

Emma still wets her bed – Ch.1 (2)
(19y old girl gets help at camp with her embarrassing problems)

Everyone mentioned or written sexually about in the story is 18 years old or older.

IMPORTANT!

This is a caring loving story containing lesbian kinky fetishes, unshaved, a lot of pee and some foot fetish.

DO NOT READ further if those things offend you, or you find the categories disliking!

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– Good morning sweetie, rise and shine. You can't lie here all day long. Breakfast is ready.

I don't know what's worst. A mother's cheerful voice in the morning on a weekend...or the sad depressing feeling of starting yet another day with damp sheets and cold wet panties. The mattress is protected with special sheets, thereby escaping my peeing in bed almost every night, the covers usually dodge it too...since it's often on the floor in the morning, or down by the end of the bed. In many different places except wrapped around my body.

And here comes the traditional pinch of my big toe accompanied by the holding of my foot while saying how much she'd like my company downstairs. Don't want to eat alone, and so on. I stretched the time as much as I could; usually three or four 'Emma, are you coming?' before I sat down looking at the hotel breakfast she always made for us at weekends. I liked it though.

Two things started when she stopped seeing the last man a year back. The first was more touching of my feet when I was in my bed, and the second one was that she held and caressed my feet with hers under the table as we ate breakfast. And sometimes at dinner, but dinner together didn't happen so much for various reasons, like one of us was out or not hungry or something else. In the beginning I withdrew from her touch and also asked why she did it. She answered immediately, saying she lacked the feeling of holding someone...and also that she always liked my feet. They were so pretty and a must to touch, as she put it. So I let her, and had started to like having them caressed and appreciated.

When finished eating my mom silenced, looked at me and said that she wanted me to go to a camp for a week or two. An all-girls camp with lots of fun activities and new friends...and wouldn't that be a fun thing to do this summer...no moms, no boredom and some more selling arguments. I listened politely until she finished the sales pitch, then waited three seconds before I said what I always said. "Yes, it certainly would be much of what you're saying. And the girls not waking up in a pool of their own urine every morning will probably have a great time at that, or any other camp."

– I know it's very hard honey. But you said you'd give it a try when you felt like it. And being locked inside with me so long now...I want you to have some fun, and maybe meet a new boyfriend, even though that can be tricky at an all-girls camp. But still. And the peeing-thing...I think we have a

solution for that too. Well, not a solution, but a working plan for a week of less focusing on the bed issues.

– You see, I know one of the leaders. She’s great with people, girls in particular and she has a way of making huge tedious problems feel less huge and less tedious for a while.

I think you’ve meet once or twice, surrounded by a lot of other people and not at all adding any real substance here, but please honey, I promise...it *will be* worth the while.

The last camp was a disaster. Of course everyone found out, and just about everyone commented in some hurtful way, or just stood there judging. The leading group bullied me to the very hour I left. Tears just fueled the flames.

After that I kept close to home for the past few years, spending every night there, with exception for a couple of boyfriends, both well aware of my nightly secret...and both said they were okay with it. And...well...it lasted a couple of weeks with almost no staying overnight.

So, always at home, and at moms to be specific. She and dad never got along; I don’t think she was very nice to him, so he left us ten years ago. We have an okay contact despite it all, and I think that a lot of the over caring she puts on me now...should have been directed at him instead. But that was never her intention...she liked me, period. I was the best daughter in the whole world, and now here I was at the camp. Shaking in a corner as the small boat took us over the lake to the island where my forced home would be for the next nine days.

– Hi there! You must be Emma, so nice to have you here. Are you cold too? I’m Angela and the girl to my left is Cindy. She’s also cold so we’re cozying. Come here and get warm with us.

Before I could do more than turn around and see the person doing all the talking, I was in her grip. She wrapped her free arm around me and pulled me close in a real tight lock. A combination of deodorant and sweat oozed from her.

– Aaah, you smell that Emma?! Both of you smell newly washed and fresh like a summer breeze right now. But that will change here I promise you. It will be all kind of putrid smells coming from you girls the coming week...and that IS EXACTLY WHY YOU ARE HERE! If you don’t stink up the place by the end of week, we will be very displeased with you. But we never are, never! Oh, I could just eat both of you right now...you’re adorable. This will be soooo good, I can feel it.

I think she talked too much and much too personal. But I actually started feeling like this could be a good thing. And I wasn’t shaking anymore. I felt protected in her warm hug.

Both of us were equally reluctant to leave Angela’s hugging arms, but since she switched to pushing every one of the boat and shouting directions...that meant us too.

As we walked along the paths my heart started beating faster again. I’m not sure whether she noticed that, or assumed it was happening or neither, but she shouted to everybody to keep walking...follow the leaders up front. And then, much quieter, said that me and Cindy should stop for a minute.

– So, just a quick briefing. You two do not have to be good friends, do as you please, but both of you have the same issue with wetting the bed at night. I don’t know how you do at home. But the only thing you have to care about when you are here.....is nothing. You should focus on you, and nothing else! I will fix your beds in the morning when you’re eating breakfast. And I will lay out anything you want to have in your panties during the night, if you want anything...I’ll place it under the cover so no one notices. And you just leave it the same way in the morning. I PROMISE, no one will ever know!

And if someone finds out...it will be handled in the best possible way. This *will* be one of the best weeks of your life, I guarantee it!
So, run along now, up with the others.

And before either of us had any chance to think about what she said or comment it, we were at our beds unpacking. Our lockers and beds stood opposite each other in the far corner with a window adjacent...so perfect in that way. Well, nothing was perfect...but...given the circumstances so.

At lunch a few hours later, Cindy and I sat talking about this and that, she was easy to talk to, and we also had two other girls at our table. Same with them; seemed like we could be friends this week. During our conversations I looked over at the leader's table. They all looked nice and friendly, especially Angela. I guess she was around ten years older than me, so closing in on her 30th birthday. And wow, would I like to look like her when I turned 30. Smoking hot, lightly tanned body, perfect sized breasts and a glow around her pretty always happy face. She was magnetic.

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On the second day I stood next to my bed after breakfast double checking the immaculate spread, still puzzled how she had time to be with us eating breakfast and also make my nightly disaster magically disappear so fast, and without a trace. No moist and no smell. Well, there were smells, because Angela had said that a nice prize awaited the girl with the nastiest smell at the end of the week, and most girls happily accepted the challenge. Heard a few saying they were relieved not having to shower all the time, perfume everywhere and all the makeup and matching clothes. So, yes during the second day a faint scent was present in our girl barracks. And it made me happy, I felt more at ease knowing I wasn't the only one stinking up the place.

As I stood there dreaming, someone came up and hugged me from behind. I was lost in my dreams and did not hear Angela coming in, and now she stood behind me with her arms yet again wrapped around me. I jumped high and screamed slightly, but stopped with booth when she nuzzled me in the neck, licked and kissed really quick, then took a firm grip with her teeth in the back of my neck same time she sucked herself stuck to me.

I let out a huge moan and pushed closer, started moving my butt and hip against her gyrating crotch. I started sweating and felt a desire building up inside; I told Angela I wanted her to do more, "Ooh...please do more. I like everything you do to me. Bite me, kiss me...please...more..."

And just like that, she turned me around and moved two feet away.

– Emma, you are *the* girl for me. I've asked your mother several times about getting you to our camp, and finally...you're here. It's like a sexy dream come true. And speaking about very sexy dreams, it's not well looked upon that the leaders perform in sexual activities with our attendants; so I want to wait until the last night. If we get caught then...well it's not good, but we get to go home the same time as everybody else, right?

As soon as she said the last word, she moved closer...just so our lips barely touched.

I was about to burst, and put my hand on the back of her head to push her against me, I needed more, so much more and I wanted to

...I didn't have time to do anything else because she spun around, moved towards the doors and started to say goodbye. As she did all that she looked down, saw my feet...and stopped.

– I understand the really hard time you must have waking up in a wet bed in the morning, every morning. Must be exhausting for you, drain you as a person. But for me, that makes you even more

desirable. If you peed on me in the middle of night as I was laying skin-to-skin close to you, I would most certainly climax right then and there. Climax hard...and then lick you clean. Again, that's no help for you, and I was about to leave when I saw your feet. I am more of a stinky vagina-and-butt kind of a girl, though I'm open to new ideas...and wow your feet are the most perfect feet I've seen. I just have to taste them.

She pushed me down on the bed and kneeled down. Centered her nose in between them and inhaled my sandals and feet. Two three deep inhales then off with the sandals and immediately started sucking on my toes. One toe at a time combined with long licking strokes on my soles. And just as I started to get worked up from the attention to my feet, she stopped. Got up and as she walked away, she said "You taste very sexy, but not sexy enough, you have to do much better next time."

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The days passed fast, and though I mouthed "Thank you", several times to Angela for her tremendously appreciated help, it didn't get any further than that. I tried to do more than just a hug, but she kept her distance every time...almost every time. Some hugs were extra hard and she touched me a couple of times too. But to my disappointment she did that to other girls too, Cindy of course...and Cindy deserved everything. Well, almost everything. Boy did some of the girls take joy in stinking up the place. I don't think anyone had noticed if Cindy or I kept the same sheets the last two three days. The leading most confident girls also told the others to smell their pits and feet...to great discomfort for the three girls still showering, but I liked it when they did it to me. I also placed myself so they'd pick me more than once. I'm not sure if it's the constant smell of pee, which I had to learn to accept...that made me like other smells, not so normal to like. I don't know. Smell of pee I don't like, but sweaty girls I like a lot.

The night before going home was here, and even though I wanted to see Angela more than anything, I didn't want this to be the last night. I didn't want to leave her. Cindy and I got along great; I liked the camp and the others...the things we all did here were really fun. I've never been able to feel anything but discomfort and fear before. Fear of the moment everyone discovers everything...but Angela did wonders with our beds, and that made me feel safe. Safety that made me feel joy...and a totally new feeling for me. It felt like I was like everyone else.

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As I wiped my eyes, I felt a warm body pressed against my back. And this time I didn't jump, or scream...not even close. I just tilted my head back and lay my hands on her butt, holding us glued to each other...just holding us like that, and moving my hair around her hair and face. For a second I thought, I do hope this is who I hope it is and whom I longed for so much...and yes, it was my guardian camp angel. I recognized the touch, the scent and the body...the warm smelly body I just wanted to rip the clothes of right now, right there. I wanted to please her in any way possible, and couldn't care less if everyone at camp had front row seats to the sex show.

She slid around me and took my hand. Her soft hand and long sexy fingers lead me to her room. It was like a cheaper hotel room with a bed, chair, dresser, closet and toilet with a shower. Just enough space to fit the necessities, though the primary needs for me right now was the bed. That, and the toilet, 'cause I really had to pee. I opened my mouth to tell her but was quickly filled up with Angela's tongue as she pressed her lips against mine and kissed me passionately.

During the almost hysterical kissing our shorts and shirts flew off in record speed. As did the bra, but when I with clammy hands reached for her panties, she slapped my hand, and said that I should leave them on...for now. With her tongue and hands, she steered me to the toilet while asking me if I had to pee, to which I eagerly nodded my head. She lit up in the most beautiful smile, and said, "I have to pee too. Come here, closer...closer, no air between us." She grabbed my back and pressed hard. "So, that's more like it. This is how I want you...my stunningly amazing Emma. You are the definition of perfect, you know that right?! Now let go...I want you to pee on me."

I let go and pressed my lips against hers, mumbling something as I blushed.

– I didn't get that dear, Angela mumbled back in my lips, as she let herself go.

Blushing even more, I mumbled louder.

– I was so nervous meeting you tonight, so I peed in my pants earlier. I thought it was showing.

– For real, you did? I am so so sorry for you dear. I really feel for you, and I can assure you that no one noticed your inconvenience, or said anything mean about it. Promise!
And not to add insult...but...honey...I get soooo turned on when you say that.

I was at the finish and she let the last drops land on my thigh and leg as she sat on her knees pressing her face firmly against my wet underpants. I squirmed away a bit, felt embarrassed by the odor she must breathe in right now. But the short get away I managed was harshly reciprocated with an even tighter hold and firmer press against my leaking sex.

After what felt like an eternity, but also kind of nice...and in Angela-time was three four really deep inhales and exhales while taking in the...well I don't know what.....she rose...made us eye to insecure eye again.

– Emma, this is not what I wanted...I expected more from you. Of course the panties smell from the fresh pee and also there's a lovely girly smell from your pussy...but honey...way to clean. I told you to do much better, didn't I? You call this an improvement dear?

I felt so many emotions, and so many conflicting ones. Here I'd spent countless hours during my teenage years to do anything and everything to keep me as clean and odor-free as possible...not to mention the stress, pressure and headaches. And now, placed before me, stood a perfectly sculpted angel of a girl – an absolute dream – asking me to do exactly the opposite of that.

– I am sorry Angela, I'm so used to changing panties and washing myself downstairs again and again...it goes on automatic, and I'm not sure how to handle your requests and also my feelings right now.

Angela's eyes did not leave mine as she put her hand on my panties and started rubbing them thoroughly around my pussy, really making them absorb every scent available down there. After a couple of laps, and also twice making sure they were soiled to her satisfaction, she stepped out of her underwear and slowly removed mine.

Once again, I had her face at the same level as my pulsating vagina...pulsating with lust, same time I had that scary feeling and insecurity. Angela noticed this of course.

– I like that you keep yourself all natural downstairs, I do the same. Maybe a trim here and there, but hairy brings the sexual tension to higher levels I think. Here, let me...I just have to taste your beautiful pussy really quick. Let me probe that bushy beaver with my tongue.

And probe me she did. Ooh, it felt so nice having her tongue inside me...I started to feel...

But really quick was to the point, because she stopped just like that and stood up.

– I see you have mixed emotions dear. I guess you want this, same time you don't, and maybe mixed with insecurity from your bed-wetting?

This will take time Emma. That's okay and completely understandable...and not only that, if you let me, I would like to be a part of that time...a rather big part of it.

Angela extended her arms like someone exaggerating the size of the fish that got away, as she was showing how huge part she wanted to be...and I couldn't help myself laughing.

– I just love your smile, and your laugh...so contagious. Makes me just want hug you and kiss you and cuddle all night while we giggle and share dirty secrets, but tonight's not the time for secrets...it's only the time for dirty.

Her fish-measuring arms closed and grabbed my waist as she guided me towards the bed.

– So, my part of your future Emma includes a lot of filthy things and I like to give as much as I like to receive. But if it's okay with you...tonight is your time to give. Okay?

Before I had time to respond in any way, she pushed me down on the bed.

Still with a question on her face, I nodded and put myself in a more comfortable position kind of knowing what she intended on doing.

As I was getting ready in the bed, I saw her grabbing her ankles and raising herself, using the hands as a towel for the pee...and right after licking the palms clean. Really licking them clean.

Two identical exercises later she got on the bed with me, ready to wipe my pee too.

She licked my legs from my feet all the way up...and down again...and up.

Dual sweeps with a lot of swallowing as she eagerly tasted me. Then she looked lovingly in my eyes and fingered herself. Smelled her fingers...fingered a bit more and then licked them clean.

As she licked them clean, she moved over me, straddling my belly...again fingering herself.

– I am sorry if it seems like I'm pleasing myself and forgetting about you, I was just double checking that my vagina wasn't too much for you to handle dear. I like me a lot...the more me, the better. But you are new to me...so, what do you think?

With that she extended her arm and put her fingers under my nose...and she was right, they smelled womanly, *like a lot*...and way more than I was used to with my own female scent down there. I coughed and got really red in my face. She immediately withdrew her fingers.

– Too much? Is it too stinky, or is it...me? Do you want me to get off you and...

I grabbed her thighs with both my hands as I put myself in a more upright position.

– No, absolutely not! It's me, don't move...I like having you on me, I like it a lot...I'm just not used to so much feminine scent...coming all at once, sorry. But I want you and your extreme smells...and it's starting to turn me on now...so, if you...

I grabbed her butt and pushed so I got her drenched smelly pussy right in front of me...and with an aching desire I attacked with my mouth. The smell and taste drove me crazy, I just wanted more and

more...had to lick every inch everywhere hoping she hid extra flavor for my tongue to find and mouth to insatiably swallow.

She moaned and pressed harder and I sucked and swallowed while following how she moved herself, showing me how to please her.

The smell she had lit a fire in me and I bounced in the bed while tonguing her all over. I wanted more and more....'cause....I felt...I...was...getting...close...to...just....eeeeeeexplooooooding.

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As I slowly returned, I looked directly at Angela's face, smiling mouth and glowing eyes...all parts enthusiastically awaiting my return.

– Wooow, you stink honey! What have you been eating Emma?! Ooh, right...it's me. You've been munching *me*! I loved every second that beautiful tongue of yours explored inside me. I came twice...*amazing* you did that for me, *thank you*.

She kissed me with tearful eyes.

– Sorry, I'm just so happy and filled with a million happy thoughts about us. What do you feel and think about...us?

– I feel the same, I really do. It's just much going through my head and a lot to take in. I came too...without anyone touching me, that's a first. I got so turned on from your smell and the excitement of licking you, so...I came...hard. And to be honest, it was mostly from your intense smell and taste...it made me feel things I never felt before.

I kissed her back...two three soft kisses, then I got up from the bed.

– I'm sleepy, just a quick shower before bed.

– Oh no, you are not! You are so not cleaning yourself Emma. I think it'll be pretty easy to fall asleep tonight with the workout you and I had. And warmth and sweat aside...I need you next to me, right now. Come back to me, *ándale*. This is crazy; you're so lovely I get frustrated seeing you standing over there...because you're too far away from me.

When she said I need you next to me I felt it in me...and when she with a voice melting ice, said come back to me and *ándale* while patting the bed...I exploded with affectionate emotions as I jumped back on top of the girl I was falling for.

She wrapped her arms around me...and as we both drifted off, she said, "Emma, I *really* like you...I like you so very much." I replied, "I think I love you too Angela."