**Prude to Nude**

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**Prude to Nude Ch. 01**

This is the story of how I went from a prude, to nude and finally to rude. For those readers who expect a lot of immediate sexual activity, this may disappoint. Nudism did lead me to sexual awakenings, but it did not happen all that quickly.

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The sun was beating down and flashing through the trees as I drove the last few dirt miles to the bushland retreat. I had worried that my little Hyundai, laden with camping gear, and an abundance of food, drinks and ice, might not make it through the rough country roads, but she had handled it all with hardly a complaint. I wondered now if I would be as resilient as she once I reached the end of the bumpy, sandy road that led - in less than 5 minutes - to my destination.

The retreat, hidden away in the hinterlands, was beautifully advertised online as a 'nature retreat' where one could walk in the beautiful australian bush, dip one's toes in pristine waterfalls, admire native fauna and flora, and enjoy the best of peaceful and comfortable camping. All that was enticing and welcoming to a young woman stressed out with years of study, work and yet more study, and I SHOULD by rights be feeling the relaxation seep into my bones already. But I was so, so far from relaxed. Because as well as being the seemingly idyllic locale for my week long holiday - the retreat was also a Naturist (not 'clothing optional') Resort.

The butterflies in my tummy at that moment were flapping up a storm, I really, really needed to stop for a nervous pee, and I considered for the 50th time just doing a U-turn and driving the 5 long hours back to Sydney. "Just what the hell," I asked myself again, "was I doing here?"

The answer to that was complex. To understand the decision that had brought me to this place you need to know a little about me. I was 24, single ( for single read 'virgin') I had been raised in a loving, supporting family, had excelled at High School and University, had just embarked on what looked to be a successful career, and life should have been about 'as good as it gets'. Yet it wasn't.

What I'd learnt about myself in my first real full-time job is that I didn't have what it takes to succeed - and what it takes is confidence. I'm not going to say I had a lot of 'body issues', but my introverted character was undoubtedly related to how I looked. I was ... a little overweight. Not fat, not by most standards anyway, but as a girl of Asian heritage, I'd always been bigger than my friends. Not tall, not obese, just what my mum would call 'chubby'. I had a roundish face, a largish bottom, biggish thighs and (to my continuous embarrassment during my school years ) a very large bosom for someone of my height. So much was I conscious of my body shape, I spent most of my formative years covering up and avoiding sports and anything that might require revealing myself, including swimming and sunbathing. In fact I had only ever owned one swimsuit - a large black, shapeless monstrosity that I wore under sufferance at our annual school swimming carnivals.

So, what was I doing here? I was on a quest to learn to be comfortable in my own body. A year earlier I'd heard some people at work talking about their weekend on a nudist beach. I'd never even thought such places really existed, and at home that night - after a glass or two of wine - I'd googled it. As often happens, one internet page led to another and I stayed up half the night reading about naturism, nudism, FKK and whatever the movement called itself. I downloaded a few books from amazon and the subject and read them voraciously - this was a world I'd never imagined. I wasn't really convinced of the endless denials in the literature that nudism 'was not about sex', and I only half believed the stuff about it being a healthy alternative lifestyle. What truly fascinated me were the photographs. On beaches, in woods, at resorts and campgrounds, people of all shapes and sizes relaxed naked and smiled confidently back at the camera. And I mean ALL shapes and sizes. It was such a revelation to me. People were not all gorgeous, slim and toned. People were not all the bikini models that had haunted me my whole life with their seemingly unattainable and unsustainable perfect physiques. Their nudity not only made them seem more real than the ideals that advertising pushed, they actually looked more confident, happy and accepting. For the first time in a long while that night I stripped naked and looked at myself in a full length mirror. I had the sudden revelation that I was OK! Just another perfectly acceptable shape on the human spectrum. I had an overwhelming desire to join these nudists, to be accepted in my own skin.

I woke up the next day, and chickened out. And kept chickening out for months.

I found out where the local nude beaches where and tried every week to pluck up the courage to visit one, But I never did. I made myself plenty of excuses: I couldn't go alone, I'd be too shy. I couldn't go with a friend, I'd be too self-conscious. What if there were sex-pests there? What if I bumped into someone from work? So many reasons kept me from the beach, but the fascination with naturism remained.

So, I opted for a resort. The one I finally chose looked safe, clean and not too crowded. And I figured, as I'd be camping there, I'd always have a tent to hide in if needed.

So here I was, almost at the gate to the retreat and really really needing that nervous tinkle. I stopped the car and scooted out to behind a tree on the side of the road. Hiking up my skirt and pulling down my knickers ( the first time believe it or not I had done so outside ) I did what I needed to do and then in an act of what I considered bravado, I slid the knickers off over my feet and threw them onto the back seat of the car. Bravado indeed! My skirt came down to below knee-length so there was nothing really all daring in what I'd done. Still, I felt it was a milestone.

That gave me pause for thought. I'd soon be at my destination and neither the website nor the emails I had exchanged with the owners had given me precise instructions regarding one thing. When does one actually get naked at a nudist resort? Before arriving? At the front desk? At the 5 o'clock cocktail party? I simply didn't know and did not want to offend the protocol.

Too late to worry now, I thought as my little car swung through the gate and into a new world.

Inside the gate, the retreat seemed already to live up to its name. It was an idyllic bush hideaway, complete with beautiful gum trees, wild flowers, birds flitting here and there and even a few kangeroos grazing shyly on what looked like the greenest softest grass I had ever seen. And that's all I saw: no nude volleyball players, no skinny dippers, no streakers - no one in fact. For a moment I thought I'd missed a turning and come to the wrong place. I drove toward what I assumed was the office, - a lovely homestead surrounded by verandahs and a huge sun deck. I heard voices shouting, 'Hi! You made it!' and I knew I really had.

A middle aged couple were walking hand-in-hand toward me. They were attractive, waving at me enthusiastically, and both stark naked. Naked except both wore trainers which seemed to draw even more attention to their bare skin. She was perhaps in her 40s, slim, dark and petite, I noticed almost unconsciously that her pussy was almost bare and her long hair almost but not quite covered her nipples. He was maybe a little older than her, neither thin nor fat, neither muscular nor underdeveloped - just a normal guy, I'm sure I must have seen his penis as they walked toward me, but in my excitement and confusion I honestly don't remember it. I just remember thinking, "This is it! I'm about to meet nude people!"

I jumped out of the car as they approached, conscious of my clothed state, but unsure what to do about it. Thankfully, they ignored it.

"Hi," the man said, offering his hand. "You must be Kasumi. I'm Dave, We spoke over email. And this is my wife, Sabrina."

The lady leant in to give me a peck on the cheek.

"Welcome," she smiled. "We're so glad you made it! Have a good trip?"

"Leave your car here for now and come up to the house," said Dave. "We'll get the formalities dispensed with and then you can relax."

I walked with them over the lawn and onto the sun-deck. I marvelled at their complete indifference to their nakedness. The proudly pointed out their the flower beds, told me where I would find the campground, the BBQ Barn, the amenities blocks, the nature trails and everything else. I took almost none of it in. I was now very aware that the man walking next to me had a penis, A penis that didn't exactly swing from side to side, but certainly bobbed up and down with every step. I was terrified of being caught staring - something I was convinced was frowned upon - but in my peripheral vision I could see it quite clearly. I was circumcised, dark, maybe about 3 inches long,a little wrinkled at the base, and spouted from a thick tuft of dark pubic hair. Below it his scrotum was loose looking and slightly shiny. It looked ... non threatening.

"Mmm?" I started guiltily as I realised Sabrina had been talking to me and I had not heard a word.

"I was just saying that you are the only guest here so far this week. Most people don't usually get here till friday, so I'm afraid you might find it a bit quiet for the next two days."

"Might be good for you," added Dave. "Being a first timer, it will give you time to settle in before the rush."

Suits me, I thought. One penis was about all I could manage at the moment.

We reached the sundeck and Sabrina offered me a seat at an outdoor dining table while Dave disappeared inside the house.

Sabrina poured a cool drink for all three of us and leant back in her chair. She lifted one leg and tucked it under the other and I was aware that her almost hairless pussy was fully on display. If she was conscious of just how visible it was from where I sat, she showed no sign of it. She chatted about the weather, the road from Sydney, her garden - all normal and mundane, but I had trouble keeping eye contact with her. Believe it or not, I'd never been so close to another naked woman before. He labia, even her clitoral hood was there plain as day for me to see and I was embarrassed, exhilarated... almost mesmerised by the sight.

Dave came out to the table, bringing me some forms to fill in, an information sheet about the facilities and nature walks, and a list of "do's and don'ts". The first of which I noted was that clothing was not optional - nudity was expected. Still I wasn't sure whether I was supposed to get naked then and there, and the couple made no mention of my clothed state. Dave also handed me a large photo album.

"A history of the resort." he said smiling.

I leafed through the album of photos, at first just to be polite but then with increasing interest. It showed how they had worked hard to carve their little paradise out of the raw bush, and it seemed to chronicle nearly every guest that had ever been there. From every page naked men, naked women, naked couples smiled back at me. People on the nature trails, people around the pool, people playing tennis, being sitting around campfires and bonfires, naked, naked people and all looking like they were having the time of theirs lives. Each photo was titled and dated, dating right up to the previous week. Would I, I wondered, be expected to have my photo in this book for other guests to see? Dave voiced my unspoken fear.

"You might end up in your book yourself," he smiled. "If you decide naturism is for you. "But don't worry. There is no pressure to. In fact, a strict rule here is no photos without permission, That's not negotiable."

As he was talking he had stood to my side, pointing out several shots in the album he was quite proud to have taken. His penis was inches from my shoulder now. I noticed a tiny dew drop of liquid appear at the opening of his glans. I did my best to ignore it. He seemed oblivious to it.

After a little more chit chat, mainly about the retreat (oddly enough they never once asked me why I'd decided to try naturism) Sabrina suddenly said, "I guess you want to get your camp set up and freshen up after your long drive?"

I did indeed want to freshen up, I wondered if that was code for "get naked."?

Dave showed me where I should park my car on the campground. As the first guest of the week I had my pick of the campsites available and I chose one on a lovely patch of lawn, not far from the swimming pool and the BBQ barn. The barn was more like a huge tin roof, without walls, beneath which was a concrete slab scattered with chairs and tables, sofas and bookshelves. Imagined what it would be like in the evening, full of people dancing and dining.

I began unpacking by taking out my brand new tent from the car. Brand new being the operative word. I had never camped out before and was now regretting that I had not opted for the Bed and Breakfast option offered by the retreat. My Mum's influence ran deep and I had thought of saving money on my 2 week vacation by camping out and cooking my own meals. Now I was calculating how much I had spent on lanterns, sleeping bag, air mattress, ice-box, collapsible chairs and tables, gas bottles, bibs and bobs too numerous to mention (the guy at the outdoor supply store had been a hell of a salesman) and above all, the huge three room tent that had looked so good on the showroom floor, but now confronted me as an enormous and inexplicable pile of canvas, ropes, zippers and esoteric carbon-fibre poles.

I wrangled the shapeless mass out of its vinyl bag, fell over it once or twice, and sat down to ponder the 2 page instruction sheet on its construction. Just my luck - the instructions were printed in Chinese, French, what appeared to be German and Spanish - no sign of the only two languages I spoke well - English and Japanese. As for the diagrams, they made IKEA instructions look like positive works of art,

As I pondered the confusing mass before me, Dave walked over to my little campsite.

"Need a hand?" he asked.

"Well," I vacillated between not wanting to appear useless and not wanting to be a nuisance. "All I can get actually."

Dave was what I call a competent Aussie alpha male. He strode around my campsite, dragging canvas and ropes and pegs and wielding a mallet, and I pretty much just tagged along, handing him the bits and pieces he occasionally asked me to grab for him, but otherwise just watching. I learnt next to nothing about pitching a tent I'm sorry to say. Most of my time was spent watching - and trying to avoid seeming like I was watching - his penis and his butt. Unabashed, he leant over in front of me, squatted beside me, stretched up above me, and all the time his stubby brown penis bobbed and wiggled before my eyes. I'd never before seen a real live penis and testicles, and it was an education. I wondered what it felt like - not to touch, but to have one of those things so inconveniently dangling between one's legs. Was it a nuisance? I thought? Could one ever forget it was there? Dave certainly seemed to take no notice of it whatsoever.

By the time the tent was erected, I had given up all pretence of helping and was squatting on my heels clapping my admiration of Dave's competence. He turned to say ask me something and I saw his eyes widen and a small smile flit across his face.I remembered my lack of knickers and realised he must, from that angle, be able to see right up my skirt to my naked pussy. My involuntary reaction was to clamp my legs tightly shut, but after a second I thought how prudish that would seem in front of a confirmed nudist like him, so I forced myself to relax and let my knees swing casually open again. I even recall that as i did so a long stalk of grass beneath me tickled my my outer lips. Dave gave no indication nor comment about what he had seen, and smiling at me he stood and said, "The tent is ready to move into. I'll leave you alone to get more comfortable." And standing up, he sauntered away toward the house.

I spent a little while filling my tent with my air mattress and bedding, my electric lantern, my books and phone and whatnot. Then I unfolded my camp chair and table, sat down in the warm midday sun and thought...now?

Sooner or later, I was going to have to get naked. But how hard I found that first step. I told myself how absurdly I was behaving. I was completely alone - Dave and Sabrina could not see me from their house - I had to cross this line, and the sooner the better.

I stood, unbuttoned my blouse, slipped it off and then - more prevarication? - I folded it neatly and packed it away in my tent before sitting back in my chair in skirt and bra. Another long minute and I unclasped my bra and let it fall. My breasts swung free and I felt the warm sun on my bare skin. I looked down at my breasts - D-cup, slightly pendulous , pear shaped, with large dark areolas. Not the breasts I would have chosen for myself but .. they were mine, and I wanted to be happy with them , even proud of them. I stretched my arms above my head and watched my breasts ride with them. Why, I thought, should I worry about what others thought?

I unzipped my skirt and let it fall, seeing my pubic hair poking out from the bottom of my tummy. I had considered, before leaving home, waxing or shaving my hair off ( so many nudists I had seen in photos seemed to ) But I had baulked. Somehow the loss of my pubic hair would make me feel TOO nude, I had thought. So I'd left it. I was not overly hairy, my pubes are fine and straight and don't really hide all that much. But such are the little quirks we have and I felt somehow 'covered' by them. I quickly ran as hand over my mons to assure myself I was clean and dry and sat back down on my towel ( one of the do's on the information sheet said that one ALWAYS sat on a towel )

I was naked! Outside in the sunshine and naked! True, I was all alone... but what an exhilaration I felt. I literally could not sit still with excitement. I left my chair and strolled across the lawn and along a nature trail that led into the trees and up a small hill. My breasts swung with each step and rather than the discomfort I had felt at being bra-less in the past, this movement was pleasant. My breasts were just another part of me in motion, they were free, just like my arms and legs and neck. I wandered along the trail, hearing birds and insects, spotting wildflowers and tiny babbling streams. I saw a brilliantly coloured lizard sunning on a rock. Two small kangaroos hopped past me and disappeared deeper into the woods, an inquisitive parrot looked at me from its perch in a tree. For a city girl like me, these little glimpses of nature were like a paradise. And I was naked. It is so hard to find words to describe that first ever experience, it was though I was drunk on this new found freedom.

True, I was alone and had not really 'gone nude' in public yet, but I felt like I had broken some huge taboo. I wondered what I would feel right then if there were others watching me. I let my hand fall to my pussy ( to check it I guess?) and realised with a start that I was wet. Very wet. Not just wet but hot and engorged. I was mortified. I swear I had not been thinking any naughty thoughts, yet here I was - excited just by being where I was and naked. Believe it or not, I was so naive that I thought if my body showed any signs of arousal, it would be instantly noticed by more experienced nudists and I would be shunned and dismissed as 'not a real naturist'. Little did I know. I thought then about men, and how hard it would be for THEM to conceal any physical reactions. Dave's penis - the first real one I had ever seen - had been completely inert. Had he a lot of self control? Had nudism made him so blase that he never got excited? And what about Sabrina? Did she never feel what I was feeling now? The sheer sensuality of the warm sun on one's completely naked body?

I turned back toward the campsite and as I left the shade of the trees I realised how hot the afternoon sun had become. The pool looked clean and inviting so I grabbed a towel from my chair and headed straight over. Time to cool off, I thought. In more ways than one.

My first nude swim was something I shall never forget. Plunging into the cool water, feeling it surround me and flow over every inch of my skin was simply the most luxurious, refreshing and sensual sensation I had ever known. I swam laps of the pool, lost in the moment and the freedom of movement of my legs, my arms, every muscle I had, and the delightful feeling of my bare ass and pussy being caressed by the water.

"How is it?"

I looked up to see Dave and Sabrina smiling at me from the pool's edge. They were both still wearing their trainers but were also wearing gloves and carrying brooms and small garbage bags.

""It's lovely," I replied, standing but keeping myself discreetly under cover of the water.

"Don't mind us," said Sabrina. "We've just been tidying up for the big weekend rush."

"But we're almost done," added Dave. "Hey, if you've finished your swim, we're heading back to have a drink on the deck if you'd care to join us."

That sounded to me like a great idea and I agreed. Dave and Sabrina waited expectantly and I realised they meant now. It took a lot of nerve, but I finally managed to wade out of the pool and stand before them - starkers. My biggest threshold was crossed and it felt like an anticlimax. Neither commented on my nudity. They just reminded me to grab my towel and we all three walked up the small path to their house.

Once on the sun-deck at their house, Dave opened a bottle of red and poured us all a glass.

"To Kasumi," he said, raising his glass. "Our newest nudist!"

I acknowledged the toast, sipped the excellent wine and felt like a VIP. Here on my first day, I had accomplished more than they might understand. I was naked with relative strangers, my boobs, bum and probably more totally open to their gaze, and I felt completely relaxed. Perhaps, I reflected, it was due to the fact that Sabrina and Dave seemed to take so little notice of it

We chatted, finished the bottle, opened another, and chatted some more. They told me about some of the regular guests who would be arriving the next day, hinted that there would be a party on the weekend and I really began to enjoy their easy-going company. Sitting side by side, they always seemed to be touching each other - not sexually, just affectionately, but I envied their casual sensualness. By the time the third bottle looked like being opened, I had reached my limit. Suddenly realising how tired I was, I explained that what I really needed now was to crawl into my sleeping bag and get some rest. The sun had gone down and the bush was dark under a moonless night. Sabrina and Dave got a torch and kindly guided me back to my campsite. I admit I was a little tipsy and had to be guided by them down the path. I seem to recall that I thought Dave's penis was looking a little larger than it had before. At the flap of my tent they fussed over me for a while, making sure I had my lantern and that I knew where everything was. The last thing I remember is crawling on all fours into my tent and Sabrina joking "Hey look! A full moon!" I realised that I must have given them both a full flash of not only my butt, but probably my pussy as well.

Oh well, I thought sleepily. If you've got it, flaunt it.

I snuggled up in my sleeping bag and gave myself a little pat on the back. I was a nudist. Tomorrow would be even better.

**Prude to Nude Ch. 02**

The sun was already well up and shining through the wall of my tent when I awoke on the second day of my holiday at the retreat. Tired from the long drive up, I had slept for eleven hours. And I had slept naked for the first ever time in my life. It had done me good and I felt totally invigorated. I crawled from my tent and after collecting my toiletry bag I hurried to the shower block.

After a long lovely shower, I wandered back to my campsite, acquainted myself with the little gas stove and enjoyed some tea and toast. I was still the owner camper there, and oddly (for me) I didn't consider even for a minute getting dressed. I'd hung a large loose tank top just inside my tent in case I needed a quick 'cover-up', but the weather was gorgeous the thought of even that thin material against my skin felt like it would spoil the experience. I may not have been a fully-fledged nudist (is that an oxymoron?) but I was definitely comfortable just being in my own skin.

I went for a half hour morning walk along one of the nature trails, disappointed at not seeing kangaroos this time, but delighting in the way the sun warmed my skin and while at the same time the lightest of breezes seemed to caress my nipples. At the end of the trail I found a small creek, running with clear, but icy-cold water. I dipped a toe in but decided, as picturesque as it was, I was not built for cold water.

Once back at the campsite, with nothing much else to do, I brewed more tea and lay out by my tent leafing through a novel. What once would have annoyed me, my large boobs rolling and hanging in front of me as I propped myself up on my elbows, now felt natural and free. I even enjoyed the little frisson as my nipples rubbed against the fuzzy materiel of my beach towel every time I moved.

Around 10am Sabrina came by to ask how I had slept and if everything was OK. She and her husband Dave (the owners) were the only other people at the resort so I guess I was getting extra attention. While they weren't exactly run off their feet, Dave and Sabrina always seemed to have a hundred little jobs that needed doing around the resort: cleaning, gardening, building this or that, and while always naked, they often wore work boots and heavy gloves, which if anything accentuated their nudity.

I was complimented Sabrina on her tan - a lovely deep gold all over - when she pointed to my shoulders.

"You're getting a little red there," she said. "You had better be careful. Lots of bits of you have never seen the sun before. I'd hate for you to have your holiday spoiled by sunburn."

I sat up and examined myself. Stupidly I had completely forgot about applying sunscreen (and I had brought plenty) and the tips of my shoulders were indeed rosy pink.

"You're right," I said and went to my little car, rummaging through my bags for a tube of sunscreen.

I spent some time coating myself in the sunscreen while Sabrina looked on, pointing out the bits I had missed.

"I hope you bought plenty," she smiled. "You're a big girl up top."

I was busy rubbing the cream into my boobs when she said this and I was taken aback. I'd thought nudists didn't comment on each other's bodies, and being a big girl all round was the main reason I'd come here - to feel better about my own shape. Sabrina sensed my discomfort.

"Sorry," she said. "It was meant as a compliment. I'd love to have a bosom like yours." She smiled and indicated her own small breasts, quickly plucking them with fingertips and thumbs as if willing them to grow.

"Hands off my property!" Dave jokingly admonished her as walked up to us.

Sabrina pulled a face at him and he gave her quick hug.

"Let's take a few hours off," he said to her. "The place is looking good and it's just too damn hot to work right now."

Sabrina kicked off her boots, dropped her gloves on the ground, and after slapping Dave on the butt she ran and jumped into the pool.

"Wait," Dave cried, and he raced to the BBQ barn and came out with a very professional looking digital SLR camera.

"Action shots!" he called to Sabrina. She swam the length of the poole floating on her back while Dave clicked off several shots off her. I walked over and leant on the pool fence to watch.

"We don't often get the time to take photos," Dave explained to me. "But it's a hobby of ours." Sabrina hauled herself out of the water at one end of the pool and sat on the edge, squeezing the water from her long black hair. Dave moved closer and photographed her small breasts still covered in water droplets and her still damp hair. "Give me more, honey," he said with a wink. And Sabrina obliged by raising her arms above her head and showing off her trim figure. Then she surprised me by turning her back to him, kneeling on the pool deck and looking back over her shoulder, giving him a very cheeky wiggle of her bum.

"Lovely," said Dave, kneeling himself and obviously zooming the camera in on her small firm buttocks. Innocent, healthy naturist shots? Certainly they were, but there was something more too. It wasn't pornographic but there was definitely a touch of 'girlie magazine' in the way Sabrina posed and pouted for him. I wasn't sure if they wanted me there as an onlooker or whether this should be a private couple's moment for them. Dave merely smiled over at me and said. "She's a born model."

"And he's a born perve!," Sabrina laughed over her shoulder. "He sees me everyday, you'd think he'd seen enough by now."

"Never, baby," Dave continued to move around, getting shots of her from every possible angle.

I'd come inside the pool fence by then and was sitting on a lounger, watching them. My new lower point of view suddenly revealed to me what I had not noticed before. As Sabrina got up on her knees and bent slightly forward for another butt shot, the long,dark line of her pussy was clearly visible, even slightly protruding. Dave moved even closer and although I couldn't say for sure, it seemed as if the next shots he took were extreme close-ups, entirely focused on Sabrina's pussy lips. From under her tummy I saw two of her fingers snake over her mound and... was she just idly scratching herself? Or was she subtly opening herself for him?

It was such a fleeting moment that I really couldn't tell. I decided to ignore it and discreetly look away.

Watching Dave fiddle with his camera, and seeing they were both engrossed in what they were doing, I could surreptitiously study his penis. Remember this was the first real one I had seen. I knew what they looked like of course. Anyone with an internet connection has seen penises (whether they intended to or not) but the real thing was fascinatingly different. In my naivete, I had assumed that penises had two basic modes: flaccid or erect. But my short acquaintance with Dave's had taught me it was much more subtle than that. Sometimes - as when he was busy working or concentrating on something - his penis was a almost tiny, not more than a short projection at the base of his groin. Other times, like now, it seemed longer and wrinkle free. Most certainly not in a state of arousal, but without a doubt a lot bigger looking. Did temperature play a big part in it I wondered? I wasn't ignorant enough not to understand that cold water might cause a penis (like all human skin) to contract and shrivel, but Dave's seem to be constantly going through subtle changes in size even when he was not in the water. Was it the ambient temperature? The wind? Or was he fighting a constant battle against an unwanted erection. I simply couldn't tell. And as I'd previously noted, Dave never seemed to give his penis a second thought; he just went about his business as if it wasn't there.

I considered all this idly while the couple continued to take a few more pictures, and I came to the conclusion that I liked Dave's penis. It wasn't a sexual thing, I mean I just liked the aesthetics of it. I thought for the first time ever that dicks look good. (I also used the word 'dick' for the first time ever - penis suddenly seemed like such a silly un-masculine word)

Rule one, I reminded myself, try not to stare. I looked around the pool area and beyond. The sky was almost cloudless, the sun was fiercely hot, but the tall gum trees surrounding the camp site dappled the lawn here and there with shady patches. Tiny parrots and finches flitted among the branches and a wealth of butterflies hovered over the bushes and flowers. Cicadas droned unseen in the trees and the whole atmosphere was summery, warm and drowsy.

Sabrina brought the photo session to an end. Standing by the pool, one hand on her hip and the other raised palm up indicating her surrounds, like a game show hostess vaguely pointing out the prizes.

"That's enough," she said to Dave, before diving back into the pool.

"One of you?" Dave asked, pointing from his camera to me.

"Oh, I don't think I'm quite ready for that," I said, instinctively covering my boobs and bits.

"Fair enough," he shrugged as he packed away his camera. "As I said, photos are only to be taken with consent here - not negotiable. But IF you ever want a snap, even for your own collection, let me know. I think you'd look great!."

This got me thinking; shouldn't I capture some memories of this very, very huge change in my life? I had my camera phone of course, but had neglected to bring my 'selfie stick', being not at all sure I'd want a photo of myself at a nude retreat that might come back to haunt me. From my legal work I knew only too well that digital images have a way of ending up online, and once there, they were there for good. Still, I had never neglected to get lots of photos of my previous holiday destinations, and it would be a shame not to capture the wonderful surroundings I was now enjoying. Moreover, as I was still the only guest, now was a good time to get a few pictures, before I had to worry about offending other campers by wandering around taking photos that might include them.

The day and the light were perfect so I trotted back to my car and got out my iPhone. I took a lot of pictures of the campgrounds, the surrounding nature, my tent, my car, my little gas cooker and my picnic table and chair, and then, trying to make sure Sabrina and Dave weren't in shot, I snapped a few of the pool and BBQ area.

Sabrina was still lazily floating around in the pool. Dave watched me taking photos for a while before walking up and asking to see what I had recorded. I showed him my shots on the phone screen and he nodded in approval.

"Not bad," he said. "But you're not in any of them. Would you like me to take one for you?"

"Ok," I eventually said, handing him the phone. "Just one."

"Cool," he replied. "Where?"

"Mmm, do you think my tent and the trees behind would make a good backdrop?"

"Why not?" he smiled. And he held my elbow as if to guide me to exactly where he thought he could get the best shot of me.

I wanted to sit (demurely) on my camp chair in front of my tent , thinking that at least my bottom half would be obscured by the pose. But Dave insisted I would look more 'outdoorsy' if I stood at the side of the tent, one hand on a guy-rope.

The contortions I went through getting ready to pose! I kept twisting my legs and torso in an attempt to hide my pubic area. Eventually Dave said, "Hey, it's your phone. If a photo shows more than you want to, you can crop or edit it - or delete it all together. What I'm trying to get is a shot of you happy and relaxed in nature. Relax Kasumi."

I did. I put a hand on my hip and raised the other as I had seen Sabrina do earlier. SNAP!

My first ever nude photo. How did I feel? A flood or emotions: embarrassment, nervousness , pride, and a certain excitement. This was without doubt the naughtiest, most outrageous thing I had done in my entire life.

I remember drawing in a huge breath and fighting the urge to cover my face with my hands.

"OMG," was all I could blurt out.

Dave simply said, "Lovely...try another?" And before I knew it he had taken five or six more photos of me standing there.

I was overwhelmed by the novelty of it and told him I had to sit down. I collapsed into my camp chair and he took one last 'candid' shot of me before handing the phone back to me.

"All yours," he said and took a seat in my spare chair.

I scrolled through the photos he had taken. Dave looked on as I did, as if to ask for my approval. I had to admit, he had a knack for photography. The pictures of me standing by the tent were well framed, perfectly lit, and very tasteful - not a hint of 'girlie magazine'. I decided then and there that they were keepers.

When I reached the very last image, I involuntarily gasped. In the shot I was literally sprawled in, limbs limp, in my camp chair. My legs were wide open and my pussy was fully shown - even to the extent that my inner lips were visible. My dark pubic hair caught the sun, but did nothing to hide me. Above, my breasts lay across my ribcage and my nipples looked much more prominent than I actually thought they were

"That's a nice one," said Dave, as I hurried to close down the phone.

At that very moment he cocked his head. From somewhere beyond the fence we could hear the sound of car engines and a horn blast.

"Ah," Dave jumped from his chair. "Looks like some of the other guests have arrived.

**Prude to Nude Ch. 03**

It was noon and three 4WDs were coming up the track to the resort. I'd been there alone since the day before, enjoying the company of Dave and Sabrina the owners and tentatively experiencing my first ever nudist holiday. Now I was about to share the campgrounds with some 'regulars'.

Dave and Sabrina left the pool area and strolled hand in hand to where the track meandered from the gate to the grassy campgrounds that made up - along with the pool, BBQ barn and ablutions blocks - the main area of the naturist retreat. I, who had just had my very first nude photo taken by Dave, went back to the safety of my own little campsite and sat on my camping chair in front of my tent. It was not specifically that I was nervous about meeting more nude people, I was actually shy around any type of stranger - even clothed ones.

The three big cars rolled slowly into the grassy campground and maneuvered into three separate but nearby campsites as if pre-arranged. Which being regulars there, I reflected, probably were. Dave and Sabrina, arms around each other's naked waists, were waving to everyone in the cars and calling out friendly greetings. I watched on from a distance - intrigued as to what these 'regulars' might be like.

As one, each 4WD stopped and the occupants stepped out of their vehicles - all fully clothed. From the first car, a well tanned couple perhaps in their fifties, he thickset, a noticeable tummy, medium height with short iron-grey hair and dressed in long shorts and a T-shirt. His wife, tall and rubenesque, mediterranean features and long dark hair, clad in a long batik sarong. I would later be introduced to them as John and Moira. From the back seat of their 4WD a slightly younger, slimmer man emerged. He was perhaps in his mid 30s, sported a moustache and what I thought was a fairly silly floppy hat - he too wore shorts and a T-shirt. I'd afterwards learn that his name was Greg and as a single guy he often tagged along with the couple.

The second 4WD belonged to a couple I gauged to be in their late 30s. He had a lean,tanned look, close cropped blond hair and dark glasses - he looked a little like a biker to me in his black T-shirt, jeans and boots. His partner was willowy, with long blonde hair and dressed in a simple white summer frock. I'd come to know them as Stew and Barb. From the last vehicle a couple alighted whose ages I could not begin to guess at. Bruce and Steph, may have been anywhere between 40 and 65. They were both trim, dressed in shorts and T-shirts that at one and the same time looked casual but terribly elegant, and they had (what seemed to me) the suaveness that one sees on people who are used to yachting and flying all over the world on their holidays. Steph wore her strawberry blonde hair bobbed and Bruce had that distinguished 'George Clooney' salt and pepper hairstyle. They had brought with them in their 4WD another single guy. This was Daryl - A very tall bald, shaven headed guy in jeans and tank-top.

So, I thought to myself, eight new people to meet. Should I get it over with before they are naked? Or does one wait to be introduced? The group had gathered into a friendly circle and Dave and Sabina were greeting them like old friends. Sabrina hugged and kissed all the men and women, Dave shook hands with the men, and all the women hugged and kissed Dave. I was too far away to hear what was said and nobody seemed to notice me. I sat low in my chair and watched the scene - wondering how a whole bunch of people suddenly get naked - or do they?

Everyone is an individual - that's for sure. John and Moira took off their clothes while still chatting to the rest of the group. He simply dropped his shorts and kicked them off, peeled his t-shirt over his head, all the while holding an animated conversation with Dave. Moira undid the knot of her sarong and casually threw it behind her where it landed on their car bonnet. Neither wore any underwear, so they were nude in an instant. It was the most casual thing I had ever seen. Their friend Greg walked to the car, opened the back door as if to screen himself, and after a lot of fussing and fiddling around with something inside the car, he came back to the group naked and carrying a towel over his shoulder - almost but not quite covering his penis.

Stew and Barb on the other hand, took towels and a bag from their car and walked across the lawn and disappeared into the shower block, emerging wet and naked 10 minutes later. As for Bruce and Steph, they went to stand in the shade away from the group and helped each other undress. They mutually helped each other out of their shirts. Then Steph turned her back to Bruce so he could unclip her bra. While she removed it, Bruce knelt behind her and pulled down her shorts and helped her step out of them, leaving her in a tiny white g-string. She turned back and unzipped and yanked down his shorts and underwear in one movement, laughing at some joke I was too far away to hear. Meanwhile big Daryl had sauntered to the pool, sat on a lounger to remove his jeans , and before I knew it I saw his naked butt as he dove into the water.

So, everyone had gotten naked, I had seen it all - and yet I hadn't. Perhaps it was sensory overload, but I just had the vaguest and combined images of naked torsos, bums and limbs. I hadn't really noticed the 'naughty' bits of their nudity. And of course I was doing my best not to gawk.

I was unsure again of the etiquette - should I go over and introduce myself? Should I mind my own business? I had not yet learnt how downright friendly nudists were. For in the next minute, I could see Sabrina pointing at me, and although I could not hear her, it was obvious she was discussing me with the newcomers - and beckoning me to come over and be introduced.

I did what I called at the time, "the walk of shame". That is to say, I stood up, and walked the ten metres of lawn that separated me from the group, acutely conscious that they were all turned my way and were all looking at me expectantly.

I walked toward the group - 9 nude people - and fought down the butterflies in my tummy. A sudden comforting thought struck me: I was without doubt the youngest person there. Did that make a difference, I thought? A part of me said that, merely by being younger, I was better looking than all the others - but that was not true either. Everyone, I was coming to realise, is beautiful in their own way.

I reached the group and Sabrina introduced me to them one by one.

"This is Kasumi," she said. "It's her first time, so everyone be on their extra best behavior."

Each of the three couples introduced themselves to me, the women and the men leaning in to give me a european kiss on the cheek. The kisses were a little startling at first, particularly as most of them placed a hand on my shoulder as they did so, and there was skin on skin contact with these almost strangers. Mostly it was shoulders touching shoulders, or our collarbone areas touching - nothing outrageous, but it was another first for me. I'd later learn that many nudists think nothing of such a greeting and I must admit, it was friendly. Greg the single guy on the other hand, just shyly shook my hand.

They all made polite small talk, intended I supposed to make me feel at ease.

"Where are you from?"

"Have a good trip up?"

"Got plenty of supplies?"

These and a dozen other little questions were posed to me and all the time my mind was thinking "Naked people all around me! Boobs of all shapes! Bellies! Bums!...Dicks!"

Well yes I admit, the dicks were my main focus - or rather what I trying most not to focus on. But I couldn't help making comparisons. Greg's was average ( average? What did that mean? I think I thought just that it looked in proportion to his physique.) It was uncircumcised, pale in colour although the tip of it was pinkish, and it pointed straight down - perhaps 3 or 4 inches. He was also completely bare down there, which I thought odd, given that he wore a moustache up top.

John, the larger guy with the tummy, had... a tiny one. There is no other way to say it. HIs small uncircumcised dick could barely be seen, just a little spout an inch or two long shadowing under his belly. I wondered if he was self-conscious about it before reminding myself where we were and reasoning that none of them were at all hung up about their bodies.

Stew's dick was by the most attractive. It was smooth and a golden tan colour, poking out just a little before it hung down in an almost graceful curve. The glans were almost the same hue as the rest of it , as was his hairless scrotum beneath. Size? I wondered, so hard to tell, Bigger than the others but not incredibly so. Then there was Bruce. He was not a 'smoothie' and his dick was circumcised, almost as long as Stew's but very thick. It was dark and had prominent veins that gave it a gnarled, rugged look.

I realise it seems like I was staring and cataloguing this inventory, but honestly, these were just impressions I got from standing amidst the group, my eyes were mostly going from face to face as I answered this or that question.

"Daryl!" Steph called to her single friend who was still in the pool. "Come and meet Kasumi."

He waved from the water and hauled himself up over the side of the pool before grabbing his towel and walking through the gate toward us. Once he left the pool fence, I'm sure I must have done a double take and stammered in embarrassment. There would be no subtle glances at Daryl's dick - there didn't need to be. It was big enough to see clearly from 20 feet away. It hung down his thigh, it swayed, it swayed 3 inches side to side as he walked. A long, thick shaft of penis, surmounted by an even thicker head. I couldn't even guess at the size. I quickly looked elsewhere and was glad that Barb had just asked me another question.

When Daryl reached us, I forced myself to keep eye contact as he was introduced. He smiled, shook my hand casually, asked how I was, and then passed on, walking to Bruce as asking if he ought to get working on setting up camp.

This seemed to spur everyone into action and they all repaired to their vehicles. They began unloading and with a lot of good natured banter started on pitching their tents and making their sites comfy.

Dave and Sabrina had gone back to their house and I wandered back to my own tent. After dousing myself in insect repellent ( there were suddenly a lot of flies and bees droning around) I laced on my trainers and set off for another nature walk.

Back home I wasn't a walker, never a jogger, not at all as fit as I should be, But something here made me feel so active, and I delighted in quite a strenuous walk up a densely tree clad hill. In among the trees the birdlife was extraordinarily prolific. I couldn't name more than two or three species but I loved seeing them in the trees or hopping over the ground, and their calls were enchanting. At the top of the hill I was suddenly surprised by a large goat that crashed through the undergrowth and ran across the path in front of me. I don't know why but it scared and bothered me a little - maybe because it was a feral animal and looked out of place there. Then again, perhaps I did too.

I turned and headed back down the hill. When I had almost reached the bottom I noticed Greg on the track ahead of me. He had his back to me and was busy taking photos of a huge tree that was girdled from its base to its canopy in some type of thick fig-like vines. I said hi as I drew level with him, intending to go past and back to the campground.

"How you doing," he said. "Amazing scenery isn't it? This tree must be over a hundred years old easily."

I stopped to admire the tree and he showed me some of the snaps he had just taken.

"Be a great backdrop for a nude photo," he smiled.

"Oh," I began. "I'm not really into..."

"Oh no!" he stammered. "I didn't mean you! God - sorry. I was talking about myself. I don't go around photographing other people."

"Yes," I agreed, "It would make a nice photo."

"Um," he held out his smartphone. "..would you mind?"

Before I knew it I had his phone in my hands and he was standing up against the big tree.

He stood casually, hands behind his back, leaning against the trunk and I moved back to get as much of the tree in shot as I could.

I took the photo and handed him back his phone.

"Thanks," he said. "Hey,could we try another? I want to try and emphasise the height of the tree."

Now with his hands on his hips he moved to stand on a tree root and I went back again, trying to get a low angle to capture the tree canopy. The track was not wide enough so I squatted down to get even more angle.

I took three more photos and as I did so, Greg changed in the viewfinder. His dick thickened, elongated and was suddenly poking straight out from his groin. It was not fully erect but it was certainly not asleep. Its glans had swollen to twice the size and it seemed to throb as it rose even higher from the horizontal.

"Err. Not sure if you want that in the photo," I said. Nodding toward his 'problem'.

"Whoops! I'm really sorry," he was actually blushing. "I didn't mean that. I hope I haven't offended?"

Was I offended? Should I have been? I wasn't . But I was a little nervous, being alone in the woods with a naked man who was aroused. I acted cool.

"No problem, " I said, handing back the phone. "I'll leave you to it." I smiled as I left him, hoping to reassure him that I was grown-up enough to handle it. "See you later!"

As I went back to my campsite, I pondered. Had he been turned on by me? Or was it just a reaction to being naked in that lovely forest? I remembered that the very day before I had gotten excited there all by myself the simple sensuality of the moment.

After returning to the camp, I took a quick shower and went back to my tent. The walk had given me an appetite and I made a big hole in my supplies by scoffing noodles and then some tea and biscuits. Around me the others had set their camps. Bruce and Steph's looked very elaborate, complete with hammocks and a full size dining table. I noticed too that while Greg had pitched his own small tent next to that of John and Moira, Daryl seemed to be sharing the large tent of Bruce and Steph. Apart from Greg who was still absent, all the other guests were finishing off their own late lunches and sharing a few beers and wine.

I thought after my walk that I had earnt it, so I poured a glass of white wine from my cooler and settled back in my chair with my novel. The afternoon was still and peaceful. The insects were still droning. It got harder and harder to keep my place in my book and I nodded off to sleep.

By the time I woke, the sun was almost setting. I could hear laughing voices coming from the BBQ barn and looking over I could see a friendly fire burning there in the hearth. It seemed like all the campers had gathered for the evening. Low music was playing and the occasional splash of someone horsing around in the pool could be heard. I thought about organising my dinner before it got too dark. Just then Sabrina walked up to my tent. Around her naked waist she wore the tiniest apron imaginable. Just barely covering her mons.

"Hey sleepyhead," she smiled. "We're putting on a little BBQ tonight. Nothing fancy but you're most welcome to join."

I suddenly felt in no mood to eat dinner alone. Sabrina took my arm and we headed to the barn. I was about to attend my first nudist party.

**Prude to Nude Ch. 04**

The BBQ barn was lit by lanterns on the ceiling and candles on the tables. When I say barn I really mean a large, wall-less roofed area furnished with chairs, tables and a few sofas. It was where the campers at the nudist retreat gathered of an evening to socialise.

It was my first time there. I had arrived at an empty campground just the day before, determined to try naturism. Dave and Sabrina the owners had been sweet and helpful. Today eight other guests (three couples and two single men) had arrived and now I had been invited to join them all for an evening BBQ. For the first time ever I was about to socialise with other naked people.

A friendly fire was glowing in one corner, a large gas-fired BBQ was sizzling at one edge of the Barn, and the campers sat around a large communal table they had made by putting a lot of smaller tables together. The table was laden with nibbles, chips and dips and cheeses, and bottles of wine and beer.

"We all just sort of throw in whatever we have," Sabrina told me, leading me from the darkening evening into the warm light of the barn. All eyes turned toward me and I was bombarded with welcoming smiles and gestures. All of them, except Dave (who was tending the BBQ) were seated and I momentarily felt vulnerable standing there naked. I could not always tell who was looking at me just as a person, or who was appraising my naked body. I made eye contact with Gary and he gave me a friendly hello, but I'm sure I saw Daryl studying my boobs and even gazing at my pubic mound before I 'caught him out'. It was awkward to say the least.

Steph came to my rescue and pulled out a chair offering me a seat next to her and her husband Bruce, (the couple of the expensive tent which they seemed to share with Daryl.) I sat gratefully, remembering to put my towel down on the seat first. We were all now only visible from the chest up. Bruce poured me a glass of much needed wine, and I sipped as the conversation flowed around me.

From where I sat I could watch Dave. Like Sabrina he was clad in a tiny apron which covered his genitals but left his butt bare as he flipped and poked at the variety of goodies that were grilling on the BBQ. Sabrina hovered around, putting out salads and homemade bread. Her small breasts appearing and disappearing behind her long dark hair as she leant over the table.

The eight other guests (who were clearly all old friends) laughed and joked and chatted away.. As for me, being naturally shy, and still coming to terms with nudity, I'm afraid I did not add much to the conversation, which was mainly about where there had gotten nude since they all saw each other last - it seemed to be a both a hobby and a source of immense satisfaction for them to relate where, how often and under what circumstances they had taken their clothes off. I was beginning to understand that for them,nudism was almost a vocation, a constant challenge against society to live as they truly wanted to. As Stew (the guy who looked like a biker and not at all what I had imagined naturists to look like) said, "It's all about freedom baby, right?" Although I cringed at being called 'baby', I did see his point. They were mini-activists, wanting to live as freely as possible, but feeling themselves confined to places like nude beaches and this hidden away camping retreat.

Eventually Dave turned to us to announce the feast was ready. I noticed that his apron bore printing which read, "Kiss this cook". Except someone had replaced one of the letters in 'cook' with the obvious consonant. I actually found that a little confronting - although no-one else paid it any attention. In my short two days as a nudist, I had only just come around to using the word 'dick' instead of penis (and only in my own head, not out loud). Now here I was reading and thinking the word 'cock'. As fate would have it, tall Daryl stood up from the table opposite me just then to help Dave, and the word 'cock' screamed itself in my mind. The huge, large headed serpentine thing that hung down between his legs was definitely not a penis, not even a dick. The only word for it was cock. In had to prise my eyes away from it and hoped nobody had seen how fixated I had been on it. Daryl was an OK looking guy. Fit and tall with a shaven head like Patrick Stewart. But he wasn't my type (As a virgin I wasn't sure I had a 'type'..except maybe for Johnny Depp). By which I mean I don't think I was attracted to him. But his cock was mesmerising. I wondered if he was conscious of it? Proud of it? And the other women? Did they look at it too and compare it to that of their own partners? Did they ever bother to notice these things? I knew already that I had the largest boobs in the group. Not the best, just the biggest. Did the men make mental notes on these things? Or as so many websites I had read suggested, were they immune to such thoughts?

I only knew that I wasn't. Try as I might, I could not help comparing. Sabrina's small and fit body, Dave's placid cock, John's tummy and his wee little dick, Steph's pale teardrop shaped breasts, Stew's handsome tanned buttocks and velvety dick, Moira's junoesque figure with her large dark areolas - everywhere I looked I found another body part to appraise, another indication that we are all different, but all beautiful in our own way. Even me... with my slightly pendulous boobs, my butt much bigger than I would like, and ( my biggest fear) my labia. My inner lips were not protruding, my vagina was often no more than a chubby slit hidden by my pubic hair. Yet I had a nagging doubt that it was not 'neat' enough, that men might find it ugly. Moreover, thanks to my Asian heritage, I often worried that it, like my nipples, was too dark in colour. And, shame of all shames, did I smell OK 'down there'. Why did I have these concerns? I can't really say. What is it that makes us so concerned about details of our body we have no control over? It was, after all, my reason for being here - to learn to accept these things.

I had so much to learn from these people. These folks who moved and talked with so much ease, not caring what aspect of their bodies others saw. Not in the least concerned about being judged.

I accepted another glass of wine from Steph before remembering my manners and running to my tent to get a bottle of Semillon from my own supplies. After all, everyone but me had chipped in to the BBQ and I did not want to seem like a freeloader.

When I got back to the barn, Greg was standing just outside it, smoking a cigarette.

"You need more booze?" he joked.

"Oh no. Just adding my contribution," I said.

"About today..." he began.

I knew he was alluding to the moment on the nature trail when he had asked me to take his photo and had developed an erection as I did so. But I did not want to make a big deal of it.

"Today?"

"My umm... excitement." he said, red faced,

"Oh, no problem," I replied. "I'm sure it happens all the time."

"Well, no actually," Greg smiled. "At least, it's not supposed to. I'm really sorry and..."

"And?"

"Could you," he stomped out his cigarette and looked at the ground. "Could you do me a huge favour and not mention it? Especially around Dave and Sabrina. It could get me kicked out and, well, I really like it here."

In realised then that he was terrified that I might complain about him to the owners. Who was I to set rules?

"Please," I said. "Forget it. I'm sure it was just an accident."

The relief on his face was priceless.

"Thank you so much Kasumi," he offered to shake my hand. "I promise it will never happen again."

He looked so much like a lost puppy that I couldn't help wanting to put his mind at ease.

"No problem," I smiled. "I understand that it happens to men. And might happen anytime,"

I turned to go back to the BBQ and for some reason I suddenly felt mischievous .

"Anytime," I said ambiguously and glanced down at his cock.

Back at the table Dave, Daryl and Sabrina had served up a scrumptious meal. I timidly added my one bottle of wine to the table and sat down to 'tuck in'.

I admit it - I'm a girl who likes her food. And this food was so good, so fresh and flavorsome that for the next 20 minutes or so I almost forgot about my nudity, about everyone's nudity, and just enjoyed the convivial and lovely meal we all shared. We ate, we drank, we chatted (well, they chatted and I listened) and we enjoyed the music. And with the night settling in, the stars sparkling above and the soft breeze blowing the smell of eucalypt trees over the lawn, it was a perfect evening.

The music: Dave, apart from photography, had another hobby. One he seemed to share with John. Both of them fancied themselves as amateur DJs and both wrestled for control of the sound system, playing track after track and each insisting that their own choices were the best. I'm not an expert in popular music. Growing up my own tastes were shaped by my parents and I tended to listen to classical and jazz music at home. Dave and John on the other hand, were self acknowledged experts in rock, blues, R&B and everything in between. I must admit, I enjoyed their brand of music. It was what I had never really known music to be before...it was simply fun. By the time we had finished eating Moira and Barb were up out of their seats and dancing to the music. Steph and Bruce soon joined them and a few minutes later Sabrina sashayed over and began to dance among the little crowd. The single guys Greg and Daryl stepped outside the barn to smoke a cigarette which left me alone at the table with Stew - the tough looking biker with the attractive golden dick.

Stew was, despite his looks, gentle and polite. He poured me another glass of wine and sat with me in companionable silence, gazing all the while over at his partner Barb, who was now dancing a slow number arm in arm with Moira. Bruce and Steph were dancing in each other's arms and I was more than a little surprised to see John walk away from the sound system and take little Sabrina in his big meaty arms and waltz with her to a bluesy country western song, while her hubby Dave remained over at the stereo, intent on queuing up the next song.

I sat and watched the dancers, all so unconscious or uncaring about their nudity, and in the lamplight I thought they all looked lovely. Their tanned skin glowed and their faces were full of a simple and frank joie de vivre. It's a pity, I thought, that I'm not a dancer.

"Umm, care to dance?"

I looked up to see Greg holding out a shy hand, indicating the dance area. From over where the others were dancing slowly, Sabrina caught my eye and beckoned.

"Don't be shy Kasumi," she called. "We're all friends here."

I swallowed a last mouthful of wine for courage and gave Greg my hand. Like a 19th Century gentleman he bowed slightly, took the tips of my fingers and led me onto the floor.

It was a moment where time seemed to stop and memories flooded in. Or I should say, the lack of memories. I had never been asked to dance before in my life. Had not been to a high school dance, and had always been the girl at the nightclub who sat and minded the handbags while my friends were whisked away onto the dance floor by young men who never seemed to see me. Now I was shyly wondering just what to do out there. The music changed to a disco like number and Greg let go of my hand and began to sway his hips and wave his hands about in pretty poor John Travolta impression...who was I to judge? I tried to mirror his movements and after a few minutes, the pure joy of just dancing made me lose my self consciousness and I really got into it. The fact that everyone else was dancing in a similar silly fashion made me feel safe and free.

By the time the next song came around we were all dancing in a sort of tribal circle. I was acutely aware that my boobs were bouncing and swaying all over the place and that my sense of rhythm left a lot to be desired, but oh how we all laughed and lost ourselves in the moment. I learnt then that while dancing, it was perfectly acceptable for nudists to really 'look' at one another and to even make comment on our dancing bodies.

"Yeah! Shake it!," Moria would say to whoever was dancing most vigorously.

"Yeah baby, give it up!" someone else would say. And everyone (except me) seemed to enjoy exaggerating their movements in a lighthearted parody of 'dirty dancing'.

After twenty minutes or so I got used to boobs, bums and cocks all bouncing around me, and I almost forgot about how I must look with my breasts swaying and my less than perfect thighs 'wobbling' as I danced.

Then came a slow number. Everyone suddenly paired up for a waltz. Bruce and Steph, Sabrina and John, Barb and Dave (Barb's partner Stew was still sitting at the table chatting to Daryl). Greg looked at me questioningly and spread his arms. A moment later I was in his embrace and we waltzed around the barn floor, All very proper and polite, yet here I was, naked and in the arms of a naked man. It was nerve wracking, it was warm and snug, it was electric.

Dave or John must have queued up a lot of slow songs for it seemed we waltzed for hours - although it was probably only 20 minutes.

Greg and I made small talk as we danced, mostly about our own musical tastes. He suddenly maneuvered me around so my back was to the crowd and his own body was almost lost in shadows. For about three seconds I wondered why he had decided to change position so abruptly - then I realised. I could feel something hot and very hard pressing against my tummy. He had a full, straining erection. I couldn't see it, but there was no mistaking what it was.

"I'm really sorry," he said. "It just sort of happens sometimes."

Sometimes? I thought. More like all the time! This was his second today. I was inexperienced enough back then to think that two erections in a day was a lot.

I was embarrassed, but more for him than for myself.

"What shall we do?" I whispered. "Wait for it to go away? You can't walk around like that!"

"Mmm, " he said sheepishly. "If I stay here I don't think it will just go away."

Just then I felt his cock throb and knock against my tummy. I felt a moistness smearing around my belly button.

"If you just dance with me to the edge of the barn," he asked. "I should be able to slip into the pool unseen and ah...cool off."

It seemed like a reasonable plan to me, so we both slowly waltzed deeper into the shadows until he could separate from me and glide away into the pool.

"Sorry," he said again as he disappeared into the water.

I walked back to the table. As I sat down I brushed my hand over my stomach and felt a thin liquid coating it. "Pre-cum", my mind told me. "Nothing to worry about." Nothing at all, I thought, but it is a little intriguing...exciting.

When I sat down again, Stew offered me another drink and Daryl asked how I had enjoyed the dance with Greg. They were both so friendly and sincere that I resolved not to make a big deal of Greg's hard-on.

Someone else did however. Dave came over and asked if he could have a word with me in private. The other guys stood and went to the dance floor and Dave sat in a chair close to me.

"I was looking out for you," he began. "And I think I know what Greg was up to. Did he make a move on you?"

"No," I said. "We just danced."...Where was he going with this? I wondered.

"I saw him," Dave continued. "And I know he was...aroused. We don't condone sexual advances like that. Say the word and I'll kick him out."

I know I should have felt safe and protected when Dave said this, but I didn't. I felt indignant, almost angry. Did he think I was incapable of looking out for myself? Even worse, that I was unable to make my own choices? I felt patronised and insulted, though I fought it down and told myself that Dave had my best interests at heart. (and the reputation of his business). If we were at a clothed venue, I wondered, would the manager be on the lookout for any dancing men who had erections inside their trousers - and I am sure that must happen. Greg had an accidental hard-on, excused himself and left me - end of story.

I know I shouldn't feel upset by Dave's concern, but I did. I thanked him for his solicitude, but made it clear that I was fine, and as far as I was concerned, so was Greg, and begged him to leave it at that. I wasn't sure if Dave was relieved or still wary, but he wandered back to dance (with his wife) and I stayed at the table. Stew and Daryl soon joined me, and a little later so did a wet and flaccid Greg. Neither he nor I mentioned his erection and the four of us chatted about everything and nothing.

The night wore on with more music and wine but for me the spell was broken. I still felt annoyed with Dave. I secretly accused him of hypocrisy, and worse. Perhaps I had had too much wine.

By now it was past midnight and the party was coming to a close. The fire was doused, everyone pitched in to tidy up and soon we were all giving each other a goodnight kiss and hug.

Dave and Sabrina left to go back to their house and the rest of us went by torchlight to our respective tents. Greg said sorry to me one more time before going to his tent. Daryl told me to cheer up before he and Bruce and Steph entered their palatial tent, and I crawled sleepily into my own little sanctuary.

To understand what happened next, you need to know the layout of the campground. In the middle distance, about 20 metres from me, Stew and Barb had their camp. Beyond them was the tent of John and Moira and behind that, Greg's small solitary tent. Closest to me was the large tent shared by Bruce, Steph and their companion Daryl. I had assumed that being so large, they would naturally have their own rooms inside and a good deal of privacy.

As I settled down in my sleeping bag and the night grew quieter, I realised I could hear very distinctly voices coming from Bruce and Steph's tent. Voices that were heavy and excited.

I heard Steph saying, "Mmm give it to me."

"Suck me baby," came the reply. "I love it when you suck my cock."

Except the man's voice was not that of her hubby Bruce.. It was that of big Daryl.

I heard heavy breathing and wet, kissing sounds. Then Bruce's voice, trembling as he said. "Yes, sweety, suck him. You look so good doing that."

I moved as close as I could to the tent wall, straining to hear what was going on in their tent. There was little talk coming from them now, except for low moans and murmurings. But I could hear a rhythmic pounding begin and Steph's voice mewling incoherently. I had not masturbated since I could not remember when, but after a few minutes of listening to them, I could not help reaching down into my folds and gently circling my clitoral hood. My pussy was tingling and seemed to gape and beg me for something ... something I could not give it. Still, listening to the wet, slapping noises coming from the other tent, the stifled groans of three people having sex in a way I could not even begin to imagine, I rubbed myself frantically, biting my sleeping bag to prevent my own moans from escaping. I heard Steph whisper hoarsely, "Fuck, it's so big." and the heavy panting of the two men. My thighs were drenched with my own wetness and I began to shake. Steph seemed to be almost screaming now in her whisperings and I lost it completely. My orgasm rushed up upon me and my pussy shook beneath my finger. I had to bite my bottom lip to stop from crying out as the almost painful vibrations passed through my sensitive vagina.

Surprised by the intensity of it, I gently rubbed myself and was staggered by how wet and slippery I was. I was exhausted. I drifted off to sleep to the sound of my three neighbours still enjoying whatever exactly it was they were doing.

**Prude to Nude Ch. 05**

It was just after 8 a.m. and I was cozy in my sleeping bag listening to the birdsong fill the camping ground. This was the start of my third day at the naturist retreat and the morning sun had not yet warmed the air, nor woken any of the other eight campers - hardly surprising after the late night dancing they had all enjoyed evening before.

I reflected with a little amazement how quickly my first nudist experience had progressed. Only two days earlier I had first taken my clothes off outside (albeit alone as I was the only camper there at the time). Since then I had walked naked through the bush, swam in the pool, had my photo taken nude by the owner Dave, watched him photograph his wife Sabrina's ass, taken a photo of a guy named Greg and seen his spontaneous erection, shared a nude BBQ with 10 people, danced with them, and danced close with the aforementioned Greg and felt his erection press against me, and late in the night, was pretty sure I heard my neighbours in the next tent having threeway sex. Perhaps that all that was nothing too outrageous for a nudist camp, but for me it was all very new and challenging. Still, I thought to myself, I'd come here to change my life and build up my confidence in myself and my body, and it certainly was doing that. And everyone had been so laid-back, accepting and non-threatening that I felt welcome and safe - and I had the best part of a week still to enjoy.

I could have lazed in my cozy tent for hours yet, but nature called and I had to go to the ablutions block. I crawled through the zip door and momentarily pondered if it was cool enough to wear at least a t-shirt. The camp rules stated clearly that it was a nudist - not clothing optional - resort, but how far was that enforced, I wondered. Surely even naturists must cover up sometime; the weather was not always perfect. Then as I stretched, I realised how comfortable it really was to be naked. I liked the complete freedom of movement; even my breasts free of restriction and swaying to and fro seemed more comfortable and a part of me than they ever had before. In the end I reasoned that as I'd be soon naked in the shower anyway, why bother dressing for a 20 metre walk.

I grabbed my biggest towel and my toiletries and walked across the dew-damp grass to the main shower block. I could still smell some lingering smoke from the campfire the night before, and its mingling with the fresh smell of eucalypt was at once earthy and somehow fresh. From the other four tents strung in a row between mine and the ablutions block, not a sound could be heard.. The block was quite large: inside, three private toilet cubicles ranged along one wall, and opposite them, four showers. I noted that while two of the showers had doors, the other two were completely open to the public gaze. Along the end wall was a long large mirror, below which were four hand basins and some power outlets. As I went into one of the toilets, I realised one of the closed showers was running and a towel was draped over its door. Here was another issue I had to confront - bathroom privacy. All through my school years I had avoided communal showers and change rooms, and had always been acutely embarrassed to think that anyone might be able to hear me 'tinkle' while using a public toilet. Were nudists just as casual around bathrooms as they were elsewhere? To me, those things were still very intimate and private.

Nevertheless - nature called, and she called urgently. I used the toilet and then went into one of the closed shower cubicles. I gave my hair a badly needed wash (it smelt like campfire) and luxuriated in the hot water for quite a long time. All sense of coldness left me and I soon felt re-charged and ready for the day. I pondered putting on some make-up but decided I had no one to impress - sun block was all I needed.

When I came out of the shower and headed to the basins to brush my teeth, I discovered who the other early riser was. Standing by the wash basins was Daryl, the tall bald guy with the very large cock (and who I had heard having some kind of sex with the couple Bruce and Steph the night before in their tent).

"Oh, good morning," I said, taking up a spot at another basin. "Looks like another lovely day."

"Hey there," he smiled over his shoulder. "And all those other pikers are wasting it by sleeping in."

"I don't want to waste a single moment," I agreed. "The weather is too nice."

I got out my things and began to brush my teeth. Daryl had his things scattered all over the wash basin bench and was busy shaving. But his face was already smooth - he was shaving his tescticles! I'm sure my eyes must have widened at the sight of it; Daryl caught my reflection in the mirror and gave me a sort of apologetic smile.

"Just tidying up a bit," he said.

He had his scrotum lightly covered in shaving cream and was slowly running his razor blade over his balls from back to front. His other hand held his cock up and out of the way. He was sort of half bent over so he could see what he was doing and had an intense look of concentration on his face.

Barely able to look away I tried to act cool.

"Umm ... be careful," I said half jokingly. "You'll look funny if you cut yourself and have to wear a band-aid."

"Oh, I'm always careful," he replied and winked at me before going back to the task.

I continued to brush my teeth - slowly. Daryl had after all the biggest cock I had ever seen (Okay, I had only seen six, and all in the last two days). He held it kind of backhanded just below the glans; the glans that seemed almost twice the circumference of the thick shaft they surmounted, like the hat of a long flesh coloured mushroom. The skin was an even tone all over and seemed to have none of the ridges and veins that made Bruce's cock look so angry. I brushed and brushed and Daryl continued to ever so gently and slowly shave his balls - balls that to me looked too small for his thick and long (how long I wondered? Easily five inches completely flaccid) cock. If he was gentle with his balls, he certainly did not take the same care with his cock. He gripped it like a baseball bat (the simile is apt) and tugged it this way and that to get it out of his way and I was somewhat amazed at how rough he was with it. Weren't cocks sensitive? I had always assumed that they were as delicate as the flesh of my own pussy, yet Daryl treated his like a piece of tough leather.

He caught me staring in the mirror and gave a little shrug. His cock grew noticeably thicker in his hand. It lengthened and fattened until even his large hand could barely hold it. In another moment I was sure he had a full erection. It was simply enormous! Three inches of shaft protruded from his fist, topped by the head that looked like rose coloured tennis ball. He continued to shave, but my toothbrush was frozen in my mouth - and I stood there like a dummy, unable to drag my eyes away from his cock.

"Err," I don't want to be rude," he said softly. "But if you go around staring like that at guys, they might often react like this."

"Oh god, I'm sorry."

"No need to apologise," he said. "But these things," here he nodded toward his cock, "have a mind of their own and seem to know when they are being watched."

"I really didn't mean to..."

"Yeah I know," he said. "Look, this is just a little friendly advice. Men are all horndogs and we are prone to think even a curious look from lady is an invitation for more. You're new to nudism I know, so I wouldn't want your first time here to be a bad experience. And by the way, it's I who should be apologising to you. An unwanted erection is not exactly acceptable here."

I looked down and saw that his cock had softened a lot as he spoke - it was almost flaccid once again.

"How did you do that?" I asked.

"What?"

"You know, make it go all floppy again." Another aspect of my ignorance (and God only knows where I got the idea) was that men, once they had an erection, could only rid themselves of it by ejaculating. Now Daryl's cock had gone from soft to hard to soft again in just minute or two.

Daryl laughed - not unkindly though.

"Believe me," he said. "It takes a lot of control." (he was glancing at my boobs) "Usually I think about cricket, or my Auntie Ruth - that normally shuts me down."

He laughed a very self-conscious laugh. "Really," he said. "I'm very sorry about the erection. You are the last person I'd hit on here."

Perhaps it was meant as a reassurance, but the words struck me like a unexpected slap in the face. I suddenly felt embarrassed, insulted. Dumpy little Kasumi was not someone Daryl could ever seriously fancy? The two days of confidence building I had gone through unravelled and I saw myself in the mirror - mortified and , and . Saggy boobs, big butt, short legs - no man's ideal.

I grabbed all my stuff and mumbled that I had to go. Daryl tried to speak again but I was already walking as fast as I could back to my tent, my towel wrapped around me and tears threatening to burst out. I was thinking of getting dressed straight away and driving home. Home to the safety and comfort of my parents' house

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Back in my tent I threw on a tank-top and crept into my sleeping bag. I didn't exactly break down and cry but I was on the verge of it for quite a while. I knew I was over-reacting, and that made it even worse. But as I lay there, I thought about what I had experienced and achieved since my arrival at the retreat, and I determined to stick it out. It must be said that there was a little of my mother in the decision too - after all, I had paid for my week in advance and she would be scandalised if I wasted that money.

A little while later I realised I was hungry and I left my tent and got to work with my little gas stove and made some breakfast. By then the other campers were all up and about: Stew and Barb were cleaning up after their own breakfast, John and Moira were sitting out the front of their own tent, sharing coffee with Greg and reading magazines, and Bruce and Steph were just across the way from me, lazing out the front of their sumptuous tent in large collapsible and comfy looking loungers - Daryl was in the third lounger - laying back with his eyes closed. Naturally, everyone was naked and began to feel silly in my tank-top. I peeled it off, poured another cup of tea for myself and sat in the warming morning sun; Bruce and Steph gave me a friendly good morning wave and I responded in kind.

The morning went by lazily, nobody seemed inclined to do much at all. Around 11 o'clock, bored with my novel and feeling the need for some form of activity, I took myself to the pool area and waded into the water. Despite growing up in Australia, where we are all supposed to be outdoor athletes, I was not a champion swimmer, and after a few half -hearted laps of the small pool, I contented myself with dog-paddling around and just enjoying the feeling of the cool water on my bare skin.

I was floating serenely when I heard a splash behind me. A man had just dove into the pool; the last man I felt like seeing just then - Daryl. I swam to the further end of the pool, but he followed me.

"Hey Kasumi," he said as he surfaced next to me. "Can we talk?"

"About?" I asked, gripping the tiled edge of the pool and hiding my body as much as I could from him,"

"Well," he began, moving closer to me. "This morning at the showers. I think I may have offended you - and I want to apologise."

"Offended me?"

"Yeah, you know," he nodded toward his crotch, "The erection."

"Is THAT why you think I was offended?" I was astounded at how dense men were.

"Uhh, yeah." he looked like he was replaying the morning in his head, searching for other misdemeanors.

"You really don't recall what you said to me?" I asked, turning from the edge of the pool to face him. We both now stood, face to face in the waist deep water,

"Erm," was all I got from him.

"Let me remind you, 'you are the last person I'd hit on.' That's what you said!"

Saying it out loud suddenly felt stupid. Hadn't I already decided that he was not my type? So.. so what if I wasn't his type? Why should I worry?

I slow dawning of realisation spread over his face.

"Oh no," he cried. "You didn't think...?"

"What?"

"You didn't think I meant you aren't attractive?" he was waving his hands around in confusion and I must admit, I was watching the muscles of his shoulders rippling as he did so.

"No, no, no. " he protested. "Far from it. All I meant was; you are a newbie, and Dave gave us ALL a warning not to make you feel uncomfortable with any signs of 'attraction'. That's all I was trying to say. Believe me, you are very, very attractive."

Was I seeking approval? Right then I decided to ditch my incessant desire to examine my own motivations and for the first time in my life 'go with the flow'. Another part of me felt a little resentment once more about Dave and his over-protectiveness - owner of the resort or not, he was not my moral guardian, I thought. I looked into Daryl's face.

"Really?" I asked.

"Really."

I smiled; he smiled. Whatever devil made me do it, I put my arms behind me and hauled myself up onto the edge of the pool, sitting there naked and dripping, my pussy inches from his face. At that moment I did not even think about "acceptable naturism" - I wanted him to look at me.

"I really look okay?" I asked.

"Oh my god," he said hoarsely, "Do you ever!"

The look in his eyes was one I will never forget. They were pleading, begging me. And somehow I sensed exactly what it was he wanted right then.

I opened my legs wide, and then even wider. My pussy was completely on view to him.

He looked over his shoulder once nervously, but there was nobody in sight, everyone was still occupied at their campsites.

"Jesus," he whispered.

I looked down at my pussy, there was still pool water trickling down from my boobs and tummy, wetting my pubic hair and making it a slick dark mop over my mons. I looked into the water and saw his cock, seeming bigger and harder than I had seen it that morning.

He let out a sort of moan and reached under the water to grab himself.

And that is when I think my life changed forever. At that moment I felt such an incredible rush. As if I had discovered some amazing secret, some super power that was mine alone - to do with as I wished.

Now it was my turn to look over toward the campground. I did not want to be caught doing what I did next.

I put my hand down to the bottom of my tummy, and with a finger each side of my mound, I subtly pulled upwards, exposing, as I knew it would, my clitoris.

"You like?" I asked coyly.

"It's perfect," he said. And right there in the pool, under the water but only inches from me, he was stroking his cock, tugging and twisting it, his eyes never leaving my pussy. The power I seemed to exert over him fired some switch in my brain. I grabbed my left breast and lifted it, pointing the nipple toward him.

"And these?"I asked. "You like them?"

"Oh my god," was all he could say.

His closed hand was pumping his cock furiously now under the water. He looked up into my eyes.

"Understand," he said. "I'd never try and push my luck. But you are the hottest thing I have ever seen here. I can't help..."

And her couldn't. At that moment, through the refraction of the pool water, I witnessed my first male orgasm. The tip of his cock, poking out from his curled fingers, shook and swelled and I saw ropes of white creamy liquid spurt from it. Five or six times the sperm erupted from him and floated away in streamers. They eddied on the pool current and drifted away toward the filter pump. His cock remained super hard and now the head of it looked even redder. As for me, it took all my willpower not to plunge at least one finger into my pussy or diddle my clit - I was on fire. But the real turn-on was knowing that I had turned him on so much that he had come - and come so quickly. I felt like a goddess.

"Oh wow, " he breathed. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean..."

"Don't be sorry," I said, and I jumped back into the pool to stand next to him. "I've read about these things - after all, it's only natural, right?"

He was breathing heavily. I was, despite the cool water, burning down below and wondering if I should rub myself of , or even if he might do it for me.

He tentatively laid a hand on my shoulder. "You're amazing," he said.

I had an impulse that I could not resist. I wanted to reach down and grab his (still hard) cock. To finally find out just what a man felt like.

"Hey! You two!"

We both jumped guiltily at the voice. It was Moira, the junoesque woman from campsite three. She and her husband John were walking toward the pool. Daryl and I quickly moved apart from each other.

John and Moira drew closer to the pool and leant on the fence.

"Sorry, love," Moira smiled at me. "Got to drag Daryl away. It's bonfire night tonight and we need a big man like him to help stack the wood."

Her innuendos were obvious but said with such open friendliness that we all laughed. We dragged ourselves from the pool, Daryl trying to hide his wilting but still swollen cock as we did so by sheltering behind me.

A moment later we all four were walking across the lawn of the campground.

"So, tell me," I asked nobody in particular. "What exactly is bonfire night?"