

Kayla Goes to Camp

(f wetting, humiliation, nose sex)

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Kayla West was desperate. Her bladder ached. It was too full, and she'd already leaked three times into her panties. If she moved even a little bit there'd be a flood everywhere. And then the whole camp would know.

Problem was, she was at the top of the rope climb, hanging on with red, sore hands to the highest knot. Her legs were twisted around the rough cord, her thighs burning against the thick old hemp, unable to press together properly to close off her cunt. She mashed her mound against the next knot down, hoping the pressure would help, but a tingling pleasure mocked her. It was no use.

It was torture.

Seventy-three other middle school girls stood below, cheering and jeering as Kayla hung there, stranded. She'd been clinging to that top knot for at least a minute now, twenty feet off the ground. Her arms ached, but it was nothing compared to the agony of holding in her urine.

Some of the onlookers thought she must be scared, and they shouted "Chicken!" and "Scaredy-cat!" with glee. Others seemed to think the same thing, but they shouted encouragement instead: "You can do it!" and "Come on, Willow girl, just take it slow!" There were only a few girls who were totally silent, grinning, smirking, laughing among themselves - the rest of the Willow cabin. The eleven girls who'd made sure she climbed that rope with a full, sloshing bladder.

"She's gonna lose it!" Emily finally crowed. The other Willows girls snickered and began to taunt: "Hey, Kayla, bet that scares the piss outta ya!" and "Don't get that rope wet, girl!"

Jordan, Kayla's bunkmate, called up sweetly, "If you leak, you lose!"

The other girls in the crowd, busy hollering at her themselves, didn't seem to notice any of that; but Kayla could hear her fellow Willows like they were up there with her, breathing their gleeful spite against her ears. She thought of a mouth on her ear, a tongue flicking the lobe,

teeth nibbling, and she was very nearly done.

A spasm rattled Kayla's long body, her damp pussy sending spikes of delicious, shivering lust to all her extremities at once.

"What is your problem, West?" demanded one of the counselors. It was Miss Helena, Camp Director, one of the three women who ran Camp Cleftmont. Kayla didn't dare look down. Even moving her head was a threat to her urethral control. She could imagine the fat, mannish face of the counselor, though - bright pink, brows creasing, her piggish eyes squinting up at her, the whistle she carried clenched too tightly in her thick hand. "Your time up to the top was great, West, but you can't win now," Miss Helena grumbled. "You've wasted too much time up there. Now you're just making all the rest of the girls late for lunch with this crap. Come on down. You hear me?"

"She's gonna lose in more ways than one," Emily muttered, which got all kinds of chuckles from the Willow girls.

Kayla couldn't lose control. Not there. Her cabin mates would force her into more games with them for the rest of the week if she did. That was the deal. Get through the fitness test without busting her bladder - run the obstacle course, ride the zipline, hop across all those river rocks, then get up and down the rope climb. If she did all that without wetting herself, then the rest of Willow cabin agreed to leave her alone. But only if she did all that after drinking a bunch of water first. Bottle after bottle of water. There was half a cardboard flat of twenty-ounce bottles sitting empty back at the cabin to prove how much she'd swallowed down. Girl after girl had handed her full bottles, telling her she had to drink one for every member of the Willows - including herself. It had taken forever. Twelve bottles of pure mountain water, two hundred forty ounces worth.

Kayla groaned. She pressed her forehead into the prickly rope, grinding her teeth against the pain and strange pleasure. It had been enough water to make her sick at first, and she was sure she'd vomit all of it right back up. "Puke, Kayla, and you'll just have to drink those other twelves bottles from the case," Emily had warned her. So for most of the fitness test she'd been more concerned about keeping the water down than about pissing it out. It had been a dizzying, disorienting hour, trying to rush and jump and lunge and grab while queazy from a stomach pushed out too full and heavy.

But now the problem was in her bladder. Now it needed to leave.

"Miss Helena, maybe I can help," said a new voice. Kayla froze. It was Miss Kristy, one of the other counselors. She was the pretty one, tall, with long blonde hair and a light tan that made her bright blue eyes absolutely hypnotic. Kayla had watched her all throughout the breakfast that morning. Everything else had been a fog. She hadn't heard a word about all the rules and whatnot that Miss Helena had been going on about. They'd all just gotten to the camp from their early-morning bus rides, and she was supposed to be learning about how to stay safe in the woodsy hills, when to come for meals, where

the showers were, and all that; but Kayla just sat absently stirring her cold scrambled eggs, caught up in Miss Kristy's beauty.

The counselor had noticed, too, from her position at the front of the mess hall next to Miss Helena. More than once the counselor had met her gaze and held it, smiling. At the end of Miss Helena's proclamations Miss Kristy had winked at her, causing Kayla to twitch bodily, her pussy alive with embarrassed arousal. But then she heard her name called out, heard her cabin assignment, and by the end of the next hour she was full to the brim with that awful water. She hadn't thought about the counselor at all while she'd been struggling to get through her test.

Now, though, Miss Kristy was right there, about to witness the worst moment in all of Kayla's thirteen years. The girl sobbed, mortified, at how hot her pussy suddenly felt. How swollen it was. How every strand of the coarse rope in contact with her vulva felt so scratchy and cruel and wonderful against her damp crotch. It was like her shorts and panties weren't even there. All she felt was rope and cunt and the gigantic bag of her bladder pushing her harder and harder into the knot.

"It's Kayla, right?" Miss Kristy called up. Kayla, her eyes screwed shut, managed to nod.

"I thought so. Now Kayla, I'm going to help you, but you need to do exactly what I say, OK?"

Kayla nodded again.

"I'm going to climb up this rope to you, and I'll need to be able to get high enough to hold your waist, OK?"

Kayla nodded and tried to move her pussy a little bit off of the knot. Miss Kristy would need to grab onto that one if she was going to get high enough to take Kayla by the waist.

But with less pressure against her mound, she was a goner. A strong jet of piss suddenly escaped. The girl tried to strangle her cry of panic, and she pushed her cunt back hard into the knot. Most of the urine was absorbed by her panties and shorts, some by the rope, but to her horror she realized there were also some stray trickles now making their way down the insides of her thighs. Kayla was sure the bottom of her shorts were noticeably wet.

All the girls were silent now. Even Miss Kristy. Kayla could hear birds singing nearby. She could hear the river, a quarter mile away, as it flowed over and around all those rocks. Miss Helena was panting, snorting, obviously frustrated and angry with impatience.

Then Miss Kristy grasped the bottom of the rope and pulled it taut. She was beginning to climb!

The rope twisted as if it had an evil mind of its own. Once again Kayla found her pussy pulling ever so slightly off the hard, rough hemp. Another spurt of piss burst forth. Her butt was definitely soaked now. There was no way anyone below could miss it. Even her socks began

to feel wet, as more and more trickles made their way down her legs and into her shoes.

"Oh God!" Kayla panted, "Oh my God!" There was no way Miss Kristy could use that knot. There was no way she could come off it without flooding the whole camp with her piss.

But she couldn't hold on much longer. Her hands hurt terribly, and her arms seemed almost numb. Falling would be even worse than an accident up high, because then she'd be injured in some horrible way - plus she'd still wet her pants!

"I can't do it!" Kayla screamed, shaking her head, weeping, grinding herself against the knot. "I'm so sorry!"

With a shuddering, thrashing jerk, Kayla's entire body stiffened. Then she pulled herself off the knot.

Piss flooded into her panties with a hiss that even the rocks in the river could hear. The battering pressure against the crotch of her shorts was a drumming, lower tone than the hissing, but just as unmistakable. Urine rained down in a thick torrent of fat drops as Kayla put all her strength into pulling herself a little higher, a little closer to the heavy steel ring bolted through the thick tree limb above her. Her legs swung completely free of the rope, her knees held apart and slightly bent, her pelvis turned downward, her ass out, her piss gushing with a force that nearly hurt.

There was a moment, just as Kayla's body began to writhe from the sweet slackening of pressure, that the girl realized she'd begun howling. It was a guttural noise that came from deep down, rattling up through her throat, the wild baying of a creature driven by instinct, focused only on primal needs. It was hard for Kayla to stop making that sound, even after she realized it was coming from her. Something seemed right about it, like she'd gone so far already, had shed so much pride, had climbed so high on that rope only to find herself lower than she'd ever been before... it was the kind of savage call that any desperate, frightened beast would make in its last panting moments of life.

Kayla felt like she would die, the shame was so hot already upon her. But the pleasure was killing her, too - the total release, the completely crushing loss of every last shred of control that she had, the absolute submission to the urges that had been tormenting her. Spasms shook her thin frame, threatened her grip on the rope. She let herself go and go and go... until every last drop of piss was gone. Until there was nothing left to let out.

Her eyes were still shut tight. The crowd of girls below was still completely silent, motionless. It was still just the birds and the river. Still just Kayla at the top of the rope, but she was still hanging on.

Kayla's shoes and socks were saturated. Her feet inside her Keds felt as if they were marinating in piss. She wriggled her toes and felt a twinge in her pussy as the warmth of her own fluid sloshed between

them.

She wanted more than anything to be alone. To be by herself and put her hands between her legs. To spread her cunt wide and rub and rub and rub and rub her clit. To get her fingers in her hole. To find that spot. To push and prod and slide her fingers where they needed to go until there was nothing left but a crescendo of orgasms and the crazy beating of her heart, the frenzied sweat of masturbation glazing every inch of her skin. There would be nothing beyond that moment but sleep, until she could awaken later on and do it all over again.

But she was at the top of a twenty-foot rope climb. And she'd just pissed herself in front of more than six dozen other teenaged girls.

"Damn, girl!" came a voice, the first to break the spell. After that, it was a buzzing storm of whispers and muttering. High giggles punctuated the chatter like crashing cymbals. Kayla looked down.

The Willow girls were all off to one side, away from the main crowd, huddled close together and watching her closely. They were not talking at all. Most were smiling up at her, though, and only Emily, the cabin leader, appeared to be troubled about anything. She was looking from the top of the rope to the bottom, over and over. From Kayla to....

Kayla jerked her gaze straight down, craned her head to see between her dripping feet. Miss Kristy was almost directly beneath her. She was still holding tightly to the rope with one hand. The huge muddy patch of grass was easy to see from Kayla's vantage point, the piss-splattered ground forming a dark circle just inches from Miss Kristy's own feet. The counselor was watching her with huge, gorgeous eyes. She was talking to Kayla.

"... make it down now, sweetie? Kayla? Honey? Can you hear me?"

Miss Helena began barking orders at the other girls, sending all the other cabins off to the latrine and on to lunch. "Jesus, girls! You've witnessed enough! We'll finish the rest of you on the rope climb after lunch. Now GET!"

Girls began slowly wandering away. Everyone was quietly talking. It was like a buzzing hive. A voice behind her, fading away, drifted up to Kayla. "-not touching *that* rope!" Another voice, "-must have been awful." Another, "-what a baby."

The Willow girls were told to stay, though, and to help take care of Kayla.

"Emily," Miss Helena grumbled, "make sure you girls get her cleaned up and changed right away. Don't go near the showers, though. Some other girls'll be bound to wander around there just to be nosy. Go and get her in the river, you know, clothes and all. That'll get the smell off everything straightaway, same as showers would. Send up one of your girls right now to the cabin for a towel and a change of clothes for Miss West. Then you see that one of your girls goes and gets a lunch for her, so she can eat in peace in Willow Cabin. One or two of your girls can eat in there with her, too, if she wants the company. But she might

not. She might not!"

Emily answered politely, "Yes, ma'am," then led the rest of the Willow girls over to Miss Kristy and the tail end of the rope.

"Miss Kristy!" Miss Helena called out as she trudged away toward the mess hall, "See that those Willows take care of their own, you hear?"

"Of course!" Kristy chirped back.

As Miss Helena's bulk disappeared into the shadows of the woods, Kayla could hear a last bit of growling from the camp director: "Why's it always gotta be Willow cabin? Jesus! Every fucking year it's something. I swear!"

Kayla began a slow, painful descent. Her arms and shoulders were so stiff and sore that they were nearly unresponsive, and her hands were worse. It hurt to loosen her grip. It hurt to re-grip farther down on the rope. It hurt to hold on as she lowered herself bit by bit. And the whole way down she had to deal with a new problem: piss-wet, slippery rope. The irritated skin of her palms and fingers began to sting, and a couple times her whole hand slid in a sickening lurch until she managed to squeeze tighter and secure her grip again.

Finally, though, Kayla was down. She felt her shoes squish into the wet ground, realized she was back upon solid earth, and that was it. She crumpled, weeping, burying her face against Miss Kristy's shoulder, against the crook of her neck, nuzzling into her soft blonde hair. She could feel the counselor's piss-splattered arms go around her, felt their breasts pressed tightly together, Miss Kristy's a little smaller than hers, and higher, but with nipples that were definitely hard and easy to feel poking out.

Kayla's arms had been strained so much, her muscles protested painfully as she tried to keep them lowered at her sides. It felt much better to leave them raised, so that's what she did. Her arms came up, and she put them around Miss Kristy's shoulders, pulling the woman even more tightly to her.

Miss Kristy was talking again, cooing and shushing and mothering Kayla, hugging her right back. The Willow girls surrounded them closely in a double-ring of solidarity, looking upon the seventh grader and the counselor in the center of the circle with warmth and acceptance.

And hunger.

Kayla snuffled a little and glanced around at the other girls, then finally at Miss Kristy. The counselor was smiling at her, too, in exactly the same way. Up close she was even more beautiful. Up close she was all iceberg-blue eyes and small straight nose and soft red lips. Impossibly long eyelashes. Impeccably straight teeth. Kayla found herself, somehow, managing to smile back a little bit.

"That's our girl, yeah..." Miss Kristy murmured. "Now she's a true Willow, isn't she?" The girls all around them nodded, grinning. Kayla noticed they were all holding onto one another - either by grasping

hands or by slipping hands into shirts and shorts. Her cabin mates were casually feeling each other up, no doubt about it.

Then Kayla felt a hand press itself between her legs, work its way up against her piss-drenched shorts and her hungry, horny mound. She snapped her eyes back to Miss Kristy's, who winked at her. The counselor then raised her hand, shining and dripping with Kayla's urine, and licked her fingers and palm.

"Mmmm, that's nice, Kayla... really nice," Miss Kristy purred. Her hand went back, this time worming its way down inside the top of Kayla's panties, until the girl felt the woman's long, tender fingers upon her swollen flesh. Her clit was sent aflutter, and she could easily hear the sloppy noises of her own arousal as Miss Kristy moved her fingers and hand with more and more purpose and precision. Kayla's legs buckled - her orgasm slammed through her suddenly and with unexpected strength. She felt several of the girls' hands on her, holding her up as Miss Kristy continued to work her cunt, soon launching her once more into orgasmic spasms.

A mouth was on her ear, a tongue licked slowly over it, warm breath sending shivers throughout Kayla's slender frame. "You're going to have a couple of weeks, you little slut." It was Emily. Her voice was low, husky, and full of promise. "Just be cool around girls from the other cabins... and Miss Kristy'll make sure we get to do whatever we want when we're alone."

Kayla turned her face toward the eighth grader, her mouth opening, searching. Lips pressed against hers. A long, wet tongue slid inside, dancing around her own. Emily held her face between her hands, gently working their mouths together, until Kayla found one face replaced with another. Jordan was kissing her then, with a smaller, thicker tongue, but with no less passion. Soon there was another girl, Andrea, with a mouth full of saliva that Kayla found herself swallowing hungrily. On and on the faces came to her. Mouth after mouth pushed against hers, lips parted, tongues searching, until she'd kissed every girl from the cabin.

Miss Kristy was last, and Kayla kept up that kiss far longer than the others. The woman held her face just as Emily had done, tenderly cradling Kayla's cheeks and pressing her soft, slippery tongue against and around Kayla's in a delicious, dizzying dance. The other girls were still surrounding them, standing so close. Kayla thought she could smell more than just her own piss in the breeze. There were thirteen wet pussies in that small space, and as a breeze kicked up there could be no mistaking it - Kayla wanted to taste them all. She wanted it so badly

Finally the girl and the counselor pulled back, one small string of saliva left hanging between them. As it broke and fell against her chin, Miss Kristy winked, just as she'd done in the mess hall at breakfast. And just as Kayla had done then, she reacted once more with a small involuntary jerk, a lightning bolt of new lust filling her cunt full of fresh, flowing juice.

Kayla wanted to lie down, right there in her own piss-muddied patch of grass, and let Miss Kristy touch her everywhere. She wanted all her clothes off, to feel that light breeze kissing her thighs as she spread them wide for the counselor's hands, for her mouth, for anything and everything the woman might want to do. Kayla would let her. She trembled, aching for more, suffering from a need that was every bit as endless and as strong as her desperation had been only a few moments before.

"Now, let's get you to the river," Miss Kristy murmured, "and get you naked."

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