**The Camping Trip**

 not a politician

 It had taken some time to arrange it, but Karen and Holly were finally heading

 out for their naked-in-the-woods camping trip. They were driving an older

 off-road car an acquaintance of Holly had supplied, along with a route and

 description of a place where two girls could spend a week containing

 occasional outdoor nudity.

 They arrived at the site around noon, and decided to start by skinny-dipping

 in the nearby lake, and leave the erecting of the tent and the other sundry

 tasks of setting up camp for later. Holly even suggested walking the short

 distance naked, just to spice up things that little bit more.

 Both undressed, turning away from each other to do so, regardless of the fact

 that they were about to see lots of each other's naked bodies. It is just

 something women do.

 When they were both ready, that is, naked, Karen started to put her shoes back

 on. Seeing this, Holly, who had been half-planning to do the same for

 protective reasons, instead suggested to go barefoot, to distract as little as

 possible from that exhilarating feeling of being naked within nature. Well,

 she might not have used those exact words, but that was the meaning.

 Karen had never done this shoeless before, but there seemed little danger of

 any potentially harmful litter in this particular forest, and the extra skin

 didn't matter that much, she thought.

 She was in for a positive surprise though, since being barefoot increased

 everything that was fun about being naked in the woods. Karen and Holly walked

 off, greatly enjoying the feel of the wind and plants caressing their soft

 skin, the feel of the forest floor under their bare feet, the occasional warm

 touch of the sun and the all-encompassing liberating feeling of not being

 burdened by any clothes.

 The skinny-dipping duo was barely out of sight when a figure emerged from the

 bushes and started to collect their discarded clothes. Natalie - for it was

 her - had had, as Holly's cousin, little trouble getting the route description

 from their mutual acquaintance. She timed her arrival to be well before

 Karen's and Holly's, leaving her car out of sight and hiding in the bushes.

 After gathering the discarded clothes, she searched through the rest of the

 luggage and added all other clothes into her bag, as well as anything that

 could be improvised into coverage, like large towels etc. Then she pinned a

 pre-written note under a stone and left.

 Meanwhile, Holly and Karen were blissfully unaware of the sudden lack of

 clothing in their camp. After a pleasant stroll through the woods, they

 arrived at the shores of the lake and wasted no time jumping in. The cool,

 refreshing water was bliss, and not just because it was a hot day. Both

 greatly enjoyed the water moving over every part of their skin - \*really\*

 every part - and they also soon engaged in some water horseplay, splashing

 each other with water, trying to push or drag the other one under water, and

 similar fun activities.

 Holly and Karen played around for quite some time and only decided to get out

 again when they were beginning to get cold.

 They swam to the shore only to find that they could not climb out. At the spot

 where they jumped in, there was no beach-like slope, but rather a vertically

 rising embankment, a fact previously not noticed by Karen and Holly due to the

 plants growing there, covering it up. It was not really high, but with the

 water offering no resistance, it was not possible to get enough momentum to

 reach the top, at least not for Karen and Holly.

 Attempts to use the growth as a makeshift rope were equally futile, and the

 girls had to admit defeat, and search for a more convenient exit elsewhere.

 They agreed on a direction and swam off.

 After a swim that felt longer than it really took to the freezing girls, they

 finally saw a suitable sand beach. Unfortunately, it was occupied by two men

 fishing. Or at least, they were sitting in camping chairs, with fishing rods

 stuck into the ground before them, the fishing lines drifting in the water.

 Karen and Holly inwardly cursed their bad luck, as far as that was possible

 beneath the shivering, but there was not enough time, or rather, not enough

 warmth left in their bodies, to search further.

 The pair of naked, not-at-all-happy campers hurried out of the water, past the

 astonished men. So intent were they on getting back to camp and the warmth of

 towels and cloth that they didn't cover up, least it slowed them down. As a

 consequence, the men were treated to the sight of two pretty young ladies

 streaking past them, some bits jiggling, some bits, partly the same actually,

 were nicely perked up from the cold of the water.

 Now of course, the towels and clothes Karen and Holly were hoping for were

 gone, as they found out, much to their dismay, when they arrived after jogging

 back through the woods naked.

 Running back had dried and warmed them somewhat, though not as much as they'd have liked, but still enough to ensure they had the energy to be thoroughly

 outraged at Natalie's prank when they found the note:

 Hey Holly,

 I figured it was my turn to play a prank, so I came and fetched your clothes.

 Now I wasn't able to drive back home in two cars all at once, so you still

 have yours. Don't even think about just driving home: I took the keys to both

 your place and Karen's. I'll be back at the end of the week with some clothes

 and your keys.

 Nat

 P.S.: I dare you!

 The best Karen and Holly could do was to dry themselves with a few very tiny

 towels Nat had left behind, correctly assuming them to be too small to serve

 as coverings.

 "Now what do we do?" Holly asked indignantly.

 "Get warm", the more practically oriented Karen replied, still feeling the

 cold.

 The car heating would, of course, not work unless the engine was hot, so they

 decided the best way to warm up was the classic campfire.

 They set off to collect firewood, which fortunately was abundant, the forest

 having been spared forest fires for almost a century. Soon, they returned to

 the campsite, each of them carrying a large pile of wood in outstretched

 hands, pressing them against two sets of naked breasts, a quite pleasant

 sensation actually.

 The only thing to regret, Karen thought with a grin, was that no-one had been

 there to enjoy all that bending down and getting up and various poses offered

 by two pleasantly naked girls collecting wood. It would have been an entirely

 pleasant affair, she mused, had they not been so cold. But that, she reminded

 herself, would at least have improved the visual appearances, perking up

 certain small but significant body parts.

 They got the fire started and soon were warm all over again. This was due to

 the shamelessness, in the most positive sense of the word, of Karen, who

 started what was to become a series of very erotic, and in part very daring,

 poses by both girls. Well, they looked like poses, but really these twists of

 the body were designed to expose \*every\* piece of wet skin to the fire.

 When they were warm again, they had to set up the tents, which made acute a

 problem they had not fully realized before: Nat had taken the sleeping bags,

 probably reasoning they could be used as clothing.

 "Well, we could always snuggle up with each other", Karen joked.

 Holly, not getting the joke and knowing from dare experience how cold it could

 be at night, readily agreed, glad she did not have to suggest it first.

 Karen didn't move, but nevertheless managed to give off the impression of

 having jumped ten foot backwards. She \*was\* a bit bi-curious, but Holly was

 only a casual acquaintance.

 Seeing Karen's reaction, Holly belatedly realized it was meant as a joke, and

 involuntarily began to laugh, which got the tension out of the situation.

 They agreed to sleep in their respective tents without the bags, and resolved

 to find a better solution the next day if this proved too cold to be bearable.

 This agreement lasted until about 3am that night, when both woke up shivering

 from the cold, and met each other outside their tents each having decided to

 move into the other's tent for warmth.

 They snuggled up with each other, all awkwardness overridden by the cold of

 night, and slept until dawn (Nothing did happen that night, so get that

 thoughts out of your head, pervert. OK, I'll give you it \*did\* look kind of

 sexy, from an imaginary observer's point of view).

 Waking up at Dawn the next morning, they hurried to get the fire going again,

 and prepared a breakfast. They were, of course, utterly naked during these

 chores, since there still weren't any clothes in the camp. With the dangers

 preparation of food over a fire brings to naked skin, they couldn't afford to

 forget their nakedness, either. They had to watch out for sparks and splashes

 of hot oil constantly.

 After breakfast, they decided to take a hike and enjoy the forest. They had

 planned on that, anyway. It was part of a camping trip. They had also agreed

 that at least one would be done in the buff, so it was nowhere near a big

 change of plans. They shouldered backpacks with food for the picnic lunch and

 set of. Karen would have preferred to have her hiking boots, but of course,

 they were gone with Nat.

 The naked hike was quite pleasurable, They felt the air move about their

 bodies, cooling them on the warm summer day, no sweaty clothes getting in the

 way of the air current as it reached \*all\* places. Their bare feet keeping in

 touch with the path, reminding them of their nudity with every step, and also

 helping them to walk surefooted, once they got the knack of it. Holly felt

 quite at one with nature, hiking stark naked like that, and also got quite

 excited to be naked so far from the safety of the camp. To Karen, such

 unhindered, potentially public outdoor nudity was also an act of defiance

 against the crackpot views of her ex, who had eventually turned to having

 strong aversions to nudity after "discovering" religion.

 Suddenly, ahead of them, something crossed the path they were on. They

 couldn't be sure at this distance, but it looked like two naked women. Two

 \*other\* naked women. What the...?

 Karen and Holly did not linger on that incident, however. The other pair of

 naked women, if that was indeed what they saw, was gone, and so surprising and

 short was the incident that Karen and Holly soon became convinced they had

 been some kind of hallucination, their minds playing tricks on them,

 reflecting their own nudity.

 Barely a minute after they had dismissed the incident, however, the next

 strange thing happened, when two men wearing the distinctive outfit of

 civilians wanting to look military jumped out of the woods and started firing

 with strange weapons, which prompted the girls to flee. Projectiles hitting

 trees painted them in bright colours. Paint-guns, the girls realized

 independent of each other, but saw no reason to stop. Then Holly, distracted

 by the shells painting the trees, stumbled and fell, and the men soon caught

 up with her.

 "You really thought you could escape just walking along the path?" the one

 behind them sneered.

 "Err, Jim", the other one started.

 "Clearly I expected better of you, even on your first time playing."

 "JIM"

 "I mean, it's an obvious tactical mistake that should be apparent even to the

 most..."

 "JIM!!!"

 "What is it?"

 "This is not one of "our" girls."

 "Wha..." The first man, the smugness he displayed during his lecture now

 replaced with a look of confusion, walked around Karen and Holly in a hurry,

 wanting to see their faces. "You're not Donna or Becky", he unnecessarily

 stated after a minute of staring at them.

 Meanwhile Karen, who had dived for cover inside a thicket of undergrowth and

 bushes, could see the frightened posture of Holly as the men, having caught

 up, trained their paint weapons on her, having some sort of conservation, the

 first one talking to Holly, the other yelling at the first...and then

 suddenly, all seemed very relaxed, and all three, Holly having stood up,

 started a relaxed conversation. What was going on? Karen had heard of

 Stockholm syndrome, but this was ridiculous...

 When Karen finally emerged, the men gone, Holly excitedly told her of the

 misunderstanding, but mainly, some good news. At another entrance to the

 woodlands, a more frequently used one previously unknown to the girls, was a

 camping store, which sold provisions and equipment to campers.

 "We might get some sleeping bags there", Holly beamed.

 "Not to mention clothes"

 "Uh, yeah clothes...just like me to omit the most obvious and urgent", Holly

 laughed.

 They resolved to pay the shop a visit as soon as possible, and in fact moved

 towards it right away, hoping they would find it without to many customers,

 allowing their relatively unproblematic entry. Fortunately, they carried their

 money in their packs, not having wanted to leave it unattended in the camp.

 To their dismay, they found the shop rather crowded, it apparently being the

 hang-out place for the locals hunters or wilderness guides or whatever they

 were; the shop features, that much they could see, some sort of tables and

 some form of selling drinks for local consumption. This meant that while there

 was little coming and going, there was lots of time in between with most

 customers, so the place never was anything less than crowded. Karen and Holly

 really didn't want to meet that crowd naked. They might take it as a hint.

 And so it was that after hours of sitting behind the bushes, naked, they

 finally had to go back to their camp, still naked. They got the campfire going

 and had a rather pleasant evening, but dreaded the awkwardness that they knew

 would result from sleeping cuddled together \*again\*, this time no acute

 freezing helping them to overcome the awkwardness of the situation.

 The next morning, when holly woke up, early for her standards but still well

 after sunrise, she noticed it was raining heavily. A veritable downpour. "Oh

 great", she thought, "someone must really hate the idea of us getting clothes

 from that shop" Then she noticed Karen was not lying next to her.

 Holly finally found Karen outside the tent, dancing - yes, actually dancing -

 in the rain. "Come on, join in, it's pleasantly warm", she invited Holly

 happily. Holly just shook her head.

 Karen finally \*did\* convince Holly to leave her tent and enter the rain

 though, the winning argument being that the shop would almost certainly be

 empty, with the early hour and the rain both working in their favour.

 They set off through the warm summer rain, which really felt quite pleasant on

 the skin once Holly overcame her initial shyness to leave the dryness of the

 tent. Not wearing any clothes that could get soaked and be unpleasantly wet

 helped, too. They did, however, get very muddy feet, even if walking through

 the mud as if having no care was quite fun.

 The girls got lucky, for there were indeed no customers yet at the shop. They

 washed the worst of it off in a handy puddle near the entrance, then tiptoed

 in, hoping the person staffing the shop to be of the understanding sort,

 moving quietly and trying to avoid being noticed despite knowing that

 ultimately, they would have to speak to someone if they wanted to buy clothes.

 Still, they tried to ignore that knowledge, subconsciously fearing the

 judgement of a staff member upon whose goodwill rested the end or continuation

 of their predicament.

 This proved to be a blessing, as the young sales girl/bartender/waitress who

 eventually found them covering behind a stack of merchandise immediately

 recognised from their shy behaviour that they were in trouble and needed help;

 who knows how she might have reacted if she had been confronted with Karen's

 and Holly's utter nudity in any other way.

 Anyway, what she did was help them out, even if she insisted that Karen and

 Holly first tried the outfits the shop has to offer, rather than just buying

 the first thing and get dressed in it. Needless to say, the shop was not

 equipped with anything resembling a changing cubicle. Or if it was, Karen and

 Holly never learned of it. The girl did not manage to persuade them to try on

 the hiking boots first, though

 Finally dressed, they also purchased two brand-new sleeping bags guaranteed to stay extra warm in the coldest of nights, and a permanent marker. Karen was rather surprised when she heard Holly asking the sales girl if it would stay well on skin, an I'm-thinking-about-something-sexual tone in her voice.

Once outside, but still covered from the rain by the extended roof, they decided they should better not get their new clothes all wet, so they took them off, stuffed them into the watertight bags that already contained the new sleeping bags. They did, however, put the boots back on afterwards. After all, the trip back to the cap was business, not fun, so proper and speedy walking while encumbered with their purchases was more important than any fun that walking barefoot in the mud provided.

They did, however, walk and even jump around naked and barefoot in the mud when they were safely back at camp, having by then developed an eagerness for it.

The rest of the week was filled with skinny-dipping, hikes both naked and clothed, and general camping fun with and without garments. There were, however, no other notable events until the arrival of Natalie.

Karen and Holly had decided to wait for her naked, not wanting to cause her to change her mind about giving back those keys. When Nat arrived, she handed over the keys, as well as some - well, they were probably meant to be the clothes Na had promised to bring along. They looked like two bra-and-thong sets, with not enough surface to them to write "skimpy clothing" on.

On a signal from Holly, they turned on Nat, wrestling her down, and ripping her clothes off. They took Nat's destroyed outfit and entered their own vehicle, which was already filled with the camping equipment and other luggage, and drove off, leaving Nat to drive home with just the skimpy outfits she had intended for Karen and Holly.