**Me & My Sisters**

By Sandra

Okay, this is a true story of how me and my three sisters lost our innocence all at the same time.   
  
Of the girls I'm the middle child. We have a brother too but he isn't part of this particular story. I was fifteen, my older sister eightteen, and my younger sister thirteen. My sister had just started dating and her first boyfriend was enjoyed the outdoors - a lot. When he invited her for a week long trip through the forests she was suspicious, still a virgin, and asked if her sisters could come too. He said sure and the he'd bring two of his friends as well.   
  
She really should have left us at home.   
  
Three days into this stupid trip, we were very uncomfortable at camp. I'm never investing in another trip to the wilderness, I swore to myself - but it was a vow I would later break. But that's another story. Anyway, insects flying everywhere except around the boys (perhaps it was a state of mind that kept them away - one we didn't have) and our legs burning from another long day of hiking we set up camp.   
  
One of the boys, Sam, who was a real quiet sweet heart about sixteen, offered to do a quick sweep of the surrounding area. The other two boys, my sister's boyfriend Derek and the other guy Mike, laughed and said it was unnecessary but Sam insisted that he look for signs of wild animals.   
  
So he did but found blood instead next to what they claimed where tracks of a stumbling man. I saw the boot prints, but I wasn't sure how they could tell his stumbling marks from marks made by other animals. The boys told us to stay at camp while they went to see if they could help whoever was hurt. Sam wanted one of them to stay with us, but the other two argued that it might take all three of them to deal with this problem.   
  
So, in a fit of gallentry, all three boys left.   
  
Two hours later, as it started to darken, the bear showed up. Me and my sisters were on our feet quickly and ran like hell. Stupid thing to do but we lucked out in the survival factor. The bear didn't chase us. However I did, while looking behind me, manage to run right off a cliff. My younger sister pulled up short but my older sister simple toppled both of them over.   
  
All three of us landed in a river and blacked out.   
  
Like I said, we lucked out in survival, because we managed not to be eaten by a bear, crushed by gravity, or drown in a flowing river. When we woke one another up and managed to swim to shore we had no idea where we were and it was totally dark.   
  
Our bad luck was that our older sister remember one thing Derek told her about survival.   
  
"Strip off your clothes," she said, once we had caught our breath. I protested while my younger sister protested brightly enough to be seen in the dark. But she insisted. "We have to sleep now and we can't sleep in wet clothes."   
  
So of course we stripped down naked and laid our clothes out to dry. When we awoke the boys were standing over us, Sam pointly looking away but the other two drinking us in. The perverts were even giving my thirteen-year-old sister a good look up and down.   
  
I lept up, my twins bouncings up and down with the movement, and stubbornly put on my still-wet clothes. My sisters followed the suit and we got back to our camp. Our pack were trashed by the bear looking for food but some of our clothes weren't torn to shreds. Well, some of my sisters' weren't anyway. Mine all were and I was forced to change into a too-small shirt stretched over my breasts and long pants that I tripped over more than once, pulling them down in the process.   
  
It was humilliating at the time, but now I can look back in laugh. This and other accidents have shaped my atittude towards nudity and sex and now, at seventeen, I enjoy a good nude laugh and so do my sisters.

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