

THE CHASE

A SUMMER CAMP SWINGERS STORY

NICK SCIPIO



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Brooke studied her chest in the mirror. The sports bra claimed to have “baseball cups,” but she wondered if the designers had ever *seen* a baseball. Her breasts looked like first base instead.

Still, she tried bouncing. Then she jogged in place. Her breasts moved, although not as much as she’d expected. The elastic was tight, after all, at least as tight as a racing swimsuit, and those things were like heat-shrink tubing.

God, you’re such a nerd, she thought. *Heat-shrink tubing? Seriously? No wonder you’re still single.*

She grabbed her tank top and pulled it on. Then she tugged her ponytail free and shook it loose. She turned sideways, checked herself in the mirror again, and wondered—for the nth time—what it would be like to be flat-chested.

Men might take her seriously. They might even realize she was intelligent, although that posed its own set of challenges. Most guys were intimidated when they realized how smart she was, and she refused to play dumb for the sake of their egos. She’d met a few who weren’t intimidated, usually because they were geniuses themselves, but most had been hopelessly shy or so nerdy that she couldn’t stand them.

“Why can’t I meet a normal guy with brains?” she wondered aloud.

The mirror didn’t have any answers.

She snorted. What did it know? It was just glass—silicon dioxide, sodium carbonate, and calcium oxide—with thin layers of tin and silver.

“And the fact that you know that—”

She sighed.

Great. Now you’re talking to yourself. Way to go, B! A psycho redhead... That’s every guy’s fantasy!

Brooke jogged across the street and slowed to a stop when she reached the park. She closed her eyes to enjoy the sun on her face and the smell of the ocean. Unfortunately, she immediately thought of sunscreen. She’d been so excited about the new bra that she’d completely forgotten. Sometimes she hated being fair-skinned, but it came with the territory.

She couldn’t do anything about it at the moment, so she started jogging up the wide path. It wasn’t very busy, even for midmorning on a Friday. The serious runners came early. Now it was mostly older couples out for a stroll, or moms with kids too young for school. None of them were likely to stare at her.

She ran at her usual pace, which didn’t make her ponytail swing too much. Her breasts didn’t bounce too much either, which was a major relief.

She’d been jogging about ten minutes when she heard someone approaching from behind. She automatically moved right, but the other runner slowed as he drew near. She could tell it was a man from the heavy footfalls. She sighed. He was probably looking at her ass. Sometimes she hated being pretty, too.

“Hey.”

And now he was hitting on her. What did he think this was, a nightclub? She ignored him.

"I thought that was you."

Lame.

"Brooke!"

She snapped out of her "go away" trance. Then she glanced to her left and saw who it was. Rich Carmichael. She stumbled and nearly fell. She recovered, although she felt her cheeks flush in embarrassment.

"You okay?" he asked.

"Of course. I'm fine. You startled me." Her feet and brain finally started communicating again. She returned to her normal pace, and Rich matched her easily.

"Sorry about that," he said.

"I thought you were some random loser."

"No, not random," he chuckled.

He didn't even answer the "loser" taunt. He drove her nuts, he was so damn confident! At least he was cute, although in a cookie-cutter military way. San Diego was full of guys like that. What made him so special?

She tried not to think about it. Instead, she studied him out of the corner of her eye. He was only a couple of inches taller, and he was stocky, even for a man. He wore his hair a little longer, although it was still short. And he'd grown a mustache since she'd last seen him.

She didn't need to see his eyes to know what color they were, icy blue. She sighed. She'd had a weakness for eyes like his since she was sixteen. They were Chris's eyes, and *she* wasn't anything like him. She was an angel. He was a bully and a jerk.

"What're you doing here?" she said.

"What do you mean?"

"I thought you were... off somewhere. What do they call it?" She knew exactly what they called it, but she didn't want *him* to know that. He might think she actually cared. She didn't.

"Deployed," he said. "Yeah. For a while."

"Where to?"

"Just a place."

"Doing what?" *Something mean*, she guessed.

"Just a thing."

"A thing?"

"Yeah, with some guys." He could be so maddening sometimes. Sometimes? *All* the time.

"Can you *be* any more vague?" she said in mild annoyance.

"Probably."

They ran in silence for another minute. She tried to outlast him but couldn't. She decided to voice her frustration, with men in general and him in particular.

"No, of course not," she said.

He glanced at her. "Say again?"

"Not that you asked, but... I don't mind."

"Mind what?"

"If you join me."

"Oh, that." He snorted a soft laugh, so smug and self-assured. Then he checked his watch. "How far do you normally go?"

"Not that it's any of your business, but—"

"Yeah, okay. Message received. Sorry to intrude." He peeled off, turned around, and jogged back the way they'd come.

She twisted to look, but he was already thirty feet away and getting farther by the moment.

Damn him!

She rose early on Saturday and decided to go for a jog again. She really should go for a swim, but the weather was supposed to be nice. She remembered sunscreen and coated her face and arms. They were pink from the day before, which made her freckles look funny.

Why couldn't she have been normal? Just another average person in the crowd? She sighed. Again.

The running path was more crowded today. The weekend joggers were out, the guys who wanted to stay in shape but didn't have time during the week. They were the ones who stared the most, and she was glad that her new bra actually flattened her chest.

She settled into her normal pace and put on her “go away” expression.

She didn’t make eye contact, *ever*, but the men going the other way still stared. Some even turned to look at her ass when they passed. Didn’t they realize that everyone saw them do it? Did they even care? One guy actually wolf-whistled at her. She wanted to flip him off but didn’t have the guts.

Then she caught a flash of icy blue eyes coming toward her. The mustache threw her off for a moment, but she recognized Rich. She snorted to herself and waited for the inevitable glance at her chest. Guys couldn’t help themselves, even with the sports bra.

He met her eyes instead. He nodded once and jogged past without a word. She glanced back and waited for him to look at her ass, but he never did. She actually turned and watched *him* instead, and she nearly collided with a slower runner.

“Sorry,” she mumbled.

The slower guy tried to hit on her. She couldn’t believe it. He was in his forties, with a paunch and a wedding ring! She sped up and left the loser behind her.

Correction, she thought in a fit of pique, *losers*.

She tried to forget about Rich, but she passed him again on the next circuit. He acknowledged her with a nod and kept right on running without a backward glance.

Why was he so infuriating? Why couldn’t he be like other guys? Then she could ignore him. She *didn’t* like him, she told herself. Never had. He was a bully and a jerk.

She reached the end of the park across from her neighborhood and decided not to finish her run. She’d go for a swim instead. That was what she needed, a couple of miles in the pool, *without* Rich and his smug arrogance.

She woke on Sunday and groaned in dismay. She normally didn’t remember her dreams, but this one was clear and all too real—icy

blue eyes, and *not* the ones she'd fallen in love with. Rich was the opposite of Chris in almost every way.

Brooke rolled out of bed and reached for her swimsuit. She was halfway dressed before she realized she'd put on her running shorts and sports bra instead. She stared at herself in the mirror.

"What're you doing?"

The damn silicon dioxide didn't have the answer.

She finished getting dressed and pulled her hair into a ponytail. It was early enough that only the serious runners would be out. The middle-aged guys liked to sleep late on Sundays, warm in bed with their middle-aged wives. Besides, Rich wouldn't be out this early, would he?

The sun had just risen above the palm trees when she reached the park. The air was chilly, and she felt goosebumps on her arms and legs. She should've worn a track suit instead of her shorts and tank top. The exercise would keep her warm, though.

She set out at her usual pace but decided to speed up a bit. Her ponytail swung wildly behind her. Her breasts bounced more too, but they weren't all over the place like they would've been in a normal bra.

She overtook several runners before she spotted one ahead of her. He wore the same khaki shorts and white T-shirt as before. They were plain, probably Navy issue. And he seemed indifferent to the morning chill.

He heard her approaching and moved to the right, although he glanced back. He didn't falter like she had. He and Chris had the same natural grace. Brooke caught up with him and slowed to his pace.

"Hey," she said, as nonchalantly as she could. "I thought that was you."

He nodded but didn't react otherwise.

Brooke frowned. She'd thought it was a pretty good line. Most women wouldn't have remembered what he'd said to them. They jogged in silence for nearly a minute before she broke.

"I hope you don't mind," she said.

He looked at her sideways.

"That I joined you."

"I don't mind," he said. "But... why'd you do it?"

"What do you mean?"

"You obviously don't like me."

She didn't know what to say.

"I've been trying to leave you alone. I came early yesterday. Even earlier today."

She finally found her voice. "For real?"

"Of course."

They ran in silence, and she made the turn with him at the parking lot near the playground. She could feel him studying her as the jogged, but he didn't say anything.

"I like you fine," she said at last.

"Mmm."

"I do," she insisted.

"Okay."

She waited for him to say something else, but he just kept jogging.

Yeah, okay, he's nice enough, she admitted to herself, but you don't like him, not like that. He isn't your type.

He's a guy, isn't he? her nagging inner voice said. He's cute, too. And you know he's smart. Just fuck him.

I'm not like that, she insisted. I don't fuck random guys.

But he isn't random. You've known him for years.

And disliked him for almost as long!

She ran in silence and argued with herself. He glanced at her several times but mostly left her alone. Then they neared the entrance to the neighborhood. He checked his watch. It beeped as he pressed buttons.

"That's it for me," he said. "But I can keep going if you want."

"Why would you do that?" she snapped, belligerent all of a sudden.

"To keep guys from bothering you."

"Like, I need you to protect me?"

“Right. Forget I asked. Have a nice—”

“Wait! Stop. I’m sorry...”

They slowed to a walk, and she put her hands on her hips. She knew it drew attention to her chest, but she couldn’t help it. It was easier to breathe.

Rich wasn’t even winded, and he watched her with guarded interest. She caught him looking at her chest once, but he wasn’t obvious about it, not like other guys.

“Sorry,” she repeated. “I don’t know why I’m such a psycho.”

“You aren’t a psycho.” He nodded toward the jogging path and the other runners, the other men. “Besides, you have a right to be defensive.”

“Thanks.”

They fell silent, and he gestured toward the neighborhood. They crossed the main street and walked side by side until they reached the intersection where she needed to turn one way and he the other.

“You want me to walk you home?” he asked.

Yes, please. “No, that’s all right,” she said aloud.

“I don’t mind.”

“Sure, I guess.”

They walked in silence, although it didn’t feel awkward. It was nice instead, which bothered her more. She slowed to a stop when they reached her house. She tried to think of a way to invite him in—maybe to say hello to her parents—but she didn’t want to seem too forward. She didn’t want him to think she liked him at all. Because she didn’t.

“Here we are, safe and sound.” He smiled, and Brooke felt her heart race. He looked so much like Chris that she wanted to kiss him.

“It was good seeing you,” he continued. Then he tossed his chin toward the park. “I’ll be there early tomorrow, in case you wanna avoid me.”

She wanted to ask what time, but the moment passed before she could work up the courage. He smiled again, turned, and walked across the street. He didn’t look back.

Damn him.

Brooke showered and combed out her hair. It would take hours to dry on its own, but she needed to work on her dissertation.

Unfortunately, she couldn't stop thinking about *him*. Why? Even if she did actually like him, he was too old for her. He was thirty, wasn't he? Thirty-one? It didn't matter. He was practically middle-aged. And still single! What was wrong with him?

"That's the pot calling the kettle black," she snorted aloud.

She tried to force herself to work on her dissertation, but she couldn't concentrate. She decided to blow-dry her hair, and she added a little hairspray to hold it in place. Then she went back to work and spent a fruitless hour staring at columns of data. She took a break to do her makeup, but that didn't help either.

Finally, she pulled off her T-shirt and loose shorts. She opened the top drawer of her dresser and found a light blue bra and panty set, fancy but not too obvious. She knew exactly which pair of shorts she wanted, the white ones that showed off her legs. Then she searched through the closet until she found the blue sweater that matched her eyes. She pulled it on and checked her outfit in the mirror.

Unfortunately, the sweater was made to slide off one shoulder. Her bra strap showed when it did. She thought about changing it, but she didn't have a strapless one that matched her panties. She reached under the sweater, popped the catch on the bra, and slid the straps down the sleeves.

She pulled the bra free and tossed it onto the dresser. Then she studied herself in the mirror. She turned left and right. Her breasts moved naturally, without any support. She bounced experimentally, and her nipples stiffened where they rubbed against the soft wool of the sweater. The blue wasn't dark enough to hide the shadows, so he'd know she was braless.

"Well, you wanted to make an impression," she told her reflection. "Show him what he's missing."

"But why?"

You know why, her inner voice said.

"Psycho," she muttered aloud.

She hesitated like she always did. Then she shoved her feet into her shoes, grabbed her keys, and rushed out of the room before she could lose her nerve.

She didn't know where her parents were, but she called to them on the way out, "I'm going for a walk! Back later!"

Brooke jogged across the street and slowed to a walk on the other side. Anyone might see, and it was obvious she wasn't wearing a bra. She didn't want to look like the neighborhood slut, after all. She walked between two houses, skirted the Kleins' lemon trees, and picked her way through their side yard.

She crossed the next street and spotted Mr. McFadden. He was doing yard work, poor man. She waved to him, and he sneezed as soon as he saw her. Then he wiped his nose on a handkerchief and returned her wave. He looked miserable, but what choice did he have? His wife emerged from the garage.

"Oh, Brooke, dear. Don't you look nice."

"Thanks, Mrs. McFadden."

"Going to visit the Carmichaels? Are they back? I hadn't heard."

"No, just Rich," Brooke said.

"Such a nice boy," the old woman simpered. She looked again at Brooke's outfit, and her mouth turned down at the corners. "So... are you and Rich an item now?"

Brooke felt self-conscious for a moment, but the woman's disapproval made her angry instead of embarrassed. It was the eighties, and Brooke was a grown woman. She could do what she liked, with whom she liked, and she didn't need anyone's approval, least of all Phyllis McFadden's.

"No," Brooke said, deliberately indifferent, "we're keeping it casual."

"Oh, I see. Well, don't let me keep you."

"No." On a whim, Brooke smiled and waved goodbye to Mr. McFadden. The sweater pulled tight across her breasts and outlined them perfectly. His eyes widened. Then he sneezed, poor man.

"Nice to see you, Mrs. M.," Brooke said insincerely. "Take care of George."

She walked between the two houses and into the Carmichaels' backyard. Rich was sitting in the screen porch. He had his back to her and appeared to be reading, although he turned before she made it halfway through the yard. Damn him! She'd wanted to surprise him.

He stood and met her at the screen door.

"You again," he said. "To what do I owe—?"

"Do you have any water?"

His brows knitted in confusion, and Brooke felt a wave of doubt. This was the point where she always chickened out.

"I'm thirsty," she added.

"Yeah, of course." He stood aside and held the screen door for her, and she watched out of the corner of her eye. Sure enough, he checked out her ass as she walked past.

Yes!

She opened the kitchen door and walked inside without waiting for him. He followed, still slightly amused. She turned and felt her pulse race as she waited for him to make the first move. He closed the door instead. Then he arched an eyebrow.

Damn him.

He gestured toward the sink. "Do you—?"

She kissed him and felt a moment of panic. Then he put his hands on her waist. He lifted her easily, and she wrapped her legs around him. She kissed him harder, and he set her on the kitchen table.

He was a good kisser, and she wanted more. She slid her hands along his back, under his shirt. He pulled it off and tossed it aside. His chest was broad and muscular, with curly dark hair that led to his navel. She felt a wave of heat in her face and neck.

He kissed her again and raised the hem of her sweater. Her breasts lifted as the material caught. He tugged and the sweater slid

free. Her breasts fell, and her nipples stiffened in the cooler air. Rich gently pulled the sweater over her head, tossed it aside, and kissed her again, harder than before. She reached for the waistband of his shorts and slid a hand inside.

He grunted when her fingers closed around his dick. It was so hard, and she wanted to feel it inside her. But first she wanted to taste it, to feel it in her mouth, thick and insistent. She tried to say something but couldn't think of the words. And besides, her tongue was busy at the moment.

She moaned into his mouth when he squeezed her breast. His thumb brushed her nipple, and pleasure exploded behind her eyes. Her face and neck burned with heat. He leaned into her and she automatically leaned back. Her head bumped the wall, but she ignored it as his hands went to the button on her shorts. He pulled them off, along with her panties.

He paused in surprise, and she felt a wave of self-conscious dread, another reason she didn't sleep with random men. She kept her pubic hair shaved completely. Rich didn't say a thing, and she began to panic for real. She wished she hadn't come. She started to sit up, but he pushed her back and kissed her again.

His fingers parted her labia, and she moaned into his mouth. He spread her growing moisture, and the tingling in her chest moved to her abdomen. All of a sudden he sank to his knees and parted her thighs. She breathed hard through her nose and then arched her back when he teased her clit.

"I like it," he chuckled softly.

She relaxed when he planted a kiss on her smooth pussy. Then he buried his face and began licking for real. She ran her fingers through his hair and felt a flutter in her abdomen. He sucked her clit, and she cried out. She didn't want to come yet, not before she tasted him, but she didn't have a choice.

He swirled his tongue around her clit. Then he sucked it, and his fingers filled her. She clutched his hair and tried to curl into a ball around him. He didn't let up, didn't stop licking, didn't stop fucking her with his thick, strong fingers.

Her breath caught in her chest, and every muscle in her body contracted as pleasure erupted from deep within her. It spread outward and engulfed her completely. Every cell, every atom seemed to vibrate at the same frequency. The pitch rose until she thought she might explode. Then her brain switched off, complete with a little whine and pop like a cathode ray tube.

She eventually began processing again, and she grimaced. *A cathode ray tube? Seriously? God, you're such a nerd.*

She waited for other sensations to return. For a moment she simply enjoyed the sound of her own breathing. Then she relaxed her jaw and swallowed to moisten her mouth. She floated, detached from her body. Rich planted a kiss on her inner thigh, and she winced as he withdrew his fingers. Then she felt him stand. She tried to sit up, but he pushed her back, gentle but insistent.

She breathed hard through her nose and tried to concentrate through the aftershocks. Rich spread her thighs and pushed her knees toward her chest. Her calves rested on his forearms. They were muscular, solid.

"Is this okay?" he asked.

"God, yes."

He slid his dick along her channel. The head nudged her clit, and a bolt of pleasure shot through her. Then he angled his hips and eased into her. He was thick, and she felt the pressure inside her. Then his hips met hers, and she panted as a fresh wave of heat and moisture filled her. He kissed her, and she tasted her own juices. She pulled him down and kissed him harder.

He began thrusting. His dick moved inside her, filling her, spreading her, sending shivers up her spine. He sucked her nipples. His mustache prickled as he pressed his face into her soft, pliant breast. Then he bit down gently, and she hissed in pleasure.

He fucked her harder, and she could feel his pent-up desire through his hands on the backs of her legs. Her breasts bounced with every thrust. The table bumped the wall. His face was a mask of concentration, and she knew he was getting close. She wanted to say

something, to tell him to come in her mouth, but she couldn't form the words.

He grunted a moment later, and the feeling of fullness left her. A hot splash of semen landed on her stomach. His dick slid along her slick channel. Then it swelled, and another line of hot droplets splattered her skin. The final gushes ran down her pussy itself, but she wasn't worried about getting pregnant.

He bent forward and buried his face in the hollow of her shoulder. His breath felt hot on her neck, and her own gusted through her nostrils. His skin burned where it touched hers, but she was just as hot. They panted together as their breathing slowly returned to normal.

Brooke grinned to herself. She'd finally managed to wind him.

"Are you okay?" Rich said at last. He pushed up and looked down at her. "I didn't...?"

"I'm fine."

"Sorry about..." He gestured at her stomach and the small pool of semen that had collected in her navel. "I didn't know... um... where I should, you know."

She smiled. She'd never seen him at a loss for words. He was usually so confident, so full of himself. It was kind of cute.

"I normally use protection. Only, I didn't really have a choice this time. Sorry," he repeated. "I probably should've waited, but... well... you know. And now I'm chattering like an idiot. Great! Way to go, Carmichael."

"It's okay," she said, and her smile turned affectionate. He was so much like Chris that she couldn't help it. "I'm used to it."

He frowned but then made the connection.

"Yeah," she agreed.

"Is it weird? With me, I mean, a guy?"

"Seriously?" she laughed. "I've had boyfriends the whole time you've known me."

"Yeah, I know. But... I always thought... you know. You and Birdy. Nothing wrong with that, I suppose, but..."

"I like both. Obviously."

“Yeah.”

“Although,” she added, “it’s a little messier with guys.”

“Oh, shit! Sorry about that. Hold on.” He plucked his T-shirt from the floor and used it to wipe off her stomach. “Better?”

“Maybe.”

His brows knitted in confusion.

She reached between them and grasped his penis. The head was slippery with his own fluids, while the shaft was slightly sticky from hers. She stroked gently and felt it stiffen. Then she met his icy blue eyes.

“As long as there’s more where that came from,” she said.

The End

SUMMER CAMP GAZETTE

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Turbo

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Hi, I'm Nick Scipio, the creator of the *Summer Camp Swingers* universe.

I started writing sex stories when I was a teenager, before I was legally old enough to read them. I wrote regular stories too, ones I could share with teachers, family, and friends, but I never stopped thinking about sex and all the “what if...?” scenarios.

Fortunately, I led a fairly adventurous life through my teens and early twenties, so I have plenty of personal experience to draw from. Many of the things in my books actually happened to me, although plenty of them are pure fantasy, the product of my overactive imagination.

In addition, I have a talent for languages. I'm a natural mimic and can shift between accents and regional dialects in English. So my characters are more than just versions of me or people I know. I speak Spanish, too, along with several other romance languages at a conversational level. I'm not a polyglot savant or anything, but language is a huge part of my DNA.

Anyway, back to the stories. I stopped writing in my twenties and into my thirties, especially while I was working nonstop at a small software company. The small company grew into a medium-sized one, which was bought by an even larger company. By then I was managing development teams and directing entire projects.

I eventually reached a point where I was happy with my software career, and I found that I wanted to start writing again. It wasn't really a conscious decision—it was just something I did. It was an easy transition, because I've always been a storyteller. These days I simply

have a larger audience than my friends or a group of people at a party.

In any event, that's probably enough about me. You can join me on Patreon if you want to read more *Summer Camp Swingers* and be part of a fantastic group of people who love the story as much as I do. And if you want my free stories, you'll find everything on my website.

In the meantime, thanks for buying my books, and thanks for reading.

Sincerely,
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