**Camping**

by not a politician

It had taken some time to arrange it, but Karen and Holly were finally heading out for their naked-in-the-woods camping trip. They were driving an older off-road car an acquaintance of Holly had supplied, along with a route and description of a place where two girls could spend a week containing occasional outdoor nudity.

They arrived at the site around noon, and decided to start by skinny-dipping in the nearby lake, and leave the erecting of the tent and the other sundry tasks of setting up camp for later. Holly even suggested walking the short distance naked, just to spice up things that little bit more.

Both undressed, turning away from each other to do so, regardless of the fact that they were about to see lots of each other's naked bodies. It is just something women do.

When they were both ready, that is, naked, Karen started to put her shoes back on. Seeing this, Holly, who had been half-planning to do the same for protective reasons, instead suggested to go barefoot, to distract as little as possible from that exhilarating feeling of being naked within nature. Well, she might not have used those exact words, but that was the meaning.

Karen had never done this shoeless before, but there seemed little danger of any potentially harmful litter in this particular forest, and the extra skin didn't matter that much, she thought.

She was in for a positive surprise though, since being barefoot increased everything that was fun about being naked in the woods. Karen and Holly walked off, greatly enjoying the feel of the wind and plants caressing their soft skin, the feel of the forest floor under their bare feet, the occasional warm touch of the sun and the all-encompassing liberating feeling of not being burdened by any clothes.

The skinny-dipping duo was barely out of sight when a figure emerged from the bushes and started to collect their discarded clothes. Natalie - for it was her - had had, as Holly's cousin, little trouble getting the route description from their mutual acquaintance. She timed her arrival to be well before Karen's and Holly's, leaving her car out of sight and hiding in the bushes.

After gathering the discarded clothes, she searched through the rest of the luggage and added all other clothes into her bag, as well as anything that could be improvised into coverage, like large towels etc. Then she pinned a pre-written note under a stone and left.

Meanwhile, Holly and Karen were blissfully unaware of the sudden lack of clothing in their camp. After a pleasant stroll through the woods, they arrived at the shores of the lake and wasted no time jumping in. The cool, refreshing water was bliss, and not just because it was a hot day. Both greatly enjoyed the water moving over every part of their skin - \*really\* every part - and they also soon engaged in some water horseplay, splashing each other with water, trying to push or drag the other one under water, and similar fun activities.

Holly and Karen played around for quite some time and only decided to get out again when they were beginning to get cold.

They swam to the shore only to find that they could not climb out. At the spot where they jumped in, there was no beach-like slope, but rather a vertically rising embankment, a fact previously not noticed by Karen and Holly due to the plants growing there, covering it up. It was not really high, but with the water offering no resistance, it was not possible to get enough momentum to reach the top, at least not for Karen and Holly.

Attempts to use the growth as a makeshift rope were equally futile, and the girls had to admit defeat, and search for a more convenient exit elsewhere. They agreed on a direction and swam off.

After a swim that felt longer than it really took to the freezing girls, they finally saw a suitable sand beach. Unfortunately, it was occupied by two men fishing. Or at least, they were sitting in camping chairs, with fishing rods stuck into the ground before them, the fishing lines drifting in the water.

Karen and Holly inwardly cursed their bad luck, as far as that was possible beneath the shivering, but there was not enough time, or rather, not enough warmth left in their bodies, to search further.

The pair of naked, not-at-all-happy campers hurried out of the water, past the astonished men. So intent were they on getting back to camp and the warmth of towels and cloth that they didn't cover up, least it slowed them down. As a consequence, the men were treated to the sight of two pretty young ladies streaking past them, some bits jiggling, some bits, partly the same actually, were nicely perked up from the cold of the water.

Now of course, the towels and clothes Karen and Holly were hoping for were gone, as they found out, much to their dismay, when they arrived after jogging back through the woods naked.

Running back had dried and warmed them somewhat, though not as much as they'd have liked, but still enough to ensure they had the energy to be thoroughly outraged at Natalie's prank when they found the note:

Hey Holly,
I figured it was my turn to play a prank, so I came and fetched your clothes. Now I wasn't able to drive back home in two cars all at once, so you still have yours. Don't even think about just driving home: I took the keys to both your place and Karen's. I'll be back at the end of the week with some clothes and your keys.
Nat
P.S.: I dare you!

The best Karen and Holly could do was to dry themselves with a few very tiny towels Nat had left behind, correctly assuming them to be too small to serve as coverings.

"Now what do we do?" Holly asked indignantly.

"Get warm", the more practically oriented Karen replied, still feeling the cold.

The car heating would, of course, not work unless the engine was hot, so they decided the best way to warm up was the classic campfire.

They set off to collect firewood, which fortunately was abundant, the forest having been spared forest fires for almost a century. Soon, they returned to the campsite, each of them carrying a large pile of wood in outstretched hands, pressing them against two sets of naked breasts, a quite pleasant sensation actually.

The only thing to regret, Karen thought with a grin, was that no-one had been there to enjoy all that bending down and getting up and various poses offered by two pleasantly naked girls collecting wood. It would have been an entirely pleasant affair, she mused, had they not been so cold. But that, she reminded herself, would at least have improved the visual appearances, perking up certain small but significant body parts.

They got the fire started and soon were warm all over again. This was due to the shamelessness, in the most positive sense of the word, of Karen, who started what was to become a series of very erotic, and in part very daring, poses by both girls. Well, they looked like poses, but really these twists of the body were designed to expose \*every\* piece of wet skin to the fire.

When they were warm again, they had to set up the tents, which made acute a problem they had not fully realized before: Nat had taken the sleeping bags, probably reasoning they could be used as clothing.

"Well, we could always snuggle up with each other", Karen joked.

Holly, not getting the joke and knowing from dare experience how cold it could be at night, readily agreed, glad she did not have to suggest it first.

Karen didn't move, but nevertheless managed to give off the impression of having jumped ten foot backwards. She \*was\* a bit bi-curious, but Holly was only a casual acquaintance.

Seeing Karen's reaction, Holly belatedly realized it was meant as a joke, and involuntarily began to laugh, which got the tension out of the situation.

They agreed to sleep in their respective tents without the bags, and resolved to find a better solution the next day if this proved too cold to be bearable. This agreement lasted until about 3am that night, when both woke up shivering from the cold, and met each other outside their tents each having decided to move into the other's tent for warmth.

They snuggled up with each other, all awkwardness overridden by the cold of night, and slept until dawn (Nothing did happen that night, so get that thoughts out of your head, pervert. OK, I'll give you it \*did\* look kind of sexy, from an imaginary observer's point of view).

Waking up at Dawn the next morning, they hurried to get the fire going again, and prepared a breakfast. They were, of course, utterly naked during these chores, since there still weren't any clothes in the camp. With the dangers preparation of food over a fire brings to naked skin, they couldn't afford to forget their nakedness, either. They had to watch out for sparks and splashes of hot oil constantly.

After breakfast, they decided to take a hike and enjoy the forest. They had planned on that, anyway. It was part of a camping trip. They had also agreed that at least one would be done in the buff, so it was nowhere near a big change of plans. They shouldered backpacks with food for the picnic lunch and set of. Karen would have preferred to have her hiking boots, but of course, they were gone with Nat.

The naked hike was quite pleasurable, They felt the air move about their bodies, cooling them on the warm summer day, no sweaty clothes getting in the way of the air current as it reached \*all\* places. Their bare feet keeping in touch with the path, reminding them of their nudity with every step, and also helping them to walk surefooted, once they got the knack of it. Holly felt quite at one with nature, hiking stark naked like that, and also got quite excited to be naked so far from the safety of the camp. To Karen, such unhindered, potentially public outdoor nudity was also an act of defiance against the crackpot views of her ex, who had eventually turned to having strong aversions to nudity after "discovering" religion.

Suddenly, ahead of them, something crossed the path they were on. They couldn't be sure at this distance, but it looked like two naked women. Two \*other\* naked women. What the...?

Karen and Holly did not linger on that incident, however. The other pair of naked women, if that was indeed what they saw, was gone, and so surprising and short was the incident that Karen and Holly soon became convinced they had been some kind of hallucination, their minds playing tricks on them, reflecting their own nudity.

Barely a minute after they had dismissed the incident, however, the next strange thing happened, when two men wearing the distinctive outfit of civilians wanting to look military jumped out of the woods and started firing with strange weapons, which prompted the girls to flee. Projectiles hitting trees painted them in bright colours. Paint-guns, the girls realized independent of each other, but saw no reason to stop. Then Holly, distracted by the shells painting the trees, stumbled and fell, and the men soon caught up with her.

"You really thought you could escape just walking along the path?" the first of the men sneered.

"Err, Jim", the other one started.

"Clearly I expected better of you, even on your first time playing."

"JIM"

"I mean, it's an obvious tactical mistake that should be apparent even to the most..."

"JIM!!!"

"What is it?"

"This is not one of "our" girls."

"Wha..." The first man, the smugness he displayed during his lecture now replaced with a look of confusion, walked around Holly in a hurry, wanting to see her face. "You're not Donna or Becky", he unnecessarily stated after a minute of staring at them.

Meanwhile Karen, who had dived for cover inside a thicket of undergrowth and bushes, could see the frightened posture of Holly as the men, having caught up, trained their paint weapons on her, having some sort of conservation, the first one talking to Holly, the other yelling at the first...and then suddenly, all seemed very relaxed, and all three, Holly having stood up, started a relaxed conversation. What was going on? Karen had heard of Stockholm syndrome, but this was ridiculous...

When Karen finally emerged, the men gone, Holly excitedly told her of the misunderstanding, but mainly, some good news. At another entrance to the woodlands, a more frequently used one previously unknown to the girls, was a camping store, which sold provisions and equipment to campers.

"We might get some sleeping bags there", Holly beamed.

"Not to mention clothes"

"Uh, yeah clothes...just like me to omit the most obvious and urgent", Holly laughed.

They resolved to pay the shop a visit as soon as possible, and in fact moved towards it right away, hoping they would find it without to many customers, allowing their relatively unproblematic entry. Fortunately, they carried their money in their packs, not having wanted to leave it unattended in the camp.

To their dismay, they found the shop rather crowded, it apparently being the hang-out place for the locals hunters or wilderness guides or whatever they were; the shop features, that much they could see, some sort of tables and some form of selling drinks for local consumption. This meant that while there was little coming and going, there was lots of time in between with most customers, so the place never was anything less than crowded. Karen and Holly really didn't want to meet that crowd naked. They might take it as a hint.

And so it was that after hours of sitting behind the bushes, naked, they finally had to go back to their camp, still naked. They got the campfire going and had a rather pleasant evening, but dreaded the awkwardness that they knew would result from sleeping cuddled together \*again\*, this time no acute freezing helping them to overcome the awkwardness of the situation.

The next morning, when Holly woke up, early for her standards but still well after sunrise, she noticed it was raining heavily. A veritable downpour. "Oh great", she thought, "someone must really hate the idea of us getting clothes from that shop" Then she noticed Karen was not lying next to her.

Holly finally found Karen outside the tent, dancing - yes, actually dancing - in the rain. "Come on, join in, it's pleasantly warm", she invited Holly happily. Holly just shook her head.

Karen finally \*did\* convince Holly to leave her tent and enter the rain though, the winning argument being that the shop would almost certainly be empty, with the early hour and the rain both working in their favour.

They set off through the warm summer rain, which really felt quite pleasant on the skin once Holly overcame her initial shyness to leave the dryness of the tent. Not wearing any clothes that could get soaked and be unpleasantly wet helped, too. They did, however, get very muddy feet, even if walking through the mud as if having no care was quite fun.

The girls got lucky, for there were indeed no customers yet at the shop. They washed the worst of it off in a handy puddle near the entrance, then tiptoed in, hoping the person staffing the shop to be of the understanding sort, moving quietly and trying to avoid being noticed despite knowing that ultimately, they would have to speak to someone if they wanted to buy clothes.

Still, they tried to ignore that knowledge, subconsciously fearing the judgement of a staff member upon whose goodwill rested the end or continuation of their predicament.

This proved to be a blessing, as the young sales girl/bartender/waitress who eventually found them covering behind a stack of merchandise immediately recognised from their shy behaviour that they were in trouble and needed help; who knows how she might have reacted if she had been confronted with Karen's and Holly's utter nudity in any other way.

Anyway, what she did was help them out, even if she insisted that Karen and Holly first tried the outfits the shop has to offer, rather than just buying the first thing and get dressed in it. Needless to say, the shop was not equipped with anything resembling a changing cubicle. Or if it was, Karen and Holly never learned of it. The girl did not manage to persuade them to try on the hiking boots first, though

Finally dressed, they also purchased two brand-new sleeping bags guaranteed to stay extra warm in the coldest of nights, and a permanent marker. Karen was rather surprised when she heard Holly asking the sales girl if it would stay well on skin, an I'm-thinking-about-something-sexual tone in her voice.

Once outside, but still covered from the rain by the extended roof, they decided they should better not get their new clothes all wet, so they took them off, stuffed them into the watertight bags that already contained the new sleeping bags. They did, however, put the boots back on afterwards. After all, the trip back to the cap was business, not fun, so proper and speedy walking while encumbered with their purchases was more important than any fun that walking barefoot in the mud provided.

They did, however, walk and even jump around naked and barefoot in the mud when they were safely back at camp, having by then developed an eagerness for it.

The rest of the week was filled with skinny-dipping, hikes both naked and clothed, and general camping fun with and without garments. There were, however, no other notable events until the arrival of Natalie.

Karen and Holly had decided to wait for her naked, not wanting to cause her to change her mind about giving back those keys. When Nat arrived, she handed over the keys, as well as some - well, they were probably meant to be the clothes Na had promised to bring along. They looked like two bra-and-thong sets, with not enough surface to them to write "skimpy clothing" on.

On a signal from Holly, they turned on Nat, wrestling her down, and ripping her clothes off. They took Nat's destroyed outfit and entered their own vehicle, which was already filled with the camping equipment and other luggage, and drove off, leaving Nat to drive home with just the skimpy outfits she had intended for Karen and Holly.