**Summer at Cache Lake**

**Chapter 111: Returning to Cache Lake**After considering her options, Jill crossed the bridge and parked the Jeep on the gravel shoulder just beyond. Hopping out, she glanced at the signpost. Her panties were still there. Inevitably, she found herself thinking back to that night, the night she had torn them off and tied them there. That had been her first fully naked adventure.After a quick chuckle about all that had happened since then, she made her way down the same slope that she had thrown herself down that night in the dark. Once below the bridge, she quickly verified that emergency stash number two was intact and well-hidden. Making use of it and getting dressed there was certainly an option, but that was not what she had in mind. Instead, remaining nude, she followed the outlet upstream in the direction of Cache Lake.Upon reaching the lake, she turned and continued on toward their camp on the point.It felt good to be back in familiar territory. As she made her way along the shore, she found herself thinking about how much less tense she was now relative to what she would surely have once been. Indeed, she was completely naked and it was daytime. Being reminded of the risks, she paused to look around carefully.She thought of the boys on the other side of the lake as she looked in their general direction. At one time, she had probably been somewhat protected by the fact that they didn’t know that there was a girl across the lake. She smiled recalling how David had told them about having a twin, supposedly describing her as his ‘secret weapon.’They had apparently assumed that he had been talking about a twin brother. The guys had learned otherwise. Now, not only did they know she was a girl, but they'd seen the goods. There could be absolutely no doubt in their minds that she was female, not after her nude romp through the cabin area.They surely had binoculars. At one time, they had probably had little interest in training them on the distant shore. That might have changed. Now that they knew about her, she realized they might be keeping an eye out.Upon arriving at camp, she unzipped her tent. Her bag of clothes, the one that she had packed for their backpacking trip, was just inside. Ryan had obviously done little more than take it out of her pack and deposit it there.Pulling on a plain pair of panties, she dressed quickly. Unlike what she had always done, she didn’t go to the trouble of getting into her tent to dress. There seemed to be little point. Over the top of the panties, she added dark blue shorts. She completed her outfit with a sleeveless blouse, not bothering with a bra. A bra had been a mandatory part of her attire, but she no longer felt the need.As soon as she was dressed, she headed back the way she had come. She wanted to be back at the Jeep before the boys came. She expected that they’d be angry – quite angry, in fact. There would probably be some yelling; she hoped they could be quickly done with that.Ideally, they would all arrive together back at the Airstream with enough harmony restored that they wouldn’t get any awkward questions from their grandparents. But that might be too much to ask, she realized. The last thing she wanted to have to explain was why she had chosen to strand the boys in town. Her grandparents knew her well enough to know that such a thing was not something that she would do, not without being severely provoked.About half an hour later, Jill was sitting in the passenger seat of the Jeep, reading one of her books, when she heard a vehicle approaching. Turning, she saw that it was a dilapidated pickup. There were three heads visible through the windshield. It rolled to a stop next to the Jeep.As Jill watched, the passenger window was rolled down and David came into view. He didn’t say anything. He just sat there staring at her, a blank look on his face. Glancing over, she saw Ryan next to him. He too was just sitting there, saying nothing. **“**Am I letting you off here?” she heard the driver inquire.Neither David nor Ryan replied. After an extended period of time, David turned and faced straight ahead, rolling the window back up in the process. The next thing she knew, the truck was again moving forward. **“**I guess they’re pissed,” she said to herself as she slid over into the driver’s seat and started the motor. She followed the pickup the last mile.The truck nosed into her grandparents’ driveway and came to a stop. David and Ryan climbed out. As she waited, David walked around the truck to confer with the driver. She saw him pull out his wallet.After the truck had departed, Jill turned into the driveway, quickly catching up to the two boys. They were walking side-by-side, each one of them in a rut. She followed at a safe distance.Upon reaching the Airstream, Jill parked and climbed out. The boys were just standing there looking at her, their faces remained expressionless. That made her wonder if they had discussed how they were going to treat her. David turned and walked toward the trailer. **“**We should talk,” said Jill.Upon reaching the door, David turned and looked back at her. “What’s there to talk about?” he asked. “How you stranded us? How you made us worry that you might have been kidnapped? How we had to decide if we needed to call the police or just find a ride out to the lake?”Jill was surprised. “Kidnapped? You’re kidding, right?”Ignoring her question, David knocked and then opened the door without waiting for a reply. “We’re back,” he announced, going up one step.Jill heard movement inside and then the happy voices of her grandparents. Expecting them, her grandmother had prepared a big jug of fresh lemonade, squeezing the lemons herself. After taking a seat at the table, Jill took a large sip. The lemonade tasted so refreshing. She took a big gulp. The cool liquid felt wonderful going down her parched throat. **“**Would you guys like some snacks or maybe a late lunch?” her grandmother inquired. **“**Oh, no,” David replied. “I’m so full. We stopped at Elmer Franks. Ryan and I even split an extra burger.”Jill wasn’t surprised. She expected that they had split a milkshake as well. **“**Okay,” said her grandmother. “But I’ve got lots of food on hand, should you change your mind. Herbert and I made a trip to town just this morning. All stocked up!”Having missed lunch entirely, Jill was starving. However, she decided that she would have to suffer in silence. If she allowed her grandmother to feed her, they were bound to get curious. That would invite questions.As she refilled her glass, her grandparents started asking about their adventure, what they had done and seen. She knew that David and Ryan were mad, but they did an exceptional job of concealing it. They talked exuberantly about their weekend, and Jill found herself chiming in. At the very least, talking about their hike served to distract her from her empty stomach.Fortunately, it seemed as if David and Ryan were just as committed as she was to keeping the fact that she had been nude nearly the entire time a secret. As the discussion progressed, she found herself wishing that the pillowcase skirt had never existed. Without it, she would have experienced over seventy-two uninterrupted hours of complete nudity. As it was, the statement of how long and how nude she had been would always require an asterisk. Even so, she knew that it was a record that would stand. When else might she ever be nude for such a long period of time? When else might thirty-eight people see her naked?Jill had been eyeing some fruit in a bowl on the counter. “May I have a banana, grandma?” she asked, knowing that she’d have to limit herself to just the one. “It’s been days since I had any fresh fruit.”David gave her a wry grin. He obviously knew she was starving. “Why don’t you put the bowl on the table,” he suggested. It sounded like a nice gesture, but Jill knew that he was doing that to compound her suffering, or to force her to admit that she had not had any lunch.Jill’s grandmother complimented Jill on her braids. In that manner, Britt and Jenna entered the narrative. It would have been difficult to leave them out as they had taken part in so much of what they had done that weekend. David even went so far as to tell about how Jill had gone off and spent the day with them while he and Ryan had made their abortive attempt at Centurion Peak.David didn’t come right out and say that they were lesbians, but Jill knew that her grandparents would likely have figured that out based on what was said. They weren’t that naive. **“**I’d like to hear more about these two. What are they like?” her grandmother asked. **“**They are interesting, intelligent people,” Jill offered. “…very smart! Ambitious, as well. I hope to be like them one day.”She saw a smirk form on Ryan’s face. She knew exactly what he was thinking. He had such a dirty mind. She kicked his shin under the table. **“**What did I do?” he asked, making everyone aware of what had happened. Jill just glared at him. **“**You already are, dear,” said her grandmother smiling warmly at Jill while purposefully ignoring Ryan.Her comment caused both David and Ryan to snicker. Jill rolled her eyes. She knew exactly what they were thinking.Once the story had been told, they all went out to the Jeep to get their backpacks for the final leg of the journey. **“**Why don’t you unpack your clothes here,” proposed their grandmother. “I’ll do some laundry.” **“**That would be so kind,” said David, setting down his pack and opening it.Both David and Ryan went about pulling out their dirty clothes, tossing them into a laundry basket that their grandfather had retrieved from the shed. **“**Jill, I’m sure you’ve got clothes that need to be washed,” said her grandmother, noticing that she was just standing there.Jill didn’t know what to do. What she did know, was that other than a few dirty socks, there wasn’t a single piece of clothing in her pack. Looking over she saw that Ryan looked as if he were about to burst at the seams, enjoying her discomfort. **“**Umm . . . that’s all right, grandma. I’ll take care of my things later. My stuff is under everything else in my pack. I’d have to unpack entirely to get to the clothing,” she lied. “I don’t feel like doing that here.” **“**Okay . . . just offering,” her grandmother replied. **“**It’s a nice offer,” said Ryan, with a mischievous smile. “You should take her up on it.”Jill sighed and shook her head. Fortunately, she knew that her grandmother was on to Ryan. She knew that he was always trying to provoke her.Turning to her grandmother, she said, “Thanks, grandma.” She approached her and gave her a peck on the cheek. With that she turned and headed down the path toward their camp on the point, her backpack hanging from one shoulder.A minute later, when Ryan caught up, Jill told him, “Britt was pretty astute, figuring you out so quickly. You truly are an asshole. Were you really prepared for my grandparents to find out that there are no clothes in my pack . . . and why?” **“**I was just having fun. I knew you’d stop at nothing to keep them from learning the truth about what happened this weekend.” **“**So . . . you were just trying to make my life more difficult,” she said, acting as if she had finally achieved a deep understanding. “…as if it’s not difficult enough already.” **“**As if you didn’t make our lives difficult this afternoon,” he replied. **“**I think you owe me thirty bucks,” said David. “Plus the cost of your lunch . . . completely uncalled for.” **“**You both deserve much worse,” she said, putting her head down and racing on ahead to their camp. She didn’t want to talk about it and she was not about to pay David back. And the last thing she was going to do was apologize.Once back at camp, Jill went about satisfying her hunger, initially consuming an entire large bag of potato chips. A bit later, as she was unrolling her sleeping bag and getting it back in position inside her tent, David came over. **“**Jilly, we were just pushing you,” he said. “You don’t need to be upset. It’s no big deal.” **“**Yes it is,” she replied without looking up from the task at hand. **“**Britt pushed you. You seemed to have enjoyed that. Think of all the people that saw you when you were with those two.” **“**You think I enjoyed that?” she asked, looking up at him from her position on her knees just inside her tent. **“**I saw the look on your face. I saw you squirming. I’m a keen observer, especially when it comes to my twin sister.”Jill blushed. She knew she had been squirming. How was she supposed to sit still during a discussion like that? **“**Well . . . I didn’t enjoy it,” she said. “If you think I did, then you’re misreading the body language.” **“**You stayed with them,” he argued. **“**And what was I supposed to do? I was in the backcountry . . . naked. If the Jeep had been handy, I’m sure I would have left them . . . just as I did you and Jerk-boy today.” **“**I doubt that. You liked them too much to resort to the nuclear option. That much was obvious.”Jill didn’t feel like arguing the point. She wished she could convince David that he needed to stop pushing her, but the effort seemed futile. He was quite stubborn at times. **“**Just leave me alone,” she said.Jill took out her diary and grabbed a folding chair from the fire circle. She walked a few hundred feet down the beach. Positioning the chair at the water’s edge, she sat down to write. Normally, in the afternoon she would place her chair in the shade, but it was overcast.Jill had not written in her diary much at all that summer. She might have filled it with entry after entry about all that she had been dealing with as the boys had sought to make her ‘one of the guys.’ All of her various topless experiences could have been described at length, especially all the emotions they had triggered. She had not done that.It was one thing to write about typical teen things, and she had certainly done that. Over the course of the past few years, she’d written about school, her friends, basketball, her college search, even dating. Entries about those things filled her diary. However, concerns over privacy had kept her from writing about anything concerning toplessness or nudity.While she had wanted to capture her thoughts, a bound diary just didn’t seem safe enough. She imagined Ryan reading it. She imagined someone finding it in her dorm room and taking a peek. She even imagined that one day in the distant future her kids, her grandkids, or even her great-grandchildren might be reading it. Someone might even find it in her stuff after she had passed away.However, she had just come to a decision about how she would deal with that issue. She’d fictionalize her story by a small degree. She was going to write about what had happened, but she was going to leave the nudity out. The story would be there, but the fact that she had been naked would not be mentioned. That aspect would remain locked away in her memory.

**Chapter 112: Jill’s Diary**She opened her diary, and after thinking for a few moments began, “Friday morning I swam out to Sunken Island, all alone. It was an absolutely beautiful sunny morning, the kind that only seems to exist at Cache Lake. I enjoyed my time on the island tremendously, for some reason thinking about basketball and the guys we had played from Cache lake West.” She decided to leave that there. That was enough in terms of clues to allow her future self to remember the orgasms she had experienced. Nothing more needed to be committed to ink. **“**As I started back,” she continued. “David and Ryan appeared near the log. They entered the water and started swimming toward me. Not wanting to be caught, I turned and swam as hard as I could for the far shore.”She felt that any unauthorized person reading that would assume that she was describing nothing more than a typical game of chase, the kind of thing that teens did. No one would guess that she was fleeing because she was naked. Hopefully, no one would ever read her diary, but if they did, she’d have this extra layer of protection. Everything would be captured, but she wouldn’t have to be constantly worrying about having written it down.As she thought ahead to how she might describe all that had happened around the cabins, and in the tree, and afterwards, including the deletion of the photos, she realized that she was going to need some plausible explanation for her actions. Finally, she thought of how she could handle that problem. It was a solution that would allow her to talk about all the emotions that she had experienced, all the embarrassment. **“**Why was I trying to stay away from David and Ryan?” she wrote. “Because I was wearing my newest bikini, one that they had never seen. I should never have bought it. I felt almost naked. It seemed so tiny, and yet it wasn’t all that different from what many girls wear. It was mostly just me. I have always been so shy, especially about my chest. My breasts. Oh, why don’t they ever grow? Enough of that. Back to Friday morning.”As she wrote, her heart rate increased. She was reliving that frightening morning.She continued, “I’d never dared to put it on, not around Ryan, not around David, not around anyone. Why had I even bought it? I should have just stuck with my tankini. I felt as if I had to get away. If they caught me, I’d never live it down. The embarrassment would be awful. Reaching the far shore, I ran into the trees between two cabins. I hoped to find the trail back to our side of the lake. I hoped to do so without being seen. Luck was not with me that morning.”Jill continued to lay out her story. At every juncture, she did what she did because she felt nearly naked in the small bikini. She felt good about how she was writing it. The entire tale would be there, including her emotions. However, it was a story about a girl who was simply wearing a small thong bikini, one that she wished she had never bought. For other girls, the story might not be believable; however, for her, it was. It was completely in keeping with her character.Her diary already included many entries about her insecurities relating to her body self-image. Indeed, she had even written about the one time she had allowed Tyler to see and feel her breasts – that night she had ended their relationship abruptly because of his insensitive ‘I can feel bottom’ remark.There was more than enough in her diary to make any unauthorized reader believe that she was so shy that she would run rather than be seen in a revealing bikini, tiny triangles on her chest and her entire butt on display. In reality, the bikini she had purchased was not of that style, but the imaginary one that she was describing in her diary was.The rest of the afternoon melted away as she became absorbed in writing what promised to be her longest diary entry ever. It had been such an eventful weekend, packed with new experiences; it had been quite the emotional roller coaster ride.When she got to the part where they had first met Britt and Jenna, she pulled out the slip of paper with their contact information. Because not losing that information was important to her, she copied it into her diary. She’d keep the piece of paper, but now she had a backup.Later that evening, to avoid sitting around the campfire with the guys, she went to the trailer for a much-needed shower. After consulting with her grandmother, she decided to leave the braids in. Given that it was summer, her hair would dry quickly, and then the next day she could brush it out and enjoy having curly hair for a short amount of time.Jill had always had somewhat sparse, slow-growing pubic hair, so things had stayed pretty tidy looking down there during her naked weekend. As she contemplated freshening things up, she made the decision to give the completely-bare style a trial run. It had looked so nice on the Copeland twins.As she went about shaving everything off, she found herself wondering if she was done with nudity for the summer. She suspected that the conditions might be right for some more ‘one of the guys’ toplessness; however, she suspected that full nudity was no longer in the cards. She wasn’t sure how she felt about that. It had been so scary and humiliating, and yet she had managed to survive. She certainly wasn’t going to initiate it, or let it happen without putting up a fight. She wondered if they might again try and trick her.As the last bit of Fuzzy Wuzzy disappeared down the drain, she found herself smiling. It had been cute of Ryan to come up with a pet name for her little stripe of hair. It had made for some very awkward moments, and yet pretending that it was a caterpillar had made things easier, somehow, but maybe just in retrospect. Ryan was a scoundrel, and yet the mischief that he stirred up certainly did keep things from becoming boring.As she ran her fingers over her bare mound, making sure that she had indeed gotten every last little bit, she wondered what Ryan would think of it. She tried to imagine what he might say.After drying off, she inspected her handiwork with a small hand-held mirror. She felt like she was seeing herself for the first time. Back before puberty, back before her pubes had come in, she had never studied herself in much detail. She’d never felt that there was much to see. It had always seemed like just a slit. Now that she looked carefully, she saw much more than that; outer lips, inner lips, as well as other delicate details. Things were small, but there was more to it than she had realized as a young girl; as far as she could remember, she’d never given it that much thought way back then.Moving her eyes up to her ‘mons pubis,’ she saw the white stripe that indicated where Fuzzy Wuzzy had been. “I’m going to miss the little fella,” she said to herself quietly in a mock pout. If I do, I can always let him grow back, she considered.The white stripe looked a bit comical. She wondered if Ryan would come up with a pet name for it. That thought made her smile and it made her wonder if anyone would see it. It was both funny and strange at the same time. It was also a little arousing to imagine people, David and Ryan or even others, looking at her now bald pussy.She realized that never before had she thought that the possibility might exist that her pussy would be seen, bare or otherwise. She had always known that one day, in the distant future, once she was in a committed relationship, that it would probably happen. And yet it had already happened. It had happened over and over. And it might happen again. Considering that, she slid a finger along her slit. **“**You were completely dry just a minute ago,” she whispered to her pussy with a smile. Taking her towel, she dried it off a second time and dressed. It felt reassuring to be able to dress – and to actually do it. The cloth felt nice against her skin. It was one of those simple pleasures that one takes for granted – until suddenly it is not an option.Rather than go back to camp, she spent the rest of the evening with her grandparents. They played board games. It was fun to have a game night now and then, and her grandmother made hot cocoa complete with mini marshmallows. The warm drink hit the spot; the temperature outside had fallen.That night the rain and her period both arrived – just as if she and mother nature were pheromone linked. She woke up in the middle of the night and listened to the rain pounding her tent. She knew that except for a tiny amount of dampness around the perimeter of her bag, where it was in contact with the tent, everything would remain dry.She thought of Britt and Jenna, still up at Big Aspen Lake. She wondered if they’d get wet; however, she knew they wouldn’t. They were experienced enough to have good equipment and know how to use it. In the end, she was glad it was raining. Without the occasional rain, the Forest Service would institute a burn ban, bringing a halt to their ability to have campfires. Fortunately, it had rained just enough that summer to keep that from happening.When Jill crawled out of her tent the next morning, David was already up. As it was too early to go to the trailer for breakfast, they had some time to kill. David asked Jill if she’d go for a walk with him. She agreed, and they headed north along the beach. All the foliage was damp and the sand was wet, but it had stopped raining hours earlier. It looked as if it was going to be a lovely day. **“**I saw you writing in your journal yesterday,” David remarked.Suddenly Jill became concerned. Her long entry had probably ended up being more explicit than she had intended at the outset. That was especially true where she had been describing the fun at the falls as well as all that had taken place in the forest immediately afterwards. She hadn’t mentioned any nudity or sex, but anyone reading it would probably be able to see past the vague language. **“**So…” she said. **“**Just curious what you might have written.” **“**None of your business!” **“**May I read it?” he asked politely.She stopped in her tracks and glared at him. “Why would you even ask?” **“**I shouldn’t ask? I should just read it without first seeking permission?” he asked, acting as if he thought she meant he could go ahead without explicit authorization. **“**David! Of course not,” she said in exasperation. “You’ve spent way too much time around Ryan. You used to be a nice brother . . . never like this.”David laughed. “Don’t worry. I’d never read without your permission.” **“**You better not!” she said. “I’d untwin you in a heartbeat. It would be the end of ‘us.’” **“**You know I wouldn’t,” he replied.They walked along for some distance. Finally, David broke the silence. “I’ve been thinking about what you said yesterday. Your ‘What more do you want from me?’ comment.” He paused. **“**And?” she asked. **“**I don’t really want anything more. I imagine that I didn’t want anything in the first place. You may not believe this, but my justification all along was that this was for you.” **“**Sometimes you’re so full of shit,” she said with a laugh. **“**Okay. I’ll admit that I thought that it would make for a fun summer, but it wasn’t for me. You’re pretty. You’re sexy. But you’re my sister, my twin sister. Getting you topless and then naked wasn’t for me. And, for the record, naked was never the plan . . . not my plan, anyway.” **“**Like I said, full of shit!” she repeated.Jill no longer knew what to think. She couldn’t believe that she had been parading around naked, and in front of her brother, no less. And yet it had all gone down in a rather platonic fashion. **“**I can’t believe what has happened,” she continued. “It all seems surreal, like a dream . . . like I should just wake up. I almost feel as if I should apologize for letting you see me naked.”David laughed. “Don’t be silly. What do you have to apologize for? If there is an apology due, it should come from me.” **“**It should,” she agreed readily. “Are you apologizing?”He laughed. “I’ve got a different conversation in mind. Back to the ‘What more do you want from me?’ question. Let’s turn that inside out. So . . . Jilly Bean, what more do you want from me?” **“**From you?” she replied, trying to understand where he was going with the question. **“**A few weeks back, one evening at the campfire, you said, ‘Aren’t you going to push me?’ I expect you recall that evening.”Jill bit her lip and looked away. She did remember saying that. It had been one of those unfortunate moments when she had spoken without giving her words enough consideration. She’d regretted the comment on quite a number of occasions.David continued, “We discussed later how the only place that things could go was full nudity…”Jill interrupted him. “Correction . . . YOU discussed.”David laughed. “Glad you’re in a better mood today.”Jill again looked away. Had she smiled? Had he noticed? She reminded herself to be more careful. This was hardly a laughing matter.David continued, “Well, you spent the weekend naked. I can’t even begin to imagine what that must have been like. So, it has happened, the full nudity. Not as I might have imagined, but that’s beside the point.” He paused, trying to look into her eyes, but she cast her eyes down. She didn’t want him to know what she was thinking. “Jilly, you like to be pushed. We both know it.”Jill opened her mouth to object, but no sound came out.Again David laughed. “See! You’re not willing to admit it, but secretly you want Ryan and me to keep pushing. You started to object, but you stopped yourself short. You want to put up a face-saving fight, but you’re afraid to do so . . . afraid you might win.”

**Chapter 113: Refusing to Listen  
  
“**Stop it!” said Jill. She didn’t know what to say or do. It was so maddening how he seemed to know what she was thinking, even before she had thought it. **“**Okay, so we’re in agreement. I’ll push you. I’ll push you to be naked. I’ll push you to do things you don’t think you want to do . . . while completely naked. I’ll do it for you. Your job is to deny having any interest in nudity. I push. You push back. You need to do all you can to resist my efforts. In the end, I’ll win. No sex . . . never any sex . . . just nudity. Agreed?”Jill couldn’t believe what she was hearing. It was an intriguing idea, and yet, how could he even suggest such a thing. “Absolutely not!” she said adamantly. “There’s no way I’d ever agree to that. Not in a million years!” **“**Perfect!” David exclaimed, grinning ear to ear. “Glad you’re on board. After yesterday, I didn’t know that this would be so easy. I push. You push back. You end up nude. It’ll be great!” **“**You’re not listening, Bucko!” she objected. **“**But I am. You’re living up to your end of the bargain, just as I had hoped you would. And when the time comes, you’ll end up naked.” **“**Will not!” she countered, suddenly realizing that maybe she did like where the conversation was going. Maybe this was ideal. She had now been dressed long enough to know that she was going to miss the nudity, were it all to come to an abrupt end. Was she really going to be able to resist as energetically as she could and not have it sway him? After a moment of consideration, it seemed as if it might be too good to be true. **“**Now that we have that settled,” chuckled David. “The piece of the puzzle that I need to get figured out concerns what happened yesterday. I must have pushed too hard or in the wrong direction. You rebelled. Resisting is one thing, rebelling is another. Taking off and leaving us in town must indicate that I crossed the line. Help me out here.” **“**Damn right you crossed the line!” Jill couldn’t keep herself from saying that. It needed to be said; however, she did want to try and answer David’s question more constructively. She wanted to steer things in a direction that she was comfortable with. It was just difficult to do that and still be objecting to all of it. She hesitated, not knowing what more to say.David seemed to sense her indecisiveness. “Since you can’t be any more naked than completely naked, the only direction to push you is toward exposure in front of more people,” he said. “That’s what Britt did. Indeed, it’s what you yourself did by visiting our neighbors across the lake . . . in the buff.”Jill still didn’t know how to approach this, but she knew she had to try and find a way to communicate her sentiments succinctly. **“**Push if you must…” **“**I must.” **“…**just not in that direction.” **“**Okay . . . I’m listening.”Jill sensed that she needed to take this opportunity to speak very carefully and earnestly. It felt as if the game had suddenly been paused. This might be her one chance. **“**It amazes me, but I’ve gotten somewhat comfortable around you and Ryan. I can’t believe I’m going to say this, but something about being naked is actually fun.” She paused, wondering if she was going to regret this. **“**Go on,” he encouraged. **“**It’s scary as hell, but thrilling.” **“**What parts do you like? What parts don’t you like?” **“**You won’t quote me? Not even to Ryan? Not to anyone?” **“**Okay, deal. Not even to Ryan.” **“**Well, officially, I don’t like any of it, and I don’t want you pushing me . . . not at all.” **“**I get that. But unofficially?” **“**Well…” Jill paused, again biting her lip with worry. “It’s kind of exciting to be naked outside in nature. In some ways, it seems as if it is how we were intended to be. But if you’re promising to not say anything to anyone, Ryan included…” **“**I promise,” he assured her. **“**Then . . . something that I liked on our hike . . . it surprised even me . . . was that I couldn’t get dressed. I was powerless in that regard. My clothes were so far away that they weren’t part of the equation.” **“**Okay, so you like for your clothes to be far away.” **“**I didn’t say I like it . . . did I?” she asked, worrying about how she might have phrased it. **“**Okay . . . then explain. Forget what you said. What did you mean to say?” **“**Well, it’s scary to not be able to get dressed. I knew that my clothes were so far away that I’d be naked for a long time. And it was very scary to think that I might be seen like that . . . naked.” **“**But you don’t want to be seen?” **“**It’s okay if it’s just you and Ryan. Not anyone else,” she explained. “I definitely don’t want anyone new to see me. There’s too much at stake, too much risk. Photos, for example.” **“**So, let me see if I’ve got this,” he said. “You like it if your clothes are a long way away. You like the possibility of being seen, you just don’t want to actually be seen . . . by anyone new.” **“**Actually, I don’t like any of it,” she reminded him. “But the worry is manageable, exciting even if things don’t cross that line . . . the getting seen line. I kind of panic when that happens . . . like the time you had to carry me back and take me to the ER.” **“**Yep, no more trips to the ER,” he said. **“**So, if it seems as if I might be seen, but it doesn’t actually happen. That’s scary . . . but survivable,” she summarized.Jill sensed that she was getting aroused just talking about being naked, talking about being seen naked. She knew she was taking a giant risk by telling David her innermost thoughts on the topic. Just taking that risk was electrifying such that her heart rate had risen. She was exposing herself to danger, and she knew it. And yet it was a risk that she couldn’t resist taking.At that moment, she remembered that she had shaved Fuzzy Wuzzy off. He was gone. Suddenly the question that she had wondered about, whether or not her bald pussy would be seen, had an answer. By telling David what she had told him, it was now just a matter of time. **“**But the risk of being seen has to be real,” he remarked. “Otherwise, there’s no risk.” **“**I guess,” she agreed, her voice faltering. She knew that she was going to regret the entire conversation. There was no longer any doubt about that. **“**But you said, ‘new’ people,” he remarked. “The guys from the cabins across the lake. They’ve all seen you. They wouldn’t be new people.” **“**David! Stop! Only you and Ryan. Everyone else counts as ‘new’!” **“**Britt and Jenna?” **“**We’re never going to see them again, so it doesn’t matter.” **“**Just making the point that ‘new’ people can become ‘old’ people . . . they can join the inner circle. A couple of naked Jill basketball games, and you’ll be comfortable around those guys as well.”Jill’s eyes grew as big as saucers. Talking to David had already backfired. **“**I’m absolutely not playing basketball naked!” she said in no uncertain terms. **“**Yep,” he said laughing. “That’s your role. You resist. My role . . . to push. Ultimately, I’ll get my way. You’ll do whatever it is . . . naked. Ryan and I will have fun watching, and it will be exciting for you. We’ll all have so much fun. Go ahead and resist just as much as you think you need to in order to preserve your honor, your self-respect, whatever it is that you feel the need to protect.” **“**I’m not playing basketball naked,” she insisted adamantly. **“**Perfect! I love it!” he said. “You are so very convincing.” **“**David, damn it! Listen to me. I’m not playing basketball . . . not like that. I’m just not!” **“**We’ll see,” he laughed.Jill stormed off. David was again being stubborn. He didn’t think that she was resisting just for appearance's sake, did he? How could he? There had been no one else with them. Who might he think that she had been trying to convince?After breakfast, Jill stayed behind so that her grandmother could help brush out her hair. She started undoing the braids as the boys headed back to the point.As her grandmother brushed her hair, Jill reviewed her earlier conversation with David. It was just as if she were back at an earlier stage. David was going to push her, and she was going to resist. Isn’t that how the summer had begun?It was wonderful and awful at the same time. Wonderful because she knew that there was a part of her that did want to be naked, but awful because he was now going to assume that her resistance was just for show. She could resist all she wanted, and he wouldn’t believe that her resistance represented actual reluctance. Sometimes attempting to reason with him could be so exasperating.Looking in the mirror, she saw that her hair looked really nice. It didn’t change a thing, she realized. Her grandmother exclaimed over it, even insisting upon taking a few photos. Jill posed and did her best to smile, but her mind was elsewhere. She was wondering what she had done.When she got back to camp a short time later, she saw that both David and Ryan were shirtless. **“**Okay, Jilly, you know the drill,” said David with a grin. “The ‘one of the guys’ rules. Off with the shirt.” **“**Fine,” she said obstinately. With that, she pulled her top up and off, baring her body to the waist. She hadn’t bothered with a bra that morning.Glancing over, she saw Ryan’s eyes light up. His reaction to her bare breasts was always gratifying. She saw a hint of surprise in David’s eyes. He had probably been expecting her to put up a fight. The truth of the matter was that it was really comfortable to not have a shirt on. She’d grown accustomed to it, but she still had her concerns about being topless. Thinking about the guys on the other side of the lake, she positioned a chair facing away from them and sat down to read. She had finished The Communist Manifesto and was ready to start Siddhartha by Hermann Hesse.Siddhartha looked as if it would be interesting even potentially enjoyable to read. Based on the dust jacket, she knew that it chronicled one man’s search for spiritual meaning during the time of Guatama Buddha.Before she opened the book, she glanced over at David. “And don’t think you’re going to get me to take off my shorts!” she said, doing her best to sound resolute. **“**Oh, you’ll take them off, all right,” he said confidently. “But maybe tomorrow or the next day. By then, you’ll want them off.” **“**Oh, no, I won’t!” she huffed. As she opened her book and flipped to the first chapter, she cursed David under her breath. She knew he was right. It was not fair that he had figured that out. This might not go well for her, she realized – if he knew what she was thinking.They had all decided that they needed a down day. After all the exertion and excitement of their Broken Canyon hike, they had decided to spend a day hanging around camp. Jill and David were both reading, and Ryan again had pocket knife and wood in hand.Midmorning, Jill got herself a soda from their freshly restocked cooler. Sitting back down, she caught Ryan eyeing her breasts. **“**Do you really like little titties best of all?” she asked.After taking a deep breath and indulging in a little time admiring her chest, he replied, “Yep. Small is best. They are just prettier, that’s all. And you have absolutely gorgeous little titties. I could just eat them up.” **“**But you won’t,” she reminded him, remembering his attempt at Arrowhead Falls. **“**I would, but I won’t,” he replied. “But if you say the word…”Jill couldn’t help but try to imagine what that might be like, having someone’s mouth on her breasts, ‘eating them up.’ **“**Ryan,” she said, pausing for effect. “You were right about one thing.” **“**I was?” he asked. His curiosity piqued.David glanced up from his book. **“**I think you were right about Fuzzy Wuzzy. I mean, the type of caterpillar. He’s been missing since yesterday . . . must have hibernated.” She paused and smiled coyly. “Do you think he…?” She let her voice trail off.Glancing over, her eyes met David’s. She saw him snicker and then return his eyes to his book. **“**Really!? Awesome! Let me see!” Ryan pleaded.Jill tried to ignore him. She too returned her eyes to her book as he continued begging. Inside she was smiling, but outside she made sure that only a blank, impassive expression would be evident. **“**Just a quick look,” he insisted. **“**What kind of a girl do you think I am?” she asked. **“**A beautiful one,” he replied. **“**And I suppose you think that flattery will get you what you want?” **“**You asked. Just my honest answer.” **“**And I’m supposed to just drop my pants? Sorry. Maybe tomorrow . . . but don’t get your hopes up.” She loved teasing him, and this opportunity was just too good to pass up. He was such a Jerk-boy.A minute later, she looked up from her book and her eyes again met David’s. They smiled at each other. It was clear that he approved. She realized that he would probably even want her to keep her pants on for a while now, making the most of the opportunity that shaving had created. Teasing Ryan was good sport all the way around.However, a moment later, David hopped to his feet. As Jill watched, he went straight to their clothesline. To her surprise, he grabbed one of her tops, balling it up in his hand. Heading back toward her, he dropped it in her lap. **“**Do I need this?” she asked in confusion. **“**Hi guys!” she heard him call out from a position just behind her.Suddenly Jill understood. Leaning way forward, she popped her head through the neck opening. Mere seconds later, she had her arms in their respective holes and was pulling the top down, covering both her chest as well as her back.Safely dressed, she sat back up and turned her head to look out at the lake. A canoe was gliding toward them. She recognized its two occupants: Eric with his red hair in front, Kyle with his dark hair behind.She looked up at David gratefully. “Don’t say I ain’t never done nothing for you,” he remarked quietly. **“**Thank you,” she mouthed appreciatively. **“**I hear you don’t want to be seen,” he added as he turned to walk toward the lake to catch the bow of the incoming boat.Jill followed along behind, calling out a friendly greeting to their visitors. She couldn’t believe what David had just done. Maybe he had been listening after all. Maybe everything was going to be okay.

**Chapter 114: Watermelon and Pizza**As the guys climbed out of the boat, Jill wondered what they had seen. Might they have been watching as David had gotten the top she was wearing from the line? They had certainly been close enough to see that.Glancing down, she noticed her nipples standing out stiffly against the thin material. This was certainly a top that would normally be worn with a bra. Had it not been for her deep tan, the contrasting color of her areolas would have been blatantly visible as well, she realized, not just the raised points created by her nipples. **“**Hi, Jill,” said Kyle, staring deep into her eyes as he waded ashore. “We had an extra watermelon, so Eric and I decided to drop over for a visit.”Jill glanced over at Eric and caught him rolling his eyes. Looking back at Kyle, she saw that he was indeed carrying a large watermelon. **“**How thoughtful!” she exclaimed with a warm, friendly smile. “…haven’t had watermelon in ages. Should we go ahead and cut it?” **“**Sure, I’ve got a knife in the boat,” he replied. **“**We’ve got one, too,” she said, walking to their picnic table with him.A moment later, she and Kyle had started cutting the watermelon while David, Ryan, and Eric talked back at water’s edge near the bow of the canoe. **“**Since I’ve got you alone,” said Kyle. “I’ve been thinking that I’d like to go into town for dinner. It’s been a long time since I last had good pizza. Valentino’s makes excellent pizza.” **“**I love Valentino’s, too,” said Jill, trying to decide what to do. She knew Kyle was asking her out, and she couldn’t think of a way to politely turn him down. Claiming to be busy wouldn’t work. Who was busy camping? **“**What’s taking you guys so long?” asked David, walking over and interrupting. “Are you talking or serving watermelon?” **“**Kyle was just mentioning how much he likes Valentino’s pizza,” said Jill, slightly flustered by the interruption at such an awkward moment. **“**We should go. Why don’t we all go tonight?” proposed David.Jill looked up and saw the disappointment in Kyle’s eyes.It was quickly agreed that they would all drive in from their respective sides of the lake and rendezvous for pizza at seven. **“**I’m sorry,” said Jill, once she and Kyle were again alone. “I didn’t know that would happen when I mentioned what we were talking about.” She was secretly glad that they were going as a group, but she felt bad for Kyle. He seemed to be a very nice guy. **“**It’s okay,” he replied. “We’ll have fun. I’m sure we’ll all end up at one large table, but maybe you and I can at least sit together.” **“**Sure. Let’s do that!” she said with a smile.Under different circumstances, she knew she would probably agree to go out with him. It was just a bit awkward as he had just seen her naked. She couldn’t help but imagine that much of his attraction to her had to be related to that. She wondered if he’d want to go out with her if he’d only ever seen her fully clothed. Might he be thinking that she was easy, that he could get her clothes back off without too much trouble?She didn’t like being suspicious about that, but she couldn’t help it. The last time they had seen each other, she’d been sitting on his lap naked, bare butt and all. She blushed just thinking about it. Until that Friday, no one had seen her naked. Now it seemed as if everyone had. **“**Eric told us that Kyle drove all the way into town just to get that watermelon,” said David with a chuckle, once Kyle and Eric had departed. “For some reason, he needed it as an excuse to paddle over.” **“**That’s not nice,” said Jill frowning. **“**What’s not nice?” asked David. **“**Eric’s not much of a friend if he betrays Kyle’s confidence like that.” **“**Agreed,” said David. “But it’s funny. I guess the guy has a crush on you.” **“**I guess,” said Jill, looking down shyly.Later that evening, Ryan, David and Jill were leaning against the Jeep when a late-model Japanese SUV pulled into the gravel parking lot. Kyle, Patrick, Eric, and Hector all piled out.David turned and walked directly toward Kyle. Jill and Ryan followed along. **“**Hey, Kyle,” said David in a pleasant tone, but his voice turned dark as he continued, “Who said you could bring this piece of shit.” As those last few words left his lips, he pivoted sharply and faced Hector, glaring down at him. Hector probably weighed more than David, but David was quite a bit taller. Using both hands, David shoved him back so forcefully that he stumbled, nearly falling. He would have fallen, had their vehicle not been there to catch him.As Hector worked to recover his footing, David yelled into his face, “I can’t believe you f\*\*king roped my sister!”Almost before anyone knew what was happening, David connected with Hector’s nose, the sound of fist on face shattering the evening quiet. Hector crumpled to the side, landing in a sitting position beside the SUV. **“**Back on your feet, asshole,” David bellowed, kicking his shoes to encourage him to get up. “No one f\*\*king ropes Jill and lives to talk about it!” **“**David, no!” Jill screamed, stepping in front of him and trying her best to hold him back, bracing her feet and using both hands.David picked her up and handed her to Kyle. “Be so kind to hold her for a minute,” he said. “I’m not done here.”Turning back to Hector who was struggling to his feet, he continued his tirade, “Are girls just animals to you? Who the f\*\*k does such a thing?” **“**Kyle, help me stop him,” Jill pleaded.David felt Kyle grab one of his arms while Patrick grabbed the other.He didn’t struggle. Instead, turning to Jill, he asked, “So are you just going to forgive him?”Jill had seen David like this on quite a number of occasions through the years, and she knew it was probably futile to try and reason with him. When he fought, he seemed to grow six inches in height. He could handle himself so well that no one could hold their own against him. Several times he had single-handedly beaten two, even three guys. **“**No, I’m not ready to forgive him,” she replied. “But fighting doesn’t solve anything.”Jill didn’t fight, but she had the same fiery blood in her veins. It was that blood that made both of them invincible on the basketball court. If either of their teams was within three points in the final thirty seconds of play, they could almost always rally to a victory. They both had a reputation for being at their best when the chips were down. Both David and Jill had been repeatedly designated by their coaches to take their team’s final ‘at the buzzer’ shot. They were both able to rise to the occasion when necessary. **“**The rest of you don’t know what I know,” said David, appealing to Hector’s associates. “I heard Jill talk about what happened that day. She’s not going to be able to forget being roped for a long time . . . if ever. She’ll be having nightmares about that for years to come.”Jill suspected that was true. She had only been able to talk about it because of the wine. She looked at Hector and saw blood coming from his nose. He didn’t seem to have anything to say for himself. What could he say? David was right; who ropes a girl?For some reason, no one had been observing Ryan. He had quietly maneuvered himself into a position just behind Hector, who had finally managed to get back up onto his feet. He was backing away slowly, trying to put a little more distance between himself and David.Suddenly, to everyone’s surprise, Ryan gave Hector a powerful shove from behind. He stumbled, falling forward into David, whose arms were still being held. **“**Get him!” yelled Ryan.In the next instant, David had his arms free. Before anyone knew what was happening, David landed two more lightning-quick punches, dropping him where he stood. Hector fell, face down in the dirt.David stepped closer. Bending over, he yelled down at Hector at the top of his lungs, “F\*\*k with my sister . . . you f\*\*k with me!” **“**I’m disappointed in you, David. You too, Ryan,” Jill said as she turned and walked towards the pizzeria. “Doubt you guys will ever grow up.”Jill didn’t see Ryan walk over and kick Hector in the gut, but she heard him say, “…and me!” **“**Thanks, Ryan . . . perfect timing,” David replied.Just inside the pizzeria, Jill paused, giving her eyes a moment to adjust. As the nearly empty parking lot had indicated, it was a slow night at Valentino’s; only one table was occupied. Probably typical for a Tuesday night in the booming metropolis of Agency, she thought as she made a beeline for the ladies room.Once in front of the mirror, she stared at herself, taking deep breaths and letting them out slowly, doing her best to clear her mind and relax. Her heart was racing and she was so conflicted. What had just happened in the parking lot seemed to prove how much David loved her, and yet she hated when he did that.Her parents had even signed him up for counseling, hoping to help him develop a little self-restraint before something really bad happened. He was usually such a cool, level-headed guy, but then there were the moments when it seemed as if a switch was thrown in his brain. And yet, she knew she’d kneed Hector. Even though she had behaved somewhat similarly, she was still very mad at David.Looking at herself in the mirror, Jill was glad she hadn’t bothered with any makeup. Had she worn mascara or eye shadow, it would now be a mess. Her eyes looked red and runny. She washed her face, for appearance's sake as well as to cool down.A few minutes later, she decided that she had calmed down enough to leave the bathroom. She ran into Kyle waiting just outside. **“**Are you going to be okay?” he asked.Jill attempted a smile. “It’s Hector we should be concerned about. Maybe he deserved that, but I hate it when David beats people up. It’s embarrassing, to say the least.” **“**Hector will be fine. He’ll look like a truck hit him for a few days, but he should make a complete recovery. He’s not really such a bad guy. I want you to know that. He just got caught up in the chase.” **“**Well, maybe,” said Jill. However, she’d never forgotten his, ‘Are you sure that’s a girl?’ comment. As far as she was concerned, he seemed to have a serious character flaw. Getting caught up in the chase did not seem to be the full explanation. She continued, “I sure hope he learns something from this. It’s bad enough being chased by a posse, but then to be roped? Completely inexcusable!” **“**I was part of that posse. I should apologize for my role in all of it,” said Kyle earnestly.Jill smiled. “You don’t need to apologize,” she said. She didn’t really want to talk about it anymore, but Kyle had been the one good apple in the bunch. “You tried to get them to leave me alone. You even offered to go and get me some clothes at one point.” **“**I’m surprised that you remember that, but I’m glad you do.” **“**Let’s not talk about that anymore. It’s too embarrassing to think about,” said Jill looking up at the menu behind the cashier.Together the two of them picked out a pizza with toppings they both liked and ordered at the counter. Jill insisted on paying her half. Ignoring everyone else, they found a quiet table in the corner and sat down together.It was looking as if the evening might turn out to be much more date like than Jill had intended, but she was finding solace in Kyle’s calm demeanor. The last thing she wanted to do was to confront either David or Ryan. She was so mad at them that she knew she’d end up yelling.She especially didn’t want to have anything to do with Hector. She knew that if she spoke to him, she might end up apologizing for her brother’s actions. That was the last thing she wanted to do. David had hit him, but Hector’s behavior had provoked everything. She sat down facing the wall. She didn’t even want to be able to see the others. She knew they were all there. That was bad enough.As they waited for their pizza, it became obvious to Jill that she didn’t know the first thing about Kyle. Realizing that, she started at the beginning, asking him about his life, his family, where he had grown up, and his plans for the future. Doing so proved to be the perfect distraction, taking her mind off how the evening had begun.She and Kyle took turns asking questions and talking about themselves. Jill told Kyle about her college aspirations. It turned out that Kyle had graduated high school just one year earlier. Hearing that he was older, she remembered that age had been a sticking point for her in Nick’s case. However, one year seemed insignificant. She decided to ignore it, especially given that she wasn’t considering dating him. **“**I could have gone to college,” he explained. “My grades were good enough, for a state school, anyway. Instead, I chose a quicker, more direct route into a profession. I’m halfway through a two-year program. After another year, I’ll have my Sonography Certificate. I’ll be a Sonographer.” **“**I don’t think I’ve ever heard of a Sonographer,” Jill replied.Kyle explained that a Sonographer was commonly referred to as an Ultrasound Technician. Jill had a good idea of what he was talking about after hearing that. **“**One nice thing about my program,” said Kyle. “Is that it follows a standard academic calendar, giving me the summer off. Next summer, depending on how my job search goes, is bound to be completely different.” **“**That’s essentially the reason I came to the lake this summer,” said Jill. “It seemed like my last chance to be a kid. Cache Lake always brings out the kid in me. Starting next month, I’ll have to buckle down. I feel as if I barely know how to adult; suddenly I’ll be doing it full time.” **“**Adulting is not very fun, but you can still be a kid in college. Take time for fun,” he said, an endearing twinkle in his eye. Jill liked his warmth and his upbeat attitude.At that point, their pizza was delivered to their table. **“**No basketball game last weekend, at least not one that we took part in,” remarked Jill, taking a slice of pizza. “I guess me streaking through your cabins messed that up.”Kyle chuckled. “You can come over and streak any time you like!”Jill frowned. **“**Sorry,” he said. “But about the weekly game. How’s this Friday looking?” **“**Sure, I don’t see why not…” said Jill, her voice trailing off. **“**You look deep in thought,” he observed. **“**It’s just that my brother thinks I should play naked,” replied Jill, flushing slightly at the thought. **“**He’s not alone,” admitted Kyle with a shrug.Jill’s jaw dropped and a small huff of disgust escaped her lips. Why had she even brought that up? **“**You too?” she asked. **“**All of us, frankly. If I told you it hadn’t crossed my mind, I’d be lying. I don’t want you to think badly of me, but I’m not going to lie to you.” **“**I’m not going to play naked,” she said in exasperation. **“**Why would you? I mean, if you don’t want to. Nobody’s going to make you.”Thinking of all the pressure that she was likely to be subjected to, Jill replied, “That’s right. No one can make me.” But as she said that, she wondered if it were true. Both David and Ryan had stuck to their pledge not to strip her . . . up until the moment that Ryan had torn off her pillowcase skirt. **“**But maybe you want to,” he suggested. **“**Kyle . . . not you too!” **“**Only if it’s what you want. That’s all I’m saying.”

**Chapter 115: Teaming Up**Jill understood how he could be confused about this. Indeed, she had gone swimming in the nude. She’d shown up that way on their side of the lake. **“**It’s not,” she insisted.Kyle gazed into her eyes as if he were searching for the truth. After a lengthy pause, he said, “You’re such a good basketball player.”Jill looked away. The compliment caught her off guard. **“**Better than most guys,” he added. “And . . . because of that, I have something to propose.” **“**I’m listening,” she replied. “As long as it doesn’t involve nudity.” **“**To have a competitive game, we need to split you and David up. So, I was hoping to talk you into being on my team. David and Patrick can be the other team. Two on two.” **“**So, does that mean that you think I’m better than Patrick?” **“**Yep. I’m only suggesting the player switch because I want a chance at being on the winning team,” he said with a wink. **“**Do you think I’m better than you?” she asked. She was very curious what he would say. **“**You are. Without a doubt. It’s difficult for me to admit, being male and all. Us guys don’t like having to acknowledge such things, but I have an honesty problem.”Jill smiled. She was pretty sure that she could beat him one-on-one. She also thought that it was funny that he had referred to honesty as a problem. **“**I’m open to being on your team. It would be fun to beat David, but to do that, you’re going to have to step up your game. You’ll have to do your part.” **“**Want to come over tomorrow and practice? You and David have some amazing plays. I could learn a lot from you . . . coach.”Jill chuckled. Hearing him call her coach struck a chord. She liked the idea of helping him with his game. He was already an excellent player, and his respect for her seemed genuine. Maybe his interest in her was based on more than just having seen her naked. And yet, what he was suggesting sounded a bit too much like a date. Rather than agreeing to his plan, she sidestepped the issue. **“**Notice anything different about how I look, relative to that morning in the cabin area? Other than that I am dressed?” she asked.Kyle considered the question and then started studying her carefully. “Stand up, so that I can see all of you,” he requested. **“**I don’t need to stand up. What I’m talking about is visible.” **“**Smile,” he instructed. After she had done so, he remarked, “I know. You got your braces off.” **“**Like, years ago, dummy,” she said with a chuckle. “Give up?” **“**I guess I give up.” **“**My hair. The curls. Like it?” **“**It looks good,” he said nodding. **“**I guess you weren’t paying attention to anything above my neck last Friday.” **“**I’m sure I was. But if not, what would it prove? That I’m normal?” **“**I guess,” said Jill. She’d long ago learned that guys didn’t seem to notice a girl’s hair. On a number of occasions, she’d gone to a lot of effort to make her hair look nice for a dance. Her friends had always seemed to notice, but generally not her date.A few minutes later, David suddenly appeared and sat down next to Kyle. “So, how’s the date going guys?” he asked, a smug look on his face.Jill almost snapped at him. She felt like saying, ‘It’s not a date!’ However, she caught herself. She realized that would probably sound unduly harsh to Kyle. He was likely thinking of it as a first date. **“**Leave us alone, David. Why don’t you go beat on Hector some more,” she said condescendingly.David tried to engage them in conversation, but they gave him the cold shoulder. He eventually got the hint and left, saying, “Sorry for interrupting you two lovebirds.”While she had been ignoring David, Jill had been thinking about how she was falling back into her old ways. Here she was, allowing Kyle to imagine that they were on a date. At the first opportunity, she was going to have to find the courage to let him know where he really stood. It didn’t seem like the nice thing to do, but she knew that being honest with him was much more considerate than allowing him to get his hopes up, thinking that he stood a chance.As they were finishing their dinner, Kyle gave her the opportunity she needed. He mentioned a movie, a new release that he wanted to see. He asked her if she’d go with him that Friday evening.Jill wanted to say ‘no,’ to be assertive; however, it happened to be a movie that she had been looking forward to. **“**Kyle, I’ll go to the movie with you. I’ve been waiting for it to come out.” **“**Great!” he replied. **“**However, things between us need to be clear,” she added. **“**Okay,” he said. “Clear is good.” **“**As friends . . . we can go as friends. I know that sounds trite, and I apologize for that. You’re a nice guy. I like you, but dating is out of the question for me right now. In less than a month, I’m leaving for college. I intend to do that every bit a free agent. I think that college will be a better experience if I’m not carrying any romantic baggage.”Jill saw a look of shock on Kyle’s face. “We’re just getting to know one another, and suddenly I’m romantic baggage?”Jill sighed. “I’m sorry. That didn’t come out right. I just want to be clear, that’s all. If you still like the idea of the movie, on the understanding that it is as friends, each of us buying our own ticket, then I’ll go.” **“**Can I buy the popcorn?” he asked hopefully. **“**Not if you are thinking that it might lead to hand-holding or kissing,” she replied matter-of-factly. **“**You drive a hard bargain,” he said with a friendly smile. **“**I’m just trying to be honest…” **“**Brutally honest!” he interjected. **“**I’m trying to turn over a new leaf. My past is littered with awkward misunderstandings. It’s time for a change. It’s just your misfortune to be the guinea pig. We’re coming up on the end of summer. I start college in September. I’m just trying to do it my way. There’s nothing wrong with you. It’s the timing . . . but we can still have fun. Friends have fun!”Jill could tell that he was disappointed. However, she was proud of herself. Suddenly she felt as if she were more in charge of her life than she had ever been. Her wording hadn’t been ideal, but she’d stuck to her guns. She regretted mentioning hand-holding and kissing. It had sounded stupid even as she was saying it, but she hadn’t wanted to retract it. Even though it hadn’t been perfect, for once in her life she felt good about how she had handled being asked out – much better than what had happened when he’d brought up pizza while they were cutting the watermelon. **“**Okay, friends it is,” he replied. From there he talked her into basketball practice the following morning. Jill agreed to be ready at 9:30. Kyle would paddle the canoe over and pick her up. She’d even agreed to stay for lunch. It seemed safe enough, given that the possibility for a misunderstanding seemed to have been eliminated.As they were getting up to leave, she realized that she had seen neither Valentino nor Nick that evening. She had expected to see Valentino, but it seemed as if it was his night off. Recalling the evening she had come in alone for pizza, the night that Nick had been called to come and give a lonely girl some company, Jill thought about how different this evening was.Although she hadn’t been sitting with the group, she was one girl with six guys – hardly lacking for male attention. She looked around the room. All six guys were there. Suddenly it struck her that there wasn’t a guy in the room who hadn’t seen her naked. She smiled, realizing that they had all seen Fuzzy Wuzzy, and now he was gone.She made a mental note to continue teasing Ryan about that. She found herself wondering if she wanted to have him beat off for her again. She figured that just talking to him about Fuzzy Wuzzy’s absence would have him eating out of her hand. She wouldn’t even have to show him her freshly shaven mound. Just imagining it would likely be enough to send him over the edge.Once they were out in the parking lot, she said goodnight to Kyle, shaking his hand while she thanked him for keeping her company. He reminded her that he would be over in the morning to pick her up. Doing so hadn’t been necessary. She didn’t forget such things.On the way to their respective cars, Jill kept her distance from Hector as best she could; she avoided even looking at him. She didn’t like him, and she didn’t want to be reminded of the damage David had done to his face.She didn’t really want to ride back to the lake with Ryan and David, but there wasn’t an option. She certainly didn’t want to be in the same car as Hector!Ryan’s shove of Hector from behind had looked like a cowardly cheap shot to Jill, but Ryan had quite another take on it. In his view, which he explained at length, both he and David had been gallantly coming to her defense. Hector had wronged a damsel, one that he cared deeply about, and it was a matter of honor that the score be settled.Jill tried to ignore him, but she knew that his sentiments were probably genuine. She wasn’t interested in him romantically, not at all, but they had formed a bond, albeit an unusual one.She thought back to all the effort Ryan had expended the time he and David had carried her back from the ridge. Even though their relationship seemed to be based primarily on mutual teasing, underneath that there was a firm foundation. She knew that if the chips were down, she’d be able to rely on Ryan, and vice versa.That night in her tent, Jill had so much to think about. Earlier in the day, she had read a good portion of Siddhartha. He had been on a journey of spiritual-discovery. She felt as if her summer had been a journey of self-discovery.Her Ryan and David provoked foray into public nudity had inspired countless thoughts and emotions. Getting to know the twins had also been very thought-provoking. Even the things that David had said that morning had given her plenty to think about.She’d finally leveled with him about her honest feelings regarding nudity, and to her surprise, she had every reason to believe that he had heard what she had said. Prior to that discussion, she was quite sure that he never would have brought her the shirt from the clothesline. Instead, he would have done his best to keep her topless during Eric and Kyle’s watermelon sharing visit.Even her time at Valentino’s with Kyle had given her food for thought. She found herself thinking about the list she had started earlier in the summer, the list of character traits for her ideal man. She decided that she’d need to dig it out the next day and see if she could add to it or otherwise refine it.Based on her recollection, she knew that Kyle stacked up quite favorably. He seemed to be optimistic, intelligent, ambitious, and importantly exhibited genuine compassion for his fellow human beings. He was someone that she could respect, in part, because it was obvious that he respected her.She remembered that being athletic had been on her list. Kyle was certainly athletic. She smiled, remembering thinking that even though it wouldn’t be a requirement, that it would be nice if he liked basketball. She remembered thinking about how fun basketball dates could be the evening that she had been composing that list. Suddenly she realized that she was going on a basketball date. Of course, it wasn’t really a date, but the coincidence struck her as significant.Considering her thought pattern as she had composed that list, she recalled thinking about how David, her own brother, had been such a close match. Because of that, she had added, ‘someone I’m not related to,’ to her list to disqualify David. That made Kyle the better match. He also seemed much less likely to resort to physical violence than David. She expected that she needed to add that key character trait to her list.As she continued considering the attributes she found most attractive in members of the opposite sex, she realized to her surprise, that Kyle was quite similar to Tyler in a number of key areas. They were both physically attractive, Kyle particularly so. In fact, he had a gorgeous physique; his butt was especially cute!Considering Kyle and Tyler, she realized that she had managed to say ‘no’ to both of them. She was proud that this time she had managed to do it in a much more level-headed, mature manner. Dumping Tyler and then ghosting him had not been her finest hour, that she knew. However, she was at peace with what she had done. It had been one of those experiences that had been followed by a lot of personal growth.Just before falling asleep, she thought about the white stripe where Fuzzy Wuzzy had been. Her plan had been to do a little nude sunbathing, starting right away. Given her talk with David, she knew that there was nudity in her future. She wanted to tan the white stripe as much as possible prior to her next adventure. She thought that it had to look comical as it was. Even though making it disappear completely was probably not in the cards, she hoped to get it at least to a point where it was much less noticeable. She pictured herself lying somewhere, legs spread, crotch up, trying to get as much sun on that one particular spot just above her slit. That was a funny thing to be imagining. Was she really the same girl who had struggled with the idea of topless sunbathing earlier in the summer?Her plan to play basketball with Kyle meant that she wouldn’t be doing any sunbathing the next morning, certainly not of the sort that would ‘activate the melanocytes’ of Fuzzy Wuzzy’s former perch. She smiled, remembering that term for tanning, the one that she had learned from her father. Of course, there would probably be the opportunity to do a little tanning in the afternoon, after she had returned from her ‘basketball date.’

**Chapter 116: Canoe Ride**The next morning, everything was damp. Jill was unable to tell if it had sprinkled, or if it was just heavy dew. However, the sky was clear and it promised to be yet another gorgeous Cache Lake day.As they returned to the point following breakfast, David and Ryan removed their shirts, hinting openly to Jill that she needed to do the same. **“**Sorry, guys,” she apologized. “It’s not going to be a ‘one of the guys’ day for me. I’m going to be a girl today. I’ve got a date.”She smiled, seeing the look of surprise on their faces. Even though Kyle didn’t get to consider it a date, there was nothing to stop her from letting Ryan and David think that it was. The idea of doing that struck her as funny, plus it served as the ideal cover story. Neither would suspect that the real reason that she was spending time with Kyle was so that she could help him with his basketball skills and so that they could work out some plays that might catch their opponents off guard.She had decided to wear the bikini for that reason as well. A girl in a bikini did not look as if she were planning to play basketball; whereas, a girl in athletic shorts and a T-shirt might.Just as if she had changed her mind, Jill went ahead and pulled her shirt off over her head. She spent the next few moments behaving as if she were planning to remain topless for the day. However, once she thought she had them completely confused, she picked up her bikini top and placed the neck string over her head. She left it hanging down her chest for a bit, just to tease Ryan.After she had milked that sufficiently, she went about nonchalantly tying the second string and getting her breasts situated in the little underwire cups. She spent a little extra time on that, acting as if it needed to be just right. She was doing her best to make a show out of it as she could see out of the corner of her eye that she Ryan’s rapt attention. Once she was done, she saw her nipples poking proudly through the thin material. They were particularly stiff; however, it was hardly surprising. She’d been touching them in the process and Ryan had been staring at them.A minute later, as David tried to get her to reveal her ‘date’ plans in some detail, she went to her tent and located her bikini bottoms. Knowing that she had Ryan’s full attention, she stood near the entrance to her tent and shoved her shorts and panties down in one motion. After stepping out of them, she smiled to herself. This was the next level of teasing that she had chosen.Knowing that Ryan would be staring at her bare buns, she bent her neck, leaning over to study her smoothly shaven pussy. **“**Yep, no Fuzzy Wuzzy . . . still hasn’t shown back up,” she said softly, just barely loud enough for the guys to hear. “Where could he have gone? Looks kind of funny like this.” **“**I wanna see!” said Ryan, just as if she had scripted his line. He was so predictable. **“**But I guess it’s kind of cute,” she continued, turning almost sideways and looking back at him. She was picturing how she must look, standing there naked except for her bikini top. Were she to turn just a bit more, her mound with its white stripe would be visible to Ryan. As it was, she knew he could see nothing more than her bare hip.Not too many days before, she never would have dropped her drawers in front of anyone. However, after spending three days naked with Ryan and David, allowing them to see her bare butt no longer seemed like all that big of a deal. It didn’t feel nearly as routine as removing her shirt in their presence had become; however, it was something that she could do, if she wanted to. **“**Please,” he pleaded from the folding chair he was sitting in. **“**Oh, you want to see?” she asked, playing dumb.Duh!” he replied.She glanced over at David. He was smiling approvingly. **“**I don’t know,” she said, looking down and running her hand across the soft skin that had been Fuzzy Wuzzy’s home. “It’s kind of sexy like this, but you might not like it.” **“**I’ll give you my honest opinion. I promise. Just let me see. I’ll tell you exactly what I think.” **“**That might be fun. However . . . it’s not your day, Jerk-boy,” she said, turning such that her back was again facing him.With her bikini bottoms stretched between her two hands, she bent way over at the waist, keeping one leg straight but allowing the other knee to bend ever so enticingly. She blushed, knowing that she shouldn’t be doing what she was doing; however, she couldn’t resist. She knew it would compound Ryan’s torture. It would bring the lower part of her pussy, the part that had always been shaved bare, into view. The upper part, the newly shaved part, would remain hidden.As she stepped into her bottoms, one foot at a time, she kept a careful eye on Ryan. She knew that he might try and take advantage of her bottomless condition. She pictured him running toward her, possibly swatting her bare bottom. She was ready to dive into her tent if he started to get up. Teasing him was one thing, but allowing him to take advantage of her vulnerability was quite another.She could see delight mixing with anguish on his face; however, he remained in his chair just as she had hoped he would. She knew that the view from that low position would be exceptional, and yet she knew that he wasn’t seeing what he most wanted to see. **“**Is that how you girls always put on your panties?” David asked with a smile. **“**Just us flexible, athletic ones,” she replied. “Why? Isn’t it how guys put on their underwear?” **“**I don’t think so,” said David laughing. “I’m not going to give that much thought.”Jill pulled up on the straps, yanking them way up past her hip bones, seating the stretchy fabric of her suit tightly against her bare crotch. She didn’t have to look down to know she was sporting extreme camel toe.Facing Ryan and taking a step toward him, she went about applying sunscreen. Concentrating on what she was doing kept her from looking at him, but she could feel his eyes burning into her crotch. She knew she had to be driving the poor guy nuts, and she was enjoying it more than she might have ever imagined.She asked David to help with her back. She continued to face Ryan, her feet more than shoulder width apart as David spread the lotion. Once that was taken care of, she crawled halfway into her tent and started putting a few things into her duffle bag. She’d need her court shoes and the rest of her basketball gear. She was fairly certain that neither of them would be able to see past her butt, still outside in the sunshine, to be able to see what she was taking. With her bag ready, she went back out and moved a chair into the shade to read. **“**So . . . a date?” asked David again as she sat down to read. She ignored the question, finding her place and starting to read. She glanced up from Siddhartha every so often to see if Kyle had started across the lake. **“**Here comes my ride,” she said, pointing with her eyes once Kyle was clearly visible. **“**Just as I guessed,” said David. “What are you planning to do on your . . . date?” he asked, emphasizing the word ‘date.’ **“**I don’t know, talk, hang out. We’ll see,” she replied evasively.She looked over and saw a look of displeasure on Ryan’s face. She knew that in his ideal world, the two of them would be a couple. That wasn’t her problem. She was only going to be with guys of her choosing. **“**Well,” said David. “Run off and have fun today, but pencil us in for tomorrow. We’ve got plans.” **“**Plans? What sort of plans?” she asked. **“**You’ll find out tomorrow,” he replied. **“**Surely you can give me a hint,” she said, a nervous twinge traveling the length of her spine. **“**You’ll put up some resistance. In the end, you’ll be wearing less than what you have on now . . . a lot less.”Jill looked down at her bikini-clad body. “Less than a bikini? I don’t think so!” **“**Just don’t make any plans,” said David. “Keep your options open.” **“**Just tell me what you have in mind,” she said apprehensively. **“**You’ll find out tomorrow. It will be scary for you . . . utterly naked . . . so far from any clothes. You’ll resist. There will be a little arm twisting, friendly arm twisting.”Jill saw him wink. She turned her head so that he would have less ability to figure out what she might be thinking. She had known that something like that was coming, but the next day? It seemed so soon. However, it also seemed so far away. Part of her wanted to rip off her bikini and say, ‘let’s go.’ She knew that their original plan had probably been to do whatever they had in mind that very day. They were probably being forced to put it off to accommodate her ‘date’ plans. **“**Tomorrow? I don’t think so,” she said, her back to them. **“**Like I said, keep your options open,” she heard David say. **“**That doesn’t sound like something a wise girl would do.” **“**I’m not going to make you do anything; you know that.”That sounded somewhat reassuring, but Jill found herself wishing that he hadn’t brought the topic up. Now she was going to spend the next twenty-four hours worrying about what they had in mind. And she’d be worrying that she’d relent. In which case, she would need to worry if she might end up regretting her decision.She didn’t reply, and David didn’t say anything more. She knew that he’d accomplished his goal. He’d put in his request. If she kept her calendar open, then it would send a signal. It was up to her. She and Kyle could arrange to play basketball a second day, again derailing whatever they might have in mind. In that manner, she could put them off for a few days, or even indefinitely. Ultimately, she probably was in charge, she realized.As Kyle neared the shore, Jill started to feel self-conscious in her little bikini. She could tell that he was wearing shorts, possibly a swimsuit, and a dark tank top. She knew that a swimsuit such as she had on was completely appropriate for a day at the lake. Canoeing in a bikini wouldn’t be out of place; however, she didn’t know Kyle all that well. She tried to focus on the fact that he had already seen her naked, to make her feel adequately dressed . . . so that she wouldn’t start blushing. That strategy backfired. Remembering all that he had seen, her cheeks reddened. She should have just kept her focus on the bikini. It was small, but it wasn’t particularly skimpy. **“**Your hair looks lovely,” Kyle remarked. That comment went a long way with Jill. It helped her relax. **“**Thanks,” she said. “My grandmother helped me brush it again this morning.” It was still curly, just gathered and held together by a few rubber bands. “You’ll have to come ashore and meet her sometime.”Ryan laughed. “Already bringing your new guy home to meet the family?” he teased. **“**You’re just jealous,” she replied. That shut him up.Jill didn’t want Kyle to have to get out, so, carrying her duffle bag, she waded out into the lake. She climbed into the front of the boat as gracefully as she could manage, doing her best not to point her butt at Kyle too obscenely in the process. She realized too late that she still had her suit bottoms hiked way up into camel toe territory. **“**I have two life jackets behind me,” he said. “I doubt we need to put them on, but I wanted you to know they’re there.” **“**Yeah. I probably should, but I never wear one,” said Jill. **“**Have fun on your date!” David shouted as they turned and paddled for the opposite shore. “If you know what’s good for you, young man, you’ll have her home before dark.” **“**Ignore him,” said Jill. “He loves playing the overprotective brother.”After they were well out of earshot, Kyle said, “I couldn’t help but notice that they both seemed to be under the impression that this is an actual date.”Jill had been anticipating just such a remark. “I noticed that too,” she replied. “I should have set them straight. But I didn’t want them to know what we are really planning to do. That’s why I’m wearing the bikini . . . so that basketball won’t occur to them.” Jill was very glad to be able to slip that comment into the conversation so seamlessly. She didn’t want him misinterpreting how she had chosen to dress. **“**Smart,” he said. Jill liked that he didn’t question her motives. **“**I thought so,” she replied.They paddled in silence for a short distance, but then Jill asked, “Should we visit the island on the way across?” **“**What island?” he asked.Jill wasn’t surprised. As far as she knew, no one on the other side of the lake knew about it. She’d never seen any of them out there. As a matter of fact, those in the cabins on the west side didn’t seem to swim or boat much at all. They had boats, they just never seemed to use them. She had always figured that it was because there was so much to do over there. There was the clubhouse complete with its swimming pool, basketball court, and other amenities. Plus many of the cabins seemed quite large. She imagined that they spent a lot of time watching TV and playing video games. **“**There’s an island just ahead but a little to the left,” she replied. “I’ll show you.”She wondered if David would be upset when he learned that she had shown him Sunken Island. To her, it seemed as if there was no reason not to. When they were young, they had liked the idea that it was their secret; however, they were no longer kids. As a matter of fact, it might be their last summer at the lake. Others might just as well know about it. **“**Sure, a bit to the left,” Kyle agreed, changing course slightly.Jill chuckled. He was going to be so surprised.Over the course of the next few minutes, Kyle asked a few times about this ‘island’ that she had mentioned. Jill avoided further discussion of the topic. **“**Okay, close your eyes and let me do the paddling,” she said as they were getting close.

**Chapter 117: Sunken Island**  
  
As Jill had requested, Kyle closed his eyes. After making a minor course correction, she turned and looked back at him. By his expression, she suspected that he was most likely just playing along. He was surely completely convinced that there was no island.  
  
“Okay,” she said as the boat drifted over the top of the large boulder. “We’re here. I’m going to get out of the canoe, but under no circumstances are you to peek . . . until I give you permission.”  
  
“Okay,” he agreed.  
  
Jill hopped out. She stood up and moved a short distance away from the boat.  
  
“Okay, you can look now.”  
  
She saw an astonished expression form on his face as he looked at her, standing there, her belly button just above the surface of the water.  
  
“Ta-da . . . island!” she announced gleefully, extending her arms up overhead in the universal sign of victory.  
  
“What the heck!?” he exclaimed.  
  
“Surprised?”  
  
“Where did this come from?” he asked, leaning over the side of the boat and peering down into the water.  
  
“Where all rocks come from,” she replied.  
  
“Who knows about this?”  
  
“Now you’re part of a very exclusive club. Feel special?”  
  
“I do!”  
  
“David and I found it years ago. It just goes to show that you guys need to get out more! Off your couches . . . less screen time . . . more lake time.”  
  
“This is so cool!” he said, pulling off his tank top and climbing out of the boat.  
  
“You’re such a weenie,” she said, noticing that Kyle was behaving as if the water were ice cold. She splashed him, and he turned his back toward her in a futile attempt to keep himself dry.  
  
Before he could turn around to return fire, Jill dove into the water, heading toward him. She swam past his legs, emerging on the other side of the canoe and standing up.  
  
“How big is this thing?” he asked, still in a state of disbelief.  
  
“Big for a rock, tiny for an island,” she replied with a giggle.  
  
“We should build something here. We could bring out logs, stand them up. It could be like a tower or a fort. Fort Island,” he proposed.  
  
“Boys!” said Jill. “Why? So you can bring out a couch and play video games?”  
  
Kyle ignored her comment; he was too busy exploring the rock’s surface, walking around to get a feel for its size.  
  
“We call it Sunken Island,” she explained. “Not a very inspired name, I know.”  
  
“It’s a perfect name.”  
  
“Okay, let’s go,” she said.  
  
She’d been there countless times; however, Kyle hadn’t. He wasn’t ready to leave. While he continued to marvel at this new revelation, Jill took a quick trip down memory lane. The last time she had been there, she’d been nude. She’d had a couple of orgasms. Even Kyle had made a cameo in her imagination during those orgasms. She smiled, knowing that she wasn’t going to tell him.  
  
A few minutes later, they were back in the canoe and again paddling for Cache Lake West. Jill was smiling to herself. She hadn’t noticed Kyle studying landmarks in order to be able to find the island on his own. She knew that he’d have to spend hours out there looking. Even then, he probably wouldn’t find it. It was a big lake. She imagined his friends going with him, eventually deciding that he had been imagining things.  
  
Jill realized that she was now feeling quite comfortable in her bikini. Because they had just been swimming, it had been the right thing to wear. And, the more she thought about it, the more she realized just how much it concealed. Nothing like spending three days naked to make one feel fully dressed in a little bikini!  
  
She glanced down at her breasts, encased as they were in her top’s small fabric cups, the wet fabric clinging to every detail of her pointy nipples. Maybe Ryan was right. Maybe her breasts were pretty. So what if they were little!  
  
“So, what should we do?” asked Kyle once they were on shore and had the canoe pulled up and secured.  
  
“What do you mean? Basketball, right?” she replied.  
  
His question had her again wondering how he viewed their relationship. Maybe allowing David and Ryan to think that they were on a date meant that she might need to revisit the ‘just friends’ conversation with Kyle. She hoped not.  
  
“Right, basketball,” he said, obviously trying to act as if he had been expecting that response.  
  
He turned and together they went along a path that led into the forest. A short time later, they emerged at the clubhouse. To her surprise, Kyle took her in the front door. She’d never been inside. Noticing the look on her face, he asked, “Would you like a tour?”  
  
She nodded. “Sure.”  
  
Jill had heard that it was a nice clubhouse, and yet there were more amenities than she had been imaging. There were two racquetball courts plus a slightly smaller squash court, and on the level above, along a hallway, there were large spectator windows looking down into the courts below.  
  
Next Kyle showed her a large irregular shaped swimming pool with a hot tub next to it in a big enclosure. It had large skylights above it and huge sliding glass doors on two sides, all of which were wide open, giving the area an outdoor feel. There were just four people there, a toddler jumping from the edge to a man standing in the pool and two women in the hot tub.  
  
“A diving board!” she remarked. Diving had been a favorite of hers.  
  
“There used to be a three-meter board as well,” replied Kyle. “They took that out. Insurance reasons, rumor has it.”  
  
Next, they walked by a fitness room. Jill peeked in. There looked to be a full complement of strength and cardio machines. A lone woman in headphones was working out on an elliptical.  
  
The next room was about the same size. It contained both a pool table and a ping pong table. ‘No wonder they aren’t on the beach all the time like we are,’ she thought.  
  
On the other side of the big lobby, double doors opened into a large room containing numerous seating areas, some composed of couches, others just tables and chairs. There was a wet bar that looked rarely used and a rock fireplace whose chimney soared up through the cathedral ceiling. Kyle showed her a closet full of board games.  
  
“We could play a game later,” he remarked. “Or pool, or ping pong, or go swimming . . . or racquetball.”  
  
“Basketball,” she replied. “Focus, Kyle.”  
  
Next, in an area off of the lobby, he showed her all the equipment that could be signed out for outdoor use; tennis and badminton racquets, horseshoes, various balls, even sidewalk chalk.  
  
“Looks like you guys have got it all,” remarked Jill as Kyle signed out a basketball.  
  
“I’ve got my own ball,” he said. “But this one is just as good.”  
  
Just outside, Jill was glad to see that there was no one on or around the basketball court. She had again been feeling self-conscious in her bikini, given that they weren’t anywhere near water.  
  
She went to a courtside bench and unzipped her duffle bag. She took out her shorts and, turning away from Kyle, put them on. Sitting down, she dusted off her feet and went about putting on her socks and shoes. Glancing over, she saw Kyle doing the same on an adjoining bench.  
  
As she tied her shoes, she was struggling with the decision about whether or not to wear the T-shirt she had with her. On the one hand, it was rather warm for the shirt. She wished she had brought something loose and sleeveless like the tank top Kyle had on. In the end, not wanting to give Kyle the wrong impression, she opted for the shirt.  
  
“Aren’t you going to be too hot in that?” he asked as she picked up the ball and started dribbling.  
  
Jill hesitated. “I guess you’re right,” she acknowledged. She pulled it back off and tossed it on top of her bag.  
  
Had he said something similar to what Ryan might have said, some adolescent comment about how she looked best in just the bikini top, for example, she wouldn’t have taken her top off. But as his comment had been about her personal comfort, it seemed fine. She didn’t want to get too sweaty, and she had played in just her bikini top before.  
  
She dribbled down the court trying to imagine what it would be like to play topless. She wondered just how much her small breasts might jiggle with absolutely no support while dribbling. The small underwire cups provided quite a bit of containment for a little bikini top. That reminded her of why she had chosen it; because it made the most of what little she had without resorting to padding.  
  
“Okay, coach, where should we start?” Kyle asked.  
  
“I’m thinking we start with a little one-on-one . . . half court, to twenty-one. That will give me a better feel for what we need to work on,” she said, tossing him the ball.  
  
“Fair enough,” he replied as he caught it.  
  
As she went about stretching and warming up, Jill decided that she wasn’t going to be holding anything back. Typically she might. She expected that this was going to be a humbling experience for Kyle. She’d played a lot of guys like Kyle. They were generally all about the same. They had lots of practice on neighborhood courts, but essentially no real understanding of the fundamentals that were required to advance to the next level.  
  
Kyle tossed Jill the ball to start the match. She dribbled in place a few times, eyeing him carefully. When the moment seemed right, she charged in for a layup. Noticing that Kyle had overcommitted, she pulled up short and pumped the ball through the hoop with a close-range jump shot.  
  
“Man to man defense, right?” she chided. “Where were you?”  
  
“Beginners luck,” he replied.  
  
“Hardly,” she said with a smile. “I could do it again.”  
  
She didn’t want to be too hard on him, at least not verbally. She wanted this to be a fun experience.  
  
Kyle retrieved the ball and tossed it to her so she could check it. Once he was past the top of the key, she threw him the ball.  
  
Kyle dribbled, taking two short steps. He stopped and went up for a jump shot. The ball was short, hitting the rim. Jill got the rebound and headed out to the top of the key.  
  
His jump shot could stand improvement, but working on it wasn’t likely to be something that would yield quick dividends. The opportunities for rapid gains seemed to be defense-related, in her opinion. Kyle’s defensive stance, for example, needed a lot of work. He was easy to beat. To test her theory, she again drove in for a layup. However, halfway to the basket, she hesitated, acting as if she might again go up for a jump shot. When Kyle took the bait and closed, she swerved around him for an uncontested layup.  
  
“You’re a slippery one,” he joked.  
  
“Four – zip,” she said with a smug smile.  
  
On Kyle’s next possession, he went in for a layup. Even though she hadn’t been planning to ease up at all, she let him take the shot in order to get a good look at it. She was glad to see that his layup, at least, was decent.  
  
Kyle seemed to be pleased to have points on the board; however, Jill still thought that it would do him some good to be taught a real lesson. He had admitted that she was the better player, but from his attitude, she felt that he would benefit from having his head handed to him. A little humility would probably force him to pay more attention later when she was planning to emphasize some important fundamentals.  
  
Kyle had only just gotten to ten when Jill swished a corner jump shot, raising her score to twenty-one.  
  
“Well, coach, congratulations! Awesome game!” he said, as they walked to the bench for a much-needed water break. “I knew you were good. I guess I just didn’t know how good. It now makes complete sense why David referred to you as his secret weapon.”  
  
“You’re a quick, athletic guy . . . loads of natural talent,” she replied, pausing while she drank from her water bottle. “You have so much potential, but I’m guessing you’ve never had any formal training.”  
  
Jill saw him nod. He was obviously ready to listen. Some water dribbled down onto her bare chest. It felt good, but it also reminded her that she was wearing just the bikini top. She had been so absorbed in the game that she had almost forgotten.  
  
“Okay, now we’re going to work on defense. After that, we’ll concentrate on teamwork, passing and the like. To beat David and Patrick we are going to have to play as one. One plus one can equal three. I expect you noticed that when David and I were playing together.”  
  
“I’m ready to learn, coach,” he replied.  
  
Jill smiled, but then turned her attention to some people who seemed to be staring at them from beyond the far end of the court. She tipped her head in their direction to get Kyle to look.  
  
“I probably should have warned you,” he said. “Since your streak, you have been the talk of the town. This is normally a very sleepy community, but there are those who like to gossip. A naked girl was all it took to get people talking. I kept my own mouth shut, but I did overhear a conversation or two.”

**Chapter 118: Basketball and Lunch**  
  
Jill didn’t like the idea of people talking about her – not one little bit. The possibility that they were connecting the girl playing basketball with the girl who had run through the cabin area naked was particularly unsettling.  
  
“Well, I want to keep playing,” she said, sounding as if she were trying to decide if they were going to or not. Part of her was ready to abandon their plans and head straight back to the ‘safe’ side of the lake. Feeling suddenly insecure, she put on her T-shirt. She knew she’d be hot and sweaty, but it might help her distance herself from the naked girl a few people had seen less than a week before.  
  
“Are we going to keep playing?” he asked, noticing her unease.  
  
“As long as they keep their distance,” she replied nodding in the direction of their small audience. “If they come over to talk, I’m out of here.”  
  
They spent the next three-quarters of an hour talking about and drilling defensive philosophy, strategy and skills. Jill worked with Kyle on his stance, showing him how low he had to be, as well as where his feet and eyes needed to be. He seemed to be a willing learner, making rapid progress; however, he had a few bad habits that were going to be hard for him to break.  
  
All the while, Jill kept an eye out for spectators. They all kept their distance, preferring to watch from the shadows. That seemed creepy; however, it was a hot day. Staying out of the sun made complete sense. The last thing she wanted was a confrontation. She didn’t want anyone to approach and bring up the events of the prior Friday. If that were to happen, she knew exactly what she was going to do. She was going to disappear.  
  
“Time for a break!” Kyle announced suddenly. She had noticed him watching the time. “I talked my mom into making us lunch.”  
  
“Okay,” said Jill. “But after lunch, we need to come right back. We haven’t worked on passing or teamwork yet.”  
  
“Not a problem,” he replied.  
  
When they got to Kyle’s cabin, a house actually, they found the table on the back patio set with sandwich makings. There was only one type of bread, whole-wheat, but a variety of cold cuts, and cheeses, as well as an assortment of vegetables and condiments to choose from. Jill made herself a ham and turkey sandwich with provolone and piled it high with olives and sprouts. Next to it on her plate, she added a large scoop of potato salad.  
  
“You’ll have to thank your mom for me,” said Jill. “This is quite a spread.”  
  
“I’m surprised she’s not here,” said Kyle. He had called up the stairs as they had walked through the house. “It doesn’t seem like she’d make lunch and then just leave. Probably at the neighbors.”  
  
Jill turned the conversation back to basketball-related topics. Kyle wanted to talk about other things. Jill could tell that he was just trying to get to know her, which she didn’t mind; however, time was short. She definitely wanted a shot at winning the upcoming game. It was possible for him to learn off the court, not just on it.  
  
After Jill had polished off most of her sandwich, she and Kyle heard his mother come in the front door. A moment later, she came through the kitchen and out to the back patio.  
  
“Mom, this is Jill,” said Kyle.  
  
As Jill smiled up at the woman, she saw her fold her arms. A cross look came over her face.  
  
After an unpleasant silence, she replied, “I’ve got a bone to pick with you, young man.”  
  
“Mom?” he replied. He was obviously taken aback by his mother’s harsh tone.  
  
“When you asked me to make lunch for you and a guest, you didn’t tell me I was making lunch for her!”  
  
“What? You mean, Jill?”  
  
“Jill . . . so that’s her name.”  
  
Jill’s last bite of sandwich stuck in her throat. She’d never imagined such a cold reception.  
  
“What’s wrong with Jill?” he asked.  
  
“Don’t give me that. You know full well what’s wrong with her. You need to be more careful about whom you associate with.”  
  
“There’s nothing wrong with Jill,” he said defensively.  
  
“There’s everything wrong with her, and you know it. Mrs. Hooper tells me she’s on drugs.”  
  
“Mrs. Hooper doesn’t know anything,” he shot back. Seeing the confused look on Jill’s anxiety-riddled face, he added, “Zach’s mom. Remember Zach?”  
  
“She could see it in her eyes,” his mother continued. “Probably meth. Probably an addict . . . that’s what Mrs. Hooper thinks.”  
  
Suddenly Jill remembered racing past a woman that morning, Zachary Todd’s mother. She had been holding a young girl’s hand. They had almost collided.  
  
“Jill’s hardly a drug addict mom. She’s an accomplished athlete. She just beat me in a game of one-on-one . . . handily.”  
  
“If that happened . . . I’m sure you let her win.”  
  
Jill wanted to be out of there, but she was in a state of shock. Her entire body felt frozen in place. She’d been having a nice calm lunch, and then, out of the blue, she was being attacked like never before.  
  
“It was a fair game mom. I certainly didn’t let her win. She’s just that good.”  
  
“Then she’s probably on meth right now. I’ve heard it’s a performance-enhancing drug. Let me see your eyes . . . Jill,” she said condescendingly, leaning toward her.  
  
Jill turned. She didn’t want this woman studying her eyes.  
  
“Meth? Performance-enhancing? Now I’ve heard everything!” replied Kyle. Jill could tell that he was getting riled up.  
  
“If you paid attention to the news, you’d know just how much trouble the police have apprehending meth addicts . . . supposedly super strong.”  
  
“I’m sorry, Jill. Let’s get out of here.”  
  
Jill nodded and let him take her hand. She squeezed it tightly, trying to find a little comfort in a suddenly ugly world.  
  
“She’s not on drugs!” Kyle repeated as they went in the kitchen door.  
  
“Even if she’s not, I don’t want you catching any STDs. I thought you had better taste in women,” said his mother following along behind.  
  
“I do, mom. And Jill’s as clean as they come.”  
  
“Hardly! She’s bad news, I tell you!” She called out after them as they went out the front door. “You look into her eyes! Tell me what you see.”  
  
“Holy shit!” said Jill, once they were outside and had gone a short distance. She shook her hand free and stormed on ahead. “You’ve got the mother from hell!”  
  
“She’s not always like this,” he said, hurrying to keep up. He stayed right with her, doing his best to apologize for what had just happened. “I know you’re not on drugs. I know you don’t have STDs.”  
  
Suddenly Jill stopped and turned to face him. “How do you know? Look into my eyes! What do you see?”  
  
Kyle stared into her unblinking eyes. She held them wide open. “Well, they are a little bloodshot,” he said apologetically.  
  
“Exactly!” she said, turning and again marching off. “Always happens to me.”  
  
She’d only gone a short distance farther when all of a sudden she stopped again.  
  
Looking off into the forest, she shook her fists in frustration. “I don’t know where the f\*\*k I am. I don’t know where the f\*\*k I’m going.” Suddenly the cabin maze was just as confusing as it had been the morning she had been naked.  
  
Turning again and looking back at Kyle, she started sobbing.  
  
“You look like you need a hug.”  
  
Jill nodded, and Kyle stepped close, putting his arms around her waist.  
  
“Thank you,” she said through her sniffling. She had her hands on his chest and was pressing her wet face into his neck. It felt so good to be held.  
  
After a minute, she stepped back and tried to compose herself. She lifted up the hem of her shirt and wiped her face.  
  
“Sorry about that,” she said. “But I needed that . . . the hug. It won’t be forgotten. Now, before I have a mental breakdown, would you please show me the path to my side of the lake?”  
  
Realizing that basketball practice was now out of the question, Kyle offered to give her a ride home in the canoe.  
  
“No, the path,” she said. “I need some time alone.”  
  
Kyle did as requested. To Jill, it seemed as if he was not going to risk rocking the boat. His mother had rocked it far enough.  
  
“I don’t know what more to say . . . about my mom. I was just as surprised as you were,” he said as he led the way.  
  
Once she knew she was on the right trail, they stopped for a moment to say goodbye.  
  
“I’ll be all right,” she said, trying to reassure him. “I’m strong. Life goes on.”  
  
“You’re impressive, and you didn’t deserve that! I hope you and I can recover from this.”  
  
“Oh, we’re still friends,” she said. She thought she saw him wince. “It’s not your fault. You obviously didn’t tell your mother a thing. She just needs to learn some manners.”  
  
They both cracked up at Jill’s comment. It was such an understatement.  
  
“Much more than manners,” he replied. “She fell victim to the rumors . . . but she was way out of line. Nothing can excuse such behavior. People need to be treated with respect. Innocent until proven guilty, right?”  
  
“Enough said, but now she knows my name. Within the hour, everyone else here will as well. Whatever you do, don’t tell anyone my last name.”  
  
She didn’t know if Kyle knew her last name, but she wasn’t taking any chances. “And make sure that the others don’t mention it either . . . if they even know it.” She knew it was a little late for damage control. “And don’t tell anyone where we’re camped . . . please.”  
  
Kyle nodded his agreement.  
  
“Okay . . . I’m going . . . goodbye,” she said turning.  
  
“Tomorrow?” he asked hopefully.  
  
Jill turned and looked back. “Not tomorrow,” she replied solemnly.  
  
As she headed along the trail, her head spinning from all that had happened, it occurred to her that she didn’t have any commitments for the following day. She’d kept her options open, just as David had requested. If she wanted, she could do whatever it was that he and Ryan had in mind. She chuckled, shaking her head in disgust.  
  
All she could think of actually doing was hopping into the Jeep and heading for home. At least there was the Jeep! On numerous occasions, it had seemed like her parachute, her means of escape. Somehow she needed to forget about Kyle’s mother and her crazy-ass accusations. And Mrs. Hooper. She didn’t want anything to do with Cache Lake West or their inhabitants ever again. Distance seemed like the best remedy, physical distance, the more, the better. She wanted summer to be over so that she could be all the way down in California. Even that didn’t seem as if it would be far enough away to allow her to forget.  
  
It was true that her streak was probably inexcusable, but she certainly wasn’t on drugs, nor did she have sexually transmitted diseases. She’d have to be sexually active, she was pretty sure. Everything that had been said, even though most of it was completely untrue, had hurt her feelings. It had hurt badly. She’d always been a sensitive person, and never before had she been subjected to such a nasty barrage.  
  
Suddenly she realized that she didn’t even know Kyle’s last name. That realization brought on a sudden fit of nervous laughter. But, boy had his hug felt good! She found herself wishing that she could have a few more of those as she made her way back along the southern end of the lake.  
  
After going a bit further, she started realizing that she had been a complete idiot to go back into the cabin area. It should have been obvious to her that something like that could happen. She had been too caught up in her concerns about Kyle’s interest in dating as well as her thoughts about the basketball game to recognize the peril. Showing her face had been downright foolhardy. She kicked herself for being so oblivious.  
  
“Well, look at you!” said David as she walked into camp almost an hour later.  
  
“What?” she asked. She had stopped to rinse her face off in the lake.  
  
“Where’s Kyle? Where’s your duffle?”  
  
Jill hadn’t even realized that she had forgotten her bag. Fortunately, there wasn’t much in it. Ryan wasn’t around, and David’s questioning continued. She wasn’t about to tell him anything. She had considered taking down her tent and packing up as soon as she had gotten back; however, she had decided to not make the decision to leave in haste. Instead, she went about grabbing a few things: a beach towel, her book, and a lemonade from the ice chest.  
  
“Something’s wrong. Something happened,” said David. All of a sudden he sounded quite concerned.  
  
She had been avoiding his gaze. Upon learning that he had sensed her distress, she looked up into his eyes, blinking to try and keep from crying.  
  
“Oh, David,” she said, leaning in his direction.  
  
He advanced toward her. Without anything more being said, he reached for her. She felt one of his large hands on the back of her head. With it, he pressed the side of her face gently into his chest, the other arm around her shoulders. He held her.  
  
She could tell how much David cared. It was so comforting to be in his arms. She struggled to keep from crying, but she felt a lone tear traveling down her cheek – and then another.  
  
“It’ll be okay,” he muttered reassuringly. He no longer bothered her with questions. That she was hurting seemed to be all that he needed to know. She felt some of her pain starting to ease. As she began to relax, she realized just how much taller David was than Kyle. Her face had been against Kyle’s cheek, but with David, it was lower down, on his chest.  
  
“I’ll be okay,” she said after a minute. She pushed away, and David accommodated her by relaxing his grip.  
  
“I’m always here for you,” he said softly.  
  
“Thanks, Pocket.”  
  
“We can talk. You don’t seem ready. It’s okay if you’re not ready.”  
  
“Not now,” she said.

**Chapter 119: Back on the East Side**  
  
A short time later, Jill was walking on up the beach all alone. She had told David that she simply needed some time to think. He had respected her request. When she reached the outlet, she waded across, venturing onto a section of the beach that they rarely visited.  
  
As she walked, she glanced back now and then to make certain that she had not been followed, but it wasn’t a real concern. She knew that David understood her need to be alone; however, she had not asked where Ryan was. He could be anywhere.  
  
Quite some distance from the outlet, she found a sunny place well back from the lake to spread her towel. She took off her shoes, shirt, and shorts and lay down in her bikini, doing her best to relax. After less than a minute, she felt uneasy and sat up. She looked all around, but the coast seemed clear.  
  
After drinking half of her lemonade, she lay back down. Lifting her hips up off of the towel, she slid her bikini bottoms down onto her thighs. A moment later, they were beside her on the towel. With Fuzzy Wuzzy’s former roost in the full sunshine, she took her time finishing off the rest of her lemonade. Once it was gone, she took a moment to study the white stripe, running a fingertip over it, feeling just how soft her skin was down there.  
  
She had a deep tan, but nothing made that so obvious as seeing it side-by-side with skin that the sun hadn’t touched. She didn’t know how long to give it. The last thing she wanted to have happen was for that spot to burn and peel.  
  
She rolled partway onto her side. With one elbow supporting her upper body, she opened her book to read. She bent her upper knee and allowed it to fall way back, almost to her towel, wantonly opening herself up to the sun’s rays. She hadn’t yet decided if she was going to go along with any of David’s plans involving nudity; however, there didn’t seem to be any harm in darkening the little stripe – whether it was destined to remain hidden to the world inside her panties or not.  
  
She read for almost half an hour in that position, the sun’s rays shining directly onto her most intimate and sensitive parts. Preferring to play it safe, she decided the white stripe had received enough sun. Setting her book aside, she got up to stroll down to the water’s edge. She knew that she must look comical, dressed as she was in nothing more than her bikini top.  
  
She looked all around. There was no one anywhere to be amused at her bottomless state. She looked across the lake. In theory, someone over there could be observing her through binoculars. That seemed unlikely as she had gone so far north along the shore that the cabin area was not opposite.  
  
After wading a bit, Jill decided to go for a quick dip to cool off. She removed her top. On the one hand, she wanted to keep it dry like the other half of her suit back on her towel. However, that wasn’t the only reason that she took it off. At one time, she’d really liked the underwire style, but over the course of the summer, she’d found that the wires weren’t particularly comfortable. She’d become spoiled by all the toplessness. Guys really did have it good! She’d always known that, but the summer had given her a lot of first-hand experience with what it was like to be bare-chested.  
  
Once she was back on shore after a refreshing swim, she dried off and put her bikini bottoms back on for the walk back. She left the top as well as her shirt off. She’d decided that she was again ready to be ‘one of the guys’ for a bit, as much for comfort as for any other reason.  
  
She had calmed down considerably since her encounter with Kyle’s mother. She had been vilified, and the words had stung, and yet every repulsive accusation had been patently untrue. Why should she feel bad about being called a drug addict? She wasn’t. Why should she feel bad about being accused of having sexually transmitted diseases? She didn’t. In fact, she was a virgin.  
  
She had run through their cabin area naked. That was all. She was guilty of nudity, of indecent exposure – nothing more. Kyle’s mother had known about that, and yet she hadn’t mentioned it in her diatribe.  
  
Jill knew that she was going to have to come to terms with all that had been said. She needed to just let it go. She would have to simply try and forget it and move on.  
  
Both David and Ryan were in camp when she got back a short time later. Something seemed odd; they were not very talkative. Ryan was eyeing her bare chest, but he wasn’t saying anything. Finally, she got him to spill the beans.  
  
“David made me promise not to bring up your date. He said it was a disaster . . . that you wouldn’t want to talk about it.” Jill glanced over at David and saw him rolling his eyes as Ryan continued, “I respect that, but I can’t help it if I’m curious, right? I, of course, want to know what happened, but I’m not going to bring it up . . . er . . . I mean, I wasn’t going to.”  
  
“Ryan!” David scolded.  
  
“Well, she asked. But I won’t say any more. That is . . . unless . . . Kyle tried to take advantage of you or something. ‘Cause if he did, David and I need to go over there and settle things.”  
  
“Beat him up?” she asked.  
  
“Yep. If that’s what needs to happen.”  
  
“Ryan, really?” she implored. “But no. Kyle and I parted on friendly terms . . . friends. I’m not angry with him. He certainly didn’t try anything. He’s a gentleman. And he’s not mad at me.”  
  
She decided that it might be easiest to let them believe that it had, in fact, been a date, but that things between them were now over. If they thought that relationship difficulties were the reason that she had returned to camp so upset, then she wouldn’t have to bring up Kyle’s mother. Not talking about that would help – help her forget about it.  
  
“So you’re done with Kyle?” Ryan asked.  
  
His question seemed mildly amusing as there’d never been anything there in the first place. She’d sat on his lap naked. He’d asked her out. She’d given him the friend talk. They’d played basketball and had lunch.  
  
“Yes, just friends. However, as far as I know, we are going to a movie together on Friday.”  
  
“As far as you know?” asked David, raising his eyebrows.  
  
“Well,” said Jill, hesitating as she tried to decide what to say. “I guess it might be up in the air now. We talked about it, but didn’t firm up any plans.”  
  
“I see,” said David. “But you’ll be able to do that when we go over for our weekly basketball game on Friday.”  
  
“Right,” said Jill. At some point, she was going to have to tell them that she was never going back across the lake. She decided that she would break that news at a later date, once she had decided what to say.  
  
“But, I’ve been thinking,” said David. “Since you’ll be playing naked…”  
  
Jill interrupted, “Not playing naked.”  
  
“Just let me finish. What I wanted to tell you is that while you were gone today, Ryan and I went in search of basketball courts. There is a pretty good one at the middle school just outside of Agency. Not that there’s anything wrong with the court on the other side of the lake…”  
  
“That’s a great idea!” said Jill. A different basketball court meant that the game might still happen. All of the time she’d spent working with Kyle wouldn’t be for naught.  
  
“I’m glad you like the idea,” said David. “I hadn’t imagined that you would be so open to this, but it’s summertime. The school was as quiet as a ghost town, and the court is around back. Unlike the court across the lake, there were no people around, absolutely nobody. We could post a sentry.”  
  
“A sentry?” she said to herself. Suddenly she knew exactly why David had gone in search of a different basketball court.  
  
“David . . . I’m not playing naked!” she reiterated, glaring at him, her arms folded to demonstrate just how serious she was.  
  
“It’s an ideal setting for what we have in mind, and basketball is your passion. Nudity and basketball, the perfect combination for you!”  
  
“Ryan, I don’t think David heard me. Will you please tell him that I’m not playing naked.”  
  
“I’m not telling him that. I want you to play naked,” replied Ryan.  
  
“Of course you do,” she said, shaking her head.  
  
“Think about it this way,” suggested David. “Baby steps. This week topless. Next week bottomless. Third week, nude.”  
  
“Bottomless? Are you serious?”  
  
“Okay then, second week nude,” he replied. “Deal! You drive a hard bargain.”  
  
“You guys just never give up, do you?”  
  
“But it’s only Wednesday,” said David. “We should focus on what we’re doing tomorrow.”  
  
“What are we doing tomorrow?” she asked. “I’m sure I’m going to have to decline to participate, but that doesn’t mean I’m not curious.”  
  
“Well, at this time, I need to withhold the specifics,” he replied. “However, I can paint a picture for you. We’re going hiking.”  
  
“Oh, that’s original,” she said sarcastically.  
  
“Hey . . . cut me some slack . . . what else is there to do out here in the boonies?”  
  
“Okay, go on,” she allowed.  
  
“Your clothes . . . all of them . . . back in camp.”  
  
“Why am I not surprised?” she scoffed.  
  
“Just calm down,” he urged. “I can tell that you’re all keyed up, but just relax and listen.”  
  
Jill took a deep breath. He was right. Because she’d spent the day worrying about what they might have in mind, she was ready to jump down his throat as soon as anything came out.  
  
“That’s better,” said David. “Now, as I was saying, your clothes stay in camp. And then the three of us leave. We go far away, putting as much distance between Jill and Jilly’s clothes as we can. Jill will have absolutely no way to get dressed. She’ll know that she is going to have to remain naked for a long time, a very long time.”  
  
Jill tried to let his words sink in. He had been listening; that much was obvious. She felt her skin tingle as she imagined herself again in that ‘naked and far from any clothing’ situation. It sounded exciting, but it also sounded too risky to consider. She knew she couldn’t go along with it.  
  
“And then what?” she asked. “And then you march my naked ass into a rodeo or some other place packed with people, showing my skinny little body to thousands of poor unsuspecting souls, making a fool out of me and getting me locked up. I mean, getting us all locked up. If I go down, you go down!”  
  
“Nobody’s getting locked up,” David replied calmly.  
  
“I’m not kidding. I don’t think you are considering the risks. If I get locked up, I’m telling them everything,” she threatened.  
  
“Well, good for you,” said David. “You do that. The rodeo is a good idea . . . duly noted. However, that’s not at all what we have planned. And the authorities aren’t invited to this party. But . . . it’s good to hear that you are agreeing to come.”  
  
“I’m not agreeing to anything!” she replied. The truth of the matter was that much of what he was saying did interest her. Just thinking about it had her heart racing. She was simply reacting to all such talk as she always had. She had been refusing to take part in their initiatives for so long that she could probably do it in her sleep.  
  
“The plan is all about getting your naked little self as far from your clothes as we can without . . . I repeat . . . without any strangers getting a look at your caterpillar . . . or your bare naked hoo-ha . . . if that’s what you’ve got going on down there these days.”  
  
“Not happening,” said Jill.  
  
“I’m glad to have your buy-in,” David replied smugly.  
  
“Think what you like. I’m not stripping and I’m not going!” she said. After a moment of consideration, she added, “And you promised not to strip me. That better still hold . . . even though that promise has already been broken.”  
  
“Yep, it still holds,” said David. “Neither of us will strip you.”  
  
Jill looked over at Ryan skeptically. “Better not!”  
  
“Can I continue?” David asked.  
  
“I thought you were done,” she replied.  
  
“One more key component to mention . . . so that you have something else to look forward to. Our aim is to film you . . . yes, video. We need to capture Tarzan in all her naked glory . . . doing her thing. Doing her yell. Pounding her chest.”  
  
“Not happening,” said Jill, shaking her head.  
  
“Let me finish!” he insisted. “We could, of course, do that here. However, to adequately capture the essence of your summer, as a keepsake for all time, it’s going to be filmed on a peak, a mountain top. Imagine if you will . . . a panoramic video . . . Tarzan, as naked as a razor can get her, ruling commandingly over all that she surveys . . . the camera circling incessantly, capturing the primal scene from every angle.”  
  
Jill didn’t know what to say. That would certainly be quite the video! She’d always been curious to know exactly how she looked while doing her Tarzan act. On the one hand, she knew she’d like to see that video, and she knew she’d like to have that video . . . for posterity sake . . . if there was a way to safeguard it. She had enough understanding of life to know that this summer was but a fleeting moment in the expanse of time. As soon as she was off at college, the magic would be gone.  
  
She also knew that she’d never again be this young. And she probably wouldn’t be this beautiful for long. It would be nice to capture everything about her current self. But naked? Could she allow that? There’d have to be assurances, ironclad assurances. But a video showing her tits and pussy? Her bare butt as well? Every single inch of her skin on full display? And yet it was simply her – nothing to be embarrassed about. She was a girl and those body parts were just as much a part of the package as all the rest. They were all Jill, from the top of her head to the bottom of her feet, and they were all undeniably aspects of feminine beauty.  
  
“She’s thinking about it!” announced Ryan gleefully.  
  
“Shh!” said David. “I know she is. Don’t break the trance.”  
  
“Trance?” asked Jill.  
  
“We’ve got buy-in!” said David with a broad smile.  
  
“You do not! I didn’t say I would!”  
  
“Your expression did.”  
  
Jill turned around so that he couldn’t see her face. This twin thing was sure maddening at times!  
  
In the back of her mind, Jill knew that she couldn’t do it even if she wanted to. Her experience at lunch had proven one thing beyond a shadow of a doubt. There was just too much at stake to risk any more nude excursions. The outside world would not be kind to a naked girl.  
  
Realizing that her brain needed a break from thinking about nudity, she decided that she had to get away from David and Ryan for a while.  
  
“I’m going to wander back and see what grandma and grandpa are making for dinner,” she said. “Assume I’m having dinner with them tonight.”

**Chapter 120: Stressing about Thursday**  
  
A minute later she was on the familiar path back to the Airstream when David came running up.  
  
“Jill, I took the liberty of getting your cell phone and charger out of your tent,” he announced.  
  
“Why?”  
  
“Make sure it is fully charged, that’s all.”  
  
“Why is that any of your concern?”  
  
“The video we talked about making tomorrow . . . Ryan is the one to take it, but I’d never trust him with it. Maybe he can be allowed to see it, but that would be up to you. You’ll have complete control over what happens to it.”  
  
“I don’t know, David,” she said, looking down and shaking her head. “You sure ask a lot of me.”  
  
“Just take it one step at a time. Have dinner with grandma and grandpa, spend the evening with them if you like. I know you’ve had a rough day.” As he said that he gave her a quick hug, adding, “And while you’re there, have your phone plugged in.”  
  
A moment later, he was on his way back to camp. Jill followed him with her eyes. Once he had disappeared into the trees, she looked down at the phone and charger in her hand.  
  
That evening in her tent, Jill was again lying awake. It was warm, so she was on top of her sleeping bag. She was also naked. She’d gotten used to sleeping in the nude at Big Aspen Lake. As a matter of fact, it had been difficult to go back to wearing clothes full time. Somehow sleeping naked had helped her readjust to wearing clothes during the day.  
  
Jill knew she had a decision to make. It was maddening, but David was doing exactly what he had said he would. He was pushing her. She was resisting, but no matter what she said, he seemed to simply stick with the notion that her resistance was for appearance's sake. In David’s world, her resistance represented implied consent. It was so infuriating!  
  
In short, there was no way to resist, at least not verbally, not that he would acknowledge. She wasn’t sure what he really thought. As he’d explained it, she could put up a face-saving fight without needing to be concerned that she might actually dissuade them from going ahead with their plan.  
  
That left her with limited options. She could go along with what they had in mind, anything that she might say being wholly irrelevant, or she could refuse by not cooperating. David had articulated a distinction between resisting and rebelling.  
  
So she had a decision to make. If she resisted, that was tantamount to buy in – and she would end up naked. She would leave the lake that way, presumably in the Jeep, as David had spoken of putting a significant amount of distance between her and her clothes.  
  
If she wasn’t going to go along with their plan, then she’d have to rebel. There would be any number of ways to do that. She could take the Jeep herself. With it, she could go home or simply go on an excursion of her own. Alternately, she could head out from camp on foot. She could spend the day anywhere, doing whatever she liked. She could float the outlet again. She could disappear into the forest and spend the day reading. She could even go back up to Chokecherry Ridge. Once alone, she might even decide on some naked time – that would be entirely up to her.  
  
The bottom line was that, even though it might not seem like she was in charge, she really was. It hadn’t always been that way. The time her skirt had been torn off, she hadn’t been given an option. However, even then she could have ‘rebelled.’ She could have gone to the Jeep and made use of her emergency kit. She had placed it there to be used in exactly such a situation. Her emergency kit would have seen her home.  
  
The more she thought about what she should do the next day, the more uncertain she became. On the one hand, she was too intelligent to blindly accept the risk. She had a bright future ahead of her. It made no sense to consider doing anything that might adversely affect that. And what was more, she was still shy. All the time that she had spent topless and naked hadn’t changed that. She thought of an analogy. One might spend day after day outside in the winter without a coat; however, no amount of shivering would make anyone more warm-blooded.  
  
Similarly, just because thirty-eight people had seen her nude, that didn’t mean that she no longer had inhibitions, that she wouldn’t get embarrassed if it happened again. Just because she had intimate knowledge of what it was like to be seen naked, did not mean that she had evolved into a person who would not blush – or panic – under those circumstances, were they to again occur.  
  
So, there was every reason to rebel, to refuse to do what they had in mind.  
  
However, even though it made no rational sense, she was unable to simply decide that she wasn’t going to go along with whatever it was and be done with it. The truth of the matter was that she was drawn to the idea, no matter how scary it was. She’d come to view herself as a bit of a thrill junkie. In a way, she was like a person with a fear of heights who just had to go over to the railing and force themselves to peer over the edge. In some ways, she’d never felt more alive than she did when she was naked.  
  
And there was another aspect. Even though she couldn’t see herself admitting it to David, she knew she had gained a lot of self-confidence that summer. She felt much better about herself and who she was. What had begun simply as a greater acceptance of her underendowed chest had blossomed into something considerably more all-encompassing.  
  
For the longest time, she’d felt as if she were hiding from the world, and not just her body. She’d been hiding who she really was. Now, for whatever reason, she felt a greater willingness to be herself and stand up for herself. Even her assertiveness had grown. She’d even been able to be honest with Kyle such that he knew exactly where he stood.  
  
In addition to that, she knew that with the end of summer, her opportunities for naked excursions would also end. There was no way she’d be able to do anything of the sort at college, a little topless tanning perhaps, but not much more than that.  
  
And yet she couldn’t get past the logical argument that the risks were simply too great. Thirty-eight people had seen her nude, and all in one long weekend. It was an astonishing number! But then in a moment of profound insight, she came to a realization. Almost all of the encounters had occurred in situations that David hadn’t had much to do with.  
  
All those who had seen her that morning in Cache Lake West – that had all been due to her own poor judgment. And then those whom she had met while with Britt and Jenna – she could hardly blame him for that. He had counseled her against going off with them. How many did that leave?  
  
Thinking back over her tally, she realized that it left just two, only Bitt and Jenna. They were the only strangers that she had encountered naked while on David’s watch! Even David and Ryan themselves had first seen her nude due to her ill-advised morning swim across the lake. That meant that of the thirty-eight all but two had seen her naked because of her own indiscretions and miscalculations. It was an epiphany of sorts.  
  
Had David been protecting her all along? And now, as a result of all that she had told him, he understood just how important not being seen was to her. Had he known it from the beginning?  
  
As Jill went back and forth over everything in her mind, she found herself considering going for a walk for the purpose of relieving her sexual tension. A time or two she almost got up to wander nude down the beach. She was pretty sure that David and Ryan were asleep; the sounds of steady breathing were all she had heard from their tent for quite some time. She considered simply rubbing one out where she lay; however, the memory of getting overheard while doing that was still too fresh and raw. Having that happen again was not a risk she was willing to take.  
  
Even though walking to the log and having an orgasm or two would have been an easy matter, she didn’t get up. Her mind was simply too occupied with the choice that she would have to make in the morning. The clock was ticking.  
  
She fell asleep thinking that just maybe it would be okay to trust David. Maybe he really did have her best interests at heart. Maybe he could ensure her safety. Probably not – there were no guarantees. However, the logical arguments against agreeing to the naked hike no longer seemed quite as compelling as they once had. Was she merely rationalizing or was that in fact true? She wondered.  
  
The next morning, Jill woke up later than usual. When she crawled out of her tent, neither David nor Ryan were around. Presuming that they had already left to go to breakfast, she made her way in that direction.  
  
As she walked, she went back over her epiphany from the night before. Yes, it did seem to be true that thirty-six of the people who had seen her nude were not directly attributable to anything that David or Ryan had done. Indirectly, definitely, for Ryan had been the instigator that had set the wheels in motion. Depending on how one viewed things, he could be blamed for all of it.  
  
She decided to consider the ‘one of the guys’ topless period that had preceded her long nude weekend. How many people had seen her topless? The number was surprisingly small. There had been the group of hikers that she had fallen in front of, and then there had been Nick and his little sister Martina. They had wandered into camp the day after her ER visit, catching her topless with Ryan.  
  
Was that really all? She almost couldn’t believe it, but she couldn’t think of any others. She remembered how worked up she’d gotten over David and Ryan’s ‘one of the guys’ proposal. Having them suggest that she go topless no longer seemed like something that should have caused her so much stress. She chuckled, laughing at herself. And why had it once seemed so terrible to have such small breasts?  
  
When she got to the trailer, both David and Ryan were there. One whiff and she knew what was for breakfast, which her grandmother instantly confirmed, “Dutch Babies, your favorite, Jill!” As Jill climbed up into the trailer, she continued, “David twisted my arm to get me to make them . . . not that he had to twist very hard.”  
  
“Oh, he did, did he?” she replied suspiciously.  
  
“Yep, he tells me that you have big plans for today, that you need to start out with something that sticks to the ribs. He picked up a half dozen fresh lemons when he was in town yesterday.”  
  
Jill couldn’t believe that David had told their grandparents they had big plans. That would only serve to make them curious.  
  
“David filled me in. I can tell that he’s excited . . . Ryan too . . . they’re both excited. And David says that you’re looking forward to today’s hike a great deal, as well,” she added.  
  
So that’s his game, thought Jill. He’s trying to trick me into going along with whatever he has told her.  
  
“Yes, I am,” she said, glaring furtively at David.  
  
Jill felt as if she needed to say that to keep her grandmother from sensing that something might be amiss, but she also couldn’t say anything more. In the first place, she didn’t know where they were supposedly going. And in the second place, she needed to be careful not to contradict whatever David might have said. Doing so would only invite questions, and that could get awkward fast.  
  
“Yes, we all love the Arrowhead Falls trail, don’t we, Jill?” said David.  
  
“We certainly do,” she agreed cautiously, but it was true. It was a trail that she really liked.  
  
“So far this summer, we’ve only been up it once, and that time, only as far as the falls,” continued David. “Couldn’t go any farther . . . Jill was on crutches.”  
  
That was all true as well. Hearing David mention the hike to Arrowhead Falls brought back all kinds of memories; Ryan’s mouth on her nipple, presumably because of a misunderstanding. She shuddered at the thought. And then David had come to her defense, attacking Ryan, beating him up. That had been quite a day!  
  
As they sat down to breakfast, they described the trail to their grandparents. It was a small unmaintained path on ‘their’ side, the south side. That section of trail was unmarked and very lightly traveled. It was flat and nearly level to where the short trail to the falls branched off, but after that point, it started climbing. After a very significant gain of elevation, they would eventually reach a ridge high above Stanton. From there one had sweeping views of the metropolis of Stanton and the rolling hills beyond.  
  
That ridge, which they had always termed ‘Stanton Ridge,’ was actually a very popular destination; however, those who visited that viewpoint predominantly climbed up from a trailhead on the outskirts of town. On that side of the ridge, the trail was large and well-traveled. David and Jill had only seen it from the top. There had never been the occasion to hike down to Stanton or to locate the trailhead near Stanton and hike up.  
  
Jill and David had been visiting the ridge every summer for as long as they could remember. From there one had access to a few peaks, Pimple Peak and Spaghetti, for example. Those were, of course, their own names for them, coined when they were much younger.  
  
They had agreed on the name ‘Pimple Peak’ for the obvious reason that they had been in a silly mood and had decided that it looked a lot like a zit, a giant one. Spaghetti had received its name because the first time they had climbed it, they had been with their parents. Their mother had packed leftover spaghetti for lunch. All the way back down after lunch, Jill and David had been singing the well-known kid’s song, ‘On Top of Spaghetti.’  
  
As they started in on their Dutch Babies, they explained all that to their grandparents knowing full well that they had surely heard it many times before. It was simply fun to reminisce and their grandparents played along beautifully, listening attentively, obviously enjoying their grandkids and laughing along with them.  
  
“Yep, that’s the plan,” said David. “We can’t let the summer pass without climbing Spaghetti and maybe even Pimple Peak just beyond.”