**Loli and the Camping Trip**

by[DirtyMeStoryTime](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1677529&page=submissions)©

Richard waved me over to the side of the hall. "Hey Loli, me and a few friends were going to go camping for summer break."

"The whole summer break?" I asked.

He nodded at the same time as he said, "Yes."

"Oh, well, let me check to see if it is okay with my parents."

I called my dad real quick, confirming it was okay. Since he was always busy, it was not like we had anything planned, so I didn't think they would mind, but I wanted to confirm. I hung up and smiled at Richard.

"Sure, it sounds like fun! I haven't been camping since I was a little girl. Do I need to bring anything?"

"Just bring yourself," he told me.

I got home, packed up some clothes, making sure to also pack some shorts since skirts and dresses would not be very good for hiking and other stuff, and other necessities, slipped into a light summer dress, a floppy sun hat, some sneakers for walking, and then headed out.

I arrived at Richard's house, seeing the pickup and camper. "Wait," I said. "How will we all fit into the pickup?"

They looked at me strangely. "Well, only three will be able to fit in the cab, the driver and two others, unless you want to sit on someone's lap..."

"Okay, I will." I told him. Two chuckled, but I could not figure out what was so funny.

With that, we all climbed in, two of the guys sat in the back of the pickup, and I sat on one of the other guy's lap.

"I am so excited!" I said to the people in the front with me. Well, and the two in the back, as the back window was slid open and they were both looking inside, talking to the others. "I haven't been camping since I was six. And I sat on my daddy's lap the whole way there too! This is just like when I was young!" I said, feeling warm nostalgia. The guys gave me strange looks, but I didn't care.

Peter, the person who's lap I was sitting in, wrapped his arms around my waist. I giggled, then asked him what he was doing. "I just want to...keep you safe. Didn't your dad hold you when you were young?"

I nodded yes, and he took that for proof that he was doing what he should.

I wiggled a bit, trying to get comfortable on Peter's lap.

Richard started introductions.

"So, you already know me," Richard said.

Peter hit him softly on the shoulder. "Yeah, Dick is a real swell guy."

I looked at Richard. "Dick? I thought your name is Richard?"

He gave me a look that I didn't completely understand. "My full name is Richard Fitswell. But I go by Dick. Dick Fitswell. Only you and the teachers use Richard. All my friends call me Dick..."

"Oh, sorry," I said, horrified that I had been calling him by the wrong name.

"Anyways, the lucky guy who's lap you are sitting on is Peter Insidya."

"In-cid-a?" I asked.

"No, In-side-ya," he corrected.

"Insidya. Where is that from?"

"India, although it was changed a little when my ancestors immigrated to the US."

"Oh, I was wondering why you were a bit darker! That makes so much sense!"

Fortunately, I was unable to see Peter grimace behind me.

"Anyways," Dick said, continuing, "this is Justin Hermouf."

"Her-mouth?" I asked.

"No, her-m-ow-f. Justin her-m-ow-f. Eastern European, before you ask." He laughed.

"Okay, so, Dick Fitswell, Peter Insidya, Justin Hermouf." They each nodded in turn. "The two in the back?"

One stuck his head in, reaching his hand across my chest to shake my hand.

"Hi, I am Mike Oxhard."

"Oxhard? Okay, this one is easy. UK, right?"

I couldn't tell if he nodded, but he "Yep"ed right in my ear. His breath tickled a bit.

The other one just said his name. "Harry Cox."

"Well, nice to meet you all. Dick Fitswell, Peter Insidya, Justin Hermouf, Mike Oxhard, and Harry Cox." I said, testing each of their names. "Dick, Peter, Justin, Mike, Harry. I am Loli! I am so excited to go camping with you guys."

I wiggled again and heard a moan from Peter behind me. His lap was feeling less and less comfortable, something hard poking me.

After about 50 miles of this, I had to get off his lap, as it was not feeling that comfortable, and was making me feel a little warm between the legs. It felt almost like I had to go pee. But, not quite.

"Umm, Peter, do you have something in your pocket? It keeps poking me..." I said, not wanting to make him feel bad, but needing something to change.

The guys laughed a little. "Umm, nothing I can take out," Peter said, voice mirthful.

"Umm, sorry, but, I don't think I can go the whole way on your lap," I told him, feeling bad. "Dick...can you stop? I will just ride in the back with Mike or Harry. One of them can come sit up here on Peter's lap.

"No thanks. You can sit in the back with them, and they will just stay back there."

I nodded, feeling bad, afraid I had hurt Peter's feelings.

I climbed into the back of the pickup, and wondered immediately if I made a mistake. As we sped up, I ended up having to hold my dress down and my hat on. I tried talking to Mike and Harry, but with the wind rushing passed us, I eventually gave up, as my voice was growing hoarse trying to yell to be heard.

I watched the mountains roll by, the evergreens making the air smell wonderful after the city. Even better than the strange little mirror tree hanging things you buy at the car washes.

To the left, I saw a deer bound down the side of the mountain. "Look," I said, pointing at it. It was gone before anyone had a chance to see it, but I also realized my mistake as my hat flew of my head. I jumped up in the bed of the pickup to try to catch it as it briefly plastered itself to the camper. By the time I got to the back of the pickup, it had already broke loose and blown around the side.

However, mistake piled on mistake as suddenly I was unable to see, tangled in my own dress as the wind caught it, lifting it, bunching it around my arms and head.

Mike and Harry grabbed a hold of me, Mike holding my legs as Harry's arms wrapped around my torso, hands firmly holding me in place right on my bra-less breasts. I felt the truck slowing down as they tried to pull me back to safety. I felt my dress lift up, past my arms, and fly off, leaving me wearing nothing but my panties and sneakers.

Once they got me back to the front of the bed, next to the cabin, Dick sped back up.

I lay down in the back of the truck, more than a bit scared and shaken, my body quaking from fear. I kept imagining myself falling out of the back of the truck.

"What the hell was that?" Harry screamed at me to be heard over the rushing wind.

I explained to him, while being forced to yell just to be heard. "I saw a deer. I was trying to point it out for you guys, then the wind blew my hat away." I looked longingly at the camper. I liked that hat...

The two guys shook their heads while looking at each other, and we settled back, watching the scenery roll by. I blushed, feeling like a stupid, foolish girl.

I stuck my head through the open back windows and asked Dick if he could stop so I could get some more clothes.

He glanced at me out of the corner of his eye, obviously torn between wanting to watch the road and wanting to talk to me, causing his eyes to look at my chest, rather than my face. "Does it look like there is anywhere to stop?" he asked. I looked at the road again, a narrow, two lane, windy thing. I admitted he was right.

We drove a few more miles, and now, without even the covering of my dress, the cool mountain air felt more than a little bitey. I notice my nipples harden, and noticed that Mike and Harry noticed too.

"It's okay," I told them. "They do that when they get cold." They nodded at me, giving me that look again, the "dumb girl" look. I sat in the back, waiting for us to find a place to stop so I could put some clothes on, shivering slightly, huddled in on myself. Mike and Harry, being gentlemen, scooted in closer, wrapping their arms around me, trying to help me stay warm. Their arms, across my chest, around my stomach, helped me feel better. I finally found myself laying down across Mike's lap, his hands covering my breasts, rubbing them, especially the nipples, as Harry ran his hands across my panties. It was a bit puzzling, as those still covered me, but it felt better to not be so exposed to the biting wind. I almost asked Mike to stop, that my nipples did not hurt, and him doing that sent strange feelings through me, but I decided not to bother. They were only trying to help.

In what seemed like forever, the guys massaging me, trying to help me keep warm, we finally found a wide part of the road, and was able to turn off and stop.

The guys all helped me out, all of them. Strangely, my flower between my legs was all wet, so I went off a little and went potty. The guys just stared, as if they had never seen anyone go potty before. As I was winding down, Peter came over and pulled his wee wee. I laughed, watching him.

"No fair, I can't stand up! You shouldn't be allowed to either!"

He shook his head. "No, you can stand up, you just need to know what you are doing."

He came over, and waited until I stopped. "Well, we can go back to the camper, and I can show you."

I nodded, and followed along. We went back to the camper, and he had me sit down at the table inside. All the guys gathered around as he knelt down in front of me. "Spread your legs," he told me.

"But, it is dirty down there. I just went potty!" I told him, horrified at him seeing the dirty spot.

"No, you are not dirty down there. Pee is completely fine. No germs or anything in it. Well, as long as you do not have some infection. You don't have an infection, do you?"

I shook my head no, but was still not sure I believed him.

"Can I touch?" He said. I nodded yes, not sure what he wanted to do.

He placed his finger and his thumb on either side of my flower's entrance, and then spread it open. My mouth dropped open as he did that, shocked that he would open my flower.

"Okay, here," he said, pointing at something, "is where the pee comes from in a girl." The other guys crowded around, but I could not see where he was pointing.

"But I can't see," I said, then sighed as I realized I sounded a little whiney. Dick grabbed a little hand mirror and passed it to me.

Peter helped me guide it until I could see where he was pointing. I gasped. Above the big hole was a little hole. He was saying the pee came out of the little hole.

"Wow, and you mean I can pee like you? But, it is still a hole, while your wee wee is all pointy."

A few of the guys laughed, and Peter calmly replied. "Let me know the next time you go pee. I will show you how."

"Okay!" I agreed. I shook my head. "But, how do you know this?"

This time, he blushed. "I had a girlfriend who liked golden showers..." The other guys laughed and made other strange sounds at him. I bit my lip, not sure what he was talking about, but not wanting the other guys to know I had no idea.

I pulled back on my panties, then got dressed in a pair of shorts and a light sweater. I purposely avoided any hats.

This time, Justin joined us in back, leaving Peter and Dick alone in the front. I wondered if I should get up front, but just stayed where I was.

Eventually, I found myself falling asleep, the wind now familiar, rather than annoying, and the rhythm of the road, gently rocking the truck back and forth, helping lull me to sleep. I vaguely noticed I had slumped over on one of the guys, then darkness took me as I dreamed of strange things. Little nippy things, nipping my nipples. Grabby plants, tickling my flower. Strange, salty lollipops, creamy centers melting in my mouth.

When I came to, I was laying across the three guys. My shirt slightly askew, pulled up a bit. My stomach was a bit cold from the exposure. A strange taste in my mouth, salty and a little bitter. My panties all bunched up, wedged right up my bottom, probably from when I moved around in my sleep. The stars were starting to come out. I looked up at them as I turned over, staying on my back. The guys didn't complain. In the city, we never really get to see many stars, with the city lights washing them out, and the city smog making them hard to see anyways. But here, in the mountains, there was not all that smog. There was not all those lights. The sky seemed to be filling up with stars. I wiped my mouth, embarrassed as I found sticky liquid there. ''Oh my god, I can't believe I drooled all over them!'' I thought to myself. ''Strange that it is so sticky though.'' I had never remembered my pillow being sticky. Just wet. I quickly wiped my mouth off and wiped it along my top, hoping the guys did not notice.

We stopped, and I sat up, looking around. We were in a small town. Well, if you could call it a town. There were three buildings, one of them a restaurant, a motel, which we had stopped at, and that was about it.

"What are we doing?"

Dick, already out of the pickup, leaned over the edge. "You didn't think we would make it all the way out tonight, did you?" He asked. "We will arrive at the camping area tomorrow. So, today, enjoy your last day of 'civilization'." He told me.

Dick went into the motel office, renting us a room.

We all went up, and noted quickly that it was a single room with two beds.

The guys started immediately complaining about the five of them trying to sleep in the same bed.

One finally gave up, claiming the reclining chair near the TV, but the others continued arguing.

Another finally grabbed some blankets and a pillow and found a spot on the floor. That left three arguing.

I finally got annoyed. "Just sleep in the bed," I told them.

That immediately set them off about how there was only two beds, and they were not gay. Like a den mother to a bunch of arguing kids, I finally assigned one to one bed and the other two to the other bed.

That set off more arguing, both telling me they weren't going to sleep in the same bed, and asking where I was going to sleep.

I saw this wasn't going to work. Men and their stupid ideas about being gay just because another guy was in the bed.

"Fine," I said, interrupting their protests. "I will sleep in this bed, between you two, so you won't touch each other. Okay?"

They immediately stopped taking and finally nodded agreement.

"Now I need to get cleaned up before I go eat." I said, heading over to my bag. I grabbed a small bag, stripped off my clothes and stuffed my clothes in it while I got ready.

When I turned around, all five of them were staring at me. "You need to separate your dirty and clothes from your clean clothes," I told them, not sure why they were staring at me so hard. Men. Can't even understand such simple concepts.

I grabbed my restroom bag and went in.

I stepped in front of the mirror, examining my dirty face and clean chest. As I looked at my hair, I noticed a clump sticking together. My face had dirt streaks, clinging in trails from where I had drooled. It felt sort of stiff, pulling at my face.

I took out my toothbrush, applied the toothpaste, and had just started brushing when the bathroom door cracked open.

"Sorry, I really need to go," Justin said.

"Oh, it's fine," I told him. "When you have to go, you have to go."

"You don't want to go out and wait?" He asked, a bit hesitant.

"Hey, we are friends, right? Everyone has to go, and I want to finish quickly so we can go eat."

He nodded, then pulled down his pants and underwear. I noticed his wee wee was rather stiff, and realized he must need to go bad.

I continued brushing my teeth, trying to ignore the random farts. I spit out the toothpaste, trying my best to do it as ladylike as possible. Not something I had to worry about when my dad or mother was in the restroom at the same time, but these guys weren't my family, so I had to be as ladylike as possible.

I bent over, slurping up the water, then spit as quietly as possible. Ladylike.

I bent over again, took a couple cool, refreshing drinks, then turned around.

Justin's eyes were glued to me.

"Huh?" I asked. "Did I do something wrong? I tried not to disturb you."

He shook his head no. After he cleared his throat, he told me, "I have just never seen someone so quiet while they were brushing their teeth."

"Oh, thank you," I told him, then hoped into the shower.

The shower was one of those clear, box like things. I marveled as it warmed up and still didn't get all misty. I also saw in the mirror that Justin had his hand on his wee wee and was stroking it quickly.

I watched, confused, as my brother and dad never had to do that while they were using the potty. I wondered if something was wrong.

Finally, I saw some almost white stuff shoot out of his wee wee. I remembered the principal and remembered how he had to get all the white stuff out before the swelling stopped. A look of relief flashed across Justin's face before I even had the chance to offer to help. He got up, pulled up his pants, and left rather quickly.

The long trip had left everyone in the same state. I saw the other four come in, needing to use the restroom as I showered. I tried not to look, but all seemed to have stiff wee wees. All had to rub them before they left. ''Strange, I have seen my brother and daddy go potty, and they did not need to do that to get the pee out. And their pee seems strange.'' I shook my head, not understanding guys at all. Maybe I would ask them next time.

I left the restroom, heading into our shared room while toweling off my hair. The guys, watching some stupid sports thing on the TV, glanced at me as I slipped on my panties, a flared skater dress, and some knee high boots.

A couple of the guys told me how great I looked, I blushed slightly from the compliment and thanked them, and we headed across the street to the restaurant.

When we got inside, it was fairly empty. Only one table had other people, and they looked like some sort of woodsmen. I imagined them with giant axes, swinging at trees, and laughed.

The food was a bit different than what I was used to, and after we finished eating, enjoying our full tummies, I was invited to play pool.

They helped me learn how to play, how to stroke the end of the stick with the chalk, how to run it through my encircled fingers, stroking it up and down. As I leaned over to try to shoot, one or another would press himself against my back, helping guide my hands properly. After a while, I was sure I had it, but they kept doing that. It got a little annoying, but I tried to smile and endure. I didn't want to hurt their feelings. It was fun, with one leg sitting on the table, the other leg on the ground. I did get a little embarrassed as the woodsmen could see my panties, my dress pulled up and my legs spread wide like that. It is never good to let strangers see your panties, my mom always told me.

After a few games, we all headed back to the motel, since we had to get an early start to make sure we made it to camp before dark.

"Umm, what are you doing?" Dick asked me as I took off my clothes, then settled down on the bed.

"Going to sleep? Is something wrong?" I asked him, wondering what the problem was.

"You sleep naked?" he asked.

"Yes. I guess I toss and turn a bit when I sleep, and when I try to sleep with something on, it always gets all twisted and uncomfortable." I looked at him. "Oh, sorry, do you want to switch with one of the guys?" I asked, as he was one that would be on the same bed as me. "I am sure I won't roll over on you or something." I said, trying to reassure him that my tossing and turning would not affect him. "But, I am a deep sleeper, so...I can't say that I will not bump you or something. Is that okay? I have slept in the same bed with others, and they didn't wake up beaten up or anything," I said, a joking tone to my voice.

"No, it is fine. I am just surprised." He replied.

"Oh, why is that?" I asked.

"Because I sleep naked too," he said. Sudden agreement came from the rest of the guys that they also slept naked. "It is a relief that you are okay with that," he said. "Normally girls don't like guys sleeping naked, so we were worried that we wouldn't be able to. It is nice that we can all be ourselves."

They all nodded, agreeing with Dick, and telling me how great I was, that I was really cool, and that they would enjoy camping and just being able to relax since I wasn't like other girls, and always judging.

I blushed at the compliments, but inside I felt wonderful, being accepted so well by them.

"Anyways, if there is any emergency or anything," I told them, "Please just splash water on my face. Or just carry me out if you need to. I am hard to wake up..." Of course, given I had slept in the back of the moving pickup, they might have already guessed that. I laughed, remembering one time when we visited California. An earthquake had hit, and buildings had collapsed, it had been so bad. I slept right through it.

"Really," one asked.

"Yes. One time, our house caught on fire. My dad could not wake me, so he just carried me out. I woke up a few hours later, as they were getting settled into a hotel."

They all gave really big grins and promised they would if there was some emergency.

I closed my eyes as they all got undressed and turned off the lights. I felt the bed move as Dick got into bed on one side, Justin on the other side. Justin mumbled goodnight, and I felt myself drift to sleep.

That night, I dreamt of a fur hat, and strange bananas that forced me to eat them, their words garbled as they laughed and cheered, each bite bringing another cheer. Each cheer erupting banana juice in my mouth.

I dreamt of strange plants, smelling me, touching me, running up and down me. Checking every part of me.

I dreamt of swimming, through a lake of strange, sticky water. The harder I tried to swim, the farther away the shore got and the thicker the water got. I struggled, but my movement was limited more and more, until I was not able to move at all.

I tasted the water as it ran down my throat. I felt the water, as it pushed itself into my flower. I could feel it filling me up, both on top and bottom, as I struggled in confusion against it. I could feel it covering my skin, sticking to it, coating me.

A few other strange dreams creeped in, but were forgotten even sooner than these before.

I woke up, strange dreams already fading from my mind. I immediately became aware of myself sleeping, cuddled up to Justin, arm across him.

I pulled my arm back, then crawled over him to use the restroom. The guys were all still asleep, so I moved as quietly as possible.

I noticed an ache between my legs, a bit of stickiness. I also the strange salty, slightly bitter taste again in my mouth. I shrugged, not sure what it was. My skin pulled a bit at me, a little sticky in spots. Like glue on it or something. Again, something strange. I saw Dick get up. "Did anything happen last night?" I asked him.

For some reason, he gave me a wary look. "No, nothing. I slept all night." he said.

"Okay," I told him. It was still strange, as I normally didn't wake up sticky, a bit sore, and with a strange taste in my mouth, but I thought nothing else of it and let it go. There was more important things to do.

I slipped into the shower, letting it warm up as I brushed my teeth. I slipped in, when Mike showed up.

"Oh, you are already using the shower," he said, his expression a little sad. "I was hoping I could grab one before we headed out."

"Okay," I told him hesitantly. "I guess I can take one after you."

He shook his head no. Suddenly, he seemed to have an idea. "Hey, maybe we can shower together. Then we can wash each other. You know how hard it is to wash your own back." He looked at me, his face hopeful.

I reached my hands back behind my back, clasping them together. "See, it is easy!" I told him. He seemed to watch my chest more than looking at my hands.

He thought for a minute, then tried to clasp his hands together. "See, not easy," he said.

I was surprised. "So, how do you wash your back?" I asked him.

"Oh, normally I just use a cloth." He put one hand near his neck, the other near his bottom, and mimed scrubbing his back with a towel. "But, I don't have it here. I left it at home." I nodded, then grabbed mine. "You can use mine if you want," I said, handing him a long strip of porous cloth, Hello Kitty patterned across him.

He gave me a hurt look. "Oh, I see. You don't want to help."

I felt bad, and tears welled in my eyes for being so mean. "Sure, I will help you." I told him.

I hopped back in, and he followed slowly.

It was a little tight, so we found ourselves somewhat close together. I could feel his wee wee poke me time to time. It seemed it had gotten all hard and angry again.

"Umm, your wee wee," I said, pointing at it. "Is it okay? It seems like all of your wee wee's have gotten all swollen." I tentatively touched it, then pulled my hand back as it jumped. "Sorry, I didn't mean to hurt you." I told him.

"No, it didn't hurt," he said, giving me a confused look.

"Oh, I am glad. I remember, one time, ...someone... sorry, I can't say who. Confidential, patient information... had hurt his wee wee. I saw it in his hand. He was rubbing it, and when I saw, he told me that he had hurt it, and it would help to rub it. I guess he had to get all the white stuff, well, sort of white stuff, out of it before it would stop hurting. So, I helped him. Like with a burn. I put it in my mouth. It seemed to help him."

He gave an unreadable expression. "Are you fucking shitting me?" He asked.

I gave him a startled look. "You should not say words like that."

"How old are you," he asked.

"I am 18! I just turned 18." I told him.

"Wow, barely 18...and you really do not know what a blowjob is?"

I gave him a confused look. "No. Is that like, the leaf blower guys?"

"Umm," he said. "No..."

"Oh, sorry. I don't know."

"Do you know what sex is?"

"Yes. It is when my mouth touches your mouth. I am not stupid!" I huffed, and turned my back on him.

"Sorry...yeah, that is sex..." he let out a little laugh. "Sorry, I am not trying to offend you," he told me. "Do you accept my apology?"

I thought about it, sighed, and turned around. "Okay, I accept. Anyways, do you need help with your wee wee?" I asked him.

He just stood there, and turned around, walking out of the restroom. I heard him laughing, then talking to the other guys. He eventually came back in, just as I was about to give up and start my shower. "I would love it if you helped me," he said.

"Okay!" I agreed. I knelt down in front of him, putting my mouth on his wee wee, then sucked on it. Soon, he pushed on the back of my head. I felt it go to the back of my throat, felt myself start to gag, and pushed my head back a little. He pushed again. For a few times, we kept doing this, him pushing me, making me feel sick, and me pulling my head back. Finally, I took his wee wee out, and looked at him.

"You are going to make me sick! Stop that!"

He gave me a puzzled expression, then said, "But, you need to move your head, move my...wee wee...inside your mouth. Or, none of the white stuff will come out..."

"Oh," I replied. "Sorry, I forgot that!"

I put it back in my mouth, then moved my head on it. It took a few minutes, but soon his wee wee shot its white stuff out. I spit all of it out, still not sure I believed the principal that it was okay. After all, if there is something wrong, why would it be okay for me to swallow...whatever it was? It felt strangely familiar. Why did it taste just a bit like my morning drool?

"Okay, time to shower!" I was surprised to see the bathroom door open a bit, and went over and closed it. "You should always close the bathroom door! What if you have guests!"

Another unreadable expression passed across his face.

We slipped into the shower. "Okay, I will wash you, you wash me, okay?" I said. He nodded, more unreadable looks on his face. I was wondering if something was wrong.

I grabbed the soap, lathering him up. Chest. Arms. Back. Legs. Even kneeling down to wash between his toes. I washed his wee wee and butt. I also noticed his wee wee getting swollen again. ''What is wrong with guys!'' It seemed that it was always getting swollen. I wondered if I should tell him to go see a doctor.

Finally, I finished. I handed him the soap so he could wash me. He washed my chest wonderfully, maybe a little bit too good. But he didn't do as good with my arms and back. He did great with my butt and flower, but I had to stop him as he kept washing it over and over again, rubbing it. I started feeling funny down there. On the one hand, it felt wonderful, but on the other, it felt strange. As he washed my legs, he kept his face straight ahead, instead of looking at what he was doing. I began to wonder how men washed themselves, if they all did this bad. I would probably need to do myself over again.

Once he finished, I looked down and sighed. "It is all swollen again. Are you sure you shouldn't go see a doctor?"

"No, it is fine. I know a faster way to take care of it."

He brought me out of shower, and we dried off. "Here, bend over the sink," he said.

I did, confused. He grabbed the super small bottle of lotion on the counter, motels always give such small things, and rubbed it on his wee wee.

He moved up behind me, then pushed my legs a bit, standing there behind me. He pushed his wee wee against my flower. His fingers gently pried the two parts apart, and he pushed again. I could feel his wee wee push against it, slide in a little. A strange feeling ran through me. I was not sure how to even describe it. He pushed more, a little more, and it hurt slightly. For some reason I was still sore down there after my sleep.

"What is that you are doing?" I answered.

"You have never had sex?"

"I will not have sex until I find my true love!" I told him, a bit indignant.

"Wait, sex is really when you and a boys mouth touches? Like, a kiss?"

I nodded. "Of course. You didn't know?"

"Umm, no..." he said. I could see him behind me in the mirror, another strange expression.

"Well, this might be a little uncomfortable at first, but it will get better," he said. I did not understand what he meant.

Then he pushed.

My sore flower suddenly hurt more. I almost told him to stop. It felt strange, and hurt a bit. But, it went away somewhat quickly.

It started to feel...good. I couldn't figure out the words to describe it.

I looked in the mirror, saw me bent over the sink. Saw him standing behind me. To my horror, I saw my chest swaying as he bumped into me from the back. Each time he moved, it felt almost like tickling, but a good kind of tickling. I blushed in embarrassment when I opened my mouth and heard a long, drawn out moan escape my throat. I closed my mouth with a, "Sorry."

He paused. "Sorry for what?" he asked.

"That sound. It's just...it feels sort of...strange. Sort of good. I don't know why I made that noise."

"Oh, it is normal," he said, giving me a puzzled look. "It means your body is enjoying it."

"Yeah, it feels, sort of tingly, good, and feels. I can't describe."

"Don't worry. You can moan all you want. In fact, the more you moan, the more I know you are enjoying it." He stopped speaking, thought for a minute, then started again. "I am glad I can make you feel good while you help me with my problem."

With that, he started up again. He started slowly, then started pushing his wee wee into my flower harder and faster. I felt, something. A pressure. It built up from inside me, becoming almost unbearable. The more it built, the louder I found the moans escaping from me. Soon, I heard myself screaming as it became unbearable. Not the kind of scream when you see a monster jump out at you. A different kind. Then, I exploded. That was what it felt like. Some incredible feeling wave washed over me, and my legs suddenly stopped holding me up. I felt myself fall against the sink counter, my face pressed against the cool edge. I completely lost track of anything but this strange, wonderful feeling from my flower, radiating all the way through my body.

I suddenly felt warmth flood into me as he shuddered. I wondered if the same thing that just happened to me had happened to him. He grunted as he pushed hard against me, jerked, then pulled his wee wee back and shoved, hard, again. Soon, he slumped over me, breathing heavy. I turned to look at him, and noticed a couple of the other guys watching through the partly opened bathroom door. Strange, why would they be watching us?

He pulled his wee wee out, the white stuff trailing from the end of it. I also noticed it leak out of my flower. His wee wee stopped swelling and went back to its normal size.

"Umm..." I told him. "Let me wash this off, okay?" He nodded, and left the bathroom as I turned back on the shower. I touched it with my finger, looking at it. I watched as it dripped out of my flower. Almost like flower dew! Only, slightly off-white.

It was strange. Was it puss? Like when you get a pimple? It sort of looked like it, but, less white. More gooey. I shrugged and washed it off. I spread my flower when I noticed more was still dripping out, then stuck the head against the surface. It ran some tingles up and down me.

Once I was all washed, I headed out of the bathroom.

"I am fucking serious. She really thinks..." Suddenly, they all stopped talking.

"What you guys talking about?" I asked them.

"Oh, nothing. Just that you were so helpful in helping me take care of my," he paused, looked at the other guys, then continued, "swelling."

"Oh, it's no problem! It must be so hard to be a guy. I don't have to worry about that kind of thing." I said.

With that, I got dressed. I caught a couple look at me out of the corner of their eyes. I wondered what they were thinking.

One of the guys opened the door for me, letting me in the front, with Dick, while all 4 of the others piled in the back.

"None of you are riding up here?" I asked.

"Nah. We want to enjoy the fresh air," the Harry mentioned.

"Oh, can I join you?"

He looked at the others, his face screwed up in thought. Peter jumped in.

"Sorry, after what happened on the ride up, we just want to be careful. I hope you understand."

I felt bad all over again. ''They must just think I am a stupid girl,'' I thought to myself. I promised myself I would make it up to them by being as cool as all of them and trying my best to help out.

"Okay, I understand," I said, trying my pouty face.

It didn't seem to work.

The door was closed and they hopped in the back. I opened the window to try to talk to them. Sadly, they did not seem to be talking much, and it got boring.

I let them close it again, watching the forest around us drift by. Soon after I closed it, they seemed to start a long discussion. Each time I opened it, I caught snippets of conversation before they suddenly stopped talking. For some reason, they never seemed to continue talking while the window was opened, other than to respond briefly when I tried to ask something, or say something. So bad at conversation. I began wondering if they were mad at me for my hat and dress. ''But it was my hat and dress. Why would they be mad at me?'' I resolved again to show them how wonderful I was.

"Can you believe she really..." It left me puzzled, wondering who really what.

"Wow, so hot..." I shivered slightly, the air here a little cold, wondering how they thought it was hot, especially in the back of the pickup.

"Do you really think that we can..." More puzzle. It seemed they wanted to do something.

"I am going to ride her for three months..." After hearing this, I wondered if they had a horse or something at the camping area. I felt excitement well up in me. I had always wanted to ride a horse.

"Her pussy is so tight..." I wondered how a cat could be tight.

"I really want to..."

"We are going to..."

I got frustrated, wondering what they were talking about, and decided to be a little sneaky. It was always fun to try to sneak. I opened the window, just a little, so they would not note.

"So, here is what we do. Each one of us will try, one at a time, and see what she does. If it seems she is okay, we can try with more than one at a time."

"You really think we can all get her at the same time?"

"Well, we will be here a while, and she seems too stupid to understand, so I bet we can."

"Yeah, I mean, you saw how she..." Suddenly, they cut off, and closed the window again, leaving me even more confused to what they were discussing. I hoped it wasn't me. Not with stupid thrown in.

"Umm, Dick?" I said, my voice quivering a bit.

"Yeah," he responded, keeping his eyes on the road.

"Did I do something wrong?" I asked, dreading the answer.

"What do you mean?" he asked with a hint of suspicion.

"Well, it seems like no one wants to talk to me," I said. "And you see how they are talking to each other so much, but when I try..." I trailed off. "Well, I mean, they seem great, and I like making new friends. But, you have known them longer, so maybe you know what I did wrong."

He laughed. "Oh, trust me. You didn't do anything wrong. They already love you." He chuckled again. "Trust me, it seems they will be spending lots and lots of time with you."

"Okay," I said, still not completely reassured.

He seemed to sense my hesitation, so started up again. "They are just planning things for events. They want to surprise you, that is all."

"So, like a surprise party. They are not talking to me because it is supposed to be a secret?"

"Umm, something like that," he said.

I tried to imagine the surprises. My face lit up. Maybe it really was a horse! I felt giddy joy inside, imagining me riding on a horse.

"Okay!" I said. "I will stop trying to listen to them," I told him.

He merely nodded.

"Dick?" I said, waiting for him to respond.

"Yes?" he said in response.

"Can you give me a hint?" I asked, putting on my best cute face.

"Sorry," was all the reply he gave back.

I stuck my tongue out at him. He noticed it from the corner of his eye, then shook his head.

The drive up was pretty, the air crisp and clear. More then once, I was able to see wildlife near the road. Deer grazing in a grass field by the side of the path. Beautiful birds flying high above, some seeming to follow the pickup before flying in another direction. Once, I was even able to see a cute baby bear, playing with something a bit back from the highway.

We stopped in one last restaurant around noon, another strange one, mostly empty, except the server and the cook. The restaurant was made of wooden logs, like some wood cabin. I went to the restroom to relieve myself as the others got a seat. When I arrived back, the conversation quickly died down, with the last, "all fuck her," before he was cut off.

"Welcome back Loli," Justin said. He gave me a smile, and I could not help to smile back. He was such a great guy, and always seemed happy. Even more so when he saw me. It made my fears that they were mad at me melt away.

We ordered and ate, some small talk here and there, mostly about their lives and what they were glad to get away from.

Towards the end, Justin turned and said, "We are really glad you joined us. It will be wonderful, and we will try to make sure you have lots of fun."

I smiled back with a, "I will do my best to make sure you guys are not disappointed that you brought me."

Mumbles around the table of how happy they were that I was here, how I would not disappoint them, made me feel warm and glowy inside.

After final potty breaks, final scraps of food eaten, and the paying of the bill, we were all piled back into the truck. This time, Dick let Harry drive, and sat in the back with the others.

The others in the back had stopped talking, opened the window, and was watching out the front. Mike's head was inside the cabin. It almost seemed like they were watching us, but that would be silly. The beautiful country was much better. We were boring.

I finally noticed that Harry's wee wee was not in his pants. I giggle. "Harry," I said.

"Yes?" he replied.

"I think you missed something. Your wee wee is showing."

"Oh, I like to drive like that," he said. "It needs to get air."

"Oh," I said. I was unsure what else to say. "But, are you sure you should have it out, where someone else can see?"

"Well," he replied, "I don't see anyone else around. Just you and us."

"Oh, that is right." I remarked back. "I guess it is okay, as long as no strangers are around. You should never let strangers see your wee wee. My mom taught me that. But...it is all swollen again."

"Yes, that is why I am stroking it. Mike told us you helped him. Do you want to help me?"

"No, I couldn't do that." I told him. A look of disappointment flashed across his face, and I felt I needed to explain. "We are driving. I need to keep my seat belt on. I couldn't do that with my seat belt on."

"I understand. Do you mind if I keep taking care of it? You can watch if you want."

I looked at him, confused. "Why would I want to watch? I mean, it is your private, medical stuff. I shouldn't pay attention to that."

I heard Mike snort, and when I looked at him, his face was all red and he looked like he was trying to stop from laughing.

"Well, that is okay. As you said, we are all friends, so you can look if you want. All of us here," he said, motioning to the back where the other 4 were, "have the same problem. So you don't mind?"

"Of course not. We are friends. It doesn't matter if we see that. I liked to sometimes go around with no clothes on inside, with my family and friends. It feels wonderful."

"Really," he said, sort of dragging out the word. "Well, we are all friends here. You could always take your clothes off if you want."

"What, in a pickup? No thank you. A stranger might come by."

Mike again snorted, his face all screwed up, like he choked on a bug or something, trying to keep from laughing. I didn't see what was so funny. It turned a bright red. "Are you okay Mike?" I asked him.

He gave me the thumbs up, and his voice was strangled as he said "all good".

Harry rubbed a bit more, then stopped as we turned down a dirt road off the highway. I could see the swelling go down as he drove, so felt better, now that he seemed okay.

After that, everyone sat back and held on tight for the ride. It was very bumpy. The dirt road was narrow and twisty. To one side was the edge of the mountain, to the other side was a drop down the mountain. It scared me half to death sometimes.

It was also very slow. It took almost three hours before we arrived at camp. The road lead to a clearing, and on the other side of the clearing was a lake, with a stream both entering it and exiting it. The clearing and lake were surrounded by heavy trees, but over the tops of the trees, I could see another mountain peak looming up. It was beautiful.

We got out, walking around the clearing a little before we set up camp.

We unpacked a folding table, chairs, one of those big umbrella things that goes over a table. A camping stove, some fishing poles, and I shuddered when I saw them, a few guns.

"What are those for?" I asked, staring at them in horror.

"In case we need them," was the reply, with another puzzle.

"Why would we need those?" I asked.

"Bears, mountain lions, things like that." I nodded, understanding, but still did not feel comfortable looking at them. Harry rescued me from the horrible sight.

"Loli, the swelling. Well, it is back, and we are not driving," he said. "Can you...help me?"

He showed me his swelled, red, angry looking wee wee.

"Oh, poor thing," I said, gently touching the tip. "Okay."

He took me around to the back of the camper, on the opposite side that everyone was setting things up, and I sat down on the ground. I put it in my mouth the way I had done with the principal and with Mike, and moved my head back and forth like they had said. Soon, I could taste all the stuff leave his wee wee. The not pee stuff. I didn't want to spit it in the grass, and the principal had said it wouldn't hurt me. For one, spitting was not very lady like. For the other, I didn't want it all over the grass, making a mess. So, I swallowed it, not sure what else to do.

He thanked me and we went back around. He stuck his thumb up at the other guys, then helped to finish unpacking.

The sun started going down right before we finished packing everything, and someone was asked to get firewood.

"I will go," I piped up, and immediately Justin also volunteered to go with me.

We went out, searching the forest in the failing light for firewood. As I bent to pick up a stick, Justin cleared his throat.

"Umm, I was wondering. You helped Mike and Harry. Could you help me?" It was getting a bit strange, all these guys having their wee wee swell, needing all this help. I sighed, but agreed. "Okay, take it out. I will help you." I said.

"No, it is getting too dark, we need to finish. We can do it like Mike and you did."

I was confused. "But, how? We don't want to get undressed here. It is cold."

"No, just pull down your pants and lean over that tree," he said, pointing at a tree that had fallen. I was not sure, so he helped me. Soon, my pants and underwear was around my ankles, with Justin's pants and underwear around his. He gently pushed me over the tree, then pushed his wee wee against my flower. I heard him spit.

"What are you doing?" I said.

"Oh, well, see, it helps to make it wet down there. Then, you will not get hurt."

"Eww. You want to spit on your wee wee?" I said, a bit disgusted.

"Trust me. You will see." I still did not really trust this, but I guess he knew how to deal with it. After all, it was his wee wee. He knew better than I did.

I felt him push it against me again, pushing it in with small strokes. Soon, his wee wee was all the way inside my flower. I felt each push, felt it send tingles inside me. It felt...strange, still, but it also felt good. I didn't want to tell them how good it felt, but, I liked it a bit.

I felt myself scraped along the tree bark, but held it in as he continued, faster and faster. I heard my moans, remembering what Mike had said, so not bothering to hold them back. I heard his grunts, as if he was exerting himself. Soon, I felt that familiar sensation, a warmth flooding into my flower. Something about it felt...nice. I held my thoughts to myself. While it was a little strange that they all had this problem, I was starting to not mind this way. I didn't really like helping them with my mouth as much, as the taste of the white stuff was not very good. Maybe next time Harry needed help, I would ask him if we could just try this.

I didn't get cold until after he stopped, feeling my heart pound, my skin a bit warm. Justin was right, it was okay like this.

I pulled my underwear up, trying to ignore the squishing of his white stuff against them. I would definitely need to figure out how to wash this stuff off.

With that done, we finished gathering firewood. By the time we got back, it was already dark, and I clung to Justin's hand to keep from getting lost as I balanced my firewood in my other arm.

We arrived back and they had a fire already started. That night, they told ghost stories as I squealed in fright.

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""Lydia was my daughter," the old woman says, "She died in a car wreck by that overpass in 1923.""

I closed my eyes in fright, then opened them, wanting to see other people, not the darkness behind my eyelids.

"Did that really happen?" They nodded, saying it had really happened. I shivered, hoping no ghosts were around us now.

With that, we all started getting ready to go to sleep, tired from the long trip.

We all stripped down, this time two of the other's joining me in the first bed in the camper. I noted that two took the other, not freaking out about being in the same bed as another guy. I was glad they stopped being silly. The last curled up in a sleeping bag on the floor. Surprising enough, this time, only the two sleeping in the same bed as me took off all their clothes.

They pressed themselves against me, one in front of me, one behind. Their skin was warm, feeling nice pressed against me. I fell asleep being cuddled by two guys. I always loved cuddling.

I woke up, a face inches from my face, and jerked back. So close. Was he trying something while he slept?

I looked at him a bit. No, he wasn't trying to kiss me, wasn't trying to have sex with me like that. I wondered if I should sleep with them. What happened if our lips touched while we slept? How would I explain to my parents if I got pregnant, that we didn't kiss like that on purpose.

He looked so innocent, and I immediately felt bad thinking he might be trying to have sex with me like that while we slept.

I got up careful so I would not wake them, then snuck out. The morning sun greeted me, and although it was a little chilly, it wasn't as bad as it was when the sun went down, or when we were riding in the back of the pickup.

I went back in, found my clothes bag in the cabinet built into the wall, and grabbed my underwear, slipping them on, followed by a black circle skirt, a white lace halter top, and my hiking shoes. They did not match that well, but my other shoes were not that great for outdoors, so I didn't have much choice.

I walked out, saw the lake, and immediately a thought hit me. Swimming!

I went back in, looked through all my packed clothes. Bras and panties. Bleh on the bras. It felt better without, and there were not strangers all around. Shirts, blouses, sweaters, coats. Jeans, skirts, shorts. Dresses. Shoes.

I realized that I had completely forgotten my bathing suit.

With a sigh, I shoved everything in, too frustrated with myself to even bother to put them back in properly. As I finished, a couple of the others had started waking.

I went outside, and tried to set up the camping stove. No matter what I did, I could not get it to work.

Peter stumbled out of the camper, still half asleep, and I saw him take out his wee wee, peeing against the side of the camper.

"Hey, don't do that!" I told him, thinking how icky it would be to step in his pee. He looked at me, a little shocked. "Do what?"

"Pee over here. We will be here for a while. I don't want it all stinky with pee and poo!"

"Yeah, look at you over there, in a see through shirt, sitting there giving all the guys..." he was abruptly cut off when Justin came out, growling at him to "shut up". I wondered what he was talking about. I looked down, and realized you could see my chest through my shirt.

"Justin? Is something wrong with my shirt?" I asked, as he quietly argued with Peter. He waved at me, quickly letting me know that it was fine, it looked nice, and he and Peter were walking away. I heard a shouted "Don't fuck this up asshole!" before voices were again too quiet for me to hear.

While I was still trying to puzzle out how to set up the stupid camp stove, Harry and Dick came out. "Harry, Dick, do one of you know how to put this stupid thing together?" I asked. "Sorry, I wanted to cook breakfast for you guys, but I cannot get it together..."

They laughed, then Harry came over. He popped and pulled and poof, it was all ready. "Okay, now that it is set up, all you need to do is turn this, push this," he said, turning and pushing.

The flame came on, and it was all ready.

Suddenly, more yelling came from the other side of the camper. No one could understand what was said. "What's up?" Harry asked Dick.

"They are arguing," I told them. They both looked at me, then nodded. "We will deal with it," Dick said, and he and Harry went off to find Peter and Justin. Soon, they came back, with Peter holding his head down.

"Sorry Loli. I didn't mean to snap at you. I am just a little crabby in the morning." he said.

I ran over to him, threw my arms around him, and gave him a big hug. "It's okay," I told him. "My dad gets crabby too when he first wakes up."

I pulled back, looking him in the eye. "So, are you going to pee near the camp again?"

He rolled his eyes, and was elbowed. "No. Sorry about that too."

"Okay," I nodded, glad he was being good now. You had to make sure everyone knew the rules, or it would be a total mess. I threw on my puppy expression. "And my shirt?"

He cleared his throat. "Your shirt looks wonderful Loli. It is very beautiful."

I threw my arms around him again and gave him a big hug.

"It's okay. Thank you." I stepped back, tweaked his nose, and told him, "If you keep being all crabby, I will start calling you Crabby Bear instead of Peter Insidya."

Eventually, everyone started helping out as I cooked the food. I honestly didn't like the looks of most of it. Bacon. Sausage. Hash browns. The eggs were okay. As everyone sat down to eat, I racked my brains trying to figure out how to get them to eat more vegetables.

I ate one egg, and that was about it. We put the kettle on, until it was nice and hot, then filled cups full of instant coffee and hot water. Small sips as we let it cool down.

"So," I said. "Any horses around?" I asked, trying to be as casual as possible.

"Not that I see," was the answer in a serious voice. I bit my lip, completely disappointed. I had thought the surprise was horses. What else would you ride?

"Oh," I said. "But, the surprise..." I cut off, not wanting to ruin it.

"Oh, the surprise," Harry said, winking and nudging the other two beside him. He explained what I meant.

"Loli, there is no surprise. We were just planning what we would do while camping. We thought the surprise would be the hiking and swimming and stuff. We have a few other games planned too."

"Oh," I said, not sure if I was disappointed or not.

"Today, we just plan to relax around here. Go swimming, things like that."

"Oh," I said again. "I forgot my swimming suit..." I told them, feeling horrible again.

"Well, we planned to go skinny dipping, so, it doesn't really matter."

"Skinny dipping?" I asked, tasting the words, not sure what they meant.

"Yeah. You just swim with no clothes on."

"But, aren't you worried about things trying to swim, well, you know, in there," I told them. I had the horrified vision of a fish swimming into my flower and me not being able to get it back out.

They laughed, one roaring, and I started laughing along with them. "No worries Loli. That doesn't happen in real life. The fish prefer to stay away from people, so will avoid us."

"Oh," I said, then nodded. It made sense.

It was sort of exciting. I had never been allowed to swim naked. My parents would not even let me wear a bikini. One reason I was frustrated that I left it at home, hoping to be able to wear it while I was away from my parents. But, the thought of just being able to swim with nothing on was just as fun.

"Okay!" I said, and watched the guys eat and talk.

After, I cleaned up, taking the few utensils to the stream, washing them, then picked up all the paper towels the guys had used. I wanted to grump at them to clean up their own mess, but I didn't want to ruin the fun by being some naggy girl, since they all seemed to like me.

After, a couple guys went fishing, and I walked around a bit, enjoying the trees. Justin came over again, asking me if I could help him yet again. I sighed. It was easier, and I was glad I wore my skirt. I was able to take off my underwear, and leave my skirt on, instead of being all hobbily with my pants around my ankles. He repeated the same ritual, spitting on his hand, then rubbing it all over his wee wee, before pushing it in. He finished quickly, and I pulled up my panties, the white stuff leaking out of my flower. We were close enough to the camp to see the others, but far enough to barely be able to make them out. It almost seemed like they were watching us, but it was hard to tell.

"Justin," I asked him.

"Yes?" He replied.

"What is this stuff? The white stuff, well, not quite white, but...almost. Is it like puss or something? Like from a pimple?"

He shook his head no, another strange look. "It is called cum. What happens is it builds up in here," he said, then showed me the two things hanging below his wee wee. "If we do not get it out, it will start hurting. We call it blue balls."

"Oh," I said. I wasn't sure what else to say.

"Anyways, our, this," he said, pointing at his wee wee.

"Your wee wee?" I asked him.

"Yes, our wee wee. It gets swollen because of all the cum that is made here. So, it isn't getting all big because something is wrong with it, but because of too much cum here."

I nodded. It made sense. "But, why don't all guys have this problem?"

He chuckled. "They do. Normally, we just rub it until we get all the extra out. Not all guys have such a wonderful friend as you to help."

I paused, a little nervous. "Umm, is it okay?"

"What do you mean?" He asked.

"Well, I sort of...swallowed some of it before."

He laughed. "You are very special." He said. It was sort of confusing, but I nodded, not sure what else to do. "Yes, it is protein. You know, like eggs."

"Oh, so, I won't get sick?" He shook his head no.

"Oh. Well, I just want to help," I said. "Thank you for explaining it." I almost told him I didn't like the taste, but I didn't want to make him feel bad, so I just kept quiet.

He nodded, then headed back. I thought about this, and about how all guys seemed to have this problem. I wondered if there was anyway to stop it. I still didn't even understand what it was for.

Justin telling me what a wonderful friend I was though made me feel all warm and fuzzy. I vowed to not get annoyed when they asked me to help again. I understood how it could be. Like cramps during your moon flow, but down there instead of inside. I always hated that time, and while I could not take care of it as easily as they apparently could, I was just glad I could help.

I pulled back on my panties and enjoyed the forest. The breeze bringing the smells of flowers, and pine trees. It was so crisp up here, and so clean. No smog in the air. It was also nice to be away from all the people in the city. I like the city and all, but it was nice to get away from it. No horns honking. No people getting angry. No yelling from houses. No one shooting each other. Just peace and quiet.

Eventually, I headed back to camp, to start getting lunch ready. In front of the stove was a bunch of fish that had apparently been caught.

I had watched my mom cook fresh caught fish, even helped her out, when we went camping, so I knew what to do. Soon, I had a plateful of fish to go with a few fruits. Of vegetables, the guys were, well, guys. I wanted to growl at them, and bit my tongue. I didn't like animals dying to feed me, so I rarely ate meat. Fish, eggs, milk, they were okay. The silly vegans were just that, silly, for thinking all animal stuff was wrong. I ate my fish and we talked, about different matters. I watched the guys argue a bit about this or that, but it was relaxed. Good natured. I was glad I had come and made these new friends.

After we finished, and I finished cleaning up, we lazed around, not doing anything but enjoy quiet. A couple took naps, and as it got a little later, I decided I wanted to go play with the sand, and maybe swim a little after.

I went to the camper, took off all my clothes, my shoes, until I stood there in nothing. I enjoyed the sun over my skin, the breeze gently tickling it.

I went over and sat down in the sand, making little sand castles, funny shapes.

I noticed the guys who were not napping watching me, smiled and waved, then went back to the sand.

Eventually, they came over. "What you doing?" I showed them my sand figures and drawings. My sand castles, which sadly did not do very good at staying together, since the sand did not seem to like sticking.

They commented on it, and I decided it was time to wash off.

"I am going swimming. Who is going to join me?" I asked. All the guys agreed it sounded wonderful, as the sun seemed to be at its hottest. They stripped down, throwing their clothes on the ground. I tisked at them, then gathered their clothes and took them to the camper. "I will wash them later," I told them. I ran into the water, squealing as the icy cold hit me. It was cold, so very cold, that I lost my breath. I went back, closer to the shore, and took it more slowly. Eventually, I it started feeling okay as I got used to it. I swam out, and joined the guys. When I swam underwater, I realized that all their wee wees were small. Great. I would not need to worry about helping them right now.

We played tag, and they swam under me, their fingers poking my flower. A couple times, they even pushed inside me. Then, they would pop out and say, "Your it!"

Other times, they poked my boobies, before proclaiming I was it, or my butt. After a while, I joined in, and poked their butts, and their wee wees. I guess these were the new rules?

We stopped, and they just swam around as I got out, got their clothes from the days before, some soap, and brought it back. I hand washed all of our clothes and then asked about a clothesline. Together, they finally found some rope and a couple trees a little away from camp to hang the laundry on. Since no one thought to bring pins or hangars, I was left draping them over the line.

Peter stayed, watching me, and I noticed his wee wee growing. The rest of the guys all had their clothes on, but Peter was still undressed, like me. "Umm, sorry again about earlier." He said. I let him know it was okay. "So, ummm," he pointed at his wee wee. "I was told you could help?"

"Sure," I said, remembering what Justin told me. I knelt down and put it in my mouth, doing as I had been told before. Soon, I tasted his cum on my tongue as Peter pushed the back of my head against him. He mumbled thanks, and mentioned that, it would be better if I licked it when I did that. "Oh, like a Popsicle? Okay, I will try that next time."

Once we finished, it was time to start dinner. I threw back on my clothes, and the guys gave a collective "aww". "It will be cold soon! And I don't want to cook with no clothes on...hot stuff can splash and burn you."

They nodded, and proceeded to put their clothes on too.

We ate, talked. A few stories, but more funny this time, rather than scary ones. A few songs as someone broke out the marshmallows and we roasted them over the fire. Eventually, we started getting ready to sleep, putting out the fire, packing everything away, and heading into the camper. The guys rotated on the bed, and I was with Mike and Harry.

Unlike the previous nights, I stayed awake, hearing a couple of the guys snoring. I kept thinking about what Justin had told me. About the buildup, the need to get rid of the cum. I could help my friends, but there were millions of guys in the world. How could it be solved? I realized I didn't know enough, but I still tried to think of ideas.

As I lay there, thinking, I found Mike's hand against my legs, trying to spread them. I looked over at him in the dark, barely making out his shape, and whispered, "What are you doing?"

"Oh, sorry. I didn't know you were awake. I just needed, you know. You have been so helpful for us. I thought you wouldn't mind, while you slept."

I wanted to say he should at least ask me. It isn't good to do things to people, no matter what you need, while they sleep.

"Okay," I whispered. "Just please be quiet. I don't want to wake everyone." He laughed. "What?"

"You are noisier than me," he said.

I had to agree. "Okay, I will do my best."

He scooted over me, laying his body between my legs. He didn't spit like Justin always did, and I immediately understood why Justin did that, as it hurt a bit at first. He was slow though, so it was bearable, and eventually, the strange, wonderful feelings started as he grunted between my legs. I noticed his head come down right in time to avoid it, as his mouth moved towards mine. I quickly turned my head, felt his lips hit my ear. He lifted his head in surprise, and I slapped him. I heard one of the others laugh in their sleep. "What are you doing?" I asked him, making my voice rough and disapproving. "I said I would help you. I never said I would have sex with you. I am not like that."

He growled a bit, then asked, "What do you mean?"

"Trying to kiss me like that. You are not my boyfriend, not my husband. I will not have sex with you."

He was sitting up, and I could see him rubbing his cheek. ''Good. Trying to have sex with me like that.''

"Look, sorry if you misunderstood. I said I would help you get rid of the extra cum. I never said I would have sex with you. Please keep your lips to yourself. I am saving that for when I am married."

He just sat there. "Okay, sorry I slapped you so hard, but really. Trying that. I thought we were friends."

He mumbled an apology. "Okay" I told him, pulling him back between my legs. "Just please don't try that again." He started pushing into me again, well, trying to. I felt down, trying to find his wee wee. I found it was not swollen anymore. "Oh, I guess you are good now," I told him. He grumbled something else as I pushed him off of me. "Goodnight Mike. Please don't try to have sex with me again." Another laugh from the sleeper. He must be having a funny dream.

The next morning, I found myself waking to an empty camper. It seemed everyone else had woken up before me. I threw on some clothes and headed out into the mid-morning light.

"Good morning," I said to everyone. Well, except Mike. I pointedly did not say good morning to him. Thinking I was that kind of girl!

"Look, Mike has something he wants to say to you," Dick told me. He gave Mike a look, and I heard a whispered "don't ruin this for us man".

He stood in front of me. "I am sorry for trying to have sex with you." he said.

"Okay," I told him, keeping my cool mask attached.

"You are just a very pretty girl, and I admit, I have thought about having sex with you. You seem like you would be a wonderful girlfriend." He told me. "I will not try it again."

I couldn't keep the cold expression on my face. But, it did turn into a sad expression. He noted the change, gave me a puzzled look.

"Mike, you are my friend." He nodded. "I mean, I like you. You are a nice guy." He nodded again. "But Mike, I am sorry. I am not in love with you." Another puzzled expression. "Well, you are a boy, you know about sex!" I said. He didn't say anything, just watched. "Two people, on a bed, their lips together, kissing. Then, the baby starts growing in her tummy."

"Okay," he said, clearly not understanding.

"Anyways, I don't love you, and don't want to have sex with you. I hope you understand." He slowly nodded. "You are a wonderful guy," I told him, so maybe he would not feel so hurt by what I told him. "You will find the right girl someday, and it will be so romantic. You two will get married, and then, you will go home, lay down next to her, and your lips will touch, and..." I stopped, blushing, thinking about talking about sex with him like this. Friend or not, there were limits, especially with guys. "Oh Mike, it will be wonderful. Just wait until you meet the right person. She is out there, and you will meet her someday."

Everyone was stunned. They just sat there, staring, a couple with their mouths opened. I felt great about my speech, and hoped Mike would stop this crush so we did not need to worry about him trying again.

"I will not try to do it again," Mike said.

I nodded. Then, I gave him a hug. "You will see. She will be so beautiful." I whispered in his ear. I felt sort of bad, hurting him like this, especially in front of his friends, but I had to make sure he knew I was not the one for him, so he didn't try it again. After all, I would be spending alot of time with him, and I didn't want a silly crush ruining our camping trip.

His expression was still strange, but as I pulled away, I felt I had done what I could. I went over to Dick, grabbed his hand and pulled him a little away from the others. "Dick, do I need to worry about Mike? He tried to have sex with me last night."

"No," he told me. "You don't." He reassured me. I nodded, feeling better.

"Sorry if it sounds like a silly question," I said, biting my lip. "What is it called?"

"What is what called?"

"When a guy puts his wee wee inside a girls flower." I asked him, feeling silly that I didn't know what it was called.

"Oh, it is called," he paused for a second. "Boinking." He raised his voice. "Right guys? When a guy puts his wee wee," he stumbled a bit over that, "in a girls flower," again, a slight stumble, like he didn't know what a flower was, "it is called boinking."

"Yeah, boinking," they quickly agreed.

"Oh, I see."

Boinking. Boinking. Boinking. After repeating it to myself a few times, it started to sound a little silly. Boink. Boinking.

I shrugged, and went to eat.

Later that day, after finishing washing all the clothes, I ran into Justin at the line. He quietly helped me hang everything up, then asked me to help him again.

I nodded, still naked from the swim and the clothes washing, letting myself dry off as I hung the clothes to dry.

I placed my hands against the tree trunk, spread my legs, and waited.

Then, I jumped.

He hadn't pushed his wee wee against me, or spat on it, or whatever. Suddenly, his mouth was shoved against my flower, his nose almost up my butt.

It tickled!

"What are you doing?" I said, facing him. "I thought you needed help, not to tickle me!"

"Wait, it's not that. Please, just stand there again, just like you were." He grinned. "Well, try to bend down a little. It is hard to do this while behind you, rather than between your legs."

"Do what?" I asked him.

"Oh, trust me, you will like it." He was still grinning. "And I will try not to tickle you."

I shoved my hands against the tree again, leaving my hips up. "Like this?"

"A little lower. Well, as low as you can get. See if you can touch the bottom of the tree."

I moved lower, then lower still. Fortunately, I was pretty flexible, so I was able to touch the bottom of the tree like he asked.

With that, he moved his mouth back to my flower. I bit my tongue as his face tickled me there, hitting my hair, his breath shifting it around, causing me to keep from trying to laugh out loud. Then again, bent over this far, it wasn't that easy to get a deep breath to laugh too loud.

Then, he started licking. It felt strange. Then, it felt sort of good. Soon, it felt more than sort of good. His tongue ran along the split part, then towards the top, or maybe bottom from this position. Towards something. Then, he started alternating between licking the split part and licking...the something...at the top. And, my mind went gooey. My vision flashed as he continued licking, interspersed with little bites. His tongue worked harder and harder, bringing noises from me that I did not think I was capable of. In no time, I felt my body tremble as the pressure that I hadn't felt in a while built and built and built, until I exploded. He kept hitting some spot that kept me exploding, until I felt completely exhausted and drained, finally collapsing on the ground.

While I was sitting there, my mind in unknown bliss, my body trembling, he entered my flower easily with his wee wee, and before long finished up.

After he finished, he helped me stand up, my body locked in that position, and held me close as I continued trembling in his arms.

"What," I said, finding it hard to speak. "What was that?"

"Oh, it is called oral," he told me. He laughed slightly. "I guess you like it."

I could do nothing but nod against his chest. My legs took a few more minutes before they could even support me.

I found myself looking forward to Justin boinking me. I sort of wanted to boink him back. Well, maybe more than sort of.

Then, disaster struck.

My moon flow started.

After that, all the guys refused my help with my flower, so I had to help all of them with my mouth. I hated the taste of their cum, but I had promised to help. I actually liked boinking, especially with Justin's oral. It made me feel tingly. It made me feel good. Something about it felt sort of right. Like, a guys wee wee was supposed to be in my flower, like they fit together. I had gotten used to sometimes watching it go inside, wondering how it could go in there like that. How it felt so good.

Now, it was just my mouth. I thought about how it felt with Justin's mouth on there, and wondered if guys felt the same. It made me feel a little better. Help them with their problem, and make them feel good. Of course, I also felt nauseous enough from my moon flow, so ended up more than once rushing into the forest to throw up after swallowing their icky cum. I hid it from them, not wanting them to feel bad about it.

Finally, my flow finished. The next time one of the guys approached me, I was more than glad to boink, rather than taste their icky stuff on my tongue. Justin started making my flower feel so good I even started approaching him.

"Hey Justin," I said, a little embarrassed to approach him.

"Hey Loli, what's up?" He asked.

"Well," I said, "I was wondering." I stopped, then rushed out with, "You make me feel so good, so tingly, I was hoping we could go find a quiet spot, and you could, could..." With that, I found I couldn't say it.

He winked at me. It was sort of startling, then made me giggle.

"Sure," he said, and we found a spot away from camp.

Soon, I was laying down on a blanket, panties off, legs spread, with his head moving between my legs. Then, he went to work. For almost an hour, he stayed there, doing things with his tongue that made me scream. Pushing on spots with his finger that made me scream. I found myself barely able to concentrate on anything but what was happening between my legs, breath heavy, eyes shut tight, yips and moans and screams of delight echoing through me. For another two hours afterword, we boinked, and stopped, and he licked, and nibbled, and we repeated it over and over and over again. Once we finished, my flower was sore, and my legs felt so wobbly I could not even stand by myself.

The guys continued to ask me to help them, and they started showing me different ways. They showed me how to get on top, and "ride" them, as they called it. They bent me over tree stumps, and boinked with him behind me. Sometimes it hurt, when their wee wee would go too deep.

They taught me something called reverse cowgirl. I laughed at that, not really able to understand. After all, they weren't horses.

They pulled my legs almost to my head, and it felt amazing. Soon, I looked forward to what they could teach me. Sometimes, it was not very good. Sometimes, it did not even seem to work at all. But, I tried so many different ways to boink.

The feeling of warmth flooding into me soon became normal. At times, I had someone ask for help while I still had cum trying to leak out of my flower, staining my panties. Sometimes, I even found it felt strange when I was empty down there.

And, it also became a nice break from cooking, or cleaning up the camp, or whatever. After a month, I was finding camping to be sort of boring. But, the guys made it exciting, and it made me feel even better about helping them, even though I admit most nights, when I went to sleep, I was rather sore down there.

One day, we woke up, and after a nice breakfast, I was asked to help. We went out, and as we found a nice spot, it started raining on us.

We laughed as rain gently fell, cooling us down as we heated up, because helping them with boinking definitely made me hot. We boinked at the rain continued to fall, starting to get heavier and heavier. Soon, we were completely wet.

We fixed our clothes and ran back to camp, enjoying the rain, but trying to get to someplace dry. Everyone could see me, almost as if I was naked, since I didn't even bother to wear panties anymore. They always had to come off, so why bother. My dress was a light, white sundress, and clung to me tightly. The guys stared at me, as if they had not seen me before. It didn't bother me though. They had all seen me with no clothes on anyways.

Unfortunately, the rain did not stop that day. They set up a little roof over the cooking area, and other than that, they all stayed under the other roof next to the camper. That evening, one did ask for help, and we went around to the other side of the camper, now cold rain falling on us. It ended quickly, and I felt a bit frustrated that I didn't even get to enjoy much.

With that, I went in, got undressed, toweled myself off, then climbed into bed.

The warmth from the two guys with me felt nice, and I snuggled between them.

The next morning, we were greeted with still more rain. As everyone sat around, Dick whispered in my ear, and we went into the camper. Peter was inside.

"Oh," Dick said, looking unhappy.

"What's up?" Harry asked.

"Nothing," Dick mumbled.

"Dick, he has the same problem. He will understand."

Dick and Harry both gave me a strange look.

I whispered in Dick's ear, "Is it okay if I tell him? He has the same problem, so I have had to help him too."

Dick chuckled, then nodded that I could tell him.

I then whispered in Harry's ear. "You know that problem you have? That you need me to help with?" He nodded. "Dick has it too." I didn't tell either that all the guys seemed to have it. It was their medical condition, and I had to have their permission before I said anything to anyone else. "Well, with all the rain, I was going to help him. But, I don't think he wants you to see."

Harry's eyes went wide. "Umm, what do you want me to do? I can go out I guess."

I whispered back to Dick, asking him if he needed Harry to go out. He told me no, it was fine, Harry could stay.

Soon, me and Dick were back in the bed, naked, Dick's wee wee pushing inside me. I saw Harry glance out of the corner of his eye, but Dick fortunately did not seem to see. I didn't say anything as Dick started pushing his hips, pushing himself in me, then out of me. In, then out. In, then out. Soon, I was pushing my hips back against him, and I heard the wet sounds. I looked once more at Harry, and ended up looking right into his eyes. I glared at him once, trying to make Dick feel embarrassed or something, then was washed in sensation as Dick moved faster, his mouth going over my nipples, sucking them as his wee wee continued with my flower. I felt him cum, but he kept right on going. Faster. Harder. Soon, I couldn't see much of anything as my body released its own pleasure. The sounds filled the camper, and Dick sped up even more. Cum, faster. Harder. Cum. Deeper. More. Cum. Cum. Cum. After the last time, he collapsed on top of me. I looked at the front of the camper, and Peter had also came in, and both Peter and Harry's mouths were wide open.

I made shooing motions with my hand, trying to get them to stop staring at us. They turned toward each other and finally left. Fortunately, the door was closed before Dick pushed himself off of me and looked around. I breathed a sigh of relief.

As we pulled on our clothes, Harry came back in. Once he saw Dick was dressed, he came back. "Sorry, I need some help too," he said. He and Dick grinned at each other, Dick nodded, and left. Soon, Harry was between my legs, doing what Dick had just finished.

That night, after everyone had gone to sleep, I was woken, with my legs spread, and Harry's wee wee inside me. He was behind me, so I wasn't able to look him in the eye, so to let him know I was awake and trying to help, I brought my hand up and pushed against his butt, trying to push him inside me. He stopped for a second.

"No, don't stop. It's fine. They are all asleep," I told him. He started back up again, and soon my hand was over my mouth, trying not to wake the others, as he boinked me from behind. Once he finally came, he wrapped his arms around me, and soon soft snores filled my ears. I felt his wee wee get small again and slip out, and I went to sleep feeling his cum drip out.

The next day, instead of the rain stopping, it got worse. When the guys asked me to help them out, we ended up having to go inside the camper. Sometimes everyone else was outside, but more often, at least one other was inside. Soon, all of them had seen me boinking someone else, so they all seemed to know they shared the same condition. The wee wee swelling. I also started to notice that as I boinked one, the other suddenly swelled up. A couple times, they even took their wee wee out while they watched me, rubbing it with their hand until they came by themselves. It seemed that the problem was worse. Someone was always all swelled up now. Maybe it was just because they were all stuck under the cover of the plastic roofs or inside the camper, so couldn't go out and get exercise, and fish, and hike, and everything else. Soon though, it seemed like while I wasn't cooking, or cleaning, or washing, or sleeping, I was boinking one or another.

When I washed everyone's clothes, I did it naked. The first day I tried not to, but it was useless. By the time I finished, I was wet and cold, with my clothes clinging to me uncomfortably. While I was still wet and cold with no clothes on, it wasn't as bad, and it was easy to just go back and towel off.

As I washed, I noticed all the boys looking at me, talking excitedly. I tried asking what they were talking about, because they seemed so excited. But, all they would tell me is "buys stuff", and left me wanting to know what it was.

The clothes themselves took forever to dry, hung up on lines. With everything so wet, soon there was no dry clothes for anyone. After a few days, no one had any clothes to wear, unless they wanted to wear damp, uncomfortable clothes. Soon, everyone was walking around naked. It was okay, as long as you stayed out of the rain.

But, I started to see evidence of how bad their conditions were. It seemed they were swelled up all the time. It made me understand how great it was to be a girl instead of a boy. I just had to deal with cramping once a month, during my moon flow, not every day, more than once a day. They were even all swelled up when they woke up!

It seemed like the more I helped, the worse the problem became. I was boinking them almost everywhere in the camper. On the bed in the back, in the front. They pressed me up against the end of the wall. From behind, from the front. Face to face, although I still avoided letting them have sex with me. Boinking was one thing, but if their lips came to close to mine, I stopped them.

As the rain continued, soon everyone was staying in the camper, the ground outside a muddy mess. With everyone else inside, soon some started coming outside while I was cooking, boinking me from behind while I cooked whichever meal.

Then, one day, while I was helping Peter, Justin approached us. Peter stood behind me, as I was bent over, I guess in the doggy-style position. He pushed his wee wee right against my lips. I looked at him, then put it in my mouth while Peter pushed inside my flower. Soon, I found myself sucking on Justin while Peter continued in my flower. It felt extra tingly for some reason, and I didn't mind when he came inside my mouth.

The next time, it seemed that the other guys had heard what had happened. So, Harry, Dick, and Mike all seemed to join in together. While Dick was inside my flower, Harry pushed his wee wee in my mouth. Mike watched us until Dick finished, then pushed himself in. I found myself going over the edge more than once, felt my body shudder as they continued.

After that, we all seemed to be comfortable boinking with each other, and I took turns sucking them and riding them. I even started using my hands.

Realizing this would not work, I finally let one try to put it in my butt. They had asked more than once, but I didn't want to. But, I only had my mouth, my flower, and two hands. They told me how all of them could get help at the same time.

I sat on Dick's wee wee, and he used some of the cum still inside me, dipping his fingers in, to cover his wee wee. At first, it sort of hurt. He continued slowly, and finally, his wee wee fully entered me. It was strange. It felt like I had to poop. He gently thrust under me, and Harry came over and spread my legs. Sitting on the edge of the bed, on top of Dick, he pushed his wee wee into my flower. It was electric. I could feel them, together, inside me. It felt amazing, and wonderful, and I completely lost control of my body. By the time I could see straight again, Justin was standing on the bed, legs to either side of my thighs, his wee wee pointed right at my mouth. While Dick and Harry did wonderful things to my lower parts, Justin had me suck him while he reached down to cup my breast with his hand, the other already held firmly by Dick.

Mike and Peter came over to stand to either side of Harry, and I reached out and stroked their wee wees with my hands.

I found myself climaxing just from the overload of sensations, over and over and over again. I felt them doing the same. Eventually, after an hour, two hours, it was so hard to know how much time had passed, washed in this bliss, we all lay in a naked, sweaty mass. My body was still tingling when we ate dinner.

While that was the only time I tried to take care of them all at once, it became normal for me to help two at a time, and for someone else to push his wee forward the instant one of the others finished. If I thought we were boinking alot before, now they kept going, one after the other. A few times, we even missed our meal because I was so busy with them. It almost made me wonder, if boinking was this pleasurable, what would sex be like? Although I promised myself to wait, I was tempted to try with one or two. But, I wanted to save myself, and what would my parents say if they found out I had sex with some guy on a camping trip? And, I especially didn't want to get pregnant. These guys were nice, but I didn't really feel that way about them. I didn't want to have sex with any of them. Only the tingling my body kept feeling over and over as they boinked me made me even consider it. How did people not go insane with the bliss of having sex? After all, this itself made me complete helpless, completely awash with pure ecstasy. I definitely needed to find the right guy. I could not wait to try sex.

Finally, towards the end of the week, the rain started slowing down. Then stopped. The sun finally came out and started drying everything, but we didn't even bother with clothes anymore. The sun felt good on my skin, and the guys seemed to agree. Besides, it was only us, so there was no worries. And, it made it easier to boink.

However, with the return of the sun, I wanted to go hiking, swimming, and exploring. Each time I turned around though, there was someone wanting help. It started to get annoying. Finally, I arranged a meeting. After each meal, I would let them boink me, but only for 1 hour. Well, after dinner, maybe we could more, but only if I didn't have anything planned.

So, each day after breakfast or lunch, I would take some position. Either laying down on the bed, or pressed up against the camper, or on the table, and they would line up, and one by one boink me. We never tried all together again, as it was awkward, and although it was interesting, I didn't let them do anything with my butt again, but I did help them either one at a time or more together, using hands, mouth, and flower.

The one hour after dinner soon turned into two, then three. The guys came inside me and on me over and over and over again. My flower was sore almost every night I went to sleep, and still sore the next day when we started again. A few nights, I was forced to just tell them no, not tonight. I hated the disappointment across their face, but they mumbled that they understood.

We had been there almost two months now. Breakfast, then bent over the chair, Dick pushing his wee wee in me, cumming, then moving back. Peter, filling me more. Justin, shoving inside a flower dripping with their cum. Mike, grabbing my hair, pulling it while he thrust into me. Harry finishing off.

Lunch eaten, and I was laying on a blanket in the middle of the camp, legs spread, welcoming them one by one. Dinner, and it was into the camper, on the bed. For 1 hour tonight. Then two. Then three. By the time we finished, I passed out, exhausted.

The next day, after breakfast, I took them on a hike, and let them shove me against a tree, or bend me over one, a few times, to make up for no boinking earlier. At lunch, they decided to play a game. They tied me up, and then took turns. I didn't understand the game, a cloth in my mouth, over my eyes, my arms and legs tied to four different points. It didn't really seem like a game. I wasn't sure what it was. But the guys were all laughing, enjoying themselves, so I guess they enjoyed the game. I got annoyed as they started to go over the 1 hour we had agreed to. I got more frustrated as they hit the two hour mark. By the time they had finished, dark was already falling. I didn't know what to say. I was disappointed. I was frustrated. I was mad that they did that to me.

"Sorry," Justin said. "We were having so much fun, we lost track of time. Did you enjoy it?" His eyes looked so hopeful, so full of joy, that I didn't have the heart to tell them I was mad at them. That we had made a deal, only 1 hour, so I could actually enjoy some time to swim, or hike, or just to be lazy. I bit back my cutting remark and looked at him. They were my friends, they were so nice to me, and they were just trying to play some game. Whether I understood it or not, it really didn't matter. While I was very sore, I admit it had been fun. It was different, not being able to see them, to know what was going to happen until it did. I started to think about it. I was the one who was getting frustrated. Instead of enjoying the game, I acted like some, well, someone who follows the rules too much, and let myself get frustrated.

"Yes," I said. "I enjoyed it."

He looked happy about this, and I was glad I gave him that answer.

The next day, I only let them boink me once after each meal, and went to bed, still recovering. However, I was resolved to let them try again, to try their game, the following day, when I was not so sore.

After breakfast, I addressed them. "I...am sorry, to all of you." They gave me puzzled looks. "You tried to show me a game. And, I admit, I was getting mad. Not at the game. It was..." I hesitated. It had been interesting, but not really fun. It had, for some strange reason, been sort of exciting, and a little scary. "Fun." I finished up, a fraction of a second later. "I am sorry for thinking about the boinking, and that you went over 1 hour, and not trying to figure out how to play your game. I want to try again." They cheered. "And, that is also why I didn't help as much as I should have yesterday. I was so sore from the day before, that I just couldn't. But, I am rested up. Please, show me how to play the game."

This time, they took me to this area that had a chopped down tree. The tree stump was huge. In fact, it was so big that when they asked me to lay down on it, I was able to stretch out completely. They again tied me, my legs stretched out to the left and the right, my arms tied up above my head. The ropes were tied to stakes pounded in the ground.

"All good?" Justin asked, eyes half concerned.

"Yep, I am ready," I told him, trying to make myself sound confident. With that, he tied a cloth around my mouth and around my eyes. Light filtered in along the edges, but I could not really see anything. Then, they started boinking me.

I lost myself in the sensation, not being able to speak, or move. My arms and legs grew cramped, but there wasn't much that I could do, so I focused on whomever was between my legs. Boinking felt even different, now that I played along with them, than it did when we normally did it. It surprised me when I felt someone touch me, and I found myself jumping a little. It was frustrating when no one was around, like I was alone in the world, and as I settled into that, to suddenly have someone touching my breasts, settle between my legs, was shocking. It also highlighted what it felt like, down there. Unable to see, to speak, to move, my mind focused on what they did. It heightened the feel of each thrust. Of each time they came. I couldn't even tell what time it was. I knew it had been lunch time. Could feel the sun on my skin, hot, the guy in me, hotter. I could feel the sweat drip off me, feel their sweat as their body made contact. The air started cooling, and I found myself falling asleep.

I woke up again to complete darkness. At first, I started to feel panicked. Then, I felt the weight settle between my legs. I realized I must have fallen asleep, and they were still at their game. But, how could they play with me asleep. I began to seriously dislike this game. I didn't feel like I was playing. More like I was the ball, the object the others played with. I tried to force the gag out, and whoever was between my legs seemed to notice me moving.

"Hello. You seemed tired, so we decided to let you keep sleeping while we played." It was Mike. "Just a few more rounds, and we will be done. Everyone else went back to camp, so it is just you and me." I didn't like that. It seemed like he was going too far.

I heard the wet, squelching noise between my legs, felt him cum.

"I am having so much fun," he said. Something in his voice made me feel...not so comfortable. I tried to ask him to take the gag out. It came out as a "Mff mff mff mffff."

I could hear him panting beside me. Then, after a few more minutes, felt him settle between my legs again. I again "mff mff mff"ed at him, wanting him to stop. I hurt. Oh, I was so slippery that it wasn't painful like that, but more sore beyond belief. He thrust harder, and came again. He sat there, playing with my breasts, as his wee wee slipped out. "You know, I never knew you were such a..." he stopped, then continued. "Awesome girl." I could feel him harden again. I wondered how long he had been boinking me. I just wanted to go back to camp. "Want to stay out here all night?" I shook my head no. He laughed. "Aren't you having fun? We are playing this game for you." His tone was off, made me feel a bit...creeped out. "I wanted to make sure you got the most out of it." He thrust, then shoved deep inside me as he filled my flower with his cum. I could feel tears leaking out of the corner of my eyes. I wanted to go back to the camper, and just sleep, inside a nice, comfortable place. Not continue a game that seemed like it should have been over a long time ago with Mike.

I heard footsteps. I felt more than heard someone standing beside me.

He rubbed the side of my face, rubbing away the tears. Then, he growled, "Get the fuck over here, you fucking asshole." It was Justin. I was so glad to hear his voice.

They whispered, loud enough that I could hear their voices, but yet unable to make out their words, other than the occasional snippet.

"...you are going to fucking ruin it..."

"...I don't care, you should have stopped a long time ago..."

"...seriously, want me to tell the others about this?"

"...filthy fucking..."

Then, I heard struggles, and a smack. Then another. I could hear them grunt, and immediately knew they were fighting.

It lasted less than a minute, then Justin told Mike, "Get the fuck back to camp, and if I see you do anything like this again..." he let the threat hang in the air.

He came over, and started untying me. "Sorry Loli. I don't know what the fuck he was doing. The game ended a long time ago. Fucker just doesn't know when to stop."

After he untied me, I tried to move. My whole body cramped up. My legs screamed protest. My arms were hard to move without pain. I couldn't even close my legs.

"I...I..." I wanted to tell him that it scared me. All tied up in the dark. No one but Mike.

"Are you okay?" He said.

I shook my head no.

"Oh, what's wrong? Before you tell me, I wanted to let you know, the other guys, they had a blast. It was such a great day. I swear, everyone here thinks you are the best girl they have ever met. And I mean, ever. I think a couple might be a little in love with you."

I was taken by surprise. That scary, short time with Mike started to wash away, and I started feeling warm and wonderful. I didn't like the love part, but I was so popular with them. Maybe I needed to give them the talk about love again? I swallowed back what I was going to say.

"Especially Mike. I will set him straight. I know you don't like him, at least not like that. But, as you see, he kept wanting to play, even when he should have stopped. He didn't hurt you or anything did he? I know he gets too excited, too carried away. He is like that with sports too. Always yelling at the TV, always excited, and gets overexcited. Sometimes, he doesn't know when to stop. We will talk to him."

I wasn't sure what to say. I am not sure why it bothered me so much, being outside, with just Mike, in the dark. Why it made me feel scared. But, Justin was right. Mike seemed to pay lots of attention. And while he could be an asshole, he still seemed to treat me just fine normally. Maybe I was just being silly. Maybe I was being a stupid girl. The guys liked me. They always paid so much attention to me. In fact, thinking about it, I realized Justin was right. It was like I was the center of the world for them. It was almost uncomfortable, like the guys were too focused on me, but he was right. They all liked me. I was cool. I wasn't naggy, like other girls. I would deal with Mike myself. Let him see I was mad at him. Also, try to make sure he understood, I would not be his girlfriend. I actually started to feel bad for him. I worried it would hurt him, but I had to make sure he knew, I was just a friend.

Something else though needed to be said.

"Justin, this game. I...don't like it."

He looked at me.

"Oh, I mean, it is okay, but, it would just be okay for boinking. It isn't fun. In fact...it short of makes me feel like...I don't know. Like in sports, you have players and balls. I didn't feel like I was a player. I felt like I was the ball."

"Oh," he said. "Sorry that you felt that way. Why didn't you tell us that before?"

"Well, because, I got upset, about the time, and thought maybe I just didn't enjoy it because I was too focused on the thought of boinking past the 1 hour agreed to time. It was actually...fun. I enjoyed it. But...not like a game. Are there any other games, that we can try, where I won't feel like, like..."

"Like the ball?" He said. "I will talk to the guys. We know lots more games that I think you will enjoy more."

I laughed. "Yes, just like the ball. Thank you Justin." I nuzzled against him. I found myself looking in his eyes, his eyes closing, my eyes closing. I found my lips moving toward his.

Suddenly, I jerked back, realizing I almost had sex with him. "Sorry, I shouldn't have. I can't do this. You aren't even my boyfriend." He had a flash of confusion, then a look of understand. "It's okay," he said, and we walked back in silence, me pressed against him.

I slept that night, and woke up still stiff and sore, muscles screaming at me, still unable to completely close my legs. All the guys were already awake and talking behind the camper. They stopped as I came to find them, and went back to camp. The rest of the day, I refused to help any of them. "Sorry, help yourself if you need it. I hurt too much from last night to help you." I hated saying it, but it was true. When I saw Mike, with a bruised eye, I gave him a hug, then took him aside. "Look, Justin told me."

"Told you what?"

"That you are falling in love with me, that is why you got carried away. You know, I don't like you like that. I have already told you that. Please, stop. I don't want to hurt you." I tried to console him, but he brushed my arm away.

I could hear him mumbling under his breath. "Stupid fucking bitch, doesn't understand shit. Fucking her pussy, and she..." I could no longer hear him. He was laughing though as he continued mumbling to himself. The other guys shot him looks.

I wanted to say something. I knew he didn't feel that way, and was just upset when I rejected him. But the words I heard still stung. Well, what I understood of them.

I walked up to Dick. I wanted to ask Justin, but after what I almost did last night, like some slut, I didn't dare.

"Umm, are the guys mad at me. For, you know, not helping?"

"No, they are cool about it. They understand," he said, comforting.

"Because, I mean, I want to help. I really do." I found tears leaking from my eyes. "But, I just. I still hurt. I can't even walk straight."

He looked at me, then looked away. "No, really, it is okay. You just relax today. We will take care of everything." He stood staring ahead, a guilty look on his face.

"Okay, if you say so." I was still not so sure, but the rest of the day the guys did just that. While I sat in the chair, enjoying the sun, the guys brought me food, drinks. When I went to sit in the sand, watching the water cut through it, molding it, the guys checked that I was okay. They treated me like a princess. I avoided Mike, letting him know that I was mad. I understand he was hurt, but he had to understand that he could not just insult me, even if it was under his breath, and get away with it. I put on my best smile for everyone, but for him I kept my frosty, cold expression. It was strange that he just chuckled. More than once though, the other guys talked to him, one by one, two, once all. That evening, as the sun sat on the horizon, he came over and apologized for getting carried away.

"And...the names you called me? I was right there, I could hear you." He sighed, then apologized for that. "I was just...anyways...sorry."

I accepted it. Sadly, without the boinking, it was actually...sort of boring. I wasn't up for hiking, or swimming, so all I could really do was talk to the guys, watch the birds, the trees, maybe play around with the sand. I found myself wanting to boink them. It felt good, and passed the time with more interesting activities. I actually liked boinking more than I realized.

By the end of the day, I was recovered mostly. I could walk straight again, and my muscles seemed to be less cramped. After dinner, I went into the camper. Justin was there, and suddenly, started massaging me. "We have some different games we will play," he told me as his hands worked on my sore muscles. I felt myself relaxing, and soon no stiffness remained. Well, other than my flower. I fell asleep, his fingers rubbing me to dreamland.

The next morning, we decided to have a game marathon, to help liven up the camping trip. We sat around, discussing ideas on the games. For some reason, all the guys games included boinking.

"But, we never boinked in games in school," I mentioned.

"We figured this would be a good way for you to help us, and for all of us to have fun, at the same time," Harry mentioned.

"Oh, okay. Makes sense," I told them. They seemed to enjoy the idea.

The first game we decided to try was the boink races. The rules were made. I would boink each guy, one by one, and the guys would try to avoid cumming as long as possible. Each guy was timed, and the fastest to cum was out. To help make it fair, so the guys could not control it, we boinked with me on top, so I could control the timing.

I started with Mike. My legs straddled him, easing his wee wee into my flower. I started moving my hips, and once he was slipping inside easily, started moving faster. Soon, he was shoving himself against me as I dropped down on him. I watched as his wee wee disappeared inside of me, as our hips met and we smashed our bodies together. After a short time, 3 minutes and 28 seconds, I felt him cum inside of me.

With Mike done, I moved to Harry. I slipped him in easily, already slippery with Mike's cum. Unlike Mike, Harry just lay there, letting me do all the work. I paced myself more, already feeling a bit of a burn in my thighs, bouncing on top of his wee wee. As the timer his 7 minutes, 13 seconds, I felt his cum flood into me.

Next, I straddled Peter. I rode his wee wee longer than Mike's, but we finished quicker than Harry. By now, my flower was starting to feel hot and full. I finally found my own bliss, felt my flower clamp down on his wee wee, and felt him cum deep inside, pulling my hips tight against him, and shoving his wee as deep as he could. I lay on him for a couple minutes, trying to recover. I felt him soften, his wee wee slip out, and his cum leak out of my flower.

Justin was next. Remembering almost having sex with him, I was more hesitant. We boinked for over 8 minutes before he finally came in my flower. By the end of it, I was looking deeply into his eyes, looking at his lips. He was always so nice, so thoughtful, that it was still tempting, even now, to lower my lips to him as his body shuddered under me. I resisted the temptation.

Last, I mounted Dick. By now, I was a bit sore, so just wanted to finish. I let his wee wee bury itself in my wet, dripping, sticky flower, leaned my upper body against him, my head just below his chin, and shifted my body, rather than using my thighs. He finished in just over 4 minutes. I lay there, not wanting to move. My flower felt stretched, and sore. Once I got up, we looked at the results. Mike cussed as he noticed he had the shortest time.

"Hey, it's your own fault man. We saw how you were thrusting into her as hard as she was riding you." He cussed again, realizing his mistake.

We took a break, going for a swim in the pond to wash off and cool down, then ate lunch.

After lunch, we continued.

This time, I mounted the remaining four guys, with Mike glowering at not being able to participate anymore. Sadly, by the end, Justin had the shortest time. I wanted him to stay in. I actually enjoyed boinking him the most. I shook my head, repeating to myself I did not love Justin. This was not sex, just boinking. I wondered if, once we were all back in school, if he would ask me out. I felt them cum in my flower, and once more was able to feel the bliss itself, and wondered idly if Justin would ask me out, become my boyfriend. Maybe we didn't have to wait until marriage to have sex. My flower dripped their cum as these naughty, wicked thoughts ran through my head.

With round 2 over, the guys went for another short swim. My thighs were burning, and my flower was getting more sore. Their cum in my flower made it easier, so I declined the swim. I wanted to keep the cum inside my flower, so that it was more slippery and easier for round 3, rather than starting out all...non-slippery...again.

Round three, and I decided to change the rules. I was too sore to continue riding them, so I instead laid down and they pressed themselves between my legs. The rules were changed slightly, the guys could not stop. I noticed Mike had his wee wee in his hand as he watched Harry then Dick boink me, with Peter the final one. Peter came quicker than the others, and was out for the next round. The guys didn't even bother washing off, and that was fine. I kept as much of the cum from leaking out as possible, so that it would make up for the soreness. I felt the pressure of all the cum in my flower, but it was okay. It didn't hurt. It just felt...full. It felt good, unlike the outside of my flower.

By round 4, there was so much cum in my flower that it leaked and squelched and bubbled out regardless of what I wanted. Harry and Dick soon shuddered, but sadly, I had not felt the bliss for the last three rounds.

Harry was declared the winner.

Mike came over and whispered to me. "Hey, if you keep it all inside, it should help make you less sore." I thought about that. It definitely made it easier to boink, being all slick down there, but I did not plan to boink again tonight. But, we had more games tomorrow, so I decided to try.

I closed my legs, and hobbled to the camper with my knees together. The guys looked at me strangely.

When I got inside, I laid down on the bed, elevating my hips so the cum would not leak out, and pulled on my panties. It definitely felt different, leaving it in there, instead of washing it out or letting it leak out. I put a pad in my panties for good measure, since I had all their cum inside, so if it leaked, at least it would leak on the pad.

"Hmm," I said, thinking out loud. "Shouldn't I have my moon flow now?" I mumbled it to myself, wondering if it was late. Sometimes my moon flow was late. I shrugged, patted my flower through my panties. "Now, you stay in there," I said to the cum filling me. "I want to feel all better for tomorrow."

The next morning, I found my pad stuck to me, the cum having leaked out. However, it seemed to have helped. I did not feel as sore as I expected to. I found Mike.

"Mike, thank you for the suggestion. I kept it all inside my flower as much as possible, and you were right. I am not as sore as I would be."

"No problem," he said, then walked away, laughing. The laugh puzzled me a little, but I didn't bother dwelling on it.

The next day, we tried boink tag. Since we would be running around the forest, trying to avoid each other, I wore my hiking shoes, a skirt, and a t-shirt. I knew that we would need to be able to boink, but I wanted to protect as much of my skin from branches as possible, so the skirt made it easy for them to access my flower with clothes still on. I chose Justin to start. I laid down on the ground, spreading my legs, inviting him between my legs. I did not want to get dirty, but my desire to look him in the eyes won over a little dirt on my clothes. I waited, my lips parted, as he settled between my legs, rubbing his head against my flower. It was already wet with flower dew at the thought of him kissing me. If he tried, I wasn't sure I would stop him. Unfortunately, or maybe fortunately, he didn't try. As he he shoved into me one last time, his wee wee pushed as deep as it could go, I wishes that he would bring those lips down. I wanted to know what sex was like. I wanted to feel our mouths together, to feel the bliss between each other as we boinked. As he lifted himself from between my legs, I pushed them together, then got up to get away. I looked back and noticed none of the other guys were running from him. He tapped Harry, right next to him still, and said, "You're it."

Then, the chase was on. Sadly, it was not much of a chase, with me trying to keep my flower closed, so that Justin's cum wouldn't leak out, to help keep me from being sore, just as Mike had suggested. In almost no time, he caught me, tagging me. He lifted me up as I wrapped my legs around him, my arms around his neck, and bounced my body against his. He slid in easily, the cum from Justin still making my flower wet and slippery, and soon I felt him shudder as he pulled me tight against his body.

Once he finished, I slipped off, quickly closing my legs again. I went over, bending over for Peter. He grabbed my hips, and thrust inside me, him moving forward while I bounced backwards. A couple slight yips as he slipped out and found his wee wee poking me in the thigh, or the butt, until we found a good rhythm. Once he kept slipping out, it wasn't long before I could feel his warm cum fill me further.

I slipped off his wee wee and started running again. Again, looking over my shoulder, I noticed none of the other guys running away from him. He tagged Mike, and off we went. I paid a little less attention to the cum in my flower, trying to stay away from him as long as possible, but it still didn't take long for him to catch me. He shoved me to the ground roughly. It didn't hurt, but was surprising. He shoved my head against the ground so my flower stuck up in the air. The rules stated that they could boink me in any position they wanted, but I didn't like this. When he shoved into me, he shoved hard. I felt his wee wee his the bottom of my flower, and I screamed. His hand on my head, keeping me from getting up, and his hard, deep, pounding thrusts, soon had him cumming inside me. It felt like he was trying to cum as deep as he could. The other guys came over as he was getting off. My face red, I brushed leaves out of my hair, dirt off my face. I bit my tongue. We had rules. But, I wanted to kick Mike out of the game. I was beginning to not like him. I stood up, my insides hurting a bit, trying to keep the cum from bubbling out as I stood up. It still bubbled and leaked out a little, but I was able to close my legs and stop the flow.

Dick punched Mike in the arm, growled at him, and then it was time for me to pick someone else to be it.

This time I chose Dick, pulling him to a tree that they had stopped by. I spread my legs and pulled him to me, wanting him to hurry before all the cum leaked out. We found a good position, and his wee wee penetrated my flower. He shoved and grunted and shoved more until his wee wee sent its warm, sticky fluid inside me.

We continued for another couple hours. By then I was warn out and had to tell them enough, I quit. They could boink each other if they wanted to boink more.

I again hobbled back to the camper, keeping all the cum I could inside my flower, trying not to lose any. I slipped on my padded panties, wondering if I would need the pad for my period soon, or just to hold all the cum inside and soak it up when it leaked slowly out.

We ate, and I found myself hungrier than normal. I tentatively asked for one of the hot dogs. I was shocked myself. I don't like meat. But for some reason, right then, nothing sounded more delicious.

That night, when we went to bed, I still had some of their cum inside me, helping to sooth my aching flower. It wasn't as sore as the day before. Running like that, I was not able to play as long as we did the boink race, so we had boinked less. Still, it was relaxing not to boink after lunch or dinner. That night, Dick woke up beside me, his wee wee hard. I let him boink me, spooning, until his cum filled me. I slipped back on my panties trying to keep it all in. Maybe some would be left tomorrow.

The next day, after running for almost 3 hours the day before, I wanted to play something less...runningly...

I also noticed that there was no cum leaking out of my flower. Maybe, with today not being a running game, I would be able to save enough to keep it until the next day. I didn't mind the feel of it inside me, and was actually starting to get used to my flower feeling full.

We settled on hide and boink. The guys counted to 100 in a loud voice. The first time, as I started walking away, the counter, Dick, Peter, tried counting too fast.

"Stop. No, count properly. One-one-thousand-one, one-one-thousand-two, like that," I told him, making him start again.

He started over, counting. I hid behind the camper.

Harry was the first to find me, and I handed him the blanket. The rest, quickly hearing us and coming over, watched as Harry boinked me until his cum warmed my flower, before he got up from between my legs. I closed my legs, and straightened my panties so they helped keep my flower closed.

Then, they went back and started counting. I didn't care who was doing the counting, as long as they did it properly.

I went off to hide. This time, we played until it was time to get lunch ready. Each had cum in me at least twice, and Dick had cum inside my flower 6 times. It was so full that it leaked no matter how hard I tried to stop it. Still, we ate lunch, and I joined them for a small steak, and then we got ready to play some more.

My flower was so full, after only the second guy to cum inside, that it squished out as the next guy boinked me. I guess I was completely full, and tried to make sure it stayed as that full. One guy's cum washed out some of the other guys each time by now, and my legs were sticky, all the way down my inner thighs, with cum leaking down them.

By dinner time, I had no choice but to wash off, holding my flower closed as I washed my legs off, and slipping into bed still feeling rather full down there. My tummy felt slightly tight and almost a little poochy. Maybe I had too much cum in my flower.

We finished breakfast, and then found a nice spot.

I looked where we were, a clear area, a tree on one side, and a high stump on the other.

At their urging, I removed my skirt, since I wouldn't be running, but left my shirt on. I leaned over the stump. The surface, worn smooth by wind and rain, felt cool under me. It was perfect because it was high enough that I didn't need to kneel, and just let my legs dangle over the edge. Then, the guys could just stand behind me and access my flower. I was still sore, but I would have probably been more sore if I hadn't followed Mike's suggestion.

"Can one of you first put some cum inside my flower? It is still sore, from all the games, so I need it to get all slippery." They all quickly volunteered to be the first.

I hated doing it, but I had been treating Mike coldly, so I chose him to be the first.

He grinned, then started trying to shove himself in quickly.

"Stop," I told him. "Slow please, it hurts a bit."

He slowed down. He wasn't really a bad guy, just...got overexcited. I knew I should be nicer to him, but it just seemed he might be pushing me harder than he should. I couldn't believe he would still be mad that I told him that I loved him, but maybe he was.

He pushed himself in slower, little by little, until he was all the way in. He was surprisingly gentle about it, and soon was cumming inside me.

As he pulled out, I closed my legs, trying to keep him cum there. Then, they all walked to the tree and started.

I heard the first reach me, huffing and puffing.The cool wood and the hot body behind me warred with each other, and I found myself not looking to see who it was. It was like the blindfold game, but I still had control, was still more of a part of it. But, it sent strange thrills through me more, not knowing who was there. Very strange.

I lay there, periods of nothing, followed by someone huffing and puffing as he pushed his wee wee inside me. I started to feel a bit like the blindfold game after a while, like I was just the ball. But, I was also able to see who it was when I wanted, and was able to keep most of the cum inside my flower, so I didn't mind so much today. Maybe it would help sooth my aching flower.

Just like the day before, we played until lunch, then after lunch. My entire thighs and the back of my legs was covered in cum. I ate with them, enjoying the texture of the meat, and went to sleep, not bothering to wash it off.

The next day, I suggested a different game. Marco-boinko. Then, I wouldn't feel like the ball, and they could be blindfolded instead.

We found a wide field and stripped everything but our shoes. I shouted marco, they shouted polo. We kept it up until someone found me. It was interesting, watching them stumble into each other, touch each other trying to see if it was me. It was funny watching them. When someone finally reached me, I stopped calling, and let them boink me. They were sent back to the middle, and had to put back on the blindfold.

I enjoyed watching them so much that we passed lunch, and since the boinking was a slower pace, my flower wasn't getting as sore as before.

They listened to me moan as Peter boinked me in the middle of the field, and finally, after the last few days without, I felt that strange, wonderful bliss come over me. I felt my flower clamp down on his wee wee, felt him cum inside of it as a result.

Finally, once each person had found me, we started over again. They didn't seem to be ready to stop, and I admitted that it was good to finally be in control of them, so we played until dinner time.

That night we ate, and they watched me with wary expressions as I ate. Somehow, I ended up eating more than the guys did.

By now, I had gotten better at keeping their cum inside my flower. In fact, early in the morning, when I first woke up, it felt strange not to be full. I noted the sodden pad, but not sodden with moon flow juice, and sighed. I was wondering if something was wrong. My last moon flow was light, and I was over a week late. I wondered if I was getting sick or something.

We played red light, green light, with a slight twist. We all had to be on hands and knees. When they reached me, they would boink me doggy style. Then, they got up, went back to the start, and tried again.

A couple times I screamed when someone went too deep, hurting my insides. Doggy style was bad for that, if they weren't careful, they could hurt me. Overall, the day went fine, and we all had fun. Simon boinks was the last game. The last person standing from Simon says got to boink me.

That night, I noticed my shorts, well, the hole in them. Another shirt had a hole in it, and I found a pair of panties that were frayed and with the crotch about to give out. I came up with an idea.

"Well, see, I have these clothes," I told them. I could feel my pulse racing. My idea was strange, and make me excited. "I will wear these tomorrow, and we will play keep away. I keep away from you guys. Now, you cannot touch me, only my clothes. Since these are ruined anyways, you will try to rip them off me without touching me." I had gotten the idea from one of the guys once mentioning that they would love to tear my clothes off. I do not know why he wanted to do that, but he seemed to enjoy that idea. I had no idea why I found the idea sort of exciting, and a little scary, but it popped into my head and I wanted to try it with them.

"So, what happens when someone gets all the clothes off you?"

"The people who are holding clothes gets to boink me, by themselves, for 1 night." After all, tomorrow was almost the end of week 10, and I had a bra, panties, a shirt, shorts. Four pieces of clothing, 4 nights. I thought about the math.

"Wait, we still have 9 days, right? Counting today? Okay, so for each piece of clothes you have, you get to boink me for as long as you want at night. Your choice on how you want to boink me. You can do whatever you want after we finish dinner and cleaning up and the clothes are done, and you can do whatever until we go to sleep."

They nodded, telling me how much they liked the idea. I also had a secret hope that Justin was able to get all my clothes. I hated to think about it, but I was falling in love with him. The gentle way he boinked me. The way he spoke to me, comforted me. The way he tried to make me feel good. He was good looking, and smart, but it was the little things. If he tried to have sex with me, I was not sure if I could stop him.

I mean, I felt closer to all of the guys than I ever had anyone else. I helped them with their wee wee problem, and they always complimented me. Even Mike, when he wasn't being an asshole. I was the cool girl, not like the other girls they knew. Other girls wouldn't help them. I couldn't understand why. Maybe the other girls didn't know that boinking was enjoyable? It got old, but it wasn't a big deal. I could put up with the soreness, and the games had been a fun way to boink, instead of just bending over for all the guys in the camp so they could take care of their swollen wee wees. But, to have sex. I felt a thrill run through my body.

Yet at the same time, I hoped Mike didn't get any of my clothes. I had no problem boinking him. True, once they got back, I doubted we would be friends. I...tolerated him. But, I also wondered. The way he boinked sometimes. So aggressive. So forceful. What would it be like for the first girl he had sex with? What would happen if she told him no? Would he press his lips against hers, forcing her to have sex with him no matter what she wanted? If Mike got any of my clothes, especially since he was in love with me, I would be careful that he didn't do anything like that. True, he hadn't tried again, but still...

The next day, I put on the clothes that would soon be stripped off me. I had taken a pair of scissors to them, so the hole in the shorts became a cut, easy to tear away. The shirt had been cut also, up the sides. My panties barely hung on, and would be easy to rip off when they grabbed them. My bra was unclasped. It was still good, and I wanted to try to avoid it being damaged if possible.

I walked out and quickly dashed into the forest. Soon, I felt all the food left in my stomach coming up. I heaved and heaved.

Oh god, I was getting sick. I was thinking I was, with how late my moon flow was, but the stuff from my stomach made it clear.

I saw Mike, and tried to hide it when I got sick again.

I didn't want them to know I was sick. I had to hide it from them.

I came back to camp unsteadily, and Mike winked at me, then laughed. I wanted to hit him. But, then the others would wonder why I did that, and I didn't want them to know I was getting sick. It was almost the end of the summer, and I wanted to make sure they left with me still being the best girl in the world. I wouldn't ruin it.

"Can you come here," I told him. He followed me. "Umm, please don't tell anyone. I don't want them to know, and ruin the trip." He looked at me puzzled. "I am okay, just a little sick." He let out a laugh. "Hey, it isn't funny!" I told him. He shook his head, and finally when he stopped laughing, he said, "Oh, I won't tell them. And I am sure you will be just fine. You will probably be okay by this afternoon I bet."

Strangely, he was right. By the afternoon, I was feeling just fine.

So, we started the game. However, the rules were different. Once someone got a piece of clothes, everyone had to go back. They would give me 5 minutes to escape, and then they would hunt me. The five minutes ended, and they started searching for me. I wasn't hiding, I kept moving, and would try to avoid them. I avoided Harry as he walked by, and was biting my tongue so he wouldn't know how happy I was when I saw Justin. I let him catch me, ripping my shirt off.

We called, and went back to camp. Two days with Justin.

Five more minutes, and they hunted again. I imagined myself as a wild animal, fleeing from hunters. As a princess, fleeing from kidnappers. The next time though, it was Dick. He grabbed my bra, pulling it off. Fortunately, he was gentle, and did not damage it.

I went out again, hiking along, and found Dick. I avoided him, having to run, and ran straight into Justin as I was watching behind me to try to avoid Dick. He grabbed my shorts, pulling, and, with a slight bite to my skin, they ripped off. I tried to stop myself, but couldn't help smiling. Four nights with Justin.

The next took a while. This time I walked pretty far, and the light was fading as someone finally caught me. To my dismay, it was Mike. I tried to run, but in the end, he still ripped my panties off.

We called, then went back to camp. I boinked all the guys, helping their swelling go down, and then we ate. That night, they figured out the order.

Since Justin had two pieces of my clothes, he would go last, and I would get to lay in his arms for the final four nights. Dick would go first, then Mike, then Justin.

Dick and me boinked that night. I felt him cum in my flower over and over again. He was definitely enjoying having me for himself. We kept boinking for at least four hours before be finally collapsed on me the last time, then rolled over and went to sleep. Once during the night I could feel him boinking me yet again, and again. The sun was coming up by the time he finished. I slept until suddenly I was interrupted. I rushed out of the camper, running to the forest, and threw up again. I thought I was over being sick.

We followed the normal boinking pattern. An hour at lunch, and hour after dinner. Like the day before, I was fine after lunch. This time, Dick boinked me for a few hours, but didn't wake me up. I woke up and threw up again. This time, Harry noticed.

"Hey, are you okay?" He asked me.

"Yeah, just...don't worry. Just not feeling well. Seems I got a little sick. No reason to worry though, it seems to only last the morning. I will be fine this afternoon."

He gave me a flat stare, then walked away. I could occasionally hear the guys talking, arguing, whatever, before I was able to get up and walk back to camp.

I arrived with a "too late now, enjoy it while we can. Not like she can get more..." the other guys cut him off as I walked in.

Boink for lunch, boink for dinner, and starving me eating too much food. I started to find my shorts seemed a little tight. Maybe it was the meat. I decided to slow down on it. After all, I wasn't used to it, and not completely sure why I was so hungry for it now...

That night was Mike's night.

Sadly, Mike became even more aggressive, and I found my face buried in the pillow. He didn't bother stopping, boinking and boinking and boinking like someone gone crazy. For five hours he continued, never even stopping between cumming inside my flower. By the time he did stop, I felt myself crying. I dreaded the next night.

The morning came, and so did the sickness, me throwing up. By now, everyone knew, and looked at me warily. That was what I was worried about, that they would look at me like some stupid girl again, instead of a great friend. The boinking continued after the sick feeling went away, and it was Mike's night again.

This time, he took out the rope and the blindfold. He tied me to the bed, my legs to the side, my arms stretched out. Then, he started boinking me, and I soon figured out that it wasn't only him. I heard a couple of others. It didn't stop. For hours, I lay there, as one person or another boinked me. I was so sore by the end of it, covered in cum, my flower leaking it like crazy. I realized it was all Mike's fault. He was an asshole. The other guys just did what he wanted, since it was his choice. I couldn't even make it to the forest, but instead ended up throwing up in the camper toilet. I fell asleep there, not waking again until after lunch. I closed my eyes as Mike boinked me. The rest, I showed how excited I was to boink them, to prove to Mike that I didn't like him. In fact, I hated him.

That night, it was Justin's turn. He held me close, boinked me gently. He massaged my thighs, helping ease the cramping. I parted my lips, closed my eyes, wondering when he would try to have sex with me. I was ready. He was sweet, and gentle. To my disappointment, he never tried. Just the gentle boinking, the massages. He licked my flower, bringing me bliss, fingered it after it was wet and sticky with his cum. Nibbled on my nipples, on my neck. He trailed kisses down my body, and it felt so wonderful. It was better than normal, and I was happy. The next three nights were also wonderful, while the mornings not so much.

The entire time, I kept waiting for him to try, just one, to have sex with me. I was ready. I felt his cum flood into my flower, felt his breath so close, and wishes he would do it. Press his lips against me, finally showing me what it was like to have sex. But Justin either didn't love me, or was too much of a gentleman not to, because he never tried.

By the last night, I finally decided to ask him.

"Justin, do you...like me?"

He looked at me. "I think you are amazing. I have never met a girl who is so amazing. I mean, the way you help us, with how cool you have been, has been great. We will never forget this summer break."

That made me feel good, but wasn't what I was looking for.

"Justin, I think I like you." He gave me one of those looks. Maybe I was rushing too much, but being with them for 3 long months, I felt I could say what I wanted to. "I...I...want to have sex with you." I told him. His face took on an odd expression. "I enjoy being with you. You are so wonderful. I know we are not...dating, and that it is wrong, but...I want to have sex with you."

I closed my eyes, puckered out my lips, and sat there, waiting for the magic.

When nothing happened, I opened first one eye, then the other.

He had already walked away. He was outside, talking to the other guys. I guess they hadn't fallen asleep yet.

"Yeah, she really said that." I felt myself go crimson, listening to them talk about me. They must think I am such a slut, asking Justin to have sex with me like that. I went to the bed, laid down, and cried. When Justin came back in, I bit back the tears. "Look Loli. I don't really like you like that," he told me. I felt my heart break. "Are you mad?" He asked.

"No," I told him, my voice cracking. "Lets just boink."

This time, I kept him up all night, boinking him over and over. At least I could have that with him, even if he didn't love me. I lay on top of him, boinking him, aggressively. Not as aggressive as Mike had boinked me, but enough to produce grunts from time to time. The next day, as we headed out, me and Justin had gotten no sleep. I had kept him up all night.

We arrived back in the city, and gathered at Dick's house. "So, Loli, want to try one more, just to finish the summer?"

I had slept on the way back, so was okay. "Sure, but, in the camper again?"

"Nah, my parent's aren't home. We can boink in the house."

We went in the house, and all the guys boinked me in the living room.

As I slipped on my clothes again, Dick addressed me with the rest of the guys around.

"Loli, we want to thank you, for everything. That was the best time we ever had. You truly are perfect. Look, we would all love to stay friends with you. We don't find other girls that are willing to help us with our problem. You enjoyed it too, right?"

I nodded. "Yes, thank you all. You are wonderful. Sure, let me know, and I will help whenever." With that, I headed home.

I walked into the house. My mom and dad gave me a huge hug when I got home, my dad poking my belly. "Looks like you put on a little weight. Here, I thought you would be skinnier, with all the outdoor hiking and everything."

I wanted to tell them all about it, but...it was their medical problem. I looked at my dad, remembering them saying all guys have this problem. I wondered if there was a way to help my dad. Then again, mom probably knew about it and helped him.

"It was a blast. But, I think I got sick or something. My moon flow is late, and I have been throwing up in the mornings lately..."

Horror crept across their faces. It took a while before they stopped screaming. I could not understand though why they were saying I had sex and was pregnant. Justin refused to have sex with me.

The end.