*The New Park Ranger pt 1*
Tue Jul 13, 2004 19:31
12.75.78.168

My name’s Natalie. That’s what they used to call me anyway. My friend Felicity and I look enough alike to be sisters, but we have just totally different personalities: I’ve always been the serious, level-headed, hard-working type, while Felicity... well back in College we called her “Flaky Fel” which should give you a clue. I studied hard and dated sensibly, while Faye just barely got through her classes and kept getting tangled up in one wild escapade after another.

But I guess we were a case of “opposites attract.” We shared a dorm room our freshman year, then roomed together in an apartment throughout College. We were fast friends all through school and after graduation, Felicity got by on a small trust-fund she’d inherited, while she studied something called “Special Effects Makeup” with some idea about working in the Movies. I was more sensible and got a job in the State Parks Department. We kept in touch for over a year, then I got a new assignment as Park Ranger close to where she lived in a small trailer and I moved in with her till I could get a place of my own.

I had only been on my new job for a week when it happened: what I now think of as “the last day of my life.” I was alone in the park most days -- the guy I replaced had showed me around, then moved on to his new job upstate -- so I was the only Uniformed Ranger and the Voice of Authority for a smallish but very nice Park with some lovely woods, meadows, and a fine stream running through it. Then, like It say, “It happened.”

“Wow, Natalie,” Standing by the edge of the stream in her tiny bikini and high-heeled sandals, Felicity giggled, then forced herself to be serious, “You don’t hafta, like, really go through with this you know.”

“I lost the bet,” I was standing by the stream there at the edge of the woods myself, but in contrast to my barely-dressed friend, I was wearing my full Ranger Uniform: Boots, pants, uniform shirt, web belt, hat and ID badge... but I shivered as I realized that this difference in our attire was about to disappear. “And I’m going to go through with it.”

I don’t remember what got us into that silly bet last night, but somehow I had wagered that if I lost, I’d go skinny-dipping while on duty. And now, on this warm Summer morning,

“I’m going through with it,” I repeated, removing the heavy canvas belt that held my cell phone, plasti-kuffs, knife and other equipment.

“That is like so totally oooo, ya know,” Felicity genuinely admired my resolve. “I like even wore this swim-suit so I could join you.”

“Unh-unh,” I said firmly, trying to look authoritative while removing my shirt in the woods, “YOU have to stay here and watch my stuff. And I mean that, Fel.”

I wasn’t really too worried. From what I knew of the park, this area didn’t get a lot of traffic. And this was a weekday morning, so we wouldn’t get many visitors anyway.

“Okay,” Felicity agreed as I unlaced my boots and slipped them off. “But you remember the deal: Swim naked across the stream to the other side--” she pointed to the meadow on the opposite bank, “then run clear over the rise, out of sight....”

“...Then run back and swim back over here to my clothes,” I finished. Reluctantly I stepped out of my uniform pants and folded them neatly in a little pile with my boots, socks, web-belt and shirt there on the ground. Then I just stood there for a few seconds; it was sorta creepy, standing in the woods in just my undies, with my best friend grinning at me. I just felt so vulnerable! I mean, Felicity had always been the crazy one, getting herself into embarrassing escapades, and now here I was....

Hurrying to get it over with, I stripped off my bra, peeled off my knickers, and practically threw them down on the ground with the rest of my clothes.

“whoo-hoo!” Felicity teased, “Natalie the Nymph! Getting chilly there, Hon?” She looked significantly at my thrusting nipples and I felt myself blush from head to foot. “Or is my Natalie a secret exhibitionist, huh?”

“Very funny!” I fumed. I felt so incredibly NAKED! and embarassd. “You just keep an eye on things,” I turned and stepped into the stream. I knew the water was warm today, but it felt icy cold on my bare legs. “And let me know if my cell phone rings!”

I plunged the rest of the way into the water and gasped for breath. Tingling all over -- partly from the cold, but mostly from nerves -- I began swimming across the wide stream.

>>>Back on shore, Felicity was tingles too. The sight of her friend Natalie, the authoritative Ranger, now naked in the woods, excites her strangely. She knows her friend doesn’t approve of drugs, but she reaches into the tiny nylon bag she carried with her and takes out....<<<

I reached the other side, after what seemed a scary eternity of swimming, and climbed up on the bank. I knew I should start running, but I looked back on the opposite shore to make sure Felicity as still there. She was smoking something -- was that a joint? I felt suddenly confused. As a Park Ranger I should go over and issue her a citation. But I sure didn’t look much like a Ranger now, did I? I hugged my shivering, wet, naked body and began streaking off over the rise, out of sight, my bare legs scissoring wildly, my naked butt wiggling shamefully exposed behind me and my breasts bouncing under the arm I held across them.

>>>Felicity watches her friend from the safety of the woods. The marijuana has her feeling mellow and sexy... and impulsive! Giggling, she unties her skimpy string bikini and tosses it on the ground. It feels SO SEXY! being naked like Natalie! She giggles again as she sees her friend’s naughty nude form disappear from view...

>>>Suddenly a sound alerts Felicity -- Someone coming! What to do? She pitches her illicit smoke to the ground and looks across the stream and -Oh Gosh!- there’s Natalie running back to jump in the water again and swim back over here! But whoever’s coming will see her!

>>>”I gotta think!” Felicity tells herself, “Mustn’t let Natalie get in trouble and lose this job!” She hears the sounds of approaching hikers grow closer, sees her friend plunge unwittingly into the stream, heading this way... “I got it!” she says to herself. Quickly, she gthers up Natalie’s clothes and disappears into the woods.<<<

I pulled myself back up on shore, wet, naked and ANGRY! How dare Felicity take advantage of the situation to do drugs... and in MY park! That flaky girl deserved a spanking! And she was going to get--

“Young lady, just what do you think you’re doing?”

I froze in shock.

Paralyzed with fear.

Standing there naked in the woods, face-to-face with three off-duty policewomen!

“Looks like indecent exposure to me,” The first one, a red-head in her late 30s, her full figure packed in tight T-shirt and cut-off jeans, surveyed my shivering, naked body and moved to block my escape.

“And I think I smell weed!” Her friend and co-worker, a muscular black woman looked around. “There!” She spotted Felicity’s smoking joint in the grass.

“And look at this!” The third member of the group, a perky blonde, looked closer at the smoke. My eyes followed hers. Somehow, Flaky Fel had managed to drop her burning doobie right on her tiny swimsuit there in the grass! The skimpy nylon fabric had promptly caught fire and melted, black and charred and useless as clothing now. “Looks like an unauthorized fire to me!” she giggled.

I crossed my arms over my body and looked about me, blushing and panic-stricken. Totally naked and surrounded by policewomen! Quivering like a big pink custard. Where was my uniform? Where was Felicity? What would these women do to me? I had visions of myself hauled off to jail, nude, losing my job....

“Well now,” Felicity’s voice suddenly sounded behind me, “This must be the gal we got the complaints about.”

I turned, and to my astonishment I saw Felicity standing there in MY UNIFORM!

“I was just heading up here to check out reports of a dope-smoking skinny-dipper,” she said with authority, nodding at the badges the off-duty policewomen wore on their belts,
“But I see you ladies are taking care of it.”

“Actually,” The black woman said, “We were just trying to enjoy ourselves on our day off when we came across this little slut.”

I blushed even deeper at her words, but I realized now I had to play along and hope Felicity could get me out of this.

“I know what you mean,” My friend sounded just like a seasoned Park Ranger, “I hate doing reports and paperwork on my day off myself. But since I’m on duty anyway, you want me to go ahead and handle this tramp?”

“Sounds good to me,” the blonde said.

“I don’t know,” the Red-head put in, “You think she’ll give you trouble? She might try to escape or resist arrest once we’re gone.”

“I can take care of her,” Felicity said confidently. "After all, where could she go like that?" She looked mockingly at my shivering nudity, and the others grinned at the sight of me this way. "Completely naked? Can you just picture her trying to run through the Park bare-ass?"

I suddenly realized I hadn't said a word since first encountering these women. I just stood there blushing, trying to control my panic. I also realized Felicity had probably saved my job by donning my Park Ranger Uniform and posing as me... but she might have got me into even deeper trouble with that marijuana cigarette -- and burning her swimsuit with it! But still, we might get away with this yet, if I went along with her....

"I won't try to get away," I managed to mutter.

The Policewomen looked doubtful, and I saw on Felicity's face that she knew she had to convince them she could handle me.

"I'll just make sure," she said firmly. And she pulled a handful of Plasti-Kuffs from her belt (which used to be MY belt!)

I didn’t know what to think, didn‘t know what to do. My mind was a riot of emotions. Yes, Felicity’s quick thinking had probably saved me from losing my job, but that didn’t help the awful embarrassment of standing here naked in front of all these authoritative women!
And while I stood there paralyzed with shame and nervousness, Felicity pulled my elbows behind me and secured them with the Plasti-kuffs!

WAIT A MINUTE! I wanted to protest, THAT’S NOT HOW YOU USE THOSE! But I kept quiet while Felicity fixed the strong plastic bands in place, pinning my elbows so that my forearms flapped behind me like useless wings!

“Wow!” the black policewoman laughed, “That’ll sure hold her!”

I followed her gaze and saw the reason for her amusement. Having my elbows pulled back like that forced me to arch my back, thrusting my round breasts out shamefully! I tried to turn away but this just made my blushing hooters bounce and jiggle even more!

“Hold still Hon,” Felicity pulled me by my bound elbows, waving my tits around even more, “Step into those shoes now... Looks like they’re about the only clothes you’ve got left!”

I stepped into her high-heeled sandals, and as I did, I felt my friend fixing more Plasti-Kuffs on me -- she was hobbling my knees! I lurched forward in the high-heel sandals and discovered I could take only short, mincing steps.

It was awful! Felicity’s shoes kept me up almost on tip-toe, forcing my butt to jut out behind me, as my back-arching elbow-bondage pushed my breasts out in front. And my hampered knees made me walk with an exaggerated hip-swishing gait that emphasized my naked assets laughably.

And that’s what they were doing. Laughing. All three policewomen and my friend, howling with amusement at the sight of me this way as Felicity paraded me around before them!

“She’s sure not gonna get away like that!”

*New Park Ranger pt 2*
Wed Jul 14, 2004 03:51
12.75.78.143

“Hell, I’d like to follow them back to the Ranger‘s Office, just to see her walk around like that! Did you ever see anything so funny?”

“Can you imagine how she’s going to feel when they get out to the parking lot and everybody sees her that way? Completely nude and swinging her tits and ass around?”

Oh Gawd, I thought, I could just melt! And what if these women Do follow us?

"Yeah!" her friends chorused, "Wouldn't it be a kick to watch her do the Perp Walk-- like THAT??"

I quailed inside at the mental image of myself being paraded back to my own Ranger Station, Boobs jiggling, butt swishing, totally bound and NAKED! And it was even worse thinking of these three Policewomen coming along to make sure it happened! But Felicity thought quickly:

"Yeah, it'd be a hoot alright," she grinned, "But I'm afraid my supervisor's on duty. And you know how Men are about following regulations: if he saw you he'd insist on getting statements, and reviewing them and all that anal-retentive guy crap."

The Policewomen rolled their eyes in understanding.

"Guess you're right," the blonde said, "But keep in touch -uh-." she peered at the name badge on Felicity's uniform shirt (which was actually MY uniform shirt!) "-Natalie. And let us know how it works out."

"Right."

And to my vast, VAST relief, the three Policewomen continued their hike.

“Thank Gawd they’re finally gone!” Felicity sighed with relief, “Now we can get you dressed again!”

“You said it!” I tugged at my elbow bondage, which threw me off balance, forcing me to mince about comically on my hobbled legs in those heeled sandals. I should have been beyond blushing by now, but I realized how these antics made my butt jiggle and my boobs bounce, and I felt myself tingling red all over. “Get mee ooouutt of this!” I wailed.

Felicity began fiddling with the plasti-kuffs on my elbows, jerking me around as she tried to loosen them. My poor naked boobs swung wildly and jiggled as she pulled.

"You can't just pull those things off, you flake!" I snapped petulantly, "They have to be cut off with the clippers on my belt!"

I guess my tone ticked her off a bit, because Felicity answered, "And just what belt would that be, Missy? I don't see you wearing any belt. Come to think of it," she teased, "aside from these plasticuffs and MY sandals, you don't seem to be wearing anything at all."

I felt my tummy flutter as I realized I was certainly in no position to be snapping orders to my friend -- certainly not like THIS!
"I-I'm sorry, Fel," I stammered, "You know I didn't mean to talk to you in th-that tone... It's just.... I feel so-so.... AWFUL like this!"

"I know Hon," she soothed, "And I shouldn't tease you like this.Now just lemme find those clipper things. I'll have you out of those kuffs in a jiff and then you can get your clothes back on. I'll keep your undies -- after all, they're almost as good as a swimsuit, and I can wear them back, no prob, even though I think I look kinda good in these duds, and reeely, you oughta be thankful I thoughta this 'cause no telling what those Policewomen woiulda done if... Hey, where are those clipper-things, anyway?"

“They’re in that little leather holster-thing on the belt there...“ I twisted around to show her where they were.

The holster was empty.

The top flapped open.

Showing nothing inside.

NOTHING!

“FEL!” I gasped, “The clippers! Where are they??”

“Omigod!” Her eyes widened. “They musta fell out when I was carrying this stuff around.”

“We have to find them!” I felt myself dizzy with panic. “That’s the only way to get me out of this!

“Look around on the ground here,” Felicity said, “I’ll check over therer in the bushes where I dressed and...”

My cell phone rang.

Now I knew I was in deep trouble! The only call I’d get on that phone would be from the Parks Supervisor. And if I didn’t answer it, he’d come looking for me. But what if I was needed for something? What could I DO???

And once again,
Felicity came to my rescue!

“Ranger Natalie here,” She answered authoritatively into the cell-phone, as she had heard me do before, “Go ahead.”

My relief was as brief as my attire, though, as I heard the voice on the other end:
“Ranger Natalie we need you to put some temporary road-blocks in the truck and drive them out to Woodale. Respond.”

“Woodale!” I whispered, “That’s only about a half-hour drive, but-but it’ll take...”

“No telling how long it’ll take to find those clippers,” Felicity answered authoritatively, “I know...” She raised the cell-phone to her mouth, “Roger that,” she spoke into the receiver. “Be there in about 45. Over.”

"Fel!" I squeaked, "What are you doing? I can't get those road-blocks -- there's no telling how long it'll take us to find the clippers and--"

"Just relax, Natalie," my friend said confidently, "I've got everything in hand. I'll deliver those thingies while you stay here and hunt for those snippers or whatever."

"But you can't--"

"Sure I can," She interrupted, "You've only been here a week and from what you tell me you haven't met the staff up at Woodale so... well, I look enough like the picture on your photo-ID badge to pass for you! I'm in your uniform, I'll be driving your truck, carrying your badge. No one will suspect I'm not you. Meanwhile, you just stay here and hunt around, and I'll be back in an hour or so."

"But-but FEL?!?" I tried to protest.

"But nothing," She interrupted, you start searching -- and try to stay out of sight, Babe!" She gave me a playful swat on my bare bottom and walked quickly away.

Leaving me alone.

Here.

In the woods.

LIKE THIS!

For a few moments I just stood there, dumbfounded by the enormity of what had happened to me. An hour ago I entered this Park as the sharply-uniformed Ranger; now here I was in the middle of the woods, knee-hobbled, elbow-bound and completely NAKED! Felicity was gone, wearing my clothes, my badge, my ID, cards, money, cell phone -- hell, that flake had my whole IDENTITY! and here I was with NOTHING!

Somehow I kept myself from panicking. Had to keep my wits about me, I told myself. Felicity would be back soon, and then she'd free me and I could get dressed and be the Park Ranger once again.

Right now though, I had to find those clippers.

So I started looking. It wasn't easy. With my knees hobbled like this, I could only take short, mincing, butt-swishing steps. I had to bend at the waist to look own at the ground, and having my elbows bound behind me arched my back, and THAT made my naked breasts hang down and swing about like shameful udders. I thought of how I must look like this, my big pink bare bottom waving in the air while my hooters swayed in front of me, and I blushed all over for the umpteenth time. Mustn't let anyone see me like this!

But there was nothing else to do. Close to tears of humiliation, I made myself wander about, searching the grass.

>>>At the Ranger Station, Felicity easily finds the temporary road-blocks and loads them onto the truck. But as she's preparing to drive out---

>>>"Ranger! Help! Over here!"

>>>Felicity looks over to see a small child being menaced by a large, snarling dog! Instantly she grabs the animal-noose from the back of the truck and runs over to help. In seconds she has pulled the dog away from the child and secured it. But--

>>>"Looks like he nipped you just a bit, Little Girl," She calms the child as her frightened parents rush up. "We'd better get you some first aid." She picks up the cell-phone from her belt and contacts Headquarters. "This is Ranger Natalie," she says, "I'm afraid we've got a dog-bite situation here. I'm going to be running a little late...."<<<

The sun was getting high, but here in the deep woods the air was cool...well, I didn't have much to cover myself with, did I? My feet hurt from sashaying around in those high-heel sandals, my back ached from bending over, and my legs were SO SORE from mincing around with my knees hobbled!

A couple of times I heard voices, and when I did I ran deeper into the woods and half-crouched as best I could behind the dense bushes, feeling the shameful tickle of the tall grass on my bare bottom as leaves brushed my defenseless titties. Then, when it seemed safe, I snuck out and tried to find my way back to where Felicity had left me. Mustn't get disoriented. Where WAS that flake, anyway?

>>>Felicity unloads the last of the temporary road-blocks from the truck at Woodale Park.

>>>"Thanks a lot -uh- Natalie," The handsome Ranger smiles at her, "And nice meeting you. I guess we'll..." Suddenly the cell phone rings.

>>>"Ranger Douglas, we have a report of unruly visitors with possible unauthorized fire at Lakepoint Picnic Area. Please check and advise." the Dispatcher's voice says.

>>>"I know who she means," Doug looks concerned. "I saw those High School kids come in an hour ago. Maybe a couple dozen."

>>>"Sounds like you could use some help," Felicity says, "I better come with you."

>>>"Would you, Natalie?" he smiles, "That'd be great!"

*Nw Park Ranger Conclusion*
Thu Jul 15, 2004 05:35
12.75.78.30

Where was Felicity? What could be keeping her this long? Had I strayed too far from the spot where she'd left me? Quivering, anxious, bound and totally NAKED, I wondered what I should do next. I had long ago quit looking for those damn clippers. The hours of wandering around like a cow with my udders hanging down had been hard on me, though. I was getting hungry. And thirsty. And tired. And worried!

Well, first things first. I knew the water in the stream (The stream where my skinny-dipping had started all this trouble!) was drinkable, so I picked a spot close to a tree where I could help myself get up and down without using my arms. Crouched there on the bank, I lapped up the cool, refreshing water like an animal. It made me feel a little better.

But I was still hungry. And there, growing close to the tree, were some wild mushrooms. My Nature Training had taught me how to identify plants, and I could tell these were harmless, so I pulled a few up with my lips and tongue and ate them... they were tasty, too!

Funny, though, they made me feel sort of.... I don’t know. I mean like, they didn’t get me high or anything, but I just sort of mellowed out. I mean, I was still scared and embarrassed and all, but I just felt like I was Supposed to be this way: like yeah, I Had been a Park Ranger, but now I was just naked in the woods and I really didn’t have any identity. Later on, when I got dressed I’d be Ranger Natalie again, but right now I was just ... I don’t know... like some kind of animal. You know, here I was without any clothes or money or cards or ID or anything, and I couldn’t use my hands, and I was eating off the ground.... I wondered if animals blushed like I did!

>>>“Wow, Natalie,” Ranger Douglas says admiringly, “That was good work with those kids. You seemed to know just what to say to them to de-fuse the situation.”

>>>“Thanks, Doug,” Felicity beams at the compliment, “I guess I just kind of relate to young people.”

>>>“Well you were just great. I could kiss you for all your help!”

>>>“What’s stopping you?”

>>>Just then, Natalie’s Cell Phone crackles:

>>>“Ranger Natalie, we have a situation at....”

I woke up gradually, with the late-afternoon sun softly warming my skin, the tall grass cushioning me like a comfy mattress. For a few minutes I couldn't think where I was or what I was doing... I could barely remember WHO I was! Then I tugged on my bound elbows, felt my hobbled knees, and the whole shameful, embarrassing morning came back to me in a dreadful rush -- I remembered now: I was Natalie, the Park Ranger... only I'd lost my uniform and got tied up like this, and now I had to wait for my flaky friend Felicity to bring back my stuff and return me to my identity!

But I'd fallen asleep somehow. Those mushrooms must have been more potent than I thought! Where was I, anyway?

I looked around and saw I must have wandered into a meadow about a hundred yards from the woods and maybe a mile from the river bank where I was supposed to meet Felicity. What if she was there now, waiting for me? Or worse yet, what if she'd given up? That'd be just like that little flake! I had to get back there!

I started to get up, but it suddenly occurred to me that if I stood up, anyone within sight of the meadow would see me -- like this! All naked and tied up in this back-arching, breast-thrusting, bottom-swishing predicament! How awful! No, I had to get back to the woods unseen.
Slowly, I started making my way through the tall grass like a worm, lying on my belly, scooching my knees under me (which raised my bare bottom dangerously high and waved it around, thank you!) then pushing my chest forward across the grass. Then, when I was stretched out on my belly again, repeating the process: Knees forward, ass-up, chest forward, ass-down... knees forward....

It wasn't too bad. My abs are in good shape, and I could travel fairly well like this. But the feel of the tall, soft grass under me, stroking across my nipples was oddly exciting. Even as I groaned with humiliation, I felt myself getting aroused!

It kept getting worse and worse: every time I bent my knees and raised my ass up, I felt a little tingle between my legs. And the long, soft meadow grass rolling and brushing across my breasts when I slid forward hit me like an electric shock. The growing sexual excitement made my heart race and kept me from thinking clearly (like I needed THAT!) It was as if my own body was betraying me!

\*\*\*You betrayed me first\*\*\* My body said to me, \*\*\*Who was it that took off all the smart, sensible clothes that protected and defined me??? YOU did! Who got me into this predicament, all naked and bound and wiggling through the grass with those funny mushrooms in me??? YOU did!!! And now who's going to feel all the growing need and frustration...? YOU WILL!!!!\*\*\*\*

By the time I reached the woods I was gasping with arousal. Looking around to make sure it was safe, I rolled over and got to my feet.

And then I discovered how dreadful my plight really was -- with my elbows bound behind me like this, I couldn't touch myself! Couldn't reach the part of me that S-o-o-o needed reaching!! I tried rubbing up against a tree, but with my knees hobbled like they were I couldn't get my legs far enough apart to feel more than a gentle, frustrating caress... it was maddening!

Desperate, I started doing deep-knee bends, tried shaking my titties across the soft branches of a long-needled pine tree, gyrated my hips back and forth, swished my butt around, hopped up and down wildly, feeling my ass jiggle and my breasts bounce.....

"Hey! What's that over there?"

The voices startled me back to reality and scared me out of my wits at the same time....

"Looks like it must be some big animal!"

They sounded teen-age but I couldn't tell if they were boys or girls...

"Let's go see!"

And I wasn't waiting around to find out!!

Quick as I could, I spun around in those awful high-heel sandals and began mincing wildly into the deep woods again. My hobbled knees slowed me down terribly, but I somehow made it behind some bushes before they got any closer and I dropped down prone and rolled into the undergrowth.

Safe.

For now.

>>>The sun is low on the horizon by the time Felicity makes it back to the river bank. She doesn't see her friend, though!

>>>"Natalie!" she calls, "Come out! It's me!"

>>>"I'm over here!" the quivering voice answers.<<<

I wormed my way out of the bushes. Lying there in the grass, belly-down and bottom-up, I twisted around (as best I could with my arms and knees bound like that!) to look up at my uniformed friend. Somehow the sight of her in MY smart Ranger Uniform was strangely intimidating... especially in the lowly state I was in now! She tried to hide the grin on her face, but I could tell she was vastly amused at the sight of me like this: naked, bound, smeared with dirt. leaves and twigs in m hair, crawling about like-like an ANIMAL!

"Geh' mee oud uh dis!!” Goodness! those mushrooms must have affected my speech!

"Don't worry," Crouching down beside me she pulled a bottle from a bag , and put it to my lips. "Here, drink this."

I gulped the sweet-tasting liquid greedily, and almost at once felt the ache disappear from my tired, hampered limbs. Suddenly I felt safe, relaxed: now that my near-twin was here to help, everything would be all right....

"...can't tell you what a day I've had," She was chattering, "I never dreamed this job could be so rewarding! I mean, I found a little girl lost in the woods, and I got some kind of commendation for putting out a fire, and I met this really cool Ranger named Doug and we've got a date for tonight!"

Somewhere in the back of my mind I had the thought that she shouldn't have made a date: I mean, if she was supposed to be ME, then... I tried to focus my mind as she snipped away those awful plasti-kuffs. My limbs were FREE! once more, but too numb to be of any use for awhile.

"Looks like you might have got sunburned," she said, "Here, let me put this on you--"
I felt gentle hands, soothing cream, over my arm, legs, neck, shoulders... And then I felt a funny tingling!

Now I'm definitely not Lez, and neither is she, but somehow the feel of those soft, feminine hands all over me... down my back and bottom... over my breasts... the sensation of my nipples sliding between slick, supple fingers... Well, remember I HAD been awfully turned-on earlier, and couldn't do anything about it! And now, as my body got oiled-up, it also got terribly AROUSED again!

By the time her talented fingers reached my womanhood I was positively quivering with desire. And as she spread the soothing oil over my throbbing nether-lips I felt myself heading helplessly toward the most delicious o---

"There!" She stopped. And I couldn't help but moan with frustrated need as she pulled the latex gloves (I hadn't realized she was wearing latex gloves... now why would she do that?) off her hands and reached back into her bag. "Now let's just make sure we fight off any infection...."

That soothing cream must have had some kind of anesthetic effect. Or maybe I was just too tired and confused and -yes- turned on to understand what was happening as I felt tiny pin-prick jabs of mild pain: one in each bottom-cheek and one under each breast.... What was she doing?

"I mean," she chattered merrily as she worked, and I tried to comprehend her words, "I've always wanted a job I was just naturally good at, and I think this is really it!" She had the gloves on again, rubbing something over my head and...why did my head feel so funny? It felt all sort of SMOOTH! "Of course that means I'll be Ranger Natalie from now on, and since we can't have two Ranger Natalies.... well here-" She handed me a hand mirror "-See what I learned in Special Effects Makeup?"

I grasped the handle with fumbling fingers and weakly held the mirror out as far as I could to survey... Was that ME??!!?

The girl in the mirror was bald, black-skinned and very VERY busty! Her brow-less eyes went wide and her thick lips parted in wonder as I gasped at the image in sick fascination. I angled the mirror and saw that my bottom had grown big and round and bouncy as a black helium balloon!

"Wh-wha’ you donna mee???” The words coming from that strange-looking mouth sounded as unfamiliar as the rest of me -- I’d been totally transformed! Completely changed from the blonde, confident, smartly-uniformed Ranger (who now smiled down at me!) into a black, bald, big-butted, busty and VERY naked THING!!!

“Well since we can’t have two Ranger Natalies, I decided to make you into something else...” My friend bent down and I suddenly felt my knees wrapped together by some kind of strong brown rubbery tape that matched my skin-tone -- I couldn’t stand up!

Suddenly she had hold of my left hand, and I felt her bending my arms (In FRONT of me, thank goodness!) and taping my left hand around my right elbow. Seconds later, right hand was similarly bound to my left elbow, trapping my arms uselessly in front of me -- I couldn’t even wiggle my fingers in the squeezing, rubbery tape!
I squirmed uselessly in this hampering fix -- nude, knee-bound, arms useless... and now transformed beyond recognition! And (I flushed with shame as I realized this) I couldn't even use my fingers to reach the center of my still-achy-tingling sexual frustration! In a single day I'd lost my clothes, my profession, my very identity... and I'd even lost control over my sex!
"Oooo!" I fumed helplessly, "Yoo can' keeb mee heer like dis!!"
>>>"Yeah, I know" the New Ranger Natalie got to her feet and looked down at the caramel-colored, curvaceous, hairless and totally ridiculous creature that used to be her good friend. "I mean, I know I have to do Something with you, but I just don't want it to be something Totally Mean. I've got some friends in Vegas. who run a thing, well it's kinda like a private sex zoo, I guess you'd call it, and I figure you'd fit in real good there. But meanwhile till I make up my mind I think you'll be okay out here a few days. I mean, I'll meet you out here tomorrow with food and stuff, so you'll be okay; and no one will believe it if you say you're Ranger Natalie (which you're NOT anymore, by the way; I am.) even if you get your mouth under control again. If anyone ses you out here -- well if it's woman, she'll think you're some kind of slut-creature, and if it's a guy, well... I guess you'd be in for an interesting time!"

>>>The naked thing that used to be Ranger Natalie quivers in embarrassed terror at the thought of ANYONE seeing her like THIS! The new Natalie sees her eyes widen, and grins with amusement.

>>>Then they both hear a sound: Someone coming up the trail!

>>>"That'll be Doug," Ranger Natalie says calmly, "I asked him to meet me here after work."

I looked down to see her reaction, and MAN! you should have seen her jump! Next thing, she was galumphing into the underbrush on her knees and elbows, and the way that made her butt bounce and her boobs flop, well I just couldn't help laughing at the silly sight of this naked, sexy THING!

Then I brushed the grass off my smart Uniform Pants, straightened my hat and headed back own the tail to meet Doug. We wouldn't do too much tonight, though; I had to turn in early and get my rest.

Tomorrow would be a new day for Ranger Natalie.