The Only Girl At Camp

by Shannon

Prologue

"Please Steph, Please let me." She heard as she looked into Bret's

pleading eyes and stopped his hand as it advanced up her shirt to where

the bottom of her bra sat.

She had now been making out with her boyfriend on the couch for twenty

minutes. She knew she was being a bit prudish. Heck she knew girls her

age that already had kids and all Bret wanted to do was touch her

breasts. It wasn't the first time he had tried in there two years of

dating exclusively. She was afraid that if she let him he would want

more though. She didn't know if she wanted to give him more, she didn't

know if she was ready for that.

She looked at the clock over his shoulder as he held her. He father had

told her that he would leave her alone for a full thirty minutes. She

still had ten to go. Her father had always chaperoned her dates before

this and this was the first real opportunity to do something like this

they had ever gotten other then the few times they had stolen away for

a few moments when no one was paying attention.

She could see from the bulge in his shorts that he was very aroused.

She was aroused herself. More aroused then she had ever been before.

She knew this would be the last time she saw him for two weeks while

she took a trip with her family. She felt a thrill of arousal shot

through her body as she made up her mind and let go of his hand and

kissed him deeply. The thrill continued to grow as she felt his hand

hit the bottom of where her bra line sat.

This was it she was about to let Bret be the first one to touch her

breasts. She kissed him passionately as she felt his hand slip past

that forbidden boundary that was her bra line and to the lower portion

of her breast.

"Stephie, time to say goodnight and let Bret get home." Her fathers

voice preceded him around the corner.

It took them both by surprise and they both jumped as they heard him.

Her heart was pounding through her chest and the arousal was still

there the longing of the resolve she had just made still in her mind.

Her boyfriend and her however now had almost a foot of space between

them on the couch.

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Chapter 1

"Wake up Steph, were here." It was her father's voice that woke her,

that and the car coming to a stop. She knew she had been dreaming in

her fitful sleep about the night before and was quite aroused. The

first thing that hit her was the heat of the summer air. Even with the

air conditioning going in the mini van she had sweat rolling off her

skin. She remembered falling asleep due to the heat and now she was

waking to the heat again.

Slowly she opened her eyes to look around. She could see that they had

come to a small gravel parking area in the woods. Just to her right she

could see one building painted barn red. Beyond that in the distance a

lake shimmered in the afternoon sun. Dozens of other cars were parked

there all of which were surrounded by young boys. They were her

brother's age, which would make them all eleven to twelve years old.

Stephanie was at a Cub Scout summer camp. She was there even though she

didn't really want to be. She didn't have a choice. Her father was the

leader of her little brother's pack and him being a single parent

didn't have anyone for her to stay home with. She had tried to argue

that she was old enough to stay by herself, however Dad had insisted

that fifteen was much to young to spend two weeks alone.

Two weeks, how on earth was she going to survive this heat for two

weeks, let alone the boredom of being at a Cub Scout camp? She would

have much rather have been at home in the air-conditioned coolness of

her house. She was already homesick and wanted nothing more then to

call one of her friends and chat for a bit.

She stepped out of the minivan and instantly felt the relief of a

breeze on her skin. She looked down and could see the wetness through

her light blue tee shirt and the sweat rolling down her legs and arms.

She readjusted the low-rise denim shorts she was wearing to be a bit

more comfortable as she walked. She now wished she had worn shorts a

bit loser not the tight hip huggers she was wearing. Oh well, she

thought, I have some in my bag to change into later.

She started walking to where her Dad was gathering the twelve boys and

three other men that made up her Dad's Cub Scout Pack. As she waked

towards them she became aware of other Packs doing just as they were,

gathering together to unload equipment and such. As she looked around

she became aware of something that she shouldn't have come to her as

the shock it did, but she was the only female there.

It appeared as if there were literally hundreds of boys her brother's

age there and not a single female in site. She also noticed as she

gathered with her fathers Pack that some of the other boys were staring

at her. It made her a bit uncomfortable. Made her feel as though she was

a spectacle at a zoo and out of place at that.

The thought took her by surprise. It had never occurred to her that she

would be the only female there. It had defiantly not occurred to her

that these boys would look at her. Even if it would have occurred to

her she wouldn't have thought these boys, as young as they were, might

be looking at her like the were. The shy glances and concealed pointing

were far different then if they had been leering at her. Somehow it was

more pronounced.

Even as hot as it was she folded her arms over her chest to conceal the

tightness of the tee shirt over her large breasts. Stephanie was never

what was considered a hottie. She was more of an average girl. She had

thick dark brown hair that came past her shoulders when it wasn't up in

a ponytail as it was now. Her skin had always been a bit fair with a

smattering of freckles over her round cheeks. She had always thought

her bright blue eyes to be her best feature, and was proud of her thick

lashes. Most girls had to wear colored contacts to get the color she had

naturally.

Her body was a little on the heavy side, or so she thought. She was

just more of an average build then the supermodels that her and her

friends wished they looked like. She had a full breast and full hips.

Her waist was slender though. In all she was often compared to look

more like the actress Liv Tyler then anyone else. Though her face was

more round where Liv's was long.

In stark contrast to the boys sly glances at her were the men, the

fathers of the boys that were there. She could tell one or two were

downright starring at her. She had never been looked at like this as

long as she could remember. In all honesty attending an all girls

private school, she had never been around this many men and boys

before. She felt a flutter of excitement pass over her as she thought

about it again.

Her impulse had been to pull down her shirt a little more so that her

midriff wasn't bare, instead her excitement at being the center of

attention as she was, and the residual arousal of the dream she had

been having, got the better of her. She unfolded her arms from in front

of her breasts and stretched them over her head causing her shirt to

rise up even more. She could now tell that her hips and tummy were well

exposed. It was then that her shyness got the best of her though as she

saw the looks she was getting redoubled. She brought her arms down and

pulled her tee to the waistband of her shorts.

"Ok everyone, gather up your gear from the cars." It was her father

talking. "We will be walking from here. I need to go to the dinning

hall and check us in. I will be back in a few minutes." At that her Dad

and Mr. Browne, another of the men with him started walking towards the

red building she had seen. Mr. Martin started to unload the roof rack

of one of the minivans and Mr. Carrey started to unload the roof rack

of the minivan she had ridden in.

She stood there watching as the men handed duffle bags and packs down

to the boys. Hers was one of the last unloaded. One of the boys carried

it over to her. When her Dad and Mr. Browne returned from getting them

registered they informed the group that there camp was about a half

mile from the parking area and they would have to walk from there. She

looked at her large duffle and thought to herself how miserable it was

going to be to carry that bag a half mile.

As she sat there starring at her bag a voice came over her shoulder.

"Stephanie, may I carry your bag for you?" She looked behind her and

there was Allen, her boyfriends little brother. She was taken back at

the fact that he was here. She hadn't even thought about the fact that

he would be here even though he and her brother were in the same pack.

She sat there staring at him for a moment thinking about how much he

looked like her boyfriend. " I could carry that for you if you want?"

He offered again.

"Of course you can Allen." She watched him strain to lift her bag under

the weight of his pack as well. She was amazed at how his arm muscles

stood out as he strained. She looked at the rest of him how perfectly

formed his young body was. She couldn't believe this; she was actually

attracted to his boyish yet well-muscled body. He couldn't be more then

twelve and had maybe started puberty but only just barely. He was blond

and pail skinned and tall for his age. He stood taller then her. Due to

the fact that she was only just at five feet tall that wasn't really

much of a feat however.

After about ten minutes of walking through the woods they came to the

place that was to be there campsite. It was a clearing surrounded by

thick woods. It was much cooler in the woods, for that Stephanie was

grateful. The accommodations left a bit to be desired though. Spaced

through the clearing surrounding a central ring of stones for a fire

were wooden platforms. On each wooden platform was an olive colored

canvas tent. The tent was about six feet tall, and maybe six feet long.

A wooden frame held up the tents, and the flaps tied shut in the front

and the back so that it could open equally on both ends.

Inside of each tent were two metal bed frames. There was a small foam

mattress on each one over a metal weave mesh. At least She wouldn't

have to sleep on the ground Stephanie thought. Her Dad gave her the

tent farthest away from the main part of the camp. She could tell that

he was thinking of her privacy when he did this. Though she could tell

that the tent would afford little privacy if anyone really were

interested. There was no lock and the tent flaps even tied shut gapped

a bit so that someone standing at the door could easily see inside.

Her little bellboy, Allen, followed her to her tent. He was sweating

profusely and she could tell he was exhausted from carrying her bag.

She had him lift the bag to one of the two cots in the tent. "Thank you

again for your help. I don't think I could have carried that up here."

She said, seeing a gleam of pride come across the boys face at the

praise. She could also see a slight blush. The she saw him glance down

at her breasts. It was only a glance and then right back to her face.

He probably thought she hadn't even noticed. This young boy was

actually attracted to her. A naughty thrill of excitement went through

her once more.

"Come here." She said. She reached out and gave him a hug. She could

feel his body stiffen as she wrapped her arms around him. She pressed

all of her body against his, feeling her breasts flatten out across his

chest. She held him only for a moment and then let go of him. When she

released him he was blushing profusely. She had never had this type of

reaction on guys before. What was even stranger was the fact that she

was actually enjoying this. The shy attention she was getting from

these pubescent boys was actually giving her a sexual charge. The fact

that this was her boyfriends little brother made it a bit taboo and

gave it a bit more of a thrill.

"Thank you again." She said. He stood there starring at her still. His

eyes were wandering over her body spending extra time on her breasts.

It was weird when she thought about it. She had always wondered what it

was like to be ogled by guys like this and now she was the sole center

of attention for these boys. She would continue to be the center of

attention to these boys, it dawned on her as she stood there, she would

be the only female these boys saw for the next two weeks.

"Well, I need to get unpacked." She said as she turned away breaking

the gaze he had on her body. "Your such a sweetie just like your

brother." At that she leaned over and gave him a small peck on the

cheek. It was as smooth as she had expected. The blush in his face

redoubled and he smiled at her and gathering his pack hurried off.

Maybe this trip wasn't going to be all bad she thought as she took the

battery operated lantern from her bag and hung it from one of the tent

poles. She spent the next fifteen minutes or so laying out her clothing

on the cot she wouldn't be using and then rolling out her sleeping bag

on the cot she would be sleeping on.

The heat didn't seem quite so bad now that she had her thoughts about

the boys to keep her mind off of it. She watched as Allen was setting

things up in a tent not too far from hers maybe fifty yards away

through the woods. She could see him bending over to do something with

his tent. She had a good view of him from behind. She could see the

muscles of his bottom flex as he bent over and the small bulge in

between his legs that would be his scrotum and penis. She wondered what

it would feel like to touch that small bulge between his legs.

Why was she getting so turned on? She should be freaked out. These were

little boys. What type of a pervert was she becoming?

The excitement was really addictive though. It was a mixture of

thrilling and embarrassing and sexually exciting all at the same time.

If these were adults or even guys her age she would flip. Of coarse if

that were the case the glances wouldn't be quite so shy and innocent.

She knew from her brother and his friends that boys at this age were

shy and awkward. What could be the harm of letting them enjoy the view?

It wasn't like she was running around naked or anything.

She smiled to herself at that thought. No real harm in being a bit

flirty. She thought about it for a moment and unbuttoned her denim

shorts. After that she flipped the waistband down making the low-rise

shorts now even lower. The waistband was now sitting at the top of her

panties. The hot pink straps that sat across her hip were clearly

visible.

Observing her handiwork she flipped the bottom hem of her tee up so

that it sat just below her rib cage. She would never have dared show

this much skin in public anywhere. She was too self-conscious of her

weight. Then she thought about it. The tent flap was still open. She

was in public right now. None of the boys had noticed they were all

paying too much attention to setting up camp but she was in public

nonetheless.

The excitement overcame her better judgment at that thought. She

started to walk around the camp and watch the boys setting up camp. She

could see the boys were almost falling over themselves now to look at

her and not let her know they were looking at her. She felt like she

was in a fashion commercial. Where the supermodel walked down the

street and all the guys fell and dropped stuff. Just the attention was

turning her on. She had never felt anything like this before. It was so

addictive. She was going to like this summer camp.

"Ok boys, Fall In." Again her fathers voice brought her back to

reality. "Time for dinner. Everyone to the center of the campsite."

She thought about covering herself a bit but changed her mind. If her

Dad said anything she would just tell him she was hot. She was feeling

a bit bold now as she walked to the spot where all the boys were

gathering. "Come on up here with me Steph." Said her father as she

arrived. He gave her a questioning look as he noticed her new wardrobe

alterations but didn't say anything.

Now she really was in the limelight. It increased her embarrassment to

be standing in front of all the boys in her brother's pack pushing the

limit of her modesty as she was. Now she knew why the strippers she had

seen on late night HBO special's she had watched when sneaking up late

with friends while sleeping over found their job such a thrill. It was

a mixture of embarrassment and heat that was just indescribable.

She noticed that the adults were casting glances at her. These were

grown men. These men were married and had wives and such and they were

still staring at her now. Then she saw her brother. Oh my god she

thought and had to hold her breath for a moment. He was staring at her

as hard as any of the other guy. Now she was feeling embarrassed.

However even the embarrassment of her little brother starring at her

with a look of lust in his eye turned her on. She must truly be a freak

she thought.

Not that she would ever want to have sex with her brother. The thought

turned her stomach. To be honest she wouldn't want to have sex with any

of these boys. That still didn't change the fact that she was enjoying

being the object of there attention. She enjoyed it even more knowing

that she wouldn't do anything with any of them. In all honesty she was

being a tease and she knew it. The thought brought a little smile to

her face.

After seeing that all the boys had arrived they started walking back to

the dinning hall. It was almost like she could feel the weight of the

boys staring at her backside and the curves of her hips as she walked.

The weight of those stairs became even more pronounced when other packs

started joining them on the trail through the woods to the dinning hall.

As they arrived at the area in front of the dinning hall it really came

to light how many boys were there. Her dad's pack being one of the last

to arrive she could see that there were honestly dozens and dozens of

boys there. She could not even begin to count them as they stood there

in lines waiting. A small army of boys was present. She felt her pulse

quicken and her lust go through the roof as she walked to the front

edge of the crowd beside her father.

She knew that as she stood a pace or two in front of all the boys that

she was the center of attention. She stood beside her father with her

back to the boys as the camp councilors began to assemble in front of

the crowd of boys. She took note that some of the councilors were boys

her own age or maybe a little bit older. This was a little surprising

as she had expected all of them to be her dads age or older.

"Hello Boys, and welcome to Camp Olmstead. My name is Mr. Banson and

I'm the camp director." Said one of the older men standing out in front

of the mass of boys that now stood in neat military like rows.

Mr. Banson droned on introducing the councilors one by one. She took

note that quite a few of the councilors that were her age worked as

lifeguards. One that she found quite attractive taught archery. She

thought to herself she might just have to visit the archery range.

She couldn't believe her thought at that. She had a boyfriend back

home. She knew that Bret would be faithful to her. Somehow that thought

made it even more taboo. He would be at home being a good boy and not

flirting and here she was thinking about flirting. The irony of it

excited her a bit more then she already was.

As she stood there in the sun of the open field Stephanie again began

to feel the heat of the summer sun. She could feel the sweat start to

bead on her lower back. She raised the lower hem of her shirt as much

to avoid the heat as to attract the glances of the hundreds of Cub

Scouts behind her. This time she pulled it up to the bottom of her bra.

This left her entire midriff exposed to the eyes of the boys behind her.

And looking they were. She could feel their glances as she shifted her

weight from one foot to the other causing her hips to sway. She had

never been as sexually charged as she was now. She never expected to be

this excited standing next to her Dad and defiantly not standing in a

field full of young boys.

"This session we have a young lady with us. This means that the shower

house will be off limits to everyone but her between the hours of six

o'clock pm and seven o'clock pm. Also, We will leave pink bandannas in

all of the latrines. If you see one of these outside of a latrine

please respect this young ladies privacy."

Listening to that was like being hit by a bucket of ice water. Never

had she had this much attention before. She thought for a moment and

realized that now not only did every boy in camp know there was a

female here but also they all knew when she was going to be taking a

shower or how to find her in the bathroom. She didn't know exactly how

she felt about this. On one hand she was nervous about that on the

other very excited. She wondered if any of the boys would use that

information. As she looked around at the shy glances and the young

faces she came the conclusion that none of them would dare to peek on

her in the shower.

Mr. Banson continued droning on again telling a few jokes and generally

discussing a lot of stuff like how to sign up to earn certain badges and

awards. Her thoughts wandered when she felt blade of grass tickle her

ankle. As she went to squat down to scratch the annoyance she recalled

Allen bending over at the waist and how he looked. She bent at the

waist to scratch her ankle. She watched as several of the boys got out

of their lines and almost feel over there friends to get a better view.

She had to giggle to herself at that, as she stood upright again.

As she stood straight again she noticed that to her right the group of

boys was starting to move towards the dinning hall. The realization hit

her that the opening comments by Mr. Banson was finished and the whole

group was moving to form a line to get dinner. As her father's pack was

one of the last to arrive she was going to be one of the last to get

dinner and would have to stand in line for a bit.

She walked with the boys to the line that had formed in front of the

doors, leaving her fathers side and mingling with the rest of the boys.

As soon as she joined the boys Allen was at her side. She still couldn't

believe how much he looked like a smaller, younger version of her

boyfriend.

A split rail fence surrounded the front porch of the building they now

stood in front of. As Allen joined her she leaned against this fence.

"I've always wanted to try archery, what are you going to do?" Allen

said by way of starting a conversation.

"Oh yeah archery sounds way cool to me that's going to be one of the

first things I try." She replied recalling the hottie of an instructor.

"Cool, maybe we can try it together." Allen said as he took a few steps

forward in line.

She followed suit and took a few steps forward. She leaned against the

rail again and instantly realized that she was leaning against an area

that one of the other boys on the other side of the fence was also

leaning. As she bumped into him she realized that his hand was directly

on the other side of where her bottom hit the rail. She could feel his

finger tops touching her at the base of her shorts towards the middle

of her bottom.

Her first instinct was to move. She thought for a split second though

and decided against it wondering if the boy would move his hand or

maybe let it linger there. As she stood there for a second or two

pretending to listen to Allen tell her about what he was going to do

while at camp she found that the fingers lingered. Not only did they

linger but was now intentionally fondling her bottom and inter thigh.

It was a very casual touch, so much so that she was wondering if the

owner of the fingers even knew what he was touching.

She stood there trying to pretend to be absorbed in Allen's

conversation. All she could think of however was the soft brush of the

hand on her bottom and the pleasurable sensation it was causing. It was

sending a tingle of pleasure all up and down her back.

It increased her feeling of taboo to think about the situation. She had

a firm reminder in front of her that she was in an exclusive

relationship and she hadn't even let her boyfriend touch her there. Now

there was a complete stranger touching her there and she was letting it

happen. She felt the fingers go under the hem of her shorts and

realized defiantly this stranger knew what he was doing. His naked

fingertips now rested on the sensitive skin that sat where her bottom

met her inter thigh.

Allen continuing his chatter took another few steps forward in line and

she felt relieved and disappointment in the same breath as she stepped

away from the fence and the fingers. As she stepped forward she turned

around to look and see the face that went with the fingers that had

been the first to touch her that intimately.

She was surprised to find that she knew the boy, or at least knew of

him. It was Jeff. Jeff had a reputation for being a bit of a

troublemaker. Her father had been forced to ask him to leave his pack

due to the fact that he was caught with cigarettes and porn magazines

at several of the meetings. She didn't know that he had joined another

pack and would be at the same camp as her now.

Jeff looked her right in the face with a grin that let her know her was

well aware of where his fingers had just been. This boy's reputation

added to her feeling of being the bad girl, this added to her

excitement. The way he was now grinning at her gave her such a jolt of

embarrassment. She could feel her checks becoming flush even in this

heat. This embarrassment however only added to her mix of excitement

and lust.

She felt her face flush even more as he winked at her and turned to

follow the line as it moved to in the opposite direction. She couldn't

believe that Jeff had been the one to touch her bottom first. Even

before she had let her boyfriend. Bret had tried during the last two

years they had been exclusive. She had never let him get any farther

then kissing though.

As the part of the crowd she was standing in got closer to the double

doors she could feel the boys press into her. She could smell their

bodies and the clean sweat from them. It wasn't like the smelly sweaty

smell of her dad it was somehow clean and fresh. She could feel their

arms brush against her. There skin was so soft it was like touching a

baby. She was so intoxicated with stimulus she was just riding a wave

of bliss as she went through the line and got a tray of food. She

hardly ate a bite but sat there looking around at all the angelic

faces.

She took a seat across the table from Allen on the bench style seating.

He continued to chatter about how much he was going to enjoy the next

two weeks. She watched him and saw several times through dinner that he

would glance down at her breasts as well as several of the other boys

sitting around them. They all seemed to join in the conversation

telling her how they were good at this skill and that.

It soon dawned on her that not only were these boys looking at her

breasts but they were trying to outdo one another with their stories.

They were vying for her attention. She couldn't help but think of how

cute this was. She got a little bold towards the end of dinner and

moved closer to the table and allowed her breasts to sit on the table.

She felt like such a tease now as the boys were all but in a frenzy

trying to get a better look without letting her know they were trying.

After dinner there was an announcement that there would be a communal

campfire starting at eight thirty that evening. She looked down at her

watch and saw that it was almost six so it was time for her to head

over to the showers. She knew that a cool shower would feel good in

this heat, and knew after a day in this heat she needed one. She found

a map of the camp and got directions from there. In no time she was

standing in front of the shower house with her towel and a clean set of

clothes.

She looked it over and came to the conclusion that if any of these

angelic boys wanted to peek on her in the shower this structure

wouldn't do very much to prevent it. The building consisted of a smooth

concrete platform with little more then a red privacy fence. There was

however a gap of about a foot between the bottom of the wall and the

concrete floor. When she got close enough she noticed that the wooden

slats that made up the walls were spaced so that they only offered

privacy at a distance. Anyone standing within a foot of the wall could

see right through. It was clean however and freshly painted a bright

red.

On the inside it was one big open area. It reminded her of a school gym

shower area. One wall had a bench seat built into its length and the

other three has rows of showerhead on them.

She laid her clean clothes down on the bench and looked around. She saw

that if any of the boys was to spy on her the walls did more to conceal

them then it did to conceal her. She felt a bit nervous as she thought

of undressing here. Anyone could walk in on her or spy on her. The

nervousness turned to excitement as she thought about it. She started

becoming charged at the thought of one of the boys spying on her. It

excited her to think that they would risk getting in trouble just to

look at her. She more then likely would be the first naked girl that

they had ever seen if they did spy on her.

She slipped her shirt over her head and slid her shorts down. The

moment of truth had finally arrived. She reached behind herself and

unclasped her bra. It felt so good to pull that off she itched her ribs

where the strap had been. She looked down at her shoulders and rubbed

them as well. The weight of her DD cup breasts was a lot on the

shoulder straps. The light breeze she hadn't even realized was there

felt weird on her large light puffy nipples. She did have huge very

sensitive, puffy cone shaped nipples that were light pink in color.

She slipped her panties down and left all of her clothing on the bench.

The same breeze that kissed her nipples was now blowing through her

thick well-trimmed pubic hairs. She could feel her clit was enlarged.

Her clit was huge compared to the others she had seen on her classmates

at school. When enlarged, like it was now, it was nearly an inch in

length. It almost looked like a miniature penis.

It felt weird to be in the sunlight with the breeze hitting her

completely naked skin. This was something she had never felt before and

that coupled with her unknown privacy made her acutely aware of her

sexuality.

She turned on the shower and luxuriated in the cool water running over

her body. She took almost the full hour just standing there letting the

water run over her body slowly soaping herself over and over again.

Washing her hair and thinking about the situation she was in. She

lathered on a hair removal cream to her legs and armpits and then

looked down at the thick hair between her legs. Before she even knew

what she was doing she lathered the hair removal cream there as well.

It made her feel even more naughty to do that. Only girls with a reason

to go bare there ever did. It made her feel wicked. Though she did keep

it trimmed during the summer this was the first time since she had

grown hair there that she was without its cover.

She rinsed one final time and turned off the shower, heading back to

her clean clothes. She slipped a fresh pair of panties over her newly

shaved crotch. It felt so different. It was like every touch there was

new. Her clit and labia were even more pronounced now. As she reached

down for her clean bra she realized that it wasn't there. She must have

forgotten it in camp. She would just wear her dirty one till she got

back to her tent. When she looked for her dirty one she realized it

wasn't there either.

She looked again and it slowly dawned on her what had happened. Someone

must have taken it. It would have been easy enough to do. Just fish it

through the slats on the privacy wall with a stick or something. That's

when it also occurred to her that if someone had taken her bras then

they had also watched her showering. She looked around again as if to

see the culprit. She felt kind of violated but after a moment that

violation and embarrassment turned to a sexual thrill. It was almost as

if she was turned on by the embarrassment.

Now there was someone in this camp that had seen her naked and she

didn't know who it was. In normal circumstance she would have flipped.

However here in this environment as sexually charged as she was feeling

she couldn't help but be more aroused.

Never had she let a man or a boy see her naked and now someone had and

she didn't even know who it was. She imagined this boy looking at her

and knowing the intimate areas of her body. Had they seen her shave

herself? If they had they now knew that she was shaven there. Her once

wicked thought turned to embarrassment as she realized how exposed that

she was. They could see every detail of her womanhood without her pubic

hair.

She had to hurry and get dressed it was almost seven o'clock and then

anyone could come in. She slipped the light pink tee shirt on over her

head. She had never realized how tight these old clothes she had packed

had become or quite how threadbare they had become. The shirt looked

obscene to her. She wouldn't even wear this around the house, as it

was, her huge breasts hanging freely with the material skin tight

against her. Her huge nipples all but visible through the thin light

colored material. She could feel her breasts sway as she moved and knew

the shirt did nothing to hide this.

She slipped on the pink silk jogging shorts over her curvy hips and

looked at herself in the mirror. She looked like a little tramp. She

rolled the waistband of the shorts till they rode up to cover little

less then a bikini would have. There she thought, now I look like a

complete slut. She would have never considered walking outside the

shower house if there had been another girl in a hundred miles or if

she wasn't feeling as daring as she was but she was the only girl here

with nothing but boys as far as the eye could see.

She thought about it for a moment. What would happen if she walked

through camp like this? Not like she had been given a choice. As she

thought her wicked lust driven side took over. She couldn't believe she

was doing it but she grabbed her things and headed out. The first group

of boys she came across couldn't take their eyes off of her. As she

walked by them going the other direction she heard one of them trip and

fall hard. She heard the snickers and laughter of the boys at their

companion as she walked away. She again couldn't believe that she was

having this reaction on them.

She could feel their eyes on her bottom partially hanging out of the

shorts as she walked away. She could feel the brush of the fabric and

knew it only covered the upper half of her bottom. She could feel her

breasts swaying and bouncing when she walked. It was such a weird

feeling. She wouldn't have felt more exposed if she had been naked. She

became so overwhelmed with lust that she couldn't think of anything else.

She decided not to head back to her tent right away but maybe take a

walk around the camp. Just to see what else she could see and who could

see her.

She passed many of the boys on the trail as she walked and with each

and every one she got the same reaction. They were all ogling her like

they had never seen a girl before. She knew for many of them they never

had seen a girl dressed like this. Even though her breasts were large

there was very little sagging to them making them look even larger then

they were. She looked down and could see that the tight pink material

outlined her breasts perfectly even following the contour of her

cleavage so that each breast stood out individually. Her large nipples

were clearly visible through the threadbare material. She might as well

have been walking around topless.

With each boy she saw she wondered was this one that had seen her in

the shower? What if it was more then one boy that had seen her? These

thoughts with the sensation of her newly shaved pubic area drove her

mad. By the time she got back to her campsite her lust was

overwhelming. She no longer felt humiliation and embarrassment but only

heat.

As she walked into the camp they were lining up to go to the evening

campfire. Her Dad looked at her as she walked by. It was similar to the

look the boys had been giving her. He too was looking at her breasts and

exposed hips and midriff. Her embarrassment returned at this. She

thought for just a moment that she could see a look of lust in her

father's eyes. It must have been her imagination playing tricks on her

however. The words that come out of his mouth were not lust driven at

all but a bit angry.

"What do you think your doing Stephanie?" her father queried in a harsh

tone that belied the fact he was still staring at her breasts as he

whispered to her. "Why aren't you wearing a bra?" "And what are you

doing being so late coming back from the shower? We should have left

for the campfire five minutes ago."

She told her Dad about he bras missing from the shower and could see by

the look in his eye that he didn't believe her. "Get one on right now

young lady. And make it quick we need to leave."

Even though the boys that were gathered couldn't hear what they were

saying they were the center of attention. All eyes were on her and that

made the embarrassment of her father noticing her lack of bra even

worst. However her overwhelming lust was still there and she could feel

it only growing.

She went back to her tent to go put on a bra. She was shocked when she

got to her tent. Where she had laid her bras on the bed was nothing but

an empty space. Someone had been in here while she was gone and taken

her bras from here as well. She looked around in a panic for a moment

and found that her bras were really gone.

She hurried back to where the boys and her Dad were gathered and

waiting for her. After informing her Dad of this she could tell he

wasn't amused by the idea and still thought she was lying. "We don't

have time for this now. You're just going to have to go as you are

then." She could tell that he was trying to be angry but he kept

glancing at her breasts with that look in his eyes. Was it lust or just

disbelief that his little girl was dressed like this in public?

They started walking towards the lake at a fast pace. She and the boys

were almost jogging to keep up. She could feel her breast bouncing even

more at this pace. She could feel the eyes of the boys behind her

watching her and knew that she was giving them a show. She had to pull

her shirt down more then once as it was riding up due to her breasts

moving.

They reached the edge of the lake and came to an area that looked like

an amphitheatre with wooden benches around a large pile of well-placed

logs. Mr. Banson the camp director was already speaking and holding a

torch to the logs as they arrived. They took their seats in the back.

She was seated one row from the back. The wooden bench was very narrow

and didn't have a back. She could tell as she sat that the boys behind

her were going to have a wonderful view of her bottom, as it was half

on the bench.

There were a lot of boys there and the seating was cramped. Allen, the

boy who had carried her bags earlier was sitting next to her. In the

cramped quarters on the bench she could feel his thigh against her and

the thigh of the boy on the other side of her. She took Allen's hand as

they sat down and whispered in his ear. "Thank you again for carrying my

bag for me earlier."

The introductions of the camp staff began. As the introductions

continued she continued to hold Allen's hand. She couldn't imagine what

was running through his mind at that moment. She could tell by the look

on his face in the fire-aided twilight that he was nervous. She

wickedly decided to play with him and see how nervous she could make

him.

She took their entwined hands and laid them on his thigh about halfway

up his leg. The back of her hand was now resting on his leg. She could

feel the soft down of the just forming hair and the firmness of his

legs under the soft skin. She couldn't believe what she was doing; it

was like she was out of control. This was a little boy, and her

boyfriends little brother as well. He was twelve and highly

inexperienced. Not that she had a lot of experience herself. She had

only held hands with Bret before and then never as intimately as

placing her hand on his thigh as she was doing to Allen now.

As she was thinking this the boy on the other side touched her leg. It

was an accidental touch due to the closeness of their surroundings, but

she took his hand in hers and held it there. What was she thinking? This

was not like her at all. She was a modest girl and would never even

consider letting anyone see her dressed as she now was let alone

holding the hands of two boys one resting on her thigh the other on

his. The fact that she was thinking about taking these boys' hands

higher made her feel even more wicked.

The wickedness got the better of her though. As the campfire continued

with skits and jokes and a few songs she gradually crept her hand up

Allen's thigh till the back of her hand was resting on his shorts. If

she moved it even an inch further she knew it would be resting on his

crotch. At the same time she took the other boys hand and gradually ran

it up her thigh till it was at the bottom of her shorts. Neither boy

resisted and she could see the look of nervousness on both boys' faces.

She looked down and could tell that both boys were hard under their

shorts.

She had never really thought about boys this age getting hard. She had

never in her life touched a hard penis. Right now however all she would

have to do is mover her hand a centimeter higher and she would have

Allen's in her hand. She thought about how many times Bret had tried to

get her to touch it even through his pants. Now she could have her hand

on his little brothers and then go home and still not touch him. The

thought was so wicked it made her positively grin.

The campfire came to an end all too quickly. The walk back to the

campsite was much slower then the jog from the campsite. The fact that

it was now dark made it even slower. She held the hands of Allen and

the other boy all the way back to the campsite. It was sweet and

innocent like they were boyfriend and girlfriend except for the fact

that she didn't even know one of the boys name and the fact that they

were both so young.

As they got back to camp she let go of both boys hands. They however

followed her back toward her tent. "You don't have to come with me

Allen." She said about half way there. "Oh just wana make sure that you

get back ok." Was his reply.

"So what's your name?" She turned and asked the other boy. "Ah, me. Um,

Adam." She thought it was sweet how he stumbled over his own name. Adam

was smaller then Allen and looked younger. It was obvious he hadn't

even hit puberty yet. He stood an almost a foot shorter then herself

and was slender. His tussled hair and glasses gave him a kind of nerdy

look.

When they got to her tent she looked around. She was feeling very

wicked at this point and realized that she was completely alone with

these two boys and they would probably do anything at all that she

wanted. A sudden rush went through her and then her nerves got the

better of her. She turned to the boys that were following her.

"Well, guess we made it safe didn't we?" She smiled at the boys. "Thank

you for making sure I got here safe." She gave Allen a hug first she

made sure that it was as brotherly as possible. She then turned to

Adam. Looking at his nervous stance and knowing that she was the cause

made her nerves rest a bit.

She took Adam and pulled him close. She pressed his face against her

nearly bare breasts. She could feel him stiffen just as her nipples did

at the touch. She held him there for a moment and looked at Allen as she

did. She saw that he stood there staring at Adam and her. She saw that

his jaw was slacked. In the dim moonlight Allen looked so much like her

his brother that it was uncanny. It was almost like she was standing

right in front of Bret.

The feel of Adam's cheek on her breast and looking at Allen made her

feel so wicked. She could see in the moonlight, even through his

shorts, that Allen must have been fully erect. This made her even more

excited. She was again reminded that she could do anything with these

boys that she wanted. She thought about taking it further but her

sensibility got the best of her.

"Goodnight boys." She said letting go of Adam and turning and slipping

into her tent, lowering the curtain behind her.

In the darkness of the tent she stood there for a minuet catching her

breath. She didn't even realize that she had been breathing so hard.

After a moment she sat down on the cot. She was shaking now. She could

still hear Adam and Allen outside. She thought again about how wickedly

excited she was. She just couldn't justify doing more with these boys.

She thought for a moment. She couldn't justify doing anything knowingly

but what if she did so without them knowing she was aware of it. She

switched on the electric lantern flooding the tent with light. She

heard the boys outside whisper. She remembered how the tent flap gapped

even when closed and would allow the boys to look in if they were brave

enough.

She listened closely and could hear that the boys move closer to the

tent. All she had to do now was to pretend that she didn't know they

were out there. She stood up and stretched thinking about what she

should do next. She knew the right thing to do would be to shoo the

boys away. On the other hand what harm would it do to give them a

little but of a show?

She grabbed the bottom hem of her shirt and turning so her back was

toward the flap the boys were at. She slipped the shirt up and over her

head. She knew at least one boy in the camp had seen her naked. Now she

would know that Allen and Adam had as well. She dropped the shirt on

the cot with her other clothes and turned to face the tent flap the

boys were at again reaching her hands over her head and stretching.

She thought she heard one of the boys gasp as she turned around. She

knew that she was giving them a show that they would remember for the

rest of their lives she hoped. Her excitement again got the better of

her as her hands came down from over her head she cupped both of her

breasts pressing them together and up. Felt a tingle up and down her

spine as her fingers brushed her nipples.

She continued to caress her breast and thought she heard the boys

shuffle outside her tent. She couldn't believe that she was giving

these boys such a show she had never allowed anyone to see her naked

let alone touch herself as she now was. She ran her hands down her

tummy from her breast to the waistband of her shorts.

She slipped her thumbs inside the waistband of her shorts and wiggled

her hips as she slipped the shorts down. She stood there for a moment

in her panties and cupped her breasts again. Again feeling the tingle

of excitement and the moistening of she sex as she once again ran her

flat hands slowly down her waist. She hesitated as she slipped her

thumbs into the waistband of her panties. She heard one of the boys

outside shuffle and brush against the canvas slightly as she stood

there.

She turned her back to the flap the boys were at again and stuck her

bottom out as she brought her panties down over her round hips. She

wrapped her arms around herself and imagined the two boys just outside

her tent flap. She wondered exactly what they were doing. Were they

masturbating? What were they thinking?

She spun slowly to expose her full nakedness to the boys outside. She

knew they could see every intimate inch of her body due to her

depilatory efforts earlier. She lay down on the cot. She was not even

thinking anymore about what the boys thought she was so overcome with

lust. She spread her legs and imagined exactly what she must look like

to the boys. She knew that she was giving them a very complete view of

herself now.

She continued to squeeze her breasts, tweaking her nipples and causing

them to become fully erect. She slowly and lightly let one hand trace

its fingers down her tummy and to her vagina. She cupped her sex and

pressed gently causing another thrill of pleasure to was over her body.

She spread the lips of her wet sex and ran a finger lightly over her

labia. She was swimming in a cloud of lust now.

She took two fingers now and placing one on either side of her engorged

clitoris began to stroke the large member. A whimper escaped her lips

and she bit her lip to stop it. She was moments away from orgasm now.

She continued to stroke her hard clit as her entire body tightened

lifting her bottom completely off the cot. She could feel the waves of

pleasure wash over her again and again with each slow stroke she took.

Finally all at once her body exploded with pleasure. The wave of orgasm

caused her to gasp several times. She lay there for a moment in the

after glow thinking about the show she had just given Allen and Adam.

She knew Bret would have killed to see a show like that. She thought

about how wicked and naughty it was to allow his little brother to see

it. She continued to brush her wet sex as she thought feeling the

pleasure of her orgasm that had been subsiding begin to build again as

she thought about Bret.

She knew she wouldn't give Bret a show like this after she got back

even if Allen told him about seeing it. She could deign ever doing it

or say she didn't know he was watching. This was the perfect outlet.

The thought of telling Bret no was now actually exciting him. Teasing

him with the knowledge that someone else had seen her masturbating

before he had even though he had devoted two years to her.

She felt the waves of pleasure begin to build again and before she knew

it she was having a second orgasm. As her body shuddered through the

second orgasm she looked at the tent flap and imagined she could see

the eyes of the two boys she knew were just outside. The second orgasm

surprised her. She had never done that before and as she looked at the

tent flap the knowledge of what she was doing hit her again. Not with a

feeling of guilt but another wave of orgasm.

She collapsed after the third orgasm her body drenched in sweat despite

the cool mountain night air. Ever nerve in her body felt alive and

refreshed but her muscles felt exhausted from the strain. She wished

one of the boys would come in and bring her to a fourth orgasm she knew

after the day she had just had she could do it if only it wasn't for the

fatigue in her muscles.

She could smell the mixture of sweat and sex as it filled the room as

she lay there panting. She was hooked now she knew she was going to

enjoy the next two weeks of teasing these boys. It was with those

thoughts and thoughts of the details how that she fell asleep the light

of the lantern still on. She thought about turning it off just before

she dosed off but remembered she had set it to auto shut off and

thought it would be great to let the boys look at her as long as they

wanted.

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Chapter 2

She woke to the chatter of a bird. She was still naked and in her tent.

She was vaguely aware of the fact that she had dreamed about teasing

pubescent boys all night. She was well rested and refreshed having had

slept well. She looked at her watch. It was almost ten o'clock. She had

missed breakfast.

She rose and tried to decide what to wear today. It was already getting

warm inside the tent and she thought it might be nice to spend all day

on the beach of the lake. Maybe she would do some swimming. She didn't

have a set routine like the boys did and her dad had told her she could

participate in any activity at any time.

She grabbed the two swimsuits she had packed. She decided on the light

pink bikini she had packed. This was the first year she had been

allowed to own a bikini and she really wanted to try it on and maybe

get some sun.

As she looked at it the thought of all the boys looking at her in this

started to turn her on. She thought about how she could improve on the

look and make it even more daring. It was not long at all till she had

the scissors from her pocket sewing kit removing the white liner to

both the tops and bottoms. She knew that this would make it even more

risqué then just a bikini.

She couldn't believe she was doing this. Even when she was done she

didn't know if she would be able to take off the white tee and red

athletic shorts that she put on top of it. She wish she had a full

length mirror or even that the lighting was better then the dim tent so

that she could see what it looked like. She decided that it didn't

matter. She was going to dare herself to wear it anyway.

She opened the flap of the tent to head out and start her day with a

trip to the latrine and the first thing she found was a paper plate on

the front step of her tent. There was a note. "Hope you slept well,

Allen." That was sweet and thoughtful of him. Looks like she had

herself a bit of an admirer. She sat on the front step of her tent and,

after removing the covering, ate the sweet roll that was on the plate

and drank the glass of juice she had found beside it. She could hear

the occasional holler of one of the boys in the distance as they were

at some activity or another. The camp however was deserted.

After eating she grabbed her towel and tanning oil and walked to the

roped off swimming area stopping at the latrine on the way down to

brush her teeth and use the facilities. She was disappointed to find on

her arrival that the sand beach of the swim area didn't open till after

lunch.

She decided that maybe she should do a bit of exploring till lunch and

see what she could find. She quickly found a trail that ran along the

lakeshore and followed it. After a bit she got absorbed in the beauty

of the area and kept walking. The trail began to look less and less

traveled and just as she was about to turn around and head back she

heard a splash from beyond the brush in front of her and decided to

investigate.

She walked a bit further and heard the laughter of a boy. This caused

her to stop and go off the trail. She didn't know of any activities

that were going on this far from the main camp so decided to sneak up

on whoever was splashing and laughing and see what was going on. The

flip-flops she was wearing weren't ideal for walking off the trail but

she made due.

After a few moments she could make out motion through the brush in

front of her and moved even slower to see what was going on. She heard

another splash and finally got a view of what was happening through the

brush. Four of the boys had obviously decided they wanted to go swimming

even though the waterfront was closed and were doing just that.

She saw four boys playing in the water. After a moment she noticed that

they were not only playing in the water but were also completely naked.

There pubescent bodies mesmerized her. Not a bit of hair on them, their

small penises and testicles moving as they ran. Even more enticing were

there round well-muscled bottoms. She could feel herself get excited

and her pulse quicken at the site of them. There bodies were perfectly

formed and the water glistening off of them made them seem almost

unreal. She watched them play in the water for almost a half hour

before she realized it.

She thought about a part of the trail that she had passed on the way

here and how she could lay out there and be discovered by the boys on

their way back. She headed to the spot and laid her towel out and

removed her tee and shorts folding them neatly and placing them on top

of her now discarded flip-flops. Her bikini was a simple tie affair. It

had ties at each of her hips and around her chest and neck.

She noticed that the removal of the lining didn't really make a

difference in the way the material looked. It did drape a bit more

loosely but that was all.

No sooner had she sat down then she heard the boys approaching. She

watched as the group rounded a bend in the trail and caught their first

site of her. All as a group they stopped about ten yards away from her

and looked like deer caught in the headlights. She could imagine their

shock at finding a girl in a bikini on the present trail to camp.

She broke the stand off by saying. "Hey could one of you boys help me

with my lotion." All four stood there shyly looking at one another.

"Really, I need some help putting lotion on my back please." One of the

boys finally came forward. "I can help you." He said as he approached.

She handed him the bottle of lotion asking, "So what's your name?"

"Um, Kenny." The boy said taking the bottle.

Stephanie rolled onto her stomach. "Thank you for the help Kenny. Make

sure you do a good job. I want a nice even tan."

She watched him open the bottle and saw him pore some lotion on his

trembling hand. She could tell that he was nervous and was still

surprised that she had this reaction on him. She knew that she was

enticing him and that fact excited her.

As his three friends watched Kenny placed his hands and the oil on her

shoulder. His soft hands felt good as they began to rub the oil over

her skin. She felt his hands go over the upper part of her back and

linger there for a while. It was time to get some of the other boys

involved. "You, maybe you can help Kenny by doing my legs." She pointed

at the three boys standing there looking at her now.

The degree of excitement she had last night mixed with the fact that

last night had gone so well made her a bit more daring today. One of

the other boys came forward and took the oil and started rubbing her

right leg. "Your two can help too. You don't need to just stand there."

Before long she had one boy rubbing each of her legs Kenny continuing to

rub her upper back and one of the boys rubbing her lower back. Their

soft hands felt amazing on her skin.

In a moment of daring she looked at Kenny. "Why don't you untie my top?

I don't wana get any tan line." He hesitated and then she felt the

straps around both her neck and her chest come undone. The boys rubbing

her legs had started on her lower legs and were now working their way up

over her knees. She felt like a princess with her group of slave boys

massaging her.

She let her headrest on her arms and soon the boys became a bit bolder.

She was in bliss as Kenny's hands dipped down to do her chest under her

arms. She never knew that she was sensitive there but found herself

getting more excited as he touched her there. Or maybe it was that the

boy rubbing her lower back was now in the small of her back just above

her bottom. The boys rubbing her legs were moving to the tops of her

legs now and she could feel their soft ands grazing her bottom that was

sticking out from under her bikini bottoms.

She looked at Kenny through the slit of her closed eyes. She could see

the tell tail bulge in his shorts and that egged her on even more. "Can

you boys on my legs untie the bottoms and get under those straps too."

She couldn't believe she had just said that but decided to see if the

boys would do it.

They did. As soon as she said it she felt the ties on her hips loosen.

They pushed the material aside and gradually increased the amount of

skin that was exposed. She could tell that they were pushing her limits

to see if she would abject to what they were doing. She didn't even know

herself how far she would let this go.

Soon her entire bottom was exposed and all three boys, the one on her

lower back and the ones on her legs were rubbing her bottom. She

decided to get even more daring and see just how far these boys would

go. She spread her legs and felt the material that was the bottom of

the bikini slip between them. "Don't forget the inside of my legs"

At that both of the boys on her legs were instantly on her inter

thighs. Stephanie spread her legs more to allow both hands in there.

She felt a breeze on her sex and knew that she had just given them a

view of her most private parts. It didn't take long till she felt the

boys grow bolder and start brushing their hands against that private

part. The boy that had started on her lower back was continually

massaging her bottom now. Kenny was rubbing the tails of her breast

that stuck out from under her chest as she lay on it.

"Wow you boys are good at this do you wana do the front too?" In unison

all four of the boys agreed in one way or another. She keeping her

bikini tops and bottom covering her breasts and vagina rolled onto her

back. She placed her arms under her head and let the boys do what they

would to her. There soft delicate hands felt so good. She knew she

should stop this but couldn't even begin to. If one of them said

anything all she had to do was say that they had overpowered her and

made her do this.

The boys were very bold now. Kenny's hands went right between her

breasts the boy that was on her lower back was now rubbing her tummy

and the boys on her legs were rubbing her upper thighs. Kenny kept

exposing more and more of her breasts as his hands traveled over them.

The boys on her lower body did the same with the lower part of her

bikini. Stephanie just lay there getting more excited by the minuet

wondering how far these boys would go or how far she would let them.

She lay there for several minuets letting the boys rub all around the

small areas that her bikini now covered. It was a little embarrassing

lying there but the pleasure was overwhelming. She wanted the boys to

go farther and was afraid they would all at the same time. She looked

through her half closed eyes and saw that the boys were just as nervous

as her judging the expressions on her face.

Finally one of her bikini top straps got tangled on Kenny's hand. He

moved his hand in an outward motion under her arm and she felt her

entire bikini top uncover her breasts. All four of the boys hesitated

for a moment expecting her to get mad and Stephanie herself froze not

knowing what to do it was so unexpected. It was one thing undressing in

front of the boys through the tent flap last night. This was entirely

different. This was more direct.

Stephanie lay there and through the slits of her closed eyes she could

see all four of them looking with wide-eyed innocence at her breasts.

She lay there for another moment not knowing what else to do. A part of

her was wondering what the boys would do. Kenny was the first to

continue she jumped slightly as she felt his hands return to the middle

of her chest carefully avoiding her breasts. The other three followed

suit.

Stephanie still lay perfectly still as the boys massaged her body. She

spread her legs a little to allow the boys on her legs to touch the

inside of her thighs. The boy rubbing her tummy was now rubbing her

lower ribs. She felt one boy's hand's wander to the outsides of her

hips while another continued on her upper and inter thigh.

Kenny again was the aggressor. She felt his hands on the upper part of

her breast and they slowly moved down till he had one breast in each of

his hands. The three other boys hesitated as Kenny did at that point to

see what her reaction would be. When she didn't move Kenny started

massaging her breasts.

It felt great his soft round hands on her ample breasts. Stephanie

could feel her nipples harden under his touch. The boy that was rubbing

her tummy to start with joined in. She felt her breasts slipping in

their oiled hands.

Encouraged by Kenny's success the boys on her lower body let their

hands brush aside her remaining cover. She was now completely naked

surrounded by four boys. Her body was slick with oil and she felt one

hand touch her in the most intimate of spots and begin to gently rub

her there.

The oil mixed with her wetness and his hand was soon sliding up and

down her slit. She could feel the orgasm in her building between two

boys touching her breasts and one massaging her vagina and a fourth

rubbing all over her hips.

When it finally hit it was much more intense then last nights orgasm.

Her entire body bucked and she gasped loudly. All four boys stopped at

this surprise and fear shooting across their face. "God don't stop

please keep going." She screamed at them as much to her surprise as

there's. Fortunately they continued as she told them to. The feeling

was exquisite. She was swimming in a sea of bliss. "Ah, this feels so

good she said in a panting voice.

Encouraged and no longer as scared all four boys continued and

redoubled their efforts soon she was swimming in a sea of orgasm. She

couldn't tell where one ended and the next began it was as if they were

one on top of the other. "That's enough." She finally said and lay there

exhausted and panting as all four boys stopped.

She lay there naked in the afterglow of the multiple orgasms she had

just had all four boys looking at her naked glistening body. A final

shudder went through her body. She felt so wicked and a little

embarrassed as she lay there. All she could do was lay there panting.

She thought about Bret back home. He would have begged her to let him

do this and here she had allowed these boys to do it without the two

years of exclusiveness. Now she knew how it felt to be the bad girl. It

was a little embarrassing but it felt great. As her strength returned it

was like she was being super charged. She felt more alive then ever. She

had to have more.

"Stephanie!" It was Allen's voice that she heard. It took a moment to

register as all four boys at once stopped their ministrations on her

desire taunt body. She jumped and grabbing her towel from under her she

wrapped it around herself in one smooth motion. She looked up as the

four boys that were surrounding her scattered like rabbits. She was

left alone with Allen in the clearing.

She saw the shock and excitement in Allen's face. "How long have you

been watching?" She queried when she had finally regained her senses.

"C Can I." Came Allen's response, leaving his thought unfinished.

Stephanie knew that he had seen enough to know what Kenny and his

friends had been doing. A sudden streak of wickedness shot through her

as she looked into the face that looked so much like her boyfriends.

"You wana touch me like those other boys were don't you Allen?" She

said getting to her feet the towel still wrapped around her body. She

felt the bikini fall to the ground at her feet. "Why should I let you

do that?" Allen's face showed his shock and embarrassment at that

question.

"Would you like me to touch you like that Allen?" Came her next

question, as Allen stood there with his mouth open not knowing what to

say at her advance. She was now standing right next to him. She looked

at his covered crotch and could see that he was hard. This caused her

to smile.

She couldn't believe that she was being as wicked as she was. Allen had

been so nice to her just like her brother Bret had for so long. The boys

she had just allowed to touch her were complete strangers. She didn't

even know three of the four boys names. Even Kenny could have been

lying and even if he wasn't she didn't know his last name.

"Please." Came his only response. She could tell that he was in a state

of lust that was unfamiliar to him. She could see he was breathing hard

and his face was flushed.

She dropped the towel exposing her body to him. She saw his eyes drop

instantly to look at her most intimate parts. She looked down at her

now oil covered body and was impressed herself that it looked as good

as it did glistening wetly in the sunlight. He reached his hand up to

touch her and she stepped back. "I didn't say that you could touch me,

now did I."

She saw the look of shock on his face. "Now go pick up my bikini so I

can get dressed like a good little boy." He stood there for a moment

looking at her body and letting the words she said sink in. Then as if

he were an automation he moved to retrieve the bikini where it had

fallen as she had stood up.

As he stood in front of her holding the items. She looked in his face

again and saw that his lustful flush had only grown. "Show me how

excited I make you." She said as she took the bottoms from him. She

could see the confusion in his face as he stood there not knowing what

exactly to do.

"Show me how hard you are. Drop your pants." She commanded him. He

hesitated for a moment she could see the mix of emotions ranging from

hope to embarrassment play across his face. Finally he slid the shorts

he was wearing down over his small smooth hips. She gazed at his penis

and scrotum in amazement. She had never really seen one this close

before. It stood out from the slight smattering of down on his stomach

at full attention curving upward slightly. His entire penis was about

the size of her little finger.

She tied the straps to her bikini bottoms in place as she looked at his

genitals. When she had finished with that she took the top and continued

to dress. She took her time and made sure that she was as covered as she

could be. "Why don't you beg me to touch you?" She said as she finished.

"P-Please t-touch me." He said, a blush rising to his cheeks.

"With more feeling, Allen. Let me know how badly you want it." She felt

so wicked as she said it knowing that no matter how much he begged he

wasn't going to touch him or allow him to touch her.

"Please Steph, P-Please touch me." She could tell that he was begging

in earnest now.

"On your knees when you beg little man." The words came out of her

mouth sounding so harsh.

Allen dropped to his knees in front of her his small penis bobbing as

he did. He continued to beg for her touch. "Please Steph, Please touch

me. I'll do anything if you touch it."

"Do you ever touch it Allen?" She asked bending over to look him

directly in the face.

"Y, yes." He stammered in reply to the question.

"Let me see you play with your little dick Allen." She whispered in his

ear.

Allen Flushed brightly and with a shaking hand took hold of his small

shaft engulfing it in his boyish hand. He began to masturbate in

earnest as she watched in amazement. She saw him begin to pant as he

continued and she watched as the muscles in his flanks strained. She

was amazed as she watched his scrotum tighten and the two pendulums

inside of it draw tightly up to his abdomen.

"That's enough little man." She said pushing his hand from his penis.

Allen was sobbing in frustration now. "Have you ever did this till you

shot Allen?"

He flushed and averted his eyes at his affirmative reply.

"You wana do that now don't you?" She teased.

"Yes please." He sobbed.

"No not now Allen. I want to know that you want me so bad Allen. I want

you to stay hard for me. Ill be very disappointed if you masturbate any

more without asking permission do you understand?" She pulled the

sobbing boy to her chest. She knew that he was just on the edge of an

orgasm but also knew that he would do anything she told him at this

point. The feeling of sexual power was so very intoxicating.

She held his head to her breast and knew that this only reminded him of

his sexual frustration. "That's a good boy." She grabbed his face and

pulled his lips to hers and gave him a slight kiss.

"Now lets go get some lunch. Aren't you hungry?"

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Chapter 3

Stephanie and Allen's walk back to the dinning hall for lunch was a

seemingly short affair compared to the length of time it had seemingly

taken Stephanie to walk out. She held Allen's hand during the entire

walk back. She could tell that his walking was uncomfortable due to his

arousal.

She found it quaint that he walked along beside her with his small

erection bulging through his shorts. It made her smile to think that

she was the one that had caused his arousal. She smiles even more as

she thought about how she was the one currently in control of this boys

release from that arousal.

As they left the overgrowth surrounding the trail that they were

following, they entered the clearing by the swimming area and dinning

hall. She became acutely aware of the fact that she had forgotten to

put back on her tee and shorts. This was brought on by her knowledge

that she was being watched by dozens of boys and a few men. She noticed

that Allen was carrying just the items in question with her towel and

was tempted to take them from him and cover her bikini-clad body.

She overcame her impulse though. The afterglow of multiple orgasms

coupled with her feeling of control over Allen made her brazen. She

walked to the dinning hall with all the air of someone wearing an

evening gown. She noted the glances from the boys as she passed with

delight. She even winked at Mr. Browne as they passed him causing him

to blush.

As she joined the line in front of the dinning hall her new boyfriend

proxy in tow she caught a glance of her reflection in one of the

windows. The sight caught her off guard. The clingy drape of the bikini

coupled with the pastel pink color made it look, at first glance, as if

she were nude. She looked admiringly at herself in the reflection.

On impulse she reached her hands over her head and stretched her body

in a catlike manner. She pressed her bottom and chest out. Arching her

back and slowly turning as she did. She noted the way the bikini draped

over her flanks as she did this, accentuating the split in the middle.

She also became aware of how this made her breasts seem even more

impossibly large. She could now appreciate the show that she was

putting on for all of the boys.

At that the line started to move. As she passed through the doors into

the dinning hall she was once again pressed into the boys around her.

The feel of their arms and legs brushing against her body sent a thrill

through her. After getting their meal Her and Allen sought for a seat.

It didn't take her long to see Kenny and his group. "Oh look Allen, its

Kenny, lets go sit next to him." She said leading her little puppy to

where Kenny was sitting.

"Can we sit here, too?" She asked noting Kenny's nervous glance as she

approached. It was obvious to her that Kenny didn't know how she was

going to react.

"Uh, sure." He replied scooting to make room for her on the bench next

to him.

Stephanie sat in the room provided by Kenny brushing her leg against

his as she did. Once she was seated she pulled Allen down beside her.

As she did she noted that they were with the same three other boys who

had been with her earlier.

"Man, you boys are great at putting on lotion." She said to break the

apparent nervousness of the boys around her.

"I'm going to have to get you to do that again." She almost couldn't

believe what she was saying.

"Oh and thank you Kenny. You were really, really good at it." As she

gave him this compliment she leaned over and gave him a little kiss on

the cheek. She then faced Allen noting the puppy like expression on his

face. She really was in control of this group. She wondered just how far

she could take that control.

She could hardly eat a bite as she sat there, her thigh rubbing those

of the boys to either side of her. Lunch did pass quickly however

listening to the boys once again vying for her attentions. She noticed

that Allen was trying just as hard as the others.

During the conversation with the boys she learned that there was a rest

period before anything was open after lunch. All she wanted to do was go

swimming and again she had to wait.

"Hey, I got an idea about what we can do while we wait." She whispered

causing the five boys to lean closer. "We can go for a walk." She could

tell that it wasn't going to take a great effort to get the boys to

follow her plans, even if she suggested walking on razor blades.

Before she knew it her and the boys were once again walking down a

secluded trail. The boys were leading her deeper and deeper into

seclusion. As they walked she held Allen's hand and allowed him to

carry her things.

"So, I really need to thank you boys for making me feel so good." She

said coming to a stop by a fallen tree. "Allen, will you spread my

towel over this so I can sit down and take a break." Allen didn't

hesitate at all in following her command.

"Did you boys like touching me like that?" All four boys nodded in

approval. "And I already know you enjoyed watching it didn't you

Allen?" She chided.

"So what type of a reward should I give you boys for how good you made

me feel?" At that question all five of the boys looked at her shyly.

"Well, maybe you could touch me like that." Came Kenny's reply after a

long pause.

"Would you really like that? Cause if you did you would be hard right

now wouldn't you?" She said. "Are you boys hard for me?"

All five of the boys nodded and as they did she noted that each of them

had a bulge in his shorts.

"Well, what are you waiting for? Let me see." All five boys looked at

each other nervously. She could tell that these boys though comfortable

with each other's nudity when alone, were nervous to have a sexual

encounter in front of one another. Again she wondered just how far her

control over these boys would go.

One of the boys whose name she had learned was Drew was the first to

expose his penis for her view. After that she was soon faced with five

timid boys showing themselves to her. She noted that Allen was the

smallest being little bigger then her little finger to Kenny who was

the largest.

His had a slight smattering of curls at the base and was an impressive

width and length. His testicles were what she noted more then his penis

though. They hung from his loin and looked to be the size of two large

eggs. She had never imagined a boy this young could be endowed like

this. He was perhaps even larger then Bret back home.

Again her thoughts turned to Her boyfriend and how he would give

anything to be here now about to be touched by her. How he had often

begged to be touched. She realized again the control that she had and

was once again enthralled with its power.

"Now Kenny, your first." She said. "I want to look at the rest of you

as I touch Kenny so I can see how badly you want to be touched."

She gently took Kenny's penis in her hand and led him by it to sit on

the log that Allen had placed her towel over. It was firm and hard, yet

soft like silk. She had never touched anything like this before in her

life. She wanted to touch it some more. She saw that the other four

boys were staring at her and Kenny with blank faces.

She raised her other hand and gently cupped his huge testicles in her

other hand. She was reminded of seeing a girl do something similar to

this in a picture she had seen on the Internet. She was amazed at how

the skin of his penis slid over the firm interior.

Suddenly Kenny's entire body jerked and he gasped a strange expression

of pleasure not unlike a silent scream came over his face. A white

milky fluid shot from the end of his penis. She realized in a moment

this boy was ejaculating. She watched in awe as the fluid shot from the

tip of his penis and landed on her chest directly above her bikini top

on her left breast.

She felt herself jump back a little as the fluid hit her. She was

amazed at the force it had behind it and the way Kenny's penis seemed

to jump with a life of its own as the second stream of fluid shot out

and landed this time on her left thigh.

It was mesmerizing to her to watch the pearlescent fluid run over her

breast and into her cleavage. She squeezed Kenny's penis causing the

last drops of fluid to dribble from the end and land on the ground in

front of her. She felt so wicked watching the fluid against her skin.

She thought of how many times Bret back how had begged her to milk him

like this and she had done it for the first time with a boy who was

almost a complete stranger.

Again she was reminded of the power that she had. How she was in

control. She again wondered how far that control went. As she milked

the last of the semen from Kenny a wicked thought hit her. She should

test the control she had and see how absolute it was.

"Was that good Kenny, did you like it?" She asked in a gentle voice.

"Have you ever done that before?" She asked before he could reply.

Kenny just stood there looking ashamed and shook his head yes.

"There's nothing to be ashamed of. It felt good didn't it? And it shows

me that you liked me touching you."

She removed her hands from Kenny's testicles and penis.

"All of you boys want me to touch you like that don't you?"

At that she received four very emphatic nods and looking at the still

very erect penises around her she could see how badly they wanted it.

"Well, first I have to get cleaned up. Who wants to help me?" At this

she received five uncertain looks and a moment of silence.

"Whoever will help me clean up may get to go next." She said and could

see the boys now thinking about it.

"Whoever helps me clean up may get me to kiss them there." She said

this recalling how Bret had begged her to give him oral sex and how she

had told him that she would never touch a penis with her mouth. That was

before this week, before she had learned what control she had over men

and boys.

"I... I'll clean it up Steph." It was Allen's timid voice.

"Well, I want you to lick it off of me? Will you do that Allen? You

will get to touch my breast and lick it, and my thigh too."

There was a moment's hesitation. Allen stood in place considering the

act. She could see that all eyes were on Allen, as the other boys

waited for his response. It was a dare, one with rewards.

Finally came Allen's timed, "Ok."

She flipped the fabric of her bikini top down exposing her left breast

as he approached. The other boys looked on as he bent in front of her.

Some had looks of awe on their face and one, whose name she had learned

was Mark, giggled nervously.

She placed her hand behind Allen's head pulling his face to her breast.

She thought of what it must be like to guild a baby to nurse on her

breast.

She felt his tongue as it touched Kenny's semen. She could feel Allen

trembling now. She now knew that she was absolutely in control of

Allen. She saw Kenny grin at Mark behind Allen's back.

Allen's tongue slowly removed the semen from her breast and cleavage.

It felt so good as he licked her breast. Even though he had hesitated

and slightly gagged when he first started he was now licking and

kissing her breast in earnest. He slowly worked his way to her large

nipple. She let him take her nipple into his mouth and suck on it. The

feeling was divine.

After a minuet or so of him sucking her breast she could see the other

boys now wore a look of envy on there face. They had realised the

rewards for debasing themselves was to be able to touch her body.

Allen's act didn't seem quite so weird to them anymore. Only Kenny was

still grinning.

"Now down here." Stephanie said as she spread her legs to allow Allen

to lick her inter thigh where Kenny's semen had rolled. She gently

gilded his face there and watched as Allen once again kissed the semen

from her body.

His hair brushing her inter thigh coupled with his soft lips there

drove her mad. She again needed the relief of an orgasm. She now

wondered what it would feel like to have that warm moist tongue that

was caressing her leg on her sex. She considered pulling his face to

her sex. She realised that she needed to take control of herself

though.

She pulled his face to hers causing him to stand between her now spread

legs. She pulled him to her causing his erect penis to press against her

abdomen. She kissed him parting his lips with her tongue. She could

taste the fresh semen in his mouth as she kissed him. He started to rub

his penis over her abdomen.

At that she gently pushed him away. "Well, guess we should get back to

camp. I wana go swimming." She said taking her feet.

She noted the sob of frustration from Allen and the look of sheer

disappointment on the other boy's faces as she began to walk away.

"B... But you said..." Came the pathetic plea from Allen as she passed

him.

"No, I said maybe. You'll get your reward for being a good boy. I

promise. Just remember if I find out any of you boys have been playing

with my toys before I do I'll be very disappointed."

"Oh, and don't forget to bring my towel, Allen." She shot back as she

walked away leaving the boys literally with there pants down staring at

her curvy bottom.

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To Be Continued...

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