Tracey at the Picnic

Tracey looked about the lush, green park, the clear running stream, and the picnic area teeming with her co-workers and their families, and felt a trace of satisfaction. When Mr. Chambers gave her the unenviable task of running the company picnic, she determined to make a success of it. And to “delegate” as much of the real work as possible! And so it was that Lucy, her ditzy personal assistant, got stuck setting out the food, organizing the games, and best of all, supervising the activities of six or eight highly energized children!  
  
  
And while Lucy was running madly about, Tracey walked in leisurely comfort, despite the heat of the day, in a silky white sun dress and matching sandals, thinking of how sophisticated and elegant she’d look when she got around to her big job for the day: announcing the winners of the games – she pictured herself in her white dress like a Greek Goddess bestowing wreaths on the Olympians.   
  
  
“Yes,” Tracey thought as she looked about the crowd – most of them a few years younger than she, most single, and all of them attractive, thanks to Mr. Chambers’ policy of hiring for looks rather than brains. “It’s all going beautifully – thanks to my planning and organization!”   
  
  
“Tray-ceee!” Her smug reflections were interrupted as Lucy – dressed somewhat inappropriately, Tracey thought, in cut-offs and a tube top – scampered up with a ketchup bottle, whining, “I left this out in the sun too long and I can’t get it open!!!”  
  
  
Tracey rolled her eyes at the busty and brain-challenged PA and snatched the bottle from her hand. “Well that’s what comes of leaving things lying about. Give it here, you silly goose,” she twisted the cap, “It just needs—“  
  
  
And suddenly the front of her dress was splashed all over as bright red condiment spurted from the over-heated bottle!  
  
  
“EEEEEKKK!!!!!” Tracey screamed in dismay. Then shot an evil look at Lucy, who just shrugged.  
  
  
“Well I warned you....” Was that little snip grinning?   
  
  
No matter. Tracey realized she could never stand on the little stage and give out awards looking like THIS! But Tracey was nothing if not resourceful, and she’d come prepared (she told herself!) for ANYTHING! Grabbing a packet of stain-remover-wipes, she gave Lucy another death-look and snapped, “See if you can’t keep an eye on those little brats while I fix this!” And stalked off into the woods.  
  
  
“That little witch thinks she can keep me off the stage... after all the work I did getting her to organize this thing! Well she’ll see!”  
  
  
Looking carefully about as she walked deeper into the woods, Tracey finally found the right spot: a grassy area right next to the stream, screened from the trail by a big bush. Perfect! Moving quickly, she peeled off her silky white sun dress, and – still wearing her sensible white undies, which really covered more than most bathing suits, she told herself – she scrubbed the ketchup stains off with the stain-remover-wipes, then quickly rinsed the dress in the clear water of the stream.  
  
  
“There!” Tracey hung her dress from a nearby limb, in the hot sunlight. “It’ll be dry in no time!”  
  
  
She looked about her. All alone. And that sun WAS hot!  
  
  
How about a quick swim to cool off?  
  
  
No one close by. No one could even see her from the trail! It seemed perfect!   
  
  
Quickly, Tracey stepped out of her sandals and skimmed out of her undies, hanging them on a limb next to her dress. And seconds later, she was splashing about in the cool water – completely nude!  
  
  
How refreshing! And oddly sensuous! Tracey swam a bit farther upstream, away from her clothes, feeling her nipples stiffen in the cold water as the swift current caressed her round, bouncy pink tush and rushed slyly between her legs. She was getting turned on! She swam farther, then close to the bank, where she could stand with her toes in the muddy bottom. Almost involuntarily, her hand darted down to her excited puss, fingers teasing...  
  
  
...should she?  
  
  
Slowly, nervously, she began stroking herself, increasingly aroused by her own naughtiness. Faster. Deeper. Tracey felt herself getting closer, closer, almost there... then....  
  
  
“Over here, kids! The stream is just beyond these bushes!”  
  
  
Panic!  
  
  
Tracey pulled herself ashore and raced back towards the tree where she’d left all her clothes hanging. Too late! As she neared the grassy area by the bank, she saw Lucy walking briskly right up to the tree – with a gaggle of noisy children right behind her!  
  
  
Swiftly, Tracey jumped into the closest bush, horribly aware of her nudity, feeling the stiff branches brushing her bare legs, leaves tickling her bottom, twigs poking her nipples...  
  
  
“Good heavens!” she realized, to her utter shame, “I’m still turned on!”  
  
  
Blushing furiously, relieved that no one had seen her hide there, Tracey crouched in the bush as Lucy gathered the kids around the tree.  
  
  
“I know, children,” Lucy announced, “We’ll play parachutes!” The kids cheered and clamored as Lucy pulled Tracey’s silky white dress from the limb where it hung. “You all get bits of wood while I cut this up!”  
  
  
“Isn’t that someone’s clothes?” a little girl asked.  
  
  
“Well they must not have wanted it if they just left it hanging about here, “Lucy pulled a pair of heavy shears from her first-aid kit bag. “And it’ll be just right for our parachutes!”  
  
  
Back in the bush, Tracey’s eyebrows shot up and her jaw dropped in dismay as she watched Lucy cheerfully cutting her lovely dress up into useless rags! Trembling with shock, anger, shame and disbelief, she hugged her arms tighter around her naked body as the children swarmed around Lucy, who fashioned the scraps into little parachutes.  
  
  
“We couldn’t find any wood!” A girl looked imploringly up at Lucy, holding her little sister’s hand.  
  
  
“That’s all right,” Lucy beamed, reaching down into the grass, “We’ll just use these sandals!”  
  
  
MY SHOES!!! Tracey stifled a moan of despair as Lucy tied toy parachutes to her sandals, then turned to the delighted children.  
  
  
“Now all we need is some elastic to launch our parachutes!” Lucy said brightly. “Here we are! Let’s use these!”  
  
  
“NOT MY UNDIES!“ Tracey sobbed to herself, “Please not the last shred of my clothing! PLEESE NO!!”  
  
  
But yes!  
  
  
Hiding there naked in the bushes, Tracey watched helplessly as Lucy reduced the last of her garments to useless rags, fashioning the waistband of her panties and the stretchy elastic of her bra into makeshift slingshots for the children to play with. Then, like a final crushing indignity, Tracey saw what had once been her smart attire go sailing in bits and pieces into the swift stream as the kids cheered to see it rush quickly, irretrievably, away.  
  
  
“Very good, children,” Lucy said, “Now run back to the picnic are, and I’ll be right along!”  
  
  
Laughing and screaming, the little brats ran off, leaving Lucy alone in the clearing.  
  
  
Or almost alone.  
  
  
“Loo-cee!!” Tracey whined from behind her bush. “Over here!”  
  
  
“Tracey?” All innocence, Lucy looked about. “Where are you?”  
  
  
“Over here!” crouched miserably nude there, hidden by the thick growth, Tracey shook the branches for attention.  
  
  
“Well come on then,” Lucy said sensibly, “It’s almost time for you to announce the winners.”  
  
  
“I can’t!” Tracey moaned pitifully, “I-I’m naked!”  
  
  
“Well get dressed, you silly goose!”  
  
  
“I can’t get dressed, you twit!” Tracey half-rose from behind the bush, still covering herself with her hands, her bare boobs jiggling, cute butt quivering, as she shook with fury at her subordinate’s tone of voice. “You just shredded my whole outfit!”  
  
  
Lucy looked at her with unconcealed amusement. “Let’s see,” she mused thoughtfully, “YOU’re stuck there naked, and I’M a silly twit – have I got it right?”   
  
  
“Oooooo!” Anger and embarrassment rioted for upper place in Tracey’s emotions, and embarrassment won out. “Lucy, you’ve got to help me!” she whined.  
  
  
“Well if we can get you back to the picnic grounds, perhaps we can use a tablecloth or something... are you really completely naked back there? Not a stitch of clothes left?”  
  
  
“No-o-o-o-o! You-you tore up everything I had! All my clothes are completely g-gone!  
  
  
“Well that’s what comes of leaving things lying about,” Lucy giggled. Then she spotted some flowering vines. “Wait a sec; here’s something... Come out here, I have just the thing!”  
  
  
Nervous, fearful of being seen, and totally humiliated at appearing this way in front of her ditzy subordinate, Tracey tiptoed from behind the bush, still vainly trying to cover herself with her arms and hands. In minutes, Lucy had fashioned a belt of leafy flowering vines around her waist. Tracey thought it perilously loose-fitting, but it hung down enough to cover her coy puss and most of her butt (she told herself!) Next, Lucy fashioned a necklace – more like a Hawaiian lei -- out of the blossoming foliage and hung it over Tracey’s shoulders, draping teasingly down over her pert breasts, the petals tickling her erect nipples.  
  
  
“There!” Lucy placed a mocking garland of flowers in Tracey’s tangled hair, “Just like a little wood nymph! Now let’s get back to the picnic and find you something with a little more coverage!”  
  
  
Tracey hung back, terribly nervous to be seen gadding about the woods like this. Lucy responded with a playful “slap!” to her leafy-covered near-naked buns!  
  
  
“C’mon girl! Mustn’t dawdle now!”  
  
  
Tracey gasped at being treated in this scornful fashion – by her own subordinate! But she suddenly found herself scampering through the woods, nine-tenths naked, breasts bouncing, butt jiggling, leaves and flowers waving merrily around her hips and shoulders as she raced back to the picnic grounds!  
  
  
But there was no help here.  
  
  
“Oh that’s right,” Lucy smiled innocently, “I forgot to bring any tablecloths. Silly me!”  
  
  
Clad only in flowering garlands, Tracey looked desperately about her, wondering where to go, what to do...  
  
  
“Well! How nice to see you –uh- getting into the spirit of things!” It was her boss, Mr. Chambers, eying Tracey with a broad grin and a lecherous leer.  
  
  
“Doesn’t she look just like a goddess?” Lucy teased.  
  
  
“Well,” Mr. Chambers looked Tracey up and down, and she felt herself redden under his gaze, from the roots of her hair right down to her little pink toes. “As I recall, Venus didn’t have any arms!”  
  
“I can fix that!” Lucy said brightly. She pulled a roll of surgical tape from her first-aid kit.  
  
  
Tracey was afraid to struggle. Her flowery covering was too delicate, and the on-lookers too attentive. And before she knew quite what was going on, Lucy was wrapping the tape around Tracey’s wrists, trucking her fists into her armpits and securing them there with more turns of tape – her arms were reduced to useless wings!   
  
  
Mr. Chambers beamed approvingly at the way Tracey’s flapping elbows emphasized her barely-covered boobs. She wanted to melt right on the spot. And it only got worse as Mr. Chambers hustled her over to the makeshift stage and gave her another playful slap on the bottom!  
  
  
“Eeek!” Tracey reflexively jumped onto the stage, where everyone could see her, her fragile garlands fluttering perilously about, and looked down at her assembled co-workers. Angry-looking mothers had hustled all the children off to a distant playground, muttering something about “shameless tramp!” But there were still plenty of on-lookers! Young men from around the office, their eyes burning holes in Tracey’s scanty garlands. And the young ladies! Their looks of scornful amusement at the near-naked Company Manager made Tracey blush all over again! Tracey somehow noted that the women were mostly wearing skimpy shorts, over-stuffed halter tops, short skirts... the sort of attire she normally berated them for wearing into the office. How she envied them now!  
  
  
“Got to get out of here!” she thought, panic-struck. “Maybe if I can just get through this and get to my car....”  
  
  
She wished fervently there was a podium on the stage for her to cower behind. Or even a big scroll, with the winners’ names. But no such luck. Lucy stepped up on stage holding a few tiny index cards fr Tracey to read from. Feeling like she was in some terrible dream, she began reading mechanically.  
  
  
“ ‘Before announcing the winners’ ,” she read aloud, “ ‘I want to give a hearty and deep-felt Thanks to Lucy, for organizing this whole thing— ‘ “ What! Lucy was getting credit for all HER hard work?!?! But Tracey read on, “ ‘—Lucy please accept our thanks for your brilliant performance in –uh- arranging this show!’ “  
  
  
Lucy kept moving the cards, so that to keep reading, Tracey had to bend way over, flaunting her butt. Or lean way back, helplessly emphasizing her flapping hooters with her useless bond arms! Smiling smugly, Lucy stepped close to Tracey and addressed the crowd, “Thanks very much, everyone, but the only reward I want is a kiss from the boss... “ She pulled Tracey to her and kissed her shocked supervisor full, long, and deeply on the mouth! “... And one of these lovely flowers!”  
  
  
And she plucked a blossom from the garland around Tracey’s neck -- causing it to sag perilously! –then brightly held up the next card!   
  
  
“Er-uh-“ Tracey felt the movement in her suddenly loose garland, shifted nervously on her bare feet, elbows flapping for balance as she tried to read the card: “The winner of the –uh- Sprint is....”  
  
  
Oh no!  
  
  
It was Brad, the smart-alec intern in the mail room. The one who was always dropping things in front of Tracey’s desk so he cold peek up her dress! Well he needed no such excuse now! Smiling lewdly, Brad strolled up onto the stage. “What a prize!” and threw his arms around Tracey, forcing his lips to hers. Tracey was suddenly aware of a tongue deep in her mouth. And hands roaming all over her defenseless bod! Cheers from the crowd rang in Tracey’s ears as Brad pulled way – taking with him another blossom from her garland!   
  
  
And so it went. By the time the fourth winner left the stage (It was Angie, the curvaceous black girl in accounting, who lifted her mini-skirt and demanded a kiss on her ass!) Tracey was using her elbows to try to pin the remains of her neck garland to her sides for cover, and she knew if the prize-winners started on the garland around her waist she’d be in serious trouble.  
  
  
So of course, they did!  
  
  
When the last winner stepped down, Tracey’s covering was reduced to a few bunches of leaves, and she was clutching her elbows in, thighs together desperately in front of her, trying not to lose this last shred of cover as she cowered before her delighted boss, crowing co-workers and smirking subordinates.  
  
  
“My goodness, Tracey,” Lucy looked archly over at her blushing boss, half-crouched on the stage, “You’ll make quite a sight, driving home like that!”  
  
  
“Driving—“ Tracey started, remembering her purse, apartment keys, ID and plastic were all locked in her car! “Omigawd! My car keys! Where are they?”  
  
  
They were securely in the pocket of Lucy’s tight hip-huggers, but the blonde minx wasn’t about to tell her boss that! “Maybe they’re back in the tall grass by the tree where you hung your clothes,” she said innocently.  
  
  
“Eeeek!” Tracey squeaked, “I must find them! I must!” She jumped off the stage and began racing back up the path toward the stream where all her troubles started, elbows flapping, bare legs scissoring wildly, breasts jiggling, bottom bouncing as her few remaining leaves and flowers scattered in the wind....  
  
  
“Wow! Lookit her go!”  
  
  
“Let’s follow her. This oughta be fun!”  
  
  
“What an ass!”  
  
  
Hearing the pursuing tormenters behind her, Tracey ran faster, raising her knees higher. The crowd cheered. Tracey blushed furiously all over again.   
  
  
“I must get those keys! Or I’ll be stuck out here – like THIS!”  
  
  
Tracey reached the tall grassy area, clutched her knees together for cover, leaned over and began desperately searching through the grass, trying to ignore the laughter and the clicks of cell phone cameras as her “friends” caught up.  
  
  
“You’ll never find it that way, Tracey,” Lucy said helpfully, “get down on your knees and elbows!”  
  
  
It was more like a command than a suggestion. And Tracey obeyed, dropping down to her knees to crawl through the tall grass.  
  
  
“I said ‘knees and elbows’ you incompetent boob!” Lucy gently prodded Tracey’s back, and she spilled forward onto the bound stumps of her arms. A position that flaunted her naked butt horribly!.  
  
  
She couldn’t get up. Couldn’t cover herself. Tracey could only waddle about in the grass on her knees and elbows, stark naked, her bottom swishing in the air as her breasts swung down like udders!  
  
  
“NOW look for your precious keys!” Lucy laughed.  
  
  
Tracey moaned in shame.  
  
  
“Sounds like a cow!” someone laughed.  
  
  
“Moo for us, cow!”  
  
  
“That’s right, Tarcey,” Mr. Chambers wiped away tears of merriment, “You look just like a cow, sticking your butt in the air and your boobs swinging like that! Moo for everyone now!”  
  
  
No clothes. No covering of any kind. Stuck there in the woods by her sexist boss and cruel co-workers, Tracey couldn’t even get up! Couldn’t run, couldn’t cover herself. All she could do was  
  
  
“Mooo!”