**Our Camping Trip**

Hi, I’m Kara! Today I’d like to tell you about the camping trip my dorm went on in my first year. A lot of us girls had been having troubles adjusting to our college life, and in particular, we didn’t feel we could really trust the boys living in the dorm with us. We were all properly wary while walking around the college campus in public, but once we got back to our dorm, we wanted to feel a bit more relaxed, you know?

After a long day of classes a girl really ought to be able to sit back in the dorm common room, take off her few clothes, and cuddle up with a few of her girlfriends in peace. But sometimes when we were cuddling together we’d start stroking each other—nothing out of line, of course, just a little petting here and there, some breast massaging for our health, maybe some gentle pressure along the inner thighs. That kind of thing. Obviously that’s all totally innocent fun and games, but sometimes one of us—okay, all of us—would get a little excited, and then one of the boys in our dorm would feel honor-bound to rape us a little, just to remind us about the rules. So you can see how that would make it harder to feel totally at home there.

So that’s why our RA, Cindy, proposed we pass the weekend all going on a camping trip together. We would spend Saturday hiking out through the woods to a campsite she knew about, spend the night there, and then on Sunday we’d hike back to the college. She even sweetened the deal for us by promising there’d be no inspectors along, so as long as we all followed the most basic details of the dress code—no underwear, no overlapping clothes—we had nothing to worry about. I wasn’t sure at first whether I wanted to go, but when I realized this meant I could finally wear a longer skirt without getting inspected, my mind was made up.

You see, I’m a lot more self-conscious about my body than a lot of the other girls at the college. Part of that is that I went to a really conservative high school, where it was fairly uncommon for girls to be nude at school. I mean, sure, we didn’t have enough money to buy outfits for our cheerleading squad, so they all had to do all their routines naked, but that was only at the sports games. Some of the cheerleaders objected to this at first, asking if they could at least wear panties, but the coaches showed them how silly that would be. Anything a cheerleader wears should be in the school colors and designs, and if she doesn’t have anything like that—even if it’s not her fault that the school can’t afford it—she shouldn’t wear anything at all.

Also I think having a whole squad of naked cheerleaders really brought more people to our games, and the more tickets we sold, the more money the school had, and the closer we got to maybe being able to afford outfits for the cheerleaders. So no matter what way you looked at it, it didn’t make any sense for them to wear clothes.

Oh, and I’m forgetting Fridays, of course. Some of the students at our high school were from lower-income families, so the school generously offered to do their laundry for them on Fridays. But we quickly realized that it wasn’t fair for the poorer students to have to spend their entire Fridays naked while the rest of us got to walk around fully dressed—well, within reason; we didn’t want to be unfashionable—so eventually the school started washing everyone’s clothes on Friday and none of us wore anything at all those days. Or none of us girls did, at least… I’m not sure what the boys’ excuses were.

But aside from little things like that, and occasional games in the cafeteria or in our classes, it really was a very conservative high school. There were probably a dozen or so days every month I don’t think I even cummed at all. So I was glad to get a chance to wear some proper clothes on our dorm’s camping trip, especially because my breasts are so big. I’ve always been embarrassed by them, even when some of my girlfriends are sweet enough to help me cover them up with their hands or lips, but for the camping trip I decided to wear a long-sleeved sweater and my very longest skirt, a cute little pink thing that went all the way down to my knees. I could never have gotten away with it on campus, but it didn’t violate the dress code, at least once I’d cut away the bottom half of my sweater so it didn’t extend down past my navel.

When we all assembled in the dorm common room on Saturday morning, there were sixteen girls and eight boys, plus Cindy and her boyfriend. Some of the other girls were conservatively dressed, like me, though others were wearing more normal micro-mini-skirts, I guess because that was all they’d had in their closets. There were four girls who were topless and Cindy asked them what they were doing.

Grace, a really tall, beautiful girl with platinum blonde hair and beautiful big tits with pale nipples, answered her. “Well, we’re wearing backpacks for our hike, so we didn’t think we could wear shirts under that. Doesn’t a backpack count as a top?”

Cindy thought about this. “Oh, that’s a good question! I don’t think I know. But for the purposes of this camping trip, we can probably say that backpacks don’t count as tops.”

“Oh!” said Grace, and smiled. “That’s great! Let me just go back to my room and put something on…”

But Cindy shook her head at this. “No, we have to leave right now if we want to get to the camping site in time. I’m sorry, Grace, but I’m sure you can make it one weekend without a shirt on, right? You have such lovely breasts, anyway, I’m sure we’re all happier to have them out where we can see them.”

Grace blushed at Cindy’s compliment and I guess that was enough to convince her and the other three girls that they didn’t really need to get shirts, especially when they could try to cover themselves up with their backpack straps if they really wanted to. So we set off on our trip.

The first stretch of the day was really uneventful. There were a lot of hills in the forest, and somehow it always ended up that the girls in the shortest skirts would walk in front of the rest of us so everyone could look up their skirts while they climbed up the hills, but they were all really good sports about it. One girl, Candice, confided to me that she wished she’d worn a long skirt like mine, and I kissed her tenderly for a few minutes, and she cradled my big breasts under my sweater and I pushed up her tiny skirt and played with her cute pussy until we both came. I think she felt a lot better after that, so I decided not to mention to her that her skirt was still pushed up five or six inches and wasn’t covering her in the slightest. A lot of us patted her butt or stroked her thighs while we walked and I don’t think she ever realized what was going on.

Sometime around noon we reached a restspot with some outhouses and a water fountain and even a big stage. We were all glad to take a break, and after about ten minutes someone suggested we use the stage for a talent show.

“That’s a great idea!” said Cindy. “We are here on a bonding exercise, after all, and what better way to bond than showing off our talents to each other? Who wants to go first?”

Jocelyn, a short black-headed girl with tanned skin and a white dress with a flower pattern, volunteered. She stood on the stage and sang a beautiful song all about love and kindness and the hope for the future. It was really touching and made me so glad I had come to this college and gone on this camping trip, because if I hadn’t, I’d never have heard her sing like that.

While the rest of us were applauding, I saw Cindy’s boyfriend whispering to her, and she nodded. “Just a minute, Jocelyn,” said Cindy. “I don’t think your performance was totally fair.”

Jocelyn looked down at her in confusion. “But all I did was sing.”

Cindy shook her head. “You sang, but you were also wearing that pretty white dress with all those pretty flowers on it. Don’t you think that gives you an unfair advantage? When we’re comparing everyone’s performances, we’re going to be biased toward you because of how pretty your dress is.”

“Oh.” Jocelyn hung her head. “Am I disqualified?”

“No, of course not!” Cindy climbed onto the stage with her and gently petted her hair. “I just think it’d be fairer if you took your dress off and then sang for us again. That way we’ll only be paying attention to your song, not your dress.”

Jocelyn bit her lip for a while—she was always a little embarrassed when she had to show her cute pussy in public—but eventually she agreed, because she really did like singing. Cindy helped her out of her dress, kissing her neck and breasts and waist and pussy along the way to make her feel more comfortable, and then Cindy hung the dress on a nearby branch while we all listened to Jocelyn, now naked, sing her song again. At first she held her hands in front of her pussy, but as she got more into the song she held them farther away from her so we could see everything.

After Jocelyn was done, one of Grace’s topless friends got on stage and took off her skirt—I say skirt, but honestly it was more of a belt—for Cindy to hang on the same branch. Then the girl asked for two boy volunteers from the audience, and she showed off how quickly she could make them both cum while giving them simultaneous handjobs. We were all very impressed and applauded, except that I was a little distracted because Jocelyn had come to sit in my lap after her song and I had wrapped my arms around her and was kissing her neck and shoulders and concealing her breasts with my hands. She was very glad that I could provide her with some cover while her dress was still on the branch, so she put her hand up my skirt and gently stroked my pussy to show how grateful she was. It felt really sweet and peaceful, sitting there petting her all over while the girl on stage finished showing us her handjob talent.

I don’t remember all the rest of the acts, though I was particularly impressed by the two gymnant girls who did twin handstands, then leaned over so their cute pussies were pressed against one another, and then rubbed each other back and forth until they both came while still doing handstands. That was an amazing show and another reason I was suddenly feeling so lucky to have come to this college.

Unfortunately, when Cindy went to get everyone’s clothes back, she must have tripped or something, because the branch tipped over and all the skirts and dresses and things on it fell off and landed in a big pool of mud. That left us with about half the girls in our group completely naked, because nobody wanted to put on anything that had fallen into the mud. Eventually Cindy decided that those of us who were still fully dressed should choose one item of clothing, our top or our bottom, and give it to a naked girl, and everyone seemed to like this plan.

It took me about a minute to decide what to do, because as I said my breasts are really much too large and I’m shy about showing them, but on the other hand I was really enjoying the feeling of wearing a skirt that actually went down below my buttcheeks. In the end I took off my tight sweater and gave it to the girl who’d done the handjob trick in the talent show, and she was so moved with gratitude that we kissed each other for about five minutes before we noticed the group was about to start hiking again.

On the final leg of the trip, then, no one was fully naked but no one was fully dressed either, at least among the girls, and I guess we ended up making slower progress because everyone was so busy bonding with each other. A lot of the others were really interested in my huge tits, and I blushed at most of their compliments but did eventually agree to let people touch them, because all the other girls were half naked too after all. I spent a while walking very slowly in a group of three, including Grace, all of us stroking each other all over and sucking on each other’s nipples to keep them warm there in the forest. A girl named Emily somehow even managed to lose her skirt—well, it was someone else’s skirt originally, I guess—and was left completely naked, so we all took turns consoling Emily and kissing her pussy all over and petting her back until she came about half a dozen times and was feeling better enough to continue the hike.

For my part I was feeling very proud of myself for keeping my long skirt this whole time, because even though my pussy was very wet none of the boys had raped me, which was more than I could say for some of the other girls. Some of them did get very friendly with me from time to time, though, because they were so interested in feeling my big boobs, but they were such gentlemen about it that I let them fuck me anyway and didn’t think of it as rape at all.

One way or another we finally got to the campsite, but night had fallen and all of us girls were feeling pretty cold, even though we kept hugging each other. Cindy proposed we start a bonfire before we went to bed, and everyone liked that idea, but we didn’t have enough supplies with us to burn. So Cindy suggested we put some of our clothes in the fire to get it started.

“What?!” I stared at her, aghast. “But then we’d be naked!”

Cindy, who was topless by then and very pretty herself, shrugged. “I don’t think that’s a real problem. You’ve all been naked in the dorms, after all, and Emily is already naked and she’s doing just fine, isn’t she?”

We all looked at Emily, who was in a topless girl’s arms and kissing her passionately while a handsome boy repeatedly thrust his cock up into her pussy. Emily gave us a thumbs-up.

The more I thought about it, the more Cindy’s suggestion made sense. After all, plenty of the other girls were already bottomless—was it really likely that anyone would be looking at my pussy more than anyone else’s? And likewise, my own toplessness would probably make everyone else feel better about taking their own shirts off. So all us girls gradually agreed to take off our tops or our bottoms, whichever we had left, and throw them in the fire.

We didn’t have nearly enough blankets to go around, though, and the ground was pretty scratchy, so we ended up with two or three girls on every blanket, cuddling together happily to keep warm, while the rest of us sat on the laps of the boys because they had their pants on and so didn’t mind sitting on the ground. I was in the lap of a boy named Gerald, and all but immediately I felt his hard cock pressing against my soaked pussy lips, so I smiled and let him enter me. It was the least I could do after he let me sit in his lap, after all. He spent the rest of the evening inside me, and we kissed each other a lot and he was very gentle with my boobs, and we probably came three or four times each, it was so nice.

The last surprise of the night was when it turned out the campsite only had thirteen sleeping bags, and there were twenty-six of us, like I’d said. But at that point we were all such great friends that nobody minded at all when Cindy decided we’d have to share sleeping bags.

One boy raised his hand, though he was staring at my tits the whole time he asked his question. “Cindy, sometimes I have a hard time getting to sleep. Is it okay if I try out multiple sleeping bags over the course of the night?”

Cindy smiled at him. “Of course! We want everyone to be as comfortable as possible, after all.”

Well! I don’t know how everyone else did, but I got no sleep at all. People must have been more interested in my tits and my poor little pussy than I’d thought, because I’m sure I got fucked by all nine boys that night, including Cindy’s boyfriend, and quite a lot of the girls spent some time with me too. I make it sound very passive, but I have to admit that half the time I was the one getting out of my sleeping bag and going to snuggle in someone else’s. When it was finally time for us all to wake up, as it were, I was on top of a bag with Grace, both of us playing with each other’s big tits while one boy was repeatedly thrusting his hard dick into my pussy and another one into my ass. When I stood up it felt like gallons of cum poured out of my pussy and down the insides of my legs.

“Well!” Cindy looked around at us all and smiled. “Don’t we all feel like we’re a bit better friends than we were before this camping trip?”

“Yes!!!” we all shouted.

Actually, even though we all meant to get back to the college that evening, it took us until Wednesday night to make it there, but that’s another story…

[Our Camping Trip, Part 2](https://collegecodeofconduct.com/our-camping-trip-part-2/)

The walk back through the woods was actually pretty straightforward, even though all us girls were still naked after the mud and the fire and everything, although a few girls had managed to steal shirts and even pants from some of the boys overnight. Cindy’s boyfriend in particular was forced to walk back wearing only his boxer shorts, and we all laughed a lot at how silly he looked. But overall I think we were still pretty sleepy after our night in the sleeping bags, so nobody got too frisky, not even with me or Grace.

But I guess I should have known better than to think nobody had any plans at all, because when we got back to the parking lot where we started our hike from, suddenly the boys all spoke up at once. They wanted to get in the cars first and get the seats ready for us girls, because after all a lot of us still had sticky cum all over our butts and legs, and the boys were worried we’d ruin the upholstery unless they put something down over the seats first. We looked at Cindy for advice, and she shrugged and said that all sounded reasonable.

Oh, but we were right to be suspicious! Let me tell you, no sooner had all the boys gotten into the cars but they drove away laughing! “Good luck!” I heard one of them shout as the cars disappeared into the distance. They left us all behind, seventeen mostly naked girls in an empty parking lot, probably thirty miles away from the college and our dorm. What a horrid prank to pull on us, and after all that bonding we’d supposedly been doing on the hike and at the campsite!

Cindy looked around at our worried faces and appeared to be thinking hard. Already some of the less confident girls were starting to cry, and we did our best to cheer them up by kissing them tenderly wherever made them happy, but I could feel my own eyes starting to get wet myself, and kissing wasn’t going to help us travel thirty miles without any vehicles. We needed a plan.

Finally Cindy pulled herself together and led us out of the parking lot and into a big park across the street. The grass there was very nice and soft, and we all sat down together to listen to what Cindy had to say.

“Girls,” she said, “I know you’re all as upset as I am. When we get back, there are a lot of angry things I’m going to have to say to those boys! But right now I think we’re all feeling pretty miserable, and that’s not going to help us get back to the college. So for a first step I think we need to work at raising our spirits, and then we can come up with a real plan to get ourselves home, how’s that sound?”

Jocelyn raised her hand. “But how are we going to cheer ourselves up after that awful prank?”

Jocelyn was one of the girls who’d stolen a shirt from the boys on the hike back, and she was not very large, like I’d said, so it did an excellent job of covering her. Even though she was sitting with her legs crossed, her shirt still hung down and hid her entire pussy from view, not just what we call “covering” in the college where maybe the top quarter of an inch is covered but we pretend we’re totally decent. So that’s why it came as such a surprise when Cindy crawled over and pulled Jocelyn’s shirt back up around her waist. Jocelyn squeaked and tried to push it down, but Cindy shook her head and looked at her lovingly.

“Do you remember my Therapy Circle exercise from our dorm meetings?” asked Cindy, and we all suddenly understood. One of the reasons we loved Cindy so much as our RA was that she always used our dorm meetings to check in with all of us and ask how we were doing, and whether we were having any difficulties with our classes or friends or anything like that. Once we’d finished talking through our problems, we’d start the “Therapy Circle.”

Here’s how it always worked! We took off our bottoms, if any of us had any on at this point, which was rare. Then all seventeen of us girls, counting Cindy, got down on our hands and knees and arranged ourselves in a big circle, each of us facing the butt of the girl ahead of us in the circle. We spread our legs to make things easier for the girl behind us, then we started licking the girl in front of us’s pussy all over. Some of the more talented girls were able to stick a few fingers in there too, or just massage the girl’s pretty butt, but that could be hard because as I said we were all balancing on our hands and knees. Some girls would go for the asshole too, not just the pussy, but I guess that was never my thing. Anyway, once we’d all cummed enough times from the circle we’d all feel a lot better, and that’s why Cindy called it therapy.

(The boys in our dorm didn’t participate in the Therapy Circle directly; instead their job was to take photos, so they could send them in to the college’s admissions department, to be featured on the campus activities section of the college website. I don’t remember ever seeing any of the photos uploaded there, but the boys seemed to have a good time anyway. Sometimes some of their cum would land on us if they decided to masturbate, but we were never allowed to wipe any of it off until the Therapy Circle was over, because Cindy wanted us to focus completely on the pussy of the girl in front of us.)

Once we’d all gotten into positions for our circle in the park, I realized this was going to be the best Therapy Circle ever, because the girl in front of me was Tanya! I don’t think I’ve mentioned Tanya before, so let me tell you about her… she’s the most beautiful girl I’ve ever met, with puffy hair with a really unique texture. She’s tall and slender except for her hips, like some sort of classical painting come to life, and her blemishless skin is this incredible dark black color topped with even blacker nipples. Her breasts are great too, not comically huge like mine or Grace’s but more just the perfect size and shape, heavy-looking but amazing to hold, at least if you ever get the chance.

You see, the thing about Tanya is she’s really shy. She always wears as many clothes as she can around the college, and I think everyone feels a bit sorry for her, because there are lots of days she manages to come back to the dorm in the evening without having been stripped naked. Cindy even lets her keep the door to her room shut when she’s in there, even though technically we’re supposed to have our doors open at all times, so that no girl takes advantage of a closed door to wear panties under a skirt or something deviant like that. You might wonder why Tanya would come to a college like ours, if she’s so set on wearing clothes, and from what I’ve heard she didn’t mean to at all, it’s just there was some kind of mixup with her application to another school, and now she’s in our dorm.

Before the camping trip, I’d rarely even gotten to kiss Tanya, let alone run my hands over her beautiful body. So you can see why I was so excited to have her in front of me in this Therapy Circle, and why I was so determined to make her as happy as I possibly could. As soon as I felt someone’s tongue touch my own pussy from behind, I leaned in and gave Tanya everything I had. In my time at the college I’ve learned a lot from my classmates and teachers about how to make people cum, and I tried to focus every last thing I’d learned on Tanya. I kissed all her most sensitive spots, and I sent my tongue and fingers zipping in and out of her, and I petted her to help her relax, and anything else I could think of too. By the end of the Therapy Circle my face was completely drenched with Tanya’s glorious juices, and I felt so happy for it that I’d completely forgotten the boys’ prank, just like Cindy had planned!

(Oh, and I guess I probably came a time or two myself during the circle, but no offense to whoever was behind me, but I was more focused on Tanya!)

My feelings must have gotten through to her, because when Cindy called out for us to stop, Tanya turned right around to look at me with the most grateful expression on her face, and we fell into each other’s arms and just started kissing like the rest of the world didn’t matter at all. I closed my eyes and ran my hands across her masses of hair, and she massaged my huge breasts and played with my burning hard nipples, and I was loving every second of it. When she pushed her knee up against my pussy I think I came instantly, that’s how excited Tanya made me feel. When Cindy started talking again we turned to listen to her, but we didn’t stop holding each other.

“Okay!” said Cindy. She had a smear of cum all over one cheek, and I giggled a little at the sight but didn’t say anything. “Now then, how are we going to get back to our dorm? Does anyone have any ideas?”

My only ideas at that point involved Tanya, so I stayed quiet, but after a few seconds Candice raised her hand. “Couldn’t we take the bus?”

Cindy frowned. “That would certainly be easiest, but without our clothes or anything, I doubt any of us have bus fare. And you all remember that buses don’t let you ride for free if you got stripped naked anymore, because it led to too many girls pretending to lose their clothes just so they didn’t have to pay the fare.”

But Candice kept going. “I mean, I know that, but… what if we worked for it? Even if we’re not at the college, we’re still in a town, and I’m sure there are plenty of short-term jobs that can be done by naked girls. I’ve done that kind of thing before… even if we don’t all find jobs, enough of us probably will that we should have enough money for everyone’s bus fares by the end of the day.”

A few girls were nodding, I guess because they had experience with short-term jobs too, but Cindy still looked uncertain. “Candice,” she asked, “can you give us an example? Tell us about your experience with working naked.”

Candice blushed, and that’s how I knew it was going to be a good story. It didn’t look like she was feeling confident enough to take Cindy’s place in the center of the circle to talk to us, but then the two gymnast girls went over to help her up and to kiss her tenderly, and they got her into the center. All the while Candice told her story, those two girls helped keep her happy, petting her breasts and shoulders and pussy and kissing her all over, and thankfully that was enough to get Candice to keep talking without being too embarrassed.

“Last summer,” Candice said, “I had a job as a mannequin. The department store where I worked already had a bunch of regular plastic mannequins, but the manager wasn’t happy how they were all pure white and didn’t have any heads. But I had a great tan at that point in the summer, because I always did my tanning naked, so I was able to show customers how the store’s clothes looked on a real body.

“The rules for being a mannequin were pretty simple. The most important thing was that I had to stay as still as possible the whole time I was working! And I was standing, so my feet got really sore the first few days until I got used to it. But it also meant that if any of the customers wanted to touch me, I had to stay still for that too.

“There were rules for the customers too. The most important part was that they weren’t allowed to touch me underneath any part of my outfit. So if they wanted to feel my soft breasts or suck on my pink nipples, they needed to take my shirt off, and if they took an item of clothing off me, they had to buy it! So the store was able to sell a lot of tops and bottoms using me.

“Oh, and for extra incentive, there was a sign next to me saying that if they made me cum, they got 50% off any clothes they were buying off of me!” A smile grew on Candice’s face at the memory, and one of the gymnast girls took her cue to start playing with her pussy in earnest. Candice squeaked but kept going. “Some of you girls probably think you’re pretty good at not cumming when you don’t want to, but you don’t know how many things got tried on me in that store! Some of the braver customers actually fucked me—again, of course, I wasn’t allowed to move—but a lot of them just touched me all over, at least in places where they’d bought enough clothes to have my skin showing, and some of those times were the most intense experiences I’ve ever had.

“The last rules were that customers weren’t allowed to touch me at all unless they were buying at least one item, and the store clerks weren’t allowed to put any new items on me until I was completely naked. So if I was down to just a pair of high heels, for instance, no matter how horny a boy was, he wasn’t allowed to fuck me or anything unless he was buying the high heels! Although of course he got 50% off the heels if I came, so it was pretty inevitable what would happen next.

“I remember one time one of the clerks made me wear a hideous christmas sweater—and remember, this was the summer!—and it seemed like absolutely nobody wanted to buy it. I must have gone four whole days standing in the store wearing just that ugly sweater and nothing else, and everybody would stare at my naked pussy but nobody was allowed to so much as touch it. When a middle-aged man finally decided to buy that sweater off me, I was so grateful that I ignored all the rules about standing still and leapt on him and gave him the sex of his life! He got that 50% discount, let me tell you, and I should have gotten a few discounts myself for how many times he came in me.

“Later in the summer some of my girlfriends started working as mannequins too, and then we really had fun. The clerks would play this game where they’d take the separate pieces of a matching outfit and mix them up among us mannequins, so for instance I would be wearing the skirt part of an outfit, but another girl would be wearing the top, and somebody else would have the shoes. Then if a customer wanted the full outfit they’d have to buy one piece from each of us, and then they’d make us mannequins try to make each other cum, and whichever girl came first, that’s who’d give the customer half off the item she’d been wearing. Of course the customer would join in a lot if there was enough of a price difference among the items, trying to get the girl who’d been wearing the priciest item to cum first. But like I said, I was pretty good at not cumming until I was ready, and my girlfriends were good at it too, and we liked to play our little games and make the customers pay as much money as possible.

“I don’t know how much money the store really made on our sales with all those 50% discounts, but it sure sold a lot of things, and I got to wear a lot of pretty clothes… at least for a little while, until people took the clothes off of me, so they could touch my tanned naked skin and make me cum many times a day.”

When Candice had finished her story, we were all quiet for a while, except of course for all the moans and squeaks from us playing with each other in the smaller groups we’d ended up in after the circle. Tanya and I had both gotten pretty excited by Candice’s story, and by the time she finished I was lying on my back in the grass, legs spread up wide, and Tanya was licking me to high heaven returning the favor from earlier. Even Cindy was deep in another girl’s arms, kissing her passionately, so we didn’t get back to our discussion for a while until we’d all finished working off our excitement from the story and making each other cum again.

“Well,” Cindy said finally, “I think I’m convinced. Girls, the last bus at the college leaves from town at 9:00, so let’s have everyone meet back here at 8:40, okay? Then we can be sure we’re all on time and we have enough money for everybody to ride. Good luck finding work for the day!”

We all cheered and began to explore the town. Tanya and I stuck together, but as for what we ended up doing… I think I’ll have to tell you that part next time.