

Caught Peeping

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Published on Lush Stories on 19 Jul 2010

Caught peeping while camping in the woods

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Back when I was younger I always looked forward to summer. That meant camping practically every weekend, we were seasonal, which meant my dad had already pre-paid for the campsite from Memorial Day to Labor Day. It was the same every year since I was nine years old, so over the years I had a steady group of friends in which I hung out with. The campgrounds itself was huge; it wasn't some rinky-dink place with a hundred or so campsites. It was far off the main road; in fact you had to take what was commonly known as the Mile Road just to get to the campgrounds. It was a great place to grow up, with little supervision. After all, where were we going to go? We were all totally familiar with the campgrounds. We knew where every little path would take us. As I had said, this is where we grew up. And who knows? Somebody might read this and realize exactly where I'm talking about (hint: South Jersey). We had the old wooden cabins, which were very rarely used, except by us as a place to go make out. I think that's where I actually felt my first real breast. We had the sand pit, where we would go drink (if we could entice one of the older kids to pick us up a cheap bottle of wine when they went into town). There was the 'roundhouse', which was actually a gazebo down by the river, a common make-out spot for those rookies who didn't know of any better place. That was the one really cool thing about this campground and that was that there were so many places a person (or couple) could hide. Unfortunately, you just had to know where they were. And being a seasonal camper for nine years I knew and/or discovered most of them. By the time I had reached eighteen, my friends and I had all sorts of tales to tell of the winter just passed. Mostly they had to deal with sex and different things we had tried or done with girls. But like myself, I think Billy was just as big of a storyteller as what I was. I firmly believe that we were both virgins, since we were both on the skinny side and maybe just a bit geeky. Anyway, the main core of our little group consisted of myself, Billy, his sister Linda and her best friend Holly. By the way, did I tell you that Billy, Linda and I all shared the same birthday? Strange but true! Anyway, this was our little clique. From time to time, we would let outsiders in, but that was with the hopes of getting some type of sexual favor, or at least a few good make out sessions in return. Regardless of the outcome, we had fun. Over the years our interest in sex grew, with Billy and I trying to untie the girls tops while swimming in the lake to climbing the walls of the bath house in an attempt to sneak peeks at unsuspecting female shower takers. In between there were those awkward teenage make out sessions. Linda was the quiet, most the time shy petite

dark haired girl with an okay body. Holly on the other hand was the complete opposite. She was the boisterous one who wore the short shorts and skimpy tops, daring to show off her ever-expanding body. She was a tease and seemed very proud of that fact. I think Billy and I both had our fair share of gropes and feels of her on many a night. But as far as I know, she never gave in to either one of us. Billy, although he was Linda's twin brother, one would have never guessed it, he had blond hair and reminded everybody of Dennis the Menace. The year of our eighteenth birthday, everything would change for all of us, little did we know just how much. It was another, somewhat boring Friday night, so we decided to raid a few campsites in hopes of finding beer. There wasn't much strategy involved, just go to the campsites in the back part of the campgrounds, where it was good and dark, where there were plenty of woods to run and hide in should you almost get caught. Most people had tents with coolers sitting outside. All we had to do was keep track of where people were (in or out of site). The campgrounds had weekend entertainment, so a lot of times people would go up and listen to the band play (visions of my little brother requesting the song Wipeout comes to mind). Anyway, most campsites were left unattended, and besides who would miss one or two cans of beer? So the plan was simple, watch, wait, grab and run like hell. That night Holly wanted to go with me, no big deal and I welcomed the sight of her in denim short shorts (nobody had heard of Daisy Duke back then) and red halter top, her long brown hair hanging off her shoulders. We found one particular site, with not just one but three coolers sitting there just beckoning us. We watched like little soldiers camouflaged by the surrounding bushes, nothing. With nobody around we quietly snuck up closer to the tents and coolers. As we approached within three feet of the tent we could hear the low sounds of voices, a female voice could be heard saying plain as day "Fuck me. Fuck me hard baby," Holly and I both froze in our tracks. Staring at each other and listening to the moans and whimpers nearby. We just kind of knelt down and listened to the rapture nearby. My cock was straining against my cut-offs, I knew I was excited, but what about Holly? I didn't want to stand up and embarrass myself either. The mood was shattered when a voice from behind us boomed "Hey you two...whatta ya think you're doin'?" A hand reached out and grabbed each of us by our shoulder. Then proceeded to push us near the front of the tent. Another hand reached out from the darkness and unzipped the tent and they pushed us inside. Once there, the still naked couple covered themselves with their sleeping bag. "These two were out there spying on you guys. I think they liked what they heard, the little peeping Toms." They all had a good laugh; meanwhile Holly and I were scared to death. A bunch of twenty-something year olds terrorizing poor, little us. We had no idea what they had planned. "Do you like this?" The nude blonde girl asked exposing her titties to my bulging eyes (and cock). "Yeeeeessss" I stammered. "Let's see, what to do?" she pondered. She sat up letting the sleeping bag fall to her waist. She definitely wasn't shy. Meanwhile, Holly said nothing, she just stood there wide eyed mouth open. The blonde reached out and began stroking my cock, while still encased in my jeans, having it fully erect in about five seconds (oh to be eighteen again). "Not a bad sized package, for a little boy" she added for good measure. "And you little lady, you've got some nice sized titties there. I'll bet they're as big as my own" she stated. Obviously she was the leader of this group, nobody else said anything. With that, she took her free hand and fondled Holly's tits, making her nipples protrude from

the material of her top and bra combination. My mind was running a million miles an hour. The blonde's hand continued squeezing and fondling my throbbing cock with the same motions she was using on Holly's tits. I didn't know which way to look. Just then she unzipped my zipper and brought my cock out. Now I was totally embarrassed. She looked at Holly and ordered her "Stroke his cock. He's your boyfriend!" Holly tried to explain to her that I wasn't her boyfriend, but it all fell on deaf ears. "Stroke him!" I said "Jerk him off...NOW!!!" she ordered. And with that Holly began a half hearted, feeble attempt at giving me a hand job. It felt good, but not quite as good as when I did it myself. The blond decided to give her a few pointers "Watch". she said "Grip it behind the head and stroke it up and down." She did it for about thirty seconds before turning the duties back over to Holly. It felt better than before, and it wasn't long before a drop of pre-cum oozed from its head. I couldn't help but notice that soon the blonde was on all fours, just inches in front of my erect cock, almost as if she had to see it close up. Meanwhile the guy that was next to her got behind her and pushed against her, a low moan escaped from her lips. I could only imagine his prick be buried deep within her cunt. Holly was trying her best to get a steady rhythm going, but she too was totally mesmerized by what was transpiring before us. I watched as the blonde's tits swung freely before me. Instinctively I reached out and grabbed then and started squeezing. "That's a good boy....ahhhhh..." and she continued her slow fucking motions. I realized that Holly's grip on my cock grew a little tighter too, as she jerked a little faster. It was then that I noticed she was trying to keep up with the couple not even a foot away from us. I felt my balls grow a little tighter in my scrotum and I felt that familiar tingling sensation that always came about just before I was ready to orgasm. I felt it was only fair to warn the blonde because I didn't want to cause a mess. Suddenly, she just yelled "STOP!!! No, no, no. Not just yet." Holly's grip on my cock let loose and I was left with my cock bobbing and gasping for relief. Everybody except the blonde froze. She inched over to Holly and untied her halter-top, letting it fall down to her stomach where it was still tied around her midriff. Standing there in white bra, the blonde again reached around and unclasped it and let it slide from Holly's shoulders. Holly tried to cover up but the blonde would have none of that. I looked (or should I say stared) over at her. Holly's breast stood firm with her little dime sized nipples sticking out. Was it the coolness in the air or was it her own excited state that caused it? "It's only fair...you've seen him. It's his turn to see you. Now, do you want to remove your shorts, or do you want me to do that for you too?" The blonde asked. Holly reached down and began fumbling with the snap on her shorts. I distinctively heard the sound of her zipper being lowered. I looked down just in time to see her shorts drop to her feet. She stood there in a pair of flowered bikini panties, no better or worse than seeing her in her bathing suit bottoms I thought to myself. But the blonde added "Panties too. NOW!!!" I watched as Holly's fingers grabbed the waistband of her panties and slowly slipped them down her thighs. Slowly the top of her hairy bush came into view and then finally the whole thing. She let them go to add to the pile at her feet. Her pussy hair was a shade lighter then the hair on her head. She was just as hot as I had continually fantasized her being. The silence was broken with one word from the blonde..."Lift!" No explanation was needed as the blonde had her hand on Holly's shorts and panties. Holly lifted one foot at a time as the blonde removed the clothing from Holly's feet. "Okay everybody, back where we were" the

blonde was good at barking orders. Holly's hand quickly grasped my cock again, the dude began fucking the blonde again and everybody was happy, or so I thought. "Oh fuck" I said out loud. That caused the blonde to bark out that I was NOT allowed to cum yet, and it was up to Holly not to let me cum. So Holly loosened her grip and slowed down her motions. A large bead of pre-cum leaked from my head and dripped down to foot. Holly grappled with what she could and massaged it in to my aching prick. She knew I was trying my best to hold back. Suddenly and without warning the blonde reached up and swiped at Holly's exposed pussy. "Ahhhhh, just as I thought. You poor thing. You're soaked...Now spread!" With that Holly moved her feet apart. The blonde reached up again with little resistance from Holly and ran her fingers between her legs. This time I could actually see the pussy dew on her fingers as she removed them. The blonde licked her fingers clean. Again she put her hand to Holly's mound invoking a very low moan from her lips. I watched as Holly would move her hips closer to the blonde's approaching fingers. Eventually she would bend her knees and sink down just a bit. Although I couldn't see for sure, I was one hundred percent positive the blonde had her finger (or fingers) buried deep inside Holly's crotch. Holly's hand reached over and again began stroking my cock. The blonde was getting fucked again and apparently all four of us were happy again. Holly was pumping me in time with the fingers working in and out of her pussy. Oh how I wished it was my cock, but something (even a hand job) was better than nothing. The sad part was that the tingling sensation was soon returning to my balls. The blonde handed me Holly's panties and said "Smell these...smell your girlfriend's pussy. Smell what your missing boy." I inhaled and took in the aroma that had built in the crotch of Holly's panties. It was still moist and I thought I was in heaven. "Oh my god" I blurted out again. I was inching ever so much closer to my orgasm. With that the blonde yanked the panties from my hand and she said through gritted teeth "Don't you cum yet!" I watched holding back the best I could as she opened the panties and held the crotch open to the head of my cock. Holly smeared the pre-cum into the crotch almost as if she knew what to do. She began jerking my cock faster and the blonde blurted out "Tell him what you want girl. Tell him...before he does it!" Holly was still being finger fucked and between gasping for breath she said "I want...I want you to cum...cum in my panties...cum...pleasssse...cum in my panties" I knew it wouldn't be much longer before I fulfilled her wishes. Between the softness of her hand moving quickly up and down my shaft, the blonde fingering Holly, and the sounds of her getting fucked by the voiceless stranger behind her, I wasn't going to hold out much longer. My head was spinning. I looked at Holly, beginning to moan with more abandon now, as the blonde's hand began to work faster between her legs. The blonde got on her knees and knelt before the two of us, her hand still working feverishly on Holly's cunt. I had never had a blowjob before but if there was ever a time I wanted to stick my dick in someone's mouth, the time was now. The blonde was urging me to cum now. I looked down at the crotch of Holly's panties being held out before me, "Show your girlfriend how much you can cum boy" she ordered. Holly's grip grew tighter on my shaft, as her moans became more audible. Looking down again I noticed the blonde's tits were considerably smaller than Holly's, her mouth a mere foot away from my soon to be erupting cock. Unbeknownst to either one of them I compared titties. Holly's were much fuller, though the blonde did have bigger nipples. Another bead of pre-cum landed squarely in

the crotch of the panties again, thanks in part to the blonde's deft moves. She caught it and made sure she rubbed them against the head of my cock. Oh my god! I practically screamed out as I felt my orgasm wash over me. I looked down with squinted eyes and watched as the first spurt of ejaculate over shot its intended target and landed squarely between the blonde's firm tits. The other three strings of cum hit their mark leaving long strands directly in the crotch of Holly's panties. I glanced over at Holly and noticed she was watching rather wide-eyed. "Keep jerking him you little slut. Don't slow down. We want every bit of cum this young stud has to offer" she ordered. I was even amazed at the amount of cum that leapt from my cock. Holly was doing a great job and the feeling was fantastic. I stood there breathing heavily as Holly continued to milk my soon flaccid cock. The blonde then took hold of my cock and rubbed whatever remained on the head of it on to the panties. I stood there practically breathless, as my mind was reeling, eventually I came back to reality as I heard Holly moan rather loudly. The blonde apparently set down the panties, and had moved in closer to Holly. She started fingering her again and this time her face was on Holly's tits. I watched as Holly swayed in rhythm to the finger (or fingers) that was buried deep within her cunt. "Spread your legs bitch, because here I come!" The blonde had this thing about giving orders. Holly did as she was told and I watched as the blonde turned over on to her back, raising her head ever so slightly between Holly's thighs. I didn't know where to look. Holly, my friend, was there in all her glory, and still there was this blonde girl completely spread out just before me. This time there was no sleeping bag for privacy, as it was the first time that I had noticed that the blonde was completely shaven (as opposed to Holly's hairy muff). Damn. Decisions-decisions, where and who to look at. Holly was really turned on now as the blonde continued tongue lashing her pussy. I also noticed at this time that the blonde's hand was working diligently on her own cunt. Meanwhile, for myself, my cock was standing at attention again. Soon Holly's moans turned to screams as her own orgasm approached "Yes, Yessss, YES" as her legs began an involuntary twitching. "OH GOD" she yelled, "I'm gonna CUMMMmmmm" her words trailed off. I watched as she smashed her brown hairy pussy down on to the blonde's face. The blonde continued licking at her, riding out the waves of orgasm with her. When she finally stopped and came up for a breath, you could see just how wet her face was. She looked at me and asked "What are you gay or something?" I stammered a "No" in reply. "Then why didn't you fuck me? You had the perfect opportunity, and I would have welcomed a good hard dick in my wet hole." I just shrugged my shoulders; I didn't know what to say. "Okay, you guys can get dressed now. Party's over." Holly and I just looked at each other. Finally I reached down to pull up my briefs and shorts. As I was zipping up, I heard Holly ask about her panties. "Oh, they are kind of a mess," the blonde told her "I guess you'll just have to wear them like this. Let me help you." And with that I watched as the blonde held them out, careful not to spill any of its precious contents, the cum pooled in the crotch, as Holly put one leg in and then the other. The blonde pulled them up nice and snug against her already wet pussy, giving it a little pat just for good measure. I could actually see my cum beginning to leak through the fabric of the thin cloth. "Hurry, put your shorts back on. You don't want to lose any of it" and with that she laughed. She reached over and pushed the seam of them into what I knew was the crack of Holly's pussy "Feel good baby? That way you'll always remember tonight and the fun we

had.” “Okay, you guys can go. I’m ready for some serious fucking now. Oh, and if you’re still feeling a bit horny, we’ll be camping here for the next two weeks.” With that said we turned to walk out, and that’s when we seen IT. The ‘it’ being the video camera. One of the guys who pushed us in to the tent was holding it in his hand. The blonde laughed again “And by the way, if you decide to tell anybody about this...just remember, we’ve got it all on tape!” We took off out of there. But neither of us had a lot to say. Matter of fact, neither of us said anything. I knew my cock was still hard, just thinking of Holly wearing those cum soaked panties. And how I wished it was my cum leaking out of her hole, instead of it just being plastered around it. I wondered what her mom would think when she went to wash them. When we finally met up with Billy and Linda we told them we didn’t have any luck, and Holly readily agreed with me. I made up some lame excuse about being tired and was heading back to my campsite anyway. So we parted ways for the evening (it was now about 11:00PM anyway). On the way back to my campsite, I stopped at the nearest bathhouse, where I headed directly in to the stall. Once there I pulled down my shorts and proceeded to jerk off one more time. Thinking about the night’s events, grabbing my rock hard prick, it didn’t take me long before it was once again shooting out white, hot streams of gooey cum. It wasn’t as powerful as that first one, but it damn sure felt good. Thinking about Holly, her hot body, the hand job she gave me, it all lead up to another great orgasm. Too bad it was wasted down the toilet bowl. Who knows, maybe I’ll have to pay another visit to that campsite. After all, there’s a hot piece of blonde ass there for the taking... To be continued...maybe (if you liked it-let me know, if I receive no responses I won’t waste my time)