Group Off

It was perhaps the single strangest thing I had ever witnessed in my 19

years of life. Not that I'd witnessed a lot you understand but still. Being

a gay male, when I look back on it, my dick gets hard as a rock and of

course my brain started the "what if" fantasizing and more often than not,

I jack off thinking about one of the boys' cocks in my mouth or my cock in

one of their asses or vice versa. And the thing was, there were dozens of

boys that fueled those fantasies.

Anyway. I was a staff member at a campground-slash-retreat for young

adolescent boys. I had been an attendee at the retreat from the age of 13

and at age 16 was given a job so became a staff member. My primary duties

had been to teach swimming and diving and eventually lifeguarding was added

to my list of duties. As a mid-teen I was the only minor on the all adult

and all male staff and was the youngest staff member until I left at age

23.

The retreat was generally for boys that were in the juvenile justice system

for minor offenses. Typically a boy with an extensive criminal record,

especially one that contained felonies, sex or violent crimes, was not

allowed. Any known gang bangers were not allowed. The purpose of the

retreat was to provide some positive role modeling as well as expose the

boys to various hobbies and skills that might be helpful to them to turn

their lives around and even give them some ideas about what they might want

to do with their lives as adults. It was there that I learned to swim and

learned basic lifeguarding, which lead to my employment. It exposed them to

other skills as well such as team work, healthy competition, social skills

and the like.

The retreat was 17 days long and don't ask me where or why that number had

any significance to anything. Generally 3 retreats were held each summer;

one in each in the summer months. It was located on a thousand acre

compound that had a large lake as well as a river and various small

creeks. The compound was bordered on one side by a national park and two

other sides by federal government owned land. In other words, it was quite

private.

Typically there were 45-50 boys aged 12 through 15 and typically a variety

of races were in attendance. When a specific retreat was put together a

great deal of time went into making sure than no single race or culture was

over represented or more dominant. For anyone who has worked with groups,

particularly boys, you know that each group has its own personality which

means that rules and expectations have to have some flexibility. Sometimes,

as a group, they wouldn't like or want to attend to a specific task or

class, or they had a sort of collective behavior. It was an extremely

interesting experience each and every time.

Fighting, discrimination of any kind, and criminal activity were not

allowed and typically the threat of having to leave, of being kicked out,

was often the only threat needed to keep the boys in line. The retreat had

gotten a great deal of word of mouth press from boys and so each summer

there were an abundance of applicants for each session.

The boys all slept in one large dormitory, which was where I slept. The

reason was to avoid clique's and thus competition between clique's. There

was one large shower area that could hold 20 boys at a time. Showers were

mandatory and there was an hour set aside each morning and night for that

activity and while a boy could shower both times if he chose, only 1 shower

a day was required.

It was understood by all staff that there would be some sex play among the

boys. They were boys after all and being in the throes of puberty with

hormones raging constantly, sexual interaction was all but impossible to

stop. On the other hand sexual exploration with another boy provided an

opportunity to learn and I say that with all honesty and not tongue in

cheek. What was not tolerated was coercion, forced sex, bondage or any of

that sort of thing. That being said, after lights out in the dorm, soft

moans and a rustling of sheets was not uncommon. Boys getting hard in the

shower was not an uncommon experience. Catching a boy jacking off in the

shower was not uncommon although generally it wasn't an overt thing. In

other words, boys didn't generally start jacking off when surrounded by a

dozen other boys. But, boys being boys, the need to relieve oneself often

just came upon a boy and having a private moment was allowed, although

frequent private moments would require being addressed by one of the staff

counselors.

That boys would have interactive sex was a given so when a staff heard

about 2 boys trading blow jobs in the woods for instance, they didn't go

ballistic, freak out, or call the boys in for a lecture or counseling

session. However, typically we knew the names of the participants so those

two were monitored to make sure that it was indeed a fully consensual

situation and not coerced, not one sided as it were.

So, that being said, the episode that I'm writing about just happened as

things sometimes do. Flash mobs in later years are an example although

those typically would have some semblance of planning. This particular

episode had no planning that I or any staff member was aware of.

It was about 1 week into the retreat for this group. The day had been hot,

the boys had been busy and had gotten dirty and sweaty, as boys can and

will do. They had a free hour to do as they wanted and so the group

conscious was to get in the lake to clean up. Nobody wanted to hike back to

the dorm to get or to change into swim trunks which would take time away

from their free hour so it was to be skinny dipping.

Every group of boys goes skinny dipping at least once, that's a given, and

an expected activity. Since they had seen each other naked on a daily basis

no one appeared to be self-conscious about his body or worried about others

seeing them naked. It was no different than any PE class or other activity

where boys had to spend some portion of time together naked. Some groups of

boys skinny dipped on an almost daily basis, others less so. There is a

large grassy area at the edge of the lake for picnics and the like and was

an obvious place to go to lie in the sun and dry off, naked or otherwise.

So, there I had 48 boys, stripping their clothes off and dropping them on

the grass, then running fully naked to leap into the water, cocks a flying

and balls a bouncing every which way. There was plenty of laughter and

splashing about and an impromptu game of horse took place with 7 sets of

participants. I think it a testament to their adaptability as boys to allow

a naked boy to sit on their shoulders, or be a naked boy sitting on a pair

of shoulder with cock and balls pressed against a neck or the back of a

head. Maybe it was that physical closeness that started it.

As boys came out of the water they went up onto the soft grass, dropped

down to just lay in the hot afternoon sun and what boy doesn't love lying

naked in the outdoors. Commonly, a boy will get hard but will either do

nothing about it and just hope the thing will go away or go off into the

woods for a private moment. No one made a comment one way or another when

that happened. Neither of those things happened that day.

Someone got a boner and for whatever reason he started to jack off. Nobody

said hey look at Justin, he's beatin off. Nobody laughed or said a

word. First one boy was stroking his cock, then another boy was stoking his

and cupping his balls. Then 5 boys were jacking off, cupping their balls,

rubbing a nipple or their belly. Then 10 boys were doing it, then 20. As I

wandered among them, my cock was fucking rock hard and wanting to be let

loose to join the fun, I didn't see a boy who wasn't hard and not loving

himself. It was possibly the most interesting, erotic, and fun experience

I'd ever had. The boys were often nestled close enough that legs or

shoulders or arms were against the boy next to him. Nobody cared.

I watched for a moment as an adorably cute 12 years old worked his small

dick with a thumb and index finger, his face a mask of concentration. Off

to the side an Asian kid about 14 was stroking his uncut cock, sliding his

foreskin to and fro over his swollen cock head, his smooth balls rising and

falling between hairless thighs with each stroke. Nobody was in a hurry; to

a boy they were taking their time.

Once in a while a boy would look to his neighbor for whatever reason but

not a word was spoken. I saw a black boy using a reverse grip on his raging

black cock, his eyes closed as intense feelings shot through his adolescent

body. I watched a white boy with an amazingly huge cock, holding his

boyhood pride and joy with both hands as he thrust his hips up and down,

fucking his fake pussy, or asshole. I watched another boy roll onto his

belly, cup his clothes under his face, begin grinding his cock against the

ground, working his tender little butt as if he were fucking.

There were all kinds of hand positions, all sizes of cocks and balls, all

manner of pubic nests and of course all colors. I watched one kid who was

stroking his cock open his eyes to see me watching him. The boy gave me a

lazy smile and nodded toward his 6 inch dick clearly inviting me to enjoy

it along with him. The boys' balls hung so low they practically touched the

ground. Although nick names weren't generally condoned, I heard that some

of the boys called him "hangers".

More than 1 boy had a hand down under his balls working a finger in his

asshole. I watched another boy sit up and bend down to suck his own cock,

dragging his boner up in order to get his tongue and lips on it.

It didn't take long for the sounds to be heard. There was a lot of moaning

and heaving breathing. I heard plenty of "Oh yes" and "Oh god" or just

plain "yeah" over and over again. I watched a dark skinned boy with an

uncut cock wipe his precum up and lick his finger. In fact I watched a

number of boys do that. I watched another Asian kid stick his finger inside

his foreskin then work the skin up over his index finger until it reached

his second knuckle. God I would have loved to dock with that boy.

I saw a chubby boy with a fat cock slowly loving himself with tears running

down his face. I squatted next to him and whispered, "Are you okay Sammy?"

The boy nodded his head and whispered back to me,

"Yeah, it just feels so fucking good." I grinned at him and moved on. As if

on cue the sperming started.

"Oh fuck," a really cute 13 year old blonde kid muttered. I watched as the

boy tugged on his smooth hairless sac, and the boys around him watched as a

stream of sperm shot up onto his chest. It was followed by another jet of

cum that landed just below the first one.

"Fuck, me too," one of the older boys said and the eyes closest to him

watched as a jet of cum flew up over his shoulder followed by one that hit

his chin, both of them raining down droplets of sperm all along their

trajectory. Another boy shot and his sperm twirled out like a bolo-we've

all seen that happen- and landed on the leg of the boy next to him.

All around were the sounds of boys shooting sperm and when you have that

many boys cumming at the same time there is a fair amount of noise. We

could hear the sound of beating off, of hands moving quickly up and down a

hard cock. There were plenty of moans and groans and like the initial

sounds plenty of oh god, oh shit, oh fuck along with I'm cumming, oh fuck

I'm cumming, oh goddamn fuck yes, and any number of other epithets. It was

incredibly awesome believe you me.

When they were finally done, when the last boy squirted, they all just lay

there, lazy in the sun, gently stroking their still hard boners, playing

with their balls, rubbing their fingers in their freshly shot sperm and in

some cases licking it up. Some boys rubbed their bellies, some let their

hand rest in the grass next to them. Still, no one said a word and like it

had begun; one of them got up to get back in the water to clean up, then

two more got up, then 5 and so on. There were a few stragglers and one of

them, an adorable 13 year old with long black hair said,

"Why didn't you join us Tam, it's easy to see that you have a boner?" My

name is Tamlin but most people call me Tam.

"I'm not sure it would be appropriate Adam." Of course he said it would be,

after all I see them naked and sometimes hard every day since I'm also

their dorm monitor. They have seen me naked as well for I use their

bathroom and showers too. "Fuck appropriate," he said with a grin, "we all

think you're the coolest and there isn't a boy here who wouldn't want to

jack off with you." I thanked him for the compliment then swatted his bare

butt as he headed off to join the rest of the boys in the lake.

I watched them frolic for another few minutes and again, slowly migrate to

the grassy area where they formed a loose circle. "Can we process what just

happened," a cute young thing by the name of Jericho asked. He was

responded to by a large amount of "yeah's".

"Does everybody agree that was hot," someone asked and got loud cheers and

whistles. "Any negative bullshit?" Again a chorus of no's except for one

kid.

"I do," he said and when everybody was quiet he said, "I wished Tam had

joined us." The cheers and cat calls were even louder. To me he said, "It

was hot for me to have you watch us Tam but I think everybody here agrees

that it would have been even more fun if you had jacked off with us. I know

I'd love to see you shoot your sperm out of your big cock." Since everyone

had seen me naked they knew I was well enough endowed although certainly

not the largest cock in the group. That belonged to a kid named

Michael. Still, we got another round of cheers and cat calls.

I thanked them for their confidence but explained that it just wasn't

appropriate and of course I got the same response that I'd gotten from Adam

except that it was considerably louder and in 40 part harmony.

"Does anybody wanna do it again?" The cheers were even louder. "Can we

Tam?" I said that as far as I was concerned it wasn't a problem. Then 3 or

4 boys said they really wanted me to join them, assuring me that they would

never tell a soul and that got a hell of a lot of responses too. All I

could say was

"We'll see?" And that got an even louder response.

Any reported or witnessed or suspected sexual activity must be reported at

evening staffing while the boys are otherwise occupied. I shared with the

team what had happened and how it had happened.

"Did you want to join them Tamlin," Dr. Eric, the head man and a

psychologist as well as medical doctor asked. The entire staff knew I was

gay, had known since my first retreat. They also trusted me implicitly so I

was safe in voicing my feelings.

"A part of me did, yes." When asked what I meant I explained it, which

didn't have anything to do with the fact that they were boys but mostly the

male bonding experience.

"Honestly Tam, I think you would have been safe to participate," Dr Eric

said and got head nods from many of the other staff. "You are close enough

to their age that they feel safe with you and most of them have enough ego

to deal with it." A discussion took place about this group of boys, how

they all seemed to bond very quickly and that there was more of a sexual

undertone with them than most of the groups we dealt with. It was agreed

that there didn't appear to be any predators in the group either so that

wasn't it. They were just a group of boys who were more hormonally driven

than most and willing to express it.

I had told them what the boys said about doing it again and after everyone

had gone Dr. Eric said that if I wanted to participate with the group that

it was my decision and from a clinical perspective he didn't see that any

harm would come of it. "You serve a purpose Tam in that you're a positive

role first and foremost and a positive gay role model secondarily. We all

know that boys often seek out males older themselves for initial homoerotic

experiences and they do so for a variety of reasons but safety is a huge

one. I don't need to tell you about being careful but do be aware."

I left Dr. Eric and headed toward the dorm where the boys should have been

engaged in studying. Dr. Eric had basically given me permission to engage

in activities beyond masturbation. The question was, would I even consider

jacking off with the group, let alone going to the next level with an of

the boys.