**My Camping Experience**
by CathyW

I went camping in the Black Hills with two friends whom I’ve known since childhood last week.  Beth is my age, same height (5’2”) and same color hair, (light brown).  Gerri is almost a year older, two inches taller with curly, reddish brown hair.  We all have blue eyes and are often taken for sisters because we all look so similar.  The only major difference among us is our spirituality. Beth and Gerri are devout Christians and I am a devout Wiccan.  We’ve known each other since childhood and we went to the same schools until college.  I attended a private college while Beth and Gerri attended the State college.  The only time we saw each other naked was in the middle school showers after gym class.    Even back then, we always displayed modesty when changing clothes during sleepovers, camping and swimming at the local lakes.  In other words, we were always good girls.

We camped in the tent section of a rather large campsite in Custer, South Dakota.  The three of us have camped there twice before so we knew the layout of the campgrounds.  The tent section is apart from the much larger RV section where the public bathroom and showers are located.  You have to walk through a good portion of the RV section to get to them.

At home, I rarely wake in the middle of the night to use the bathroom, but when I camp, it is a totally different story.  Of the seven nights we were there, I woke up five times to relieve myself.

Since joining this website, I have thought of nothing else than making an opportunity to expose myself, just like some of the other girls here.  I planned to do it when taking my walk to the bathroom in the middle of the night.  And here is where I got more, much more, than I bargained for!  Before I begin my tale, relax, have a glass of wine handy, and take off all of your clothes.

Here is my story.

My tent is about ten years old and it easily sleeps six people.  I come from a camping family of five and I got the tent when my folks stopped using it in favor of an RV.  The three of us girls had our own sleeping bag, you know, the light, summer variety.  After all, it is summer, even in the Black Hills.  Little did we know that it would be one of the chilliest summers out there on record.  Luckily, I brought some extra blankets because I knew that it could get cold in that tent at night.

The first night, Saturday, I slept peacefully through the night, waking in the morning and running to the “john” as usual to do the morning rituals we all share.  The next night, Sunday, I woke up in the middle of the night, around 1:30am and I had to pee.  Okay, so I took my time getting out of my bag.  I wanted to plan my trip to the bathroom so that I could reconnoiter the area.  I figured I would do my first naked walk on a subsequent trip to the potty.  I slipped out of the bag as quietly as I could, wearing my pajamas.  I unzipped the fly of the tent and silently exited the tent, closing the fly before walking away.

I was all eyes and ears, looking and listening for anything that might be an obstacle for my naked adventure the next time I had to go to the bathroom.  I saw no one stirring, nothing, nada, zip.  I noticed that the ground contained quite a lot of mica and picked up any stray particle of light around.  Fortunately, we were just coming off a new moon so there wasn’t much light from that source.  I heard the usual nighttime sounds like the wind, pine bristles being blown along the ground.  I knew there were some dogs, but I didn’t hear any of them barking that night.  I knew that since this is a public campsite, there is usually a certain amount of turnover so that there were always RVs leaving and arriving on a daily basis.  I had to add that to my scheme as well.  I tried to notice everything.  The distance was about fifty yards from the tent to the bathrooms.  I could do that, right?

I closed my eyes and tried to imagine myself walking completely nude.  I felt shivers and goose bumps all over my body thinking about that.  I even became a little bit aroused, so-to-speak.  In my mind’s eye I saw my naked feet take each step; I saw my naked legs taking one step after the other; I saw my bare little breasts jiggling with each step.  I imagined that I felt the breeze all over my body and I mean in places I never felt the wind before!

Sure enough, the third night, Monday, I woke up in the wee hours and had to pee mightly.  Here was my moment to do or die, so to speak. I knew that if I were caught I was not going to be able to explain this to my two childhood friends.  I was so nervous.  That only helped to make me need to pee all the more!  I quietly slipped out of my pajamas while in my sleeping bag.  I unzipped the bag as quietly as I possible could and I slipped out.  My slippers were nearby and I decided to wear them so I wouldn’t hurt my feet on any stray pebbles.  There I was, naked in my tent with two girls that I have known for years.  We haven’t seen each other naked since those showers after gym class.  I have blossomed a bit since then.  (Not too much as I am still a large A-Cup or a small B-Cup.)

I walked silently to the zipper of the tent; my hand was shaking as I bent over to unzip the fly.  I opened it just enough for my body to fit through and I slipped out.  There I was, naked and outside my tent.  I felt the breeze on my body and felt goose bumps rise, covering every inch of my naked body.  I felt the wind in places that I have never felt it before, only the sensation was more intense than I had imagined.  I felt behind me and spread my cheeks and felt the wind there too. Oh my God, I was outside, naked in a very public place, open to scrutiny by anyone lucky enough to be awake and looking out their windows.  I started to shake I was so nervous.  But I had to pee.  I had to get going or go back inside the tent and put my clothes back on.  I couldn’t do that!  I had to go down the road to the public bathroom and pee.

The journey of a thousand miles starts with but a single step.  I felt like I was going to be walking that full, one thousand miles, naked, in public view.  I took a step and stopped.  I took another step, then another, then another.  I kept walking away from the tent toward the building that would be my temporary sanctuary.  I imagined all of the men I saw during the day looking out of the windows of their RVs drinking in every inch of my body.  I felt so exposed, so naked!  I had to pee so badly!  I wasn’t sure I was going to be able to hold all of the gallons of pee I seemed to be holding inside.  I somehow made it to the door of the building, quickly opened it and ran inside to the safety of the stall.  I peed like there was no tomorrow.  I let out water that I didn’t know I had in there, every drop.  Then I realized something dreadful…  I had to get back to my tent.

I was so scared!  But there I was, naked and very far from any shred of safety.  The only way back was the way I came.  So I took a deep breath, carefully opened the door to the bathroom and peered out.  Relieved, I saw no one.  I stepped out and let the door close almost silently behind me.  I ran, oh my god I ran back to my tent, sure that everyone had seen me naked.

I got back to the tent, quickly unzipped the fly and stepped in, remembering to be quiet as I closed the fly on the inside.  Then I tiptoed toward my sleeping bag where my pajamas and safety waited for me.

As I stepped in front of Beth who was sleeping closest to me, her head suddenly popped out of her sleeping bag and I saw her staring at me.  OMG!  She was staring at me!  I froze in mid-step - buck naked in front of one of my closest friends in life.  Before I could recover and dash into my sleeping bag, her bag opened up and I saw that she was also naked.  I was in a trance.  I saw her motion with her hand for me to enter her sleeping bag.  Still dumbfounded, I mutely obeyed her silent command and slipped inside her sleeping bag with her.  She quickly zipped up her bag with me inside, our bodies touching in places where they never touched before.

She looked at me for what seemed a long, long time.  It was only a few seconds, but it seemed like an hour.  I felt like I was in a dream; that this wasn’t really happening to me.  I must have been dreaming.  But I wasn’t.  I was wide awake and this was real.  Finally she said in a whisper, “I don’t know why I did that, I really don’t.  But I am glad I did.”

My heart was pounding so hard in my chest that I thought it was going to burst through my ribs.  I looked at Beth, deep into her eyes, and suddenly I kissed her, full on her mouth.  She looked back quite stunned.  I kissed her again and this time pushed my tongue deep into her mouth, as deep as I could go.  I looked at her and whispered, “I do know why I did that, and I am glad I did.”

We spent the next two hours kissing and fondling each other while trying to be as quiet as church mice so that we wouldn’t wake up Gerri.  As dawn approached, we reluctantly gave each other parting kisses and I went back to my sleeping bag for some much needed sleep. I was exhausted but my heart was singing. This coming day was going to be a long one!

Whenever Beth and I had a moment alone we both kissed and fondled or we talked about what we were going to tell Gerri.  We just couldn’t keep this quiet and think she wouldn’t notice something was going on.  Finally, we decided that we would simply tell her what happened, the whole truth, and play it by ear.  We hoped that her reaction would be supportive but we just couldn’t be sure.

Instead of cooking dinner over the grille that evening, we went to a nice local restaurant.  We each stuffed up and enjoyed a delicious meal complete with wine and dessert.  Beth and I walked on either side of Gerri whenever possible and casually touched her as we walked.  You know, a slight graze with the hands, or a little bump here and there; very innocent-like.

When we arrived back at the tent we sat down in front of her and spilled our story.  From the get-go, her jaw dropped and stayed that way during the entire tale.  Her eyes became a little watery at one point and I thought she was going to cry.  I braced myself for something not too pleasant.  I was totally wrong!

Instead of being indignant and angry and yelling and hurt, she looked at us and said, “I have been hoping and praying for something like this for a long, long time.  I am so happy to know your true feelings.  I love you both so dearly and I want to be part of your lovemaking.”

Beth and I smiled and looked at each other in disbelief (a gross understatement).  Did we hear her correctly?  Can this be true?  Is this really happening?  We were so relieved!

I moved closer to Gerri and put my arms around her and gave her a sweet and gentle kiss on her lips.  I moved back so Beth could do the same.  Then I started to unbutton Gerri’s blouse while Beth unbuckled her pants.  We stripped Gerri completely bare and then stripped ourselves.  When we were all naked and drinking in each others bodies, we opened up our sleeping bags so that they covered the ground.  We used the extra blankets I brought to make a nest of sorts.  We laid in each others arms and kissed and played and made love all night.  Right now I am the happiest woman on earth.  I have two lovers whom I have known for a long, long time and who know me and love me for the person I really am.

By the way, Beth eventually asked me about how I came to be standing in front of her naked that night.  I think I may have two new converts!

