**LMC**

by[**BobbieKayeCutie**](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=4887237&page=submissions)©

**LMC Ch. 02: The Camping Trip**

**The Camping Trip (A Little Miss Cutie story)**
by Bobbie Kaye (Cutie)

Joe couldn't believe his eyes! For a moment, he feared he was hallucinating. But no, that was his wonderful boss Emily, right before his eyes, not a hundred feet away. And she was naked as she could be, washing up in the lake. He adored his boss, as she always treated him with complete respect and absolute kindness. And he'd seen her naked once before, at that disastrous lingerie show in L.A. last year. He felt guilty now, but he couldn't tear his eyes away from her lovely face, and more noticeably, the sexy curves of her body!

Only then did he notice that Emily was not alone. There were three other girls in the lake with her. Three other naked girls! Recognition came slowly at first, followed by disbelief. It was those three wretched American girls! The ones who had caused him so much trouble back in England! The same ones who had tied him naked to that flagpole! By his danglies! And had tied him last year at the lingerie show! He didn't even want to think about how they'd tied him that time!

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It all started out innocently enough. Kristy Spencer had come up with an idea how she and her older sister Bobbie Kaye could spend a little quality time together, just the two of them.

"No way!" exclaimed Bobbie Kaye. "I hate camping! I hated camping when I was little, I hated camping when I was a teenager, and most of all, I hate camping now!"

"Come on, Sis! It'll be fun! There's a beautiful secluded spot just a few hours out of L.A." Kristy was always the more athletic of the pair. She had played softball and basketball in school, she played tennis, she enjoyed swimming and even bungee jumping. "The property belongs to an actor friend of mine, and he said we can use it, as long as we clean up after ourselves."

Bobbie Kaye, on the other hand, was more of an indoor girl. She enjoyed reading and watching movies, and she spent a lot of time on the Internet. She did have a couple of weeks vacation time saved up, though, but she'd been planning on taking a vacation with her close friend Gretchen. They'd been talking about spending a week lying on the beach in Jamaica. The one outdoor activity Bobbie Kaye loved was lying on the beach.

"Camping means bugs, Sis. I hate bugs," she argued. "When I think of camping, I think of mosquitoes, ants, flies, wasps, and spiders. Plus having to sleep on the cold, hard ground, and having to pee behind bushes. I really hate peeing behind bushes!"

"Don't be such a sissy, Sissy!" Kristy quipped. "It's up in the pine trees, right beside a lake, and no other people for fifty miles around! You can run around naked to your heart's delight!"

That last part didn't help Kristy's argument at all. Bobbie Kaye hated running around naked. The year before, as part of her job as a Leggy Lingerie regional sales manager, she had organized a lingerie show, but it ended up in disaster. All of her models quit at the last minute, and she and Kristy, along with her close friend Gretchen and a client named Emily, wound up doing the modeling themselves. And they'd all ended up naked as they could be, right there on the runway, for everybody to see! Bobbie Kaye had never been so embarrassed in all her life!

But the show had been a major success, sales were through the roof, and Bobbie Kaye was looking at a possible promotion to junior vice president. She duplicated the success of that show six months later, at the national show in Manhattan, although she didn't have to be a model that time. She hired a team of professional lingerie models instead, and paid them a considerable bonus to strip the lingerie off each other and toss it into the crowd as "free samples." And once again, the show had been a giant success!

"I'll make you a deal, Sis," reasoned Bobbie Kaye. "If I can bring Gretchen along, then I'll go camping with you. At least I'll have someone to cuddle up with at night." She figured this would be her excuse. There was no way her Beauty, as she always called Gretchen, would be willing to go camping! She was the general manger of the classy Beverly Center Hotel in Beverly Hills. She was a real girly-girl, just like Bobbie Kaye. She'd refuse, of course, and then Bobbie Kaye would be able to back out, too! A perfect plan!

"Sure, you bring Gretchen, and I'll bring Emily! Just the four of us. It'll be a blast!"

Emily Talbot was one of Bobbie Kaye's clients. She was a buyer for the Pickwick Department Store chain, a British company with stores all around the world, and more opening soon. Emily, a lifelong heterosexual woman, had ended up falling prey to Kristy's seductive charms, and the two had been occasional lovers ever since.

When Bobbie Kaye called Gretchen later that evening to invite her camping, she knew she'd have the perfect excuse to get out of the whole thing.

"Camping?" asked Gretchen, and Bobbie Kaye smiled. "I love camping! When do we leave?"

Bobbie Kaye was stunned! She'd never dreamed her Beauty would want to go camping! So she called Kristy that night, reluctantly agreeing to go along for the ride. But she wasn't thrilled at the prospect.

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Everything was packed into Kristy's SUV. She made sure they were all set for three days and nights away from civilization. They had plenty of steaks, hot dogs, bacon, eggs, potatoes, sliced bread, loads of fresh veggies and fruits, marshmallows, a box of chocolates, sodas, beer, and a bit of the harder stuff, as well. Kristy and Emily had packed one suitcase with extra clothes, jackets, clean undies, and bikinis. Bobbie Kaye and Gretchen had packed one of their own with similar items. Four sleeping bags complete the ensemble, from Kristy's point of view.

Always the practical one, Gretchen made sure they had plenty of fresh water, insect repellant, suntan lotion, a first aid kit, a snake bite kit (Bobbie Kaye really hated hearing about that), bandages, and anything else they might possibly need. She had paper plates, plastic flatware, paper cups, paper napkins, a box of firewood, and matches. She brought a frying pan, a portable grill, utensils for cooking over an open fire, and a fire extinguisher. She even brought along a global positioning device and a satellite phone, in case of emergency.

"See, Cutie," she tried to comfort Bobbie Kaye the night before they were to leave. Everybody still called Bobbie Kaye "Cutie," as they had for years, because the nickname fitted her so perfectly "We have everything we could possibly need!"

Cutie would not be comforted, though. And she found company in Kristy's girlfriend Emily. The nicest person you would ever meet, Emily was always eager to please. She was coming along because Kristy had asked her to. But she had never been camping in her life, and really didn't even know what it entailed. But Kristy had asked, and Sweetie, as Emily was known, just couldn't turn her down.

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Kristy had told everybody that their intended campsite was just a few hours out of Los Angeles, but it turned out to be closer to twelve hours. They climbed the winding road higher and deeper into the Sierra Nevada Mountains, along California's eastern border. They'd left L.A. at dawn, but now the sun was setting, and they realized it would be very difficult to find their campsite in the dark. So Cutie won her first argument of the day, and they checked into a quiet motel they found in sleepy little town nestled high among the fragrant pine trees.

The four girls were sitting in their motel room following dinner at a local McDonald's. Cutie was depressed. She knew it was the last real food she'd see for days.

"Let's play truth or dare!" suggested Emily, as she finished off her fourth glass of Kristy's special recipe margaritas.

Kristy was an up-and-coming actress, and her margaritas were becoming famous among her Hollywood friends. Instead of following the recommended recipe of one part tequila to five parts margarita mix, she just mixed the two in a pitcher in a fifty-fifty ratio, salted the rims of the plastic cups, filled them with ice, and poured in the mixture. Kristy's margaritas were not for sissies!

While none of them abused alcohol, the two sisters and Gretchen could hold their own when they drank. But Emily, who wasn't quite so experienced at consuming nearly straight liquor, was very much enjoying herself.

"I hate truth or dare," protested Gretchen. "Much too juvenile."

"How about strip poker, then?" offered Kristy. "Nothing juvenile about strip poker!"

Cutie's ears perked up. She'd been sullen the whole day, but this appealed to her. "Count me in for strip poker!" she chirped.

Bobbie Kaye was an experienced card player, having spent more than her share of time at the tables in Atlantic City, Las Vegas, and any number of casinos in between. She usually lost, but here she'd be playing against some real amateurs. And she smiled at the thought of seeing her Beauty all naked and embarrassed!

Now Sweetie was by far the least experienced card player in the group. She was also the most timid about being seen naked by others. With her curvy figure and full breasts, together with her beautiful face and long blond hair, she really had nothing to be embarrassed about. But tonight, as she was downing her fifth margarita, she felt quite uninhibited and ready to play.

"Okay, worst hand has to take something off, and give it to the best hand," explained Kristy, also known as Hottie, due to her physical attributes. "Winner gets to keep that item, and use it to pay when she loses. This will make the game last a little longer."

"Do we all start with the same amount of clothing?" asked the always practical Gretchen.

"Top and pants, bra and panties," said Hottie. "Fair enough? Four items each."

First hand, Hottie had three tens, and she won Sweetie's pink Liz Claiborne top. Emily was already blushing, her generous bosom now hiding inside her frilly pink bra. Gretchen won the next hand, taking Emily's top from the loser Kristy.

A few hands later, Beauty was sitting with a pile of clothes beside her. Emily had nothing on but her pink cotton panties, her face the color of a ripe tomato. She was giggling almost uncontrollably as she sipped her eighth margarita. Kristy was down to her bra and panties, and Cutie had only lost her top.

After the next hand, Emily had to hand Bobbie Kaye her panties. Even though the girls had all seen her naked during Bobbie Kaye's lingerie show, Emily was still so embarrassed to let everybody see her kitty-cat, with the tuft of hair proving she was a natural blond. But she continued giggling, regardless.

"Okay, deal," she said, forgetting that she had nothing left to lose.

"Um, Sweetie," said Kristy, "you're naked. You have nothing left to play with."

"But I want to play some more!" Sweetie protested. "I just know my luck's about to change!"

Cutie flashed a mischievous grin, by that point feeling rather tipsy herself. "I have an idea," she said, and everybody turned to listen. "The tequila bottle's empty. There's another in the back of the car."

"So?" asked Gretchen. The fact was, all the girls were feeling the effects of Kristy's margaritas, although none so much as Emily.

"If Emily will go out to the car and bring in the other bottle, we can each give her one item of clothing!"

"I can do that," said Sweetie, and she stumbled over to her suitcase to grab something to wear.

"Oh, no, Emily," giggled Cutie. "Just like you are! You have to go out there naked!" Beauty and Hottie both began giggling, as they realized what Cutie had in mind.

Emily's face turned an even brighter shade of red. "I can't go out there naked!" she exclaimed, although the idea was actually rather appealing to her, given her current state of mind.

"Naked!" repeated Cutie, and all three girls grinned at Sweetie in anticipation.

"Oh my God," said Emily, "you can't all be serious!" She looked at the faces of her three tipsy companions, and knew they were quite serious.

"You can wear your shoes," said Cutie. "We wouldn't want you cutting your bare foot on a piece of glass or anything."

Sweetie took a step towards the motel room door. Part of her wanted to go outside naked. Part of her was scared to death of the idea. Part of her wanted more tequila. She took a quick vote of the reasons in her head. Two votes to go, one to stay. As she opened the door, the other girls all dashed to the window to watch.

Emily took a tentative step through the door, searching for anybody who might see her. No one was in sight. The mountain air was pleasantly cool and inviting. She dashed out to the SUV, ducking low between it and the pickup truck parked next to it. Taking one more look around, seeing no one, she stepped to the back of the SUV... and realized she didn't have the key!

"Hottie," she called out rather loudly, "pop the trunk will you?" Kristy heard her, and pressed the remote to open the back of the SUV. Unfortunately, the slightly inebriated Hottie pressed the wrong button on the remote. With an ear-splitting shriek, the alarm on the SUV went off! Emily leapt several feet in the air, just an instant before the night manager flipped on the motel's exterior security lights.

Poor Emily suddenly found herself illuminated by several bright spotlights, as she stood stark naked in the middle of the parking lot. Numerous doors were opening along the side of the motel, as the guests stepped outside to see what the commotion was. From a door next to the girls' room, a middle aged couple emerged. The woman quickly dragged the man back into their room, but not before they both got a good look at the curvy blond's naked body. A man stepped out the room on the other side, staring openly, grinning lasciviously at the sight before him.

By the time Emily got back to the room, she was so embarrassed, and so excited, she almost couldn't stand it! She threw her arms around Kristy, holding her firmly, her naked body pressed tightly against her lover. "Oh my God, Hottie!" she exclaimed, half crying, half laughing. "Everybody saw me starkers!" She tried to catch her breath. "When those dreadful lights came on!"

Tears were running down her flaming red cheeks, and her body was shaking. But which feeling was the more powerful, the embarrassment, or the excitement? The answer became clear when she engaged Kristy in a fierce liplock, her tongue probing deeply, totally ignoring the two onlookers.

"Let's go to bed, Cutie," smiled Gretchen. "And I think we'll be keeping our fingers in our ears tonight!"

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Cutie, Beauty and Hottie were up and ready to go before daybreak. They were feeling the residual effects of last night just a little, but it was nothing that coffee and a light breakfast wouldn't fix. Sweetie, on the other hand, was hungover like she'd never been in her life. The other girls were showered, dressed, and ready to go; Emily was still in bed.

"You okay, Sweetie?" Kristy asked sympathetically.

"I'll be all right," groaned Emily. "But I don't feel like eating anything. Why don't you three go get something to eat? I'll take a long shower, and I'm sure I'll feel fine in just a bit."

"We'll walk down to the McDonald's for breakfast, then," said Kristy. "I'll leave you the keys, and you come on by when you're ready to go. No hurry. Just feel better, okay?"

Beauty started to pick up her suitcase, but Emily stopped her. "You three go along. I'll gather everything up and put it in the car. I'll be fine in a bit. You go."

So Gretchen and the sisters started down the road towards the McDonald's, maybe half a mile away. As soon as they were gone, Emily stumbled into the bathroom for a nice warm shower. Her head was pounding, but she soon began to feel better. The shower helped immensely, and she now felt clean and refreshed.

Sweetie got dressed and stepped outside. She took a deep breath of the clean mountain air, let the bright morning sunshine wash over her for a moment, and she suddenly felt just fine! She thought she might even feel like a bite to eat. Smiling, she opened the SUV and climbed in. As she headed for the McDonald's down the road, the fact that she'd left both suitcases, all their clothes, in the motel room, never occurred to her.

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"Look, the turnout should be just ahead there, on the right," said Gretchen, glancing between her GPS and the road.

"All I see is trees," said Kristy. Then she glimpsed a narrow dirt road heading off to the right, and slammed on the brakes. She had to back up a few feet, then headed down the dirt road. "Are you sure this is right, Beauty?"

"According to the GPS," replied Gretchen, "the lake is about twenty miles up this dirt road."

It was about nine in the morning now. They'd left McDonald's at about seven, passed through another small town along the way, and followed the directions to this point. Considering the quality of the road they were on now, Beauty reckoned it would take another hour to reach the lake, then another half hour to reach the campsite that had been described to them. And after exactly an hour and a half on the bumpy, rutted road, Kristy pulled into a beautiful clearing of level ground, with a fire pit, a picnic table, everything they would need for a couple of days and nights of rest and relaxation.

The lake was beautiful, the azure water stretching out to the distant shore. A wide, sandy beach would make it easy to wade into the cool, inviting water. The air was still, the scent of pine filled the air, and the weather was absolutely perfect. Even Cutie was taken in by the serenity of this pristine spot. She was suddenly glad she'd agreed to come along!

"Let's set up camp," suggested Gretchen.

"No way, Beauty," argued Hottie. "Let's go hiking, or swimming, or something. I did all the driving while you three got to enjoy the ride! I wanna play!"

Gretchen's logical idea was voted down in a hurry by the others, so going against her nature, she smiled and agreed to play first, work later.

"Can we go wading in the lake?" asked Sweetie.

"You willing to go skinny dipping?" asked Hottie.

"Sis, we don't need to go skinny dipping," argued Cutie. "We all brought bikinis, didn't we?"

"Why not?" argued Kristy. "Nobody's around for miles! This is private property. If there's a safer spot to go skinny dipping, I don't know where it is!" Hottie already had her top off, and was pulling down her cutoffs.

"I'm game if you are, Cutie," said Gretchen.

Emily looked around nervously. "I don't know..."

"Come on, Sweetie," said Gretchen. "We all saw you naked last night! For that matter, everybody saw you naked last night!" Emily blushed a bright red again.

"That's true, Sweetie," said Cutie. "I guess I'm in, too, since my Beauty is."

So Emily smiled, nodded her head, and began to remove her top. Kristy was already naked, Gretchen not far behind. Bobbie Kaye and Emily soon joined them, and within a few minutes, they were all splashing around in the cool, clear blue waters of the lake.

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Joe was having the time of his life! He'd really never been happier! He had a great job, working for a great boss. Emily Talbot always treated him so well, never did anything to tease him or embarrass him. She even called him "Mr. Ridley" sometimes. Nobody else ever called him that. Being her personal assistant was like a dream for Joe. As a bonus, whenever she took a vacation, he had the same time off, with pay, in addition to his own vacation time.

He'd rented a small motorboat at six o'clock that morning, from a store in a town at the south end of the lake. He'd been following the western shoreline, trying to find a good place to go ashore. He had his camera with him, as usual, and was looking to photograph some examples of American wildlife. This was Joe's great hobby. Born and raised in Westmoreland County in the north of England, he'd visited the States several times now, whenever business brought Emily here. But this was his first real vacation here.

Joe had tied his little boat securely to a tree, and he'd been wandering through the woods, looking for interesting birds and animals to add to his photographic collection. He'd taken a couple of good shots of the little animal with the mask. A raccoon, he was certain it was called, from the books he'd read. He'd photographed a deer, several squirrels, and a variety of birds, as well.

He was now carefully pursuing another cute little creature he didn't recognize. Black, with a white stripe down its back, the creature had a fluffy tail and small, catlike ears. The animal seemed quite shy, and it was leading Joe farther along the shore, farther from his boat. He wasn't worried, though. Joe had a great sense of direction, and he knew he could follow the shoreline back to his boat anytime he was ready. But he really wanted a good shot of this interesting little animal.

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The girls donned the same clothes they were wearing earlier, after lying naked in the sunshine to dry off. Sweetie was making sandwiches for everybody, while Gretchen and Kristy were arguing about what to do next.

"We can set up camp later," argued Hottie. "What will that be? Unrolling the sleeping bags, and zipping them together for you and Cutie, Sweetie and me! What, ten minutes?"

"I'd just feel better knowing we'd done what we had to do to be ready for tonight," reasoned Beauty.

"It's what, two o'clock?" said Kristy. "Let's go for a hike. The minute we get back, we can unroll the sleeping bags, and see about building a fire so we can cook up some steaks and potatoes!"

"You know what, Beauty?" said Bobbie Kaye. "I'd just as soon leave the sleeping bags in the car for now, anyway. If we put them out now, they'll be full of bugs and things before we're ready to sleep."

"You afraid of bugs, Cutie?" giggled Gretchen, although it really didn't surprise her. Now the consummate professional hotel manager, and very ladylike, Beauty had in fact grown up as something of a tomboy. Cutie hadn't known that little fact when she'd invited her Beauty camping to begin with, and had been surprised to learn that Gretchen was actually an accomplished outdoorswoman.

So Beauty gave in again, and the four girls started out along the lakeshore, enjoying the clean air and pristine beauty of this wonderful place. They'd gone about a mile or so, when they heard a commotion coming from a little deeper in the woods.

"Do they have bears around here?" asked Cutie, still a bit uncomfortable being this far from civilization.

"I'm sure they do," Beauty answered absently. She knew it was unlikely that bears would be brave enough, or hungry enough, to disturb a group of humans, though. Bears mostly ate berries, and the occasionally fish, if they could catch one. But the California black bear was little threat to human beings.

"I'd be more worried about the mountain lions, anyway," said Kristy, teasing her big sister.

Bobbie Kaye's eyes opened wide at that remark. "Mountain lions?"

It was at that moment a small black creature with a white stripe down its back burst through the trees. It was apparently running from something, but came to a stop when it saw the four intruders.

"Oh, how cute!" said Emily. She'd never seen an animal like this one in her native Australia. Of course, she'd never seen a kangaroo, either, except at the zoo.

"Hold still, everybody," warned Gretchen. "Just back away slowly. Don't make any sudden moves."

Unfortunately, it was just at that instant that Bobbie Kaye spied the creature. "Skunk!" she screamed at the top of her lungs. She was about to turn and run away, but the skunk turned away even quicker. And as it sprinted away, as well as a skunk could sprint, it sprayed all four of the girls, head to toe, with its special perfume.

"Oh God!" shrieked Emily. "What is that?"

"That, Sweetie," explained Gretchen, as soaked as the rest of them, "was a skunk."

The stench was overpowering. Hottie and Beauty were familiar with the odor, but never on so personal a level. For such a small creature, it had sprayed enough of its stench on the girls to soak them, and their clothes, through and through.

"What are we going to do?" asked Cutie. She'd never actually smelled a skunk before, and thought she was going to be sick.

"Let's get back to camp," said Beauty. "We can wash ourselves clean in the lake. But our clothes are ruined. There's no way we'll ever get the smell out."

"Beauty's right," said Kristy. "We're going to have to burn everything we're wearing."

"Burn it?" questioned Emily. "I just paid ninety-five dollars for this top!"

"Sorry, Sweetie," said Gretchen. "It's ruined. No way you can ever get rid of the stench, once you've been tagged by a skunk.

The girls hurried back to their campsite, and while the rest stripped everything off, Gretchen began building a fire. It didn't take long before she had a good blaze going, and she joined the others in peeling everything off, and tossing it in the flames.

"I loved that top," lamented Sweetie, as she watched her new Lacoste top being consumed by the flames.

"Okay, down to the lake," said Beauty. "We all have some very serious scrubbing to do." She grabbed several bars of soap from her utility box, and the four naked girls walked glumly down to the lake.

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Joe couldn't believe his eyes! For a moment, he feared he was hallucinating. But no, that was his wonderful boss Emily, right before his eyes, not a hundred feet away. And she was naked as she could be, washing up in the lake. He adored his boss, as she always treated him with complete respect and absolute kindness. And he'd seen her naked once before, at that disastrous lingerie show in L.A. last year. He felt guilty now, but he couldn't tear his eyes away from her lovely face, and more noticeably, the sexy curves of her body!

Only then did he notice that Emily was not alone. There were three other girls in the lake with her. Three other naked girls! Recognition came slowly at first, followed by disbelief. It was those three wretched American girls! The ones who had caused him so much trouble back in England! The same ones who had tied him naked to that flagpole! By his danglies! And had tied him last year at the lingerie show! He didn't even want to think about how they'd tied him that time!

Joe didn't know what to think. He was much too embarrassed to show himself. Embarrassed for his kindly boss, certainly. But embarrassed for himself, too. He always got so nervous around naked women. And whenever he was around these girls, they always seemed to end up naked. He just knew they did it on purpose, too, just to tease him!

He'd known Bobbie Kaye the longest. Cutie, they called her, with her slender figure, long blond hair, and small breasts sitting way up high on her chest. Then there was Gretchen, Beauty, with the perfectly proportioned body, stunningly beautiful face, and dark brown hair. And Kristy, Cutie's gorgeous sister, with the jet black hair, and the large breasts that she loved to play with whenever he was around. They called her Hottie, for obvious reasons.

Joe couldn't tear his eyes away from the four naked goddesses, and he could feel his body reacting to the sight. He withdrew to a position a little deeper in the woods. He felt guilty spying on them like this. But he simply couldn't help himself!

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After half an hour of scrubbing themselves and each other, the girls finally decided the stench from the skunk was gone. They walked back up to the car, and Bobbie Kaye opened the back.

"Sis, where did you put the suitcases?" she asked.

"Right there in back," replied Hottie. "Right in plain sight! If they were a snake..."

"I hate that joke!" snapped Cutie. "Especially out here in the middle of nowhere!" She rummaged around the back of the SUV. "I don't see them!"

"Come on, Cutie," said Gretchen. "They've got to be right there!"

Emily wandered over to the picnic table, sat down on the bench, putting her head down between her knees. She suddenly didn't feel well. She knew where the suitcases were. She knew exactly where they were!

"Hottie," called Beauty, "I don't see them either!"

As Kristy joined the other two in their search, Beauty thought she heard Emily mumble something. "What was that, Sweetie?"

Tears were streaking Sweetie's face. She looked up at Gretchen, and said "The bags are in the motel room. I forgot to put them in the car."

Bobbie Kaye glared angrily at Emily. But one look at the honest remorse on Sweetie's face, and Cutie's heart melted. She went over and gave her naked friend a hug.

"I'm so sorry," she sobbed. "I'd been feeling so poorly, but when I stepped out into the sunshine and took some deep breaths of the fresh air, I just felt so much better. I forgot all about my hangover for a moment. And I forgot to put the suitcases in the car."

The girls knew there was no point being mad. Sweetie was already punishing herself, and nothing they could say would help the situation.

Beauty sat down on the wooden bench, right next to the naked, crying girl. "The question is, what do we do now?"

"One of us could drive back to town and buy some clothes," suggested Hottie. They'd passed through that one other small town early that morning.

"It's almost five thirty," said Gretchen quietly. "Two and a half hours back to that town, that would be eight o'clock. I'll bet that sleepy little town closes up by six. And whoever went would have to go naked, anyway."

"So what are we going to do all night?" asked Bobbie Kaye. "You expect us to sleep naked?"

Beauty smiled at that. "That's what I had planned for you and me anyway, Cutie." Cutie's face turned red, but she smiled at the thought.

"Not a problem for me," said Hottie. "Sweetie and I will cuddle up and keep warm!"

Emily was still crying softly. "Why would you ever want to cuddle up with me again? I ruined everything!"

Kristy took her in her arms, holding her tightly, and Sweetie just melted under her loving touch. Beauty and Cutie gave Emily gentle caresses, too.

"You guys are amazing," Sweetie said, and took all three girls into a big hug.

"Too bad Little Joe isn't here," quipped Cutie. "He always did love these Big Bare Hugs!"

"I wouldn't worry too much about Little Joe," said Gretchen. "I'll bet he isn't within a thousand miles of us right now!"

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Little could Gretchen have imagined, but Joe was not only within a thousand miles, he was within a thousand feet of the naked campers. He'd scarcely been able to tear his eyes away from the four lovely ladies, their treasures so obviously on display to him. He was a man, after all. A very shy man, true, but a man, nevertheless.

Part of him wanted to come to the rescue, to be the hero for these unfortunate maidens in distress. But realistically, he knew that if he came close enough for them to see him, that he'd end up just as naked, with his danglies no doubt tied to the nearest tree. He shuddered at the very thought.

Then an idea struck him. He'd come up with a way to gain the respect of those three wretched American girls, and gain some favor with his boss at the same time! Slowly, quietly, he began to move away from the girls. He made his way down to the shore, and headed back to the spot where he'd tied his boat. When he reached the little vessel, he started the motor and headed back to the town where he'd rented it.

All the stores were closed when he arrived, so he went back to his motel, and made plans for the morning. First thing, he'd find a clothing store. Then he'd buy new outfits for all the girls! He knew it would be really embarrassing to buy four sets of shorts and four tops, let alone four sets of bras and panties. But when he returned the next morning, bearing welcome gifts for the girls, he'd be received as a hero!

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The girls made the best of things, determined not to let their little trip be a total loss. They went skinny dipping again, not that they had the option of wearing anything this time. But amid the fun, they quickly forgot about their dilemma.

A little later, Kristy brought out the badminton set she'd packed. She and Gretchen strung the net between two trees, and they paired off for a game. Hottie and Sweetie had a clear lead, when Hottie sent the birdie flying over Cutie's head. Bobbie Kaye jumped as high as she could, and girly-girl that she was, it wasn't very high at all. Swinging the racket with all her might, she missed completely. When she landed, her feet gave way, and she wound up flat on her back, legs kicking, the little Hello Kitty tattoo adorning her most private place waving happily to everybody!

The air had begun cooling off rather rapidly by then, and the girls gathered around the campfire. It wouldn't be dark for another hour, but the sun was hiding behind the pine trees, and the lack of clothing didn't help. Hottie soon had four steaks heating on the improvised grill, and four potatoes, wrapped in aluminum foil, were baking in the coals.

Sweetie popped the tops on several cans of beer, well chilled in the melting ice of the cooler. Aside from the suitcase debacle, everything else was actually going quite well. Beauty was thinking about some of her favorite ghost stories from the camping trips of her youth, while Cutie was trying to remember the words to "On Top of Old Smokey."

After the steaks and potatoes were gone, while Hottie was teaching Sweetie how to toast marshmallows, Beauty and Cutie unrolled their sleeping bags and zipped them together to form one large bag, perfect for two to share. The girls all sang songs and drank beer, Gretchen frightened them all with ghost stories, and as long as they stayed close to the fire, even their nakedness didn't prevent a good time from being had by everyone.

A few hours later, as Cutie cuddled up tightly against her Beauty, she just had to smile. Except for having to spend the whole time naked, she was having a surprisingly wonderful time with her friends. Of course, sleeping so close to her Beauty always made her happy, anyway. After making love, they were whispering quietly to each other.

"This really wasn't so bad," Bobbie Kaye reluctantly admitted, giving Gretchen another lingering kiss on the lips. "I guess, as long as I'm with you, I'd be happy anywhere!"

Beauty caressed the small of Cutie's naked back, and whispered, "I'm sorry about the suitcases, Cutie. Sweetie's new at this, and she was pretty hungover. I should have made sure the bags were in the car."

Low moans of ecstasy began to emit once more from the other doubled-up sleeping bag, and the pair realized that Hottie and Sweetie were going at it again. "Let 'em have their fun, Beauty," smiled Cutie. "Let's just keep our fingers in our ears, and go to sleep."

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Joe found the spot he'd tied his boat to yesterday, so he knew the girls were camped just a short distance up the shore. He motored on just a bit farther, and soon found the little beach where the girls had been washing up the day before. Then he saw the girls up at the campsite.

It appeared they'd been preparing their breakfast, although the approach of his rented motorboat alerted them to his presence. Bobbie Kaye and Joe's boss Emily were desperately trying to seek some kind of cover, Gretchen stood by the fire, hands on hips, watching him suspiciously, while Kristy ran towards the water, towards their visitor, waving both arms above her head. Of course, all four girls were still as naked as a red-nosed shrike.

Hottie stopped short when she saw who the visitor was. "Little Joe? What on earth are you doing here?"

Joe cut the motor, climbed out, and dragged the little vessel partway onto the beach. He still bristled at that nickname, "Little Joe." He just knew it was aimed at his manhood, and he wasn't little. He wasn't particularly big, either. He thought he was just right. And those girls had seen him naked often enough to realize that! But he was here to be a hero, so he just ignored the nickname.

"I have presents for all of you," he announced loudly, holding up two bags.

Kristy reached for one of the bags and looked inside. "Clothes!" she exclaimed. "Little Joe brought us some clothes!"

Beauty was there in an instant, eagerly reaching for the other bag. When Cutie saw what the other girls had, she came running down to the beach too, suddenly oblivious to her own nakedness. It didn't matter anyway. She had nothing that Little Joe hadn't seen before. On numerous occasions.

And as excited as the girls were to have some clothes, none of them stopped to wonder how Little Joe happened to know exactly what they needed.

Very shyly, Emily came down too, one arm trying to cover her generous bosom, the other hiding the tuft of blond hair just above her kitty-cat.

Beauty was the first one to give Joe a big hug and a kiss. Hottie hugged him then, and Joe's red-faced boss was the next one to embrace him tightly. She was embarrassed to be seen this way by her personal assistant, but it wasn't the first time he'd seen her naked.

"Hello, Mr. Ridley," She said shyly. Joe always appreciated that she showed him such respect. Nobody else ever called him "Mr. Ridley." Certainly not those three girls. Just his beloved boss!

Even Cutie, who had known Little Joe longer than any of them, and had probably suffered the greatest embarrassment because of him, threw her arms around him and gave him a big kiss on the lips.

Joe was in heaven! It wasn't just that he was being hugged and kissed by such an assortment of beautiful, naked girls. But they were indeed treating him like a hero! Over all the years, the only one who had consistently treated Joe well was his boss. But all the girls were being nice to him now, and he was loving it!

The girls decided to stay for one more night, as originally planned. Joe was invited to join them, of course, and to spend the entire day with them! After they got dressed, they continued with their preparations for breakfast, then they went for a walk along the lakeshore. After the sandwiches Sweetie made them for lunch, they decided to go for another swim in the lake.

They knew they'd have to go skinny dipping again, so they told Joe that as long as he stripped too, that he could join them! Joe inflated the beach ball Cutie had brought along, using it to cover himself as they all headed down to the lake. In the water, they bounced the ball between them, and they swam, and they splashed, and they all had a wonderful time.

A little later, Beauty was building a fire so they could cook their dinner. Joe knew he had to return the motorboat that afternoon, so he said his goodbyes, and accepted more hugs and kisses than he'd ever known in his life! But as he made his way back down to the beach, he realized his boat was gone! He hadn't noticed it was missing while they were playing in the water, but his attentions had been on the four lovely, naked girls.

He thought about it. He'd pulled the boat onto the beach that morning, but in all the excitement, he'd neglected to tie it to a tree. It must have drifted away. He explained the situation to the girls, and they eagerly invited him to spend the night at their campsite. He could sleep in the SUV, as long as he promised to keep his fingers in his ears! He didn't understand the significance of that statement, being more than a little naïve. But he gladly accepted the invitation.

Hottie was teaching Sweetie how to roast a hot dog on a stick. Beauty was making a salad out of whatever vegetables remained, while Little Joe and Cutie sat at the wooden picnic table, sipping beer from cans that weren't quite as cold as they were yesterday. Most of the ice in the cooler had melted, although the remaining cans were still bathed in icy water.

More ghost stories and songs around the campfire followed dinner, and then the girls settled into their sleeping bags, while Joe tried to get comfortable in the back seat of Kristy's SUV. He still didn't understand the comment about keeping his fingers in his ears, though.

But before long, he could hear some very strange sounds coming from somewhere nearby. It almost sounded like moans of pleasure! The sounds continued for the first couple of hours after he went to bed. Joe wondered whether he was missing the opportunity to photograph some rare and exotic bird, one that only offered up its mating call after dark.

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Early the next morning, Joe and the girls were rolling sleeping bags, loading supplies back in the SUV, and patrolling the area for any trash that may have blown away. Kristy had promised her friend they would leave the campsite as clean as they found it, and the others agreed they should.

The girls went down to the lake to bathe in pairs. Cutie and Beauty had gone first. Now, while Hottie and Sweetie were washing up, Bobbie Kaye asked Joe how he happened to be there. He explained how he'd driven to the town at the south end of the lake, and rented the motorboat there. He'd been off to photograph wildlife, as usual. Cutie asked him whether he'd had any luck, and Joe produced his digital camera so he could show off his findings.

"Oh, that's so cute," she said, looking at a picture of the raccoon in the camera's display window. "Beauty, come and take a look! Joe took some pictures of a raccoon!"

Gretchen walked over and peered in the viewfinder, smiling at the newest additions to Joe's collection. There were some birds they didn't recognize, a couple of them quite colorful. And a black-tailed deer! Joe had amassed quite a collection during this little trip.

"What's that one?" asked Cutie, squinting to get a better look. A small animal was facing away from the camera, and was blurred just a bit. Like it may have been running away from the cameraman. The little creature appeared dark in color, perhaps black, with a white stripe down its fluffy tail.

Kristy and Emily emerged from the lake and, still wet, pulled on the outfits Joe had brought them. Hottie meandered over to the table, curious what they were all looking at. "Who took the picture of a skunk?" she asked.

The next image showed the small animal already a little farther away. It appeared Joe had been pursuing the creature, trying to get a better shot. In the last image, the animal was escaping behind a tree. Beauty stared at the image closely, trying to make out what that was in the distance. Between two distant trees, it looked like a person. A woman. A woman with black hair. She zoomed in a little closer. It was Hottie! What was Bobbie Kaye's sister Kristy doing in Joe's photograph?

Then it dawned on her. The skunk that had sprayed them all was being chased by Little Joe! She glanced at Hottie, who had just arrived at the same conclusion. They both turned to face Joe, daggers shooting metaphorically from their eyes.

"It was you!" shouted Beauty. "You frightened the poor little skunk, and we paid the price!"

"What are you talking about, Beauty?" asked Bobbie Kaye. Kristy pointed at the picture, and Cutie realized what they were saying.

Joe was slowly backing away from the girls. When Cutie made a move for him, he started to turn and run. He never had a chance.

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"You know," reasoned Sweetie, "accidents do happen. We all make mistakes."

"And Little Joe makes more of them than anybody!" replied Cutie. "In the history of the planet!" she added.

"He'll be fine," said Hottie.

"But he looked awfully uncomfortable," said Sweetie.

"Not uncomfortable enough for my tastes," argued Cutie. "I still think we should've poured honey on him, and let the ants have him!"

"But tying him to that tree?" Emily lamented. "And with that other rope tied around his... his..."

"His danglies?" giggled Kristy. "That's not the first time he's been tied by those, and I doubt it will be the last."

"The honey would have made it better," Cutie pouted.

"Honey can attracted bears, Sis," reasoned Hottie.

"And your point is?"

"What will he do?" asked Sweetie, genuinely concerned. "How will he ever get loose? How will he get back to civilization?"

"I've already alerted the forest rangers on the satellite phone, Sweetie," Gretchen reassured her. "They're probably already searching for him."

"How long will it take them to find him?" Emily asked her.

"Forever, I hope!" snapped Cutie.

"Don't worry, Sweetie," said Beauty. "I gave the rangers the coordinates, from the GPS device."

"Oh Beauty," Cutie giggled. "Those coordinates I read you? I might have read them backwards. You know, the latitude and longitude? I might have accidentally reversed them."

"Oh my God!" exclaimed Sweetie. "He might die out there!"

"Don't worry," Beauty reassured her again. "I knew what Cutie was up to. I gave the rangers the correct coordinates." Sweetie gave a sigh of relief. "I may have been off by a mile or two," she chuckled, "but I expect they'll find him before dark."

"What time does it get dark?" asked Sweetie.

"About eight thirty," answered Hottie.

Cutie looked at her watch and smiled. It was a quarter past ten in the morning.

The end