Harvest Moon Butt Roast

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How Abbey became a nudist...

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I have to be honest with you, it was exciting to me to be completely naked in front of strangers. As I walked down the hallway nude, with a towel over my arm and a bag over my shoulder, I was proud of myself on how far I had come in one short year.

I had come to Florida a year earlier on a full swimming scholarship to a major university. I remember how excited I had been to leave my Minnesota home and escape the dark cold of northland winters. I loved competitive swimming, but I hated leaving for practice in the dark predawn hours six days a week. I sure didn't miss shivering in subzero temperatures and hearing that squeaky crunch of snow as I walked across the frozen parking lot to the aquatic center where I spent most of my life.

The university had assigned me a roommate and a dorm where I would be staying during my collegiate career. It had been fun exchanging e-mails and getting to know Lauren, my new roommate, from long distance. We had carefully planned what each of us would bring to set up our room together.

She was from southern Georgia and would be driving her car down to the campus. I was lucky because she could haul a lot of the bigger things in a rental trailer. I had been happy to hear that we would have access to her car and was looking forward to meeting her in person when I flew in from Minnesota. She picked me up at the Tampa airport.

I will never forget how cute she looked the first time I saw her standing there by the gate with a little sign that read, "Abbey Johnson." Lauren was 5'5", 118 pounds, with dark brown hair and eyes, and small breasts just like mine. She had absolutely the cutest little Southern accent I have ever heard.

We hit it off from that first minute and were fast friends by the end of that first hard day of unpacking and setting up our room.

On that first night together, well past 2:00 a.m. in the darkness of our room, I heard Lauren ask, “Are you awake Abbey?”

“Ya, I am to wired right now to sleep,” I whispered in her direction.

“There is something I need to tell you Abbey,” Lauren stated with a little fear and apprehension in her voice.

Her tone set off alarms. All kinds of things started racing through my mind. She was homesick and leaving school. She was an ax murderess that had killed the real Lauren and was about to kill me!

Cautiously, I broke the silence saying, “What is it Lauren?” I prepared for the worst.

“I am a nudist Abbey,” Lauren quietly said. “My whole family is and I have been one my entire life.”

“So, you haven’t murdered anyone?”, I chuckled.

“No, Abbey, but I want to be honest with you,” Lauren explained.

“So you are worried I will freak out, if you are naked around the room?” I asked.

“Exactly,” she responded.

I told Lauren I had spent most of my life in a pool or in a girls’ locker room and that I was used to nudity and it didn’t bother me at all.

Over the next few days we talked a lot about her experiences and what she called, “the lifestyle.”

Just before classes were about to begin after Labor Day, Lauren said she was going north to meet her family at one of their favorite resorts. I laughed when she said they had a big Labor Day Celebration at the camp called “The Harvest Moon Butt Roast.”

“My folks have a big RV and bring tents for everyone else,” Lauren coaxed, “we could share a tent Abbey.”

I didn’t think that all this sounded like a great idea. Lauren’s nudity was charming, but I wasn’t sure if

I was up to making chitchat with Lauren’s naked father, mother, or brother.

“Are you worried about your body Abbey?” Lauren asked breaking the weird images dancing in my head.

“Why on earth would you think that Lauren?” I asked.

“Oh my god Abbey, you shouldn’t think that at all,” Lauren quickly offered, “It’s just most people are afraid of how they will be viewed in the community.”

That really wasn’t a concern for me. I was proud of the way I looked. All my swimming and exercising left me very fit. I didn’t have an once of excess fat and my BMI was 19.6 according to tests my coaches gave me when I first arrived at the university. I was 5’8”, 128 pounds, blue eyes, blonde hair, and perky 34B breasts. I loved the way I looked.

“No, that isn’t a problem at all Lauren,” I guess it is just Minnesota modesty, I chuckled.

Lauren told me more about the resort on the Georgia-Florida border. She described the camp, set along the St. Mary’s river, and it did sound like a beautiful location. The weekend was all about family and relaxation. The “Butt Roast” turned out to be a barbecue and “potluck” supper. It was the horse back riding that sold me. I love horses.

As we crossed the border with Georgia and got closer to the resort, I admit I was pretty nervous. I pictured stepping up into the RV and having her dad’s genitals in my face as I met him. The reality was far from that.

Her family had the camp all set up and were sitting around a picnic table when we pulled up. They were all wearing swim suits and shirts.

Apparently the look on my face had given me away as her Dad stood up and walked over to us. As he hugged Lauren, he looked at me and said, “Sorry to disappoint ya yankee girl. Not what you expected, huh?”

Everyone laughed and that broke the ice. Her family was sweet and very normal. Her Dad was a big man, over six feet, maybe 280 pounds, balding, and with an obvious liking of beer (judging from his stomach and the constant beer by his side.) Her mom was more petite with speckles of gray in her brown hair. Her brother, Tommy, was a handsome 17 year old. Lauren told me he had been an all-state football wide receiver as a sophomore and was even better now approaching his senior year. He was tall like his father, but with out the fat.

Dinner at the table was like any other picnic anywhere in America. The only thing that jolted me back to the reality of this place was the shout of, “Hey Bill, ya’all wanna pitch some shoes after dinner?” from two naked men in their late forties that walked by the table.

The laughter of everyone at the table to my reaction of looking at their packages made me blush.

“That’s perfectly normal sweetie,” Lauren’s gracious Mom said, adding, “there wasn’t much to see was there?” That was true, but I was shocked she said it.

“Well that was a good dinner, thanks Hon,” her Dad said as he rose from the table popping open another beer. “I am going down to the pits to throw with the boys for a while. I am glad you could join us Abbey.”

Tommy, Lauren’s brother, got up from the table saying, “I am going for a swim up at the lodge pool, anyone is welcome to join me.”

I remember thinking he was really talking to me. I felt like the entire time we were eating supper, Tommy had been picturing me naked. That seemed only fair, because I had been thinking the same thing about his body.

I offered to help clean up after dinner, but Lauren’s Mom told us, “you kids run along and have fun. There’s just a few paper plates, after all.”

Lauren said we should join Tommy and go cool off in the pool. “Let’s change in the tent,” she suggested.

In the tent, as Lauren undressed, she said, “This is it now Abbey, clothes will be off. Are you okay with that? Swimsuits aren’t allowed in the pool area.”

As I stripped, I told her with a quick wink, “That’s ok, I didn’t bring one.”

We walked out of the tent as Tommy came out of the RV naked as the day he was born. Both he and his Mother smiled as they both said, “Abbey your are absolutely stunning.”

The three of us walked up the trail to the lodge stark naked. As we walked I noticed how Tommy’s cock flopped from side to side as he walked. I realized I had never seen a cock do that. They were always rock hard whenever I had seen one before. This really was a new experience.

The weekend was like this, natural, and exciting. It was not overtly sexual. I enjoyed the way people looked at me and I enjoyed looking at the great variety of body shapes present in camp. This is when I realized I would be a lifelong nudist.

Lauren, sometimes her family, and I spend many weekends at nude recreation retreats and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. I engaged in flirting, of course, but sex in these family places was forbidden. People were expected to be discreet.

Now, almost a year later, as I walked through the lobby naked, with just a towel and a bag over my shoulder, I was alone. Lauren still had one exam left and I had finished early so I had come ahead by myself to this new naturalist resort just south of Kissimmee along the shores of Lake Tohopekaliga. Lauren would join me here in two days.

I had a couple of drinks and relaxed for a while at *Scuttlebutts Lounge* (I loved that name.) After a while, I decided to try out the hot tub. It was getting dark as I walked out to the tub with my glass of chablis. There were three people soaking in the bubbly foam that I assumed were a family, a chubby guy in his fifties that could have been Bill's brother, and an attractive woman also in her fifties, and an beautiful young woman I assumed was their daughter.

"Mind if I join you?" I asked as I put down my things.

"Absolutely, darlin', jump in," the man who introduced himself as Bobby said.

"I am Abbey," I told them as I slipped into the tub. The bubbles stimulating my nipples to erection.

The woman was Erin and her daughter was a Isabelle, a 16 year old sophomore at the local high school.

Several times Bobby got out of the water and brought us all back more wine, even to the young Isabelle. Erin was not happy with this and quickly took the glass each time. Each time he walked up the step by me I noticed his cock was not in the usual condition. It was semi erect. I pretended not to notice.

We enjoyed good conversation and, after several glasses of chablis, Erin and Isabelle excused themselves saying good night and headed off to their room.

"Oh my, oh my," moaned Bobby.

"What?" I asked.

“Oh lordy, Abbey,” explained Bobby, “My wife insisted I come to this resort with her. She and Isabelle have been coming to nudie camps ever since Isabelle was ten. I’ve never been able to do it before, being so fat and outta shape. But she finally insisted and so this is my first time.”

“Bobby, everyone is different and everyone is beautiful in their own way,” I told him.

“You don’t understand sweetheart,” Bobby whimpered. “Isabelle is so beautiful. I’ve never seen her naked before. She *excites* me.”

I remembered what Lauren’s mom had said to me and repeated it, “That is perfectly normal.” I then added, “You just can’t act on those urges.”

Bobby started to cry and explained, “That’s not it, Abbey. I am so old and fat, no one that looks like you or Isabelle would ever want to be with me.” He sobbed.

I moved over and sat next to him as I put my arm around him and said, “Bobby, that’s not true. You are a nice guy.”

He looked up at me with tears streaming down his face, breaking my heart, and said, “You really think so?”

I kissed his cheek and he hugged me like a hurt little boy.

Our lips met and we embraced in a deep and passionate kiss. I felt his hard cock pressing against me and I just wanted to comfort this poor man.

Bobby started to kiss down my neck as he carefully and gently fondled my breasts. I let myself melt into his passion

Our hands started to explore each other’s bodies as I felt my heart start to race. His hand reached between my legs and I yielded to his fingers as he massaged my labia and then opened my lips with his fingers. The warm jets of water now pulsed into my open pussy sending me into ecstasy.

We can’t do this here, he said as he lifted me out of the hot tub. We walked down a grassy trail to the more secluded beach a short walk away. We embraced and kissed. His penis pushing between my legs and my breasts smashed against his pudgy chest.

We laid down on the warm sand, the moon light illuminating our bodies. I saw tears in his eyes as he

said, “Abbey, you are so beautiful, so kind. I will always remember this as long as I live...”

Tears started to form in my eyes as the beauty of this passion and compassion intermingled as our naked bodies were doing.

I slowly slid my body down his body bathed, in the moonlight, kissing him as I went. I gently cradled his hard cock in my hands as I massaged him as he moaned my name, “Abbey, Abbey, Abbey...”

I took him in my mouth. My tongue licking his head and sucking him in deeper as my tongue whirled around his cock. As I pulled back, my hand slowly massaged his shaft and then gave way as my mouth engulfed it again and again and again.

I felt him gently pulling my body around as I lifted my knee over his head. I felt him pulling me down to his mouth, his fingers spreading my lips open to his tongue.

Bobby plunged his tongue and cock deep inside me at the same time. He cock made me gag but his tongue pushed me out of control. I laid on top of his soft body alternating between devouring his cock in my mouth and masturbating it with my hand.

Bobby quickly discovered my weakness for long slow laps along my labia and his fingers opening my pussy to quick plunges deep into me.

I was finding it hard to breath as my body climbed to an orgasm. With a push on my clit with his thumb and a plunge of his finger into my ass, wet and slippery with my arousal, I came.

Before I could catch my breath or stop shaking, Bobby picked my hips up from his mouth and lowered me on his slippery cock. The rock hard penis slid quickly inside me and I embraced him with a deep penetrating kiss.

His hips rocked in a slow and constant motion as I felt my pussy contract around him trying to hold him inside me at his deepest penetration of my body.

I stiffened my tongue and shaped it like a small penis as I returned his penetration of my pussy to penetration of his mouth. We continued to fuck each other faster and faster as we built to a powerful climax.

I felt his cock twitch and felt the warm cum splash against my cervix. I rose up, my hips grinding my pussy against his exploding organ and felt the powerful wave of my second orgasm flooding my body and soul with total ecstasy.

As we came together, I looked down at Bobby and realized we were both sobbing nearly out of control. Our hands reached out to each other, as our fingers interlocked and he held me above him.

I looked at him, over my breasts hanging inches from his face, as he said, with tears in his eyes, “Abbey, I will never forget you and your kindness to an old fat man.”

With his cock still deep inside me, my breasts pressing his chest, and with misty eyes, I told him, “Bobby, you are an amazing lover.”

Exhausted from our lovemaking, I fell asleep on top of him.

The sun rise over the lake woke me. I was alone on the beach. I looked for him but he was gone. I assumed he had gone back to his room, to his wife and daughter.

I sat on the beach watching the sun rise gathering my thoughts. I went for a long swim in the lake and thought about the night. I was good with what happened. I really felt good.

I walked the short distance to the hot tub and picked up my bag and towel. Back at my room, I took a nice long bath and then headed down to the Lakeside Restaurant for some breakfast.

Erin and Isabelle waved me over to their table. I thought about running away, but Isabelle said, “sit with us Abbey.”

I was trapped, but there were hardly any other seats, so I sat down. “Where is your husband this morning Erin?” I inquired.

“What do you mean dear?” she said clearly confused.

“Bobby, ...your husband,” I explained.

They both burst out laughing. “He isn’t my husband,” Erin went on, “we just met before you came.”

I mumbled something or the other and we went on to have a pleasant breakfast with my new friends. I spent the rest of the day looking around for Bobby but never saw him.

Lauren arrived just as I was waking up the next day. She was all excited about being done with school until fall and couldn’t wait to get something to eat and head to the beach.

After a great breakfast in the restaurant along the lake, Lauren spread her towel on the exact spot Bobby and I had made love two nights before.

I started to laugh and she got me to tell her the whole passionate story. Describing Bobby and how we met. With each juicy detail she smiled more and more. When I told her I discovered he wasn't married to Erin, she started to laugh.

"What's so funny?" I asked, not expecting that reaction from her at all.

"Abbey," she said, controlling her giggles, "I think you have just met my Uncle Bobby. That old bachelor has used that same line as long as I have known him."