**The Troop's Newest Member**

by Eagle Scout

No one batted an eye when Pat joined the local Boy Scouts of America troop. Pat seemed typical at first. Pat loved wearing the uniform and going on short hikes with the rest of the troop. The problems appeared when Pat went on an overnight camping trip.

Pat was shy. Pat was uncomfortable having to share a tent with another member of the troop. The scout master reminded all the tenderfoots that wearing all their clothes inside their sleeping bags was a bad idea. You will sweat, and that sweat will freeze. "Your sleeping bag is designed to breath the moisture away, but your clothes will trap your sweat. You'll be colder in your clothes than if you strip down before crawling into your bag tonight."

Pat tried to be the first into the tent, but Pat's tent mate followed close behind. With the tight quarters of the pup tent, Steve was bumping into Pat as he stripped down and folded his uniform. Pat just watched.

Steve, down to his white briefs, asked Pat, "Do you think Mr. Green meant for us to sleep naked?"

Pat said, "No, I don't think so. I think underwear is just fine."

Steve decided to slip off his briefs. "My balls tend to sweat. Don't want them freezing, do you?"

Pat had to stare at Steve's balls and dick. Steve was holding his penis up to show how sweaty his balls were already. Then, completely naked, Steve crawled into his sleeping bag.

It was now Pat's turn to undress. Pat reached over and turned off the electric lantern Steve had. In the near darkness of the tent lit by only the moon glow, stars, and a dying fire maintain by the senior patrol, Pat removed the uniform worn all day. Even though the temperatures were below freezing, they had hiked and worked all day. Pat was sweating. The uniform was damp. Then Pat went to crawl into the sleeping bag.

Steve said, "Better remove your underwear. You don't want your balls to freeze tonight. Mr. Green was right. I'm already getting warm in my bag."

Pat waited until the zipper closed then wiggled out of the underwear. Steve was right, this was much more comfortable.

Morning came at sunrise. Pat woke to the sound of the bugler hitting notes off-key. Steve threw open his sleeping bag and Pat saw the morning wood that Steve made no attempt to hide. Steve laughed seeing Pat staring at his erection. "Happens every morning to me. What about you?" Steve did not get a reply. He just wiggled into his underwear and clothes, half crawling on Pat at times. Cold clothes solved his erection problem. Steve turned to Pat and asked, "You coming?"

Pat said, "Go ahead. Once you are out of the tent, it'll be easier for me to dress." Steve shrugged, and opened the tent flap to the cold morning air. He crawled out of the tent dragging his coat with him. Standing up, he stretched, as Pat yelled for him to shut the tent. Steve took his time putting on his coat first, then halfway zippering the tent flap close.

Pat was in a bit of a panic search for the underwear removed before going to bed. It was not in the bag that Pat's hands or feet could determine. Pat released, climbing out of the sleeping bag was the only way to find the misplaced underwear.

Naked, Pat unzippered the sleeping bag, and sat up looking for the underwear. Not readily seen. Pat rolled over on hands and knees looking for were the missing garment went. It was in this position that Steve returned to get something out of his backpack. It was in this position that Steve realized Pat was not like the other members of the troop. Steve was staring directly at Pat's vagina.

It took a moment for Pat to realize the cold air was suddenly colder. Pat spun around knowing her vagina was on full display to the tent flap and therefore Steve. Pat's hands instinctively covered her small breasts. She sat there in a panic. No one outside her parents knew the truth. Pat was a girl. She preferred claiming she had no gender, but she claimed to be a male in order to join the boy scout troop.

Steve just stared. After all, Pat was the first naked female he ever saw. His morning wood returned, but being bent over to crawl into the tent, his embarrassment was well hidden.

Pat pleaded for Steve not to tell anyone. Steve decided he liked Pat, male or female, so why mention it to others? Still Steve knew a good thing when he saw it. "Lower your hands and spread your legs. If you do, I won't tell anyone." Pat did as she was told, and Steve just stared for a full minute. The barking of their patrol leader asking Steve what was taking him so long to get matches ended the Pat show. Pat handed Steve some matches, and Steve smiled as he backed out of the tent and closed the flap completely this time.

Pat found her panties, and got them on. She then dressed in her uniform. With her parka, her breasts were not discernible. In the previous months and inside during meetings, she wear her red vest filled with badges. Her breasts were never noticed. She kept them hidden by wrapping elastic bandages around her upper torso at home. She knew on the campout that would be impossible to keep a secret. Now that Steve knew, Pat regretted not wearing her wrap-around tube top of tight bandages. Mixed emotions since she did not binding down her developing breasts.

Boots and coat on, Pat was ready to face the troop. She hoped Steve was honoring his word and not saying anything to the others.

Pat had not realized one other major problem. Her bladder was full. She asked where they were suppose to go. Mr. Green said, "Pick a tree, any tree. Preferably down wind and down hill from here." Pat's patrol leader told her to hurry up, as his duty roster had Pat cooking breakfast to help her on the Cooking merit badge requirements. Pat walked a fair distance from camp. She knew she had to squat down, and the nearby trees were all marked with the boys' pee and yellow snow below. Feeling she was a safe distance from the troop, she lowered her pants and underwear to pee. She hoped if someone saw her, from a distance, they would think she was taking a dump. That backfired greatly.

Billy, the assistant patrol leader saw Pat squatting, and he grabbed the toilet paper to bring over to Pat. Soon, Pat's secret was known to both Steve and Billy. Billy just thought it was cool seeing a girl pee. He had wondered how they did that without a penis. Billy's deal with Pat was for her to spread her legs and vagina open for Billy to see her plumbing for his silence.

They both returned to camp, and Pat washed her hands before preparing the breakfast for the troop. Easy meal for her. Scrambled eggs and bacon. The problem Pat found as the cook, she was forever leaning over the fire to stir the eggs and flip the bacon. In her parka, she was sweating. Mr. Green saw the sweat beads on Pat's forehead and recommended taking off the parka. Now, Pat really wished she had brought her boob wrapping. She hoped no one would notice.

Twelve teenage boys and two adult males. Boobs were attention grabbers. Some were puzzled, and some realized Pat's secret, but the day was about to get worse, especially because no one acknowledged what they saw.

After eating and cleaning the mess kits, the troop was off to a hike. The hike took them to a small building near the frozen pond. Smoke was coming from the small building, and as they approached the building, a naked man came running out and jumped in a hole cut in the pond ice. The boys laughed, but Pat was staring at the naked man crawling back out of the water to return to the sauna house.

Mr. Green told the troop, traditional Swedish sauna. We'll get inside and really warm, then cool down in the icy water. It feels great! Everyone can hang their coats and clothes on these hooks. The men and boys just stripped naked in the great outdoors. Pat was scared. She backed away from the increasingly naked males, and her boots slipped on the icy pier. Pat fell head first into the pond.

Mr. Green and the naked man rushed to get Pat out of the icy water. She was shivering. It had not even been a minute. She could not even form words as the men removed her wet clothing to get her into the sauna to warm up as her clothes would dry in the cold, dry winter air.

Well, stripped naked, Pat's secret was quite visible to everyone. Since many had an idea from the morning cooking over the fireplace, it was not an incredible surprise. Pat appreciated no one saying a word about her naked female form. She was actually pleased they were concerned for her health.

In the sauna, everyone was naked, and a few reacted to the sight of seeing their first naked girl. The scoutmaster sent them out for a cold dip in the pond to change that situation.

After everyone, including Pat had taken cold, icy dips int eh pond, then warmed back up in the sauna, it was time to leave. Pat's clothes were dry, but her parka would need much more time. The boys all lined up to loan their dry coats to Pat, each taking a turn to walk in the winter without a coat for a few minutes.

It was time for Pat to cook lunch, still working on that first merit badge. Everyone laughed when Timmy, the youngest scout in the troop said, "It's a bit unfair that Pat has to cook. I mean she's a girl, and she already knows how to cook. Shouldn't she just get her cooking merit badge already?"

Mr. Green asked, "Why do you think she already knows how to cook?"

Timmy said, "She's a girl!" Everyone laughed. Timmy's dim world view was that girls were born knowing how to cook. All the females in his short lifetime knew. Mr. Green pointed out that Timmy had complained about burnt bacon this morning. Everyone has to learn sometime.

Pat hung around the raging fire most of the afternoon turning her parks inside out a few times to get it dry.

It was past sunset when dinner was over, and everyone was cold just wanting to climb in their sleeping bags for the night. Mr. Green asked Pat whether she wanted to sleep in Steve's tent tonight or share his. Pat preferred Tommy's tent, as Mr. Green was a rather large man, and his two-man tent would have very little room for her.

This time, both Steve and Pat undressed in the dim electronic lantern light. Pat asked her tent partner, "How many times a day does it get hard like that?" Steve stroked it and told her that he got hard thinking of her naked. She was puzzled, Steve was one of the few in the sauna not to get an erection. He explained he was more concerned for her well-being then. Pat thanked him, and asked if there was something she could do for him to ease his erection, thinking it would be painful to trying to fall asleep with that sticking straight up.

Steve had an idea placing Pat's hand on his erection, but he cautioned her that he would climax and come all over the tent unless she was ready to place her mouth over the knobby end when he told her to do so. Neither really understand the idea of a blowjob, but of course, they both were old enough to know the girl swallowed the sperm to keep things tidy.

Instinct? Perhaps. Pat leaned her naked body over Steve's lap, and started to suck his erection after just a few short strokes with her hand. Steve responded with a blast of semen into her mouth. She managed to swallow it all down, then lick his erection clean. Both just settled into their sleeping bags for the night.

Next morning, Pat woke first and moved around the tent to get dressed. Often placing her butt and vagina mere inches from Steve's head. When Pat crawled out of the tent clothed, she saw Steve sporting a huge erection as she closed the zippered fly on the tent.

Breakfast and packing up. The campout was over, but Mr. Green gathered everyone to explain, "We need to keep Pat's secret a secret." Everyone raised their right hand and formed the three-fingered scout hand sign to accept the oath of keeping Pat's secret silent.

Pat did not even tell her parents. She preferred to keep this all quiet. the fewer people who knew the better.

At the next boy scout meeting, Pat decided to not wear her red vest. Everyone there knew, right? After inspections, and learning some new first aid skills, it was game time. However, for this crab soccer game, Tommy suggested skins and shirts, and Pat was on the skins side. Mr. Green was ready to reverse the roles, but Pat had already removed her shirt. She shrugged.

Pat actually enjoyed getting half naked for her troop. It was the one time she could just be herself. No one cared. Plus, she did like her advantage of boys sporting an erection had a difficult time crab walking. She was scoring more goals than anyone else.

So this went meeting after meeting, and Pat even didn't mind peeing near everyone else on long hikes they would take through the woods.

It was summer camp that something changed. Boys would walk from their camps to the showers naked, some with their towels around their waists. Pat may have been too comfortable with her own troop seeing her naked, that stripping down when her patrol was heading to the showers just seemed natural. And to her patrol, it was. It was the rest of the camp that had a surprise when a naked girl walked with naked boys.

Before they even started the showers, Mr. Green came along to remind them of the mile swim test at the lake. The troop decided to go skinny dipping, and there was Pat, naked with her troop in front of hundreds of other boys.

Pat was a slow swimmer, but strong enough to achieve her mile swim badge. Her naked troop members all swam with her to prevent some other boys from trying to feel her up in the lake. With the long swim behind them, they went to the showers, and got clean.

Back at camp, the adults had cooked the meal since everyone participated and completed the mile swim. All the boys had slipped on their shorts, but for some reason Pat remained naked during the meal, and helping to clean the mess kits. Pat spent most of her time at their camp naked that week. She did dress to work on merit badges and other camp activities, like archery and such.

However, since the whole camp knew Pat was a girl, Pat decided to appear naked for her swimming badge lessons. It was a merit badge she never thought she would earn. How does a girl keep secret she's a girl when wearing just a swimming suit? She decided to just accept that they would see her as a girl when she swam naked during the class.

By the end of the week, Pat figured she had been naked more than clothed. She enjoyed that freedom she had here.

When she got home, she finally told her parents the troop knew she was a girl. She took off her clothes in front of her mother and father to show them her all-over tan she got at summer camp. They were proud their daughter was comfortable knowing who she was. They were happy the boys in the troop accepted her, too. Pat convinced her parents to let her host a sleep over for her patrol, too.

Pat's parents were a bit surprised to find six naked teenagers in the pool, and the clothes remained off until the next day when it was time for all to leave for home. This became a regular thing at Pat's house. her patrol, and sometimes, the whole troop, came over to her house for a skinny dipping party.

It was late night when someone asked Pat, "Why did you join the Boy Scouts rather than the Girl Scouts?" Pat explained for most of her childhood, she didn't identify as a girl. Girls did silly things. Boys did the fun stuff. Her parents thought she identified as a boy, and never tried to see if that was really true. Pat knew she was girl, but identified as a boy for activities, not who she was.

Unfortunately for Pat, the scoutmaster Mr. Green made her wear her uniform during the meetings, but did allow her to be on the skins team during game time. Mr. Green did take a more relaxed attitude on hikes and campouts. Often Pat left her clothes in the car, and just hiked in her socks and boots.