**The Camper**

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**The Camper - First Encounter**

I'm not here to convince you or anyone else I'm a good person. You probably already think I'm kinda fucked up. Can't blame you there. But hey, I'm not the only one.

Okay, I hear you. Let's get started.

It was a family vacation. That was the intent, at least. Me, my folks, and my sister Lauren were going down to a campground in south Illinois where we would meet up with my aunt's family. We rented out an RV for the week. Lauren would have the week free from college courses due to spring break. My parents and I asked off of work. It was going to be a jolly old time.

Then at the last minute Dad came down with the flu. My father's a tough old guy, except when he gets sick. With a cold, my old man's a big baby. I felt like he was exaggerating his illness for sympathy points, but Mom took him seriously and wouldn't leave him by himself. She insisted though that Lauren and I still take the trip. Aunt Anna, her husband Trevor and their two daughters had already taken the week off too. It would be rude for none of us to come greet them.

It felt weird leaving without the 'rents, but Lauren and I agreed to head down. As kids we had been pretty close. Good friends, but far from inseparable. As adults, we got along fine but it would be an exaggeration to say we had maintained the relationship from our youth. We conversed when we were both home for whatever reason, but we didn't go out of our way to stay in touch. I had little clue what was happening in her life; she had little clue about mine.

The eight hour drive to the campsite was mostly uneventful. I drove most of the way there. She took over for an hour or two so I could rest. We left home later than we probably should have and were still on the road at two in the morning. Being the lazy souls we are, we pulled into a parking lot to get some shut-eye. I guess you could say this is where the trouble started.

We took turns in the closed-door cubicle that constituted a "bathroom" in the RV changing into our night clothes. I just wear boxers to bed most of the time. Taking into consideration that I was sharing a confined space with my sister though, I switched them out for a pair of thin sweatpants. Switched them out as in going commando. It was a lot roomier and felt kinda freeing for my boys downstairs. I made a mental note to remember this sleeping style for the future.

Lauren got changed after me. I've been trying to find a way to skip this part, but I suppose it's unavoidable. My sister is an attractive person. Sexy even, objectively speaking. She's about 5'8". She has blue eyes and blonde hair that reaches just below her shoulders. And her breasts... Well, I don't know the measurements exactly, but they aren't small. I'd never looked at her sexually before, but, I mean, I'd noticed. How could you not?

Anyway, it did not appear Lauren had returned my sentiment about dressing conservatively for bed. When she returned from the bathroom, my sister was wearing a blue t shirt cut to expose her midriff and blue panties. That was all.

It didn't hit me until then how similar my sister looked to my ex, Sara. I'm not sure why this triggered it, maybe because Sara was the only girl I'd ever seen naked in person, but once I saw it the similarities were unshakeable. They had the same color hair, similar stature, similar body types, similar breasts...

On some level I was disgusted with myself, I assure you. I was disgusted that I would compare my own blood to someone I had carnal knowledge of and concerned that, subliminally, I had somehow seen these commonalities between the two earlier on. Yes I was mostly disgusted, but another, smaller part of me was slightly excited. I barely took notice of this part of my mentality and crushed it down immediately.

I must've reacted facially in some way because Lauren laughed at me. "What do you think, bro? I look good right?"

"I don't think anything," I replied immediately. "You just aren't wearing a whole lot is all."

"Well I'm sorry Mr. Sweatpants-To-Bed, but we don't all like being covered up when we're trying to sleep. And just so you know it's only for your sake that I'm wearing this much."

I decided to end the conversation there and head for bed.

There were three places to sleep in the RV. There was the fold out-couch, which while not big was almost a proper bed, and there were two bunks, one above the driver and passenger seats and one above the kitchenette area. According to the original plan our parents were to take the bed while Lauren and I would each choose a bunk. Seeing as our parents were no longer in the equation, this left the bed up for grabs. Lauren reasoned that since I did most of the driving, I deserved the bed. I offered it to her first, but ultimately accepted it. She took the bunk over the driver's seat and we shut off the lights.

I had trouble sleeping that night, initially. I was still awake a half-hour later when Lauren climbed down from her bunk and got into the other bunk over the kitchen area. Maybe ten minutes later she climbed down again and knelt beside my bed.

"Jim, are you awake?" she asked quietly.

"Yeah," I replied, whispering in return. "What's going on?"

"I can't get comfortable on the bunks. They aren't very soft. Do you mind if I share the bed with you?"

"You can have the bed," I said, half rising out from under the sheets.

"No, no." She lightly pushed me back down. "You don't need to get up. It's cozy but we'll both fit fine, and trust me you don't want to sleep up there."

I was too tired to argue so I stayed in place. Lauren made her way around to the other side of the bed, lifted up the sheet and blanket, and crawled in. As she had said, it was cozy. Her shoulder was right up against mine, and it felt like one of us might get pushed off the bed by the other rolling at all. Almost instinctively I made the most of what room we had by putting my arm behind her neck and around her shoulders, pulling her closer in the process. Lauren did not object. She leaned into me, putting her chin against my chest. Soon I felt her heartbeat and breathing slow. Mine soon followed.

In my dreams, I was with Sara again. She was wearing my sister's night time ensemble, but it was definitely Sara. We were in my old dorm room, alone. She pulled me close and kissed me, and said some the things I wish she had when we were together. I was naked all the sudden. She was feeling me all over, rubbing against me, rubbing my penis. It was a utopia of friction. Then she was pulling me to her. The blue panties were still on, but they hardly seemed to matter. I was thrusting at her. Not really into her; it was as if I was trying to push through her underwear.

One of my hands was cupping her breast through her shirt. My hand must have been smarter than my dick, because at some point it slipped beneath the shirt. I was cupping Sara's boob, feeling it, pinching it. She was breathing hard now, panting. Sara kissed my neck. Then she whispered in my ear, "Please just do it, Jim. Do me now."

The dream ended sometime before I woke up.

When I did wake, it was to disorientation. I did not recall where I was, whose bed it was or the identity of the girl pressed so close to me. Things clicked back into place pretty quick, and I was able to analyze what had changed during the night.

Our positions had shifted substantially. We were spooning now, with Lauren as the little spoon. The arm that had been across her shoulders before was lower now. It was at her midsection just beneath her breasts, pressing her close to me. As she was lying atop that arm, there was no way to really remove it without waking her. The blanket and sheets had been cast aside in the night. Lauren's t shirt had ridden up, and I could just make out the lower half of her boobs. (Although I was not trying to, I just happened to notice them.) Lauren was also clutching my trapped arm like a teddy bear.

None of these were my most alarming discovery. What was disturbing was that I was still rock hard from my dream the previous night, and I was pressed right up against my sister's ass in a tiny bed that did not allow much maneuverability.Andmy dick had slipped through the fly of my sweat pants, meaning it was making direct contact with Lauren's panties.

I swear I almost had a heart attack. After a moment's inspection I did breathe a slight breath of relief. If nothing else, at least I hadn't climaxed in the night. That would have been impossible to cover up.

I wiggled back as far as I could get from my sister with my left arm trapped. (It was not far at all.) When I got as far as I could, I reached down with my right hand to tuck the little soldier back into my pants. Given our close proximity, this meant that my hand did make slight contact with Lauren's butt, but I tried not to think about that. I put my penis back in my pants and used the waistband to anchor it down.

My mission complete, I went about thinking how I could get free from my little sis without waking her. It wouldn't do for her to come back to consciousness and find us like this. What would she think of me?

"G'morning Jim."

I almost screamed.

"Lauren? How long have you been awake?" I asked.

"I don't know. Five minutes?" Lauren released my arm and rolled over to face me. We were very close. I pointedly did not notice that the action of rolling had pulled her shirt up more, exposing almost all of her breasts below the nipple. It was slightly hard not to notice this as they were touching my bare chest, but I managed. I can't tell you what my sister did or did not notice.

"Why didn't you wake me?" I asked her.

Lauren shrugged. "You seemed cozy and I didn't want to disturb you. I was cozy too, finally. You know you're kind of a fitful sleeper?"

I remembered my dream and started to sweat. "How so?"

"You just start to move around a bunch. You talk some too, but none of it made sense. It woke me up at first, but I went back to sleep pretty fast," she said. "You got pretty comfortable later though, at least by the time I woke up."

I cleared my throat. "Lauren, I- uh, I'm sorry if I made you feel uncomfortable. I guess I was dreaming, none of that was-"

"Hey," interrupted Lauren. "Relax. You aren't the first boy I've shared a bed with, okay? These things happen. I'm not traumatized. We're fine."

My pulse slowed slightly. "You sure everything's okay?"

"Yeah, don't stress bro." Lauren got out of bed and stretched, almost exposing herself again. I averted my eyes. "Now we should probably get a move on, yeah? We are already late."

The two of us got ready for the day and got back on the road. I couldn't help but notice Lauren put on another t shirt that exposed her midriff (this one was red) and a pair of very short jean shorts. It covered more than her outfit the night before, and she was wearing a bra this time, but it was a far cry from what she had left our parent's house wearing the previous day.

This did not mean anything and I did not read anything into it.

We made it to the campgrounds at half past noon. The place was absolutely lovely. The forest was blooming in the spring and the pristine lake wasn't yet teaming with fishermen. Birds were singing and plenty of tiny forest creatures inhabited the peripheral around the human settlement. I'm not a big camping person myself, but I appreciate nature as much as the next guy.

Aunt Anna greeted us with open arms when we arrived. "Jeff! Lauren! It is so good you could make it! How was your drive?"

"Our drive was fine," said Lauren. "We'd have driven three times as far just to see you!"

Anna's family had already been there a full day. Unlike us they had not brought an RV. They had two tents of medium size, one for Anna and Trevor and one for their girls. Trevor and the girls were off fishing when we got there, which gave Lauren and I time to unpack some of our stuff and catch up with Anna.

I'll go ahead and introduce the twins before they arrive. Now Natali and Alison are identical, but since we grew up rather closely my sister and I can tell them apart pretty consistently. We might be the only ones who can, save for their parents. Anyway, Nat and Ali are redheads with green eyes, about the same height as Lauren. Their breasts are smaller than her's, but still definitely there.

When the three of them returned, Lauren and I immediately were wrapped in tight hugs by the excitable twins. Both were wearing small jean shorts like my sisters, but with tube tops that were a fair bit less exposing than her shirt. Not that any of that mattered or that I was sexualizing my cousins, these are just things I noticed.

From there the day proceeded about how you might expect. We discussed family events, Dad's "illness," went on a short hike, and roasted marshmallows and hot dogs in the evening. It was about ten when Anna and Trevor announced they were retiring.

My cousins were nowhere near that tired.

"You guys want to play a game?" Ali asked.

"What kind of game?" I questioned.

Ali and Nat shared an identical smile without looking at each other. "I was thinking a drinking game," one of them said.

Lauren muttered something indiscernible, but the meaning was conveyed. See, the twins had turned twenty-one not a month before that, but my younger sister hadn't yet reached twenty. (By the way, I was twenty-three.) As far as anyone knew, Lauren had never had alcohol in her life and, given her nervous demeanor, this seemed to be the case.

Nat wrapped an arm around my sister's shoulders. "Hey Lauren, don't worry. You have three somewhat experienced drinkers here to take good care of you. And we won't give you a lot, I promise. I would never want to make you sick or hurt you."

Natali always was the talented sweet talker of the family.

Still somewhat nervous, Lauren agreed. "So what are we going to play?"

"How about Never Have I Ever?" suggested one of the twins.

The game was agreed upon and the twins revealed their refreshments. What we had was a bottle of vodka, three shot glasses, and a few fruit-flavored Smirnoff Ices for Lauren. Lauren at first claimed that she wanted to play like everyone else, but we soon persuaded her that this was a better way to start out.

Ali kicked off the game. "Never have I ever kissed a stranger."

Nat took a shot. It was her turn next. "Never have I ever masterbated outside."

Ali laughed out loud. "You fucking jerk!" She took a shot. So did I, embarrassing to say.

Next was me. The pressure was on. So far both of them had been pretty sexual, but not super detailed. It only made sense to continue that theme. What could I say and not seem inappropriate? What had I not done that was common enough that one of my three family members here probably had? (Only half that question was really hard. I had hardly done anything, sexually speaking.)

Then I got something. "Never have I ever had sex with more than one person."

"Do you mean more than one person ever or as in a threesome?" Ali asked.

"As in ever," I answered.

Ali made some facial expression too quick for me to catch. Then everyone except me took a shot. I groaned inwardly.Great, now I'm a loser compared to a bunch of my younger relatives.

Next up was my sister. Clearly she was struggling with the same dilemma I had, but came to a conclusion faster. "Never have I ever made out with a girl."

I took a shot, and was surprised to find both the twins had too.

"Wait a moment," said Ali. She was now three shots in and it was clear the alcohol was starting to set in. She was far from wasted, but also past the point of buzzed. "You mean like never never? You never kissed a girl Lauren?"

"Well no..." Lauren answered, shyly.

"Well here." Ali leaned forward and kissed Lauren on the lips. My sister seemed surprised at first, but closed her eyes and went with it. Even though she'd just been sipping from a Smirnoff, she was buzzed too. Ali had one hand on her lower back and one on her shoulder and was pulling Lauren deeper into the kiss. Lauren had her hands around Ali too, reciprocating.

Nat hooted and said something like "Get it." I was lost for words or sounds. I just watched as my sister gently made out with our cousin before my eyes.

It wasn't an entire minute before they pulled apart. For a moment, they both just breathed.

"Never say never," said Ali. "How was that?"

"Good," my sister replied breathlessly. "You were really good."

Ali smiled. "Oh I know it. You too."

After a moment, Ali decided to continue the game. "Never have I ever had a girlfriend."

I was the only one to drink.

Next, Nat: "Never have I ever... had a penis!"

I laughed. "Now you're just trying to get me drunk. Why?"

"I don't know. It's fun?" said one of the twins. I couldn't tell which.

It was my turn next, but my brain was so fried that I really couldn't think of anything. Some of it was the alcohol, but I think watching that kiss somehow killed more of my brain cells than the vodka. In any case, I was no longer fit to play.

I communicated this and the twins laughed at me. The four of us sat there for a bit talking, but I have no clue what about. Eventually, the twins returned to their tent and my sister and I headed back to the RV.

We were both drunk by now, but she was much less drunk than me and thus had the task of helping me there. I was still mostly cognizant, mind you, just dizzy. So terribly dizzy. Words were coming out in odd forms too, though Lauren seemed to pick up on my meanings.

When we got inside, I plopped down on the bed. Lauren chuckled. "C'mon Jim, you don't want to sleep in all that. At least try to get comfortable."

I slipped off my shirt and pants in response. I removed the blanket from the bed, which just seemed too hot and laid down on top of the sheet.

Lauren nodded in approval. "Okay, now if you don't mind I'm going to get comfy too." My sister stripped off her shirt and shorts. She was down to her bra and panties; this time they were black.

My pulse increased in pace. The alcohol had lowered my inhibitions and thus I had forgotten to look away as she changed. Intellectually I realized she was actually less exposed than she had been that morning, but somehow the fact she was in a bra instead of a shirt made her feel more nude to me than ever.

When Lauren looked to face me she blushed slightly and laughed out loud. "Geez bro, now I know I look good."

It took me a second to catch on. Without any pants or blanket I had only my boxers to shield my penis. And I had a serious erection. Immediately I rolled over and pulled the sheets up over me.

"Hey hey..." I felt my sister's hand on my shoulder. "Don't worry it isn't your fault. That's totally normal, and your drunk anyway. I swear I'm not judging you for it."

That made me feel slightly better, but I still didn't look at her.

Lauren flipped off the lights and crawled under the sheets with me. I maintained my position facing away from her for a bit, but it was so uncomfortable that eventually I turned onto my back. This time she took my arm and put it behind her neck and around her shoulders, bringing us closer together and making the most of our space. I did my damndest though to make sure my crotch was facing up and not toward her.

This time Lauren's pulse and breathing did not slow at all for some time. From the way she wiggled around I could tell she was uncomfortable, but I couldn't tell why. At last she rose up slightly in bed and reached behind her. "Sorry Jim. Hope you don't mind if I..." There was a slight click, and she cast her bra onto the floor.

My heart sped up. My topless sister was lying beside me, on top of my arm, basically curled up to me. And she did curl toward me, putting her face on my chest like she had the previous night, except now I could feel the side of her breast right against my abdomen.

Lauren was comfortable now, but she still wasn't sleeping. Neither was I. We could both tell the other's condition, given our proximity. We were quiet for a while.

After almost an hour, Lauren broke that silence. "I'm glad we're here. I like seeing everyone."

"Yeah, it's great," I said.

"The game was pretty fun too," she continued. "And that kiss was... It was something else."

I said nothing.

"I can't believe Ali just randomly kissed me. I've never kissed another girl before. Never even thought about it. Guys have always been my thing. But Ali, her kiss was so..."

"Hot?" I added after she left the thought hanging for too long.

"Yeah, that. And passionate. She is a really, really good kisser." Lauren was breathing deeper now, her pulse was moving faster. "It's good that she pulled back. I'm not sure I could have stopped."

As much I knew I should not continue this conversation, my brain was still slightly drunk and increasingly horny. "Do you mean you would have taken it further?"

"Probably," she admitted. "Possibly. I don't know what I would have done. But I- I think I know what I need to do now."

I raised my eyebrows, not that she could see that in the darkness.

Lauren pulled away from me slightly. At first I thought she was leaving the bed, but really she was repositioning herself. Now there was a space between my legs and her pelvis.

"Jim, I'm sorry about this. I just need to take care of it and there isn't really anywhere else I can go."

Now I caught on. I wasn't sure how I felt about the situation but I knew what I was going to say. "Hey, it's okay Lauren. Like you said, it's just natural. I'm not going to judge you."

For a second she nuzzled her face into my shoulder. "Thank you."

Close as we were, I could hear and feel it as she pulled her panties down to her knees. Her left hand ventured between her legs and Lauren sharply inhaled. It was a wet sound she made going at herself. The sound drove me crazy, even more than her scent, because it was accompanied by her soft yet sharp breathing. Every vocalization she made cause me to rememberthis is your sister, you shouldn't enjoy this. This is your sister, this shouldn't be happening.

Suddenly the sounds became words. "Jim- If you want- You can too. I don't- I don't mind. It's okay. Natural."

I'd like to say I deliberated on that point. That I fought against my animal instincts. In reality though animal instincts had long overtaken any sense of reserve I possessed. The only thing holding me back had been concern for my sister's feelings, and she'd just given me the go ahead.

My underwear came all the way off and flew across the room to join her bra. I started off masturbating at mach speed, but quickly realized I would have to slow down to avoid ending this bizarre experience faster than it had begun. Merely listening to Lauren had gotten me over halfway there.

My left arm was still around her as we both climbed toward our completion. I realized after a few seconds that she was looking at me. I turned and caught her staring at my member specifically. When she found that I had noticed she shifted focus to look me in the eyes. For a moment I thought we would kiss, but it passed. Even while masturbating together, kissing seemed taboo still. It would be initiating sexual contact between whereas at this point we still had plausible deniability. We weren't having sexwitheach other, justbesideeach other.

We continued to look at each other, and we still were when we each finished. Lauren's breathing hitched. She moaned lightly below her breath and pulled closer to me. She had lifted upward during this exercise, maybe with the subconscious goal of lining up our genitalia or maybe just to bring our lines of sight closer together. Regardless, I felt her breasts push tightly to the side of my shoulder, I felt her vagina warm against my hip, and I felt her hand still working tirelessly at her sex only centimeters from my dick.

Lauren cried out as the peak of her orgasm hit her. She was quieter than Sara had been, but I still knew that sound. Spasms racked her body and she clung tighter to me still. She was nearly on top of me, and her hand, which had not slowed down at all, was now rubbing against my hand, which was still working on me.

Some part of that (maybe all of it) erased the last bit of my self control and finally set me off. I came as hard as I could remember. It was on my hand, on my stomach, onherhand, and on her stomach.

My sister seemed to, for lack of a better term, come to at this point. She was finally over the last of her climax, but still breathing quite hard. She looked at her hand and down at both of us and the mess I had made.

After a moment's consideration she shook her hand and laid it down upon my chest, which was still clean. "Well that was a... bonding experience," she commented with a chuckle. "I feel sober now."

My breath had not yet returned to normal, so I just grunted out an agreement.

Lauren snuggled up to me. We had turned toward each other. Her head was against my chest, my hand was on her back pulling her closer. I could feel every inch of my sister against me. Suddenly it didn't seem like such a big deal.

Lauren made a contented little sound. "Okay Jim, I think I can sleep now. Thank you for... Yeah."

I chuckled. "Yeah. Goodnight. Love you, sis."

"Love you too, bro." She laughed, and I remember wondering why.

And that was beginning of my descent.