**Shaming the Camp Counselors**

written by K.C. Silkwood

Camp Hillcrest, which was tucked away on a secluded patch of land in the middle of a deep forest, had two longstanding traditions. First, the camp counselors—who ranged in age from 18 to 25—always arrived at camp one week early so they could clean the cabins and prepare the sports equipment before the children arrived. But with the entire camp at their disposal, and with no one else around for miles in any direction, that meant there was also plenty of drinking and partying going on, too. And the wilder the parties became, the more the young people enjoyed the camp’s second tradition; hazing the new camp counselors. Camp Hillcrest paid well, and its counselors got to enjoy clean mountain air and beautiful scenery all summer long. That meant there was a long list of applicants for the job, with only a few new teenagers hired each summer. There were 10 male counselors and 10 female ones, and the minimum age to work at the camp was 18. Dozens of eager young high school graduates applied for the positions each year, but only a few lucky ones were chosen. Jenna and Kelly were the camp’s newest female counselors. They were both 18, fresh out of high school, and eager to spend the summer away from their parents. “This is gonna be awesome,” Kelly said as she unpacked her suitcase, folding the clothes neatly into a footlocker that would be stored under her bed. When camp started the following week, each counselor would sleep in a cabin along with a dozen children. But until then, Kelly and Jenna would have one of those cabins all to themselves. “It better be awesome,” Jenna mumbled as she loaded her own footlocker. “I can’t believe I gave up a summer at the beach for this.” “Come on, Jenna. The pay here is great, and we get to work outside every day. We get fresh air, lots of exercise…maybe I can finally get rid of this,” Kelly said, patting her tummy. She was a short girl with blonde hair and blue eyes, and she had always been a little bit plump. That meant her breasts and ass were full and curvy, but she really wanted to lose a few pounds before she started college in the fall. “They better not work us too hard, though,” Jenna grumbled. “This is summer. I want to relax a little, too.” Jenna shoved her footlocker under her bed then stood up and stretched. Physically, she was the opposite of Kelly in every way; tall, slender, dark haired, dark eyed, and with a body she kept in top shape with plenty of swimming and tennis. “Relax?” said a voice from the doorway. “If that’s what you want, you’re in the wrong place, girlie.” Jenna and Kelly turned as a group of girls entered the cabin, all dressed in shorts and t-shirts. These were the veteran counselors, most of them in their early 20s, and all were fit and attractive. The one who had spoken was Bev, the unofficial leader of the female counselors. Bev had worked at the camp for five years, longer than anyone else on the staff, and the other girls treated her with equal parts fear and respect. She had short, spiky blonde hair and was a bit of a tomboy, which made her seem even scarier to the other girls. The group stopped in front of Jenna and Kelly, and Bev put her hands on her hips as she inspected the new girls. “You’re in decent shape,” she said to Jenna, then she turned to Kelly and frowned. “But you need to sweat off some of that extra weight. We need to set a good example for the kids next week. Show them how important fitness and exercise are. Got it?” Kelly just nodded, mute, while Jenna frowned right back at Bev. “Now let me give you some ground rules,” Bev continued. “Since you two are new, you’ll be going through some extra training this week. You’ll not only learn how the camp operates, but you’ll also learn to take orders from the senior counselors. You’ll do whatever we say, when we say it. That’s the Camp Hillcrest tradition. Being a new counselor isn’t easy, but you get a lot of freedom here, and you already know how good the money is. If either one of you drops out during training week, we’ve got plenty of girls dying to take your place. Understand?” Kelly and Jenna both nodded, although Jenna continued to frown. She didn’t like being given orders by anyone, especially mouthy bitches like this one. “Good,” said Bev. “Now let me tell you how this works. Over the next week, we’ll be teaching you how to maintain the cabins and how to use the canoes and the other equipment. You’ll also learn the exercise routines we use each day with our campers. By the time the kids arrive next week, you’ll know everything about how the camp operates.” “I’m sure we can handle it,” Jenna said, bored. “I mean, how hard can it be?” “Harder than you think,” Bev said with a grin. “But remember what I said about learning to take orders? That part is just as important. And you might find it tougher than learning how the camp operates. You won’t like some of the things we ask you to do. But you’ll do them anyway, unless you want us to give your jobs to someone else.” Kelly fidgeted, already nervous. “Um…can you tell us exactly what you’re talking about?” “Sure,” Bev said, pointing to the silver whistle she wore around her neck. “The most important thing to remember is this; when I blow this whistle two times, you put both hands on your head, like this,”—she placed her palms on the sides of her head, above her ears—“and then you report to the front of this cabin for your instructions. Got it?” “Why do we have to put our hands on our head?” Jenna asked. “Because I just told you to,” Bev answered. “And you do it immediately when I blow the whistle. I don’t care where you are or what you’re doing. I don’t care what time of the day or night it is. When the whistle blows, those hands go on your head right away and you get your butts to the front of the cabin as fast as you can.” “Okay, that’s just bizarre,” Jenna said. “It doesn’t make any sense.” “No? Then I’ll make it as simple as possible. If you don’t put your hands on your head right away when you hear the whistle, you lose your job. If you don’t report to the front of the cabin immediately afterward, you lose your job. Now I’ll ask you one more time; do you understand?” “Yes,” Kelly said. “Whatever,” Jenna mumbled. “Then let’s give it a try.” Bev walked outside with the other girls at her heels. A few seconds later, Kelly and Jenna heard two short blasts on the whistle. Both girls put their hands on the sides of their heads and walked outside where Bev and the group of girls were waiting. “Good,” Bev said. “Now keep your hands where they are until I issue your orders.” The group stood in silence for nearly thirty seconds while Kelly and Jenna faced them, hands on their heads, as still as statues. “Your first assignment is to sweep and clean your cabin,” Bev said. “You’ll find the brooms and other supplies in the closet beside the front door. Now get moving.” Jenna dropped her arms to her sides but Kelly kept her pressed to the sides of her head. Bev and a few of the other girls giggled. “Use your brain, new girl,” Bev said.“After I give your orders, you can drop your hands.” Blushing, Kelly lowered her arms. The other girls were still laughing as they sauntered away. \* \* \* That first day was filled with non-stop chores. After Kelly and Jenna cleaned the dormitory, they had to hose down all the canoes, inspect the sports equipment, and scour the woods for trash. Every time they were given a new task, Bev would blow her whistle twice and the girls would march to the front of the cabin with their hands on their heads. The last time the whistle blew, Kelly was in the middle of storing some soccer balls. She put the last few balls away and closed the storage closet before she put her hands on her head, but when she reported to the front of the cabin, Bev was livid with rage. “What the hell was that?” she spat. “When I blow this damn whistle, you drop whatever you’re doing, understand? I don’t care what you’re in the middle of. Hands on your head immediately, got it?” “O-okay,” Kelly stammered. “Is that too complicated? Or should I just find a smarter girl to take your place?” “No, I’m fine, really. I can do this, I promise.” “You better be right,” Bev hissed. “Now report to the cafeteria. It’s almost dinner time.” Since the cooks and the rest of the camp staff hadn’t reported yet, the counselors were in charge of feeding themselves. When Kelly and Jenna entered the cafeteria, they saw the male counselors for the first time. There were 10 guys in all shapes and sizes, about the same age as the female counselors, and they all gave Kelly and Jenna hungry looks as they walked inside. “We don’t have any rookie male counselors this year,” Bev said, “so it looks like you two will be doing the cooking for all of us. Now get back in the kitchen and whip up some burgers. We’re starving.” The two girls grilled dozens of burgers then served them to the senior counselors, who sat at one long table laughing and talking. There was plenty of beer on hand, and by the time dinner was over the whole group was pleasantly buzzed. A few of the men tried to strike up conversations with Kelly and Jenna, but after a full day of work, the new girls were too exhausted to socialize. Instead they stumbled back to the dormitory, collapsed on their beds, and fell fast asleep. \* \* \* The sun was barely above the horizon when the whistle blew again. Kelly and Jenna sat up in their beds, eyes half-closed, hair sticking up in all directions. “Wh-what’s happening? What time is it?” Kelly mumbled. “Not even 7 o’clock yet.” Jenna rubbed her hands over her face. “Damn, I can’t believe that bitch.” “Come on. We have to go.” Kelly pushed the covers away and rolled out of bed. Since the nights were so warm, she and Jenna slept only in t-shirts and panties. The plump blonde girl clamped her hands to her head and started outside. “Kelly, wait. This is ridiculous. I’m not—” “We’re going to get in trouble! Come on, Jenna!” With a groan, Jenna threw the blanket off herself and stumbled after Kelly. When the two girls got outside, they found the other female counselors showered, dressed, and standing in a line. “That was a little slow, girls,” Bev said. “Next time, show me some hustle. Got it?” Kelly and Jenna nodded, yawning. The cool morning breeze tickled their bare legs, and their nipples were hard as rocks beneath their thin t-shirts. “Your first task this morning is to cook breakfast for everyone. You know the way to the cafeteria, so let’s get moving.” Kelly’s eyes shot open wide. “But—we’re not dressed!” “When the whistle blows, you report for duty. Right there, right then. I told you that yesterday, remember? It doesn’t matter where you are or what you’re doing.” Kelly and Jenna looked at each other, mouths open. Kelly’s t-shirt was big and baggy, and it fell to mid-thigh. But Jenna slept in a tiny t-shirt that wasn’t even waist-long, and the thong she wore left her ass totally exposed. She wished she could tug at her t-shirt, try to pull it down farther, but she couldn’t do anything while her hands were on her head. “Let us throw on some clothes,” Kelly said. “Seriously, it won’t take two minutes.” “Do you want this job or not?” Bev barked. “Well? Do you?” “We do!” Kelly squealed. “But—” “No buts,” Bev replied, then she pointed at Jenna and grinned. “Except for your tight butt, that is. The guys are gonna love looking at that while they eat their bacon and eggs.” She turned and walked away with the rest of the female counselors at her heels. “What should we do?” Kelly whispered to Jenna. Jenna bit her lip hard. “I guess we go cook breakfast,” she said. “Then we try to get out of there as fast as we can.” All the male counselors whooped and applauded when Kelly and Jenna walked into the cafeteria. The girls were allowed to take their hands off their heads now that they had their orders, so Jenna kept both hands behind her back in a lame attempt to cover her exposed ass. But the guys still grinned at the site of her hard nipples poking against her thin t-shirt, and at Kelly’s much bigger tits jiggling freely underneath her own shirt. “Let’s get moving!” Bev ordered. “We’re all starving here!” Kelly and Jenna hustled back and forth through the kitchen, cooking eggs, frying bacon, and toasting thick slices of bread. Before long both girls had worked up a sweat, causing their damp t-shirts to stick to their tits. When the food was ready, Bev ordered Kelly to start cleaning the kitchen while Jenna did the serving. With a full plate in each hand, there was no way Jenna could cover her ass while she brought out the food. She blushed furiously as the guys stared at her ass and her barely-covered crotch. Some of them patted her firm cheeks as she walked by, and one guy gave her ass a hard pinch that nearly caused her to drop two plates of food. After everyone else was served, the two girls took their places at the end of the table and ate with their eyes down. Both were sweaty and exhausted, their dirty, food-stained t-shirts clinging to their damp skin. “This is not what I signed up for,” Jenna mumbled, low enough so no one else could hear her. “They’re almost done,” Kelly answered, nodding at the others. “After breakfast we can run back to the dormitory and get dressed.” But Bev had other plans. When everyone was done eating, Bev ordered Kelly and Jenna to clean the nine other cabins the girl campers would be using. Kelly went to work with grim determination, but Jenna stopped every few minutes to rest and wipe the sweat off her face. Mopping, dusting, and scrubbing in just their t-shirts and panties was both humiliating and exhausting, but at least there were no men around to watch since the boy’s section of the camp was on the other side of the cafeteria. None of the female counselors lifted a finger to help them. They just lounged around on their bunks, sipping cool drinks or flipping through glamour magazines. “This would go a lot faster if we could get some help,” Jenna said to a girl with short black hair named Nina. “Why can’t you and the other girls lend a hand?” Nina just laughed. “Because you and Kelly are the new girls, and we’re not. Look, we’ve all been in your place before. We’ve all done the shit jobs, we’ve all been teased and made fun of, and we’ve all been exhausted at the end of the day. But that’s life for the rookies. Next year some other poor girl will be in your place, and you’ll be the one smiling and relaxing while she mops the floor with her ass hanging out.” It took all morning for Jenna and Kelly to clean the cabins, but that was just the beginning. Afterward, Bev ordered them to rake up all the dead leaves outside the cafeteria then wash all the windows. The male counselors hung around the whole time, drinking beer and watching the action. It was a hot day, and the combination of the sun and the hard work left Jenna and Kelly drenched with perspiration in no time. Kelly’s t-shirt, which had been white that morning, was now gray with dirt and sweat. Jenna’s tiny pink t-shirt, which she only slept in because it was too old and worn-out to wear in public, was so stretched and filthy that it was nearly falling off her body. The seam under one arm had ripped while she was cleaning the windows, and every time she moved, one of her tits practically fell out of the opening. Even worse was the fact that her flimsy thong, now just as sweaty as her t-shirt, kept creeping up her crotch while she worked. Every few minutes she had to reach down and pull the damp fabric out of her pussy, which made all the counselors laugh like crazy. Jenna gritted her teeth and cleaned faster. The sooner the work was done, the sooner this miserable day would be over. \* \* \* Kelly and Jenna went to bed right after dinner, but this time both girls slept in full clothing—t-shirts, shorts, bras, and panties. That way they’d be ready if Bev put them to work at the crack of dawn again, or if she decided to be more evil and drag them out of bed in the middle of the night. At one point Kelly felt a tug on her shoulder and she opened her eyes. The cabin was dark and silent except for the crickets and other night noises from outside. Jenna stood next to the bed, holding a towel. “What are you…” Kelly began, then she interrupted herself with a huge yawn. “What time is it? It’s still dark outside. Why are you up?” “Because we’re going to outsmart that bitch today,” Jenna said. “She and the others probably won’t be up for another half hour. We can be showered and dressed before they even get out of bed.” Kelly sat up and rubbed her eyes. “Um…okay,” she said, blinking. “You’re right, that’s a good plan.” The showers were in a communal building behind the row of cabins, about fifty feet away from the cabin where Bev slept. Kelly and Jenna crept toward the building with only the moonlight to guide them, trying not to step on any sticks or dried leaves along the way. When they reached the shower building, it was pitch black inside. They had no choice but to turn on the lights, because otherwise they couldn’t even see the shower faucets. “Let’s get moving,” Jenna said, stripping off her clothes. “I want to get out of here as soon as possible.” The showers were in one long, skinny room with tile on the walls and floor and a row of eight shower heads up above. The girls showered side by side, scrubbing their bodies as fast as they could. Even though they were friends, Kelly was still nervous about being naked so close to Jenna. Her breasts were much larger than average, and other girls always made fun of them. Jenna’s breasts were smaller but firm, and her slim legs and nice round ass made Kelly jealous. Kelly really was hoping to lose a few pounds over the summer, even though none of the boys she dated complained about her figure. The girls washed and rinsed their hair, then turned off the faucets. “So far so good,” Jenna said, smoothing the wet hair away from her face. “Now we can—” Tweet! Tweet! The whistle blast was so loud that both girls jumped, and Kelly let out a little squeal of surprise. Bev was standing at the entryway to the showers, just outside the tiled section. “Hands on your heads, girls. Time to report for duty.” “No!” Jenna screamed. “But we—” Kelly began. “Hands on your heads,” Bev repeated. “Now!” Naked and shivering, Kelly and Jenna obeyed. They hadn’t even had time to dry off yet, and water dripped down their bodies onto the tile floor. “Good. Now report outside for your instructions.” “Please don’t do this,” Kelly begged. “We’re not ready yet. Just let us—” “Do you remember my instructions? You’re supposed to be ready anytime, anywhere. If you’re not, that’s your problem.” Jenna forced a smile. “Look, we’re not trying to cause trouble. But you can’t expect us to—” “Thirty-one,” Bev said. Kelly and Jenna looked at each other, confused, their hands still clamped to their heads. “That’s how many girls I have waiting to take your place if either one of you loses your job. Thirty-one girls who would love to make good money and spend a whole summer in the mountains, away from their parents.” Jenna stared at the floor, silent. Tears welled up in Kelly’s eyes. “Now then. Are you ready to report for duty?” Both girls nodded slowly. “Then get outside. Everybody’s waiting for you.” Kelly and Jenna stepped outside onto the dirt and pine straw. The sun had peeked over the horizon by then and the air was filled with sleepy morning light. The other girls sat on benches outside the shower room, and they grinned and applauded when the two girls came outside totally naked. Kelly and Gina both shivered when the cool morning air hit their wet bodies. Kelly shook so bad that her big tits jiggled like crazy. “Damn, girl,” Nina called out. “How do you keep from falling over? Those things are huge!” The other girls laughed as Kelly and Jenna stared at the ground, mortified. With their hands on their heads, their naked bodies were on full display. Kelly had a full blonde bush that was still wet from the shower, while Jenna kept her pussy shaved smooth. She blushed furiously as she stood there with her naked pussy visible to all the other girls. But at least the guys aren’t here, she reminded herself. That humiliation would be too much to bear. Bev stood in front of the two naked girls with her hands behind her back. “This morning, you will learn the exercise routine we teach all our campers. Counselors are expected to perform the exercises each day, because you can’t teach the routine if you don’t know it yourself. Physical fitness is one of our primary goals here at Camp Cresthill.” She turned to leave, then motioned for Kelly and Jenna to follow her. “But…where are we going?” Kelly asked. “Can’t we do it here?” “Don’t be silly. We’re going to the exercise field.” Bev marched off, and the other girls stood from the benches and followed her. Kelly and Jenna lagged behind. “Where’s the exercise field?” Kelly whispered to Jenna. “In the middle of the camp. I saw it yesterday when we left the cafeteria.” “What if the boys see us? Jenna, I don’t think I can do this.” Jenna let out a deep sigh. “Let’s just hope for the best. Maybe they’re not up yet. Or maybe they’re still in the showers. If we—” “Come on, girls!” Bev yelled. She and the other female counselors had already reached the path that led away from the cabins. “Get the lead out of those asses and hurry up!” Kelly and Jenna jogged after them, their tits bouncing. “Can we put our hands down now?” Kelly asked Jenna. “I thought we could put them down after we got our orders.” “I don’t know. I can’t remember what she told us. Just keep them up for now. It’s better than getting yelled at again.” The group of girls marched down the narrow dirt path in single file, with Kelly and Jenna bringing up the rear. The sun was up now so they had no problem seeing where they were going, but the pine straw, rocks, and sticks were hard under their bare feet, and every once in a while a long branch from the pine trees bordering the path scraped against their naked skin. The path ended at a long flat field with a paved running track outside its perimeter. A set of bleachers were on the other side of the field, and when Kelly and Jenna saw who was sitting there, their hearts sank. The entire group of male counselors were perched on the first two rows of seats with huge smiles on their faces. Jenna flung one arm over her chest and stuck the other hand between her legs to cover her pussy. Kelly copied her, although it was harder to cover her big tits with just one arm. The boys still whooped and hollered at the sight of them. Most of them had their cell phones out, ready to take pictures and videos. “Over here, girls,” Bev ordered. “Let’s show these guys how it’s done!” She motioned Kelly and Jenna to a spot directly in front of the bleachers, only about ten feet from where the boys sat. The other female counselors sat down too, but Bev remained standing on the field. “We’ll start our routine with some warm-up exercises. First some jumping jacks. Come on, rookies, show us what you’ve got!” Tears were spilling down Kelly’s face now. “I can’t, I just can’t!” she blubbered, still trying in vain to cover her nakedness with her arms. Jenna glanced at the boys in the bleachers, all of them staring at the two naked girls with hungry eyes. Her cheeks burned with shame as she cupped her hand tighter between her legs. “We don’t have a choice!” she hissed at Kelly. “What are we supposed to do, run all the way back to our cabin naked then pack our stuff and leave?” “Come on, girls, we don’t have all day!” Bev shouted. “Yeah, come on!” one of the boys called out, and the rest of them whooped and hollered. Kelly and Jenna stood staring at each other, each one waiting for the other to make the first move. “Remember that number I told you?” Bev barked out. “Thirty-one. Thirty-one girls waiting to take your place. Now what’s it going to be, rookies?” Biting her lip so hard it nearly bled, Jenna slowly lowered her arms to her sides. She clenched her hands into fists as the boys cheered at the sight of her nude body. Moments later, Kelly did the same. The boys gasped when they saw the size of her tits, and one of them called out “Holy shit, those are the biggest hooters I’ve ever seen!” Kelly’s cheeks went red as the boys laughed. Jenna stared at the ground so she wouldn’t have to see the gleam in their eyes. “All right, rookies, let’s see those jumping jacks!” Bev barked out. Jenna started first, and again it took a few seconds for Kelly to copy her. Their tits bounced madly as they did the jumping jacks, and Kelly’s tits were so big they made a slapping sound every time they smacked against her body. Bev urged them to keep up the exercise for a full minute, with the boys cheering them on the whole time. Every cell phone was now pointed in their direction, and every few seconds a flash went off. “Now some pushups!” Bev ordered. The two girls lay down on their stomachs, giving the boys in the bleachers a great view of their asses. The cold dirt and damp grass felt strange against their bare stomachs and tits. Again Jenna went first, her tits hanging freely as she pistoned her arms up and down. Then Kelly pushed herself up, but her tits were so big that her nipples almost touched the ground even when her arms were fully extended. Every time she lowered herself, those big, soft globes pressed into the dirt again. Jenna was in much better shape, completing a full round of ten pushups, but Kelly only managed to do five before she collapsed on the ground face-first, her big tits mashed beneath her. “Stand up, girls,” Bev said. “Time to run some laps.” Kelly and Jenna struggled to their feet. Their knees were filthy now, and patches of dirt were smeared across their naked skin. “Can’t we rest for a minute?” Kelly asked, panting. “It’s not time for a break yet. Come on, get moving! I want three laps around the track from both of you.” Both girls started out at a jog, their tits bouncing wildly again. Kelly tried to cover hers at first, but it was too hard to run that way. The boys cheered when the girls passed in front of the bleachers at the end of the first lap, and a flurry of cell phone camera flashes went off once again. On the second lap, Jenna pulled away from Kelly. She was tired but determined to get the humiliation over with as soon as possible. It felt bizarre to be running in the nude like that, the outside air brushing her naked skin, her pussy fully exposed as her legs pumped back and forth, but for some strange reason she could feel wetness between her legs now, as if her body was unintentionally growing excited while her brain was still mortified with embarrassment. Jenna finished her third lap while Kelly was still struggling with her second. Bev allowed Jenna to sit on the ground and rest while they waited for the other girl, so Jenna pulled her knees to her chest and wrapped her arms around them, covering herself the best she could. Kelly could barely manage a fast walk at that point, and by the time she finished her third lap she was panting so hard she couldn’t even speak. When Bev gave her permission to take a rest, Kelly dropped to her knees then lay down on her stomach, exhausted. “I can’t…can’t believe this,” she stammered to Jenna once she finally caught her breath. “They all have…pictures and videos now. All of them. What if…what if somebody…posts them on the Internet?” A shiver went down Jenna’s spine. “Don’t even think about that. Let’s just concentrate on getting through this, okay?” Ten minutes later, Bev stood up from the bleachers and clapped her hands. “Break’s over, rookies. Let’s finish the routine.” Kelly and Jenna stood on shaky legs. At that point, it didn’t make much sense to try and cover themselves. The boys had seen it all, and even had pictures and video they could play over and over. The two girls shuffled their feet, arms held loosely in front of them. They were sweaty, dirty, and more than ready for the morning exercises to end. “This way,” Bev said, leading them to the end of the field. The rest of the counselors stood and followed them, and Kelly heard some of them making comments about her naked ass as she trudged in front of the group. At the end of the field were a set of obstacles in all shapes and sizes; there were poles to climb, walls to scramble over, tires to run through, and half a dozen other pieces of equipment. It looked more like something from an Army training course than a summer camp for kids. “The first part of our exercise routine promotes good health and physical fitness,” Bev said. “The second part challenges our strength and tests our endurance. Before the routine is over, you will try every obstacle at least once. Start with the tires.” Jenna and Kelly ran through the tire course without much trouble, then Bev directed them to the wall. It was only six feet high, but there were no steps or handholds. Jenna scrambled over it without much trouble, although the rough wood scraped her tits as she slid over the top. Kelly had a harder time, grunting and moaning as she struggled to get over the obstacle. Everyone laughed at the sight of her naked ass hanging in plain view as she finally made it up top and slid down to the ground on the other side head-first. Then the two girls had to hang onto a metal bar eight feet in the air and cross to the other side of it by sliding their hands sideways. The bar was twenty feet long and Jenna’s arms were burning by the time she made it to the other side. Kelly gave up before she even reached the middle of the pole, falling to the ground where she lay curled up in a ball, moaning. Bev walked over and nudged the naked girl’s ass with her shoe. “Get up, blondie. You’re almost done, so you can skip the rest of this obstacle.” Kelly and Jenna followed Bev to a set of tall poles. They were both sweaty, exhausted, humiliated, and their naked skin was covered with scratches and scrapes from the obstacles. Jenna’s nipples were sore as hell from pressing against all that rough wood, and Kelly’s big tits ached from all the bouncing they had done that morning. Bev waved a hand at the poles, thick wooden columns that had to be twenty feet high. “We have two obstacles left. Since it’s almost breakfast time, I’ll let each of you do one of them. Kelly, you first.” Kelly’s obstacle was a set of two poles placed three feet apart. Each pole had a series of metal footrests stretching from top to bottom, and the person doing the climbing had to rest their left foot on one pole and their right foot on the other, then alternate between the two as they made their way to the top. So tired she could barely move, Kelly put her left foot on one of the footrests and began to climb. She quickly found that this obstacle was easier than most of the others, especially since she could hold onto the two wooden poles with both hands as she made her way up. It’s almost over, she thought to herself. I can make it. I can do this. But once she was about ten feet off the ground, all the boys started cheering harder than before and Kelly realized with horror what they were cheering about. With one foot on the left pole and one on the right, and her legs spread three feet apart, the boys were looking straight up at her exposed pussy. When she looked down, every cell phone was pointed up between her legs. “Look alive, blondie!” Bev called out. “You have to make it all the way to the top!” Quivering with shame, Kelly went higher. It seemed like forever before she reached the top, then she reversed directions and slowly climbed back down, mortified that there was no way to hide her open pussy from the greedy eyes below. Once she reached the ground, she stood with her back to one of the poles and both arms wrapped around her body, tying to ignore the jeers and snide comments from the boys. Bev looked at Jenna and said “You’re next. Since you’re in better shape, I saved the tougher one for you.” She pointed at another pole, just as tall as the ones Kelly had climbed, but not as big around. A sturdy rope dangled down from the top of the pole, nearly reaching the ground. To climb the obstacle, a person had to wrap their legs around the pole then pull themselves up with the rope while gripping the pole with their thighs, using their legs as extra power to push themselves upward. This obstacle definitely looked tougher than Kelly’s, but Jenna still thought she could manage it. The boys would have a clear shot of her naked ass during the climb, but that would be better than having them stare at her open pussy the whole time. She glanced over at Kelly, who still stood with her chin on her chest, hugging herself tightly. Jenna let out a deep breath, grabbed the rope with both hands, raised her feet off the ground, then wrapped both legs around the pole. She gasped as her bare pussy pressed against the wood, but then she gritted her teeth and pulled upward on the rope, alternating one hand on top of the other as she slowly made her way up. The obstacle was tough, but what made the climb tougher was the fact that Jenna had no way to keep her pussy from rubbing against the wood. With her legs locked around the pole, her pussy was pressed tightly against it the whole time. Whenever she pulled on the rope and slid her legs upward a few inches, a jolt of pleasure shot through her body. Her arms trembled as she kept climbing, one hand after the other. Almost halfway up now. Keep going, don’t stop. She tried to fight the sensations, but her pussy got wetter and wetter the higher she climbed. Her crotch tingled with pleasure as she made her way up, bare skin sliding against smooth wood. She just prayed nobody below could tell what was happening to her. Jenna finally reached the top, her arms and legs nearly numb from the effort. But the warm spot between her legs was far from numb, and as she lowered herself back down the pole, sliding faster than before because she was going down now, the little bursts of pleasure between her legs came faster and faster. She was breathing hard, gasping for air, her eyes half-closed as she neared the bottom. Then, with only a few feet left to go, a shudder pulsed through her body and she cried out. She let go of the rope and dropped to the ground, bare feet smacking the dirt. She clutched herself between the legs as she stumbled away from the pole, cheeks red, amazed that her body could betray her like that in such an embarrassing situation. One of the boys grinned wickedly as he pointed his cell phone at her. “Tell you what, man, that’s one video I’m gonna watch over and over again!” “Send it to me!” another boy said. “My stupid battery died!” “Don’t worry, man, I got the whole thing from start to finish!” Bev looked at Kelly and Jenna, beaming. “That’s the end of our exercise routine, girls. Time for breakfast!” The counselors headed toward the cafeteria, laughing and talking the whole time. Kelly and Jenna walked at the back of the group, arms wrapped around their dirty, sweaty chests. “I don’t believe that,” Jenna mumbled. “I just…I couldn’t stop myself.” “At least you didn’t have to spread your legs for the whole group,” Kelly said. “I’ll never forget that. Not ever.” “I’m just glad it’s over. Nothing could be worse than that.” “Over?” Bev asked. She had been walking a few yards ahead, but she turned and stopped until Kelly and Jenna caught up with her. “After breakfast, you’re going to clean all the cabins on the boy’s side of camp. And don’t forget, we’ve still got five more days until the campers arrive. This is just the beginning.” Then, with a wicked laugh, Bev dashed ahead to join the rest of the group.