. As she was going to be seen no matter what she did, she sat up. Pulling her heels up onto the seat, she hugged her legs. The driver was going to see her and instantly know that she was naked; however, curled up like an egg, he wasn’t going to see the parts that a guy would want to see – not that she knew it was a guy.

As the truck drew alongside, two blasts from the loud horn caused Jill to jump out of her skin. She angled her face down and away, as much to pretend that this wasn’t happening as to hide her identity. Taking a quick glance at David, she saw him looking back and giving the driver a thumbs up.

“You look so happy,” she said sarcastically, raising her voice enough to be heard above the noise of the truck’s motor as well as that of the wind.

David looked at her and smiled. “Speed up, Ryan,” he said.

“What?” said Jill in surprise. The truck cab was far enough forward that the driver would no longer be able to see her.

**Chapter 110: Elmer Franks**

Jill felt the Jeep surge forward as Ryan mashed the gas pedal to the floor. Here we go again, she thought as the Jeep drew alongside the cab. She couldn’t believe that they were prolonging her torture. But as she considered that, she realized that it wasn’t at all surprising. She wanted to look up and see if she could see the driver, but she forced herself to keep her face angled away.

A moment later, they were again ahead of the truck. Glancing back, Jill saw it merge in behind them. Two quick blasts sounded again from the truck’s horn as they sped away.

“Turn around and wave,” suggested David.

She shook her head. “Stop messing around. That was so dangerous!” she yelled. Glancing at the speedometer, she saw that Ryan had continued to accelerate, all the way up to seventy-five. “And slow down, God damn it!” she demanded.

Ryan laughed. “You’re so wishy-washy!”

“I am not!” she protested. “Just drive the speed limit and shut up!”

Ryan slowed. For a time they didn’t talk, but every so often Jill would glance back. The truck stayed right with them. Jill found herself wishing that she had allowed Ryan to speed long enough for them to put some distance between them.

As they approached Stanton, Jill undid her seatbelt and slid off the seat, down onto the floorboards. Shortly thereafter, she felt the Jeep rolling to a stop.

“Don’t stop. Please, don’t stop,” she pleaded. Being nude and in town in an open car was stressing her out.

“Just a traffic light, Jilly. We have to stop,” explained David.

“Okay,” she mumbled without lifting her head to look.

“However…” continued David.

“However, what?” she asked apprehensively, not really not wanting to hear what more he might have to say.

“However, it’s well past lunchtime. A burger and a shake sound awfully good to me right now,” he replied.

“Are you thinking what I’m thinking?” chuckled Ryan.

“Yep . . . EAT!” said David, emphasizing the last word gutturally.

“Oh, no! Not EAT,” said Jill.

‘Eat’ was what they called Elmer Franks Drive-In, their favorite place for burgers in Agency. They called it that because it had a tall sign with just that one three-letter word in giant capital letters, surely intended to get people traveling on the highway to stop for a quick meal.

“Valentino’s Pizza then?” asked David jovially.

“Oh, no! Not there either,” said Jill, her voice full of concern.

“Well, there’s not much else to pick from,” replied David.

“Let’s have lunch at the lake,” proposed Jill in desperation. “Grandma will feed us. She’ll probably even have stuff on hand for burgers. I’m sure she and grandpa have been missing us.”

“Eat! Eat! Eat!” the two boys started chanting. Jill knew they were trying to scare her, but she also suspected that they were quite serious. She realized that EAT might have been the plan all along. The idea of Elmer Franks food was quite appealing, especially the shakes, but there was no way she could allow them to stop, not that she could prevent it.

“David, really? What more do you want from me?” she asked. “Look at me! I’m naked. And it’s still not enough?”

“We need lunch,” he offered with a shrug.

“We don’t need to get arrested!”

“No one’s going to arrest you. Naked men . . . now that’s vulgar. They should be arrested. You? You’re a work of art. You should be on display.”

“Naked is naked. There are laws. The police follow the laws. Both genders . . . equally.”

“Maybe . . . maybe not . . . I’m not really very concerned,” he replied. “We can always leave if someone complains or acts as if they’ll call the cops.”

Jill frowned as she sighed heavily. “What more do you want from me? Maybe it’s fun to a point, but I’m completely uncomfortable with being seen. Why doesn’t anybody get that? I thought the point . . . your point . . . was to make me more comfortable.”

“It is,” replied David. “And it’s worked. Look at you. You’re more comfortable than ever. We’ve pushed you to do things that you never would have been able to do, and look what has happened. An amazing transformation!”

“David, I’m on the floorboards of a Jeep. Now, tell me again how comfortable I am.”

“You know what I mean,” he replied.

And she did. Jill knew that what he was saying was largely true, and yet she felt that things had reached their limit. She couldn’t get any more naked. There was absolutely no reason to escalate things any further.

She climbed back up on the seat for a time during the drive from Stanton to Agency, continuing to duck down low for passing cars. She tried to think of how she might talk them out of stopping for lunch. However, as they approached Agency, she moved back down to the floor of the Jeep.

“Where should we park?” asked Ryan, looking over at David.

“At Cache Lake,” replied Jill quickly.

“Front and center,” countered David. “Jill can go to the window and place our order.”

Elmer Franks was an old-fashioned drive-in. There was no drive-thru and no indoor seating. Outside there were a few picnic tables in a grassy area, but mostly people just sat in their cars while eating. On summer evenings the place served as a hangout for teens. There were two windows, one for placing orders, another from which they called out numbers and delivered food.

“There’s no way I’m getting out naked,” said Jill resolutely. “If you have to have burgers, you need to park more than a block away. I’ll wait in the Jeep.”

“Front and center,” said David, speaking to Ryan directly.

Jill was desperate. Somehow she needed to figure out how to finally win a hand.

“You know, if I get arrested, it will go very badly for the two of you. I won’t hold anything back. The police will hear about the clothes I packed into my backpack. They hear how Jerk-boy removed them, leaving me with nothing to wear. They’ll hear how I made a skirt out of a pillowcase, attempting to maintain what modesty I could, only to have it torn off violently . . . immediately burned. I’ll get off scot-free . . . neither of you will. I haven’t been raped, but what has happened to me surely qualifies as sexual assault. I expect the penalties will be severe . . . jail time, to be sure.”

“I don’t think you’d tell the story such that we’d be in trouble,” said David.

“Try me!” Jill dared, staring into his eyes with her best poker face. “I’ll go you one better. Park in front of the drive-in, and I’m hopping out and finding the authorities myself. Continue making me your victim, and I’ll show you victim!”

“You wouldn’t dare!” David countered.

Jill gave him her sly smile, raising her eyebrows and looking at him confidently. She knew she was probably bluffing, but he had to be wondering. Under normal circumstances, he might have been able to read her thoughts, but these were hardly normal circumstances. The stakes were high.

After about a twenty-second stare down, David caved. “Park down the street, next to the ballfield. Jill can wait in the Jeep.”

Jill expected pushback from Ryan. To her surprise, he simply nodded in agreement. She had won! However, it wasn’t much of a victory. She was still going to be in an open car, waiting for them on the side of a road in a small town, and Elmer Franks was notoriously slow. It would be a long wait. She stayed low as they entered the outskirts of Agency.

“Here?” asked Ryan a minute later.

Jill raised her head to see where they were. “Farther!” she said. They were only a half block past the drive-in.

“Here’s good,” said David. Ryan stopped and shut off the motor.

A minute later, Jill was alone in the Jeep. She had given them her order and they had walked back to the drive-in. She’d tried to get comfortable down on the floorboards, but the transmission tunnel made that impossible.

A few minutes later she heard voices. She froze but very carefully lifted her head up to take a peek. Two women were walking along the side of the road, one of them pushing a stroller. They were actually walking in the road as Agency was too rural for sidewalks. She stayed as low as she could. They passed right by the Jeep, apparently not bothering to look, otherwise, they probably would have been able to see the naked girl within.

This is no good, she thought. The next person by is bound to see me. Her thoughts turned to her emergency stash as she started considering her options.

A minute later, after doing her best to make sure that the coast was clear, she dove over the front seats, her bare butt momentarily shooting up into the air where it would have been visible from all directions.

As expected, the bag with her things was right where she had hidden it. She opened it, quickly locating the key.

On her knees, keeping as low as she could, she inserted it into the ignition switch. It was decision time. She had initially thought that she would simply drive ahead a block and then stop and wait for the boys. They’d be able to see the Jeep, but she’d be far enough down the road that most likely no one else would walk by.

But suddenly she realized that she was in the driver’s seat. She started considering a more extreme course of action. She could drive all the way back to Cache Lake, abandoning David and Ryan in Agency. Even thinking about doing such a mean thing was very much out of character for her, and yet she knew that they deserved it.

She chuckled to herself, realizing that the fact that she was considering such a dastardly thing had everything to do with all the self-confidence she had acquired that summer. She decided that she loved the irony of David’s scheme backfiring on him. He had helped her become a more assertive person, and now he was going to pay the price! She couldn’t keep herself from laughing out loud.

While the idea of missing out on her hot fudge, banana shake was painful, she knew what she was going to do.

Again lifting her head to verify that no one was anywhere near the Jeep, she slid her bare bottom up onto the seat. She adjusted it a small amount – she was nearly as tall as Ryan, keeping as low as she could. Next, she started the motor. A moment later she was underway.

She had decided that she’d be able to get away with driving nude. After one more stop sign, the road headed straight out of town. She’d tell the boys the truth: that she had driven back naked. She wouldn’t have to mention her emergency kit, complete with clothes and money. She could put it all back such that it would be there for any future need. She’d simply say that she had always had a key of her own. They would assume that it had been in her backpack.

She passed a few cars going the other way. She stayed hunched over, her chest close to the steering wheel, hoping that doing so might keep people from noticing that she was indeed topless, topless and female. Maybe it’s good to have a chest that looks almost like a boy's, she considered with a smile. From a distance, I might be able to pass as ‘one of the guys,’ she thought, but then she remembered her hair.

Initially, she found herself feeling bad for what she was doing to the boys. She had no idea how they might manage to get out to the lake. Agency was much too small to have a taxi service of any kind. She even doubted that there were any Uber drivers. In the end, she decided that it was their problem. They had been scheming to have everyone at the drive-in see her naked. They really did deserve what she was doing to them – much more actually. She smiled to herself. It felt really good to finally win a hand. It was as if she were raking in the pot.

As she slowed for the section of road with the worst washboarding, she turned her thoughts ahead to what she would do upon arrival at the lake. She couldn’t very well go into their driveway and park next to the Airstream. Somehow she’d have to get dressed before her grandparents saw her.