**Camping**

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When Fiona woke up, she was by herself. It took her a few moments to fully work this out, as her first thought was "where am I?", followed by "camping, so where's my bloody tent gone?"  
  
Suddenly waking up very fast, knowing something was very wrong, she sat up and looked around. And down. And then another frantic look around.  
  
She was, she realised dismally, up the proverbial creek without a paddle.  
  
She was also without a lot of other things, starting with clothes.  
  
Fiona had agreed to come on a weekend camping, dirt-bike riding excursion with her new boyfriend. She had made it very clear at the time that camping and dirt-bikes was all it was going to be. It was not going to be an excuse for a dirty weekend. She didn't know him nearly well enough to go to bed with.  
  
Josh had agreed and off they'd gone. They'd taken both cars. Josh's ute to carry the bikes, and Fiona's own little Mazda because the front of Josh's ute was filled with so much junk and was so greasy and oily that any passengers would be better of travelling in the tray.  
  
Everything had gone fine for most of Saturday. They'd biked, swum, and biked some more, before having a small barbecue. Fiona was an old hand at cooking when camping and could make a tasty meal out of whatever was at hand.  
  
It was after dinner that some problems arose. Although they had their own tents and sleeping bags, Josh had suddenly made it plain that he expected to sleep with Fiona. She owed him because he was making the effort to spend time with her. She should show a little appreciation.  
  
The argument had escalated rapidly, with Fiona sticking to her guns and Josh not quite having the nerve to force her. He'd had a bit more to drink and then gone to bed rather sullenly.  
  
Fiona had stayed up a bit longer, worrying, before finally going to bed and spending several more hours wondering if she should yield or stay firm, because she was damn sure that Josh would be leaning on her again the next day. Stay firm, she thought, just before she dropped off. He's being an ass.  
  
The late night had caused Fiona to sleep late and now, waking, she found that things had gone badly wrong.  
  
She looked around again and took stock. Both cars and the dirt-bikes were gone, along with sleeping bags and tents. And her clothes. OK, she'd gone to sleep on top of the sleeping bag, but he must have moved awfully carefully to have stripped her while she was sleeping.  
  
How, Fiona wondered, had he managed to move both cars. Probably did an unmanned tow on hers, she decided. If he had even put one scratch on her baby she would kill him.  
  
Decisions had to be made. There was a bottle of water, but nothing else. Wasn't he thoughtful, a whole bottle of water, all for her. Fiona wondered if he'd come back or had he just left her stranded.  
  
Did she wait and see, and if so how long could she afford to wait? If she didn't wait, what was she going to do? She was going to need clothes. She was going to have to find a phone.  
  
Fiona stood and considered. If she started walking, she'd have to go back using the main trail. They'd been riding the minor trails the day before, and she couldn't remember seeing any houses.  
  
It was several miles down the main trail to the paved highway, and she didn't remember any houses along that stretch either. She shuddered to think she might find herself hiking nude down the main road.  
  
Bending down to pick up the water bottle, Fiona realised that her thongs were next to it. Protection for her feet so she could make it to the road. That son of a bitch had no intention of returning for her.  
  
Gritting her teeth, Fiona slipped on the thongs and headed down the track.  
  
After a mile Fiona's feet were hurting and she was inventing new curse words to describe Josh with every step. Looking down as she walked, she didn't see the man on the track until she nearly bumped into him.  
  
Fiona gave a squawk at the unexpected encounter and tried to hide behind her hands, quickly giving it up as a bad job.  
  
The man glanced up and down her petite frame and informed her, "You're naked."  
  
"Yes, I know," she replied.  
  
"Why are you naked?" came the not unexpected inquiry.  
  
Fiona gritted her teeth and smiled, which she found rather hard to do while gritting them.  
  
"Someone has stolen all my clothes and things while I slept," she informed him. "Um, I'm Fiona. Do you think you can give me some assistance?"  
  
"Someone stole your clothes?"  
  
"Yes sir. While I was asleep," said Fiona, determined to be polite.  
  
"You can't walk around without clothes. It's not proper," she was informed.  
  
"I know. That's why I asked if you could help me." A tinge of desperation was creeping into her voice.  
  
"You got nothing on. Not even a purse," came the next comment.  
  
"That's right. Everything I had was taken while I was asleep." Fiona was starting to feel put upon. Why couldn't she have been found by a nice matronly woman who would help her, instead of this, this yokel who seemed fascinated by her nudity.  
  
The yokel's next comment was right to the point.  
  
"I'm guessing you're wanting clothes and a lift to the store and the phone. If you've got no purse, you've got no money. How are you going to pay me if I help you?"  
  
"I'll arrange a money transfer when I get to the phone," said Fiona desperately.  
  
The yokel shook his head sadly. "Momma always told me to get paid in advance. Sammy, she'd say, if you don't get the money up front they argue and short-change you afterwards. Always get the money first."  
  
"But I haven't any money on me," protested Fiona. "I told you everything was taken."  
  
"Makes no never mind to me," she was told. "Payment in advance, momma always says, and then I can get you to some clothes and the store."  
  
"And how do you suggest I pay you," she demanded. "Want me to cook you dinner or something?"  
  
"I can cook," said Sammy, "but I can make do with something I suppose," looking her over again.  
  
"What?" Fiona looked at him, his audacious suggestion slowly sinking in.  
  
"What?" she said again, a great deal louder.  
  
Sammy smiled. "You're already naked and it won't take me long to be. We can use that grassy patch there. It looks nice and comfortable."  
  
"Are you crazy. I'd rather just continue walking, thank you very much."  
  
"OK," said Sammy, quite cool with that. "Your choice. The store's about three miles on. Just follow this road."  
  
Sammy waved and stepped past her, heading up towards the camping area.  
  
"He's just going to leave me," Fiona realised with some shock. Three more miles on this road. It'll kill me.  
  
"Wait," she called.  
  
Sammy turned and looked at her, a question on his face.  
  
"Can we talk this over," she begged. "Maybe if I gave you a hand job or a blow job." She faltered, embarrassed.  
  
Sammy shook his head. "No. I like the look of you and I want you."  
  
As Fiona looked away, he continued. "Look, you've gone from nothing to a hand job or a blow job. It's only one tiny step further to where you need to be. So how about it?"  
  
Fiona couldn't look at him as she slowly nodded. Then she felt a gentle hand on her arm, drawing her over to the grassy patch and encouraging her to lie down.  
  
Still not looking directly at Sammy, Fiona could see him quickly stripping before settling down next to her. Then he was gently stroking her breast, rubbing the nipple lightly.  
  
"At least," she thought, "He's not just going to jump me and hump me. Maybe it won't be too bad."  
  
Sammy was taking his time, stroking breasts and pussy, nibbling her breasts and causing her to shriek in shock when he placed his head between her thighs and slid his tongue between her lips.  
  
Fiona found her excitement rising, heat gathering inside her as she twisted and shuddered under the caresses of Sammy's expert fingers and mouth.  
  
She stared helplessly towards her pussy as she saw that Sammy was now moving her legs further apart, knowing that her lips had flowered and were open for his invasion. She could see his erection approaching and feel it pushing against her tender flesh. She glanced at his face to see what he was doing, and he was looking at her. Meeting her eyes he said "Now," and pushed hard, causing her to scream again as he entered fully within her in that one hard stroke.  
  
Fiona lay under him trembling, feeling engorged, her body ready to meet the challenge. Sammy grinned at her, and withdrew until his head was just barely within her. Knowing what was coming she smiled grimly and, as he started his next thrust, she tilted her hips sharply to meet him.  
  
Sammy was laughing at her now, and again withdrawing for another strong thrust. Fiona found that she was meeting his smile with a natural one of her own now, as well as meeting the thrust of his cock with her own upwards thrust. They fell into a joyful union, each giving their best, and receiving it in return.  
  
Fiona found Sammy a thoughtful and slow lover, using little tricks to build the fire within her and then using other little tricks to flatten it again, drawing out the suspense and letting the fire burn higher with every re-fanning of the blaze. Then the fire was out of control, and Fiona screamed again as she felt it envelop her, hearing an answering cry from Sammy as he came within her.  
  
Breathing hard, Fiona was finally able to broach the subject of clothes, assuming that Sammy would at least give her his shirt to wear. What she was not expecting was what he told her.  
  
"Clothes won't be a problem," he said. "I noticed just before I met you that there was a small green Mazda parked by the side of the trail, just around that corner." He pointed to a bend in the trail bout twenty metres away. "It's got what looks like women's clothes sitting on the roof."  
  
Fiona stared at him. "My clothes and my car are just around the corner and you didn't say?"  
  
Sammy shrugged. "You didn't ask."  
  
Fiona ran the short distance to the bend. Even before she reached it she could see the familiar outline of her darling parked by the trail.  
  
She turned to glance back at Sammy, but he was continuing on his way, whistling.  
  
Someone would die for this, she decided, so Josh had better start hiding.