

Camp Counsellor Cravings

by Pandora Box

Week One: It all started the day I flashed the camp counsellor.

See, I live out in the Bible Belt, a little place called Vernonberg. Everything you're imagining, that's it. I live in a town of about two hundred people, and all of 'em cram into the same Church every Sunday.

So yeah – when we have a church camp, it's not optional. Everyone was there.

Including Anne.

Anne was the head of the chastity club, which every boy in town probably thinks is a complete waste, because she's easily the hottest girl in the state.

I'd had a crush on her for years. And I knew I was far from alone in that.

Not that any of us had a chance. She was dating another one of the counsellors, Brad, also from Vernonberg. I mean, we all were. I've no idea why we all drove halfway across the state just to hang out with the same kids we saw at school every day, but hey. I guess that's what God wanted?

At the time, I had no idea what Brad was up. I knew him, of course - in a town this small, when someone new arrives it's often the biggest news of the year. He was from New York, and his parents sent him out here to live with his uncle and aunt, some kind of punishment.

New blood, even from the Godless state of New York, is still attractive, and with her looks, Anne could have her pick of any guy, so less than a week after Brad moved here, the two were dating.

I was trying to work it out later, and it must have been on the second day of camp that I flashed her.

I was on my way back from the shower. I'd been so distracted, I'd left my clothes back in my cabin, so I was nipping across the campgrounds wearing nothing but a towel when I ran into her. Not literally, of course, I just mean we passed each other.

I didn't mean anything by it - I just thought it would be funny. You know how eighteen-year olds are. I thought she'd shriek, maybe tell the old couple who ran the camp. At worst I'd get a talking-to and at best I'd get a good laugh.

So when she stopped, her eyes widened, and she just stared at my member, I wasn't sure how to take it.

After a few seconds, I asked if she was okay. She just nodded and kept staring.

I covered myself back up with my towel, I went to my cabin and she went to hers.

The camp was held on the other side of the state. I don't know where we got the funding for it, but it wasn't like most camps I've heard about - everyone had their own cabin. They weren't exactly big or anything, but it was nice to have your own space.

So, yeah. I flashed Anne, she stared, and then we went our own separate ways. Other than a passing thought of "wow, how weird" and a brief rumination as to whether this was her way of getting me back, I didn't really think much of it.

The camp only ran for three weeks. We had activities during the day, but at night we were sort of left to our own devices. Brad and Anne used that time to go out together. Like I said, it wasn't until later that I found out what they were doing on their dates (except I knew that it wasn't anything sexual, because y'know. Anne was really serious about the Chastity Club. Everyone knew how much she wants - well, wanted - to go to Liberty University a virgin, find her soulmate, and all that.)

But I'll tell you now because otherwise the next bit of the story won't make sense. Brad got

sent from New York because - and I didn't believe this at first, I thought it was just so weird - he was caught hypnotising girls.

Yeah, that's right. Hypnosis, like in those old cartoons.

I dunno why they didn't think he'd try it out here, or maybe they just didn't care, as long as it was away from his parents. They're big-shot lawyers out there, or doctors, or something like that.

But every night, even during camp, Brad was taking Anne somewhere quiet and dark, and just hypnotising the heck out of her. I still don't really know much about it, so maybe he only knew the program he was using, or maybe it's something to do with giving them a fixation, something to obsess over. Maybe he just likes playing weird mind-games, I dunno.

But the program he was using was a simple one - it boiled down to the idea that the next penis she saw, she would become obsessed with it. She would want to fuck and suck and do everything with. She would masturbate thinking about it, do anything to get to play with it, and play with it every chance she got. She'd think about it before she went to sleep and be hungry for it first thing in the morning.

It was probably a pretty safe bet. Before I flashed her, I very much doubt Anne had EVER seen a penis, and Brad's plan was obviously to finish the program, and then get her hooked on his and enjoy the benefits. I can't blame him - every guy in town probably thought about Anne when they jerked off.

Probably some of the girls as well.

He had no idea that on the second day of camp, a random kid (me) would flash her in the middle of the campgrounds, and make her programming take hold early.

The next day or two passed as normal. We were kept so busy with the activities - bible study, singing, worship - I pretty much forgotten about it.

But two nights after I flashed her, it must have been a Wednesday, I heard a knock on my cabin door one night. "Hello?" I answered, and Anne slipped into my cabin and sat on my bed.

"Hey." I said, completely lost as to what was happening. She'd closed the door behind her - it was like I was living a wet dream. The hot older woman, slipping into my cabin at night... I dismissed the thought. Of course it wasn't anything like that. This was Anne. She was probably coming in to share the word of God, or to tell me how sinful what I'd done had been. "Hey..."

There was a weird pause, and we just stared at each other. "Hey Brodie," she said...oh, that's me! My name's Brodie. I just realised I never told you that. "Hey Brodie, have you got a girlfriend?"

"No," I said, confused. "Why, are you offering?"

She didn't laugh, but I didn't really expect her to. I'd once heard someone say that Anne was the most serious girl he'd ever met. Girls just want to have fun? Nope. Not Anne. "I was just wondering. If you...y'know, like anyone."

"Not really." I wondered where this was going. You've got to remember that I didn't know about Brad's hypnosis. Even though she was barely starting Brad's program, Anne had already spent two sleepless, confused nights, replaying that moment in the middle of the camp again and again.

"So who do you think about when you, y'know, play with yourself?"

Suddenly it seemed obvious. Anne's Chastity Club were all about not only stopping people from having sex, but also from masturbating. Lusting after a woman is as bad as having an affair and all that. I'd heard that she took every opportunity to talk to guys about this. It was really important to her.

“Anne,” I groaned (a week later I’d spend a lot of time groaning her name but in a completely different way.) “I don’t really want to talk about that.”

“No no no,” Anne said, after a few seconds of confusion. “That’s not what I mean. I figure that, y’know, you’re doing it and that’s fine.”

“It is?”

I was so confused. My cock was starting to rise. Why the hell had my counsellor randomly come into my cabin to tell me it was okay to masturbate? “Yeah. I mean, sure, we’re not really meant to lust, but better to have a bit of relief than to, y’know, do it. It.”

She looked a bit distracted for a few seconds, then focused again.

“And when I find,” she continued, “You know, the one, I was thinking about it...”

“Yeah?” I said, completely clueless. This was nothing like the Anne I’d heard so much about. She had a slightly manic look in her eyes - a bit like she did when she was going on about the Chastity Club, or one of her friends hearing the Word. It was a weird mix of passionate and exhausted - like I said, I found out later that she’d had less than five hours sleep in the last forty-eight.

I probably could have talked her into pretty much anything if I’d known, but I wasn’t thinking like that. Yet. At that stage, I was just starting to feel worried about her.

“So I was thinking that, y’know, if you...well, y’know.”

“Anne, I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

She shook her head, as if trying to get a cobweb out of her hair, or a voice out of her ear.

“I was wondering if I could watch you...y’know. If I could watch you.”

“Watch me what?”

She sighed, exasperated. I sort of knew what she was talking about but didn’t want to say it in case I was wrong.

“Watch you...y’know. *Masturbate*.”

“Anne!” I was genuinely shocked. I’d never expected to hear her use such language. I don’t even know if she’d ever used such language before. It certainly didn’t roll off her tongue.

The manic look was back in her eyes again. One of her hands was fiddling with the cross she wore around her neck, and she swallowed nervously before she replied.

“I just want to watch. Y’know, so I can learn. I want to see what it looks like.”

“Anne, is this some kind of weird joke? Is this revenge for the other day in the campgrounds?”

I looked around, as if expecting to see the couple who ran the camp at the window, prepared to pounce if I gave into Satan or whatever. She unfocused for a few seconds, then snapped back.

“No! I... please, Brodie?”

I dunno what I expected. She was the kind of person who’d never really had to do much to convince people to do what she wanted. Even the camp owners were putty in her hands. She had that sort of aura around her - like God had picked her out for something special, like she was somehow better than other people. Maybe that’s what she thought too, and that’s why she never really tried that hard. If something was meant to be, it would happen, and if it wasn’t going to happen, it wasn’t meant to be so she wouldn’t try too hard.

Knowing that the person asking you to do something will get it done whether you help or not should make you less interested, but for some reason it doesn’t.

Anyway, it worked on me. It was one of the weirdest moments of my life - this hyper-Christian, sex-before-marriage-is-as-bad-as-murder, so virginal she made Mary look like a slut...a confident, gorgeous older camp counsellor had just asked me to masturbate in front of

her. And *she* sounded nervous about it.

But it was too weird for me to even notice how weird it was - I was focused on what was happening, not the bigger picture, so I just nodded, and Anne breathed a sigh of relief.

This would have been the perfect opening to ask if she, y'know, played with herself. But honestly, it never occurred to me that it was even a possibility. Girls, as far as I knew, didn't, and especially not *Anne*.

I certainly had no idea that two days ago she had orgasmed for the first time, thinking about me. And then six more times since.

Awkwardly, I lowered my pyjama pants. I was considering asking if she was sure, but the raptured look on her face answered that question for me. As I pulled out my rapidly hardening penis, I could have sworn that a slight moan escaped her lips.

We sat there for a few minutes, her breathing heavily and staring at my member, me not quite sure what to do. I'd jerked off before, of course, but never for an audience. Finally, she broke off her gaze, and looked up at me.

I'll never forget that moment. Something about her big blue eyes looking up at me, her hard breathing making her breasts heave just from the fact that I was showing her my cock. The way her mouth was twisted in nervous excitement...her future husband was going to be so lucky, getting to have her every night.

It was a pretty sexy situation, so I was hard already, but when Anne's tongue unconsciously flicked across her lips, I swear I got even harder.

"So what now?"

I can't remember if I asked that or she did, but one of us broke the silence, and we both giggled. I suddenly relaxed - it was such a weird situation, it almost felt like a dream. Even if this was some elaborate prank, or trap...I didn't care. I was here for it.

I didn't say anything, just slowly started stroking my hand up and down. Her eyes widened, and she leaned in closer.

After five minutes of silence, the only noise being her breathing and me...well, jerking off, I grunted "Watch out", and she jumped backwards as I started to come.

She watched, entranced, as I shot over my stomach and chest (I'd had the forethought to unbutton my pyjama top.) Later in the week she'd have some questions, but that first night, she just sat and watched, drinking it all in (but not literally, y'know?). After I was done, I grabbed some tissues, cleaned it up, and we sat there in another awkward silence. The wild look was gone from her eyes - she suddenly seemed way, way more calm, but still a bit...antsy? You know, like she suddenly needed to be somewhere else, like she had something to do.

"Thanks for that, kid." she said. "That was...really interesting."

"Uh, no worries."

Again, it would have been a perfect opportunity to ask her to now show me, but like I said, I had no idea that she even masturbated at all, let alone that she probably would have shown me.

I wasn't to know for a while, but after she sneaked out of my cabin, she had another orgasm, and then slipped into what she later described to me as "the most restful sleep she'd ever had."

The next day could have been awkward, but it wasn't. Probably because of the great rest she'd had, she skipped into the breakfast hall the next morning, stuck her tongue out at me (weirdly playful, even for her) and we didn't really talk to each other for the rest of the day. I spent the day hiking around the campground, trying to appreciate how much Jesus was under every rock, in every tree, inside every bird, while Anne was in charge of a crafts workshop.

But late that night, after she got home from another date with Brad, I saw her again. She knocked on my door at about half eleven, well after curfew, but probably the safest time to make sure no one would see her.

I had already pleased myself that evening, just thinking about the previous night - I really wasn't expecting a repeat experience. I didn't know anything about the hypnosis or the obsession, I just took her at face value - I figured she'd wanted to learn how a penis worked, and that my demonstration would have satisfied her curiosity.

"Come in," I said, and she slipped in still wearing her date clothes. Nothing even remotely slutty - wouldn't want people to get the wrong idea - but Anne's body could make anything sexy, especially skin-tight jeans and a form-fitting sweater.

The manic look was back. And even though she no longer looked tired, it was like she was slipping in and out of drowsiness. Every now and again she'd lose focus in her eyes for a few seconds, and then drift back into alertness. It was weird, but I didn't really waste any time thinking about it - I had other things on my mind.

She sat on the end of the bed again. Despite having gone twice that evening already (and once that morning, if we're being honest) just seeing the sexy counsellor in my cabin was enough to rouse my penis again.

"I was just wondering..." she started, then paused. I wasn't giving her anything. I wasn't complaining at all, but her behavior was weirding me out a bit, and I wanted to make sure that what happened was her choice, that I wasn't forcing her into anything.

After a full minute had passed, she continued.

"I was just wondering if I could, y'know. Watch you again." In response to my blank stare, she rolled her eyes and spelled it out. "I want to watch you masturbate."

There's something sexy about watching someone as pure as Anne say 'masturbate.' It's a word that you just don't expect from someone with her innocent looks. If my penis was waking up when she entered the cabin, it was completely alert and ready to go after hearing her swear.

"Why? I thought you saw everything you wanted to see last night."

"Well, yeah." She paused and thought. Subconsciously she knew why she wanted to see it again, but her conscious mind had to come up with an excuse, a justification. "But I don't know if I really saw everything. Would you mind?"

That was the first time I saw her...look. It was a real heart-melter. She told me later that she used it on her father every time that she wants to use the car, and on boys whenever she needed a favour, or a date (not that she needs to do much to get a date).

Anne threw me the heart-melter, which did anything *but* melt other parts of me. Honestly, I was tempted to see how much she wanted to watch me. But knowing what I did then, I didn't want to push my luck, just in case she changed her mind.

It was essentially just a repeat of the previous night. I jerked off, she watched - this time she asked a couple of questions and didn't jump back when I came - but nothing was majorly different. After I was done, she practically ran out of the cabin, and I was left puzzled and sticky.

This continued every night for first week of the three-week camp - Anne came into my cabin, made some weak excuse as to why she had to watch me masturbate, and sat entranced as I did.

Week Two: It wasn't until Wednesday the next week that she finally summoned up the courage to do more than watch.

It had almost become a routine - I'd wait each night for her knock, and we didn't even need to discuss it. I'd pull myself out, she'd settle down at the end of my bed...

But this night, I'm pretty sure it was a Wednesday, she touched my arm before I started. "Could I try it?"

Despite the weirdness of what we were doing, I was still surprised. I mean, watching for educational reasons is one thing, but I'm pretty sure that playing with a cock was crossing some kind of religious line.

"Are you sure?" I asked, and then realised the ridiculousness of what I was asking. Anne didn't do anything without being sure.

She nodded, and I sat back. I still look back at that as one of the most erotic moments of my life - the blonde counsellor's small, cold hand wrapping around my cock, her looking up at me nervously as she stroked it back and forth.

The last week had certainly served its educational purpose - Anne had picked a lot up, and as her hands went to work, I let out a moan without even realising. She shushed me, worriedly, and we both broke out in the giggles again.

"How am I doing?" she asked, as our muffled laughter subsided.

I don't know if you've figured it out, but Anne has a pretty big head. Not literally; I mean she's arrogant and stuff. So, I decided that I wasn't going to add to that, and instead of gushing about her skill, I gave her some pointers. She listened intently, and once I was done, started again, incorporating my tips.

At this point, I started to figure that *something* was up. People don't just start jerking off campers for no reason, y'know? But I didn't connect it with Brad or anything. It played in the back of my mind, while the rest of me just relaxed and enjoyed what remains one of the greatest handjobs of my life.

After less than two minutes, I was firing my stuff. Anne looked worried.

"It normally takes longer than that! Did I do it wrong?"

Remembering my earlier resolve I assured her that she'd get better, and she nodded seriously, apologised, and left the cabin.

This repeated itself for the next two days - she'd let herself in, jerk me off, ask for feedback, and go back to her room. I laughed when a few months later she showed me a notebook that she'd kept. Every piece of advice I gave her, she had faithfully written down and memorised.

Thursday night, she took it another step forward. Again, at the time I believed her justifications, but some part of my mind was aware that *something* was going on.

"It makes such a mess, doesn't it?"

This was the first time she'd ever spoken while jerking me off. Normally she was completely focused on my cock, treating it like it was the center of her universe (which, honestly, was pretty amazing just in itself.)

I wasn't really listening. I never told her this, but getting these handjobs were the greatest thing I'd ever experienced. Better than eating my favourite meal while watching my favourite film with my favourite people.

It had definitely made this the best Bible Camp I'd ever gone to.

It was possible I was going to hell for being jerked off like this nightly, but I would happily have sold my soul just for one more orgasm from her perfect little hands. It's hard to experience that and hold a conversation at the same time.

"Huh?" I said, and she slowed down slightly to get my full attention.

"It makes a mess, doesn't it? When you...y'know. Mess."

"When I come, Anne." I corrected. Any advice I gave her about sex she lapped up, and I was trying to get her to talk dirty. Just for the fun of it, really.

“Oh yeah. Sorry. When you come, when you spill your seed...it makes a bit of a mess, hey?”

“No, no, it’s fine.” I wasn’t really sure where she was going and didn’t want her to find an excuse to stop. “I can clean it up, no worries.”

“Oh, okay.” She looked disappointed but renewed the handjob with vigour. She’d somehow picked up this trick where she’d use two hands, or have one playing with my balls while the other stroked me.

“It’s just, I was thinking...”

“Hmm?”

“If it would be cleaner, I could just, y’know. Swallow it.”

I almost came then and there but managed to control myself.

“Are...what? Are you sure?”

“Yeah,” Anne said, thoughtfully. Her eyes seemed to drift away, but her hands didn’t slow down for a second. “I was just thinking, y’know. It would be cleaner.”

I pretended to think it over.

“Look,” I said, “if you want to. But I don’t want you spitting it out - if you take it in your mouth, you have to swallow it. It’s rude, otherwise.”

Anne nodded. I loved this power she gave me, the way she treated everything I said about sex as if it was straight from the Bible or something. Had I thought of it, I could have told her that you could only do a handjob while naked and she probably would have gone for it. As it was, I had only seen the outline of her nipples against her pajama top (though I spent a lot of our time together imagining the rest of her.)

So, I gave her a few seconds warning before I came, and she put her mouth around my head. The head of my penis, not my head. The end of my penis.

She put her mouth around my head, and an odd, patient look appeared on her face. The feeling of warmth around my dick was a new one - a handjob is just like a better type of masturbation but having someone put their mouth on you was a whole different thing.

I accidentally thrust forward as I came, but she adjusted and took half my cock in her mouth without complaint. Her nose curled in disgust as my seed entered her mouth, but as promised, she swallowed it all down.

“Thanks, Brodie.” She hadn’t thanked me since that first night. I just nodded, and she left the room.

It was getting close to midnight the next night when she snuck into my room. Just as I was so sure that she wouldn’t on that second night, it was now a guarantee that she would be there, every night, ready to jerk me off.

This time, there were no words. She came in, I took myself out, and she jerked me off until I came. This time, she could tell when I was about to come though, and again that patient look appeared on her face and she put her mouth around me.

Even once I’d learned about the hypnosis, it took me almost six months before I put two and two together. That night’s programming must have been about enjoying the taste of cum, craving it, because when I spurted into her mouth, there was no look of disgust.

Instead, there was a look...you know how a cat looks when it’s really proud of itself? Or no, actually, a cat when you give it a bowl of great cat food, or a fish or something. You know how a cat looks both satisfied and proud, like it has somehow earned the fish? That’s the best way I can describe the look on Anne’s face.

I came, and she looked simultaneously happy, satisfied, proud of herself, and...content.

Blissful, like all her dreams had come true. Still without a word, she leaned over and kissed me on the mouth, just a peck, and left the room.

I don't know if it was the silence, or the look of satisfaction on her face, or even the kiss, but for the first time, Anne left me needing to jerk off straight after one of her visits. It didn't take long for nightly hand-jobs to turn into nightly blow-jobs. And it shouldn't have surprised me, but Anne was amazing. Admittedly I didn't have anything to compare it to, but sheer passion alone must have put her ahead of the field.

She didn't just suck a cock, she worshipped it. Every part of her body somehow became involved, and she made you feel like your pleasure was what gave her pleasure. It never got samey, either - each night was a whole different experience.

The fact that she was gorgeous, Christian, and two years older than me probably made it hotter, but anyone could have given those blowjobs and I would have been impressed.

And all of this without me seeing a single inch of her skin. It was starting to drive me wild - I was getting nightly blowjobs from the most sexy, gorgeous girl in the world, and I hadn't seen anything that the average camper didn't see.

That wasn't the only thing that was annoying me, either. No one else at the camp, for obvious reasons, knew about what we were doing, and so I still had to get up at six for morning worship. Six-thirty on weekends, but still. As my stamina grew, our nightly sessions were getting longer, some nights I wasn't getting to sleep until 1am.

Anne was a counsellor, while I was just a camper. She had the power, and even though she was on her knees for me every night, I didn't feel like I could order her around or anything like that.

Had I insisted, or threatened to cut her off, she almost certainly would have done what I said. But doing anything to risk the end of the blowjobs would have been ridiculous, so I never got the nerve up to ask her about maybe taking off some clothes.

But I did ask her about Brad.

Dangerous, I know. But...I dunno, maybe I was jealous. If she was coming into my room to give me head, what was she doing with *her boyfriend*? So I asked if she was really serious about him. I guess my fantasy was that she'd break up with him and start dating me, instead. Anne insisted she was. She didn't go into any details, her eyes just defocused, and she said that date nights were important. That Brad was important.

Maybe I should've dropped it there, but I didn't. I asked her...jeez this was dumb, looking back. I asked her what she was doing with him. If she gave him head, like me, or jerked him off, or what. I don't even know what answer I was expecting, but in that moment, I had to know. "Of course not," she replied, to my surprise. "I'd never do anything like this with him. That would be completely inappropriate." I sometimes wonder if God gave teenagers stupidity so that we'd continue the species. So many girls from my town graduate high school pregnant, and I think if teenagers were just a bit smarter, the human race would be at serious risk of dying out.

For example, if your hot camp counsellor is giving you mind-blowing oral sex each and every night of the week, and admits that she's seeing her boyfriend in a completely non-sexual way, it would be pretty stupid emotion to still feel jealous, right?

She freely admitted that there was nothing sexual going on between them, and I believed her. But I still felt outrageously, *stupidly* jealous, and so the next night I sneaked into the back of Brad's car and went along with them during a date.

It's one of those things I'd often thought about, how Anne behaved on a date. When she was in camp counsellor mode, she was so professional, so strict and serious and not-at all flirty.

It's like trying to imagine your father getting in trouble at work, or your mother during sex. It's a part of their life that you don't get to see, them behaving in a whole different dynamic to the one you see them in.

Of course, I also got to see my counsellor in a way that no one else got to see. Taking my cock into her mouth, worshipping it with her tongue. I still couldn't believe how lucky I was. But yeah – had I imagined Anne on a date, it definitely wouldn't have been anything like what I saw. Like I said, she's isn't the giggly type, but it was obvious that she really liked Brad, so a bit of nervousness or something would have made sense. Instead, she got into his car and they sat silently as they drove out of the campgrounds and into the woods. I was hidden in the back seat, under some old blankets Brad kept in there for some reason. As long as I didn't sneeze or wriggle around, they wouldn't see me, and I'd piled everything in such a way that I had a small but clear view of the front seats. I was counting on them not getting into the back seat to fool around – as Anne had assured me she wouldn't. A bit dumb, in retrospect, considering she was cheating on her boyfriend with me, each and every night. But still...I trusted her. I don't know why, but I did.

If I thought Anne's behavior was weird while they drove, (which I did) it got even weirder when they stopped the car, on a random sidestreet. He turned to her, made eye contact, and snapped his fingers once. Anne didn't say anything or visibly move, but I could somehow sense that her eyes had unfocused again. Brad snapped his fingers once more, and she slumped back in the car seat like she was asleep.

Hidden under an old picnic blanket in the back seat, I was freaking out. What had Brad done to Anne?? Was she drugged, dead, sick? Should I do something? If he snapped his fingers at me, would I collapse as well? My brain was running at a million miles a second, while Brad drove the car at a much more reasonable pace. I couldn't quite see where we were going, but after about ten minutes I realised we were well out of town.

Just as I was about to leap out of the blankets and confront Brad, for (I assumed) drugging his girlfriend and driving her out of town to date-rape her, he stopped the car, and Anne woke up.

Well, "woke up" isn't the right term for it. She still had that weird, glassy, unfocused feel to her, but she definitely sat up, and made eye-contact with Brad again.

"Anne."

Brad's voice was...it wasn't like I'd ever heard him talk before. It was deeper, rich. It was like...you know that black guy who plays Darth Vader? Take his voice and combine it with the black guy who plays God in that Jim Carrey movie. Brad was white, but his voice sounded like a deep, rich, smooth black guy's voice.

I was confused and furious, but even I would have trusted that voice.

"Anne," he said. "Anne, you feel sexy."

For the first time on the date, Anne spoke. Well, moaned.

"Mmmmmmm."

"Anne, you feel sexy. You are a sexy creature. You are a sexual being. You love sex. You were built for sex. Sex is sexy. Sex, sex, sex."

Anne started to squirm around her seat a bit. Her hands started to go up and down her body, like she was caressing herself. When she was coming up the bed to put her mouth on my cock, she...I dunno how else to put it, she slithered up. It was one smooth, silky motion, and that's sort of what she was doing now. Only her hands were moving, but I could swear she was slithering around the car seat.

I don't know if this is too much information or something, but I have to admit – I got hard.

Watching the camp counsellor moan and touch herself is pretty sexy in itself, but on top of that, I had to agree with Brad. Anne *was* built for sex. Fuck she was hot.

"Tell me, Anne, tell me how you feel."

"Mmmm," she moaned again. Her voice breathy, almost panting, but still strong. "I feel sexy. I was built for sex. My hands are sexy, my hands were built for sex. My hands know how to make guys happy. My mouth is sexy, my mouth was built for sex. I know how to use my mouth to make guys happy. My hands were built for cock. My mouth was built for cock. My body is for sex, I want to be used for sex..."

Every time she said sex, her voice got a little bit higher, a little bit less controlled.

"It's right for men to use you for sex."

"It's right for men to use me for sex."

"When you see a cock, what will you want to do with it?"

"I'll want to suck it."

"The first cock you see, what will you want to do with it?"

"I'll want to worship it with my hands, worship it with my mouth."

"The first cock you see, what will you think of it?"

Her hands stopped caressing her body. One snaked down to between her legs, to where I couldn't see. The other extended two fingers, and she started sucking on them, she started using her mouth on them in ways that were extremely familiar to me.

"I will love it."

Masturbation was something that was still a guys-only sort of idea to me, but I could see Anne's arm moving around down there, and I was starting to get the idea.

"Stop, Anne."

Two words from Brad, and she froze. Literally froze - I couldn't see a single tremor, a single muscle moving on her body. It was amazing.

Brad leaned in, and Anne's face turned to face his.

"You can't come until today's lesson is complete. Do you understand?"

"Yesssssss", she hissed, like a sexually frustrated kettle.

"Your hands are made for cock. Your mouth is made for cock. But God gave you more gifts than those."

For the first time, Brad reached out and touched Anne. He steered her hand to her sweater - it was one of those ones that button down the front. It was pink, woolen. The little old ladies in church loved it, and she always got a few comments when she wore it on Sundays.

He moved her hand to her buttons, and pushed the sides of it, like he was clicking a mouse or something. Almost like it was happening without Anne's control, the hand deftly started unbuttoning, starting from the top. He led the hand halfway down and released it - the hand froze again, as still as it had been before he'd touched it.

I couldn't clearly see from that angle, but I worked out later that she wasn't wearing a shirt or a blouse, just that sweater, and a black bra underneath. I don't know much about bra sizes or cup sizes or anything like that, but Anne was certainly not lacking. She wore clothes that masked it, but more than a few of my friends had asked me if I'd ever seen her tits - they were probably her sexiest feature, behind those huge blue eyes of hers.

Brad leant right in and spoke directly into Anne's ear - his voice was just a whisper, but it was a small ear, and I could still hear what he was saying.

"Your tits, Anne."

She shuddered. Maybe she hid her tits because she thought they were disgusting, maybe she

was so aroused by what Brad was going to say next, but it was a strong shudder. A shudder of either pure revulsion or exquisite excitement.

“Your boobs. Your jugs. Your cans. Your hooters, your funbags, your norks, your titties.”

Every time he came out with another slang term, she shuddered again.

“Your breasts, Anne. Your breasts were made to please men. You were made to please men. Use your tits to make men happy. Your tits were made for cock. Do you understand?”

She hissed again. It wasn't even a word, this time. I could see little flecks of spittle land on Brad's forehead. He ignored them.

“The first cock you see will become your life. You will worship it, you will adore it. You will do anything and everything to keep access to that cock. You will love that cock in every way you know how. If you're given a choice between God and that cock, between heaven and one more chance to play with it, which will you pick?”

For the first time, I saw a bit of struggle in Anne. Everything else Brad had said, she'd agreed with so quickly it was like it was her idea. But this, this choice between her faith and sex, this seemed to be a battle that Brad might not win.

I glanced over at Brad. He sat there calmly and coolly, watching her intently. He didn't seem flapped at all - like if he lost, that was fine, all part of the game.

A full minute passed, maybe longer. It can be hard to tell when you're in the back seat of a car, watching someone's mind fight itself. Brad and Anne were still making eye contact, and most of the worry had gone out of Anne's eyes. She still hadn't answered Brad's question, but she seemed to have reached a place of calm within her own head.

Brad reached over, and like he had with the buttons earlier, moved her hand to between her legs, and let go. Anne's eyes rolled back slightly, and the look of bliss returned.

She whispered so softly I wasn't sure if I'd imagined it.

“Louder, Anne. God can't hear you.”

“Cock! Cock, cock, cock!”

Brad laughed, a sharp bark that seemed completely out of place with his calm, soothing voice. He started the car, but before he started reversing, said two words to his girlfriend.

“Lesson complete.”

Suddenly I understood why he had to drive so far away from the camp for this, besides the risk of being caught. Anne's orgasm was loud and long, and we were almost back to the campgrounds before she completely came down from it and stopped panting.

Brad snapped his fingers twice. The first time focused Anne - she stared straight into his eyes again. He smiled, snapped them a second time, and (just like when he first got in the car) she slumped back, dead to the world, only awakening at the sound of his door closing.

She sat there in silence for several minutes. I mean, I don't know what else I was expecting - people don't normally talk to themselves while they're alone in a car. It would have been nice if she had though, I was dying to know what she was thinking.

It's another one of those things that you don't really think about much. What does someone like Anne think about? Is she nervous before a date? What does she think of you? Of course, my questions a bit more specific than that - I wanted to know how this was all sinking into her head, how she was reacting to what Brad had said.

I was still processing it myself. Most of me didn't believe it. Or didn't want to believe it, anyway.

The alternative didn't really make sense, but my mind was still holding onto that. I preferred the idea that Anne had spontaneously started coming into my cabin at night, that she

had been...I dunno, overcome by lust. Her body *was* built for sex. I guess I'd just figured the natural course of events was taking over. Like I said, my theory didn't really hold water.

It felt like almost half an hour before Anne slipped out of the car. I waited another few minutes before leaving myself, heading back to my cabin. I waited nervously, perched on the edge of my bed. If Anne came in and nothing new happened, maybe it meant that what Brad was doing was unrelated, it was just some weird game they played. If I finally got to see her tits, it meant he really had done something to her.

I wasn't sure which one I was hoping for more.

Eleven pm came along before the counsellor entered my cabin. The second I saw her, my heart sank and my cock rose - I don't know how she did it, but she was wearing her night gown, her staid, plain, virtuous Christian night gown - she was wearing it in such a way that it showed more cleavage than the girls on the red carpet she looked down on.

Her eyes darted down to her generous display, and then up to mine. A small, meek, satisfied smile came onto her face as she saw how much I was enjoying the view.

I wish I could say I took the moral high ground, realised that Anne was here against her own will and stopped everything then and there. But something about it just seemed so natural, so right. I was a man, and she was unbelievably sexy. It was right for me to use her for sex. Her body was built for it.

She didn't stop me as I reached out and pulled down her top. She didn't say anything as I stared at her magnificent rack, just arched her back slightly and bit her lip. She didn't do anything but moan as I reached out and slowly started to caress her nipples.

She did speak when I leant forward and applied my mouth.

"Yes," she hissed. "Lick me. Suck my tits. Do it..."

I could have done nothing but play with her teats all night, but after a few minutes of suckling the sexy blonde's mouth-watering nipples, her mouth inevitably moved down to my cock. We came simultaneously that night.

When Anne left that night, I couldn't sleep. My emotions were flying, and I couldn't work out what to do. I couldn't keep on doing what I was doing with my counsellor, I just couldn't. But at the same time, I couldn't stop.

The next night, she convinced me to fuck her breasts. It didn't make my decision any easier.

Week Three:

"I think I'm going to marry Brad," Anne told me on the second-last night of camp. She'd just finished sucking my cock (we alternated between titty-fucking and head), and she had that glazed look in her eyes. Our nightly visits had continued. Every night, I was resolute that I was going to turn her away...but every night, I let her into my cabin. I almost choked at her confession, I managed to cover it up with a cough. If I was really the good guy I was trying to be, my initial thought would have been worrying for her well-being...but honestly, my first reaction was jealousy. I wanted Anne all to myself. She was mine. "I'm really looking forward to it," Anne continued. Her eyes were unfocused, and she was swaying slightly.

Shit. Thinking about it, I'm not sure how Brad managed to convince everyone he was the perfect little Christian that he clearly wasn't. Was he hypnotizing more than just the blonde girl sitting in front of me? Or maybe Anne's recommendation was good enough because she'd never been wrong before. About anything.

I knew I had to do something. I couldn't let Brad take Anne. He'd probably expose himself to her on their honeymoon. I had so many questions - would that cancel me out? Would she now be addicted to two cocks?

I didn't know what to do. I definitely didn't want this hypnotising scumbag to take advantage of my blonde I'd grown *quite* fond of, so I knew I had to do something fast. I knew I had to tell her what was happening, what Brad was doing.

But I didn't. She slipped out before I could formulate a response, and I didn't get a chance to talk to her at any point the next day. Anne snuck into my room the next night, as normal. Over the past week our relationship hadn't progressed - it was still just oral and occasional toplessness (though she had started playing with herself while pleasing me, which was new and interesting) - but her dress code had been updated, presumably as a result of Brad's sessions.

She had started wearing underwear - at first just her boring stodgy bras and panties, but over the course of the week they had gotten sexier and sexier. Brad must have been supplying her with them, because I very much doubt Anne had packed them to counsel a bunch of teenagers. Tonight's number was a g-string and a half-cup bra, which was something I'd never even heard of before Anne started wearing it for me. I have no idea what her excuse would have been if anyone had seen her as she made her way to my cabin. She wasn't wearing it under a robe or anything like that. Knowing Anne, she probably could have explained it away. "No everyone, it's fine. It's for Halloween."

She looked at me with a cute puzzled expression when I slapped her hand away. Not like slapped slapped, but stopped her from opening my fly, as had become our routine.

"Anne," I said, "we have to talk."

I patted the bed next to me, and she sat down. Her nipples were at attention, but I resisted playing with them. They were perfect little red buds, built to please men. She noticed me staring and smiled. This time I actually did have to slap her hand away from my erection.

"Anne," I said again. "Have you ever wondered...why we're doing this?"

She looked thoughtful for a second, then shook her head.

"I mean, you know it's not normal, right? You're sneaking into my cabin each night, you dress up like you're my plaything." (her smile came back at that, eager and proud.)

"I'm not your boyfriend. We shouldn't be doing any of this. Every night, we're...we're practically fucking!"

That was a bad choice of words. She bit her lip. her eyes vagued out and rolled back, and a soft moan escaped her lips.

"Anne, focus!"

Another thing that had been changing - not only in the last week, though I had definitely noticed it more since witnessing her date - was that Anne was becoming more and more submissive. Most noticeably with me, but she was doing it with everyone, or at least every male. The elderly campground owner, bringing groceries into the kitchen, had asked her to give him a hand with the door, and she had almost tripped herself on her rush to open it.

So, when I snapped at her to focus, she immediately sat up, started staring me intensely in the eyes, and tried to answer my question.

Well, she didn't try very hard.

"Is something wrong?" she asked. "I thought...I thought you were enjoying this."

"Yes," I said, and immediately regretted it when her eyes rolled back again, "but why? Why are we doing this?"

I don't know if it was a part of Brad's programming, or the young woman's natural ability to make everything revolve about her, but she looked down at her exposed tits, and frowned.

"I thought...I thought you'd like this. I thought it-"

I cut her off.

“Anne, not the point!”

“It’s okay,” she smiled back at me. “I can take it all off.”

As I sat and watched Anne unhook her bra and slide down her panties, I realised three things. Firstly, my life had changed so much that I was actually struggling to remember what life was like before the day I flashed Anne. Secondly, my counselor had changed so much that she was almost unrecognisable – the Anne of two weeks ago would never have shaved her pussy, let alone done it because I’d let slip that I thought it was sexy a few nights earlier.

And thirdly, Brad’s programming must have been nearing an end, because I was pretty sure Anne was about to try to fuck me.

I’d never really thought about sex much before.

Well no, that’s a lie. I’d thought about sex plenty, and in great detail. But I’d never thought about sex as something that could actually happen to me. Whenever I’d played with myself, I’d imagined someone cute and willing. Enthusiasm is sexy, even when it’s just enthusiasm that you’re imagining. No one gets off thinking about having sex with someone who’s not really interested in them.

But even in my wildest fantasies, I’d never thought it would be with someone as cute, willing, and overwhelmingly enthusiastic as Anne was.

Before you judge me for what happened next, I want to make it clear that I did try to stop her. I said “no” several times; maybe not as loudly and forcefully as I could have, but the word definitely came out of my mouth. I did nothing to encourage her; I tried to push her away, but my hands kept on ending up on her sizeable tits, and once you’ve got your hands on a set of amazing breasts, it’s sort of hard to take them away, y’know?

And when I finally summoned up the will to tell her it wasn’t happening, her mouth sort of landed on mine.

Anne wasn’t my first kiss. I’d gone to a mixed-sex camp once, and a girl there had thought I was cute. It wasn’t anything serious - I was eleven - but I just want to make it clear that I’d kissed a girl before, okay?

Having said that, Anne was my first kiss with tongue. If you’ve ever got a hot naked girl writhing on your bed, and forcing her tongue into your mouth, then you can judge me for what happened next.

In short, we fucked.

I had no idea Anne’s feet were as nimble as they were. While she was kissing me and holding my hands onto her tits, one of her feet managed to pull down my pyjamas and underpants. She lowered herself down on me - she was so aroused that my cock had no trouble parting her pussy lips, so wet that the resistance was almost non-existent, so ready that she took my entire shaft in one agonisingly slow move.

Maybe part of her “training” had been researching it online, maybe she was just naturally skilled at it (as she was so many things in life), but even though it was our first time, it was absolutely perfect. She knew what muscles to squeeze, her little moans and squeals remain the sexiest thing I’ve ever heard, and even though she spent most of it with her eyes rolled back in her head in bliss, she was able to gauge exactly when I was about to come and focus her energies on cumming at the same time.

During most of Anne’s nightly visits, she’s had her mouth full. I don’t think either of us were prepared for the noise that she made as we simultaneously came, as I spurted inside of her and she rhythmically tightened around me. It was loud and joyful, and I fully expected someone from another cabin to come bursting through the door and catch us.

Perhaps Brad really had gotten to everyone else at the camp, perhaps it just felt louder to me because I was inside her at the time, but our post-coital panting was not interrupted by anyone bursting through the cabin door. After a few minutes, I sat up and just appreciated the vision in front of me - the hottest girl I'd ever met, naked, covered in sweat, panting with a giant, satisfied smile on her face, having just been fucked for the first time - by me. I leaned over and slowly licked from her nipple to her neck. She closed her eyes and sighed blissfully.

"Again?"

I'm not going to lie; I could have gone again. And again, and again, until morning. I could have gone until we both collapsed from exhaustion, or until our parents literally had to pull us apart. But it was at this moment that I realised the sudden power in my hands.

Anne not only enjoyed my cock inside of her, she was literally addicted. Now that she'd gone once, the floodgates would be down. I suddenly had no fear - there was nothing I could ask that she wouldn't do, because in my rapidly re-hardening cock, I had all the power.

I stood up.

"Anne," I said, my voice suddenly stronger than I remembered it ever being in conversation with another person. "You're not going to marry Brad."

Before her eyes had a chance to glaze over, I continued.

"After camp ends, you won't ever be seeing him again."

She sat up and started to object, but I interrupted.

"The day we get home, you'll ring him and you'll leave a message. You'll tell him that you know what he's been doing and that you don't ever want to see him again. You'll tell him that if he comes near you again, you'll go to the police. And if he ever approaches you, you'll run away and call me immediately. Do you understand?"

I'll never get sick of that sight, my beautiful camp counsellor with her big blue eyes, kneeling topless in front of me, submissively nodding.

"Now come over here and clean me off."

Her eyes lit up at the very prospect of licking the sweat and juices off of my cock, and my eyes rolled back as she began.

Epilogue:

Brad left town without issue. I supervised the phone call the next morning, making sure that Anne got her whole spiel out without letting him get a word in. I closed the phone as soon as he started to reply - Anne's eyes had already begun to glaze over. He didn't fight it; the more I think about it, the more I reckon he was meddling with something he didn't fully understand, and when it backfired he just found a way to get back to the city, or at least to a new town where no one knew what he was up to.

Since that night, Anne and I were inseparable. We fucked at night, we fucked in the morning, and if we shared a free period at school we'd fuck in the bathroom. We got so good at it that all we needed was 10 minutes and a closed-off area. Anne's enthusiasm never waned, and her technique never stopped improving. One time she followed me into the bathroom at church - no one suspected a thing when we returned with slightly ruffled clothing and hair.

After all, who would suspect the leader of the Chastity Club, the most beloved, most holy, most wholesome girl in town of taking another member of the congregation into the bathroom and bouncing up and down on his cock for a quarter of an hour?

You'd think I'd tire of her, but her passion never got old, and her array of underwear and costumes (to this day I can't work out when she gets the time to make costumes) meant that being with her was always fresh, always as good as that first time.

I struggled with it morally, for a while, but any time I got close to rationalising ending it, Anne would come into my room, and one look into those blue eyes, one look at that body that was so clearly built for sex, and I was back in. It would have been a waste to let a body like that be used for anything else, y'know?

The only trouble we ran into was about two months later, when the inevitable happened. I guess in New York they teach it differently, so Brad thought he'd never have to worry about it, but here in the Bible Belt, we don't have much in terms of sexual education. I'd noticed that Anne's breasts were slightly bigger, puffier, but I don't claim to be an expert on breasts. For all I knew, that was just what happened after a few months of being played with daily.

My parents were surprisingly calm about it. Like I said, it happened to most of the graduating class each year. We had to get married, of course, but everyone fusses over her, including me; if she wants a glass of water, it's in her hand before she's finished the sentence. If she wants half an hour alone with me, they don't question it. I try to take care of her in my own way; by making sure she's never deprived of her obsession for too long.

It was the best Bible Camp I'd ever been to.