**So We Went Camping**

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It was one of those weekends where the Thursday was a public holiday. I managed to get the Friday off, as did two of my friends, Stella and Maria. I'm Joanne, by the way. So there we were on Wednesday, facing a four day break, with absolutely nothing planned.  
  
We were discussing it, wondering what to do with ourselves for four days. The one thing we did agree on was that we were not just going to bum around the house for the entire time. We were going to do something, but we didn't know what.  
  
By a chancy coincidence we were all between boyfriends, so we didn't have to worry about having to stroke male egos for the holiday and were free to do as we liked. The weather forecast was for a series of fine days, not overly hot and no rain. Trouble was, with the temperature only average, the beach didn't appeal. Nothing seemed to appeal.  
  
Then one of us said, "Let's go camping."  
  
The idea caught on. We all enjoyed being out in nature. We were active young women and could handle ourselves out in the wilderness. (Not that the places where we went camping were that wild. There's a fine line between fun and stupidity and we didn't care to cross it.) We decided to go up into the mountains, hiking through the national park. If we left right away we could be in the park by night-time and set up our initial camp. Then we'd have the full four days, two days going deeper into the mountains and that left us two days to get home.  
  
So we went camping. We grabbed our tents and gear, piled into Stella's van, and headed into the mountains.  
  
Once at the park we stopped by the ranger station to let them know that we were there, where we were going, and when we were due back. It's nice to know that if something does go wrong they'll come looking. Then we grabbed our backpacks and headed into the woods.  
  
We only hiked for about an hour, just long enough to get into the swing of it. Then we set up camp and had some dinner. It was a pleasant evening and we just lazed around and chatted before finally retiring to our tent. It was only a small tent but we weren't that large and squeezed in quite nicely, putting some netting between us and the mosquitoes that were starting to emerge. (I'm not saying that our mosquitoes are large. I'm just going to point out that they've been known to fight off vampire bats if there's blood to be had. Bring on the netting.)   
  
We arose with the lark, as the saying goes. Silly saying, really. It's fine for Nash to say "Like to the lark at break of day arising" but we don't have larks. We have kookaburras. They also arise with the dawn but they don't sing a melodious song. They sound more like hyenas, perched in the trees and howling. One does not sleep through the kookaburra's chorus.  
  
Having arisen nice and early we had some breakfast and headed deeper into the mountains. It was a pleasant day and there was some pretty spectacular scenery from a few viewpoints. People were scarce, but that was all to the good as far as we were concerned. Altogether, an enjoyable day and we pitched our next camp quite a distance in. That was our Thursday public holiday. Far better than just mooching around the house.  
  
Friday was a repeat of the Thursday with us up with the birds and hiking deeper in. We weren't in a hurry, just ambling along, enjoying ourselves, talking and walking. We were quite a respectable distance in when we pitched camp beside a small waterfall.  
  
Twilight ran late at this time of the year, and it was still quite light when the clock wandered past eight o'clock. That's when we got a visitor.   
  
This character came wandering into the camp. Think logger. Think big man with muscles. Handsome in a rough looking way. When I say a rough looking way I'm talking about his features. You know the sort of guy I'm talking about. Face chiselled out of a block of granite. Tough looking. Countering this impression of a tough logger was his choice of attire.  
  
Now the three of us were dressed for hiking. T-shirts and shorts and sneakers were the order of the day. OK, Stella was wearing yoga pants, but you know what I mean. We were dressed for hiking and camping. Not this guy. He was wearing a suit and tie with polished black shoes and he looked immaculate. Talk about a fish out of water. The way he was dressed he should have been entering a fine restaurant in the city, not wandering into our camp in the middle of nowhere.  
  
He introduced himself as Charles. Not Charlie or Chuck; Charles. He'd caught the aroma of our coffee and thought he'd see if we had an extra cup. I rinsed out my cup and poured him some and he thanked me and calmly chatted to us as he drank it.   
  
He was on a hiking tour, he said. He'd been in the park for several weeks and had a camp deeper in the bush. Waving a hand at his clothes he said he liked to put on the suit occasionally, especially if there were other people around. I got the impression that he enjoyed the double takes he got when he wandered into someone's camp, all spiffy and polished. An odd sense of humour but it takes all kinds.  
  
Charles had his coffee and his chat and then he nodded to himself and regarded the three of us. I thought he was about to say goodnight and move on but it turned out he was just checking our whereabouts. Maria and I were curled up on the ground in front of the tent while Stella was standing close to Charles. I have to assume that it was her proximity to Charles that won her the honour of his attentions.  
  
Charles took a step back and to the side which effectively put him behind Stella. Before she could turn to see what he was doing he'd reached over and hooked onto her pants and was pulling them down. I think I may have mentioned that she was wearing yoga pants. They slip off very easily if you're in a hurry. Charles was in a hurry. Those pants just went sailing straight down, taking her panties with them. Deliberately, on Charles part, I'm sure. One moment Stella is standing there and the next she was half naked.  
  
Stella and Charles were side-on to Maria and me so we had an excellent view of what happened next. Charles just nudged Stella behind the knees and her legs buckled. She just went down, landing on her knees, then into what is colloquially known as the 'doggie position', help by a friendly hand pushing against her back.  
  
Charles held her in position like that while giving Maria and me a very firm look.   
  
"Just stay where you are," he told us. "If you come over here to help I'll assume that you want to be the one and I'll accept your invitation."  
  
I looked at Maria and she looked at me and we just froze where we were. Hell, the three of us combined probably weighed less than Charles. If there was a fight he'd be able to just lay us out. Unless, of course, he was bluffing, and would run away if we showed fight, but I wasn't risking my neck on that possibility.  
  
Stella was looking at us, held in position by a hand on her back, while Charles was kneeling behind her and dropping his trousers, letting his little friend out to play. We could see him, easing himself into position, and we could tell from the look on Stella's face when his cock started pressing against her vagina.  
  
That was the point where my evil genie whispered in my ear. Looking straight at Stella I raised my hands, holding them slightly cupped and about a foot apart. Then I slowly shook my head, looking mournful. The look on her face was priceless. Mind you, Charles wasn't that large. Large enough, I guess, but definitely not a Subway foot-long.  
  
I'd have thought that a rapist, once he's chosen his victim, would just bang it in and get his rocks off real quick. I'd have been wrong. Charles was easing his way into Stella, talking his own sweet time. For a few moments I thought he wasn't even trying to take her, but I finally noticed that he was just moving in real slow.   
  
I guess he didn't want to hurt Stella, her being unprepared for his loving attentions and all that, and he was just sliding in slowly enough that she could adjust. From the looks that crossed Stella's face his ploy was working. She went from frightened and horrified, to resigned, to puzzled, to indignant waiting. I could almost hear her thinking, "Will you get a move on and do it?"  
  
The answer to her silent question was that he was getting there. As far as I could see (and I could see everything) he was sinking deeper and deeper and Stella was handling him without any problems. Whether that would have been the case if he'd just stuck it to her without any frills is another matter, but his careful handling of her was reaping him his rewards. Finally, with only a little bit to go, he pushed firmly home, neatly sheathing himself.   
  
Stella's face was party relief, part consternation. She might have been getting irritated at the slow way he took her but now it was fully registering with her that he was indeed taking her. She turned her face away from us at this stage. Pity, really, as it was kind of fun watching her changing expressions. (Was it cruel of me to enjoy watching something I couldn't do anything about? A question for my philosophy teacher.)  
  
Now that he'd set the stage, so to speak, Charles got on with the show. Hands on Stella's hips, he pulled out of her and then returned fast, plunging back in and eliciting a squeal from Stella. When he went back in it seemed to me that he also pulled Stella towards him. Watching the next couple of thrusts I changed my mind on that. His hands were only resting lightly on her hips. That bobbing motion that was pushing her firmly against him when he lunged at her was pure Stella, lifting her bottom and pushing back against him, helping him to drive in nice and deep.  
  
Stella was squeaking and squealing and making funny sounds as they bounced against each other. I suppose she was saying, "No, no, no," but I wasn't going to take any bets that the word was actually no. I also have to confess that when she wailed, "Oh fuck me," I couldn't tell if it was a protest or a plea. From the way Charles settled into the job he definitely took it as a plea.   
  
Charles was apparently not in a great hurry. In fact, I will swear that he was prolonging the encounter. A couple of times it seemed to me that the pair of them had settled into a nice fast rhythm, heading towards a satisfactory conclusion, when the rhythm would falter and slow down.   
  
(When I say satisfactory conclusion I guess I'm talking from Charles view point. I would assume that once he got his rocks off that would be it. This wouldn't necessarily be a satisfactory conclusion from Stella's point of view.)  
  
Even a man with brass balls can only go on for so long before something has to give. Charles eventually started building up his end run, and this time he really ran with it. He was pounding poor Stella hard and she was going, "Oh, oh, oh," with her vocalisations getting higher and higher. She finally shrieked and seemed to convulse and Charles was moving frantically against her. Presumably he was climaxing. It was pretty obvious that Stella certainly was.  
  
Now that he'd had his fun Charles stood up, gave Stella a friendly slap on the bottom, said she was a pretty good lay, and walked away, leaving me and Maria to look after poor Stella.   
  
Did I say poor Stella? She had a big smirk on her face, playing it to the hilt that she gave her all to save us from a fate worse than death. From the pleased look on Stella's face it didn't seem to have been that dreadful a fate.   
  
Maria was shocked by the whole affair. First she was shocked that Charles would do such a thing, and then she was shocked even more by Stella's smug attitude. Hell, I could have told her that Stella was a first class tart who'd probably relished the whole thing.   
  
Still and all, Maria was making noises that we should pack up and hike on back immediately, in case Charles came back. Stella and I pointed out it was highly unlikely. He'd probably be making big tracks away from the scene of the crimes. Anyway, even if we did pack up to head back, it was going to be night in no time flat and we'd have to unpack and pitch camp again, as I, for one, was not hiking through the night. We intended to head back homewards come the morning and we might as well stick to the plan.  
  
We finally settled down for the night, safely ensconced in our little tent. I pointed out to Maria that even if Charles did have enough gall to come back we would be in the tent and he couldn't very well climb in with us. There wouldn't be enough room. He'd have to try and unzip it and pull one of us out and with three of us fighting him off he'd be the loser.   
  
"If the worst comes to the worst," I pointed out, "we can always throw Stella out to him."  
  
Maria looked scandalised at the thought while Stella just giggled. Finally, Maria shut up and we managed to get some sleep.  
  
Once again, I awoke with the birds. Why the hell can't the birds sleep in once in a while and get themselves a good rest? Anyway, being awake, I wanted coffee.  
  
Let me give you a little bit of information regarding camping. You take with you the bare minimum. For example, one pup-tent that the three of us squeezed into. We did carry a little primus stove, sharing the main pieces around. That meant we could cook, if required, and coffee was always required in the morning.   
  
What sort of things did we not bother to bring with us? Clothes, for a start. We had the clothes that we wore, one spare set each, and enough undies for four days. We didn't bother about nightwear. We just slept in our undies. With the sleeping bags that's all we required.   
  
Now, the coffee. An essential part of my morning. I slipped out of the tent, leaving Stella and Maria snoring their little heads off. How they slept through the noise of the birds is a minor miracle. We already had water on hand and the Primus set up from the night before. All I had to do was turn it on, which I did.  
  
Did you notice I said that I slipped out of the tent?  
  
Did you notice I didn't use the words 'got dressed' in that sentence? I was standing there in bra and panties watching the water heat up and a voice spoke to me.  
  
"Very nice. Now why don't you take off those little scraps of nothing and we can get closer acquainted."  
  
I spun around with a little yelp and Charles was standing there. (Not in a suit this time. Just jeans and a t-shirt.)  
  
"What the hell are you doing here?" I demanded. "Go away or I'll scream."  
  
"Oh, come on," he protested, sounding quite disgusted. "The only ones that will hear you are your two friends and I can't really see them barging out here to help you. Look, just be sensible about this. Take off your things, get on your hands and knees, and keep quiet. I see no need to disturb their beauty sleep."  
  
What the hell was I supposed to do? Running was out. I wasn't even wearing shoes. I could just see myself running bare-foot through the forest in my undies. Not bloody likely. Besides, if I did try to run Charles would probably catch me before I even reached the track.  
  
Screaming would wake the others, with the result that I'd have an audience calling out advice while Charles did his thing. Me being his thing, this time round.  
  
Fighting had its pluses but I'd lose and I could easily get hurt. My best bet, and it was a very poor best, was to just do what he wanted. I mean, he hadn't been rough with Stella, taking his time to give her a good serve, so he probably wouldn't be rough with me.   
  
Slowly and reluctantly I took off my bra and panties, giving him the evil eye the entire time. If the evil eye really worked he'd have melted into a smelly pool of rotten protoplasm. Instead of which all that happened was that he unfastened his fly and extracted his weapon of war. Damn it all, I might have kidded Stella about it being a foot long but that was when she was getting it. Now that I was going to get it I couldn't help but think maybe it was a foot long, longer even.  
  
He just reached out and took my arm, guiding me down onto the ground as though he did this sort of thing every day. Come to think of it, he might. Anyway, he settled me down as though I was a good little puppy, head down, bum up. I turned my head and I could see him taking up position behind me.  
  
I was worse off than Stella. I was naked. This meant that he could reach around me and play with my breasts, which he hastened to do. He did, of course, take the time to ensure that his cock was pressed just where I didn't want it.  
  
I knew what was going to happen. I'd seen him in action with Stella and had noticed the long slow way he had of taking a girl. His hands cupped my breasts and squeezed and I felt pressure against my lips. The next thing I knew he'd thrust half his length into me, and another jolt sufficed to ram him fully home.   
  
When that first thrust hit I'd sort of yammered in shock, not exactly expecting that sort of action. The prompt sliding home after the first jolt brought another gasp from me. I was like, "What? What? What?"   
  
"I could see you were already aroused and expecting me," he said calmly. "There didn't seem to be any need for me to take you slowly."  
  
Lying bastard. I had not been aroused. I swear I hadn't. Why would thinking of him doing Stella and knowing that he was going to do me arouse me? I will admit that he seemed to have no trouble sliding home. Maybe I had been a little wet in anticipation of what was coming, but I was definitely not aroused.  
  
Damnitall - it just wasn't fair. When Charles had jumped Stella he'd been kind and considerate (for a rapist), bringing her slowly to the point where she could participate properly and have a climax. With me, he jumped to the unwarranted assumption that I was aroused, and just got down to the hard and dirty without any to-do. He was banging away most enthusiastically, and I was working my hips overtime trying to keep up with him.  
  
Now I suppose some of you are wondering why I was even trying to keep up with him if I wasn't aroused and excited. What would you expect me to do? I wasn't going to let him have it all his way. If he was going to fuck me then I was going to fuck him just as hard. I'm a grown woman and I know what to do and in this case I was doing it. (This is not to be taken as agreement and enjoyment. I was doing it because it was easier than not doing it.)  
  
On top of having to put up with Charles enthusiastic performance I had to keep the noise down. Too, too, humiliating if Stella and Maria woke up and found I'd been caught out. Accordingly, any little noises I made were through sealed lips, leaving me mumbling instead of screaming.   
  
Have you ever realised how noisy sex can be when you want silence. The wet slap of his groin smacking into mine was far too loud and it just kept going. I asked him to try and quieten it and he just laughed at me, driving in harder than ever, which made that slapping sound louder than ever.   
  
I also found out that I'd been right about him slowing down and prolonging things with Stella, because he was doing it to me, too. I mean, he was driving in hard and I could feel a climax coming on. I'm like, yea, hooray, he'll soon be finished, and then that overwhelming urge to scream out my orgasm faded away, leaving me wondering where it had gone.   
  
It came back again, which didn't surprise me, as I was getting a pretty heavy workout, sex-wise. What did surprise me was the way it kept on fading away again. Well, not surprise me, really, as I could pick up the variation to Charles's rhythm that pulled me back from the edge. I guess you could say that it irritated, irked, annoyed, angered, frustrated, riled, infuriated, me, because it was deliberate. I know it was. He was having fun and just didn't want to finish too soon.  
  
I told him to stop mucking around and do things properly and he simply ignored me, keeping me hovering on that fine edge, driving me out of my mind. I was going to scream at him, I really was, and the hell with whether the others woke up. Actually, I was just going to scream, full stop, because I didn't think I could go on much longer without screaming.

I was going, "Aah, aah, aah," winding up towards a scream when he decided the time was right for him to do his thing. Just like that he stepped on the gas and was banging into me at a redoubled rate. I totally lost it, sliding over the edge before I even knew I was going to, having a major climax. Say what you like about the man (and I intended to say a lot at some stage) he definitely knew how to pleasure a woman.   
  
And I didn't scream. When my climax struck I was too stunned to even let out a peep, just shuddering and riding the waves of pleasure, feeling Charles jerking energetically as he had his own climax.   
  
"So," said Charles, as he tidied his clothes, "are you young ladies going to be camping here for long."  
  
I ignored him. If I told him we were leaving he'd assume that it was because of him and I wouldn't give him the satisfaction.  
  
"I only ask," he added, "because there is that third young lady who I'd like to get better acquainted with."  
  
He meant Maria. He wanted to jump Maria as well? Talk about greedy.   
  
I gave him a nasty look.  
  
"Just. Go. Away." I said, each word slow and distinct to make sure he got the message. He just grinned, waved and ambled off.  
  
I scrabbled through my backpack, getting out some clean undies, and then got dressed quickly. Then I turned to consider my coffee. The little Primus was out. Charles must have turned it off to prevent it boiling dry while I was otherwise occupied. Wasn't that thoughtful of him?  
  
I turned the Primus back on and sat back, waiting for it to boil. While I was doing that Stella emerged from the tent and sat down beside me. After a while she made a suggestion.  
  
"You know, we could stay here another night if we wanted to. It just means that we'd have to hurry tomorrow to get back home."  
  
That was a shocker. I'd have thought she'd be eager to get going.  
  
"Ah, and if Charles comes back?" I asked delicately.  
  
"What if he does? We don't have to worry, but it might be fun to see how Maria handles him."  
  
Now it was Stella's turn to get the evil eye from me. (I'll have to work on that. It didn't kill her instantly, as intended.)  
  
"You were awake?" I demanded.  
  
"Um, sort of. Boy, he sure gave you a workout, didn't he?"  
  
I glared at her but my heart wasn't in it. After all, it was true, and it hadn't been her fault, and there hadn't really been anything she could have done to help.  
  
"What on earth possessed you to make the coffee in your undies, anyway?"  
  
I sighed. "I didn't even consider that the great oaf might come back for seconds," I admitted. "I guess he woke early and wanted a quickie before we escaped."  
  
"Nothing quick about what you just got," giggled Stella. "So do we stay or go?"  
  
"Go," I said. "Not fair to Maria to stay. And if you tell her about Charles catching me I'll strangle you."   
  
"My lips are sealed," she said, making a zipping motion across those lips.   
  
"Do you two have to be so noisy?" came a sleepy voice, as Maria emerged from the tent.  
  
"Wakey, wakey," yelled Stella. "Get dressed and have some coffee and we'll hit the trail. We need to get moving because Charles was just here boffing Joanne and he says if we stick around he's going to come back and add you to his list of girls seduced."  
  
That's Stella. Never knew a secret that she didn't reveal.