**Dare Me**

by neverdoubted

**Dare Me - Chapter 16 - Wait, What Happened at Camp? (Part 15)**

Lucy had been busy getting ready for her time to shine. Given very little guidance, she had been forced to improvise the furniture of her shearing station. Knowing how critical it is to have good lighting when you're shaving in tight crevasse, she found a well-lit spot and dragged a bench over from the mess hall for herself to sit on. She backed wooden chairs to each end facing opposite each other. Then she placed a higher stool in front of her for the patient to sit on.

Hanna brought the first three naked, dripping girls in and handed custody over to my sister. Lucy briefly explained the importance of what she was about to do. Needing protection from UV light to survive, the little pests were drawn to any type of covering. On a sheep, that would be their thick wool coat. On a human girl, any clothing or hair would suffice. All these hiding spots had to be either removed or treated for the delousing process to truly succeed.

Rooster's shampoo, while effective at eliminating the little bugs and their eggs in even the thickest hair and clothing, was also a very caustic substance in its undiluted state. Even brief contact with any soft tissue - a young lady's delicate flower, for example - could be quite painful and result in severe damage. That's where Lucy and her unique talent stepped in.

The three girls shied away initially, neither one wanting to be the first to submit to the ominous straight razor. But eventually the captain stepped up. Crystal had seen Lucy perform amazing feats under immense pressure over the past two days and decided the overachieving sevie had done enough to warrant a little faith. Still, it must have been hard to put her most precious body part in Lucy's hands.

Following Lucy's instructions, she climbed onto a bar stool and leaned back into a recline. She extended her hands and placed them on a smaller stool behind her to prop herself up. Then she placed one foot on each of the widely spaced chairs in front of her. Like all the cheerleaders, she excelled at flexibility and was capable of holding this near split position without discomfort or strain. The only real discomfort was emotional due to being forced to lewdly present her splayed pussy mound for shaving.

Being located near the mess hall, Lucy had filled a bucket with hot water from the kitchen. Dipping her brush into the bucket, she worked the bowl of shaving cream into a thick lather then sat down between Crystal's legs and approached her captain’s defenseless mound. The freshman sucked in a gasping breath, but held her pose as the diligent seventh grader painted her pussy with a fresh coat of white cream.

Since they were all due to receive the same treatment shortly, the other girls watched Lucy work with great personal interest. She wielded the razor like a pro; each careful but skilled swipe of the blade removed a little more of Crystal's precious pubic hair. Knowing the queue would continue to grow, she went about her work quickly and efficiently.

At the end, Crystal stood up. She could feel the other girls gawking at the transformation between her legs. Lucy had reduced her to a state she had not known since before starting puberty. Her bulging mound of supple feminine flesh was just as smooth and hairless as when she was a little girl. Now that Lucy had finished shaving her, she was allowed to receive her parting gift.

Lucy did not want the girls coming through her station to suffer any needless discomfort that might come from scraping a sharp instrument over such a sensitive body part. Unfortunately, Rooster's kit had not included any kind of aftershave to prevent razor burn. But she had one last trick up her sleeve. Among the meager supplies I had allowed her to bring to camp was a certain bottle of very special lotion which never failed to make her feel better after applying it. It shows Lucy's team spirit that she was willing to contribute perhaps her most prized possession to the cause of helping her teammates recover from such a trying ordeal.

Lucy told Crystal to hold out her hand. Picking up her precious bottle of Riviera Dave's stimulating balm, she squirted some out onto the confused girl's palm and said, "keep rubbing this in down there until it's completely dry. Trust me, you'll thank me later."

Crystal looked warily at the dallop of glowing green goo in her hand, unsure if she was brave enough to put something like that on the most sensitive part of her body. Lucy had too many other patients to wait around for the indecisive captain to make up her mind. And Hanna would be back any minute with even more girls to shave. Knowing Crystal would have to do something with the lotion eventually, she turned her attention to the next girl. It was Cindy, the impolite eighth grader who had first spoken to her the day before. She pointed to the stool and said, "you're next."

Lucy was tempted, now that she had Cindy sitting buck naked across from her with her legs spread lewdly, to throw the girl's own insensitive words back at her. "What are you, some kind of nudist?" But in a magnanimous display, Lucy bit her tongue and avoided verbal retaliation. In a sign of true leadership and team spirit, she treated every girl she sheared with dignity and respect, even the ones who had done nothing to deserve it.

The delicate procedure consumed Lucy's full attention. Maneuvering the sharp blade into tight crevasses, she had to remain on constant guard in case the patient lost her nerve and flinched or tried to snap her legs closed. But even though she had to keep her eyes trained intently between Cindy's wide-open legs, she could still tell when Crystal finally made up her mind and transferred the green lotion cautiously onto her freshly shaved mound.

The sensation of feeling herself completely hairless down there elicited a gasp of initial surprise. Now that she was no longer itching, a smile of satisfaction appeared on Crystal's blissful face. As friction gradually warmed the cold lotion, Riviera Dave's stimulating chemicals went to work and encouraged her to keep massaging. Her eyes drooped and she began to make pleasant sighs.

She made such a convincing show that Cindy couldn't wait for her turn to receive a dallop of Lucy's miracle salve. By the time Hanna returned to deliver more girls to Lucy's station, Crystal and Cindy were both dutifully rubbing their freshly shaved slits to make sure every last drop of lotion would be absorbed into their systems. Pliant and trusting as newborn lambs, the two naked cheerleaders willingly followed their red-headed guide down the hall to the next stop, casually stroking themselves the whole way.

Having passed through every treatment station in the dirty zone, these were officially the first two pest-free girls on the squad. But there was still one preventative step remaining to eliminate the possibility of a relapse. They had to pass through Rooster's delousing station on the top of the hill before they could enter the clean zone.

The naked teenagers started blinking when Hanna led them through one final armory door and into direct sunlight. They took several more steps forward before it finally registered that they had exited the armory building and were now standing completely naked outside in broad daylight! Turning back in alarm they saw that Hanna had not followed them. She simply said, "wait here, I'll be back soon to take you up to Rooster," then she disappeared back inside, slamming the door behind her.

Cindy squealed like only a naked girl can and ran to huddle in the shadow of the building. Abandoned and vulnerable, Crystal covered her naughty bits and spun in place looking for an escape. But Rooster had carefully chosen this exit because it had none. The room they had just left had been designed with extra security because it used to be a processing room for arms and ammunition issuance. That's why the door had no outside handle, and the yard was surrounded by a chain link fence with barbed wire across the top. Rooster could only process one girl at a time through the delousing shack, so he needed a holding pen for the rest. Of all the places they had been through, this one most resembled an actual sheep pen.

Crystal quickly completed her scan of the yard, deducing correctly that there was no escape. But she also concluded that, despite being stuck outside without any clothes on, she was in no real danger. The armory grounds were surrounded by similar protective fencing. So, it's not like anyone was going to wander by and be able to sneak a peek at her or Cindy’s exposed treasures.

They would just have to wait patiently for Hanna to come and let them out like she promised. Walking over, she huddled in the shadows with her younger teammate. They didn't know how long they would have to wait. Their guide had only promised that she would be back "soon".

This was an intentional tactic of imprinting the station before introducing more sheep to the pen. While they waited, the pretty maidens felt Riviera Dave's stimulating lotion saturating their bodies. And the longer they stood there with nothing bad happening to them, the more relaxed they became. They had to wait for Hanna to go all the way back to the beginning, moving each small group of girls one station forward.

Back at the shaving station, Gabi's shapely hips and athletic legs gave her the largest thigh gap on the team. Before Lucy got to it, the space had formerly been filled with a beautiful mat of dark, curly pubic hair. Gabi actually shivered the first time she stood up and a breeze wafted over her plump little chocolate pussy lips. Used to having a much more appropriate level of protection from both the air and prying eyes, she jumped at the excuse to place her hand down there protectively when Lucy told her to rub in the aftershave. Now that Dave's lotion was kicking in, she found she could not stop rubbing herself, even after Hanna appeared and told her and another girl to start walking down the hall.

Like the first pair, they gasped in shock when they emerged naked into the outdoor pen. But Hanna's imprinting tactic worked beautifully. As soon as they saw Cindy and Crystal huddled near the building and chatting casually with each other, the two new girls eagerly joined in the social activity.

With the holding pen operational and slowly filling, it was time to start delivering girls to Rooster's delousing shack one at a time. Separating Crystal from the herd and motioning her to follow, Hanna started walking down a sidewalk which ran away from the building. Crystal reluctantly left the relative safety of the building's shadow and her friends and padded along behind her petite, energetic guide.

Hanna used the master key hanging around her neck to unlock a gate at the far end of the yard. Stepping through, she held it open for the nervous, naked cheerleader then locked it behind them. Crystal's tender feet were no match for the hot sidewalk. She danced back and forth on her tiptoes to counteract the searing heat, wincing whenever one of her cute little bare toes landed on a jagged piece of disintegrating cement. The old, unmaintained sidewalk had been subjected to the elements for decades and had seen better days.

Fortunately, the trail to the delousing shack was not a paved one, so Crystal's burning feet were spared serious harm. Leaving the hot, baking sidewalk behind, the girls walked down a worn, dirt path which ran parallel to the armory building and led in the general direction of barrack hill. When they reached the end of the building, Hanna marched confidently around the corner to find where the path met up with another one.

Crystal, still adjusting to the sensation of being naked outside, had a little more trouble. Every step took her further from her friends and her clothes. Following this new path meant leaving the armory behind. The entire property was surrounded by a chain link fence. But that only provided security, not privacy. If she followed her guide, she would be completely exposed from every direction with no shadow to retreat into should someone spot her.

But watching Hanna's bouncing red curls grow smaller and smaller made her swallow her modesty. If she was going to be caught out naked, she would rather be near a teammate than stuck by herself. Rushing to catch up to her guide, she felt a puff of air blow over her pretty pink petals. That sensation, while not unpleasant, did remind her how utterly exposed she really was.

A large meadow off to their left sloped gently downward until it reached a low, forested area below them. Uninteresting, squat buildings, no bigger than two stories, made up a small industrial park on the other side of the grove. But they were far away and only the very tops of their roofs peeked between the tallest trees. Being a Saturday, the buildings were most likely empty.

Crystal had taken this path once before on the night they first arrived at camp. But doing it in the daylight with no clothes on was a very different experience. It didn't help that the path they were following angled gradually closer to the line of trees the further they went. By the time they reached the base of barrack hill, the grove loomed much closer - no more than about thirty feet away.

Scaling the hill, even barefoot and without clothes, did not pose a physical challenge. The girls were trained athletes with exceptionally fit bodies, after all, and the lower sections of the path were easy enough to follow. Nearing the top, it grew steeper and started to switchback. Some of the dirt had also eroded away so the girls had to watch their steps more closely to keep their bare feet from stepping the wrong way on a sharp rock.

Near the top, they came across an impressively large treehouse someone had built into a giant oak for the neighborhood kids. It wasn't a bad place for a tree fort since the boundary of more than one neighborhood converged on this small forest. I would have loved to have some wilderness to explore in the middle of town like that, especially if my treehouse happened to catch the occasional naked cheerleader walking by!

While the path would take them uncomfortably close to the treehouse, it was the only apparent way to reach their goal. Because the treehouse did not show any sign of occupancy, Hanna motioned for them to keep climbing. Crystal obeyed but treaded as quietly as possible just as case until they had rounded the next corner.

When they arrived at the shack, Hanna was too busy to stay any longer than it took to knock on the door of the shack and drop Crystal off with Rooster. Coming back down the hill, her thoughts were occupied with keeping her footing and figuring out what she needed to do next for her flock. She wasn't even thinking about the treehouse until she came around the corner and heard a gasp above her. Skidding to a stop and looking up, she realized that this part of the path faced a different side of the treehouse - one with a window built into its wall. And sitting in the window was a boy of perhaps eight or nine!

His eyes were as wide as saucers and his mouth hung open. Hanna knew it was her naked appearance that had caused him to gasp. But the boy appeared to be just as surprised of the encounter with the naked cutie as she was of him. Seeing he posed no real threat - there was still a large fence between them, after all - she flashed him a conspiratorial smile and placed her index finger to her lips to make a shushing gesture. This would be their little secret, you see? Then she resumed descending the hill as fast as she safely could without tripping over a rock or errant tree root. As she rounded the next corner, the boy and the treehouse disappeared completely from view.

Thinking she had dodged a bullet, she returned to her duties, hoping none of the girls would notice the flush on her cheeks. Using the master key, she entered the armory through a different door and used a back hallway to reach the assembly hall. Coach Easterling had finished her evacuation and joined the final group of girls. Moving everyone one station along, Hanna gradually made her way back to the holding pen.

She found her naked flock huddled in the shade of the building and peering intently into the bright world beyond as if keeping a close watch for predators. They were happy to see their shepherd girl return but surprised to see her appear through the door leading two more freshly shaved lambs into the pen instead of coming down the path. They didn't know about her secret routes. Singling out the next nervous lamb for delousing, she started her second trip up the hill, this time with Cindy padding nakedly behind her.

By the time they reached the base of barrack hill, Hanna had made up her mind not to tell Cindy about the kid in the treehouse. She couldn't do her job if her sheep got spooked and stopped following orders. Maintaining calm was more important than a little modesty. So, as they approached the treehouse, she pretended like it didn't even exist and just kept climbing. Rounding the corner and heading ever upward and away from the tree, she resisted the urge to turn around and check if the boy was still up there staring at their naked, flexing bottoms while they climbed.

She held her breath until they had safely rounded the next corner. Then she breathed a sigh of relief at having successfully led an unsuspecting, naked lamb safely past the treehouse and its occupant.

When they arrived at the shack, the suddenly shy eighth grader covered her privates while Hanna knocked on Rooster's door. Crystal had already been processed and released to follow a second path which led down the other side of the hill and into the clean zone. Rooster appeared in the doorway wearing what looked like a hazmat suit. Covered head to toe in protective plastic, he even had a full mask over his face with breathing vents that made it look like a gas mask.

He acknowledged Hanna with a nod, but treated Cindy like he would one of his livestock. Grabbing the stuttering, naked blonde by her upper arm before she could back away from him, he wrestled her into the shack and shut the door. Hanna just turned and walked away. Two down, twenty-two to go.

Knowing she could not avoid it, she steeled herself for another embarrassing encounter with the boy in the treehouse. Sure enough, coming around the corner, she saw him sitting in the window silently watching her descend. His mouth wasn't hanging open anymore, but his eyes were still wide and unblinking. He didn't want to miss a second of the pretty little naked redhead. Walking toward him, she could not prevent him from seeing her entire front side, including the puckered wrinkle between her legs and her bright red nipples which matched her hair perfectly. When she looked up at him, he raised his finger to his mouth and mimed a shush like she had done the last time they met. Hanna nodded, hoping that meant they had come to an understanding, and resumed walking down the hill.

She returned to the holding pen to retrieve Gabi. Having already watched two of her naked teammates be willingly led away, Gabi reluctantly agreed to follow Hanna. But she was even more skittish than the first two girls. She made sure her privates stayed covered with her hands the whole journey and she jumped at every little sound. At one point, on the distant road that ran in front of the property, an eighteen-wheeler blasted its horn. Gabi collapsed to the ground, curling into a little ball of shivering dark flesh. When the moment of panic had passed, Hanna was able to cajole the startled cheerleader off the ground and resume their hike.

Because of the way Gabi kept looking around wildly as they walked, Hanna worried that she would notice the boy in the treehouse and refuse to finish the climb or even flee back down the hill. As they approached, Hanna kept her head down and tried not to draw attention to it. Gabi stared warily at the ominous fort as they passed. But that was her only reaction to it. Passing without incident, Hanna’s curiosity got the best of her, and she had to look up. To her surprise, the boy wasn't there!

After dropping Gabi off with Rooster, she rushed back to the treehouse to confirm what she had seen. Sure enough, it really was empty! She didn't stop to wonder where the boy had gone. She was just happy she didn't have to tiptoe around it with the rest of her sheep or repeat the humiliating encounter anymore.

Sadly, Hanna's good fortune did not last. After taking a turn progressing the final groups, she added more shaved sheep to the holding pen then singled out another girl to lead up the hill. On the way up, the treehouse was still empty, but her luck ran out on her downward journey. Rounding the corner, she looked up into the window and felt a new blush form on her cheeks. The boy was back, but that's not why she had blushed. It's because he had brought someone else with him into the fort! This second observer, perhaps a brother, looked to be at least Hanna's age or older. That made her embarrassment even worse.

"HOLY SHI-" the older one started to say only to be interrupted by the younger boy's hand clamping over his mouth. The younger boy shushed his companion urgently. This was serious business. The older boy agreed to hold his tongue as long as he got to keep watching the pretty naked redhead continue her hike. Hanna scampered down the hill and away from view as fast as she could manage. The whole walk back to the armory, she fretted about what to do. One little boy was bad enough. But two?! And one her age? The situation was quickly growing out of control.

On the next trip, her cheeks started blushing early. She tried to project calm for the sake of the girl she was leading. When they reached the spot, she heard a shuffling sound coming from the treehouse. Luckily, it was drowned out by a passing breeze that happened to rustle the leaves loudly. Sending the girl on ahead, she turned back at the last second and looked up only to have her worst fears confirmed. There were now three grinning boys sitting in the window staring at her.

Thinking quickly, she summoned a stern face and raised her index finger to her pouty lips in a quieting gesture. If she was going to get all the naked girls up the hill without causing a riot, the boys in the treehouse watching them climb had to remain a secret. The three boys responded in kind, showing that they were willing to keep the peace and remain quiet; anything to keep the naked hotties parading past their window.