**Marly Helps The Junior Survivor Scouts**

by JW

Marly was actually enjoying the walk in the woods; she saw deer, rabbits, squirrels, and one very fat woodchuck. It was a great escape for her given the events over the past days, and not only a physical break, but a mental one as well.

As she meandered up the trail, she took in the fresh air and smells that the city is unable to provide. She wondered if this place wasn’t growing on her; but then she guessed that was to be expected surrounded by all this beauty.

What she wasn't expecting was to walk right in to a Junior Survivor Scout camp with a dozen boys looking to be anywhere from 8 to 10 years old in age. Oh and one very cute young man probably around 18.

Marly got nervous all over again as two of the boys ran up to her with angry looking faces.

“Halt! Who goes there?” a skinny freckle faced kid proclaimed as he raised a hand to her mid-section.

“Whoa, what's this fellas?” The survivor master asked.

“We found her sneaking in to camp sir” the boy replied.

“At ease guys; great job” Steve approached Marly

“Umm, I'm sorry about this Ms...”

“Marly, I'm staying with my gramma down the trail a ways.”

“Well, I'm Steve, Marly and these rugrats are the Junior Survivor Scouts of Anderson Company 395” There was a Woot, Woot, Woot in unison.

Steve did a quick once over of Marly’s clothing choice.
“Umm Marly I don't mean to sound like a perv but are you naked under that jersey?” Steve again fixated on the scantily clad body in front of him.

“Yes, long story don't ask” Marly scowled.

“Whoa ok, touchy subject. Well, we’re pleased to make your acquaintance” He shook her hand and the boys were mesmerized by the jiggle of her breasts as he did.

“So what brings you up here like that?” Steve asked.

“My gramma's Wednesday morning bridge club” Marly said with a whirl of her finger.

“Ahhh lesser of two evils, I see.” Steve smiled.

“Well we were just about to badge test for Survivor First Aid. I'd invite you to watch but our test suspect ate one too many smor's last night and headed home a little while ago.” Steve said with a bit of a frown.

“Master Steve why can't Marly be our test subject for first aid?” One of the boys asked

“Oh no no no, we can't ask her to do that little man.” Steve knew that Marly's dress would not be conducive to keeping order among the boys.

“Yea why can't I help” Marly volunteered.

Steve tried again to diffuse what could become a very uncomfortable situation for Marly. “No you don't want to, trust me. We'll do the testing next time when Larry is feeling better” Steve made the decision.

“We want Marly, we want Marly” the boys began to chant.
Marly just smiled thinking how cute they were. “Really, I don't mind helping them get their badges”

“Are you sure? It will involve each kid checking you for injuries, splinting your leg, applying a tourniquet to your arm and performing mock chest compressions.” Steve again tried to dissuade her.

Marly reasserted that these kids were way too young to think of her as anything but someone to get there first patch through. “Yea, I'll do it”.

“Ok, she'll do it gang” Steve announced

“Yay Woot Woot Woot” the boys exclaimed.

Marly smiled and was happy to help. Steve led Marly to a blanket on the ground and asked her to lie down.

“Ok, Austin, Richie, and Mark front and center” Steve commanded.

A fat red haired kid, the skinny kid who challenged Marly earlier, and a short stocky kid with a buzz cut walked up first.

“Ok what do you do first?” Steve asked

“Cut off her shirt to check for injuries.” Came the reply

“Correct but we're not going to do that this time” Steve said.

“Then how are we going to check for injuries?” The boy asked.

“We'll just pretend.” Steve told them

Marly offered “I can take it off if you like.”

Again Steve strenuously advised against it and again the boys thought otherwise.

“Let's leave it up to her” the fat kid suggested.

“Fair enough” Steve consented and looked at Marly.

Marly lifted her shirt over her head and handed it to Steve. She adjusted her head and pulled her ponytail out from under her neck and got comfortable. Lying down she couldn't see that all eyes were on her body; including Steve's.

Steve tried to keep it professional and non-sexual but it was going to be tough. The first thing he noticed was how firm her breasts were. She was lying on her back but her breasts pointed straight to the sky right along with her eraser sized nipples. He took notice of every little bump on her pink areola. Shifting his gaze downward over her flat stomach, he was in awe of her clean shaven pussy and how her clit jutted out proudly.

It seemed like forever, but Steve managed to snap himself out of his trance after only a few seconds. Ok kids what’s the first thing you’re going to do now that her shirt is off.

Austin answered first. “First check for injuries moving the victim as little as possible”
Each boy took up a position around Marly’s body with Austin on her left side next to her leg, Richie on her right across from Austin, and Mark at her head holding it steady.

“Are you sure you really want to do this Marly?” Steve asked one last time.
Marly smiled, nodded her head yes and closed her eyes playing the unconscious victim.

“OK boys check for injuries just like we practiced” Steve commanded

Austin and Mark began at Marly’s feet and squeezed lightly as they manipulated her feet checking for bruising and feeling for any sign of pain from the squeezing. Marly gave a little chuckle as she was ticklish on her feet. The boys ignored her and continued with their examination. Next came her calves; the boys continued kneading and checking for bruises slowly working their way up past her knees to her thighs.

“You’re doing good guys; remember to take you time” Steve offered encouragement.

When the boys reached mid-thigh they both pulled her legs apart and checked her inner thighs for bruising and injury. The cool breeze told Marly that she was now offering an unimpeded look at the meaty lips of her womanhood to the boys and Steve. Standing by her decision to help, Marly remained still with her eyes closed.

Marly tensed as she didn’t expect what happened next.

Marly felt fingers moving skin around her pussy and slit as the boys did a thorough job of checking every inch of her lower body. She was thankful that this didn’t turn into a gyno exam.

Next was the torso and chest areas. Marly again chuckled a little as some of the movements were ticklish to her. And once again she was taken by surprise.

Both boys in such a nonchalant manner grabbed a breast and just moved it every which way checking for injuries.
Steve would have put a stop to that immediately, but he knew Marly would just consent anyway.

“Ok we’re done with the front part of her body and found no injuries or bruising” Mark proudly proclaimed.

Before Steve could say anything, Richie piped up “Master Steve, they didn’t check her nipples for injuries”

“Well you really can’t check anything there buddy” Steve answered

“But what about the bruising and bumps around them” Richie asked

“Oh, well, the bruising isn’t bruising. That’s the areola and the bumps are supposed to be there” He gave a very general explanation but Richie still looked confused as did some of the other boys.

“Alright what is a bruise?” Steve asked a boy whose name is Jason

“It’s formed from broken capillary vessels and tissue damage under the skin” Jason replied

“Correct Jason” Steve continued

“So obviously Marly’s areolas are above the skin and therefore cannot be a bruise” Steve figured he could move on now.

“But how could you tell that there isn’t a bruise under the ary….ary; under them” Richie couldn’t remember what they were called.

“Well, that’s a good question Richie” Steve said

“Ok, what happens when you press on a bruise?” Steve asked
Richie replied “The victim would feel a wincing pain”

“Right” Steve continued “So go ahead and press on the areolas.”

Richie let go of Marly’s head and lightly pressed in on the center of her breasts.

Marly couldn’t believe she was helping Steve give these boys an anatomy lesson and letting herself be fondled at the same time. She kept telling herself that these were just boys and to them she was nothing more than a victim who they were doing first aid on.

“Ok” Steve sighed “Let’s move on. Richie are you going to check Marly’s head and neck for injuries?”

“No, always keep the head and neck immobilized as much as possible” Richie replied with a smile knowing he was correct.

“What’s next Austin?” Steve asked

“We have to check her back now” Mark moved to Austin’s side
of Marly as Austin gave the correct answer.

Marly heard Austin giving Mark directions “On the count of three we will lift her up at a 45 degree angle.”

In preparation Austin placed his hands under Marly’s back and Mark placed his hands directly under her ass. Austin counted to three and the boys lifted her in unison while Richie went back to holding her head steady. While Austin went about checkin Marly’s back for injuries and bruising,
Mark repositioned his right hand to get better leverage.

Marly let out a little wimper as she felt Mark’s fingers slide in her ass crack and squeeze her cheek like he was holding a soccer ball.

Once they were complete with Marly’s right side, they eased her body down and switched to the other side. Everything was the same except that Mark went straight for Marly’s ass crack as leverage to hold her up.

“Ok boys great job; what’s next?” Steve asked

“Next listen for a heartbeat” Austin stated as he lay his head directly on Marly's left boob with his hand resting on her stomach.

“I can’t hear her heart all that good.” Austin stated with a frown

“Girl’s breasts can sometimes get in the way of hearing a heartbeat, Austin.” Steve explained “Simply reposition your head around the breast until you can hear one.”

Austin moved around a few times until he finally got Marly’s heartbeat. He wasn’t aware what his movements did to Marly’s nipple, however.

Steve interjected “What if you don't have a heartbeat?”

“Then start 5 chest compressions and check again.”

“There is no heartbeat” Steve said.

Austin placed his right palm on Marlys stomach and left hand over that.

“You're way to low bud” Steve said. “Remember to feel for the breast plate.”

Austin ran his fingers up the center of Marly's chest until he felt a breast plate. Marly felt tingles but played the unconscious victim. Austin again placed his right palm over
Marly's breast plate and his left hand over his right.
Marly felt his little fingers resting on her right breast.
He began light chest compressions and gave a little squeeze of Marly's breast with each compression; Marly thought nothing of it.

Since chest compressions had to be mastered individually, Marly had 12 heads and 24 hands stimulate her breasts and nipples in the name of the Junior Survivor Scout First Aid qualification.

Steve had decided that Marly had more than honored her commitment to help and told the group that they could splint and apply tournaquets to each other to finish out the badge test. After he got a resounding chorus of “awws” and “oh man this sucks”, Steve helped Marly up, returned her jersey to her and thanked her for her time and patience and asked the boys to give her a hearty “Woot Woot Woot” in appreciation.

As Marly headed back down the trail towards home, the scouts waved and “Woot Wooted” until she was out of sight.

Marly smirked as she decided these boys would never forget the day the naked girl showed up in camp and helped them get their first aid qualification.

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