

Boy Scouts, Girl Guides

A short story by: The Night Hawk

Copyright © by: The Night Hawk

Jillian is the kind of woman you would think of if you were trying to place a face to your typical 'girl next door.'

She has a very pretty face, deep blue eyes, and alabaster skin. She smiles often, and her smile is always polite, but she gives the impression of a very reserved woman. She's the school librarian, a member of the church choir, and most important to me, a scout leader.

I live in a remote neck of the woods, just outside of a small town with a population so low they change the sign whenever there is a birth or death, so I understand why this lovely woman would dress so conservatively. Small towns, small minds they say, and I think that Jillian was more afraid of local gossip than she was of losing her job.

I moved out here from the big city about two years ago after my reputation as a writer first allowed me the freedom to become 'eccentric' as my colleagues have often said. I prefer the small town atmosphere to the constant hustle of the big city, and enjoy a freer association with nature and fewer distractions here.

I might never have met Jillian, since I don't venture into the town itself very often. Most of my needs, such as groceries, are obtained during my once-a-week necessary return to the big city.

Nine months ago, however, I spotted an ad in the local paper that asked for volunteers for Boy Scout leaders. Being as I had the time to spare, I figured why not. I had been fortunate enough to have had the enjoyment of some scouting activities when I was younger, and I felt I owed the scouting movement something.

I volunteered, and truly enjoyed the youthful innocence of kids who hadn't yet been tarnished by the real world. It was six weeks later that I met Jillian.

The scoutmaster had asked all of the volunteers to stay after the once-a-week gathering for the monthly meeting. We sat and drank coffee for about an hour waiting for the leaders of the different groups to show up.

Jillian walked into the room conservatively dressed in her leader's outfit. They do have some silly rules about dress code and conduct in the scouting organization. All of our buttons had to be done right up all the time, and the ties have to be tied just so.

Looking at Jillian, you wouldn't think that she was a sexy woman. The uniform did a good job of hiding any potential that she might have, but I couldn't help but feel that Jillian radiated sexuality. Her light brown hair was carefully braided and tucked back under her cap, so I couldn't tell how long it was, but her neck looked good enough to bring out the vampire in me! Her full red lips, even without lipstick, looked so inviting that I wanted to plant mine on hers!

After we had been all formally introduced, I found myself staring at this lovely creature more and more. She didn't look old enough or cold enough to be a librarian. But I had heard that Jillian had just turned twenty-six. Old enough to know how to do it better, and young enough to want to do it right!

Throughout the meeting, she had been shyly returning my smiles. I wondered throughout that first meeting if she would have smiled had she known that I was thinking about screwing her.

The meeting ended with all of the usual crap about budgets and things like that, and a request for volunteers to accompany some senior scouts to a week long camp-out.

Nobody was volunteering, and Jack, the scout master, said that if we couldn't find the time to let these scouts earn this particular badge, that they wouldn't be able to attend the international scout convention to be held later in Canada this year. Since I earn my living as a writer, I felt that I deserved a little time off, so I put up my hand and said that I would go.

Jack reminded everybody of the rules though: Two leaders had to be within walking distance of the scout's camp in case anything went wrong. Finally, when it seemed that no one else would volunteer, Jillian asked if there were both men's and women's accommodations at the site. Jack assured her that there were, and Jillian said that if no one else could find the time, that she would take a week off from work.

After the meeting broke up, I asked Jack to tell me more about Jillian.

"Don't go getting your hopes up Michael," he said. "Jillian isn't one of your big-city good-time girls. She grew up in this town, and after she finished college in the big city, she came back here to live."

Over the next few days, I did a bit of research on my own and found out that Jillian had once been engaged to be married, but the boyfriend had backed out at the last moment. She had not dated since and lived with her parents in town. Wow, I thought, two years without a date. She must have been really upset over the boyfriend!

I myself hadn't dated since my divorce three years ago. Considering the screwing my ex-wife's lawyer had given me, I was content to stroke my own shaft and not to have to pay the piper. But what I did was my own decision. I was nearly thirty-two and had a number of good years in the sack. I was positive that Jillian had to be a prude with a pussy that wouldn't melt ice.

Over the course of the next few weeks I had occasion to meet and talk with Jillian as we discussed the upcoming week of isolation in the remote scout camp. We talked over coffee at the local restaurant, and even though we were away from the rules of the scout hall, she still dressed very conservatively. She told me that the swimming was good at the camp for the leaders, since there was an indoor pool and a recreation hall. She had heard from another scout leader that, whenever one of these week-long affairs took place, leaders in nearby towns fought for an opportunity to go, since it was more like a holiday than babysitting.

The long-anticipated week finally arrived, and we loaded up the van with our supplies and the scouts and started on the three-hour drive that would take us to the camp. We knew the camp would be deserted, and it had a big locked gate that prevented trespassers from entering. After locking the gate behind us and dropping the scouts off in the northern corner, we drove down to where the leaders' cabins were.

Jillian hadn't spoken much on the drive, and I anticipated a nice quiet relaxing week. I unlocked Jillian's cabin and helped her unload her gear. I then headed for the men's quarters and started to unload mine.

It was about six o'clock, and I was starting to get a little bored. I hadn't thought that I would feel so isolated, and I hadn't thought to bring a portable television either. I was on my way to the recreation hall to see what they had there, when I realized that Jillian and I hadn't made any sort of plans regarding meals.

I headed for her cabin to ask her if she had any preferences, when I heard a high-pitched buzzing. I was only about ten feet from her cabin, but that is one sound that, once you hear it, you never forget. What I was hearing was the high-pitched whine of a vibrator!

I crept around the cabin, hoping to find a window that I could peek through, and was really disappointed when I didn't find one. I didn't want to interrupt Jillian's self pleasure, so I sat down to wait. I could hear her groan and moan, and after another minute the vibrator shut off. I then knocked on her door.

"Just a minute Mike," she said. When she opened the door I was stunned with the change in her appearance. She had let her hair down, and it hung in waves over her shoulders. Her normally pale face was flushed, and the tiniest drops of perspiration glistened on her upper lip.

Her usually starched scout shirt was undone nearly to her navel, and it was obvious that she wasn't wearing a bra. Jillian had also discarded her pants for a pair of short cut-off blue jeans, and I couldn't help but admire those beautiful legs.

"How long have you been standing here Mike?" she asked.

"Long enough," I replied. I thought that she would be embarrassed or something, but she took it rather calmly and invited me in.

There was a bottle of wine on the table, and she offered me a glass. As I took the glass from her hand, she started to explain.

"You have to understand Mike," she said, "I really miss my big vibrator when I'm at home, but since it makes so much noise, my parents might hear, so I have to resort to using only my fingers."

I knew that the suggestion of using a cock might offend her, so I just said that I understood the need for pleasure. She was sitting cross-legged on the bunk talking to me, when I noticed several pussy hairs sticking out from the sides of her shorts. She must have seen me staring because all at once she said, "Oops, I was in such a hurry to open the door that I forgot to put my panties back on." She then changed how she was sitting on the bed. Now she had both legs under her, and was sort of leaning on one arm. This only worsened my growing predicament!

Now I could see all of one big, beautiful breast behind her half-opened shirt. Big, firm, and meaty, and capped off with a caramel-colored nipple about the size of a cherry. My condition was going to reach critical soon!

"Look Jill," I said, "either you're going to have to get dressed properly, or else I'm going to have to jack-off. I'm trying to behave like a gentleman, but damn it, there isn't

any way that you can position yourself without showing me something? I have my needs too; my balls are starting to ache!"

"Well," she said, "why don't you? I like to watch a man masturbate, and I haven't had the opportunity to see that in an awful long time!"

I was about to say no, when she moved over on the bed, undid her shorts, and slipped one of her hands inside. She motioned for me to sit at the other side of the bunk. I told her that I would jack-off for her if she would use the vibrator on herself at the same time.

Her face turned a bit crimson, and she bit her lower lip as she thought about my proposition. Jill made her mind up quickly, as she stood up, discarded the shorts, and reached under the bed and brought out a monstrous electric vibrator. With my eyes glued to her glistening cunt, I undid my own jeans and fished my big cock out for her to see.

I started to stroke my own shaft while standing by the side of the bed, as she turned the vibrator on and started to slide it back and forth across her clit. Her pink lower lips were spread wide for me to see as she held them open with her free hand to allow the vibrator easier access to her love button. Jill's eyes were locked on my cock as I pulled the foreskin back and forth over my swollen cock head. A drop of pre-cum had formed on the tip of my cock, and I could feel the impending explosion starting to build. I slowed down the pace of my stroking so as to enjoy the climax more.

With my free hand, I gripped the shaft of my cock building up an even bigger head of steam. My eyes were having difficulty focusing now as I reached my moment of truth! I saw Jill's legs contract as she moaned with her own climax, and that moan did it for me also! My cum went flying through the air as my balls burst forth with their torrent of hot cream. My knees were shaky, and my body was quivering with the aftermath of a really good climax. I could see Jill squirming on the bed in her own juices. Her dark, curly pubic bush looked like it had been caught in a rainstorm, and the vibrator was slick with her honey!

I collapsed on the end of the bed. When I had sufficiently regained my composure, I lit a cigarette, had a sip of wine, and figuring I had nothing to lose, I asked her about her ex-fiancé.

"Oh him," she said. "He would never go down on me, saying he didn't like the taste of pussy. I wouldn't leave it be and told him if we got married, I would expect it regularly."

"That's why he split, and you might have noticed, there aren't a lot of guys in town who are worth a second glance, especially ones who look like they'd like to munch down on my cunt!"

I didn't say a word, I didn't need to. I just picked up her vibrator and started to lick her nectar off the end.

"Oh Mikey" she said spreading her legs, "Go ahead and make my day!"

Last revised: 02 February, 2006