

Nudist Camp Vacation

Part 1

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Chapter 1

Revelations

From a deep sleep I heard a knocking at the front door. I must have dozed off in front of the television while I was waiting for Robert. Robert was late coming home from work . . . *again*. A quick glance at the clock on the mantel told me it was past eight. Why was someone visiting so late? It couldn't have been Robert. Robert had a key. He never knocked. He never *needed* to knock.

My stomach growled. It was Saturday night, Nell, our housekeeper, had the weekend off, and I had delayed my final dinner preparations until Robert came home. Curious. Robert still wasn't home. He always called when he was that late, but there had been no call.

He had called several hours before to say he had to work later than he had planned. He had worked late every night that week and it was Saturday. He sounded exhausted. I told him he needed to get some rest and not work at all on weekends. Impatiently, he had said he'd rest on Sunday, like he always did. I told him his job was sucking the life out of him, and it was taking time from "us." He knew I was right. It irritated him when he knew I was right and he knew he had to do something about it. He would forgive me for upsetting him like he always did; I looked forward to it.

Had Robert come home so quietly I didn't hear him? Not likely. I'm a light sleeper. I wake up to the slightest sound. Besides, he would have kissed me awake.

There was another knock at the door: soft, but persistent. Whoever it was must have seen the light on inside. Slowly, I forced myself fully awake, out of the soft chair that had engulfed me, and lumbered to the door. As I opened the door, I saw a gorgeous young man with the face of an angel. He had a

halo of white-blond hair, soft curls, bright blue eyes and baby face. Cherubic. His expression was both apologetic and remorseful.

“Mr. Stewart?” he asked softly in a surprisingly deep voice. “Mr. Geoffrey Stewart?”

Stunned by his angelic beauty, and still half asleep, I said, “Huh?” Gifted conversationalist, that’s me! “Uh, yes! Can I help you?” I probably blushed.

Hesitating, he cleared his throat and said softly, “I’m Officer Bauers. . . . Can I come in?”

Startled by his question and his persistent, gentle nature I widened my tunnel vision. He was wearing a policeman’s uniform: badge, gun and all. His heavy belt with all the accoutrements threatened to drop from his narrow hips. I was rooting for the belt in hopes that it would take his pants with it.

“Uh, yes, of course, come in,” I said, still not registering anything unusual, except for this young man’s glowing face. His cheeks were red.

Admiring the beauty of young men had always been a hobby of mine, but having such a striking young man so close caused me to force myself to think about other things. After all, Robert and I had been in a monogamous relationship for well over 20 years. But whatever this young man was selling, I was buying, in spite of myself.

I reached up and switched on the light in the foyer, then opened the door wider, and stepped out of the way to let him enter. Closing the door behind him and remembering he had cleared his throat, I asked, “Can I get you some water?”

“No, sir,” he quickly said. Still that deep, soft voice. He could melt cold steel with that voice! “Can we sit down somewhere?”

His voice had become strained, causing me to feel some instinctive concern. He was being too nice, and he was nervous. It didn’t appear that he wanted to arrest me, so it had to be something else.

“In here,” I said. He followed me obediently to the parlor. I quickly switched on a couple of lamps then sat hastily on the couch. He took a seat in the upholstered chair I steered him toward.

After I had taken a seat, he said softly, “Mr. Stewart . . .”

I wanted to say, “Call me Alan.” I hated being addressed by my first name or as “Mr. Stewart,” so I had long ago adopted my middle name for every day use. Anyone who knew me called me Alan. I almost stopped him, but I didn’t. I was becoming anxious to know what this unusual visit from a police officer was about. I leaned toward him to hear him better. He was talking just above a whisper.

“Mr. Stewart,” he repeated.

“Yes?” I calmly encouraged. I wanted to scream.

“Uh, I’ve never had to do this before,” he apologized.

“Officer, Bauers is it? Would you please just tell me? Is it Robert? Is he hurt?” I begged, forcing myself to be calm, terrified at what I thought he might answer.

“Uh, yes, sir,” he said. Then he blurted, “It’s Mr. Williams. He’s been in a car accident. A man crossed the center line and hit him head-on. He didn’t have a chance.”

He had started out with momentum in his delivery, but got quieter the more he spoke. I stared at this face that held so much innocence, not believing what was coming from it.

After a moment he said, “Mr. Stewart, did you hear what I said?”

I blinked as it sank in. At this point I probably looked like a statue, or at the very least, catatonic. I felt like it. Paralysis gripped my throat. Somewhere deep inside a tidal wave of emotion exploded from me.

No. Not Robert! *NO!*

I continued to stare at Officer Bauers until my vision blurred. A flood hit my eyes from behind and erupted through them. I couldn’t breathe. My body convulsed. With those few words, my heart was ripped from me. Life as I knew it, my idyllic life, ended in that moment. I wanted to die.

After he left, I shoved a CD of an old Mel Torme album onto my player and played one song over and over. It was “My Buddy,” a song from World War I. It’s a solemn song about a guy’s faithful buddy and how he misses the buddy’s look, his voice, the touch of his hand. . . . I cried until I thought I could never cry another tear then I cried some more. I felt as if my heart had been torn from my chest. Life lost its meaning. . . .

For many long months I played that song over and over, wallowing in self-pity. That was over two years ago. For the longest time, I only barely existed. Life was not worth living without my partner, my buddy, my best friend. We had been inseparable. Our friends and families had come to think of us as one person, not two. My guts had been ripped from me, and nothing was there to replace them. Somehow I survived, but it was just survival. Oh, sure, after a year of intense depression friends took me places to “get out and meet people.” It was no good. What I felt was my once-in-a-lifetime chance at a full life of happiness had lasted a scant 22 years. I kept telling myself that it was more than most people get out of life, but just try telling that to my heart.

Would it have been worse never to have found love? Or was it worse to have found my true love, become comfortable with him and lost him? I’m sure I can’t answer that question. My mind was sore from thinking, and my heart was sore from aching.

I still couldn’t bring myself to deal with other people so I deliberately, obsessively, avoided all social situations. Friends hounded me. Nell, bless her, nagged at me. I know she meant well, and in her own way, she loves me,

but the nagging didn't help. However, one night I finally tried to get out and socialize and went to a popular bar. I still chuckle as I remember being approached by an unsuspecting young man.

My friends tell me that in spite of my age, I'm still nice looking. I don't see it, so they must see something I don't. I have reddish brown hair, just starting to grey, green eyes and a clear complexion. I guess I'm no dog's lunch, but attractive? I don't know. Anyway, I was sitting at the bar, nursing a beer, still feeling quite lonely, when this very nice looking young man sat next to me and asked me something. To this day I don't know what it was he said, but when he put his hand on my thigh I turned to him. As he looked into my eyes his expression changed to shock, and he excused himself hurrying away.

I was puzzled until later at home, when I looked into my bathroom mirror. I was startled to see one of the gloomiest people I've ever seen looking back at me. I didn't recognize myself. My face was gaunt and blotchy, and I had dark pools under my eyes. The poor guy in the bar must have thought I had a disease. It was then that I decided that if I were to continue down this road of life, I might as well make the best of it.

Through the next year, I sought professional help to conquer my depression and returned to my exercise regimen. I worked out in private on my equipment at home. That was when I started taking better care of myself. I had lost too much weight, so I began eating better, thanks to Nell, and I actually put on some muscle, too. I started jogging again, and bought myself some new clothes. Then, I decided it was time to move to a new house. There were just too many memories there, and I needed to start anew with new surroundings. I bought a smaller house on some acreage outside the city, and of course, Nell moved with me. It was still a big house by most people's standards, and I needed her to take care of it. Besides, she's like a second mother to me, and her presence in the house is a comfort to me.

I traded in what had been "our" travel trailer, divesting myself of more memories, and bought a large motor home. It was an extravagance, but I felt I needed some time completely to myself; I thought that I could easily isolate myself if I were camping. I needed time for reflection without someone looking over my shoulder. The motor home would be a little slice of home, with all the comforts.

For my maiden voyage with my new land yacht, I decided to do something totally different. As a child I had gone on vacations "in the nude" with my parents and sister, but I hadn't been to a nudist camp since. I had heard about one not too far from my new home, so I looked for it and finally found it. What did we ever do before we had the internet?

The camp was a fairly large place with lots of trees. It had a central dining room, swimming pool, enclosed hot tub and sauna, recreation hall, cabins, and

RV campsites. But best of all, it had seclusion. The hiking and running trails would be nice, too.

My reservation was made, I scheduled four weeks off from work (not too difficult when you're the boss), I loaded up the motor home with everything I needed, and I was off.

I was pretty nervous as I pulled into the camp. I hadn't walked around in only what God gave me since I was thirteen, and I was afraid that I would embarrass myself as I had that last time.

When I was checking in I mentioned this to the manager, Mr. Smith, and he laughed.

"Just do what we all do," he said. "When you feel that you're losing control, just excuse yourself and go somewhere private until you calm down. That's one of the reasons we all carry a towel around with us. Don't worry! It happens to all of us! We're only human! Just remember that this is a family resort, and it sometimes offends some of the more conservative among us, so just be sensitive to them and you'll be fine! I'm sure you'll soon find that you've become comfortable among us. Everyone's very friendly. They'll all make you feel very welcome," he assured me.

His words put me more at ease. I pulled into my assigned space and was relieved to find that it was at the end of a fairly private area of the campground, so I could get used to the routine at my own pace, "exposing myself" to others only as I felt comfortable. I quickly set up camp and connected everything. Since it was a warm day in early summer, I wanted to get the air conditioning on as quickly as possible.

Once my chores were done, I settled into the motor home and shed my clothes. I had seen many of my vacationing neighbors walking around sans covering, and so far I wasn't impressed with any of them. They were likely to be very nice and friendly people, but I was actually relieved not to find any of them what I would consider very attractive, physically.

However, as I shed my clothing, the thought of wandering around in front of God and everyone wearing nothing more than sneakers, I got an erection. "A natural reaction," I said to myself, but cursed it, nonetheless. Knowing that I had to let things calm down, I did routine things to get my mind off myself. I peed (almost doing a handstand in the process), planned what I would have for supper, set up my satellite receiver and laptop, making sure I had access to the internet, and then I checked out the TV and ran it through the channels.

Finally, I decided that I was in control, trying my best to concentrate on anything but the new sensations that came with unaccustomed nudity. I grabbed a bottle of water and a towel and walked deliberately out the door, locking it behind me. Not knowing what to do with the key, I decided to put it in my shoe. Thank goodness it was only one key. As I knelt down, I caught

sight of my low hanging balls, and instantly started to react, my dick starting to swell.

“Stop it!” I told myself. Quickly standing, I glanced to my right, and caught the gaze of the most beautiful young man I’d ever laid eyes on! He was standing talking to some other campers only 100 feet from me. I hadn’t seen him when I arrived.

As a connoisseur of the young male form, I had never seen a photo of anyone, anywhere, or even in art, that could hold a candle to this sun baked Adonis. From his sun bleached, tousled hair, to his muscular calves, his smooth full length tan covered a body sculpted to perfection. However, I judged his age at mid teens. Certainly not as old as eighteen. Too young for me!

I noticed too quickly that he had a full, heavy scrotum and a fat, healthy, albeit flaccid, appendage. He turned toward me and those dark brown eyes bore right through me. His expression changed to voluptuous, apparently reflecting my own wanton lust. In defense I nodded to him, trying to show the confidence I wanted, but didn’t possess, and took off running in the opposite direction. It was toward the running trails! All right, so it was a convenient escape.

I had started to lose ground on my control and my dick had started to show it. An instantaneous sheen of nervous perspiration had appeared on my skin, and I wanted quickly to replace it with the sweat of exercise. As I ran, the clean, fresh air filled my lungs. The mild pain that accompanied the flopping of my manhood as I ran helped to quiet my recent visual stimulation and the physical exertion felt refreshing.

As I ran in and out of the tall oaks, cedars and pines and across the hilly terrain, the trail turned several times. It occurred to me only then that I had no idea whether the trail would return to the campground or run right into the middle of the nearest town square! That thought made me chuckle. It was a nervous chuckle, but at least I was amused.

One more turn and I glimpsed that beautiful young man again, approaching quickly from a side trail. “Damn!” I thought, “He must be coming down to run on the main trail. No wonder he looks so nice! He must get a lot of exercise out here.”

As I passed his trail, I was slightly ahead of him. I came close enough to him that he nodded and smiled at me. My heart leapt as I involuntarily reacted to his startling smile and dimpled cheeks. Gawd, his teeth are white! My heart was already pounding from running, but I thought I’d have a heart attack. I quickly nodded and smiled as I ran past him. He ran onto my trail only a few steps behind me.

Knowing that I would have absolutely no control over my reactions while around him, I knew I couldn’t talk to him. I increased my speed, but tried to

make it look as if I didn't. He sped up, too. "At this rate," I thought, "he'll catch me for sure." I slowly increased my speed, and began pulling away from him. I was running flat out. He must not have been as experienced a runner as I was. I could hear his panting fade into the distance behind me.

Finally, I came out of the wilderness at the head of the trail into the opposite end of the campground. Even though my heart was pounding and my lungs were bursting I kept running, nodding a brief greeting to those I passed. They must have thought I was nuts, or they were just amused at the untanned newcomer, blinded, not by my inner brilliance, but rather by my outer whiteness. They all seemed to give me an odd smile as I ran on. Maybe I was just being self-conscious, I don't know. I finally arrived "home," fumbled for my key and ducked inside. My sweaty body collapsed onto a large towel I had laid on the couch. I sat there for what seemed like hours until I could catch my breath and my heart stopped trying to pound its way out of my chest.

The next morning and every morning for the next week, I got up early to do my jogging. I did manage to make my way around the camp on short ventures, always on the lookout for my young tormenter, but somehow I managed to avoid him. I was fine and became more confident, enjoying the feeling of the sun on the full length of my nakedness, and my tan lines, light as they were, were slowly disappearing. I was getting tan in places that hadn't seen the sun in thirty-five years. I met several couples, all straight, and some with young children. Gradually, through the first week, I became more confident and even sunbathed by the pool.

Then one afternoon, when I was just finishing flushing my holding tanks, someone cast a shadow on my warm back. Turning and looking up, the sun blinded me, but I could see my shadow maker had a full head of wavy, golden hair, and a requisite towel in his hand. His hair stood out on all directions as if it had never seen a comb. As I stood, I suddenly realized that I was face to face with my young Adonis! There was no escape! I decided to try my confidence. Looking only at his too-friendly face, concentrating on eye contact, I greeted him.

"Hi!" I said, my voice quivering only a little.

"Hi!" he said cheerfully, as his smile began to melt my confidence. "I tried to meet you the day you arrived, but you ran away from me. I figured you didn't want to meet me, so I've been staying out of your way. Sorry, but I couldn't help wanting to meet you." He stuck out his hand, disarmingly. "I'm Tim," he said.

Always quick to return a handshake, I grasped his hand firmly. That was a mistake! Looking down for his hand, I glimpsed past it toward his crotch. He was starting to rise and twitch. Instantly, my head became light. My gaze snapped back to his eyes, trying to look nonchalant. I slowly took a deep

breath and held it, slowly letting it out. It was then that I noticed that he was only about two inches shorter than me.

“Alan. Alan Stewart,” I said as I returned his handshake. I didn’t want to admit that I was afraid of him so I lied, “I just thought you wanted to race, but you didn’t keep up. Sorry.”

He smiled a knowing smile, lifting his eyebrows. “Oh,” he said, as he told me with his eyes that he saw through my lie. That damn smile!

There was something else. When he smiled, slight wrinkles at the corners of his eyes appeared that might betray a maturity I hadn’t seen before. Could it be that he was older than I had originally thought? Or was it just the time in the sun that had dried his skin? He still looked awfully damn young! Hot, voluptuous, good enough to eat, but *YOUNG!*

Tempting my own resolve at not showing my true desire, I invited him inside to see the rig. He immediately accepted. What’s worse is that he actually seemed excited to be able to see it!

“OK, Stewart,” I thought, “You’re in for the test of your life.” I decided that if I completely lost control, I could always escape to the bathroom. Really lame, but still a way to protect my pride!

It was a used rig when I bought it, but it had been newly refurbished, so the smell of newness was really strong. He was interested in the driver’s controls, so he jumped into the leather driver’s seat, sitting on his towel, and asked a lot of questions about all the controls. He was most interested in the rear looking camera, the GPS, and the self-leveling system: all the electronic stuff. Some of the controls were on his left, so I just pointed instead of reaching over him. Even though I had just taken a shower, I was sweating profusely, and I didn’t want him to see it, nor did I want to risk brushing against that incredible body. I immediately pushed that thought from my mind. Giving in to it would probably have resulted in my raping him!

It turned out that he was genuinely curious. Intellectually curious. His conversation was captivating. At least I think it was. I was already captivated by his visage. As we spoke I was suddenly struck that he was mature beyond his years. There was much more to this young man than met the eye, and there was *much* to meet the eye!

The tour continued through the rig. I showed him the living area, the entertainment center and big, flat panel TV, the kitchen with the full sized appliances, the bathroom with the full shower and Jacuzzi tub, then the bedroom. Tim was especially impressed with all the slide outs and the king size bed. (They’re usually queen size, and yes, I’m avoiding the obviously campy comment.)

I did my best to keep my distance from him, but the clearance around the bed was tight, and he was asking about some of the storage there. I stepped up behind him just as he stepped back and turned toward me. His shoes