**Equal Opportunity Offender**

by dazed

Carol beamed proudly as she stood there in her brown scout uniform. The Boy Scouts had officially accepted girls into their ranks, and she was the first to join her local troop. The scout leader introduced her to all the boys, then placed Eagle Scout, Jeremy in charge of the day’s field trip.  
  
Carol, along with five boys, ranging in age from 15-18 took the nature trail that would lead to the upper edge of the lake. Along the way, they were to look and catalog different types of leaves. Look for different species of birds, and wildlife.  
  
Everything went well until they all came to the lake. It was near noon and the summer heat was building. As Carol stood there, her mouth went agape as the boys suddenly began stripping off.  
  
“What you are you doing?” she gasped as bare butts and dangling cocks soon came into view.  
  
Jeremy looked at her with a sly grin as he began to reach for his underwear. “What we always do when we get the chance. We skinny dip and get credit for working on our swimming badges. If you want to be a part of us, then you will have to strip down as well. If you do not, I will report you as being uncooperative to the scout leader, and that could get you removed.”  
  
“I’m not getting naked in front of a bunch of guys!” Carol huffed.  
  
“You wanted in. wanted to be one of the guys. Here is your chance” Jeremy inquired as he dropped his underwear, making Carol turn her head in embarrassment.  
  
Carol was livid. It was true she wanted to be in the boy’s group, but that did not mean she was willing to be naked in front of them. Still, she knew that everyone would be gauging her willingness to blend in, and Jeremy could make it sound bad for her.  
  
“Oh, alright, but no peeking!” Carol blurted out, her face blushing as she began slowly removing her clothes. All the guys were in the water, but stopped dead, frozen on the sight of the stripping Seventeen-year-old girl.  
  
As she slipped her bra off, her perky little B-cup tits stuck out proud and firm. She tried to cover them with one arm, but unfortunately, she needed it to finish removing her clothes. Soon, Carol was totally naked. Her cute bubble butt bounced deliciously as she pranced through the grass and into the water. She shrieked as her body felt the coldness of the lake, but at least her nudity was covered.  
  
With everyone in the lake, Jeremy led them in paddle strokes, and various swimming techniques. He then had each scout dive for a rock and bring it up in their hands. Again, Carol blushed each time a boy dived, and his bare butt stuck up out of the water.  
  
She also found it quite titillating but would never let anyone know that.  
  
Jeremy, quite intentionally, left Carol for the last. Her hair was wet and stringy and hung in strands over her chest. She knew that when she dove, the boys would see her butt, but she was not going to risk failing it for her modesty. Her pride and determination had allowed her to be the first female in the all boy group, and she was not going to let them intimidate her out of it.  
  
Sure enough, as Carol dove under, she could hear the cat calls and whoops from the boys as her shapely rear stuck up momentarily before disappearing under the water.  
  
Jeremy’s diabolical plan now came into play. The moment Carol disappeared, every boy rushed out of the water, grabbed their clothes, and Carol’s, and took off through the woods.  
  
Carol surfaced, blowing some water from her mouth and holding up a rock in one of her hands. As she squinted her eyes open, she realized she was alone in the lake. She dropped the rock and shot a glance over to where her clothes should be. There were gone! How could they?  
  
“Hey! Where are you guys? Bring me back my clothes. This is not funny!” Carol screamed, her voice echoing across the lake.  
  
Nervous, angry, and wandering what to do next, Carol slowly emerged from the lake, her body dripping in beads of water as she covered her breasts and crotch with her hands. On a bush by where her clothes should have been, she found a hastily scribbled note.  
  
“Now, a lesson in tracking. Find us, and you find your clothes. Happy hunting.”  
  
She cursed them under her breath as she looked around for any sign of their retreat. She saw some broken twigs and slowly followed the path hoping to find footprints, or even better, find them hiding with her clothes.  
  
About 20 minutes passed and she heard some faint voices up ahead. It had to be them. She walked towards the sound more briskly. All along the way, limbs and twigs would scrape her body, leaving little red streaks.  
  
She parted two heavy bushes and emerged only to be inches from a gang of teen aged girls who had crept into the woods to smoke.  
  
“What the hell?” they barked in unison. “Why are you naked?”  
  
Carol froze in sheer humiliation as she tried to squat to hide herself from them. “Please, some boys stole my clothes. Do you have anything I can put over me?” Carol pleaded.  
  
“Uhh, no we don’t,” one remarked rudely. “So, some guys just came along and stripped you naked, then ran off with your clothes? Come on bitch. I ain’t buying that shit,” The girl smoke as she let out a puff of her cigarette.  
  
“We were swimming. Look, it’s a long story. Can you please help me?” Carol pleaded to the girls.  
  
“Sorry sweetie, but as you can see, we totally forgot to bring any spare clothes. Guess you will just have to run along and find those swimming buddies of yours,” another girl teased.  
  
“Let us get a picture of you first,” Another quipped as she pulled out her cell phone and aimed it at Carol’s naked body.  
  
“Noooo! Carol shrieked as she turned and began running in the opposite direction, the howling laughter of the girls filling her ears as they took pictures of her bare ass retreat.  
  
Fleeing for the shelter of the woods once again, she again cursed the guys. She knew they were doing it to make her pay for invading their all male territory. She knew they were lurking somewhere nearby. They would never be able to explain going back with just her clothing.  
  
She again squatted behind some shrubbery at the edge of a trail, hoping to see them come by. Some time passed before she heard someone approaching. Carol peered through the leaves to spy two older women. They had shawls on their shoulders and their hair in a bun. They were out gathering berries it appeared.  
  
“Please, can you help me?” Carol pleaded as she emerged from the bushes to the sight of the two startled and bewildered women.  
  
“Good heavens child! You are buck naked. Where are your clothes?” One of the women barked.  
  
“Someone stole them,” Carol replied, not wanting to go into all the sordid details.  
  
“You young people have no morals anymore. I bet you were in one of those skimpy little outfits, teasing the boys like a wanton harlot,” The other lady snapped in disgust as she stared up and down at the sight of Carol trying to hide her nudity from them.  
  
“I beg your pardon!” Carol snapped. I was….Oh never mind. Can you please help me find something to wear?” she pleaded again.  
  
“I suppose it would be the Christian thing to do, to give you our shawls to cover your body up,” one of the women remarked. “But you have to accept a spanking from us first,” she huffed.  
  
“A spanking?” For what?” “I haven’t done anything wrong. My clothes were stolen, “Carol shouted defiantly.  
  
“No respectable young lady would allow herself to get into a situation where her clothing could be stolen. This will teach you a lesson in modesty. Now turn around and bend over to touch your knees!” the lady barked.  
  
“Like hell I will!” Carol snorted, her face red in anger.  
  
Carol’s outburst triggered one of the women to grab her and spin her around. Before Carol could react, her hands were pinned behind her back and the second woman cut a switch from a tree and began striking her bare ass with it.  
  
“Give it to her good, Maybel. The little bitch needs a lesson about running around stark naked!"  
  
“Stop, that hurts!” Carol squealed as her pale butt cheeks soon turned an angry shade of red, much to the delight of the two women.  
  
Carol had to suffer the indignity of being switched on her bare bottom by both women. She knew they were staring at her naked pussy too, and she flushed with embarrassment and hurt.  
  
When the vile switching was over, the two women removed the shawls from their shoulders and gave them to Carol, who wasted no time in wrapping them around her body. She looked ridiculous, but at least her body was covered.  
  
At long last she caught up with the boys who had a good laugh at her humiliation.  
  
“You had no right!” Carol barked. “Give me clothes right now, or I will report you to the scout leader.”  
  
“And we will report you for refusing to cooperate and wandering off on your own. It’s our words against yours. Five to one. You will be kicked out on your first day,” Jeremy snarled. “You can have your clothes, but on one condition.”  
  
Carol’s heart sank at the idea of what the condition might be.  
  
“And what is that?” She replied gruffly.  
  
“Take off those ridiculous scarves you are wearing and lay on that rock with your legs spread wide open. We take some pictures and you get your clothes back.”  
  
“And if I refuse?” Carol shot back.  
  
“I toss your clothes in that spillway over there. You will have to swim like crazy to catch them, and even then, it’s doubtful you will ever get them,” Jeremy informed.  
  
Carol glanced over at the racing spillway. She knew Jeremy would do it, and she knew there would be little chance of ever getting her clothes if he did. She lowered her head and removed the two scarves the women had given her.  
  
Slowly lowering herself in defeat onto the warm surface of the rock, she spread her legs, her face blushing in shame as she felt their stares on her naughty bits.  
  
The boys took many pics of her bald pussy, and true to their word, they returned her clothes. Despite wanting to tell on them, she never did. Instead, she began to plot her revenge on them. But that is another story for another time.