

A decorative border with intricate floral and scrollwork patterns in a light gray color, framing the central text.

Summer Lovers

Argus

“Summer Lovers”

by

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One

There were better ways of spending a summer besides babysitting a bunch of snotty kids. Unfortunately, I wasn't given a lot of options if I wanted to save up money for college.

So here I was packing all the shit I could into a couple of suitcases to take out into the middle of nowhere. Mostly I packed jeans and halters, and T-shirts, and underwear. Also a bunch of bathing suits, some respectable, for when the kids were around, and some not so respectable, for when it was just us counsellors.

There would be a bunch of cute guys there, after all.

One thing about being a camp counsellor that was great. You could do whatever you wanted and not worry about gossip. Nobody there knew you, after all, and wouldn't be able to tell your friends at school what a slut you'd acted like.

That was the only thing I was looking forward to. If I was going to get stuck in the woods all summer, I was going to have some good old fashioned hedonistic fun, away from my parents, away from my crummy little brothers and sisters, and out on my own.

Yeah.

I jammed in all the stuff I could, then forced the suitcases closed and stood back, sighing in relief as I ran a hand through my hair. I turned and gazed at the full length mirror on the wall, then winked at myself as I raised both hands and brought them behind my head.

I was wearing cut-offs and a tight T-shirt, and as I arched my back my breasts pushed out hard and round and taut against the thin cotton. I had a great silhouette, a great figure. I knew the guys were ga-ga over me, knew damned well how they talked about what a great set of tits I had, what a great ass I had, how they'd love to get me in bed.

That turned me on. I loved being lusted after, loved them getting all tongue-tied and bug-eyed over me, loved them drooling over me, and knowing how they all jerked off to fantasies about me.

I wasn't the greatest looking girl in the world, but no one had ever turned me down. I have thick, shoulder length blonde hair. It's really full and silky, and hangs down around my shoulders like a lion's mane. I have long, thick bangs that fall over my forehead.

Below them are my large, bright green eyes, so expressive, so wonderfully easy to shift and change. I can look angry, threatening, sophisticated, snotty, or naive and innocent, depending on how I narrow or widen my eyes, and how I move my soft, full lips.

I'm tall at five foot 11, and slender. But I'm very athletic, due to lots of use of my dad's home gym machine. I have a well-toned body, with a narrow waist, round, shapely hips, and long, long, perfectly textured legs. Men love my legs. They've been staring at them since I was thirteen.

My ass is round and soft and tight as a drum, just like my breasts. My boobs aren't the biggest, but at thirty-six C, they're plenty big enough. They kind of tilt up a bit, all perky and firm and really, really round.

My nipples are a bright pink, and look quite small, like dimes...well, pennies, but when they get cold or aroused, for some reason they grow really, long and hard. I mean they stick straight out like an inch, and are incredibly sensitive. I've come sometimes just from having my nipples sucked.

I've seen prettier girls than me, though not many, and I've seen girls with better bodies, though very few. I've very seldom seen any girls who are prettier who have better bodies, though.

Anyway, it's really cool being so hot, having men walk into street posts and stuff. And I was sure I was going to have a lot of fun out in the woods... at night anyway, once the brats were in their beds.

I got my suitcases and carried them downstairs, and then my Dad drove me to the bus station. I was kind of excited. I mean, going off on a trip and all. True, it was only the bus, but it was a nice bus, all air-conditioned, with tinted glass and all, and the seats were really nice, all thick and tall, tilting back.

I was worried, though, about who would sit beside me. I mean, the seats are fine if you're alone, or if you're sitting next to someone of normal size. If a large person sits next to you, though, they can kind of squash you.

Or if it's some geeky guy who bugs you the whole trip, or some old lady who chatters about boring shit, or some kid, well, your ride can be really long. I've ridden the bus a few times before, you see, and nothing is worse than being trapped by someone boring.

So I was really glad when a youngish woman sat next to me. She was black, her skin creamy brown, with shoulder length, straight black hair. She was kind of pretty, and in her mid-twenties, with a decent body. She smiled as she sat down, and I gave her a brief smile in return.

After a few minutes she started talking to me, and we struck up a conversation. Her name was Val, and she seemed cool enough. She was going to see her sister in New Orleans. We got along really, really well, and were laughing and joking and giggling like crazy as we talked about guys, and some of the stupid things they do and say to try and get into our pants.

I guess it was because neither of us knew the other, and knew we'd never see each other again, and so we could be honest and tell each other all the stuff we'd done without fear that it would get back to anyone for gossip.

We even talked... in low voices... about sucking cocks... the different techniques we used. Then we got into fantasies, into things we thought would be really, really sexy, and would like to try sometimes. Mine was a gang bang. She liked that, but hers was to "own" a big, muscular man, to have him for a sex slave.

Then, grinning, she kind of leaned into me and said.

"You ever do it with a girl?"

I blinked in surprise, and then kind of shrugged.

"Kinda," I whispered. "I mean, me and a couple of friends did some fucking around a while back, but we never went, like, really deep into it."

"What does that mean?"

I shrugged, a bit awkwardly.

"Okay, you ever... French kiss a girl?"

I nodded. "You?"

She nodded.

“Ever touch a girl’s boobs?”

I nodded slowly, a bit embarrassed.

“Ever... suck on a girl’s nipples?”

“Vaal!” I protested.

She sniggered and I glared at her.

“Well?”

“Yes,” I said.

“Oooooooh.”

“You ever?”

“I’ve done everything with girls.”

“Everything?”

“Shit, me an’ my girlfriend practised jerking off when we were twelve, and then started doing each other. I’ve had sex with about five or six women.”

“What’s it like?” I asked, curious and a little aroused at the thought of her having sex with a woman.

“Neat. Women are... like, softer, I mean, there isn’t the pressure and the hurry up kind of thing. It’s slloooow and easy, soft and gentle.”

“You... sucked a girl off?”

“Sure. And had it done to me.”

“Man,” I said.

“Nope. Wo-man,” she leered.

I rolled my eyes.

“I once had sex with a stewardess on an airplane.”

“Where?”

“In the bathroom.”

“Man!”

“When you’re at that little camp of yours, see if you can get one of the other girls alone, honey. Nothing feels nicer than having another girl’s naked body pressed against yours. There’s just something about the feel of another woman’s breasts on mine that makes me soooo hot.”

“You are so slutty!” I gasped, admiringly.

“Being slutty can be fun, baby,” she grinned. “You only go round once, remember.”

It didn’t sound fun. It sounded... exciting. It was getting me hot inside, was making my crotch all tingly.

I wasn’t uncomfortable at all. I mean, given we were on the bus and getting off at different stops, it wasn’t like she was putting any pressure on me to have sex with her or anything.

“I’ll have to see what turns up,” I said, flickering my tongue at her.

“Uhhh. I’m getting this mental image,” she breathed. “I bet you look really great naked.”

I blushed a bit.

“Yeah, I do,” I grinned.

“I’d love to get you alone,” she purred softly.

“Lezzie,” I accused.

She stuck her tongue out, and out, and out. I watched in surprise as she touched the tip of her nose with it.

“Wow. How do you do that?”

“Practice,” she said. “Imagine how deep I could push this where it counts.”

I blushed again. I was getting even hotter. I’d never flirted with anyone this... this dirty. I mean, this... uhm, this heavily. And that was what we were doing, after all, flirting. That thought made me hotter still. The idea that I was flirting with a black woman.

She pressed her lips together like a kiss, and her tongue slid in and out slowly.

I watched and swallowed several times, squeezing my thighs together.

“You should be so lucky,” I whispered.

“I could make you scream,” she cooed.

“Oh right.”

She looked down at my chest and grinned.

“Your nipples are hard, baby,” she leered.

I flushed even more. I was only wearing a T-shirt, with a light bra underneath, and my nipples were rock hard, pressing the thin fabric outwards noticeably.

“Well stop looking,” I said.

“You’re hot, aren’t you?”

“Am not.”

“Are too,” she teased.

She leaned in closer, her lips right next to my ear.

“You want me,” she breathed.

“Do not,” I said, pulling away in annoyance.

“You should come with me to New Orleans. We’ll share a motel room. I’ll tie you down and lick you aaaallll over.”

“Get lost,” I snorted.

She laughed and pulled back, and I squeezed my thighs together repeatedly.

“Hey, ever hear of the mile high club?”

“Yeah. So?”

“I’m a member.”

“I thought you had to have sex with a guy to qualify for that. I mean, does a stewardess qualify?”

“Sure. But I did it with a guy too.”

“Slut.”

“Better believe it,” she grinned.

“Well, I could do that. I probably will.”

“I bet you wouldn’t have the guts,” she taunted.

“I would too!”

“Prove it.”

“How can I prove it?” I tsked.

She turned her head away, and then turned it back to me.

“Look past me and tell me what you see.”

I looked past her. The seats across the aisle from us were occupied by a couple of kids, both of whom were asleep. I couldn’t see any of the other people because the seats in front of us and the ones we were in were so tall.

“A couple of little kids,” I said.

“Both sound asleep.”

“So?”

“So nobody can see you. Nobody at all.”

“So?” I gulped.

“So let’s do something nasty,” she breathed, her face in close against mine.

“Wha... what?”

She licked the side of my ear.

“Val!” I gulped, drawing back.

“Scared?”

“I’m not scared!”

“You know you want me.”

“I do not.”

“So let’s fool around,” she grinned, flicking her tongue along her lips.

“Are you crazy! There are people all around us!”

“That’s what makes it so cool,” she grinned. “They can’t see anyway.”

“But... but someone might... might come down the aisle.”

“We’ll see them first. Chicken.”

“I’m not chicken.” I frowned.

“I bet I could make you come in your pants.”

The words hit me like a wall, and I felt a flare of fiery heat between my legs.

She leaned in against me and I felt her tongue along my earlobe. I didn’t move, but my heart leapt, and the blood started flowing faster and faster through my veins.

“Val!” I gasped.

“Chicken,” she taunted. “I bet all that talk was just talk. You’re probably a virgin, aren’t you?”

“Get lost,” I gulped.

She slid her hand down onto my thigh and gave it a squeeze.

I was wearing a sweat shirt and sweat pants because I wanted to be comfortable on the long ride. I also had a sweater, because they sometimes turn the air-conditioning up too high in buses. Val was wearing a dress with a mid-length skirt that came to just above her knees.

I could feel the warmth of her hand through the thin sweat pants. It felt hot... electric, but I pushed her hand off anyway.

“Chicken. Viiiirgiiin,” she teased.

“You’re crazy,” I whispered.

She leaned in again and licked under my ear. I didn’t move, though I turned and looked out the window. I felt her hand on my thigh again and turned my head back towards her. She was grinning challengingly. I looked past her. The little kids were still asleep, and nobody else was in sight.

Her hand stroked my thigh, and then crept slowly in between my legs as my heart began to pound louder and louder. I had my thighs tight together because I’d been squeezing them, but as Val slid her hand down she whispered into my ear “Open your legs a little, baby.”

I trembled slightly, and then did, shifting my feet a bit apart, then a bit more.

Her hand slid down over my crotch and squeezed me, and I shuddered as the heat flared up inside me higher and higher. I slumped down a bit, and I felt her cupping my pussy mound and squeezing it through the thin sweatpants.

She rubbed her hand up and down the front of my pants, and then slid her hand upwards, easing up beneath my sweater to the waistband of my sweatpants. I jerked my head up and stared at her, but she wasn’t looking at me. She was sitting there perfectly normally, looking forward, while her fingers slid inside my sweatpants.

Not just my sweatpants, but inside my panties too.

I couldn't believe this was happening! I was scared someone would notice, but also incredibly aroused, more aroused than I could remember being in a long, long time.

I looked desperately past her, scared someone would come wandering down the aisle and see what was happening. I could feel her fingers against the soft skin of my abdomen as they squirmed slowly downwards under the waistband of my panties, could feel them pressing against my soft skin, then working their way down my body.

I felt her whole hand sliding inside, and felt her fingers against my pussy hair. I shuddered and laid my head back, my body buzzing and shaking with sex-heat. Her fingers touched my slit gently, then with more assurance, stroking lightly against the top of my slit right over my clitty.

I humped slightly, instinctively, and fought to keep from making any sounds as her finger slid down along my slit and pressed against it. She sawed her finger up and down, and I felt a wave of embarrassment at how wet I was, at the certain knowledge that she could feel my inner moisture soaking her finger.

Her finger sank through the tight folds of my pussy lips and began to saw up and down along my hot little cleft. My clitty exploded and I clenched my jaw, jamming my head back into the thick seat as I felt an orgasm blossoming inside me.

I shook violently even though I tried to suppress it. My body was rocked by a tremendous release of sexual pleasure which seared my nervous system.

Then it eased off and I sat there panting for breath, my eyes closed as my body continued to twitch spastically.

"Nice, huh?" Val purred into my ear.

She eased her hand up and down over my pussy pad as I sat there, slumped down, legs well apart. She gave my hot, moist pussy pad a squeeze, and then eased her finger in against my slit again, this time forcing the tip inside and searching for my hole.

I was surprised, thinking that, well, since I'd come she would stop, but I was glad she didn't. I slumped down more, drawing my right leg up against the side of the

bus to open myself for her. I was still tremendously excited, and the feel of her finger slowly worming its way into my body was shockingly pleasurable.

I was really wet, and her finger slid right into my hole, jamming down deep until I felt her knuckles pressing against my pussy mound. She wriggled the finger around inside me for several seconds, then pulled it back and slid a second in beside it.

I just lay back and basked in the pleasure as her fingers slid right up to the knuckles inside me and started pumping. She stroked them right across my clitty with every back and forth movement and the heat began to rise inside me once more.

She was nibbling and licking and kissing the nape of my neck and, daringly, I turned to face her and met her lips with mine. Her tongue slid through into my mouth as our lips melded in moist, passionate embrace, and I moved my hand towards her.

She pulled back, shaking her head.

“No. I’m on the aisle. Someone might see,” she whispered.

She continued to finger fuck me, and my pelvis was rolling as much as it could as I ground my ass into the seat. Soon I was bucking and humping again, jamming my face into her shoulder as I grunted in pleasure. Her fingers thrust hard and fast up into my pussy crack as she brought her thumb down on my clitty, and the pleasure was wondrous.

She eased her fingers out of me and I felt her hand caressing my abdomen, then sliding upwards out of my pants, up under my T-shirt and sweater. I looked past her and saw nobody, so leaned forward and reached up behind me, putting my hands up under my T-shirt and sweater and undoing my bra.

I lay back as her hand moved up and cupped one of my breasts, squeezing and stroking it gently. I could see the movements of her hand beneath the sweater as it caressed my soft flesh, then squeezed gently.

Her fingers found my hard nipple and pinched it, then rolled it between them. I sighed in pleasure as my breasts throbbed.

I reached down and lifted up both sweater and T-shirt, daringly baring my breasts to the world. We both watched them as her hand stroked and kneaded my

breasts. She looked forward casually, then bent and folded her lips around my hard nipple, sucking fiercely for several seconds before straightening.

“Change places,” she whispered.

“Wha...what?” I gulped.

“I want to sit by the window.”

I let my sweater and T-shirt fall, then got up shakily and moved into the aisle. She shifted over onto my seat and I sat down in hers, on the aisle. From here I could easily see the side of the man across the aisle in the seat in front of mine, and the two people in the seat across the aisle just behind us.

And they could see me.

Val looked challengingly at me and I eased my hand onto her thigh, and then pulled her skirt slowly up her legs until I could slide my hand underneath and get at her pussy. I was startled to feel no panties, and she grinned at me smugly.

I trembled excitedly as I rubbed my fingers through her pussy hair, and then felt her small slit. She slumped down as I had and spread her legs, and I ran my fingers up and down her slit carefully.

I kept my eyes on the aisle, on the people around us, as I began to stroke her pussy cleft with my fingers. I laid my middle fingers along the length of her slit, and then pushed down, forcing them slowly inside. Then I began to rub them up and down against her pink pussy flesh, stroking along her clitty as she sighed in pleasure.

She raised her hands and cupped her own breasts, squeezing and kneading them through the thin dress as I stroked her clitty. Her eyes closed tight as she sat back in the seat. She almost looked asleep, except that her hands were kneading her breasts steadily, and her chest was rising and falling with growing speed.

I was glad to feel that she was as moist and hot as I was. I slid my now sopping fingers up and down her slit, and then eased them into her hole, sliding them easily up inside her to the hilt as I brought my thumb down on her clitty.

I finger-fucked her fast and deep while grinding my thumb down on her clitoris. Her eyes remained closed, but her mouth opened and her head drew back some as

her hips began to shake and grind and hump against my fingers.

Then she arched her back sharply and violently, her head jerking way back behind her as she thrust her chest out. She trembled and one of her hands shot down to grip my wrist, pulling my hand in hard against her groin as she humped against it.

She slumped back tiredly, but still held my wrist. She closed her thighs around it and rubbed my knuckles against her pussy as she relaxed.

She rolled her head slowly towards me and winked, and I grinned and winked back.

“This is sure better than counting licence plates,” I whispered.

She grinned and nodded.

We sat together in silence for a bit, and then started talking again about a variety of subjects. I think both of us were a little sorry and frustrated we wouldn't be able to do much else with each other. I really wanted to see her naked, to have her press her naked flesh against me as she'd described doing with other women.

Then we arrived at my stop. It was a restaurant, a kind of diner set back from the road by a small parking lot. There was nothing else around but trees and grass, and the long highway. Just as we were pulling into the parking lot the drive got on the intercom and announced a twenty minute rest stop.

Val and I both looked at each other and grinned, and I felt my heart give a lurch as I looked around, wondering whether we'd get a chance to do anything.

I got off, with her trailing me, and the driver got me my luggage. The two of us carried it up to the restaurant and inside. I was supposed to be looking for a guy named Bill, who'd be inside.

I approached the counter, but a guy intercepted me.

“Are you Taylor Caldwell?” he asked.

“Yeah,” I said.

He held out his hand.

"I'm Bill Kinkaid from Golden Lake."

"Oh, hi," I said, shaking hands.

"We got about half an hour to wait. There's another girl coming in on the southbound bus. You can take your bags out to my station wagon and put them in the back. Need any help?"

"No, we're fine."

He nodded and went back to a table where a plate of food sat. Me and Val carried the suitcases outside to the only station wagon there and unlocked the back, then put them inside.

"We got a few minutes," she grinned.

"If he catches us I'm screwed," I said.

"He won't. Come on."

Two

We went around the side of the restaurant to where the bathroom was, and went inside. It was a small bathroom, with only two stalls.

“Are you crazy?” I gasped. “Someone’s bound to come.”

“Yeah, us.”

“Val!”

“All the people from the bus who wanted to take a leak could do it in the bus. There’s almost nobody else at this place.”

“But...”

“They’ll all wanna go after eating, but we got ten or fifteen minutes before anyone’s probably gonna come in.”

As she was talking she was leading me into one of the stalls and closing the door behind us. She reached up behind her and undid her dress, then reached down and lifted the whole thing up and off, hanging it on the hook on the door.

She grinned at me, naked, then reached down and lifted up my sweater. I shrugged it off, and then took off my T-shirt as she put the sweater on the hook. I was getting incredibly hot and excited as I stripped, and was ready to do almost anything to satisfy the rising lust inside me.

I took off my bra and hung it on the hook, then skinned off my panties and pants and jammed them onto the top of the toilet tank as Val pressed herself against me. She pressed me back against the door, her naked flesh rubbing against mine as her hands went around me and cupped my ass.

I raised one of my legs and brought it up around her as my hands went behind her head and drew her face against mine. Our lips melded in a hot, wet, rough, passionate embrace, our tongues flicking in and out as she ground her pelvis into me and her fingers dug into my buttocks.

Her breasts were smaller than mine, and kind of cone shaped, but they rubbed against my own soft flesh with delicious energy and force, grinding against my tender, sensitive orbs, mashing them down, stroking my nipples with her own.

I grabbed her buttocks and kneaded them as I ground myself against her, then pulled my lips off hers and dove down onto one of her nipples. It was thicker than mine, but just as hard. I slid my mouth around it and sucked, my lips working and stroking as my teeth gnawed and nibbled. I sucked hard, then soft, then hard, my tongue stroking roughly over the tender button.

She pulled away, and then both her hands shot up under my breasts, roughly squeezing and mashing them together as she bent and sucked hard on each nipple. I was panting loudly, gasping for breath as the heat swelled inside me.

Her hands kneaded and crushed my sensitive meat as she slid down onto her knees before me. Her lips trailed across my heaving belly and over my moist pussy hair. I spread my legs and groaned in pleasure as her tongue slid along my slit.

“Suck me!” I panted. “Suck my pussy!”

Her hands slid down off my breasts and she pried my sex lips apart with painful force. Then her tongue lapped up and down my pink flesh, sucking and licking and caressing it as I groaned and trembled and squeezed my own breasts.

She shoved her tongue up into my hole, driving it deep and flickering it around just like she’d promised.

“God! God! God!” I moaned, rolling my head from side to side.

Her tongue drove up incredibly deep as her nose mashed down deliberately against my clitty. She was sucking hard at my hole, her tongue scooping out my pussy milk as my legs trembled and shook and my body was bathed in fiery sexual pleasure.

She pulled her tongue out only to jam her fingers up my hole. Three of them were thrust up to the knuckles as her tongue whipped across my clitoris. Then she folded her lips around it and began to suck.

I went crazy, crying out in pleasure as ecstasy tore through my mind. My ass slapped back repeatedly against the door as I humped against her face, and I

grabbed at her head as if I could jam her entire face up into my ravenous pussy hole.

I slumped back against the door, groaning weakly, and she rose before me and kissed me as her hands went around behind me and cupped my ass again. I tasted my own juices on her lips as our hot, throbbing flesh ground together.

She turned us around, and I knew what was now expected of me. I was a bit nervous. I'd never eaten a girl before. But I'd just gotten an excellent demonstration, so was confident I could make do.

We heard voices approaching then, and Val quickly shoved me backwards until the toilet hit the backs of my legs. I sat down abruptly and Val sat in my lap facing me, straddling me, her legs up around behind the toilet.

The door opened and a woman came inside. We heard her go to the stall beside us and sit down. Val began kissing me, and I kissed her back, my hands sliding up under her breasts to squeeze and knead them. She pulled her head back and pressed her breasts against my face and I began to suck and lick on her nipples, taking the dark brown meat into my mouth and working my tongue over it.

The other woman finished and left, and Val let her feet down on the floor, and then stood up. She was still straddling the toilet, but now my face was right in front of her pussy. I licked my lips then leaned forward and ran my hands over her lower belly.

I pressed my lips against her pussy and gave it a soft kiss, then slid my tongue out and ran it up and down her slit. My thumbs pried at her lips and slowly peeled them open, revealing the glistening wet pink inside. I licked at her exposed flesh, tasting her own juices as she ran her fingers through my blonde hair.

I licked up and down her pink flesh, and then mashed my lips in against it as I shoved my tongue up her hole. I couldn't get it as deep as she'd done, but did my best. I sucked at the same time, then eased my lips back and moved them up over her clitty.

I sucked at it experimentally, trying different ways. I blew a stream of hot air over it, then kissed and sucked it. I worked my tongue over it as my fingers slid up her pussy and began pumping.

“Oooohhh,” she groaned. “Yeaah! Suck me, white girl! Suck my pussy! Suck it goood!”

I licked and sucked and slurped on her pussy as she humped slowly against me, then she groaned, and her breath rattled as she exhaled long and loudly. She jammed my head in against her sex the way I’d done to her, and I picked up the pace, licking frantically, sucking fiercely as she came against me.

We both dressed, leaving the toilet separately. Nobody seemed to notice anything, though. We went into the restaurant and had a burger, then her bus pulled out and I never saw her again.

I went over and sat with Bill, and he told me a little about the camp and what we’d be doing.

“There ain’t no kids there yet,” he said. “They don’t arrive till day after tomorrow. We want all you councillors to get familiar with things first.”

I nodded like I cared.

“There are 17 councillors,” he said. “About equally divided between guys and girls. Each of you will be responsible for a cabin, and the kids inside. Each of you also has a job to do, in your case teach swimming. You’ll seldom be by yourself since you’re a junior councillor.”

“I’ll manage,” I said.

“I’m sure you will,” he said.

Another bus pulled into the parking lot. It looked just like the one I’d left coming back, but the people who stepped down were different than the ones who’d been on my bus. One of them was a teenage girl about my age who went with the driver to the side of the bus to open up the luggage bay.

“That’s Shannon,” he said.

Shannon wasn’t quite as pretty as me, but she had a great body, maybe better than mine. She was a few inches shorter than me, but had a very...nubile body, full

and firm looking. Her breasts were quite large, but the jeans she wore were tight enough to show there was no fat or flab there...

She was a brunette, her hair having a slightly reddish tint, and it was about the same length as mine, but not as thick and full. She parted it on the side rather than having bangs.

“Let’s go and get her,” he said, getting to his feet.

I followed him out into the lot and met Shannon on her way in. She gave Bill a hug and a kiss, and from their conversation this was obviously not her first year as a camp counsellor. He introduced us and we put her stuff in the back of the car with mine, and then got inside.

“Shannon teaches swimming and equestrian skills,” Bill said.

“What’ll you be doing?” she asked.

“Swimming, archery and canoeing,” I said.

“Watch the boys in archery,” she said. “Shooting at targets is never enough for them. They always want to shoot at trees or buildings.”

“I’ve got brothers,” I grinned.

“You should have it pretty easy in your cabin,” she said. “The newbies always get the easy assignments. That’s the kids from about nine to eleven. They’re so easy to manage then. The really young ones are a lot more bother, and then there’s the jailbait.”

“Uh huh,” Bill grunted.

“The girls over twelve. What a fuckin’ pain they are! They’re snotty as hell and are always trying to sneak off with the boys.”

“That’s what you got this year,” Bill laughed.

“Yeah, well, I can manage. Some of them are okay,” she sighed, “I don’t want you to think we got a bunch of little terrors. But there’s always a few, usually the ones that are coming back year after year, that cause trouble. They know everybody and everything, and they want to have some excitement.”

“Don’t we all,” I grinned.

“Maybe, but if little Suzie gets herself knocked up while at our camp there’ll be hell to pay.”

“Or little Bobbie gets the clap,” Bill said.

“Golden Lake takes girls and boys from six to eighteen,” she said. “That means some of the older girls aren’t much younger than you. So they’re not gonna treat you with much respect.”

“Or you,” I said.

“I wish,” she grinned. “I’m twenty-two.”

“Really? You don’t look it.”

“Well thanks, but this is my fourth year here, and last.”

“We’ll miss you,” Bill said.

“Yeah, I’ll kind of miss it too. But I graduate after next year.”

“What are you taking?”

“Architecture.”

“Cool.”

“Yeah, well, I’d sure like to redesign the fucking camp and put in some better cabins,” she said.

“They’re not bad,” Bill interjected. “Don’t forget, this is supposed to be a camp. We can’t have wall to wall carpeting.”

“Wait till you see the showers,” Shannon snorted.

“What are they like?” I asked.

“They’re outside in this ratty wooden building. The floor is cement, and there’s absolutely no privacy, not even from the kids. I mean, the kids and the counsellors use the same showers at the same time. Also, there’s nothing to stop someone

from sticking their head in the door and seeing everything. That's what all those adolescent boys try to do of course."

"Especially when Shannon's in there," Bill grinned.

"Yeah," she sighed. "One of the little bastards took a Polaroid last year. Half the fourteen year olds in camp were jerking off to it before we got it back and ripped it up."

"Gross," I said, my face screwing up.

"You'll probably get the same thing, Taylor," she grinned. "You're gonna make a lot of little peckers stand up proud."

"Thanks," I said sarcastically.

"Don't mention it," she laughed. "Just try and sneak into the shower when none of them are looking."

"Can't you lock the door?"

"It's a communal shower. Other girls have to use it too."

"Joe said something about putting a curtain up behind the door," Bill said. "That might help."

"Anything would be a help," she sighed.

"The best idea is not to take too many showers. The pool is fresh and clear anyway, so I usually don't take showers very often. Especially since I'm in the water so much."

"If I don't wash my hair every day it gets oily," I said.

"Yeah, well, dunking it in lake water a dozen times a day will change that," she laughed.

"Another thing," she said, turning to me. "Do those suitcases of yours lock?"

I nodded.

"Keep your underwear and bathing suits in them and keep them locked."

“Why?”

“Trophies,” she said. “You know what boys are like at that age. Think of what a great trophy it would be for some thirteen or fourteen year old to be able to show his buddies a pair of your panties.”

“Sheesh,” I sighed, shaking my head.

“Just watch your ass. They sure will.”

“What about the guys? I mean, the other councillors?”

“Bunch of horny adolescent bastards mostly, just older.”

We drove down a long dirt road, then through a kind of entrance gate...two high poles with a sign between them that said “Golden Lake”. We parked in a large open dirt area with grass growing around it, and then got out of the car.

There was a main lodge, which looked kind of nice, and was large and well built. It was in the open, and so was the barn and corral over to the east of it. In front of the lodge were the beach, dock, and boathouse. The cabins were scattered through the woods. To the west of the lodge.

We carted our luggage along a winding dirt path, up and down cute little wooden stairs, and through the camp to the end farthest away from the lodge. Then Shannon led the way into one of the cabins.

It was kind of nice, really, surrounded by trees, with big screened windows. It overlooked the lake only a few dozen yards away. Inside were six bunk beds, each of which had a footlocker on either end.

There was also a picnic table in the middle of the room, with benches attached, and a few chairs scattered around the walls

“Lotsa room anyway,” Shannon grunted, dumping her luggage on one of the beds.

“Why?”

“Room for twelve girls, see? There’ll only be 7 or 8 of us.”

“How come?”

“Camps aren’t as popular as they used to be,” she said. “Some of the cabins will stay empty.”

We unpacked most of our stuff into the footlockers...which didn’t have nay locks, and kept our underwear and bathing suits in our suitcases. Well, except for the ones we wore. Shannon said to change into a bathing suit since it was hot, so we both did.

Her body looked every bit as full and soft as I’d imagined, and I wondered what the possibilities were of feeling her big breasts rubbing against mine. I thought it would feel even nicer than Val’s, who was kind of small up top.

She put on a black string bikini, while I put on a green one. We put on sweatshirts then, and went out of the cabin. She showed me the other cabins, which were the same as ours, and the common showers, which were as tacky as she’d said.

“The idea of being naked in here isn’t too appealing,” I said.

“Not with bratty kids as your company, anyway,” she nodded.

We headed up the path to the main lodge, and went in through a side door. Inside was a kind of big rec room, all benches, chairs, and old sofas running around the wall, with a big fireplace at one end and a big ugly rug in the middle.

There were three people inside sitting together on a couch and chair. Two were guys, and one was a girl about my age, a curly haired brunette.

“Hi, Chris,” Shannon said, leaning over and hugging one of the guys.

“Hey, beautiful. Back again,” he said.

“Yeah, fraid so.”

She stood up and turned to me. “This is Taylor. She’s a virgin.”

“We’ll see what we can do about that,” he grinned.

I nodded and made a face.

“This is Mike Lewis, and that’s Laurie Rose.”

We all said hi, and proceeded to gossip about the camp. Mostly Chris and Shannon talked about what happened, and what was gonna happen, and the rest of us listened, since Laurie and Mike were both “virgins” too.

Chris was tall and broad shouldered, kind of handsome in a jock way, with dark hair cut short. Mike was thinner, but had longer brown hair and was prettier. Laurie was kind of skinny, with wide, blinking eyes, and obviously no competition to me and Shannon, though she wasn’t homely or anything.

Shannon took me through to the main dining room, which was just a big open area with lots of long tables and benches. Behind that was the kitchen, which we didn’t have to worry about, but where we could get snacks after hours.

We went down to the beach, and she showed me the areas where the various age groups played, and where the water was shallow and deep. She took me into the boathouse and explained the rules for how to use the boats, and how to decide whether the kids could use them.

“Remember,” she said. “No kid gets to go anywhere in a canoe unless they’re wearing a life jacket, and have passed at least a class three swimming test. They’ll beg and whine, but it’s your ass if you let them go”

“Okay.”

We wandered over to the barn and looked at the horses, and also met a few more counsellors. We went over to the archery range, and took a look at the various other sites, like the baseball diamond and basketball courts.

The toilets were outdoors, gross, right? They were these shack things - a lot like the showers. The only good thing that could be said about them was that they had flush toilets and not holes in the ground.

She also led me into the woods and down an overgrown path to a small secluded cove where she said they sometimes skinny dipped at night. She grinned when she said it, and I had no doubt she included herself in that.

Skinny dipping sounded exciting. I mean, being outdoors all naked, with so many people around. That would be really...hot.

“Jus make sure Mrs. Horner doesn’t catch you,” she said.

“Who?”

“Mr and Mrs. Horner own and run this place. She’s always on our cases. She thinks the girl councillors are all a bunch of sluts, and it’s the high point of her summer if she can catch one of us doing something immoral.”

“Immoral?”

“That’s what she calls it. So if you find a guy you like, make sure you go someplace where she can’t find you.”

“Does she come down here?”

“She’s been known to. She’s not very graceful, though, and you can always hear her coming. She has to have a light, too. She’s not the type to pick her way down the path in the dark.”

“What about in the day?”

“Nobody skinny dips in the day, silly,” she laughed.

I wiggled my tongue at her like Val had done to me, and she smirked, and looked around.

“I wasn’t kidding about the guys, you know. They aren’t quite as bad as the younger boys, but we check our cabin for holes in the wall for a reason.”

“Most of them aren’t here yet, though, are they?”

I pulled my sweatshirt off and tossed it on the grass, then kicked off my tennis shoes. Shannon grinned at me and looked around again as I undid my top and dropped it on the ground.

“You’re crazy,” she laughed.

I skinned my bikini bottoms off, then, naked, moved onto the little sandy area before the water. I turned and gazed at her, grinning.

“Coming in?” I taunted.

“I don’t think so.”

My nipples were starting to harden, so I quickly turned and dove into the water, then swam back and forth a few strokes.

“The water’s cold,” I gasped.

“It’ll get warmer in a few weeks.”

“Brrr.”

I swam over to shore and walked out of the water, dripping wet. I rung out my hair, intensely aware of how rigid my nipples were, and that her eyes were on me.

“I should’ve brought a towel, I guess,” I sighed.

“The guys would have seen it and trailed us here if you had,” she grinned.

I put on my bikini, then my sweatshirt, and, carrying the shoes, we walked back out of the woods and over to our cabin. I towelled off my hair and then followed her up to the lodge. There, we found a bunch of the counsellors sitting or standing around on the dock, most in bathing suits.

We wandered down to join them, and more introductions were made. A few of the guys seemed like they would be possible, that is, guys I might screw this summer, and all the girls were in decent shape too.

Me and Shannon were the cutest of the girls, there, but as the rest of the counsellors trickled in over the afternoon, another girl, a redhead named Caitlin showed up, and she was pretty hot looking too.

Mr and Mrs. Horner gave us a speech in the lodge, all about morals and responsibility, and being role models and shit like that. Basically it was all about not cursing, and being nice to the kids, and not fucking around with each other, or in the guys’ case, with the older girl campers.

Some of the guys were old enough that it wouldn’t be jail bait, but some were my age, and close enough in age to the older girls that they knew they wouldn’t get in trouble, at least not with the cops.

Mrs Horner wanted everyone to know that, regardless of age, all the counsellors were to consider themselves adults, and were to consider all the campers as little, itty bitty children. That was kind of stupid, but that was her attitude.

“Does she always act like that?” I asked as me and Shannon and Laurie walked down to the boat house.

“Pretty much. Lots of these older girls come here with their cherries and leave with smiles on their faces, and she can’t stand that.”

“There’s lots of screwing around?”

“Shit, yeah. I mean, they’re away from home, away from school. They can do whatever they want here without worrying about gossip getting back to their friends at home. Lots of them decide to lose their cherries here.”

“Besides, there are all these guys, and everyone spends so much time in bathing suits and not much else, and there are all these trees.”

She grinned and shrugged.

“Didn’t you ever go to camp?”

“Uh uh. Not after I was eleven.”

“You?” she asked Laurie.

“Yeah,” Laurie said.

“Till when?”

“I’m still coming,” she laughed. “I went to a camp called Camp Hyawatha until I was fifteen.”

“Ever screw around with guys there?”

“Shit yeah. I had lots of fun.”

“Well, don’t worry,” Shannon grinned. “We can still have lots of fun.”

“Tell us about Chris,” Laurie smiled.

“He’ll screw anything that moves, and even some things that don’t move. He’s a cherry collector.”

“What?”

“He’s one of the guys who goes after the cherries. Well, he used to. I think he’s kind of tapered off because he’s gotten older. I remember one summer though he claimed to have popped six cherries, which is a lot considering that there’s usually only one cabin of older girls.”

Three

The sun set and things got dark. They lit a campfire and everyone gathered around it and told stories. It was kind of nice, really. Most of the councillors were veterans. Only me, Laurie, Mike, and another guy called Paul were newbies.

We went back to our cabins then. Us girls in one, the guys in another...way across at the other end of camp. We all undressed and got into our bunk beds, gossiping and chatting happily. Then the lights went out.

Something like an hour later I woke up to find a hand over my mouth. I almost had a heart attack, but then I saw Shannon standing over me, and behind her a couple of other girls. She held her finger over her lips then took her hand away and motioned me to get out of bed.

I saw that the whole cabin was awake, and the girls were all grinning at me and Laurie. I knew right away there was going to be some kind of initiation. We put on our clothes, and then all of us headed outside. We snuck through the camp to the parking area, where Caitlin started a van and we all piled in.

She drove down the dirt road to the highway, then pulled over and stopped, and we all got out. Me and Laurie stood together as the other five girls encircled us.

“Okay, now here’s the drill you virgins,” she said. “It’s time to lose your cherries.”

“So to speak,” Shannon said.

“Yeah. It’s time for the initiation ceremony.”

“Right,” Annie said.

“What is it?” I asked warily.

“Nothing painful,” she smiled.

“Oh, no. Nothing painful,” Shannon said.

“Why would we do anything painful when instead we could do something degrading?” Caitlin grinned.

“How degrading?” Laurie asked warily.

“Well, that depends on how good you are in the woods,” Donna said.

“Huh?”

“Strip. Naked. Except for your shoes.”

Me and Laurie looked at each other, then at the other girls.

“What happens if we don’t?” Laurie frowned.

“You’ll become a non person. Nobody will speak to you.”

Me and Laurie stripped, a bit embarrassed to have the other girls staring at us, then we stood there naked as Shannon and Caitlin got a big can of paint out of the van. They popped the lid, and then stuck their hands in it.

“This is white body paint,” Shannon said. “It’s watered based, so all you need to get it off is a little soap and water.”

They began slathering the stuff over me and Laurie, starting on our shoulders and rubbing it all up and down our backs and arms and legs and bellies...they had me and Laurie spread it over our tits and pussies ourselves, though.

They didn’t put any above our shoulders though. The reason for that was soon evident when they had us tie our hair up tight in buns, then put these odd leather masks over our faces and heads. They completely covered our heads, and had only small eye holes, slits under our noses, and a mouth hole.

Then they all stood back, grinning. Shannon turned on a flashlight and shone it on us. I closed my eyes quickly, but not before I saw that the light really reflected off me and Laurie.

“Oh, we forgot to mention, the body paint glows in the dark when exposed to light, and is reflective. Any light that hits you will light you up like a candle.

“Why?” Laurie asked uncomfortably.

“Ahh, to make things more interesting, of course,” Shannon grinned.

“Okay, here’s the deal, you virgins,” Caitlin said. “Your task is to get back to camp, go through the camp to the lake or showers and wash this shit off you, then get back to our cabin.”

“Sound easy?” Shannon grinned.

I shrugged.

“Do you remember the town of Vernon,” Annie, a short haired brunette asked.

“No,” I said.

“My bus passed through it,” Laurie said.

“There’s a few bars there we sneak out to sometimes,” Annie said.

“So?”

“Each year we pick half a dozen or so guys we know from Vernon, and tell them about our little ceremony.”

“And so they’re all out there in the woods, waiting for you,” Caitlin leered.

“With flashlights.”

“And big hard cocks.”

“This is a joke, right?”

“Any guy that catches you can have you.”

“No way!” Laurie said.

“Well, that’s the theory,” Shannon said. “But, we do have a very strict rule which the guys all know about.”

“You have to bark like a dog,” one of the girls said.

“Excuse me?”

“If they catch you, you can give them one of these.”

Me and Laurie were each handed four small bars of soap.

“If they catch you, you can give them one of these instead of screwing them.”

“And, bark like a dog, They’ll leave you alone then.”

“Bark?”

“Like a dog.”

“Like a bitch dog.”

“If you bark like a dog and give them a little bar of soap they’ll back off.”

“If you don’t they’ll pop your cherry,” Shannon leered.”

“And nobody will know about it,” Annie said.

“They don’t know your names.”

“And never will.”

“And don’t know what you look like.”

“Don’t talk to them. Don’t say anything. Just have fun and then continue on to the camp.”

“I’m not screwing some guy I don’t even know!” Laurie snapped.

“You don’t have to,” Caitlin said.

“But you do have to make it to the cabin. One way or the other.”

“Uh, there are only four bars of soap. How many guys are there?”

“Eight.”

Me and Laurie looked at each other again.

“There’s a reward for each bar of soap you save.”

“What?”

“You’ll find out,” she grinned lewdly.

“But what if we get caught more than more than four times?” Laurie asked timidly.

“If you’re clumsy enough to get caught four times, then you’d better make sure you don’t get caught a fifth,” Shannon giggled.

“Actually, you better not get caught more than three times you won’t have any soap left to wash off with.”

“So you’ll have to crawl into the cabin on all fours and sit up and beg for a bar of soap. One of us might give you one.”

“And forget about the showers, they’re locked at night.”

Shannon took my arm and led me to the right side of the road, then gave me a small penlight and pushed. Meanwhile Caitlin led Laurie to the other side of the road and pushed her into the brush.

“Best advise I can give you is to stay clear of the road,” one of the girls called. “And keep low.”

I moved slowly into the woods, holding the four bars of soap in one hand and the flashlight in the other. It was really dark in the woods, but I could see a little since my eyes had adjusted to the dark. I decided the flashlight wouldn’t do anything more than give me away, so kept it turned off.

I moved slowly, trying to keep really quite. I wasn’t sure if they were telling the truth about putting a bunch of guys in the woods, but being naked, and my body painted bright white, I wasn’t intending to find out soon.

On the other hand, the thought of having sex with a guy, a complete stranger who would never see my face, and never be able to tell anyone I knew that he’d fucked me, well, that was exciting. Talk about one night stands!

I moved in the general direction of the camp, but swung out wide, thinking I’d come in on the other side. It would take longer, but no doubt be a lot safer. I didn’t want some strange guy to see me all naked. Talk about embarrassing!

On the other hand, I was really horny. My nipples were stiff as little pebbles. I was outside in the dark, all naked and brightly coloured for anyone to see. The idea that some man was hunting me, hoping to get a look at my naked body, or maybe even get to fuck me was a big turn-on too.

Every time I heard a sound I stopped and squatted down low, waiting. Then I'd get up and slowly move forward again. I saw a light flashing off to my left and ducked low, hiding behind a bush, my heart pounding. I didn't know if it really was a guy out there, or the other girls screwing around.

After waiting a few minutes I got up and started moving again. I rubbed at the paint, but it had dried quickly, and now I could hardly feel it. It was amazing, really.

Then a bright light lit me up from the side. I screamed in surprise, and then started running away from it. I heard a male voice cry out in triumph, and heard his feet pounding on the ground behind me as I ran through the woods.

My heart was pounding, and my chest heaving, and I was wondering what in the hell I was going to do. I still had the four bars of soap, and I could give him that and bark, but... but... I wasn't thinking of that really. I was thinking that I was NAKED, and this strange guy was chasing after me! I had to hide somewhere so he couldn't see me!"

Then I tripped over a stick and went sprawling end over end. I lay on the ground, chest heaving as he stood over me, leering.

He was a big man, with short hair and a powerfully built body. He was good looking, but smelled of booze, and looked to be in his mid to late thirties.

"Woah," he groaned. "What a cunt!"

He dropped to his knees beside me as I cowered back and tried to cover myself with my hands, but he grabbed my wrists and pushed them back against the ground above my head as he leaned over me.

I didn't even think about the soaps, or barking, or making him leave. I was in shock that this complete stranger was seeing me all naked like this, and... And... I didn't know what to do. I was glad of the mask over my face, glad he couldn't see who I was...

"What a fuckin body!" he growled, dropping himself atop me.

I gasped as his hand came down on my left breast and his fingers dug in. Then his mouth crushed mine as he ground his pelvis into me. I was high and getting higher, and though I never made any decision to have sex with him, I didn't do anything but lay there as he pawed and groped and fondled my naked flesh, then unzipped his pants.

Fuck! My mind was soaring. Was I gonna let some strange guy just fuck me like this!? Fuck!

The dirt and grass and leaves under were cold under my flesh, and were digging into my back and buttocks as his weight crushed me down, but I hardly noticed. All my concentration was on him as he pressed his cock against my pussy hole. I couldn't see it, but I could feel it as my sex lips were slowly forced apart and the thick cock slid inside.

I was breathing so fast my head was spinning. Then I cried out in shock as his cock thrust into me and drove deep. His lips crushed mine again, and his tongue pushed into my mouth as he drew back slightly, then thrust in deeper, harder.

I groaned into his mouth as his thighs settled down against mine and his cock was forced into me to the hilt. I felt his balls pressing against my cold buttocks as he groped my breast and kissed me with bruising passion.

It was so... so... wild... so... animalistic. I felt like a wild creature; felt raw, carnal sexual heat just... just pouring into me! This... male was atop me... mounting me, thrusting his hard man cock down into my belly with furious, lust-crazed movements. He was growling and panting and cursing as his lips crushed mine.

I felt his hot breath on me, his wet tongue shooting into my mouth as he ground his hard, hairy hips into my soft, splayed thighs. I felt his rough hands pawing and groping at my flesh as he humped into me, felt his cock thrusting.... just... just thrusting into me like a piston.... tearing back and forth inside my belly.

My mind was spinning. I was dazed, boiling like a bubbling cauldron. I couldn't speak, couldn't gather my scattered wits together enough to speak even if I wanted to.

And I didn't want to anyway.

I didn't want to do anything. I didn't care about anything... ANYTHING, but that heavy, grunting, musky scented male body thrusting his big cock into my pussy tunnel. I was dazed, staggered by the massive power of the sexual energy rippling up and down my spine.

I didn't try to fight him off. I didn't want to fight him off. With what tiny control of my body remained I spread my legs, inching them further and further apart until the tendons in my thighs stretched and ached and burned.

I grunted repeatedly as he drove his thick, spiked cock up into my belly, grunted dazedly as I lay there, hands on the ground above me, legs splayed, chest heaving, grunted as he crushed his lips against mine, mauled my breasts, dug his fingers into my flanks.

My soft ass was grinding faster and faster against the dirt and twigs and leaves underneath me as I began to shake and tremble and hump up against this...this man who was fucking me, fucking me so... so hard... soooo... haard.

I came.

It was a sudden blast wave of sexual pleasure, an explosion of ecstasy that tore through my body and mind and shattered what little mental faculties I had left. I stiffened, and then arched my back violently, again and again, even lifting him upwards with me. My head jerked from side to side, thrashing and rolling as I gurgled insanely. My feet flopped and bounced on the ground as my body was wracked by convulsions.

And all the while that big cock was driving into me, again, and again, and again, and again...

I almost blacked out. Sparkly lights appeared before my eyes. I hardly noticed him getting off me, pulling his softening cock free of my pussy slit, and then staggering away.

I lay there for long minutes, chest heaving, panting for breath, body exhausted by the power that had ripped through my nervous system.

Finally I managed to draw my legs together. My thighs ached, and my pussy was sore as I slowly sat up. My breasts felt bruised, and I tasted blood on my lips.

I groaned and tried to stand up. I lost my balance and fell down. I got up again, and then dropped to my knees. My head ached. I put my head down and waited for a few minutes then crawled over to where the little flashlight had fallen.

I turned it on, blinking and squinting as I searched for the little bars of soap. I found them all, then turned off the flashlight and got to my feet again. I stumbled off towards camp, feeling like I'd just run a marathon. All my muscles ached.

I'd never had a sexual experience like that before, never felt that level of sexual arousal, that level of ecstasy. The closest had been with Val.

My mind was working a little better, and I tried to figure out what had given me these two fantastic sexual experiences on the same day.

I wasn't any slut, but I'd had a few sexual experiences before, after all. I mean, I'd been jerked off a dozen times by guys as we petted and made out in cars. I'd been fucked lots of times. Well, mostly by this one guy I dated for a year, but also by a couple of other guys.

Nothing had come close to what I'd felt with both Val and... And... Whoever that man was. I tried to figure out why that was.

Well, for one thing they were both older than anyone I'd had sex with before. In Val's case, that meant she knew more about sex, how to touch me, to lick me, than any of my other partners, but that didn't account for the guy, who'd been just as crude and rough as anyone who'd ever fucked me.

Of course, nobody had ever just... just fucked me like that before. I was already hypersexual from being outdoors all naked, and my body had been gripped by tension...

Like it had been with Val. Both times I'd been so... excruciatingly aware of how... how slutty and daring I was being. Both times had been.... well, way out of line, if I could use that term. Anyone I knew would have been shocked if they'd known.

Was that it? Was it the shock value of what was happening that set me off? Was it doing something incredibly slutty and forbidden? Was that what blew me away so badly?

And just incidentally, what was I going to do now?

I was still naked, still in the woods, and still being hunted by... by... other... men... who wanted to fuck me.

And as that thought flitted across my mind I felt a sudden tingling heat between my legs. I swallowed repeatedly, and my heart skipped a beat as I looked around. I stopped where I was.

Did I want someone else to grab me, to fuck me? No, of course I... Of course I...

I did.

I wanted it. I didn't want it, but I wanted it.

I trembled at the thought. What was happening to me? Why had I even agreed to this in the first place? Was I going crazy? What kind of a cheap whore was I anyway?

But they didn't know me. Even if they did they didn't know my family, my friends. Why couldn't I play the slut out here, far from home? I was a... I was a hot... sexy... beautiful woman with a great body. Men had been lusting after me for years, and I after them.

I started forward again, moving faster. I flicked on the light and pointed it ahead of me. I swung it back and forth, illuminating my way. My heart was pounding as I listened for every sound around me, waiting for another man to attack me, to fuck me.

Where were they? Where the hell were they? I was both impatient and fearful? What would they be like? What would they do to me? Would they be big and strong like that last guy? Would I...

A light flashed on me from almost directly in front. I froze. I saw a shadow approaching, and backed up. Then I turned and ran. I felt I had to pretend at least, had to give the show that I was... I was... not... willingly giving in to this.

I heard him racing after me, heard his heavy panting breath. Then his hand grabbed my arm. I let him pull me to a halt, drag me back. His arms went around me as he dragged me against him. I struggled... though not much, and then fell forward, dragging him down with me.

Fell forward.

Onto my knees.

My hands and knees.

I shuddered as the heat flared within my loins, as my breasts swelled to painful tautness. I felt his hands sliding under to cup my breasts, and groaned helplessly as they mashed the soft, sensitive meat up against my ribs. I felt his bulging erection against my behind, and heard him curse as he fumbled with his zipper.

Fuck me, I wanted to say. Fuck me!

But I didn't. I knelt there trembling as he jerked his pants down and took out his penis. I closed my eyes as I felt it's warmth against my flesh, felt it pressing against my sex. I shifted my knees apart, raising my ass.

"Fuck," he gasped.

Yes, I moaned to myself. Give it to me! Put it inside me!

I felt it stab against my thigh, then against my pussy crack. He gripped it with his fingers and rubbed it up and down against my crack, then forced it through my tight lips and into my pussy.

I clenched my teeth, but couldn't help letting out along, quavering groan as he thrust his cock up into my body. I felt so hot, so...so burning hot. I wondered why I didn't burn him. I felt like I was radiating heat, like I was burning up.

The lust was tearing at my guts, churning them into a frothing, steaming pressure cooker, and only that thick slab of man cock inside me could relieve the pressure.

"Oh man!" he gasped, his hands sliding under to cup my breasts again as he ground himself into my buttocks.

I groaned in response.

He drew his cock back, and then thrust it forward again, hard, deep. I grunted in pleasure.

He bit at the nape of my neck as he ground himself against me, then straightened up, his hands sliding down onto my hips as he pulled his cock all the

way back down my pussy. He started pumping me then, pumping with long, steady, hard motions.

His cock pumped inside me, caressing my silky pink flesh, sawing back and forth between my pussy lips, making my clitoris tremble and quiver.

His hands shifted upwards onto my shoulders, and he jerked me backwards to meet his thrust. I willingly submitted. I threw my hips backwards to meet his driving hips, grunting under the impact as the sound of flesh on flesh filled the air.

I was on all fours, being fucked like a bitch in heat, knees and toes and fingers in the dirt as a strange man mounted me and drove his cock home in my belly.

He fucked faster, harder, and both of us grunted each time he sank his thick boner home inside me, each time his hips smashed into my round buttocks. We were alone in the world, alone in the darkness, enveloped in a hot, roaring vortex of sexual energy.

We were maddened creatures caught up in our passion, caught up in our lusts, crazed by our own burning desire.

I came, came with a long, quavering cry of pleasure that was undeniable, that was so powerful it blotted out the world. Nothing mattered but the pleasure. Nothing.

And the pleasure was overwhelming. It blasted through me like a hurricane, shaking me to the core of my being. My head bobbed up and down as the energy seared my body and mind, and my brain rattled around inside, drowning in sexual heat.

It passed... finally... and my head sank down low.

He continued to pound his cock into me, but I was almost unconscious of it. He finished with a final flurry of thrusts, and then eased back on his heels. He stroked my buttocks, and then squeezed my pussy before pulling his pants back up and moving off.

I sank down, and then rolled onto my side on the ground, my hands sliding down my perspiring body to cup my hot, sore pussy mound as I tried to regain my breath.

So good, I thought to myself. It had been soooo goooood.

Four

I got my breath back and found the soaps and flashlight, then staggered forward again. After the two powerful orgasms I was too tired to really think about getting fucked again. I mean, I was so... so confused and flustered, wondering what I was doing, trying to justify it to myself.

I had fucked two total strangers, wildly, lewdly, crudely. They had fucked me and I didn't even know their names.

Yet, instead of guilt, what I was mostly concerned with was whether the other girls would find out. Would those men who'd fucked me tell them? Would word get out about what a total whore I was? I had no illusions about them being able to describe me. There were only two naked girls in the woods tonight, and nobody would mistake my body for Laurie's.

Had all the other girls gone through this? Had Shannon? What had they done? Had they let the men fuck them, or had they given them the little soap bars?

I heard a sound ahead and paused, crouching low. I saw a small light, and licked my lips anxiously. Then I slowly moved towards it, my pussy starting to heat up again. I was tired, but my body seemed insatiable tonight.

I eased up to a thick bush and peered over it. There were two guys on the other side. Neither showed any interest in me. One was on the ground, fucking Laurie, while the other knelt holding his flashlight on the scene.

Laurie was on her back with her legs shoved up and back against her chest, her ass raised upwards. The guy fucking her was pounding his hips down against her upturned bottom while his cock pistoned in her pussy. Laurie was grunting like a hog as his boner jammed down into her.

I felt excited, jealous, relieved, disappointed... a whole bunch of emotions ran through my head. I was glad I wasn't the only slut, the only one who was cheap enough to get fucked instead of giving up the soap bars. On the other hand I was disappointed that what I'd thought was going to be another guy to fuck me was just Laurie getting herself done instead.

I thought about going forward and taking on the other guy, but that somehow didn't seem right. Not only would it take someone who really belonged to her, but it wouldn't have the right... the right... sense of... danger, of excitement. I wanted to be chased, not stroll up naked and grab the guy.

I backed off and moved around them, then carried on towards the camp. I didn't try to keep quiet, and used my little flashlight liberally, but didn't catch sight of anyone else.

Then the camp was ahead of me. I stepped out onto the open grass of the soccer field and paused fearfully. If I went straight through the camp someone might see me. Of course, they wouldn't know who I was, so that could be kind of neat.

I'd never really been an exhibitionist before. I didn't really want them to see me. The thrill that they might, however, was kind of a big turn-on. I moved forward, walking quickly, but not running.

I crossed the field and came in among the cabins. I was moving quickly, nervously, excitedly. My nipples were so hard I thought they'd explode. I was walking stark naked through the middle of the camp, with people sleeping all around me. I walked past the main lodge, then up the winding path to the female counsellors' cabin.

When I got there I was kind of disappointed. I mean, nobody had caught me. It was then I remembered I had to wash myself off. Well, the logical place to do it was the lake, that place where Shannon had told me people skinny-dipped. I passed the cabin and went into the woods, then edged through the bushes and down to the water.

I stepped into the water, dropping three of the soap bars on a rock with the flashlight, then dove in and under the water. It was cold, and I gasped and sputtered as I came up for air. The mask just felt... wrong, so I peeled it off and tossed it ashore, then started washing myself with the soap.

I washed my face and hair too, because I'd sweated like a pig under the mask. I hurried, but wanted to be so clean that I washed and rinsed myself a couple of times. Finally I walked out of the water, squeezing my hair dry behind my head as the water dripped from me.

I picked up the soaps, mask, and flashlight and padded naked through the woods to the cabin. I was being very careful now, since I had no mask on. I didn't want anybody to see me naked, well, anybody I didn't want to. I made it to the cabin, though and pulled the door open.

There was no light at first, but as I stepped inside a light was light and several of the girls rolled out of their beds to look at me. I dropped the four bars of soap onto the table as they all got up and gathered around.

Oddly, I felt aroused. I mean, they were just girls too, but, after what I'd been through, and after my experiences with Val today, I felt really turned on at being naked around them, especially because they were all dressed, at least in underwear or nighties.

"So you never got caught, huh?" Caitlin asked with a grin.

I shrugged, not saying.

"Maybe she got caught and decided she didn't mind," one of the other girls grinned.

"Hey, we don't ask, remember?" Shannon said.

"So what's my reward?" I grinned.

"Each bar you have buys you a week of slavery from one of us," she said.

"So I get a month of slaves?" I smiled.

"Yeah, four different girls, or the same one for a month. It's your choice."

"And these slaves have to do anything I tell them?"

"Anything within reason."

I went over to my bed and got a towel to dry off my hair, and then slipped on a dressing gown... it was chilly after all.

"I'm sure I can find lots of interesting things for a slave girl to do," I said, deliberately provocative.

"I wonder where Laurie is," one of the girls said.

“Probably lost,” I said.

Just then she showed up, looking a bit shaky. She was still all white, and still had her mask on as she fell to her knees.

“Well, look who’s here,” Caitlin said.

“Have fun?” Shannon asked.

“I... I... ne... Need some soap,” she gasped.

“What happened to yours?”

“Don’t tell me you got caught four times. Talk about clumsy.”

“I-I lost them. I dropped them,” she gulped, getting to her feet.

And I thought I knew when, too. Though, I suppose others could have caught her before then.

“Get back on your knees, dog,” one of the girls ordered.

Laurie slowly sank to her knees as the other girls surrounded her.

“Bad dog,” one said.

“Coming home all dirty and smelly like this. I think the dirty little bitch needs a bath,” Shannon said.

“Yeah. Time to wash the dog,” another girl said.

They made Laurie crawl across the cabin on all fours to where a big tub of water was laying. I hadn’t even noticed it before. They took off her mask and made her get into the tub and kneel on all fours while they gathered around her.

They petted her head and talked to her like she was a dog, then all of them picked up bars of soap and began to wash her like she was a dog. I got excited watching, though I didn’t think Laurie was. She looked incredibly embarrassed as she knelt there, feeling their hands sliding over her ass and in between her legs, and over her breasts, hearing them calling her dirty dog, and nasty little bitch. They even slapped her ass a couple of times and made her bark.

I joined in too, finding a space to kneel and rubbing my hand over her buttocks as she knelt there miserably, head down. I slid my hand between her legs and rubbed it over her pussy, then gave it a squeeze that made her flinch.

Then the fun was over, though. We had to get some sleep because tomorrow was an early day. I, for one, had a hard time falling asleep, though, despite my exhaustion. The events of the day were all so shocking. Even taken alone, each incident would have been the highlight of any other month.

I finally fell asleep, though, only to be wakened the next instant; it seemed, by some stupid bugle blowing over the PA system. I joined the other girls in a group as we padded down to the showers. I needed to wash my hair again since I hadn't really been able to do anything with it the other night.

We all got naked inside the little shack and stood together under the various showerheads, soaping up and rinsing off. I compared bodies, looking at everyone out of the corner of my eye. Laurie seemed a bit shy about her nudity, even though everyone had seen her the other night.

Shannon was as unconcerned with anyone seeing her as it was possible to be. Of course, with her body she had every reason not to be bothered.

Caitlin, the redhead, also had a terrific body, with firm, round breasts. She looked extremely athletic, and I could see the muscles shifting below her arms and legs and belly as she moved.

I let my glance move on to little Annie, who was barely five feet tall. She had short brown hair, and a petite, but very nice body. Donna was a blonde, but a fake one. She had long hair that came halfway down her back, a slim, boyish ass, and long, loooong legs. Her tits were small and cone shaped, like Val.

Holly was also a blonde, as was Kelly. They both had shoulder length hair, but Kelly's was absolutely straight, while Holly's was curly. Both had good, but average bodies.

Then there was Amber. She was short like Annie, but not nearly so petite. She had simply enormous breasts. Well, maybe they looked extra big because she was so short. She was short, and skinny all over, except for those huge breasts.

They looked like thirty-eight Ds, or maybe even double Ds. On her they were just...well, just huge. It was amazing she could walk around without a cart to hold them up. She had a curly, unruly mass of brown hair, and was always smiling and happy and bouncy (no pun intended).

As she stood under the water and arched her back, bringing her hands behind her head to let the water pour down on her chest, I couldn't help but feel a wave of excitement at how those fat breasts stood out. I wanted to feel them against my own.

We did our hair, and then went back to the cabin, got dressed...mostly in cut-offs and tank tops, and trooped over to the lodge for breakfast with the guys and the Horners. Then it was out to fix things up for the campers who'd come the next day.

There was hammering, painting, dusting, cleaning. We worked all morning, had a break for lunch, and then worked all afternoon. It was the most work I'd ever done in a single day in my life. Nobody had time for much fun. We showered again after dinner and went to bed.

We were up early the next day as the parents arrived with their little brats in tow. My cabin, the one I was responsible for, was called Eagle cabin. All the cabins had dumb names like that. The Horner's gave me a little band with a feather sticking up from the back to wear on my head.

I tore the feather off the band and tossed the band away, then wound a few strands of hair around the stem of the feather and let it hang from my hair. The others mostly had strings around their necks with things like a wolf head, a turtle, a monkey... you get the idea.

Shannon had joked about wearing a cherry around her neck. As one of the most experienced counsellors, she had the older girls in her cabin.

The girls I had were all nine and ten year olds. I greeted them all and helped them settle in and unpack, then told them some of the rules and some of the things they'd be doing. A few were bored with that, since they'd been here before, but most listened intently.

Then one of the veteran girls brought up the communal showers, and all of them were protesting and saying they weren't going near the things. That took a while to

deal with, especially since the girls who'd been here before took a great deal of joy in telling the others about spiders and snakes, and peeping boys.

I had to lead them over to the showers to show them that there weren't any spiders or snakes at least. As for boys, I promised someone would guard the door all the time.

Then we all trooped down to the lodge for a speech by the Horners. Then it was time to say goodbye to parents. Shannon joined me and asked me how things went. "How about your cherries?" I asked.

"Only a couple seem really smart mouthed for now," she shrugged. "I suppose I'll survive."

"Well, a woman your age should be able to cope," I grinned.

She punched me in the arm, and then pointed at the side of a cabin, where Chris was standing talking to what looked like one of Shannon's cherries. The girl had long, strawberry blonde hair pulled back in a loose pony tail. She had thin, coltish legs sprouting from her tight denim shorts. Her ass was round, as were her amazingly high breasts. She had a few freckles on the bridge of her nose, and bright blue eyes which gazed up at him with adoration.

"Chris isn't losing any time," she said.

"Isn't he a bit old for her?" I said, gazing disapprovingly.

"She's not much younger than you, and you've shown interest in him," she grinned.

"I'm more experienced than her," I said.

"How do you know? You think you can tell just from looking whether a girl is a virgin or not?"

"Sometimes," I said.

She snorted.

"You watch your mouth, slave girl," I glared. "I'll teach you more respect for your master when you're back at our cabin tonight."

“Oooh, I’m scared,” she grinned. “You gonna spank me?”

The words made my pussy buzz. I wondered if she’d used them deliberately. Was she bi?

“You can do my share of the cabin cleaning, for one thing,” I said.

She stuck her tongue out.

I put my kids to bed at eight. Shannon didn’t put hers to bed then. They had until nine-thirty on the first night, nine after that. She came back to the cabin, anyway, since her “kids” didn’t exactly need a babysitter.

It was still light, so I decided I’d like to go canoeing, and decided that it would be nice if I didn’t have to do the paddling. Shannon glowered unhappily, but she trudged off obediently to the dock and we took a canoe out on the lake.

I sat back and let my fingers trail in the water as she did all the work. I noticed what looked like a group of cabins on the other side and sat up a bit straighter.

“What’s that?” I asked.

“It’s a camp for alcoholics.”

“Really?” I laughed.

“They come here to get away from the booze. They chop on wood and do some swimming and talk about shit,” she shrugged.

“Any women?”

“No. All men. We’re not allowed to go close to it.”

“Hey, who’s the master and who’s the slave?” I demanded.

She shrugged and paddled closer.

“Let’s go ashore.”

“We’re not supposed to.”

“Do it anyway.”

She paddled close to shore, away from the camp, and let the bow slide onto a beach.

“Okay, get out,” I grinned.

“Why?” she asked suspiciously.

“Because you’re a slave and do what you’re told.”

She glared, and then climbed out of the canoe and onto shore.

“Now take off your clothes and toss them to me.”

“No way.”

“You’re my slave,” I said, grinning.

She licked her lips and looked around, then shrugged and pulled off her tank top, slipped her cut-offs down, and tossed them to me.

“Undies too,” I grinned.

She made another face, and then took off her bra and panties.

“I think you knew this camp was here,” she said.

“Now push my canoe off.”

“What am I supposed to do?” she demanded.

“Guess.”

She glared again. “I suppose you’ll be waiting on the other side of the camp?”

“Bingo,” I said. “Oh, here.” I tossed her one of the masks and she caught it. “You can put that on. Oh, and uh, I want you to go through the middle of camp. No circling around it.”

“Forget it!”

“If you don’t I won’t pick you up,” I grinned, back paddling away from the shore.

“You can always try and circle the whole lake,” I called. “But it’ll be dark soon.”

“Bitch!” she called.

“I’ll be watching the camp. I want to see that round ass of yours running through it.”

I paddled quickly out into the lake and then turned towards the camp. I was wearing a cowboy hat and glasses, and had my hair up under the hat as I paddled past the camp, about fifty yards off shore. I stopped paddling and watched.

The camp was far from empty. There were people sitting together on porch steps, walking back and forth carrying stuff, sitting on the dock. The guys on the dock waved at me.

I paddled a bit more so I was past the camp, but could still see it all, then moved a bit closer into shore. Then I saw her. It was still completely light out, and though her head was covered by the mask, there was no mistaking those perfect breasts as she raced through the middle of the camp.

I laughed in delight as I saw all the men turning to look at her, heard their cries of delight and shock. A few even made half-hearted grabs as she passed. None chased her, though, as she raced through the camp and out the other side.

I paddled quickly to shore, and reached the beach just as she got there. She shoved the canoe back and jumped in, and we both paddled quickly away and out into the lake. Several men burst out of the bushes behind us, but they didn’t call out to us.

“Friends of yours?” I asked sweetly.

“I think... they’re... counsellors,” she panted, paddling quickly.

“You should’ve stopped and said hello.”

“Fuck you!” she gasped.

I laughed and we continued to paddle across the water.

When we were well away from the camp I took my paddle out of the water and turned to face her. She slowed her own paddling, then jerked the mask off and tossed it down. Her chest was heaving as she slumped back on the seat, letting her head fall behind her.

Her breasts stuck up hard and round, glistening with a faint sheen of sweat. Her nipples were thickly erect, like hard little raspberries. Her legs were spread as she let herself slump back, and I could see her crack in the thin bush between her legs.

She had pulled her own paddle out of the water, and it lay between her legs, looking almost like an oversized dildo.

“Are you gonna use that for paddling, or fucking,” I said, pointing at it.

She raised her tired head and looked down, then snorted in amusement. She pulled the thick wooden paddle against her pussy and rubbed it up and down as she leered at me.

“Think I could get it inside?”

“Want me to order you to try?”

“Maybe you’d like me to do you,” she said, holding the paddle like a cock instead, pointing it at me.

“Too small,” I said.

She sniffed derisively.

“I knew a girl who could touch her nose with her tongue once. How’s yours?”

I almost bit my own tongue.

She gave me this look of half amusement, half excitement, and both of us kind of looked at each other for a moment.

“Try it,” she challenged.

I was sitting facing her. I grinned. Giving her the same challenging look, and spread my legs, leaning back on my hands like she was doing. She flicked her eyes up and down, the challenging look still in them, mixed with amusement.

Then she sat forward and slipped off her seat and onto the floor of the canoe. I swallowed nervously as she knelt right in front of me. She raised her hands and I looked down, feeling butterflies in my stomach as her fingers unsnapped the front of my cut-offs.

She tugged down the zipper, and then her hands gripped the waistband and tugged it down hard. I automatically raised my ass a bit, and she tugged off my cut-offs, pulling them down my legs and off. I was naked beneath, and blushed as she gazed at my pussy.

I was a bit stricken, fearing she was testing me, that if I didn't announce that I was just kidding before she did, she'd know for sure I was a dyke and tell everyone.

But she didn't stop. I kept expecting her to stop and turn away with some snide joke, but she looked at my naked pussy, and then bent forward, sliding her hands up and down my thighs. My heart was pounding as I looked around, then down at her.

She eased in and I slumped back as her mouth came up against my snatch. Then her tongue flicked out and lapped against my pussy crack. Her fingers caressed my thighs and buttocks as her tongue licked strongly up and down my pussy cleft.

Then her thumbs pulled my lips open and her tongue began to lick up and down against my gaping pink opening. There was no doubt any longer, but my heart was still pounding as I sat back. I reached down and gripped the bikini top I was wearing, undoing it and tossing it behind me.

Then I kind of lay back on my seat, my arms going over the sides of the canoe as I spread my legs and draped them over the sides as well. Shannon licked strongly over my clitty, and then drove her tongue into my hole, slithering and slurping as her lips pressed against me.

Off to the side, a motorboat moved past us, tiny in the distance. I could hear the sounds coming from our camp as we gently bobbed in the water.

Shannon's tongue moved up over my clitty and began to caress it as her fingers stroked along my puss. I felt myself entered, felt her fingers sliding up into my hole, and then pumping in and out as her lips sucked on my clitty.

The sexual heat was a bonfire between my legs, and I was grinding and humping up at her with helpless excitement, my ass rising and falling, coming completely off the seat as I jammed my boiling pussy against her mouth.

She sucked and slurped on my clitty as she pumped my pussy with her fingers. Then I felt another finger prodding at my anus. I gasped in shock, and then came as it entered me, bucking up wildly, gasping in ragged ecstasy as the pleasure screamed along my every nerve and sinew.

I fell back onto the bottom of the canoe, only my legs remaining draped across the sides. Shannon slid atop me, her lips moving up my body as she stroked and squeezed my breasts. She groaned hungrily as she fastened her lips around my nipples.

She mashed both my breasts with her fingers, kneading and massaging and caressing my super sensitive melons as her teeth gnawed and chewed, and her lips sucked and kissed, and her tongue rasped and stroked across them.

I could only lay there in exhausted pleasure as her mouth and hands worked my breasts over with expert care. Then, as her thigh slipped in between mine and rubbed against my pussy, I came, came with my breasts instead of my pussy.

My chest seemed to explode. Both my breasts were churning and boiling over with lust and heat and pleasure as she sucked furiously on one of my nipples and her hands squeezed down hard, making my taut breast meat ooze out between her fingers.

I bucked and bounced and shook below her as the second orgasm rolled over me, then I went limp, laying there tiredly as she eased a little further atop me and brought her lips down against my throat, then my own lips.

I brought my arms around her, sliding my hands up and down her body as our breasts met. Mine were sore and wet from her lips, hers were dry and warm. They ground and mashed together as I drew my legs in and around her, and our lips moved together in passionate embrace.

“Well this sure looks interesting,” a voice said from above.

We both gasped and rolled away to find a motorboat had come quietly up beside us. They must have cut their motor and paddled to get so close. There were two

men inside, both of them wearing blue T-shirts that said, counsellor.

“We wondered where the streaker had gone to,” one said.

“Saw this boat with nobody in it. Quite a coincidence,” the other grinned.

Both of them were fairly average looking, in their thirties I guess. Both of them were also quite obviously heterosexual, with bit boners in their bathing suits.

Shannon and I were trying to cover ourselves with our hands and arms, both of us beet red from being caught like that. Neither of us said anything. I mean, what the hell was there to say?

“I see this canoe is from Golden Lake summer camp,” one said.

“You two look a bit old to be campers.”

“We... we’re counsellors,” I gulped.

“Are you now?”

They exchanged looks, and then one of them leaned over and held out his hand towards us.

“Come on aboard.”

“N... no thanks,” I gulped.

“Want us to tow you back to your camp?”

“We... uh, we can make it on our own.”

“I don’t think we can allow this. I mean, two girls come and flaunt themselves before all those poor alcoholics back there,” he said, shaking his head sadly.

“Pure spite,” the other said. “Getting men all turned on like that just to run away.”

“Yeah, which one of you was it, anyway?”

Shannon and I looked at each other, neither saying anything.

“Well, it doesn’t matter. You’re both guilty. We’ll have to bring you to Mr. Horner.”

“Please don’t,” I gulped.

“Well, I think we have to,” he said, shaking his head.

Well, it was obviously what they wanted, what they’d demand to let us go without telling, and given what I’d done the other night, and what I’d just done... well... it was far preferable than being taken back to Horner.

“Isn’t there... something we can do... to make it up?” I asked, sitting up straight and pulling my arms away from my body.

I felt flushed with embarrassment, but also heat. It was like before, the threat; the lewd carnal nature of what I was doing... it was all so... so erotic.

“Maybe,” one of them said slowly. “Why don’t you come over to our boat and we’ll discuss it?”

I looked at Shannon, who was still beet red, and looked, surprisingly, terrified. Then I sat up and took the guy’s hand. He helped me cross into their boat, which was roomier, and more stable than our canoe.

I turned to see Shannon still cowering back.

“Come on,” one of the guys said.

Shannon looked at me miserably, then, cupping her pussy with one hand, she snatched her clothes and crushed it against her body, trying to cover as much of herself as she could.

“You won’t need that,” one of the guys leered.

I was confused by her actions. I had been so sure she was...well, you know, way more experienced than me in sex. I wondered why she was acting so timid.

She awkwardly came over, almost falling in the water when she wouldn’t pull her hand away from her pussy or let go of her clothes. The guy caught her under the arms and pulled her onto their boat, then she stumbled back and sat down quickly, covering herself as she looked up at him with wide, frightened eyes.

“Hey, we ain’t that bad,” one of the guys grinned.

“Yeah, wanna beer,” the other smiled.

I went over and sat beside her.

“Hey, it’s not big deal,” I whispered.

“I-I can’t,” she gulped.

“Why not?”

“I’m a virgin.”

“What?” I gasped.

“How about it, ladies?” one of the guys said.

“Give us a second,” I snapped.

“You’re a virgin?” I whispered.

“I’m gay.”

“Uh, well.”

“I can’t! I just can’t! I can’t do that! The idea of them putting their... of... of having them put their things inside me makes me want to throw up!”

“It isn’t that bad,” I said. “It’s actually kind of fun.”

“NO! I can’t!” she hissed.

“Uhm, guys, she’s a virgin. She doesn’t want to do anything.”

The guys frowned and looked at each other.

“I uh, I think I can handle you both, though,” I said.

They smiled again.

Five

I was almost light-headed with excitement. I mean, fucking two guys at the same time, while someone watched! Aarggh! What had I become!? I was embarrassed, but that was minor compared to the heat burning between my legs.

One of the men sat down on a seat and motioned me over, then jerked his bathing suit down to reveal a thick, hungry looking cock. Shannon stared at it, drawing back, but I moved forward, and then got down on my knees in front of him. I reached out and took his cock in my hands as he sat back, then leaned forward and kissed the head.

The other man got down on the deck behind me, and I realized he wasn't going to wait like the two who'd done Laurie. He was going to do me at the same time! I almost fainted from the blast of sexual heat and lust that roared through my skull.

Instead I took the man's cock and slipped my lips over the head, sucking gently as I felt the other man's hands on my hips. I bent lower, raising my ass and spreading my legs as I took more cock into my mouth.

I squeezed his cock with my hands while I licked my tongue up and down against the underside of the head. I tasted his sweat and musk as I filled my mouth with saliva and eased further down its length.

I felt the man behind me cupping my pussy and squeezing it. His fingers pinched my pussy lips a little, and then pulled them apart as a finger slid up inside me. I felt his hand stroke my buttocks as he took out his cock.

Then I felt his cock rubbing against the soft skin of my bottom. He stroked the cock all over, and then pressed the shaft up against my pussy from underneath. He rubbed his shaft back and forth along my slit while reaching forward and underneath me to cup my right breast and squeeze it.

Meanwhile I slid my mouth down the other man's cock as far as I could, almost gagging. I could see Shannon out of the corner of my eye, staring at me in shock and disgust, her eyes flicking back and forth between my lips and the guy behind me.

I felt the guy behind me sliding his cock back then felt him press the head against my moist slit. He eased it inside easily, for I was still soaked from Shannon's licking and sucking.

Then he drove it slowly, but firmly up into my trembling belly. I groaned around the cock filling my mouth as I felt it moving up into me. It was thick, and long, and it felt wonderful as it filled my pussy tunnel to the brim.

It nudged against my cervix, and I trembled knowing I was full with cock. I sucked harder on the cock in my mouth as the man ran his fingers through my hair, and then reached down to cup my left breast. He squeezed it, mashing it in his fingers as the other man did the same to my right breast.

I felt the man's hairy hips rubbing against my buttocks as he ground himself against me. His cock twisted around in my pussy sheath as my breathing became harsher and louder and more ragged. I bobbed my lips up and down, up and down, on the cock in my mouth, sucking as my tongue licked along the shaft.

Then the man behind me began to slide his boner in and out of me, began fucking me. My mind spun with elated sexual heat. The realization of what I was doing, that I was kneeling between two strangers being fucked while I sucked another guy that Shannon was watching, that we were in an open boat and... And... ohhh.

I came with a blast, shaking and writhing and bouncing wildly as the two men clamped their hands down and held me tightly. The man behind me started fucking hard, pounding his cock up into my spasming belly as my pussy sucked and squeezed and chewed on his cock.

The guy in front jammed my head down and his cock thrust right up into my throat, filling it as my lips slid down to the base of his boner. I would have been shocked, even frightened if my scattered mind had been able to care.

As it was I just writhed and shook and trembled, unable to process the information, too caught up in the sexual turmoil, the whirlwind of pleasure that was storming through my nervous system. I didn't care about anything but the pleasure, the wonderful, bone jarring pleasure that had taken over my body.

The man gripped my head and was pulling me up and down on his cock, actually fucking my throat with his boner. The other guy was pounding his cock up my pussy

sheath for all he was worth, cursing in shocked delight as he rode me through my wild orgasmic ride.

And in the midst of my come they both came too, blowing their wads into my belly... though from different directions. I never even tasted the come of the guy I was sucking cause it went right down my throat without ever seeing my mouth.

Luckily, he pulled out then, because I was just starting to recover my wits, just starting to pat at his belly as I realized I couldn't breathe, as I felt the discomfort in my throat.

It came out of my throat like a cork from a bottle, and I gasped and gulped in air. The guy behind me had slowed his pumping as he calmed down, and as his cock softened he stopped entirely, groaning as he leaned over me, cupped my breasts, and bit the side of my throat.

I sat back on my heels, holding my hand to my throat as I breathed, blinking my eyes dazedly as I looked over at Shannon.

Her eyes were just as wide, and she was kind of curled up on the seat, her legs pulled up against her to hide her body from the men's gaze. She seemed kind of excited now, but still really anxious and embarrassed.

"Man!" one of the men said.

"Yeah," the other panted.

There was silence for several moments, and then they turned and looked at her.

"You know, considering that she was part of this I don't see why she should get off without paying anything," one of the men said.

"Yeah, I ain't had a cherry in a long time."

"I don't think you're in any position to do anything about that," I grinned, looking at his limp dick.

He glared at me, and then laughed, and the other guy laughed too.

"I still say she shouldn't be able to taunt those poor guys and then get off scott free."

“Well what do you want her to do?” I asked.

“Let her dance for us,” one of the men grinned.

“Yeah! Dance for us, baby. You can do that at least!” the other guy laughed.

Shannon glared at them.

“Of course you don’t have to,” one of the guys said. “We can let your girlfriend go and bring you back to see Mr. Horner. I see you’ve even got the mask there in the canoe.”

Shannon looked anxiously down at the canoe, then back at them.

One of the men turned on a radio and motioned towards her.

“Go on, dance. We promise not to fuck you.”

Shannon glared at him.

“Oh, come on,” I sighed. “It’s no big deal. They’ve already seen everything you’ve got.”

“Yeah, seen you two fucking with each other,” one of the men grinned.

I was still feeling hot. I climbed to my feet and went over to her, then started dancing as I grinned down at her. I reached out for her and grabbed her, trying to pull her off the seat. At first she resisted, but then she let me get her to her feet and danced with me kind of half-heartedly.

She tried to keep my body between her and the watching men, but I was feeling cocky and self-assured. I pulled her around and moved back so the guys had an unimpeded view of her. She automatically tried to cover herself, but then seemed to resign herself to them seeing her and danced openly.

It wasn’t very good dancing, though. She didn’t seem to have any heart in the performance. I was doing the opposite, really getting into it, gyrating and humping and grinding myself at them, undulating my body as I ran my hands up over my head.

I was posing like a real little cock-tease, arching my back, turning and bending and pushing out my ass, laughing in delight as I saw them staring at me, all filled with lust.

“You call that dancing?” one of the men sneered at Shannon. “My dog dances better than that.”

I danced over to Shannon, danced in behind her and gripped her wrists, trying to do a dirty dancing thing with her. She resisted at first, but then gave in, and I pressed my body flat against her, sliding a hand around her to lay it flat on her belly as we danced together.

We danced from side to side, and then I turned her around and pulled her in against me, breast to breast. I grinned at her, while she glared at me. I had one hand on her back, and the other on her shoulder as we danced. I slid my knee between her legs and kind of ground my thigh up into her pussy.

“Let’s see some of that dyke stuff,” one of the guys said.

“Yeah, we missed most of the performance before. Let’s see the whole show,” the other guy laughed.

I was game, though I didn’t think Shannon would be. Of course, I thought I might be able to persuade her.

I slid both arms around her, pressing my body even tighter against her as we did the dirty dancing thing, then I slid my hands down onto her ass, digging my fingers into the soft flesh as she tried to pull away.

I kissed the side of her throat, then, when she pulled her head away bent and latched my lips around her left nipple. I sucked and chewed on it as she backed away. I let her pull me until she had backed against the side of the boat.

Then I dropped down onto my knees in front of her, still clutching her buttocks as I licked at her pussy. She pushed ineffectually against my head, but I kept licking, then jerked my hands out from around her and gripped her thighs, forcing them open.

I licked at her slit again, my thumbs going up and peeling her sex lips open to expose her pink flesh. She gasped, and again tried to push me away, but I mashed my lips into her pink meat and sucked hard as my tongue lapped hungrily.

“Taylor!” she gasped.

I kept licking, searching for her clit. I sucked on it as she continued to push against my head.

“Taylor! Stop it!” she moaned.

I licked harder, and sucked at her fuck button as I mashed my face in against her meat. She groaned and turned her head away from me, away from where the men were watching with so much interest. She trembled and shook as I sucked hard on her clit bud, then began to slowly hump against me.

I could taste her juices. Had tasted them, in fact, the moment I’d shoved my tongue against her. Obviously, whether she was gay or not, she’d found the sight of me getting fucked and sucking cock really exciting.

Now as I slurped on her clitty she stood there helplessly, unable to look at what I was doing, unable to turn her head to see the wide-eyed men grinning at her discomfort.

I was excited though. It was the men watching, the doing something forbidden like this so openly. I stroked her clit with my tongue as I nibbled at her flesh, then I eased my tongue downwards and stuffed it up into her fuck tunnel as I rubbed my nose over her clitty.

My hands slid upwards onto her breasts, squeezing and cupping them as she moaned and panted for breath.

“Man! What a show!” One of the men groaned.

“I’m gettin’ all hard again,” the other replied.

That was fine with me, but I hoped they didn’t want to waste their cocks on someone who wouldn’t appreciate it.

I sensed the men coming closer, and then they were beside me. They reached out and I felt their hands going over mine as they cupped Shannon’s big, firm breasts. She just stared at them, her mouth open, her eyes blinking rapidly.

I took my hands away from her tits and gripped each man’s cock, squeezing them. I pulled my lips off Shannon’s pussy and turned to my right, then sucked the

man's cock into it, and quickly bobbed my lips up and down as I sucked hard.

I pulled my mouth off and turned to my left, sucked that man's cock in and bobbed my lips up and down on it. I turned back to the other guy and sucked on his cock, noticing, as I did, that the guy was fingering Shannon's pussy, rubbing her clitty with his index finger.

Then the other guy gripped my by the hair and pulled me, gently, to my feet. He pushed me against the side of the boat alongside Shannon, and then bent me over. At the same time Shannon turned, or was turned, and was bent over next to me.

I didn't much care, though. I was really hot, and as I felt the man rubbing his spit-wet cock up and down along my slit, I eagerly awaited his first thrust.

Then I felt his cock pressing against my asshole. I gasped in surprise and wriggled against him, trying to break free. My heart wasn't really in it, though, and he held me easily as his cock head pressed more heavily against my anus.

I felt my sphincter slowly forced open, felt his cock sinking into me, and groaned as he hugged me tightly. I heard Shannon gasp and moan beside me, and turned my head to the side to see the man behind her had one hand on her breast, and the other down between her legs, rubbing her clitty.

Then I was bent way down, so my head was upside down and my hair dragged in the water. I felt the guy behind forcing his cock in harder, and felt it sliding remorselessly up into my belly. I groaned, but was so excited that the small amount of pain I felt didn't matter.

I'd never been sodomized, and in the mood of wild abandon that I was in it seemed like just the right time to start. I felt his thick boner sliding waaaayyy up into my belly. I felt my guts cramping and churning as the big, hard boner filled me, and groaned in dizzy delight.

Beside me, Shannon was also bent waaay over, and she too was groaning and gasping, though I couldn't tell if she was being done up the ass, or if the guy was fucking her cherry out.

I reached for her and squeezed one of her breasts, then let out a gasp as the guy fucking me thrust his cock in me to the hilt. I groped Shannon's soft breast as the guy ground himself against my ass.

He started to fuck me, then, pumping his cock in my rectum with slow, steady motions that got faster and harder very quickly. His cock felt really... strange as it tore back and forth in my belly. It wasn't like in my pussy where it felt natural. Back there it was like my flesh kept trying to stop it from going in, and then stop it from going out.

But that soon ended. Soon he was able to fuck steadily without my rectum clamping down at all. He fucked really hard too, his hips slamming against my buttocks in the same way as the other guy had when he'd fucked my crack.

I his hips were spanking my ass hard and fast, my cheeks jiggling and shaking as he drove his cock deep into my butter little anus. Beside me, Shannon started shaking and jerking just like I was as the guy behind her started giving her a good hard pounding.

We both grunted and groaned and gasped for breath as the two men drove their hard boners up into our guts with desperate lust. The whole boat was rocking as we were pumped. The cock inside me was sawing back and forth in my anus, reaming me out real good as the man slapped and squeezed my buttocks.

I reached my other hand, the one that wasn't squeezing Shannon's breast, up between my legs and fingered my clitty, and within seconds I came, yelping and gurgling in pleasure as the ecstasy rolled over my shaking body.

I was twice as dazed as I was from the previous comes. My head was upside down, and all the blood had rushed to it. Ever have an orgasm like that? Let me tell you something, it's not possible to think under those circumstances.

Luckily, the come ended, and I started to regain some fragments of my mind. Cause the guy came inside me and pumped his stuff up my ass. Then he just stepped back, slid a hand under my pussy and heaved me up and over the rail.

I went head first into the water and sank below it briefly, then rolled to the surface and floated there dazedly. I could see the boat about ten feet away, could see Shannon still bent over the side as one of the guys fucked into her.

Then he too stepped back and heaved her over the side. The guys started the engine and moved off as Shannon came to the surface, sputtering and coughing.

We swam over to our canoe and climbed in gingerly, then flopped down on the bottom, panting tiredly as we looked at each other.

“Well,” I gasped. “That was interesting.”

“Shit,” she moaned.

“Did he pop your cherry?”

She shook her head tiredly.

“Oh. Ever been ass-fucked before?”

She shook her head.

“Me neither. It wasn’t that bad, really.”

She glared at me.

“Hey, I got fucked in the throat,” I scowled, rubbing my neck dramatically. “You got of easy.”

“And who’s idea was it for me to streak their camp in the first place?” she demanded. “And who wanted to play games out here instead of going back to camp? And who acted like a total slut in their boat?”

“Sorry,” I sighed.

“Sorry, she says. What are you, a nympho or something?”

“I’m starting to wonder,” I said.

“You were a fucking slut,” she said accusingly.

“Something about the... about the whole scene just turned me on so much,” I said. “It was like last night, me all naked, these horny guys I didn’t even know...”

“Did you fuck them last night?”

“A couple,” I said.

“Shit.”

“Laurie did too,” I said defensively. “I saw her and two guys going at it.”

“So you’re both sluts.”

“Hey, don’t knock it if you haven’t tried it, virgin,” I said.

“I’m gay. I don’t have to have guys fuck me,” she glared.

“Well if you haven’t tried it don’t complain about it.”

“I wasn’t complaining. I just figure you could have a little self restraint.”

“Oh, like you did when I was sucking you off on the boat.”

“I was... I wasn’t... doing anything,” she said, turning her face away, embarrassed.

“I could taste you,” I said. “You were practically pouring pussy cream down your thighs.”

“I was not!” she gasped indignantly.

I grabbed my cut-offs and tugged them on as she glared at me. Then she looked around and let out a gasp.

“Hey, my clothes!”

I grabbed my bikini top and pulled it on, shrugging the straps on and doing up the catch.

“Those guys have my clothes!” she moaned.

“It’s almost dark. You can sneak back into the cabin.”

“And how the hell am I gonna explain to the other girls why I’m naked!?”

“You can tell them the truth: I made you streak the camp, and, your clothes fell overboard by accident.”

She glowered at me.

“It’s as close to the truth as we wanna come anyway,” I grinned.

"It's nine thirty. The guys will be all around our cabin!"

"Say hi."

"Fuck you!"

"Well, what do you want me to do?" I sighed.

"You'll have to go in and get some clothes for me."

"And you don't think anyone's gonna wonder why I'm grabbing clothes out of your footlocker?"

"Shit."

We paddled back to camp, but not to the dock. I took the canoe in to the small inlet where I'd skinny dipped, and left Shannon there as I made my way back to the cabin. There were a couple of guys there sitting on the stairs, along with several girls talking to them.

"Hey, Taylor," Annie said. "We were wondering where you two had gone. Where's Shannon?"

"She's at the dock," I said. "She'll be along soon."

I went inside and past the other beds to Shannon's, then opened her footlocker.

"What you lookin' for, Caitlin asked.

"Gold, silver, jewels, you know, the usual," I said, pulling out a pair of cut-offs and a tank top."

"What you doing?" Donna asked.

"Nothing," I said.

I went back outside and through the half dozen people that were there.

"Where you going?" Holly asked.

"Nowhere," I said.

I headed back down the path, and then ducked into the woods to follow the much narrower path to the little inlet. Pretty soon I heard feet crashing behind me though. I started to run, dodging around bushes and trees as they started calling out my name.

There was about six or seven of them, mostly girls, but also a few guys chasing me, and they burst out into the little clearing not far behind me. Shannon had been sitting on a rock. She let out a scream and turned, diving into the water as the guys whistled and the girls laughed in delight.

“Go away,” I said to them.

“What’s going on?”

“Where are her clothes?”

“Hey, Lady Godiva!”

“You getting a tan, Shannon?”

“Fuck off!” she yelled back, her head sticking out of the water as she glared at them.

“It’s getting cold, Shannon. You ought to come out of the water,” one of the guys called.

“Yeah, come on out. I’ll dry you off,” the other guy laughed.

“What happened to her clothes?” Caitlin asked.

“She uh, streaked the camp across the lake,” I said.

They laughed in delight.

“I made her,” I confessed. “Except then I kind of turned the boat over when I was coming ashore to pick her up, and her clothes fell overboard.”

“You couldn’t find them?” Donna grinned.

“I didn’t notice until we were away from shore, and by then there was a bunch of guys running up to the beach.”

They laughed some more, but apparently believed me.

They wouldn't go away, though. I had to toss Shannon her cut-offs and top, and she put them on under water, then came out soaking wet, shoving her way through the laughing guys and girls and storming off down the narrow path.

The rest of them followed, laughing and joking and enjoying themselves. I got into the canoe and paddled it around to the dock, then brought it ashore and turned it over with the rest of them.

Six

Nobody seemed to suspect anything was going on between me and Shannon, which was just the way I wanted it. The last thing I wanted was to have people think I was gay, not with all these cute guys who were constantly teasing and flirting with me. I hadn't fucked any yet, but I sure intended to.

I just wasn't sure which, or how. I wanted it to be something... wild, like I'd done with Shannon, like I'd done with Val, and those men in the woods, and the boat. I didn't want some ordinary old groping in the woods.

Was I a nymphomaniac? I didn't think so, but when it came to these intense sexual feelings I just didn't seem to have much judgement.

The next day was pretty normal. I woke the kids up, helped them down to the shower, and then brought them to the lodge for breakfast. I sat with them during breakfast, and then afterwards they went off to their schedule, while I went to the archery range to start teaching the groups that showed up there.

After that I moved to the beach to help with the swimming lessons, and then went to lunch. It was my turn to help with the lunch that being one of the things the counsellors were required to do. So I had to move back and forth between the kitchen, supervising the kids who were helping.

Afterwards I supervised the kids who picked things up and cleaned up. Pete Foster, a big, kind of goofy guy who was always grinning, was helping me. We got all the dishes into the kitchen and the kids assigned to it started washing them. Then Mr. Horner called for attention.

The kids went out front and sat down at their tables as Mr Horner started talking about everyone's responsibilities towards nature, and all kinds of shit like that. Me and Pete stayed in the kitchen. There was a serving window there and we looked out through it onto the room, listening to Horner's dumb speech from there.

And that was when I got this massive burst of sexual heat. See, the counter was up to my chest, especially if I kind of leaned over a bit. I could see the dining hall, but nobody could see more of me than my head and shoulders.

Pete was pressed against my hip, and I knew that, him being male, he would do anything I wanted. It was a crazy thought, absolutely crazy. The room was quiet as they listened to Horner talk, and there were kids leaning against the wall inches from our counter. In fact, I was looking over the shoulder of one of them.

But I couldn't help myself. I reached my hand down and squeezed Pete's thigh. He turned his head to me in surprise and gave me this quizzical look. I grinned at him cheekily, and then slid my hand up his thigh to his crotch, giving it a little squeeze.

"Are you nuts?" he whispered into my ear.

"Yes," I said.

I squeezed his cock and felt it starting to harden. He swallowed nervously, then turned his head back to the window and shifted so he was more behind me. His arms went around my waist, and then his hands slid up my front to cup my breasts.

I felt an electrical charge buzzing my body, making my flesh feel raw and ultra-sensitive. I ground my ass back against him as he slipped his hands down to my belly, tugged my tank top out of my shorts, then slid his hands up inside to cup my breasts again. He unclipped my bra, and I almost groaned aloud as his fingers dug into the soft warmth of my bare breasts.

He kneaded them tightly, but not roughly, as we both looked out into the room and listened to Horner talking about the different types of trees around the camp.

I was stroking and squeezing his cock, which was fully erect now. I eased my hand up to his zipper and pulled it down, then reached inside and through his underwear to feel his hard heat.

His right hand slid down my belly and undid my shorts, then tugged them down along with my panties. I felt the sexual heat inside me boiling, frothing with power as I kept a careful eye on the door into the kitchen. I bent over a little, and tried to spread my legs, but my shorts were pooled around my ankles.

I lifted a leg and pulled it free of my shorts, then spread my legs wide as I bent over. I shuddered as I felt his hard cock rubbing and grinding against my ass.

He reached down and guided his dick into my dripping pussy, then slowly drove it up inside me. At the same time one of the kids on the other side of the serving

counter turned and slipped his hand into a little bowl of buns that lay on the counter next to my head. He turned away and I closed my eyes, trembling.

Pete jammed his groin into my ass, and I felt his balls pressing up into my mons as he ground himself against me. I clenched my teeth and fought down a wave of pressure that urged me to scream, to jump, and to do something!

Instead I pushed back, grinding myself against him as his hands returned to my breasts, kneading and squeezing them with eager delight. He drew his hips back and I felt his hard pecker slowly retreating down my hot pussy tunnel, my flesh sucking at it as it went.

He pulled about halfway out, then slowly drove it back into me to the hilt again, jamming my hips into the wall as he filled me with his hard male organ.

I pushed back, bending over as much as I could and still look out the window. He started fucking slowly, as aware as I was that we were visible to about a hundred people out there. Both of us fought to keep neutral, even bored expressions on our faces.

That was getting awfully hard, though, as his cock stroked back and forth inside me, my finger stroked across my buzzing clitoris and his hands turned my soft breast meat into raw, boiling bags of lust.

I felt the sudden rise in tension between my legs and braced myself as best I could, then the orgasm rolled over me. I know my face was red with heat, and I clenched my teeth so tightly my jaw hurt. I trembled and shook, but pressed myself hard against the wall and put my elbows on the counter so I could grip my head between my hands.

I did the best I could to keep myself still as the fire raged within my nervous system. Only my hips moved with any energy, humping helplessly back towards his pumping cock as his hot breath washed over the nape of my neck.

Then my spasming pussy pulled him into the orgasm with me. He locked himself to me as his cock exploded inside my belly and his salty cum spewed out the tip of his cock and up into my womb.

On the other side of the wall there was applause, and for a wild instant I thought they all knew, but the applause was because Mr. Horner had finished his speech. I

could already see the meeting breaking up, and knew that the kids would be coming into the kitchen any moment.

I tore free of Pete, and fell to the floor, my panties and shorts around one ankle. I half jumped, half crawled behind a big counter as the door banged open and a kid came in. There I rolled on my back and yanked my shorts and panties up, terrified that at any instant I would see a face appear before me.

I got the shorts done up, then quickly got to my knees as I reached under my tank top and fixed my bra. I could hear kids talking across the room, but they didn't approach me. Then someone did, just as I flicked the clip in place and started to get my top tucked in.

It was only Pete, though. He was fully dressed, of course, except that his cock was hanging out his zipper. He was even talking to someone behind him, so I guess he'd managed to turn his back. As he came behind the counter his hands descended to his front and he stuffed his cock back into his pants.

Meanwhile I picked up a box of something and stood up, to find three kids in the kitchen, all over by the sink doing the dishes. I looked at Pete, who looked at me, and we both gave a kind of mental sigh of relief that nobody had caught us.

Then Mrs Horner came into the room and went past us to a fridge. She took something out and left, and we grinned at each other.

"You're fucking crazy," he whispered.

I just grinned cockily.

I spent most of the afternoon at the dock showing the kids how to paddle a canoe. Chris was with me, and made it a special point to pose provocatively whenever his eyes were on me. I bent over a lot where he could see, and made sure my chest was pushed out.

I wasn't coming on to him, especially, just taunting him. He was supposed to be the sex maniac, after all. We flirted much of the afternoon, exchanging double entendres and suggestive looks and words.

Then the cherries arrived. Like a lot of girls their age they were broken up into two groups. The first group was embarrassed about all the new equipment they had and wore really conservative bathing suits. The second group were proud of their relatively new bodies and flaunted them.

Amy was one of the latter. She was the strawberry blonde with the pony tail that Chris had shown such interest in before. I couldn't really blame him. She was a gorgeous girl, with a sweet face, wide round eyes, a button nose, and soft, pouting lips. And unlike the others, she wasn't jailbait.

She wore a bikini almost small enough for me to send her back to her cabin, and a top that seemed a size too small as well. She obviously had a thing for Chris, and was pretty obvious about it as she brushed up against him and took every opportunity to talk to or touch him.

I wondered if he was fucking her already. But no, I didn't think so. She probably wouldn't be acting like that if she'd already had his cock inside her. She was trying to get his attention and turn him on, and wouldn't have been doing that.

I was half amused, half jealous, and also kind of annoyed. I mean, it wasn't like I wanted Chris, and it wasn't like I couldn't have him even if she did fuck him... I just didn't like her taking his attention away from me.

She was so clumsy and earnest about it, though, that I had to smile. She'd soon learn that boys were ours to play with. There was no need for her to play up to Chris. He'd have done whatever she wanted to get into her panties.

Guys are all whores, after all.

After dinner I had some free time. I wasn't sure what to do, so I kind of wandered around a bit. I was sitting on a fallen tree and listening to the birds when I happened to see Chris emerging from the woods a little ways down. I backed up a bit into the trees and he didn't see me as he strolled down towards the lodge.

I was just wondering what he was up to when the bushes shook and Amy came out of them. Unlike Chris she was looking kind of uncertain and confused, and also much guiltier. She glanced furtively around, then, arms folded over her chest; she walked quickly in the other direction.

Well, of course I guessed Chris had popped another cherry. I wasn't particularly annoyed with him. It was obvious from her behaviour at the dock that she'd been asking for it. Still, she didn't seem very happy with what she'd gotten.

I remembered my first time, which was short, kind of painful, messy, and over before I knew it. I'd thought that the big secret about sex was that everyone exaggerated about it, that it wasn't really any fun at all. I'd been... uh, quite wrong, of course.

I pushed out of the bushes and followed Amy, wondering if I should talk to her, or maybe tell Shannon, who was, after all, her counsellor. Unfortunately, Shannon was still kind of pissed off at me, and besides that, she'd never fucked a guy herself, so what was she gonna say?

Free time was about over, and everyone was drifting to their assigned activity, be it horses, swimming, canoeing, tennis, woods lore, or whatever. I was free, though, until eight when I taught archery for an hour.

I saw Amy go to her cabin, and considered what to say should I decide to follow her. I wanted it to be the right thing, without coming off as geeky or "adult". But then she came out of the cabin with a towel in her hand. I thought she was headed down to the beach, but instead she went towards the showers.

Well, obviously her first time hadn't been the greatest. As I thought about it, if Chris spent all his time popping cherries, he wasn't screwing girls who knew anything about sex. That meant he didn't have to learn anything about doing it "right".

I mean, if some guy fucking me is a klutz, I'll let him know about it. Most girls will one way or another. But if a guy fucks virgins all the time, he doesn't really have to be much good at it. They don't know any better.

Maybe I could line her up with Pete. He seemed to know what he was doing.

I followed her to the showers, then paused and waited a minute, again thinking of whether I should say anything. I'd had so much fuckin' fun over the past few days screwing, that I hated to think of someone thinking that it was crummy, and then going without for the next several years.

I went into the shower, which was empty except for Amy. She was standing naked under one of the showerheads, water pouring down on her. I had to admire her tight, slender body. Her ass was amazingly plump and round and her breasts were just perfectly rounded, tilted perkily upwards.

She didn't seem to notice me as I came up beside her. I reached over and pulled the lever that turned off the shower, and she opened her eyes and stared at me for a second in surprise.

"Hi," I said.

She just looked at me, blinking and licking her lips and looking nervous and guilty.

"How you doing, Amy?"

"F...fine," she squeaked.

"You don't look fine. Anything you want to talk about?"

She shook her head, eyes wide.

"Anything about Chris, for instance."

Her face turned red and she looked around like a small animal looking for an escape.

"I promise I won't tell anyone else," I said.

"I-I don't know what you're talking about," she stammered.

"I saw you and Chris coming out of the woods."

"I-I... Chris... I wasn't... w-with Chris," she gulped.

"Sure you were. Look, honey, I saw the way you were acting around him today at the dock, and I know what kind of guy Chris is. I know what happened."

Boy she was cute. She was only a little shorter than me, a willowy girl with a sexy body.

"I didn't do anything!" she exclaimed.

“Uh huh. Maybe not. What did Chris do?”

“Nothing!”

I folded my arms across my chest and gave her a look of disbelief, and she dropped her eyes to the floor. She was dripping wet and shuffling from foot to foot on the cold tile floor.

“Nothing happened,” she said in a dulled, subdued voice. “I-I couldn’t.”

“You mean you didn’t...”

“I couldn’t,” she said miserably. “It... there’s something wrong with me.”

“What?” I asked in confusion.

“I-I just...it wouldn’t... fit.”

I grinned, and then hid it.

“I mean, I’m big enough, I’m bigger than lots of women older than me, but... it... it hurt too much. There’s something wrong in... Inside me.”

“I doubt that,” I said.

“Chris said... he said that... there was something wrong with...”

“Chris is an asshole.”

She raised her eyes doubtfully.

“Why’d you go into the woods with him anyway? The guy’s a clod.”

“But... I-I wanted my first... I mean, I wanted someone older so... so he could show me what to do,” she gulped.

“I don’t think Chris knows much,” I smiled. “You should’ve asked Shannon.”

“Why? I mean...”

“Shannon knows a lot more about how to make a girl’s body feel good than Chris ever will.”

“But... because she’s a woman?” she asked in confusion.

“Because she’s a lesbian,” I said.

Her jaw dropped and she stared at me, and then seemed to blush even deeper.

“I’m sure she’d have been happy to show you how to loosen up your body and make it ready for...whatever you wanted to do.”

“I-I couldn’t... I mean... I’m not... I’m... there isn’t... I don’t...”

“You’re babbling, Amy.”

“I’m not... gay,” she gulped.

“So? Think your body is different than the other girls she has sex with?”

“I couldn’t ask her,” she gasped.

“Let me ask you this, do you want to have sex for fun, and for finding out things, or do you want to have a baby?”

“I don’t want a baby!” she said indignantly.

“Then you should be having sex with someone who can show you a good time, whether it’s a man or a woman.”

“But... but Shannon... I don’t know if I could,” she said, eyes wide.

“Well, of course Shannon’s a virgin too. She’s never had sex with a man,” I said.

“Ha...have you?” she gulped.

“Me, course.”

She licked her lips nervously, as if getting up the courage to ask me what it was like or something.”

“I’ve had sex with boys, men, girls, and women,” I said.

She blushed even deeper, and looked down again.

“Sex is for fun, for pleasure. You take your pleasure where you can get it. I admit I’m mostly into guys but that’s just because I like the feel of...a cock up inside me.”

She jerked her head up at the words and her eyes widened.

“Let me ask you this, were you afraid of Chris?”

“A...afraid? No, not exactly,” she said.

“Afraid of him putting his cock inside you?”

She nodded embarrassed.

“So you tightened up. Natural enough reaction. The thing to do is make sure you’re so horny, so excited, that when a guy puts his cock in you you’re too hot to be afraid of anything. When you’re so hot that you’re practically begging him to put it in, you aren’t going to be afraid.”

“But I can barely get a finger inside,” she gulped, face flaming.

I picked up a bar of soap and tossed it to her. She caught it in surprise.

“Soap yourself up,” I said.

“Why?” she squeaked.

“Why not? It’s why you came in here, isn’t it?”

She began to awkwardly rub the soap over her wet body, and seemed especially embarrassed to rub her pussy with me watching. She half turned to the side, sliding the bar back and forth over her cunt as I eyed her perfect ass. She might well have had the best ass I have ever seen in my life.

I went to her and she jerked around in alarm, but didn’t move back. I took the soap and turned her gently until her back was towards me.

“I’ll do your back,” I said.

I began to soap up her trembling shoulders, then ran the bar and my soapy hands up and down her back, then over her hips, and finally, over her round buttocks. She jerked forward at first, but I put a hand on her shoulder and held her, and she stood there as I soaped up her ass.

I was starting to get really hot. Anyone could walk in here, including Mrs. Horner, and we'd have no warning.

I turned her around and she kind of backed against the wall. I smiled reassuringly.

"I don't have a cock," I smiled." So you don't have to worry about that."

"But I-I've never..."

"That's why you should try it. It's lots of fun. Trust me."

I ran a hand over her belly. The flesh was warm and tight, and so slippery. I moved my hand up under her left breast and cupped it gently, then stroked over it, using a light touch. I kept the bar of soap in my other hand as I rubbed it over her right breast.

She stared at me with wide eyes the whole time.

I shifted the bar to my right hand and slid it down between her legs, then rubbed it back and forth against her pussy mound, mashing it up slightly. I pinched her small pink nipples, rolling and pulling on them with my fingers.

Then I dropped the bar and cupped her wet, soapy cunt mound in my hand. I held it gently as I looked at her.

"How does that feel?" I whispered.

"I-I...don't know," she gulped, her voice quivering.

I rubbed my hand softly over her pussy mound.

"Does it hurt?"

"N...no."

I leaned in towards her and kissed her on the cheek, then on the other, then on the forehead. All the while her eyes followed me. I smiled reassuringly at her, and then pressed my lips against hers lightly before retreating.

She didn't move, though her chest was heaving.

I kissed her again, a bit harder, letting my lips slide against hers. At the same time my hand continued to rub back and forth against her pussy mound, kneading it gently.

I pressed my two middle fingers in a little harder than the rest, letting them slide along her sex, and slowly sink in between her lips. My other hand was squeezing and stroking her breast and nipple as I pressed slow, soft kisses against her mouth.

Either I was getting to her, or she decided to try and respond. Her lips opened a bit and she kissed back shyly and tentatively. Our lips moved lightly together as my tongue eased out and caressed hers.

I rubbed a little harder with my middle fingers, stroking them up and down her slit, rasping them across her clitty. I felt her body moving ever so gently, and sensed her round buttocks grinding against the wall.

I pulled back and smiled at her, and she smiled back, though still shyly. I kissed her again, this time with more passion, my tongue sliding into her mouth as our lips melded together. She groaned into my mouth and I felt her hips starting to work, starting to grind in earnest.

Her pussy rubbed back at my fingers as her breaths came in sharp, short little puffs and gasps. I pulled my head back and straightened, taking my hand off her breast as well to concentrate on her pussy. I stroked steadily as she looked up at me.

Her mouth was open, her eyes narrowing into slits as she humped against my fingers. I could see, and now hear her soapy ass slapping back against the wall as I jerked her off. The sight of her in the throes of arousal was delightful and excited me as well.

She laid her head back against the wall and moaned, her arms down at her sides as they had been the entire time. Her soapy body rubbed and slapped as I slowly, and daringly, found her hole and eased my middle finger into it.

She froze, eyes shooting wide as she stared up at me in alarm. I smiled reassuringly, stroking her clitty just as hard with my thumb as I eased my soapy finger upwards through the tight, tight folds of her virgin pussy.

She clenched her teeth and laid her head back against the wall again, looking like she was waiting for the pain. Then after some seconds she blinked her eyes in apparent surprise and looked up at me. My finger was halfway up her tunnel by then.

“Nice, huh?” I smiled.

I pumped my finger lightly inside her, and then pushed it a bit deeper as I ground my thumb against her clit. I pressed in against it as I pulled out with my middle finger, kind of seizing her hot little button between the two and rolling it carefully.

She gasped and her back arched, her head knocking against the wall as those two high rounded breasts stuck out. She groaned again, and her back arched a second time as her hands came around desperately to grip my wrist.

She humped against my fingers, panting and shaking and moaning as I rolled and squeezed her clitty. Her ass slapped back loudly against the wall as she arched her back a third time, her hair flinging back and down as she gurgled in wondrous delight.

I thrust my finger up hard and she cried out, falling back heavily against the wall. I laughed and jammed my thumb against her clitty, grinding it down heavily as she trembled and shook, and her head thrashed from side to side.

I could feel her pussy sucking and squeezing on my finger as I twisted it around inside her. I buried it to the knuckle and ground my fist against her pussy mound as her shuddering eased, and she fell back limply against the wall.

Seven

I kissed her again, and ran a soapy hand over her chest, feeling her hard nipples with my palm. Then I eased back, sliding my finger out of her pussy crack. I reached down and gripped my tank top, jerking it up and off, then undid my bra and tossed it behind me.

I pulled down my shorts and panties, and kicked off my shoes, then stepped in under the shower. I turned it on and let it soak me, then moved out from under it to where Amy still stood against the wall, eyes wide.

I reached out for her and she raised her hands to mine. I pulled her in against me, her soapy body rubbing against my wet skin. My arms went around her and my hand squeezed her ass cheeks as her breasts and mine rubbed and mashed together in a slippery, warm mass of sensitive flesh.

I was soon as soapy as her, and the feel of our bodies together was turning my pussy on to full boil. I gripped one of her hands and pulled it around behind me, then pressed it up against my buttocks.

She gasped, but kept it there as I moved my hand away. Our lips pressed together with growing passion, and I ground my body into hers, rubbing my breasts against her hot little mounds. I slid my thigh in between hers; doing the dirty dancing thing I'd done with Shannon on the boat.

She ground her pussy down against my thigh and then raised her own thigh at the feel of my pussy. I groaned, my hand going down onto her perfect ass and squeezing it, then jerking her leg up around me, grinding my pussy against her as hers ground back against me.

We were both panting and gasping and groaning as our bodies heated up. Our lips were moving hot and fast and wetly together, our tongues slithering excitedly against one another.

I felt my come approaching, then she started to gasp and whine and hump especially hard, and I knew she was coming again. I jammed my thigh up into her humping crotch as she bounced and shook and trembled against me.

And I came as well, a roaring inferno of pleasure blasting through my body as we ground ourselves together with desperate desire and pleasure.

“You really are a nympho,” a familiar voice called from behind me.

I jerked around to see Shannon standing there, leaning idly against the wall, but obviously aroused.

Amy gasped and tried to cover herself, and Shannon laughed.

“Don’t bother, honey. I’ve seen everything I need to.”

“But not everything you want to I bet,” I said, grinning at her.

“You really like to take chances, don’t you, Taylor?”

“It adds spice to life,” I said.

“If Horner caught you your spice would be in jail.”

“Uh uh,” I grinned. “She’s cherry but eighteen.” I stuck my tongue out at her and she sniffed in annoyance.

“You... you shouldn’t have been looking at us,” Amy gulped accusingly.

“You shouldn’t have been having sex in a public place,” Shannon snorted.

I turned on the water and rinsed off the soap, then pulled Amy in and helped rinse her off. She kept looking towards Shannon, nervous and embarrassed, but I told her not to worry.

“I bet her pussy’s all hot and drooling over what she saw,” I whispered. “She’d give anything to get her hands on your body.”

I’m not sure if that reassured her, excited her, or scared her.

We dried off, using her towel, and dried our hair, then dressed and followed Shannon out of the shower hut.

“I came looking for her. I expected to find Chris popping her cherry behind a bush somewhere.”

“He tried,” I grinned.

“Taylor!” Amy said, embarrassed.

“Don’t worry. Shannon won’t tell anyone. She’s a friend.”

Shannon snorted derisively.

She led us down the path, but then, suddenly paused and stepped through some bushes. I grinned at Amy, who frowned in surprise, then took her hand and led her through the bushes after Shannon. There was just the hint of a path here, and we followed, single file, the grass brushing against our bare knees.

There was a big thorn bush ahead, and Shannon veered to the side, went around a little tree, then dropped to all fours and climbed through a small opening in the bush. I urged Amy to follow, and she did, though looking a bit worried.

Then I dropped to all fours and followed them through.

On the other side was a small clearing with short grass that looked like it was trampled down regularly. The clearing was about eight or ten feet wide, and seemed totally surrounded by the thorn bush, or many thorn bushes all mashed together.

The other two were standing facing each other as I got to my feet.

“Neat place,” I said. “Who do you take here?”

“Whoever I want,” she said, eyes locked on Amy.

“You never took me here.”

“I would have,” she said, still looking at Amy.

Amy was looking right back at her. I looked from one to the other. Neither said anything. Shannon looked like she’d just seen the love of her life. Amy just looked... entranced. I saw Shannon take a half step forward, then another.

She stood next to the blonde girl, and raised her hand to touch Amy’s loose hair. She ran her fingers through it while Amy swallowed nervously, then her hand slid behind Amy’s head and she yanked the girl against her.

Her other hand cupped the soft, plump buttocks as she crushed her lips down against Amy's pouting mouth. Amy's eyes opened and she wriggled a little, then Shannon bore her to the ground, both of them gasping and panting as she ran her hands roughly over Amy's body.

She straddled the girl and gripped her thin halter top, then tore it open with such force she lifted Amy's chest off the grass momentarily. She bent and her mouth devoured one small, rigid nipple as Amy gasped and cried out in shock.

I could see Shannon's mouth working as she sucked and chewed and licked on the blonde's nipple. Her left hand was kneading the other breast, while her right was sliding up and down her belly. Then she shot her hand between the blonde's legs and squeezed her pussy through her shorts.

Amy's legs jerked feebly as Shannon's hand drove down inside her shorts and started fondling her naked pussy mound. She gasped and gulped and panted for breath as Shannon shifted her hungry mouth from one nipple to the other and back again.

She backed up, shifting rapidly so she was between the girl's long, coltish legs, then gripped her shorts and yanked them down her legs and off so hard Amy's tennis shoes were torn off.

Then, while the stunned girl lay there naked save for the shreds of her halter, she dove atop her, her face jamming in between her legs. Amy's hands went down and grabbed at her hair, but she didn't do anything else as she gasped in shock at the sensations she felt.

I couldn't see what Shannon was doing from where I stood, but from the look on Amy's face it was a lot. I knew her tongue and teeth and lips and fingers were actively working on the blonde girl's crack, and knew also, from my own experience, just how expert she was down there.

At first she was kneeling between Amy's legs, and then she dropped to her belly, her tongue lapping, lips moving. I could hear wet, smacking and sucking sounds coming from her as Amy let out little squeals and gasps and moans.

Her legs were wide apart, with Shannon's hands clamped down on her thighs. Her hands slipped off Shannon's head and lay beside her head as she stared upwards into the sky with a look of wonderment on her face.

I was getting pretty hot myself while I watched. I knelt beside Shannon's body and gazed at her tight ass, then ran my hands along her thigh and between her legs. I squeezed her pussy through her cut-offs and without taking her face out of Amy's crotch; she pushed herself up on her knees.

I reached under and undid her cut-offs, then peeled them down and off, along with her panties. I unhooked the bikini bra she was wearing, and tossed it behind me, and she was naked.

I squeezed her bare pussy and rubbed my hand over it while reaching under to cup and squeeze one of her breasts. Then I slid my fingers into her slit and began to stroke her clitty.

Amy was moaning and whimpering and gasping for breath now, her body writhing in the grass as her head jerked and twisted from side to side and her back arched repeatedly. Her legs trembled and flopped as her muscles strained and spasmed.

I eased a second finger into Shannon's moist slit, pumping them in and out as I ground my thumb against her clitoris. I also cupped and squeezed her breast as I leaned over her and nibbled at the nape of her neck.

She humped back against my fingers, but I could tell most of her attention was on the tight virgin hole beneath her as she stuffed her tongue deep in the wriggling, groaning girl's slit and scooped out her cunt milk.

Amy was bucking and bouncing wildly, then settled down, limp and panting for breath. Shannon didn't ease off. She continued to lick and suck and slurp on the girl's slit as I pumped her own pussy crack. I didn't have much experience licking pussy, so peeked over her shoulders to watch as close as possible while she continued to eat out the blonde.

I watched her tongue caressing the glistening pink flesh of Amy's inner sex, watched as it circled her tiny pussy hole, then dipped inside. Her lips pressed down hard against Amy's sex then, and I knew her tongue was whipping around inside the moaning blonde's pussy tunnel.

She'd told me the way to get my tongue out far was to keep pushing it out as far as I could when I was alone. I'd done it from time to time, but didn't see any improvement yet. I still couldn't come close to touching my nose.

She pulled her lips free and her tongue slipped up against the tiny hooded clit, probing and rasping across it. Then her lips slid around it and she sucked wetly. She closed her lips together in a kind of whistle and then blew air against her clitty as Amy mewled and started to wriggle below her again.

She humped back harder against my fingers as she licked, but never took her lips off that pink meat, and soon Amy was squirming and moaning and gasping for air like a fish. I took my eyes off her pussy to watch her face, and saw her eyes drawn back in tight slits as her mouth gaped.

Then she let out a soft, gurgling cry of elation. Her head jerked back under her, the cords on her neck standing out as her chest arched and bowed, and her arms shot out to either side, her fingers drawn into claws as they dug into the grass alongside her.

Shannon was grunting and moaning into the girl's pink meat now as she humped back against my fingers, but she continued to suck and slurp and lick. She stopped briefly to shudder and tremble as she jammed her snatch back against my fingers, and I think she came.

Then she resumed her eating, and was soon making the helpless blonde writhe and wriggle once again.

She dove forward suddenly, dropping her body on top of Amy. Her legs were spread wide as she mashed her breasts and lips down against Amy's, and her cunt found Amy's pussy as she started to rub and grind herself against her.

She had a vacuum lock on Amy's lips as her pussy slapped and ground wetly against Amy's own little curly blonde bush. I ran a hand over her ass, then stuck my thumb into Shannon's pussy hole, and my index finger into Amy's tight fuck tube, and pinched them together.

Both of them were moaning and groaning, and making wet, anguished noises as I pressed their clits directly together and rubbed them against one another. Amy came again. I could tell from her gurgles and gasps and the way she bucked and jerked. Then Shannon came again, her ass going wild as she rasped and ground her pussy down against Amy.

She started to settle down then, lying atop the slender girl breast to breast, cheek to cheek. She didn't stay still for very long, however, slowly dragging herself

up the blonde's body until she was kneeling over her, her big round breasts dangling over the girl's face.

She rubbed her breasts against Amy, and fed her a nipple. At first the blonde girl just looked at it, then, as Shannon rubbed it against her lips her tongue licked out and across it. Soon she was suckling contentedly as Amy cuddled her head into her breast meat.

I looked at Amy's splayed thighs and ran my hands over them, then cupped her soft pussy mound. I slid a finger inside, and found her warm and just as tight as before. I was willing to bet, though, that if we could get Pete here now he'd be able to plough her pussy but good without any pain on her part.

I saw Shannon sliding up further, until she was straddling Amy's head. Her knees came down on either side and she reached down to peel her own pussy crack open as she dropped it onto the blonde's mouth. I didn't see what Amy did, but Shannon groaned happily.

The view up Amy's body was very carnal and erotic. Her body was wriggling headless, her legs wide, and Shannon's buttocks covering her from neck up. She drew her knees up and back and I gripped them with my hands, pushing them back further to expose her pussy opening.

I licked along it, letting my tongue press back against my lower lip to add pressure. I stroked her drooling pussy as Shannon rode her face, then sank my tongue down inside and pushed it down her hole.

I flickered it around as deeply as I could, then eased it out and kissed her little clitty. I began to suck on it, wriggling my tongue against it at the same time.

Her ass started to jerk up as she humped up against me, and several times her pussy mashed my nose down before I clamped my fingers down on her ass and caught it tightly. I tried to get my teeth around her clit and nibble at it, but she was jerking around so hard it was impossible.

I looked up her body and saw Shannon's hair dragging against her own buttocks as she arched her back. She was grinding and rubbing her snatch down on Amy's face as she groaned in pleasure. Her hands were behind her, clamped on Amy's breasts, her fingers digging in tightly.

Amy continued to hump up at me as I sucked on her clitty. I managed to get a finger from my right hand down her pussy hole, then forced a finger from my left in and pulled them both in opposite directions. She groaned in protest, but the sounds were muffled by Shannon's grinding pussy.

Shannon started grunting loudly, her hair swinging from side to side as she shook her head. I saw her ass humping faster and faster against Amy's face as she heated up. Then she let out a short, sharp cry of pleasure and collapsed forward.

I pumped my fingers in Amy's slit as she raised her head and looked down dazedly. Then she gasped and her head fell back as she trembled violently. I felt her pussy sucking even harder on my fingers as she came again, and wished desperately for a big thick cock to jam inside her.

I licked her through it, then sat back and gazed at the two of them. Amy lay sprawled spread-eagled on her back, her face glistening wet from Shannon's cunt juices. Shannon lay on her face on the grass, her legs apart and framing Amy's head and shoulders.

And here I was still fully clothed and horny as hell. If they thought they were finished they were in for another thought.

I stood up and peeled off my clothes. Shannon rolled onto her side, and then sat up, pushing a hand through her tangled hair. She blinked her eyes at me and grinned tiredly.

"If you think you're finished, slave, you can think again," I said, standing over her with my cunt practically in her face.

"You'll have to get yourself some chains," she sighed.

"I don't think so."

I reached down and gripped her thick hair, tugging lightly, but insistently, forcing her up on her knees and pulling her face in between my legs. She gripped my thighs and started to lick at my slit as I slid my fingers through her hair and spread my legs for her.

Amy sat up slowly, panting still. She watched us, licking her lips, looking a little stunned by the sexual storm that had engulfed her. I held out a hand towards her

and she got to her knees, then crawled over and took it. I pulled her face in beside Shannon, putting a hand behind each of their heads.

Shannon eased back and Amy, after a brief hesitation, leaned in and began to lick at my pussy. Then, to my surprise, Shannon pulled away and crawled behind me. I didn't know what she was going to do until she squeezed my buttocks, pulled them aside and pushed her tongue up against my wrinkled anus.

I was stunned. I'd never heard of anyone doing anything like that before. It felt good, though, strange but... but sexy. I had one tongue slithering up and down my pussy crack and another licking at my ass. I gripped both of them by the hair, feeling really powerful, like I was the mistress of them both, standing there over them with my legs spread and their faces in my crotch.

I groaned in happiness and pleasure, tugging lightly on their hair.

"Lick meeee!" I sighed. "Lick me, you bitches!"

Shannon pressed her lips against my anus and stuffed her slippery tongue up inside as Amy peeled my pussy open and stuck her tongue in my pussy hole. I was in heaven, my head rolling slowly from side to side as my body thrummed with sexual electricity.

The situation was so lushly erotic, so intense, that I came within minutes, my legs wobbling and my hips humping in and out as their tongues lathered up my insides.

After that we got dressed quickly and headed off to where we were supposed to be. It had been a neat, pleasant interlude for me. For Amy and Shannon something else again. Amy became Shannon's shadow, or was it the other way around. I saw them constantly together.

And when one was missing, so was the other. I knew Shannon had the girl naked somewhere, and they were sucking and licking each other to orgasms. I didn't feel left out, though. I was looking for more cock, not more pussy, and besides, I could've gone up to that little hiding place any time I wanted. That was where I figured they were doing it.

But I had Pete to fit into my few spare moments. My first time fucking him had been a sudden impulse, and I'd regretted it almost immediately afterwards because

I was sure he'd blab it all over camp. I mean, it was a helluva good story for a guy to want to brag about.

I was surprised when nobody seemed to have heard a thing, and thought a lot more of him because of that. So when he started giving me the look, you know the look, well, I wasn't very resistant. All I wanted was something...something daring... something hot and erotic and... And maybe a little dangerous.

That was why I put him off that evening. I was trying to think of something that would be... really... really daring and sexy.

Then, as we were all getting ready for bed, I thought of it. The very thought made my breasts swell and my nipples harden. I lay there quietly, cupping my oozing pussy as the lights were turned off and everyone tried to get to sleep.

It would have to be the right time, and it would be really dangerous, but oh what a thing to do, what a thing to remember when I was old, to brag about to trusted friends.

I had a little watch with an alarm that, instead of buzzing, made a kind of vibration against my wrist. I set it for two in the morning, and then drifted off to sleep. It was ten, so I could still get some, I hoped.

I was so excited, though, that I only got a tiny bit, drifting off and waking constantly. I was awake before two, and silently slipped out from under my covers. I was naked, but put on my sweatshirt, the dark one that covered me to my thighs.

Then, clad in that, my tennis shoes, and nothing else, I snuck silently out the door. I kept one of my eyes closed as I made my way down the path. It was much darker inside the cabins, then outside and I wanted my vision to be completely settled to that amount of light when I got to the guys cabin.

Nobody was up at that time. We were early to bed, early to rise around here. I got to the guys' cabin without anyone seeing me, slipped off my shoes, then, still with one eye closed, I eased the screen door back and, on all fours, slipped inside.

I opened my other eye, and could see the cabin fairly well. It was just like ours, with bunk beds lining all the walls. The sounds of deep slumber came from numerous beds.

I searched them carefully, trying to find Pete. It was hard to see in the darkness, even though at least one of my eyes was fully adjusted. I crawled forward, knowing as I did that any of the guys who were awake, and behind me, would be able to see my naked ass and pussy.

What in hell I would do if someone woke up and found me here, I didn't know, but visions of a gang bang passed before my eyes. That too excited me, because it seemed like such a slutty, trappy, wild thing to do. I'd already had sex with two men at the same time, after all, why not ten?

Anyway, whether I'd have the guts for that or not I would prefer that that sort of thing wait until my final few days. I didn't want everyone here sneering at me as a total whore.

I crawled along the lower bunks, but didn't see Pete. I had to stand up before I spotted him. He was on an upper bunk. I went to the head of the bunk and very slowly and carefully and quietly climbed up until my face was inches from Pete's.

I put my hand over his mouth and he woke suddenly, his eyes going wide. He made a startled sound, which my hand muffled, then pushed my hand away and sat up. He gaped at me in disbelief as I grinned at him, then he looked around carefully.

He grinned back, shook his head, and started to climb down. I shook my head and motioned him back. He was puzzled, but backed off as I climbed up into his bunk.

"You're out of your fucking mind!" he whispered.

"I know!" I whispered back. "Lie down."

He lay down again on his back and I moved around so I was straddling him. He tugged his underwear down as I reached down cross-handed, gripped the hem of my sweatshirt, and pulled it up and off.

Pete stared at me in disbelief as I leered down at him. His head turned to the side and he gazed out on the sleeping room as I leaned over him and dangled my breasts in his face. Then he reached up for them, squeezing and kneading the soft meat as I rubbed my pussy and ass against his groin.

His cock hardened rapidly and I could feel it pressing against my buttocks as I ground myself against him. I leaned over further and let him suck on my nipples,

panting for breath... quietly, as I looked around the room at all the guys there.

Then I eased upwards and reached between my legs for his cock. I rubbed the head up and down against my pussy opening, and then slowly eased down onto it. I clenched my teeth to keep from making a sound as it split my sex lips and slid up inside me.

I sank down fully atop it, feeling it moving upwards into my belly until I felt full and cramped. My buttocks flattened against his hips as I took it all in, then I bent over him again and let him knead and suckle at my breasts.

I was so aroused that I was about to come, come without even any pumping. I dropped my body onto his, rushing my breasts against his chest as I buried my face in his pillow and shuddered repeatedly. My insides twisted and churned as I ground myself furiously against his blood-engorged cock.

Eight

My body trembled and shook against Pete as the orgasm lashed my nervous system. It was all I could do to keep my mouth closed, even though my skull threatened to explode from the pressure of trying to contain my orgasmic bliss.

There were guys sleeping all around us, and here I was totally naked, with a big cock up inside me, grinding and moaning through an orgasm. I almost fainted from the heat and sexual delight.

Then the orgasm eased, leaving me panting and moaning softly atop him as Pete squeezed and rubbed my buttocks and began to hump into me with slow movements. I pushed myself back up and back, then pressed my hands flat against his chest and began to ride up and down on his tool.

I was keeping my breath as low as possible, and keeping my movements as smooth and shallow as I could, but there was still noise enough that anyone in the room who was awake would know right away what was going on.

My hope was that nobody else was awake, and that they'd stay asleep while I was riding Pete's cock.

My hot, wet pussy sheath slid smoothly up and down his boner as I rode up and down. He had one hand on my ass and the other on one of my breasts as he fucked up into me to meet my down strokes. Occasionally I bent way over and let him suck on my nipples, or we would kiss passionately.

Then I felt the prelude of another orgasm. I arched my back, gripping his thighs as I rode faster and let his cock stroke especially hard against my clitty. Pete reached down and pressed his thumb against my clit, pressing it down against his cock as I bounced on it.

He was trying to be helpful, but when the orgasm lashed me it was all I could do to keep from screaming. I bounced harder and harder, making the boards under his bed creak as I sawed my clitty across his rigid prong.

Pete sat up, his arms going around me and pulling me in against him. I wrapped my legs around him and our lips met with crushing force, our tongues shooting into

each other's mouths. His hands gripped my ass and jammed me in against him as we rocked back and forth.

Then he leaned forward, pushing me back onto my back, sliding in on top of me. He thrust himself into me again and again, making me gasp and moan in pleasure as his tool pumped up in my belly. Then he went into overdrive, thrusting especially powerfully as his cock spat out slippery white juice.

His cream poured into me as he settled atop me and kissed the nape of my neck. My sucking pussy drew it all down and drank it all up.

Then we lie there together, arm in arm, silently recuperating.

I got my sweatshirt but didn't put it on just yet. I climbed slowly down from his bunk and stood there naked in the middle of the room; Pete grinning at me as I kind of posed and flaunted my body. I bent way over and spread my legs for him, then straightened up and arched my back, sliding my hands through my hair.

Around me, the other guys remained asleep, while Pete shook his head in wonder.

I pulled my sweatshirt on and walked out of the cabin, found my shoes, then hurried back to my own cabin to try and get some more sleep.

"You're a fucking lunatic," he said to me the next day.

"Anyone say anything?"

"No. But you were lucky nobody woke up."

"Do you think they would have been mad?" I said, pouting.

"Mad? I doubt it."

"Think they might've attacked me?" I cooed. "That maybe the whole cabin would have wanted to gang bang me?"

"Yeah," he said, leering.

"Maybe some day they'll get lucky," I shrugged.

“Can’t we have sex where I don’t have to worry about a heart attack?”

“But then it’s no fun,” I said.

“It’s always fun.”

“Okay, then it won’t be as much fun.”

“I’ll take my chances.”

“I wonder where we should do it next.” I grinned.

“How about in the Horner’s bed, with them asleep beside us.”

“Hmmm, good idea,” I said.

“Yeah, right,” he snorted.

I went looking for Shannon, and spotted her down by the dock, heading into the boathouse with Amy. I trotted down and caught them just as she was about to close the door. She didn’t look happy, but grumbled and let me in.

“It’s hard to find you these days,” I said, eyeing Amy, who blushed.

“I’ve been busy,” Shannon said.

“Yeah, I can guess what with,” I grinned.

“I’m supposed to educate our campers, aren’t I?” Shannon purred, going over to Amy and standing beside her.

“Yeah, but you’re not supposed to suck their guts out through their pussy.”

Amy blushed even more, and Shannon put an arm over her shoulders and smiled at her.

“Just teaching the dear girl the joys of her body,” she said.

“And what about the joys of a stiff cock up her pussy?”

“She doesn’t need that,” Shannon glared.

“She’s not gay, Shannon.”

“Who says?”

“She did.”

“I-I might be, I guess,” Amy said.

“Crap. You like fucking with Shannon. So do I. It doesn’t mean I don’t like getting a good hard fucking by a guy too.”

“She’s enjoying herself with me,” Shannon said indignantly.

She turned and smiled at Amy again, then turned to me with a feral grin. “Wanna see something?”

Amy, like us, was wearing cut-offs and a T-shirt. Shannon gripped the T-shirt and pulled it up and off as Amy stood there compliantly. She undid the girl’s bra and removed it, then turned to me, draping her arm across the blonde’s shoulders again.

“Take a look at these,” she said, grinning at me as she ran a hand along the undersides of Amy’s breasts.

Both her round orbs were swollen with heat, her nipples stiff and hard and ready.

“So what?” I said. “I’ve gotten hard nipples around you too, Shannon.”

Her left arm was draped across Amy’s narrow shoulders as she stood beside her. She dropped her right from the blonde’s breasts, undoing the front of her cut-offs, then shoving it down the front.

I could see the back of her hand moving inside Amy’s pants, could see as she started rubbing at her pussy crack. Almost at once Amy’s eyes started to glaze over and her head went back. Her hips began to grind and hump as her breathing grew ragged.

Soon she was gasping for breath, moaning and humping as Shannon smiled down in anticipation. In about a minute she came, her back arching, hard round breasts thrusting out tautly as she shuddered and trembled in orgasmic release.

Shannon turned to me triumphantly. "I can make her come almost at will," she said. "I can make her come again and again and again. I made her faint twice last night. She doesn't need any man's dirty cock."

"Let her try it and see."

"Forget it. You want some of her, or not?"

"Right now, I guess not."

"Then go away."

She turned to Amy as she started to peel off her shirt. "Get your pants off, baby," she said.

I left, but kept my eye open for when Amy was alone. The opportunity to get her didn't come until a couple of days later. I talked to her about how great it could be to have a cock inside her, and told her that she really didn't need to do something just because Shannon said.

After a little bit of discussion she admitted that she had the hots for several guys in camp, which convinced me, and her, that she probably wasn't gay.

"There won't be a better opportunity for you to see what its' like than now," I said.

"But with who?" she said. "I don't think I want Chris to try again."

"I know a guy. Pete. You know him?"

She nodded ever so slightly.

"He'll keep his mouth shut, too. And he'll only do what you want. Wanna try it?"

"You'll be there?"

"If you want."

So we made an appointment, and I showed Pete that hiding place of Shannon's, and told him to meet me there at exactly six o'clock. At five thirty I went there and met Amy, and we both stripped off.

Shannon was right about how responsive she'd become. We sat down side by side and I began to jerk her off, and she came in about thirty seconds, arching her back repeatedly as she gurgled in wonder. We did a sixty-nine then, which was something I'd heard of but never done before.

She'd done it with Shannon, though, and eagerly thrust her lips into my pussy slit and started sucking as I flicked my tongue up and down her own cleft. She came, then came, then came again before I started to hump down at her and jam my spurting pussy against her mouth.

Then I pulled away and knelt between her legs. With my tongue and lips and fingers I probed and licked and caressed her body, bringing her up to the edge of orgasm repeatedly without letting her go over. By the time Pete got there she was ready to fuck a horse.

I had been finger-fucking her for about twenty minutes, and had gotten two fingers up her snatch as the bushes rustled and Pete crawled through. His jaw dropped as he saw what awaited him.

"Ahh, Pete. Nice of you to drop in," I grinned.

He crawled forward until he was kneeling beside me, his eyes on Amy, who stared back.

"What the fuck's going on?" he gasped.

"This is Amy. Shannon's been at her the last few days, sucking and licking and fingering her little pussy slit. Don't blush, honey," I said to Amy.

"Anyway, she really wants to see what a cock looks like."

"You're out of your fucking mind!" he gasped.

"Not at all. Do you want this poor girl to think she's a lesbian? I told her that you had a great cock, and knew how to use it. You're not gonna disappoint her, are you?"

From the bulge in his pants I didn't think so. He stared at Amy, and then gasped in excitement as he saw my hand sliding in between her legs and my fingers going into her fuck opening. I pumped them in and out as he watched, and ran my other hand over her belly to her breasts.

“Come on, Pete. She needs to get her cherry popped.”

“Fuck,” he gulped.

“That’s the idea.”

He shuffled forward on his knees until he was between her legs, and then eased his hands down onto her belly. I sat back as he ran his hands up and down her, then cupped and squeezed her breasts. Amy stared up at him with wide eyes, obviously anxious and nervous.

“You’re really a virgin?” he asked.

She nodded.

He slid a hand down between her legs and fingered her pussy, and she wriggled her hips excitedly.

“Why don’t you lie down like you did last night?” I suggested. “Let her sit down on you and take it in as fast as she wants.”

So he lay down on his back and I tugged his pants down while Amy got to her knees, and then gingerly straddled his hips. She sat down as I held his cock, and brought her cunt opening down against the head. I let go and sat back again, watching as she rubbed herself against his cockhead and bit by bit let her weight down.

I could see her close her eyes and tremble as the thickness of his cockhead began to strain her pussy opening. But she was much hotter now than she’d been with that dork Chris, and her pussy was oiled and ready. His cockhead slipped inside, and began to drive upwards into her belly.

She groaned and panted as she took more and more cock up inside her, then halted and backed up a bit. For the next couple of minutes she ground herself down, pumped up and down with very short, shallow motions, and gradually worked the front of her pussy open.

Then she gave a little cry as her eyes widened, and sank down several more inches. She halted like that, unmoving, then after a minute sank slowly down to the hilt.

“Oh God!” she breathed.

“You got it all inside now, baby,” Pete sighed.

“I feel so.... full,” she groaned.

Pete’s hands came up and squeezed her breasts as she wriggled her ass a little on his hips.

Her pussy soon loosened up, and she began to ride up and down like an expert jockey, leaning forward, slapping her ass down, going faster and faster and faster as she yelped and grunted and squealed in pleasure.

And that was pretty much what Shannon saw when she crawled through the opening in the bushes. She glared angrily at the sight, turned her glare on me, then turned around and climbed back out. I looked at Amy, who obviously didn’t need my reassurance any more, then pulled on my cut-offs and bikini top and followed her.

I looked for her in the boathouse, at the beach, at the lodge, and then finally spotted her back at the women counsellors’ cabin. I braced myself for a nasty argument, and then trotted up the stairs.

She was alone in the cabin, and unlocking one of her suitcases.

“Uhm, Shannon, look,” I said.

“Forget it,” she snapped.

“I just thought she should see what it was like. I mean, that was what she came to me for in the first place.”

“Right. She came to you,” she sniffed.

“Well, I uh, okay, I did kind of... start...”

“I said forget it,” she said, opening one of her suitcases.

“What are you doing? You’re not leaving are you?”

“Are you crazy? Of course I’m not leaving.”

“Well then what are you...?”

She pulled a great big black rubber dildo out of the suitcase and turned to me, holding it up so it pointed at my nose.

“Whoa,” I said.

“I never understood what it was you straight girls saw in penetration, but if you all need it that much, well I’ve got something you can use.”

“It’s uh, not the same,” I said, eyeing the big, realistic looking cock. “I mean, I’ve never used one of those before but...”

“Pull down your pants.”

“Uh, just a second.”

“Now.”

“Here?”

“You’re the one who likes to do things the exciting way.”

“Well, yeah but...”

“So get em off so I can jam this up your cunt.”

“I think you’re being a bit romantic for my liking.”

She advanced on me, waving the big dildo as I backed up.

“Take em off,” she glared.

“Forget it.”

Then the door opened and Amber walked in. She looked from me to Shannon, then at the dildo.

“If you’re gonna stab her with that she’ll have to take her clothes off,” she giggled.

“If you don’t butt out I’ll stab you, you little cow,” Shannon glared, jabbing the dildo into one of her big breasts.

Amber looked at me and grinned, then looked back at Shannon. “Well, it’s kind of big, but we can try if you’d like.”

Shannon frowned in confusion, and then glared at me. I shrugged my shoulders.

“Oh come ooon. Do you really think I never noticed the way you look at women? The way you’ve been disappearing with that little blond cupcake? And now that I think of it, that story about how you lost your clothes when you were out with her seems kind of suspicious. I mean, they always call to complain when anything happens, and they never did. I wonder why?”

“So?”

“Sooooo, if you can think of someplace uhm, private, maybe we can try your little toy out.”

Shannon stared at her. So did I. She leered at both of us and stuck those round melons out.

“Are you kidding?”

“I’ve always wanted to know what it was like to be with a girl,” Amber said. “And uh, well, I wouldn’t mind trying it with you.” She looked at me. “Or you.”

Shannon’s little hiding place was occupied, of course, but it turned out she knew another location almost as good. The three of us wandered off there. Amber seemed pretty... well...nonchalant, and I wondered if she were telling the truth about never being with a girl before. On the other hand, she was so cheerful and relaxed and good natured about everything else that I guess it was kind of in character for her not to be too much concerned.

We went into a field beyond the woods, and Shannon turned and faced Amber. Amber was still looking cheerful and inquisitive, turning her eyes from me to Shannon. Shannon opened the bag she’d been carrying the dildo in and took it out.

Amber laughed, then reached down and peeled up her shirt. She pushed down her shorts and panties then undid her bra and tossed it on the grass. Her breasts stuck out proudly, her nipples huge and brown and hard.

She licked her lips, showing the first sign of nervousness I'd seen in her, and looked towards both of us.

“Uhm, well girls?”

Shannon tossed the dildo to me, then undid her top and took it off. She skinned off her shorts and panties too and stepped over to Amber. Amber was shorter and turned her head upwards as Shannon stepped toe to toe with her.

Then Shannon slid her arms around the short, buxom girl and drew their bodies in tightly together. Amber gulped as her breasts mashed against Shannon's, then Shannon's lips came down on hers and they kissed.

I watched, squeezing the dildo in my hands, then, as their kiss became more passionate, dropped it and began to strip myself. Their hands went around each other and began to stroke and squeeze each other's buttocks as I stepped forward. I put an arm around both their shoulders then leaned in, pressing my breasts against them both, and kissed Amber, then Shannon.

The three of us sank to the ground, Amber on her back, Shannon between her legs. I straddled Amber's face and eased my pussy down. She raised her hands and squeezed my ass, then stared at my slit excitedly before sticking her tongue out and licking it along my pussy cleft.

I rubbed myself against her, and reached back to mash her breasts as she probed at my pussy with her tongue. Her breasts were so big and soft that I wanted to sink my fingers down into them and make them disappear.

I pinched and pulled at her nipples for a minute, then forgot about them as I leaned forward again to ride her face. For a complete novice she was doing pretty good, but then I guessed she was just imitating whatever Shannon was doing between her legs.

Since Shannon was an expert, it didn't take long for me to come. Then me and Shannon traded places. While she rode Amber's face I got the dildo and slowly fitted it into the blonde's pussy hole, then stuffed it deep as I licked at her clitty.

Well, we did everything three people could do that afternoon, and if it really was Amber's first time with girls she sure adapted quickly. Almost as quickly as Amy adapted to boys. Pete must have done a helluva job with her, because for the rest

of the summer she screwed just about every male over the age of 18 in the camp and quite a few of the females too.

As for me, well, the summer was memorable. I got as much sex as I'd fantasised about, and despite all the exciting, dangerous and well, slutty things I did (including 2 gang bangs on the last weekend), I was still able to go home and pretend to everyone that I was still a virgin.

Summer camp can be fun for older girls too.

The end.