**Cutie’s Good Turn**

By Little Joe

Bobbie Kaye and Gretchen chatted idly as they bowled along the highway toward their destination in the mountains. They were going to visit their dear friend Lacy who now had her own little boutique inn in the popular retreat of Lakeview.

Their brand new Chevy was piled high with holiday gear: for camping, for hiking, for swimming, and of course with presents. They were in a good mood. Of course, if they hadn’t been in a good mood they might not have stopped.

“Is that a girl hitchhiking up ahead?” said Bobbie Kaye, sitting in the passenger seat and attentive to everything going on, as usual.

“Sure is,” said Gretchen.

“Well, aren’t you going to stop?”

“What? Pick up a hitchhiker? Are you crazy?”

“We have to stop. It’s not safe hitching on the highway. What if she gets picked up by a serial killer or something?”

Bobbie Kaye was one of those girls who were always fearful of the worst, and would blame herself if anything went wrong.

“Do pull over Baby! We can’t leave her there. It can be our good turn for the day.”

Gretchen pulled over the Chevy, and the girl came running up to the car, puffing slightly, a large and rather empty duffel bag slung over her shoulder. She was slightly above middle height, taller than either Bobbie Kaye or Gretchen, and she had the appearance of a girl in a road movie; a cross between a born again hippie and a streetwise kid. She had long blonde hair, which she wore in a ponytail, a fair, freckled face and blue eyes. She was quite attractive in a slightly jejune waifish fashion. A baggy t-shirt bore a picture of Alan Ginsberg and the slogan ‘Property is Theft.’ She wore faded flared jeans with holes born of long use rather than worn as a fashion statement.

“Hi,” she said. “Gee, thanks. Where’re you guys goin’? I’m Donna, by the way.”

She spoke in an accent that was of everywhere and nowhere. If you came from California, you might have guessed New England, if you came from New England you might have guessed Canada, if you came from Canada you would have said Tipperary but living in Boston for some years.

“Hi, I’m Bobbie Kaye, and this is my real close friend Gretchen.”

That was Bobbie Kaye for you. She was always so polite. So nice to people. It wasn’t for nothing that people called her Cutie. Bobby Kaye had a model’s slender figure and good looks, and if she had been an inch or two taller she could have been one. Gretchen on the other hand was petite, curvaceous and vivacious. Her stunning good looks gave her an innate self-confidence. She knew her own mind and she never hesitated in expressing it.

“We’re going to Lakeview,” said Gretchen. “So if you’re not going there…”

“Lakeview is just fine,” said Donna, settling into the back seat. “Don’t you guys pay any attention to me.”

And in a few seconds she was fast asleep. About half an hour later, and half an hour short of Lakeview, Donna woke up.

“Hey,” she said, “I think there’s a state park coming up. Can we pull off? I need the bathroom.”

Gretchen shrugged her shoulders in a non-committal way, but Bobbie Kaye said, “Of course. Pull over when you see the sign, Beauty.” Bobbie Kaye often referred to Gretchen as her Beauty.

Gretchen sighed and pulled into the parking lot. There were lots of picnic tables around, with families enjoying the hot sunny weather.

On returning from the restroom, Donna looked round. “My! What a lovely place,” she said. “Why don’t we have a stroll in the woods and stretch our legs?”

“Great idea,” said Bobbie Kaye, as obliging as ever. Gretchen tagged along behind, tapping meaningfully on her watch. The weather was hot and sultry, and the girls walked farther and farther off the main track, and farther into the woods, until they suddenly came out into the open. There, in front of them, was a wide lake with a small island in the middle.

“God, it’s hot,” said Donna, fanning herself. “I’m going for a dip. You guys joining me?”

“We don’t have our swimsuits,” said Bobbie Kaye politely, as Donna swung off her duffel bag, to which she seemed almost glued.

“Who said anything about swimsuits?” asked Donna, stripping off her t-shirt.

Bobbie Kaye gasped. Donna’s jiggled her small breasts and big nipples. She wasn’t wearing a bra!

“You can’t go skinny dipping!” gasped Bobbie Kaye. “It’s the middle of the day. Somebody might see!”

“Phooey!” said Donna, pulling down her shorts to reveal her neatly trimmed sex. “Who cares?”

She kicked off her flip-flops and started to wade into the water, stark naked. Bobbie Kaye stared open mouthed at the retreating bare bottom. She turned to see Gretchen already down to her underwear unhooking her bra.

“What are you doing, Baby? You can’t just strip naked in broad daylight!”

But Gretchen had pulled down her panties and was standing there, hands on hips, as smooth and as naked as the day she was born.

“Don’t be such a baby, Cutie,” she said, “It’s hot. I’m going to cool down.”

Poor Bobbie Kaye looked on horrified as the girls waded out. She was intensely shy, and the thought of being seen naked by Donna, when she’d only just met her, was unbearable. But she looked at the girls out in the water laughing and splashing each other. Gretchen looked so gorgeous when she had nothing on. Her breasts were perfectly proportioned and her rounded hips curved over her peach smooth bare bottom, glistening with moisture in the hot sunshine. Bobbie Kaye’s eyes took in the lovely sight as Gretchen stood, hands on hips, knee deep in the water, her legs slightly apart. She quickly averted her gaze. The slit of Gretchen’s smooth bare vagina was clearly visible; there in the open air in broad daylight! Bobbie Kaye blushed, and she wasn’t even the one who was naked.

She felt so jealous of the girls; so jealous of Donna, playing naked with her Beauty. She just had to join them. Had to strip naked. Had to overcome her silly shyness. With trembling hands, and looking nervously round every few seconds, she started to unbutton her blouse. Once she’d started, she had to get it over with quickly. She yanked down her panties, pulled them off and, feeling the sun burning into her bare skin, she waded out. Her vagina was neatly shaved, and she thought that if she kept her legs together there wouldn’t be too much visible.

“Wait for me!” she called out. “Wait for me!” Soon she was splashing in the water with the others.

“Race you to the island!” shouted Donna, and set off swimming toward the small island forty yards away in the middle of the lake. Gretchen plunged after her, with Bobbie Kaye bringing up the rear. She swam as fast as she could, but she knew she wasn’t as fast as the other two. It was several minutes before she arrived, sputtering, at the island. Gretchen pulled her out the water.

“Well, at least you beat Donna,” she said.

Bobbie Kaye looked round. “Where is Donna?” she asked. Donna seemed to have abandoned the race, as she was nowhere to be seen.

Then the girls saw her. She was standing on the lakeshore, fully dressed and pushing their clothes into her duffel bag,

“Donna!” screamed Gretchen. “Stop! What are you doing?”

“Stealing your clothes, what do you think I’m doing?”

“What? Why? You can’t!” Aghast, the girls stood rooted to the spot, suddenly feeling very naked indeed.

“Yes I can. Don’t worry, I’ll leave them in your car.” She tossed up the car keys that had been in Gretchen’s pocket. “You can get them back when everyone’s left the parking lot. People usually go about six.”

“Donna, please! Why are you doing this? It isn’t funny!”

“Oh, yes it is! But that isn’t the main reason. I’ve taken your money. About a hundred dollars, I make it, and I don’t want you chasing after me. Well, you’re not going to run across the parking lot starkers, are you?”

“But that’s stealing.”

“No it isn’t. Property is theft,” she pointed to the slogan on her tee shirt. “This is just redistribution of wealth. You won’t miss a measly hundred, and I need it. So long, suckers.”

And she turned and disappeared into the wood.

“Quick! After her!” shouted Gretchen, plunging into the water to swim to the other side.

“We can’t. We can’t,” shouted Bobbie Kaye at the retreating bottom,. “We’ve got nothing on!”

“Oh, don’t be so soft, Cutie. We’ve got to stop her!”

Gretchen was already out in the water and striking for the shore. Poor Cutie was horrified. She couldn’t run back to the parking lot completely nude, but she couldn’t let Gretchen go back on her own. She’d never forgive herself if anything happened to her. She plunged in after Gretchen her only thought being to catch her and make her see sense.

But Gretchen swam too fast, and had a ten yard lead on Bobbie Kaye before she at last reached the shore. Gretchen was actually running down the path back to the parking lot. Actually running down the path in the nude! Bobbie Kaye had to run after her, had to catch her. But it was no good. The path was too stony on her bare feet she couldn’t run fast enough and keep her legs together at the same time; and she was terrified they would run into someone. Gretchen was gaining on her, probably helped by the fact that she wasn’t trying to hide her bouncing boobs and girly parts with her hands. Poor Cutie was trying to run in a naked half crouch, with her hands over her naughty parts, a singularly difficult task.

She finally caught Gretchen at the edge of the woods, peering out over the parking lot, standing with her hands on her bare hips.

“There she is. There she is!” shouted Gretchen. “She’s just over by the road, thumbing a lift.”

“You can’t run over there with nothing on,” shouted Bobbie Kaye, grabbing hold of her arm. “You can’t!”

“Want to bet?”

“We’ll go over to the car and get our clothes. She won’t be going anywhere yet.”

It seemed the lesser of two evils to Cutie, but it still meant running over the parking lot in full view of all the picnickers, stark naked.

“Geronimo!” shouted Gretchen, and off she ran toward the car. Perhaps if she ran fast enough, nobody would notice. Bobbie Kaye watched her go. She couldn’t let her go alone. She’d have to go and help. Red faced and trembling, she ran out from cover and scampered in her crouching, embarrassed, legs together naked girlie run.

They dived behind the car and peered in through the window. There on the back seat were their clothes. While Cutie crouched down trying to cover herself, Gretchen, as bold as can be, stood up and pulled at the door handle. It wouldn’t budge. The door was locked.

“The bastard! The bastard!” she shouted. “She’s locked the car door.”

It wasn’t perhaps the wisest thing to shout out so loud when they were standing starkers in a parking lot. Bobbie Kaye looked round. Everybody was looking at them. She went even redder than ever, and her legs, firmly together, started trembling.

“Come on, Gretchen!” she shouted. “Run!” Pulling Gretchen by the arm, she dragged her back across the parking lot and into the safety of the woods as fast as she could, while the onlookers stared totally dumbfounded as two bare bottoms retreated into the cover..

From the safety of the woods, the girls looked out as Donna climbed into a truck, turning as she did so to dangle a set of car keys tauntingly. It was only with great difficulty that Cutie stopped Gretchen from running after her there and then.

“What are we going to do?” wailed Bobbie Kaye, but Gretchen was standing, hands on hips, thinking. She had an idea.

“See that red pickup over there?” she said.

“Yes.”

“I don’t think he’d be offended by the sight of a girl in the all together.”

“No…” Cutie didn’t seem certain. She was worried where this was going.

“Well, I’m going to ask him if I can borrow his cell phone. I’m going to ring Lacy and ask her to come and rescue us.”

“You can’t! You can’t just walk over there in the nude and ask to borrow a cell phone.”

Gretchen stood there, hands on hips, and Gretchen with hands on hips could not be stopped from doing what she wanted.

“Don’t, please!” Cutie wailed, but Gretchen had already set off.

“Come back, Beauty. Come back!” Poor Bobbie Kaye. She knew she couldn’t let Gretchen go on her own; it wouldn’t be safe. She was going to have to walk across the parking lot again, stark naked, with everyone watching. It was too embarrassing for words, but she would have to do it.

Her face bright scarlet, her knees knocking and her little nipples standing out like bell pushes, she ran after Gretchen, wishing she could be that bold. She just wanted to run from all the eyes she knew were watching her.

Gretchen was already talking to the trucker. Smiling, her handed her the cell phone.

“Lacy?” She’d got through straight away. “We’re in trouble!” Bobbie Kaye crouched down beside the truck to try and make herself as small as possible. “Can you come and pick us up from the parking lot at the State Park?”

“What’s the matter?” Cutie heard Lacy’s voice from the other end of the phone.

“Just don’t ask. You’ll see when you get here.”

“Okay. Be there in thirty minutes.”

Good old Lacy, as dependable as ever.

“Thanks,” said Gretchen, handing back the phone, “Can’t pay you for the call, I’m afraid.”

“Miss,” said the trucker, eyeing the girls up and down, “I sure don’t need no more payment.”

Bobbie Kaye watched the trajectory of his eyes. Oh my God! She’d forgotten to keep her legs together! It was all on view, her little slit and everything! She clapped her hands between her legs and grabbed Gretchen.

“Come on,” she said. As crimson as a beetroot, she dragged Gretchen back to the safety of the woods.

“You’re trembling,” said Gretchen, and she gave Bobbie Kaye one of the biggest, longest nakedest hugs she had ever had. And there was nothing Bobbie Kaye liked more than a big, long, naked hug. And they did have half an hour for big long naked hugs before Lacy was going to arrive.

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“Where’s Lacy got to?” Bobbie Kaye was looking out over the parking lot for Lacy’s distinctive yellow SUV. “She should have been here ages ago.”

There was no sign of the car.

“I know,” said Gretchen, “I spotted another parking lot over the other side of the restrooms. Perhaps she’s there?”

The girls crept round under the cover of the woods and looked over the cars in the lot. Lacy’s distinctive vehicle was parked in the middle.

“Where can she be?” Bobbie Kaye sounded worried.

“Lacy! Lacy!” she tried calling out softly.

“Hi guys.”

The girls turned round with a start at the sound of Lacy’s voice behind them. There in front of them was the beautiful, sexy, reliable Lacy. She was stark naked, her big round bare breasts at their eye level.

“Lacy! Whatever happened?”

“Well there was this girl beside the highway… and she was thumbing a lift.”

“Oh well,” said Cutie. “Big hugs?”

The end