**Daphne Helps a Damsel in Distress**

by Dormouse

There was nothing Daphne liked more than taking long walks when the weather was warm, and today the temperature had shot up after a cold spell and she had headed out into the country. She was passing a drystone wall when she heard a small voice.

“Can you help me, please?” it said, plaintively. It was so quiet that Daphne almost didn’t hear it.

The voice came from a head sticking up over the wall. It was not a high wall, so the person the head was attached to must either be a midget or was crouching down.

“What’s the problem?” Daphne asked the head. The head seemed to belong to a young woman.

“I was swimming in the stream down there,” said the head, “and my friend took all my clothes.”

“All your clothes?” said Daphne. “I take it that means you didn’t have a swimming costume.”

“Amber dared me to go skinny dipping and called me a coward when I refused. She made such a fuss about it I just had to do it to prove her wrong. I don’t normally do things like that. I don’t know what came over me. And now I’m stuck behind this wall stark naked. Do you have any spare clothes you can lend me?”

“Alas not,” said Daphne. “Only the clothes I’m standing up in, and there’s not much of them.”

Indeed, it was obvious that she had nothing on under the sleeveless shirt she was wearing, and to prove it she bunched up the fabric at the front exposing a magnificent pair of breasts. She then pulled aside the crotch of her brief shorts.

“And I went commando today. Now, I’ve shown you mine, you’ll have to show me yours.”

“What do you mean?” said the head with alarm.

“Well, I’ve already proved I have no clothes to lend you. If you want me to help you, you’re going to have to come out from behind that wall and show everything. It’s either that or staying here until someone else comes along, and this path is deserted. I haven’t seen anyone else all day.”

The head looked around and realised she had no other option. The head became the top half of a body, with breasts almost as large as Daphne’s. Then the body realised it was going to have to climb over the wall, and that meant exposing everything, not to mention a painful moment when her pussy scraped along the top of the wall.

“Do you have a name?” asked Daphne.

“Karen,” said the body. “What happens now?” She was rubbing the scraped skin, but stopped when she realised what it looked like she was doing.

“My car is about two miles down the path. We walk there and I drive you to wherever you want to go.”

“I can’t walk two miles like this,” cried Karen. “What if someone sees me?”

“Why ever not? It’s not as if we’re likely to meet anyone else, and even if we did, I don’t think anyone will complain. You are very pleasing on the eye. Let me have a closer look at you.”

Karen backed away from Daphne, a worried look on her face.

“Are you a lesbian? Are you going to have your evil way with me?”

“Only if you want me to,” replied Daphne, with a grin. “But what has my sexuality to do with things. Yes, I’ve had sex with other women, but I’ve had sex with men too. And just because I like looking at your naked body, goose bumps and all, doesn’t mean I want to have sex with you. I like eating a good curry, I like listening to Beethoven’s Ninth. That doesn’t mean I want to sleep with the chef of the Taj Mahal or the conductor of the London Symphony Orchestra. Although there was a time…” Daphne’s voice trailed off in a reverie, and Karen never did discover if it was the chef or the conductor she was thinking of.

“I know,” continued Daphne, “to show you there’s nothing to fear in walking back to my car naked, I’ll take my clothes off, and we can walk together.” She dropped her shorts and slid out of her top and stood exposed before Karen. “See, I’m still in good shape for my age.” Daphne reckoned she must be at least twenty years old than Karen.

“Now that you’ve taken your clothes off, can I have them?” begged Karen.

“No, you can’t. Here’s the deal,” said Daphne, stuffing her clothes into her rucksack. “We either both walk back to my car naked, or I walk back clothed and you naked. The third option is that I walk back to my car – I don’t mind whether I’m clothed or naked – and I leave you here.”

She started walking down the path. Karen stared at the bare buttocks bobbing beneath the rucksack and realised the only thing to do was follow.

Daphne was right. They didn’t meet anyone else on the path and Daphne’s car was the sole occupant of the car park.

“Do you have any spare clothes in your car?” asked Karen in a pleading voice.

“No, only the ones in my rucksack” she said, shutting the rucksack in the boot of the car. “Now get in, if you don’t want to stay here all night.”

**Daphne Helps a Damsel in Distress pt. 2**

“You’re all tensed up, I can tell,” said Daphne as they were driving toward the town. Karen was slouching in the seat as far as the seatbelt would allow. She wasn’t sure which would cause the most problems if they were stopped by the police, travelling without clothes or travelling without a seatbelt. Daphne, on the other hand, seem oblivious to the fact that her breasts were on display to anyone driving past. One or two cars honked their horns in apparent appreciation.

“You need some liquid courage,” she said, driving into the car park of a pub.

“I can’t go into a pub like this,” wailed Karen.

“Of course you can,” replied Daphne. “I’ve been into this pub many times dressed like this. They know me here.” She opened the door and got out of the car, standing in the car park as if it was perfectly normal. Maybe it was for her. They were not yet in a built-up area, but there were people about. One or two stared at her, but most ignored her.

“Well, are you coming?” Karen did not want to be left alone naked in the car so she reluctantly got out, feeling very self-conscious. Her only hope was that more people would look at Daphne than at her.

As they entered the bar, a cheer went up from the assembled drinkers, but nobody gave the impression they weren’t welcome. The barman obviously knew Daphne.

“Good to see you, Daphne,” he said. “She’s prettier than your last girlfriend.” Karen actually felt heartened by this compliment. “What are you having?”

“A pint of Sheep Worrier for my friend here, Joe, and a half for me, I’m driving.”

“Is she old enough?” asked Joe.

“That’s a point,” said Daphne. “How old are you, actually?”

“I’m nineteen,” said Karen indignantly.

“Do you have any ID on you?” asked the barman sternly. Karen stared at him open mouthed. The barman burst out laughing. “The look on your face!” he said. “I’ll take your word for it. These are on the house”

They sat down with their drinks. Most of the patrons of the pub ignored them, although one or two took pictures. Great, thought Karen, I’ll be all over the internet tomorrow.

Daphne bought Karen more drinks as the evening progressed, making sure to stay off the alcohol herself.

“If I put the music on, will you give us a dance?” Joe asked Daphne later.

“Sure,” said Daphne. She got up and walked over to a small stage. Karen noticed for the first time there was a stripper pole set up there. The music started and Daphne did an energetic routine, teasing the customers, male and female, in the process. When she finished she walked back to Karen, who noticed her naked skin was now glistening with perspiration.

“Wow, that was impressive,” said Karen. “You’re very fit. Are you a stripper? That would explain how comfortable you are with being naked.”

“No, I’m not a stripper, but I know several people who are and they taught me the moves. It’s good exercise. Want to have a go yourself?”

Three pints of strong beer, and Karen’s courage had risen. She leapt onto the stage, tried a few moves, and fell flat on her arse. Daphne laughed and then went over and gave her a few lessons. The drinkers watched appreciatively.

Daphne now thought it was a good time to leave. She had promised to take Karen home to her parents, with whom she still lived. Also, Karen was now not a little drunk.

In the car, Karen told Daphne her decision.

“I’m going to go into our house and tell mum and dad that I’m proud of my body and I’m going to go around naked from now on. They are just going to have to put up with it.” She slurred her words.

“Are you sure you want to tell them that?” asked Daphne. “They might not take too happily to it.”

“My mind is made up,” she said defiantly.

Daphne stopped her car outside the house Karen had indicated and watched her get out and walk up the path to the front door, swaying slightly. As Karen had lost her key along with her clothes, she had to ring the doorbell. Daphne couldn’t see clearly what happened when the door opened, but it looked like an arm pulled Karen into the house. Daphne sat back and waited.

Sure enough, a few minutes later the door opened and Karen was pushed out of the house, still naked. The door closed behind her. She stood there for a few seconds before starting to beat the door with her fists. There was no response from within the house. When she stopped, she looked round and saw that Daphne’s car was still there. She ran down the path towards it.

Daphne got out of the car to meet her.

“They threw me out!” Karen cried. She was in tears. “They said no daughter of theirs was going to go around with everything on display. They wouldn’t even let me get some clothes. They said if this was my decision I wasn’t going to need them. What am I going to do? I’ve got nowhere to stay, no job, no clothes.”

“I think I might be able to help you out with two of those things,” said Daphne. “Get back in the car and I’ll show you.”

In the car, Daphne started rummaging through the glove compartment until she found a glossy brochure. She handed it to Karen. On the front were the words “Peek-a-boo Naturist Camp” and inside were pictures of healthy individuals playing tennis, swimming, having meals, all without clothes on.

“I run a respectable naturist camp near here,” explained Daphne. “It just so happens I’m looking for someone to help out in the camp restaurant. Food and lodging is included, and of course there is no uniform. Are you interested?”