

Camp Wannabang

Faye Valentine

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Contents

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

“You wanted to talk to me?” Emma asked, looking from her mother to her step-father and step-brother.

“Please sit down,” her mother replied, her voice trembling with fear and apprehension.

“What’s wrong?” Emma asked, sitting on the old recliner, the index finger of her right hand going to the hole worn in the not so padded arm. “Whatever he told you is a lie! I didn’t do it,” she glared at her step-brother.

“I didn’t tell them anything, sis. Please just listen to what they have to say. I’ve already agreed and I think you should to.”

“Agree? Agree to what?”

“Let them talk and you’ll know.”

Taking a deep breath and exhaling slowly, Tina stood up from the faded blue couch and paced the length of the living room. “As you know, we’re in desperate financial troubles right now and we risk losing everything we have. The IRS is up our asses, the bank is threatening to foreclose on the house and the shop is charging your father nearly three grand to get the car fixed. Simply put, we cannot keep afloat with you and Mark free-loading off of us anymore.”

“WHOA!” Emma gasped. “Are you throwing us out? Where are we supposed to go? I just finished school for Christ’s sake! I’ll get a job and help out.”

“I know you will, but even if you both get minimum wage jobs it’ll be too little, too late and we’ll all be homeless.”

“Your mother and I found a solution, but it requires your full cooperation,” her father cut in. “Not only will it pay off all of our bills in one go, it’ll put enough money in the bank to put you and Mark through college.”

“Okay, and what do I need to do? Nothing involving this kind of money comes cheap.”

“Go camping,” her step-brother Mark answered.

“Camping?”

“Yep. We spend the entire summer at a special camp and everyone is happy. Mom and dad are out of debt, we go to college and you can even afford a car of your own.”

“I don’t understand. How in the hell are you sending us to camp when you can’t even afford to put food on the table half the time?”

“We’re not paying for you to go to camp, sweetie,” her mother replied. “We’re being paid to send you.”

“Okay. When are you going to tell me the catch? I may only be eighteen, but I’m not stupid. You owe nearly fifty thousand to the IRS, it’s going to cost double that to send us both to college and that much again to pay off the house and buy me a car. What’s the damn catch? What did Mark mean by special camp? What’s so special about it?”

“It’s an adults only, nudist sex camp,” her step-brother answered.

“It’s what now?”

“A nudist sex camp,” her mother replied. “You and your brother have been selected to attend for the summer where you will engage in a variety of sexual activities. In return, we’ll be paid quite well.”

“I’ve already agreed to the terms and have seen the electronic transfer of funds,” Mark said “but it’s not enough to get everyone everything they need and want. We need you to go to, sis.”

“You want me to go to camp to be a whore?”

“No!” her mother exclaimed. “That’s not our intentions at all.”

“Then what are your intentions mom? You’re asking us to go to camp to have sex with god know how many people doing who knows what. If that doesn’t make us whores then I don’t know what will. Besides, I’m a virgin and I’ll be damned if I’m just going to give it to anyone that wants to use me!”

“That’s even better!” her step-father exclaimed. “If we can prove virginity they’ll pay us an additional twenty-five thousand.”

“You’re all out of your god damned minds! I can’t believe I’m living with a bunch of sickos!” Standing up, Emma stomped out of the living room and went to her bedroom, slamming the door closed behind her.

“Well, that went better than I expected,” Mark shrugged. “You can’t really blame her, you know?”

“I don’t blame her one bit, but if she doesn’t agree to go then I don’t know what we’ll do,” his step-mother replied. “The money from you simply isn’t enough to pay all of the bills we owe. If Emma refuses to go we’ll be out on the streets or in jail sooner rather than later.”

“You’re close with her,” his father said. “Go talk to her. Convince her that this is in everyone’s best interest.”

“How am I supposed to do that? While I may be more than willing to stick my dick in anything with a pulse, she is obviously not willing to be fucked by complete strangers in humiliating and degrading ways. We all saw what that camp is about. We know what they will do to both of us, so can you really blame her for reacting the way she did?”

“No. That’s why we need you to convince her to go,” Tina said. “By any means necessary.”

“Meaning?”

“Meaning any...means...necessary,” his step mother said with a sad, but knowing look in her eye.”

“You want me to...oh my fucking god!”

“Only if it comes to that,” his father replied. “Don’t pressure her into anything, but we only have three more days to confirm her participation before they choose another and we lose out completely.”

“I can’t believe what I’m hearing!” Mark said shaking his head in disbelief. “Just so we’re all on the same page here, you’re giving me permission to fuck my step-sister, right?”

“Yes,” his father and step-mother replied as one. “But only if you need to in order to convince her to go to the camp with you.”

“I thought you were pretty fucked in the head to suggest the camp idea, but this is a whole other level of jacked up.”

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Emma lay in bed for several hours staring up at the ceiling and alternating between crying her eyes out and contemplating leaving home in disgust. When someone knocked at her door she sat up and wiped the tears away. “Who is it?”

“It’s Mark. Can I come in?”

“It’s open.”

Mark opened the door and stepped into Emma’s bedroom and saw her sitting in the middle of the bed looking devastated. “I know how you’re feeling right now. I was pretty upset when they approached me a few days ago about it, but after considering everything from running away to killing myself to escape the misery, I came to one unavoidable conclusion.”

“W-What conclusion?”

“That I love them enough to do anything for them. I know it’s a lot to ask and that it’s a lot easier for a man to agree to it than a woman, but they’re our parents. Do you honestly want to see them out on the streets knowing we have it in our power to help them?”

“Out of a mess of their own making! No one told dad to cheat on his taxes! No one told mom to go out and buy frivolous knick knacks instead of paying the mortgage or buying groceries! Why should we demean ourselves for their mistakes? Why don’t they go to this farm?”

“Because they only accept applicants between the ages of eighteen and twenty-four. Can I ask you something personal?”

“Sure.”

“You say you’re a virgin, and I believe you, but have you ever even touched yourself?”

“What? NO!”

“Why not? You have no idea what you’re missing.”

“Don’t get any funny ideas!”

“They won’t mind. In fact, they gave me outright permission to come in here and have sex with you if that’s what it took to change your mind.”

Emma’s shoulders slumped and she could feel the tears welling up again. “As fucked up as that is, I believe you. So, is that why you’re here? To have sex with me?”

“Only if you want to. I will never force you to do anything you don’t want to do, but you’ve got to see this from their perspective. They’re desperate, Emma. They’re on the verge of losing everything and we’re the only ones that can save them. We have it in our power to make all of our lives better and all it’ll take is a summer of unbridled sex education. There’s something more. While digging around their website, I discovered a means by which we can make a ton of money.”

“How much?”

“Enough to help mom and dad, put ourselves through college and have enough left over to damn near retire on if we play our cards right, but we’ll have to go all out sexual perversion to do it.”

“Meaning?”

“Meaning, I will not fuck you here. I would rather you prove to the camp that you’re a virgin so that you’ll get the extra cash. And it *will* go to you. Mom and dad thinks they’ll get it, but the site clearly says the virgin in question will receive the twenty-five grand if they agree to lose it at the camp. But once it’s gone we can have sex and make a killing.”

“That’s fucked up, Mark! I can’t believe you want to have sex with your own sister!”

“Step-sister. And what’s so hard to believe about it? You’re absolutely stunning, Emma. If we were related by blood it might be different, but we’re not so I see nothing wrong with it. And if I’m going to be completely honest, just staring at your perfect tits is getting me hard as a rock. Wanna see?”

“NO! Please leave now.”