**East Haven Sun Club**

by[**sds195**](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=3044272&page=submissions)©

FUCK! I was just about to cum! I was rubbing my clit furiously when my potential orgasm was interupted.  
  
"Well here we are," dad announced proudly as he pulled the motor-home into the stall.  
  
I rolled my eyes incredulously from the back of the motor-home as I exhaled heavily and pulled my shorts back up.  
  
"Let's get this baby hooked up," dad announced as he opened the driver's side door and hopped out.  
  
I sighed. I knew how that translated: 'I'm going to handle this and don't you think you can tell me what to do'.   
  
My dad: Jack of all trades and master of none.  
  
"Well come on Kendra," my mother said as she opened the passenger door. "Let's get out and take in our surroundings."  
  
I felt a smile cross my lips. Mom knew what dad meant too when he said 'let's'. It was time for the women to leave the man to do man things.  
  
I couldn't help but shake my head as I walked to the door in the main section of the motor-home. It was 2019 but we were a family that could have existed in the 1950's.  
  
Dad worked. Mom didn't. I still hadn't figured out how to tell my father that I'd been accepted into an engineering program at McGill University. I knew as I reached for the door handle that my father probably expected me to take a hairdressing or fashion design course. I closed my eyes as I felt the sun hit my face as I opened the door. Even though this wasn't my dream way of spending my summer vacation, this place did feel nice and warm. I donned my shades and stepped out of the motor-home.  
  
"See?" my mom said as she cinched her purse over her shoulder. "It's not that bad."  
  
"It's still not Europe," I replied sarcastically. Two of my friends from high school were currently in Copenhagen about now. I had wanted to tag along with them, but my folks didn't want me to spend my last summer before I went to college away from them.  
  
"I know dear," my mother sighed. "Just try not to mope about. All right?"  
  
I weakly nodded.  
  
As much as I wanted to be with my friends in Europe, I also didn't want to be 'angry eighteen year old' either. The fact of the matter was I didn't like being typical in any way. I felt a smile cross my lips as I thought about how there weren't many eighteen year old girls who would masturbate in an RV with her parents up front. Nor did I think many eighteen year old girls would be walking through an RV park with her mother while she was clad only in black tank top with no bra, and going commando in a pair of yoga shorts that were two sizes too small. I called it my 'cock teaser' outfit. The tank top fit snugly over my thirty-two C-cup breasts, and the shorts looked like they were painted on over my curvy hips and round butt.  
  
I knew I had 'it'. I didn't need to be told I was attractive, but I heard it often enough. I had long auburn hair that fell to my shoulders, and my body was curvy in all the right places. I stood five foot six, and weighed one hundred fourteen pounds, and told people most of that was tits and ass.  
  
I glanced over at the pool located in the middle of the RV park. "Not a lot of action here is there?" I mentioned to my mother as we walked along.  
  
"Your father said that was one of the reasons he chose this place," my mom replied as she looked around. "Apparently this place doesn't get really busy until the middle of July."  
  
I looked back over my shoulder and saw my father talking with a middle-aged guy as he was hooking up the RV. "I guess dad's getting the lay of the land," I remarked.  
  
"That must be Rejean," my mother said as she placed a hand to her brow to block the sun. "He runs the place."  
  
"Makes sense," I chuckled. "I mean look at his tan."  
  
Rejean was probably mid-forties, with thinning salt and pepper hair. He was shirtless, and was in pretty good shape, with a very deep tan.  
  
"Hello, bonjour," a middle-aged woman said to us as she walked up. "I'm Marie," she said with a warm smile. "My husband and I run the place. You must be the Murphys."  
  
"Yes," my mother replied with a smile. "I'm Teresa, and this is my daughter Kendra," she gestured towards me with her hand.  
  
"Welcome, welcome," Marie said with the same warm smile. "And I guess that's your husband talking with Reggie," she added with a nod.  
  
"It is," my mother nodded. "This is a really nice place," she added.  
  
"Thank you," Marie replied. "We certainly like it."  
  
Marie gave us a brief introductory chat about the RV park, and what amenities there were. Then she gestured towards a yellow chateau on the other side of the pool. "The Langevins live there. And they have a daughter your age Kendra. Her name is Chantal."  
  
\*\*\*\*\*\*  
  
A couple hours later I met Chantal for the first time.  
  
"Hey neighbor," she called out as she walked towards our motor-home. "Marie told me I I should stop by. I'm Chantal."  
  
She had this wonderful French-lilt in her voice. Her hair was naturally blonde and straight, pulled back into a pony-tail. She had an almost cherubic face, that was betrayed by fantastically full lips, and dazzling blue eyes.   
  
I had to pull my sunglasses down to get a better look at her exceptionally curvy body that had a little sundress tightly adhered to it.  
  
"Holy shit," I giggled under my breath. "That chick is not wearing anything under that dress and she doesn't seem to give a shit that everyone knows."  
  
I cleared my throat as I finished setting up the awning at the side of the motor-home. "Yeah hi," I finally waved to her as I pushed my sunglasses back up my nose. "Marie mentioned you to me too. I was going to pop over after we finished getting set up here."  
  
Chantal stopped short of the motor-home and clasped her hands behind her back. "That's why I came over," she smiled at me. "I saw you three hard at work, so I thought I might be able to pry you away from all this fun," she giggled as she trailed off.  
  
"I like the way you think," I laughed back. "One sec," I turned and stuck my head back into the motor-home. "Hey mom?" I called out.  
  
"Yes dear?" my mother replied as she was busy setting things up in the kitchen.   
  
"You remember Marie mentioning that girl Chantal?" I asked.  
  
"Of course."  
  
"Well she's here right now," I continued. "Is it okay if I pop off with her? She wants to show me around."  
  
"Of course Kendra," my mother beamed a smile at me. "Go and enjoy yourself."  
  
I leaned back out the door, pulled my sunglasses down and winked at Chantal. "We're good."  
  
"You got a beach towel?" she asked coyly.  
  
\*\*\*\*\*\*  
  
Five minutes later Chantal and I were walking away from the resort along side the road.  
  
"So where are we going?" I asked as we walked along.  
  
"Just this little place I know," she replied with a shrug. "So what brings your family to the East Haven Sun Club this summer?"  
  
"Oh," I sighed. "My father had this grand vision of us spending one more summer together," I exhaled heavily. "I really wanted to go to Europe this summer with some friends though."  
  
"Does your father know about the resort?" she asked with a wry smile.  
  
"Know what?" I asked curiously.  
  
"I'll take that as a 'no'," Chantal laughed. "Let's just say that you will get a little taste of Europe at this place."  
  
I furrowed my brow.  
  
"This way," Chantal gestured to her left as we turned off the main road and onto a dirt road through the woods. She dug her hand into her bag and pulled out a pack of cigarettes. "Do you smoke?" she asked as she began to light herself one.  
  
"No," I replied with a shake of my head.  
  
"Not even after sex?" she giggled as she exhaled.  
  
"Nope," I shrugged. I couldn't help but stare at her as I watched her full lips over the filter of the cigarette each time she took a drag. I thought to myself that this girl must give the most amazing blow-jobs.  
  
After a short jaunt up the dirt road, Chantal directed me to follow her through the forest. A few minutes later we emerged from the woods at the edge of a tributary from the nearby river.  
  
"The South Nation River is another two miles that way," Chantal gestured as she tossed her bag into the grassy area not far from the water's edge. "This creek runs to that little lake near the resort. But no one ever comes here. It's nice and private."  
  
"Your own little slice of heaven?" I chuckled as I began to lay my towel out on the grass.  
  
"Something like that," she smiled coyly at me. "Now," she added matter-of-factly with her hands on her hips. "I'm guessing you're not a prude."  
  
"I don't think so," I laughed back.  
  
"Good," she replied with a smile. A moment later her sundress was up over her head and tossed to the ground. My earlier inclination was confirmed: She was as naked as the day she was born underneath. "You don't have to go nude if you don't want to," she winked at me.  
  
"Why the hell not?" I shrugged. "After all I said I didn't think I was a prude." I kicked off my shoes and pulled my shorts down and stepped out of them, then pulled my top off over my head. "See? Neither of us wears any underwear," I laughed.  
  
"You're going to fit in around here perfectly," Chantal laughed as she laid down on her towel.  
  
\*\*\*\*\*\*  
  
"Now should be good," Chantal remarked, breaking the silence. Neither of us had said anything for about fifteen minutes. As we had laid down Chantal noticed me reaching for my sunblock. She told me that since I obviously hadn't tanned nude before I could use some straight sun before applying sunblock.  
  
Now was apparently the time. "Let me know if you want me to do your back," she said with a smile as she rolled over onto her stomach, putting her curvy backside up towards the sun.  
  
I began to rub lotion over my tits and I smiled at her. "Why do I get the feeling you just want to get your hands on my body?" I giggled.  
  
"Am I that obvious?" Chantal laughed back. "You've got a killer body."  
  
"So do you," I replied matter-of-factly. "Do you want me to do your back?" I asked coyly.  
  
"Oh," she snickered. "Now who wants to get their hands on someone's body?"  
  
I felt my face flush a bit. I'd always wondered about being with another girl, but I'd never had the guts to mention it to anyone. I took a deep breath. "I wouldn't mind giving it a shot," I said with a twinge of nervousness in my voice.  
  
She rolled over onto her side and peered over her sunglasses at me with a big smile on her face. "Let me go first," she said quietly.  
  
I trembled slightly as she rolled onto her knees and moved towards me. She took the sunblock out of my hand and tossed it aside. Then she gently began to massage my tits and I let out a low moan.  
  
Man! This girl knew JUST how to touch them to get my juices going!  
  
She leaned in and gently placed her full lips against one nipple then gently sucked on it.  
  
"Oh god," I said in a low, gutteral tone. My whole body was tingling under her touch.  
  
Chantal moved her lips over to my other nippled and gave it some attention as I ran my fingers through her blonde hair and then down her back.   
  
Then she straightened up a bit and we were face to face. She smiled at me then leaned in and kissed me gently.  
  
FUCK! I almost came right there! Her full lips were so velvety soft and like with her hands, she knew just the right amount of pressure to apply.  
  
We embraced tightly as we continued kissing with our tits pressing against each other's. Chantal reached one hand down and caressed my butt cheek for a moment before sliding her hand around front. She gently guided it over my bare pussy then softly parted my already moist lips.  
  
"Mmm," she moaned into my mouth. She ended our kiss and smiled at me. "You're as wet as I am right now," she cooed.  
  
I knew that was an invitation for me to put my hand down to her pussy, so I did. My hand trembled slightly as I moved my hand softly over her bald pussy as well and I could feel the heat emanating from it.  
  
We writhed against each other as she slowly worked her finger over my pussy lips, gently fondling away and spreading my moistness around.  
  
I began to slowly do the same thing to her. Damn if she wasn't true to her word. As I gently probed her pussy lips I could feel how wet she was. Chantal leaned in and kissed me more deeply as she slowly inserted her finger into my waiting pussy.   
  
I moaned with pleasure and trembled with delight as I felt her push her finger up inside me. With her thumb she began to gently work my clit and fuck I was close already.  
  
I mimicked her actions with my own hand and fingers. I gently parted her lips and slowly pushed a finger up inside her pussy then began to play with her clit with my thumb.  
  
Chantal kissed me even more deeply and I couldn't resist the urge to gently push my tongue into her mouth. We both moaned with pleasure as our soft tongues twirled around each other's. Our naked bodies writhed together as we pleasured each other.  
  
I shook slightly as an orgasm built in me. Chantal moaned loudly into my mouth and with her other hand gripped me tighter as her finger began to work over my g-spot. I trembled with delight as I felt myself cum. I tensed up a bit as the orgasm hit me and I could feel myself spewing my slick goo all over her finger and into her hand.  
  
"Oh fuck!" I gasped as I broke our kiss and smiled at her. With my free hand I cupped her cherubic face and marvelled at how such an innocent looking girl could be giving me this much pleasure.  
  
A moment later Chantal leaned back in and kissed me again as I felt her cum and coat my fingers with her goo. I was amazed at how much and how hard she came.   
  
Then she broke our kiss and withdrew her hand. She gently guided my hand away from her pussy then she gently nudged me onto my back. I laid back on the towel and gazed up at her as the sun behind her made a halo around her blonde hair.  
  
"Oh you're an angel," I moaned as she moved her head between my legs. I thought it was an apt metaphor. The way her hair glowed with the sun behind her, and with her cherubic face she almost fit the part.  
  
"Oh Jesus," I grunted loudly as I felt her tongue against my lips. I immediately arched my back up and pressed myself against her. Those lips that I imangined giving incredible head were also doing an incredible job on my pussy and clit.  
  
After swirling her tongue around my damp pussy, Chantal locked her thick lips over my clit and gently began to suck on it and dart her tongue over it.  
  
I shivered with delight as she slid a finger up inside me and began to massage my g-spot. I rocked my head back and forth as wave after wave of pleasure went through my whole body. I giggled as I glanced at my fingers covered with Chantal's slick goo. I was so overcome with pleasure that I just dove my fingers into my mouth and tasted her.  
  
I began to buck my hips wildly as Chantal got another orgasm out of me. I felt it as she let my clit loose and her soft tongue begin to lick up my goo as it spewed forth.  
  
I was just about to ask if it was my turn to reciprocate when Chantal's lips were back around my clit and her velvety tongue began darting over it again.  
  
"Oh sweet fuck," I moaned loudly as I felt my back arch even more. Hell, my feet were up on my toes as I felt another orgasm building in me already.  
  
As this one built I felt the need to cup my mouth and shriek with pleasure into it. Even though we were in an isolated place with no one around, I thought we might get interupted if someone heard a young girl screaming, even though it was with pleasure.  
  
I lost count of how many times Chantal made me cum when she finally released my clit from her full lips and eased herself back onto her knees in front of me.  
  
"Do you need a minute?" she asked with a smile as she rubbed my knee.  
  
"Oh fuck no," I hissed as I sat up quickly. I cupped her face with both hands and kissed her deeply. Then I shifted positions around and her and eased her down.  
  
"I should let you know," she grinned mischeviously at me as she scooched back on the towel and spread her legs. "I tend to squirt if it's done right."  
  
I grinned back at her then dove my face between her legs. I wrapped my arms around her thighs and pushed tongue up against her pussy. I took a deep breath and recognized the challenge Chantal had set down before me: She squirt if it was done right. So? I was going to do it right.  
  
I darted my tongue back and forth quickly over the outer edge of her moist lips and I felt her writhe with pleasure underneath me. I gently rubbed my hands over her oily and tanned thighs as I continued the slight teasing before I got down to business.  
  
After inhaling deeply and getting a combination whiff of both her juicy pussy and her coconut sunblock, I pushed my inside her. Chantal moaned with pleasure as I began to slowly swirl my tongue up around inside her. Rather than just copying everything she did - at least right out of the gate - I avoided taking her clit into my lips. Instead I gently darted my tongue all around it and then eventually over it.  
  
I could feel her tremble and writhe with pleasure as I stimulate her clit. It was thick and engorged, and it twitched every time my tongue went over it. I resisted the urge to slide a finger up inside her and massage her g-spot. I wanted to see if I could get her to cum - and squirt - just with my tongue. Even though this was my first time going down on another woman, I felt like I was taking to it rather well.  
  
And I was.  
  
I was so surprised when Chantal squirted that I actually flinched when it happened. But a mere moment later I was right back at it. I sucked up as much of her goo as I could - since most of it had squirted onto my chin and neck - and then I pressed my tongue up against her clit and vibrated it over it.  
  
"Shit de merdre!" she hissed as she bucked her hips. She arched her back as I had earlier and the next thing I knew even more of her slick goo was squirting out of her pussy coating my chin and neck.   
  
I could even feel it oozing down between my tits. I felt good enough about what I'd done with my own technique that I now took her clit into my lips and gently sucked on it. I also released her thigh with one arm and then slid my finger up inside her and hit her g-spot.  
  
"Oh tabernac!" she hissed loudly again.   
  
Holy shit! This girl came huge! She squirted again and with my finger up inside her it spewed in every direction when it came out.  
  
Chantal dug both her hands into the back of my hair and urged me on with her touch. I increased the pressure that I was sucking on her cit and pushed the tip of my tongue against it. I also slid another finger up inside her inviting pussy and put both against her g-spot.  
  
Like I had earlier, Chantal cupped her mouth and let out a shriek of pleasure and this time when she came she squirted like Old Faithful.  
  
"Holy shit!" I exclaimed as I drew back in surprise. She was still spewing cum and it covered my face as I stared in amazement.  
  
My face was drenched with her goo as she finally collapsed in heap of sweaty contentment.   
  
"Holy shit," she moaned softly and slowly as she eased a foot up and gently rubbed it over my back. She wearily eased her head up and looked down at me. "For a first timer you do good work," she weakly giggled.  
  
"Well thanks," I grinned back at her as I wiped a bit of her cum of my cheek and licked it off my finger. "I know where everything is and how to work it from personal experience."  
  
"I'd say so," she laughed as she rolled over and reached for her bag. "Oh shit," she giggled as she looked back at me. "Sorry about all that," she gestured to all her cum over my face and chest.  
  
I shrugged. "You did warn me," I replied with a smile.  
  
"I won't be offended if you want to wash off in the creek," she said as she reached into her bag. "It's safe."  
  
I thought about it for a moment and then flopped onto my back onto my towel. "I'm good."  
  
Chantal fired herself up a cigarette then she laid down onto her towel. "I knew from the moment I first met you that we would get along incroyable," she chuckled.

"I kinda had the same feeling," I giggled back and I swirled her cum with my finger between my tits.  
  
\*\*\*\*\*\*  
  
After spending another hour and a half lying naked in the sun, Chantal and I began making our way back to the RV park. As we approached the entry-way Chantal nodded.  
  
"Oh that's why you folks don't know about this place," she said with a sound of realization in her voice. "Reggie hasn't put the sign up yet."  
  
"What sign?" I asked as we turned down the lane, glancing back over at my shoulder at the sign that welcomed people to the East Haven Sun Club.  
  
"The one about July first," she replied matter-of-factly.  
  
"Canada Day?" I asked confused.  
  
"Yes," she nodded at me with a smile. "But here at East Haven it's also Nude Day."  
  
My jaw dropped.  
  
\*\*\*\*\*\*  
  
My folks were gonna FREAK!  
  
Dad was as straight-laced as they came, and my mother was so uptight that even I had never seen her naked.  
  
That's not an exageration. I was bottle-fed as a baby.  
  
No way in hell were they going to be okay with what Chantal had explained to me as we had walked up the drive to the RV park.  
  
Rejean and Marie were nudists. That probably explained Reggie's tan I thought. They had originally opened this resort as a nudist camp, but not enough people came to partake of nudity - and too many came to be gawkers.  
  
So they had decided to just do one day per summer when everyone could toss their clothes aside and just enjoy themselves. And it apparently worked for them. More people came to the park than before, and those that didn't want to be naked didn't have to be, or could just wait until the second of July to show up.  
  
Either way, I knew this wasn't going to fly with my parents. I had this mental image of our large motor-home careening out of the RV park tilting to one-side as my father had the pedal pushed to the floor to get away from the 'freaks'.  
  
And I had to admit it to myself. I was a bit upset about that. My whole time with Chantal that afternoon, I hadn't once thought about Europe or my friends. I felt my heart sink a bit that my father was going to once again pull me away from something I wanted.  
  
Even though I wasn't going to say anything, I knew there was no way I could stop what was going to happen once my father found out about what was going to happen at this place in three days.  
  
I paused before I opened the door to our motor-home.  
  
Was there a way I could stop it?  
  
\*\*\*\*\*\*  
  
The next morning I was lingering under the shower with a smile on my face. It was a mishevious one, but a smile nonetheless.  
  
After I had gotten back the previous afternoon - and getting over being self-conscious about the fact that I hadn't cleaned Chantal's cum off of myself - I had chatted with my folks.  
  
Neither was yet aware about what was coming in a couple of days. After I had said I thought the world of Chantal, my father had said he had gotten along well with Rejean. So much so, that they were going golfing later that morning.  
  
As much as I was enjoying my shower, I shut it off knowing I had work to do.  
  
I went back to my room and quickly got dressed. 'Dressed' being an operative word: Spaghetti-string pink tank-top, and another pair of too small yoga shorts - no underwear. My parents didn't even have a chance to object since I was out the door about two seconds after leaving my room.  
  
"Don't you want any breakfast?" my mother called after me as I exitted the motor-home.  
  
"Maybe later," I called back. "I just want to pop over and see Chantal real quick."  
  
That wasn't a complete lie. I was going to see her. Just not 'real quick'. The first place I went was the building that housed both the office, as well as Rejean and Marie's place. I hurriedly entered and tapped on the bell at the front desk.  
  
"Good morning," Marie greeted me warmly as she emerged from the back of the office. "What can I do for you Kendra?"  
  
"Could I speak to Rejean real quick?" I asked nervously.  
  
She eyed me curiously for a moment then nodded. "Rejean," she called out with a much more pronounced French accent than I had noticed before. She disappeared to the back and a moment later, Rejean emerged clad in a polo shirt, proper shorts, and a ball cap.  
  
"Hello Kendra," he smiled at me. "You know I'm golfing with your father this morning?"  
  
"Yeah," I nodded nervously. "He told me. Listen," I took a deep breath. "Can I ask you a favor?"  
  
He eyed me even more curiously than his wife had moments earlier.  
  
\*\*\*\*\*\*  
  
Then I was off to Chantal's place. She was outside her family's motor-home watering flowers as I scooted up to her. She was wearing a lycra-spandex dress that clung to every inch of her body and left nothing to the imagination.   
  
As I approached her I felt this incredible urge to press my face in between her curvy ass-cheeks. However there were more pressing issues.  
  
"Oh good morning," she said with a smile as she saw me. "I see I'm not the only one who likes to dress provacitavly," she added with a giggle.  
  
"Yeah, yeah," I said dismissively. "We need to talk. Do you think you can get your folks to do something for me?"  
  
"My parents?" she asked curiously.  
  
\*\*\*\*\*\*  
  
On June thirtieth, both my parents were still unaware of what was coming. Since Rejean had golfed with my dad a few days prior he still hadn't put up the sign announcing 'Nude Day' at the park.  
  
But he had prior to him and my dad going fishing that morning.   
  
I was sitting in a lawn chair alongside my mother having iced tea when my dad got back in the afternoon.   
  
He angrily got out of Rejean's pick-up truck and slammed the door. Then he grabbed his gear out of the back and stormed towards the motor-home.  
  
"What's wrong dear?" my mother asked as my father approached us.  
  
"Christ," he snorted. "I just found out this is a place for freaks for crying out loud."  
  
"What do you mean?" mom asked.  
  
"They're going nudist here tomorrow," he said exasperated. "Can you believe that?" he asked incredulously.  
  
That was my cue.  
  
"I thought you knew," I said flatly.  
  
"Why in the HELL would I bring us to a place that practices debauchery if I knew?" my father asked in a condescending tone.  
  
"It's on their website," I replied with a shrug.  
  
I hadn't known that for certain. When I spoke with Rejean a few days earlier I had asked him not to mention Nude Day to my father, and even asked if he could put it on the website too.  
  
Imagine my surprise when he told me it already WAS on the website.  
  
Nice work, dad.  
  
"Do you really think I would have brought us here if I had seen this on their website?" dad asked with a scoff.  
  
"I guess yousaid with a wave of my hand. Part of me expected the back of my father's hand across my face about two seconds later.  
  
Instead he just dropped his fishing gear and headed into the motor-home. "We'll see about this," he snorted.  
  
My mother nervously followed him inside. Off in the distance I saw Rejean pull up to his place in his pick-up. He got out and waved at me. I waved back and felt a devilish grin cross my lips.  
  
Then I got up and headed into the motor-home. I smiled as I saw my father furrowing his brow as he stared at the screen of his lap-top.  
  
"I'll be damned," he said softly. "It is here."  
  
"You know we don't have to go nude if we don't want to dad," I said as I pulled my sunglasses off.  
  
"We will not," he replied emphatically. "In fact we won't even be here," he snorted as he slammed his lap-top shut.  
  
"Oh come on dad," I said in my best whiny voice. "You wouldn't let me go to Europe. And now you bring me to a place where I make a friend, and then you say that's enough of that!"  
  
"If you think I'm going to stay here so you and your new friend can go naked together while every man around ogles you, you must think I'm stupid!" my father spat back.  
  
"What are you talking about?" I fired back. "Chantal and her family don't even go nude on the first."  
  
Dad's brow furrowed.  
  
\*\*\*\*\*\*  
  
I have to admit I was proud of myself. I had planned this perfectly.  
  
My father first went and talked to Chantal's parents. At my earlier insistance she had gotten them to tell my father that they most certainly did not go nude on the first of July.  
  
But? They did. It was one of express reasons they came to this resort.  
  
I stood off a bit as my father talked with Chantal's parents, pretending to act nervous as I twirled my hair alongside my mother.  
  
I listened as they assured my father that not only did they not go nude, they would never allow Chantal to do so either.  
  
Next up was dad talking with Rejean. He apologized profusely to my father, but insisted that Nude Day was always on the website. He further assured my dad that nothing untoward ever happened.  
  
"It's just people having a day to feel free," Rejean told my dad. "It's not like an orgy breaks out or anything. Nudity has nothihg to do with sex."  
  
That was sort of true. Chantal had told me of the wild sex that had gone on in past Nude Day celebrations. But it wasn't in public. Kind of.  
  
My father slumped his shoulders and sighed deeply. "We can't be here anymore."  
  
"Oh come on dad," I pleaded. "It's just one day."  
  
"Kendra," he exhaled deeply. "There's no way in hell we're sticking around for this lewd," he trailed off. "Stuff!" he finally snorted.  
  
"I told you it wasn't lewd," Rejean offered pleasantly.  
  
My father snorted at him and the lowered his head. After he did Rejean looked at me and winked.  
  
"Dad," I sighed. "We've already got the place booked for the summer. Why don't you and mom go into Casselman for the day or something if you're not comfortable with it?"  
  
"And leave you here?" my dad spat.  
  
"Now dear," my mother tentatively put a hand on his shoulder. "Kendra does seem happy to be here, and we do have a slot booked for the summer."  
  
"Oh," my dad sighed loudly. "I don't know. Maybe all three of us should get out of this place for the day."  
  
"Dad," I said in a reassuring voice. "Check again with Chantal's parents. I can stay with them, and you and mom can avoid what you don't want to see."  
  
He glared at me.  
  
A few minutes later we were back with Chantal's parents. Her dad assured my dad that all would be well if I stayed with them.  
  
"It's just naked people," Chantal's dad said. "We don't partake and nothing bad ever happens. I mean there are children around!"  
  
As my dad hung his head again in exasperation, Chantal's dad looked at me and winked.  
  
I knew what that meant. On July first, I would have that man's cock in my mouth.  
  
\*\*\*\*\*\*  
  
Much to my surprise my father agreed to let me stick around even though he and my mother were leaving for the day.  
  
I stood on the step of the motor-home in my skimpy bathrobe and waved good-bye to my folks as they drove off in Rejean's pick-up. After they disappeared up the road-way I glanced over at Rejean and Marie. She immediately pulled a string on her dress and was naked a second later.  
  
Rejean then dropped his shorts and raised his hands to the air. "Commencer la fetel!" he announced loudly.  
  
I took that as my cue and doffed my robe. I waved at them as I began to make my way to Chantal's place.  
  
Before I was half-way there almost a dozen people were already making their way to the pool and none of them were wearing anything.  
  
I smiled as I approached Chantal's place. This nude thing was kind of freeing. It felt wonderful to me to be walkiing naked. It was liberating!   
  
It blew me away as I walked to Chantal's place. I was naked. So was everyone else at the pool.  
  
There wasn't anything sexual about it.  
  
I knocked on the door of Chantal's motor-home and her father invited me in.  
  
So there WAS something sexual about nudity. When I walked in the door I saw Chantal going down on her mother on the sofa.  
  
"They'll be at it for awhile," Chantal's dad chuckled. "Do you want some eggs?" he asked as he scooped some scrambled eggs out of a frying pan and onto a plate on the counter.  
  
I don't know why but I felt a surge of confidence. I took a deep breath and walked over to the coutner then ran my fingers over it.  
  
"No sausage?" I asked coyly.  
  
Chantal's mother moaned loudly behind us. Chantal's dad winked at me as he tossed the pan into the sink.  
  
"Wow!" I gasped as I got around the counter and saw him. "I'm sorry," I giggled. "I've never seen an uncut cock before."  
  
"If it's a problem for you I understand," he smiled at me.  
  
"Oh hell no," I said quickly. A moment later I was on my knees with a forty-five year old man's uncut cock in my mouth.  
  
\*\*\*\*\*\*  
  
A short time later Chanal and I were lounging on chairs by the pool. I was amazed how at ease I was in this nudist wonderland. There were a couple of kids younger than us in the pool, while the chairs around the pool were filled by people older than us.  
  
Of in the distance I saw a mother and her two young children - all naked - feeding ducks at the pond in the middle of the resort. While at the other end of the resort, what could only be described as an orgy was taking place outside a very fancy RV. Chantal's parents were over there - and not with each other. Chantal's dad was fucking an Asian woman in her thirties in some kind of sex-swing, while her mother was riding some blond body-builder beefcake.  
  
I took a sip of my iced tea and glanced over at Chantal. "Can I ask you an honest question?"  
  
"What's up?" she replied.  
  
"I can honestly say that my dad's head would literally explode if he saw what was going on here right now," I said with a laugh. "But since you grew up in this lifestyle," I sighed. "I just wonder," I trailed off.  
  
"How some parents can be off feeding ducks with their children while others are fucking in full sight not far off?" she asked with a laugh.  
  
"That would be it in a nutshell," I laughed back.  
  
"For some, or maybe I should say for most families, the nudist lifestyle is just about being nude," she said matter-of-factly as she reached for her iced tea. "But for others, like my family," she paused as she took a sip. "It's also about having a healthy attitude about sex."  
  
I glanced around at my surroundings again and furrowed my brow.  
  
Chantal noticed it. "What's to wonder?" she asked with a smile. "You've got that healthy attitude yourself."  
  
"Thanks," I shrugged. I wasn't so sure though.  
  
"You do," she assured me. "Not twenty minutes ago you were sucking off my dad while I was going down on my mother. You get it. It's just sex."  
  
"Yeah," I nodded. I guess I did get it. I suppose it was just my upbringing that had me questioning my actions a bit. I took another sip of my iced tea then noticed Rejean off in the distance. He waved and I waved back. I stood up and looked at Chantal. "Be back in a bit. I'm gonna go suck off Reggie."  
  
"Have fun," she giggled.  
  
\*\*\*\*\*\*  
  
The evening drew to a close with a vivid fireworks display. Not that Chantal or I were particularly paying attention to it though.  
  
We had joined a couple from British Columbia - Kirk and Lorraine - on their blanket in the back field of the resort to watch the fireworks, but by the time the show started, I had my face buried between Lorraine's legs, while Chantal was ridiing Kirk's cock.  
  
I do remember getting a glimpse of her and recalling how her naked body reflected the various colors of the fireworks display.  
  
Even though Chantal's chateau had a spare room, I ended up sleeping in the same bed as her that night. I fell asleep with a contented smile on my face after spending my first nudist day. But really the smile was more due to the fact that I knew my father's head would have literally exploded if he had known what I'd done that day.  
  
\*\*\*\*\*\*  
  
"Trust me," I told my mother in our RV after she and dad had returned the next morning. "You didn't miss much. And to be totally honest, there are some people who really shouldn't go naked in public," I added with a laugh.  
  
"What about Rejean and Marie?" my mom asked.  
  
I felt a slight smile curl my lips as I recalled Reggie's balls slapping against my chin the previous day as I blew him. "Didn't see much of them to be honest," I finally said.  
  
"Well I still think the whole thing is sick," dad groused as he began to make coffee in the kitchen. "I trust Chantal's folks kept you on a short leash."  
  
"We kept to ourselves most of the day," I replied with a nod. "Just sat outside catching some sun. Had a barbeque and then took in the fireworks."  
  
"What did Chantal's dad barbeque for you?" dad asked.  
  
Another smile curled my lips upward. "The most wonderful sausage I have ever put into my mouth," I replied confidently and honestly.  
  
\*\*\*\*\*\*  
  
The next day Chantal and I were naked and catching some sun by the same creek we'd visited a few days prior. Even though Nude Day at the resort was over that didn't mean we had to adhere to the 'clothing required' standard the rest of the world did.  
  
"Have you ever brought anyone else here with you?" I asked breaking the silence.  
  
"My mom and dad have been here," she replied matter-of-factly. "Reggje and Marie too. And last year I came here with a couple from Alabama."  
  
"No shit," I laughed.  
  
"Mais non." she chuckled back as she reached into her bag and pulled out her cigarettes. "Why? Are you thinking we should invite Kirk and Lorraine?"  
  
"Maybe," I replied with a shrug. "Who knows?"  
  
"We have the whole summer to go," she said as she lit her smoke and exhaled heavily. "There's no need to get fixated on any one couple."  
  
"I guess," I said with a sigh as I traced a finger up my naked torso and around my breast. "But we're kinda fixated on each other aren't we?"  
  
"Well," Chantal giggled as she turned and leaned on her elbow as she faced me. "It's always nice to find a like-minded playmate. And we only have this summer."  
  
"Maybe not," I replied with a knowing smile. "I'm going to McGill next year."  
  
"We don't live far from the campus," Chantal said with a big smile.  
  
"I know," I said as I turned to face her. "I think it'll put my dad's heart at ease knowing I'll be close to decent people," I added with a laugh.  
  
Chantal laughed and mimed a head explosion.  
  
"Okay put that thing out," I said gesturing to her cigarette, as I rolled over onto her towel. "I need you to squirt on my face again."