**Lacy’s Camping Trip**

By Little Joe

Lacy was so excited. It had been such a damp cold summer, but when she looked out of the window now, the weather looked beautiful. The sky was bright blue, a warm breeze blew from the south, and it was set fair for the weekend.

“Oh Annie,” she cried, staring out at the beautiful sunshine, “the sun’s shining, it’s going to be lovely.”

Annie looked back at her with limpid black eyes. Annie was definitely in charge and Lacy knew she was about to get her orders.

Her orders referred to the preparations for their weekend camping trip. They’d been joined by their friend Sophie who, of course, was not in charge, but nevertheless rather liked to boss Lacy about, given the opportunity.

“Haven’t you got the car packed up yet, Lacy?” This was Sophie giving the orders, from the comfort of a large lounger on the deck as she and Annie sat drinking cold beers.

This, however, was one of those occasions. This, however, was one of those occasions when Lacy was fed up with taking orders. It was hot. She was hot, and sweaty, and she wanted a cold beer.

She stomped off to the icebox, extracted a can of Budweiser, and stomped out with it. Stomping across the decking, however, was not a good idea. Not in bare feet, not when there’s a plank sticking up. Lacy stubbed her toe on the plank and went flying head first.

She stood up, looking a sorry sight. She was contrite, but it was too late. The lovely sun dress that Annie had bought her for the trip was soaked with cold beer. Even worse, half the bottle had gone over Sophie, who was vainly trying to wipe it off her blouse.

“Sorry.” Lacy couldn’t think of anything else to say. Her bottom was tingling in anticipation of the expected consequences.

“Get that dress off at once…” Annie was giving the orders now.

Lacy turned to go.

“At once. Here. Now!”

“But…”

“But what? Take it off.”

“But I’m not wearing anything underneath.”

“So?”

Lacy blushed scarlet. It was one thing, being seen naked by Annie. But being stripped in front of Sophie! That was too bad. It was too embarrassing. But she had no choice. She unfastened the dress and off it came.

Sophie looked at the vision of loveliness revealed. It was worth getting soaked in beer for. Lacy had the appearance of a Pre-Raphaelite beauty, like a Greek Goddess transported to modern times. Her skin was olive brown and glistening, her breasts full, her hips ample, and her rich auburn curls tumbled round her shoulders, framing her beautiful face.

“Tell Sophie you’re sorry, Lacy.”

“Sorry,” said Lacy, embarrassingly aware that Sophie was drinking in the sight of her perfect, round, and completely bare bottom. Lacy’s bottom started to tingle again. She had a premonition of what was to come next.

“Spank the naughty girl,” said Annie, looking at Sophie.

“What?” Lacy had been expecting a spanking, but not at the hands of Sophie!

For Sophie, it was a dream come true! To spank that glorious behind!

“Over my knee, Lacy,” she said, and of course Lacy had to submit. It was only half a dozen playful smacks. But they stung, and Lacy had never been so embarrassed in her life.

Lacy rubbed her bottom and made her way back toward the house.

“And where do you think you’re going?”

“To get dressed.”

“You, young lady, have forfeited the right to wear clothes. Get the car packed up as you are. And hurry up. We haven’t got all day!”

Lacy knew she was in trouble, and had better jump to it, but she did think it was a bit unfair that she would have to work with no clothes on now.

“All finished,” she called out. The SUV was packed with camping gear. They were ready.

“What shall I wear for the journey?” asked Lacy. Poor girl. The penny hadn’t dropped yet.

“You’re just fine as you are. You’re not to be trusted in clothes, remember!”

“What? I can’t drive through town in the nude! Everybody will see me.”

“Of course they won’t. Now don’t be silly. Let’s get going! Oh, and Lacy?”

“Yes Annie?”

“You’d better sit on a towel. We don’t want the seat getting marked.”

Lacy went bright red. She had a tendency to get a bit wet down below when exposed in public. Oh Lordy! What would Sophie think of her?

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There was nothing for it for Lacy but to drive through the town and hope nobody looked closely through the window of the SUV. She kept her arms folded at the junctions, and hoped she looked like she was wearing a flesh colored bikini at other times, but the continuing hoots and whistles told her that her efforts had been none to successful. Oh Lordy! She was getting a bit damp!

It was relief when they got out of town and on to the highway. Short of getting pulled over for speeding, there wasn’t much could go wrong now.

At last the reached the edge of the State Forest Park, where they were to go camping. At that time of year, after Labor Day and before the start of the hunting season, the park was deserted. It was just the best time of the year to go camping in the woods.

They bumped over forest tracks and splashed through fords getting farther and farther from civilization, until at last they arrived in a little clearing at the top end of a wooded dene, where a small burn cascaded into a little pool. Perfect for camping, perfect for swimming, just perfect.

They climbed out the SUV and started to unload. Lacy looked round puzzled. “Hey, you guys,” she said. “Where’s my bag? I left it right here.”

“Bag?” asked Annie. “What bag?”

“The bag with my clothes in it. I left it right here.”

“Oh that bag. Lacy darling, whatever made you think you were going to need clothes this week? The temperature’s not going to drop below eighty, even overnight.”

Lacy stood with her mouth open. They hadn’t brought any clothes for her. She was going to spend the whole week naked.

“But… but what if somebody comes?”

“Nobody ever comes here.”

“Boy scouts might.”

“Well, you can run away from them.” Really, Lacy was becoming tiresome.

“What if they’re on bicycles?”

“A troop of boy scouts on bicycles. Lacy darling, now you’re being ridiculous! Get unloaded, get out the tent and get it set up. Sophie and I fancy a beer.”

Lacy realized she had no option. She’d been set up. She was going to be naked all weekend, and it looked like she was going to be doing all the work, as well.

Sophie sat with a beer in her hand. They had an icebox which worked off the car battery so it was nice and cold. It was her idea of heaven, sitting there in the sun, watching a naked goddess working. Lacy’s skin was glistening with perspiration as she lugged the heavy tent into position; rivulets of sweat ran down her back and over her bare buttocks. It was the most incredibly sexy sight she’d ever seen.

Suddenly there was a loud slapping sound as Lacy smacked her own bottom hard.

“Lacy darling, whatever are you doing?”

“I’m getting bitten to death here.”

Sophie grinned. Poor Lacy, completely bare there was no way she could defend herself against the biting insects of the forest. “Come on darling,” she said, rummaging for the insect repellent. “Stand still and I’ll rub some of this on.”

She made Lacy stand with her hands on her head as she applied the cream all over. What a delight it was to rub it into that soft yielding body: those plump breasts with their proudly erect nipples, the lovely curve of her back and hips, the soft roundness of her behind, and of course it had to go everywhere. You never knew where a naughty bug might go.

“Legs wide apart, Lacy darling!”

Oh Lordy, thought Lacy. She’d never been so turned on in her life. Oh Lordy! Sophie’s hand had just rubbed a very sensitive spot indeed!

Lacy had just had a sudden thought. They only had seemed to bring one sleeping bag. One very large sleeping bag. And she was going to be naked all night.

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Lacy slept in the middle as, wearing no clothes, she had to be kept warm. She didn’t get much sleep, as the girls thought of some good ways to make sure she was warm.

The morning started with the daily ritual of protecting Lacy from the biting bugs. It was rapidly becoming Sophie’s favorite task, and of course it had to be done before Lacy could be sent off for water and to start making the breakfast.

After breakfast, Annie declared that they would go for a long hike up the trail.

“But people hike that trail,” Lacy protested. “They might object to seeing me naked.”

“Lacy darling. You are nude. You are completely nude, and you’re staying completely nude all week. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Annie.”

“What are you?”

“Nude, Annie.”

“And what are you staying?”

“Completely nude all week, Annie.”

“That’s right. And if you think anyone will object, then you can’t ever have seen yourself nude.”

Lacy flushed. She knew how gorgeous her naked body was, but it still gave her a tingle to be told.

They set off down the trail. The morning sun was coming up, and it was going to be a hot day. Lacy was sweating profusely by the time they reached Lake Tanahawa. The pack with their water, the beers and their lunch was heavy, and they’d been up a steep hill. Lacy didn’t mind carrying the beers, but the cooler box with the ice packs for the beers did add quite a lot to the weight.

She flung the pack down and dashed into the water. It was freezing. She was soon out again, covered in goose bumps, her nipples as hard and erect as two walnuts.

“Bug oil, Lacy,” said Sophie. “It will have washed off, and you know where the little devils head for.”

Lacy stood, her hands on her head; there was an added bonus to going swimming.

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Septimus Merryweather, Professor Emeritus of Classics at Erasmus College, Cambridge, was intent on studying one of the three great interests of his life. He had only three great interests: Renaissance art, the Ecologues of Virgil, and the habits of the North American porcupine. Of the three it was the latter which had brought him to the forests of New England in September, for he knew that classical art and Virgil were not commonly to be found there.

He was, however, to be disabused of this notion as, approaching the lake which he had designated as the appropriate purlieu in which to partake of a little light luncheon, he saw a sight of such classical beauty that he caught his breath.

A naked girl stood at the water’s edge, glistening with drops of water like a vision of Aphrodite arisen from the waves. She stood, her hands in her hair, her bosoms jutting forwards, her hip thrust provokingly to the side to accentuate the curve of her buttocks. He was sure that he had seen such a pose in the sculptures of Canova or Cellini, but had never thought that such perfection could exist in a living girl.

He gasped. For in all his life, though he had studied the female nude in art since his youth, he had never seen one in, as it were, the flesh.

For the first time on this holiday, thoughts of the North American porcupine were banished from his mind. He’d noticed something. He had many times been informed that the classical depiction of the naked female form was not anatomically accurate. It had been insinuated that women actually sported hair about their nether regions. It was an insinuation that he had resolutely refused to believe, and now he was vindicated. As his eyes moved ineluctably toward said nether regions, he noted much to his relief that she was as smooth and as glistening there, as over the rest of her perfect form.

He strode into the clearing, determined to study in greater detail the perfections of this living Venus.

“…et quo vos raras viridas, tegit arbutus umbra,” he muttered to himself as he approached, and never had he spoken a truer word!

Lacy heard the sudden crack, like a foot stepping on a dry twig. She looked round. Oh Lordy! There was a man approaching, and she was in the nude. Not only was she in the nude, she had orders to stay in the nude!

Sophie had started rubbing the anti-bug oil in. She looked round at the approaching figure.

“Hi,” she said. “Just oiling my friend up,” and she continued massaging the oil into Lacy’s left bosom.

Professor Merryweather looked on with interest. “Remarkable,” he said. “Such beauty would defeat even the stylus of the renowned Ovidius Naso. I find myself even in the position of Actaeon himself, though I do but hunt the humble porcupine, as depicted by the great Titian, when he, that is to say Actaeon, I refer not to Titian, nor indeed Ovidius Naso, encounters the naked Artemis bathing, though I trust, that in these modern times, I am not likely to suffer such a similar fate.” He smiled serenely.

“Uh…” said Lacy, who had turned such a delightful shade of pink that the Professor was becoming quite animated.

“A thousand apologies, dear lady. I refer of course to the depiction of the goddess Artemis by that great exponent, Titian. Artemis, whose naked body was perfection itself, as, dear lady, is yours.”

He had noted with some interest that Lacy’s nipples were somewhat larger and harder than those of the goddess Artemis, as depicted by Titian, and wondered what the reason for this might be.

“Uh…” Poor Lacy, required to display her nipples to any passing stranger, was rendered speechless.

“I can see our young friends are in for a magnificent display of the classical pulchritude.”

“Pulchritude! Young friends? Oh Lordy, what young friends?” Lacy had found her voice. “I don’t want your young friends to see my pulchritude,” and in spite of admonition to the contrary, she clasped her hands over the absolutely naughtiest bits of said pulchritude.

“I passed a group of boy scouts indulging in their midday repast, not a mile and a half back,” continued the Professor. “I believe they indicated their intention of continuing in this direction.”

“A mile and a half?” In spite of the Professor’s funny accent and funny way of talking, Lacy understood what he meant. “They’ll be here soon!”

“Indeed they will. They can traverse the ground with seemly rapidity on their bicycles.”

Oh my God! A troop of boy scouts on bicycles, and they were on their way. Lacy shrieked! She had only one thought. She turned and scampered into the woods.

“Come back!” Sophie yelled after her. “Lacy, come back!” Then she turned to the Professor.

“Oh dear,” she said. “I hadn’t finished applying the bug oil.”

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Lacy ran and ran. A hiker was bad enough, but a troop of boy scouts on bicycles? It was too much. If only she’d stuck to the trail, she might have been all right, but she just ran and it was ten minutes before she realized there were no white blazes on the trees, and she was completely lost.

Lost naked in the woods! And there were bears in those woods! She had a vague recollection of reading somewhere that bears are attracted to naked girls covered in oil. She started running again.

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“Lacy!” The search party had spread out. The boy scouts in particular were very keen to find the missing girl. Annie admired their keenness. “Lacy!”

The professor had spotted porcupine tracks, which were much more interesting.

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Lacy was relieved. At last she had come across another trail. She had no idea where it led, but surely it had to lead somewhere. She plodded steadily on with mixed emotions. Meeting the boy scouts would mean rescue. But what an embarrassing rescue it would be!

The trail led down a narrow path, and then to a bridge crossing a clear mountain stream, just where it formed a wide deep pool at the bottom of a deep gorge. But this was no ordinary bridge. It was a rope bridge. Lacy hesitated. It looked a long way down. She was nervous of a rope bridge. She didn’t like the idea of crossing it at all. Then she heard the noise. She was sure it was a loud growl. A bear! She was almost sure bears couldn’t cross a rope bridge.

“Eeeeeeek!” she shrieked, and set off.

She didn’t hesitate for a second. Until she got halfway over and looked down, that was. It was then that she started wobbling. Backward and forward, swaying farther and farther every time. Until over she went, her foot wrapping itself in the rope until she was left suspended upside down over a deep chasm. Stark naked.

“Help!” she cried. “Help!”

But her voice was carried away on the wind, and no one heard. Of the bear, there was no sign whatsoever, but a large porcupine emerged from the forest and ambled slowly along the path.

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“Lacy!” The cries echoed through the woods, as the girls searched in vain. “Lacy!”

The boy scouts, however, had not searched in vain. Faint shouts of “Oh Lordy!” were audible to their younger and more sensitive ears. As one, they converged upon the source.

The blood had gone to Lacy’s head. It was, she realized, a sensation not unlike trying to reverse park a car, totally disorientating. What was up, and what was down? That was the question. And what was that very loud noise, as if of many voices, coming from a few yards away? If she could just get herself to spin round. Then she had an idea. If she opened her legs wide apart she might just get some momentum.

Most of the boy scouts had never before seen a naked girl upside down. Their prior attempts to get the girl scouts to stand on their heads had proven generally unsuccessful. It was, they felt, an interesting sight. Her bosoms took on an interesting shape and wobbled invitingly as she rotated. Their attempts to get the girl scouts to open their legs having proved completely unsuccessful, they were about to be greeted by a sight that was entirely new to them.

“Lacy!” Annie’s voice rang in her ears as she dashed onto the scene. “Lacy! For goodness sake girl, keep your legs together!”

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Perhaps Lacy would have been better advised to keep her legs apart, as every attempt to bring them together resulted in her foot slipping a little, and the chance of a headlong precipitation into the waters below were increasing. Maidenly modesty, perhaps, was not Lacy’s strong point, but there were limits. The whoops and cries every time her slow rotations brought the view between her legs before the eyes of the boy scouts increased her embarrassment. She felt her face burning, and she started to struggle.

“Lacy! Lacy!”

She hadn’t quite realized how far up she had been. Not until she hit the freezing cold water, that is. The next thing she knew she was splashing about in the pool and striking out for the shore.

There is a picture somewhere of Aphrodite emerging from the water, serene and beautiful, flowing locks sparkling in the sunshine, a smile of beatific beauty on her face. This was not the sight that greeted the procession that arrived at the water’s edge as Lacy emerged; a procession consisting of: Annie and Sophie, followed by a troop of boy scouts on bicycles, followed by a lumbering porcupine, and bringing up the rear, a Professor Emeritus of Classics at Erasmus College, Cambridge.

What they saw was a woeful, bedraggled figure, which had only one thing in common with the aforesaid Aphrodite; a propensity to go wandering around in the nude.

The girls stood with their arms about each other as in the Canova sculpture of the Three Graces: Splendor, Mirth, and a very waterlogged Joy.

“Come, thou goddess fair and free…” said the professor, but to whom or what he was referring wasn’t quite clear.

“Lacy,” reprimanded Annie. “You’re in real trouble now!”

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Professor Emeritus Septimus Merryweather sat in his little tent, looking at the screen of his laptop. Wonderful gadgets, he thought; however had he managed before? He had got a picture. He had never seen such a magnificent sight before, and he had actually got a picture, and it was on his computer so he could look at it at any time. He looked back at the screen. A perfect view of the North American porcupine!

In the distance he heard a strange slapping sound, interspersed with little yelps; it reminded him of a bare bottom being soundly spanked, and hard. He shook his head. It seemed to be going on for an awfully long time.

The end