**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.