**Camping Stories**

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**Camping Stories 01**

My wife and I were on a camping holiday around Provence. One particular campsite was in a very beautiful but rural location. The facilities were extremely basic, no shop, no electric hook-ups and the showers and toilets looked like they belonged in a western movie set. The doors and walls were all made of weathered wooden pallet planks with sizeable gaps in between; not an attractive feature for my wife, who hates spiders.

We arrived late and pitched our tent in near darkness then went to bed immediately. Upon awakening the next morning we were greeted with warm sunshine and the smell of freshly brewed coffee. I exited the tent wearing only my underwear and realised we had pitched our tent a lot closed to the neighbours than we thought the previous night.

About 4 metres away, an attractive woman, about 30 years old and with long brown hair, was sitting in a camping chair outside her tent, cradling a mug of coffee and appraising me with a half smile. "Oh, sorry" I blurted. She just widened her smile and said nothing. I returned to the tent to put some shorts on. I crawled back out of the flap at exactly the same time as the woman's partner exited their tent. He was a large man with long blond hair, tied back in a ponytail. He looked to me a bit like an overweight Viking. "Hello." He greeted me in a gruff voice. I smiled back. "Hi."

We had no further interaction with our neighbours that day other than to discover they were Danish. The Viking seemed to spend most of his day lying in a hammock tied between two trees, drinking beer. The following day we hiked up a nearby canyon noted for its unique wildlife.

The hike took most of the day and we returned extremely tired and dusty. Towards the end of the day we passed the Danish couple, also on their way back down from the walk. The woman was wearing short shorts and a T shirt. They were both wearing sandals, not the sturdy hiking shoes we were wearing. The blond man was limping and his shirt was filthy. I inquired whether he was ok. It transpired that he had slipped and fallen as they explored a small cave off the beaten track. The floor of the cave was covered in bat shit and now, so was he. The woman was also covered in dirt, but more dust than anything else. I offered him my shoulder to lean on but he declined.

It was late afternoon when we returned but still sunny and warm.

My wife went to the tent to have a lie down. I drank a lot of water on the walk and badly needed a pee. I walked towards the shower block.

The shower and toilet block were constructed in row, against a concrete wall. The single sink was separated by a plank wall with from the urinal with no door. The urinal itself consisted of a red clay, half pipe at the bottom of a stainless steel covered, rear wall. The urinal was in turn separated on the right side by a plank wall from two toilets and then a shower. The walls were about 2 metres high and ended about 25 cm from the floor. The toilets had doors. The shower was fitted with a plastic curtain.

The Danish woman was washing her arms at the sink. She had her back to me and was barefoot. Her short shorts showed off her legs and arse very nicely from behind. I walked to the urinal and started to pee. My urine splashed in the half pipe and around the floor. Some obviously also splashed under the wall since the Danish woman suddenly exclaimed, half laughing, "hey thanks for the foot wash."

I replied jokingly "No problem, any time. Stick them under the wall and I'll do a better job." There was an audible intake of breath from the other side. A second later, with a giggle, a dusty tanned foot slowly appeared under the wall. My heart thumped. Holy shit. I pinched my penis at the base between my thumb and forefinger to stop the flow and turned left towards the wall. I could see her peering at me through a gap in the planks. Her eyes moved down to my cock.. I aimed at her foot and released a stream of warm urine. She gasped , then quietly "mmmm" as she rotated her ankle in the stream.

"Wait" she hissed, "other foot." I pinched off again and she retracted her dripping foot under the wall. A moment later the other tanned and dusty foot appeared, ready for 'washing'. I squirted my stream again, leaving her foot glistening tanned and clean as she continued to watch through the gap. "Stop, there is more". She withdraw her foot and darted around the wall, her eyes fixed on my slowly engorging cock. She stood beside me and pointed to her dusty calves: "there." It was getting harder to pee at half mast but I managed. She raised her leg and held it in front of my cock. The pee washed over her right knee and flushed the dust off her shapely leg, leaving it glistening. She quickly switched legs and my pee flowed down her left leg. With disappointment, I realised I had no more. I shook off the last drops in front of her which had the side effect of producing a raging full and throbbing hard on.

She smiled. "mmm thanks. Sorry, gotta go, my husband will be out of the shower in a sec".

She turned and walked away, exaggeratingly waggling her buttocks. After a few steps, she glanced towards the shower, then dashed back to me. She bent at the waist, put her mouth around my cock and quickly sucked four or five times, then straightened up and scurried away.

**Camping Stories 02**

Provence in the South of France is famed for its beauty but no matter how beautiful the natural surroundings are, you can be guaranteed some campsites will be far less than perfect. I'm not fussy, so long as it has a proper sit down toilet and not one of those things with foot shapes on either side of a shit covered hole to squat over, I'm happy. We had booked the ferry from Dover to Calais months before, but not any particular campground; we were just going to stay wherever looked nice.

My wife's colleague had loaned us a trailer-tent for this trip and, never having used one before, I was keen to try it. My wife was just happy to be off the ground and away from the scorpions and spiders. The first place we chose was a rural campground, with no marked places. We drove around to check it out and finally chose a place to pitch close by a pleasant little mountain stream.

After the tent had been raised, we sat on our camping chairs in the warm sunshine reading, drinking coffee and enjoying the spectacular mountain views against a clear blue sky. Even with the coffee, I was tired from the long drive and went to bed early. I was soon asleep, soothed by the sound of the splashing stream. My wife stayed up reading and went to bed much later.

I awoke early with an erection. My wife was gently snoring in the other bed. I gave my erect member a few exploratory strokes but the entire trailer started rocking so a stopped, not wanting to wake her. It was only 7 o'clock but already warming up. I pulled on a pair of loose sweat shorts and a T shirt, put our coffee cups in a bucket and left to find the service block.

After wandering around what seemed like the whole campsite, I eventually found it near our tent -in the opposite direction to which I had begun walking. It was the usual ramshackle toilet block you find at rural campsites in France. Made from creosoted and weathered wooden planking and looking like something from the popeye movie, it nevertheless served its purpose. There was a large, white ceramic, Belfast sink for washing and dish-washing followed by a row of three wooden toilet cabins. Bursting to pee by now, I put the bucket down by the sink and pushed the first cabin door. Damn, locked! I tried the other two but they were also occupied. It was not possible to see if they were occupied since the wall planking went all the way to the floor and they didn't have fancy locks indicating "occupied" only, as I soon discovered, a flimsy wire hook and eye to keep the door closed.

I decided to wash the cups in the sink. Whilst sponging the suds around I heard a strong stream of pee blasting into the toiled from the cubicle next door. It stopped, then another squirt for a second, then another quick squirt and silence. The toiled roll unrolled. So it was a woman. The toilet flushed. The door opened, an attractive, well proportioned, brunette woman, about 45 years old and wearing a red, knitted type, bikini bottom and a short white T shirt, which exposed her navel, walked out. She turned to the sink, saw me and looking in my eyes, smiled and said "Hi". It was fairly obvious what we were both thinking: I had heard the pee blasting out of her pussy and she knew I had heard it.

I left the sink and quickly entered the toilet to pee. As I relieved myself I thought she would probably be listening to me pee too and I wondered if she would find it as sexy as I did, listening to the pee blast out of her pussy. I heard the other two toilets flush and doors open as they were vacated. After peeing I shook off. The memory, fresh in my mind of the sound of this attractive woman's pee blasting into the toilet probably contributed to the erection this almost instantly produced. The fact she was still at the sink right beside was undoubtedly another factor.

I couldn't help myself, I turned towards the door and started to wank. I was so horny my balls started to churn after only a few seconds. I heard an exclamation from the sink next door at the same as I noticed a small, pink, toilet bag on the floor of my cubicle. I felt my cum churning and squeezed it back with all my will. A quick few steps from outside and the door burst open. The flimsy wire latch had failed spectacularly. The woman in the red bikini bottom stood there in shock, holding the door ajar as I slowed my wanking. I slowed but couldn't stop. Not now, no way.

"Oh crap, sorry. I left my bag" she blurted as she pointed towards the bag. I felt the cum rising and tried to stop but it was no use. What the hell. I went for it and pulled faster. The woman stood there transfixed, her eyes staring at my wanking hand and cock. I groaned and a thick, white, milky stream of cum shot out and hit the door beside her. My balls contracted again and another stream of cum blasted out, this time splattering on her exposed belly. She gasped. A third stream, shot up and landed on her hair, face and mouth. She stood there transfixed. Two more blasts across her legs and feet and I was spent.

"I'm so sorry" I said. "I didn't expect the door to open."

She looked at my cum, dripping all over her, shook her head and gently mouthed "Wow!" Then, "It's ok. its not your fault. I shouldn't have pushed the door so hard but I panicked when I forgot my bag and I forgot you were in there. Wow, that is a lot of cum." She came into the cubicle and closed the door behind her then unrolled some toilet paper and started wiping the cum from herself. "I actually panicked because I left something really important in my bag." She unzipped the bag and pulled out a smooth white vibrator. "I'm sorry but could you do me a favour? I'm really horny after watching you, can you watch me cum now?"

I couldn't believe this was happening but wasn't about to complain. "Gladly, what do you want me to do?" She told me to stand with my back to the door so nobody would try to open it. Then, in one fluid movement, removed her bikini bottom. She sat on the toilet with her back against the cistern, spread her legs and lifted them in the air to expose her wet and glistening pussy. Her clit was sticking out from under its hood and looked like it was pulsing gently. She smiled at me. I smiled back. My heart was thumping like I was going to have a heart attack. She took the vibrator in her right hand and, holding her left ankle in the other, lifted it high. She stuck the tube in her cunt. She groaned and her eyes rolled back in her head. She rhythmically thrust it in and out of herself for about thirty seconds before she paused and let go of the vibrator, still in her pussy. She grabbed the toilet seat with both hands.

"This isn't working very well, can you hold my ankles." I needed no second invitation. I moved closer, gently took hold of her ankles and spread her legs as she shifted into a more comfortable position. Now that I was close, I could smell the strong muskiness off her pussy and, combined with the fact that I realised I had never pulled my shorts up and my cock was still hanging out, this resulted in a very pleasant stirring in my groin.

She smiled again. "Thanks." She closed her eyes. Her left hand went to the vibrator and started slowly thrusting again whilst her right hand started massaging her clit. She groaned gently. It was starting to get very warm outside and in, and the musty smell from her pussy filled the cabin. My eyes fixed on her swollen red cunt as she started to move her hands faster and faster. My eyes roamed over her body, her ankles were tanned and smooth in my hands, her breasts heaved and her nipples were engorged and sticking out of the thin white t-shit's fabric like acorns. I had a throbbing hard-on again. She continued to groan in pleasure and her eyes flickered half-open. They flicked fully open when she saw my hard penis. I took on hand off her ankle and cupped a breast, flicking my fingers over her nipple. Instantly her hips bucked and she gave a deep, guttural groan as she came hard. I watched her pussy pulsing around the vibrator. When the pulsing stopped she removed the dildo with a juicy, wet noise leaving a gaping pussy hole which slowly closed. She pulled her leg away from my hand and raised her ankles behind her head.

"Put your cock in" she ordered. Without hesitation I drew back then speared deeply into her accommodating flaps. Again, the excitement was too much for me. After three thrusts I felt a familiar churn as the cum started rising. My cock stiffened and grew as I quickly thrust, wanting so badly to push my wads of cum into this sexy pussy. Her hips started to buck again and I felt her cunt clamping and pulling at my penis as she screamed "fuck yes, I'm cumming again!" My buttocks clenched as my first load blasted deep into her pussy. Another thrust and my second load blasted between her cunt lips. I pushed it in again. On my third squirt, the tightening at the back of my balls signalled I was running on empty. I finished as my fourth rope squirted into her lovely box.

Cum dribbled out of her pussy and onto the floor producing a glistening and slowly enlarging pool. The cubicle smelled like sweat, cum and pussy.

As our breathing subsided, she smiled and whispered "shit, I hope my husband didn't hear that."

"And my wife," I replied.