

# **Going Wild**

**Faye Valentine**

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“Um, correct me if I’m wrong here but the airport is the other way,” Sadie said as her best friend Connie turned left onto Country Road 57 instead of right.

“You are absolutely correct, my friend, but we are not going to the airport or Cali. That’s just what we told everyone so they didn’t know the truth.”

“The truth? And what exactly is the truth? Where are we going Connie?”

“We’re going camping.”

“Camping? You can’t be serious. I don’t want to go camping! I hate camping. Tell me she’s kidding, Kiera,” Sadie said to the other passenger in the SUV.

“She’s very serious,” Kiera answered. “We lied to you because we knew you wouldn’t want to go in you knew the truth. Trust us, this will be the best camping trip you’ve ever been on.”

“Yeah, because there’s nothing better than sleeping on the ground being eaten alive by bugs. This was supposed to be our one great vacation together before we head off to college and you’re telling me instead of taking in the sun on the beaches of California we’re going camping? Turn around and take me home.”

“Not going to happen,” Connie said, looking at her best friend through the rearview mirror. “I know it’s not what you want, but trust me, you’re going to love this campground. And before you ask, don’t. I’m not telling you where we’re going until we get there.”

“And how long is it going to take to get there?”

“We’ll be there later tonight. Until then, just sit back and enjoy the ride.”

“Yeah, because it’s going to be the best part of this vacation,” Sadie sighed, her dreams of the perfect vacation with her best friends shot out of the waters. “Are we going to roast marshmallows, sing campfire songs and tell ghost stories?”

“Nah, this’ll be more like band camp where you screw yourself with a flute,” Connie shot back as she drove down the road. It’s a done deal. The trip is paid for so all you have to do it relax and try to have a good time.”

“Yep, because nothing screams good time like sleeping on rocks and worrying about snakes and other animals getting into the tent. Speaking of which, I don’t remember seeing a tent in the back. Wait, don’t tell me. We’re sleeping under the stars, right?”

“You have a very limited view of camping,” Kiera said, turning so that she was now looking at her friend stretched out on the back seat. “You’ll be happy to know we’ll be staying in a cabin for the summer with indoor plumbing and all. Now stop bitching and try to enjoy the fact that you’ve got three months alone with your two best friends to do whatever the hell you want within the confines of the law, of course.

Hearing they would be spending the summer in a cabin with indoor plumbing only minimally improved Sadie’s demeanor as she hated everything to do with camping as much as her step-father loved it. Letting out a long, exaggerated sigh, she put in her earbuds and closed her eyes.

It was nearly eleven hours later – after three stops to stretch, use the restroom and eat, when Kiera pulled into a long, narrow road leading up to a tall stone wall. “Where the hell are we, a campground, or prison?” Sadie asked as her friend drove closer. As they approached, she saw a large neon sign hanging over a set of quadruple doors reading: **WHISPERING PINES NUDIST RESORT** in big blue, red, green and yellow letters. And written in smaller lettering

below that was: **NO CLOTHING PERMITTED BEYOND THIS POINT**. “Um, a nudist resort? You can’t be serious!”

“Why not? Aren’t you the one that said you’ve always wanted to sunbathe in the nude but couldn’t thanks to nosy neighbors and a pervy step-father?” Connie asked.

“In the privacy of my own back yard. Not in front of a bunch of strangers! If this is your idea of a joke it’s really not funny.”

“No joke. I’ve been planning this for the last year, but had to wait until we were all eighteen before making the reservation. Please just keep an open mind and try to enjoy it.”

“WAIT! Isn’t this the place that was all over the news for engaging in perverse sexual acts?”

“One and the same,” Kiera grinned. “Say your goodbyes now because I doubt you’ll make it out a virgin.”

“You two are seriously fucked up if you think I’m going in there and having sex with anyone!”

“Suit yourself, but you had better start stripping now because there’s a twenty dollar fine for every article of clothing we’re wearing when we get out of the vehicle,” Connie said as she pulled her tee shirt off and tossing it in the back seat. “Go on, let’s see those perky titties,” she giggled, as her bra came off.

“You’re being serious. We’re really spending the summer at a nudist resort?”

“We are,” Kiera said as she followed the signs to a walled-in parking lot. Pulling into the first empty space she came to, she put the SUV in park and took her shirt off as Connie slipped out of her shorts. Looking in the back seat she saw Sadie still fully clothed and looking as if she had no intentions of changing that. “Come on, Sadie, don’t make us climb back there and strip you by force. You’ve got the sexiest damn body of anyone in this damn vehicle so stop acting like you’re Jabba the fucking Hutt.”

“I am not comfortable being naked in front of people,” Sadie blushed. “And you’re asking me to go around naked in front of God knows how many people. You should have told me where we were going before we left the damn house.”

“And then you wouldn’t have come with us,” Connie said as her panties hit the floor. “Oh, you’re allowed to wear shoes and socks, but that’s it. Now get your damn clothes off or we will take them off for you. And since I’m all about the pussy I might not stop at stripping you,” she smirked.

“You wouldn’t!” But the look on her best friend’s face told Sadie how wrong she was. Face beet red, she slowly took her tee shirt off and dropped it on the seat next to her. “Stop staring!”

“No way. We’re at a nudist resort now so you’re going to have to get used to people looking at you,” Connie said. “Besides, you’re freaking gorgeous. Now let’s see your boobies,” she added as creepily as she could while rubbing her hands together. Not wanting to wait, she reached back, hooked a finger on Sadie’s bra and jerked it upwards, her lips forming into a grin as her friend’s breasts sprang free. “My god, you’re perfect. Look at those nipples! Jesus Christ, Sadie, I could suck them for hours. May I?” she asked, making as if she were going to climb in the back seat with her embarrassed friend.

“Stay away from me you freak!” Sadie squealed. Reluctantly, she put up with another five minutes of her friends teasing her as she took her shorts and panties off. After another three minutes of hesitating, she opened the back door and stepped out – her right hand going down to cover her vulva as the left went up to her breasts.

“God, you are such a prude. You’ve got it and then some so flaunt that shit,” Kiers said. She was not a lesbian, or bisexual like Connie, but she was secure enough in her sexuality to admire beauty in all of its forms. “Oh, look over there,” she said pointing to the right where a tall, well-toned white man leaned against an oak tree while a black woman sucked him off. “Why don’t you go ask for lessons,” she teased.

“Bite me,” Sadie scowled. “Oowww!” she screeched, looking in surprise at the teeth marks on her left arm where Connie had just bit her. “What the fuck? Did you seriously just bite me?”

“You said bite me so I bit you. People are going to take you very literal here so you might want to be careful what you say. Come on, the registration office is over there and we need to sign in and get our keys before we can participate in the fun stuff.”

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Entering the registration office, the three young women walked up to a counter where a naked brunette was leaned over – resting her forearms on the counter, as a man fucked her from behind. “C-Can I help you ladies?”

“We’re here to sign in and get our keys,” Connie said. “We have a cabin for three registered under Connie Andrews.”

“Of course. I’ll need to see each of your ID’s to make sure you’re at least eighteen years of age,” she said, her eyes going to Sadie. “And you’ll need to read and sign the consent and waiver forms.”

“So, is it true people will take me literally here?” Sadie asked. “If I say something, someone is going to try doing it, I mean?”

“For the most part, yeah, that’s exactly what’s going to happen. But not until you’ve signed all the forms.”

“So, if I said kiss my ass someone will just walk up and kiss my ass?”

“With an ass as sexy as yours? Absolutely.” Pushing back on the man fucking her, the receptionist plucked three clipboards from a shelf and sat them on the counter. “Go ahead and read the forms and sign. When you’re done we’ll take care of the rest of the registration.”

Taking the clipboards, Sadie, Connie and Kiera went to the other side of the large open room and sat down to read through the forms. While the latter two signed without hesitation, Sadie was having a much harder time bringing herself to put pen to paper – not liking anything she was reading. But when she saw her friends glaring at her, she reluctantly signed and the three found themselves back at the counter.

The receptionist took the clipboards and their ID’s and spent about twenty minutes inputting information into the computer. When she was done, she gave the licenses back and then handed them each a key. “Welcome to Whispering Pines. Feel free to explore and experiment to your heart’s content, but remember you’re not permitted in another’s cabin unless invited. And there’s no need to worry about outsiders seeing anything as the entire resort is surrounded by a fifteen foot stone wall topped with razor wire.”

“What’s the quickest route to the cabin?” Sadie asked.

“You’ll see a sign when you leave the registration office pointing the way. There are also signs directing the way to the other popular buildings as well. And now that you’re registered, do you still want that sexy ass of yours kissed?”

“Um, no thanks.”

“Shame. If you ever change your mind let me know.”

“No one’s kissing that ass until I get my lips on it,” Connie stated matter of fact.