**What a Girl Will Do for Love**

by mcmann.molly

**What a Girl Will Do for Love, Part 45**

Betsy put on her outfit and stood in front of the full-length mirror. After nearly four months of complete nudity except shoes and ball caps, it felt very strange to have this much cloth touching her skin. After checking her bag to make sure she’d remembered to pack everything she needed, Betsy went out to her car on a crisp December day and began the long drive to Gaston Village where she was meeting her family for the weekend.

This had become their Solstice family tradition now that all of the kids (Betsy being the youngest) were grown and dispersed around the commonwealth. Betsy‘s older sister, Hannah, lived on the east coast, Aunt Mindy had moved south, and one could never predict from year to year where Roy and David would be coming from. Betsy was also looking forward to being at Gaston Village, a picturesque ski resort town in the mountains of Northwest Huron. It was a bit touristy, but Betsy didn't mind. She loved all the holiday lights and decorations -- and of course, there would be skiing.

It was a four-hour drive so Betsy had a lot of time to think about Kate while absently tugging at the material that felt so unnatural around her neck. Kate was flying into Kingsley Sunday night, so they'd both be getting home at about the same time. They had argued on the phone when Betsy first raised the subject of withdrawing her nudist registration, but Kate had eventually expressed support for whatever Betsy decided. That’s what mattered — for Kate to treat her as an equal partner in the relationship.

Tiring of her own introspection, and wanting a distraction from the itchy fabric on her legs, Betsy put on a recording of Solstice carols and sang along with them until she saw the “Welcome to Gaston Village” sign. As if on cue, fat flakes of snow began to fall, adding to at least eight inches already on the ground. Betsy’s family always stayed at the same ski lodge, so she knew the way. She parked her little VW in the snowy parking lot and walked towards the lodge entrance, nervously adjusting her outfit as she did so. As she entered the lobby, the hubbub of voices quieted, and she heard a few gasps and giggles. Betsy paused in front of an ornate mirror to adjust her rainbow-striped scarf and to pull up her leggings to mid-thigh. Other than these articles, she wore only the matching hat and her knee-high boots.

“Betsy! Were over here!” It was Hannah’s voice coming from the far end of the lounge. Taking a deep breath, Betsy held her head high and began walking towards her family.

“Mommy, why is that lady naked?” a little girl loudly asked her mother.

“Shhhh, honey. The lady is a nudist. They're allowed to go everywhere naked.”

“Can I be a boobest?”

“Not right now, sweetie. Maybe when you're older.”

It seemed to take forever for Betsy to make it through the busy lounge, as Hannah, Mindy, Roy and David stood to watch her approach. The boys were always easy to spot in a crowd -- being 6’4” and identical twins. She had sworn to herself for months that this would not happen -- that they would not see her naked. Only in the past couple of days had Betsy come to realize she loved full-time nudity too much to give it up. Her other reasons for wearing clothing had fallen away, and the only uncertainty was this moment. She thought she had mentally prepared herself, but now that it was happening she was in a panic and wanted to cover herself. The dangling scarf did obscure one of her breasts, but the other was bouncing freely, and nothing at all covered her vagina -- not even pubic hair.

Aunt Mindy ran up to meet her halfway, grabbing her in a bear hug and whispering in her ear, “you done the right thing, kiddo. Don't you worry about anything.” Then Hannah was hugging her with similar assurances, and with the two of them each holding her by an elbow, Betsy found herself in front of her brothers. She had no idea how to greet them under the circumstances, but she didn't have to make that decision. They each hugged her in turn, though the embrace was tentative and their fingertips barely touched the center of her back.

The lodge’s sprawling lounge was furnished with plush chairs and love seats arranged in conversation clusters with thick-legged coffee tables in the middle The Andrews family had commandeered one of these near a fireplace, and Betsy was relieved to be able to sit down and cross her legs. She repositioned her scarf for partial cover, and by the time everyone was settled the only body part she was displaying was her right breast. Her face was hot but she wasn't sure if it was from blushing or from being near the fire.

“Happy Solstice, Squirt,” Roy said to her. “Nice ensemble.”

“It's very colorful,” David added.

“Looks good on you,” Roy said.

“Almost on you,” David said. This was how the twins always spoke, alternating sentences as if both always knew what the other was going to say.

“You boys behave,” Aunt Mindy scolded. “We just talked about this not ten minutes ago.”

“We’re behaving.”

“It was a compliment.”

Betsy was definitely blushing now. “God, I hope that’s Solstice Cider in that pitcher,” she said. “Can I drink it all right now please?”

“Let's start with a mug,” Roy said holding an empty one for David to pour into. “Here you go, Squirt,” he said, sliding it across the coffee table -- but not quite close enough. Betsy started to reach for it, but realized she could not do so without uncrossing her legs, lifting her butt off the seat and hanging her boobs out over the table.

Hannah picked up on the problem immediately and retrieved the mug for her. “One thing hasn't changed, Bets,” she said. “Our brothers are still childish a-holes.”

Betsy drank half the mug at once, and held it on her lap so she wouldn't have to reach to put it on the table.

“Go easy on that stuff, babycakes,” Mindy said. “It's 10% alcohol and will sneak up on you.”

“It doesn't have to sneak,” Betsy said taking another gulp. “It can come right through my front door.”

Having already consumed a couple of mugs themselves, the boys involuntarily snorted with suppressed laughter at the words “my front door.” Mindy punched Roy in the shoulder and David reacted as if he'd felt it too.

Betsy took off her stocking cap and threw it at them. They fought over which one could wear it as Betsy held her scarf against her chest and made a quick move for the pitcher to top off her mug.

“We're sorry, Squirt,” David said. “We really do want to be supportive of you.”

“We want you to do whatever makes you happy,” Roy added.

“And we're proud of you for being so brave.”

“We totally are.”

Betsy could tell they were sincere and wanted to hug them, but she couldn't. “Isn't it creepy to see your kid sister naked?”

“Creepy? No, of course not.”

“Whatever the opposite of creepy is--”

“--is what this is. It seems so natural.”

“For you, at least. If we did it, that might be creepy.”

“I’ll drink to that,” Hannah said, holding out her mug for Mindy to clink with her own.

Betsy was feeling slightly less panicked -- especially after a full mug of Solstice Cider. She was dying to get the scarf and leggings off her skin, but couldn’t make herself do it yet. The leggings didn’t cover anything important, but she couldn’t take them off without uncrossing her legs.

“But I’m your sister,” she said, fidgeting in discomfort on multiple levels. “Doesn’t that make it weird for you?”

“Well, technically you’re our cousin.”

“Though we love you just as much as a sister.”

“What's the difference?”

“Maybe none for you, Squirt, because you were only 10 when we became siblings. We were already 14.”

“So?”

“Different perspective. I don’t remember much of that first six months or so after the accident, but later, when we were 15, I remember thinking, damn I got a hot sister.”

“I was eleven!”

“Not you. Hannah. She was only 13, but totally ahead of her peers.”

“Particularly tit-wise.”

“Her tits were precocious.”

“They were in the accelerated class at school.”

“Stop talking about my breasts, you perverts!” Hannah cried, but she was laughing too.

“You can’t blame us -- we were 15-year-old boys suddenly living with two cute blonde girls we’d only seen twice a year most of our lives.”

“And sure, Hannah was our cousin, but that didn’t stop us from noticing that her cuteness was rapidly turning into hotness.”

“But we were just appreciating her hotness aesthetically.”

“Not actually lusting after her -- there’s a difference.”

“And by the time we went to college, she was 16 and you were 14.”

“And you had emerging hotness too.”

“It didn’t emerge quite fast as Hannah’s did.”

“Or as big -- in the tit department.”

“But you clearly had hotness on the horizon.”

“How could we possibly not notice that?”

“I need to be drunker for this conversation ,” Hannah said, pouring more cider into her mug.

“And the past few years we were back to only seeing you a few times a year. And every time we saw you--”

“You just kept getting hotter.”

“How could we not notice that?”

“And THEN, a few months ago, there you were naked on the Internet!”

“At that art auction!”

“And then the rollerblading race!”

“And playing in the snow!”

“Be assured, we did not feel the least bit weird--”

“-- nor do we now --”

“-- appreciating your nudity.”

“And your continuing hotness.”

“Objectively, not lustfully.”

“Like appreciating a work of art.”

“That’s really hot.”

Betsy was well into her second drink and they were making her laugh and blush. “Okay, well, speaking of being hot,” she said. “I really need to take off this damned scarf.”

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“Please do," Roy said. "We want you to be comfortable.”

“Around us. In all seriousness, Squirt, if this is the life you’ve chosen, we all need to get past the adjustment phase.”

“By which we mostly mean you, because Roy and I adjusted a long time ago.”

“Watching all those videos -- therapeutically.”

“So we're totally adjusted, but you still need to.”

“We promise it'll be okay.”

As they spoke, Betsy slowly unwrapped the scarf from around her neck, hesitating a moment as she continued to hold it bunched in front of her, and then dropped it on the cushion beside her. She held her breath but the world did not end so she said, “these leggings need to go too.”

“We’ve seen your legs before, Squirt.”

“You have knees under there.”

Betsy uncrossed her legs, but kept them close together. It was hard to get the leggings off over the boots so she unlaced her boots, crossed one leg and then the other to pull them off without putting on a show, and then pushed off the leggings. “I am never wearing those again,” she declared, tossing the leggings onto the scarf. She crossed her legs again, but more casually, and leaned back in the chair. She started to cross her arms over her chest, but forced herself not to and instead laced her fingers across her belly.

“It still feels pretty weird to me,” she said, “but I really want this to work, because if it doesn’t then I WILL go back to wearing clothes.”

“We don’t want you to do that, Squirt. It’ll work.”

Just then, a waiter stopped at their table and said to Mindy, “your party’s table will be ready in about 10 minutes.” He gave them each a friendly glance, ending with Betsy, but was unable to pull his eyes from her and nearly collided with another waiter as he sidestepped away.

“Have you guys already been up to the suite?” Betsy asked. “I want to drop off my stuff.”

Mindy handed her a key card. “It’s our usual room, punkin. We’ll just finish up our drinks and you can meet us in the dining room.”

Betsy did her best to put her boots back on without making too much of a display, but she also knew she would have to stand up while they remained seated. She busied herself trying to stuff her scarf and leggings into her tote bag, which contained her purse and toiletries. When she could delay it no longer, Betsy stood holding the tote bag in front of her at first and then forced herself to move it to her side. David and Roy both grinned at her with identical crooked grins that told her everything would be okay (and that she was hot). She started to step away from their seating area, but then on an impulse took two quick steps inside until she was right in front of Roy, not trying to cover herself at all. He looked up at her in surprise as with a quick motion she snatched her rainbow stocking cap from his head, turned and marched away.

It was going to be okay, it was going to be okay, she repeated to herself, as she made her way down the familiar hallway to the two-bedroom suite they rented each year. Mindy always reserved it a year in advance, and it had become part of their tradition. In the suite, Betsy tossed most of her things in the bedroom she would share with Hannah and Mindy, but kept her toiletries and went into the bathroom where she pinned up her hair and stepped into the shower.

Only a few days earlier, she'd gone to the Huron Department of Diversity declaring she wanted to withdraw her nudist registration. The office manager, Ms. Randall, had been clearly disappointed, but dutifully printed out the appropriate form and slid it across her desk for Betsy to review. Determined to act, Betsy picked up a pen and was about to sign it on the spot when Ms. Randall stopped her.

“Did you bring clothing with you?” she asked, though the answer was self-evident. “Because if you sign this form right now, you can't go out that door naked. Perhaps you should take the form home and . . . think it over. Then, if you're sure it's what you want to do, you can submit it by email. Just remember that once you hit send, your right to be nude in public will be revoked.”

Although Betsy had known all of this intellectually, only now as she left Ms. Randall's office with the blank form in her purse did the enormity of the change really hit her. She would no longer be able to go naked in public -- ever. Even as she stepped outside into a worsening snowstorm -- hugging herself and struggling against the icy wind -- Betsy wept with regret for what she was about to leave behind. When she got home, she crawled into bed shivering, her nose running, and cried until she had cried herself dry. Until this moment, Betsy had convinced herself that she was ready to go back to wearing clothing -- that she had only wanted a few more days of nudity to test herself against the elements. But now that she had done so . . . it just wasn’t enough. She didn’t want to stop, and . . . maybe . . . she . . . didn’t have to?

Climbing out of bed, Betsy went to the kitchen table and made two columns on a piece of paper: “Why Stay Naked,” and “Why Wear Clothes.” Soon she had a long list of reasons under the first column, starting with “I love being naked, it makes me feel good, I want to be naked,” and then going on to list numerous specific experiences like “how it feels when I sit down on a chair’ and “how it feels when I get rained on.”

It was a long list, going from the top of the page to the bottom. Under the other column, she had only three items -- the same three she’d been chewing on for a long time: “(1) Find out if people treat me differently; (2) Find out if Kate really loves me; and (3) Don’t creep out D&R.” And then it hit her. Her reasons for staying naked were all about her own feelings and desires, while the three on the other side were about the feelings of other people.

She crossed off the first item because that was just about “people” in general. Next, she crossed off the second item. It would be just as stupid for Betsy to wear clothing for Kate as it had been for her to not wear clothing for Kate. The key to their future was for Betsy to be her true self and for Kate to accept her that way. If Betsy’s true self was naked, then she should stay naked. That might also be what Kate wanted, but Betsy was no longer doing it for that reason. Putting on clothes to “test” Kate would be worse than going naked to please her.

That left seeing her brothers at Solstice the only reason for Betsy to give up her nudist registration -- but this was the most important reason of all. David and Roy were so important to her that she would sacrifice almost anything for them -- including this -- but did she really need to? Would it be as creepy for them as she imagined it would be for herself? Betsy had written and deleted several email drafts trying to ask them that question. Intellectually, she already knew what they would say: “Do what makes you happy, Squirt.”

As Betsy finished her shower and toweled off, she felt relieved that it was going so well. Roy and David were, as always, unflappable and too cool to allow something like this to come between them. Even so, it was unlikely they would have the same comfort level physically. She grew up wrestling with her brothers, getting her butt slapped and her belly tickled. She could not imagine doing that naked, but they were all grown-ups now so that type of physicality was probably a thing of the past anyway. The important thing was that she now felt confident she’d made the right decision.

After touching up her hair and makeup, Betsy left the suite barefoot and carrying only the key card. She made her way down the familiar hallways and back through the lobby feeling all of the eyes on her. Though she was used to this, there was an extra element of excitement at being so far from home, knowing this was the first time these people were seeing her. At another time, this might have made Betsy horny, but she was not in the right frame of mind for that. But she felt something else -- confidence.

Betsy strode purposefully, chin up, the length of the dining hall to a table with six chairs, two of them empty. Hannah and Mindy sat on one side of the table while David and Roy sat on the other. The vacant seats were the middle chairs on both sides. She could see that they assumed she would sit between Hannah and Mindy because that seat had a place setting and a glass of white wine while the seat opposite, between her brothers, had no place setting.

Betsy walked around the table and squeezed in between her brothers. “Immersion therapy,” she announced, reaching across the table to retrieve her wine and place setting. “If I'm gonna stay a nudist, I need to get used to being naked in front of these goofballs.”

“You're naked?” Roy exclaimed as if only now realizing it. “Dave, the Squirt is naked!”

“So she is,” David said, glancing down at her for confirmation. “Is it going to snow tomorrow?”

“Maybe mid-day,” Roy replied, looking at his brother over Betsy’s head. “Supposed to be sunny in the morning.”

“Great weather for skiing. I wonder if we'll see anyone skiing naked tomorrow.”

“Never have before. What do you think, Squirt? Will we see anyone skiing naked.”

“You might.”

“You're crazy, Bets,” Hannah noted. “You know that, don't you?”

“I do.”

“They rent all kinds of equipment,” Mindy said, “including those nylon jumpsuits. What some folks might consider ‘protective’ I think is the term they use.”

“Interesting,” Betsy said, noncommitally. “Could you pass the wine?”

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With that, dinner went on without another mention of Betsy’s nudity. Two hours and several more drinks later, she was feeling completely relaxed as they walked together back to the suite. Inside, as the others kicked off their shoes and slipped off sweaters, David said to her, “so, Squirt, is this feeling normal yet?”

“It kind of is,” Betsy said. “Thank you for--”

“Good. Now we can do THIS.” He grabbed her wrists and held her arms up in the air as Roy began mercilessly tickling her belly and underarms. Betsy squealed and struggled, laughing uncontrollably until she caught her breath enough to scream, “I'm gonna PEE!”

David released her and she ran a few step out of reach before collapsing on a couch, her hands clamped under her armpits.

“Just like old times,” David said,

“Even better,” Roy added, “because she's so much more vulnerable to attack.”

“Right. All that bare skin just waiting to be tickled.”

“You guys are cruel!” Betsy admonished, but she was still giggling. And then something occurred to her and she jumped up and ran back to them. “Guess what?” she said excitedly. “That wasn't creepy!”

“Good, so we can do it AGAIN,” Roy cried, going for her belly again. Being unrestrained this time, Betsy ran away squealing as he pursued her.

That night, Betsy and Hannah shared a bed and whispered late into the night about everything that sisters talk about when they haven't seen each other in a while. In the other bed, Mindy snored.

In the morning, as they headed down to breakfast, David and Roy walked on either side of her. She started to say, “I'm so relieved that--” but was interrupted when the two of them simultaneously slapped her butt cheeks, propelling her a few inches into the air and forward a full stride before her feet came back down.

“Oww!” she cried, putting both hands on her stinging cheeks. “That was too hard.”

“I'm pretty sure that was the same as we've always done it,” David said. “Don't you think so, Roy?”

“Definitely. But something about it did seem different.”

“It was louder for one thing.”

“I noticed that. Quite mysterious.”

“Is my butt red?” Betsy asked Hannah and Mindy, who were following behind.

“I see two big handprints,” Hannah said. “Everyone is going to think you're into spankings.”

“Can you really see handprints?” Betsy asked with alarm.

“She's just kidding with you, darlin,’” Mindy said. “You boys behave.”

Betsy, meanwhile, had found a mirror near the elevator and was examining her behind. Her cheeks were slightly red, but there were no handprints. Raising her gaze to meet her own eyes in the mirror, she felt overjoyed that she had not lost this -- that she could still have her butt swatted by her brothers without it being weird.

After breakfast, they all headed to the back of the lodge where Betsy and Hannah needed to rent skis. The boys had brought all their own gear and Aunt Mindy did not ski, preferring to stay in the suite with her coffee, a crossword puzzle and (secretly, she thought) half a joint in the bathroom with the fan on.

By this point, word had spread throughout the lodge that a nudist was among the guests, and those who knew Betsy's name began googling her and found the treasure trove of photos and videos of the Avery College Nudist. So the resort employees staffing the equipment rental desk were not surprised to see a naked girl examining the skis. Technically, she was not entirely nude because she was wearing her rainbow-striped stocking cap, whose puffball dangled between her bare shoulder blades. It took only seconds for a young man to be by her side, eager to help her with equipment.

Selecting the skis was easy enough, but for some reason getting fitted for ski boots took much longer than usual. Betsy was experienced at this and knew it was important for the boots to be tight, but not so tight she could not wiggle her toes. She was pretty sure the first pair she tried on were just fine, but the young man helping her -- his nametag said “Chad” -- had her try on two or three other sets of boots (as he knelt in front of her) before reluctantly going back to the first pair. Betsy also rented a pair of gloves because her rainbow mittens would not allow her enough dexterity.

Outside, Hannah and the boys were waiting for her and they rode up on the ski lift together, their skis dangling from the chair. The view was spectacular.

“You doing okay over there, Squirt?” Roy asked.

“Why? Do you think I'm afraid of heights?”

“You know what I mean.”

“I'll be fine. Heck, I've had lots of experience on worse days than this. It's 30 degrees and sunny. I'm gonna work on my tan.”

At the top of the slope, one skier was just pushing off and nearly wiped out when he did a double-take to look at Betsy. The boys went first, then Hannah, and Betsy was alone. She paused to appreciate the moment -- being naked on top a snowy mountain -- but then she heard voices from an arriving ski lift, saying “there she is.”

She pushed off and flew down the slope laughing. At the bottom, she skidded to a sideways stop in front of the others. “That's enough practice,” David said. “Let's move on to the ‘Corkscrew.’”

Despite its name, the ‘Corkscrew’ was only of medium difficulty, being a series of predictably alternating curves. After they did this one a few times, Betsy was feeling the need to get warm. She had been holding up pretty well because of the exercise, but there was a lot of standing in line at the lift or waiting her turn at the top. Everyone wanted to chat with her, of course, and take selfies that they immediately posted, and Betsy was gracious to all.

Between the ‘Corkscrew’ and the next run -- a much more difficult one nicknamed ‘Next of Kin,’ Betsy knew there was a heated tent that served as a first aid station and a place to have a cup of hot chocolate. She made her way to it, and skated through the tent flap. After hours outside in the sunshine and snow, it seemed dark inside the tent. As far as she could tell, no one was inside, until she heard a guy’s voice saying, “be right with you.”

Now she saw him, at work at something with his back turned.

“That's okay,” she said, lifting one pole off the ground so she could reach up to remove her sunglasses. “I just came in to get warm.”

The guy turned around and both of them gasped in surprise. In that instant, Betsy could have sworn it was Dean. That was impossible, of course. Dean was in Italy. With Michelle. The guy stepped forward to greet her, a look of delight in his face -- which actually bore only a slight resemblance to Dean’s.

“Wow, hello there,” he said. “I've been hearing about you all morning. Glad to finally see you in the fl-- um, in person.”

“Well, I’ve been hearing you have hot chocolate.”

“One hot chocolate coming right up. With whipped cream on top?”

“Is there another way?”

He had to take his eyes off her to perform his task and Betsy was able to get a closer look at him. Something about him did remind her of Dean -- the same square jaw and broad shoulders. He was definitely within that narrow spectrum of males that Betsy found physically attractive. She scooted closer on her skis and he brought her the cup. She took a tentative sip to test the temperature and then a bigger swallow. “Ah, just what I needed,” she said.

“It’s an old family recipe,” he said, holding up a box of store-bought chocolate powder. “The secret ingredient is hot water.” Betsy chuckled into her styrofoam cup. He even had a similar sense of humor.

“You’re a life-saver,” she said. “I was starting to get really cold.” She was baiting him, wanting to talk about her nakedness.

“I can imagine that you would,” he laughed. “I’m amazed that you can do this at all.”

“Do what?” she asked with false innocence.

He smiled -- she liked his smile -- and wagged his finger at her. “Now you're just toying with me.”

Just then, more people came in the tent, which meant that Not-Dean had to pour more hot chocolate and Betsy had to pose for more selfies. She was warm enough now, inside and out, so she politely extricated herself and shuffled out of the tent, glancing back in time to see Not-Dean looking back at her.

Although she had kissed a few boys in high school, Betsy’s only actual relationships had been with girls. When she first went to college, her new lesbian friends would make snide remarks about bisexual girls, and Betsy was afraid to acknowledge any attraction to a boy. But she did have those attractions so she supposed she was bisexual. She regretted having never explored that part of her sexuality before settling down. Now she would never know.

Betsy “walked” -- sliding on one foot and then the other -- to the lift for the ‘Next of Kin’ trail and saw David and Roy had just come down. No one was waiting at the ski lift so Betsy had a chair all to herself. She felt exhilarated because everything had worked out so well. Her concerns about her brothers had been the last obstacle, which meant she was free to stay naked. Kate would finally be home the very next evening and they would start over again. The one thing Betsy had been worrying about all this time was no longer a distraction. She looked out at the amazing view and luxuriated in the caress of the cold breeze on her skin. Her hand drifted to her lap and she applied a little pressure to her clitoris with her gloved hand. Wouldn't it be fun to have an orgasm way up here, she thought.

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Betsy knew she would have to be subtle because she did not have the sky entirely to herself. The lift chair immediately behind her was vacant, but the one ahead carried two guys who were passing a flask. She presumed they hadn’t looked behind them or else they would be still staring at her. She could get away with a quick orgasm if she didn’t make a lot of noise. One thing Betsy was good at was having quick orgasms — especially if it had been a while since the last one. She began rubbing herself, slowly at first and then vigorously.

They were nearing the top and she wanted to be done before then. She wanted to close her eyes but she was afraid the boys ahead might look back and see her, though now she was so aroused she was starting to want them to. She glanced back quickly over her shoulder just to be sure no one could see from that angle, and then her hand stopped. Crap. Way down below in the parking lot she saw a TV news van with the familiar HBC logo -- the same network as Channel 5 back home. Two guys with big cameras on their shoulders were climbing up to where the “Next of Kin” trail ended.

Now it was too late to finish herself off because they were approaching the top. The two guys got off clumsily, almost not getting out of the way of their own chair as it swung around. They still didn’t look back, but just skated over to the launch point. Betsy dismounted more gracefully and followed as slowly as she could, hoping that both guys would get started before they noticed her. One of them did, but the other looked back and saw her just as he was getting ready.

“Oh. My. Gawd!” he exclaimed. “I have died and gone to heaven. Hello baby. You forget something this morning!”

“Ha ha. Like I’ve never heard THAT joke before,” Betsy said, not feeling like being nice to this particular person. “You’re holding up the line.”

“But the line is just you, and I would hold you up any day. Barry and I saw you earlier, but not this close. Damn.”

“If you’re not going to ski, I’ll go first.”

“I’m going, I’m going.” He pulled out the flask and offered it to her. She ignored it.

“Have you been down this trail before?” she asked. “It’s fairly challenging for sober people.”

“I can handle any trail they can make.”

“Do you at least know there's a jump near the end?”

“A jump? Cool!”

“But you can go around it on the right -- which I suggest you do.”

“Thanks for the advice, beautiful. See you at the bottom.”

He pushed off cleanly and seemed fairly skilled as far as Betsy could tell. He took the first curve well, before disappearing behind the trees. Betsy cleared her mind and took a moment to appreciate the beauty of the surroundings and her joy at being able to do this naked. Then she pushed off. She remembered the trail’s sharp curves and navigated them perfectly, and around the final curve she saw the ramp. Crouching to pick up speed, she hit the ramp and went airborne. That's when she saw the guy who'd gone ahead of her sitting on the ground. He had tried the jump and wiped out yard-sale fashion. But the idiot was still sitting there in her path, flask in hand.

“Out of the way!” she screamed. He looked up, eyes wide. Betsy was sure she was going to land on him, but he rolled to the side just in time and she landed cleanly. All she has to do was dodge one of his skis, but as she did so she felt and heard the distinctive click of her left heel becoming detached from her ski. She looked back and realized that the guy’s stupid flask had gone flying when he rolled and must have struck the release clasp behind her boot. She tried pushing down her heel to reset it, but the ski had turned askew and was about to tangle her up. She pushed it aside with her toe and nearly fell when the ski disappeared behind her. Struggling to maintain her balance, she stretched her left foot out behind her so the heavy boot would not pull her down. She held her arms wide, poles pointing almost horizontal, balancing like a tightrope walker. She could not stop on one ski, nor could she steer, and as her trajectory took her closer and closer to the edge of the run, Betsy knew she was going to spill. At least there were no trees this far down.

When her ski touched the edge of the packed trail, she went flying into 10 inches of heavy, wet snow on a steep hillside. Her remaining ski, along with her poles and hat, fell from her body as she tumbled sideways in a barrel roll. When the tumbling stopped, she was on her stomach, still sliding fast, feet first down a 45-degree hill. She spread her arms and legs to increase resistance and finally came to a stop.

Roy, David and Hannah witnessed her fall but they were trapped on the ski lift and could not come to her aid. The first person to reach her was Not-Dean, who had come out of the tent to watch her. Unencumbered by skis, he ran up the hill, reaching her as she got to her feet.

“Are you hurt,” he asked, putting his arm around her. “I could carry you?”

She pushed him aside. “I'm fine! And I don't need a man to rescue me just because I took a spill.”

“Okay, sorry, but, some TV news guys are here and um, you got something going on down there.”

She looked down at her crotch to see snow crammed into her pussy like a snow cone. Behind Not-Dean, she could see one of the cameramen working his way up the hill towards them, along with a guy carrying a microphone who outpaced the cameraman and was closing on them fast.

“Crap. Make yourself useful and block the view,” Betsy ordered.” Peeling off her right glove, she dug the packed snow out of her pussy with her fingers, finishing just as the reporter reached them. He got a good look at what she was doing, but at least the cameraman was a few paces behind.

“Betsy, can you describe for the viewers what just happened?” the reporter asked in his broadcaster voice.

“I'll tell you what happened,” Betsy snarled. “That jerk is what happened.” She pointed up the hill where the guy was carrying his skis down the side of the hill to avoid them.

Turning to the camera, she pointed to it and said, “if you go skiing, don't be like that guy. Obey the rules for everyone's safety.” Ticking her points off on her fingers, she went on: “Pay attention to the difficulty level signs, don't DRINK while you're on the slopes, and if you fall, get out of the freakin’ way!”

Not-Dean had by this time gathered up her skis, poles and hat. She grabbed the hat and tugged it angrily onto her head, not realizing until she had done so that it was filled with snow. Yanking it back off and shaking the snow out, she stalked down the hill towards the tent as the cameraman and reporter struggled to catch up to her.

Betsy’s anger dissipated quickly and she didn't want to to be rude. She stopped and turned to face them. She let them ask the usual questions -- was she cold, why did she choose to be naked -- and answered them politely and eloquently. Indeed, of all the times she had claimed she just loved to be nude, now she truly meant it and though she used the same words, this time there was passion in her voice. In the middle of this, Roy and David came barreling down the hill and were soon by her side making sure she was okay.

“And what do you think of your sister’s lifestyle choice?” the reporter asked. “Isn't it awkward for you to see . . . so much of her?”

“Not at all,” David said. “We know that some people look at her and get turned on, but that’s okay.”

“If they behave themselves,” Roy added.

“And other people look at her and appreciate her beauty more aesthetically.”

“But when we look at her, we see a self-confident young woman living life on her own terms.”

“And we’re proud of her.”

Standing between them, Betsy wiped away a tear and said, “you guys are making me cry on TV.”

When the interview was over and the guys were starting to pack up their gear, the reporter said “be sure to watch Channel 8 tonight at six. We’re affiliates with Channel 5 in the Kingsley market. They shared some background tape with us and of course we'll share our tape with them.”

“But the only tape you have is me wiping out?”

“Plus that totally awesome save on one ski,” one of the cameramen said.

“That wasn't a save because I still wiped out. People are gonna think I'm a clutz. Where are my skis? I’m going up again. You guys can leave if you want, but if you stick around a few minutes you're gonna see me coming down that hill again.”

**What a Girl Will Do for Love, Part 49**

Not-Dean still had her skis and poles, and as he gave them to her she asked apologetically, “I don't know your name.”

He laughed. “It's Joel.”

She put her arms around his neck and kissed him on the cheek. “That was for trying to rescue me, Joel.”

“I'm pretty sure you won't need any help this time.”

By this point, the cameras were pointing at her again so Betsy gave Joel another kiss, this time on the mouth.

“What was that one for?” he asked, as Betsy put her skis and poles over one shoulder.

“Research,” she called back, running to the lift where some other people were waiting to get on.
Betsy snapped on her skis and joined a group on one of the ski lift chairs. On the ride up the mountain, Betsy happily chatted with her chair-mates and smiled with them for selfies. She explained what had just happened and when they got to the top, everyone let her go first.

It was snowing again -- puffy, wet flakes that melted on her skin -- and Betsy was determined to show those guys some skiing. She went flying down the slope, taking every curve with ease and making the jump flawlessly. One of the cameramen had positioned himself to the side of the ramp, capturing her as she soared through the air squealing with joy, her rainbow stocking cap flying behind her. She nailed the landing like a pro, and came hurtling down the final straightaway at top speed, aiming directly at the second cameraman. At the last moment, she turned her skis sideways and sent up a spray of snow as she came to a stop in front of him, grinning at the camera. By now, a crowd had gathered to watch and everyone cheered. “And THAT’s how it’s done,” she said.

After the HBC van drove off, the Andrews sibling called it a day and went back to the lodge for a late lunch and a nap. That evening, they watched the news together. Betsy was surprised that her one-footed skiing had lasted as long as it did. In her memory, she had crashed almost immediately. They showed her wipe-out, of course, but ended with her successful run -- playing her jump in slow motion and closing with her triumphant pronouncement (though that now embarrassed her).

“Do I sound like I'm bragging?” she asked everyone. “I wasn't trying to show off. Does it seem like I'm showing off?”

Everyone assured her it was okay and they set out for dinner. This was Solstice Night, and there would be a traditional bonfire in the village square. They had dinner at a restaurant in the little downtown area, and everyone they met seemed to have seen her on the news. Some also remembered her from previous solstices (because Betsy was memorable even when clothed).

The temperature had risen a few degrees and the snow was turning to a slushy rain. The bonfire wood had been kept dry under a tarp, and everyone gathered in a circle around it for the lighting. They sang New Year’s carols and began the traditional dance. Like the swing dancing she'd done at Zoot’s, this was a group dance, but the steps were more like a waltz. The men lined up facing the bonfire and the women danced two turns with each partner before moving along as everyone sang. The women tended to get a bit dizzy by the end of the circuit, so spotters were stationed between the dancers and the bonfire just in case someone staggered too close to the blaze. Though the drizzle became a steady rain, the celebration went on. Everyone but Betsy stayed fairly dry in their raincoats, ponchos or waterproof ski gear, but she did not mind the rain. The fire was warm and the dance was thrilling, though not in an arousing way as it had been at Zoot’s. She still loved the touch of every man’s hand on her waist, but now it was a sensuous experience not necessarily sexual. Her toes were also better protected this time because she was wearing her knee-high boots. She also wore her stocking cap, but it soon became saturated and dripped down her back.

When it was over, they walked back to the lodge, slipping and sliding on icy patches of the sidewalk. Icy stalactites formed on street signs and Betsy realized that the temperature must be the same as it was when she was so uncomfortable walking through the ice storm the night Kate said she was going on the trip. The icy rain had not bothered her much when she was dancing around a bonfire, but now as they walked she was starting to shiver.

“You sure you’re okay, babycakes,” Mindy asked. “I’d give you my coat, but I know you won’t take it.”

“It’s n-not much f-farther,” Betsy said. “I kind of like sh-shivering -- in small d-doses.”

“Let’s get off this slick sidewalk so we can run,” Roy suggested. The boys each took one of her arms by the elbow and led the way at a trot across the snow-covered lawn. When they reached the front of the lodge, they had to scale a mound of snow piled up when snowblowers cleared the sidewalk. Scaling it was easier for her long-legged brothers than it was for Betsy.

“C’mon, Squirt, we’ll swing you over,” Roy said.

Trusting her brothers, Betsy let them swing her up over the mound, noticing too late the sly look they exchanged with each other. At the top of the mound they dropped her butt first onto the wet snow pile. For a second, she nearly disappeared inside of it, but was quickly on her feet waist high in snow and throwing slushy snowballs at her brothers -- surprising David with one in the face. She scrambled out of the snow pile and ran giggling through the entrance where they couldn’t retaliate. Inside, she stopped short because another Solstice Night ceremony was going on in the lobby so she signaled her brothers to be quiet as they came in. Roy made a silent OK sign to distract her while David pulled off her hat and and splatted a handful of wet snow on her head.

Undeterred, Betsy sauntered through the crowded lobby, her golden brown skin shiny wet as chunks of melting snow dripped from her head and shoulders. Everyone she passed wanted to stop and chat with her, all of them remarking that she certainly was very wet and wasn't she cold? Betsy relished every encounter and made every inquisitor feel as if she was being asked a clever question for the first time.

When they finally got back to the suite, Betsy took a long, hot bath to warm up, and the others dragged chairs into the big bathroom to sit around her. Mindy called room service for more warm cider, and they sang Solstice carols because the acoustics were so good in that room.

On Sunday they slept in, went down for brunch and packed up their things. For Betsy, this was mostly just her toiletries. Her hat had dried out next to the heater overnight, but she had no intention of ever wearing the matching scarf or leg warmers again. She had noticed a donation box in the lobby and dropped them in as they made their way to the exit. After much hugging and kissing and crying (just Betsy), they went their separate ways in the parking lot. Betsy started her car and then got out to brush off the snow and ice. The temperature had dropped again so she had to do some scraping. When she finally got back on the road and had been driving for a while, Betsy realized her cheeks were sore from smiling. She was as happy as she could remember ever being. Her final worry about her nudity had been swept away spectacularly, and now nothing was stopping her from staying naked as long as she wanted. And Kate was coming home that very night!

The drive home ended up taking longer because heavy snow was moving into the Kingsley area. She had to drive slowly, her windshield wipers slapping steadily and her defroster on high. It was almost dark by the time she got home. She was happy to see her little blue house snug in the snow, though she could see she was going to need to do some shoveling. Inside, she immediately checked the airline schedules and saw that Kate’s flight was delayed an hour. Betsy had offered to pick Kate up at the airport, but Kate insisted she would take a cab since Betsy would be on her way home from her own trip. Betsy put her boots and hat back on and shoveled off the porch and the sidewalk, but the snow was coming down heavily and the wind undid her work almost before she finished. Back inside, she took a warm bath and made herself ready for Kate. She took off her rings because she didn’t want to be wearing anything at all when Kate came home -- not shoes or jewelry or even a hair tie.

It was approaching midnight when Kate texted that the plane had landed safely and she was getting a cab. Betsy worried that the roads might not be passable, but knew that if anyone could get through it would be a Kingsley cab driver.

Half an hour later, Betsy heard footsteps on the porch. She flung open the door and there was Kate all bundled up and flecked with snow. They embraced, leaving the door standing open.

**What a Girl Will Do for Love, Part 50**

“I am going to eat you up,” Kate said, slamming the door in mid-kiss.

“Let's get you comfortable first,” Betsy giggled, pushing away and taking Kate's coat and briefcase. “Sit down and get your boots off do you don't track snow all over, and I’ll make you a drink.”

“Yes, ma’am. You've gotten feisty while I was away. I like that.”

I hope you do, Betsy thought. She got out a glass to make Kate her usual extra-strong vodka tonic, and decided to make one for herself too.

“Ooh, and your drinking big-girl drinks now too.”

“Special occasion,” Betsy said, as they clinked glasses.

“What should we drink to?” Betsy asked, feeling nervous.

“To eating your pussy on the kitchen table two minutes from now!” Kate declared, gulping down half the drink.”

“How about toasting to our future?” Betsy suggested.

“Technically” Kate said as she began kissing Betsy’s neck and shoulder, “I was toasting to our future.”

Betsy took evasive action until there was air between them again. “I meant our long-term future.”

“That too,” Kate said, nearly draining her glass. “But first things first.” She kissed Betsy again, but now her hand was between Betsy’s legs, her middle finger plunging into Betsy’s pussy and sliding up to massage her clitoris. Kate was very good at this and Betsy nearly always submitted, but this time she took Kate’s hand and gently pulled it away.

“I really want us to do that,” she said, “but could we just talk first?”

Kate scrutinized Betsy’s face. “Oh, I get it,” she said. “I'll bet you're trying to tell me you're withdrawing your nudist registration. That's okay, Babe. You told me you were thinking about that, and if that’s what you want I’m fine with it.”

Betsy melted. Although that was no longer an issue, she was so happy to hear Kate say it. “I actually almost did that,” she said, “but I changed my mind. I decided I want to stay naked.”

“Do you really, or are you just doing what you think I want?”

“It’s what I want, Kate. I love being naked all the time.”

Kate looked at her dubiously. “All right, let's approach this differently. I have some news that I think will make this whole thing easier for you. Now, there's good news and bad news, and the bad news is that I have to fly out again in the morning.”

“Oh Kate, no!”

“BUT I took the time to fly here tonight in order to tell you the good news face to face -- which is that I’m taking you to New Westbrook!”

“You are? Um, when? The new semester starts in a couple of days.”

“We’re moving there, Babe. You’ll love it. The weather is nice all year long -- not like THIS shit going on outside right now -- and I found some beautiful neighborhoods with houses just like this one.”

“But . . . Kate, I can't move out there. I'm in school for one thing.”

“You can transfer to New Westbrook University, which has a much better reputation. Nobody who's anybody has even heard of Avery College.”

“But I like going to Avery. I have friends here.”

“And you'll make new friends there. You were at Kentfield College for three years, and you've only been here four months.”

“But . . . I can't be naked anywhere but Huron. You know that.”

“Hmmm, well, you told me less than a week ago you wanted to withdraw your registration.”

“I said I was thinking about it, but then I decided not to. I really want to stay naked, Kate.”

“Honey . . . you don't have to pretend anymore. I know your little secret.”

“What secret?”

Kate laughed. “Do you have more than one? I know you never really wanted to be a nudist.”

“You knew? For how long?”

“Always. Since before we moved up here.”

“Why didn't you tell me?”

“Well, that wouldn’t have been nearly as much fun. I have to confess that I may have, well, sort of manipulated you into the whole nudist thing. I honestly didn't think you'd actually do it, and when you DID, well it was so much fun I just let it go on.”

Betsy felt dizzy and stumbled to a kitchen chair. “Wait . . . I don't understand. How . . ..”

Kate sat down at the table across from her. “Okay, here’s how it happened. Shortly before we met, I was up here interviewing for that job. I had heard about the nudity ruling, and was hoping to see naked chicks walking around everywhere, but it turned out no one was actually doing it -- at least not this far north. Then back in Kentfield, I met you. I adored that you were so sweetly, shyly submissive -- willing to do anything I suggested. So I started playing around with the nudist idea and you totally accepted it. You were so eager to please me, and that's what made me love you. You were so . . . so pliable. I could mold you into my ideal girl -- my nudist girl.”

Betsy was holding her head in her hands, her elbows on the table. “Kate, I don’t want to believe you would do that to me.” She raised her head and looked at Kate intently. “So you were already taking that job before you met me?”

“Yes. Why does that matter?”

“You told me you made a job sacrifice -- that you passed up better jobs to make me happy.”

“Oh that. I just said that to prod you along — a little guilt as motivator. If you’d known me better then, you’d have realized I would never sacrifice my career—”

“For me.”

“Oh, don't put it like that.”

“Every time I thought you were doing something for me, it was really for you, wasn't it. That's why you’ve been so agreeable about the idea of me giving up my registration -- because you were already planning to move us to New Westbrook.”

“Well perhaps in part—”

“And those first few weeks we were together, you already knew you were moving up here, and you didn't say anything. You were planning to leave me behind.”

“Only at first. I thought I'd have a few weeks of sex with a hot blonde and that would be that. But then I fell for you, Betsy, and I wanted you to come with me.”

“So you could turn me into a nudist.”

“Yes, but I didn’t think you’d actually do it. I thought you'd cave in that first day -- and had you done so we would have laughed it off and you'd have been wearing clothing all this time. But day after day you just kept doing it. I was impressed. I figured maybe deep down this was something you wanted -- and apparently I was right. I do tend to be right about things, you know.”

“You’ve been lying to me since the day we met.”

“Oh please. You were lying to me too. And don't blame me because you were so gullible and not sharp enough to figure things out. You're such a blonde!”

“Don't SPEAK to me like that!” Betsy snarled, slamming the table and standing up. “I'm sick of you talking down to me. And I am NOT moving to f#cking New Westbrook!”

“Well, you're not staying here. I've already arranged for movers to come next week and pack everything up. This house will be empty and on the market by next weekend whether you like it or not.”

“What?? You’ve already made those arrangements? Without even talking to me? I love this house, Kate. I love Avery College. I love being naked. Why are you doing this to me?”

“I’m sorry you're upset, Betsy. I didn't think you'd take this so hard.”

“You didn't even bother to ASK me!” Betsy sobbed, tears now streaming down her cheeks and dripping onto her breasts.” You treat me like a piece of furniture . . . like a pet — your obedient pet naked girl.”

“Now, Betsy--”

“Oh shut up, Kate. Just stop talking. I don't want to hear your voice. I don't want to look at you.”

Kate obeyed, and in the silence Betsy turned around in a full circle looking at the home she had worked so hard on. “I wallpapered this kitchen . . . I sanded and painted those cabinets. I wanted a different color, but I let you decide.”

“Betsy, I--”

“I said SHUT UP!” Betsy screamed, and with her forearm swept the two glasses off the counter to shatter on the tile floor.

“Go ahead and take this house from me,” Betsy said, backing out through the kitchen doorway into the living room. “I loved it, but I don’t need it anymore — and I don’t need you!”

Flinging open the front door, Betsy ran out of the house as snow swirled inside. By the time Kate made it to the doorway -- having to navigate through broken glass in her stocking feet -- Betsy was past the front gate running down the street naked and barefoot through the snowstorm. She had left without a single possession -- not shoes, or jewelry or even a hair tie. As Kate called her name into the howling wind, Betsy turned a corner and disappeared into the night.