

Camp Feelgood

Crimson Rose

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Exhausted from a long day on the road, rain coming down so hard I could barely see a foot past the windshield all I wanted was to get home and sleep, but nothing from my hours being cut back at work to my asshole landlord raising my rent so high I was forced to look for another place to live gave me any indication this day was going to end on a good note. Wipers sloshing across the windshield at top speed, I crawled at an intense fifteen miles an hour as wind gusts threatened to buffet me into the nearest ditch.

Then it happened. Driving down a mostly deserted road, my car started to spit and sputter. And then it cut out completely and would not start no matter how many times I tried. Gripping the steering wheel white-knuckle tight, I looked down at the gas gauge settled firmly on E. Digging through my purse I grabbed my phone. Dead. And no charger in sight. Sighing, I sat back and closed my eyes.

The rain not letting up for a full forty minutes, I slowly exhaled, grabbed my purse and stepped out into the stinging cold in search of a home or business with a phone I could use to call for a ride. Unfortunately, all there was were vast open fields interspersed with woods, and after more than an hour I was about to give up and turn back when I saw a dim light up to the right. Increasing my pace to a jog, I eventually entered a large parking lot with a tall privacy fence on the opposite side. Running up to the closed gate, I pulled it open and stepped inside. There were buildings here and there, but only one marked OFFICE had a light on. Stepping into the long, one-story brick building I saw a topless brunette woman sitting behind a counter reading a magazine.

“Welcome to Camp Feelgood,” the woman greeted me.

“Um, you’re topless.”

“Actually, I’m completely nude. Got a problem with that?”

“You shouldn’t be running around naked. What if kids come in here?”

“No chance of that happening. Anyways, is there something I can help you with?”

“My car is out of gas, my phone is dead and I’ve spent the last hour trudging through this damn storm. Please tell me you’ve got a cabin or something I can rent for the night.”

“We do have one cabin available but we don’t rent them by the night.”

“Okay, how long do I have to rent it for?”

“We rent by the week or for the full season.”

“Jesus!” I only need a place for the night.”

“Sorry hun, but...”

“First of all, I’m not your hun,” I angrily snapped back.

“Fair enough, and it looks like the last cabin just became unavailable so unless you have a tent in that purse of yours I’m going to have to ask you to leave.”

Slumping my shoulders, I let out a long pitiful sigh. “This entire day has just been one disaster after another and I’m at my wits end, but that doesn’t give me an excuse to be rude so I apologize for yelling at you.”

“Apology accepted. And would you look at that. The cabin seems to be available after all.”

“How much?” I sighed.

“Nineteen-twenty-five for the week and that comes with three meals a day at our café plus your choice of five men and women per night.”

“Huh? What do you mean my choice of men or women?”

“You do know where you’re at, right?”

“You said it was called Camp Feelgood.”

“We don’t call it that for nothing, she grinned. This is a nudist swingers resort and the last cabin we have available is our group special.” Pulling a thick three ring binder from under the counter she plopped it down in front of me. “If you’ve got an ID and credit card I’ll get you registered while you shop for what you want.”

“I’m pretty sure I already know the answer, but what am I supposed to do with these men and women?”

“Whatever you desire.”

“Sexually, you mean?”

“That is what they’re here for. And before you ask, all of our employees are thoroughly and regularly tested so there’s no fear of getting anything from them.”

“You honestly expect me to, what, let five guys gang bang me every night for a week?”

“Or women. And while gang bangs are certainly an option it’s far from the only one. Anyways, would you like the cabin or not?”

“It’s a bit pricy.”

“Tell you what, since you apologized I’ll give you my employee discount of fifteen percent which brings the total to...sixteen-thirty-six and change. And since I’m feeling especially generous tonight, if you strip out of those wet clothes and...” opening a drawer, she withdrew five clamps connected by thin chains, a bottle of lube and a large glass butt plug “wear these for however long it takes you to pick your partners and I’ll knock another ten percent off, bringing your new total to fourteen-seventy-two and change. That’s a savings of over four-hundred-fifty bucks.

“You want me to put that thing up my ass?” I asked, looking down at a plug that was easily as big around as a coke can.

“Only if you want the extra discount. Your choice.”

“Make it fifteen and I’ll do it,” I said to my own surprise.

“Deal. But you have to keep it in for the rest of the night and you have to wear the clamps until you get to the cabin.”

“Um, there are five clamps.”

“Two for your nipples, one for your clit and two more for inner or outer labia. If you want the discount they all go on and stay on until you get to the cabin.”

“This has got to be the most fucked up place I’ve ever been to in my life,” I said as I pulled my soaking wet shirt off and dropped it to the floor. When I was naked, I nervously chewed my lower lip and attached the clamps to my nipples. The ribbed rubber tips bit painfully into the tender flesh causing me to groan and her to smile. Averting my gaze, I next attached two more to my inner labia and the last to my hood.

“That goes on your clit, not just the hood.”

“Too exhausted to argue, I pressed the ends together to open the clamp and then positioned it to where she was happy. Even though I took my time in slowly closing it, the pain was damn near unbearable. To my embarrassment, that’s not all. The pressure on that highly sensitive bundle of nerves made my knees go weak. I did everything in my power from thinking about dead puppies to walking in on my parents having sex, but there was no stopping the intense orgasm that ripped through my shivering body.

“Nice,” the woman behind the counter said as she watched me drop to my knees. “If you have an ID and form of payment that isn’t a personal check I’ll get you registered and when

you're done having orgasms you can shop for partners. Remember, you get five and they're all yours for the week. Or will you be staying with us longer?"

"J-Just a week." Getting up, I handed her my driver's license and bank card and grabbed the lube and plug. "I've never taken anything this big. You got something smaller?"

"Sorry. I've got bigger, but not smaller."

"Figures." Getting back down on the tiled floor, I lubed the plug and teased my asshole with it. Working it in a little at a time, I fucked myself with it for a food fifteen minutes before the fatted part finally slipped into my ass. "Uuhhnnn, Jesus Christ! I can't believe I actually took it."

"I think you're going to fit in here just fine, Danielle. Oh! It looks like you're in luck. I forgot all about a promotion we're running. You don't have five partners to choose from. As a first time patron you get two for one so you may pick out ten."

"TEN!"

"Ten."

"And if I don't want to get fucked by ten men?"

"Then pick women."

"I mean, I've only ever had two partners my entire life."

"You don't have to have sex with them if you don't want to, but you are required to choose them for the week."

"Fine." Getting to my feet I walked back to the counter and had another orgasm thanks to the clamp squeezing my clit. Doing my best to ignore her, I flipped the three ring binder open and stared at a page containing the pictures and brief details on three naked men. Turning it, there were more on the back and on every page after until about halfway through when it changed to women. "Do I give you their names or what?"

"You can pull the card out for the ones you want and I'll add them to your account."

"Okay." Starting back at page one, I went through them a little slower and picked out men I wouldn't mind seeing naked which, if I were being honest was pretty much every single one of them. Unable to narrow it down by appearance, I chose the eight men with the biggest cocks – five of them black and three white and according to their cards all of them measuring nine inches plus.

For the last two I picked women – one a stunning freckle-faced redhead with pierced nipples and a tattoo of the most amazing and realistic phoenix I had ever seen covering the majority of her back; and the other a busty brunette whom, according to her info was heavily lactating. Not that it mattered as I had no intentions of having sex with any of them, but I figured the men would like it. The last of them picked, I handed the stack of cards to the receptionist and waited for her to put everything in the system.

"Okay," she said a good half hour and another clamp induced orgasm later. "There's just the paperwork to fill out and then you can head on back to your cabin. And make sure you read every bit of it so you know the rules because once they're signed we're not responsible for anything that happens during your stay with us."