**Jenna goes to Ski Camp**
by Helmhood

All right, so last December I had taken a trip with my friends to a ski lodge. Well, this year, as winter was approaching, I was starting to think about that trip again. It had been pretty exciting for me. But I didn't have any money to make such a trip again. I tried to forget about it, but as the season drew close, I really wanted to go badly. There had to be some way I could make another trip.

Then one day I was browsing online, and I came across an advertisement for a new ski school opening up. It was in the same area as the lodge my friends and I had stayed at. It seems they were running a special winter camp for high school students, and even better, they were in need of extra counselors!

Me, a ski camp counselor? I giggled to myself, because I'm really not that good on the slopes. But the advertisement said that all expenses would be paid for the candidates they hired for this position. So I figured, why not give it a shot! I submitted an application including a photograph (not sure why they needed that) and then waited to see if I would hear any reply.

Well, about a week went by, and I began to figure nothing was going to come of it. So much for my dreams of returning to that ski resort, it seemed. And then one morning, I was going through my e-mail… and I actually got a response! They wanted to schedule me for a phone interview, and they would be making a decision pretty quickly, since the camp was soon to start.

I presented myself very well, as best I could for a long-distance interview. The lady on the phone must have liked the sound of my voice. And she said that I had a pleasant demeanor, and good communication skills. It was what they were looking for to fill the final spot. Her final concern was if I would have any problem working with young people, 16 year old boys and girls.

"That will be no trouble at all!" I answered enthusiastically, figuring I had gotten the job.

Of course, it wasn't really a job since there was no pay involved. It was more of a volunteer situation. Although the ski school was going to take care of my travel arrangements, and my meals and boarding would all be included. Sounded like a fair deal to me. In fact, it was exactly what I had been looking for!

Indeed, the lady said she was please to welcome me aboard. In a couple of days, they would have a shuttle stop by my house to pick me up, and then fly me to the ski resort. Now I was really excited! I packed all my stuff, even brought a few new outfits, and told my friends how thrilled I was to be going.

They reminded me that I was still going as a camp counselor, and that this wasn't exactly a vacation. That was true, and I would have to be mindful of my responsibilities and duties. But nonetheless, I was absolutely bouncing off the walls about my upcoming trip. When the bus showed up that morning, I think I ran out the door.

I had an uneventful flight up to the ski resort, but before I knew it, we landed and I was off to the campgrounds. There was a special cabin used for the counselors. There were twelve of us in total, between the ages of 20 and 30 years old. That put me in the middle of the age group, since I was 24.

And then it finally dawned on me that this was serious business. I would be working with other people, counselors who were far more experienced than me. Soon I realized it would become apparent that I was quite the novice, and they would probably pick on me. Even the younger girls seemed amused as I shuffled into the cabin, uncertain of my surroundings. Maybe it was just my imagination, but I sensed that they knew I had only taken this position in order to get a free trip to the resort. My face blushed guiltily, and I felt embarrassed.

The next day we had a counselor orientation. Well already I was being teased, as in the girls shower room, I was repeatedly pinched and had towels snapped against my butt! The other girls all got a good laugh at my expense.

When the head counselors reviewed the camp procedures, they also brought out the school's instructors uniforms. But my outfit, because I was new to the team, consisted of a white sweater top with the camp's logo, and a pair of brown shorts with suspenders. I guess they might be kind of cute, but I felt a little ridiculous once I changed later that after noon. Unfortunately, the top was too tight, and I feel it made my breast seem really pronounced. And the shorts were kind of snug, too, hugging my cheeks and only coming down to the tops of my thighs!

I guess it wasn't so bad, since the weather was rather mild for this time of year. The camp had a snow-making machine, so there was plenty of slopes available for training the students.

That night, back in the counselors' cabin, the ladies gathered in circle and had me stand in the middle. They told me that because I was the newest among them, I had to go through an initiation period! And then they told me I would only be allowed to wear my uniform… without any underwear! To make matters worse, the other counselors had me take off all my clothes right there. It was kind of humiliating, but I figured it was all in fun and went along with it.

As I handed over each item, they made sure to confiscate my bra and panties. I just stood there waiting to see what would happen, and shyly clasped my hands over my pussy. Admittedly, all these people staring and smiling at me was starting to have an effect on my body. Soon, my nipples were sticking straight out, fully erect.

They made me go to bed like that, and sleep in the nude. Well, I have to say it did feel really good. I think my nipples stayed hard the whole night! When I woke the next morning, the counselors gave me my new uniform… top and shorts, boots and socks, and nothing else.

After a quick shower, the first thing I put on was the white pullover sweater. It was tight fitting, and really snug around my swelling breasts. I thought it was pretty evident that I was going braless. The hem only reached down to my bellybutton. I lowered my eyes, then, and wiggled my toes on the wood cabin floor. It occurred to me that I was standing here completely bottomless. I looked around and saw the other girls in various states of dress, but none of them had their ass hanging out on display like I did. The feeling of exposure was starting to excite me, and my lower lips parted allowing my clitoris to emerge from its hood.

"Oh!" I gasped, as I briefly touched myself.

Well, I didn't want to have an orgasm in the middle of the cabin, so I needed to hurry up and finish getting dressed! My hands found the little brown shorts lying near my bed. I stepped into them, and pulled them up my legs. Again, it was a snug fit, and the seam of the crotch rubbed my bare labia. I really wish the older counselors would have let me kept my underwear! Now I had to be careful, because I had a trim patch of pubic hair, as I eased the zipper up slowly to the top button.

Decent, at least somewhat, I turned around looking for my shoes. Suddenly a young lady with long blonde hair appeared in front of me, dangling my boots and socks in her hands.

"Are these yours?" she teased.

Of course, I felt childish standing before her in my bare feet, with a top coming down to reveal my belly button. I told her, yes, that I thought they were mine. The other ladies, now fully dressed, gathered around me and watched as I tugged the socks onto my feet. When I stretched to tie the laces on the boots, the shorts were really grinding into my pussy, and it was driving me crazy! I also felt like I was being given a wedgie as I bent over, these shorts riding up my ass!

Finally, when I was all situated in my new uniform, the head counselor also gave me some suspenders. They were brown, matching the shorts, and fastened onto the waistband in the front and back. Crossing over my shoulders, the straps pressed directly against my nipples. I was a little embarrassed as it seemed this only accentuated my breasts, in fact, I felt all my curves were on display. But I guess I did look kind of like one of those yodelers from the Alps or Switzerland, which was kind of cute.

The head counselor, who looked like she was in her later twenties but not unattractive, addressed me. "Now Jenna, you will be assigned cabins E, F, and N."

The other ladies giggled upon hearing my instructions. I narrowed my eyes suspiciously, hands on my hips, and asked, "What's so funny about that? Are they difficult or something?"

"Not so much," the head counselor replied, although she was clearly grinning. "Those are three of our beginner groups of campers. Since you are new here, they should be good for you to work with. The first two are girls, but cabin N is for boys in that age group. Six campers to each cabin… do you think you can handle that?"

I quickly did the math in my head, then nodded yes. Actually, I wasn't too sure, since eighteen young people seemed like a lot. But I didn't want to let on that I was nervous.

"Good!" said another counselor, taking me by the arm and leading me to the door. "We'll get you set up with the equipment and bring you to the starting hills. Then you'll be on your own!"

Again, I nodded, swallowing a lump of anxiety down my throat. All I could think now was that I would be in charge of eighteen teenagers, and I wasn't wearing any underwear! What a way to begin…

My fellow camp counselors were true to their word, and they helped me pick up a pair of skis and poles. I was also given a pack of supplies. They led me across the grounds of the ski school, toward the slopes that were designated for beginning students.

Once I reached the top of the hill, the other ladies departed. I took note of my surroundings, watching as the first group of students approached. We were not very high up here, and just behind this hill was a grove of pine trees. It was kind of mild out, maybe in the mid forties, and pretty sunny. In fact, there wasn't a cloud in the sky. But there was plenty of snow on the ground. Overall, it looked like it would be a pleasant day.

Six teenage girls marched up the slope in my direction. I greeted them, and made introductions, while they seemed to evaluate me in my little counselor recruit outfit. In contrast, these girls had really nice snowsuits on, and designer goggles resting on their heads. Their gear looked pretty expensive, too.

When I was surrounded by a dozen young ladies all chatting up at me, I realized that these were a bunch of rich kids. Spoiled, no doubt, and not likely used to respecting authority. I saw that I was going to have my work cut out for me. But I was more self-conscious of the fact that the only reason I was here, was because I didn't have enough money to take a trip to the nearby ski lodge. Already, that made me feel even more insecure, even inferior…

The six boys from cabin N came tramping through the snow, then paused to leer at my legs and full breasts. I blushed, and rubbed my hands over the bare skin of my thighs. They started whistling and teasing me at once. I tried to exert some control, and begin with some basic maneuvering exercises.

But pretty soon, it was clear that I was loosing any control I had over the situation. More so, because as I walked around demonstrating some rudimentary skiing motions, my body was reacting to the fabric of my uniform… rubbing my sensitive parts. The campers were all watching, looking at me, as if they knew my little secret! It wasn't long before I lost track of the members the larger group.

I was vaguely aware of two boys and two girls wandering off, away from the beginner hill. Later, another two girls disappeared giggling, in search of something more interesting to do. That left me with twelve teenagers still on my hands, eight girls and four boys. I thought maybe I should go after the deserters, but I was continually distracted by those who remained, being pulled in one direction or another. Certainly, I was getting a good work out!

After a while, one of the more bossy teenage girls started to complain how boring this was.

"There are more challenging slopes, just beyond the woods over there," she told me.

More and more, it was becoming obvious that I was the one new to this area, and the young campers were more sure of themselves. I reluctantly agreed to follow the group down the hill, and through the stand of trees thick with needles. Beyond the perimeter, we came across a broad range of hills climbing toward the sky. I was not too thrilled about this little adventure, but two of the boys urged me forward, practically dragging me through the snow.

By the time we reached the summit, it was noon. The sun beat down directly overhead. Actually, it was kind of nice up here, sheltered away from the rest of the camp. Then the teenagers slowly gathered around me. One girl offered to take my bag of supplies. Another red-headed young lady playfully snapped the back of my suspenders!

"You don't look too comfortable in that uniform, Miss Jenna" she remarked pleasantly.

"What… what do you mean?" I started shuffling around on my skis.

Now her voice turned slightly accusatory, "Well you're not wearing a bra, are you?"

My face turned bright red, yet I tried to remain defiant. "Of course I am! What makes you think…"

Suddenly, another girl slipped behind me, and took the two suspenders in each her hands. With a firm tug and a yank, she pulled them off my shoulders to hang at my sides. Everyone got a good laugh as my breasts beneath the sweater heaved forward.

"Oh, my!" I gasped.

Now that the straps attached to my shorts were holding everything in place, my boobs bounced and jiggled under my top. The red-haired teenager raised an eyebrow and smiled triumphantly.

"You want to reconsider your statement?" she asked, folding her arms, waiting to see how I would respond.

I tugged nervously on the end of my shirt, fussing with the hem. They could all see my belly button, as I sought for an explanation of why I was dressed this way. Blushing, I told them I was a new here, and the other counselors made me go out without a bra. The teens all pointed and giggled.

Then another girl stepped forward and said, "Take off your top, and show us!"

"But, I… oh!" My hands were already gripped tight around the edge of the shirt.

"Because you lied to us," the other girl continued, "when you said that you were wearing a bra. Come on, take off your sweater, Jenna."

I noticed that she did not address me as Miss Jenna. I was no longer in a position of authority. They had stripped me of that title. Now they wanted to strip me of my clothes. The thought kind of excited me a little. We were pretty secluded up here, just the thirteen of us. I looked around at their young, eager faces.

I took a deep breath, then slowly lifted the bottom of the uniform shirt. Actually, I found that I had raised it to the bottom of my breasts. My bare stomach was on complete display. Glancing over my shoulder, I shyly lifted the material higher, until all that was left was to pull it up over my head and off my body completely. Now topless, my boobs bounced free, and in the cool air… my nipples hardened immediately. I gave the shirt to one of the girls nearby, and then stood with arms at my sides.

Some of the boys watched with their mouths hanging open. They began to drool at the sight of my bare breasts. That made me feel excited and embarrassed at the same time!

The bossy redhead adjusted her ski goggles and said, "You can pull your suspenders back up, Jenna, and cover those pointy things!"

I did as I was told, partly out of reflex, but also curious as to what this would be like. It was weird to feel the soft fabric of the suspenders against my smooth bare shoulders. And the straps fell directly over my erect nipples. That tickled a little, I think I may have even moaned. I felt like a naughty firefighter, hee hee.

By this time, I had really lost any chance of controlling these spoiled teenagers. Plus, the air on my skin and knowing the sides of my breast were fully in view, kept me pretty horny. Two of the boys asked me to ski down the side of the slope with them. I agreed, again, mainly because I had never done anything this daring before. I did not consider the consequences if we should run into other counselors or campers.

But it was such a rush, skiing downhill, half naked! My skin was flushed from the exertion as well as the arousal. Standing at the base of the slope, I asked the boys to hold onto my poles, and I lowered each of my suspenders again. I felt my hair coming loose from my ponytail, swish across my bare back. My nipples stood out prominently, even pointing toward the bright blue sky. We made our way back up the trail, climbing the hill, and my boobs swaying from side to side. I noticed the boys had pitched a couple of poles of their own!

Sliding once more into the midst of these dominating teenagers, I was teased once more about my state. One girl reached out and flicked my nipples! Then they continued to tease me about the initiation the other counselors had put me through.

"So are you even wearing panties, Jenna?" the obnoxious redhead asked.

I squirmed a bit, shifting my weight as I leaned on my ski poles. "Truthfully, I was not allowed to put on any underwear this morning."

The admission was really humiliating, but I figured that would be good enough for them. Instead, the teenager moved closed to me, and popped open the button of my shorts!

"Why don't you prove it, and take off the rest of your uniform!" she coaxed.

There were some whistles and cheers, and I know my body was reacting in ways I wish it didn't. I licked my lips and said, "Oh, but to remove these shorts, I'd have to take off my skis…"

That was when a larger girl, about my size, positioned herself next to me. She sized up my figure, and then bent down to undo her own skis.

"These are very fashionable," she gestured with her ski pole. "Unlike yours where you have to lock in your boots, these have soft comfy footholds attached to the board. If you want, we can switch skis."

I had never seen the type of equipment she was using. I guess it did make it pretty easy for beginners. At this point, I was in a bit of a daze. My heart was beating fast, and I felt a mix of emotions.

"Um… mmmm, I guess," I replied breathlessly.

Two other girls quickly crouched down at my feet and started unlocking the latches from my boots. When they were free, the campers had me lift one leg poised in the air, while they nimbly undid the laces.

"Take her sock off, too…" the red-haired teen ordered. "We don't want it to get wet in the snow!"

Soon, both my shoes and warm wooly socks were removed, and I stepped away from my skis. I shivered as my bare toes sunk into the powdery snow. And then I remembered that I was supposed to slip my shorts off as well. I bit my lip, my hands nervously playing with the open flaps of the front. Slowly I lowered the delicate zipper.

"Come on, Jenna, strip!" one of the teenagers commanded.

I wiggled the shorts over my hips, and then began pulling them down my thighs… all the way past my knees, down to my calves and ankles. I straightened myself, kicking the uniform bottoms, suspenders and all, off my leg. It felt good to have those ridiculous things off!

Then it occurred to me… I was standing totally nude in front of twelve teenagers!

I couldn't help it, I raised my hands to squeeze my breasts. Lifting an arm, I ran a hand through my brunette hair. I did not cover my pussy right away, so they all got a good luck at my bush, although I kept my legs together to prevent them from seeing my pink lower lips. Suddenly feeling really embarrassed, I lowered a palm to hide my crotch, and slung an arm over my boobs.

But soon a couple of girls were tenderly at my side. A comforting hand on my back, and then fingers tickling my bottom, had me moving forward toward the other girl's new skis.

"Oooh," I squealed as they gently took my arms, leaving everything exposed!

They assisted me in sliding my bare toes into the footholds of each ski. Of course, this meant that helpful hands were roaming over my body… squeezing my thigh, or resting a palm on my butt to make sure I was firmly secure on the boards. By the time I was locked in, gripping my poles once more, my legs were fairly separated and that left my labia protruding and hanging down.

"Oh my gosh, I'm naked!" I cried. "What am I supposed to do now?"

The teenage girl who had tormented me, now took advantage of my inability to use hands to cover up or protect myself. She playfully traced a finger down between my breast, down my stomach, and encircled my navel. She then teased her fingers through my trim pubic hair.

"We want to watch you ski, Miss Jenna.," the girl explained, but this time her tone was mocking.

She directed me over to the other side of the hill, opposite the way he had originally came. I was greatly embarrassed as I swished through the level snow, my breasts bouncing with pink nipples fully erect. And behind me, I knew the teens could see my pussy lips peeking between my legs. I was getting wet down there, and glistening when the sun hit me in just the right light.

"Fly down this slope," they instructed me. "And we'll meet you at the bottom. Then we will give you back your clothes."

"All right," I said, thinking this sounded like a fair arrangement. But then, what other choice did I have?

Someone smacked me on the ass, and that sent me over the edge. Well, not that edge. I mean, I was pretty aroused and very close to having an orgasm… but the slap actually sent me over the edge of the hill. I got into a crouching position for the initial descent, and the wind rushed over my bare body. As I raced downhill, the trail seemed steeper on this side. There were more trees, too, and I had to be careful and navigate my way to avoid an embarrassing crash.

Once I was clear of the pines near the crown of the hill, I was able straighten myself again. It was all out in the open as I came down the side. The brisk air hitting my pussy was amazing! I wished I could finger myself, but both my hands were gripped on the ski poles. Instead, my aroused clitoris protruded fully extended, begging to be stroked. I swished my nude hips from side to side, my perky breasts swinging uncontrollably. My butt wiggled with the motions, and I thought I might even have an orgasm…

"Aaaah!" I cried, exhilarating in the sensation of skiing naked.

I hoped that when I reached the bottom, I would have time to masturbate before the teenagers arrived with my clothes. It would be so embarrassing to get caught by them with my hands between my legs. Fortunately, I was already very close.

My thoughts had me distracted as I neared the base of the hill. Too late, I opened my eyes and realized I had been sent into a trap! Closer and closer, I began making out shapes and figures… there were other people over here! This was not the same secluded woodland that we had hiked through on the other side. I saw a big building coming into view in the distance.

"Oh my gosh!" I gasped. "And I don't have any clothes on!"

Fortunately, I was somewhat able to slow and steer myself into a grove of pine trees, just at the edge of a wide road. Schlepping through the inch of snow, I pulled behind the stand of evergreens. I took a moment to catch my breath and collect my bearings… my heart was absolutely racing! A car drove by. Then I heard voices. But they didn't sound like the voices of the teenagers I had been in charge of. I peered through the needles and so other hikers and skiers climbing up the hill.

Oh no! What if they met those brats who had tricked me, and now they had all my clothes? Looking closer, I saw a couple of ladies in recognizable uniforms. They were other counselors from the camp!

Well I couldn't risk getting caught like this. I looked down, and saw that the skis and poles would do me no good. And I needed to make an escape. So I tossed the equipment to the ground.

I paused, cupping my breasts with my free hands, and lingered for a moment squeezing and pulling on my elongated nipples.

All right, enough of that! It was making me too hot! I had to turn my attention to the matter at hand. Crouching down, I quickly undid the latches and buckles of the footholds that were attached to the boards. Of course, when that girl had lent me her gear, she had made me take off my boots and my socks. Now, as I gingerly lifted each leg, my bare toes stepped onto the white shrouded ground.

The chill actually sent a shiver of delight through my body. Despite the fact that I was naked. Totally naked! I looked around, and rubbed my arms with opposite hands. Then I reached back and rubbed my butt cheeks, running my hands over my thighs and lower legs.

"Oooooh," I moaned again. "I really have to get moving!"

When I was certain that the group of skiers and counselors had passed, I reluctantly left the shelter of the trees. Unfortunately, skipping down the slope a few yards, this put me directly in the middle of the road. And I was staring up at what was none other than the ski lodge! Bringing my hands to my head, I wondered what to do. And then I realized that this might be my best chance to get some more clothes.

It seemed like forever, but I carefully crept toward the building in broad daylight, without wearing a stitch. I figured most people must have already gotten an early start on the day. Hopefully the place would be deserted.

Well, with a palm over my pussy, I reached the doors of the main entrance and opened them enough to peek inside. As it turned out, there were a lot of people lingering about the main floor of the lodge. I had to think of something quick. A glance over my bare shoulder spotted some figures in the distance descending the hill. It might have been the teenagers from the group I was supervising, or it could be more counselors from the ski school. Soon or later I was going to get caught!

I bit my lip in frustration, and decided to run into the lodge…

My feet slapped across the hard wood floors as I jiggled my way into the front parlor. There must have been a dozen people checking me out, I don't know, I couldn't really stop to count. But in my flustered state of excitement, I covered nothing. My nipples were so hard! Most people stared in shock. I think I heard some gasps of disbelief. Then I ran across a thick, wooly rug toward a set of winding stairs, my boobs and butt bouncing like crazy.

"Oh my gosh, oh my gosh!" I muttered.

I figured if I could get to the upstairs of the lodge, maybe I could find some clothes to change into, or anything to cover up with! Fully nude, I hurled myself up the steps. From behind, I think I heard some people cheer.

Once I hit the richly carpeted hallway, I rounded a corner. I wasn't really watching where I was going, my eyes just darting from side to side, looking for an open guest room or a closet, or something. And then I ran straight into blonde-headed young woman. It was the senior counselor from my cabin!

"Jenna!" she cried, "You're… you're naked!"

Now I was struck by her words, and shyly moved my hands to hide my breasts and crotch. "I know…"

"Shouldn't you be with your group?" the female counselor continued. "What kind of game are you playing?"

"My students, they stripped me!" I pouted like a scolded schoolgirl.

The older woman, however, seemed a less than convinced. "Jenna, I want you to place your hands at your sides."

Well, not wanting to get into any more trouble, I quickly complied. I tried to hold my chin up, but the lady moved forward so that we were standing toe to toe. She cupped my breasts in her hands, flicking my elongated nipples. Then she traced her fingers down my bare stomach, and tickled my pubic hair. When she slipped her finger into my pussy, she could tell how wet I was!

"Your students stripped you?" the counselor inquired, continuing to slide her finger in and out, even brushing my clitoris with her thumb.

"Mmmmm… well, they made me… take my clothes off!" I moaned.

Then the counselor stopped her teasing and said, "Jenna, I want you to come with me."

At first I wasn’t sure what she was talking about. But then I realized she wanted me to follow her. Of course, I dare not make any objections, nor was I really in a position to refuse. Only too late, I notice we had turned around and were walking back down the hallway, back toward the staircase.

My heart beating fast, I thought about making a quick break and running, but the female counselor grabbed me by the hand and squeezed. What could I do? I dutifully padded down the carpeted steps next to her, butterflies in my tummy. For some reason, I kept my free arm at my side, which meant everyone would see my bare body.

She slowly led me into the middle of the room. Now I got a good long look at my surroundings. There was a front registration desk off to the side, with about six lodge employees watching. On the other side of the parlor was an elegant fireplace, with a cheery blaze going. It was around this warm setting that ten or more people were grouped together on sofas or at tables, enjoying hot chocolate. Near the entrance, more people were coming and going… and then I thought I saw all the teenagers from the ski school, those I was supposed to be supervising!

My own supervisor, the blonde counselor, announced to the entire parlor, "This young lady is one of our new recruits for the ski camp. But Jenna has been very naughty. It seems she only came up here, not to work with our eager young ski enthusiasts, but only to play and flaunt her tits and ass!"

I couldn't believe what I was hearing! But standing here totally naked, my breasts and butt on display, was making me really embarrassed. And my pussy was opening up like a flower.

Then the head counselor led me over to one of the couches. Not just any sofa, but it was red and velvet, situated directly in front of the cozy fireplace. All the people in the room, about thirty I guessed, gathered around us as she sat down. I was instructed to lay face down, bare-assed nude, across her knees.

I pictured all those eyes on the soles of my bare feet, causing me to wiggle my toes. Those eyes traveling up the length of my legs to see my puckered anus, my lower lips puffed out between my butt cheeks. As my clit poked out, rubbing against the girl's pants, she started spanking me in front of everybody. It didn't take long for me to have an orgasm, and she made me cum!

Well, after I was finished, the blonde rolled me over and rubbed my belly. People whistled at the sight between my legs! I was taken completely naked out of the lodge, and back up to the counselors cabin. There I was allowed to get dressed, and then tickets were arranged for my trip home. They said I just wasn't cut out for the ski school.

I guess I had gotten a bit over my head, but it was an experience I would remember for a long time!

THE END