# Camping is Fun

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Camping -- what's not to love, especially after our last trip...?  
  
It was the middle of a long, hot summer. My husband, Dan, and I needed a break. We were both having a tough time at work and our next holiday was still weeks away. So, a weekend away was all we could manage. We decided that a chilled out weekend camping was just what we needed to forget the rat race for a while. One Friday, after escaping from work a little early, we crammed all our camping gear into the car before leaving with anticipation of a whole weekend of rest and relaxation.  
  
After a couple of hours drive we arrived at the campsite we had chosen for its middle of nowhere location. I got out of the car and stood for a few moments admiring the view. Nothing but gentle, rolling green hills dotted with sheep. Far away from the traffic of the city with just sounds of campers enjoying cooking or eating their evening meal.  
  
"This is perfect!" I declared to Dan.  
  
He came over and put his arms around me. "And this will be a perfect weekend together," he replied. "Come on, no time to be standing around, I'm starving and we need to get this tent up before we eat." He slapped my ass playfully to get me moving.  
  
We'd picked a quiet corner of the campsite, away from the general hustle and bustle of the other campers. There was only one other tent near us -- a small three man similar to our own -- although no one appeared to be home, and there were a few bushes giving us privacy the rest of the campsite. We started putting up the tent progressing fairly quickly.  
  
"Nice ass!" A voice behind me made me jump as I was bending down to knock in a peg. I turned to see what appeared to be the occupants of the tent next to ours returning. Three guys, about our age, in their mid thirties. The owner of the voice smiled at me, running his hand through his short dark hair. He was tall, wearing nothing except shorts and trainers revealing his tanned toned chest. I smiled at him, unsure of how to respond except with a "Hi."  
  
"Hi," Dan popped up from behind the far side of the tent.  
  
"Oh, err, sorry," murmured the guy, appearing mortified by the arrival of my husband.  
  
"No problem," smiled Dan. "I happen to agree that my wife does have a very nice ass, enjoy the view!" he suggested. He came round and offered his hand. "I'm Dan and this is Chyna."  
  
"Hi, I'm Ben," the guy responded, shaking Dan's hand. "And this is Matt and Col." The other two guys greeted us with hellos and smiles. Matt was a little shorter than Ben. He had sandy hair and a sexy smile. Col, a black guy, was the tallest of the three, his tight t-shirt showing a hard body, and strong arms.  
  
"We're off to the pub for dinner in a bit; do you want to join us?" Col asked as he studied me appreciatively. Dan had told me earlier how sexy I looked in my tight, white shorts and green halter neck top. I had no reason to doubt it but Col's gaze confirmed my husband's view.  
  
"No, thanks, maybe tomorrow if you're still around," Dan declined.  
  
"We've got barbecue stuff to cook," I explained.  
  
"OK, tomorrow then," Matt agreed.  
  
I finished setting up our camp as Dan started the barbecue. Shortly after, our new neighbours strode off towards the pub. Later after burgers, salad and a few glasses of wine Dan and I lay on a blanket outside our tent in the approaching darkness.  
  
"I think our neighbours rather fancy you," Dan said, rolling on to his side and putting a hand on my left breast.  
  
"Maybe," I smiled coyly.  
  
"Oh, you know they do, I bet they'd all love to fuck you!" Dan slipped his hand under my top, returning it to my breast. Without the fabric of my top to dull the sensations he circled my nipple with his fingers, caressing it to hardness.  
  
I should probably explain at this point that Dan is very keen on sharing me with other men. He knows how deeply in love with him I am and knows that I will always be there for him. But he also knows how much pleasure it gives me to feel the delights of other men's cocks. It really turns him on to see his sweet, innocent-looking wife being a dirty slut. And knowing how turned on he is turns me on even more. I'm sure many people wouldn't understand how this could possibly be a good thing in a loving marriage, but since we first started talking about me fucking other guys we've grown even closer, knowing we can share absolutely anything and being totally honest with each other about what we want. We both know its not the right thing to happen within a marriage, but at the moment its right for us to have a little extra kinky fun every now and then. When it's not right for us we'll stop, we could both give it up anytime. It's only a tiny part of our life, not our lifestyle like it is for some. If the situation is right, it happens.  
  
Anyway, back to the camping trip.  
  
Dan continued to caress my nipple and leaned over me, bringing his lips down to mine. We kissed passionately, our tongues and lips exploring each others mouths.  
  
"So tell me how much you'd like them to fuck you," Dan asked me as he slid his fingers under the waistband of my shorts.  
  
"Maybe a little," I giggled teasingly.  
  
"Don't be shy, I know you want it!" Dan's fingers moved inside my knickers.  
  
"Yes, I want it!" I gasped as his fingers brushed my clit.  
  
"Naughty girl!" Dan rolled on top of me; I could feel his delicious hard cock through his shorts.  
  
I wanted him; I wanted him so badly at that moment. Growing bold in the increasing darkness I lifted up my top, offering him my naked breasts. Dan greedily licked and sucked my erect nipples, my breathing increased.  
  
"Oh yes," I moaned. "I need you inside me!"  
  
Dan was making me so horny; I didn't care where we were. I just needed him to have me, there and then. He reached down to my shorts, unfastened them and helped me out of them, along with my thong. My top was added to the pile of clothes. Dan pulled off his t-shirt and kissed me again; my naked body pressed up against his semi-naked one. He stroked my clit while I unzipped his shorts and reached inside to feel his big, hard cock.  
  
"Fuck me, please!" I begged of him.  
  
"Not yet, naughty girls have to wait!"  
  
He slid his fingers down over my clit and into my aroused pussy.  
  
"God, you are so wet, you're thinking about those guys aren't you, you want them to fuck you. You're hoping they've big cocks to use you with!" Dan's words were making me even wetter.  
  
"Yes, I want them!" I groaned as Dan's fingers moved inside me. "I want to feel them inside me; I want them to fuck me hard!"  
  
Dan dispensed with his shorts and slowly eased his cock deep inside me.  
  
"Mmm," I sighed, with desire.  
  
"Oh yes, you feel so good," Dan remarked lustily.  
  
His lips and tongue stroked my face, neck and breasts as he pinned my arms to the ground. As he thrust his thick shaft into me I drew my knees up giving him deeper access. I was moaning wantonly so Dan kissed me deeply to stifle my cries in the darkness. Our breathing quickened with Dan's increasing pace. His thrusting was sending exquisite sensations to shoot through my pussy; the action of his lips and tongue on my nipples intensifying the feelings.  
  
"Oh yes Dan, fuck me harder!" I cried  
  
"I love you, you naughty girl. You love being fucked, don't you?"  
  
"Oh yes, yes!"  
  
"You're squeezing my cock so tightly, you're cunt is so hungry for cock!" Dan moaned.  
  
I could feel my orgasm mounting when suddenly I heard the sound of laughter approaching and I realised our neighbours were returning.  
  
"Oh fuck!" you exclaimed as you realised we were about to be seen, albeit partially hidden by the darkness.  
  
"Don't stop," I begged, not caring if we were seen fucking. I didn't want to lose the pleasure building inside me.   
  
I could see the three figures approaching through the darkness, then one by one they stopped as they realised what was happening outside their neighbours' tent. Knowing we were being watched sent me over the edge.  
  
"Oh yes, God yes!" I moaned, unable to suppress the involuntary cries from my lips as I came hard around Dan's cock.  
  
"Fuck, yes!" you cried a few seconds later as you came deep inside me, filling my pussy with your hot spunk and then collapsing on top of me.  
  
"Great show guys!" called one of the guys from a few feet away.  
  
"Very hot!" stated another, laughing.  
  
Dan and I started laughing too as Dan rolled of me. Still giggling I stood up and quickly pulled my clothes on. I bent down and kissed Dan before striding off towards the shower block.  
  
I returned to find Dan, now clothed, sitting with our neighbours outside their tent. They were sharing beers around a couple of candles. I wondered if they were hoping I was on the sharing menu tonight. If they were hoping for it, I'd make them wait.  
  
"Hi," I greeted the group. Then to Dan, "Coming to bed, darling?" I said suggestively rubbing his shoulders.  
  
"Do you want a beer?" Matt offered me.  
  
"No thanks, I'm knackered," I explained. "I'm off to bed."  
  
"I'll just finish this and I'll be right with you," Dan declared.  
  
"Don't be long," I leaned over to give him a passionate kiss. He slapped my ass.  
  
"I won't be," he assured me.  
  
On entering the tent I undressed and slipped naked under the sleeping bag we had opened out as a duvet. Dan crept in a few minutes later and slid under the sleeping bag after shedding his clothes. I loved the feel of his naked body next to mine. We fucked a couple more times, trying to keep the noise down, but failing and received applause from the guys outside whenever we could hold back the cries of passion no longer. We both slept soundly that night, waking when the morning sunlight got too bright, preventing us from sleeping.