**Another Naked Camping Experience!**

By Cathy

Hi Gang,  I am back from my annual camping trip in Maryland and I have had an experience that I am bursting to share with you.

Most of you know by now that I love to camp.  My favorite vacations involve sleeping outside in a tent either alone or with some friends.  Since finding this really exciting website, I have tried to be brave, like some of the other girls here, and risk being naked outdoors and then write about it.

If you remember, I wrote about my first naked experience last year in a campground in Custer, South Dakota.  Well, I had another experience this past week in a campground in Maryland and I am going to tell you all about it right here, right now.  So, take off all of your clothes, have a beverage handy and a towel – you will need both.

Each year I make every effort to attend a Pagan gathering in the state of Maryland.  All of you know that I am a Wiccan, right?  That fact is not relevant to the story so you can Google that and learn more than you ever wanted to know about my faith.  For now, just know that it is a serious belief system, with morals, ethics, seminaries and everything else.  I am also a seminary student in a (liberal) Christian seminary in the Midwest, USA.  That is also not relevant to the story, but now you know quite a lot about me, besides being 5’2” with brown eyes and reddish hair (dyed it two weeks ago) and I have B-Cup breasts, an athletic body and a really nice ass. And I shave my pubes too.

The campsite is in rural Maryland on about 250 acres of rolling hills.  The forest covers about three quarters of the camp and the facilities include cabins, tent areas, showers, a large dining hall, a large “L” shaped pool, and a fire circle by the lake.  Someone was bitten by a copperhead snake this weekend so care must be exercised there.

My tent was located in the furthest (of course!) tent area and my plan was to walk from my tent down a slight hill to the dining area, walk around the dining hall to the pool and then walk back up that slight incline back to my tent.  Naked.  Totally nude.  No safety net.  The distance would be well over two miles and take me about an hour, give or take.

The gathering started on Tuesday and ran until Sunday with a large number of people arriving on Friday evening after work.  I wanted to do a trial run before doing it for real so I figured the best evenings for the two walks would be Wednesday and Thursday evenings.

All day Wednesday I walked around the area of my journey to get the lay of the land and hopefully make note of any potential problems.  I didn’t see any, other than getting caught, so by the time Wednesday night rolled around, I was ready for my trial run.

I usually sleep naked, even in the winter and especially while camping so I had to put something on.  I chose my smallest bathing suit; a tiny little bikini that barely covered the essentials.  You know what they are, so I don’t have to tell you, right?  I waited until about 3 AM to give the hard-core partiers enough time to drink their fill and stumble to their sleeping quarters.

Very carefully and almost silently I unzipped the tent opening, both the screen and rain cover.  Slowly, my little foot emerged from my tent and made contact with the grass.  Cautiously, the rest of my petite little body followed.

With the confidence of being fully dressed – I was wearing a bathing suit after all, I headed around the front of the first set of cabins and toward the long slow hill leading to the dining hall.

I looked everywhere for any sign of trouble.  My ears were straining for any sound that might indicate the slightest threat.  Tomorrow I would be doing this with nothing on so I had to get everything right this time around.  Thankfully and as expected there were no problems.  Everyone appeared to be sound asleep.  Whew!

After a leisurely stroll in the grass I made it down to the fire circle and back up to the rear of the dining hall.  There is a breeze-through separating the eating area from the pool area so for a moment I was hidden from view as I passed by the entrance to the pool.  Did I say, “Passed?”  The evening temperature was in the eighties and so was the humidity.  Not to mention the fact that I was sweating a bit from nervous tension and by the exertion as well.

The pool was so inviting and it was empty (big surprise!)  I couldn’t resist.  I carefully opened the gate and stepped into the pool area.  Slowly I walked over the edge of the water, dipped my toe in the water and my body reacted with a tremendous shiver. It was COLD!  As silently as I could, I slipped into the cold water at the 4 foot mark, so that my shoulders and head would be above water.  If I told you that the coldness felt wonderful, it would be an understatement.  It felt divine!

I looked around and listened for any sound that shouldn’t be there, but saw and heard nothing.  I was safe.  Hmmm, now might be a good time to have some fun; maybe I could just slip off my bikini and see how that feels?  I thought, “No, I should really wait until tomorrow during the day, this is only the trial run.”  Well, being an Aries woman, I did the only thing I should do under these circumstances; I took off my tiny little top and placed it on the tile around the edge of the pool.  My bikini bottom followed very shortly.

I enjoyed that state of being for a short while when I thought that this really was a trial run and I should pay attention to business.  I slowly swam over to the pool ladder and as quietly as I could, step-by-step, hoisted myself out of the pool, naked of course.

I walked over to my bathing suit, but before picking it up, I playfully assumed the best ENF pose I could, my hand and arm covering my little boobs and the other hand covering the area where my pubic hair would have been.  One of my naughty fingers kind of “accidentally” found its way between my orchid petals (my outer lips, guys.)

Okay, okay, I am done playing around…  I put my bathing suit back on and finished my trial run with no incidents or anything I need to worry about for the real thing.  Even with my side trip into the pool for a few minutes it took me about 45 minutes to complete the expedition.  Let’s see how that compares with tomorrow’s excursion.

All day Thursday I anticipated my naked stroll.  I walked around the “scene of the crime” several times, looking at the vending area, the dining hall, the pool, the fire circle.  This was going to be so much fun!

I decided that I should go to bed really early so that I would have enough sleep.  I knew that I wouldn’t be able to sleep a wink afterward because I would be so excited and horny.  So, by 9 PM, I was safely tucked into my sleeping bag and already “dressed” for the work that lies ahead.

My watch alarm woke me up at 2:45 AM.  I brushed my teeth and combed my hair, taking out my hair tie, removing my jewelry, including the small pentacle necklace I usually wear.  I wanted to be completely, utterly, stark, naked, no clothes, nothing to hide any patch of skin.  My skin was tingling in anticipation and my little pearl was already beginning to throb.

I slowly opened the door of the tent and peered outside into the warm, dark, early morning sky.  Not a soul was about.  It was so quiet that I thought I could hear my heart beat and my blood coursing through my veins.

My foot reached out, slowly followed by the rest of my body.  Funny how last night was so different; being covered by a couple of strips of cloth makes a huge difference.  I stood outside of my tent for a minute adjusting to the feel of being outside totally naked, feeling the breeze on the fine hairs of my skin and on my little puckered rosebud gave me a thrill and give me goose bumps all over my body.  Here I was, outside, naked and scared.

With some effort I put one foot in front of me away from my tent.  Then another, then another.  I can do this!  I kept walking past the front of the row of cabins, past more cabins, so far, so good.  I heard no sounds and saw no one.  I was hoping that no one saw me.  I had to come back this way later.

I walked pas the vending area (where crafty people who make things like drums, jewelry, clothes, candles, and other popular items set up their tents.  Down the path to the fire circle and on to the breezeway between the dining hall and the pool area.  Each step of the way I was so nervous.  I imagined that thousands of eyes were watching me.  I also imagined that if some young man did happen to see me walking by in my current state of undress, he would be playing with himself.  (Right guys?)

Again, the temptation of slipping into the pool became a major distraction.  I figured that it was okay since I had hopped into the pool during my trial run so it was part of the plan, right?  Only this time, I had nothing to take off!

As quietly as I could I slipped into the cold water, feeling the liquid as it touched each goose bump and my crotch.  OMG that felt good.  I could almost imagine steam rising as the cold water came into contact with my blazing hot pussy.  I stood there with my hands on my butt cheeks, spreading them so the cold water could caress my little rosebud.  I was in ecstasy!

Suddenly, all of my senses were alert!  I heard voices.  Male voices.  Adolescent male voices.  And they were coming closer!  OMG what do I do now?  This wasn’t in the plan!  Here I was, a naked girl in the pool, no safety net in sight and boys approaching.  I wanted to scream but that wouldn’t have been in my best interests at the moment.

As quickly as I could, I moved over to the corner of the pool where there was absolutely no light.  Luckily for me one of the inflatable pool rafts was there, the kind that inflates around the perimeter and has a dark net in the center so one can float on it.  I ducked under it just as the first of the young men entered the pool area.  The dark netting would allow me to breathe and reduce my chances of being detected.

The boys were fully dressed so I prayed that they wouldn’t strip and dive into the pool.  They would certainly get the surprise of their lives; so would I, I’d bet!  They seemed to be having an animated discussion about some boy-thing or other.  I stayed as still as I could, not moving a muscle.  They stayed were they were still talking and not leaving.  I was starting to get so cold and I just couldn’t get out from under my hiding place.

The boys didn’t seem to notice that the other pool toys in the water were slowly and gently moving around the pool because of the force of the water pump.  My little raft was being held firm by me; I wasn’t going to let it go anywhere.  If they only knew that there was a naked woman only a few feet in front of them!

Suddenly, one of them said rather loudly, “Well, let’s just go down there and see!”  I froze.  Did they mean me?  Oh dear!  I almost feinted when I heard that.  I could just imagine them ripping the raft from my fingers, pulling me out of the pool and who knows what would happen after that.

With a huge sigh of relief, they all turned in the opposite direction, hopped the fence and scampered down the hill toward the fire circle, where I had just been before foolishly hopping into the pool.  I waited a few moments before breathing again, listening for any sounds of their return.  I heard nothing so I slowly made my way to the ladder and pulled myself up out of the pool and headed to the gate, just around the corner of the breezeway.

Without looking around the corner of the building I almost ran around the side of the building and, “Wham” right into the chest of a man, a little taller than me and quite a bit older.  I was so stunned that it took me a moment before I instinctively assumed the “Embarrassed Nude Female” position.  Only it was too late – he already had the best view in the house.  And he had a wet imprint of my perky little tits on the front of his shirt.

He looked at me, all of me (I couldn’t blame him for that.)  He smiled gently and told me that he is on security duty and then asked me what I was doing here without any clothes?  I stammered something about losing a bet with some girlfriends and having to jump in the pool naked.  I thought I could get away with it if I did it at 3 AM.  He said that it was closer to 4 AM and that I really should get back to my cabin or tent before anyone else catches me.  I thanked him and ran as fast as I could back to my tent.  I wasn’t so concerned about the noise I was making by running so fast, which turned out to be not so much anyway.  I had to get back to my tent!  I opened the door and dove inside, breathing so heavily that I thought that my tent would start to inflate.  Oh. My. God.  What had I just done?

I had almost exposed myself to several young men, actually did expose myself to one older man and ran naked through the entire campsite.  Where, oh where, did my plan go wrong?  I lay on my sleeping bag, still naked of course, and beginning to feel horny.  My hands found their way to my most sensitive places and they had their way with me.  Woody Allen once said that when you masturbate, it’s okay.  At least you are doing it to someone you love.  Well, I came with a resounding crash of waves that must have been heard way down at the fire circle – the furthest point from where I was at that moment.

Later that day, after some rest and salvaging some of my dignity, I walked down to the dining hall for dinner.  Who did I run into (sorry, poor choice of words here)?  From behind me I heard a familiar voice asking if I would honor him by joining him for dinner.  Since my friends were nowhere in sight, I agreed.  Talk about being embarrassed!  This old guy had seen me completely naked, in a place where I shouldn’t have been totally nude.

We chatted during our dinner and he turned out to be a really nice guy.  He is in his sixties, his wife passed a few years ago and they always enjoyed this gathering.  Since we all have to do community service, he chose security in the middle of the night since it would most likely be the least eventful.  We laughed over that one.  By the end of the meal we had become friends.  He invited me to walk with him to one of the vendors for dessert and he treated me to a nice ice cream sundae.

I really enjoyed walking and talking with him; he has had so many experiences during his life and he was respectful and really pleasant to be with.  He walked me back to my tent and before parting I asked him to join me inside for a while; I really wanted to talk with him some more.

Once inside I pulled out my stash of dark chocolate.  No camping experience should be without a nice bar of dark chocolate.  Just sayin’…

Well, I had to tell him the truth about my little jaunt.  I even told him the whole story about the boys.  He smiled and said that he was wondering about why I was there naked and all.  He was a wonderful man.  I told him that when I am ready to settle down, I hope I find someone just like him.  He said that I probably will find a really good man and he suggested that I just don’t settle for anyone I don’t respect and who doesn’t respect me.

Well, to make a long story short, I invited him to spend the night in my tent.  Yes, you heard me, with all of what that means.  He was shocked!  So was I!

I removed my clothes and curled up in his lap.  He tried to explain that he is in his sixties and things don’t work the same way as they did years ago.  I told him to hush and purred while he stroked my naked back and legs.  I think he was nervous.  I was as gentle and as encouraging as I could be.  It took all night but in the end, he achieved a full erection inside me and we both had tremendously satisfying orgasms.  It was so much fun enticing him and playing with him and he with me.  There was nothing lacking in our lovemaking that night.  Quite honestly, I wanted him again and I told him so.

We slept the sleep of the just and woke the next morning in each other’s arms.  We played for a little while before heeding nature’s call and our need for breakfast.  The whole next day was spent together talking, walking and simply enjoying each other’s company and conversation.  Unfortunately he had to leave for home Saturday afternoon.  I told him that I would not accept “No” for an answer; he simply must spend Friday night in my tent.  He was flattered, as was I.

That night I pampered him and gave him a special treat.  I wont tell you what that was, just know that he enjoyed it very much and I was honored to be with him.  We promised to keep in touch during the year and meet again at the next gathering next June.  He is a dear man and I will think of him often.  I made sure that he will think of me just as often.

His wife was a very fortunate woman to have lived her life with him.  I hope I am as lucky when the time comes for me to marry.