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This story was written as an adult fantasy. The author does not condone the described behavior in real life in anyway shape or form. Anyone tempted to act out any of the scenarios in this story; should seriously consider seeking professional help.

Molly's Boy Scout Fantasy

By Megan

“Good night mom,” shouted Molly, turning off the light on her nightstand.

“Good night sweetness,” came the muffled reply through the door to her bedroom.

Molly listened as her mother's footsteps receded down the upstairs hall. Hearing the door close, she said to herself, finally I can get started.

Molly had been aching to masturbate all evening. During study hall that day, she had dreamt up a delicious fantasy that she wanted desperately to try out on herself. But all afternoon she'd been frustrated – there was homework to finish, chores around the house, and her pesky brother Jim kept hanging around the computer that was set up just across from her room. I swear he knows when I need to masturbate the little fucker. And then after dinner, mom kept bugging her to do small things, keeping her away from the task she wanted to perform the most.

Now she was free to explore her new fantasy. She loosened the buttons on her nightshirt and slipped her hand inside. Slowly she massaged the nipple with the palm of her hand, making it pop out. She teased with her fingertip, giving her goose bumps. As she did this she could feel the warmth begin to radiate from the depths of her pussy and she started to get wet with anticipation of what was to come.

Ummmmm. Time to let my mind go, she thought.

Just like in a movie dream sequence, Molly's fantasy flickered slowly and came into focus.

She was in large tent lying on a mattress, spread-eagled with her panties on. Kneeling at the edge of the mattress were eight young boys, probably 14 or 15 years old dressed in Boy Scout uniforms. They were straining to get a good view of Molly and she could see their growing erections through their khaki shorts.

“Now boys,” she aid, propping herself up on her hands. “I’m going to give you a good lesson on the female anatomy.”

“You mean you’re gonna show us your vagina.”

The boys giggled.

“No I’m not gonna show you my vagina. Only 10-year-old girls have vaginas. Girls that you can fuck have cunts. So I’m gonna show you my cunt,” Molly snapped.

“By the way, who said that?”

“I did,” said a skinny blonde boy in the back.

“Well you come over here, I’m going to need you in a few minutes.”

Looking embarrassed the skinny blonde boy stepped forward and over to the right side of the mattress. He was fully erect, his dick forming a perfect tent against his shorts.

“Okay boys, now let’s get a closer look shall we?”

With that Molly removed her panties, bent her knees and spread her cunt lips apart wide. All this attention had made her soaking wet, and her pink insides were glistening. The boys gasped.

“This boys, is a nice wet fuckable cunt.”

“And just up here is the clit,” flicking it to attention with her finger. “This is what you need to play with on your girlfriends to get them to orgasm.”

“I told you,” another boy said to another.”

“Told him what?” Molly asked.

“I told him that it was the clit that was the hot spot, not that stuff on the outside.”

“Well, it’s both, and our skinny friend here is going to demonstrate it for you.”

Gesturing to the skinny blonde boy, Molly said “Get on your knees, you’re going to eat my cunt for your fellow scouts.”

The image flickered a bit, and Molly faded in and out of reality. By now, in reality Molly’s pussy was dripping wet,

she was rubbing her clit hard; its deep recesses itching for an orgasm.

Back in the fantasy, the boy dutifully got down between Molly's legs. She spread her lips apart and told him to lick her clit. He hesitated at first, wrinkling his nose up at her musky damp smell, but then he plunged forward lapping up her juices like a small puppy at a dish of water.

“Hey Brian, what does it smell like?”

“What does it taste like?”

But Brian was too busy to reply, and he was well along towards giving Molly the orgasm she needed so badly.

“Oh fuck Brian, eat my pussy cunt harder.”

The boy slipped his tongue into her bubbling slit and begin fucking her with his tongue. Molly reached down and began rubbing her clit furiously.

“Oh damn, I'm at the fucking fucking edge.”

“Cummmmming! Fuck I'm cummmmming!”

With that Molly had an earth-shattering orgasm, pulling Brian's face tight up against her pussy, and expelling her hot cum juices all over the boys face.

Releasing him, he stepped back, wiping his face with his hands. But Molly was not the only one who had cum. The big dark spot on Brian's khaki shorts indicated that the boy had ejaculated along with Molly, and now his underwear was damp and sticky.

"Hold on Brian, I think we need to clean you up."

Before Brian could get away, Molly loosened the snap on his shorts and tugged them off. He was still hard and his underwear was wet. The musty smell of the boy's cum turned Molly on even more. She removed the briefs exposing his cock, which was streaked with white boy goo.

Pulling him to her, she swallowed his cock, licking the remnants of his ejaculation off with her tongue.

"Look, she's giving him a blow job."

"How the fuck did he get lucky like that?"

"I dunno."

Molly didn't stop with merely cleaning the boy's cock, she continued to suck it, trying to coax another orgasm from his tiny hard balls.

Brian was in heaven, his eyes were closed and he began to rhythmically fuck Molly's mouth with his raging hard on. She reached behind and began stroking the underside of his ball sack, gently squeezing it as if to milk it.

A minute later, Brian grunted a few times and blew his cum into Molly's mouth. It tasted sweet with just a tiny hint of saltiness, and she devoured it completely. But as satisfying as the boy load had been, she wanted more, in fact she wanted all of their cum.

Wiping her mouth, she addressed all of them.

"Now I'm going to demonstrate to you how girls masturbate, but at the same time I want you to show me what a good job you can do with yourselves."

"I want two of you on each side of the mattress. I want you to strip down so I can see your hard cocks. I want you to leave your scout shirts on. I want to see eight boy scouts jacking off at the same time!"

The boys paired off and began undressing, hopping around while removing their shorts and briefs.

Clearly these boys have not undressed for a girl before, she thought to herself.

After a few moments they were naked from the waist down, their young boy cocks pointing skyward. They were all different sizes; a few were like thick asparagus stalks, while others were more man-like. A couple of them were uncut and Molly was fascinated by the shape and texture of their foreskin.

“Now I’m going to begin this demonstration, and when I say go I want you all to begin jacking off. And I want you to hold off cumming until I tell you to. Do you understand?”

They nodded.

Molly could see that she wouldn’t have much time – several of them already had pre-cum leaking from the cock tips.

She began by rubbing the outside of her pussy with the palm of her hand, reaching down between her legs to get a handful of her wetness to lubricate her masturbation. Cocks twitched in anticipation all around her.

As she began fondling her clit with her fingertip, she ordered them to begin jacking off.

In unison the boys began stroking their shafts, some with their left hands others with their rights. Some concentrated on the top of their cocks, others stroked the full length up and down.

The sight of these slender young boys, almost men, pleasuring themselves over her, propelled Molly to rub harder.

“I’m going to insert a finger now,” she panted, and slipped her index finger deep into her love tunnel. The boys jacked harder and many of them began to moan and groan.

“Molly, please I’m almost cumming,” one shouted.

“I need to cum now, please,” begged another.

“In a second, I need to fuck myself harder,” she replied.

Molly plunged the finger in deeper and probed for her g-spot. It swelled as the fingertip scratched its surface. Immediately, Molly pressed down on her abdomen with her other hand. Her insides shook – signaling the onset of a dirty explosive orgasm.

“Just one more second boys.”

The jolts began in deep in her pussy, and ripped outward like a bodily earthquake. Her hips bucked upward and it felt like her insides were unraveling.

“Now boys! Cum now!”

With that, eight powerful cum cannons fired, shooting milky white trails of cum into the air above Molly, and splattering onto her naked body. The boys grunted and squirted again and again, streaking her from head to toe in gooey, sticky boy juice. The tails of their scout shirts dripped from flecks of cum that had landed on them.

She continued to cum herself, every splatter inducing another mini-orgasm. The cum formed pools on her and tricked down from the summits of her tits, down across her belly, filling her belly button, and onto her pussy mound, waterfalling down the slit and onto the mattress below.

When the boys stopped cumming, Molly began to smear their scout mixture all over her, bringing herself to another orgasm from the smell and feel of it. The image flickered and faded to black.

Under the covers, Molly stopped rubbing her clit. The sheets under her were wet and cold. Damn, that was an awesome orgasm, she thought. I'm glad I saved that fantasy for tonight; I'm going to sleep like a baby.

Sitting up in her bed, she groped around for her panties and nightshirt. Tugging them back on, she slipped under the covers. She could smell the cool humid earthiness of her own cum spread across the sheets. Drinking it in, she

floated off to sleep, while naked boy scouts danced like little angels in her head.

The end.