

SUMMER CAMP

BOOK 1: SUSAN

by Nick Scipio

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CHAPTER ONE

I hung up the receiver and sat in silence for several moments, looking at the note I'd written on the pad next to the phone.

"Who was on the phone, honey?" my wife asked from the door to my office.

"Hmm?" I shook my head, lost in thought. "Sorry dear. What did you say?"

"I asked who was on the phone," she said again, indulgently.

"Mom."

"Oh? You didn't talk long."

"No."

Seeing the expression on my face, my wife grew concerned.

"Is everything all right?"

Looking up at her, I drew myself back to the present, shaking my head again to clear my thoughts.

"Yes... well... yes and no."

She raised her eyebrows in silent question.

"Mom's fine," I reassured her. "She was calling to tell me that a friend had died."

My eyes were drawn back to the notepad and my hastily scrawled note. I thought back to a summer... a summer many years ago. But perhaps not so many, the memories were so fresh and clear.

Sensing that I was lost in thought, and knowing she could ask me about it later, my wife quietly shut the door and left me to myself.



My story really begins when I was twelve and my family lived in Savannah, Georgia. My father was a pilot for an air charter company, and my mother was what would now be called a stay-at-home Mom. The summer after I finished sixth grade, we went on a vacation that would change my life forever.

My mother and father had always been very open raising my sister, Erin, and me. They didn't flaunt themselves in front of us, but they didn't hide their bodies when we'd come into their room, or any other time we might see them without their clothes.

My sister and I knew our parents slept in the nude, and they'd sometimes sunbathe nude in our fenced-in back yard. On family vacations, or at my grandparents' lake, we'd all skinny-dip occasionally. But while nudity wasn't a taboo in our family, there weren't any times when we spent a long time in the nude.

In the summer of 1975, that was about to change.

That summer, our parents asked Erin and me what we thought about the family going to a nudist camp for our summer vacation.

I hated the idea immediately.

Mom and Dad told us that the camp (called simply The Pines Resort) was in South Carolina, and was run by a woman named Susan. If we decided to go, we were supposed to tell our friends from school that we were going to spend the summer at "Aunt Susan's." She wasn't our real aunt, of course, but it was a useful fiction.

Our parents were fairly open with both of us, and we talked about the trip before we made a final decision. My mom and dad certainly seemed enthusiastic, and Erin was all in favor of the trip; especially when they started telling her about the camp.

They told us about the big spring-fed lake, the playground, the games, the sports, and all the other fun things to do there. When they told us that the camp was a "family camp," and that there would be other kids our age, that seemed to cinch it for Erin.

She was two and a half years younger than me, and hadn't entered puberty yet. Of course she would love to go; she didn't have an awkward and slightly pudgy body just beginning to sprout all the usual hair.

At twelve, my body had just started changing, and the *last* thing that I wanted to do was take my clothes

off for a month at a nudist camp! I was embarrassed enough at the changes my body was undergoing; I didn't want the added embarrassment of everyone else knowing, too.

I sulked, in the self-centered way only a twelve-year-old can, and my parents wisely let me stew about things for a few days. Erin, on the other hand, constantly wheedled me. She obviously couldn't fathom why I wouldn't jump at the opportunity to go to such a fun place.

Indeed!

A few days later, my mom brought the subject up again, when we were alone in the kitchen. I guess she knew she'd have a better chance if Erin weren't around to pester me.

When Mom asked why I wasn't enthusiastic about going to the nudist camp, I shrugged and mumbled, "I dunno."

I was worried about people—especially any girls my age—seeing my awkward body, and making me feel embarrassed. But I couldn't tell her that. Nonetheless, I think she sensed that *that* was the problem. So she pointed out to me that there would be other boys my age there.

"So?"

"Well, you can meet other kids your age and make new friends."

"I don't want any new friends my age," I said sullenly.

"You can meet older boys then... or girls."

Then, I Got It! I was so worried about girls my age seeing me that I completely overlooked the fact that if girls my age would be at the camp, then I could see them too.

I may have been a petulant twelve-year-old, embarrassed by my changing body and being a little on the chubby side, but I wasn't stupid. A nudist camp meant naked teenaged girls! And at age twelve, I had discovered that girls weren't as bad as I'd thought only a year before. My younger sister got on my nerves often enough, but older girls... Now, older girls had boobs, and pubic hair, and other things that I knew I liked.

But even at twelve, I knew I couldn't cave in as quickly as I wanted; at least, not without looking like an idiot. So I gloomily agreed.

"Yeah, I guess," I said in my best faux-sullen voice.

Mom smiled at my change of heart. "You'll have fun, honey. You'll see."



I'd like to say that my life changed dramatically during the summer of 1975, but the truth is much more mundane. The experience opened my eyes quite a bit, and set me on the road to a monumental series of events, but in the summer of 1975 those events were still in my future.

Despite my original reluctance, I really liked the camp. It was everything that my parents had promised; there were all sorts of things to do there, and enough kids my age that I always had someone to do things with. Once I got over my initial self-consciousness, I guess I forgot to be embarrassed. And after I got over my first day's sunburn (having to wear a t-shirt in the lake so I didn't get burned even worse is *not* my idea of a fun time), I enjoyed our time at the camp.

"Aunt Susan," as it turned out, was about my parents' age, and had two sons who were a few years older than me. In addition, there were many other families with kids. Some would stay for a week or two and then leave, some families stayed longer, and still others seemed to spend the entire summer there.

I certainly got my fill of looking at tanned and naked teenage girls. When you're around nudity all the time, however, the naughty aspect of it all kinda wears off. I certainly had to hide my share of painful and unwieldy erections, but I got used to it. And it did provide me with some wonderful fantasy material for masturbating, whenever I could find the time alone; which was as often as I could, those first couple of weeks.

The four weeks that my family spent at the camp seemed to race by, and it was all too soon that we had to return to "the real world" in Savannah.

Every summer after that, we spent several weeks at "Aunt Susan's."

There was only one hiccup in our family routine over the next few years. In early 1977, my father was

hired by a major airline in Atlanta, and my family moved. We were further away from the camp, but we stayed a full six weeks during the summer of '77. My father had to return to Atlanta a few times, to fly for several days at a time, but Erin and I largely enjoyed ourselves. I could tell that Mom missed Dad when he had to fly, but at fourteen, noticing things outside your own little world isn't really a common occurrence.



The next year, 1978, Mom and Dad asked us if we'd like to spend the entire summer at Aunt Susan's. We could get one of the small cabins for the summer, and whenever Dad needed to fly a trip, he could drive into Columbia, and then catch a flight to Atlanta.

Dad told us that he'd bid lines which had all their trips jammed into ten or twelve days at a time, and that he should be able to spend more time with us. When he was gone, he'd be gone for about two weeks at a time, but he'd only have to leave three or four times over the entire summer.

We thought it was a great idea, and decided to leave the day after school ended, which coincided with my fifteenth birthday. Happy Birthday to me! I looked forward to the camp like only a perpetually horny fifteen-year-old could.

By that summer, I'd survived the "awkward phase" of puberty. I'd had a growth spurt the year before, and I was currently a half-inch over 5'7". At fifteen, that extra half-inch is important! But I was still a little pudgy. Mom and Dad both said it was just "baby fat" (a phrase I patently despised) and that I'd grow out of it. I'm sure that all sounds very comforting when you're not the one who's pudgy. But while I was no longer incredibly self-conscious about my body, I certainly wasn't all that sure of myself yet. I don't think a self-possessed fifteen-year-old exists.

By then, however, Erin had begun to develop. She had smallish breasts and a downy tuft of pubic hair, but she was still boyishly slim. She didn't seem the least bit self-conscious, however (much to my consternation). After all, she had already spent several summers at Aunt Susan's, and she and her friends seemed to take undue enjoyment in comparing their developing bodies.

I guess that's just one of the many major differences between men and women.

But I digress...

Even though she was not quite thirteen, I could already see that Erin would look a lot like Mom. At thirty-six, I had always thought of my mom as old, but I was slowly realizing that she was a very attractive woman. She was attractive in a Mom-ish sort of way, that is. (And of course, as I write this, older than that age myself, I realize how very young thirty-six actually is.)

Mom, whose name was Beth, had dark blond hair and a well-proportioned, compact body. With the past year's growth spurt, I'd finally surpassed her 5'4" height. While I didn't know what size bra she wore, I did admire her nice, well-rounded breasts, which were topped by small brown areolas with pronounced nipples. I'd seen a lot of bare breasts over the past few years and realized that Mom's were very nice.

In addition, she had an hourglass figure with a neat patch of darker pubic hair covering her sex. In retrospect, I realize that Mom must have trimmed her bush, but at the tender (and somewhat naïve) age of fifteen, I simply thought her pussy was neater and more attractive than those of other women. Mom also tanned easily, and was always a rich bronze color. Erin was the same way, and her lithe young body was always darker than mine.

Where Mom was ash blond with a dark tan, my father was dark-haired and fair. My dad, David, was big. At six feet tall, he towered over me. He was also powerfully built, and far stronger than I ever thought I'd ever be. And while my fifteen-year-old penis wasn't as small as some of my friends from camp, I hoped that I would grow to be more like my Dad in that regard as well.

While I may have more of my Mom's height, I'd certainly gotten my father's dark brown hair and fair skin. Ever since our first year at camp, I'd had to make sure I didn't burn my skin badly in the blazing South Carolina sun. All in all, I guess I looked more like Dad. In time, I would develop a build more like my father's powerful frame, but in 1978, I was still short and had more than my fair share of "baby fat."

So my family, in early June of 1978, was looking forward to the end of school and our imminent departure for Aunt Susan's.



At Aunt Susan's, we usually stayed in one of the motel-type rooms just up from the clubhouse. The "motel-type rooms" were actually a couple of rows of cinder-block buildings with rooms along both sides. Most of them had a queen-sized bed and either a twin bed or a set of bunk beds, with a dresser or small chest of drawers for storing personal items. Since it was a nudist camp, there wasn't much need for clothes storage. Some rooms were bigger, some were smaller, but the contents were generally the same.

In 1978, since my family was staying the entire summer, we got one of the stand-alone cabins further back, up the hill from the clubhouse. When we got to the camp, things started out mostly the same. Little changed from year to year at Aunt Susan's, and the camp was just as I'd remembered it.

The entire center of the camp was on top of a very large hill (more like a ridge). The crest of the hill was several hundred yards behind, and about eighty feet above the clubhouse, with a sandy road leading down the gentle slope into the camp proper. The sandy track led all the way—several miles—back out to the padlocked chain gate that protected the property. But once you crested the little rise behind the camp, South Carolina pines and sandy soil gave way to one-room cabins and small mobile-home trailers permanently parked on blocks and wired for electricity.

Down the hill, the cinder-block motel-type buildings were off to the left, and the clubhouse was on the right. The road continued for several hundred yards around to the left, down a bit from the clubhouse, toward a few of the permanent, regular-style houses occupied by the camp's full-time residents, like Aunt Susan.

Where the road bent gently to the left to follow the brow of the hill toward the houses, the ground sloped off to the right more steeply until it leveled out before the large freshwater lake. While the lake was spring-fed, it was actually man-made. There was a natural—and much larger—feeder lake to the left. An earthen dam with a concrete spillway let water overflow from the feeder lake into the man-made swimming lake. The swimming lake even had a brick coping around the entire circumference, complete with wide concrete steps down into the deepest, tree-shaded end. The lake also sported a canvas-covered raft of Styrofoam and wood; being spring-fed, the lake was *cold* even in the heat of summer.

Down the hill from the clubhouse, on the side opposite the road, were shuffleboard courts and a sand volleyball court. Behind all that was a playground for the younger kids. The entire camp and surrounding woods were bigger than I've ever been able to explore, given over mostly to the pine tree forests and sandy soil that are dominant in that part of the country.

The clubhouse itself was often the center of life for the camp. There were several screen doors into the clubhouse, but I almost always used the side door next to the sandy road. Inside the cool confines of the large building, there were a few ping-pong tables, an old pool-hall-style pool table with the coin slots removed, and an air-hockey table (that always seemed to need repairing).

Toward the back of the building, and to the right of the game tables, there was a big bathroom area with a wall of sinks and an open shower area. I know it sounds strange, but this was a nudist camp, so there really was no need for privacy in the showers. There was, however, a door off the shower area that led to a room containing several stalls and toilets.

Past the game tables, and the wall holding the sinks and containing the bathing area, the bulk of the clubhouse unfolded. Off to the left, in the front part of the building, there was a large fireplace with almost a dozen couches to the sides and in front of it. None of the couches matched each other, and must've all been donated to the camp. Behind the couches, and past the game tables—on the other side of the wall next to the bathing area—were all sorts of tables and chairs.

On the far side of the back wall was the kitchen. The kitchen area was fronted by a long counter, with curtained-off storage space underneath it. Behind the counter, on the back wall, there was a row of stoves, followed by several sinks, each separated by about a foot of counter. On the back of the bathroom sink wall, there were refrigerators. All told, there were probably a dozen stoves and half as many large sinks, as well as at least eight refrigerators.

Each family brought a couple of baskets (we used laundry baskets) full of food and drinks. Everyone

picked out their own area under the counter and in the refrigerators, and it was mostly on the honor system. There were no names on stuff in the refrigerators, but most everyone had their family name on the food baskets stored under the counters. You just knew where your stuff was, and anything that wasn't your stuff, you left alone.

Out the far side door of the clubhouse, the one opposite the side door near the road, was a large patio with steps leading down to the shuffleboard and volleyball areas. Out the "front" door of the clubhouse, in the wall opposite the kitchen area, there was a grassy lawn that stretched all the way down the hill, to the lake.

That was the world of Aunt Susan's camp, and my family was there for the entire summer. We pulled up to our new home away from home and all of us got out to stretch, stiff from the long drive from Atlanta. We also wanted to look at the cabin's accommodations.

The cabin that we'd gotten was quite a bit larger than the motel-style room we usually stayed in, but it was still small. It still had the bunk beds, and one queen-sized bed, but it also had a cloth-covered couch and a pair of easy chairs. And best of all, it had a small but private bathroom, complete with a bathtub and hot water (courtesy of a small water heater in a closet on the back wall). The front of the cabin was a covered porch, with a pair of rocking chairs flanking the entrance. Inside, it was really one big room; the bunk beds were immediately on the left, the larger bed in the left rear corner, the bathroom in the right rear corner, and the sitting area off to the right of the door.

Once we'd scouted out the inside of the cabin—a tour that took all of thirty seconds—we began to unload Mom's station wagon. We unloaded our folding lawn chairs and loungers first, and stacked them up on the front porch of the cabin. Next came the two large bags with bedding and pillows, bath towels, and the family's beach towels. And finally, we unloaded our travel bags stuffed with flip-flops, bathroom stuff and other vacation items every nudist family needs (Frisbees, swim fins, masks and snorkels, and various other goodies).

Dad then drove us all down to the clubhouse to unload the food and drinks. When we got there, it was late in the afternoon, and there were few people around; mostly older couples who were year-round residents. Mom and Dad said hello to most of them as Erin and I began lugging in the baskets of food and drinks.

Her greetings finished, Mom came over to the kitchen area to supervise our unloading, and to claim an area under the counter and in one of the refrigerators. Mom would periodically have to drive back into town to shop for more groceries, but for the time being, we were set.

Once all the unloading was completed at the clubhouse, we all piled back into the car and drove back up the hill to the cabin. Dad parked the car around behind the cabin while Mom, Erin, and I all went inside to unpack.

Erin and I opened our suitcases and simply dumped the contents on our bunk beds. By long tradition, I took the top bunk, and I simply slung my suitcase up there after extracting my towel and flip-flops. Erin was doing much the same thing.

The unpacking completed finally, we all shed our clothes. After we'd gotten our clothes off, Erin and I made a beeline for the screen door. Mom called out from across the room, where she was unpacking on the larger bed.

"Whoa! Stop!"

Erin and I pulled up short of the door and looked back at Mom.

"Paul, come here," she said, extracting the sunblock from one of her bags. "You go on, Erin."

I sighed and started walking toward her. It was a familiar routine, and while I hated getting a sunburn, I also really wanted to get down to play in the lake. When I got to her, I turned around to present my back and shoulders. Erin gave me a nasty-little-sister, triumphant smirk and bolted through the screen door.

She always tanned better than I did, and *never* got sunburned. Sometimes, there ain't no justice!

Mom squirted the cool cream on my back and shoulders and began to rub it in. She rubbed down the tops of my arms as I obediently stood before her. When she was done, she closed the top of the brown bottle and swatted me on the behind.

“Go on, have fun!”

I raced out the screen door, with a quick “thanks Mom,” thrown over my shoulder as I went.



The first week of summer went by quickly as Erin and I swam in the lake, played volleyball with the grown-ups, and generally had fun. While there were a fair number of people at the camp, not many of our friends’ families had shown up yet. We decided that things would pick up in a week or so, and the year-round residents confirmed our suspicions.

About that time, my father had to take the car and drive into Columbia so he could catch a flight back to Atlanta and fly two weeks’ worth of trips. Mom put on her clothes and drove to town to pick up enough groceries to tide us over for a week. She’d have to go to the grocery store again before Dad returned with the station wagon, but she could make the trip with one of the other women from the camp.

When she returned, Dad was almost ready to leave. He’d brought along his travel suitcase, his Jepps case—the case with all his airport maps, flight patterns, and radio frequency information—and his uniform. Erin and I got there right as Mom pulled up, just as Dad was getting dressed and ready to go.

Erin hugged him goodbye, and when she released him, Dad held out his hand to me. I reached out and took it, his larger hand enfolding my own. Dad tightened his grip as he shook my hand, but then he pulled me close and wrapped his other arm around me in a hug. He released me and gently pushed me back with a hand on my shoulder.

Dad looked down at me with a serious expression. “Take care of your mom and your sister.”

“I will, Dad.” I blushed and smiled, lowering my head in embarrassment.

“I know you will, Paul,” he said as he squeezed my shoulder. “You and Erin run along now. Your mom’s going to help me finish packing.”

I heard Erin escape out the screen door behind me, surely headed for the lake, and I turned to leave myself. I ran down the sandy track toward the clubhouse, having already lost sight of Erin. I decided to detour through the clubhouse to get a cold Coke first.

While I was walking back toward “our” refrigerator, I noticed a cap and sunglasses on one of the tables. They looked a lot like the ball cap and glasses my Dad wore, and as I got closer to them, I realized that they were indeed his. I knew he’d need his sunglasses for when he was flying, so I scooped them up and raced back up the hill to catch him before he left.

On the way up the hill, I slowed down and approached the back corner of the cabin. The station wagon was parked behind the cabin, and I pulled up just short of the corner. There were a fair number of bushes growing around the back of the cabin, so I couldn’t see the car yet, but I could hear my mom and dad talking. I paused for a second to listen, before going around the corner. I don’t know what made me stop, but I’m glad I did.

“Do you have a few minutes?” Mom asked.

I knew Dad must have been looking at his watch, since I heard him pause before answering.

“It’ll take me three hours to get to Columbia, and I’ve got a 4:18 show-time for the flight to Atlanta, so I’m pretty tight as things stand,” Dad replied.

“You can spare a few minutes.”

I decided to peek around the corner at this point. Normally, I didn’t spy on my parents, but I heard something in my mom’s voice. At fifteen, I couldn’t tell what it was, but it tickled the back of my brain and my curiosity rode roughshod over my manners.

While the bushes and the shadow of the cabin screened *me* from view, I had a decent view of the two of them through the branches. The front door of the station wagon was open, and Dad was standing next to it. Mom had her arms around him, and was looking up at him as she talked.

They were an interesting sight; my tall father in his dark blue uniform trousers and white uniform shirt, and my much-shorter mother, with her already bronze-tanned and nude body pressed against him, her breasts flattened against his stomach.

“Beth, I can’t miss the flight to Atlanta. I’ve got to go,” my father insisted.

“You can make the time up on the road,” Mom said as I watched her slowly sink to her knees.

I’d never before witnessed a blowjob, but as I watched Mom unzip Dad’s trousers, I felt my penis stiffen instantly at the realization of what she was going to do.

“Beth, I need to go, honey,” my father protested. Despite his verbal protests, however, he didn’t make a move to stop her.

Mom’s face was level with his crotch; she had gotten his zipper down and was reaching her right hand into his pants. In a second, she withdrew my father’s flaccid penis, and released it to hang limply from the fly of his pants. She looked up into his eyes and I could see her smile. Then she ducked her head slightly to come up from underneath, opened her mouth, and engulfed the head of his soft dick.

She sucked gently on the head for a few seconds, and I saw her cheeks cave in as she applied suction to him. Dad’s penis stiffened rapidly and Mom put her hands on his hips as she released his manhood. My own penis throbbed in reminder as I watched the scene in front of me. I shifted the ball cap and sunglasses to my left hand, knelt on my right knee, and grasped my own erection.

I turned my attention back to my kneeling mother as she tilted her head to the side and ran her tongue along the underside of Dad’s hard dick. He sucked in air through his clenched teeth as she nipped at the underside of the crown of his cock and then quickly wrapped her lips around the tip.

Mom then opened her mouth further and impaled herself on Dad’s erection. Her lips closed halfway down his length, and she made eye contact with him again. I could swear she was smiling, wickedly, as she slowly drew her lips back along the length of his shaft.

Once her lips came to the crown of his dick, she opened them wide again and thrust her head forward, taking him deeper this time. Dad lolled his head back and groaned as she sucked back along his length again.

When she pulled back again, she let his entire saliva-coated dick spring free of her grasping lips. She kissed the tip of his penis and then began planting kisses down the length of the underside. Once she reached his trousers and the limit of his exposed manhood, she kissed her way back to the tip.

I watched as she tightened her grip on his hips and opened her mouth to receive his cock again. She spread her lips and pulled his hips forward, thrusting my dad’s stiff prick into her hungry mouth.

I was stroking my erection gently, trying to keep quiet so as not to give myself away. I knelt, transfixed by the sight of her sucking his dick, and quietly rubbed my own dick in time to Mom’s motions.

I watched as she began to bob her head back and forth in earnest, concentrating on making him come. As she sucked him furiously, I sped up the pace of my stroking as well. Mom moved her hands back to grasp my father’s trouser-covered ass cheeks as she repeatedly impaled her mouth on his glistening shaft. She had her eyes closed as she concentrated fully on making him come.

My hand was a blur of motion, stroking my young penis furiously. I watched, hypnotized by the sight of Mom’s cheeks and lips as she bobbed her head back and forth. She would suck back until just the head of his cock was in her mouth, then open her lips slightly and thrust her head forward until he was more than halfway in her mouth. When she stopped moving forward she would clamp her lips about his shaft and repeat the motion.

As she rocked back and forth, sucking his cock, her breasts swayed from side to side with the rhythmic motion, and I was fascinated by the entire scene. She stroked his hard cock like that with her lips and tongue for what seemed like forever, but was probably no more than a few minutes.

Suddenly, Dad leaned forward and put both hands on the back of Mom’s head. He held her still as he thrust his hips forward, hard, and forced still more of his erection into her mouth. Then he stiffened and held very still, groaning deep in his chest. I could tell he was pumping his seed down her throat; she was taking it, her lips locked around the shaft of his manhood so that only a few inches remained outside her mouth. She held on to his ass tightly, holding him deep in her throat as he spurting.

As I felt my come rising, I nearly panicked for a moment, wondering where to shoot. With a barely stifled groan of my own, I simply aimed my cock away from the cabin as I felt my balls finally boil over. My young cock spurting so hard that I thought the glistening, pearly drops must have hit the back of the station wagon from where I knelt in the bushes.

Wonderful, intense pleasure surged up my shaft and through my groin, into my belly, as I ejaculated powerfully. I watched, rapt, as Mom slowly withdrew his penis from her mouth, swallowing as his length slipped from the back of her throat.

My father's spurts had subsided, as had my own, and Mom let his slowly deflating cock slip from her lips entirely. She swallowed again and breathed a deep sigh, breathing heavily from the intensity of having his prick buried so deeply.

My own gushing penis had spewed my semen all over the leaves of the bush I knelt behind, and I realized with a start that I had better vacate my hidey-hole or risk discovery. I cleaned off the head of my still-erect penis as best I could and slowly, quietly, I backed away from the corner where I had witnessed (and experienced) such pleasure.

As I approached the front corner of the cabin, I realized that I still had my father's ball cap and aviator's sunglasses clutched in my left hand. I quickly decided to run down the hill a little ways, and then come back up, as if I had just returned.

As I was coming back up the hill toward the cabin, I called out to them, to give them some warning that I was coming. When I rounded the corner of the cabin, my mom had just gotten to her feet. I saw fleeting guilty-but-don't-let-it-show looks cross both my parents' faces. Thankfully, Dad's trousers were zipped up, but I noticed Mom's lips and face were still red with exertion, and both her knees were sandy from where she'd knelt before my dad only a minute before. I saw my Mom's eyes drop questioningly to my own recently abused (but now thankfully flaccid) penis. She quickly drew her eyes back up, but I'd caught the curious look on her face before she suppressed it.

I ran up to my Dad, and handed him his glasses and cap.

"You forgot these, Dad. Gotta go! Have a good trip!"

Then I bolted.

As I turned the corner and started to jog down the hill, I heard my mother say, "What's gotten into him?"

I didn't hear my father's reply as I broke into a run, headed for the clubhouse.

I wanted the Coke that I'd gone in there to get in the first place.



That night, I lay on the top bunk with a million thoughts running through my mind. In my mind's eye, I kept replaying scenes of Mom sucking Dad's dick. As I lay on my back and thought of my beautiful mom on her knees, my prick quickly became erect and made a tent under the sheet.

I had always thought my mother was pretty, but until today I'd never really thought of her in a sexual way. I was embarrassed and excited at the same time. I replayed the whole series of events in my mind; the sight of Mom's lips locked around his shaft, her cheeks bulging as she swallowed his length, the sway of her breasts as she bobbed back and forth, the lust-filled expression on her face as she made eye contact with him. All these sights and more filled my adolescent mind, and I slowly slid my hand under the covers to grasp my swollen manhood.

As I wrapped my fingers around my cock and began to stroke slowly and quietly, I imagined what Mom would look like kneeling in front of me, looking up at me, her mouth open to accept my penis. My arousal had overcome my shame at my incestuous thoughts, and my hand built speed and increased the pressure on my young dick.

Thankfully, the bunk beds were sturdy and well built, and didn't creak or sway with my furious motion. In the dark of our little cabin, with my sister asleep on the lower bunk and my mother in the bed in the corner, I masturbated furiously, all the while thinking of my mother's lips wrapped around my erection.

I knew I was about to come, and frantically searched for somewhere to shoot. At home, I had a box of tissues next to my bed, but there was nothing within reach here, except the sheets. I didn't want to come on my sheets (and have to sleep the rest of the night in my own semen), so I stripped the top sheet off my body as I finally ran out of time.

With a rush of pleasure and a stifled groan, I came. I felt my hot seed geyser into the air and land on my

bare chest and stomach. Spurt after spurt coursed through my penis as droplets landed on my stomach. With one final thrust of my hips, the spurting dwindled to a trickling and I relaxed my tensed leg and back muscles. I lay there quietly, clutching my erection in the dark, my own semen slowly cooling on my chest and stomach.

I listened for any sign of movement in the cabin. My blood was pounding in my ears, and my chest was heaving as I tried to gulp air as quietly as I could; I strained to pick out any sign that I'd been caught. When I heard none, I quietly rolled toward the ladder, being careful not to get any of my sperm on the sheets. I climbed down and quietly padded on bare feet toward the bathroom.

Thank goodness for having a cabin with a private bathroom! I shut the door as quietly as I could—holding the knob turned so the latch wouldn't click—and flicked on the overhead light. Looking at myself in the mirror over the basin, I saw the white semen where it had begun to run down my hairless chest and stomach. There were pearly drops of my seed in my dark pubic hair as well, and I pulled a washcloth from the towel bar and began the task of cleaning myself.

After I was done, I rinsed the washcloth in the sink and hung it back on the bar to dry. I turned out the light, and opened the door as quietly as I could. As I crept back to the ladder to the top bunk, my mother's sleepy voice startled me.

"Are you okay, honey?"

I was so keyed up that I nearly jumped out of my skin at the sound of her voice. My eyes hadn't adjusted from the brightness of the light in the bathroom, but I could imagine her leaning up on one elbow, the sheet having slipped from her shoulders, with her tanned breasts gleaming in the pale moonlight streaming through the window. Despite the fact that I'd just come once, I felt my penis quickly fill with blood and stand out at right angles to my body.

"Yeah, Mom, I'm fine. I just wanted a drink of water," I lied.

I heard her catch her breath, and I knew she must've seen my erection. "Okay, honey, sleep tight," she said quietly, not saying anything about my sudden hard-on.

"Thanks Mom," I said as I turned half away from her to find the ladder and climb up to my bunk.

I lay awake for a little while longer, while my eyes slowly adjusted to the dim light filtering in from the outside. My erection had subsided a little, but not much, and I tried to think about anything but sex. But every time I'd try not to think about it, I'd picture my mom kneeling before my dad with his dick in her mouth. And I imagined the expression of lust on her face as she sucked him. I knew Mom wasn't fully asleep yet, so I dared not masturbate again.

I rolled over on my side and looked down at the bed that my mother occupied alone. In the moonlight, now that my eyes had adjusted, I could clearly see her; the covers had indeed slipped from her chest, and I looked down at her breasts where they had flattened and bulged to her sides as she lay on her back. I knew that if I could see that well, Mom certainly could've seen my erection as I passed only a few feet in front of her on the way back from the bathroom.

In time, I heard her turn over in bed. I looked down and saw that she had pulled her sheets up over her bare shoulders. My thoughts finally turned from sex as I got drowsy, and my erection subsided enough that I fell asleep.



The next morning, I woke up before Mom and Erin, and rolled to the side of the top bunk. During the warm South Carolina night, Mom had kicked her covers free, and from my vantage point, I had an excellent view of her nude body. I blinked my sleep-crusted eyes a few times to clear them and took in the sight below me.

Of course, I had seen my mother nude before. But I'd never really looked at her. Now, I looked at her body with a new appreciation, and once again I was both excited and ashamed. Her body was the same body that I'd seen nude almost every day for the past three summers. But now I saw her in a new way. A *sexual* way.

Consciously, I knew my parents had sex, but I'd never thought much about it. Now, I did. I wondered

how else they did it. A million fantasy images flashed through my overactive teenage imagination. My experience with sex, until the day before, had been a few Playboy magazines I'd seen with a friend from my neighborhood, crouched in the woods behind our house.

Of course, I knew about what a blowjob was. But knowing what it was and seeing it done, especially with the enthusiasm my mom displayed, were two entirely different matters. Those thoughts faded, however, as I felt my penis stiffen and I turned my attention back to my mom's nude body.

The light from the rising sun filtered through the pine trees, and even though the inside of the cabin was still dim, I could see her body quite clearly. Knowing she couldn't bust me for staring, I did just that. My glance lingered on her breasts—her nipples crinkly and erect in the morning air—and then slowly slid lower toward her dark tuft of pubic hair.

Her legs were spread slightly, and I got a good look at her exposed pussy. Her pubic hair was very sparse around her labia and I could tell that her lips were a dark pink color. I marveled at the slit of her pussy from where it peeked out at me.

I had just moved my hand down to grasp my erection when the silence of the cabin was broken by my mother yawning. She raised one of her arms and laid it on her forehead as her other hand groped for the sheet tangled under her. I watched in dismay as she freed the sheet and pulled it over her. Then, yawning again, her eyes blinked open. I quietly rolled over, onto my stomach, my erection pressed up against my abdomen, and looked over the side of the bed.

I watched as my mom brought her other hand up and rubbed her eyes with the tips of her fingers. I could see her staring at the ceiling of the cabin as she took another deep breath and sat up. The sheet slipped from her breasts as her eyes met mine.

"Morning, sweet pea," she said quietly, and smiled.

I just nodded, returning the smile.

"Did you get back to sleep okay last night?"

I nodded again.

"You okay?" she asked, concern at my lack of speech tingeing her voice.

I nodded again and smiled.

"Just don't feel like talking this morning?" she asked with a touch of amused sympathy.

I shook my head.

"You know what you want for breakfast?" She lowered the sheet and levered her legs over the edge of the bed, still looking at me.

I shook my head again, enjoying not talking, and enjoying the laughter in my mom's eyes as she played my little game with me.

"How about pancakes?"

I nodded enthusiastically, smiling at her reaction.

Talking about breakfast, I realized how hungry I was. Additionally, the thought of breakfast banished all thoughts of sex from my head, and my erection shrank. I rolled over, kicked my feet to the ladder, and began to climb down. While my penis was no longer fully erect, it was still semi-hard. As I climbed down the ladder front-ways, it swayed from side to side with each rung. When I got to the cabin floor, I looked up at mom. She was still sitting on the side of her bed, and she was staring at my penis! When I reached the bottom of the ladder, however, she quickly looked away and stood.

"Let Erin sleep, and I'll be down to the clubhouse to fix breakfast in a few minutes," she said over her shoulder as she headed across the small cabin toward the bathroom.

I opened the cabin door and pushed open the screen door. My dick was still tumescent as I scooped up my towel from where it was hanging on the porch rail, let the screen door slam shut (so much for sleeping late, my pesky little sister), and trotted down the hill toward the clubhouse.

CHAPTER TWO

The next two days passed quickly, and even though I paid close attention, I didn't catch my mom staring at my penis again. Each morning, I made sure I got out of bed before my morning erection had fully subsided. I guess I was kind of showing off, but she kept her eyes firmly averted. I don't know why I'd thrown caution (not to mention modesty) to the wind, but I'd done it. Mom didn't say anything to me, though I know she must have noticed.



Three days after my father left, a late-afternoon storm was brewing. The skies were getting dark and the wind had whipped up. The first fat raindrops began pelting the roof of the clubhouse shortly after dinner. The clubhouse was crowded that night, since it was raining, and there was a lot to do. I was starting to get tired, however, and was trying to decide if I wanted to go to bed or play another game of ping-pong. Mom came up to me about then and said that she and Erin were going up to the cabin to get ready for bed. I decided to join them, and we went to the screen door to look out into the storm.

The wind had abated somewhat, but it was still raining steadily. We waited for a few minutes, to see if it would slack off, but it didn't. Finally, we decided to go ahead and run for it, and the three of us streaked off into the rainy night. There were a few streetlights up the sandy road, so we could see where we were going, but in the storm, their light reached only so far. So we had to move carefully, and the rain beat down on our unprotected skin as we ran up the hill.

With a last sprint, Erin surged ahead of me (I had already passed Mom) and bounded up the cabin stairs. I came up shortly, winded, and turned to watch Mom run the last bit. When she reached the stairs, we all stood in the light of the single bulb on the porch, panting with exertion and grinning at each other.

Mom stepped back out onto the porch steps and held first her right foot, then her left, under the water sheeting off the cabin roof. The cascading water washed the wet sand off her feet and calves, and Erin and I quickly followed suit.

Mom, still dripping, stepped into the cabin to get our bath towels—our beach towels were soaked from where we'd left them on the railing earlier in the day. When she stepped back out into the light of the porch, she handed us towels and began to dry herself. We toweled off quietly and listened to the sound of the raindrops hitting the roof above us and the pine forest all around us.

Erin finished drying off and went inside without a word. I was vigorously rubbing my head, drying my hair, when Mom threw her hair forward over her head and bent at the waist to dry it.

She had been facing away from me when she bent over, and in the light of the single bulb, I could clearly make out her pussy lips. The hair around her pussy was sparse between her legs, and her plump labia were plainly visible. She ran the towel over her hair as I stared at her exposed sex. I was so transfixed by the sight, I had stopped drying my own hair.

With a wave of near panic, I realized that my penis was quickly becoming erect. With a strangled squeak, I dropped the towel to cover my nearly erect dick, pretending to dry my pubic hair.

With a lurch, I pulled open the screen door and ran inside. As I entered the cabin, out of the corner of my eye, I could see Mom standing up with a quizzical expression. The screen door shut with a bang as I quickly rushed to the bathroom to hang up my towel and then turned, headed for the safety of my top bunk. My heart sank as I came out of the bathroom and saw Mom just stepping through the screen door.

I decided there was nothing I could do, and quickened my pace toward the ladder, my cock leading the way. I kept my gaze focused on the ladder, and once again, out of the corner of my eye, I saw Mom look at me curiously. She didn't say anything though, and I climbed the ladder in relief, slipping under the sheet and rolling to my stomach to hide my erection. I knew she had seen the divining rod that was my hard-on, however, and I was once again overcome with a feeling of embarrassment mixed with exhilaration.



That next morning, I woke early. I don't know what woke me, but the cabin was bathed in the same half-light as the world outside, and it was still raining lightly. I lay awake for a few minutes, listening to the sound of the rain and breathing in the smell of the damp pine forest around us.

I heard a low sound, almost like a moan, and I realized what had woken me. Very quietly, very slowly, I rolled over so I could look over the edge of the top bunk. I looked down at Mom's bed and what I saw there made me pause.

The sheets were still covering her, but as she lay on her back, I could see the outline of her form quite clearly. She had her eyes closed, and as her head gently rolled from side to side, I saw the sheet moving at the junction of her legs. As I watched, I realized that she had her right hand pressed against her pussy and was moving it in small circles. Her left hand was at her left breast, and she was squeezing her nipple.

With a start, I realized she was masturbating, and I once again felt a familiar hardness between my own legs. I gazed down in wonder, watching my mother pleasure herself. With her left hand, she would alternate cupping her breast and kneading her nipple. Her right hand never let up its relentless motion as she moved her fingers in little circles.

I watched for perhaps five minutes, gently stroking my erection with my right hand, as Mom brought herself closer and closer to her climax. Suddenly, she tensed up and her right hand froze. Her legs stiffened and she rolled her head to the side to bite into the pillow, stifling any sound she might have made. She brought both legs up, with her knees to her chest, and rocked back and forth for ten or fifteen seconds. She did all this in complete silence. Once her orgasm subsided, she quietly rolled to the side, her legs still drawn up. I could see her softly panting with the exertion and pleasure of the moment.

She lay like that for quite a while, unmoving, as she slowly regained her normal breathing rhythm. I don't know how many minutes passed before she straightened her legs and rolled back onto her back. When she did, I saw that her right hand was still pressed against her pussy. She slowly pulled it away from her sex and cupped her breasts with both hands. I watched as she languidly kneaded them, caressing her nipples with the tips of her fingers. Finally, to my disappointment, she put her hands back down by her hips and took a deep breath.

From my perch on the top bunk, in the slowly lightening morning, I had just watched my mother pleasure herself. As she lay motionless on her bed, I rolled over as quietly as I could, putting my back to the exposed edge of the bunk bed. I wanted to stroke my erection, to bring myself to orgasm as my mother had just done, but I couldn't. I knew Mom would see or hear me if I tried.

By the time I heard her quietly get up and begin to move about the cabin, the sun had come up fully and its light had begun to filter through the fragrant pine trees behind the cabin. The rain had also stopped entirely, though a fine mist still hung in the air, almost aglow with the sun's light. When I stopped stroking myself, my erection slowly shrank. It was still tumescent, however, as I swung my legs over the side of the bed and felt for the ladder rung with my toes.

Outside, birds had begun singing after the rain. The storm had knocked a few degrees off the temperature and the normally cool morning was downright chilly. Without a word, Mom and I left Erin sleeping and walked down to the clubhouse in companionable silence.

Earlier, in the cabin, when she had bent over to brush her hair out, I had noticed that her labia were swollen and dark pink. It excited me thinking about her masturbating, but I ruthlessly kept my thoughts and emotions in check, and we made it to the clubhouse without me getting an erection.

As we neared the clubhouse, we saw that the storm gusts had done a lot of superficial damage. There were smaller, as well as some larger branches down all along the road to the clubhouse. When we approached the side door, there was a big branch, six or eight inches in diameter, almost touching the back corner of the building.

Once inside, through the screened windows on the far side of the clubhouse, we saw that many of the lighter lawn chairs on the side porch had been blown about and scattered by the force of the storm.

As Mom and I headed to the kitchen area to fix some breakfast, we saw Aunt Susan drinking a glass of juice at one of the tables.

One of the odd things about Aunt Susan was that she always wore bikini bottoms. That wasn't unusual,

in and of itself. Women and girls at the camp wore shorts or bikini bottoms during their period. So seeing a woman partially clothed wasn't surprising. What was odd, at least to my mind, was that Aunt Susan *always* wore bikini bottoms. I'd seen her in several different pairs, but she was always clad in something. They weren't prim either, like she was simply old-fashioned; they were usually trendy bikini bottoms. She just always wore them.

I had always thought that maybe she was just self-conscious. I didn't think much more about it, however, as Mom headed for Aunt Susan's table and I offered to fix breakfast.

"Thank you, Paul. I'd like just a piece of buttered toast and a glass of orange juice," Mom said as she sat down across from Aunt Susan.

"Would you like me to fix you anything, Aunt Susan?" I asked, trying to show off how polite I was.

"No thank you, Paul," she said. I headed for the kitchen to toast some bread and fix myself a bowl of cereal.

When I returned with Mom's toast and juice, and my own bowl of Fruit Loops, Mom and Aunt Susan were talking. Mom had a concerned look on her face, and as I seated myself, she recounted their conversation to me.

"Aunt Susan's house suffered quite a bit of minor damage in last night's storm," Mom said. Susan's house was surrounded by a lot of pine trees, and was set away from the rest of the buildings at the camp. "She's got branches, including several large ones, on her roof and in her courtyard. She was also telling me that the fiberglass roof over her back patio had many pieces simply missing."

"That's too bad," I said, not knowing what else to say. I covered up by digging into my cereal with gusto.

"It'll take several days to clean it up," Aunt Susan said, "and with the boys away for the summer, I'm on my own."

Mom knew a set-up for an enterprising young man when she heard one. "Paul would be happy to help you, if you need him."

I froze, mid-bite, and lifted my head to look at each of the older women at the table. Words cannot express how much I desperately wanted to avoid schlepping around picking up branches, or anything else that smacked of volunteer work.

"I could pay you, Paul," she said, looking at me. "Three dollars an hour."

That got my attention. Three dollars was better than minimum wage! For a cash-strapped fifteen-year-old, it was good money. I chewed the mouthful of Fruit Loops I had just scooped up and raised my eyebrows in interest.

"It's a couple days' worth of work," she cautioned. "But I'll feed you breakfast and lunch."

"Oh, Susan, you don't have to do that," Mom said.

"It'll be nice," Aunt Susan replied. "With both the boys away with college, the house is too quiet. It'll be nice having someone around to fix a meal for. Besides," she said with mock severity, "I insist."

"I'm sure Paul would love to do it," Mom said, neatly volunteering me. "Just make sure he's back in time for dinner at six."

I was a bit peeved at being summarily volunteered, but the money took the wind out of any resentment that I might have felt.

I quickly did the math in my head and thought to myself, "I could make more than fifty dollars!" That was a princely sum, and I eagerly nodded.

"It's settled then," Aunt Susan said. "There's nothing pressing that needs to be done today, Paul, so why don't you come 'round tomorrow morning and we'll make a clean start of it?"

I scooped another spoonful of cereal into my mouth and nodded with enthusiasm.



The next morning, Mom made sure I was up on time, and I headed down the hill toward Aunt Susan's house.

At thirty-eight, Aunt Susan was only two years older than my parents. She also looked quite a lot like my

mom. Her hair was brunette and her breasts were different, but otherwise, they had very similar figures.

The differences between their breasts were mostly cosmetic—they were roughly the same size and shape, although Aunt Susan’s were a little rounder than Mom’s. But where my mother was tanned a golden bronze, Aunt Susan was fair. She had dark pink areolas, a little larger than Mom’s, that were perfectly round. Her nipples, however, were less pronounced than Mom’s. She had the same hourglass figure and blue eyes that my mother had. I realized with a start that the two of them could have been sisters.

As I strode purposefully toward her house, set about a hundred feet away from anything else, I saw that the thick stand of pines had taken a beating from the previous night’s storm. There were branches, some larger around than my arm, littering the ground underneath the pines. Before I got to the trees, I could see only glimpses of the house itself, but as I imagined the work in front of me, I cringed inwardly, wondering what I had gotten myself into.

As I approached the house, I saw branches large and small on the low roof too. When I got closer, I could also see that the corrugated fiberglass panels that had covered half the back patio had also been blown about quite a bit. Once I got to the entrance to the walled courtyard, I found plenty of storm damage and debris there too. I would have my work cut out for me over the next several days. Thoughts of easy money fled my mind: I would earn what I got paid.

Oh well, it was easier than spending the summer working at McDonalds!



I walked through the debris-littered courtyard and approached the screen door. I didn’t see a bell, so I simply opened the screen door and knocked on the kitchen door itself. I waited a minute or so and knocked again, louder this time, and let the screen door close. When the kitchen door finally opened, I saw Aunt Susan through the screen door. With a white towel wrapped around her head, she greeted me with a smile.

“I’m so sorry, Paul,” she said. “I was just getting out of the shower. I didn’t expect you this early.”

“I can come back later, if you like,” I said by way of apology.

“No, no. Now’s just fine.” She pushed the screen door open. “C’mon in.”

She stepped back as I grasped the screen door myself and swung it wide. I stepped past her, into the kitchen, and immediately moved to the left toward the corner where two counters met. The kitchen was dim, since Aunt Susan had apparently rushed straight from the bathroom to the back door without turning on the lights.

As I leaned back in the corner, the cool Formica chilled my bare skin, and I realized with a start that her house was air-conditioned. After enough time without air conditioning, I had gotten used to the heat of South Carolina, and my skin raised goose bumps in the cool, dry air.

Aunt Susan stepped forward to shut the door, and then flipped the light switch next to it. The kitchen light came on and she turned toward me. What I saw then is one of my fondest memories. What happened next is one of my most embarrassing, yet humorous, memories.

As she turned, I saw she had only the towel around her hair. In the light of the kitchen, I saw what the screen door and the dimness had prevented me from seeing earlier. Aunt Susan was not deeply tanned (I knew she didn’t lay out in the sun by the lake) although she did have a slight bronze color to her skin. She was a very pale alabaster where her bikini bottoms blocked out the sun, with sharply defined tan lines. And suddenly, I realized why she always wore a pair of bikini bottoms. As my eyes quickly flicked over her body, they stopped and I suddenly stood transfixed by the sight before me.

She had no pubic hair, and I could clearly see the smooth skin of her lips. My penis betrayed me, and I got an erection so quickly that I’m amazed I didn’t pass out from lack of blood to my brain!

It happened so fast that I didn’t know what to do; I couldn’t very well stand there with my cock standing at right angles to my body. I did the only thing my panic-stricken brain could think of, I spun around and faced the counter, hiding my erection in the corner.

“Are you okay, Paul?” Aunt Susan asked, her voice suddenly very concerned.

I knew she probably hadn’t seen my erection, since I’d spun around so quickly, but I’m sure she easily deduced what the problem must have been.

I mumbled something incoherent and stared into the corner.

“Are you okay?” she repeated, still concerned at my lack of coherent response.

I mutely nodded, willing my erection to subside. I could feel the flush of embarrassment on my neck and face, but I simply didn’t know what to do. In the end, Aunt Susan’s gentle voice came to my rescue.

“You got an erection, didn’t you,” she said soothingly, reasonably, in the same tone of voice that she might’ve used to say “you have blue eyes.”

I didn’t respond for several moments, and she let the silence draw out. Embarrassed as I was, I couldn’t deny the obvious, especially since she’d put it out in the open so plainly. I felt my neck and face heat further and nodded jerkily.

“It’s okay, Paul. It’s natural. It’s nothing to be ashamed of,” she continued in the same reasonable tone. “You can turn around, your erection won’t offend my sensibilities.”

I couldn’t! My traitorous penis was still as hard as steel. I shook my head, still not trusting myself to speak.

“Paul, I’ve run the camp for a long time. Besides, I have two sons of my own. I’ve seen a young man with an erection before,” she said soothingly. “You’ve got nothing to be embarrassed about.”

I shook my head again, not daring to move.

Her tone took on a firmer quality, “Paul, an erection is a natural thing. It’s nothing to be ashamed of. If you stand in the corner all day, we won’t get much work done.” She paused for a moment to let that sink in. “Turn around, I’ll cook us some breakfast, and before you know it, you’ll be fine.”

She was so reasonable. She was so matter of fact. Embarrassment or not, I decided it was stupid to stay with my nose, not to mention my erection, stuck in the corner. Besides, it wasn’t like she didn’t know what the problem was.

Reluctantly, I turned around to face her. For the first time in my young life, I stood in full view of another person with my dick as hard as a steel rod. I hung my head in shame, not daring to look at her.

“Paul,” she said, her voice brooking no objection, “look at me.”

I slowly raised my face, but wouldn’t make eye contact with her.

“Paul.” The one word was tantamount to an order.

When my eyes finally met hers, I could see that she was neither embarrassed nor surprised. In fact, she seemed completely at ease.

She looked me in the eyes and said, “Now that wasn’t so hard, was it?”

At her choice of words, I blushed furiously... all evidence to the contrary. She saw the expression on my face, realized what she had said, and let a short burst of laughter escape her lips before covering her mouth with a hand. Her eyes were smiling, and I could tell she was trying very hard not to giggle. It was equally obvious that she was laughing at her own poor choice of words, and not at me. Her mirth was infectious, and I found myself grinning like an idiot in return. Her self-control finally deserted her, and she began laughing helplessly. I couldn’t resist, and despite the absurdity of the situation, I laughed right along with her.

The tension banished, she took a step back to the kitchen table, pulled out a chair, and gestured for me to sit.

“I’ll fix us some breakfast,” she said, her laughter having subsided enough to speak.



Aunt Susan fixed eggs, link sausage, and toast, and poured us glasses of orange juice. The whole time she was fixing breakfast, I silently watched her. She bustled about the kitchen, the awkwardness of earlier completely forgotten. Every time I could, I sneaked glances at her smooth pubis and wondered why she had no pubic hair. My erection, hidden by the kitchen table, swelled almost uncomfortably as I sat in the chair.

The only conclusion my young mind could come to was that she had cancer. People with cancer lost their hair, right? I was profoundly ashamed of the fact that I was so aroused by something as deadly as cancer. At the time, it never occurred to me that she still had a full head of hair, and that cancer itself doesn’t cause people’s hair to fall out. *Cancer treatment* causes people’s hair to fall out, and if I’d thought

about it, I'd have known that she wasn't driving into town for regular cancer treatments. But my thoughts were awlirl, and I didn't think that far ahead, as enthralled as I was by the sight of her beautiful, smooth pussy.

As she turned around to set the breakfast plates on the table, my curiosity finally got the better of me and I blurted out, "Do you have cancer?"

"Cancer?" she asked, tilting her head to the side. She looked confused. "What in the world makes you think that?"

"Um... well... uh...," I stammered. "When people have cancer... um... doesn't their... um... hair fall out?"

To my complete chagrin, she laughed. Her laughter was tolerant and unconcerned, and directed at me as much as herself. She pointed to her towel-wrapped head and raised her eyebrows. I mentally slapped myself in the forehead. Of course her hair hadn't fallen out! At my look of recognition and then subsequent confusion, she laughed again. It was a bright, musical laugh that didn't embarrass me more than I'd already embarrassed myself.

Without thinking, I forged ahead, "Then why do you... I mean... uh... why is your... um..." I darted my eyes toward the junction of her legs as words finally—and thankfully—failed me.

Looking down at herself and finally realizing what I was blathering about, she rescued me from my stumbling almost-questions.

"No, Paul, I don't have cancer." She gave me a searching look, and I could see her come to a silent decision. "I shave my pubic hair," she said gently, still smiling at me to ease my obvious distress.

The look of astonishment on my face couldn't have been plainer. Why in the world would someone shave their pubic hair? I hadn't even thought of that.

"Why in the world would you do that?" I can't believe I said that out loud!

It was her turn to blush as her comforting smile transformed into a wry grin. I watched her try to decide how to answer my abrupt and awkwardly forthright question. Finally, I guess she settled on the truth.

"My husband liked me..." she said, then paused to marshal her thoughts. "He liked it that way," she said simply. "I discovered that I liked it better too, so I've kept... things..." she said with a smile of avoidance, "smooth ever since he died."

"So that's why you wear bikini bottoms!"

"That's why I wear bikini bottoms," she said simply. "At least, when I'm away from the house. Around here, I don't bother much. Although," she said with a teasing grin that punctured my hard-won self-control, "if the erections continue, I might have to rethink that policy." With that, she pulled out her own chair and sat down.

Once again, I blushed furiously, but she laughed gently to take the sting out of it. I began to seriously apply myself to eating breakfast, thankful for the welcome diversion.

"When did your husband die?" I asked, washing a bite of eggs down with a swig of juice.

As long as we'd been coming to the camp, I'd never known Aunt Susan to have a husband. She had two sons, three and five years older than me, and I guess I'd known she must've been married. But I hadn't thought much about it. I had been too young to hang around with Kirk, her older son, before he left for college. And while I knew Doug, her younger son, I didn't know him well. And now that he was also away for the summer, she was all alone in the house.

At my question, she set her fork down and took a sip of her own orange juice, apparently composing her thoughts. I belatedly realized that I might've brought up a painful subject.

"He was killed in Vietnam," she said simply, without emotion.

Though as I looked at her, I realized that her emotions were very tightly controlled.

"I'm sorry."

"It's okay. It's been almost ten years," she said, and picked up her fork again. "He was a pilot in the Navy."

"Oh?" I asked, suddenly interested.

"His plane was shot down in 1968," she said with the same tight emotional control.

“What did he fly?” I asked, trying to change the subject, but still intensely interested.

“A-4s.”

“Really? My Dad flew A-4s too!”

“Mmm hmm.”

Her look prompted me for more, but I was at a loss for what she wanted me to say. Then it hit me!

“Did my dad know your husband?”

She smiled at my sudden understanding. “Why do you think your family started coming here?”

“Oh,” I said simply, chagrinned again.

She smiled at me again. “Jack and your father were very good friends. Your mom and I met when we were all stationed in California. We’ve kept in touch ever since Jack was killed.”

I blinked at her. Dad never talked much about his time in Vietnam, so I knew very little about that part of his life. I was as clueless about things outside of my immediate interest. Besides, I was too young at the time to remember much about when we lived in California.

“We’d better get to work, though, so we can get as much done as we can, while it’s still cool,” she said, standing and collecting her plate and glass.

During our conversation about her husband, my erection had abated a bit, but when she stood and I saw the slit of her smooth pussy, it returned full force. I gulped as she looked down at me. I was too embarrassed to stand up and reveal the fact that I was still erect.

“Do you still have an erection?” she asked with gentle sympathy.

I swallowed hard and nodded at her, blushing again.

She smiled and shook her head in wonder. “The stamina of the young,” she teased me. She got serious quickly, though. “It’s okay. Once we get to work, it’ll go down.” She nodded to reassure me. “Now, bring your dishes over to the sink and let’s get to work.”

Her tone said she would suffer no objections, and I complied. But when I stood up, the tip of my penis caught on the edge of the table. When I pulled back slightly to free it, it flipped up and then bobbed gently. Aunt Susan saw the motion and dropped her eyes to my dick. I blushed again (I had been doing that a lot) and she stifled a giggle. With a pained and forlorn expression, I looked up at her and she burst out laughing. Her laughter was too contagious, and too sympathetic—I couldn’t help but laugh at my own predicament as I began gathering up my breakfast dishes.

Still smiling, she looked at me across the table. “I guess I should be flattered. It’s not every woman who has such a...,” she nodded to indicate my penis, pausing to consider her words, “loyal... admirer.” Susan smiled at me mischievously, taking the punch out of her words, and turned toward the sink.

As I walked toward her with my dishes in hand, she turned.

“You rinse off the dishes while I go dry my hair.”

I nodded wordlessly and she turned to go into the back of the house.



When she returned, she carried two pairs of work gloves. She tossed me the larger pair as we headed toward the door to the courtyard.

We worked hard all morning long. There was lots of storm debris to pick up, sweep up, and pile up to be burned later. By lunchtime, we had managed to clean out the entire courtyard, righting tipped-over and damaged flowerpots, dragging off pine branches, and generally picking up.

The entire time, my erection never completely subsided. When I was concentrating on something, it would shrink a little. But then I’d catch a glimpse of Aunt Susan’s shaved pussy and my penis would surge to life again, seemingly with a will of its own.

I could also tell that she was stealing glances at my penis. How could she not, when it was swelling and bouncing every time I looked her way? Whenever I looked her direction, I saw her quickly avert her eyes. Her earlier protests to the contrary, perhaps she hadn’t spent much time around a horny teenager with a constant, and very visible, erection.

For my part, I tried to ignore it as best I could. And I tried like hell not to scrape it with anything like the

rough bark of a pine bough.

I was also surreptitiously admiring her body as much as I could. Constantly seeing the flawless alabaster skin of her ass and her smooth-shaven pussy slit was almost too much. I began to appreciate how attractive Aunt Susan was. Her breasts were similar to Mom's, and were very appealing. I laughed to myself at the thought. All breasts were appealing! I was mesmerized, watching as they swayed when she bent over to work on her flowerpots.

It was the constant glimpses of her body, and her exotic shaved pussy, that kept me in a constant state of excitement.

When it was time for lunch, she brought out a clean towel and a spray bottle of Formula 409. At her instruction, I cleaned the glass top of the wrought-iron table and wiped down each of the chairs as she was fixing lunch.

In a few minutes, she came out with a tray of ham sandwiches, potato chips, and tall glasses of lemonade already beginning to bead with sweat in the heat. We ate in comfortable silence, my erection visible through the glass of the table the whole time. I had sort of gotten used to the fact that it wasn't going to oblige me any time soon (at least until I was finished for the day and could find someplace quiet to masturbate like a fiend).

Aunt Susan seemed to be squirming in her seat a little, but she stopped when she saw that I'd noticed. At the time, I remember thinking that she must have an itch. As it turned out, I was right.



The rest of the afternoon was spent dragging branches from the area surrounding the house. By the time we were done, we had quite a pile of them. Aunt Susan said we'd just leave them behind the house to dry, and then use them for a bonfire next week for the Fourth of July.

True to form, all the rest of the afternoon, my erection eased very little. My poor young balls had begun to ache at their lack of release, and I couldn't wait to leave for the day. I was thinking about where I could go to find some privacy, but I was drawing a blank. Oh, I could simply wander off into the woods and find someplace to jerk off, but I'd have to go far enough to avoid any casual observer. And that would mean I'd be late for dinner. Besides, I wanted to get back to our cabin to shower before I met Mom and my sister at the clubhouse.

Aunt Susan knew I had to be back for dinner with them at six, and by the large clock hanging under the eave of the house, we quit a little after five. We each collapsed into a wrought-iron chair, tired from our exertions.

"Are you... okay?" she asked as we sat across from each other at the table.

I was oblivious to what she was really asking, and I nodded.

She realized that I didn't Get It and pressed the question. "No. I mean... are you... *okay*?" she asked, nodding toward my erection, which she could clearly see through the glass top of the table. "You've been," she paused and I could see her come to an internal decision to be direct, "hard almost all day. That can't be comfortable."

I looked at her helplessly, at a loss for words.

She realized my predicament and rescued me, a sympathetic and knowing expression on her face. "You can use the bathroom in the hall if you'd like to...," she chose her euphemism with care, "...wash up... before dinner."

I was confused for a moment. One corner of the courtyard, by the house, was covered with rich red terra-cotta tiles under a shower spigot that stuck out of the wall. The shower had no drain, and the water would simply run off to be soaked up by the sandy soil of the courtyard. There was a concrete bench to the side of the showerhead, but otherwise, there were no surrounding walls. There were pegs along the house, to hold towels or other gear, but nothing in the way of cover. I could just as easily have "washed up" in the courtyard shower. But I would have no privacy. And for the kind of "washing up" that Aunt Susan had suggested, I wanted the privacy the hall bathroom would provide. So I nodded blankly and headed for the door to the house.

In the hall bathroom, the door was barely shut and locked before I wrapped my right hand around my erection and began to stroke. After the day's constant stimulation, I quickly felt the surge of my rising come as I frantically pumped. I felt my release approaching quickly. In a near panic, I realized that I didn't have anything to catch my come.

I madly searched for something, anything. By the time I spotted the Kleenex on the back of the toilet, it was too late—a white geyser of come spurting out, arching upwards, and I squeezed my eyes shut in ecstasy. I felt the next surge shoot from my cock as I rhythmically pumped the base. All the day's pent-up semen came gushing out in a torrent.

My legs, buttocks, and back were taut as I thrust my hips forward, basking in the warmth and pleasure emanating from my penis. When my spurting finally diminished to a dribble, I relaxed and let my breath out explosively. My chin dropped against my chest as I opened my eyes. Glistening white droplets of semen coated the sink and vanity.

When I finally did extract a few tissues from the box of Kleenex, I gently wiped my come-covered hand and penis. I then began to wipe my seed from the counter. When I finished cleaning up all the come droplets I could find, I realized with a grimace that I was still hard. The insistent pressure in my balls had eased with my release, but my dick evidently hadn't gotten the message that enough was enough.

I waited for several minutes, but my erection didn't subside the least bit. The problem was that the whole time I was waiting, I was thinking of Aunt Susan and her beautiful pussy. In my mind, I replayed scenes from the day spent working together. I reluctantly decided that my erection wasn't going away until I did something about it. So I wrapped my fingers around my shaft and began to stroke. Again.

The second time I came, I was ready. I had a wad of Kleenex clutched in my left hand as I felt the first surge coursing up my shaft. When I finished coming, I cleaned off the head of my penis and it finally began to shrink. My poor, abused cock was red and shiny, but it wasn't sticking out at right angles to my body. It wasn't all the way soft yet, but it was close enough.

I suddenly realized that after my release, I had to pee. I stepped over to the toilet, and no sooner had I raised the lid and seat than I felt the stream of urine begin to flow. I leaned my head back and luxuriated in the feeling of release, so closely following my earlier releases of an entirely different kind. When I was done, I shook the remaining droplets, put the seat and lid back down (my mother trained me well), and flushed.

By that time, I imagined I'd spent the better part of half an hour in the bathroom. I hastily washed my hands in the sink, dried them on the towel by the light switch, and rushed out into the hall, without even looking at myself in the mirror.

As I emerged from the living room into the kitchen, I saw Aunt Susan blithely sitting at the table, counting out dollar bills. When she looked up and saw me, her smile was bright but tired. Her eyes dropped to my crotch, taking in the sight of my abused cock. She smiled again, this time with wry humor, and looked back up at me.

"I'm glad to see that everything... came out... okay," she said mock seriously, her eyes laughing with her gentle teasing.

I blushed furiously and could only nod.

She collected the bills she'd laid out on the table and stood up, extending her arm to me.

"Here's your first day's pay," she said, holding the money out.

"That's okay. You can just pay me when we've finished everything." I knew there were at least two more days' work, perhaps three.

"Are you sure?"

"Yep. Besides, what am I going to spend it on here," I said, waving my hand to encompass the entire camp.

"You've got a point there," she conceded and shifted the money to her left hand. She held her right hand out to me. "You worked very hard today, Paul," she said seriously, as I stepped forward and shook her hand.

I could tell she was trying to bolster my ego, and even though I knew that's what she was doing, it worked. I blushed again and thanked her.

Her tone immediately lightened as she said, “See you tomorrow morning for breakfast?”

“Yep.”

“Okay. I’ll see you then.”

I nodded and headed out the door to the courtyard with a wave. As soon as I was out of the courtyard, I broke into a trot as I headed back to our cabin. I had fifteen minutes or so before I was supposed to be at the clubhouse, and I still wanted to shower.

CHAPTER THREE

The next morning, Mom once again made sure that I was awake in time to get to Aunt Susan's for breakfast. While Mom was in the bathroom, I quietly opened my dresser drawer and extracted a pair of red shorts. I quickly rolled them up, said goodbye to Mom through the bathroom door, and bolted out the screen door, letting it slam shut behind me (Erin wasn't going to sleep in if I could help it!).

All the way down the hill and past the clubhouse, I carefully schooled my thoughts, focusing on mundane subjects. I didn't want a repeat of yesterday's near-continuous erection.

When I entered the courtyard, I saw through the kitchen door window that the lights were on and Aunt Susan was already moving about. I opened the screen door and knocked gently on the glass. Aunt Susan turned from the stove and waved for me to enter. Much to my dismay, she was wearing a pair of bikini bottoms.

She greeted me with a smile, and used the spatula she held in one hand to point to the roll of red cloth I clutched.

"What's that?" she asked good-naturedly.

I let the shorts unroll from my hand and held them up for her to see. As soon as she recognized the shorts, she laughed. Her light-hearted laughter was at my expense, but it wasn't mean. She turned back to the stove quickly, scooped something out of the pan, and set it on the plate next to her.

That done, she turned to face me, still grinning. She came around the kitchen table to where I was standing just inside the door. She put her hand out, took the shorts from my grasp, and met my eyes.

"I think we'll be fine without these," she said lightly, pointing toward her bikini bottoms. "You don't have to spend the day working around my... nakedness," she said with a wink.

I blushed, but returned her grin. She set the shorts on the counter and returned to the stove. She then picked up two plates of French toast and sausage links, and set them on the table. She pointed to the drawer containing the silverware, which I opened while she poured glasses of milk.

We ate our breakfast and talked about what we needed to do that day. In the morning, we planned to transplant storm-damaged plants into new pots and move them to the courtyard. After lunch, we would tackle the fiberglass roofing over the back patio.

After we finished breakfast and cleaned the dishes, we headed out to the courtyard to begin transplanting.



We spent most of the morning on our knees. When we weren't digging by the side of the courtyard or the house, we were in the courtyard itself, putting potting soil in pots and filling them with flowers and plants. It wasn't especially hard work, but it certainly was dirty. By the time lunchtime rolled around, we were both covered in dirt. But all the plants she wanted to move were moved, and Aunt Susan headed inside to fetch two towels.

When she returned, she hung the towels on the dowels set into the wall of the house and bent to strip off her bikini bottoms. She stepped onto the terra-cotta tiles and turned on the water. She moved into the spray and gasped as the cold water rushed over her. While she rinsed off her front, holding her feet under the water, I prayed not to get an erection.

When Aunt Susan turned to face me, tilted her head back into the stream of cold water, and raised her arms to smooth her hair back, I lost it. The sights of her raised and water-slick breasts—her nipples fully erect from the cold—and her smooth pussy were more than enough to demolish any self-control I might have hoped to maintain. With a groan, I felt my penis jerk and stiffen, becoming fully erect in a matter of moments.

She stepped out of the flow of water and ran her hands over her hair, wringing out the cold water, and opened her eyes to look at me. At my guilty, embarrassed expression, her eyes dropped to my stiff cock. She

didn't say anything as she raised her eyes to my own and then smiled sympathetically.

When she stepped to the side to retrieve her towel and I stepped into the water she'd left running, she turned and said, "I hope the cold water does you some good."

With a teasing chuckle, she began to dry off. The water was shockingly cold, but it felt good washing off the dirt and grime of our morning's exertions. As I turned to rinse my back, I watched Aunt Susan bend over to dry her legs. I paused for a second to appreciate her upturned ass, and then let my eyes drift lower, to where her shaved pussy lips protruded between the tops of her thighs. I could clearly see the shape of her labia, and thought I could see her inner lips peeking out. The cold water did little to discourage my erection, especially as I stared at Aunt Susan's round white ass and smooth pussy.

I realized with a start, however, that she was no longer drying her legs. With panic verging on terror, I realized she was looking back at me, still bent over. Our eyes met and I knew she must have realized what I had been looking at only a moment before.

And then she winked at me!

I accidentally inhaled a mouthful of water and sputtered, trying to catch my breath. When I finally stopped coughing, she was laughing and wrapping the towel around her head. She stood up, still laughing, and without a backward glance walked into the kitchen.

I stood stock-still and tried to think of what to do. I was mortified at being caught looking at her pussy. I stood in the stream of cold water, oblivious to its chill, and wondered what I was going to say to her. And then it dawned on me that she had stood still, bent over, for several seconds after she had finished drying her legs. When she caught me looking at her, she was simply waiting, as if on display.

The realization came crashing over me. She *wanted* me to look!

Despite the fact that I fervently wanted to jerk off right there in the cold water of the shower, I was too exposed. At any time, Aunt Susan could come to see what was keeping me, and I wasn't ready for that kind of exhibition yet.

I shut off the cold water and quickly toweled off. As I dried my hair, my mind was still awhirl, trying to rationalize the past few minutes. I ran my fingers through my damp hair, hung the towel on a peg, and headed for the kitchen door.

When I stepped into the chill of the air conditioning, Aunt Susan, still completely nude, was at the counter making sandwiches.

She turned at the sound of my entrance, "How do bologna and cheese sandwiches sound?"

"Uh... fine," I said in bewilderment. She was acting as if the whole episode from a few minutes before simply hadn't happened. I quickly decided that if she weren't going to say anything about me staring at her pussy, then I wasn't going to either. I was embarrassed enough as it was. But at the back of my mind, I couldn't help but wonder why she'd done it.



After we finished lunch, we cleaned the dishes and headed back out to the courtyard.

"Since the 'cat is out of the bag,' so to speak," she said, grinning at her own double entendre, "I'm just going to leave the bikini off."

I blushed, and my erection throbbed.

"You don't mind, do you?" she asked mischievously, grinning at me.

I was at a loss for words, and she laughed again, obviously enjoying my strangled expression as she headed back outside.

Once there, we went around the house to the back patio. There were two wood four-by-fours holding up the frame of her patio roof. The other end of the frame was anchored to the roof of the house. Before the storm, it had been covered with green corrugated fiberglass panels. Almost half of them had been blown off and were strewn about the yard and the forest beyond.

We surveyed the scene and decided to go retrieve the missing panels before getting the ladder. It took us almost two hours to find them all. Some of them were near the patio, but the majority of them had been blown further, caught like sails in the winds of the storm. In the end, we found all but one.

When we had them stacked against the house, we walked back to the garage (it was a detached building to the left of the walled courtyard) to retrieve the ladder. I carried it around to the patio and extended it up into the patio roof rafters, now devoid of most of the top cover. As I set the ladder's feet on the ground and leaned it against the wood of the rafter, Aunt Susan motioned me around to the back of the ladder.

"You hold the ladder while I go up and check things out," she directed.

I did as I was told. As she climbed the ladder, to get her head above the level of the remaining panels, her slit was directly in front of me. I enjoyed a close-up view of her smooth pussy. As she swiveled her head above me, looking over the damaged roof, I held the ladder in both hands and studied her hairless lips from less than a foot away.

From that close, I could clearly see that her outer lips were held slightly apart by the inner lips, which were peeking out. They were smooth and fair, and my erect cock bobbed due to the proximity of Aunt Susan's exotic womanhood. I stared at the breathtaking view and completely lost track of time.

After what seemed like forever, but was probably no more than a few seconds, I felt the ladder shift. I looked up just in time to see her leaning out to the left, holding on to the ladder with only her right hand.

"Grab the chair over there, Paul," she said, as she looked down at me and pointed with her extended toe, "and slide it over so I can put my foot on it."

I located the chair she had indicated, and stretched out one hand to drag it closer.

"That's fine," she said when it was located to her satisfaction.

When she saw that I had both hands firmly back on the ladder, steadying it for her, she released her grip with her left hand and stretched her left leg out. She looked down to position her left foot on the back of the chair and when she was satisfied that it wasn't going anywhere, she shifted her weight.

I looked up to see what she was looking at. Her head was above the level of the roof and she craned her neck to look beyond where an upraised panel had blocked her view of the remainder of the roof panels. When I looked back down, however, my eyes froze.

There, not more than a foot and a half away, her hairless pussy was spread wide before me. Her outer lips had parted, and I could see her inner lips quite clearly. I realized that the skin of her labia wasn't white, it was actually a delicate pink, and the folds of her darker pink inner lips spread before me. I could clearly see the hood of her clit (although at the time, I didn't know what it was), and the darker entrance to her vagina. Her pussy looked exactly like a flower, spread open before me.

I stood enraptured, captivated by the sight of her marvelous pussy. The only thing that saved me from being caught looking at her spread womanhood was the fact that she began to move before she looked back down. I tore my eyes from the incredibly arousing sight in front of me and looked up at her face. When she looked down to make sure she had her balance, and to make sure her foot made it to the right rung on the ladder, her eyes met mine and she smiled.

My smile was genuine, knowing how narrowly I'd avoided detection. Her eyes slid away from mine and then she looked down. When her gaze returned to mine, she arched her eyebrow in silent question. I tried to keep the smug look off my face, but from her knowing (and wry) expression, I don't think I was that successful.

She climbed down the ladder and we repositioned it so I could take a look at the roof. I moved the table and chairs so we could move the ladder over a bit to reposition it against the adjacent beam, facing the other direction. Aunt Susan steadied the ladder as I climbed it.

I made sure to keep my hips back so my recently rekindled erection didn't scrape against the ladder rungs. When my head cleared the top of the rafters, I looked down to make sure my dick wasn't aimed at a rung, and then I flattened myself against the cool metal of the ladder.

I surveyed the storm damage. Many of the fiberglass panels we'd retrieved had simply been ripped off the nails, leaving jagged holes. The remaining panels were fairly battered as well, holding on to the roof with dogged tenacity, but still quite a bit worse for the wear.

I was about to push back from the ladder when I felt a cool breeze over my penis, ruffling my pubic hair. I froze—I hadn't felt the breeze anywhere else. At that moment, a horrible yet incredibly arousing thought occurred to me. Aunt Susan's pussy had been only a foot in front of me when she was on the ladder. My

stiff penis, poking through the ladder rungs, must be mere inches in front of her. The thought aroused me tremendously at the same time that it embarrassed me. My buttocks involuntarily clenched and I could feel my penis bob in response.

I pushed back from the ladder and looked down, straight into the laughing blue eyes of Aunt Susan. I was dumbfounded. I stared at her blankly, not knowing how to react. The smug look that she gave *me*, however, said it all.

I hurriedly climbed down the ladder, my erection bobbing with each step I took, until I was standing back on terra firma.

“What do you think?” she asked me.

What did I think about what? About the roof, or about her blowing air at my cock from only a few inches away? I decided to go with the more obvious of the two possible questions.

“It looks like we’ll have to replace most of the panels,” I said, feigning cluelessness about the air on my dick. She smiled at my obvious discomfort, teasing me. I continued steadfastly, “I’m pretty sure we can re-nail the ones we have, but the ones torn up by the storm will just leak.”

She nodded, serious again. “That’s what I thought too. I think we should just pull down the remaining panels and then leave things the way they are. Dwight and Karen will be here soon, and he usually brings his tool belt to help me fix things around the house.”

Dwight Delozier was a carpenter, and usually did minor repairs around the camp when he and his family arrived. I pictured him in my mind, seeing him in his tool belt, safety glasses, and tennis shoes (it was a funny outfit, but when he was working at the camp, they were the only things he wore). Dwight was a very large man, several inches over six feet, with powerful shoulders, the beginnings of a potbelly, and a *very* large dick. When he or his kids weren’t around, the kids called him Dwight Donkey-dick. His wife Karen was a petite brunette, shorter than my mother and much slimmer, with small, round breasts. They had a daughter Erin’s age, and a son several years younger.

I would be more than content to let Dwight put up the new panels over the patio. It would be hard enough work taking the remaining ones down. I nodded my agreement.

“I’ll go get a mallet so you can remove the remaining panels,” Aunt Susan said as I began shifting the ladder into a new position.

As it turned out, it was easier to remove the panels than I’d first thought. While Aunt Susan steadied the ladder for me, I simply climbed up, leaned out a little, and banged on the bottom of the panels. The overstressed fiberglass popped off the nails easily, and within an hour, we had the remaining panels stacked neatly against the house.

While I had been on the ladder, however, Aunt Susan had quietly tormented me. As I concentrated on striking the panels squarely, my erection flagged. Whenever my penis started to droop, I’d feel a puff of cool air on my dick, and it would quickly become fully erect. The first time it happened, I was startled, and tried to ignore it. The next time it happened, I stuck my head out to the side and looked down at Aunt Susan. She met my gaze and returned it, a look of perfect innocence on her face. Her eyes, however, were laughing, teasing me. For the next hour, every time I began to lose my erection, I felt a puff of cool air wash over my cock and balls. My penis would bob and jerk back to stiffness, and I’d continue to work, pretending not to notice.

When I climbed down for the last time, she looked at me, smiling teasingly, and helped me retract the ladder. We walked back to the garage in silence and I stored the ladder.

It was not quite five, and we decided to quit for the day. She prepared some lemonade and we relaxed for a few minutes in the wrought-iron chairs in the courtyard.

“If you’d like, you can use the hall bathroom to ‘wash up’ before you meet your Mom for dinner,” she said innocently, teasing me with her eyes.

She and I both knew what I’d be doing in the hall bathroom, but her manner was lighthearted. I nodded in agreement, took a last swallow of my lemonade, and made for the door into the house. Out of the corner of my eye, I watched her eyes follow my hard dick as it bobbed before me, leading the way.

Once in the bathroom, I grabbed a couple of Kleenex and wrapped my fingers around the length of my

shaft. I thought of Aunt Susan's spread pussy as I stood underneath her, and in no time, I felt the first spurts of white-hot sperm jet from the tip of my prick. I caught the thick, white semen in the tissue, leaning my head back and moaning at the feeling of release.

As with the day before, my dick was still very hard once my ejaculation dwindled to a dribble. I cleaned myself and leaned back against the bathroom wall to catch my breath. I looked at myself in the mirror for the first time. My face was flushed with exertion, my breathing was heavy, and my jutting prick had oozed a pearl of come from the tip. I wiped away the droplet and released my manhood.

I waited about ten or fifteen minutes, and still my erection didn't subside. So I took another handful of tissues and began slowly stroking the thick base of my dick. The second time, I actually enjoyed masturbating. It wasn't the lust-driven mad dash that I'd performed as soon as I'd gotten the door shut. I stroked and squeezed myself, leaning back against the wallpaper and closing my eyes, imagining Aunt Susan bent over in front of me.

Despite the fact that I'd come only a short time earlier, the images flashing through my imagination quickly had me on the path to another climax. With a final jerk, I felt my legs and back tense up and semen began to gush from my dick. My orgasm was less powerfully intense than the first one, but no less pleasurable.

When I had cleaned myself up, I found that once again, I had to pee. When I finished urinating, I washed my hands and took a moment to study myself in the mirror. I was still the same pudgy fifteen-year-old I'd been yesterday morning, but the events of the past two days had opened my eyes in many ways. I paused for a moment to reflect on what I'd seen and done in the last forty-eight hours, and I marveled at it all.

I shook off my reverie, however, and returned to the present. Once again, my poor cock was shiny and red, but at least it was flaccid. I opened the door, flicked off the light, and stepped into the hall.

No sooner had I stepped out than I looked to my right as I heard a movement. I saw Aunt Susan emerge from her bedroom, and in the dim light of the hallway, she looked a little flustered. She gestured for me to precede her to the kitchen, which I did.

In the light of the kitchen, I turned to her to say goodbye for the day. I stopped when I saw her. She was breathing a little heavily, and her face and chest were flushed. Her hair was slightly disheveled, and as my eyes flicked over her body, I could see that her hairless pussy lips were puffy and slightly pink. Her slit was open slightly, and the folds of her inner lips were poking through the outer lips a tiny bit.

When she saw my glance, she said, "Same time tomorrow?" as lightheartedly as she could.

I could only nod, holding her eyes with my own. She grinned at me, tilted her head to the side, and shrugged slightly. I brought my hand up and waved to her silently.

"I'll see you then. Good night," she said quietly.

I nodded silently, picked up my shorts, and turned for the door. I wanted to shower before dinner, and as the implications of what had just happened sunk in, I thought I might want to jerk off a third time.



The next morning, I arrived just as Aunt Susan was starting to fix breakfast. I knocked on the kitchen door and she motioned me in. The very first thing I noticed was that she wasn't wearing her bikini bottoms.

"Ham and cheese omelettes okay with you?" she asked, looking at me over her shoulder.

I nodded vigorously, smiling. I dropped my eyes to her bare ass, then lifted them back to her face, raising my eyebrows in a silent question.

She looked down over her shoulder at her bare cheeks, then back up at me, and shrugged. "I didn't see the point," she said with feigned innocence and smiled. "Besides," she said, nodding to indicate my as-yet-flaccid penis, "I don't want to disappoint my loyal admirer."

Her eyes twinkled as she teased me, and I simply grinned and nodded at her. My, I thought to myself, what a long way we've come in only a few days!

She fixed one big omelette and cut it in half, adding toast to each plate and pouring glasses of orange juice. As we ate, we talked about what needed to be done that day.

Our last major task was to clear the roof and fix the gutters. Many small branches, as well as several

larger ones, had fallen onto the roof. A couple of them had also damaged the gutters in several places. Most of the ones that had damaged the gutters had fallen to the ground (and we'd picked them up the first day), but there were still a fair number of branches and other storm debris to clear from the roof itself.

We decided that it would probably be best for me to climb the ladder, clean and fix the guttering, and then get up onto the roof after lunch to throw down the branches. I decided to run back to our cabin to get my sneakers after breakfast, so I wouldn't hurt my feet on the rough shingles of the roof.

We finished breakfast, and as Aunt Susan began to clear the dishes, I dashed back to our cabin. I rummaged in my dresser drawer for a pair of socks, grabbed my shoes, and banged out the screen door, headed back to Aunt Susan's.

When I returned, I found her waiting for me. She was sitting at the wrought-iron table in the courtyard, with the heavy work gloves, a hammer, and box of nails. I headed to the garage to withdraw the ladder, and we got to work.

We quickly established a routine: we would set the ladder, she would steady it from underneath, and I would climb up and clear the gutters. When a piece of guttering needed repair, she would hand me the hammer and box of nails, and I would re-secure the guttering to the edge of the roof. Our system worked well, and I was thankful that I was too busy to think about sex.

Unfortunately, that didn't last long. About half an hour after we started working, I felt a gentle breeze on my flaccid penis. I felt it twitch in response, but firmly held my imagination in check. I then felt the direction of the air change. It came from underneath my penis, washing over my balls and the underside of my dick. I was bound and determined not to cave in to Aunt Susan's teasing, however, and tightly controlled my thoughts.

I felt a rush of triumph that I didn't rise to her baiting. By the time lunchtime rolled around, we had finished clearing the gutters and repaired the damaged sections—my penis was still thankfully flaccid.

But in the process of clearing out the gutters, both she and I had gotten quite a bit of pine needle debris on us. Try as hard as I might, I still managed to drop a few clumps of pine needles down on her while she was steadying the ladder beneath me. There were bits and pieces of twigs and pine needles in her hair and on her shoulders. I'd also gotten quite a bit on my arms and shoulders, so we decided to shower before she fixed lunch.

When we reached the courtyard, she gestured for me to shower while she went into the house to fetch towels. I turned on the water, and was once again shocked by the coldness when I began rinsing gutter debris from my arms and shoulders. I had just leaned back and closed my eyes, savoring the stinging needles of cold water, when I heard Aunt Susan come out of the house. (I know it's hard to believe, but work outside in a South Carolina summer some time, and see if *you* don't enjoy a good cold shower when you're done.)

I turned to see her hang two towels on the pegs set into the wall. Then she stepped under the water with me and handed me a large-toothed comb that she'd brought along. She was very close and I stepped back involuntarily. When I did, the spray hit her on the chest and I watched her nipples instantly stiffen. She sucked in her breath at the water temperature, but let the water cascade over her face and down her chest.

She got her front entirely wet and then spun around to wash off her back and shoulders. Finally, she tilted her head back and wet her hair in the stream of cold water.

She looked back at me, over her shoulder. "Would you run the comb through my hair to get the snippets out, please," she asked, and waited for my response.

When I nodded dumbly, she turned her head back to face away from me and stepped back toward me, into the water. I raised the comb and began gently drawing it through her hair. As I slowly dragged it through her hair, she stepped back about six inches. She was already very close to me, and when she stepped back, it was enough to bring the smooth, warm flesh of her ass into contact with my penis.

The contact jolted me like an electric shock, and my prick stiffened instantly. My hard cock nestled between the cheeks of her ass, and I stepped back involuntarily. I found myself pressed against the wall and the water handle. The movement only afforded me a little latitude, however, and the tip of my penis was still pressed against her flesh. I was rooted to the spot, and didn't know what to do. Finally, she stepped

forward a little to get out of the spray and looked over her shoulder at me, grinning impishly. She then turned and held out her hand for the comb, which I eagerly handed over.

Aunt Susan then turned around again, with her back to me, and got her hair wet again. Trapped as I was between her and the wall of the house, I could only watch when she took a small step forward and slung her hair over her head as she bent forward. A spray of water droplets struck me in the chest and face as she flung her hair up and over.

She began running the comb through her hair, to remove any remaining tidbits, and I swallowed hard. I looked down at the hourglass figure of her back and the flare of her hips as her alabaster ass poised a mere inch or two in front of my turgid penis. I dared not move, since I could feel the heat of her body warming the tip of my penis. When I looked down, my erection was pointed right at her pussy, basking in the warmth radiating from between her legs.

Although I couldn't see her face, I could tell that she knew exactly where she had pinned me, and exactly what my reaction would be. In a minute or so, she finished combing her hair and slowly stood up, swung her damp tresses over her shoulder, and turned. She stepped forward so the spray was hitting her between her breasts, and looked up at my face.

"All done?" she asked sweetly, acting completely oblivious to the situation a moment before and ignoring my raging hard on.

I gulped and nodded mutely.

She stepped forward and reached around behind me to turn off the shower. Once again, I could feel the warmth of her body as her breasts nearly touched my stomach. Her arm did touch me where she had reached behind me to turn the water off. The contact was electric, and she held my eyes while she turned the handle. When the water trickled to a stop, she smiled up at me innocently and withdrew her arm.

She stepped to the side and tossed me a towel, grabbing her own with her other hand. We dried off in silence, my erection pulsing as she repeated yesterday's maneuver, bending forward to dry her hair. With more separation between us, I had an unobstructed view of her shaved pussy lips, and once again, I took the bait. I already had an erection, why not enjoy the view?

She fixed hotdogs for lunch, and we ate in relative silence, at the table in the courtyard.

My erection didn't disappoint me, or evidently her, the entire time. Treacherous organ!



After we finished lunch, I put my socks and shoes on, and we headed back out to the ladder.

It was a simple matter for me to climb onto the roof, and once there, I put on my work gloves and started gathering the smaller branches. I would toss the branches down, being careful to make sure I missed Aunt Susan, and she would collect them and take them around back to our burn pile.

After about an hour's work, I had all but the three largest branches cleared. Two of them were about the size of my forearm at the base, but one monster was about six inches in diameter, with smaller branches coming off it at all angles. I was surprised that the big branch didn't do any permanent damage when it hit.

I decided to drag the largest branch over to the edge of the house and threw it down first. Then I brought over the two smaller ones and tossed them down with the larger one. I made sure Aunt Susan was out of the way as I heaved the largest branch off the roof. I could barely lift the beast because it was so awkward, but I finally managed to get enough of it over the edge of the roof that it simply levered itself off. The two smaller branches were easier, but still no picnic.

Once I'd thrown the last of the smaller large branches off the roof, I started down the ladder. As I worked on the roof, I'd been paying attention to what I was doing, and wasn't distracted by Aunt Susan's body (or teasing). My erection had completely disappeared. It was still early in the afternoon when I started down the ladder, and I reluctantly thought that my time with Aunt Susan was coming to an end. I had really enjoyed my time with her, despite my embarrassment at having a near-constant erection.

So it was those thoughts that occupied my mind as I reached the bottom of the ladder and turned to step down. While I had been dragging the second smaller branch, Aunt Susan had dragged the first one around to our burn pile. As I was coming down the ladder, I absentmindedly noticed her coming back for the

second of the smaller branches.

When I reached the bottom of the ladder and turned, time slowed to a crawl as I watched a horrible series of events unfolding. Remembering it later, I managed to reconstruct what occurred, but at the time, it actually happened so quickly that there was simply nothing I could do to stop things.

Aunt Susan had bent over to grasp the thick branch by its middle, to drag it to our pile. Just as I was stepping off the ladder, she was standing and lifting the thick branch. I watched in horror as the stout base of the branch inexorably rose to meet my descending groin.

With a white-hot explosion of agony, the branch connected with my balls. I don't even think I had enough strength in me to so much as groan. As waves of pain and nausea washed over me, I collapsed silently. I held my gloved hands to my aching testicles and curled into the fetal position.

An indeterminate amount of time passed, and when the pain subsided enough for me to open my eyes, I saw Aunt Susan kneeling very anxiously by my head. She obviously didn't know what to do, and in my agony, I was in no condition to tell her. Ice picks of pain stabbed my belly, and my abused testicles seemed to pulse and emit the torturous jolts.

My hearing returned, finally, and I realized that Aunt Susan was apologizing frantically. She was asking me what to do, and didn't dare do anything until I spoke. I blinked up at her, my mouth open in a rictus of pain.

"Ow," I said with pathetic humor when I finally regained enough presence of mind to actually speak.

"Oh my God, Paul, are you okay?"

I nodded wordlessly. The waves of pain and nausea had passed, and my testicles still throbbed with a dull ache, but at least coherent thought had returned.

"I think I'll live," I croaked.

"Can you stand?"

I nodded again, a little jerkily, and hoped that my rubbery legs would support me. She helped me to my feet, and I stood hunched over, my gloved hands still protecting my groin. She dusted the sand off my left side, from where I'd lain on the ground in agony, and we slowly, torturously made our way toward the courtyard.

Once we got to there, we entered the kitchen and Aunt Susan leaned me in the corner near the sink. She shucked her gloves and reached for a clean dishtowel. I watched curiously as she laid it flat on the counter and stepped to the refrigerator. She briskly opened the freezer door and took a bag of something out. I saw that she'd grabbed a bag of frozen peas, and watched as she set it in the middle of the dishtowel and carefully folded the sides of the towel over the bag. She folded the ends of the towel over the sides, forming a bulging package, which she clutched with her right hand, and then returned to stand in front of me.

Matter of factly, she knelt in front of me and used her left hand to pry away my gloved hands, which were still cupping my abused testicles. She put her right hand between my knees and had me spread my legs slightly. A fresh wave of pain and nausea flooded my senses as my balls suffered the movement. I put my hands to the side and supported myself against the counter, tilting my head back and squeezing my eyes shut to combat the waves of nausea caused by the pain in my groin.

I vaguely felt Aunt Susan lift my penis and place the soft, towel-wrapped, and very cold bag of peas against my scrotum. My testicles immediately tried to retreat further into my abdomen as the cold permeated the entire region. Once I'd gotten over the shock of the movement, and then the cold, I slowly realized that the makeshift icepack was soothing my battered testicles.

Slowly, ever so slowly, the waves of nausea retreated and, to my surprise, the shooting pains in my balls eased to a dull ache. When I finally decided to open my eyes, I lifted my head and took a deep, shuddering breath. I then looked down at Aunt Susan. She had a concerned look on her face as she stared intently at the towel-wrapped bag of peas. She was making a concerted effort to hold it against my scrotum with a minimum of pressure, while still making contact.

As I looked down at her where she knelt in front of me, she sensed me looking and raised her eyes to meet mine. There was a world of apology and sympathy in her expression, and I smiled at her by way of forgiveness. She understood my unspoken message and in gratitude, she returned my smile.

Sensing that the worst had passed, she gently removed the cold towel from my groin. She lowered her eyes to scrutinize my balls.

“Your scrotum is red, and slightly swollen, but I don’t think anything is permanently damaged. Do you feel anything worse than a dull ache? Any shooting pains?” she asked, looking up at me once again.

I shook my head numbly and she returned her gaze to my crotch. She studied my equipment for a minute or so, looking from different angles, before looking back up at me.

“I am so sorry, Paul. I didn’t see you coming down the ladder,” she apologized.

“I know,” I croaked through my dry throat. “It was an accident.”

“I have been so awful to you today,” she castigated herself. “Teasing you, and then... this...”

I could see how sorry she was, her apology was graven on her face, but as I stared down at her, I couldn’t help but think about our situation. Aunt Susan had been holding my limp penis out of the way with her left hand, and as she knelt in front of me, the contact of her hand on my manhood sent a surge of excitement through my body.

My balls still ached dully, but the excitement of the situation overrode the pain, and I felt my cock twitch with the first rush of blood. Because I was still in a modicum of pain, my erection was slow to develop. Aunt Susan had begun to offer another series of apologies when she felt my penis twitch, and then swell.

Suddenly, her expression changed. Without a word, she set the towel-wrapped bag of peas on the floor between my feet. She then lowered my penis from where she’d been holding it against my abdomen.

I was horrified that she had been disgusted by my reaction and that she was mad at me. Panic filled my thoughts as I wondered what she would do; if she would yell at me, or kick me out of the kitchen, or worse. So it was with panic-induced shock that I watched her slowly look up at me, her expression unreadable.

With a mischievous smile, she opened her mouth and engulfed the stiffening head of my young penis. The pain in my balls was quickly forgotten as the warmth and pleasure of that first contact washed over me.

I looked down in awe as she closed her eyes and gently sucked on the crown of my semi-hard dick. She gently put her right palm on the front of my left thigh and opened her mouth to accept more of my rapidly stiffening penis. I felt the warmth and wetness of her tongue on the bottom of my shaft as she closed her mouth and sucked. She slowly withdrew her lips, tugging at the skin of my dick, and I quickly reached a full erection.

She kept the head in her mouth and I felt the breath from her nose on the saliva-slick top of my cock. And then a sensation of pure ecstasy washed over me as she swirled her tongue around the sensitive glans. I gripped the edge of the counter firmly with my still-gloved hands, watching in amazement as she opened her mouth once more and slowly impaled herself on my length.

She was about two inches from the base of my penis when she clamped her lips shut and her nostrils flared as she inhaled. She caressed the underside of my penis with her tongue, and I closed my eyes, savoring the pleasure and warmth. She very gently withdrew my cock from her mouth and sucked on the head before releasing me entirely.

“Do you forgive me?” she asked, looking up at me.

I opened my eyes and gazed into hers. She wore an unreadable expression—it wasn’t the teasing look from earlier, nor was it the face of lust I’d seen my mom make as she sucked my dad. Aunt Susan appeared genuinely contrite, but that emotion was underscored by something else. I slowly realized that it was a desire to please me.

I swallowed hard, nodded at her, and she smiled.

She then closed her eyes and began planting open-mouthed kisses down the side of my shaft. She was careful not to touch my still-tender balls, but the feeling of my penis rubbing along the soft, smooth skin of her face drowned out any concern I might’ve had for my testicles.

Her left hand still grasped my penis lightly and she withdrew her lips, pulling it to her left to kiss the other side of the base. She drew her open-mouthed kisses toward the head of my shaft and I once again luxuriated in the feeling of my sensitive glans being brushed by the soft skin of her cheek.

When she reached the tip, her left hand held my erection and aimed it at her mouth. She parted her lips

and extended her tongue, flicking the hole at the end of my cock. My hips bucked involuntarily at the rush of pleasure, and she smiled at my reaction, engulfing the crown of my manhood with her lips once again.

She concentrated on the head of my penis, her eyes still closed, and it wasn't long before I felt the pressure of my impending orgasm. I panicked about where I was going to shoot my come.

"Oh, God..." I groaned. "Oh... I'm... oh... uh..." I was incoherent, delirious with pleasure.

She sensed my need, however, and she began to gently stroke my penis with her left hand. She clamped her mouth tightly around the first couple of inches of my cock and began to flick her tongue against the sensitive underside of the head. Her left hand increased its pressure and tempo, rubbing the skin of my shaft over the nerves and erectile tissue underneath.

With a groan, I squeezed my eyes shut and emptied my seed into her mouth. I felt her start at the power of my first spurt, but she kept up the stroking motion with her left hand. At the same time, she ceased flicking her tongue. The next spurt of semen surged up my shaft and erupted into her mouth. She kept pumping me gently, milking my cock with her hand and lips. My cock spurted several more times, each time depositing more of my sperm in her willing mouth.

When I finished ejaculating, she wrapped her fingers around the base of my penis and milked me one final time. She kept her lips wrapped around my cock and I could feel her swallow the load I'd just shot into her mouth. It took her two swallows to get it all.

When she finished swallowing, she took a deep, shuddering breath through her nose. I felt her exhale on the top of my penis as she released her grip. She breathed deeply, but never released the head from the warm cavern of her mouth. And as she suckled the end of my penis, it didn't shrink much. She placed the warm palm of her left hand against my right thigh and again sighed deeply.

She knelt that way for several minutes; sitting on her heels, her palms gently rubbing my thighs, her warm, wet mouth rhythmically sucking the head of my cock.

Finally, she released my penis and smiled up at me.

"Better?" she asked quietly.

I could only nod my head vigorously. She looked like an angel, kneeling in front of me, my mostly erect cock a divining rod pointing toward the warm wetness of her mouth. She smiled and kissed the underside of the glans and closed her eyes again, breathing a deep sigh. Then she shuddered, her body quivering all over as she continued to kiss my swollen member. With a shake of her head, as if pulling herself out of a daydream, she opened her eyes and I looked down into their liquid blue depths.

Slowly, she got to her feet. She reached out and took the gloves off my hands one at a time. She took my hand, turned, and led me into the living room. Bending over, she turned on the lamp on the end table next to the couch and silently indicated that I should sit. I quickly obliged her. As I looked up at her magnificent body in the light of the lamp, I wondered what she was going to do.

I didn't have long to wonder, however, as she lay down on the couch to my right. She scooted forward and put her left arm over my hips. I slouched down to give her better access and she rolled to put her back to the back of the couch. Her left breast was pressed firmly against my right thigh as she adjusted herself into a comfortable position.

I didn't know where to put my hands, and I didn't want to touch her somewhere where she didn't want to be touched. I was still young enough, and naïve enough, to think that I might still screw things up at that point, so I left well enough alone. With her right hand, she reached up. Then she turned her head and looked for my right hand. Once I realized what she was after, I put my hand in hers and she placed it on her right breast.

Her breast was softer than I'd ever imagined possible. It was so pliable as I gently cupped it, and I didn't know what to do. I didn't want to hurt her, so I simply kneaded it gently. With her free left hand, Aunt Susan grasped my still-erect prick and aimed it at her mouth. Once she had my dick firmly seated between her lips, she cocked her right leg up, bent at the knee, and reached down to her pussy with her right hand.

I was awestruck by the sight. So much so, in fact, that I forgot all about the wonderful sensations she was causing in my dick. I watched as she ran her middle finger up and down the length of her slit. There was a glistening sheen of moisture on her labia as she slipped her finger into her sex, and the sight

captivated me. She pumped her finger a couple of times, in and out, in and out, then withdrew it and pressed down against the top of her slit.

She began moving her right hand in small circles, pressing down at the top of her pussy. She alternated that motion with running her middle finger down over her slit and then plunging it into her vagina. I watched in wonder as she pleased herself while sucking on my stiff manhood.

Taking my cue from the motions of her right hand, I began moving my hand, the one cupping her breast, in small circles. I felt her nipple become stiff under my palm, and knew I must've done something right. Because her hair had fallen over her face, and because of the position of her head over my cock, I couldn't see what she was doing. So I alternated between watching her rub her pussy and simply enjoying the pleasure my penis was experiencing.

She took her time sucking me. She was always careful never to touch my still-tender balls, and alternated between taking me very deep and licking the length of my shaft. Although I couldn't see it, by the feelings in my groin I was certain that she was attempting to swallow my entire penis, right down to my pubic hair.

She would impale her mouth on my cock, lock her lips around the base, open her mouth a little and try to thrust more of it in her mouth. Then she would work her tongue against the shaft and slowly withdraw, letting her lips drag along my length.

Not knowing what else I should be doing, I simply leaned my head on the back of the couch and enjoyed the blowjob. She took things slowly, and because I had already come once, it took longer for my climax to build. When I masturbated, I knew exactly what to do to bring myself off quickly, increasing pressure here, stroking faster there. Her mouth was completely different. I didn't know what to expect from one moment to the next, and the anticipation was almost as exquisite as the actual sensations.

In time, however, I felt her stiffen. Her hand began to narrow its circles and move very, very fast. She wrapped her lips around my dick and simply held me in her mouth. I wondered what was happening, if she were okay or not. She began thrusting her hips at her racing fingers, and moaning deep in her throat. Her moaning vibrated my dick and sent buzzes of pleasure through my entire groin.

Suddenly, she thrust her middle finger back into the depths of her smooth-shaven pussy and started pumping it in and out. Finally, she got very, very still. Her moan started deep, but quickly rose in pitch, a sustained sound coming from deep in her chest. After fifteen or twenty seconds, she let out an explosive breath around my trapped penis, and withdrew her mouth from my manhood.

I didn't know what to do, or not do, so I simply stayed right where I was, neither moving nor talking. She shuddered and straightened her legs, trapping her right hand at the junction of her thighs, her finger still stuck into her pussy. When her quivering finally diminished, she grasped my penis with her left hand and aimed it at her waiting mouth.

She began sucking my cock with enthusiasm, pumping the shaft with her left hand while she bobbed her head up and down on my length. In short order, I was shooting jets of hot semen into her mouth. With her lips wrapped around the ridge of my glans, she swallowed and kept pumping. When she had milked the last of my come from my cock, she opened her lips and released my shrinking member.

She then collapsed against me, laying her head on my stomach and resting her right arm along her length, between her right hip and the back of the couch. She breathed deeply and licked her lips, her eyes closed, a smile on her face.

We sat like that for some time, neither of us moving. When I finally began thinking coherently again, I almost panicked. What would happen now? Would she not want to see me again? Today was the last day I was supposed to work for her, what next? Would she not want to "do stuff" with me again because I wasn't any good?

A thousand thoughts swirled through my mind, few of them well formed or well thought out. So I sat there, and dared not move.

When her breathing had returned to normal, she opened her eyes and looked up at me, eyes bright with her pleasure.

"I'm sorry I hit you with the branch," she said simply.

I looked at her, dumbfounded.

She stared up at the incomprehension on my face for perhaps five seconds and then burst out laughing. Her laughter was gentle and guileless, and enfolded us both with its good humor. Slowly, languidly, she pulled her left arm underneath her and laid her head on my right thigh. She pulled her legs up and got very quiet. I could tell that she was thinking, about what I didn't know, and I sat quietly. But under the surface calm, my mind was still racing, playing out "what if" scenarios endlessly. I'd finally decided it was fruitless when the clock on the living room wall chimed five o'clock.

Aunt Susan raised her head, tilted it to look at the clock, and then sighed. She pushed herself up with her arm and levered her legs over the edge of the couch, standing up gracefully.

As I looked up at her, I let my eyes roam over her body, looking at her openly for the first time. She let me look, standing quietly with her arms at her sides. As my eyes dropped to look at her pussy, I saw that her lips were pink and swollen, and that her inner labia were peeking out.

Then a thought occurred to me. Her pussy had looked just like that when she had emerged from her bedroom the day before, just as I had come out of the hall bathroom. She had been masturbating in her bedroom! The idea crashed over me like a wave, and I was stunned.

I had little time to contemplate my revelation, as she extended her hand to help me up from the couch. When I took it and stood up, she silently led me to the hall bathroom. There was no way I needed to jerk off. My penis was very soft at the moment, worn out by the two suckings I'd just enjoyed. When we entered the bathroom, she gestured for me to take off my shoes and socks while she started the water in the shower.

She leaned in to test the temperature, then diverted the water to the shower nozzle. As she stepped into the shower, she extended her hand to me, inviting me to join her.

In the shower, she washed herself first. I enjoyed seeing the soapsuds sheen her round breasts and flat stomach as she cleaned herself with a washcloth. Then she squirted some shampoo in her hand and lathered her hair. Finally, she turned and rinsed, first her hair, then her body.

Lathering the washcloth once more, she squeezed past me and gently pushed me back, into the warm spray. As she passed me, I felt her stiff nipples drag across my stomach, and if I hadn't come so recently, my penis surely would have stiffened instantly.

Once under the showerhead, I let the warm water run over me and tilted my head back to wet my hair. Aunt Susan reached up and washed my body, exploring me with her hands and with the sudsy washcloth. When she had washed my chest, shoulders, and arms, she spun me around to wash my back. With that completed, she turned me around again to rinse my back.

She lathered the washcloth once more and dropped to her knees. She raised it to my groin and gently, lovingly washed my penis and scrotum. She worked up a good lather, but was very gentle with my abused testicles. She washed my legs next, and then put her hand on my hip to turn me so she could wash my buttocks and lower back. When I had rinsed my pubic area, I turned around of my own accord, to rinse my back and buttocks.

Aunt Susan rinsed out the washcloth and handed it to me so I could hang it on the bar on the far wall of the shower. I leaned forward and stretched to hang it and I felt her lips capture my soft penis. When I had the washcloth hung, I leaned back and looked down at her. Her hair was slicked back and her eyes were closed as she gently sucked me. She worked her lower jaw side-to-side and lavished attention on the underside of my still-flaccid cock. Pursing her lips, she slowly drew her head back, letting my manhood slip from her mouth. She smiled and opened her eyes, looking up at me.

"Tasty," she said mischievously and stood up.

She reached around behind me, shut the water off, and then opened the shower curtain. She leaned out and pulled two towels from the bar, handing one to me. We dried off in relative silence, and then hung our towels up to dry. I grabbed my shoes and socks as we headed back out to the living room.

The clock in the living room said it was almost half past five and I knew I had to meet my Mom and Erin for dinner. I shifted from foot to foot, not knowing what to say.

Aunt Susan noticed my nervousness and once again rescued me from myself.

"Go on. Go meet your mom."

I grinned like an idiot and almost ran toward the kitchen. At the door to the courtyard, however, I

stopped. I don't know why I did, but I knew it was the right thing to do. I turned to see her standing in the door to the living room, her wet hair hanging over her shoulders and framing her face. I waved goodbye to her, smiling.

She smiled in return and waved. Then she made a shooining gesture with her hand and I bolted out the back door, letting the screen door slam behind me.

CHAPTER FOUR

That night, at dinner, my thoughts were chaotic. I'd certainly enjoyed my afternoon with Aunt Susan, and I definitely wanted to repeat the pleasurable experience, many times. But I was still basically inexperienced. I had no idea how to initiate anything with her. I certainly couldn't have one of my friends pass her a note in Study Hall!

"Are you okay, honey?" Mom asked, breaking my introspective, and confused, train of thought.

"Huh?" I replied blankly.

"You seem distracted. Are you feeling okay?" she asked. And in the time-honored tradition of mothers everywhere, she felt my forehead with the back of her hand. "You're not hot."

I quickly came up with a lame excuse, "I was just thinkin' about what I wanted to do the rest of the week." It was lame, but better a lame answer than letting her figure out for herself, right or wrong, what I was thinking about. Parents always made things out to be worse than they were, especially when they were worried about you.

"Okay, honey," Mom said, mollified but not satisfied.

"May I be excused?" Erin asked, obviously not interested in my problems.

I was thankful for the distraction, however.

"Finish your peas, honey, and then you're excused," Mom replied, surveying my sister's picked-over plate.

I had the singular misfortune of having to eat peas with dinner tonight. And I swear to God, if I hadn't been distracted and not eating all that much, it would've taken every ounce of willpower I had not to suffer a hard-on every time I looked at them. Even now, staring at the little green things threatened to rouse an erection.

But that was only part of the problem. Not only was I distracted by the thoughts whirling in my head about Aunt Susan, I wasn't eating much. I was usually a healthy eater. Mom had noticed that as well as my obvious distraction. And unless I wanted to start answering questions as soon as Erin left the table, I'd better start making like normal Paul.

I started eating, thankful for the distraction, as Erin quickly scooped her remaining peas into her mouth and took her dishes to our usual sink. As an added bonus, Mom wouldn't expect me to make conversation, or answer probing questions, while I was so industriously applying myself to finishing my dinner.

But that night, I didn't touch a single pea. There was no way I would ever get out of the clubhouse if I got an erection during dinner! I did my best to think about nuns playing baseball. Old, wrinkled nuns...

Thankfully, it worked.



I had almost finished my dinner, except for the peas of course, when my mother looked over my shoulder. I turned to see who it was and almost choked on my tongue.

Standing behind me was Aunt Susan. I froze! Had she decided to tell my mother what had happened this afternoon?! Had she decided to tell us that we had to leave the camp? Had she...? The awful possibilities were endless. Sometimes, I hated having a vivid imagination.

"Susan," Mom said brightly, "how are you? Would you care to join us?"

I'm sure I turned a sickly shade of blue. Mom gave me a quizzical look when she saw the expression on my face; a mixture of fear and anticipation.

"Thanks, Beth," Aunt Susan said as she slid into the seat to my left. "I wanted to talk to you..." She let it hang in the air for a moment. Then she brought the hammer down, "About Paul."

I was contemplating hara-kiri with a dinner fork.

"Oh?" my mother asked pleasantly.

"Well, he's been such a hard worker, and so helpful and polite, that I was wondering if he couldn't

spend the rest of the week helping me around the house.” I let my breath out explosively, and both women looked at me. Aunt Susan got an amused look on her face, while Mom was confused and not a little bit annoyed at my absolute lack of manners.

With a grimace, Mom turned back to Aunt Susan, “I’m glad to hear he’s been so helpful. What did you have in mind?”

“Well, when Dad died, I really didn’t have time to go through a lot of his things. I mostly just boxed them up and stored them in the garage. It should only take a couple of days to go through the boxes and sort them out, but I wanted to see if Paul could help out. It sure would make it easier on me.”

“I guess it’s up to Paul,” Mom said, turning to look at me. “None of his friends are here yet, and I don’t have much for him to do.”

Aunt Susan turned to regard me as well, “I’ll pay the same as before, three dollars an hour.”

I looked back at her, trying to decide if she were teasing me, torturing me, trying to hire me, or “D) All of the above.” I blinked as she regarded me coolly.

Confused and somewhat overwhelmed, I simply nodded.

“Excellent!” Aunt Susan beamed. “I’ll feed him breakfast and lunch, and make sure he’s back here for dinner by six, Beth.”

My Mom nodded in agreement and aimed another speculative glance my way. I blithely ignored it and asked to be excused. When Mom nodded, I practically knocked the chair over getting up from the table.

“What’s gotten into him, do you suppose?” I heard Mom ask as I walked away.

“I don’t know,” Aunt Susan responded. “But I’ll keep an eye on him for you.”

I redoubled my pace toward the sink and then hurried out of the clubhouse.



That night, my thoughts were confusing and random. I ran through scenario after scenario in my head. I was at a loss for what Aunt Susan was doing, but I had no doubt that she was Up To Something. I just didn’t know what it was. I knew what I hoped it was, but I just wasn’t sure about anything anymore.

I finally convinced myself that I was wrong, that things were simply going to go back to normal, and that the afternoon’s events were a one-time thing. I was awake long after Mom and Erin had gone to sleep that night.



Mom once again woke me up in time to be at Aunt Susan’s. She gave me a concerned look, but I pretended not to notice and went through my morning ritual before heading out to Aunt Susan’s house.

When I got there, she motioned me through the kitchen door as if nothing were different. I did notice that she wasn’t wearing her bikini bottoms. She was, however, wearing an apron. A positive sign? Maybe, maybe not. I thought so. But I just wasn’t sure. I was delighted that she had forgone the bikini bottoms, but the apron confused me.

“Bacon and eggs for breakfast?” she asked me over her shoulder.

I nodded. Ah, I thought to myself, now the apron made sense. I wouldn’t want hot bacon grease near my tender parts either.

She smiled and turned back to face the stove. My mind was racing again. To settle it, I decided to make small talk. Unfortunately, I blurted out the first thing that came to my mind.

“How do you cook bacon without an apron?” How dumb was that?!

“You don’t,” she responded with a laugh.

So much for small talk.

As she finished cooking, she told me to have a seat, which I quickly did. She poured a glass of juice and set it before me on the table. When she returned from the stove, she stood on the other side of the table for a second and looked at me seriously.

“Paul,” she said simply and paused. “Did you enjoy yesterday?” she asked.

My confusion must’ve been evident on my face, but I nodded decidedly.

“Can I trust you not to tell anyone about it?”

I nodded again. Even if I wanted to tell someone, who’d believe me?

She studied my face for a few seconds, looking into my eyes and gauging my reaction.

“Good.”

She set the plate of food in front of me. It was only then that I noticed that she had left her plate on the counter.

“Aren’t you going to eat?” I asked.

“Mmm hmm,” she said, removing her apron and seating herself across from me. “In a minute. Go ahead and start.”

I frowned in thought for a moment, but then picked up my fork and began to eat. I had only taken a few bites when she announced that it was time for her to eat her breakfast and stood up gracefully. I looked up at her and waited for her to turn to the counter to get her plate. When she didn’t, my confusion deepened.

“Don’t get up from the table,” she said, reading my expression. “Just relax and enjoy your breakfast.”

With that, she pulled her chair to the side, sank to her knees, and disappeared under the table. It was only a moment before I felt the warmth of her touch, spreading my knees apart. In a second, I felt her hot breath on my soft penis. A microsecond after that, I was fully erect.

She wrapped her lips around my swollen cock and began gently sucking. My breakfast forgotten, I concentrated on the feeling of her mouth on my dick. She was stroking my penis with her lips and tongue, and it was having the desired effect. She sucked me like that for perhaps three or four minutes, in and out, in and out, caressing the soft skin of my cock with the equally soft skin of her lips, and the insistent strength and heat of her tongue.

Finally, I could stand no more, and felt myself begin to come. Jets of semen shot from my penis and waves of pleasure flowed over me. When I finished coming, my penis softened slightly and I felt the coolness of the air-conditioned kitchen on my dick as she withdrew her mouth.

I sat there speechless as she reappeared at the other end of the table. As she stood and turned to look at me, she smiled a bright smile, a self-satisfied smile.

“You didn’t finish your breakfast,” she chided me. “Breakfast is the most important meal of the day, you know.”

I could only stare at her, astonished and excited at the same time, as she began to clean up my cold and forgotten breakfast. She was grinning wryly the whole time.



We worked hard in the garage that morning. Aunt Susan backed her station wagon out into the sandy drive so we could work on the concrete slab floor. The past few days, we’d been working outside, and while it was still hot, at least there had been a breeze to cool us. Not so in the garage.

With no wind to cool us, it was hot. And dusty. And did I mention it was hot? While it wasn’t hard work, per se, we soon built up a sweat. We had pulled roughly half the boxes off the shelves on the side of the garage and had them scattered on the floor in short order. I would pull boxes off the shelves, and Aunt Susan would open them, sort through the contents, and repack things in some extra boxes she’d kept for just that purpose. Once she closed and labeled a box, I would heave it back onto a shelf.

The work was fairly easy, and we talked while we worked. I learned that her oldest son Kirk was in his Second Class summer at the US Naval Academy. His entire summer was being spent experiencing every aspect of what the Navy and Marine Corps had to offer. Like his father, however, he already had his sights set on Naval Aviation. I could tell that Aunt Susan was very proud of him. Listening to her talk, I was proud that I even knew him.

Her younger son, Doug, had not opted for a career in the military. He was spending the summer in Austin, Texas. He was living with friends of the family and working as an intern for a large electronics company before beginning college at the University of Texas. I could tell that she was very proud of Doug too. She was happy they were both living the lives they wanted, but I could also see that she missed them tremendously.

Thinking about them, and their absence, made her a little melancholy. So I tried to change the subject.

“How did you end up running a nudist camp?” I asked.

“I took over when my father died.”

Boy, did I know how to brighten up the conversation or what?!

“He died when the boys were ten and twelve,” she said. “It hadn’t been quite two years since Jack was killed, and I really didn’t know what to do.” She paused for a moment, and I saw tears fill her eyes.

I felt her emotions, and ached to comfort her, but I was still unsure of myself.

“My mother died when I was much younger, right after Doug was born, so my dad and the boys were all I had left. We’d all come to the camp when Jack was still alive, but I hadn’t been back since he was shot down.

“Anyway, when Dad died, he left a trust fund for the boys, and for me. He knew he was dying,” she paused and collected her thoughts, blinking back her tears. “It was liver cancer, and he set things up so we’d all be taken care of. All I had left were Kirk and Doug, and this place,” she looked up at me, unshed tears in her eyes. “So the boys and I moved here.”

I let the conversation end there, not trusting myself not to make things worse than I already had.



By lunchtime, we’d gotten nearly halfway through one side of the garage. Not working on the ladder, which I’d retrieved from where we’d left it the night before, we had little opportunity to be in close proximity. And since I already had one orgasm that morning, my penis was relatively cooperative.

I was putting the repacked boxes back on the shelf and Aunt Susan was sorting through a few of the boxes I’d set out a minute before when I heard her gasp. I swiftly set the box I carried on a shelf and turned to see what was the matter. I quickly looked around, but didn’t see anything. Then I realized that she was looking down into the box she had just opened.

My imagination kicked into overdrive and I rushed over, expecting to bravely save her from a spider or some other creepy-crawly. When I got there however, I looked down into the box in bewilderment. The only things there were photo albums!

Aunt Susan reached into the box and pulled the top album out and slowly opened its cover. She looked up when she sensed my presence and gestured for me to sit on a low stool beside her.

When I sat down, I could see that the photos in the album were fairly old. With a start, I recognized the clubhouse. I could clearly tell that the black and white picture had been taken many years before, but it was the same clubhouse that was the center of life in the camp. There were pictures of people too, nudists from the ’50s.

As she turned the pages, I got to see what life was like at the camp twenty years before. There was no playground, and only one row of motel-style buildings across from the clubhouse. And it seemed a lot more open. The trees and bushes had grown quite a bit since the pictures were taken.

There was even a series of pictures showing bulldozers and workmen digging out and then finishing the swimming lake. I took it for granted that the lake had always been there, despite the fact that I knew it wasn’t natural. But seeing before and after photos, not to mention construction photos, drove the point home.

When we finished the first album, she reached into the box and pulled out the next one. It was obviously a family album. The first picture was of a couple with a young girl, perhaps my sister’s age. Aunt Susan sucked in her breath and held her hand to her mouth. Then she smiled.

I looked at her, then at the picture, wondering who the people were. (Like I said, sometimes I’m pretty slow on the uptake.)

She pointed to the man in the picture; a tall, handsome man with dark hair. “This is my father, this is my mother, and this is me,” she said, pointing to each figure in turn.

I looked at the hand-written caption under the picture: *Summer 1955*.

Suddenly, she laughed; it was a quick, magical laugh, and completely unexpected.

“I thought I’d never get my breasts!”

The girl in the picture was still slim and flat-chested. I did some quick mental math and realized that she must've been about fifteen when it was taken.

"You did," I said, stating the obvious with a sage nod.

She laughed again and looked at me, "You think?!"

She elbowed me in the side, and put both albums back in the box. Standing up, she asked me to bring the box with us. I followed her as she headed out of the stuffy garage and into the courtyard. We entered the kitchen and she told me to put the box on the table.

"I want to rinse off before lunch," she said.

I merely nodded.

"I'll go get the towels and meet you outside."

Back outside, I turned on the shower and stepped under the cold spray, relieved to wash the sweat and grime of the garage off my skin. A minute later, Aunt Susan hung up the towels and stepped onto the tiles of the shower. She handed me the comb from yesterday as I stepped aside to let her rinse herself.

Once she had thoroughly rinsed off and then wet her hair, she asked me to comb it. I obediently stepped into the spray behind her, blocking it with my shoulders, and began to comb her wet hair.

She leaned her head back and simply enjoyed the feeling for a few moments. Then took a small step backward. I felt the heat of her body, and my penis started to rise. She arched her back a little and thrust her ass backward, making contact with my swelling dick.

As with the day before, my penis was nestled between her cheeks. And also like the day before, I quickly reached full erection. Unlike the day before, however, she didn't step forward immediately.

Instead, she wiggled.

She turned to look over her shoulder at me and smiled. With a mischievous wink, she bent forward at the waist. The feeling, to my young senses, was amazing. I felt my cock rubbing against the smooth slit of her pussy, and it felt like my dick got harder still, if that were possible.

She rocked forward and back, rubbing herself with my manhood. To my astonishment, she reached back with her right hand and grasped my penis. She slid forward again and I stood transfixed.

I felt her manipulate my dick, and then I felt the most wonderful feeling in the world. She slowly rocked back and I felt her heat and tightness surround my dick. I was inside her! I nearly lost my balance the feeling was so intense.

As I felt her ass press against my thighs, she groaned, my dick buried to the hilt in her pussy. She began rocking her hips back and forth, pulling away and then impaling herself on me again.

As she sped the tempo and power of her rocking, I was nearly knocked backward. I instinctively reached out and grasped her hips. She groaned again, so I knew I was doing something right, even if it was simply providing a hard dick and holding on.

The feeling of my virgin dick plowing into her pussy was indescribable. Technically, I might not have been a virgin, but I didn't know if a couple of blowjobs counted. Now, however, I had no doubts. I was fucking Aunt Susan. In reality, she was fucking me!

Feeling my hands on her hips, she put her own hands on her knees and began to really thrust against me. I started pulling myself forward with each thrust, and soon, our wet bodies were pounding against each other.

Unfortunately, I didn't last long.

I felt my imminent eruption welling up inside me. With one final thrust, I held her ass tight against my hips, straining to get more of my dick inside her. With a rush, I began to come. I felt my dick swell as the spurts coursed through my shaft, filling her full of my semen. Spurt after spurt pumped into her and I felt her pussy quiver around my dick.

Susan groaned as she felt my spasms. I closed my eyes so tightly that I saw stars when I opened them again after my orgasm had subsided. I realized that in the throes of pleasure, I had tightened my grip on her hips, and I relaxed my hands.

We stayed like that, Susan bent over in front of me with my dick buried in her pussy, for a minute more, letting the cold water wash over us as we caught our breath.

Slowly, oh so slowly, she eased forward, and with an almost electric jolt, my penis came out of her pussy. Susan stood up and turned, only to drop to her knees in front of me. She opened her mouth and eagerly licked my still-hard shaft. As I slowly got soft, she cleaned my penis with her lips and tongue. She was able to get me entirely in her mouth as I shrank, and I marveled at the pleasant sensations.

When I was completely soft, she smiled up at me and I helped her stand. I turned the water off and she reached for the towels. After she wrapped her towel around her hair, she reached her hand out to me. I took it and we headed toward the door in silence.

In my mind, I had a stupefying thought. I was no longer a virgin, that most detested of conditions for a young man. Woo-hoo! I was a Man! I think I must've floated into the kitchen, because I certainly don't remember walking there.



Susan fixed us lunch, and we chatted about what the camp was like when her father first built it. Her grandfather had owned a mill and a factory making uniforms for the army during World War II. He had instilled in his son, Susan's father, two enduring values: a healthy respect for finances and a healthy respect for nature.

(I found it odd, and a not a little ironic, that a clothing manufacturer's son would become a nudist.)

After the war, Susan's grandfather had died. Her father ran the family business for many years and then sold it to their major competitor. He had wisely invested the proceeds of the sale and his fortune grew.

In 1953, Susan's father, Douglas, had purchased a huge tract of South Carolina wilderness and built the camp. Her mother and father had wanted a place where families could come and enjoy nature, and they had created it.

After Susan graduated from high school, her parents had moved to the camp to live year-round, building the house she now lived in. When "Uncle Douglas," as he was called by the camp's visitors, died in 1970, Susan moved back to the camp. She had been there ever since.

"But listen to me, nattering on like I had no good sense!" she said with a laugh.

I had long since finished my lunch, and was enjoying listening to her reminisce. I merely smiled at her.

"Well!" she said with a burst of enthusiasm. "Let's take the afternoon off. We deserve a break. Besides, I want to look through those albums."

I quickly nodded and she began clearing our dishes.

"Why don't you take the box into the living room?"

I picked it up from where I'd moved it off the table, and carried it into the living room. I turned on the lights at each end of the couch and sat down.

Susan walked into the living room and paused for a moment, giving me an appraising look. I still didn't know what to expect from her, so I didn't say anything. Instead, I used the time to admire her body.

The sight of her smooth pussy still excited me tremendously. And now that we had "done it," and I knew what it felt like, I wanted more. But I still wasn't confident enough to initiate anything. I guess I still half expected her to stop everything if I made a wrong move.

Seeing me admiring her, her eyes softened and her expression changed.

"I want to finish before we look at photos," she said.

I was confused, and my confusion was evident. She wanted to finish what?

She smiled at my expression and slowly walked toward me.

"Scoot down and sit on the floor with your back against the couch," she said.

I readily complied, and she pulled one of the cushions off the back of the couch.

"Here, slide your hips out and lean back against this."

I did as I was told, looking up at her, my confusion only deepening. She took the towel from around her head, ran her fingers through her hair, then stepped between my legs. I watched with minor trepidation and building excitement as she knelt between my knees and bent forward.

I felt the cool wetness of her hair caress my belly as the warm wetness of her mouth captured the tip of my flaccid penis. She ran her tongue around the soft head of my manhood, massaging it with her lips.

The sight of her on her hands and knees between my legs, her beautiful hourglass figure before me, was more than enough to excite me. As she began sucking my stiffening penis, wrapping her tongue around my expanding length and slowly moving her head from side to side, I admired her shapely back and rounded ass.

She began sucking in earnest as I reached my full length, bobbing her head up and down on my shaft. Taking long, slow motions, she gently sucked almost my entire length into her mouth then pulled back, lightly raking the underside of my penis with her lower lip.

She sucked me like this for several minutes, slowly bobbing her head up and down as I savored the sensation. I knew I wouldn't come soon, not after two orgasms earlier today, and I leaned back against the couch cushion and watched her suck me.

Susan released my cock and sat back on her heels.

"Mmmmm."

She then moved up to straddle my hips. As her pussy dragged across my saliva-slick penis, it twitched, and she smiled at me. She then raised up and I watched in wonder as she reached down with her right hand to lift my penis and point it at the opening to her pussy. She rubbed the head back and forth across her shaven slit and then set it at the junction of her inner lips.

Once the tip was in the right place, she sank back a little, just enough to let the head of my dick enter her. When she removed her hand, I marveled at the sight of the shaft of my penis splitting her open, my glans invisible inside her. She rested her hands on her thighs and with exquisite slowness, she lowered herself onto me.

As her pussy slowly engulfed my cock, I watched in amazement as her smooth outer labia bulged to accept my width and her inner lips clung to the sides of my shaft. The feeling of sliding into her was magical. I never wanted it to end.

When her buttocks came to rest on my thighs and my dick was completely buried in her pussy, she shuddered and took a deep, ragged breath, closing her eyes and savoring the sensation. With her eyes still closed, she moved her hips side to side a little, got her knees situated comfortably on either side of my hips, and exhaled slowly.

She bit her bottom lip and groaned in pleasure. After a minute sitting like this, with my dick buried in the warmth and wetness of her pussy, she slowly opened her eyes.

They were unfocused for a second or two and she took another deep breath. Then she looked at me and smiled.

Her expression teased me as she said, "You can touch me, you know. I'm not going to break."

When I still didn't move, she reached down and grasped my wrists. She raised my hands and placed them on her hips. She shivered at the contact, and I could feel her reaction as her pussy convulsively gripped my dick.

"Mmmmm, I like it when you touch me," she said.

I rubbed my hands up and down the smooth skin of her flanks and she closed her eyes and breathed deeply. Her pussy clenched again and I took that as a signal to explore further.

I brought my hands up and cupped her breasts, running my palms over her nipples. I felt them stiffen immediately under my touch as she let out an involuntary moan of pleasure. Her pussy spasmed, grasping my erection in its soft grip and she shuddered.

She took another deep breath and rose on her knees. In fascination, I looked down as she lifted off my erection. Her pussy lips pulled at me as she raised herself off my length, my dick glistening with her juices. When only the tip of my penis was inside her, she began to descend, my girth once again splitting her open.

She returned her palms to her thighs, keeping her eyes closed and breathing deeply through her nose. When her buttocks touched my thighs and she had firmly seated herself on my dick, she began rotating her hips in small circles.

I continued to gently manipulate her breasts, rubbing my palms over her erect nipples. I didn't know what else to do so I ran my hands back over her sides and down to her hips.

"Mmmmm, that feels nice," she said without opening her eyes.

Her hips were still making small circles, grinding her pussy against my stiffness. I decided that if she liked me moving my hands over her, I would oblige. With the backs of my fingernails, I traced back up her ribs to the sides of her gently swaying breasts. I ran my fingertips over her globes, avoiding her nipples, as she bit her lower lip again and moaned softly.

I took that as a very positive sign and circled her areolas, running my fingers up the tops of her breasts and into the hollow of her collarbone. I gently splayed my fingertips over the sides of her neck and drew them out over the line of her jawbone. I had no idea what I was doing, so I let her reactions guide me.

With feathery light caresses, I ran my fingers back down the sides of her neck and over her shoulders. I wrapped my hands around them, barely touching her, and drew my hands down the length of her arms, adding pressure with my fingers on the back of her arms. She shuddered in pleasure and I felt her pussy grip me tighter. I didn't have any plan for what I was doing, but she was certainly enjoying it.

I ran my hands lightly over her entire body, back up to her shoulders and down her chest, still avoiding her nipples. When my hands reached her hips, she let out another low-voiced moan.

With my hands resting on her hips, she stopped the circular motion of her hips and began to slowly bounce up and down on my dick. I reached my hands around to cup her ass as she moved atop me, pulling her toward me and up, and then letting her sink down on my length again.

We fucked like this for what seemed like forever, but was probably closer to five minutes. With a whoosh of breath, she impaled herself on me and bit her lip again, harder this time. She then began rocking her hips back and forth. I felt her ass cheeks clenching with the exertion, but the feeling on my penis was incredible. She was grinding the base of my cock with her pussy lips, and I simply held on for the ride at this point.

Suddenly, her eyes popped open and she looked directly at me.

"Come inside me! I want to feel you come inside me."

She rose on her knees and then reseated herself, my cock buried to the root. I moved my hands back to her hips as she rode me up and down. On each downstroke, I felt her pussy squeezing tighter and tighter.

She was wordlessly moaning now as she bounced atop my hips, riding my cock and grinding against me at the bottom of each stroke. I felt my orgasm building and knew it wouldn't be long before I spent myself inside her.

With a low, powerful moan, she seated herself firmly. The pressure was too much for me, and I felt my dick swell and begin to spurt into the depths of her pussy. She was gently rocking back and forth as I came inside her, and when I had almost finished, her pussy spasmed and... went wild. I was gripped so tightly that I thought I would pass out from the pleasure.

With a long, tearing moan, she collapsed against my chest and whimpered into the hollow of my neck. Her body shuddered as her pussy gripped my hard shaft. I reached around her and rubbed my hands up and down her back and ass cheeks, gently squeezing and rubbing her bottom at the end of each motion. Her arms gripped my torso tightly as she gently bucked and shuddered in pleasure.

When her orgasm subsided, she loosened her grip but kept her arms around me. Her hips still jerked against me, and her pussy seemed to get even hotter and wetter. I stopped rubbing her ass and simply wrapped my arms around her, not knowing what else to do.

Miraculously, my cock shrank very little, the heat and tightness of her pussy sustaining my semi-erect condition. After many minutes, our breathing returned to normal. She still gripped me tightly with her arms, her body held against mine as I embraced her.

I didn't know what else to do, so I kept doing what I was doing.

After perhaps five more minutes, she released me and sat up slowly. She had a sleepy look in her eyes. I marveled at her beauty once again as I looked into her blue eyes.

"Mmmmm," she said and smiled lazily. "I'm finished."

So *that's* what she meant! I smiled in return. I thought to myself that I'd like her to finish more often.



My dick never really did shrink completely until we had uncoupled and Susan licked me clean. Then she

sat back and demurely folded her legs under herself.

“Um... Susan?”

“Yes?”

“Um... what about... um...”

She smiled and at my discomfort and raised her eyebrows.

“What about...” I stammered. “What about my, you know... um... I’ve done it twice now, and... um...” I said, pointing in the general direction of her pussy. The look on her face told me she was clearly enjoying my stammering discomfort, which only made things worse. I resolved myself to get my question out, “What about my... stuff?”

“Your semen? What about it?” she asked coyly.

“I mean... won’t you... or... couldn’t you... um...”

“You mean, ‘could I get pregnant?’”

I breathed a sigh of relief and quickly nodded.

She shook her head. “I had my tubes tied after Doug was born. You can shoot ‘your stuff,’” she smiled to take the edge off it, “wherever you want, within reason.”

I nodded again.

“You don’t mind, do you?” she teased me.

I blushed and shook my head. “I kinda like it,” I said hesitantly.

“So do I,” she said, smiling genuinely.

All of a sudden, her face changed, and she looked like an excited young girl on Christmas morning.

“Now,” she said brightly, “let’s look at those pictures.”

She unfolded her legs, stood, and moved to sit beside me on the floor. I took the cushion from behind my back and scooted back to lean against the front of the couch. She pulled the box of albums over to us and took the first two out.

Susan had been an only child of wealthy parents and there were many, many photos of her and her family. I was most interested in the ones from the early days of the nudist camp. The photos of Susan showed a beautiful, developing young woman, blossoming into adulthood.

She had indeed developed late, but when she did develop, she bore a striking resemblance to her mother. Even in the later photos, her mother was a very beautiful woman; easily as beautiful as Susan was as an adult. I suspected she would always be a pretty woman. Genes are tough to beat, I thought ruefully to myself, looking down at my stocky body.

I shook those thoughts from my head, and simply enjoyed the pictures. We leafed through the albums and she pointed out different additions to the camp or described the events in the pictures. Her father had been quite a nature lover, and took great pride in building up the camp for like-minded people.

We had almost finished going through the albums when the clock chimed the hour. I found that I had actually enjoyed looking at the photos; especially the ones of a young and nude Susan. Usually, I can take or leave photo albums, they’re just not all that interesting to me. But in some way I couldn’t quite pinpoint, this was different.

I mentally shrugged, and began to wonder whether Susan would want to shower here, together, or I would head back to our cabin to clean up before dinner.

“You need to shower before you head off to dinner,” she said, as if answering my silent question. “We smell like sex,” she said with a grin.

I’d been half afraid that after our eventful afternoon, she wouldn’t want to spend more time with me. She stood up and extended her hand down to me. I took it as I stood, and she led me into the hall bathroom.

We showered until the hot water ran out and our fingers were pruned. She let me explore her body as I washed her gently with the washcloth. I studied every crack and crevice. I marveled at how soft her skin was. Some of the older women who lived at the camp year round had skin that looked dry and almost leathery. Susan didn’t spend as much time out in the sun. While she did have a tan, she was still very pale compared to many of the sun worshipers who came to the camp.

After I had washed and rinsed her breasts, I leaned in and slowly sucked one nipple into my mouth. I wondered how she would react to this, and I was rewarded as she sucked in her breath and grasped my head with both hands. I circled her suddenly erect nipple with my tongue. Wrapping my lips around her nipple, I flicked my tongue over the tip. I tried to treat her nipple like she treated my dick, and I was rewarded for my efforts. I switched to her other breast, and quickly had that nipple erect too.

“Mmmmm,” I said, looking up at her and smiling, echoing her comment of earlier.

She smiled down at me as I sank to my knees in front of her. I gently washed her legs, one at a time, and then moved the washcloth to her pussy. I didn’t want to scrape her sensitive parts with the washcloth, so I lightly rubbed her mons and lips. She leaned back into the shower and moaned. I longed to probe her pussy with my fingers, but I didn’t know how she would react.

I didn’t get the opportunity to ask, however, as she lifted me to my feet and took the washcloth from me. She switched places with me, placing me under the stream of water after she rinsed and re-lathered the washcloth.

She returned the favor and washed me thoroughly. By the time she had me rinsed, however, the water was turning cold. She knelt before me, the chilly water cascading down my back, and took my limp penis in her mouth. She sucked me for a minute or so. I was just beginning to get hard after all the afternoon’s attention when she turned her head and ducked under my penis to lick my balls.

The sensation was wonderful as she sucked first one, then the other testicle into her mouth. After she had lavished a minute’s attention on my balls, she returned to my penis. She was only teasing me however, and quit before I began to seriously become erect.

She smiled a wickedly mischievous smile up at me. “I have to keep you wanting more,” she said sweetly.

Like there was any risk that I might not want more, I thought to myself. Ha! Not likely.

She then laughed and stood up as I turned to turn off the now-cold water. We dried off and talked about the next day.

“If we finish with the entire side of the garage tomorrow, we can go into town tomorrow afternoon,” she said. “I can go to the bank and get some cash for you. And I want to pick some things up at the supermarket.”

I nodded.

“Also, tell your Mom that we’re going and she’ll probably give you a list of things she needs from the store. With your Dad gone with the car, it’ll save her some trouble.”

I nodded again.

When we came out into the living room, the clock showed that it was almost six! Susan saw it too, and swatted me in the behind, shooing me toward the kitchen door.

I grinned at her goofily and headed toward the door.

My mom was just setting plates on the table when I opened the door to the clubhouse. As I got closer, she looked at me questioningly. I returned her look as innocently as I could, smiling. She let any question she might’ve had die unspoken as I sat down at the table and put my napkin in my lap.

During dinner, Mom and Erin talked about stuff, but I wasn’t paying attention. My thoughts were filled with Susan. And if Mom noticed that I was distracted again, then at least I didn’t look sick. People who are sick do not have goofy smiles on their faces!

CHAPTER FIVE

I got up on my own the next morning, and Mom was just getting up as I was coming out of the bathroom. She was brushing her hair at the dresser when I emerged. When I stepped out of the bathroom, she put her brush on the dresser and smiled at me.

I had told her about our trip to town today, and she had written a grocery list out. She folded it and stuffed it into an envelope that I could see contained cash. She folded the flap closed and put it on the top of the dresser.

“There’s a list in there of all the groceries that we need. And there should be enough cash in there to pay for everything,” she said, opening my dresser drawer.

“Mmm hmm,” I said, settling in for the redundant, and unnecessary, instructions.

“Bring back the change, please. Also, be sure you thank Aunt Susan for me. I know you’ll be polite while you’re with her. And do what she says.”

“Which shorts do you want?”

“Blue.”

“Shirt?”

“Cowboys.”

“Make sure you clean up before you leave for town,” she said, looking at me sternly. “Ask Aunt Susan if you can shower there,” she instructed. (Little did she know!)

She pulled my shorts and my Dallas Cowboys t-shirt out of the drawer along with a pair of socks and underwear. She spread the shirt out on top of the dresser and rolled the other clothing up in it.

Mom handed me the rolled-up bundle of clothes and the envelope with the list and money. I waited for her to finish her instructions, knowing that I wasn’t done yet.

“Have fun and be sure you get everything on the list. I know you won’t cause any problems, but I’ll tell you anyway,” she said, smiling at me, only half teasing. “Don’t cause any problems.” Then she nodded to reassure me that she trusted me.

“Okay, Mom. Bye.”

I turned and headed for the door. I couldn’t wait to get to Susan’s for breakfast! I had just opened the cabin door and was nearly out the screen door when she called me back. I turned and looked at her, trying to hide my exasperation.

“Aren’t you forgetting something?”

I frowned in thought and shook my head.

“Are you sure?”

I nodded blithely.

Her eyes flicked to the end of the bunk beds and she looked pointedly at the floor. Belatedly, I spotted my sneakers. A stricken look came over my face as I shifted my clothes to my right hand and reached down with my left.

“Thanks, Mom,” I said, smiling up at her in gratitude as I plucked my shoes from the floor.

With that, I turned and banged through the screen door, letting it slam behind me. Erin hated it when I did that. I smiled as I jogged down the hill toward Susan’s.



Once I got to Susan’s house, she motioned me in when she saw me approach the kitchen door. I set my shoes on the floor and the rest of what I was carrying on the counter.

“Good morning, sunshine,” she said, smiling at me.

She poured me a bowl of cereal and took two pieces of cheese toast out of the oven. She silently directed me to sit down, in my usual chair closest to the door, and set the bowl and plate in front of me.

I sent a questioning glance to her empty end of the table.

“I thought I’d have the same thing that I had yesterday,” she said, smiling wickedly. “If it’s okay with you, that is.”

I felt my eyes widen and I quickly nodded. I couldn’t believe my luck! Of course I had hoped that this would happen. But hope and reality have a way of turning out differently. This morning, I was glad that my reality was running smack into my hopes.

“Why don’t we make a game of it?” she asked.

I wrinkled my brow in confusion.

“Let’s see how much of your breakfast you can finish before I finish with my breakfast!”

I nodded, and she smiled wickedly again, dropping to her knees and disappearing under the table.

I had just scooped a bite of cereal when I felt her warm hand part my thighs. I felt the inside of my legs against her shoulders as her hot breath washed over my groin. My dick stiffened instantly, and all thought of breakfast fled my mind as her soft, wet lips fastened themselves onto the tip of my penis.

She sucked me slowly, taking long strokes that dragged her wet lips and tongue back over the length of my shaft. I could hear her making little noises of delight under the table as she bobbed her head back and forth on my manhood.

With one hand, she reached up to fondle my balls as she sucked me gently. Every once in a while, she would stop when she got most of my dick in her mouth and she would run her tongue over the underside of my shaft. She would softly shake her head side to side, raking the smooth skin of my penis against the equally smooth inside of her cheeks. Then she would withdraw and return to bobbing her head, caressing my length with her lips and tongue.

I lasted longer than I thought I would, she seemed to have a way of drawing things out, but I didn’t last as long as I wanted to!

Before long, I couldn’t hold back any longer and I felt the rush of pressure surge up my shaft. As soon as the first spurt shot into her mouth, she locked her lips just behind the crown of my cock and brought her hand up to stroke and milk my shaft. My cock seemed to swell still further as I came in her mouth, shooting my seed down her throat.

When I finally finished shooting my load, she gently sucked my deflating cock, coaxing the last remaining drops of semen from my shaft.

I closed my eyes in pleasure as she slowly nursed my penis back to its flaccid state. When she was done, she reappeared on the other side of the table and climbed up into the chair. Her look was insufferably smug as she stared pointedly at my barely-touched cereal and toast.

“I win,” she said, practically preening. She smiled broadly, her white teeth reminding me of the white semen I had just shot over them. “Now finish your breakfast, we’ve got a lot of work to do.”

My cereal was soggy and my toast was cold, but I obediently consumed it all.



After breakfast, we finished up all the boxes on the side wall of the garage. There were no more finds like the photo albums, however. Mostly, it was the kind of things that people accumulate over many years of life—knick-knacks.

The whole time I was moving boxes, however, Susan was teasing me. I’d come up to set a box down and she’d ask me to wait before picking up the box she was working on. When she had taped up the new box, she would fondle me before she’d let me pick it up.

Or she would spread her legs, making eye contact with me before she did it, and run her index finger over her slit. I would invariably drop my eyes to the spectacle before me (as she meant for me to) and when I’d look back up at her, she’d be grinning at me.

Once, she caught me as I was turning from the shelves, sank to her knees, and sucked me until I was fully hard. As soon as I stiffened completely, however, she popped my dick out of her mouth and went back to work with an evil twinkle in her eye.

Her antics kept me almost permanently hard. And by lunchtime, I was almost ready to jerk off in front of her just for some relief.

When we finished the last box from the side of the garage, we decided to break for an early lunch. We were walking past the wrought-iron table, my hard-on leading the way, when she suddenly turned. She spun on her heels so quickly that I almost bumped into her.

With a wicked grin, she dropped to her knees and immediately took my length as far as she could into her mouth. She only bobbed her head four or five times, however, then stood up. She pushed me aside a little and bent over the glass table top, supporting herself with her outstretched arms.

“Fuck me from behind,” she said over her shoulder, her voice thick with emotion.

I readily complied. I bent my knees slightly to come up from behind, and when I moved my hips forward, my dick slid into her easily. The first touch of my flesh on hers was electric, and she let out a low moan of pleasure.

When I had myself firmly seated in her pussy, I grabbed her hips and began to slowly thrust in and out of her.

The feeling of her pussy was in some ways better than her mouth. Her pussy gripped me like a vise—a very hot, very wet vise. I slowly sawed my cock in and out of her pussy, and I could feel her need as she quivered beneath me.

“This is for teasing me all morning,” I said as I kept my pace deliberately slow.

She only whimpered.

I kept up my glacial pace as long as I could. But finally, the sensations created by the walls of her vagina overwhelmed me and I began thrusting into her with strong strokes.

She was thrust forward every time my hips slammed into her ass and drove my cock deep into her pussy. Her arms slid out from under her and she stretched out on the table before me, open to my onslaught. I pumped into her a few more times before I felt my come boiling up.

With one final thrust, I pounded into her, held my hips against her ass with my hands, and felt my come erupt inside her. I felt as if my body were being emptied of semen, I came so powerfully. My eyes closed tightly as I held onto her, locked inside her, at the mercy of my gushing penis.

When my come finally slowed to a trickle, I opened my eyes. I’d had them shut so tightly that I saw spots for a moment. I relaxed my clenched legs and buttocks, and looked down at Susan’s back where she panted, stretched out on the table. When we finally recovered a semblance of our normal breathing, I pulled my hips back and let my slick penis slide from her pussy.

I was still half-hard, and she slid off the table to kneel in front of me. With increasing energy, she cleaned our combined juices from my dick. When she pronounced me clean enough and stood, she took my hand in hers and we went inside.

We had been so occupied with each other that neither of us had noticed the person standing at the entry to the courtyard.



Once inside, we showered together. I enjoyed washing her, and I certainly enjoyed her washing me. But I had just come not more than fifteen minutes before, I survived the experience without an erection.

When we got out of the shower, Susan wrapped her towel around her head and headed off to her bedroom to get dressed. I suddenly realized that I’d forgotten to bring any deodorant. Fortunately, rooting around in the medicine cabinet, I found some left over from her sons, and was soon dressed and waiting in the living room.

I heard the hairdryer from the back of the house shut off, and then Susan entered the living room. She had her hair up in a pony tail, a very cute hair style that made her look several years younger. She wore a men’s button shirt with the sleeves rolled up. It was tucked into a light, mid-thigh-length beige print skirt. Completing the outfit, she wore strappy sandals that accentuated her calves.

She fixed a quick lunch of sandwiches and lemonade. When we finished eating and Susan had put the dishes in the sink for later, she picked up her purse from the counter in the kitchen. She reminded me to get my envelope with my mom’s shopping list and cash, and we headed out to the courtyard. Since we were still working in the garage, her car was parked out in front of it. We hopped into the station wagon and headed

out.

On the way out of the camp, we saw Mom come out the side door of the clubhouse and flag us down.

We had our windows rolled down because of the heat, and as Susan slowed to a stop, Mom walked up to lean down to the window. She had a flustered expression on her face. She looked at Susan, then slid her gaze to me. Her expression was unreadable, and I wondered if I'd done something wrong.

Then she sort of shook herself and smiled.

"Sorry to flag you down," she said to Susan by way of explanation, "but I remembered that we were low on Cokes, so I wanted Paul to pick some up."

She looked at me.

"You should have enough money, just add two six-packs of Coke to your list."

"Sure, Mom. No problem."

She smiled and Susan nodded, "I'll make sure he remembers them, Beth."

"Thanks, Suz."

Mom looked at me one more time, and I could swear that as she rose to back away from the car, her eyes dropped to my crotch. Before I could react, however, Mom waved.

Susan returned the wave, smiled, and drove off.

"What was that about?" Susan asked, looking over at me.

I shrugged, "I dunno."

"Hmmm."



The drive from the camp to the chained gate was only fifteen minutes. The gate was actually two large white-painted cinder-block anchor pillars with a padlocked chain stretched between them. Signs on the inbound side of the pillars proclaimed this to be private property and forbade trespassing. The pine forest came right up to the sandy road at this point, and there was no way to bypass the gate with a car.

When we arrived at the chain, Susan told me the combination to the lock. I got out, unlocked the chain, and let it fall to the ground. When she drove over the chain, I hauled it back through the anchor bolt, pulled it tight, and re-locked the padlock to hold it in place. I returned to the passenger side of the station wagon and we drove off.

The drive from the gate was another twenty minutes. We were about halfway to the main road when Susan slowed. The pine forest had thinned out by this point, and as Susan turned right, into the weeds, I was certain she had gone nuts. It was heavily overgrown with tall grass, but there was indeed the beginnings of a cleared track beyond the weeds. I could barely make out the sandy road, but Susan seemed assured so I relaxed and let her drive.

"This is where my father first wanted to put his house. After they surveyed the land, he decided that the current location was much better, since we could build the lake. And it would require much less time, money, and trouble removing trees. Up ahead, the forest is fairly thick, and we would've had to remove acres of trees to build what my father wanted.

"So he decided to locate the camp where it is now. But we'd come up here on picnics when I was a little girl. I think I'm the only one who knows about it, and I keep it to myself, since it's so special to me.

"Unless you know the road is here, you'd have to practically stumble over it to find it. And no one from the camp hikes this far toward the main road," she explained as we drove slowly down the overgrown track.

We reached a natural clearing after about ten minutes, and Susan stopped the station wagon in the tall grass. She stopped the engine and we got out of the car.

"Take your clothes off," she said, unbuttoning her shirt. "Leave your shoes and socks on, though."

I complied quickly. I had only my t-shirt, underwear and shorts to slide off. I watched as she pulled her shirt from her skirt and took it off, throwing it on the driver's seat. She reached around behind her and unclasped her bra. I was mesmerized as I watched the globes of her breasts spill out of her bra as she removed it. She then bent over and slid her skirt and panties off in one fluid motion.

Once she'd tossed everything on the car seat, she walked off into the woods. I quickly caught up with her. We walked through the shade of the pine forest for perhaps ten more minutes. Up ahead, I could see the trees thinning out, and thought I heard the sound of running water.

We came around a low hill and she stopped. Before us were several large rocks. Over the rocks, most of them taller than me, ran a stream. The falls formed a dark pool at the base of the larger rocks, and then ran off down the hill to our right.

"This is one of the streams that feed the camp's lake," she said.

"Cool."

"Very," she said, smiling. "The spring starts several hundred feet up this hill, but this is my favorite place."

I could see why. The trees were thinner here, because of the stream, and the sun shone down to bake the large rocks of the falls.

"The pool is about four feet deep, and *very* cold," she said. "On a summer day, however, it's a great place for a picnic and a swim."

She stood silently for a few moments, then sighed deeply.

"This is a very special place for me," she said quietly.

I stood close to her and kept silent.

She closed her eyes and stood silently for another minute, enjoying the sounds of the forest and the small falls.

At last, she turned to me with a mischievous look in her eye and dropped to her knees. She took my penis in her mouth and began working on it. Despite the fact that I'd already come twice today, I was quickly erect.

She took my penis out of her mouth and turned her attentions to my balls. While she licked them, she stroked my length with her left hand.

She continued alternately licking my balls and sucking my dick for perhaps another minute. Then she popped my manhood out of her mouth and stood. At my look of disappointment, she chided me.

"Just wait... You'll enjoy it," she said cryptically.

With that, she turned and started off, back the way we'd come.



When we got back to the car, I went to put on my clothes.

"Leave your underwear off," she said to me over the hood of the car.

"Huh?"

"Just don't put your underwear on, that's all."

"But won't people be able to tell?" I asked. My shorts weren't all that thick to begin with. And I still had to cram my half-hard penis into the thin fabric. It would stand out to anyone who was paying attention.

"Mmm hmm," she said, grinning.

"Okay," I said, still not convinced.

"Trust me," she said confidently.

I watched as she picked up her skirt. She shook her panties loose from where they'd been tangled up in the thin garment. Leaving the white panties on the car seat, she stepped into the skirt and slid it up her shapely legs.

Leaving her bra on the car seat too, she thrust her arms into the shirt. She didn't button it up at all. Rather, she tied the shirt tails in a loose knot at her midriff. It was so loose, that when she looked up and saw me watching her, she grasped the edges of the shirt and pulled them apart, exposing her nipples to me.

"You're not going into town like that, are you?"

"Mmm hmm," she nodded, her eyes twinkling with mirth.

I shook my head and got into the car. We put our discarded underwear in the glove compartment and returned to the camp road. From there, it was only ten minutes more to the main road, a two-lane "highway" leading to town.

The drive to town took another forty minutes, and we chatted idly about the sights along the road, cars we passed, and anything else that struck our fancy.



Once we got into town, the first stop we made was at a bank. I stayed in the car while Susan went inside. When she returned, she handed me a bank envelope, gesturing for me to open it.

“That’s your pay for this week.”

I tentatively opened the envelope. Inside, I counted six crisp new twenty dollar bills! This was a small fortune for a teenager, and visions of what I would purchase flashed through my mind. The possibilities were endless!

I was lost in thought as we pulled out of the bank parking lot, Susan smiling at my preoccupation the entire time.



I was so lost in thought about my newfound riches that I didn’t even notice when we pulled into the Winn-Dixie parking lot. When Susan parked the car, I looked up.

I guess early Friday afternoon wasn’t a busy time at the grocery store. We were one of the only cars in the parking lot. As I got out of the car, I asked about the lack of people at the store. Susan pointed down the street and I saw a much larger, and much newer grocery store. I suspected that good old Winn-Dixie might just be suffering from the newer competition.

“I’ve been coming to this store for years, and I know where everything is. So I guess I keep coming back because it’s convenient,” she said.

I shrugged.

It didn’t matter to me much one way or the other. I took out my envelope with the list and the money, clutched it in my hand, and followed Susan into the store.

Inside the grocery store, the air conditioning was not really up to the job. I suspected that did more than anything to drive away customers on a hot South Carolina summer day.

Once in the store, Susan set her sunglasses on top of her head, pulled out a basket, and we headed off to the produce section. I took out my list and began to fill the basket with groceries.

After the produce section, we came to the dairy coolers, and Susan began to tease me. Her shirt was tied so loosely that she could easily slide it to one side or the other and completely expose one of her breasts. In the chill of the dairy aisle (one of the few cool places in the store, I suspected!), she pulled her shirt to the left and exposed herself to my gaze.

“Brrrrrr. It sure is cold over here,” she said with a mischievous smile.

I almost panicked, looking around to see if anyone could see us. I hastily determined that the store was as devoid of employees as it was of customers.

“My poor nipples are so hard,” she continued, baiting me.

I couldn’t move, I was so afraid of being caught. She only grinned at my discomfort and blithely turned to continue down the aisle—without covering her exposed breast.

I quickly scampered in front of her, stopping in front of the cart.

“Susan, please!” I hissed. “If we get caught, they’ll put us in jail; or worse!”

She smiled at me.

“I thought you liked my breasts,” she said.

“I do, I just don’t wanna go to jail.”

She shrugged minutely and shifted her shirt. I could still plainly see the curve of her left breast, but I could no longer see her areola. I figured that might be good enough to keep us out of jail.

On the next aisle, she continued. I was putting a loaf of bread in the cart when I felt her hand on the front of my shorts, caressing my dick. I hardened before I could jump back in surprise.

Once again, I frantically looked around the store to see if anyone could see us. The only sound was the awful grocery-store music in the background and not a person was in sight.

Susan giggled at my obvious discomfort, and we continued shopping.

The rest of our time in the grocery store was like this. By the third aisle, I'd decided that there was very little chance of our getting caught, and I started to enjoy the thrill of doing something naughty in a public place.

On the aisles where we were walking toward the back of the store, Susan would spread her shirt wide, exposing her nipples. Sometimes, she would bend over to fetch things off a low shelf, and when she bent over, she'd throw her thin skirt up, exposing her ass and her deliciously bare pussy lips to me.

Whenever the opportunity arose, she would take my hand and run my fingers over her slit. I could feel the heat and moisture of her arousal.

Also at every opportunity, she would fondle my erection. I looked down and realized that without my underwear, the outline of my dick was clearly visible through my shorts. I shrugged it off. She was enjoying herself tremendously, and I found myself reluctantly enjoying the illicit thrill along with her.

Toward the last couple of aisles, where we were furthest away from the cashier in the front and the manager's office in the rear, she did something that truly stunned me.

In the cleaning supplies aisle, where there was a large cardboard display of Mr. Clean, she dropped to her knees. She quickly slid the leg of my shorts over my stiff erection and wrapped her lips around me. The silky smooth warmth of her mouth was almost enough to make me pass out.

She took me as deep as she could, quickly stroking my erection with her mouth. With her left hand, she fondled my balls as she made quiet sucking sounds around my dick. I thought she was going to make me come, and was hoping against hope that no one would walk around the corner and see us.

Just as I was wondering if she intended to make me come right then, she stopped, removing her luscious mouth from my dick. She stood up and stepped close to me. With her right hand, she gripped my aching penis and stroked it.

"If you walk all the way to the last aisle with your dick out, I'll give you a big surprise," she purred.

I was terrified of being caught, but so far gone with arousal that I couldn't resist, and mutely nodded.

Those last two aisles were the longest five minutes of my life. Susan watched with lustful amusement as I furtively snuck around the front end of the next aisle. We shopped all down the second-to-last aisle and it seemed to take an eternity. I still had things on my list that I needed to get, and my concentration was slipping as my arousal increased.

I almost went crazy trying to watch out for any employees or customers, read my list, and fill the basket. In addition, I had to deal with Susan periodically stroking my erection where it stuck out from the leg of my shorts.

As we turned the corner on the last aisle, paper products, I breathed a sigh of relief. Just as we turned the corner, Susan pulled the cart from my grasp. Without a word, she bent over in front of me and pulled her skirt up around her hips. Her delicious round ass, in all its alabaster splendor, was in directly in front of me.

With her right hand, she reached between her legs and grasped my cock. With one fluid motion, she aimed my cock at her dripping pussy and thrust herself backward.

Her pussy was like fire, gripping my cock in a furnace of lust. I grasped her hips and began slowly thrusting.

But after eight or ten thrusts, she pulled away and stood. She could clearly see the disappointment on my face.

She smiled at me and dropped to her knees in front of me, quickly cleaning her juices from my cock, and pulling my shorts down to cover my erection. While I was certainly covered, however, anyone who looked would quickly realize that I was very, very hard.

With a wink, she spun on her heels and began pushing the cart toward the front of the store. As we rounded the end of the aisle, we could see that there was only one cashier on duty.

The lone cashier was a bored-looking girl, older than me by several years. As we drew closer, I could see she was reading a book, so I studied her without fear of being caught staring.

She was boyishly slim, with short, curly brown hair and smallish breasts. Her nametag read "Stacy." When we turned our basket into her checkout line, she put a bookmark in her book and looked up at us for

the first time.

I could see her eyes open wide in shock as Susan and I approached her. I thought to myself what a pair we must've made. I was, probably unsuccessfully, trying to hide my erection. But Susan seemed to preen at the girl's unabashed scrutiny.

As I started putting our groceries on the counter and the girl started ringing them up, I could see her covertly sneaking glances at Susan's nearly exposed breasts. Susan turned to her left to watch me as I emptied our cart. As Susan faced me, she idly toyed with the left side of her shirt, pulling it out and away from her breast as she ran her fingers slowly up and down the button holes of the shirt.

The checkout girl had a clear and unobstructed view of Susan's left breast. Whenever she would lift an item to find its price, she would gaze past it to catch a glimpse of Susan's perfectly tanned, full, round breast.

"You forgot the Cokes you were supposed to get," Susan suddenly chided me.

"Um... yeah, I guess I did."

"You need to pay more attention, Paul," she teased.

"Well... I was kinda... occupied... at the time."

"That's okay, I'll go get them."

She headed back to the aisle with the soft drinks and the cashier looked at me.

"Is she your mom?"

I shook my head, "A friend."

The cashier arched her eyebrow in disbelief.

"A friend of my parents'," I quickly amended.

"Oh," she said, drawing out the sound.

As she pursed her lips, I immediately imagined them wrapped around my dick. As my expression changed, she looked at me, wondering why it had. I banished that line of thinking from my head and nervously smiled at her.

"How old are you?" she asked.

"Seventeen," I lied without batting an eye. "How old are you?"

"Twenty," she said diffidently.

"Oh."

"Does your... friend... always dress like that?" she asked tentatively, nodding in the direction Susan had walked.

"Susan? No," I chuckled, unable to contain myself. "Normally she doesn't dress like that," I chuckled again, telling the absolute truth and thinking to myself about the joke I'd made by doing it.

As if on cue, Susan returned carrying two six-packs of Coke.

Stacy finished ringing up the groceries from Mom's list and I extracted cash from my envelope to pay. She then went around to the end of the checkout stand to start bagging while I started loading the counter with Susan's groceries.

As the girl reached the end of the stand, she had to kneel to pull out more brown grocery bags. When she did, her head was on a level with Susan's waist. Not missing the opportunity when it presented itself, Susan took her sunglasses off her head. She then casually lifted the front hem of her skirt and began cleaning the sunglasses lenses. I could tell that Stacy had seen up Susan's skirt by the sound of a stack of bags slapping into the tile of the floor.

I could barely see over the end of the checkout stand, but I had a fairly good idea what was going on. Stacy lingered, kneeling at the end of the stand, fumbling with the stack of bags without looking at them. What she was looking at was obvious. I knew what power seeing Susan's shaved pussy had over me the first time I'd glimpsed it.

And I knew from recent experience that her lips were puffy and spreading slightly with arousal, and probably glistening with moisture as well. In a minute, however, Susan had the cleanest (I probably should say the doubly-cleanest) sunglasses she'd ever had. She finally let her skirt drop back down into place.

When Stacy stood, with the bags finally in hand, I could see she was flushed and a little bit flustered. I

smiled inwardly, knowing exactly how she felt.

She quickly bagged my groceries and then came back to her cash register to ring up Susan's purchases. As she did so, Susan took out her checkbook and laid it on the edge of the checkout counter. She fluffed her shirt in an effort to generate a breeze over her chest.

"Feels good to create a little breeze," Susan said innocently.

"Mmm hmm," the younger woman replied, darting glances as Susan's breasts were exposed in flashes.

She got an eyeful!

When she finished ringing up the groceries, Susan bent over to write out her check. As she did so, her shirt fell away from her chest, giving a clear view of her breasts. Stacy's eyes were glued to Susan's nipples where they were displayed in front of her.

When Susan finished writing, she tore out the check and straightened. As she held the check out, Stacy's eyes were riveted to Susan's chest. Stacy unconsciously licked her lips and automatically reached out to take the check. Susan let the younger woman's gaze linger.

"It's so hot out today, isn't it?" Susan said innocently.

Stacy wrenched her eyes away from Susan's chest with a visible effort and merely nodded.

I marveled at Susan's apparent shamelessness.

With the check deposited in the drawer of the register, the girl rounded the end of the stand to bag Susan's groceries. I guess she was hoping for a repeat performance when she knelt at the end of the stand to retrieve a stack of smaller brown bags.

Susan did not disappoint.

Seemingly casually, she turned to me, "accidentally" knocking her checkbook off the counter and onto the floor. She bent over at the waist, and her skirt rode up, neatly exposing her ass and shaved pussy to the young woman kneeling at the end of the stand.

Not content to simply retrieve her dropped checkbook, Susan tightened the straps on not one, but both her sandals.

Once again, the poor checkout girl fumbled with the bags, obviously distracted. When Susan finally finished with her sandals, she stood up. Stacy stood as well, even more distracted than before.

She fumbled with the larger bags and quickly bagged Susan's groceries. She never once used one of the smaller bags she'd gone to such lengths to retrieve!

When our groceries were all finally bagged, Susan smiled sweetly and waved to Stacy as she pushed the shopping cart out the front of the store.

I merely shrugged at the obviously flustered cashier and followed Susan out the door.



We quickly loaded the groceries into the back of Susan's station wagon and headed out of the Winn-Dixie parking lot.

"Wow!" Susan exclaimed with an explosive breath. "That was very, very naughty."

I didn't know what to say. I simply nodded.

"That made me so horny," she continued. "My pussy is gushing!"

My penis seemed to get harder still.

As we turned onto the state highway that would take us the forty minutes back to the camp, Susan looked at me slyly.

"Would you take off your shorts?"

"Why?"

"Why do you think?" she asked.

"I dunno," I said, playing dumb.

"I want to see your dick."

Those were the magic words all right! I spared a brief moment for what might happen if the police stopped us, but I was too far gone with arousal to dwell on the idea.

I shucked off my shorts and left them on the floorboard. The wind of our passage cooled my hard-on

and Susan reached over with one hand to slowly stroke my length.

She removed her hand from my erection and out of the corner of my eye, I saw her untie the knot holding her shirt “closed.” She let the shirt tails flap to her sides, baring her breasts completely. She was short enough that I didn’t think anyone could see them over the window sill. Besides, we were traveling at more than forty miles per hour; no one would have time to figure out what they might’ve seen.

The next forty minutes were some of the longest in my young life. As we drove, Susan would periodically reach over and fondle my erection. But she would never stroke long enough to make me come.

The entire drive back, the tip of my dick was leaking pre-come that she would gently wipe off with her fingers. She would then lick her finger clean, or rub the clear liquid onto her stiff nipples, making small circular motions with her fingers and grinning wickedly at me.

By the time we reached the turn-off for the camp, I was ready to explode. I was hoping that she would turn down the path that led to the waterfall and pool. But I was disappointed when she blithely drove past it.

When we reached the pillars of the gate, I was squirming in my seat with the need to get off.

Susan stopped the car at the gate and looked expectantly at me.

I snapped. That’s the only way I can explain it.

“Turn off the engine,” I said in the same voice of command that my father sometimes used—a voice that clearly brooked no objection. “Get out of the car.”

Susan looked at me in shock and hastily turned the key and opened her door. I quickly got out of the car and looked at her over the roof. I peremptorily pointed toward the back of the car and started that direction myself.

Once there, Susan was looking at me with a mixture of fear and confusion. I reached out and opened the station wagon’s tailgate, laying it down against its stops.

I brusquely reached out and spun her around to face away from me. With both hands, I reached up to the collar of the shirt she wore and roughly pulled it over her shoulders and down her arms. Once it came free of her arms, I negligently tossed it into the back of the car.

I put my hand on her shoulder and spun her around again. Her eyes were wide as she simply stared at me. Putting my hands on her shoulders, I turned her slightly and pushed her back against the tailgate. She sat down with a plop and I shoved her shoulders down.

With one fluid motion I put my hands on her calves and lifted, rolling her completely onto her back. I put my hands on the elastic waist of the skirt and quickly stripped the thin fabric over her ass and off her legs.

Before she could drop her legs from where I held them in the air in front of me, I quickly pulled off my own shirt, tossing it on the pile of her clothes.

I put one hand on each ankle and roughly pulled her legs apart. When she looked up at me, her eyes were as large as saucers, and her lustful expression was tinged with fear.

I looked down between her spread legs to her spread and slick pussy lips. They were already distended with her arousal. I ran my hands down her legs to her upper thighs and stepped forward as I pulled her to the edge of the tailgate.

Her calves rested on my shoulders as I aimed my ramrod-straight erection at her and roughly thrust forward. My dick met no resistance as I slid it into her steaming pussy and she rolled her eyes back and groaned.

I was mad at being teased all afternoon and the entire drive back, and I pounded her with all my pent-up frustration. Each time I slammed into her, she would involuntarily moan.

As I forcefully pumped my dick into her, I watched in fascination as her breasts bounced up and down with the power of each stroke.

“Play with your tits,” I commanded.

She rolled her head to the side and moaned in ecstasy, completely oblivious to me. I stopped my thrusting with just the tip of my dick still in her and looked down as she moaned in distress.

“I said play with your tits!”

She quickly complied, bringing her hands up and rolling and pinching her nipples between her fingers. She moaned even louder.

“Mmmmmm, nice,” I said as I resumed fucking her.

I bent forward, and with her calves on my shoulders, she began to bend in half. As her legs bent back, her ass rose to meet my thrusts, and I was soon pumping down into her steaming pussy.

I felt her muscles begin to contract around my dick and each thrust became more effort to drive home. I battered her clenching pussy with my manhood, rapidly thrusting myself into her. With a rush, she came.

Her low moans turned into a scream of pleasure as I thrust past the clenching walls of her pussy, driving myself deeper into her.

Finally, with an explosive groan of my own, I emptied my semen into her. As she felt my dick begin to spurt inside her, Susan’s orgasm intensified. I could feel her pussy clutch me almost painfully tight as my pumping cock spewed white-hot semen into the depths of her pussy.

As my powerful spurts slowly subsided, Susan went limp. Her hands left her nipples and fell to her sides and she shuddered powerfully, breathing heavily.

I was breathing heavily with the force of my own orgasm as I stared down at the sheen of sweat that covered her body.

My dick, however, had ideas of its own. I was still rock hard inside her still-contracting pussy. After a moment or two to catch my breath, I straightened slightly and unbent her body beneath me.

I ran my hands up over her thighs and grasped the back of her knees. With a gentle pressure, I bent her legs at the knees and pushed them back toward her chest. I put my hands on the tops of her shins to hold her legs in place and slowly began pumping my still-erect penis into her pussy.

Susan moaned as I resumed fucking her. I kept my tempo deliberately slow and she moaned as each thrust of my cock sank home. She was rolling her head from side to side and shuddering in pleasure. Otherwise, she was limp and pliable in my hands.

I pushed her legs back and spread them further, leaving her wide open to my thrusts.

I fucked her this way for several minutes, slowly and deliberately, enjoying the expressions of pleasure that played across her face. Her breasts were slowly bouncing with the rhythm of our fucking. I smiled as I looked up and realized that the entire car was slowly rocking with our rhythm too.

As I fucked her, I felt my orgasm building slowly. Her pussy was clenching and unclenching wildly around my shaft, and I could tell she was enjoying what I was doing.

When I did finally begin to come, I thrust myself deep inside her already drenched pussy and unleashed a second torrent of sperm. My second orgasm wasn’t as intense as the first, but waves of pleasure began to wash over both of us as I filled her brimming pussy with still more of my seed.

When my spurting finally subsided, I released her legs and nearly collapsed on top of her. I supported myself over her with my arms, panting with exertion. She was panting too as she let her legs drop, still spread wide to accommodate my hips.

As our breathing slowly returned to normal, she opened her eyes to look up at me. She brought her hands up to gently stroke my cheeks and drew a deep breath.

“Wow,” she said, exhaling.

“Mmmmmm,” I said, taking a deep breath of my own.

I looked down into her clear blue eyes and we enjoyed the companionable silence of each other’s company as my penis slowly deflated within the confines of her vagina.

Slowly and carefully, I stood up, making sure I didn’t crush her beneath my weight. As my semi-hard dick withdrew from her pussy, she moaned and shuddered again.

I looked down at her swollen lips and saw a gush of white semen spill from her pussy. Her pussy looked like a red, blooming flower full of white nectar. I was amazed that I had pumped that much sperm into her. She smiled up at me, seeing the expression on my face.

“Mmm hmm. It was a lot,” she said, slowly sitting up on her elbows and correctly interpreting my expression.

As she looked down over her flattened breasts at her leaking pussy, she suddenly laughed.

“Wow,” she said again once her laughter had subsided. “I must look like I’ve been fucked,” she said, looking at her red and puffy labia, “by a football team.”

I shook my head adamantly. “You look beautiful,” I said, and meant it. She was flushed, sweaty, and very disheveled, and her abused pussy was leaking a stream of our combined fluids. But I had never seen a more beautiful sight.

Her eyes softened as she saw my expression, and we both simply looked into each other’s eyes.

She broke the spell, smiling.

“Could you get me the towel from the back seat, please?”

I nodded and headed around to fetch the towel. When I returned and handed it to her, she first held it against her face and chest, wiping the sweat generated by our coupling. Then she held it out to me to do the same. When I had, I handed it back to her. She thrust the towel between her legs and began cleaning herself up.

When she finished, she sat up and motioned me over. I stepped close to her and she bent her head down to suck my flaccid, and still wet, penis into her mouth. She licked my deflated penis clean, making sure not to miss anything. Finally, she dabbed my dick and balls with the soft towel, drying me off completely.



We slowly put out clothes back on, and I opened the gate for her to drive through. When I had it locked behind us again, I jumped into the passenger seat of the car and we headed back to camp.

We stopped off at the clubhouse to unload my family’s groceries. When we entered the cool confines of the building, it took our eyes a moment to adjust. We were carrying bags over to the counter above our baskets when Mom joined us. Evidently, she had been reading a magazine on one of the couches when we came in.

Mom helped us unload the groceries. I was making the last trip out to the station wagon when I looked down in horror. Along the edge of the tailgate, there was a large trail of fresh come, one that we hadn’t wiped up from earlier. I panicked as I wondered whether Mom had seen it or not, and if she had, would she know what it was.

A million thoughts, none of them good, rushed through my mind as I quickly wiped the white goo from the tailgate and wiped my hand on my shorts. I picked up the last two bags and headed back into the clubhouse.

Once inside, I carried the bags over to the counter where Mom and Susan were putting things away. I handed the envelope with the change over to Mom and started taking things to put in the refrigerator. We quickly had all the groceries put away, and Mom turned to Susan.

“Thank you again for taking Paul to the store today,” Mom said. “And thank you for doing the shopping, Paul,” she said, turning to me. “You did well.”

I beamed at the praise.

“He was a lot of fun to shop with, Beth. You’d’ve been proud of him,” Susan said.

“Thank you. When he’s paying attention, he’s a very polite young man,” my mother teased me with her compliment. “Do you need Paul to help with your groceries?”

“If he doesn’t mind,” Susan said and both women turned to me.

“Sure. No problem,” I answered. “But afterward, I really, really wanna cool off in the lake.”

“That sounds like an excellent idea,” Susan said.

“Well then, I think I’ll join you two,” Mom chimed in. “I’ll get our towels, Paul, and meet you two at the lake in a few minutes.”

“Okay,” Susan and I said together and grinned at each other, startled.

We walked back out to the station wagon and drove to Susan’s house. As we let the tailgate down, I turned to Susan.

“We forgot to wipe off the tailgate,” I said. “I came out and there was a big drip of my semen on the edge.”

Susan looked at me and her eyes got wide. Suddenly, she burst out laughing.

This wasn't funny! What if my mom saw it?! I stared at her with a strangled expression.

"I wouldn't worry about it, Paul. Your mom probably didn't even see it. And besides," she said reasonably, "if she did, she probably wouldn't realize what it was."

I wasn't convinced.

"Well, now you know not to fill me so full that I leak!" she said and burst out laughing anew.

Her laughter, and the absurdity of it all, was infectious, and I was soon laughing too as we carried her groceries inside.



We took off our clothes, Susan donned her usual bikini bottoms, and we both headed off down the hill toward the lake.

When we got there, Mom was just slipping off her flip-flops and setting our towels on our lounge chairs. I dumped my rolled-up clothes on top of the towels and set my sock-stuffed shoes underneath the chair. Susan laid her towel on the adjacent chair and we started toward the water.

Mom walked tentatively down the concrete steps into the cold, cold water. I could see her shiver, but as she got used to it, she continued. Susan and I followed her in, and soon enough, we were up to our necks in the cold water.

The stairs into the water were in the deepest part of the lake, shaded by a large tree that had been left when the lake was constructed. We didn't go much further out than the base of the stairs, but even then, we were standing in neck-deep water. The water here was as clear as the rest of the lake, but in the shadows of the big tree, it was almost black.

Mom and Susan began chatting about who all was supposed to come in this weekend (most families arrived on the weekends). But I quickly stopped listening as I felt a hand on my cold and shriveled penis.

With a shock, I looked at Susan as the hand began to knead and pull on my growing dick. How could she fondle me when my mom was less than two feet away?!

I tried to back away, but the hand tightened around my expanding member, holding me fast. Unless I wanted to forcibly remove it, I wasn't going anywhere. As I reached full erection, I stared daggers at Susan. Mom turned to sweep her gaze over the lake as she was making some point, and Susan looked at me.

Her questioning look seemed perfectly innocent. I tried to will her to remove her hand from my penis, but she simply looked at me blankly and then quickly looked back to Mom as she turned back to face us.

Susan smiled blandly, and I could do nothing but stand there helpless. Unless I wanted to make a big scene about things, I couldn't very well get away!

Her hand gripped my shaft and began to stroke it, warming my cold flesh with each caress. I stood there, helpless, held captive by her hand on my erection, for several minutes as Mom and Susan talked.

The whole time, I was trying to silently will Susan to release me. She acted completely oblivious, and continued talking to Mom. Each time I'd try to pull away, however, I'd feel my hard-on gripped firmly, holding me in place. I didn't think I was in danger of coming, especially not after my rapid-fire orgasms earlier, but I still didn't like the idea of having my dick fondled not two feet from my mom.

Finally, I felt the hand shift its grip and sensed my moment had arrived. I quickly backed away from the two women and ducked under the water. With a powerful shove against the bottom step, I propelled myself between them underwater.

I turned around as I surfaced.

"I'm gonna go swim for a while," I shouted back to them.

"Okay, honey," Mom said, waving. "Have fun."



I swam around until my penis softened, just generally goofing off, but making sure to keep my dick below the surface.

When I had finally gotten soft enough to get out of the lake, I swam back toward the stairs. Mom and Susan had climbed out of the lake and were sitting on the sun-warmed brick coping, dangling their legs in

the water and talking.

As I climbed the stairs out of the water, Mom and Susan stood too. We all converged on the loungers with our towels at the same time. As we dried off, I sent scolding glances at Susan whenever Mom wasn't looking. She looked puzzled and shook her head, mouthing "What?"

I shook my head in turn, scowling.

Mom turned back to us and my expression cleared and was replaced by my best I'm Not Up To Something look.

"Well, I'm going to go start dinner," Mom said. "You're welcome to join us, Susan. It'd be my way of saying thanks for driving Paul to the grocery store."

"Thanks, Beth. I appreciate it. Although driving Paul to the store was my pleasure."

I almost choked. Mom didn't know the *half* of it!

"I'd love to join you for dinner," Susan continued.

"Great!" Mom said. "Then I'll see you two in about thirty minutes."

With that, she wrapped her towel around her waist and headed up the hill.

As soon as she was out of earshot, Susan turned to me and spoke in a low voice.

"What's the matter?"

"You know what," I said accusingly.

"No, Paul, tell me," she said with more patience than I probably deserved.

"You know."

"No, Paul, I don't. Not if you don't tell me."

"You grabbed me," I accused.

"Grabbed you?"

I nodded.

"What do you mean?" she asked, uncomprehending.

"When we were standing out at the end of the stairs talking? With Mom not more than two feet away?" I accused, trying to elicit an admission.

She gestured at me to continue, still uncomprehending.

"And you grabbed my dick and stroked my hard-on for ten minutes," I said.

A look of shock came over her face, and then she burst out laughing.

"It wasn't me, Paul," she said through her laughter, shaking her head.

"What do you mean it wasn't you?!"

"I mean that I didn't grab you, Paul," she said calmly, her eyes still laughing at me.

"Then if it wasn't you, who was it?" I asked, as if that somehow ended the argument.

She merely raised her eyebrows in silent question and laughed again.

Okay, sometimes I'm slow on the uptake!

At my look of utter and complete horror, her laughter redoubled.

CHAPTER SIX

Dinner that night was mentally exhausting. Mom, Susan, and Erin chattered about all sorts of things. I didn't pay enough attention to participate in the conversation, however; I was lost in thought.

If Susan hadn't been the one stroking my erection in the lake, then that left only one other option. And I didn't even want to consider what *that* meant. I had been standing within arm's reach of both Mom and Susan.

Susan must be teasing me, I thought frantically. She had to have been the one stroking me. She must be letting me think it wasn't her, to see me squirm.

There were only a few problems with that. Susan enjoyed teasing me, and seemed to enjoy doing it as openly as she could. In addition, she'd never lied to me. I sensed that she was a very honest woman.

All the way up the hill from the lake, she had maintained that she hadn't grabbed my dick. Why would she lie?

I didn't want to believe the conclusion I'd come to: she wouldn't lie. And that could only mean...

"Paul, honey, are you okay?" Mom asked.

I looked into her eyes. Were they the eyes of the woman who'd held my hard dick in her hand this afternoon? Who'd held onto my hardness so she could keep stroking me?

I was appalled that a part of me, an embarrassingly large part, hoped that she was the one.

"Paul?" she repeated more forcefully.

I shook my head, clearing my thoughts.

"What?" I asked as innocently as I could.

"You haven't said a word all night. Are you all right?"

I nodded, afraid to say anything.

"Are you sure?" she pressed.

All three of them were looking at me now.

"I'm fine," I said.

The rest of dinner passed without incident. Mom and Susan kept their expressions well-schooled, and Erin was oblivious.

That night, I lay awake a long time, thinking about the day's events. I couldn't tear my mind away from the fact that having Mom caressing my erection thrilled me. My emotions ran the gamut from ashamed to excited.

Finally, I drifted off to sleep.



The next morning, I awoke with a chill, dimly realizing it was still very early in the morning. I had been dreaming of being in the lake, and of the cold water. I had also been dreaming that Mom and I were the only ones there, and that she had been gently stroking my erection. As my thoughts cleared, I realized that I was very cold, and my erect penis was pointing at the ceiling.

I reached down to pull my sheet up, thinking that I must've kicked it off sometime during the night. That would certainly explain why I was dreaming about being in the cold lake.

I decided to leave my erection alone this morning, to let it go down by itself; so I rolled over quietly. When I looked down from the top bunk, I realized that Mom's bed was empty. I looked up, and when I saw that the bathroom door was open, I knew she wasn't in there either.

I lay there for a moment, letting my erection subside, then I climbed down out of bed. My half-erect penis flopped back and forth with each rung of the ladder. Once on the floor, I looked around. The door to the cabin was open, and I saw Mom sitting in the rocking chair on the porch.

I quietly watched her for a few moments. I realized with a start that her right hand was idly toying with her right nipple. I could clearly see that it was erect as she circled her index finger around it.

I stepped toward the screen door and opened it quietly. As I stepped outside, Mom looked up, and I gently let the screen door close, holding it so it didn't slam. No sense waking up Erin and ruining things, I thought to myself.

When I stepped outside, Mom dropped her hand and looked up at me, smiling.

"Good morning, sleepyhead," she said.

"Good morning," I said, taking a seat in the other rocking chair.

We sat quietly for a few minutes, enjoying the early morning sounds of the pine forest.

"How much more work does Aunt Susan have for you to do?" she asked.

"We've still got to go through the back wall of the garage. There are actually more boxes there than on the side wall. We finished the side yesterday before we left for town."

"Ah," she said noncommittally.

"And after we finish with the garage, I was going to help Dwight put up the new roof panels on her back patio."

"Mmm hmm. Aunt Susan told me that Dwight and Karen would be in this weekend," Mom said. "So that's it?" she asked.

"I guess."

We went back to simply enjoying the morning, but I could tell Mom was deep in thought.

We sat there in silence for almost fifteen minutes.

"You'd better go brush your teeth before you head over to Aunt Susan's," Mom finally said, turning to look at me. "And comb your hair too."

I nodded and got up from the rocking chair. Once inside, I went to the bathroom to brush my teeth and comb my hair. When I came out, Mom had come back inside.

As I walked toward her, headed for the door, she stepped toward me. Without warning, she wrapped her arms around my torso and hugged me tight, like she had when I was a kid.

"You know I love you very much, Paul," she said, her cheek pressed against my chest.

I wrapped my arms around her. "I love you too, Mom," I said, a little confused. I could feel her breasts pressing against me, her hard nipples boring into my flesh. More ominously, I could feel the heat of her body washing over my dick. I desperately didn't want an erection now.

Thinking about it, however, only made things worse. I loosened my arms to let go of her, hoping she would do the same; but she kept her own tight about my chest. With an inaudible groan, I felt my penis stiffen.

It quickly reached full hardness and pressed against the flesh of her stomach. She didn't react, however, and I guessed that she simply didn't notice. I hoped, at least. Unfortunately, the contact of my glans pressing against her flesh only served to make me harder.

Finally, she loosened her arms and released me a little. She stood up on tiptoe to kiss my cheek and I felt the tip of my penis brush over her pubic hair. It swelled with the contact, and I almost wrenched myself from her arms and bolted.

"I'd better let you go, or you're going to be late," she said with a smile.

She withdrew her arms from around me, and then I did bolt. I ran through the screen door and let it slam shut behind me. I ran all the way to Susan's house, my erection leading the way.



When I got there, Susan was sitting at the wrought-iron table with her legs demurely crossed, drinking a glass of juice.

I abruptly came to a halt at the entrance to the courtyard, panting from my jog down from our cabin, my erection sticking out and bobbing with my heartbeat.

Susan arched an eyebrow and looked down at my hard-on. "Tough morning?"

I shook my head. Then I reconsidered, and nodded. On second thought (or was it third), I really didn't want to go into details, they were too weird—I shook my head again, firmly this time.

"Confused?"

Hesitantly, I nodded.

“I see.”

She paused for a moment as I gulped air.

“Were you expecting to get that thing,” she nodded to my stiff penis, “sucked this morning?”

I grinned sheepishly. Truth be told, I had been expecting just that. But I hastily decided that taking Susan for granted was not only unfair, not to mention rude, but it was also a Really Bad Idea. I shook my head, “Not expecting... just hoping.”

She raised her eyebrows in surprise, “Good answer!”

She looked me up and down, as if appraising me. I returned her frank stare with as much humble need as I could. I don’t know if she bought it or not, but finally she gestured for me to come into the courtyard.

“Come stand beside me,” she said.

I readily complied

“Closer,” she said.

I took a step closer.

She dropped her eyes to look at my erection, then crooked a finger at my manhood in the age-old “come here” gesture.

I shuffled forward until the tip of my penis was nearly touching her face. She looked up at me and smiled wickedly.

As I looked down at her, she closed her eyes and took a deep breath. Then she slowly closed her lips around the head of my penis. She swirled her tongue around the head and then took as much of my dick into her mouth as she could, wrapping her lips around it about two inches from the base.

I think watching her suck me off was almost as incredible as the feeling of her doing it.

She really seemed to enjoy sucking my dick, and I wasn’t about to complain. With her left hand, she reached up to fondle my balls as she sucked me to completion. The look on her face as I shot my load down her throat was one of pure ecstasy.

After she swallowed, she opened her eyes and winked at me, her lips still wrapped tightly around my shaft. I smiled in return and took a deep breath as she gently nursed on my shrinking cock.

Finally, she let my limp member slip from her red, saliva-slick lips.

“What would you like for breakfast?” she asked, smiling at me and standing up smoothly.



We worked all morning on organizing the boxes on the back wall of the garage. There were a lot more boxes than on the side wall, but as it turned out, they were far better organized. It seemed like they were things that Susan’s father had packed away himself.

For most of the boxes, Susan only had to open them, quickly look through them to get a rough inventory, and then re-tape them. In that fashion, we worked through more than half the boxes before lunch.

We were about to break to get something to eat when Susan looked at me thoughtfully.

“You know,” she said, pausing to gather her thoughts, “Dwight and Karen are supposed to be here later today. If we go to the hardware store today, we can go ahead and get the panels for the patio roof.”

I nodded.

“Why didn’t I think of this yesterday?” she asked rhetorically.

“Cause you had something else on your mind?” I asked. She looked up at me sharply, and when she saw the grin on my face, she realized that I was teasing her and grinned in reply.

“Touché!” she said. “But that’s neither here nor there. Do you think you can go to the hardware store with me this afternoon?”

“Sure.”

“One thing though...,” she said. “This trip won’t be like yesterday. I’m still a little sore.”

“Sore?”

She blinked at me then smiled, pointing at her crotch.

I finally Got It. And I was immediately concerned, “Are you okay?”

“I’m fine, Paul. Just still a little sore, that’s all.”

“I didn’t hurt you?!” I asked, panic tingeing my voice.

She smiled reassuringly, “Yes and no.” Seeing my face, she hurriedly continued, “You gave me a good workout yesterday.” My face must’ve clearly registered my panic and shock. “It’s okay, Paul. I enjoyed it. Very much, as a matter of fact. But I need a little time to recover.”

“Oh,” I said, my relief evident in my expression.

“Okay then. Let’s shower and get some lunch, then we’ll head out,” she said.

With that, we headed inside.



Even though we showered together, it was a chaste shower. Well, as chaste as a horny fifteen-year-old in a shower with a beautiful, naked woman can be. I borrowed some of her sons’ deodorant again as she went off to get dressed and dry her hair.

Susan fixed sandwiches and we ate lunch in relative silence.

“Why don’t you go find your Mom and make sure it’s okay for you to go,” she said, clearing our dishes. “Then you can meet me back here. Okay?”

“Sure,” I said and headed out the door.

The first place I went was the lake. I didn’t see Mom, but Erin was lying on one of our loungers reading a book.

“Have you seen Mom?”

“Blond woman, about 5’4”, good bone structure that she has undoubtedly passed on to her only daughter?”

“Yeah, Erin. Where is she?” I asked, exasperation sharpening my tone.

“She said she was going to the cabin to take a nap,” Erin replied, sensing that I was in no mood for her games.

“Thanks, Erin, I really appreciate it,” I said sincerely.

Looking up from her book and realizing that I was sincerely thanking her, she looked shocked. “Uh... you’re welcome,” she said.

By then, however, I was already headed up the hill.



As I reached the cabin, I made an effort to be quiet. The cabin door was shut, so I figured she was indeed asleep. I gently opened the screen door, then turned the knob on the cabin door as slowly as I could. I eased the door open and saw her lying on the bed with the sheet covering her legs and hips. As I quietly stepped into the cabin and my eyes adjusted, I could see that her right hand was between her legs, rubbing in tight circles. Her left hand was kneading her bare left breast.

I was stuck. I quickly realized that I was too far in to easily back out. I turned on my heel and was trying to sneak back out when the screen door betrayed me by squeaking.

I heard Mom sit up quickly. I had already gotten turned around and headed back out, so I couldn’t see the look on her face.

“It’s okay, Paul. You can come in,” she said, slightly breathless.

I froze.

“You don’t need to be embarrassed, honey.”

“I’m not,” I said, facing away from her. It wasn’t entirely untrue. But Mom didn’t know why I was really embarrassed.

“C’mon back in, honey.”

I shook my head. The problem wasn’t that I’d seen her masturbating, as she thought. The problem was the reaction it had provoked in me. I had a raging hard-on, and the more I tried not to think about it, and the sight I’d just seen, the worse it got. Treacherous organ!

“Paul, please turn around, honey, I’m not mad at you,” she said, almost pleading with me.

I let the screen door close (of course it stayed silent *now*) and cupped my hands in front of my erection, for all the good it would do. Then I slowly turned toward her. Her eyes dropped to my hands, and what they couldn’t hide.

“Oh!” she gasped, her hand quickly covering her mouth.

I turned six shades of red.

“I’m so sorry, honey. I didn’t mean to...,” she said. She paused, and then seemed to gather her courage. “Well, now that everything’s out in the open, so to speak, there’s no need to be circumspect about things, now is there?”

She threw off the sheet and swung her legs to the side of the bed.

“Come over here and sit down, Paul,” she said, patting the bed next to her.

With leaden feet, I shuffled toward her, as if to the gallows. I sat next to her, flushed with embarrassment, my hands still trying vainly to hide my erection.

“You can put your hands down, honey.”

I didn’t move.

“I’ve seen an erection before,” she said gently.

I reluctantly complied.

“I guess it’s too late to have a birds and bees conversation with you,” she said, smiling ruefully. “Way too late,” she said softly, as if to herself. “You saw?”

I didn’t answer, ashamed of my reaction.

“Paul?”

I nodded jerkily.

“I was masturbating,” she said reasonably, gently. “You know women masturbate too, right?”

I nodded, still not trusting myself to speak.

“It’s natural, Paul, and nothing to be ashamed of.”

I shook my head.

“And a young man getting an erection is a natural thing too, and nothing to be ashamed of either,” she said, nodding at my manhood. Out of the corner of my eye, I could see her gaze linger on my penis. Nervously, she licked her lips.

“Paul, look at me.”

I didn’t move.

“Look at me, please.”

I reluctantly raised my eyes to meet hers.

“It’s okay,” she said firmly, reassuring me. “You understand that there’s nothing wrong with either of us?”

I nodded, knowing she wouldn’t let me off the hook until I agreed.

“Good. I’m glad,” she said earnestly. She hugged me, but the contact only made me harder. Quickly, she changed the subject. “Did you come up to the cabin for a reason?”

“Aunt Susan needs me to go to the hardware store in town to help her pick up the fiberglass panels for her patio roof,” I blurted out in a nervous rush.

“Okay.”

“So I came to ask you if it was okay for me to go with her.”

“That’s fine, honey,” she said, obviously relieved as well. “You’d better get dressed, she’s probably waiting on you.”

I nodded and stood up. As I walked over to the dresser, I could feel Mom’s eyes on me, watching as my erection bobbed in front of me.

I put on a pair of underwear, which my erection immediately tented out, and grabbed my shorts and t-shirt from the day before. I put on clean socks and quickly located my shoes. Shoving my feet in and quickly tying them, I bolted out the door, looking back only to say goodbye.



When I got to Susan's house, she was waiting for me in the courtyard. She was dressed much like yesterday; her hair up in a pony tail, a men's long-sleeve shirt with the cuffs rolled up, a gauzy skirt, and her strappy sandals.

The drive to town was uneventful. Susan and I talked about inconsequential things at first, then we simply enjoyed the drive together in silence. I think she quickly sensed that I was preoccupied, and she mercifully let me keep my thoughts to myself.

I was thinking of Mom.

I was still embarrassed that I'd walked in on her masturbating. I was even more embarrassed that I'd gotten an erection.

It was wrong for me to have sexual thoughts about my mother. Wasn't it?

I didn't want to have them, yet I did. I wanted to act out my fantasies with Mom. But that would be wrong. Wouldn't it?

Intellectually, I knew that it would be wrong. But that didn't change the way I felt. And I was ashamed of the way I felt. But secretly, deep down inside, I enjoyed fantasizing about having sex with Mom.

I knew, however, that any fantasies that I had would stay just that, fantasies. Mom would never have sex with me. It would be wrong. Wouldn't it?

Although...

If Susan hadn't been the one fondling me in the lake the day before, it must've been Mom. I wasn't 100% convinced that Susan wasn't pulling my leg, but still...

Mom had been eyeing my erection as I got dressed earlier, of that I was sure.

I was so confused. I knew what I wanted, but I also knew that it would never become a reality. So I reluctantly pushed my carnal thoughts about my mother to the back of my brain and took notice of the world outside the car for the first time.

Susan noticed that I was alert again, and turned to me with a smile.

"Back from woolgathering?"

I nodded.

"Anything you want to share?"

I shook my head.

"Sure? You can share anything with me," she said earnestly. "You know that, don't you? It'd stay just between us."

I nodded. "Maybe later," I said, trying to mollify her.

"Okay," she said. "When you're ready."

I nodded again and she let the subject drop.



At the hardware store, we went back through the rows of nuts, bolts, and other hardware to the back patio where the outdoor and gardening supplies were located.

Once there, we looked around, trying to find the fiberglass panels we needed. When we didn't see them after ten minutes of searching, Susan told me to wait there while she headed to the front of the store to find the owner.

I was leaning back against a pallet full of bags of concrete when I saw a fast-moving shape out of the corner of my eye. I had no time to react before the shape resolved into a person, who then tripped over my outstretched feet.

I vaguely saw it was a young woman as she stumbled forward, her momentum carrying her faster than her tangled feet could manage. She got a hand down to the ground to stabilize herself and almost didn't go down. But in the end, inertia overcame her balance and she stumbled forward onto her hands and knees.

Fortunately, she was wearing overalls, which had protected her knees. I rushed over to help her up, hooking one hand under her right arm to lift her.

“I am so sorry,” I said as she stood up. I bent over to brush off her knees.

“It’s okay, no problem. I’m a klutz anyway,” she said, dusting off her hands.

I finished brushing dirt from her knees and stood up. “It was completely my fault,” I said, “I shouldn’t’ve had my feet out like that.”

“No, it was my fault,” she said. “I wasn’t watching where I was going.”

She finished wiping off her palms and looked up at me. Recognition brightened both our expressions. It was the cashier from Winn-Dixie.

“It’s you,” we said simultaneously.

We laughed at the coincidence. I desperately tried to remember her name, visualizing her with her nametag on. I drew a blank.

“Do you work here?” she asked. “I’ve never seen you here before.”

“No,” I said. “My friend and I are here picking up some panels for her patio roof.”

“Susan?”

“Oh? You remember her name?”

She gave me one of those “of course, dummy” looks.

“Oh, yeah,” I said.

Hope brightened her expression, “She’s here?”

Interesting... “Yeah, she’s up front finding the owner,” I said.

“Mr. McMasters?”

“I guess.”

“He’s probably not here, but his son’ll be up front.”

“Oh, okay. I guess she’ll find him.”

“What is it you need? Maybe I can help you. I’m in here all the time anyway.”

“Green corrugated fiberglass roof panels?” I asked, somewhat doubtfully.

“Hmmm,” she frowned in thought. “I can’t remember seein’ ’em. They may have to order ’em from Spartanburg.”

“Oh.”

About that time, Susan walked around the corner, clearly looking for me.

“Oh, hello,” she said upon seeing the slim brunette.

When the young woman saw Susan, her eyes lit up, then she quickly schooled her expression.

“Stacy, isn’t it?” Susan asked.

I mentally kicked myself. Stacy. Of course.

“Mmm hmm,” Stacy replied wordlessly, clearly impressed that Susan had remember her.

“Susan, and...” she fumbled, looking at me.

“Paul,” I helpfully supplied.

“That’s right! Paul,” she said, nodding in recognition.

Susan turned to me, “The owner’s son says they’ll have to order the panels from Spartanburg.”

I smiled as she continued.

“He says it should be a couple of days, that I should call back after the Fourth of July.” She paused, then looked at me. “What’re you grinning at?”

My smile widened further. “That’s pretty much what Stacy just told me would likely happen.”

Susan turned to the young woman with a questioning look.

“I’m in here a lot,” Stacy said simply.

“I see,” said Susan. “What’re you here for?”

“Flower pots,” Stacy quickly answered.

“Oh?”

“I like flowers,” she said sheepishly. “They’re cheap and easy. Well, easy for me, I guess.”

“Indeed they are,” Susan said, laughing brightly. “You’re not working today?”

“Saturday’s my day off. I’m lucky, I guess. The manager of the store is sweet on me, so he lets me have Saturdays off,” she said, shaking her head. “I guess he thinks maybe I’ll go out with him one of these

Saturday nights.”

“Will you?” Susan asked.

“No, probably not. He’s not my type.”

“I see.”

“I’d better get going,” Stacy said, blushing.

“Would you like Paul to help you carry your flower pots to the front?”

Stacy turned to look at me, “I guess it’s the least he could do.”

Susan looked at me quizzically.

“I tripped her and sent her sprawling,” I said guiltily.

“Then it is the least you can do,” Susan said with a smile.

Stacy picked out two large terra-cotta flower pots, about fifteen inches in diameter. I put my arms around them and carried them to the front for her, walking behind the two women as they chatted about flowers.

Once there, Stacy dug into the pockets of her overalls and pulled out a wad of crumpled dollar bills and a handful of change. She paid for her purchases with exact change, scooped her remaining money back into her overall pocket, and turned to Susan.

“It was good seeing you again,” she said, her eyes sparkling with obvious pleasure.

“It was good to see you again too,” Susan said graciously.

Stacy opened her mouth to say something else, then looked embarrassed and shut it again.

I didn’t think anything else about it as she wrapped her arms around the large pots, hefted them, and quickly walked out of the store.

After Stacy left, Susan finalized her order with the owner’s son, a man about ten years older than me, and we walked out to the station wagon.



As we turned out onto the road in front of the hardware store, Susan turned to me with a grin.

“She was cute.”

I blushed and nodded.

“And nice,” she added.

We’d only driven a little way, however, when we saw a figure in overalls walking along the sidewalk, carrying two large flowerpots. How many slight brunettes wearing overalls and carrying flower pots could there be in one town?

Susan slowed to a stop next to the young woman, who turned at our approach.

“Do you need a ride?” Susan asked through the open passenger window.

“I’m fine, thanks,” Stacy said, “I only live about a mile from here.”

“That’s too far in this heat,” Susan said, “especially carrying those pots.”

Stacy started to protest again, but Susan overrode her. “Get in. It’s the least we can do.”

I could clearly see that she wanted to get in and didn’t want to at the same time. I wondered what brought on her conflicting emotions, but she finally decided to accept the offer of a ride and moved toward the car.

I opened my door to get out and go open the tailgate. I took the pots from Stacy, set them in the back of the car, and then closed the tailgate.

She was walking toward the rear passenger door, when Susan called through the open window. “You can ride up front with me. Paul can sit in the back.”

Stacy sent a questioning glance my direction, and I simply nodded. She got into the front seat, I got into the one behind her, and we were soon on our way. She directed Susan to her house, which was in a well-kept trailer park; she lived in the smallest trailer at the back of the park.

We drove around the trailer and parked near the front door. There were a multitude of flower pots along the front of the trailer, containing all sorts of plants and flowers. She was evidently serious about her gardening. In addition, there was a Chevy Nova parked by the far end of the trailer.

I wondered why she'd been walking home from the hardware store, but before I had a chance to ask her, Susan stopped the car and got out. Stacy and I followed suit, and I went to the back of the station wagon to get the heavy pots.

"Where would you like them?" I asked.

"Just put them anywhere by the other large pots," she said, pointing.

I set the pots down and stood up, wiping my hands on my shorts.

"I really appreciate the ride," Stacy said to Susan.

"You're welcome. It was the least we could do."

"Can I offer you something cold to drink, to say thanks?"

I started to demur, but Susan cut in before I could open my mouth, "Yes, thank you. That would be nice."

Stacy quickly extracted a set of keys from an overall pocket and unlocked the door into the small trailer.

There was a small air conditioner at the end of the trailer, but it was turned off and the windows were all open. There was enough of a breeze that the place wasn't sweltering, however. As my eyes adjusted to the dimness inside of the trailer, I saw that it was very neat and tidy. Inside, Stacy invited us to have a seat at the small kitchen table while she went to the refrigerator.

"I have iced tea and water," she said over her shoulder.

"Tea for me, please," Susan said.

"I'd just like some ice water, please," I said. *Okay, so I'm a Southerner who doesn't like iced tea.*

She got out three glasses and filled them with ice, pouring tea into two and filling the third with tap water. She came over to the table, set our glasses down in front of us, and sat down herself.

We each took long drinks, enjoying the chill of the liquid.

"You have a very nice house," Susan said, looking around.

Stacy blushed. "Thank you."

"Is that your car outside?" Susan asked.

"Uh-huh," Stacy said, nodding. "It won't start, though, and I don't have the money to fix it right now. So I walk most places I've gotta go."

"Can I ask a personal question?" Susan asked.

"I guess."

"This seems like a pretty nice place," Susan said, nodding to encompass the entire trailer. "Does Winn-Dixie pay that well?"

"Ha!" Stacy said. "Not hardly. Money's tight all right, but I keep it tight."

Susan raised her eyebrow questioningly and cocked her head to the side, inviting the younger woman to continue.

"When Randy ran off, good riddance," she practically spat, "he left the car. That was two years ago. Then last year, my daddy died."

"I'm sorry," said Susan softly.

"Don't be," Stacy said, her face a mask of scorn. "Daddy was a drunk worse than Randy. Only he had an insurance policy on him. I don't even think he knew he had it. It was part of his pension from the mill. It wasn't much, but it was enough to put a down payment on this place."

"Really?" Susan asked, impressed.

"Well, no, not really," Stacy said, somewhat sheepishly. "But Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, they own the trailer park, they kinda watch out for me and they're letting me buy this trailer from them, one month at a time, instead of me having to go to the bank."

"That's very kind of them."

"Yeah, it is," she said solemnly. "They're better to me than my parents ever were. And they keep an eye on me: make sure I'm okay, that I've got enough to eat, and stuff like that."

"Ah."

"So I don't spend any money I don't have to. In the summers, I work at the Winn-Dixie, to help save up for the fall."

“What happens in the fall?” Susan asked.

“I’m starting my second semester at the Junior College,” Stacy said determinedly. “I’ve got enough saved up to pay for two more years. Then, if I can afford it, I’m going to transfer to USC, in Columbia, and get a degree in marketing.”

“Mmm hmm,” Susan said.

“So I eat cheap, I live cheap, about the only hobby I have is my flowers, and they’re cheap too. I save everything for tuition and books. I’ve only got so much money, and I have to make it last as long as I can. I know I’ll find a way to make it to the University. Now that I’m free of that bastard Randy,” she made a face of disgust, “and now that Daddy did more for me by dyin’ than he ever did by livin’, I’m gonna make something of myself.”

The look on her face was one of fierce pride and determination, and I could see that Susan was clearly impressed.

“Good luck, then,” Susan said. “Although I don’t think luck’ll have had anything to do with it in the end.”

“Not if I can help it,” Stacy said firmly, “I make my own luck now.”

“Good for you!” Susan said enthusiastically.

After her impassioned explanation, Stacy took a long sip of her tea.

“So right now, I don’t have the spare money to get the car fixed. But I’ll have to get it fixed before school starts. I’ll find a way,” she said, steel in her voice.

“I know you will,” Susan said.

We all sat quietly for a moment, enjoying the cool drinks.

“One down side of saving money by not running the air conditioning, however, is that I bet it gets a little warm in here,” Susan said.

“I’m real sorry about that,” Stacy said. “It just costs a fortune in electricity. And I don’t have company that often.”

“Oh, no, it’s no problem,” Susan hurriedly assured her. “I was just going to get a bit more comfortable, if you don’t mind.”

“No, I’m so sorry, go ahead and get comfortable,” Stacy said.

With that, Susan began unbuttoning her shirt. I watched in silent amusement and Stacy watched with rapt attention.

Seemingly absorbed in what she was doing, Susan unbuttoned her shirt all the way, pulling the tails free of the waistband of her skirt. Stacy could clearly see that Susan wasn’t wearing a bra as the inside curves of Susan’s breasts peeked out. When Susan had the shirt untucked and unbuttoned, she fluffed it against her skin, creating a cool breeze.

From where I was sitting, I was getting tantalizing glimpses of Susan’s nipples. I knew Stacy probably could see at least that much, if not more. She unconsciously licked her lips as Susan grasped the front tails of the shirt and loosely knotted them just under her breasts.

Her midriff and belly button were exposed, along with a healthy portion of her chest.

Stacy jerked her eyes away with an effort as Susan raised her head to look at her hostess.

“Would you like some more tea?” Stacy asked, her voice tight with emotion.

“Yes, please. That would be nice,” Susan replied, her face a mask of innocence.

Stacy hastily stood up and reached for Susan’s tea glass. In her flustered state, she knocked it over. Ice cubes and the remaining tea spilled across the table, directly into Susan’s lap. Susan sat up in shock at the deluge.

“Oh my God,” Stacy uttered in disbelief. “I am such a klutz!”

“It’s okay,” Susan reassured her, once she’d gotten over the shock of the cold.

Stacy set her own glass down on the table and rushed around the kitchen counter to get a dishtowel. Susan began picking pieces of ice out of her lap and dropping them back in the now-righted glass. Stacy hurried back and began dabbing at Susan’s soaked skirt.

When she finished, Susan stood up carefully, making sure she hadn’t missed any ice. The entire front of

her skirt was a darker shade where the tea had splashed.

“Can I use your bathroom?” Susan asked.

“Sure, it’s the door on the right, down the hall,” Stacy said. “I am so sorry.”

“It’s not a problem, Stacy,” Susan reassured her calmly.

Stacy finished cleaning up the spilled tea as Susan walked back toward the bathroom. I saw the light from the bathroom on the opposite wall of the hallway, and knew that Susan hadn’t shut the door. I smirked quietly to myself, shaking my head in wonder at Susan and her antics.

“Stacy?” Susan called from the bathroom.

Stacy rushed around the corner from the kitchen, and then I saw her draw up in shock. I knew what she must’ve just encountered. Susan was probably standing in the bathroom in only her shirt and sandals.

“If you’ve got some Woolite, I can wash these out in the sink and they’ll be just fine,” I heard Susan say from the bathroom.

Stacy quickly recovered from her shock and bent down. I heard the door under the vanity close and saw her rise with a small bottle in her hand. I listened as Susan washed her tea-stained skirt, and probably her panties, in the bathroom sink.

“I can hang those outside on the line to dry, if you’d like,” Stacy said, still in the hallway.

“Thank you. That would be kind of you.”

“Well, it’s the least I can do, since I did spill your tea all over you,” Stacy said, her self-condemnation evident.

“Don’t worry about it, Stacy; I’m fine, my skirt’s fine, and my panties are fine.”

Stacy then came walking back up the hallway with Susan’s wet skirt and panties. When she went outside to hang them on the line, Susan stepped out of the bathroom.

I shot her a “what are you doing?” look. She simply smiled at me and winked conspiratorially.

When Stacy came back inside, she was clearly flustered. When she saw Susan standing in the hallway, nude from the waist down, her fluster only increased.

“Do you have something that I can put on until my skirt dries?” Susan asked innocently.

“Ummm.”

“I know you’re much slimmer than I am, but perhaps a robe,” Susan suggested, trailing off.

Stacy snapped her fingers and began walking down the hallway. Susan stepped back into the bathroom to let the younger woman past, and then followed her into the back of the trailer, to the sole bedroom.

In a moment, Susan emerged from the bedroom carrying her button shirt and wearing a thin silk robe that almost fit her. The robe barely covered her body, and as she walked toward me, the slit in the front opened to reveal her shaved pussy with each step. Her nipples were covered, barely, but the entire center of her chest was bared. Even more revealing, the silk was so thin that Susan’s nipples were clearly outlined by the fine fabric.

She sat down at the table again and demurely crossed her legs. As she did so, however, the robe parted and fell to the side, revealing her thigh clear up to her hips. I was getting hard just looking at her; I could only imagine what poor Stacy was feeling.

Looking at Stacy, I could see that her emotions were awhirl. Fear, then attraction, and then shame warred with each other in her expression.

Finally, Stacy picked up Susan’s tea glass, with the melting remains of the ice, and returned to the kitchen. She dumped the ice in the sink, rinsed out the glass, and went to the freezer.

When she returned with the refilled glass, I could see that her hand was shaking as she placed the tea in front of Susan. She covertly glanced at Susan’s nipples, outlined by the thin fabric of the robe, and then sat down.

“I am so sorry...,” Stacy began again.

“It’s not a problem,” Susan said reasonably, her tone forestalling any further apologies. “That’s the last I’ll hear of it,” she said to Stacy, smiling to reassure the younger woman.

Stacy took a long sip of her own tea, her hand still shaking. When she swallowed, she took a deep breath and visibly calmed herself.

“There,” Susan said, “that’s better.”

Stacy looked up and smiled shyly. Susan returned her smile and Stacy seemed to relax.

We made small talk for a little while. Stacy was clearly still nervous and upset. Susan talked about flowers, and Stacy seemed to relax even more. I simply listened, enjoying watching Susan subtly reassure Stacy, while at the same time tantalizing the younger woman with glimpses of her body. I understood why Stacy was squirming in her seat. By this time, from watching Susan’s seemingly-innocent antics, my penis was rock hard.

Finally, Stacy had had too much, and blurted out, “How do you do it?!”

“Do what?” Susan asked, the picture of innocence.

“Sit there and... do that? And yesterday...”

“Do you mind?” Susan asked gently.

Stacy swallowed hard and shook her head slightly.

“Do you enjoy looking?” Susan pressed.

The young woman swallowed hard again, and jerked her head in a nod.

“I enjoy people looking at me.”

“But how do you do it?”

“It’s easy,” Susan said glibly.

“I don’t think I could ever...”

“I think you could,” Susan said. “With a little practice.”

Stacy licked her lips, looking into Susan’s eyes.

“And a little encouragement,” Susan said slyly.

“You think so?” Stacy asked, her expression of doubt slowly transforming into one of excitement.

Susan nodded.

“Would you like to try?” Susan asked.

“Outside?!” Stacy asked, her shock returning.

“No,” Susan quickly reassured her. “Here, in your home, in front of Paul.”

Stacy seemed to notice me for the first time in a long time, and panic returned to her eyes.

“And me,” Susan said gently, persuasively.

Stacy wrenched her eyes back to look at Susan and shyly, hesitantly nodded her head.

Susan stood gracefully and extended her hand to the younger woman. When Stacy took it, Susan began pulling her toward the bedroom.

“Why don’t you make yourself comfortable on the couch, Paul,” Susan said over her shoulder as she led the young woman down the hallway.

CHAPTER SEVEN

When the women returned from the bedroom, Susan was leading a very shy Stacy. Stacy was wearing tight cut-off shorts and a button-up shirt, tied loosely under her breasts.

Sensing that she needed a little encouragement, I let my appreciation show on my face.

“Wow! You look really, really good,” I said. It was true. Very true.

I could barely see the inner curve of her smallish breasts, and even though she was very slim, her hips still flared a little, and her stomach was gymnast-flat.

With a little coaching and encouragement from Susan, she was soon walking in front of me, toying with the opening of her shirt, and flashing me quick views of her braless breasts.

“The key is,” Susan said, “you’ve got to make it look like revealing yourself is an accident. If people don’t know you’re doing it on purpose, it’s even more exciting.”

Stacy nodded and tried to look more nonchalant as she exposed herself to me, tentatively at first, but then with growing confidence.

“Let’s go pick out another outfit,” Susan said, and led the younger woman back toward the bedroom again.

This time, when they emerged, Stacy was still wearing the short cut-offs, but she now had on a lacy tube top. The cream-colored material was completely sheer, and I could see almost every detail of her breasts. Her breasts were much smaller than Susan’s, shaped like champagne glasses, but her nipples were large and very puffy; little cones standing out from the flesh of each breast.

Stacy was obviously embarrassed at being exposed like this in front of me. That is, until Susan leaned up and whispered something in her ear. Stacy dropped her eyes to look at my crotch. My hard cock was clearly making an awkward lump in my shorts, and upon seeing it, Stacy’s eyes widened. A small smile crept over her expression, and I could see she was actually beginning to enjoy herself.

Susan showed her how to arch her back and stretch so that her nipples poked at the sheer fabric and threatened to tear through.

With a turn, Susan led Stacy back to the bedroom once more.

When they returned this time, Stacy was wearing a pair of cut-off overalls; and that was all. Without a shirt on, I could clearly see almost all of her breasts. Her nipples were discreetly covered by the buckles of the straps, but otherwise, she was completely exposed.

When she turned to walk in front of me, I could see that her nipples were pushing out the straps, and from this angle, she might as well have been topless.

“You’re very, very pretty,” I said.

“Oh, Paul,” Susan said to me from slightly behind Stacy, “you don’t know the half of it. She’s beautiful.”

With that, Susan began unfastening the buttons on the sides of the overalls, first one side then the other. That accomplished, she reached up to cup the younger woman’s breasts, under the straps. Stacy closed her eyes and moaned. When Susan released Stacy’s breasts, she whispered something in her ear.

As Susan stepped back and began to untie her robe, Stacy reached up with one trembling hand and began to undo the metal buttons holding up the front of the overalls.

When she released the first one, that side of the overall bib dropped to reveal her breast to me in all its glory. With shaking hands, she fumbled with the other button. After a few attempts, she got the hang of it and released the only button holding the overalls on her body.

With the release of the second strap, the bib fell completely down, revealing her chest to my appreciative gaze. With a wiggle of her hips, the cut-off overalls slid over the slight flare of her hips and piled on the floor at her ankles. Her breasts, with their puffy pink nipples, were accentuated by her narrow ribcage, flat stomach and almost boyish hips. She wasn’t skinny, with bones showing through, but more slim, with a tuft of brown pubic hair at the junction of her legs.

Susan reached around the other woman's torso to cup her breasts, gently tweaking Stacy's nipples.

"Do you mind if Paul joins us?" Susan asked gently.

Stacy looked down at the obvious bulge in my shorts and her eyes widened in panic for a moment. Quickly, she regained control of her emotions and asked, "He's not big, is he? I mean, really big?"

"Would you like to see for yourself?" Susan asked over the younger woman's shoulder, her face very close to Stacy's.

Stacy nodded jerkily and Susan looked at me, telling me to stand up with a flick of her eyes. I stood and pulled my shirt over my head. I was worried that Stacy wouldn't like me because I was a little bit chubby, but I suppressed that thought and hooked my thumbs in the elastic of my shorts and underwear. With one motion, I lowered both my shorts and underwear and stepped out, tossing them on top of my shirt.

As I stood, my erection flopped free and I stood in all my naked glory in front of an almost-complete stranger.

I imagined that there was no way in the world my modest dick would be too big for anyone, but still...

For a few moments, Stacy didn't answer, and I shifted nervously from foot to foot.

Finally, she nodded jerkily, her eyes locked on my erection. She gulped and then spoke in a quiet, timid voice, "Randy had a really big dick, and most of the time, he made it hurt."

"Paul would never do that," Susan said, smiling at me.

"Okay," Stacy said tentatively.

"You have such a beautiful body," Susan said as she dropped one hand to gently caress Stacy's pussy.

Stacy moaned, then seemed to regain control.

"I have got to touch you," she said to Susan. "Ever since I first saw you yesterday, I've wanted to touch you."

"Mmmmm, that'd be nice," Susan practically purred.

With that, Stacy turned and quickly dropped to her knees in front of Susan. Susan watched in shock as the younger woman descended, clearly not expecting that reaction.

Stacy gently probed at Susan's smooth labia, and Susan spread her legs slightly to give the other woman better access.

I watched, fascinated, as Stacy gently probed and manipulated Susan's pussy. Susan bit her lower lip as the younger woman started gently kissing and stroking her shaved pussy.

Susan was getting unsteady on her feet, and gently pushed Stacy back from her ministrations.

"Let me sit on the couch," Susan said, looking down at the young brunette.

Stacy nodded mutely.

Susan walked over to sit on the couch to my right, spreading her legs slightly as she sat. I watched raptly as Stacy scooted over on her knees to place herself directly in front of Susan's spread labia. I was fascinated watching the younger woman tentatively licking Susan's pussy.

I'd heard of giving a woman head, but to be honest, until then I hadn't really understood what was supposed to happen. As I watched Stacy gently probe and lick Susan, I began to get the idea.

I would have to try that sometime, I decided to myself—especially after I saw the look of blissful oblivion on Susan's face.

Stacy gently parted the folds of Susan's pussy with her fingers and then darted her tongue out to lick the exposed flesh of Susan's inner labia. Susan shuddered at the contact. I watched as Stacy's tongue circled the hood at the top of Susan's pussy, paying attention to Susan's reaction as the younger woman did so.

Susan rested her right hand on top of Stacy's head and moaned in pleasure as the younger woman increased her pace, now gently probing two fingers into the depths of Susan's pussy. With her left hand, Susan reached out and began to stroke my erection.

The look on Stacy's face as she slowly licked and probed Susan's pussy mirrored Susan's own look of ecstasy. I was fascinated, watching the younger woman perform.

Suddenly, Stacy looked up at me, her eyes wild, and all of a sudden, I was afraid she would ask me to leave.

"It's been so long....," she moaned. "I want you to fuck me. Will you fuck little Stacy?" she crooned at

me.

I nodded hastily, glad that she wasn't mad at me, and began to move behind her. From between Susan's spread thighs, Stacy looked back at me.

"Just don't come inside me," Stacy said. "Okay?"

When I nodded again, she put her hands back on Susan's thighs and returned to her ministrations.

I got down on my knees behind Stacy, marveling at her slim hips and shapely ass. My penis pointed like a hot poker at her upturned bottom, and I shuffled forward until my dick touched her wiry pubic hair.

Always with Susan, she was very wet and ready for me when I slid into her from behind. I fumbled a bit with Stacy, trying to find the right angle. I reached down with my right hand and grasped the base of my penis, sawing my shaft along her pussy lips.

I felt her moisture on my dick and then I felt her pussy open up, and my dick easily slipped inside her. Her pussy was much tighter than Susan's, almost painfully tight, and as I thrust myself inside her, I heard Stacy suck in her breath.

She dropped her head and I slowed my pace, pulling back a little and then pushing forward a little. With each slow thrust forward, I would enter her a little further. Finally, I had sunk the length of my shaft into her vise-like pussy. I put my hands on her hips and simply held still.

She raised her head and resumed licking and sucking Susan's pussy, so I took that as my sign to begin slowly, gently pumping my dick into her.

Her pussy loosened up a little as I began thrusting into her, but I still kept my movements slow and deliberate. When I looked up, Susan was completely oblivious to the world around her. She had her eyes closed and was rolling her head from side to side on the back of the couch.

With my hands on Stacy's hips, I slowly slid my cock into her pussy, then withdrew it until only the head was inside. I looked up at Susan again, and she was kneading her breasts with her hands, rolling her nipples between thumb and forefinger.

Maintaining my deliberate pace, I began to run my hands up and down Stacy's flanks. Susan began moaning, quickly rolling her head from side to side as her pleasure increased. I couldn't see what Stacy was doing, but I decided that I wanted to learn how to do it too.

I began to wonder where I was going to come, since Stacy had asked me not to come inside her. I intended to respect her request, but I had few options that wouldn't make a mess.

In any event, Susan began to shudder with signs I recognized, signs of her impending orgasm. I buried my dick in Stacy's pussy to slow things down a bit and watched as Susan's orgasm built.

Before, I'd always been up close and personal when she began to come. Now, I was several feet away, with a lovely young woman bent over in front of me; I had a ringside seat for Susan in the throes of her orgasm.

A deep flush spread over her face and chest, turning the tanned flesh a ruddy color. The muscles of her belly began to contract and she held on to Stacy's head with both hands. With a tearing moan, Susan arched her back and thrust her legs straight out, curling her toes.

Her moan turned into a low scream as her orgasm built, and her head started thrashing from side to side. All of a sudden, she froze and bent forward at the waist, lifting her shoulders off the couch. She slowly hissed through clenched teeth as waves of pleasure washed over her.

As suddenly as she had stopped moving, she fell limp, an explosive breath escaping her lungs. I was dumbfounded. I'd never really watched a woman have an orgasm. Oh, I'd seen it before, a time or two, but I'd never paid close attention to the signals and reactions. I filed things away in my brain for later use, and returned my attention to the girl I was currently deep inside.

Susan was limp on the couch, breathing heavily, and effectively dead to the world. Stacy pulled forward, pulling off my cock and I had a moment of panic that we were finished. I hadn't come yet!

Stacy pulled her right leg forward and pivoted on her hips, rolling onto her back. She motioned me back a few feet and then she scooted her hips so that her pussy was directly in front of me again.

My penis was quivering with the need to release, coated with our combined juices. Stacy spread her legs and put her knees up, motioning for me to enter her. I leaned forward and she reached between us to grasp

my slick member. I put my hands down to either side of her and felt her place the tip of my penis at the opening of her pussy.

With a groan, I plunged into her slowly. She wrapped her calves around my ass and crossed her ankles, holding me tight, my entire cock buried in her pussy.

She reached up and cradled my face with her hands and looked into my eyes. I could smell Susan on her fingers and the scent made me dizzy for a moment. When my head cleared, I was looking down into beautiful brown eyes.

“You’re not really seventeen, are you?” she asked softly, looking into my eyes.

“No,” I said, panic welling up in me that if she knew the truth she wouldn’t have sex with me. All things considered, it was too late for that, but that’s how my young, and unsure, mind worked.

“I didn’t think so. How old are you?”

“Sixteen,” I lied.

She simply shook her head.

I caved. “Fifteen.” Panic tore through my thoughts, panic that she would reject me because I was too young.

She must’ve seen the panic on my face, for she stroked my boyish cheeks and smiled up at me.

“Okay, Mr. Fifteen,” she said, grinning, “you fuck pretty good.”

My panic turned to relief, and I felt the warm flush of blood as I blushed at her compliment.

“Finish off nice and slow. Randy was so big, dumb, and fast that I never really got to enjoy it,” she said. “You’re... nice,” she said, wiggling her hips beneath me. “Just the right size.”

“Thanks.”

“Mmm hmm. I’m not on the pill or anything, so just come on my stomach when you’re ready. Okay?”

I nodded and began to slowly withdraw my cock as she relaxed her legs, releasing me to begin thrusting into her. I pulled out of her as slowly as I could, then thrust back into her, seating my dick in her pussy.

She licked her lips and closed her eyes.

“Mmmmm, that’s nice.”

I didn’t say anything, preferring to concentrate on not coming too soon. When I felt that I was close, I would sink my cock into her and hold myself inside her, waiting for the sensation to die down.

Finally, I could hold out no longer and I felt my come boiling up inside my belly. I thrust into her once, quickly, felt my come rising, and withdrew my cock hastily.

Once free of the confines of her tight pussy, my dick sprang up to slap my stomach and I ground my pelvis forward as I felt the beginnings of my orgasm.

Stacy reached down with her right hand and wrapped it around my manhood. She squeezed gently and began to stroke me. All of a sudden, I felt my come erupt.

As the waves of pleasure broke over me, I squeezed my eyes shut, enjoying the sensation as geyser after geyser of my semen gushed from my penis. I came hard, and the spurts seemed to last forever. I felt Stacy jerk beneath me and cry out in shock, but she kept stroking my pulsing organ.

When my orgasm subsided, I opened my eyes. I was amazed at the sight before me. And upon seeing my face, Stacy began laughing.

Apparently, my first shot of come had sailed up and struck her in the forehead, splattering into her hair. The next shot must’ve hit her right in the middle of her chin. There were droplets of my semen all over her face, and all the way from her neck down to where my still-twitching penis was cradled in her hand.

“Wow!” she said up at me, laughing.

The look of her beautiful face with my semen on it was so incredibly erotic. It was like I had marked her as *my* territory.

“Would you get me a towel?” she asked, gently squeezing my penis for effect.

“Uh, sure,” I stammered and climbed out from between her legs.

When I returned from the kitchen with a dishtowel, she was sitting up on her elbows. Once again, the sight of her lithe body with my semen splattering it was very arousing, and I felt my penis twitch.

Stacy noticed too. “Down boy!” she chided gently, teasingly.

I got down on my knees between her still spread thighs and handed her the towel. She wiped her face first; then she cleaned down her neck, between her breasts, and finally wiped off her flat stomach.

She sat up and scooted her hips back, then leaned forward to clean my penis too. She was very gentle as she wiped me off.

“Mmmmmm, I didn’t realize how much I missed that,” she sighed. “Especially when I don’t have a jackhammer between my legs,” she said, referring to the unlamented Randy.



I looked up at Susan and saw that she had curled up on the couch. Her eyes were open, and sparkling with silent laughter. She put her finger to her lips and silently bought my silence.

Stacy pushed me from between her legs, gently directing me until I lay on my back on the floor. She then lay down next to me, snuggling up to my right side. I awkwardly put my arm around her shoulders and lay there silently, not knowing what else to do.

Stacy was quiet for many minutes, the only sound her soft, rhythmic breathing. I was trying not to fall asleep; the warmth of the afternoon coupled with my powerful orgasm nearly did me in.

I felt Stacy quietly shudder and draw a deep breath. She slowly exhaled, and then I felt little tremors as I held her against me. I felt the hot wash of her tears on my chest and I did the only thing that I could think of—I held her tight and kept my mouth shut. Her crying was silent, and it wracked me with anguish that there was nothing I could do about it. I just held her close and let her silently cry.

A tendril of panic began to gnaw at me. What if I’d somehow done something to cause her pain?! I went back over everything that had happened in the last hour, but I could think of nothing I’d done or said that would cause her to cry.

But afraid as I was that I’d done something wrong, I was more afraid of her reaction if I’d let her go. I felt in my bones that she needed someone to simply hold her while she shed her silent tears.

After perhaps five minutes, her tremors subsided and she sniffled. With her free right hand, she reached up and wiped her eyes. She sat up partially and I was afraid that she was going to let me go. But she only reached back behind her for the towel.

She wiped her face and then smiled up at me with red-rimmed eyes, bright with her tears. Then she let out a rueful laugh as she wiped her salty tears from my chest. She blew her nose into the towel, crumpled it up, and tossed it toward the kitchen.

She lay back down against me and held me tightly. I didn’t know what to say, or what to do for that matter, so I just wrapped my arm around her and squeezed.

She lay quietly for some time, sniffling every once in a while and idly tracing her finger in patterns across my abdomen.

“Randy used to be nice,” she said, her voice husky with emotion. “But toward the end, when he was drinking all the time, things got really bad.”

She shuddered at the memory, drawing a deep, ragged breath.

“He’d come home from the bar sometimes, and he’d expect me to do him. When I wouldn’t, he’d slap me, hard. And then he’d bend me over, rip my shorts off, and do what he wanted to anyway. He got tired of my screams when he didn’t use lube, so he started using Johnson’s Baby Oil.”

She stopped abruptly and unexpectedly laughed, a short bark of cruel laughter. “I used to love the smell of the stuff, but now I gag whenever I smell it.”

She was silent for a moment, and I could feel her emotions draw her body taut against me.

“He used to fuck me in the ass,” she said matter of factly. “He knew it got me off, but he was always mean about it. He’d come home drunk and he’d go looking for the baby oil. I used to try to hide it, thinking that he wouldn’t fuck me if he couldn’t find the oil. But that only made him madder, and he’d slap me harder and dry fuck me. That hurt enough that I stopped hiding the oil.

“But he’d come home and go straight for the baby oil. I knew what was coming, and by then I’d finally decided to stop having my panties ripped off so I’d wait for him in just a t-shirt. The dumb bastard thought that meant I wanted what I knew he was gonna give me.”

Her voice fairly dripped with contempt.

“So he’d shove me over the kitchen table, oil up his monster of a dick, and ram it straight into me. I’d get off on it, which was the problem. He hated it that I’d get off, and he’d really ram it into me, hurting me. Randy had all his brains in his dick. It was big enough!

“That wasn’t the worst of it though. He used to hang out with these two guys, Leon and Little Steve. Leon was a bully too, and sadistic. Steve was nicer, but he had this mean streak in him too. I guess that’s why the three of them got along so well.

“The three of them decided that they could drink cheaper if they bought beer and drank it at the rat hole apartment where Randy and I lived. And I was their entertainment.”

She paused, remembering, and I felt her quivering rage.

“Randy, that prick, loved fucking me in front of them. I guess it was his way of showing that he *owned* me. And then he got generous,” she said with a snort of contempt. “He offered me to Leon. Randy held me down while Leon fucked me. Leon was big too, and wide, and he hurt more than Randy, ’cause he was trying to hurt me.

“When Leon was done, Little Steve got his piece too. Leon and Randy called him ‘Little’ Steve because his dick was only big, not really big. Of all three of those dumbass bastards, Steve was the only one who was ever nice to me. He’d actually apologize after he screwed me, real quiet so the others couldn’t hear. As if that made things better!

“He was nice to me until he figured out that I didn’t like the taste of come. I mean, I’d rather drink shampoo than swallow come. Little Steve wanted me to suck him off, and I told him, promising to fuck him good if he’d only not make me suck him off.

“Then he got this real mean look on his face and smacked me hard. He told me that if I didn’t ‘open up and say ahh,’ he’d cut my throat. That got Leon and Randy to sit up and take notice. After that, I think they had more fun coming in my mouth than they did fucking me until I couldn’t walk.

“They’d sit around on their asses, drinking beer, and make me suck them off, holding my head down until I’d swallowed. And if I gagged, they’d slap me around even worse. After one of ’em would come in my mouth, they’d all laugh their asses off; dumb bastards.

“I’d always get ’em beers though. After a while, Randy wouldn’t let me wear clothes when Leon and Little Steve were over, and they’d pinch and poke me when they weren’t doing worse. But I knew that sooner or later, they’d get too drunk to get it up, or they’d pass out, and then they’d leave me alone.

“And then, one day about two years ago, May 23, he was gone. Randy, Leon, and Little Steve got the bright idea to fund their drinking, none of them had jobs, by robbing a liquor store. There was an off-duty State Trooper in the store, and things went bad. Or good, depending on how you look at it,” she laughed ruefully.

“Leon killed the store owner, the Trooper killed Leon, and Randy and Steve high-tailed it outta there. The police came by looking for Randy, but I never saw him again.

“I packed up my clothes and walked out of that shit hole apartment and never looked back. I took that asshole’s car, though, ’cause I knew he loved it more than he ever loved me. And you know what the funny part is?” she asked, looking up at me, her eyes and nose still red.

I merely shook my head.

“I never cried once, while they were doing all those awful things to me. Not once,” she said fiercely. “Not until now.”

She became silent for a few moments, then continued.

“For a long time, I thought I hated men. I certainly hated Randy, Leon, and Little Steve. I was with this woman, a lesbian, who saved my life. She really did hate men. Without her, I think I would’ve curled up and died. I liked it, for a time. She was what I needed, and I’ll always love her for it.

“But when Daddy died and I got the insurance money, I knew what I wanted to do and I started doing it. The woman I was living with had figured out that I didn’t really hate men, not like she did, and we decided to part as friends. I got this place, and I enrolled in the Junior College, and I’m gonna make something of myself,” she said fiercely. “I don’t know if there is a God or not, not after what I’ve gone

through, but if there is, He's given me an extra chance, and I'm gonna take it!"

With that, she got very quiet, and the only sounds I heard were her occasional snuffles.

Slowly, tentatively, she reached down and grasped my flaccid penis. She stroked it for a few seconds, but it remained limp. Then she sat up to get a better angle.

When she did, she looked up at Susan on the couch, and she froze. At the expression on her face, I sat up too, and looked back at Susan.

Susan lay on the couch, her head cradled on her hands. Her eyes were bright with tears; they had made tracks down her face. When she saw us look up at her, she smiled and sat up.

"You heard?" Stacy asked simply.

Susan nodded silently, wiping the tears from her cheeks with her fingers. Stacy sat back and crossed her legs, looking silently at Susan.

"I think," Susan said, her voice hoarse, "that you're a very brave young woman."

Stacy smiled a sad smile. "If what I been through is what it takes to be brave, I don't ever wanna be brave again."

Susan's eyes brimmed with tears again, and she smiled a sad smile of her own. "No, being brave is what it takes to make it through what you've been through. Not what you get out of it."

"Yeah, well, fuck 'em all the same. Fuck Randy, and fuck dead Leon, and fuck Little Steve."

"Fuck 'em," Susan said simply.

Stacy turned to me. "Fuck 'em," I said as well.

"Uh-uh, they're gone...", Stacy said. "Fuck me." Her expression broke into an infectious grin, and she snuffled.

Susan snuffled in sympathy and began grinning herself. I couldn't help but grin along with the two women, although I knew that Stacy had far more to be happy about than I did. My relatively comfortable life paled in comparison with hers, and I envied her drive and determination.

Stacy broke my train of thought by suddenly standing.

"Wait here," she commanded me. I watched her lithe body as she walked down the hall to the bathroom.

When she returned, she had a box of tissues, a hand towel, and a small jar in her hands. She handed the tissues to Susan, who gratefully accepted them, then set the towel and the jar aside.

With a wicked grin and a snuffle, she knelt at my hips. She reached out and once again stroked my flaccid penis. When I didn't react fast enough for her, she bent forward and tentatively took the tip in her mouth.

I began to protest.

She took her mouth off me and sat up, still holding on to my limp member. "What's the matter?" she asked, a touch of exasperation in her voice.

"I thought you said that you hated... you know...", I said, pointing at my dick.

"Giving head?"

I nodded.

"No, I love giving head. I hate having come in my mouth."

"Oh," I said, confused.

"Besides, I don't expect I'll give you long enough to let you come in my mouth. I want something else from you," she said with a mischievous twinkle in her eye.

With that, she bent forward again and resumed sucking. Soon enough, she had me hard as steel. She wasn't as good as Susan, her teeth scraped me a few times, and she didn't use her tongue as much, but I have learned that there is no such thing as bad head. There's only good head and better head. So I leaned back and enjoyed the good head she was giving me.

True to her word, before I was even beginning to think about coming, she sat up, still gripping my erection. With her left hand, she reached behind her to fetch the towel and the jar.

When she released my prick to open the jar, I saw that it was Vaseline.

When she got it open, she looked at me very seriously. "I want you to fuck me in the ass. I want to come with you in my ass. Will you do that for me?"

I'd never even thought of putting my dick in a woman's ass, but at the moment, with my erection doing most of the thinking for me, I mutely nodded my enthusiasm.

"Good," she said, dipping two fingers into the jar and bringing them out with a dollop of the jelly.

She began rubbing the Vaseline onto my dick, stroking and coating the entire surface of my cock.

When she had my entire manhood covered in a layer of Vaseline, she looked at me seriously, picking up the towel to wipe her hands.

"Go slowly, especially when you first enter me. It's been... a long time... since I had anyone back there."

I nodded mutely and she got up on her hands and knees, looking expectantly at me over her shoulder. When I got up to move behind her, I looked at Susan. She smiled at me, her expression speaking volumes, her eyes gently laughing at me. She extended her hand in a "be my guest" gesture and her smile broadened.

I moved between Stacy's legs and shuffled toward her upturned ass. Her cheeks were spread wide and I could see her little pink pucker winking up at me. With my right hand, I grasped the base of my slick cock and aimed it at her ass.

When I set the tip against her rectum, she hissed with pleasure. My hand still steadying my penis, I began to push forward. I met tremendous resistance, and began to wonder how I was ever going to get my dick inside her, no matter how hard I was. When I was about to pull back and try again, her ass allowed the head of my prick to enter.

Stacy let out a low moan and shuddered. My dick safely inside her, I put both my hands on her hips and began to slowly rock back and forth. This didn't really move my cock inside her so much as it put pressure on her, and she moaned again.

"Okay," she said through clenched teeth, "go easy." The last syllable was drawn out into a hiss as I began to slowly inch deeper into her ass.

As I had with her pussy, I would enter her a little further, then withdraw. Then with my next thrust, I would push a little deeper into her. In a few minutes, my dick was buried in her ass.

It was incredibly tight, tighter even than her pussy had been, and her ass gripped my cock like a fist.

I held her hips and kept her ass tight against my hips as she panted. Once again, I marveled at her lithe body, the gentle curve of her back before me. I looked up at Susan and saw her smiling at me, one hand gently caressing her nipple.

"Okay," Stacy said, once she had regained her breath, "go slow."

I slowly withdrew my entire length from her and she groaned deep in her chest. I then thrust my hips forward, slowly impaling her on my length again. She shuddered under my hands as I repeated the motion and picked up a slow rhythm.

Every time my hips would press against her ass as I fully buried myself in her ass, she would cry out in pleasure. I maintained my slow, deliberate pace, enjoying her outbursts as I thrust myself into her.

"Mmmmmmm, that feels nice," she said, her head down. "You can go a little faster, if you want."

I wanted.

I quickened my pace slightly, still marveling at the tightness of her ass. It was tighter and hotter than anything I'd ever felt. I know that wasn't saying much, but I quickly realized that I was really enjoying fucking her in the ass.

"Faster," she pleaded over her shoulder.

Faster I gave her. Soon, I was pumping my slick cock into her with powerful strokes. She would whimper each time my hips slammed into her ass and buried my cock up to the root inside her.

I didn't know how long I could hold out at this pace, but I resolved to do my best.

"I... want... you... to... come... in... my... ass...," she panted between thrusts. "Come... in... my... asssssssssss!"

With those words, I slammed my prick deep into her ass and gripped her hips tightly, feeling my eruption welling up in my belly. With a grunt of my own, I let loose inside her.

As I began to come, I felt her shudder powerfully and she moaned long and low. I knew she was coming, but I was mostly oblivious as I spent myself within the furnace of her ass.

When I finally finished coming, she was still quaking and whimpering with pleasure. I collapsed on top

of her, supporting myself with one arm while I wrapped my right hand around her chest to cup her pert breasts.

We panted in unison with the power of our orgasms, my dick still hard in her ass.

Very quietly, as if to herself, I heard her say, "Screw you, Randy. That's how you shoulda fucked me in the ass."

I was dimly aware of Susan getting up from the couch, but it wasn't until she returned quietly that I fully realized that she'd been gone.

I slowly straightened and began to ease my half-hard dick out of Stacy's ass. She moaned with a mixture of pleasure and pain as I withdrew. When I felt my dick pop from her ass, I realized that Susan was kneeling beside me.

I felt a warm wetness on my shrinking penis, and looked down in shock. I relaxed as I saw that Susan had a warm, soapy washcloth and was gently cleaning my cock. When she finished, she wiped me off with another wet washcloth. She then folded the soapy cloth in half and began to clean Stacy too.

When she finished, she stood and walked back toward the bathroom. I sat back and folded my legs Indian-style as Stacy rolled over to sit with her back against the couch. Susan returned shortly and joined us on the floor, sitting with her knees together and her legs folded to one side.



We chatted for a while, but as it was getting late in the afternoon, Susan sent me a look that said "we need to go soon."

I reluctantly agreed.

Stacy could sense the direction of the conversation and stood gracefully, retrieving the white robe Susan had discarded earlier.

She belted the thin fabric around her lithe frame and stepped to the door of the trailer. She quickly returned with Susan's dry skirt and panties.

Susan put on her panties as I began searching for where my own clothes had ended up.

"Hold on a second, Mr. Fifteen," Stacy said.

Susan looked at me archly.

I shrugged.

"I forced it out of him," Stacy said to Susan.

The day before, I'd told Susan that I'd lied to Stacy about my age, and Susan had thought that best at the time.

"He's easy like that, isn't he?" Susan said to Stacy, clearly enjoying herself at my expense.

"Uh-huh," Stacy said cheerfully.

Turning back to me, she stepped close, pressing her thinly-covered nipples against my chest. She reached up and put her hand on the back of my neck and pulled my head down. I watched with fascination as she closed her eyes, tilted her head to the side and parted her lips slightly. She stood on tiptoes and crushed her lips against mine.

I had kissed girls before, but never like this. Those earlier kisses were furtive and experimental. This kiss... now this was a kiss! Her lips were tender and gentle as she kissed me with a slight pressure.

I wish I could remember more details about that kiss, but unfortunately, I can't. I can only remember the feeling that flooded my body, beginning with my mouth. As our lips were locked together, slightly parted, I could feel her tongue dart out and caress mine. My penis, untouched, began to grow, and soon was pressed against the slick fabric covering her pussy.

Finally, she broke the kiss and I inhaled a great gulp of air. I'm sure I looked for all the world like a poleaxed ox as I gazed down into her beautiful face. She licked her lips and then slowly opened her eyes, meeting my own and smiling up at me.

"Mmmmm," she said dreamily. "I've missed that too."

She withdrew her hand from the back of my neck and stepped back a half-step. Looking down at my erection, she laughed and looked back up at my face. I blushed furiously.

“Did you like that?” she asked, her eyes teasing me.

I could only nod.

“Me too.”

As Stacy stepped back another pace, we both turned to look at Susan, who was grinning at the two of us.

I blushed a deeper red and quickly resumed looking for my discarded clothing.

“Are you really a friend of his mother’s?” Stacy asked, turning to Susan.

“Yes.”

“Wow. Cool.”

“Mmm hmm.”

I finally found my clothes, and began putting them on as the two women talked.

“I’d like...,” Stacy began, then paused to summon her courage. “I’d like to see you again.”

“I’d like that too,” Susan said. “We’ll be back in town Wednesday, to pick up our order from the hardware store.”

“Both of you? Great!” Stacy gushed. I reminded myself that while she might be several years older than I was, she was still very young. “I’ll switch shifts with another girl at the store. I’ll get off at two.”

“Do you want us to pick you up at the store?”

“That’d be great.”

“Okay, we’ll see you at the store at two on Wednesday,” Susan said.

With that, she leaned forward and kissed Susan on the cheek. She then turned to me and gave me another smoldering kiss on the lips. I could feel her nipples boring into me through the thin fabric of her robe and my t-shirt. The kiss wasn’t as long as the first she’d given me, but it lasted quite a bit longer than any other kiss I’d ever had.

“Thank you,” she said to me in a quiet voice as she released me.

I didn’t exactly know what she was thanking me for, but I was polite enough to know to just say, “You’re welcome.”

Susan and I headed out to the station wagon, and Stacy waved to us from the door to her trailer. In her thin white robe, she looked even more beautiful than before.

With waves of our own, we got in and slowly drove away.

“I think she likes you,” Susan said to me as we turned onto the main road, half teasing, half serious.

I blushed furiously and didn’t say a word.

CHAPTER EIGHT

When we got back to the camp that afternoon, it was late. I would barely have time to shower before dinner.

Susan dropped me off at our cabin and I waved as she drove down the hill toward her house.

I rushed into the cabin, kicking my shoes off and stripping off my clothes.

“What took you all so long?”

I froze. I turned and saw Mom sitting on the couch, reading a book. My mind was moving at a thousand miles an hour, as I was furiously trying to think of some excuse for being in town so long.

Drawing a blank, I mumbled, “Car trouble,” and headed into the bathroom.

When I came out, I was drying my hair, hoping Mom had already gone down to the clubhouse.

She hadn’t.

“I hope everything was okay,” she said, clearly a prompt for me to explain further.

I may have been caught off guard earlier, but I wasn’t stupid.

“Uh-huh,” I said.

I could see that Mom was clearly not impressed with my brevity, but I guess she decided not to press the issue.

“What’s for dinner?” I asked, hoping to change the subject.

“I thought I’d fix grilled-cheese sandwiches with peas and carrots.”

“Sounds great!” I said and bolted.

I heard Mom follow me out of the cabin, but I didn’t slow down. I wanted to get away from any pointed questions about several missing hours this afternoon.



When I got to the clubhouse, I saw that there were many more people there than usual.

Six families had arrived that day. Most of them, I knew from summers past.

Dwight and his wife Karen had arrived, as expected, with their kids Trish and Jonathan. Trish was Erin’s age, but Jonathan was only eight or nine. I could see that Trish and Erin had already found each other, and were on one of the couches and chatting animatedly.

I was looking around to see who else I recognized when a pair of iron bands, which happened to be in the form of pale, strong arms, wrapped around my chest and heaved me into the air. I felt the breath whoosh out of me and saw stars as I was returned to the earth once again.

I turned around to find Manfred, one of my best friends at the camp. Manfred and I always got along well, although we couldn’t have been more different. Where I was short and pudgy, Manfred was tall and lanky. At fifteen, he was already taller than my dad.

And he was also the only person I knew who would sunburn faster than I did. He’d inherited his father’s fair skin, and he wore a t-shirt for practically the first week he was at camp, just to prevent a terrible sunburn. He’d inherited his hair from his mother, though, and it was a very pale blond. His father, John, was tall and thin too, with red hair and fair skin. Manfred’s mother, on the other hand, was one of the most statuesque women I’ve ever known. She wasn’t as tall as my dad, but she was at least 5’10”. She had the same pale blond hair that Manfred had, and she had a magnificent figure.

Many a night I had lain awake and envied Manfred. His mother, Ingrid, had high, firm breasts with pointy brown nipples. She tanned very easily and was always a beautiful golden brown. Her pubic hair matched the hair on her head, and it was so fair and fine that it seemed like she had a patch of spun gold at the junction of her legs. Too bad Manfred didn’t have a sister!

“Hey, little man, look who’s here,” Manfred fairly boomed down at me.

“Hey, Stick, when did y’all get here?”

“Couple hours ago. Where were you?”

“In town. I had to help Aunt Susan with some storm damage.” I decided that the less I said, the less I’d have to remember what I’d said to whom. “Where are you all staying?”

“The usual place,” Manfred said. They always stayed in one of the motel-style rooms in back of the first building.

I nodded. “Who else got here today? I’ve been gone since lunch.”

“Gina.”

The one name was all that we needed to share a conspiratorial look.

Gina was our age, and really fun to hang out with. She wasn’t a girly girl, afraid to get dirty or touch bugs or other stuff. She wasn’t a tomboy, but she sure wasn’t afraid to have fun. I’d had a crush on Gina since I’d first met her two summers earlier. Manfred knew about it, and teased me mercilessly; the way only a close friend can do, totally ruthless but not hurtful.

The last time I had seen Gina, last summer, she had wonderful cone-shaped breasts with pointy dark brown nipples. Her pubic hair had just developed into a respectable strip, and she had begun to show some flare between her waist and hips. I couldn’t wait to see how she’d changed since then.

Gina was also a package deal; she had two sisters. Her older sister Kara was about three years older than me. She had a gorgeous body, but was well out of my league, being older and very attractive. Gina also had a younger sister, Leah, who was about six months younger than Erin. Leah, like Erin, had just begun to develop.

What made the three girls truly beautiful was their mother, Elizabeth. Gina’s mother was English, of Indian parents, and very elegant. Elizabeth had passed on to her three daughters her beautiful café-au-lait complexion, lustrous black hair, and exotic dark eyes.

Gina’s father was a television producer, and took long vacations during the summer re-runs. They almost always stayed for several weeks at the camp. I had much to look forward to. I had many dreams of the doe-eyed, beautiful young Gina. Many dreams indeed.

Shaking myself out of my reverie, I looked up and Manfred was grinning down at me like an idiot.

“What’s she look like?” I asked, desperate to know.

“Just wait.”

“Manfred, you’ve got to tell me,” I almost whined at him.

“Just wait,” was all he’d say.

“Okay, Mr. Scandinavian Stubbornness, who else is here?”

“Norm and Dee were in here earlier; they pulled in after we did.”

He pronounced their names like “Normandy”—our pet name for the older couple who towed their own Airstream trailer—basically living year-round at nudist camps across America.

“And?” I prompted.

“That’s all I know,” he shrugged. “Oh, except for some new family. I haven’t met ’em yet, but I know they’ve got three daughters and a son.”

“How old?”

“Dunno, just heard about ’em from my folks.”

About that time, Mom came into the clubhouse and came over to where Manfred and I were talking.

“Hello, Manfred. How are you?”

“I’m fine, thanks, Mrs. Hughes. How are you?”

“You’re always so polite, Manfred. But you know you can call me Beth,” Mom said with a smile. “I’m fine, thank you. Although, I’d be even better if my helpful son would lend a hand fixing dinner. Do you know where I can find my helpful son?” she asked in mock earnestness.

“No, ma’am, I haven’t seen your helpful son,” Manfred said, grinning broadly. “I guess you’ll have to settle for Paul.”

With a grimace at Manfred and an “I’ll get you” shake of my fist, I followed Mom to the kitchen area.



At dinner, we talked about the new arrivals. Dwight and Karen, John and Ingrid (Manfred’s parents),

Chris and Elizabeth (Gina's parents), and Norm and Dee I already knew about.

Mom also told us that Stan and Terri would be staying in the cabin next to ours. It wasn't really next to ours, being almost 100 feet away, but "next to" was apt enough. Stan was tall and wiry thin, and Terri was almost the exact opposite, a petite woman with short blond hair and smallish, cone-shaped breasts.

I found out that the Coulters, Gina's family, were staying in the cabin above ours on the ridge. Dwight and Karen Delozier were staying in the cabin beyond Stan and Terri Dunbar's.

Mom also told us that a new family had come to the camp. I perked up at this news, and so did Erin. Not that it was new news to me — in fact, Manfred had mentioned the new family already. But Mom had evidently already talked to them. John and Jessica Jordan, and their four children, were staying in one of the larger cabins behind the motel-style buildings.

Erin and I pressed for more information about their kids. Mom told us that they had three daughters, sixteen, thirteen, and ten, and a son, nine. She didn't know their names, however. Erin perked up at the prospect of another girl her age, and I was quietly enthusiastic about a new sixteen-year-old girl at the camp. Erin would be out of my hair with three other girls her age, and I, at least, could have fun with Manfred and Gina, whether the new girl were any fun or not.

As I thought of spending time with my friends, my thoughts quickly turned to Susan. I definitely enjoyed the time we spent together, but the thought of missing time with my friends filled me with pangs of anxiety. But then the thought of not spending time with Susan drove all those thoughts from my mind.

Susan was definitely important to me, in ways I couldn't really put my mental finger on. I didn't know if I was falling in love with her or not, but the fact that she was one of the few people in the world who treated me like an adult meant a great deal to me. Susan treated me like a man, and I liked that. And, of course, my fifteen-year-old mind admitted, the sex was a *lot* of fun too.

After we'd finished eating, Erin and I helped Mom clean up the dishes. We both knew that if we were helpful, then Mom would let us do what we wanted for the rest of the night. She usually did, but ensuring things by helping out never hurt.

Most of the other families in the clubhouse were finishing dinner too, and we were just finishing cleaning up when Susan entered the building. She was wearing her bikini bottoms (I had gotten so used to seeing her without them that they almost looked out of place), and was greeting new arrivals.

As she made her way toward our table, Erin asked if she could go play with Trish and Leah. Mom said yes, and she raced off to find the other two girls.

"Hi, Beth," Susan said as she came up to us. "I really appreciate you letting me monopolize Paul like I've been shamelessly doing. He's been very helpful."

"I'm glad he has. I'm very proud of him," Mom said. "I understand you two had a bit of car trouble this afternoon."

I almost choked on my own tongue! I wondered if I could kill myself by holding my breath. I hadn't had time to tell Susan about the lame excuse I'd given Mom about why we were in town so long.

"Car trouble?" Susan asked innocently. "Not with my car, no," she picked up smoothly. "We went to the hardware store, but they didn't have the panels we needed. So we had to order them from Spartanburg. That took some time," Susan said calmly.

"I'm glad to hear you didn't have car trouble," Mom said, shooting an ominous glance at me.

"Oh, I didn't say we didn't have a bit of car trouble, it just wasn't with my car," Susan said, coming to my rescue.

"Oh?" Mom asked.

"When we were leaving the hardware store, we happened to run across the cashier from the grocery store from yesterday. Paul and I both remembered her because she was so nice."

Mom arched an eyebrow at me and nodded for Susan to continue.

"*She* was the one having car trouble. So Paul suggested that we stop and help her out."

"Very nice of him," Mom said.

"Always help a lady in distress," I chirped up with what I hoped was an innocent expression.

"We ended up giving her a ride home, and she invited us in for a cold drink as a way of saying thanks. I

guess we stayed there longer than we thought. She was a very nice young woman.”

“Ah,” Mom said.

“So I guess that’s what Paul meant when he told you we had ‘car trouble,’” Susan said.

“Yeah, sorry I didn’t make that clearer, Mom,” I apologized as sheepishly as I could.

“Anyway,” Susan said, “I just wanted to stop by and tell you what a wonderful job Paul is doing, and how helpful he’s been.”

“Thank you,” Mom said, smiling at me.

Susan turned to me, “And since we’ve been working so hard these past few days, why don’t we take tomorrow off and take a little R&R?”

“You’re sure?” I asked. I felt my panic building, then thought about the situation from Susan’s perspective and relaxed somewhat. Besides, I did want to spend time with my friends.

“Sure, Paul,” Susan said dismissively. “We’ve got Monday to finish the boxes on the back wall, and the roof panels won’t be in until next Wednesday.”

“Okay. Fine by me,” I said.

“Good then, it’s settled,” Susan said. “Have a nice night.”

“You do the same,” Mom said.

Susan turned to talk to another family and Mom turned to me.

“Car trouble? Do you know how worried I was about you?”

“Sorry, Mom, I should’ve explained better,” I said contritely.

“Oh well, it’s water under the bridge now,” she said, letting me off the hook.

Suddenly, she was hugging me again. I hugged her back, feeling a little awkward.

“I was just worried about you, honey,” she said.

I resolved myself *not* to get an erection, and Mom obliged me by releasing me fairly quickly.

“Now go find Manfred and try to stay out of trouble,” Mom said, laughing.



The next day was Sunday, and for the first time in several days, it was a normal “camp day.” Not that I was complaining. The past four days had been like an emotional whirlwind; a very enjoyable whirlwind at that.

As it turned out, the new family had a thing for J’s. The next morning, while we were eating breakfast in the clubhouse (I wondered wickedly what Susan was having for breakfast), we met them at last.

John and Jessica Jordan entered the clubhouse and began making the rounds, introducing themselves. Erin and I met Jenny, Jill, Jackie, and John Junior—sixteen, thirteen, ten, and nine, respectively. John Jordan was an average looking guy, but his wife could’ve been a model.

Jessica was a little taller than I was, with lustrous dark brown hair. She was thin, with a fine-boned face and high, firm breasts. She had long legs and slender hips, a narrow tuft of pubic hair, and a tanned complexion. Her daughters were remade in her image, in varying stages of development. Jenny was taller than I was, with a body almost identical to her mother’s. I got the feeling that she didn’t want to have anything to do with someone who was only fifteen. So much for her. Erin and Jill hit it off first thing, and Jill joined the group formed by my sister, Trish, and Leah.

But the real surprise of my morning was Gina. Her parents came down for breakfast first, then she and her older sister came into the clubhouse.

I was stunned.

The last time I had seen Gina, she had still been developing. Now, she had blossomed into full womanhood. She was still about 5’4”, but her breasts were now luscious, full and round, capped by beautiful dark brown nipples. Her narrow waist flared to full hips, leading to very well-proportioned, trim legs. Her pubic hair was a neat strip, fuller in the middle and sparser on the edges. She had also let her hair grow; her shoulder-length jet black tresses were wavy and shone in the morning light. She was a darkly exotic beauty. More so now than ever.

I had just resolved myself to go and talk to her when I felt a thud in my right arm.

“Hiya, little man,” Manfred said as he sat down at the table. “What’d I tell ya?”

“Huh?” I looked at him blankly.

“Huh,” he said, aping my expression with near perfection.

“What’re you talking about Manfred?” I asked him in exasperation.

“Dude... One word,” he paused, counting off the seconds. “Gina.”

“What?”

“Man, you are gone.”

“Huh?”

“Did I tell ya or did I tell ya?” Manfred asked, smiling comically at me and nodding at Gina.

“Yeah,” I said, breaking the spell she’d cast over me with her body. “Wow!”

“Wow indeed,” he chuckled. “Have you met the J’s yet?”

“Who?”

“The J’s, little man. John, Jessica, Jenny, Joanie, Jermaine, blah, blah, blah-blah. The J’s.”

“Oh, yeah, I met them earlier.”

“Oldest one’s kinda cute.”

“Yeah,” I said absent-mindedly, still thinking about Gina.

“Dude! You’re hopeless,” he said, punching me in the shoulder again. “Let’s go swimming. I’m dying to jump in the lake!”

With that, he stood and unrolled a white Led Zeppelin t-shirt and tugged me to my feet.

We tore out of the clubhouse, letting the screen door bang behind us.



Most of the day, Manfred and I were in the lake, or around it. I had already gotten enough of a tan that I didn’t have to wear a t-shirt, but poor Manfred had to rub sunblock all over himself *and* wear a t-shirt. Otherwise, he would’ve looked like a Scandinavian lobster.

Gina and the oldest J were sunning themselves on the raft a lot of the day. Manfred and I would quietly swim up to them and splash them with cold water.

After lunch, the girls decided that they’d had enough of sunbathing on the raft, and they actually talked to us. Wonder of wonders, teenagers of the opposite sex actually talking to each other.

We got a game of Marco Polo going, and Erin and her friends joined us. Even the two younger J’s, Jackie and John Junior (who they all called John J), and Trish’s brother Jonathon got into the game. A ten-person game of Marco Polo is a whole lot of fun.

After we had exhausted ourselves playing in the lake, Manfred and I were actually invited to join Gina and Jenny on the raft, provided we didn’t splash them.

We were on our best behavior the entire time.



Mom had invited Susan to dinner that evening. After dinner, the breeze died down and the still air outside was hot. Mom and Susan were going to go down to the lake and cool off. I went looking for Manfred, and when I couldn’t find him, Mom invited me to come to the lake with them.

I readily accepted. I hadn’t had two minutes to be around Susan all day, and I found that I didn’t like it very much. I know I missed the sex, but I also found (much to my surprise) that I missed talking to her too.

As we walked down the hill, the sun was just dropping toward the horizon. It would actually be two hours or more until sunset, but with the ridges around the camp, it actually got dark on the ground much earlier. We could easily see to make our way down the hill, but in about twenty minutes, it would start getting dark.

When we got to the lake, there were a couple of people still there, but most were packing up their towels to head up to the clubhouse before it got too dark.

We waded into the cold water of the lake very slowly, taking one step at a time, until we were up to our necks, standing just at the bottom of the steps. In the dwindling daylight, the water at the deep end of the

lake was as dark and impenetrable as ever.

“The camp is always so much more alive with more people here,” Susan said somewhat wistfully.

“It is,” Mom agreed.

“Have you talked to the Jordans much?” Susan asked.

“A little. He’s a corporate attorney, she used to be a model. You know, same old, same old.”

“Yeah,” Susan said, laughing quietly. Voices carried at night, especially over the water. “They do seem to be a nice couple.”

“How did they find out about the camp?”

“Through a client of his. John was transferred to Atlanta from California, and they quietly asked around.”

And then I felt it. In the back of my mind, I had been half hoping something like this would happen, but I couldn’t be sure that it would.

I felt a hand tentatively feeling for me. I had been waiting for this, and as the hand found my flaccid penis and gripped it firmly, I quickly became erect.

In the final direct light from the sun, I look at both women’s faces. For the life of me, I couldn’t tell who had their fingers wrapped around my joint.

I tuned out their conversation and decided to enjoy it.

The hand quickly started stroking my erection, gently but firmly. The sensation was indescribable, heightened by the fact that I wasn’t sure whether it was Susan or Mom stroking me.

When I didn’t try to pull away, the hand became bolder, moving to cup and fondle my balls. Since the water was so cold, they had receded far into my abdomen, so there was little to fondle. Shortly, the warm hand returned to my erection.

We stood like this for perhaps another twenty minutes—the two women chatting, me listening to the conversation and occasionally contributing, and one of them slowly, tantalizingly stroking my hard-on.

When the sun finally dropped below the ridge, the sky was aglow with the dying reds and oranges while the surface of the lake was near black. I could scarcely make out the shapes of the two women not two feet in front of me.

“Beth,” Susan asked hesitantly, “do you mind if I take off my bikini bottoms. They’ve got a tag in them that’s got a point on it that’s digging into my waist. It’s itching me to death.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yeah, Paul knows.”

“Oh?”

“The first day he came to work for me, he caught me right as I’d gotten out of the shower,” she confessed. “And since the cat was already out of the bag, so to speak, I didn’t really worry about it.”

“Oh, okay. As long as you’re comfortable with it, I’m sure Paul and I will be too.”

“Oh, I’ll be much more comfortable as soon as I trim this tag out when I get back to the house.”

The hand on my penis left me as Susan shucked off her bikini bottoms and I began to think furiously. Either it was indeed Susan, or Mom was very, very clever. Once I thought about it, however, it could go either way. I heard the wet plop of Susan’s wet bottoms hitting the brick coping of the lake and waited for the hand to return.

I was disappointed when it didn’t. But that disappointment didn’t last long.

“I don’t know why, but my shoulders sure do ache today,” Susan said.

“Would you like me to rub them?” I quickly volunteered.

“Ooooooh, that would be nice,” Susan said.

“Mmmm, that does sound good,” Mom echoed.

“Beth, you go first, I can wait.”

“No, Suz, you’re the one who suggested it.”

A chorus of polite “no, you go firsts” ensued, and I quickly lost track of who said what.

Finally, as I leaned back against the sun-warmed brick of the coping, I heard one of the woman accede to going first. I raised my hands and felt a body back up under them.

The problem was, I wasn't really sure who it was, Mom or Susan. Nevertheless, I began slowly rubbing her shoulders.

Not knowing who it was, however, was compounded when the woman in front of me backed up and the warm flesh of her ass rubbed up against my still-hard penis. I felt her hands come around behind her and grasp my erection.

She leaned forward and lowered my erection so that it was positioned between her ass cheeks. When she slid backward again, my hard dick was nestled between her legs, clamped tight by her thighs and the heat of her pussy.

I felt her pussy open up as she pressed against my hardness, and I quickly decided that it must be Susan in front of me, rubbing her pussy with my erection. In the darkness, I moved my hands from her shoulders around to cup her breasts. I heard her moan approvingly as my hands began to knead them and roll her nipples gently between my fingers.

After ten blissful minutes, she finally leaned forward and said, "Next."

In a moment, I felt the warmth of another body in front of me and I raised my hands to bring them down on her shoulders. I was rubbing the shoulders in front of me when once again, I felt her back up.

I was certain this was Mom, and as she backed against my erection, I felt her reach around to grasp my penis. She too aimed the tip of my hard-on between her legs and backed up against me.

As my penis probed between her thighs, I waited for the feeling of her pubic hair tickling the top of my penis. As she pressed her ass against my hips, I couldn't believe what was happening to me.

She pulled forward and grasped my cock from between her legs. Arching her back a little, she pushed back and my cock easily slipped between the shaven labia of Susan's pussy.

Susan's pussy?!

Oh my God, I thought to myself. The *first* woman had been Mom. Not only had she ground her pussy against my cock, I had fondled her breasts for almost the entire time.

As Susan began to slowly ride me, I was in shock. My brain seemed to cease functioning.

Susan rode me, back and forth, for about five minutes. As she gently rocked back and forth, she struck up a conversation with Mom.

Now that the two women were talking, I could definitely tell who was who. But that only served to confirm that Mom was the first woman.

Suddenly, Susan pulled forward. The shock of the cold water on my cock, which had been nestled in a warm pussy only seconds ago, was tremendous. My shock-addled brain was already overloaded, and I almost passed out from the sensation.

The two women put their heads close together, several feet in front of me and had a low-voiced conversation.

Because their heads were so close, and their voices pitched low, I couldn't hear what they were talking about. The intensity of the conversation rose once, but never the volume, and what they talked about remained a mystery.

In a few minutes, I heard Mom's voice.

"I'm going to swim out to the raft and warm up for a few minutes," Mom said.

"Okay, I'll be out in a few minutes," Susan answered.

I then heard her swim out toward the raft.

Then I saw a figure swim up to me and felt a hand on my chest, pushing me up and back.

I knew that Mom would hear anything either of us said, so I kept quiet. I put my hands back up on the coping and hoisted myself out until I sat on the still-warm bricks.

I felt her hands pushing my legs apart. As she moved in between my legs, one of her hands pushed on my chest, pushing my torso backward. I bent back at her touch, supporting myself with my arms.

She put both her hands on my hips, and then a wonderful warm wetness engulfed my prick.

As soon as my head slid over her tongue, I felt her moan. Her lips clamped down on my shaft and she flicked her tongue over the tip of my penis. Without warning, she opened her mouth and swallowed nearly my whole length.

As her lips clamped about my shaft, midway down my length, I felt her moan again, deep and low in her chest. She slowly withdrew her lips, sucking her cheeks in and drawing her tongue along the length of my shaft.

She popped my erection out of her mouth and I felt her tongue running along the sensitive underside of my penis, down then back up. I felt her teeth playfully nip under the crown of my cock and then she wrapped her lips back around the head.

She slowly engulfed the length of my dick in her warm mouth, seeming to savor the flavor and texture of my manhood. Then she began to bob her head back and forth, gently stroking my erection with her mouth.

All of a sudden, she let my dick spring free of her sucking lips and I felt the sensitive skin on the bottom of my cock rub against her cheek. I felt her kisses all the way down the shaft of my dick, light as a butterfly's wings. Once she reached the springy mat of hair at the base of my dick, she kissed her way back up my shaft.

When she reached the end, she kissed the head, tilted her head the other way, and kissed down my shaft a second time. When she reached the head of my cock this time, she tightened her grip on my hips and began rapidly plunging her head down, impaling her mouth on my dick.

Finally, I felt her clamp her lips about two inches from the base of my penis. She sucked gently, then I felt her lips open once more. Instead of pulling back, however, she slowly shoved her head forward. I felt my cock enter the back of her throat as her lips clamped down again.

I thought surely she would withdraw now, but I felt her take a deep breath through her nose and open her lips again. With one final lunge, she closed her lips around the absolute base of my cock and I couldn't stifle my groan of pleasure.

I could feel my cock in the back of her throat, her muscles clamping on the tip. Her nose was pressed against the flesh above my shaft. She gripped me like that for several seconds, the most wonderful seconds of my life, my young cock down her throat. Finally, she withdrew, raking her lips and tongue along the length of my shaft.

When she got to the end, she let my penis slip from her lips, and I could hear her take a deep breath. She engulfed half my prick with her furnace of a mouth. Once again, she opened her lips and took me still deeper. Then again, she opened her lips and swallowed me to the root, gripping my hips fiercely with her hands, holding her head down on my erection.

With all the stimulation from earlier, and then the illicit thrill of knowing I had been fondling my mom's breasts (and she had enjoyed it!), I didn't last long after that.

As she withdrew the second time after taking me into her throat, I felt my come welling up, ready to spurt. She felt it too and took my dick as deep as she could.

I erupted with a barely contained groan of pleasure. I shot my seed down her throat, gushing forth what felt like gallons. With her hands on my hips, she pulled me deeper into her mouth. I felt her lips and cheeks moving as she swallowed my load. Once. Twice. Three times.

When my cock finally stopped spurting into her willing mouth, she slowly withdrew her lips. I heard her swallow and draw a deep, shuddering breath. She wrapped her lips around my slowly deflating penis, making sure to avoid the sensitive glans.

When she had sucked the remaining seed from my shaft, she released me. Without a word, I heard her swim away from me. I slid into the cold water and followed her.

The raft was a looming blot of darker darkness against the backdrop of the pine forest across the lake. She reached it right before me and climbed on top of it.

I climbed up between the two women, dripping and happy to be out of the cold water. I didn't know who was who until Susan spoke quietly in the darkness.

"I love it out here at night."

"Mmmmm, me too," Mom said dreamily.

I reached out toward the sound of Susan's voice, not afraid of being seen in the darkness. As my hand touched Susan's leg, my mind raced.

I choked back a cry of alarm as my hand rested on the warm, dry skin of her thigh.

CHAPTER NINE

That night, I lay awake a long time. I thought to myself that I'd done something very wrong. And it was even worse that I'd enjoyed it. And worse still that I'd do it again, if given the opportunity.

I knew it should be wrong to want to have sex with your mother. It must be wrong. But that night, lying awake in the top bunk, I tried to ponder exactly *why* it was supposed to be wrong.

I could rationalize all I wanted to, but my mind kept coming back to two indisputable facts.

The first was that both of us had been willing participants. True enough, I hadn't known it was Mom when I was fondling her breasts. I had thought it was Susan. And again, when I thought Mom had swum out to the raft and that Susan was sucking me. I was honest enough with myself to admit that the problem was that I would've done the same thing both times even if I had known it was Mom instead of Susan. I might not have been so bold about it, but given the opportunity, I'd have done it.

The second fact was simpler to analyze. I'd enjoyed playing with Mom's breasts, and I'd enjoyed her sucking me. Even now that I knew it had been her and not Susan, I still felt tremendous excitement as I remembered events.

In the end, I couldn't come up with a good reason why it should be wrong. As long as no one got hurt, and everyone understood what was going on, why should it be wrong? I loved my mother very much. And I knew she loved me. But I guess I've always known (from the comfortable perspective only a man can have, I imagine) that sex and love sometimes had very little to do with each other.

I don't know if I was being rational, or simply too screwed up to realize that I was screwed up. Late in the night, with the sound of crickets chirping as the backdrop for my thoughts, I decided I wasn't screwed up. And finally, I drifted off to sleep.



The next morning, Mom woke me up early. I was slow to wake up, having spent what seemed like half the night lying awake in bed.

As I sleepily opened my eyes, Mom smiled up at me.

"Time to get up, honey," she said in a low voice. "You've got to finish up at Susan's today."

"Okay, Mom," I mumbled.

As I blinked sleep from my eyes and shook the fuzziness from my thoughts, I had a moment of panic.

What if Mom knew that I knew?! But that was circular logic. She couldn't have known. I'd touched Susan's leg, not Mom's. And Mom didn't know that I'd touched Susan, didn't know I knew that she was warm and dry, when she should've been cold and wet.

Mom and Susan had set things up pretty elaborately, and I was certain they were in it together. At least last night they were in it together. Thinking back, that must've been what they were talking about when they had their low-voiced conversation in the lake. I felt certain that I was right.

As I mulled over in my mind the events of the previous night, I slowly began climbing down the ladder. Mom was sitting on her bed brushing her hair as I walked by rubbing my eyes. I shut the bathroom door and lifted the lid of the toilet.

When I went to pee, I realized that I couldn't. I looked down, my thoughts still swirling, and panic clutched at my heart like talons. I had a morning hard-on! That, in and of itself, was nothing unusual. The fact that I'd just climbed down out of bed and walked across the room in front of Mom, with the aforementioned hard-on *was* unusual. I hadn't even been paying attention!

I shrugged it off. There was nothing I could do about it now. And, I chuckled evilly, it wasn't like she hadn't seen me with an erection before. And more besides!

So I brushed my teeth and combed my hair and as I concentrated on those routine tasks, my erection subsided enough for me to pee.

When I opened the door to the bathroom, Mom was still sitting on the bed brushing her hair.

I smiled sheepishly at her, deciding not to even mention my erection, and walked out of the bathroom.

"Seeya, Mom," I said with a wave.

"Bye, honey."

I opened the cabin door and then pushed open the screen door. I caught it before it could slam shut behind me and I suddenly laughed at myself. I was becoming nice in my old age!



When I got to Susan's house, she was once again sitting out in the courtyard drinking a glass of juice.

"Morning," she said pleasantly, smiling at me.

"Morning."

"You look tired."

"Mmm hmm," I said, then yawned to punctuate my answer.

"Didn't sleep well?" she asked, standing up and moving toward the kitchen door.

"Slept fine. Just was up late."

"Oh?"

"Thinking," I said as we entered the coolness of the kitchen.

"Is it what I think you were thinking about?"

"Probably."

"You want to talk about it?" she asked solicitously.

"Yeah. I think I do," I said, surprising myself as much as her.

"Over breakfast?"

I shook my head. "Breakfast can wait, I guess."

She turned and led me into the living room. Once there, she turned on one of the end table lamps and motioned for me to sit on the couch.

When I'd seated myself, she sat facing me, close but not touching me.

"Are you upset at what happened?" she asked gently.

"No," I answered immediately. "Er, yes. No. Um, I don't know."

"Wow, you do sound like you need to talk."

"I don't think I'm upset. And I guess I should be, but I'm not," I said, turning to face her. "Does that make sense?"

"Yes," Susan said gently.

"I enjoyed it. I really did."

"That's understandable."

"But the problem is, I don't think it was wrong. Is that wrong?"

"No," she said, surprising me.

I looked at her blankly.

"I imagine that most young men have sexual fantasies about their mothers."

"Really?" I asked, incredulity plain on my face.

"Probably. I'm pretty sure Kirk and Doug did."

"Oh."

"It's natural, and nothing to be worried about."

"But..."

"And I would also imagine that it's not uncommon for mothers to have sexual fantasies about their sons."

"Huh?" I said in shock.

"You heard me."

I nodded, still running through the implications of what she'd said.

"I know I certainly did," she said matter of factly.

"You did?"

"Sure. Kirk and Doug are good-looking young men. I may be their mother, but I'm also a woman."

"I guess," I said, doubtfully.

"Think about it for a second and it'll make sense. Who's the person you love most in the world?"

I merely blinked at her.

"Your mother. When your hormones start raging, you sometimes fantasize about the most beautiful woman in your life. Your mother," she repeated. "And as a mother, when your son develops into a young man full of hormones, with uncontrollable erections, it's flattering. I'll tell you that from personal experience."

"You mean you had fantasies about your sons?"

She nodded soberly. "But there were times when I was this close," she said, holding her thumb and finger up less than an inch apart, "to doing something more than fantasizing."

"Really?"

She nodded again. "Do you have fantasies about your mom?" she asked gently.

"Yeah," I said softly, not looking at her.

"You're lucky, then."

I looked up at her, my eyes full of unasked questions.

"You know if some of your fantasies are as good as reality."

I nodded and swallowed hard. "You don't think it's wrong?"

"No," she said gently and put her hand on my thigh. "I think you're lucky. And your mom is very lucky."

I could only nod, deep in thought, trying to wrap my mind around the implications of what she'd just told me.

"You've got to promise me something, Paul," she said, taking my right hand between both of her own and waiting until I looked at her. She held my eyes with hers. "You've got to promise me that you'll never tell your mom that I told you what I'm about to tell you."

"O-o-okay," I stammered.

"Say it."

"I promise. I'll never breathe a word of it."

"Yesterday, she came over to the house and we had a long talk."

I raised my eyebrows. I was so wrapped up in my own world yesterday that I'd had little time to pay attention to what Mom or Susan were doing. Not that I would've noticed, even if I'd thought about it.

"Uh-huh. She wanted to ask my advice. About you."

"Me?"

"You. She told me about stroking you in the lake on Friday night. Do you have any idea what made her do that?"

I shook my head, feeling certain that she was going to tell me. I wasn't disappointed.

"She'd seen us earlier that day."

I looked at her blankly. "Seen us?"

"Remember I'd been teasing you all morning?"

I nodded.

"And remember how you bent me over the table in the courtyard and fucked me from behind?"

I nodded again, my penis twitching with the memory.

"Well, your mom had come by the house to ask you to add the Cokes to your grocery list. She saw us having sex."

My jaw dropped.

"Do you remember when we were driving by the clubhouse and she flagged us down? She was flustered, and kept looking at you funny?"

I did remember!

"She knew we were having sex."

I began to panic. If Mom knew that Susan and I were having sex, would she put a stop to things?! Would she tell my father?! My mind was ablaze with possibilities, most of them unpleasant.

“It’s okay, Paul. She was actually kind of thankful it was me and not someone else. She trusts me. She still does trust me. And,” she paused to make sure I was paying attention, “it excited her.”

I raised my eyebrows in disbelief.

Susan nodded. “Uh-huh.” She let that sink in for a few moments. “What she wanted to talk about yesterday was how she felt about things. She wanted my advice. She told me she’d been thinking about you... thinking about you sexually. That’s when she told me about fondling you in the lake.

“She wanted someone to tell her she wasn’t a bad mother. I told her that I’d had fantasies about Kirk and Doug too, and that she was perfectly normal, not a bad mother. So then last night, I knew she was going to tease you some more. She enjoyed it, the feel of your erection.”

Talking about my erection from last night caused a fresh one to develop. Susan smiled at my reaction.

“We didn’t plan on getting you mixed up rubbing our shoulders, that was an accident. She told me she realized when I took my bikini bottoms off that you wouldn’t be able to tell whose ass was whose. So she backed up. She was enjoying teasing you, but she started getting into it when your dick rubbed across her pussy.

“And you thought she was me. After all, who else would tease you like that?” Susan smiled ruefully. “So when you started fondling her breasts, you really got her worked up. I didn’t know anything about it at the time; I couldn’t see a thing.

“But I could tell something was up when you slipped inside of me. I didn’t know what it was at the time, but I knew something had happened with you and your Mom. Then she told me she wanted to suck you, that she couldn’t wait to taste you. I asked if she was sure, and she said she was very sure.

“So we worked it out. She said she was going to swim out to the raft. We knew you’d recognize her voice. Then I swam out instead, and she came back to suck you off. You probably wouldn’t have figured it out quickly either, if you hadn’t put your hand on my leg on the raft.”

I nodded, reluctantly admitting she was probably right. There were differences between the way Susan sucked me and the way Mom sucked me, but I wouldn’t have thought of it at the time. Now, looking back, the differences were startlingly obvious.

“She enjoyed sucking you. She was telling me about it after you left to head up to the clubhouse. I could tell she was masturbating as she talked. It was dark but she was only a few feet away from me. I didn’t tell her you touched my leg, or that you knew about our ruse. That’s why I say you’re both so lucky.”

I blinked at her, uncomprehending.

“You got to do what I always wanted to do, but never had the courage.”

We sat quietly for a while after that. I appreciated that she was letting me think. I was playing back in my mind everything that had happened to me in the past few days; more and more little things started clicking into place. Little things that didn’t make sense at the time, but began to fit like pieces of a puzzle, neatly bringing the larger picture into focus.

“Are you okay with things?” she asked.

I nodded.

“You know neither you nor your mom did anything wrong?”

I nodded again, grinning unabashedly.

“Good.”

She smiled at me and reached out to wrap her fingers around my erection. She gave me a smoldering look and licked her lips.

“You liked it when your mom went down on you?”

I swallowed hard and nodded.

Susan slid off the couch and maneuvered between my legs, never taking her hand off my dick. She began stroking my hard-on, looking up at me with a lust-filled expression.

“Tell me what you liked about it,” she purred.

“She took me all the way,” I hissed, intent on the waves of pleasure radiating from her touch, “into her throat.”

“Mmmmm, I’ll have to see if I can still deep throat. It just takes practice...”

That was the first time I'd ever heard the words "deep throat" used. At fifteen, I'd certainly never seen the movie *Deep Throat*. And in some ways, I'd led a fairly sheltered life. In others... Well, I was about to become intimately acquainted with what "deep throat" meant.

Susan bent forward and engulfed the head of my penis. She continued stroking me with her left hand while she swirled her tongue around the crown of my cock. Then she began licking up and down the length of my shaft, coating me with her slick saliva.

When she had my length coated, she took me into her mouth as deep as she could. When she clamped her lips around my shaft, only about two inches remained outside her mouth. She took a deep breath through her nose and opened her lips, forcing more of my cock into her mouth.

She clamped her lips down once more, about a half-inch further and breathed deeply. Once again, she opened her lips and forced more of my stiff member into her mouth. When she locked her lips around my girth this time, she squeezed her eyes shut tight and breathed through her nose.

I felt her move her tongue along the underside ridge of my penis then begin to withdraw. She let my dick pop completely out of her mouth and took a deep breath.

With her eyes still closed, she swallowed half my cock in one gulp. Then she pulled back, tossing her head side to side slightly and raking my cock against the smooth insides of her cheeks. She opened her lips and ran her tongue along the underside of my penis, taking me a little further.

She repeated the process, sucking me in then pulling me out, each time taking a little more of my dick in her mouth. Finally, she was taking almost all of me in her mouth. She locked her lips around me, with only about an inch remaining beyond her reach.

She squeezed her eyes shut tight and opened her lips. She forced her head down further, taking another half-inch, and clamped her lips down around my shaft. She tried to stay there, but I felt her gag. She breathed through her nose and kept her lips locked around my manhood. Finally, however, she started to gag again and quickly withdrew my cock from her throat.

When she looked up at me, her eyes were bright with unshed tears. She smiled and kissed the tip of my cock.

"I'm fine," she said at my look of concern. "Just my gag reflex. It's been a long time since I tried to take anyone all the way. It's like riding a bike, I just need practice."

With that, she kissed the tip of my penis again and took me into her mouth once more. Bobbing her head up and down, rapidly stroking my length with her soft, wet mouth, I quickly reached the point of no return.

She felt my imminent release and pulled completely back, letting my cock pop out of her mouth. For a moment I almost panicked. At last, she grasped my dick, opened her mouth, and began to stroke me.

She rested the head of my cock on her lower lip and stroked the base until I began to spurt. I watched in fascination as white jets of my sperm shot into her mouth. The spurts turned to gushes and I watched my semen pooling in her waiting mouth.

I had never been so turned on in my young life. A beautiful woman was kneeling between my legs and stroking my erection, emptying my semen into her mouth. When the surges finally ceased, I could see she had quite a pool of my come on her tongue. Looking up at me with her beautiful blue eyes, she made sure that I was watching.

She closed her lips over the tip of my penis and milked my cock one final time. Then I saw her swallow my load, then swallow again. Finally, she opened her mouth and looked up at me, moving her tongue to the side to show me that she had swallowed all that I'd given her. She smiled up at me and kissed the tip of my slowly shrinking penis again.

"How about some breakfast?" she asked, practically purring at me.



We had a lot to do to finish up the boxes in the garage. With the exception of a quick lunch break, we worked continuously until almost four o'clock. We both wanted to finish the job that day, and worked hard to accomplish our goal.

When the end was finally in sight and I had time to think, I began to worry. I had really enjoyed working

with Susan. Obviously, I enjoyed her body tremendously, and I enjoyed how she made me feel.

But the thought of not spending any more time with her left me feeling... scared. It's hard to explain how I felt about Susan. She was a vitally important part of my life, one that I would never let go, at least in my heart.

But I didn't associate the things I normally associated with "love" with Susan. I simply couldn't imagine us getting married and having children.

For one thing, she'd already been married, and her children were older than me. For another, I was twenty-three years younger than her. And at fifteen, that's a pretty big divide. This wasn't some grade-school crush either. I knew that I wanted to protect her from harm. I wanted to make sure she was safe. Her happiness was very important to me, perhaps more important than my own happiness.

And at the core of my being was a fear. A dreadful, gnawing fear. I realized that it was the fear of rejection. I felt an almost unreasoning panic, wondering what I would do without her.

As I was thinking, I slowly realized that Susan was looking at me. She had stopped what she was doing and was simply looking at me, waiting for me to notice.

"You're quiet all of a sudden," she teased.

"Do you love me?!"

"What makes you ask that?"

"Do you?! Or is this all some game to you?!"

She stood, setting aside the contents of the box she'd been working on. She quickly walked over to where I was standing.

"Well?!"

Looking up at me, I could see that she was trying to decide how to answer me. Then her eyes softened and she smiled. I felt my belligerence drain out of me like water, and my stomach lurched.

"Yes, Paul. I love you very much." She reached up to touch my face and I felt my legs tremble. "But I'm not in love with you," she said, firmly but gently.

I sat down heavily on a box behind me. What did she mean she wasn't "in love with me?" She'd just said she was!

Susan stepped closer and took my head in both her hands. It was now I who was looking up at her.

"Do you understand the difference?"

I shook my head, ashamed to feel my eyes stinging and filling with tears.

She stepped closer and drew my head against the soft skin of her stomach, wrapping her arms around me.

"Oh, my Paul," she said, "so eager to be a man. I love you very much, Paul. Very, very much."

I looked up at her between her breasts, blinking back tears. "But you said..."

"I said I love you Paul, and I do. I love you as much as I love Kirk or Doug. But I'm not in love with you," she said, looking down at me.

"I don't understand."

"I loved my husband. I still do. And I was in love with him too."

I looked up at her uncomprehendingly.

"Do you love your mother?"

I nodded, confused.

"Are you in love with her? Do you want to spend the rest of your life with her?"

I shook my head.

"You're not in love with your mother. You love her, but you're not in love."

I still didn't understand, and worse yet, I suspected it would be a long time before I did.

"I love you, Paul. I love you very much," she said, smiling again. "I want you to grow up and be happy. I want you to meet a beautiful girl your own age and get married and have children."

I smiled through my welling tears, turned my face to the side, and hugged her tight.

"I will always be a part of your life, Paul, and you will always be a part of mine."

I tightened my grip on her hips and she simply held me to her, slowly stroking my hair.

I was confused, elated, and heartbroken, all at the same time. My emotions were like a swirling maelstrom. The only thing that was certain to me was that I did love her, and she loved me. I could sort out the rest when I had time to think about it. Later.



We finished up the few boxes that remained and I turned to go.

“Do you want to shower here, before you go?”

I knew what she wanted. And a part of me wanted it too. But I shook my head. She stepped close to me, concerned.

“Are you okay?”

“Yeah... I’ve just got a lot to think about is all.”

“You’re sure?”

“Mmm hmm. I’ll be okay.”

She smiled at me, and opened her mouth to speak. Her thought died unspoken, however, and she reached her hand out to me.

I smiled, but didn’t take it.

“I’m so sorry, Paul. I never meant to hurt you.”

“You didn’t. Or maybe you did. But I guess sometimes the truth hurts.”

She pulled her hand back, and I could see tears welling up in her eyes.

“I love you,” I said simply.

“I love you too, Paul, with all of my heart.”

Her tears spilled over and formed tracks down her face as I turned to walk out of the garage.

The walk from her house to our cabin seemed to take hours.



That night, at dinner, Mom knew something was up, but she was kind enough not to pry. I think she might’ve suspected, but she didn’t say a word.

After dinner, Erin and her friends went off to play together. I couldn’t find Manfred, Gina or Jenny either. So I decided to walk down to the lake by myself.

I was sitting in one of our lounge chairs, and had just watched the sun sink behind the ridge when I heard a soft footstep behind me. No one else was around the lake—without the sun to warm you, the cold water was very cold indeed. I didn’t turn as I heard someone slip into the chair beside me.

“Want some company?” It was Mom.

I shrugged.

Mom sat with me in silence.

After perhaps five minutes, she asked, “Do you want to talk about it?”

I shook my head.

She reached over and covered my hand with hers, squeezing gently. I don’t know why, but her touch was very reassuring.

Finally, she patted my hand and quietly got up, realizing I just wanted to be alone.

“Thanks, Mom.”

“You’re welcome, honey. Come back up whenever you’re ready.”

I don’t know how long I sat there thinking about what Susan had said. I replayed the conversation in my mind over and over.

I knew I loved Susan. And I believed her when she said she loved me, I could see it in her eyes. But I didn’t know what she meant when she said she wasn’t in love with me.

I tried to wrap my mind around the idea. If you loved someone, were you in love with them? I thought about what she’d said about Mom. Of course I loved Mom. But I didn’t want to spend the rest of my life with Mom; not like husband and wife.

I slowly began to realize what she’d been talking about. I think. I could clearly tell that she cared for me,

wanted me to be happy, and enjoyed my company. She loved me. Just like she said.

I may have been confused and a little heartsick, but I wasn't stupid. I slowly began to realize what she had meant when she said she wasn't in love with me. Susan loved her dead husband, she loved her sons, and she loved me. But of all the men in her life, she was only in love with her husband.

I wasn't entirely clear on the differences, subtle or great, but at least I was a little bit happier than I'd been earlier. The gnawing fear was still there, a little, but had receded quite a bit. I thought about the look in her eyes as I had turned to walk out of the garage. The look of love and pain.

I had thought at the time that she was upset at me. But as I sat in the chair, listening to the crickets, I realized that she was upset because she knew she had hurt me. And then I realized how I must have hurt her, walking away the way I did, clearly upset and confused.

I knew she had wanted to comfort me, but she knew I would have to work things out for myself. So she had let me go. I wondered what kind of courage that took, and I was ashamed.



I don't know how much longer I sat on the shore of the lake, lost in thought. But the sun had set fully and the stars were coming out. No one else had come down to the lake to interrupt my thoughts.

I knew I needed to say something to Susan, to apologize, to let her know I was okay. It just took me a while to work up the courage.

Finally, I resolved myself to facing her and started up the hill to her house.

I walked into the entrance to the courtyard and stopped. There were candles burning on the wrought-iron table. With a start, I realized that Susan was sitting at the table, and that someone was with her! I started to mumble my apologies and quickly turned to go.

"Paul, wait."

I froze. It was my mom's voice.

I turned around slowly as the two women rose.

"Are you okay, honey?" Mom asked.

I nodded. I saw Susan, in the ruddy glow of the candles, nervously wring her hands.

"I just had a lot of thinking to do."

"I know," she said.

"You're welcome to join us," Susan said tentatively.

I looked at Mom. She smiled softly and nodded.

As I took a few reluctant steps toward the glow of the candles, I saw that Susan's eyes were puffy, and that she had been crying. My heart ached seeing her, and I felt doubly ashamed for how I'd acted.

Mom came up and took my hand, leading me back to the table. She stood on tiptoes and kissed my cheek.

"Have a seat," she said to me, then turned to Susan. "I'll go inside and get another wine glass."

They had been sharing a bottle of wine when I arrived.

I sat down, but I couldn't bring my eyes to look at Susan.

"I'm sorry," I said.

"Me too. The last thing I wanted to do was hurt you. But I owed you the truth."

I nodded somberly. "I understand."

"Do you?"

"I think so. Yeah, kinda." I looked up at her and smiled wanly.

"Does this change things? Between us?"

"Do you want it to?" I asked, my thoughts suddenly filled with panic that I tried to keep out of my voice.

"No," she said quietly. "Not if you don't want it to."

"I don't."

"Thank you."

About then, we heard the kitchen door open. Both of us watched as Mom came out of the kitchen

holding another wine glass. She set it in front of me and poured about a third of a glass.

I stared at it, then up at her. She refilled Susan's glass, then her own. Finally, she sat down. Mom and Dad would let Erin and me taste their wine at restaurants, or at home, but this was the first time that I'd had a glass of my own. I turned to look at Mom, questions filling my expression.

"It's okay, honey. You're old enough now."

I looked at the wine glass in front of me, and the golden liquid reflecting the candle light. Tentatively, I reached out and touched the glass. It was cool on my fingertips as I emulated how I'd seen my parents lift their glasses. Mom and Susan lifted their own glasses.

"To good friends," Mom said, raising her glass.

She and Susan shared a look that I couldn't begin to understand, and we all raised our glasses and drank.

After we had finished the wine, Mom asked if I would walk her home. But before we left, she had to go to the bathroom. When she went inside, Susan and I had the courtyard to ourselves.

She came up to me and looked into my eyes. I looked back, unsure of how to react. She stepped close and put her arms under mine, hugging me close. I felt the heat of her skin pressing against me, and I wrapped my arms around her, squeezing her tight.

We stood like that for almost a minute, before she loosened her grip and stepped back. When she looked up at me, she blinked back tears.

"Thank you," she said, her voice husky with emotion.

I didn't trust myself to speak, so I merely smiled and nodded. Evidently, it was enough for her, and her answering smile filled me with joy.

We stood in silence a few moments longer before Mom returned from the bathroom. She kissed Susan on the cheek and thanked her for the wine. Finally, she linked her arm through mine and we walked into the night.

CHAPTER TEN

The following day was the Fourth of July. Dwight Delozier always fired up a large barbeque cooker to slow-cook ribs and pork shoulder all day long. Most all of the families in the camp would fix a couple of side dishes and we'd have a large pot-luck picnic mid-afternoon.

At sundown, we'd go down by the lake and shoot off fireworks. For the younger kids, it was sparklers only. For us older kids, we'd light off firecrackers and shoot bottle rockets.

The Fourth of July at Aunt Susan's was a huge festival day, and this year it had snuck up on me—I'd been too pre-occupied to realize it was coming until it was here.

That morning, I woke up early. Mom and Erin were both still asleep, and I decided not to disturb them. I quietly left the cabin and headed down to the clubhouse to fix myself some breakfast.

The camp was quiet as I walked down the hill to the clubhouse, and once inside, I saw that only Dwight was there. He usually got up early, to build his barbeque fire, and I felt a surge of pride that I'd risen before most of the rest of the camp.

Dwight looked up as I walked in. He looked startled to see me, but quickly smiled and waved.

I walked over to the kitchen area to fix myself some cereal. I noticed Dwight watching me the entire way. As I moved behind the counter and headed toward our stuff, Dwight didn't move. He was facing the counter, mixing a bowl of barbeque sauce, with only his head turned to watch me. Dwight's family's basket of food was next to ours under the counter, so that wasn't unusual. Only, something about his manner seemed a little odd. I couldn't tell what it was, though, so I shrugged it off as I walked over to stand beside him.

"Morning, Paul," the big man said.

"Morning, Dwight."

"What're you doing up so early?"

"Oh, I just got up early," I said cheerfully. "And I came down to fix myself some cereal."

He cut short whatever he was about to say as I parted the curtains and crouched down. I quickly stuck my head under the counter to rummage in our basket for some Fruit Loops.

I was just about to put my hand on the box when I felt someone staring at me. I stopped mid-reach and looked to my right. There was somebody under the counter!

I tried to stand up and banged my head. With a curse my mother wouldn't have approved of, I rubbed the back of my head and looked to my right again. I looked right into the smiling face of Terri, the woman staying in the cabin next to ours.

And that was the least of the shocks that I experienced. My eyes widened in disbelief as I took in the scene before me. We called Dwight "Donkey-Dick" for fairly obvious reasons. When his dick was hard, which it was right now, it was the largest penis I'd ever seen. It must've been almost a foot long!

As my eyes fully adjusted to the curtain-filtered light under the counter, I could see that Terri was kneeling in front of Dwight, holding his monster dick with her left hand. She put her right index finger to her lips and smiled at me.

With a wink, she opened her mouth wide and returned it to Dwight's monster. She could barely fit more than a few inches in her mouth, but that didn't prevent her from licking up and down the length of his shaft and sucking on the head; all while stroking his massive length with her left hand. My penis immediately sprang to attention.

I carefully backed out from under the counter, with the immense presence of mind to grab the Fruit Loops that I'd originally come for. When I stood up, I was blushing. Dwight clapped a massive hand on my shoulder and leaned down.

In a conspiratorial tone, he said, "Now you know the secret of my early-morning barbeque sauce."

I blinked at him.

"I mix my sauce, and she polishes my knob," he said with a booming laugh.

Dwight looked down and saw my erection, barely more than half the length of the one that he sported. I was too stunned to try to hide it. With another booming laugh, he looked down to where his prodigious penis disappeared between the curtains.

“Another victim for you, Terri,” he said in a much more normal tone of voice.

With that, his powerful hand on my shoulder spun me to face the counter and shoved. I woofed into the edge of the counter, my erection parting the curtains and thrusting into the open area underneath the counters.

Dwight leaned over again. “When she finishes me off, she’ll polish your knob too,” he said with a wink.

Just then, I felt a hand wrap itself around my erection; Terri’s hand. She began to slowly stroke me and Dwight laughed again, seeing the expression on my face.

“Don’t worry, boyo. I’ve never met anyone like Terri. She can suck-start a Harley,” he said with another booming laugh. “Ow!”

He looked down at his massive manhood. “Sorry, baby, you know I love what you do.”

I tried to stifle my laughter, and was mostly successful.

“She really knows what she’s doin’ with a dick,” Dwight said in a much lower voice. “Now,” he said, sliding the bowl of barbeque sauce in front of me, “you stir while I supervise.”

He then gripped the edge of the counter with both hands and concentrated on the blowjob the petite blond was giving him. I, obediently, stirred the sauce.

In a few minutes, Dwight closed his eyes and leaned his head back, not making a sound. I could tell that he was rewarding Terri for her efforts. When his orgasm had subsided, he breathed heavily and opened his eyes, taking a half-step back from the counter. I surreptitiously looked down; his enormous erection had dwindled somewhat, but was still the size of a child’s arm.

Then I heard Terri scooting our basket out of the way. Dwight pulled the sauce back over in front of him as I felt Terri’s hot breath on my erection. She gripped my shaft and tugged, pulling my stomach all the way up against the counter. And then, I was inside her mouth.

“Now,” said Dwight, “I’ll stir and you observe.” With another booming laugh, he began to stir.

And Terri began to suck.

Her lips surrounded the head of my cock and she stroked my length several times. Finally, she began sucking in earnest. She would take about half my dick into her mouth and clamp her lips down, stroking her hand forward at the same time. Then she would withdraw her mouth, lips tight, while stroking toward my body with her fist. As she bobbed her head on my erection, she would swirl her tongue around the underside of my dick and shake her head from side to side, caressing my manhood with the inside of her cheeks.

I tried to hold out as long as I could, but my best wasn’t very good. Under her intense oral ministrations, I came in short order. I gripped the edge of the counter as I came, feeling my semen spurt into her mouth. She continued to pump the base of my dick as my orgasm subsided, milking me for all I was worth.

When she released me, I stepped back. I heard some shuffling and sliding from behind the curtains, and then Terri emerged. She was smiling like the cat that ate the canary, wiping the sides of her mouth with her fingers.

She looked at Dwight first, disapproval plain on her face. “Dwight, if I didn’t love your big dick so much, I’d never talk to you again.”

“C’mon baby, you know I love ya,” he said, his grin infectious. “You know I was only teasin’.”

“I know, but that doesn’t mean you won’t get bit if you do it again,” she said, her voice softening a little.

“And you,” she said, rounding on me. “Give me a little more warning next time and I’ll spend more time on you. But this big jerk,” she said, pointing her thumb over her shoulder at Dwight, “pissed me off and I’m sorry you only got a quickie.”

“Um... that’s okay,” I said hesitantly.

“Sorry, sweetie. Any time you want a better one, just you let me know.”

I blinked at her in surprise and shock.

She leaned close to me and said in a low voice, “I like your dick. It’s just the right size for sucking. If you

want a repeat, you know where to find me.” With a wink and a pat on my ass, she walked away.

Dwight watched and then turned to me. With another conspiratorial wink, he said, “I just love making barbeque sauce!”

His booming laughter filled the empty clubhouse as I finally poured myself a bowl of Fruit Loops.



After my pre-breakfast blowjob (which, I thought to myself, wasn’t all *that* unusual, even though it was from a different woman), I decided to sit out on the patio and enjoy the quiet of the camp.

The smell from Dwight’s carefully maintained barbeque fire was actually quite enjoyable; especially now that I understood what went into making his sauce! He tended his cooker like a mother hen, turning and basting and making sure his fire wasn’t too hot. The results should be spectacular.

I heard things starting to bustle in the clubhouse as families came down for breakfast. Then I heard the screen door open behind me and turned to see Gina coming out. Her hair was pulled back in a short pony tail, with wisps escaping to frame her oval face. She had European-style sunglasses perched on top of her head and carried a paper towel and a large orange.

“Mind if I join you?” she asked.

“Be my guest.”

She dragged a chair over next to me and sat down, spreading the paper towel on her lap. I was nervous being around her, just the two of us. I didn’t know why, but I was. There was nothing I could do about it, however, so I simply tried to enjoy her company.

“Where were you yesterday? Jenny, Manfred, and I were looking for you,” she said, beginning to peel the orange.

“I had to finish up some work I was doing for Aunt Susan,” I half-lied. I didn’t tell her that the other half of the day I wanted to be by myself.

“What were you doing for her?”

“Mostly lifting boxes and stuff.”

“Huh?”

“She needed help cleaning out her garage, and going through a bunch of her father’s stuff. The stuff in the boxes. So I pulled boxes off the shelf, helped her sort through them, and then put the re-packed boxes back on the shelf.”

“Doesn’t sound fun.”

“Actually, it was. Aunt Susan’s really kinda cool.”

She arched her eyebrow at me and popped an orange section into her mouth. She separated another one and offered it to me.

“Thanks. Where are Jenny and Manfred?” I asked around the orange section.

She shrugged.

“What’s the matter?” I asked.

“I think Jenny kinda likes Manfred.”

“Huh?”

“‘Manfred said this,’ or ‘Manfred did that.’” she said in a Jenny-falsetto. “That’s all she talks about.”

“Well, Manfred’s a pretty cool guy.”

“Yeah, I guess. But I’ve known Manfred since he was ten and really annoying. Besides, he’s too tall.”

“Not for Jenny, I guess. She’s taller’n me,” I said.

“Yeah, I guess.”

We sat quietly for a while. She’d peel an orange section off and hand it to me, then eat one herself. Pretty soon, we’d finished the entire orange.

“Thanks for the orange.”

“You’re welcome.”

“If Manfred and Jenny don’t show up soon, you wanna go down to the lake?” she asked.

“I guess.”

“Okay.”

When there was still no sign of Manfred or Jenny in ten minutes, we decided to head for the lake. Gina took her orange peel inside to throw it away, and I followed. Inside, many of the moms were busy working on food for the picnic later in the afternoon. Mom was there, chatting with some of the other women about what dishes everyone was going to prepare.

We decided not to ask the grown-ups about Jenny and Manfred.

“I gotta go up to our cabin and get my towel,” I said.

She picked up her own towel and a bottle of suntan oil from the back of one of the couches. “I’ll come with you.”

“Okay.”

We walked up to our cabin in silence. I don’t know why, but it was a comfortable silence.

Once there, I pulled my towel off the porch rail and draped it around my neck. We then headed back down the hill toward the lake.

“You’re different this year,” she said.

“Huh?”

“You’re different this year.”

“You mean like taller?”

“No, like... different.”

“Well, you’re different this year too,” I said, somewhat defensively.

“Yeah, but mostly it’s just my boobs. With you, it’s something else.”

“It’s not my boobs?”

“No, dummy,” she said, laughing at me. “It’s something else. I dunno what though.”

“Good or bad?” I asked, suddenly a little worried.

“Hmmm,” she said, deliberately letting me twist. “I’d say... good.”

“Oh,” I said, suddenly blushing.

The rest of the trip down the hill to the lake was in silence. I wondered what about me was different. I didn’t feel different. Well, I did, really. I felt very different, but I couldn’t exactly tell Gina that.

When we got to the lake, we put our towels down on our loungers and took off our flip-flops. Gina tossed her sunglasses down on top of her towel and pulled the rubber band out of her hair, shaking it loose around her shoulders.

“Last one in is a rotten egg!” she shouted and dashed toward the water.

She beat me by a good three steps, arcing her luscious body into a distance dive. I followed right behind her and with a few powerful kicks, I caught up to her and tugged on her ankle. Despite the growing heat of the day, the water was cold enough to take my breath away.

“I don’t think I want anything to do with a rotten egg,” she said in mock disdain, breathing hard from the burst of exertion.

“Oh. Okay,” I said and began to swim back to the edge of the lake.

“Paul, wait!”

I stopped swimming and turned to tread water.

“I was only kidding,” she said in a fine imitation of exasperation.

“Even if I am a rotten egg?”

“Even if you are a rotten egg.”

“Okay,” I said, swimming back toward her.

When I’d almost reached her, she began kicking away from me, toward the raft, splashing me in the face and sending foaming waves in my direction. I quickly ducked under the water and kicked after her. I passed her by underwater and continued for the shadow on the surface that was the raft. I surfaced on the opposite side of it and quickly climbed up.

“Hey. Up here.”

She suddenly turned in the water and saw me standing on the raft.

“No fair.”

“How?!”

“You’re a better swimmer than me. Help me up.”

I reached down to pull her onto the raft, enjoying the view I got when her body stretched out as I lifted her. Once she was on the raft, she put both her hands on my chest and pushed, hard. I stumbled backward and off the edge. As I sputtered to the surface, I saw her looking down at me, grinning from ear to ear.

“That’s for beating me to the raft.”

By the time I climbed back on top of the raft, she was already lying down. She shaded her eyes with one hand and patted the spot next to her with the other. Then she put her arms back by her sides and closed her eyes against the glare of the sun.

Looking down at her, I marveled at all the changes her body had gone through in the past year. My gaze lingered on her round breasts, flattened to her sides, both nipples crinkled and erect from the cold water. I let my eyes wander down her flat stomach to the flare of her hips, and then to the small strip of jet black pubic hair at the junction of her thighs. There were drops of water beading the wiry hair, reflecting the sunlight like little diamonds.

Finally, hesitantly, I lay down on my back next to her. I closed my eyes and basked in the warmth of the sun on my front and the warm canvas raft on my back.



About noon, Manfred and Jenny showed up at the lake. They called to us and we swam over, climbing onto the warm coping bricks to stand dripping in the grass at the side of the lake.

“Where’ve you guys been all day?” Gina asked.

Both of them shrugged and Manfred grinned like an idiot.

“We were up in the clubhouse, playing ping-pong,” Jenny answered.

“You wanna go get some lunch?” Gina asked me.

“Yeah, I guess. You guys wanna come?”

“We already had lunch,” Manfred said guiltily.

“Okay, see ya later then,” I said.

Gina and I grabbed our towels and dried off, then headed up the hill.

When we arrived, the clubhouse was a hive of activity. Dwight was taking ears of corn wrapped in foil out to the cooker and the smells of wonderful dishes filled the air. Mom was nowhere in sight, so we headed for Gina’s mom.

“Hi kids,” Elizabeth said, stirring a boiling pot of macaroni. (I always loved listening to her clipped British accent.)

“Hi Mom.”

“Hi Elizabeth.”

“What can I do for you kids?”

“I was going to fix us some lunch,” Gina said.

“Sure, love,” Elizabeth said. “Don’t spoil your appetites for the celebration.”

“We won’t, Mom,” Gina said. Then she turned to me. “How about PB&J sandwiches?”

“Sounds good to me.”

Gina fixed us sandwiches, one for her and two for me. While she was fixing, I got two cold Cokes from our refrigerator. I took them to the table with paper napkins and Gina brought over plates of sandwiches and chips.

“Thanks,” I said.

She smiled at me and I thought I would faint. She was so beautiful. “You’re welcome.”

We ate in silence, enjoying watching the hustle and bustle of the clubhouse and the preparations for the late-afternoon picnic. After we finished our lunch, we headed back down to the lake. When we got there, Jenny and Manfred were out on the raft, and it looked like they were holding hands.

With a snort of what sounded like disgust, Gina began spreading her towel out on one of our loungers. I took my cue from her and spread mine out on the chair next to her. She bound her hair back and put her

sunglasses on top of her head. Then she sat on the edge of the chair and opened her bottle of suntan oil.

I was completely mesmerized as she squirted the shiny oil into her hand and began rubbing it all over herself. I watched in wonder as she oiled first her shoulders, then her arms, and finally her breasts and stomach. I knew I was gawking, but I couldn't help it. Watching her shiny breasts swing from side to side as she oiled her legs, I was brought back to reality by a familiar tingle in my penis.

"Do my back?" she asked, holding the bottle out to me.

"Uh... sure."

I squeezed more of the slippery oil into my hands and began to rub her back and shoulders. When I was finished, all too soon, she turned around.

"Thanks," she said with a smile. "I'll do you."

I normally didn't use suntan oil. I burned just fine without it. But I wasn't about to say no to her. So I turned and she oiled my back. I then finished oiling my front, taking care not to come anywhere near my penis, lest I disturb the careful stasis I'd managed to somehow achieve in that area.

Once we were properly oiled up, we lay down on the chaise lounges and simply soaked up the sun, turning over once in a while.

We were lying on our stomachs when Gina raised herself up on her elbows and looked at me.

"I know what it is."

"What?" I asked, opening my eyes. I couldn't help it, my eyes were drawn to her dangling breasts like magnets. She looked so beautiful there that I felt my penis harden, despite my best efforts to remain flaccid.

"I know what's different about you."

"What?"

"You're not talking all the time."

"So?"

"Last summer, you were all nervous and talky."

"So?"

"So? So?" she teased me. "Sometimes a girl likes to be around a guy who doesn't talk her ear off."

"Oh."

"It's nice."

"Uh, thanks?"

She merely smiled at me, and I felt my penis stiffen further. She folded her arms and rested her head on them, looking at me. Her expression was indecipherable, but her lips quirked up at the corners and I smiled in return.

I wondered how much longer I'd have to lay on my stomach.

As it turned out, it was quite a while.



The barbeque picnic that afternoon was a huge success. The meat on Dwight's pork ribs was tender and juicy, and almost falling off the bone. The women of the camp had fixed a magnificent meal to go with the huge quantities of pork barbeque that Dwight prepared.

Jenny and Manfred joined Gina and me, and we all had a tremendous amount of fun, the day's earlier tensions forgotten.

After eating, we decided to go hang out in the clubhouse and play pool. None of us were any good, but we all had fun making lousy shots and cheering when one of us got lucky.

That evening, the fireworks were fantastic. Jenny's dad John had brought a whole crate load, as had Dwight, and the two of them lit off huge rockets and roman candles. Seeing the other families with their fathers made me realize that I missed my dad. I could tell Mom did too.

Gina was off with her family, and Erin was with her friends, so for a while Mom and I were standing watching the fireworks by ourselves. Susan soon joined us though, and the three of us enjoyed the show together.

Susan leaned over to talk to Mom as the fireworks were winding down. "I've got another bottle of

Chardonnay in the fridge, do you want to come over and help me with it?”

Mom considered for a moment, then nodded. “You want to come too, Paul?”

“Me?”

Mom nodded.

“Sure, I guess.” Gina was with her family, Manfred and Jenny were together, and Erin was still with her friends. What else was I going to do?

Mom went over to make sure Jessica Jordan would keep an eye on Erin for her, and Susan and I had a few minutes alone.

“Did you have a good day?” Susan asked.

“Uh-huh. You?”

“Yeah, I did. I got a lot done around the house. Piddling stuff. You know.”

“Yeah.”

“Are you okay with things? With us?”

“Yeah.” I smiled at her to show that I was sincere.

“I’m glad,” she said.

When Mom returned, the three of us headed up the hill toward Susan’s house.



The candles from the previous night were still on the table and I took a box of matches and lit them while Susan went inside to fetch the wine and glasses. Mom sat down and breathed a sigh of relief, she had had a busy day cooking and then helping clean up afterward. Susan returned with a wine bottle in one hand, already beginning to bead with sweat, and three wine glasses in the other hand. As I closed the kitchen door for her, I noticed that she had removed her bikini bottoms while she was inside.

She uncorked the wine bottle and poured each of us a glass. Mine had just as much as theirs, and I was kind of surprised.

“Happy Fourth of July,” Susan said, raising her glass after we’d both sat down.

“Happy Fourth,” Mom and I echoed, raising our own glasses.

This was only the second time I’d ever had a glass of wine that was my own, and I quickly started feeling its effects. Mom and Susan kept a close watch on me, to make sure I didn’t drink too much. But truth be told, the wine was a little too tart for me. It’s something that I’ve gotten used to, and even come to like, but my first tastes of wine were more out of wanting to seem grown up than any real enjoyment.

However, simply relaxing in the slowly cooling night, enjoying the company of Susan and my mom, we quickly finished most of the bottle. Susan had prepared for this eventuality.

“I’m glad I put another bottle in the fridge,” she said, pouring the remaining wine into our glasses. “I’ll be right back.”

She returned with the second bottle and uncorked it too.

“No more after this bottle,” Mom said, “I’m feeling relaxed enough as it is.” She slouched down in her chair, kicked off her flip-flops, and swirled the wine in her glass.

I only drank two glasses of the wine, but I could feel its effect. My lips and nose had gone a little numb, and I was feeling very... languid. Susan and Mom had more to drink than I, but I suspect that they were a little more used to it than I was. As it turned out, I was right, and wrong. Neither of them were obviously tipsy, but neither of them were feeling any pain.

We simply enjoyed the evening, sitting in silence, sipping the wine (although I suspected that they were enjoying it more than I was). When the second bottle was only half full, Susan suggested we go inside. When the two women rose, I blew out the candles and followed them inside.



Inside, the kitchen was dimly lit by only the distant end table lamp in the living room. Susan silently padded across the kitchen to lean against the counter to the left of the stove. Mom moved over toward the sink and I took up the corner nearest the door.

Mom set her glass on the counter next to the sink and rubbed her neck and shoulders.

“If you want, I can rub your shoulders for you,” I said.

“Thank you, Paul, that would be nice,” Mom said, turning to face the sink.

I set my mostly-full wine glass on the counter and walked over to where Mom stood. I put my hands on the warm skin of her shoulders and started rubbing. I didn’t have a plan, I was simply winging it, but by her moans of satisfaction, I figured I was doing just fine without one.

I rubbed her shoulders and neck, and then kneaded down her back, splaying my fingers out and pressing in with my thumbs. I worked my way back up and massaged her shoulders, then down her arms. Susan watched wordlessly from the dark corner, sipping her wine.

I returned my hands to Mom’s shoulders and gently rubbed and scratched her back. As my hands moved over her warm, smooth skin, I felt my penis slowly begin to stiffen. When I had rubbed her back two days ago, it was in the cold water of the lake. Here, contact with her warm skin was almost electric, and my penis quickly hardened completely.

I looked at where Susan stood in the shadows to my right. I couldn’t tell for sure, but I thought she was smiling at me. I looked back to Mom quickly, however, as I felt her begin to move back toward me. She folded her arms on the counter, taking a step backward to stretch her back. When she stepped back, she almost bumped into my protruding erection. I had to quickly step back myself to avoid poking her.

Susan quietly chuckled at the scene, but Mom didn’t seem to notice. In the dim light from the living room, I looked down at Mom bending over in front of me, supported by her arms on the kitchen sink. She looked exactly like I was getting ready to fuck her from behind. My penis got even harder at the thought.

I continued rubbing her shoulders and back, gently kneading her muscles. The appreciative noises she was making spurred me on. I began to get bolder and moved my hands along her sides, up under her arms. I would lightly scratch down her sides to her hips and then move back up, trailing the tips of my fingernails along her smooth skin.

Slowly, ever so slowly, I worked my way further around her body until I was caressing the outer curve of her breasts on each pass. I continued rubbing her back, sliding around to touch the sides of her breasts, and she moaned in obvious pleasure. Finally, I slid my hands still further around to where my fingers were actually on her stomach. I then ran them lightly back up her body, feeling them press against the soft flesh of the underside of her breasts.

If I had only continued moving, I would be cupping her breasts. Instead, I pulled my hands back and returned to her back. I ran my hands up and caressed the hollows behind her ears and down the sides of her neck. Mom groaned again and I decided to get bolder still. As my hands trailed down her back, rubbing her spine, I slowly inched forward. I looked down to make sure my erection was aimed between her legs and then continued moving forward.

As my hands moved to her hips, I felt the heat of her pussy washing over my dick. I decided that I wasn’t going to stop, and slowly pushed forward, continuing to rub her back. I felt the tip of my penis bump against her pussy and she started. As I continued to slowly push forward, I ran my hands around her torso again, gripping her ribs right below her breasts.

As I massaged down her sides, I moved the rest of the way forward. The tip of my penis slid along her pussy and as my hands reached her hips, my springy pubic hair finally pressed against her ass. My hips met her ass cheeks and I gripped her hips with my hands, waiting for her reaction.

My erection had rubbed the entire length of her slit and was now pressing against her pussy insistently. I knew she felt it. When she didn’t move, I began rubbing her back some more, scratching and lightly stroking her shoulders. Bolder still, I pulled back a little and began rocking my hips back and forth, rubbing her pussy with my stiff member.

Her only reaction was a groan of pleasure. I continued rubbing her back with my hands at the same time as I was rubbing her pussy with my erection. Deciding to go for broke, I moved my hands around to her stomach again. As I moved up her torso this time, I didn’t stop at the underside of her breasts. Instead, I moved my hands up to gently cup them. She gasped as my fingers rubbed over her nipples, but had no other reaction.

I continued like that for what seemed like an eternity, but was probably closer to five minutes. I was rubbing my dick over her pussy and playing with her breasts, gently kneading her soft flesh and rubbing her stiff nipples with the tips of my fingers. She moaned in pleasure again and thrust her hips back at me. Through the waves of heat washing over my dick from her pussy, I thought I could feel her moisture too.

Suddenly, she raised up on her arms and I thought she was going to stop me. I began to panic, but to my immense relief, she reached for her wine glass. She drank deeply, and when she returned the glass to the counter, it was empty.

I could definitely feel the moisture of her pussy as I rubbed my erection back and forth over her. Abruptly, she stood up, pulling her hips away from my questing erection. I panicked for a moment, thinking that she was angry. She quickly spun around and leaned back against the counter. I couldn't read the expression on her face, and was worried that I had gone too far. With another groan, she reached out and grasped my shaft firmly. She looked up as she stroked me, holding my eyes with hers, her face a mask of lust and need.

Slowly, holding my eyes with hers, she sank to her knees in front of me. In the dim light from the living room, I watched, fascinated. Mom closed her eyes, opened her mouth, and took the head of my penis between her lips. She put her hands on my hips and began gently sucking on the engorged head of my penis.

Sucking slowly, she took me deeper in her mouth until her lips were pressed against the base of my manhood. The feeling was incredible. She moved her tongue on my erection, rubbing the underside of my shaft. I put my hands on the back of her head as I'd seen my father do. With her lips clamped around my girth, she slowly withdrew my penis from her mouth.

Opening her eyes and looking up at me again, she kissed and licked the crown of my cock, flicking her tongue along the slit at the very tip. She teased me by taking only the head in her mouth and then pulling her lips back. She repeated this several times, all the while looking up at me with laughter in her eyes.

She closed her eyes again and took me into her mouth. I groaned at the feeling as the head of my dick penetrated her throat. When she clamped her lips at the base of my shaft, she sucked gently and rhythmically. The feeling was so intense that I wanted to shove more of myself into her.

When she withdrew her lips, she kept them wrapped around the head. Mom opened her lips and pulled me forward, using her hands on my hips. My shaft disappeared into her mouth and she once again clamped down around the base of my dick. She began sucking me with long, slow strokes, using her lips and tongue to massage my shaft.

Soon enough, her talented mouth worked its magic and I felt my orgasm welling up within me. Mom sensed it too and sped her pace. I wanted to hold out, to let her suck me longer. The feeling of her sucking on my dick was so intense and pleasurable that I never wanted it to end. My wishes notwithstanding, my penis clearly had other ideas.

I arched my back and gripped her head with my hands, holding her impaled on my shaft. And then I came with a groan. Spurt after spurt of my come shot into her mouth. Over the incredible pounding pleasure in my own ears, I could hear Mom moaning in pleasure too, swallowing my load as I shot it over her tongue and down her throat. She gripped my hips tightly, holding my spewing penis in her mouth.

Finally, spent, I looked down at the ring of her lips wrapped around my shaft. Mom had her eyes closed, and was breathing deeply. I eased my grip on her head and she gently sucked my still-hard dick. She moved her right hand from around my hip and gripped the portion of my shaft that remained outside her mouth. She wrapped her fingers around my girth and slowly milked me.

I shuddered in pleasure as her tongue brushed against the sensitive head of my penis. She slowly stroked my shaft and opened her eyes. She wore a dreamy expression as she looked up at me, her eyes smiling drunkenly. Slowly, ever so slowly, she pulled her head back, letting my penis slip from her lips.

I helped her to her feet and she hugged me tight. I wrapped my arms around her, feeling my still-erect penis press into her abdomen. For a moment, we were the only two people in the universe.

In a few moments, Mom loosened her grip on me and stepped back, leaning against the counter.

A small sound from the corner caused us both to start. I realized that we had completely forgotten Susan. As we both looked, I could dimly make her out, still leaning in the corner, her hand between her legs.

“That was so incredibly hot,” she said in a husky whisper.

I blushed. I had forgotten about her completely. And hearing her now, the need and urgency in her voice were clear.

She stepped forward into the dim light and looked at me.

“Are you ready for more?”

I looked down at my semi-hard penis. I wasn’t ready to come again so soon, but I was ready for more. I nodded.

“Come in here and sit on the couch.”

I obediently followed her. Mom silently padded after us, and I seated myself on the couch, my penis sticking out of my pubic hair. She stood watching me with smiling eyes. Susan straddled my hips and put her hands on the back of the couch. She leaned forward and dangled her breasts in front of my face.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Mom move toward us; in a moment, she was sitting on the couch to my right. I tentatively took first one, then the other of Susan’s nipples in my mouth and sucked gently.

“Be gentle with her nipples,” Mom said, her face near my ear. “Lick all around the areola and suck gently.”

I followed her advice and got immediate results from Susan. I raised my hands and cupped her dangling breasts, squeezing them together as I licked her nipples.

“Also, be gentle with them. Not too gentle, but not rough either. Use your fingertips to rub the sides while you lick her nipples.”

I ran my tongue around Susan’s left nipple and began rubbing the sides of her breasts as Mom suggested. I switched nipples and cupped her breasts again, squeezing them gently.

“Also,” Mom said, “there are lots of places on a woman’s body that she enjoys having touched. Sensitive spots that you can caress and really get her going, like her earlobes, wrists, and inner thighs.”

With Susan’s nipple still in my mouth, I nodded and began gently exploring her body with my hands.

“Mmmmm. Good, Paul,” Susan said, her voice low and her pleasure obvious. “Thanks, Beth.”

Susan took one hand off the back of the couch and reached down between our bodies to grasp my renewed erection. When she had a firm hold on it, she aimed it at her pussy and then sat down slowly, impaling herself on my manhood.

“Ahhhhhh,” she moaned.

Susan sat with her eyes closed for a few moments, enjoying the feeling of my hardness filling her pussy. I looked down at the junction of our bodies and once again marveled at how my dick spread her smooth pussy lips and disappeared into her.

“Always make sure a woman is wet and ready for you before you just stick your dick in her,” Susan said, opening her eyes. “If she’s on top, just let her do her thing,” she said, grinding her hips against me for emphasis.

She rose up on my lap and hissed, feeling my dick slide out of her. Then she plunged back down on me, her warm, wet pussy gripping me fiercely. With her hands on my shoulders, she started riding me. She bit her lip gently and I simply watched her beautiful breasts sway.

I put my hands on her hips and then reached around to cup her ass cheeks, helping her ride me. She was breathing hard through her nose, her lips tight, her face a mask of concentration. I could feel her pussy contracting about my dick, making each thrust a little more difficult.

Finally, she sat down hard, impaling herself on my erection. Her eyelids fluttered and her grip on my shoulders tightened. She rocked her hips back and forth and a low moan escaped her lips.

“She’s rubbing her clit against the base of your cock,” Mom said softly, her head close to mine.

I nodded, not completely understanding. The sensations Susan was creating in my dick, however, were incredible. The walls of her vagina contracted against me, and with a low, jagged moan, Susan came. Her pussy clamped down on my dick so hard I almost passed out. Waves of pleasure washed over her as she arched her back and threw her head back with a moan of ecstasy.

She shuddered and then collapsed forward, pressing her head against my right shoulder and making small mewling sounds. As her pussy slowly unclamped around my erection, her body heaved and

shuddered, my hands still cupping her ass cheeks.

Susan merely clung to me, her body quivering with her pleasure. I bent my head down and kissed the side of her neck, bringing my hands up her back and lightly scratching her with my fingernails. I continued planting kisses up her neck; taking Mom's suggestion, I kissed Susan's earlobe gently.

When my lips reached her earlobe, she arched her back and pressed her body against me. I felt her pussy quiver around my erection, and her rhythmic spasms quickly pushed me over the edge. I felt my penis erupt inside her. Feeling my spurts within her set Susan off again, and she clutched me tightly, grinding her hips against me. Her pussy clamped down on my spurting penis again, gentler this time, and she shivered and released a long, low moan as she came again.

I squeezed my eyes shut and groaned as I filled her steaming pussy with semen. My penis pumped and spurted my second load of the night into her and I hugged her tightly to my chest, feeling her hard nipples digging into me.

Finally, my orgasm subsided and I relaxed my grip on her. In a few moments, she rode the last waves of her orgasm and fell against me, limp and panting.

I opened my eyes and looked up to see Mom beaming at me. I smiled in return and planted another kiss on Susan's bare shoulder, rubbing her back gently with my right hand.

As her breathing slowly returned to normal, she sat up weakly and smiled at me half-drunkenly.

"Wow," she said hoarsely.

"Yeah."

We sat in silence for several minutes like that, my still-erect penis filling her pussy. At a small moan, both Susan and I looked over at Mom. She had her eyes closed and was leaning her head against the back of the couch. Her right hand was pressed to her own pussy, making small circles as she pleased herself.

When she felt our eyes on her, she opened her own and looked at me.

"I don't mean to sound greedy," she said, her voice husky, "but could I suck you again, Paul?"

I felt totally spent. But seeing the need in my mom's eyes, watching her hand rub her pussy, and hearing her ask to suck my dick were all too much. I felt my penis stiffen inside Susan.

"It may take a while," I said, nodding, "and I don't know if I can come again."

Mom smiled in gratitude as Susan carefully lifted herself off me. When Susan lifted off me, our combined fluids flowed down my shaft and dripped from her swollen pussy lips. She quickly dropped to her knees and took me in her mouth. She licked my erection until it was clean, moaning again as I got harder still.

When Susan finally released me, Mom slid off the couch and moved between my legs. With a groan, she plunged her head down and took my entire length into her mouth in one smooth motion. I gasped as she wrapped her lips around the base of my penis, inhaling the scent of my recent coupling. Her hand never left her pussy as she began to slowly bob her head up and down.

She sucked me in long, slow strokes, never releasing my penis. Her right hand was a blur, and very quickly, she started bucking her hips and moaning low in her throat. She clamped her lips around my shaft and I watched her body tense up.

With an explosive breath, she came, her body shuddering. She moaned again and I felt the sound vibrate my penis. She shuddered violently, her lips still wrapped around my erection. And then she collapsed against my leg, finally pulling her mouth back and releasing my manhood.

Her eyes were closed and she was panting with the exertion. When she opened them again, she slowly focused on my penis. Susan had pressed herself against my left side and leaned in to whisper in my ear.

"Use your hand to get yourself off."

I turned to her and quietly said, "I don't know if I can. At least not right now. Maybe in a few minutes?"

"That's okay. I just didn't want to leave you hanging, if you know what I mean."

"Thanks."

Mom smiled up at us as my penis slowly shrank.



Mom and I walked home very late that night. When we arrived at our cabin, Erin was there, already

asleep. Mom stood on tiptoes and kissed me on the cheek. She looked at me sleepily, her eyelids already drooping.

“Thank you, Paul. I really enjoyed tonight.”

“Me too,” I said quietly.

“I love you very much.”

“I love you too, Mom.”

Erin had left the bathroom light on, so we could find our way into the cabin without turning on the overhead lights. Mom turned it off and I heard her climb into bed. I climbed the rungs to the top bunk and was asleep before my head hit the pillow.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

The next morning, I woke up later than usual. So late, in fact, that Erin had already left the cabin. When I peered over the side of the top bunk, I saw that Mom had also just woken up. She was farther along than I was, but still sleepy-eyed.

“G’morning, sweet pea.”

“Morning, Mom.”

“Did you sleep okay?”

I nodded. “You?”

She smiled, yawned, and stretched, then nodded slowly. “I think I had a little too much wine last night, though,” she said with a rueful grin.

My stomach dropped. I quickly wondered if she even remembered all that had happened. What if she didn’t remember? What if she did remember, but she was mad at me? What if...? A million different thoughts lashed at my brain, none of them good. I ruthlessly suppressed my rising panic.

“C’mon sleepyhead. Time to get up,” she said, heading for the bathroom.

When she came out again, I was still in bed. I had a morning erection, and just watching her body as she walked out of the bathroom made it swell.

“What’s keeping you? Are you feeling okay?” she asked, worry creeping into her voice.

I nodded, smiling, and decided that a morning erection probably wasn’t going to startle Mom. Not at this point.

As I climbed down the ladder, my stiff penis bobbed in front of me. When Mom saw my hard-on, she raised her eyebrows and then looked up at me. I merely shrugged; she laughed, shaking her head.

I walked past her into the bathroom as she began brushing her hair. I brushed my teeth and then combed my hair. When I was done, my erection had subsided to the point where I could pee.

“Paul,” Mom said seriously, when I came out of the bathroom, “we need to talk about last night.”

Panic threatened to overwhelm me again and I stared at her, mouth suddenly dry.

“It’s okay,” she said gently, “I’m not mad or anything. We just need to talk about it.”

She patted the bed next to her and I reluctantly shuffled toward her. She smiled as I sat down next to her. I was acutely aware of her body as she turned toward me to speak.

“What we did...” she started. “What we did wasn’t... wrong, exactly, but a lot of people might not understand it.” She took a deep breath and sighed. “I don’t know if I understand it myself,” she said quietly. “Mothers and sons aren’t supposed to have sex.”

“Why not?” I interrupted her.

“I don’t know why not, and I can’t come up with a really good reason. I guess it has to do with birth defects or religion... or both. But it’s not supposed to happen.”

I looked at her, suddenly blinking back tears. Panic at the thought of her rejecting me threatened to overwhelm me.

“Ohhh, it’s okay, honey,” she said. “I know, it’s already happened with us. And it’s my fault. I shouldn’t have let it happen, but I just... I don’t know what happened, Paul. I’d like to think that I had too much to drink. But I’m too honest with myself to believe that. I know that alcohol doesn’t make you do things you weren’t thinking about in the first place.”

“You didn’t like it?”

“Oh, honey, I liked it a lot. Too much. It’s just that...” She stopped, searching for a way to express herself. “Well, what’s in the past is in the past,” she said with finality. “There’s nothing we can do about what happened. We just need to make sure it doesn’t happen again. Can you do that for me, honey?”

“What if I don’t want to? I want it to happen again. I liked it.”

“I did too, Paul. I really did. But we can’t... I can’t... let it happen again. Do you understand why?”

“No.”

“Someday, you will.”

“No, I won’t. I love you.”

“I love you too, Paul. But we can’t do what... We can’t have sex again.”

“But what if that’s not what I want?”

“I’m sorry, Paul, but that’s the way it has to be.” She put her arm around me. “Please, Paul, it has to be this way.” She looked at me, holding my eyes with hers. I could see the pleading and the love in them. “For me,” she said softly.

I shrugged, and she squeezed me tight, laying her face on my shoulder.

“I love you, Paul,” she whispered.

“I love you too, Mom.”



While Mom and I were fixing breakfast, Susan came into the clubhouse. She walked over to talk to us and then we all sat down at one of the tables.

“How’re you feeling today, Beth?”

“A little delicate. You?”

“The same.”

The two women smiled ruefully at each other.

“Next time, one bottle of wine,” Susan said.

“Definitely.”

“How are you doing this morning, Paul?”

“Me? I’m fine.”

“I’ll bet you are,” Susan said, chuckling. “I hope you two had a good time last night.”

“We did,” Mom said before I could answer. “And Paul and I have already had a talk about it. We both enjoyed ourselves, but it won’t happen again.”

“Are you sure?” Susan asked.

Mom nodded firmly. I just shrugged. I still wasn’t convinced that Mom’s reasons were any good. But what could I do?

“Okay, then,” Susan said abruptly, changing the subject. “Paul and I have to head to town today to pick up the fiberglass roof panels. They should be in by now. Dwight wanted to start on them tomorrow,” she said, turning to me. “He says you two work well as a team.”

I blushed deeply and almost choked on my Fruit Loops.

“What’s he talking about, Paul?” Susan asked.

“I helped him make his barbeque sauce yesterday morning,” I half-lied.

“Ah. Good. Anyway,” she said, looking at me sidelong, “he says it should only take a couple of hours, if that, and I’ll have a roof on my back patio again.”

“That’s wonderful,” Mom said. “What time do you need to leave for town?”

“About half past noon. I’ll feed Paul lunch, if you’d like.”

“Paul?” Mom asked, turning to me.

“Fine with me.”

“Okay, then, see you at noon.”

With that, Susan got up and headed out the front door of the clubhouse.



I spent most of the morning with Gina, Manfred and Jenny. Manfred and Jenny weren’t too annoying to be around, and we all had fun in the lake. The girls floated on inflatable rafts and Manfred and I towed them around, when we weren’t simply goofing off, that is. After a while, Gina and Jenny simply held their rafts together and let us swim around and generally act like fifteen-year-olds.

By midmorning, I was waterlogged and thoroughly cold. I bid my friends farewell and headed up to our cabin to collect my clothes. I decided to shower at the cabin, and then go ahead and get dressed before I

went to Susan's.

When I arrived at Susan's, I was a little early. I had to knock on the kitchen door twice before she opened it. As usual, she wasn't wearing her bikini bottoms around the house.

"Sorry, I was paying bills in the office. I didn't expect you this early. C'mon in."

I stepped into the cool of the kitchen and she shut the door behind me.

"Have you showered?" she asked, turned to look at me. "Yeah, I guess you have. Too bad..."

"Sorry."

"No problem, c'mon back to the bedroom. You can talk to me while I shower, and then you can help me pick out what I'm going to wear. We can make a quick lunch, and then we'll be on our way."



"Are you excited?" Susan asked as I got back in the car after locking the camp gate.

I thought about it for a second, then nodded. I was definitely looking forward to seeing Stacy again. I didn't know what would happen, but it should be fun!

"Me too."

I looked over at Susan as she drove. The outfit we'd picked out was fairly simple. She wore her strappy sandals, a light blue gauzy skirt, and a tight white shirt with short sleeves and a scoop neck. No panties, no bra. Her shirt was so tight and thin that in direct sunlight I could easily see her nipples. Even in dimmer light, her nipples poked through and were clearly visible.

As I looked at her, I felt my penis stiffen. Not into a full-blown erection, but into a comfortable state of semi-hardness. I also worked up the courage to ask her what I'd been dying to talk about the entire drive.

"Susan?"

"Yes?"

"Um... well..."

"What is it, Paul? There's no need to be shy around me. Especially now," she said with a smile.

"Well, there's something that Stacy did to you last time we were there."

"Mmm hmm."

"That I was kinda thinking about maybe trying."

"Mmm hmm." She gestured for me to continue.

"Maybe Stacy could teach me to... um... er... I mean, do you think Stacy could teach me how to go down on a girl?"

"Mmmmm, yes," Susan said, her eyes bright. "I think she could do that."

I could tell that Susan had really enjoyed whatever Stacy had done, and I made a mental note that I'd like to be able to make her feel like that too. The few close-up looks that I'd had of her pussy had fascinated me, and I was eager to learn more about how her body worked.

After that, the rest of the drive to town was relatively uneventful. We chatted about mostly mundane things; the whole time, however, I was thinking about Stacy, and my excitement built.

We pulled into the Winn-Dixie parking lot a few minutes before two o'clock. Stacy was waiting for us, carrying a gym bag. As she got in the car, she threw it across the back seat and then closely followed it, shutting the door behind her..

"I was so worried that you wouldn't be here," Stacy said breathlessly.

Susan smiled indulgently. I turned in the seat to hook my arm over the head rest so I could talk to Stacy, who was sitting almost directly behind me.

"Could you pull away from the store, out on the edge of the parking lot somewhere? Just for a second?"

"Sure," Susan answered. "What's up?"

"I want to change clothes before we go to the hardware store. I think I'm ready to try a little showing off in public."

Susan parked the car in the middle of the lot, away from any other cars. I watched, fascinated, as Stacy unzipped her gym bag. She took out some clothes and a small zipper bag. Then she systematically removed all her work clothes. She wasn't the least bit shy about stripping off her clothes in front of me. She even

looked up and smiled, enjoying putting on a show for me. Her body, if possible, was even better than I remembered—thin and lithe, with firm breasts and little pink cone-shaped nipples.

Once she had her work clothes off, she stuffed them into the gym bag and opened the smaller zipper bag. She pulled out a compact and opened it to scrutinize her face. I hadn't noticed her wearing make-up the last time I'd seen her, although in retrospect, I suppose she had been. Her make-up was understated, and actually made her look better instead of covering up. She studied herself in the small compact mirror and decided she looked okay.

Stacy separated the two pieces of clothing she'd pulled from the gym bag. Susan had also turned in her seat to watch, and suddenly Stacy looked up at us and grinned infectiously.

"I brought the cut-off overalls."

"I like those," I said.

"I thought you would," she said, grinning.

She lifted a red t-shirt and held it up so we could see. It had been cut off at about the midriff. Stacy put her arms through and then pulled it over her head. When she tugged it down and put her arms at her sides, it didn't quite cover the bottom curve of her breasts.

"It took me three tries to get it cut right," she said, examining the shirt. "First, I cut it way too long. And then I cut it much shorter, but when I moved, you couldn't see enough. Finally, this!" she said with a flourish.

She lifted her arms and folded them behind her head, closing her eyes and arching her back in a stretch. The shirt lifted to reveal the entire underside of her breasts. I almost chuckled at the sight of her, wearing only an abbreviated red t-shirt, nude from practically the nipples down.

When she opened her eyes and lowered her arms, she was grinning. I looked at Susan, and she was grinning as well.

"Very nice," Susan said.

I nodded enthusiastically.

Stacy pulled on her cut-off overalls and began buckling the bib.

"Remember," Susan said, "the key is to make it look like it's an accident, like you didn't mean to expose yourself."

Stacy nodded. "I'm not brave enough to go out without the shirt yet. I thought I'd try this first. Besides," she said pulling the leg of the overalls to the side, "these're big enough that somebody should be able to catch a glimpse, if I want 'em to."

As she pulled the leg of the overalls to the side, I could see all the way up her inner thigh right to her brown pubic hair.

She finished off her outfit with a pair of sandals and then tugged her skimpy t-shirt into place.

"Voila!" she said with another flourish.

"Very nice," Susan said appreciatively. "Ready to hit the hardware store?"

"Like a tornado!"



At McMaster's Hardware, Susan quickly found Mike, the owner's son, and asked about our fiberglass panels.

He was polite about it, but he couldn't keep his eyes off Susan's nipples. She practically beamed as he offered to help her load the panels in the back of the station wagon.

Stacy grabbed my hand and pulled me to the garden section in the back of the store.

"Hello, Stacy," an older man said as we stepped out onto the large covered patio.

"Hiya, Mr. McMasters," Stacy said cheerfully. "This is my friend Paul."

I stepped forward to shake his work-callused hand and we traded greetings.

"What can I do for you today?" he asked, his eyes roaming over all her exposed skin. I hid my grin as she flirted shamelessly with him.

"I was thinking about some of the mixed seeds you have, and maybe some of the smaller pots," she said,

pointing to a top shelf where the smaller pots were stored.

As she did so, her shirt predictably rode up, and I saw the older man's eyes open wider as the entire bottom curve of her right breast was revealed. The thing she hadn't counted on, however, was the bib strap. The strap trapped the fabric of the t-shirt and caused it to bunch as she lowered her arm. The denim of the overalls simply grabbed the cotton of the t-shirt better than the smooth skin of her breast did.

I smothered another grin.

Mr. McMasters' gaze had not followed her arm as she pointed, being riveted to her partially exposed breast, and he belatedly looked up. He had started to sweat, and took out a red bandana to wipe his brow. From her right side, he could see the entire enticing curve of her breast.

"Just let me get the step ladder and we'll see what we can do for you," he said.

In a moment, he returned with an aluminum step ladder and set it up. As he looked up to make sure he'd set it up in the right place, Stacy poked me in the ribs, gesturing at me with her eyes. She wanted me to climb up and get the pots and seeds.

No problem. What did I care?

"Here, Mr. McMasters, why don't you let me climb up there and get 'em?"

"Why, thank you, son," he said, stepping back.

From the top of the step ladder, I reached for the small pots.

"Four please," Stacy said up to me.

I obediently stacked four of the small pots on top of the tray containing packets of mixed seeds and slid it off the shelf. Instead of letting me simply climb down with the tray, Stacy reached up with both hands to take it from me. One glance at poor old Mr. McMasters told me why she'd done it.

With both her arms in the air, her cropped t-shirt had ridden up until only her nipples were hidden, just as she'd planned. With a smirk, I held the tray just out of her reach, enjoying the expression on the old man's face as he took in the sight before him. Finally, I lowered the tray to where she could reach it. I climbed down as Mr. McMasters once again whipped out his bandana and wiped his neck and brow.

"Thanks, Paul," Stacy said.

"No problem."

When I reached the bottom rung, I could appreciate why the old man was so interested. When she had raised both hands, Stacy's crop-top had ridden up and been trapped by the bib straps. Only her nipples were hidden by the buckles of the straps. The outer curves of both her breasts were clearly visible.

She took the four small pots off the seed tray and picked out several packets of mixed seeds. Then she handed the pots to Mr. McMasters to hold and gestured for me to climb back up the step ladder. Once at the top step, she reached up to hand me the tray. She stretched far higher than she had to, however, getting the tray well over her head. I could have just as easily reached down to lift it, but I was enjoying watching her put on her show.

As she extended her arms to hand me the tray, she twisted a little, and I could tell from the look on her face that something unexpected had happened. I looked down and could clearly see that her right breast was almost fully exposed, puffy nipple clearly visible. Poor old Mr. McMasters nearly dropped the flower pots he was holding, bobbling them and only catching them at the last instant.

With a grin, I took the tray from her and slid it back on the top shelf. When I climbed down, she had straightened her t-shirt and was blushing furiously. Mr. McMasters was even more flustered than Stacy, and had turned as red as his bandana.

"Thank you, Paul," she said. "I think this is all I need today, Mr. McMasters. Thanks again."

"Any time, Stacy," he said, whipping out the bandana once again.

When we reached the front register to pay for the flower pots and seeds, Susan was waiting for us. She was listening to Mike McMasters talk about something, but I didn't catch what.

When we came up, she shot us an amused expression. The son rang up Stacy's purchases and with a wave, we headed out to the car.

On the way to Stacy's trailer, she recounted the entire episode to Susan, who listened with a wry grin of amusement.

“Sounds like you had fun.”

“Yeah! Right up until my entire tit popped out!” she said, blushing.

“You shoulda seen the look on poor old McMasters’ face. He turned about as red as his bandana!” I said.

“Wow!” Stacy exclaimed. “It was fun, though. And really exciting.”

As we entered the trailer park, Stacy spoke up from the back seat.

“You know what I wanna do?”

“What?” Susan asked, looking at her in the rear-view mirror.

“I wanna take my clothes off in the car and then leave ’em off as I go inside!”

Stacy’s was the last trailer on the row, with only one trailer opposite hers, so there was little danger of her being seen. But it still sounded exciting.

“That sounds like a great idea,” Susan said, “I think I will too.”

I could feel both women looking at me. I caved.

“Yeah, me too,” I said.

We pulled up to the trailer and Susan turned off the car. She lifted her hips and pulled her skirt over her legs. With grins all around, we quickly stripped off our clothes.

“Put your clothes in the gym bag,” I said to Stacy over the seat, “and hand it here. We’ll stuff our clothes inside too, and I’ll carry the bag.”

Stacy looked delicious sitting in the back seat wearing only her sandals and a smile. She quickly stuffed her clothes, as well as the flower pots, in the bag and handed it forward. I took Susan’s clothes and stuffed them with my own into the bag, zipping it up when I was done.

“Ready?” asked Susan.

“Ready,” Stacy and I chorused.

As one, the three of us opened our doors and casually walked toward the door of the trailer. When we got there, Stacy turned around in a panic.

“My keys! They’re in my overalls.”

I grimaced and opened the gym bag. I rummaged around inside and eventually found the pocket with her house keys. She was clearly flustered by standing outside her trailer with no clothes on, but Susan looked amused. There was nothing I could really do except look for the keys, so I didn’t worry about it. For some unknown reason, I was unconcerned. If someone saw us, they saw us.

When I handed her the keys, Stacy hastily opened the door and bolted inside. Susan calmly followed and I brought up the rear.

“Wow!” Stacy exclaimed as soon as the door was shut. “Thank you for doing it with me,” she said excitedly.

She threw her arms around Susan and hugged her. Just as quickly she released Susan and wrapped her arms around me. I had just enough time to drop the gym bag with our clothes before she reached me. I wrapped my arms around her and she hugged me tight.

Feeling her nude body against mine, my penis quickly filled with blood. I felt it press against her soft skin and I could tell by the way she clutched me tighter that she felt it too.

When she released me, she looked down between us to where my springy erection was pressed against her stomach. Then she smiled up at me and wiggled her hips.

“I got so hot and wet in the hardware store,” she said, her arms still around my neck.

She reached between us and grasped my erection, then began rubbing it against her pussy. Her pubic hair scraped a little at first, but then her labia separated and I felt her warm wetness. She was practically dripping. She closed her eyes and bit her lip as she rubbed the head of my erection across the sensitive folds of her vulva.

Susan moved quietly behind Stacy and wrapped her arms around the younger woman. She began to caress Stacy’s very erect, very puffy nipples. Stacy moaned in pleasure and leaned back into Susan, still rubbing her pussy with my dick.

Stacy’s eyes opened and with a lustful look, she slowly sank to her knees in front of me. Susan sank with

her, never removing her hands from Stacy's breasts. Her hand still on my erection, Stacy stroked me a few times and then opened her mouth.

She could only take a few inches of my dick in her mouth, but it was enough. She stroked the base of my erection while she sucked and licked the head. She bobbed her head in time with her stroking and I relaxed and enjoyed the sensations she was creating in my dick.

I felt her move and looked down at the two women kneeling at my feet. Stacy pulled my dick from her mouth and leaned back into Susan.

"Let me suck him off," Susan said in a husky whisper. "Then he'll last longer the second time."

Stacy nodded hastily and the two of them switched positions. Stacy watched in fascination as Susan attempted to swallow my entire penis. She almost succeeded. She started off taking me very deep, leaving only a couple of inches outside her mouth. Each time she bobbed her head, she'd take me a little deeper.

Stacy shifted around to cup and caress Susan's breasts, obviously enjoying watching her suck my dick. Susan moaned and the vibration in her mouth made my cock swell. She impaled herself on my erection once again, this time taking me so deep that her nose brushed my wiry pubic hair.

She clamped her lips around my erection and paused. Then she opened her lips and slowly took more of my cock in her mouth. I felt the head of my dick in the back of her throat as she clamped her lips around the base and breathed through her nose. I was in heaven as she shut her eyes tightly and moved her tongue against the underside of my penis.

She slowly withdrew her lips from my shaft, letting me pop completely out of her mouth. She took a deep breath and licked the head, smiling at me. Gripping the base of my saliva-slick shaft with her right hand, she took me into her mouth again.

She took me deep and wrapped her lips around my shaft, taking a breath in preparation for sliding my cock all the way into her throat. Once again, she opened her lips and slowly, exquisitely swallowed the remaining inch. Breathing heavily through her nose, she simply held me in her mouth, her lower lip pressed firmly against my balls. As she withdrew my member from the warmth and wetness of her mouth, she massaged me with her tongue.

Stacy was watching in amazement as Susan took my length deep into her throat. Smiling up at me, Susan licked the crown of my dick and stroked my slick shaft with her thumb and forefinger. She then wrapped her lips around my glans and began to pump my dick with her hand.

She swirled her tongue around the tip as she stroked me toward my impending orgasm. With a rush, I felt my come boiling up through the shaft of my dick. Susan felt it too and began to pump harder. My semen spurted into her mouth and a look of ecstasy washed over her face. She pumped my cock and swallowed as I ejaculated. Pump and swallow, pump and swallow.

When I finished spurting my seed into her waiting mouth, she released her lip-lock and smiled up at me. With her right hand, she stroked my slick penis, milking the last drops from my shaft.

I looked down dreamily and saw that Stacy had dropped one hand from Susan's breasts and was busily rubbing her smooth pussy.

Stacy withdrew her hand from Susan and looked up at me.

"Let's go back to my bedroom," she said.

I swallowed and nodded, helping them both to their feet.



Stacy's bedroom was a small, tidy room, dominated by her queen-sized bed.

Without words, Stacy directed Susan to the head of the bed. She then crawled on the bed herself, spreading Susan's legs as she moved forward. Susan bent her knees and spread her legs wide to accommodate the younger woman. I marveled at the sight of Susan's smooth pussy lips spreading open to reveal her inner parts.

"Stacy?" I asked hesitantly.

"Hmm?" she said, turning to look at me, as if seeing me for the first time.

"Will you... Will you show me how to go down on a woman?"

Stacy looked up at Susan from between her legs. "Do you mind?"

Susan licked her lips and shook her head.

Stacy smiled and nodded, scooting to the side and gesturing for me to lay down next to her. Then she scooted the rest of the way forward until her face was nearly touching Susan. I was a little to the side, but I had an incredible view of Susan's pussy.

I was amazed. Her normally smooth, pale pussy lips were pinkish-red and swollen. The folds of her inner lips were just peeking out, topped by the hood where the inner lips came together at the top of her slit.

Stacy licked the tip of her index finger and looked at me.

"Always make sure your finger is wet if you touch a woman's pussy," she said, setting the tip of her index finger at the bottom of Susan's opening. "You can get it wet with her juices, if you want," she said, moving her index finger in small circles, "but a pussy is tender, so you don't want to scrape her with rough, dry fingers."

I nodded and watch raptly as she slowly inserted her finger into Susan, up to the second knuckle.

"Have you ever seen a pussy this close up?" Stacy asked, a twinkle in her eye.

I nodded. Then I shook my head. At the helpless and confused look on my face, Stacy laughed brightly. With a pained expression, I looked up at Susan.

"You wanted to do this," she said. She smiled, taking the bite out of her words.

I looked back to Stacy, who grinned at me and returned her attention to Susan. Stacy gently thrust her index finger back and forth in Susan's pussy, and when she withdrew it completely, it was slick with moisture.

Stacy shifted a bit and brought her left hand up to Susan's pussy. With her thumb and index finger on either side of Susan's slit, she gently opened her outer lips. She ran her right forefinger up the seam of Susan's inner lips to the folds of the hood. Moving her left hand slightly, Stacy slowly pulled the folds of the hood back and revealed more of Susan's pussy to me.

"See that little pink berry there?" Stacy asked, pointing with her right forefinger.

I nodded.

"That's her clit. It's like the head of your dick, only much more sensitive. And it's the secret to getting a woman off. But the real trick is not to touch it directly. Or not much. Rub the base of it through the folds of the inner lips here," she said, indicating with her left hand. Susan moaned appreciatively.

"Like your dick," Stacy said, "her clit will get erect when she's excited. Sometimes it'll peek out of its little hood. If it does, put your lips around it and gently flick it with your tongue."

Stacy stuck her right forefinger back into Susan's pussy and let the outer lips relax back against the hood covering her clit. Then Stacy slowly thrust her finger back and forth, once again coating it with Susan's lubricating juices.

"Also, the crease between her inner and outer lips is real sensitive," Stacy said, running her slick finger up between Susan's lips. Susan shuddered and drew a deep breath. Stacy smiled and then looked at me. "When you first start, before you really get her going, run your tongue between her inner and outer lips, flicking the side of her clit at the top. She'll love it."

"Also, most of the skin around her pussy is sensitive too, don't spend all your time on her lips and clit. Kiss her where her leg joins her pussy. Kiss her inner thighs. Kiss her pussy. Run your tongue lightly over her slit. Give her clit a flick at the top, run your tongue in a circle around it. Tease her."

"Now give me your hand," Stacy said.

I obeyed and she turned it palm up. She folded my fingers back, leaving my index finger extended.

"Now this is just about as important as the other stuff," she said seriously. "Slide you finger in, gently. She's wet, but not dripping yet."

I did as I was told, marveling at how slick and tight Susan's pussy was. I was amazed that it expanded enough to engulf my dick. I wasn't the size of Dwight, but my dick was quite a bit larger than my finger. I paused when the second knuckle disappeared in Susan's pussy.

"Keep going, all the way in."

I obeyed.

“Now crook the end of your finger.”

I did and Susan gasped.

“That little spot is real sensitive. Feel how it’s kinda like a little hollow back there? You can feel the little recess?”

I nodded enthusiastically.

“That little spot is almost as important as her clit. You can stick your finger up there and lick her clit, and she’ll shoot over the moon,” Stacy said with a smile. “Now, pull your finger out slowly. Feel the ridges on her pussy walls, real little ridges?”

“Yeah!”

“Only the first part of a pussy has a lot of nerves. The rest of it is there so you have somewhere to keep shoving your dick,” she said, smiling at me. “The first couple of inches is for a woman, everything past that is for a man. If you wanna make a woman feel really good, make sure you pay attention to those first couple of inches.”

I nodded seriously.

“And the last really important part is this; it’s easy for a guy to start whenever he wants, take a break, and then get going again. With a woman, it’s one long ride from beginning to orgasm. It’s longer, slower, and better. So if you wanna take a break, make sure that you don’t make her take a break too. Unless you wanna start from scratch.

“Oh yeah, make sure you tell a woman how nice they look, and ask what feels good. You talk to a woman, and she’ll eventually tell you everything that makes her feel good. She may not tell you with words though, so pay attention to how she reacts. Her body’ll tell you what it likes, you just make sure you’re paying attention.”

The whole time she’d been talking, Stacy had been rubbing her left thumb in little circles at the top of Susan’s slit, caressing the base of her clit. I looked up and Susan had her eyes closed and was biting her lip, breathing heavily through her nose.

“Now, you watch while I have some fun,” Stacy said.

I nodded and she turned back to face Susan’s pussy. I was amazed at the complexity of it all. I knew I wanted to learn how to please a woman, and I decided that if I liked having my dick sucked, then I should learn to go down on a woman as well. Not only did it seem fair, it seemed like a lot of fun as well.

I quickly shifted my attention back to Stacy as she flicked her tongue out and licked from the bottom to the top of Susan’s slit. With her right hand, she gently spread Susan’s outer lips and ran her tongue up the divide between the inner and outer lips. She repeated the maneuver on the other side, and Susan shuddered in pleasure.

Stacy kept her left thumb working in circles at the top of Susan’s pussy and began to flick her tongue into and out of the opening in the inner lips. Then she licked from bottom to top once again, using more pressure with her tongue, in order to part the inner lips.

“God, but you’ve got a beautiful pussy,” Stacy said softly.

“Mmmmm,” was all the Susan managed in reply, as Stacy began flicking her tongue in earnest.

I was entranced by how gently Stacy would manipulate Susan’s smooth pussy and at each reaction that Susan had. Stacy continued licking Susan’s inner lips, flicking her tongue up under the folds of the hood to caress her clit. Then Stacy put her entire mouth on Susan’s pussy and I thought I could see her tongue moving over the tender flesh.

I looked up and Susan was breathing deeper, her face and chest flushed. Stacy stuck first one, then two fingers into Susan’s pussy and began to slowly pump them back and forth. I watched in amazement as the inner lips slowly turned darker and spread out like the petals of a flower opening in bloom. It was like nothing I’d ever seen before, and I was mesmerized.

I watched, enraptured, for several minutes as Stacy licked, flicked, and probed Susan’s pussy. Her outer lips were now swollen and dark pink, and the inner lips had gone from a pale pink to a much darker shade. They seemed to have flared out and gotten fleshier too. Susan’s entire pussy was by now covered in a slick coating of saliva and her own juices. Susan was whimpering softly and had begun to buck her hips up at

Stacy's teasing tongue.

All of a sudden, Stacy pulled away from Susan's pussy and looked at me. "Fuck me, please," she said in a husky voice, still probing Susan with her fingers. "Do it real slow. But don't come in me. Okay?"

I blinked at the apparent non sequitur; when I nodded, she quickly returned to Susan's pussy.

I climbed to the edge of the bed and rose on my knees. I don't know how long I stayed like that, looking down at the bewitching sight before me. Susan was leaning back against the pillows at the head of the bed. She had her knees up and spread wide, and her hands were caressing her breasts, rubbing her nipples gently under her palms. Stacy's lithe, nude body was pointed like an arrow at Susan's pussy, her head making little circles as she licked and sucked.

The spell was broken when I heard Stacy's urgent moan and I looked down to see her humping her hips into the bed. I looked down at her in wonder. Her legs were slightly spread, and I could easily see her pussy peeking out from between her thighs.

I moved so I straddled them and began rubbing her pussy lips with my fingers. She was soaking wet and I easily slipped two fingers inside her. With my right hand, I aimed the tip of my penis at her exposed pussy. I placed one hand on the small of her back for balance and began to slowly thrust my hips forward. The heat of her pussy washed over my penis as I penetrated her thatch of pubic hair. I continued thrusting my hips forward and soon felt the head of my dick spread her pussy lips and enter her.

Once I knew that I was on target, so to speak, I put both my hands on her hips and slowly pushed myself into her. Her pussy was as hot and tight as I remembered, and she moaned as I sank my length into her.

When I looked up, Susan was looking at me. Her eyelids were half drooping, and she had a languid smile on her face. I returned the smile as she suddenly fluttered her eyelids and closed them tightly, rolling her head from side to side and moaning. She removed her hands from her breasts and put them on Stacy's head. As Susan began to buck her hips up into Stacy's face, I drew back and started slowly fucking Stacy's pussy.

I fucked her with a steady, measured rhythm. As I pumped my dick into Stacy's steaming pussy, Susan plucked a small pillow from beside her and held it against her mouth to stifle her rising moans. When Susan came, she was holding Stacy's head between her legs with one hand while holding the pillow to her mouth with the other. I watched in fascination as Susan climaxed—hard, judging by the rising scream of pleasure that the pillow only barely muffled.

When Susan's orgasm began to subside, she let the pillow fall from her face and took a deep, ragged breath. Her face and chest were flushed a deeper red than before.

She looked at me for one brief moment and then her eyes rolled back and she opened her mouth and moaned again. Her moan steadily rose in volume until she had to replace the pillow to stifle her screams. I couldn't see what Stacy was doing, but Susan seemed to be rolling from one orgasm to the next. She was now bucking her hips wildly, still holding the back of Stacy's head with one hand. I was so enthralled watching her come that I had completely stopped fucking Stacy.

When Susan's rolling orgasms finally subsided, she once again let the pillow fall from her face. She looked at me drunkenly, and then broke into a smile of deep and total contentment. Then, she rolled her head back onto the pillows and went limp.

Stacy reached back with her right hand and placed it on my hip, pushing me back. I took the hint and reluctantly pulled my dick from her gripping pussy. I threw my leg over hers and she slowly came up on all fours.

"I want you to come in my ass. Wait right here," she said as she got off the bed.

When she returned, she had the jar of Vaseline and a towel.

Stacy got back on the bed and began to grease my cock. When she finished, she wiped her hands on the towel and looked up.

"Do you have a vibrator?"

I blinked, then realized that Susan was looking at us from the head of the bed.

"Huh?" Stacy asked.

"Do you have a vibrator?" Susan repeated.

Instead of answering, Stacy leaned over, opened the nightstand drawer, and withdrew a pink plastic

vibrator. Susan reached for it and Stacy quickly handed it over.

“If you want, I can—”

“It’s not for me,” Susan said, interrupting her. She swung around in the bed until she was lying on her back with her head pointed at the foot of the bed. “Straddle me like we’re going to sixty-nine,” she directed Stacy. “Only, I’m too sensitive right now. Okay?”

I didn’t know what she was talking about, but Stacy obviously did, and quickly complied.

“Mmmmm, yeah,” Stacy said. Then she looked over her shoulder at me. “Fuck me in the ass, Paul. As slow as you can. Please.”

Who was I to argue? I scooted up behind her, and she spread her knees to make sure I had room. Susan set the vibrator on the bed and reached up to spread Stacy’s ass for me. I gripped my slick penis at the base and aimed it at the little pink flower of Stacy’s ass. She gasped as she felt the head enter her. I put my hands on her hips and slowly slid my entire length into her backside.

“Mmmmm, yeah,” Stacy practically moaned. “Fuck poor little Stacy’s ass.”

So I did.

I had just begun pumping my dick into Stacy when Susan’s hand reached out to retrieve the vibrator. I heard it begin to hum and wondered what Susan was going to do.

I didn’t have to wait long. Stacy gasped and then moaned. An incredible sensation flowed through my penis when I felt it too. I gasped as I realized that Susan must’ve shoved the vibrator into Stacy’s soaked pussy.

Susan began stroking the vibrator in and out of Stacy, timing her strokes to match my own slow, deliberate thrusts in and out of Stacy’s ass. The feeling was incredible. I didn’t think I could last long at this pace, however. Not with the extra stimulation Susan and the vibrator were providing.

To prolong things as long as I could, I buried my cock in Stacy’s ass, leaned forward to wrap my arms around her, and fondled her perfect little breasts. She moaned in pleasure as my cock filled her ass and Susan filled her pussy with the vibrator. My hands on her nipples, however, were too much for Stacy, and she began to shudder with the beginnings of an orgasm.

She began rocking her hips quickly, moaning low in her chest. And then with a keening sound, she threw her head back and came. I could feel her orgasm surging through her as her ass spasmed around my dick. I felt my own orgasm beginning to boil up as the rhythmic contractions in her pussy spread to her ass.

“Fuck me, Paul! Fuck me hard! Come in my ass!”

I released her breasts, put my hands on her hips and began pumping her for all I was worth. My hips slammed into her ass as I pounded her, forcing her to cry out with each thrust. I managed four or five long, hard strokes before I felt my semen surging up my shaft. I quickly slammed my dick in her to the hilt. With a start, I realized that I didn’t feel the vibrator in Stacy’s pussy anymore.

I had just begun to wonder what Susan had done with it when I felt the slippery plastic move my balls aside. Susan pressed the vibrating toy against my prostate and I erupted. I squeezed my eyes shut so hard that I saw stars on the backs of my eyelids. I felt like my entire body was being emptied into Stacy through my penis. I gripped her hips so hard that she cried out, but I was oblivious. My existence had shrunk to include only my spurting shaft and the vibrator.

I think I must’ve passed out for a second or five, because the next thing I remember, I was panting and looking down at the beautiful arch of Stacy’s back before me. I don’t remember Susan shutting off the vibrator. I don’t remember releasing the death grip I had on Stacy’s hips. I don’t remember much after I began spurting into her ass. I found myself kneeling behind her, my arms hanging limply at my sides, gasping for breath and hanging my head forward against my chest. Her back heaving, I could tell Stacy was breathing as hard as I was.

Slowly, very slowly, I withdrew my half-hard dick from her ass. When I looked down, Susan’s face greeted me with a very pleased-with-herself expression. I collapsed back onto my heels and then moved out of the way so Stacy could roll off of Susan. We lay there, three heaps of smiling, sweating flesh, gasping for air, completely drained.

Susan was the first to rise, and as she slowly stood up, she looked at me and smiled.

“Can I use the shower?” she asked Stacy, who could only nod her head weakly. “Thanks. You two can have it after I’m done.”

While Susan was in the shower, Stacy regained enough strength to prop herself up on her elbows. She still hadn’t entirely caught her breath, but she smiled drunkenly at me nonetheless.

We heard the water shut off, and in a few minutes, Susan walked into the bedroom, looking disgustingly fresh and cheerful. Stacy mustered enough energy to crawl to the edge of the bed. When she stood, she reached down and tugged my arm. I reluctantly moved, slowly getting up to follow her. Susan smiled and winked at me as Stacy pulled me off to the bathroom.

In the shower, Stacy stood under the spray and let the water run over her body, wetting her curly brown hair and plastering it to her face. She brushed her hair out of her face with her hands and smiled at me. She stepped back a little and pulled me forward into the spray.

Stacy gently pushed me back and lathered a washcloth. After she had washed and rinsed herself, she wrung out the washcloth and lathered it a second time. She gently washed my entire body, spending extra time on my penis, tenderly lathering my pubic hair and cleaning me thoroughly.

She stepped back again to let me rinse off. With a mischievous smile, she stepped forward, wrapped her hand around the back of my head, and pulled my lips down to hers. Suddenly, she was plastered against me, her tongue darting into my mouth. I kissed her back, wrapping my arms around her and holding her tight. When she felt me kissing her back, she ground her hips against me. I was surprised that my dick even responded after such a powerful orgasm, but it stirred against her.

She released my head and began kissing my face and neck. Dragging her slick, and very erect, nipples over my stomach, she kissed her way down my torso. As she sank to her knees, she continued kissing my abdomen, and then finally planted kisses all the way down my hardening shaft.

She pulled me into her mouth and eagerly began sucking my half-hard penis. Unfortunately, after so little time since coming in her ass, half hard was the best I could do. I wanted to get fully erect, but my poor penis had other, more laissez-faire ideas. After a few minutes sucking, Stacy released me and smiled.

“Too soon?”

I nodded and she smiled knowingly. I then reached down to help her to her feet.

She turned and pressed her back against my chest, nestling my half-hard penis between her cheeks. She leaned back and raised her arms, lacing her fingers around my neck and letting the water sluice over her chest. I reached forward and cupped her slick breasts, eliciting a deep sigh of satisfaction from her.

We stood like that for several minutes, until with another sigh, this one of resignation, she unlaced her hands and bent forward to turn off the water.



As we toweled off in the bathroom, Stacy looked up at me, her eyes suddenly full of emotion.

“I don’t even know your last name,” she said.

“Hughes,” I said. I looked speculatively at her.

“Kenner.”

Suddenly, she was in my arms again. She hugged me tight, laying her face against my chest. I wrapped my arms around her and nuzzled her damp hair. I couldn’t fathom the emotions running through her body, but I understood at some instinctive level that all I needed to do was to hold her. So I did.

Finally, she released me and leaned back to look up into my face, a few inches above hers. She sniffled, blinking back tears, and smiled at me.

“I know so little about you.”

“What would you like to know?” I asked gently.

“Everything.”

“That’s a long story.”

“I know,” she said, sniffing again. “When can I see you again?” she asked hopefully.

“I don’t know really. Let’s talk to Susan.”

She nodded and opened the door to the hallway.



When we looked in the bedroom, Susan had straightened up. The bed had been put back together and the vibrator was presumably back in its drawer. But Susan wasn't there. We quickly found her sitting at the kitchen table drinking a glass of tea.

"I hope you don't mind that I made myself at home," she said.

"Be my guest," Stacy said lightly.

"Susan, Stacy wants to know when we're coming back to town."

Susan thought for a moment, "Next week sometime." Stacy's face fell. "Getting into town, just the two of us together, is kind of complicated," Susan said gently. "But if we plan it right, we may be able to stay longer next time." Stacy's expression brightened. "Why don't I get your phone number and I can call you tomorrow and let you know?"

Stacy hastily wrote her number on a notepad and handed it to Susan.

"I don't think it'll be before Tuesday, but I'll call and let you know."

"Okay. Thanks."

"And now... Young Paul and I have to be getting back," Susan said, picking up the gym bag to retrieve her clothes.

Stacy looked at me, her eyes pleading.

"Susan, can I have a few minutes?" I asked.

She looked up from the gym bag, looking first at me and then at Stacy. "Okay," she said. "Just don't be too long."

Susan quickly pulled her shirt over her head and slipped into her skirt. She strapped on her sandals and came over to Stacy. The two women shared a quick hug.

Stepping back, Susan looked at me. "I'll be in the car. I'll see you in a few minutes." With that, she stepped out the door and closed it softly behind her.

Stacy wrapped her arms around me and hugged me tight. Once again, I wrapped my arms around her and rested my cheek on her still-damp hair.

"I can't wait to see you again," she said softly, her face against my hairless chest. "You make me feel so safe."

I simply held her, not needing words. The feeling of her nude body pressed against mine was almost electric. As she pressed herself against me, I felt my penis stir and begin to stiffen.

After a few moments' silence, she said quietly, "If you can, I want you to come inside me before you have to go." As if my penis had somehow heard and understood her, it stiffened still further, now almost fully erect. "I want you to come inside my pussy. I want you to come inside Stacy's hot little pussy."

"Are you sure?"

"Mmm hmm," she said, suddenly serious. "My period's due in another two or three days, so it should be okay. I think I want to get on the pill. I want to feel you fill me with your come."

My dick quickly became fully erect.

"Mmmmm. Someone likes the idea... Now, I really want to feel your come inside me. I want to wave goodbye to you with your come filling my pussy."

She wrapped her arms around my neck and I grasped her hips. Using her arms for support, she wrapped her legs around my waist. I carried her over to the kitchen table and she loosened her legs around me. As I stepped back a little, my dick sprang up. Stacy quickly wrapped her hands around my shaft and set the tip against her very wet pussy.

She laced her fingers behind my neck and looked up at me, her eyes smoldering. "Now fuck me hard and fast. Come inside my hot pussy. Fill me with your seed."

I quickly sank my length into her pussy. She was soaking wet and I easily slid home. Without prelude, I began pounding my cock into her. She held my eyes with hers, willing me to go faster. I gripped her hips, pounding into her for all I was worth.

Quickly, too quickly, I felt my balls boil over. With a final grunt, I slammed into her and felt the semen

rushing up my shaft. I closed my eyes and leaned against her, holding her tight as I spurted my hot come into her pussy.

When my spurts finally subsided, I opened my eyes and pulled back to look at her. She kissed me, quick and hard, and squeezed her legs around my hips, holding my deflating cock in her pussy. I returned her kiss fiercely. I ran my hands up her sides as she leaned back. Looking down into her eyes, I tenderly cupped her breasts and tweaked her nipples with my thumbs.

She released her legs and I reluctantly stepped back. Stacy quickly slid off the table and to her knees. With a hand towel, she expertly cleaned our combined juices from my flaccid penis and then stood up.

She reached for the gym bag to help me look for my clothes. I put them on as she handed them to me, then picked up my socks and sneakers. I could put them on in the car. We had kept Susan waiting long enough. It was definitely worth it, I thought, but we needed to get back to camp before dinner.

Stacy flowed back into my arms.

“When you wave goodbye, you’ll know that I’m full of your come.”

I nodded quietly, a grin of wonder spreading across my face. She kissed me quickly and then walked me to the door, still nude. She waved as I got into the car. I set my shoes and socks on the floor and waved to her, thinking of her pussy, her tight little pussy, full of my come. She winked at me as she waved.

Susan waved as well, and we drove off.

“I think she likes you,” Susan said cheerfully.

I think I blushed six shades of red.

CHAPTER TWELVE

The next morning when I woke up, dawn's light was just filtering through the pines. I rolled over onto my stomach, my morning erection pressing against me. I lay there drowsily for several minutes, then decided to see if Mom or Erin were up.

When I raised my head to look, I saw that Mom was still in bed. She had the sheets pulled over her, but as I watched, I could tell that she was slowly caressing herself. As she lay on her back, I saw her move her right hand lower, until it was over her pussy.

Unfortunately, she raised her left knee, lifting the sheet and holding it off her hand. I could no longer see her movements, but I knew she was pleasuring herself. I watched the motion of her right arm, and in my imagination, I saw her moving her fingertips in small circles over her clit.

With a start, I realized that I now knew what she was doing. Before, I had always watched and vaguely known that what she was doing felt good, but now I knew why. With renewed interest, I discreetly watched her masturbate.

All of a sudden, a huge yawn interrupted the quiet of the cabin. Erin had woken up. Mom quietly moved her hand away from her pussy and lowered her knee. I pulled back from the edge of the bed, but I could clearly hear Erin yawn again and sit up. I watched from the top bunk as she stood up and wordlessly padded across the cabin to the bathroom.

When she came out, she saw that Mom and I were still in bed. In silence, she stood in front of the mirror on top of the dresser, brushing her hair. Mom rolled over and propped herself up on one elbow.

"Good morning, honey," she said.

"Morning Mom," Erin said distractedly.

"You know what you want for breakfast?"

Erin shrugged and continued brushing.

"How about French Toast?"

Erin shrugged again.

"You go on down to the clubhouse and I'll be down in a few minutes to fix breakfast," Mom said.

Erin finished brushing and headed for the door. She saw that I was still in bed, went out the screen door, and slammed it behind her.

I stuck my head over the side of the bed as Mom looked my direction.

"Time to get up, sleepyhead."

I nodded silently and she headed for the bathroom. I still had my morning erection, but I decided to throw modesty to the wind and climbed down the ladder. When Mom came out of the bathroom, she looked at me and her eyes widened as she saw my hard-on. When she arched her eyebrow, I merely shrugged and stepped past her into the bathroom.



After I came out of the bathroom, Mom and I walked down to the clubhouse together.

"What're your plans for the day?" she asked.

"I gotta help Dwight put up the panels that Susan and I picked up yesterday. He says it'll only take a couple of hours. After that, pretty much nothing."

"So you can relax this afternoon?"

"Yeah. I thought I'd find Manfred and see if he wanted to do something."

"And Gina and Jenny?" Mom asked, looking sidelong at me.

"I guess... I mean, if they wanna do something, that's cool."

We reached the clubhouse and Mom headed for the kitchen area to fix breakfast. Erin was playing pool with her friends and, seeing no one else that I knew, I stood in the doorway for a few minutes, simply watching the younger girls play pool, badly.

I heard the screen door open behind me and had just turned to see who had come in when I felt an enormous hand clap me on the shoulder almost painfully.

“Good morning, boyo!” boomed Dwight.

“Morning Dwight,” I said as he walked me further into the clubhouse.

“You ready for some honest work this morning?”

“Yep.”

“It’s not as fun as makin’ barbeque sauce,” he said with a wink, “but it’s a living!” His laughter seemed to fill the large building. “I want to get started right after breakfast, get the job done before the heat of the day. Okay?”

“Sure.”

“Good man, good man.” He clapped me on the shoulder again, this time painfully, and headed off toward the kitchen area, to where Karen was fixing his breakfast. I followed Dwight, deciding to help Mom with the French toast.

When we were finished, Mom called to Erin and we sat down to eat.

“What’re you up to today, Erin?” Mom asked.

“Not much, I guess. Trish wants to lie out today, so I guess we’ll be down by the lake.”

“Ah.”

“What’re you doing today, Mom?” I asked.

“After breakfast, I want to go take a long, hot bath before it gets too hot out.”

“Mmmmm, a hot bath,” Erin said dreamily. “Oh yeah! Mom, Jill wanted to know if Trish, Leah and I could spend the night with her. Their cabin has this big, screened-in porch, and we were gonna sorta camp out on the porch tonight. Is that okay?”

“Is it okay with Jill’s Mom?”

“It was her idea, so yeah, I guess it’s okay with her.”

“Well then, it’s okay with me. You girls have a good time.”

“Thanks Mom! Can I be excused?”

“Finish your French toast, dear, and then you can be excused.”

Unlike me, my skinny sister always had to be told to finish her meals. She stabbed the last few bites of toast and popped them in her mouth. She drained her milk and slid back in her chair. As she headed for the sink carrying her plate and glass, Mom silently shook her head, smiling at me. I returned her smile and shrugged. At least Erin wouldn’t pester me all day, so it didn’t really matter to me what she did.



Working with Dwight was an exercise in physics. For a big man, he moved very quickly, and I thought wryly that he must be the “unstoppable force” people talk about. I also realized with a little bit of surprise that I enjoyed watching someone who really knew what they were doing. Dwight quickly and easily did things that would’ve taken me quite a while to do, much less how long it would take me to figure out how to do them in the first place.

We were about an hour into the project when Mom walked around the corner of the house.

“Hi, Dwight. Hi, Paul. Where’s Susan?”

I looked down at her from where I held a panel ready to hand up to Dwight. “I guess she’s inside. Is everything okay?”

“The water heater in our cabin is on the fritz. I went to take a bath and all I got was cold water.”

“Oh. Sorry.”

“So am I,” Mom said with a note of wistfulness.

“Anyway, we haven’t seen her leave, so I guess she’s still inside.”

“Thanks, Paul.”

“No problem,” I said, returning my attention to Dwight.

We continued working, and had the rest of the patio roof finished in another hour. Mom had talked to Susan for fifteen minutes or so, and when she left, she’d headed down toward the lake.

We finished the work well before lunch and while I cleaned up our mess, Dwight gathered up his tools. As we were just about to leave, Susan stepped out of the sliding glass doors onto the patio.

“Thank you very much, Dwight. And you too, Paul.”

“No problem, Suz,” Dwight boomed. “Glad I could help you out.”

“Well, I certainly appreciate it,” she said.

“I’m glad I can help,” he said, blushing a little. “Now I am gonna go put my tools up and then jump in the lake and cool off!” He slung his tool belt over his shoulder and looked at me.

“Could you hang around for a few minutes, Paul?” Susan asked.

“Sure,” I said. Then I turned to Dwight, “I’ll take care of the ladder.”

“Good job, boyo! Thanks for your help.” He clapped me on the shoulder again and walked off toward his cabin. I was beginning to wonder how bad the bruises on my shoulder were going to be.

“You want to come in and cool off?” Susan asked.

“Sure,” I said, wondering if that were all she had in mind. I stepped into the cool of her bedroom and she slid the door shut behind me.

She closed the curtain over the sliding glass doors and looked at me with a mischievous twinkle in her eye.

“I talked to Stacy this morning,” she said.

“Oh?”

“Would you like to go into town next Wednesday?”

“I guess. What’ll we tell my mom and dad?”

“We’ll think of something,” she said. “Stacy said she’d see if she could get the day off. I told her that I had a meeting that I needed to go to, for a couple of hours. You two would be alone together,” she said, grinning at me. “Stacy thought you might like to go to a double feature with her.”

I nodded.

Susan grinned wickedly. “I thought you might like that.”

I blushed and grinned like an idiot.

“I told her we’d pick her up at home around one o’clock. Okay?”

I nodded again. “Okay. So what’re we gonna tell my parents? I mean about why we’re going into town.”

Susan thought for a second. “Why don’t we tell them the truth?”

At my shocked expression, Susan burst out laughing.

“I don’t mean all the truth,” she said, grinning and shaking her head. “Tell them enough of the truth. I’ve got to pick up some building supplies for the camp, which I do, by the way, and I need you to help me. We also tell them that I’ve got a meeting with my accountant, also the truth, and that you’re going to go to a movie while I’m in my meeting. We just don’t need to tell them about Stacy,” she said with a wink. “Also, tell them we’ll probably be late getting back, so I’ll feed you dinner in town. Okay?”

I thought it through and nodded.

“Now,” she said with a devilish look in her eyes, “would you like to practice a little of what you learned yesterday?”

I looked at her, confused.

She hooked her thumbs in her bikini bottoms and slid them off with one smooth motion, kicking them into the corner. She then walked over to her bed and crawled to the center. When she rolled over on her back, she spread her legs wide, revealing her shaved slit in all its glory.

Suddenly, I understood.

I quickly nodded, feeling blood rush to my penis.

“Come here first,” she said, gesturing. “Kneel by my head.”

I did as she instructed. Susan rolled her head to the side a little and sucked my hard-on into her mouth. She couldn’t suck as much of me in this position, but what she could reach, she lavished with attention.

She was eagerly sucking my dick when a sound I hadn’t heard in several weeks interrupted her.

The phone rang.

With a look of consternation, Susan took my dick out of her mouth and rolled to the bed stand.

There were only a few phones in camp, as far as I knew. There was a phone in the clubhouse, but it was for local calls only. Old Mr. Kershaw, one of the year-round residents and a friend of Susan's father, took care of taking reservation calls. He mostly stayed near his house, which was several hundred feet from Susan's. He, of course, had a phone there. Several of the other year-round residents had them too. But for the most part, there was a scarcity of phones in the camp. Susan, of course, had one in her house, but it'd been so long since I'd heard a phone ring that for a moment, I was confused.

Susan picked up the handset.

"Hello?"

She rolled back to lay on her back and her face grew worried.

"Hi, David. Is everything okay?"

She paused for a second, listening, and then her tension eased.

"No, I don't know where she is. But Paul's here, I could send him out to find her."

She looked at me and shrugged in confusion.

"He's here helping Dwight do some repairs on my back patio. Would you like to speak to him?" She paused. "Okay, hold on a second, I'll get him."

She covered the mouthpiece with her hand and mouthed "your dad." Then she handed me the handset.

"Hello?"

"Paul? It's Dad. How are you, kiddo?"

"I'm fine, Dad. Are you okay?" I asked, worry creeping into my voice.

"I'm fine, son. We're here in San Francisco, and we've got a broken plane."

"Is everyone okay?"

"We're all fine, Paul. The first stage compressor disk on one of our engines failed. We'd just started it, so there wasn't any danger to us or the passengers, but the engine's a total loss. The company's bringing in a new plane and crew, but we're stuck here with the broken plane. So I'm not going to be back tonight."

"Okay. What do you need me to do?"

"I need you to tell your mom what happened. Make sure you tell her we're all fine. Tell her that the company's sending a team of mechanics and a new engine out to us, but it won't be here for two days. They can't dead-head us back because they need us to bring the plane and the mechanics back to Atlanta. So I won't be able to make it home until next Tuesday. You get all that?"

"I think so." I repeated back to him what he'd told me.

"You've got it, son. Tell your mom that I love her and I miss her. I'll see you all in a few days. Hold on, kiddo."

I heard him put his hand over the receiver and talk to someone.

"Son, I've got to go. The captain needs the phone, and we've got paperwork to fill out about the engine. I love you guys, I miss you, and I'll see you on Tuesday."

"Bye, Dad."

"Goodbye, son."

"Is everything okay?" Susan asked me as I handed her the receiver.

"Yeah, I guess. Mom's not gonna be happy, though. Dad won't be back until next Tuesday."

"So I gathered. Do you want to go tell your mom?"

"I probably should," I said. I looked down at my limp penis. Blushing, I looked back up at her.

"It's okay," she said, laughing. "We can finish up some other time. Go on, go!"

I grinned at her and got up to leave. Spontaneously, I bent down and kissed her quickly on the cheek. I laughed at the look of surprise on her face as I headed out to find Mom.



When I found her, she was by the lake in one of the lounge chairs. I walked up and stood so that I cast a shadow across her face. She put her sunglasses on and sat up.

"You guys all done?"

"Mmm hmm," I said. "I just got off the phone with Dad."

“He called? Is everything okay?”

“Yeah, everything’s fine, Dad’s okay.”

I repeated what Dad had told me about the plane and the new engine.

“So he won’t be back until Tuesday?”

I shook my head. I could tell Mom was trying to hide her disappointment.

“Okay. I guess there’s nothing we can do about it.”

“Oh yeah! He did want me to tell you that he loves you, and he misses you.”

Mom smiled up at me and stood. “Thank you, Paul. I’m glad at least you got to talk to him.”

I shrugged. “He was in a hurry. The captain had to use the phone, so he couldn’t talk long.”

“That’s okay,” she said. “C’mon up to the clubhouse and I’ll make you lunch.”



While we were eating lunch, Manfred, Jenny, and Gina came into the clubhouse.

“Thank God we found you!” Gina said, rushing over. “We’ve been looking for you all over.” And then as an afterthought, “Hi, Beth. Sorry to interrupt.”

“Hi, Gina. You’re not interrupting anything,” Mom said, then started to pick up our lunch dishes.

“Where have you been all morning?” Gina asked.

“I’ve been working with Dwight, putting up a roof over Aunt Susan’s patio.”

“Whatever,” she said. Then quietly, “You’ve got to save me from Jenny and Manfred.”

“Huh?”

“Come with us,” Gina insisted as Manfred and Jenny reached the table.

“Where?” I asked.

“We’re gonna hike along one of the streams feeding the lake, see how far it goes,” Manfred answered.

I didn’t want to go. I wanted to go back to Susan’s and finish what we’d started earlier. But Gina’s insistence won me over. I sure wouldn’t mind spending time with her, but I didn’t want Susan to think that I’d forgotten about her. Somewhat reluctantly, I agreed to go with them.

“Lemme tell Mom where I’m going,” I said quickly, and stood.

Gina hugged my arm and said quietly, “Thank you! I’ll make it up to you.”

The touch of her body against mine sent little electric shocks through me and I had to concentrate very hard on not getting an erection. Reluctantly, I pulled away and headed toward Mom. I didn’t know much, but I told her, in general terms, where we were going.

When I returned, Manfred was closing a backpack.

“I’ve got a pair of towels, an extra blanket, and some water,” he said, settling the pack on his shoulders.

“Good God, Manfred, how long are we gonna be gone?” I asked.

“A couple hours, I guess, but it’s nice to have a few things along,” he said with a shrug. “If we get wet, though, we’ll have to share the towels.”

And with that, we headed out.



We skirted the shore until we got to one of the streams that flowed into the marshy end of the natural lake that fed the swimming lake. We had all worn our sneakers, since we didn’t know what we’d be hiking over. With Manfred in the lead, we turned up the stream and set off into the pine forest.

We hiked steadily uphill for about an hour and a half, until we came to a rock outcropping that the stream had been forced to bypass. On the other side of the outcropping, the water had formed a quiet pool. The pine needles were thick on the ground around the pool and when Manfred reached the edge of the water, he stopped.

We stood still and listened to the wind through the pines above us and the water draining around the shoulder of the outcropping, resuming its path down the ridge toward the camp.

“Wow,” Manfred said quietly. “This is beautiful.”

Even I had to agree with him. The sunlight filtering through the upper reaches of the pines was muted,

and the whole small clearing was filled with the fragrant scent of pine. The needles were so thick that they were like a springy bed beneath our feet.

“Why don’t we take a break here?” Manfred suggested, pulling his arms through the straps of his pack. He pulled out a blanket and handed it to me. “Here, you guys can spread out and relax.”

Gina immediately took the blanket from me and grabbed my hand. Manfred was already pulling another blanket from within the pack as Gina practically dragged me off. She headed back around the way we’d come, jumping over the stream where it coursed around the outcropping. We walked further around the outcropping to where it sloped back toward the ridge itself. From there, we could easily climb up to the top of the rock.

Once we reached the flat top, Gina spread out the blanket and unceremoniously flopped down on it. There was actually soil on top of the rock outcropping, and a coating of pine needles. With the blanket on top of the needles, they were simply springy rather than springy and prickly.

“Are you gonna stand there all day?” Gina asked, teasing me.

“I was thinking about it,” I answered tartly.

Her face softened, “I’m sorry, Paul. I know I dragged you out here, but I just couldn’t take it any more.”

“Take what?” I asked, finally sitting next to her.

“Jenny and Manfred,” she answered, her voice low. “They’ve been glued to each other for days now. And there’re no other girls my age in camp. So unless I wanna hang around my little sister and her friends, I’m stuck with Jenny and Manfred. And you.”

“Oh.”

“And you’re hard enough to find sometimes. So sometimes, I’m just stuck. All they do is talk to each other. And when I can get Jenny alone, all she does then is talk about ‘Manfred this,’ and ‘Manfred that’ and it’s killing me!”

“Oh.”

“So when they suggested we hike one of the streams, that was the last thing that I wanted to do.”

“Why didn’t you just let them go alone?”

“‘Cause Jenny’s mom wouldn’t let her go alone with a guy. So either I go with them, or no one goes. And Jenny would pester me all afternoon. So when we found you in the clubhouse, you were my savior.”

“Oh,” I said. “Then I guess I’m glad I could be your savior.”

“Me too.”

With that, she lay back on the blanket and stretched. I was busily admiring her body when she suddenly sat up. I thought she’d somehow busted me for staring at her, but she only started to untie her sneakers. When she pulled them off, she wiggled her toes and sighed. I quickly followed suit. She lay back on the blanket and I resumed eagerly studying her incredible body.

“Are you just gonna sit there,” she asked, cracking an eyelid, “or are you gonna lay down too?”

I shrugged and lay down next to her. The blanket wasn’t very wide, and in order to stay off the prickly pine needles, I had to lay very close to her; so close that I could feel the heat from her body. We lay like that for some time, simply enjoying the gentle breeze through the pines, and the quiet of the forest. We couldn’t hear Manfred and Jenny, and I suspected that they couldn’t hear us either.

I felt Gina move and opened my eyes to find her on her side, propped up on one elbow, looking at me. I rolled over on my side and propped my head on my elbow too.

“When’s your family going home?” she asked.

“We’re staying all summer. We don’t have to go back until two weeks before school starts.”

“Wow! Cool. We’ve got to go back two weeks from Sunday. My dad’s got to produce some special on the history of Charleston.”

“Cool.”

“Where’s your dad?”

“He had to go back to Atlanta to fly. And then his plane had a problem this morning in San Francisco. So he won’t be back until next Tuesday.”

“That’s so cool.”

“That my dad’s stuck in San Francisco?”

“No, silly. That he gets to travel to all those cool places.”

“It’s not as cool as you’d think,” I said. “Sometimes he’s gone for a week at a time. Maybe more, like this summer. Your dad comes home at the end of the day. My dad comes home every other week sometimes.”

“Yeah. Bummer.”

“Yeah, it’s usually not that bad though. He’s just scheduled all his trips this summer so that he only has to leave a few times. But when he’s gone, he’s gone for a while.”

“I bet you miss him.”

I thought about it for a second, and realized that I did miss Dad. “Yeah, I do. I talked to him on the phone this morning when he called, and that’s the first time in about two weeks.”

“Wow,” she said. “Does he bring you cool stuff from the places he goes?”

“Yeah, that’s one of the really neat things. He always brings back fresh sourdough bread from San Francisco. Or these great pies from someplace in Los Angeles. Or Coors beer when they fly to Dallas.” She wrinkled her nose at the mention of the beer. “Yeah, I don’t like beer either. But he’ll come back with a couple of cases of it, you can’t get it in Atlanta, and he and Mom’ll have a bunch of their friends over and cook out.”

“Cool. My dad doesn’t get to travel much. Sometimes, but not much. He brought us these really cool shirts from New York last year, but that’s about it.”

“Yeah, but like I said, at least he gets to come home from work each night. Sometimes, it’s like I talk to my dad in a different city each night.”

“Yeah,” she said. “Do you know if anyone is supposed to be in this weekend?”

“No. I’ll have to ask Aunt Susan next time I see her.”

“Are you finished working at her house?”

“I guess,” I said, and shrugged. “Dwight and I finished putting up the roof over her back patio this morning. And that’s mostly the last of the stuff she needed me to help with.”

“Cool.”

I was really enjoying talking to Gina, especially since it was just the two of us, but I was still kind of hoping that we would get back to camp in time for me to stop by and see Susan.

“So these nature hikes... how long do they usually last?”

Gina shrugged. “As long as I don’t have to pretend not to watch them playing kissy face, then I don’t care.”

“Kissy face?”

“Yeah,” she said, “kissy face. Whenever they’re alone, they’re always playing kissy face.”

“Oh.”

“I’ll bet that’s what they’re doing now,” she said with a grin. “I bet we can crawl up to the edge of the rock and we’ll be able to see ’em”

“I guess,” I said.

Quickly, she rolled onto her stomach and started inching toward the edge of the rock. She’d laid the blanket about two feet from the edge of the outcropping, so we didn’t have far to crawl. Gina got to the edge first, and when she looked over, she quickly pulled her head back.

“What’s the matter?” I asked, keeping my voice low.

When I got to the edge of the outcropping and looked over, I knew what had startled her. Looking down over the edge, I could see the entire pool beneath us. On the far side of the pool, behind a smaller rock, I saw Manfred and Jenny, perhaps forty feet away. Their blanket would’ve been out of sight of just about anyplace around the edge of the pool. Except we weren’t around the edge of the pool, we were twenty feet up, on top of the outcropping.

Manfred and Jenny were lying on the blanket, their heads toward us, and they were pressed very closely together. Jenny was lying on her back with Manfred propped up one elbow next to her. He was busily kissing her, and she had her right hand wrapped around his long, thin erection, busily stroking it.

I quickly ducked my head back down and turned to Gina. She was blushing, and trying not to laugh.

"See what I mean?" she asked in a low voice.

I nodded, grinning like an idiot. Then Gina's expression changed, and she got a curious look in her eye. Without a word, she rolled back onto her stomach and crawled forward. I figured that if she were going to enjoy the show, so would I.

When I once again stuck my head over the edge of the outcropping, Manfred and Jenny were still in the same position. Gina looked at me, smiling conspiratorially, and we both watched the pair of them fool around.

I was more distracted by Gina's proximity than by what we were watching. As we lay on our stomachs at the edge, she was pressed against my right side, her arm to my arm, her hip to my hip, her leg to my leg. The sensation of her touch was electric, and my senses swam.

As we watched, Manfred brought his hand up and placed it over Jenny's breast. He began rubbing and squeezing her flesh, causing her to arch her back and return his kisses even more ardently. Gina and I silently watched them for several minutes. Manfred spread his attentions between both breasts, his mouth never leaving hers. Jenny continued to stroke his erection, and I looked on with an analytical detachment, thinking that his dick looked longer than mine, but also thinner.

I felt Gina shift next to me, pressing closer, and with a mental groan, I felt my own penis stiffen. It was more a reaction to Gina's touch than to the sight I was witnessing. I heard Gina draw a startled breath and shifted my attention back to Manfred and Jenny.

Manfred had just moved his hand down from Jenny's breasts and it was slowly inching its way toward her pussy. I could feel Gina's quivering tension as his hand got closer to Jenny's bush. Manfred cupped her entire mons and Jenny arched her back again, finally releasing his mouth from hers. She laid her head back and closed her eyes. Manfred lowered his lips and began sucking her nipple.

Gina moaned low in her chest, almost silently, and I could feel her hips moving slightly. When I looked back over my shoulder, I could see her buttocks clenching and unclenching. As we watched Manfred play with Jenny's pussy, I could tell that Gina was getting heated up. Her hips were gyrating slightly and her breathing was quicker.

Manfred moved his hand back up to cup Jenny's small breast and with a groan that we could hear from atop the outcropping, he came. We were too far away to see individual spurts, but I could tell that he was coming. When he finished, Jenny took her hand off his shrinking dick and rubbed her stomach where his come must've landed. They began kissing again, although this time less fervently, and Gina and I slowly inched back down to our blanket.

"Wow! That was cool," she said.

"Yeah."

Gina rolled over on her back and I stayed on my stomach, keeping my erection pressed against my belly. She wasn't touching me, but she was close enough that I could still feel the heat of her body next to me.

"Wow," she said again.

"Better than seeing them play kissy face?" I asked, teasing her.

"Much better. Although," she said, "I do kinda feel guilty for watching them."

"Yeah."

Out of the corner of my eye, I could see her running her fingertips lightly up and down her stomach, from just below her breasts down almost to her pubic hair.

"Mmmmm," she sighed, closing her eyes.

I wanted to kiss her. I wanted to prop myself up on my elbow and lean down and kiss her. I wanted her to stroke my erection, like Jenny had been stroking Manfred. I wanted... I wanted a lot of things, but I was still very afraid of what she'd do if I did what I wanted to. And deep down, I guess I was still very shy, despite my experiences over the last weeks.

So, instead of doing what I wanted to do, I rose up on my elbows and looked over at Gina. Her eyes were still closed, and as I watched, she licked her lips unconsciously. She was so beautiful lying there that my heart felt like it was going to explode. I yearned to reach out and touch her, to kiss her, to make her feel

wonderful. I closed my eyes and imagined what she would look like, under me, as I slowly thrust into her.

I suddenly felt her looking at me and opened my eyes.

“What were you thinking?” she asked quietly.

I blushed furiously. I wanted to tell her I was thinking about how beautiful she was. But I couldn't. I could only smile at her, and wish that I had the courage to tell her how I felt, what I thought.

Her eyes softened and she returned my smile. I don't know what possessed me, but if I'd thought about it, I never would've done what I did next.

I reached toward her and gently ran the back of my index finger down the smooth skin of her cheek. As my hand returned to its original position, I smiled at her again. Gina blinked at me, then blinked again, unmoving. Then she rolled over and folded her arms in front of her, laying her right cheek on her forearms. She looked at me for a moment, then got a funny little smile on her face and closed her eyes.

We lay there for quite some time, and in the silence of the forest, I simply enjoyed looking at her beautiful face. My erection thankfully subsided as I studied her features, so regular, and so exotic. I closed my eyelids and I could still see Gina's face, in my mind's eye, as she lay there next to me, quietly breathing, an enigmatic little smile quirking her lips.

I opened my eyes again and she was just as I'd pictured her, only more lovely. Gina opened her eyes. Finding me still looking at her, she smiled again and rose up on her arms.

“We'd better get back down there before they realize we were up here, and figure out we could see everything,” she said softly.

I nodded. We got up in companionable silence. Gina picked up the blanket and folded it over her arm. She smiled at me, and to my complete and utter surprise, I held out my hand for her. To my further surprise, she smiled and took it.

We walked back down the outcropping and around to Manfred and Jenny. We walked in silence, and the gentle clasp of her hand thrilled me. I'd felt nothing like it before, and it was electric.

As we came around the rock outcropping, by silent consensus, we started making some noise, to let them know we were coming. When we sighted the rock that they had been lying behind, Manfred was just rising. He reached down to help Jenny to her feet. To my surprise, Manfred blushed. His skin was still fairly pale, at least compared to the rest of us, and the reaction was easy to spot.

“I'm going to take a dip in the pool and cool off before we head back,” Jenny said. “Manfred?”

“Sure,” he said.

As she passed us, I had to refrain from staring. Gina and I both could clearly see the dried white come on Jenny's trim stomach. Gina shrugged and dumped our blanket on theirs. With a tug, she pulled me toward the pool as well.



We hiked back in silence, the wind picking up force in the tops of the trees. There was going to be a storm, and the smell of rain was already in the air. We quickened our pace back to camp, all of us wanting to make it before the impending deluge hit.

The first fat drops of rain were plopping into the sandy soil as we emerged from the trees by the feeder lake. With a grin over his shoulder, Manfred broke into a run. The three of us ran after him, raindrops falling all around us, hitting us, as we raced up the hill toward the clubhouse.

We raced up to the front door of the clubhouse and Manfred pulled the towels out of his backpack. They were still damp from where we'd dried off earlier, but they were dry enough to soak up the coating of raindrops we'd picked up on the way up the hill.

We were all panting from our exertions and grinning like idiots as Manfred set his pack on the ground and handed the towels to the girls first. He and Jenny dried quickly and stepped through the screen door. Gina lingered a moment and then handed the towel to me.

As I began to dry myself, she didn't head into the clubhouse as I'd expected. I was drying my back, the towel wrapped around me, when she looked up at me and smiled. I stopped what I was doing as she stepped forward and pressed herself against me.

I could feel her nipples boring into my chest. She wrapped her arms around me and I stood witless for a few seconds. The towel still in my hands, held around me like a cloak, I wrapped my arms around her. At the touch of her luscious body, my penis threatened to betray me. With a giggle, she looked up at me, rose up on her tiptoes and kissed me on the cheek.

“Thanks for rescuing me today,” she said with a laugh as she pulled away.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Mom and I had dinner by ourselves that night since Erin and her friends ate with the Jordans. Susan wasn't in the clubhouse, and I was feeling kind of guilty that I hadn't gone back to her house. And I was feeling horny. Very horny. My afternoon with Gina had only made things worse in that regard.

It was still raining steadily after we finished dinner, and Mom decided to head back up to the cabin early. I stayed down in the clubhouse, playing ping-pong with Dwight. Well, Dwight was playing, I was just getting beaten. Badly. After a couple of games, I decided to let someone else chase after Dwight's kill shots.

I milled around the clubhouse for a little while, but Manfred and Jenny were sitting together on one of the couches and Gina was playing games with her family, so I was mostly on my own. I decided to brave the rain and go up to our cabin.

I got soaked walking up the hill. The rain was coming down so hard that it wasn't worth running. The wind wasn't blowing as bad as the previous storm, but the heavens had opened up on South Carolina. When I got to the cabin, the porch light was the only light on, and the door was closed. I figured Mom must be over at Stan and Terri's cabin, or maybe over with Dwight's wife, Karen.

I climbed the steps to the porch and stood there dripping for a few seconds. It seemed that the rain had only increased once I was out of it; the sound of it hitting the roof was a constant, low roar. Mom had at least taken our towels out of the rain, but that meant that I'd have to drip across the cabin floor to the bathroom in order to get a dry one.

I decided that there was really no helping it, and reached for the screen door. I opened the cabin door, quickly stepping inside, then shut it and absently reached back for the light switch. I flipped the switch and stopped dead in my tracks, in shock.

Mom was on the bed, her legs thrown wide, her hand busily rubbing her pussy. I saw this in an eye-blink. As soon as the light snapped on, she sat up suddenly and looked at me. Then she burst into tears.

What had I done? I felt bad for catching her masturbating, and ashamed for being a little excited, but it had happened before, and she hadn't started crying. Without even thinking that I was dripping water all across the floor, I rushed to the side of the bed.

She took one tearful look at me and rolled away, curling up in a ball and sobbing. I sat on the side of the bed, oblivious to the fact that I was getting it wet, and put my hand on her shoulder.

"What's the matter, Mom?" I asked, becoming more concerned, and more fearful.

Sobs wracked her shoulders and she didn't answer.

"What did I do?"

She didn't answer for a second, and I felt my panic rising. I was desperately afraid that I'd done something worse than simply interrupting her.

"Mom?"

"It's okay, honey. I'm okay," she said through her tears.

"What's the matter?"

"It's nothing."

Her tears were slowing, but she still shook with emotion, and my confusion only deepened.

"Are you okay?" I asked.

She bit her lip and nodded, weakly. Tears were still streaming down her face, but the worst of the sobbing seemed to have passed. I rubbed her shoulder, trying to give her what comfort I could, and wondered what I'd done.

"Was it something I did?" I asked tentatively, plaintively.

She rolled toward me and looked up, eyes filled with unshed tears. My heart felt like it was going to burst; I had no idea what I could do for her to make her feel better. I had no idea why she was so upset.

She looked at my face, so filled with concern for her and my own panic, and her eyes softened.

"No, baby," she said. "It's not your fault."

Seeing her like this, I felt my own emotions well up, and had to blink back tears myself. I was confused and becoming frantic, and my emotions were plainly graven upon my face.

I stood up, bitterly determined not to cry myself, and stepped toward the bathroom. I pulled the entire box of tissues from the back of the toilet and returned to the bed. Mom had sat up when I stood, and now sat with her legs tucked under her, shoulders slumped, silent sobs shaking her whole body.

I sat down next to her and extended the box of tissues. She pulled several and dabbed at her tear-streaked face. She blew her nose as well, but her sobs never abated.

“What’s the matter?” I asked again.

“I’m just so... frustrated,” she said, balling her hand into a fist and squeezing the tissues.

Frustrated? At what? At me? “Do you want me to leave?”

She looked up at me. Her eyes were red-rimmed and still tear-filled, her nose was red, and her cheeks were blotchy. She was a mess. And my heart threatened to burst again when I thought she would ask me to leave. She saw my anxiety, my rising panic, and her expression softened.

“No, baby. You don’t have to leave.”

She leaned against me and I instinctively put my arm around her, not knowing what else to do. She sobbed silently against me and I just held her. After a few minutes, she calmed down somewhat and reached for the Kleenex again. I held the box out to her silently, and she pulled more tissues, quietly dabbing her face. She blew her nose again and I worked up the courage to ask the question that was burning in my mind.

“Are you mad at me for coming to the cabin?” I asked hesitantly.

She shook her head mutely and I breathed a silent sigh of relief.

“Then what’s the matter?” I asked, quietly confused.

“This morning there was Erin,” she said. “And then the hot water heater broke, and then your father called, and now you’re here.” It was like a dam had burst within her; she was pouring forth her emotions in one tremendous rush.

“You want me to leave?” I asked again, quietly, my eyes stinging.

“No,” she said softly. She could hear the hurt and the fear in my voice, and the confusion. She hugged me tightly, sniffing softly. “No. I’m glad you’re here.”

“You want to talk about what’s the matter?” I asked, repeating the words she’d said to me so many times before.

She nodded. Then she shook her head. Then she nodded again, reluctantly. She laughed ruefully at herself and sniffled. She looked up at me and smiled wanly. Then she lowered her head again and sat back. I let my arm fall from about her shoulders and she took a deep breath.

“This morning, Erin woke up right in the middle...”

I knew what she was trying not to say. I’d seen her slowly masturbating, and I knew she’d been interrupted when Erin had woken up. I nodded, but she was concentrating on the tissues in her hand, and didn’t see.

“And then I was going to take a long bath, and...,” she looked at me and shrugged, smiling shyly. “But the water heater broke.” She focused on her hands, wringing the damp Kleenex in her grip. “And then when your dad called and said he wouldn’t be home tonight, I wanted to scream. So I came up here early so I could...”

I nodded again and she closed her eyes, shaking her head. She sniffled and smiled ruefully.

“Well, you know what I came up here for,” she said softly. “You saw.”

“I’m so sorry,” I breathed. “I didn’t know.”

“That’s okay, baby. I know you didn’t know. I’m so sorry.”

She hugged me again. A mixture of embarrassment, shame, and excitement threatened to overwhelm me. I was embarrassed that I’d interrupted her, and ashamed that thinking about it was making me excited. I felt my penis suddenly spring erect and wanted to run.

Mom noticed and sat up. She smiled weakly and laughed, holding my eyes with her own. I blushed and she smiled again.

“I could...” I said, shifting and dropping my hand toward her lap.

Her expression got serious and she shook her head. “We can’t, baby. We can’t.”

Something within me snapped, and I decided not to take “no” for an answer. I continued the motion I’d started, and as my hand touched her damp pubic hair, I felt the heat of her pussy wash over me.

She shook her head again, putting her hand on my arm, as if to pull me back. My finger brushed against her clit and she stopped. I rubbed the hood over the engorged little nubbin and she closed her eyes, drawing a deep, shuddering breath. I boldly continued rubbing her and she moaned softly.

Her hand was still on my arm, her fingers light and warm on my skin, but I shifted and began rubbing her clit in small circles. She took another trembling breath and swallowed hard. I felt the heat and moisture of her pussy on my fingers, and began to spread her outer labia.

Emotions warred on her face, but I forged ahead. I parted her lips and slowly inserted a finger inside her. She was slippery and hot, and I relished the feeling against my skin. She shuddered again, and whimpered. She quivered as I caressed her inner lips, and with a moan, she finally removed her hand from my arm.

With my free right hand, I pushed her back down on the bed and shifted between her legs. She tried weakly to push me back, but I wiggled my finger against her clit and her resistance crumbled.

I pushed her legs apart with my shoulders and settled between them. I inhaled her scent and marveled as I took my first close look at a woman’s pussy. With a thrill, I realized that I wanted to lick her, to taste her. My emotions soared as I thought to myself that the first woman I wanted to go down on was my mom. My penis swelled further, trapped between my stomach and the sheets, and I studied her.

Her trimmed pubic hair was moist from her fluids and her labia were coated as well. I inhaled her again, relishing the musky scent of her arousal, and darted my tongue forward. I licked up her slit and she shuddered. The taste was like nothing I’d ever experienced. It was tangy, and sweet, with a metallic hint, and I decided that I liked it. I liked it very much. I wanted more.

I pressed my face against her damp curls and licked the length of her slit. My nose was pressed into her mons, her pubic hair tickling me, but I didn’t care. I was lost in the moment, my senses overloaded with her arousal.

I flicked my tongue up under the hood of her clit and caught the fleshy berry with the tip. She shivered and moaned again. I spread her thighs with my hands and pulled my mouth back. I thought back to what Stacy had taught me. It seemed like years ago, but was really the day before. I heard her voice in my head, and gently kissed the crease between Mom’s thigh and pussy.

She shuddered and gasped, arching her back and lifting her hips against me. I kissed all around her pussy, rubbing my cheeks against her, listening to her catch her breath as I brushed against her clit. I buried my face in her pussy again, darting my tongue inside the folds of her labia.

She moaned and I began to lick her in earnest. I slowly inserted one finger into her sheath and circled her hooded clit with my tongue. I didn’t really know what I was doing, but I was enjoying myself. Stacy’s words echoed in my mind, and I tried to pay attention to every part of Mom’s pussy at once.

I caught myself starting to panic, thinking that she wouldn’t enjoy what I was doing, and I slowed down. I took a deep breath and went back to sucking on her clit. Her soft pubic hair brushed against my face as I moved my lips side to side, caressing her sensitive glans with my tongue.

I slipped my finger further inside her and felt her shudder as I lifted the tip. She began to lift her hips against me as I started slowly thrusting my finger in and out of her. She was getting close, I could tell, and I wanted to make her come. Her clit had appeared from under its protective hood and I was busily circling it with my tongue.

Slipping a second finger inside her, I felt her shudder as I spread her open further. I crooked my fingertips up and she bucked her hips against me. Her legs were pressing against my shoulders as she tensed, and I knew her orgasm was approaching quickly.

I flattened my tongue against her clit and started rolling it around, thrusting my fingers side to side in her pussy. She began to buck her hips in earnest, moaning and trying to hump my face. I kept up the rotating pressure on her clit and flicked my fingers against the roof of her pussy.

She tensed up under me and her pussy gushed around my fingers. They were gripped by her spasming

muscles as I kept up my assault on her clit. She thrust her hips against me, hard, and let out a low, continuous moan.

Her moan rose to an almost-wail as she came, the sound of the rain outside drowning out the possibility of anyone hearing. Her clit abruptly disappeared under its hood and I stopped licking, instead merely kissing her slippery and spread lips.

She finally relaxed as the last throes of her orgasm subsided, and I heard her panting. I lifted my head and looked up at her, from between her flattened breasts. Her arms were flung wide and her chest rose and fell with her heavy breathing. Her hips still twitched as I slowly kissed her mons. I touched the base of her clit and she started, her breath catching as a tremor passed through her.

I lifted myself onto my haunches and scooted forward. My thighs pressed against hers and I looked down in wonder as she lay before me. I felt a rush of adrenaline as I realized that I had just made her come. She was covered in a fine sheen of sweat and her chest heaved, and she was the most beautiful sight I'd ever seen.

I scooted forward a little more, and grasped my penis by the base. I rubbed the tip against her slick lips, taking care to avoid her sensitive clitoris. When the head of my cock was good and lubricated, I slipped it inside her. She moaned as my length sank into the depths of her pussy.

I luxuriated in the silken feel of the walls of her vagina, gripping me like a warm glove. I pulled out and slowly sank into her again. I had just started slowly thrusting against her when her eyes popped open and she looked at me.

"Paul!" she exclaimed, panic in her voice.

I thrust forward and her eyes fluttered and closed.

"Oh, God," she breathed as I slid into her.

I pulled out and buried myself in her again and she moaned, obviously enjoying the feeling of my cock filling her. I withdrew, poised to plunge into her again, and her eyes popped open again. She looked up at me, eyes filled with tears.

"Paul, baby. Please. Stop," she said urgently. "We can't." She almost sobbed.

I looked at her, confused, and stayed my hips.

Her eyes softened and she blinked back tears. "We can't have sex, honey. We can't," she said softly.

"But..." My eyes burned and I stared down at her in incomprehension.

She put her hand on my abdomen and shook her head. "I'm sorry, Paul. I'm so sorry."

"But..."

"We can't."

Her eyes were pleading.

I'd seen her face when I was thrusting into her. I'd felt her respond against me. I knew that if I plunged into her again, she couldn't resist me. She *wouldn't* resist me. She enjoyed it as much as I did, and the only thing sustaining her resistance now was the fact that my cock was only barely inside her. All I had to do was sink my length into her pussy, and she wouldn't say no.

One quick thrust of my hips, and I'd have everything I wanted. As I looked into her desperate eyes, wide with fear and apprehension, I knew that if I did, she would let me. And I knew that she would never forgive herself. I don't know how I knew, but I did. It was a certainty inside me as solid and tangible as my own desire for her.

In all my life, I have never made a harder decision. I wanted her. I wanted her more than I'd wanted anything in my life. And I knew that if I took her, I would never be the same. I would lose that part of my mother that I loved the most.

I closed my eyes and breathed deeply through my nose. Her hand quivered on my stomach, my cock still spreading her labia, the head just inside her. I could feel the heat and moisture of her pussy beckoning to me. It was a siren song that I didn't want to resist.

I was suddenly conscious of the rain on the cabin roof and the feeling of the cool, humid air around me. I concentrated on the texture of the sheets beneath my knees, the smooth skin of her thighs, spread before me.

My mind returned to thoughts of her, and I savored the few thrusts during which I'd been buried within her. The feeling was palpable; it was so real that it hurt to think of giving it up. I drew another breath, my eyes still clamped shut.

I wanted her, regardless of the consequences.

With a sigh, I made my decision.

I moved my hips, and with an inaudible groan, I sat back, my cock slipping free of the steamy confines of her pussy.

As I sat back, her hand fell from my abdomen and she drew a deep, shuddering breath. I slumped forward, my head bowed, disappointed and, in some small way, proud of myself. I knew I'd made the right choice. But I didn't have to like it. I closed my eyes and felt the cool air bathe my heated erection.

I heard her moving, a rustling of the sheets, but I didn't want to open my eyes. I was reliving the feeling of being inside her, relishing every nuance as I recalled slipping into her pussy.

With a start, I felt her hands on my erection. I opened my eyes to find her sitting up and looking at me, her own eyes glittering with unshed tears. She gifted me with a smile full of gratitude and love. I smiled glumly in reply. I didn't want to be happy. Even with her hands gently massaging my penis, I didn't want to be happy. *Especially* with her hands massaging my penis.

"Paul?"

I looked up, reluctantly, and met her eyes.

"Thank you," she said softly, her voice thick with emotion.

I smiled thinly and looked down. I wasn't looking at anything in particular, I just didn't want to look at her face, or her naked body. Her legs were still spread before me, and I let my eyes become unfocused, her body turned into a blur.

"Paul?"

I looked up again.

"I'm sorry it has to be this way," she said slowly. "You know I love you." Her face clearly showed how desperately she wanted me to believe her. "We just can't have sex."

I shrugged and nodded.

"If you want," she said, holding my eyes with her own, "we can do anything else. Anything you want. I won't say no to you. Not tonight."

"Except..."

She nodded. "Except for that."

I smiled bleakly.

"Would you like that?"

I could clearly tell that she was trying to make me happy, and I felt guilty for hurting her. For I saw what my unhappiness was doing to her, and I felt sick inside for doing it. Yet I was unable to stop myself. I pasted on my best "I'm happy" smile and nodded, empty inside.

She smiled in relief, wanting to believe me, *needing* to believe me, and bent forward. She pulled my hips up with a gentle tug on my erection and I felt her lips wrap around me.

I don't remember a single instant of her sucking me; my body was functioning on autopilot. I came in her mouth, and she looked up at me. I smiled my false smile. I didn't want to hurt her feelings, especially not after the decision I'd made only a short time earlier, in order to save her feelings.

She wrapped her arms around me and hugged me tight, pressing her face against my midsection. When she released me, she stood up and went to turn off the harsh overhead light. I rolled to the side and stared at the ceiling as the light flickered and died. I felt her return to the bed and lay down next to me.

With the susurrant of the rain lulling us, I rolled over and laid my head on her stomach. The darkness enfolded us like a womb, and she simply held me as the hot tears burned my eyes and silent sobs wracked my body.



Some time later, the rain died down and the cabin was suddenly quiet. My nose was stuffed up, and I felt

the salt of my tears making my skin tight. I groped for the Kleenex box and found it at the foot of the bed. I heard her shift behind me as I blew my nose.

She sat up in the darkness and then I felt her reach out to touch my leg.

“Paul?”

“Yeah?”

“Are you mad?”

“No,” I said sullenly.

“I’m so sorry,” she whispered.

I could hear the anguish in her voice and I suddenly felt ashamed. “It’s okay,” I said, deliberately trying to lighten my tone.

She sniffled. “I’m so sorry.”

“It’s okay, Mom.”

“I shouldn’t have let it get this far,” she said. “I never wanted to hurt you.”

I sat up and looked at her, only a dark shape against the dim light reflecting from outside. “It’s not your fault, Mom,” I said. And I realized it was true. “You didn’t hurt me.”

She sniffled again. “You’re not mad?”

“I’m not mad,” I said firmly. I felt awful for making her suffer the way I had. “I love you, Mom.”

She leaned forward and hugged me tight, finding me instinctively in the dark. “I love you too, Paul. I love you too.”

I held her until she stopped crying. I found the box of tissues and held it out to her in the dark. It bumped into her knee and she reached for them, pulling several out. She blew her nose and took the box from me.

I smiled in the dark, and for the first time since I pulled out of her, I felt good.

“I’m... I’m sorry, Mom.”

“Me too, Paul.”

We sat in silence for a few minutes, until I felt her reach out and take my hands into her own.

“Promise me something, Paul.”

“What?”

“After tonight, we can’t have sex any more.”

“We’re not going to have sex tonight,” I said, somewhat sullenly.

“You know what I mean,” she said, and I did. “Promise me.”

“And tonight?”

“I told you. I’ll do anything you want. Anything except...”

“I know.”

“Will you promise?”

“Yes,” I breathed.

“Thank you,” she said, very softly.

I lay back again, and she lay against me, her head on my chest. I liked the feeling and put my arm around her. I felt her relax when she realized that I wasn’t angry. I was disappointed, but not angry. I didn’t exactly understand it, I didn’t want to, but I knew my promise was important to her. And she was important to me, I decided. I’d really decided that earlier in the evening, but the realization struck me like it hadn’t earlier.

“Anything?” I asked.

She knew what I was talking about. “Anything.”

I pushed her onto her back and rolled to her side. She resisted me for a moment, but when I touched my lips to her nipple, her resistance disappeared. She took my head in her hand and held me against her. Her nipple rapidly erected under my tongue, becoming a sleek pebble in my mouth. I moved my hand over her other breast and began rolling the nipple there between my thumb and forefinger.

I licked all around her areola, enjoying the feeling of her warm flesh pressed against my face. Her breasts were soft and pliable, and incredibly responsive. I lifted myself onto my hands and knees and moved to suck

her other nipple.

My penis quickly became erect, and I felt her hand reaching for it, wrapping her fingers around my member and giving it a squeeze. She moaned as I gently bit her nipple and I snaked my hand down her stomach, running my middle finger over her slit. She sucked in her breath and arched her back against me.

It felt good, making her feel good, and I forgot about my sullenness. I sucked her nipple into my mouth, tugging on it with my lips, flicking it with my tongue. I was enjoying her hand on my erection, but I wanted to explore her body. I pulled away from her and kissed down her stomach.

She whimpered when my penis pulled out of her grasp, but then moaned when my lips reached her pubic hair. I didn't want to go down on her yet, I was still having fun. But I did tease her by flicking my tongue into the top of her slit and pressing down on the base of her hooded clit. She moaned again as I moved on.

I ran my hand up her thigh, feeling her smooth skin under my fingers, marveling at the texture. I inhaled her scent, the heady musk of her arousal, overtones of her skin lotion, and the slight smell of sweat from earlier. It combined in my head and threatened to overwhelm my senses.

I kissed her thighs and she parted them for me. My penis bumped against her leg as I moved between them. Instead of concentrating on her pussy, I moved up her body, kissing her smooth belly and then nudging against the rounded under-curve of her breasts.

I sucked her nipple back into my mouth and ran my tongue around her areola. I felt it swell further, and I grinned to myself. The tip of my penis was very close to her spread pussy, but I respected my promise to her and didn't press my hips forward, as much as I might have wanted to.

She held me against her breasts, pulling me close and pressing her pliant flesh against my cheeks. I alternated between them, sucking first one nipple, then the other. She bucked her hips against me, and I slowly kissed my way back down to her sex. I shouldered her thighs further apart and lay on the bed, my erection pressed against my stomach.

I smelled the tantalizing scent of her arousal and parted her lips with my tongue. She was already very wet and I tasted her tangy sweetness. With one hand, I spread her labia and began to lick her. She responded against me as my tongue probed her hooded clit.

I pulled back, teasing her, and sucked her fleshy inner lips into my mouth, caressing them with my tongue. She put her hands on my head and arched her back again as I released her inner lips and concentrated on her clit.

I could tell she was still sensitive from earlier, because she started every time my tongue flicked up under her hood. So I pressed against the base of her clit with my hand and concentrated on her slit. While I licked between the folds of her inner and outer lips, I moved my right hand up and slowly inserted a finger into her slick pussy. I quickly inserted another and she moaned.

I started moving my left fingers in slow circles at the base of her clit, imitating the motion I'd seen her perform when I'd secretly watched her masturbate. She moaned again, and I sped the motions of my fingers in her pussy.

She came quickly, her pussy clutching at me. I felt a rush of moisture surround my fingers and she bucked her hips against me. A long, low moan escaped her lips as she arched and tensed against me.

When her orgasm subsided and she relaxed, I slowly pulled my fingers from her. She hissed as they withdrew, and I kissed the top of her slit. Her hips jerked against me and she tried to push me away with her hands. I resisted her, but started kissing her inner thighs, avoiding her sensitive clit.

I kissed my way back up her stomach, playfully nipping at one of her nipples as I passed, and then rolled to my back, next to her. She languidly rolled against me and I put my arm around her.

"Where did you learn to do that?" she asked, wonder and the lingering effects of her orgasm making her breathless.

"A friend," I said evasively.

"Susan?"

I shook my head, then realized she couldn't see the motion. "No."

"Who then?"

I chuckled. "It wouldn't be fair to kiss and tell." I was enjoying teasing her.

She could tell, and dug her fist into my ribs. I tried to escape and she relented.

“Gina?” she asked.

My breath caught and I didn’t answer. How could mom know that I liked Gina? Finally, in my best I-don’t-know-what-you’re-talking-about voice, I asked her, “What makes you think that?”

She laughed. I started to get angry, but I quickly realized that her laughter was light and teasing. “Because she likes you. And you like her too, don’t you?”

“I...” I was at a loss for words.

She nudged me in the ribs again, and she knew. She could hear it in my voice. In that one syllable there was a wealth of unspoken information.

“What makes you think Gina likes me?” I asked, hoping to deflect Mom’s startlingly astute question.

“I don’t know,” she said, still teasing me. Then she took pity on me, and got serious. “The way she acts around you. The way she looks at you. Trust me, she likes you.”

“How can you be so sure?” I asked. I desperately wanted to know. My heart soared, thinking she might be right.

She propped herself on one elbow, and I could feel her looking at me in the darkness. “Paul,” she said softly, “I was a fifteen-year-old girl once too, you know.”

Thank goodness she couldn’t see me blush.

“Does she look at you and sigh sometimes?” she asked.

My silence was all the answer she needed.

“Does she touch you more often? Little things maybe, like touching your arm, or giving you a hug?”

Once again, my gape-mouthed silence was answer enough.

“Trust me, honey,” she said gently, “she likes you.”

I closed my mouth with a clomp and Mom laughed.

“Didn’t think I was paying attention, did you?” she asked, teasing me.

She laughed again and laid her head back on my chest. She chuckled deep in her throat and then we lay silently for many minutes.

My mind was awl. I was frantically thinking about all the times Gina had done the things Mom had said. There was the orange, but that was a small thing. And the way she looked at me when we were lying out on the raft. Then she had asked me to rub oil on her back. And when we were on top of the rock, earlier in the day, she was looking at me again, and smiling. She took my hand when we walked back around to find Manfred and Jenny. There was the hug she gave me before we entered the clubhouse. I was in shock. And excited. And...

My train of thought was interrupted when I felt Mom’s hand on my erection. She stroked me gently.

“Are you in a better mood now?” she asked.

“Uh-huh,” I answered emphatically, nodding my head.

“You want me to take care of this for you?” She squeezed my hard-on, practically purring. “I think you’ll enjoy it this time.”

How did she know? I thought I’d fooled her. I’d come, hadn’t I? Wasn’t that what she was interested in? A million questions flooded my brain, but I didn’t have enough time to think about them. I felt her move, sitting up, never releasing my dick. She crawled between my legs and I felt her hot breath on my balls.

I laced my fingers behind my head and spread my legs as she curled up between them. She put her left arm over my hip and stroked me gently. I gasped as I felt her tongue circling the tip of my penis.

She licked down the length of my shaft and then gently sucked one of my balls into her mouth. I inhaled sharply in pleasure as she tenderly rolled it around and then began to lick the other one. She washed my balls with her tongue for several long moments then returned to my shaft. She playfully nipped her way up the underside then wrapped her lips around the glans.

She teased me like that for several minutes, licking up and down my shaft and gently sucking the head. Then she wrapped her right hand around the base of my penis and took me into her mouth. She quickly withdrew and I felt the humid air cooling my saliva-coated cock. Teasing me, she pumped my shaft with her hand and planted wet kisses on the head.

I began to gently thrust my hips upward, trying to get her to take more of my cock in her mouth, but she continued teasing me. She was running her tongue in circles around the glans, and I groaned in pleasure. She teased me for several minutes before she took me in her mouth again.

When she did, I closed my eyes tightly and grunted. She wrapped her lips around my shaft, about halfway down, and then opened up and took me the rest of the way into her throat. When she clamped her lips around the base of my cock, I thought she could go no further. But I felt her open her lips yet again and slowly take more of me in her mouth. Her lower lip was pressed tightly against my balls, and I could feel her nose pressing into the flesh above my dick.

She clamped her lips shut and then moved her tongue over the underside ridge of my dick. I shuddered in pleasure as she did it again. The feeling of being in the back of her throat was exquisite. I could feel her muscles clamping down on me as her tongue continued to caress my length.

Finally, slowly, she withdrew my penis from her mouth entirely. Grasping it by the base with her right hand, she kissed the tip again.

“You like that?” she asked playfully.

“Oh yeah!”

“Will you come in my mouth? Will you enjoy it this time?”

“Yes,” I hissed.

“I love the taste of your come,” she said and then plunged her mouth down over my erection.

I only managed an incoherent moan in reply.

When she clamped her lips around my girth, she began to slowly withdraw, shaking her head side to side as she did. The feeling as her lips slowly raked over my shaft was intense. Once she reached the tip, she flicked her tongue along the slit at the end and sucked gently.

Finally, she began bobbing her head in earnest. Since I had already come once that night, I simply lay back and enjoyed her sucking me, knowing that I wasn't going to come too soon. And in a way, I was right.

She put her right hand under my balls and started massaging me. For a panicked moment, I thought she was going to stick her fingers in my ass, but she simply rubbed gently. The feeling was intense, and sooner than I had expected, I felt my orgasm building.

Quickly, she took her mouth off my penis and clamped her hand around the base of my shaft, squeezing tightly. My dick swelled as she pinched off the flow of my semen. When my imminent orgasm had subsided, she relaxed her grip and began sucking me again, bobbing her head in long, slow strokes.

She would take me all the way to the base, then lock her lips around my dick and slowly raise her head. It wasn't long before I felt my come boiling up again. Once again, she released my penis entirely and clamped her hand around the base. As soon as my imminent orgasm had subsided, she resumed sucking.

I was madly thrusting my hips upward, trying to bury my cock in her throat. I felt my come rising yet again, and yet again she pinched off the flow. When she resumed sucking me, she began fondling my balls. I felt them begin to retract further into my body as the sensations in my penis reached the point of no return. She could sense my desperate need, and bobbed her head on my dick at a furious pace.

Finally, I could no longer hold back. With a powerful thrust of my hips, I buried my dick in her throat. Her lips clamped around the base of my shaft and her tongue began rhythmically massaging me. With a rush, I clenched my buttocks and began to spew my semen down her throat. With each geyser, I jerked my hips, spurting my come into her willing mouth.

It felt like I came gallons. I became hyper-aware, sensing each pulse of semen as it coursed up my shaft. As if my awareness had been reduced to my spurting cock alone, I felt her lips wrapped around the base, her tongue flicking up and caressing the underside ridge. I could feel the smooth walls of her throat contracting on the head of my penis. I could even feel my cock expanding with each spurt, filling her mouth completely.

Finally, agonizingly, I felt my spurts dwindle to little more than a slow gush. I opened my eyes and saw stars. I realized that I still had my buttocks clenched, and that I had raised my hips, and Mom, off the mattress. With a start, I realized that my hands were clutching at the sheets, clawing into the bed. I slowly relaxed my buttocks and lowered my hips, releasing my death grip on the sheets at the same time.

I felt her pull her lips back slightly. As her throat contracted to swallow my massive load, I jerked my

hips again. The head of my penis was incredibly sensitive, and even the normally smooth walls of her throat created firebursts of intense, overpowering pleasure as they rubbed against my sensitive glans. She pulled back a little more, and swallowed again, causing lances of intense sensation to shoot through me. I jerked my hips again, involuntarily, and rolled my head back, closing my eyes tightly.

As she slowly withdrew my penis from her mouth, I experienced a powerful feeling of pleasure mixed with almost-pain. The pleasure was simply so concentrated and overwhelming that it inundated my battered senses.

Finally, thankfully, my saliva-coated cock slipped from her mouth and flopped onto my stomach. Once again, my hips jerked and I sucked in a quick breath through my nose, my lips closed tight in pleasure. I lay there, breathing deeply through my nose, twitching with bursts of sensation from my slowly softening penis. She kissed the base of my shaft and then began planting butterfly-light kisses along the tops of my thighs. Then she kissed my balls and inhaled deeply. She exhaled slowly, and her warm breath washed across my scrotum, sending another wave of pleasure crashing over me.

Finally, she laid her head down on my thigh as I continued to twitch and shudder. After a few minutes, she crawled up beside me in bed and I wrapped my arm around her. In the still of the rain-soaked night, we both fell soundly asleep.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

When we woke, early that morning, the sun's first rays were peeking through the pines.

"Wake up, sleepyhead," Mom said from beside me.

"It's too early," I moaned.

"I know it is, honey, but I don't want Erin to come back to the cabin and see us... together."

"I guess."

"Thank you for last night," she said, quietly disentangling herself from the sheets.

I smiled. "Thank you too."

She stood and reached down to pull me out of bed. I extended my hand and felt the warmth of her grasp. When I stood beside her, she looked up at me seriously.

"Thank you for your promise, Paul."

I nodded and smiled sadly.

She stood on tiptoe and gave me a quick, and chaste, kiss on the cheek.

"Now... do you know what you want for breakfast?" she asked cheerfully.

"Another couple hours of sleep?" I asked, yawning.

She frowned at me playfully.

I grinned at her, "Pancakes?"

"Pancakes it is!"

"I'm gonna take a shower first," I said.

"With no hot water?"

"You'd be surprised how fast you get used to it," I replied glibly.

"Okay. Breakfast'll be ready in about fifteen minutes."

"Thanks."

She opened the cabin door and pushed open the screen door. I watched for a while as she walked down the hill, then turned to take a shower. The water was cold, and shocking, and just what I really needed. It cleared my head quickly. I lathered and rinsed hastily, not wanting to spend too much time under the cold spray.

I dried off, brushed my teeth, combed my hair, and headed down to the clubhouse.



The damage from the storm wasn't as bad as the one from two weeks before. There were the usual pine needles and small branches, but nothing larger than my index finger. While it had rained just as hard, there hadn't been high winds.

The day was shaping up to be a beautiful one, not a cloud in the sky and cooler after the storm. After our early breakfast, I shot a couple of games of pool by myself. Mom had gone up to the cabin to get her toiletries and when she came back, I enjoyed watching her lather herself up in the open shower area opposite the game tables.

After a couple of games, Gina and her mom came in. Gina saw me and came over to talk and I stopped playing.

"Hey," she said.

"Hey yourself," I said with a smile.

She grinned bashfully.

"I really had a lot of fun yesterday."

"Me too."

Her shy grin threatened to melt me. I wanted to tell her that I wanted to do it again. Immediately. In my mind, I relived the hug she'd given me yesterday, enjoying every nuance of the memory.

"What?" she asked, seeing my expression change.

It was my turn to grin bashfully. “Nothing.”

“Oh.”

“You wanna play?” I asked, indicating the table.

“Yeah.”

“Gina?” her mom called from across the clubhouse.

She pouted, beautifully, and shrugged. “Yeah, I do want to play, but I can’t. I gotta go grocery shopping with my mom.”

Opening my mouth to speak, I froze. She looked at me expectantly, and I shut it again with a grin, blushing. “Have fun.”

She nodded, resigned. Then her face brightened. “See you when I get back?”

I smiled quickly, bobbing my head enthusiastically.

She grinned again and turned toward her expectant mother, tossing her hair and waving over her shoulder.

I returned to my game, mostly. I might have been hitting the cue ball, but the entire time I was watching Gina. She was so beautiful that my heart ached. I kept thinking about what Mom had told me. Thinking and hoping. Hoping and thinking.

I hung around the clubhouse a while after Gina and her mom left, and eventually decided to head down to the lake. Manfred and Jenny were nowhere to be found, so I decided I’d see what kind of fun I could find by myself.



I was walking down the hill when I met Susan coming the other way.

“Morning,” she said brightly.

“Hi. Sorry I never made it back yesterday.”

“It’s no problem. How’d your mom take the news?”

“She wasn’t real happy,” I said, “but there wasn’t much she could do about it. So I guess we’ll see Dad on Tuesday. Are you looking for Mom?”

She shook her head. “I was actually looking for you.”

“Me?”

“Mmm hmm. I wanted to see if you’d help me clean up the courtyard. You interested?”

“You mean clean up the courtyard as in sweep up and generally straighten things up? Or clean up the courtyard as in...,” I asked, making a vague gesture with my hands, “something else?”

She grinned mischievously. “Maybe a little of both?”

“That’s cool and all,” I said, “and I’m happy to help clean things up. But can we maybe talk instead?”

“Are you okay?” she asked, concern coloring her voice.

“Yeah, I think so,” I said. “I’ve just got a lot on my mind, and you’re the only person I can talk to about most of it.”

She put her arm through mine and turned me toward her house. We walked the entire way there in silence. I guess she had decided to let me start where I wanted to. When we got to her house, I noticed idly that the courtyard did indeed need a good picking-up. But we went straight into the house. The cool of the air conditioning was subdued because the air temperature outside was lower than usual, but it still felt good to get in out of the humidity.

“You want something to drink?” she asked.

I shook my head.

“C’mon back?” She indicated the back of the house.

I nodded and followed her to her bedroom. She left the door open but gestured for me to have a seat. I sat on the edge of the bed while she crawled up to sit cross-legged on one side. She did keep her bikini bottoms on, I noticed, which gave me the feeling that she was taking me seriously.

I absent-mindedly scooted up the bed and lay down next to her. I was already thinking about how to begin. As I lay back, I tried to compose my thoughts.

"I'm sorry about not coming back yesterday. I wanted to, but..." I knew I was stalling. But it seemed a good enough place to start.

"I understand," she said gently.

"After I told Mom about Dad, she fixed me lunch. And then Gina found me, and she and I, and Manfred and Jenny, went hiking. And then when we got back it was dinnertime, and then, well..."

"I wondered what had happened to you, but I figured you'd get back here when you could."

I nodded and then lapsed into a contemplative silence. And then, almost suddenly, I said, "Mom and I had sex last night." Out of the corner of my eye I could see the surprise on her face. "Erin was staying with the Jordans, and... well... it just sorta happened."

I told her about everything. She listened quietly, just letting me get my story out. She didn't interrupt or fidget or ask questions. Lying there in Susan's bed, telling her about the events of the night before was sort of a catharsis for me. A way for me to come to terms with the changes in my life that had occurred so rapidly. After I finished telling her, we both sat there in silence for several minutes. She knew I'd speak when I was ready.

"I think she's right," I said quietly.

"About what?"

"About the two of us not having sex." Susan knew I was talking about Mom, not her.

"Why do you think she's right?"

"I can't explain it really. I saw the look in her eyes. I heard her voice. I knew." I looked at Susan, trying to will her to understand.

She nodded.

"A lot of people say doing this or that is wrong, but they can't tell you why it's wrong. You know?"

She nodded again.

"I guess there are some things that aren't really wrong in general, but they're wrong for the people involved. Does that make sense?" I asked.

"Yes."

"I know she enjoyed last night, but I also know that she couldn't have sex with me. I don't know how I know that, but I just do," I said softly. "I mean, she told me she couldn't, but I know it now. I mean really know it. You know?" I paused for a moment to collect my thoughts. "Am I making any sense at all?!" I asked, looking at her pleadingly.

When I looked up at Susan, I saw that she had tears in her eyes. I didn't understand why, but I smiled up at her and put my palm against her cheek. She closed her eyes, squeezing a single tear out of each one, and put her own hand over mine.

"Sometimes I forget how young you are," she said in a voice thick with emotion. Then she opened her eyes and wiped her face, sniffing.

"And I think I know what you meant when you were trying to tell me," I continued, "about the difference between loving someone and being in love with someone." I was silent for a moment, thinking about it. "I love Mom, and I love you, but I don't think I'm in love," I said. "I thought I was, but now I'm not so sure."

Susan smiled at me again and put her hand on my shoulder. Neither of us moved or spoke for several minutes. My thoughts were a chaotic mess. I was trying to sort out my feelings for Mom and Susan, not to mention Gina, or Stacy.

"Why do you think Stacy likes me so much?" I suddenly blurted out, thinking about the young woman.

"What makes you ask that?" Susan asked, blinking at the apparent non sequitur.

"I dunno. She really does like me, I think. She said that I make her feel safe."

"Probably because you're not a man," Susan said.

I frowned. "Huh?"

"All the men in her life have been complete shits. She's been beaten down, but she's come out the other side pretty strong."

I nodded.

“And I think she reached a time in her life when she needed a man, but she was afraid of getting hurt. So you’re perfect for her.”

“I don’t understand.”

“Well... It’s probably a lot more complicated than this, but basically you’re nice to her, you don’t treat her badly, and you’ve got the right equipment.”

I blinked at her, still confused.

“You remember when she said she thought she hated men?”

I nodded.

“But she realized that she didn’t really?”

I nodded again.

“I think she wanted the man, wanted the sex, but didn’t want the kind of man she’d had in her life. So you’re not yet a man, an adult man,” she hastily corrected, “but you can give her what she needs right now. And she doesn’t feel threatened.”

“So she’s afraid of men, but she’s not afraid of me?”

“Basically, yes. I think.”

“But I’m a man too. Or I’m close enough,” I said with a touch of indignation.

“Yes, you are,” she said, smiling at me. “But you’re not the kind of man that she knew before. You’re not like Randy, or her father.”

“So she just likes the sex?” I asked.

“You tell me!”

She was teasing me with her eyes and I blushed furiously.

“No, I think it’s more than that. But I don’t know if she realizes it yet,” Susan said. “I think you’re showing her that there are caring and thoughtful men out there in the world. That’s important to her, whether she realizes it or not.”

I blushed again.

Susan grinned at me wryly. “Didn’t realize that screwing her brains out was actually important, did you?!”

I think I blushed two or three shades deeper.

“And speaking of screwing someone’s brains out,” she said, lifting her hips to slide her bikini bottoms off. “If you’re done talking, I think I need to have a certain helpful young man screw my brains out.”

“As a matter of fact, I wasn’t done talking yet, thank you very much,” I said with as much feigned tartness as I could.

She saw that I was teasing and stuck out her tongue at me. And I was teasing, mostly. I’d wanted to talk to her about Gina, but I decided that that conversation could wait until later.

Susan quickly moved around toward my legs, leaned forward, and wrapped her warm lips around my still-flaccid penis. She could easily fit the whole thing in her mouth, and did so quickly. As her tongue danced over my sensitive dick, however, I quickly became aroused. In seconds, I was completely hard and she was teasing me with her mouth.

I raised my head and looked down at her. Her lips forming an “O” around the head of my penis, she locked eyes with me and winked. She was in a teasing mood, and I suddenly wasn’t.

I waited for her to take me completely in her mouth, but she didn’t. She kept circling my glans with her tongue. I jerked my hips up at her, trying to get her to swallow more of my erection. I looked down my torso at her and she winked at me again.

Sitting up quickly, I grasped her shoulders. I unceremoniously pulled her up the bed and rolled her onto her back. The whole time, she was grinning at me. I don’t know why my mood had suddenly shifted, but all I wanted to do now was to fuck her. And when all she wanted to do was tease me, I guess I kind of snapped.

“You know what happens when you tease me?” I asked, lifting her ankle and kneeling between her spread legs.

“Tease you?” she asked, batting her eyelashes as innocently as she could.

“Yes. Tease me,” I said, grasping the base of my penis and aiming it at her pussy.

“Was I teasing you?”

I growled and rammed my erection into her. Her eyes flew wide and her mouth opened in surprise. I withdrew and quickly slammed into her again. As she stared at me, still in shock, I began slamming into her.

“Sometimes...”

Slam.

“I’m...”

Slam.

“Not...”

Slam.

“In...”

Slam.

“The...”

Slam.

“Mood.”

Susan closed her eyes and bit her lip, my sustained thrusts jarring her against the pillows behind her head. Without slowing my pace, I grabbed her ankles and raised them over my shoulders, spreading her wider and tilting her hips up to meet my thrusts.

She was now moaning each time I penetrated her. I kept ramming myself into her as I pushed her legs back further, folding her almost in half. Holding them with my arms, I leaned forward and continued pounding into her, burying my dick all the way to the root with each stroke.

Her face was a mask of pleasure as I pounded my cock into her, hell-bent on coming within the depths of her pussy. Her moaning was almost constant, punctuated only as I slammed into her and knocked the breath from her lungs. Finally, I felt my imminent release and thrust into her one final time. With a moan of my own, I came. I closed my eyes and gritted my teeth as spurt after spurt of my semen filled her.

We lay like that, her bent nearly double beneath me, for a few minutes, simply panting from the intensity of our coupling. Finally, I lifted first one arm and then the other, letting her straighten her legs somewhat. I was still fairly hard, and still buried inside her.

“Wow,” she said.

“Yeah.” I swallowed hard. “Sorry. I don’t know where that came from,” I said sheepishly.

“Mmmmm. I don’t care where it came from. I enjoyed it.” With that, she clamped her legs around my hips, holding me against her. “I love feeling you inside me,” she said with a languid smile.

As if my energy had drained out of me through my penis, I suddenly felt my arms go rubbery. I quickly pulled my knees up to get a better base and virtually collapsed on top of her. I felt her nipples poke my chest as I slid my forearms under her shoulders and supported myself on my knees and elbows. Susan wrapped her arms around me and I dropped my head into the hollow of her neck, still breathing heavily.

We stayed like that for many minutes, simply enjoying the contact between our bodies.

Eventually, Susan broke the spell.

“I love the way you stay so hard inside me,” she said.

I lifted my head and gazed down into her eyes. “You do?”

She smiled and nodded.

“Then you should definitely like this,” I said, and began rocking my hips back and forth.

Because of the position we were in, I couldn’t get much travel. And because of the angle, I couldn’t get very deep. But what I could do seemed to excite her. Susan closed her eyes again and breathed deeply through her nose, her lips closed tightly with pleasure.

My cock quickly returned to full hardness as I gently thrust within her, a marked contrast compared to the pounding I’d only recently administered. She clutched me tightly and began thrusting her hips up to meet my strokes. I heard her ragged breathing in my ear as her pleasure built toward its climax.

I felt her pussy begin to contract around my cock, and I began thrusting against her clenching muscles as

hard as I could. With an explosive moan, she tightened her legs around my hips and thrust against me one final time. Her pussy clenched around my shaft and sent me over the edge. Though it was less intense than my earlier orgasm, I closed my eyes tightly and rode the waves of pleasure flowing from my penis.

Susan's pussy spasmed again, seeming to milk my penis and then she relaxed, breathing heavily. My erection, having done its pleasurable duty twice, finally began to shrink.

I pushed myself up on my arms, pulled my knees forward, then sat back on my haunches. I looked down to where our bodies were still joined, amazed at how swollen and pink her labia were. I marveled at the sight of my penis splitting her open, her inner lips puffy and pink as well. Slowly, ever so slowly, I began to withdraw my diminishing erection from her pussy. Susan moaned again as my softening length slid out of her.

When the tip of my penis finally eased free of her grasping pussy, a gush of our combined juices trickled from her swollen lips, running down to pool on the bedspread. Once again, I had literally filled her to overflowing with my come. I put my palms on her up-thrust knees and smiled at her. She smiled drowsily in return.

I rolled to the side and flopped onto my back next to her. Susan rolled over, lifted my arm around her shoulders, pressed herself against my side, and laid her head on my chest. We stayed like that for a long, languorous, wonderful time.



I don't know how long we dozed together, but when I opened my eyes, I could tell it was early afternoon. I felt Susan stirring next to me and turned to look at her. She blinked her eyes open, yawned sheepishly, and then smiled at me.

"Hi," she said.

"Hi."

"You feel like a shower?"

I nodded. Even though I'd taken a shower earlier, I'd already learned something important at the tender age of fifteen. If an attractive woman asks if you'd like to take a shower with her, there really is only one answer. Yes.

In addition to a large bathtub, Susan had a walk-in shower in her master bathroom. It was quite a bit larger than the shower in the hall bathroom. When I looked around, I marveled at the number of bottles that she had on her counter and in the shower. There were soaps, lotions, creams, oils, and a host of other products. I realized with a rueful grin that smooth skin and healthy hair actually took quite a bit of effort.

Susan turned on the water and stepped into the large stall. I stepped in after her and closed the door behind us. She luxuriated under the warm spray, letting it sluice over her neck and shoulders. With a guilty smile, she stepped aside so I could immerse myself.

When we finished the shower, she opened the door and grabbed two large, fluffy bath towels. I noticed with a wry smile that the towels in her bathroom were much nicer than the ones in the hall bathroom. We stepped out of the shower and I eyed the bathtub. Susan noticed the direction of my glance and arched an eyebrow at me.

"Yes?" she asked.

"Oh, nothing."

"Okay."

"Well, maybe..." I said.

She grinned at me and I blushed.

"Do you shave every day?"

She nodded.

"Do you think, maybe... um... Maybe one day, that... um... I could try?"

"If you'd like," she said.

I nodded enthusiastically.

"Sunday," she said thoughtfully. "I like to take a nice long bath on Sunday."

I nodded enthusiastically again.

We finished toweling off and Susan smiled at me.

“I have to get some work done” she said seriously. “I’ve got a meeting with my accountant next week and I have a lot of paperwork to get ready. So you,” she said with an insouciant grin, “need to go do whatever it is you do when you’re not satisfying my desires.”

I grinned at her like an idiot.

“Run along now,” she said with mock sternness. “Shoo!”

Still grinning like the village half-wit, I gave her a quick kiss on the cheek and headed for the door.

The rest of that day was as normal as they come. Manfred, Jenny, and Gina were at the lake. They had co-opted the raft for themselves and I quickly joined them. We spent the rest of the afternoon just being teenagers. With all that had happened in my life I really enjoyed being a kid, if only for a few hours.



The next day, Saturday, several new families arrived. I knew some of them, because they had kids my age, but not all. There were three families that I didn’t know that well, if at all; all with younger kids. For the most part, they were average people with average kids, boys and girls, from about age three to eight.

The one couple that stood out among this influx were Kevin and Leigh. They had been here the year before, and both of them stood out. Kevin was short; shorter than me. And he looked like an accountant, with glasses and a crew cut. Every time I looked at him, I chuckled to myself and wondered where his pocket protector was. The thing that really stood out about him, however, was his dick. Even soft, it was bigger than mine when I was hard. I could only imagine what it would look like when he was erect. Needless to say, Terri Dunbar (the short blond from under the counter) was very friendly with him.

Where Kevin was short and kind of nerdish, his wife Leigh was another matter entirely. She was a petite, beautiful redhead, less than five feet tall. Her flaming red hair fell in waves over her shoulders, with a flaming red triangle of pubic hair to go with it. She had the fair complexion and green eyes to match, and seemed to use sunblock in gallon lots. She didn’t tan so much as her freckles grew together. Leigh, for all her petite stature, had just about the biggest breasts I’d ever seen on a woman her size. They looked like rocket nose cones, with large areolas and very pronounced nipples. If she weighed 110 pounds, I’d be shocked; and I think a substantial portion of that would’ve been her boobs.

Kevin and Leigh were nice people, had really well-behaved kids, and most everyone liked them. I liked them, they had always talked to me like an adult. But I couldn’t help staring at either of them whenever I got the chance. Wow!

There were two other families who arrived that day. They had kids my age, and had been to the camp before, so I knew them both.

Tom and Myra had twins, a boy and a girl, named Thomas and Theresa. Myra was a willowy blond who looked like she was only a few steps away from being a flower child. She was really sweet, but she always talked to me like I was on the same weird planet she was. It didn’t really bother me all that much, though; she talked to everyone like that. Thomas and Theresa, fourteen, both looked like Myra. They were fun to hang around with if I couldn’t find Manfred or Gina, but they had this annoying habit of finishing each other’s sentences.

The other family was the Paytons, Adam and Melissa. Adam was a tall, beefy cop. He and his family always came to camp in their Winnebago. Adam’s wife Melissa was taller than me, with straight brown hair and amazing breasts. They looked like something out of a Vargas painting; large, round, and firm. Their daughter, Kendall, looked just like a younger version of her mother; tall, with lustrous brown hair, large breasts, and long, long legs. I didn’t know exactly how old Kendall was, I guessed eighteen or nineteen, but she was about the prettiest girl I’d ever seen.

Way out of my league.

Their son Drew was fourteen. He was actually pretty cool to hang out with; when we could pry him away from the thirteen-year-old girls. As soon as their RV pulled up in front of the clubhouse, Erin and Trish were off like shots, to find Jill and Leah.

The fact that the whole family was just really attractive always kind of put me off. They were nice enough people, I guess (although Adam kind of scared me), but I just never talked to them much. Kendall was one of those girls that you worship from afar, Manfred and I both knew it. I much preferred the company of Gina, and I had no doubts about who Manfred would pick to spend time with.

For all the influx of people, that Saturday was a fairly normal day. I knew Susan was trying to get her paperwork together for her meeting, so I left her alone. I knew I'd see her on Sunday.

I was really looking forward to Sunday.



The next morning, I was up early. I quickly headed down to the clubhouse and ate a bowl of cereal. I knew it was probably still too early to head over to Susan's, so I reluctantly goofed off in the clubhouse.

One of the year-round residents, Mr. Kershaw, got up real early on Sunday mornings and drove to town, where he'd buy a bunch of copies of the Sunday paper. When he returned to the camp, he'd deliver them to some of the other full-time residents and leave the remainder in the clubhouse for everyone else.

I picked up one of the papers and sat at a back table, reading about the world outside the camp. I found, however, that I was doing more people-watching than reading. I don't know why, but I'd always enjoyed watching people go about their everyday lives.

Finally, I judged that it was time to head over to Susan's. I tried to be nonchalant about it, but I think I must've made it from the clubhouse to her house in record time.

Susan answered the door when I knocked and quickly invited me.

"Morning," she said.

I just grinned.

"My, aren't we eager this morning?"

I blushed, nodding enthusiastically.

Susan laughed at the expression on my face. I was in too good a mood to be put off by her teasing.

"C'mon back, then. I'll run the bath."

When I got to her bedroom, I saw the remains of a bagel and a glass of juice on her bed stand. The unmade bed was covered with this morning's newspaper.

"Mr. Kershaw brings you a newspaper?" I asked, then mentally kicked myself. Of course he'd bring her a paper, you idiot, I thought to myself.

"Mmm hmm," she said, already headed for the bathroom.

Her bathtub was a large cast-iron affair with big claw and ball feet. She adjusted the water temperature and filled it only a little before she called me into the bathroom.

"Here you go," she said, handing me a disposable razor, fresh from the pack. "I think it'll be easier for you to shave me if the tub's not full yet. You go ahead and get in first, by the spigot."

I quickly obliged her, sinking into the warm water slowly filling the tub. I spread my legs as she climbed in and slowly leaned back against the back of the tub. As she settled in, she reached over to the stand next to the tub and retrieved a bottle of bath oil. She poured a little into the slowly rising water. With her hand, she roiled the water and then wet her pussy.

With the water nice and sudsy between us, she looked up at me. "It's easier to do this by feel than by sight," she said, taking my hand and placing it against her mons.

I gently ran my fingers over her flesh, and I could feel the slight stubble of growth. I nodded and she continued.

"Make sure the razor is wet before you start. Press down firmly enough to do the trick; you only want to go over each area a couple of times. Don't press too hard though, just enough to make good contact."

I nodded again.

"First, feel the area with your fingertips, to tell which direction the hair is growing. Shave with the hair on the first pass, then against the growth on the second. Then, feel it with your fingertips again, you'll be able to tell if you got everything. Okay?"

I nodded, grinning in anticipation.

Susan laughed in tolerant amusement then lifted her hips out of the water.

I wet the razor, as directed, and began shaving the top of her mons. I felt along afterward and could easily tell that I hadn't pressed down hard enough. I guess that was better than pressing down too hard. I made another pass with the razor and quickly felt that I'd done better this time.

I rinsed the razor out, like I'd seen my father do hundreds of times when I'd watched him shave, and drew it over her mons again. The second stroke was better, and I quickly got the hang of it. In short order, I had her mons shaved smooth.

"Be careful shaving my labia," Susan cautioned. "The easiest thing to do is to shave down the sides, and then out from the slit."

I nodded and resumed. Her labia were much trickier, but I soon had them as smooth as her mons. I shaved all the way down past her labia, almost to her ass, and then ran my hand over her entire pussy. I felt a few spots that I'd missed, and quickly took care of them.

When I pulled back and looked up, Susan smiled at me and ran her own hand over her freshly-shaved pussy.

"Pretty good," she said, clearly impressed. "Normally, I do this at the end of a nice hot bath. The hot water makes the hair softer. You did a really good job, though."

I chuckled to myself. I had plans for her pussy, I didn't want to nick it up.

Susan took the razor from my hands and looked at me with a mischievous expression.

"Want me to do you?" she asked.

"Uh... well... um..." I stammered.

Her serious expression split into a wide grin and she laughed at me. A look of chagrin on my face, I closed my mouth with a clomp. She laughed again and set the razor on the stand.

"You are just so much fun to tease," she said, still grinning.

I blushed.

"Now, turn up the water a little," she said, reaching for more bath oil.

I did, and we soon had the water up around our stomachs. Susan picked up the razor again and shook it in the water. Without warning, she raised her right leg and began shaving herself, beginning at her ankles. I watched, wordlessly, as she efficiently shaved her legs, then her underarms.

"Sure you don't want me to do you next?" she asked, unable to keep the mirth from creeping into her voice.

I shook my head emphatically. She only grinned at me, and replaced the razor on the stand.

The stand had a small towel rack on it, and Susan reached over to retrieve a washcloth. She soaked it in the warm water and lathered it up with a bar of soap. She quickly washed herself, teasing her nipples to erection as she made eye contact with me.

When she finished, she rinsed the cloth and lathered it up again. She scooted forward in the tub and began to wash my arms and shoulders. She washed down my torso, and I wondered for the thousandth time why she was doing this.

Not the bath; all of it.

As she washed my legs, I looked at her face, a mask of concentration.

"Why are you doing this?" I asked, finally speaking my thoughts aloud.

She stopped moving the washcloth and looked up. "Hmm?"

"Why are you doing this?"

"I thought you wanted to take a bath with me," she said.

"No, that's not what I mean," I said, trying to keep exasperation at bay. "Why me?"

She reached out and grabbed my flaccid penis. "Mmm. Because I don't have one of these," she said, pulling on me.

"I'm serious," I said, pulling out of her grasp. "Why me?" She looked at me a moment in shock, then she realized I was indeed serious. "Why not someone older? Or more experienced? Or thinner?" I asked almost dejectedly, looking down at myself.

"Oh, Paul," she said and slid toward me. She put her hands on my forearms and looked at me earnestly.

“Or is this just something you do?” I asked bitterly, blinking back tears.

“Paul, look at me.”

I raised my head defiantly.

She smiled gently and said, “You should know me well enough by now. This is not ‘just something I do.’”

I looked into her eyes and knew she was telling the truth. I blinked to clear my eyes and sniffled.

“And as for why you,” she said with a shrug, “I can’t really explain that. Why not someone older? I don’t know, really. I just know that I haven’t been attracted to anyone else.”

I felt my heart sink in shame at doubting her, then swell as I comprehended her words.

“Why not someone more experienced?” she asked. All of a sudden, she laughed. I looked up at her, tears welling anew. “You were just so cute,” she quickly said with a gentle smile of reassurance. “You were trying to act like a man, trying to be so serious. Yet you had this constant hard-on.”

I looked at her and blinked, sniffing again.

“Why not someone more experienced?” she repeated. “You had this expression of wonder on your face, like I was the most beautiful woman you’d ever seen.” She shrugged, smiling. “Besides, seeing how you reacted to me, how your body reacted, was very... attractive. Women like to know they’re appreciated,” she said simply. “Trust me, as long as you’re not being obnoxious about it, most women like to know that they’re attractive. And your constant erection sure did that for me. It was very exciting.”

I finally smiled at her. It was a wan smile, but a smile nonetheless.

“And why not someone thinner?” she asked tenderly. “It wasn’t your body that attracted me to you. Although I’m very attracted to it,” she quickly amended. “And if I wanted just this,” she said, suddenly grasping my limp member, “I could get one just about anywhere I wanted.” She grinned and squeezed gently. “But what attracted me to you was this,” she said, releasing me and touching her dripping fingers against my forehead. “And this.” She moved her hand and held it flat against my chest.

“But you know what really got me?” she asked. “What really made me begin to look at you in a new way?”

I sniffled and shook my head.

“Two things,” she said. “First, the way you touched me the day we found the photo albums.” She closed her eyes and took a deep breath. “You were so afraid to touch me, yet you weren’t.” She smiled, remembering.

I looked at her in shocked puzzlement.

She grinned and continued, “Second, you came on the mirror.”

I looked at her in confusion.

She opened her eyes, bright with emotion. “When you were running your hands over my body, I was on fire. There are so many parts of a woman’s body that are sensitive. Most guys go for the tits or the pussy, nothing else. When you ran your fingers over my neck, I almost came right then,” she said, closing her eyes and smiling at the memory. “The way you touched me... Mmmmm.”

She took a deep, ragged breath. She exhaled quickly and her eyes popped open. She shook her head and smiled at me.

I was still confused, and it showed. “I came on the mirror?”

She laughed brightly. “I guess you wouldn’t know about that,” she said.

I shook my head.

“That first day you worked here, when you went into the bathroom to masturbate...”

I nodded.

“When you came, you shot all over the vanity mirror,” she said.

I furiously thought back to that first day, horrified.

She laughed at the expression on my face. “I could tell you’d cleaned up quite a bit, I think there was half a box of tissues in the trash can,” she said, her eyes still laughing at me. “But I guess because you were in such a hurry you missed it. There were these huge splatters of your come on the mirror. Pretty high up too,” she said, giggling again. “I guess I was... impressed... by your...,” she smiled wickedly at me,

“enthusiasm.”

I wanted to drown myself in the bath. I thought back and realized with growing horror that I hadn't even looked at myself in the mirror before I'd rushed out of the bathroom.

“It's okay,” Susan said earnestly, snapping me out of my embarrassed train of thought. “I thought it was cute,” she said, making sure I was paying attention, “and very sexy.”

I blinked at her and she nodded. Suddenly my mouth was dry, and I was so ashamed that I'd doubted her. She saw my expression change and slid forward further, the water sloshing around us. She leaned forward and wrapped her arms around me, pulling me toward her.

“You are so special to me, Paul,” she said. “I do love you very much.”

I wrapped my arms around her in return and hugged. My emotions finally overcame my self-control and I felt hot tears sliding down my cheeks. Susan just hugged me tightly and rocked back and forth, gently crooning.

I blinked the tears out of my eyes and sniffled. “I love you too,” I croaked.

She pushed me back and looked into my red-rimmed eyes. Smiling tenderly, she closed her eyes. I watched, uncomprehending, as she slowly leaned toward me. She tilted her head to the side and I barely had time to close my mouth before her lips met mine. Her kiss was light and lingering, and if I hadn't been as shocked as I was, I would've tried to return it better.

She pulled back, her eyes still closed, and I felt her hands close around my penis. She opened her eyes and looked at me, a mischievous grin brightening her face. She gently massaged my penis and I realized that the water had gone tepid.

She raised her eyebrows and gave me a critical look. I sniffled again and blinked at her.

“I think you'll live,” she said.

I sniffled again and blushed, nodding and grinning.

We unstopped the tub and stood to dry off. When we'd hung our towels on the bar, Susan reached out and led me back into the bedroom by my dick. With a quick sweep of her arm, she cleared the papers from the bed and pulled aside the covers.

She pushed me back on the bed and quickly crawled between my legs as I scooted into the center. Taking my penis in her mouth, I quickly became erect for her. She bobbed her head up and down on my shaft, gently fondling my balls with her right hand.

When I was good and hard, and slick with her saliva, she crawled up and positioned herself over me. With one deft motion, she steadied my erection and sank onto it. Her pussy was on fire, and very, very wet.

She started rocking back and forth on me, but soon I was thrusting up into her with powerful strokes. She bent over me, her breasts pressed against my chest, arms clutching me tightly, her face buried in the hollow of my neck.

I didn't last long, and as I came, I felt the emotions of earlier draining out of me. All my doubts, all my fears, all my worries disappeared as I shot my semen into her. I knew that she loved me. Me!

When I finished spurting, we quietly held each other close for a few minutes until our breathing returned to normal.

Finally, she eased forward and I slid out of her. She rolled to my side and I put my arm around her. We were soon dozing peacefully.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Later that Sunday afternoon, I was lying in one of our lounge chairs and simply enjoying not having anything to do. I felt a shadow fall across me and opened my eyes slowly. When I looked up, I saw Gina's sun-haloed figure.

"Wanna go for a swim?" she asked.

I shrugged. "Sure."

She trotted down to the edge of the lake, where it was perhaps four feet deep, and dived gracefully into the water. She resurfaced several yards further out, swimming confidently toward the unoccupied raft.

I chased after her and barely caught up with her, both of us reaching the raft at the same time. Bobbing in the water, her black hair slicked back and shining in the afternoon sun, her white teeth flashed at me in a smile. She didn't climb out immediately, instead steadying herself with a hand on the raft, easily treading water with the other.

"Jenny and Manfred want to go on another hike tomorrow morning."

I arched my eyebrows.

"Jenny's mom won't let her go unless you and I go too."

I nodded.

She waited. "Well?" she finally asked.

"Well what?" I asked.

"Well, do you wanna go with me, or not?" she said, tolerant exasperation clear on her face.

"Oh! Yeah. Of course."

She gave me a look of extraordinary patience. "Jenny wants to pack a picnic lunch," she said.

"Sure. That'd be cool."

"You're such a goof," she said, shaking her head in mock sadness. "But you're a cute goof."

I grinned broadly and she splashed me in the face, quickly ducking under the water to make her getaway. I sputtered and ducked after her, swimming under the raft toward the shallow end of the lake. I let her beat me there and she quickly climbed up onto the grass.

The far side of the lake was about a hundred yards from the sunbathers on the hillside, and it was deserted. As I waded toward her in the ever-shallower water, she lay back on the grass and propped herself up on her elbows, crossing her legs coquettishly.

She glistened with diamond droplets of water, dark complexion tanned darker still, and her breasts were flattened to the sides of her chest, nipples still erect from the chill of the water. I stepped up onto the brick coping of the lake and looked down at her in frank admiration. She smiled up at me and then, with a look of supreme indifference, gently shook her wet hair. I joined her on the grass, propped up on my elbows to her right. She looked over and smiled at me.

"You're still a goof," she said lightly, closing her eyes and basking in the afternoon sun.

I smiled the smile of an incredibly content goof, and closed my eyes as well.



The next morning, after breakfast, Gina and Jenny fixed a picnic lunch. Manfred and I packed blankets, towels, and water bottles in his backpack. He also grabbed his sunscreen and I went looking for some suntan oil. Manfred dug out an additional backpack, and when the girls were finished making lunch, we packed it with the food. I pulled four Cokes from our refrigerator, wrapped them in a hand towel, and put them in the pack with lunch.

Manfred shouldered the pack with the blankets and towels and I slipped my arms through the one with our lunch. Manfred then showed me how to tighten up the straps to make the pack more comfortable, and we set off toward the lake.

"I was talking to my dad," Manfred said as we were rounding the feeder lake, "and he said there was an

abandoned quarry up one of the other streams, toward the back of the lake.”

“Yeah?” I asked breathlessly, trying to keep up with his long-legged stride.

“He said it was four to five miles up that way,” he said pointing toward the ridge on the far side of the lake. “He said the water is deep and clear, and should be good for swimming.”

“Okay,” I said. “That work for you girls?” I turned my head, and Gina and Jenny nodded.

We crossed our stream from earlier in the week and then came upon a second one. Manfred turned up the hill to follow the watercourse, then crossed it when it got narrow enough. We quickly formed a single file and headed up the slope, Manfred in the lead, followed by Jenny, then Gina, with me bringing up the rear. Half the fun of the upcoming hike, I thought to myself, was going to be watching Gina’s shapely ass as we climbed toward the quarry.



The hike itself only took about two hours. The trek wasn’t all that steep in most places, and, by Manfred’s estimate, we quickly covered more than five miles. We could see the trees opening up ahead of us for several minutes before we reached the edge of the quarry. Once we did, we all stopped and merely stared, catching our breath.

The quarry lake was actually fairly small, only about a hundred yards across. Halfway around the rim, the rock wall had crumbled into the lake itself, and there were large boulders sticking out of the serene water.

The far wall was much higher than the edge we were standing on, and was streaked with deposits from the trees and soil above. In the middle of the wall itself, there was a tall waterfall, where a stream suddenly emptied into the quarry lake.

The stream we had been following up the hill disappeared around the shoulder of the hill to our left. When we had seen the trees opening up ahead of us, Manfred had left the watercourse and headed toward the quarry itself. As we walked around the rim of the quarry to the left, we could see that the stream poured from the lake where the rim wall had crumbled. The rocks were jagged and startlingly white in the late morning sun.

“We can climb down here,” Manfred said, pointing to the jumbled slope leading down to the stream. “Then that big flattop rock,” he said, pointing, “is where we can lie out.”

With that, he began climbing down the rocky slope to the boulders forming islands in the lake. Jenny quickly followed him. With a shrug in my direction, Gina started down after them and I followed.

It took a few good leaps to make it out to the flattop rock, but we easily reached it in a few minutes. Manfred stripped off his pack and began untying his shoes, the rest of us following suit.

“Wait right here,” Manfred said, cautioning us. “I’ll check to see how deep it is.”

He quickly climbed down the sloping back side of the rock and was in the water with barely a splash. From the straight front edge of the large boulder, I watched as he swam around until he was directly underneath me. Then, his legs kicking in the air for a moment, he dived straight down.

For a minute, only bubbles returned to the surface. I was just starting to worry when I saw him coming back to the surface. His head and shoulders shot out of the water, and with a sputter and great breath, he grinned up at us.

“It’s deep,” he said, treading water easily. “About twelve feet right here, much deeper out toward the center of the lake.”

With that, he swam back to the sloping side of the boulder and quickly joined us, dripping and grinning.

Then, he looked at me and raised his eyebrows in challenge. Two quick steps took him to the edge of the boulder, and with a powerful thrust of his long legs, he arced off the rock, diving toward the surface eight feet below. I quickly followed him, lifting my arms over my head and tucking my chin as I too arced toward the cool surface of the lake.

The water parted before my outstretched hands as I broke the surface and arrowed into the deeps at the base of the boulder. The water was surprisingly warm, not quite the intense, numbing cold of a spring-fed lake. With a whoosh, I breathed out through my nose and angled toward the surface above.

I came up right next to Manfred, both of us grinning. Up on the boulder, Gina and Jenny looked at each other and shrugged. With a laugh, they both dived off the boulder. Manfred and I watched them arc into the water, raising barely a splash as they both gracefully broke the surface.

When Jenny surfaced next to Manfred, I began to worry about Gina. What if she'd hit her head on the bottom? What if...?

What if she grabbed my ankle and pulled me under water? I sputtered to the surface again and came face to face with a laughing Gina. I looked over and Manfred was howling with laughter as well. Jenny had her hand in front of her mouth and was trying not to break into laughter of her own.

"Little man," Manfred said, gasping for air as he chortled ruthlessly, "you had the greatest look on your face!"

"Thanks," I said dryly, blinking water from my eyes. I quickly rounded on Gina and shoved her under the water.

A general melee ensued and Manfred and I ended up chasing the girls toward the middle of the lake. When we got there, Jenny pulled up and let Manfred catch her. Gina stopped too, and soon I was treading water beside her. We all decided to swim over to the waterfall, and set out with long, sure strokes.

It was fun swimming under the waterfall, like swimming in a very heavy rain. All we could do, however, was swim under it; the wall of the quarry was sheer, without even a handhold for climbing. After several minutes playing under the deluge, we decided that the waterfall was fun, but probably better viewed from afar.

"I'm starving," Manfred said suddenly, treading water to the side of the falling stream.

As soon as he said it, I realized that my belly was making neglected noises as well.

"What's for lunch?" he asked.

"Chicken-salad sandwiches and macaroni salad," Jenny answered, swimming over to him.

"Cool," he said, putting his arm around her and treading water with the other. "Last one there is a rotten egg!" With a strong kick, he was off.

Jenny quickly followed him. Gina rolled her eyes at me and I only shrugged in reply. Then we both set off at a stately pace across the lake, watching Manfred and Jenny pull away from us.

When we got back to the boulder with our stuff, Manfred and Jenny were already on the flat top, watching us as we both slowly swam around to the sloped side.

"For a little guy, you swim okay," Manfred said, teasing me.

"Yeah, well, for a tall freak of nature, you sure are clever," I replied, climbing up the boulder after Gina.

"I'm not a freak of nature," Manfred replied, putting his best hurt tone in his voice. "I'm tall, fair, and handsome."

"Tall, sunburned, and handsome is more like it," Jenny said, surprising us all. She reached down into Manfred's pack and pulled out the sunblock, unceremoniously squirted a dab into her palm, and gestured for Manfred to bend over.

With a pained look in my direction, he did as instructed. I was barely able to conceal my glee at his predicament as Jenny rubbed sunblock onto his cheeks, nose, and forehead.

When she was done, she and Gina started pulling out lunch from the second pack. We didn't even dry ourselves off; we simply sat on the warm granite of the boulder and ate our lunch, drying in the noonday sun.

Lunch was surprisingly good. The girls had fixed two sandwiches apiece for Manfred and me, and we had macaroni salad, carrot and celery sticks, and oranges for desert. We quickly devoured the meal.

"Mmm, that was very good," I said, licking orange juice off my lips. "Thanks girls."

Gina blushed and smiled. Jenny stared doe-eyed at Manfred, and Gina covertly rolled her eyes at me.

"I think we're gonna hike off our lunch," Manfred said, "and head around to see the top of the waterfall. You wanna go?"

Sensing that he and Jenny really wanted to be alone, I quickly demurred. "I think I'm gonna stay here and relax," I said.

"Me too," Gina said quickly. "You two go on without us."

“Suit yourself,” Manfred said, and reached for one of the blankets from the pack. He didn’t try to argue us out of staying, so I suspected my intuition was correct.

Gina and I quietly watched them until they were several hundred feet around the rim of the quarry.

“Sheesh,” Gina said. “Did you see they way she looked at him?”

“Yeah,” I said. “Gone. Completely gone.” I shrugged. “Hey, as long as they’re happy, I’m cool.”

“I guess.”

We sat in silence for a few moments, then Gina reached for the suntan oil.

“I am gonna lie out for a while,” she said, popping the top on the bottle.

I watched, completely entranced, as she proceeded to oil herself. Watching her spread oil on her breasts, lifting each one up to get the underside too, I almost passed out. By the time I remembered to breathe, she had moved on to her flat stomach and then to her thighs.

When she was done—a shining, oiled goddess—she offered the bottle to me. I mutely shook my head and swallowed hard.

Gina merely raised her eyebrows and grinned at me. I blushed and returned her grin. She wrinkled her nose in thought and then gave me a speculative look.

“I think I changed my mind. I wanna lie on my front first. Will you do me?” she asked, holding up the bottle again.

Would I do her? Would I! I swallowed hard again and reached out to take the oil. She stood and spread out her towel on the warm surface of the rock, then lay down on her stomach.

I suddenly decided to go for broke, and stepped between her ankles. She merely folded her arms in front of her, laid her head on them, and spread her legs slightly.

I knelt between her calves and trembled. Before, when she had asked me to put oil on her back, she had already oiled her legs and ass. This time, she had only oiled her front before asking me to do her back.

“Want me to get your legs too?” I asked tentatively.

“Mmm hmm.”

I squirted oil onto my palms and quickly had her calves covered. As my hands worked up her legs, I kept my eyes glued to the junction where her thighs met. Her dark pubic hair was easily visible, and if I looked hard enough, I was positive that I could spot her slit.

I gently ran my hands up the back of each thigh, stopping several inches short of the promised land. She sighed when I removed my hands. I squirted more oil into my left palm and then drew a deep breath.

I started by running my hands up the backs of her thighs again. Only this time, I didn’t stop. I ran my hands over her tanned ass, running them over her hips, coating her with oil. I heard her moan, low in her throat, and I moved my hands back down to her thighs.

I spread the excess oil from her skin over the inside of her thighs, only an inch or two from her pussy. I heard her suck in her breath in surprise as my hands moved higher, but she quickly relaxed when I withdrew them and returned to her ass.

I couldn’t linger as long as I wanted to, because then it would become obvious what I was doing, so I stood up. Gina looked disappointed as she opened her eyes and looked back up at me.

“Put your legs together,” I said. “I’ll straddle them and do your back. Okay?”

She quickly complied and I placed a foot on either side of her knees and sank down over her. I made sure my dick didn’t touch her, but as I sat back on my haunches, my thighs did.

“I’m not too heavy, am I?” I asked her.

When she shook her head, I squirted more oil into my palm. I started right above her hips, quickly covering her back and sides. I paused for a moment and simply enjoyed the sight before me. She had her arms folded beneath her head, and I could easily see the outer curve of each breast where it was flattened beneath her. I felt my penis begin to stiffen, and throwing caution to the wind, let it.

I squirted more oil along her spine and she shivered. I then began to rub the slippery stuff into her dark skin. I took my time, enjoying the contact and feeling the radiating heat of her body. My penis was now fully erect, pointed right along the crack of her ass. I continued rubbing her back, even though I already had her oiled up, and she sighed deeply.

Once again, I decided to go for broke. As I leaned forward to rub her shoulders again, I let my erection dip and touch her ass. Her eyes immediately popped open and I began to panic. But my arousal overrode my fear, and I pulled my hands from her shoulders and sat back, keeping my erection in contact with the smooth skin of her ass.

“Are you okay?” I asked with as much composure as I could muster.

Gina opened her mouth to speak, then with a small smile quirking the sides of her mouth, she shut it again.

“Do you want me to keep rubbing your back?” I asked solicitously. *Do you want me to keep my hard-on against you?* I wisely kept that question to myself.

She smiled and nodded, then closed her eyes with a sigh.

I leaned forward again, pressing my erection against her even more firmly, and resumed rubbing her back and shoulders. I rubbed her like that for several minutes, my motions causing my hard-on to gently rub back and forth in the well-oiled crack at the top of her ass. I rubbed along her sides, making sure to caress the outer curve of her breasts, and she sighed again.

Finally, I sat back on my haunches and looked down at her beautiful figure. When she felt my hands leave her back, she waited. When they didn't return immediately, she opened her eyes and turned her head to look back up at me.

Seeing the expression on my face, she asked, “What's the matter?”

“Nothing.”

“Then what're you looking at,” she asked, fear creeping into her tone.

I shook my head and held her eyes with my own. I felt my panic rising as well. I suddenly wanted to bolt. I couldn't believe I'd gotten myself into this predicament. Finally, I ruthlessly forced down my fear and my lingering uncertainty.

At my silence, her fear had only intensified, and she looked at me with a tinge of panic. I looked down at her and all I wanted to do was to spare her, to calm her fear, to tell her...

“How beautiful you are.” Did I say that out loud? Oh, my God, I did! I waited for her reaction, an eternity on needles, my senses hyper-alert.

I felt her breathe a huge sigh beneath me, as if she'd had the wind knocked out of her, and she lowered her eyes. Even with her tanned complexion, I could tell she was blushing.

In a singular stroke of brilliance, I shut my mouth and didn't say another word. I prudently decided that anything I added would only spoil things.

As I looked on, still worrying about her reaction, she smiled and closed her eyes. When she didn't say anything, my panic began to fight toward the surface.

I said the first thing that came to my mind.

“Want me to do your front now?” How stupid was that? She'd already done her front. Dumb. I knew I was doomed.

Gina burst out laughing, the tension completely broken by my bone-headed remark. She raised up on her elbows and shook her head, still laughing.

“No,” she said, as if to a four-year-old. Then she got very quiet. “But if you'd like, I can do your back,” she said.

The question hung in the air a moment and I could tell she was as afraid as I was. Afraid I'd say no.

“Yeah,” I said. “I'd like that.”

Once again, I decided to throw caution to the wind. I was still hard, and I decided not to try to hide my erection. I swung my leg over her and shuffled to the side of the towel.

Gina rolled onto her side and began to sit up. I saw her falter as her eyes locked onto my hard-on. She continued to rise, however, and invited me to lie on her towel. I blithely lay down on the vacated terrycloth, my erection pressed against my stomach.

I felt her straddle my legs, and knowing her pussy was spread open so close to me only made my erection swell further. I folded my arms beneath my chin and sighed as she began to rub oil into my neck and shoulders. She took her time, working the slippery liquid into my arms and shoulders, then down my back.

As she leaned forward to reach my shoulders, I felt her wiry pubic hair brush my butt, and my dick throbbed against my stomach.

When she finished rubbing my back, I slid to the side of the towel to give her room to lie beside me. We both knew there was another towel in the pack, only a few feet away, but neither of us reached for it.

I looked to my right and saw that she was lying on her back, looking idly up at the sky. We lay in silence for several minutes, then, out of the corner of my eye, I saw her bite the inside of her lip and turn her head toward me.

“Paul?”

“Mmm hmm?”

“Do you... Do you really think...,” she asked in a small voice. “Do you really think that?”

I raised up on my elbows and looked down at her face. Her eyes were wide as saucers, full and brown, trying to look into my thoughts, into my soul.

I rotated my hips and turned on my side, facing her. As I held myself up on my left elbow, I was careful not to touch her with my still-erect penis.

“Think what?” I asked.

“What you said earlier. That I’m...”

I looked down into her eyes, and suddenly, my fear was gone. Her eyes pled with me, begged me to finish her thought. I suddenly wanted to protect her, to make sure she wasn’t afraid.

“Beautiful.” I said. As I looked down into her eyes, they softened.

I slowly brought my right hand up and ran my forefinger along the line of her jaw. I held my hand against her neck, my finger tenderly rubbing the hollow behind her ear. Her eyes closed slowly and her lips parted slightly. I lowered my mouth toward hers.

When our lips met, I felt a rush of emotion. I pressed down a little harder and she responded against me, parting her lips a little more. I held her head against me with my hand, then gently pulled my lips back. I opened my eyes and looked down at her. Her eyelids were closed, her lips open slightly, and I knew in my heart that she was the most beautiful girl in the world.

Slowly, her eyes fluttered open and she focused on my face, only inches from hers. She studied me for a moment, and then I smiled. She was breathing a little harder from our kiss, and suddenly she closed her eyes again. Her lips parted as she lifted her head toward me.

My lips met hers, with more force this time. I felt her mouth open slightly and darted my tongue forward to lick her lips. I lowered her head with my hand and followed with my mouth, gently laying her back on the towel and pressing down against her.

My tongue danced with hers and then I withdrew it slowly, breaking our kiss. We were both breathing heavily as I pulled back and opened my eyes again. She slowly opened her own and looked up at me, a dreamy look in her eyes. I moved my left hand under her head and supported myself with my right as I scooted toward her.

As my flesh pressed against her, her eyes opened wide. I felt the thrill and warmth of contact as my erection brushed across the corner of her hip and rested on her stomach.

“Is your...,” she said quickly. “Is your... is it... still hard?”

I nodded.

“You’re not going to...”

“Do anything?” I asked obliquely.

She bit her lip and nodded jerkily.

I shook my head and smiled at her. “No.”

She frowned, fear clouding her eyes for a moment. “You don’t want to?” she asked in a small voice.

“God yes,” I said, quickly. “I’d love to.” Her eyes got wider and I could tell she was beginning to panic. “But not now,” I said, reassuring her. “Not until... I mean... Well... Not unless you want to.”

She quickly exhaled her held breath and closed her eyes tightly. A tear slipped from beneath her dark lashes and she tightened her lips. She opened her eyes, tears making them bright, and my heart melted.

“I was so worried that you didn’t like me, or that you thought I wasn’t pretty enough,” she said, her

tears flowing freely now. "It felt so good when you were rubbing my back," she said, drawing a ragged breath, "even when you got... you know... that felt so good too. But then I got scared." She sniffled and tried to blink the tears from her eyes. "I knew you'd want to do it, and I didn't want to say no, but I'm just not ready..." Her tears redoubled. "And now," she said, almost moaning, "you won't wanna be with me 'cause I'm too scared to do it." She sobbed against me.

I held her close, soothing her, and when she had calmed down a little, I brushed her hair off her face and wiped the tears from her cheeks. She looked up at me, red-rimmed eyes still full of tears, and sniffled. I brushed my hand along her cheek and smiled at her.

"God knows I want to do it," I said, and she closed her eyes, fighting back another sob. "But we'll do it when the time is right, when you're ready."

"You mean—"

"I mean," I said, interrupting her. "That there are a lot of things we can do, little things sometimes, without doing it."

Her eyes widened.

"Like this," I said, leaning down to kiss her tenderly, briefly. "You like that?"

She bit the inside of her lip and nodded quickly.

"Or this," I said again, kissing along the line of her neck. I lifted my head and faced her again. She opened her eyes and looked at me in wonder. "Did you like that too?"

She nodded again, more firmly this time.

"See," I said reasonably, "there are lots of things we can do... if you want to."

She looked back at me and bit her lip again, then, with a slight nod, she smiled at me.

I kissed her again, stronger this time, and darted my tongue into her mouth. She arched her back and pressed up into my kiss, caressing my tongue with her own. Soon, too soon, she broke the kiss, panting for air. I was breathing heavily too, but when she sniffled again, I quickly realized that her nose was stuffed up.

"You want to sit up?"

She shook her head.

"And blow your nose?"

Reluctantly, she nodded. I sat up, holding myself up with my arm, and reached for the remains of our picnic lunch. I pulled a couple of paper napkins from the pack and handed them to her.

She took them with a grateful look and delicately blew her nose. When she crumpled up the napkins, her nose and eyes were red. She sniffled so pathetically that I wanted to reach out to her. She smiled at my expression and I stood, my erection still sticking out from my body like it was an everyday occurrence, and extended my hand down to her. Her eyes were locked on my jutting hard-on as she took my hand and I pulled her to her feet.

I pulled her close, my penis pressing against the slick skin of her abdomen, and wrapped my arms around her. She started at first, and then relaxed and tilted her head up; I bent down to kiss her again.

When I broke the kiss, I looked at her and smiled. "Want to take a little dip, to cool off?"

She nodded mutely and we started down the sloped side of the boulder toward the water. There were several submerged rocks that led to a bed of pea gravel that sloped away from the rocks, and I headed toward it. We stepped down into the water, hand in hand.

She swam away from me, but not far. I stood on the submerged gravel slope and watched her. She turned, treading water, and looked at me.

"Why're you looking at me like that?" she asked, panic tingeing her voice.

"Like what?"

"I dunno. Like that."

"I'm just happy, I guess."

She swam toward me again, stopping several feet away.

"You really think I'm pretty?" she asked, doubt creeping into her tone.

I nodded.

"Prettier than Kendall Payton?" she asked suspiciously.

“Much prettier,” I said assuredly.

She looked at me, skeptical.

I quickly nodded. “She’s like something out of Playboy.”

She arched a eyebrow at me.

“Like she’s not real,” I continued quickly. “I dunno. I can’t explain it.”

She looked at me, clearly not convinced.

“I guess it boils down to this,” I said simply. “Of all the girls in the world, all of them,” I said, “I don’t want to be here with Kendall Payton, or Jenny, or anyone else.”

Her expression slowly started to change as my words sunk in.

“The girl that I want to be with is right in front of me. You’re the only girl I want.”

She swam toward me quickly and was in my arms in a heartbeat, planting kisses on my lips, my cheeks, my neck, anywhere she could reach. I wrapped my arms around her and returned them. She circled her arms around my neck and locked her lips against mine, our tongues dancing against one another. Soon, she wrapped her legs around my waist, my penis trapped between us, bathed by the warmth of her body, her wiry pubic hair, her pussy.

I was in heaven.

I slowly stepped backward toward the submerged rocks, never breaking our kiss. When she realized we were moving, however, she pulled back and looked at me, her eyes bright.

I grinned at her and she smiled.

“You’re still a goof,” she said reprovably. “But you’re a cute goof.” She ground her hips against me, rubbing her clit on the hard shaft of my penis. “And a hard one too,” she said, closing her eyes and biting the inside of her lip.

When she opened them again, I was still smiling drunkenly at her. Behind me, I felt the rock that I was looking for. A long slab of stone had broken off the rim wall and now lay at a sharp angle in the water, half in and half out. It was clearly too steep to climb down, but it would be perfect to lean back against. The water was warmer here, heated by the sun and undisturbed by any current.

As I leaned back against the rock, I pushed Gina away from me. She made a moue of disappointment.

“Trust me,” I said reassuringly.

She released her arms from around my neck, and then her legs from around my waist. The surrounding water, while still much warmer than the water in the camp’s lake, was much cooler than between her legs, and I shivered at the contact. I gently turned her around and pulled her back toward me.

With her back pressed against my chest, my penis was nestled between the cheeks of her ass. I lifted her arms and put them around my neck. Shifting my head to the side, I kissed her earlobe. She shuddered and pushed back against me.

“Like this,” I said into her ear softly. “See?” I asked quietly, bringing my hands up to cup her breasts.

She sighed and arched her back, pressing her nipples into the palms of my hands and shoving her ass harder against my swollen member.

She let out a low-voiced moan of approval as I started kneading her breasts. They easily filled my hands and I began to roll her already-stiff nipples between my thumbs and forefingers. She moaned again, louder this time, and I gently tugged on each little brown bud. As I played with them, she leaned her head back against my shoulder and sighed in delight.

I began planting kisses along her neck and she moaned again. As I slowly moved my hands from her breasts, she whimpered insistently. I ran them down her flat stomach to her hips. Pressing my fingers against the front of her pelvis, I pulled her against me, grinding my dick against her ass. Feeling my hardness splitting her cheeks, she moaned again. I ran my hands back up her trim abdomen and once again cupped her breasts.

I fondled her and played with her nipples for several minutes, simply kissing her neck and ear as I did. I could tell she was getting worked up by the involuntary humping of her hips against me. I once again decided to go for broke, and moved my right hand off her luscious breast.

Slowly, oh so slowly, my hand crept toward her pussy. She moaned as my fingers entered her pubic hair.

Her back arched and I slid my middle finger over her slit. Gauging her reaction, I cupped her mons for a moment. She moaned again and panted against me.

I increased the pressure with my middle finger and parted her labia, feeling the heat of her pussy wash over me. She was already very slippery with lubricating fluids and I easily moved my finger back and forth, just inside her lips. With the palm of my hand, I pressed down against the top of her slit, eliciting another moan of pleasure as I put pressure on the base of her clit.

I rubbed her like this for several minutes, making sure to slip my finger inside her. My left hand rubbed and pulled on her nipple, making her moan all the harder. With both hands, I lifted her against me and slid my erection between her legs, rubbing her pussy with my shaft.

She was whimpering against me, rocking her hips and rubbing her pussy against my erection when...

"Paul!"

I shook my head, breaking the spell of our rising ardor.

"Gina!"

It was Manfred.

Gina opened her eyes and quickly looked around, as did I.

"Where are you guys?!"

I abruptly realized that he wasn't anywhere close, and gently pushed Gina away from me, and off my cock. I swam around the large boulder to where I could look up at the top of the falls.

"Oh," Manfred shouted from the top of the rim wall, "there you are."

"Yeah?" I shouted back.

"You gotta see this place up here, it's beautiful!"

I've got a beautiful girl down here, and I was doing just fine without you interrupting, thank you very much! "Yeah!" I shouted.

"We'd better be getting back soon," he yelled down. "We're coming back down."

"Okay," I shouted back up.

I quickly turned and swam back to Gina. She was grinning at me, leaning back against the sloped rock. I swam into her waiting arms, my penis bumping deliciously against her warm pussy as she wrapped her arms and legs around me.

"We've only got a few minutes," I said. "And I can't get out of the water like this," I said, rocking my hips and rubbing against her pussy with my shaft.

She shook her head and suddenly kissed me deeply. "Next time," she said with a twinkle in her eye.

I nodded. "Do you masturbate?" I asked seriously.

She looked confused by the non sequitur, but slowly nodded her head.

"I want you to masturbate tonight," I said.

She nodded, biting her lip.

"And when you do, think of me. Think of how hard you make me."

She nodded again, biting her lip harder, turning it white. "Are you gonna do it too?" she asked tentatively. "Are you gonna... you know?"

I nodded. "And you know who I'm going to be thinking about?"

"Me?"

I nodded and she kissed me again, darting her tongue in my mouth. She held her lips against me until we both pulled back, gasping for breath.

"I wish we could do it now," she said. "I want to watch."

"Next time," I said, grinning at her.

She nodded seriously and hugged me tight.



By the time Manfred and Jenny reached the flattop rock, my erection had mostly dwindled. Mostly. When Manfred saw my half-hard dick, he gave me a "sorry, man" look. I shrugged. Jenny got a good look at my semi-erect penis and her eyes widened. I knew I was shorter than Manfred, but my cock was quite a

bit thicker.

For his part, Manfred's poor prick was red and shiny, and I knew that he and Jenny had enjoyed themselves up at the waterfall. If only they'd stayed there, and let us enjoy ourselves down here!

I chuckled ruefully to myself as we packed the remains of our picnic. We had promised our parents we'd be back before dinner, and it was getting toward mid-afternoon. We still had a two-hour hike back to camp.

The whole hike down, Gina kept grinning at me, and looking pointedly at my penis. Thankfully, it didn't get any harder. But it didn't shrink much either.



When we got back to camp, we unloaded our packs. Gina and I headed up to our cabins. When we got to my family's cabin, we both looked around to make sure no one was around. I snuck a quick look into the cabin itself to make sure it was empty and then turned to her.

She flowed into my arms and we kissed, passionately darting our tongues back and forth. My barely-limp penis sprang to life and was soon pressing against her stomach.

"Are you gonna take a bath?" I asked.

She nodded hesitantly.

"And play with yourself?"

She nodded again, more firmly this time. "I can't wait," she said quietly.

"Me either."

I kissed her again and she reluctantly pulled away. I stood on our porch, my erection bobbing gently in front of me, and watched her walk up the hill toward her cabin. She looked back once and waved, gifting me with a brilliant and heart-wrenchingly beautiful smile.

When she was out of sight, I quickly entered the cabin. I jumped in the shower without even thinking about it. When I turned on the water, I suddenly remembered the hot water heater. With a groan, I thought that I'd have to take a cold shower. Jerking off in a cold shower would be nearly impossible.

To my immense relief, the water soon heated and I quickly adjusted the temperature. Susan must've had the plumber in to fix the hot water heater. With a muttered thanks to the patron saint of plumbers, I wrapped my fingers around my shaft and began to stroke.

As I came the first time, spurts of semen splashing against the tiles of the shower, I wondered if Gina were thinking of me too. As I remembered her pressed against me, the feel of her breasts in my hands, the heat of her pussy, my erection never flagged. I waited a few minutes, simply enjoying the needle spray of the water, and then reached for my hard-on a second time. By the time I came again, the water had run cold. I didn't care. All I could think about was the next time Gina and I could be alone together.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

The next day was as normal as possible. My dad was supposed to be home sometime that day, but we didn't know when, so Mom wouldn't let me go hiking again. I was dejected, but I also hadn't seen my dad in almost three weeks.

After breakfast, Gina came by and we walked down to the lake together. Mom had a sly look on her face as we walked out of the clubhouse together, but she didn't say anything to me.

We got to the lake before most other people, and except for Kendall Payton, we pretty much had the place to ourselves. Kendall was lying on a lounge chair, reading a book. I didn't so much as glance in her direction; I was pleased that I hadn't, Gina seemed to be watching to make sure.

I chuckled quietly to myself as we reached the shore of the lake. The raft had drifted over to the edge, and we simply stepped onto it. With a shove, I sent us drifting out into the center of the lake.

Gina sat down, folding her legs underneath her and I quickly followed suit, sitting cross-legged.

"Did you...?" she tentatively asked.

"Did I what?" I asked, knowing full well what she was talking about.

"You know."

I shook my head and my brow creased in a frown. "Did I what?"

"You know," she said, even more insistently.

I decided to let her off the hook. "You mean, 'did I get in the shower last night and think about you?'"

She nodded quickly.

"And while I was thinking about you, did I..."

She leaned forward.

"Did I..."

She rolled her eyes at me.

I grinned. "Did I wash my hair?"

"You know what I mean," she said in a near-frantic whisper.

"Yeah, I washed my hair," I said. She looked like she wanted to throttle me. "I washed my hair right after I jerked off. Twice," I said, looking her in the eye. "I was thinking about this very beautiful girl who I know."

"Twice?" she asked, her eyes going wide.

I nodded.

"Wow," she said quietly.

"Did you?"

She blushed and lowered her eyes. Then she bit the inside of her lip and grinned at me, giving me a slight nod.

"And what were you thinking about?" I asked her, enjoying her anxiety.

She rolled her eyes at me again, then pointedly looked at my penis.

"I'm sorry," I said, still teasing her, "I didn't hear that. What were you thinking about?"

"You are impossible," she said, half in frustration, half in amusement.

"I know," I said. "I'm inspired."

Right then, Manfred and Jenny called to us from the edge of the lake.

They swam out to the raft and Gina and I slipped into the water to talk to them.

"You have fun yesterday?" Manfred asked, grinning.

"Yeah," Gina and I said at the same time. We grinned at each other.

"You all have fun?" I asked Manfred. He quickly nodded, and Jenny blushed.

"We were thinking of maybe going again, just the four of us," Manfred said. "Maybe Saturday?"

"Sure," Gina and I said, again at the same time.

Manfred only rolled his eyes at us. "My family is leaving next Sunday, and so is Jenny's, so we wanted

to have a nice picnic before we had to go home for the summer.”

“Sounds cool to me,” I said. “You wanna go to the quarry?”

“Yeah, I think so.”

“Okay,” I said. “But this time,” I continued with a sly glance at Gina, “we want to go explore the top of the falls.”

“Sure thing, little man,” Manfred said. “You got it.” Then, to all of us, “Saturday, right after breakfast. And kinda keep it quiet, I thought it’d be cool if it was just the four of us.”

We all nodded.

Shortly after that, the twins came down the hill and jumped into the lake. They swam over to us, and we soon had a game of Marco Polo going. Erin and her friends came down and joined us as well. Drew Payton, instinctively sensing the presence of thirteen-year-old girls in the lake, quickly joined us, and we soon had a great game going.



Dad got home about three that afternoon. I was coming up to the cabin to drop off my towel and saw his car pull in. Mom had been waiting at the cabin, reading on the front porch, and she and I both went around behind the cabin to meet him.

When he got out of the car, he looked very tired. He smiled as soon as he saw us, however, and Mom ran to him. Dad opened his arms and hugged her as she pressed herself against him.

When Dad looked up from kissing her, he pulled me to him, hugging me and Mom at the same time. When he let us both go, I quickly opened the back door of the station wagon and pulled out his suitcase and Jepps bag. I shut the door and lugged the heavy cases around to the front of the cabin.

Mom and Dad came around the corner a minute later, arm in arm, and Dad smiled tiredly at me.

“Did you take care of your Mom and sister while I was gone?” he asked.

I blushed and nodded. He seemed satisfied with my answer, although he didn’t know the half of it!

Inside, he collapsed unceremoniously onto the couch, pausing only long enough to slip off his shoes.

“I’ve been up since ten, yesterday morning.”

Mom sat on the couch next to him and he put his arm around her, then he kissed the top of her head. I sat down in one of the easy chairs.

“The mechanics got the new engine installed yesterday morning, but they had to do all the run-up tests. Then the company had to get a different A&P mechanic to sign off on the engine. They needed the plane back this morning, however, so we departed San Fran at zero dark thirty. I have been going non-stop since last night, and I am so tired, I’m surprised I didn’t drive into the lake,” he said with a wan smile.

“You want to take a nap before dinner?” Mom asked.

“I want to take a shower,” Dad said, “then a nap.”

Mom gave me a quick look and I stood up.

“Glad you’re home safe, Dad. I’m gonna go back down to the clubhouse.”

“Glad to be home, kiddo,” he said tiredly, then stood up as well.

I quickly hugged him and headed down the hill. I heard the cabin door shut as I was walking down the stairs, and grinned to myself.



Instead of going to the lake, I went looking for Susan. What I really wanted to do was to talk. I walked past the clubhouse without even looking inside, heading for her house. I knocked on the kitchen door, and in a minute, she opened it with a smile.

“Hello, stranger,” she said brightly. Then she saw the look on my face. “Is everything okay?”

“I guess.”

“C’mon in. You wanna talk?”

I nodded and she stepped aside to let me enter the kitchen.

“You want something to drink?”

“No thanks.”

“I was just getting the last of my paperwork ready for tomorrow, but it’ll keep,” she said, walking into the living room.

She sat down on the couch and I sat next to her. As soon as I was seated, she turned to face me, throwing her arm over the back of the couch and tucking her legs under her.

“Dad’s home,” I said without preamble.

“You don’t sound like you’re happy.”

“I am... It’s just that...”

“Now that he’s home, things with your Mom’ll go back to the way they were before he left.”

“Yeah,” I said.

“Does that bother you?”

“I guess. I mean, it does and it doesn’t. I guess I hadn’t really thought about it until now.”

“You knew he’d be back,” she said gently.

“Yeah, I guess. I’m glad he’s back safe. But now that he is, I guess I don’t know how I feel.”

“I think I understand.”

“You do?” I asked, looking up at her.

She nodded. “Things will go back to ‘normal’ with you and your mom. And you may know that’s for the best, at least for your mom, but it’s not what you want.”

I nodded. “It gets worse.”

“Oh?”

I nodded again. “I don’t know how I feel about anything anymore.”

“What do you mean?”

“There’s this girl, in camp, that I kinda like,” I said tentatively.

“Mmm hmm.”

“Well, I really like her, a lot.”

“Gina?”

When I spun my head and looked at her in shock, she laughed. Laughed! At my pained expression, she put her hand in front of her mouth and managed to stifle her laughter, but her eyes were still smiling at me.

“Is it that obvious?” I asked in a strangled voice.

“No,” she said, gently shaking her head. “I just know you well enough by now.”

“Yeah, well, Mom knew too,” I said sullenly.

“I’m not surprised,” Susan said. “Your mom knows you better than I do. And you have to remember, we were both teenaged girls once too.”

“I guess.”

“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to laugh at you. I’m sorry I interrupted.”

With a rueful expression, I continued. “Well, Gina and I went hiking yesterday, with Manfred and Jenny, and we kinda...”

“Yes?”

“Well, we kinda fooled around.”

I told her the entire story. Once again, Susan just let me tell it, never interrupting me.

“So I really like her, but now... I’m kinda confused,” I said.

“About what?” Susan asked.

“You. Mom. Stacy. Gina,” I said. “Well, maybe not you. And maybe not Mom. But Stacy and Gina for sure.”

“Stacy?”

“Yeah,” I said. “I mean, I really like having sex with her, I can’t wait for tomorrow, but I also can’t wait until Gina and I can go hiking again. Isn’t there something wrong with that?”

“Maybe, maybe not,” Susan said cryptically.

“Huh?”

“I don’t think Stacy thinks of you as boyfriend material.”

“Boyfriend material?” I asked, confused.

She nodded. “Boyfriend material. I get the feeling that Stacy really likes you, but not like a boyfriend. More like a guy friend who’s safe.”

“Safe?” I was beginning to feel like the rest of the afternoon would be me repeating Susan’s last words back to her.

“Safe,” Susan said gently. “She can have sex with you, you won’t beat her, you won’t move in with her, you won’t screw her over.”

“You don’t think she’d be upset about Gina?” I asked incredulously.

“I don’t think so. But let me ask you this.”

I nodded.

“Do you respect Stacy?”

I thought about it for a second, then nodded.

“Then ask her.”

“Huh?” I asked, shocked.

“Ask her how she feels.”

“Just like that?”

“Just like that,” she said with aplomb.

“Are you sure?”

She nodded assuredly.

“Then what about Gina?” I asked.

“What about Gina?”

“I think I may be ‘boyfriend material’ to her.”

“Is she girlfriend material to you?” Susan asked.

I quickly nodded.

“Is Stacy?” she asked pointedly.

I had to think about that. I slowly shook my head.

“Then my advice is,” Susan said, “if you and Gina get serious, then you’ll have to decide what you want to do. Then the two of you can decide what kind of relationship you want to have.”

I raised my eyebrows at her, confused.

“If you two want to have an open relationship.”

“Huh?”

“If you two want to have a relationship where you can enjoy other partners, together or separately.”

“Huh?” Sometimes, I felt so clueless.

“Maybe Gina would want another girl to join you, or you want to watch her with another guy.”

I quickly shook my head at that. The guy part, at least.

“No matter, there are lots of different ways it can work, but you two will need to decide how you want your relationship to work.”

“How we want our relationship to work? I don’t even think I know what the options are,” I said, even more confused than before.

“I understand. When the time is right, you can ask me. Until then, enjoy yourself with Stacy. Enjoy yourself with Gina.” Then she got a wicked twinkle in her eye. “And you can enjoy yourself with me. If you want,” she said slyly.

I blushed and smiled. I was still a little confused about how things could work out with Stacy, or with Gina. But as Susan lowered her head to my lap, I banished those thoughts completely.

When Susan took me in her mouth, I instantly became erect. She immediately tried to swallow me whole. I put my hand on the back of her head as she bobbed up and down and leaned my own head against the back of the couch. It wasn’t long before I filled her mouth with my come.

As she nursed my slowly deflating cock, my thoughts once again turned to Stacy. And to Gina. I decided that I would ask Stacy about how she felt about me, I just had to figure out how I was going to do it. And Gina... Thinking about Gina made my cock swell again.

Susan's appreciative moan brought me back to my current circumstances, and I once again banished thoughts of Stacy and Gina as Susan slid to the floor. She never let my erection out of her mouth as she moved between my legs and pulled my hips toward her.

Then she did swallow me whole. Feeling the back of her throat contract around my cock, I groaned involuntarily and put both hands on the back of her head, holding her down.

"Oh God!" she said, pulling back and taking a deep breath. "What made you so hard again?"

She didn't wait for my answer, however. She took me into the back of her throat again and I could only grunt in reply. She swirled her tongue around the bottom of my shaft and slowly withdrew. I knew since I had come so recently that I wouldn't come again soon, but Susan didn't seem to mind. She began bobbing her head on my erection, playing with my balls with her right hand.

After several minutes of her delicious mouth and tongue, however, I felt my orgasm approaching.

"You want me to come in the back of your throat?" I asked, my voice husky with desire.

Lips still locked around my shaft, Susan only nodded and took me as deep as she could. She bobbed her head a few more times, and then with both hands, I impaled her on my cock, thrusting my hips up to drive myself even deeper into her throat.

With a rush, I came.

When my orgasm had subsided, Susan pulled back and took a deep breath, panting from the exertion. She looked up at me with a dreamy smile and wiped the corners of her mouth. Then she took my deflating penis in her mouth again and nursed me as I slowly shrank.



The next day, I saw Gina at breakfast and told her that I had to go to town for the day to help Susan. I could see that Gina was disappointed, but she said she was planning on having a quiet day anyway, and that she'd see me when I got back. I felt guilty for not telling her the truth.

I was at Susan's house shortly after breakfast. The night before, I had told my mom that I needed to help Susan with the supplies for the camp, and that while Susan was in her meeting, I'd go to a movie. Mom had been skeptical at first, but Susan had assured her, and Mom had agreed to let me go.

When I got to her house, Susan had just gotten out of the shower. She opened the door with a towel around her head and quickly motioned me into the cool of the kitchen. I followed her back to her bedroom and sat on the bed, watching her dress.

She put on a matching bra and panty set, white and silky smooth, and then took an outfit out of the closet. She put on a thin, cream-colored skirt and a cobalt blue blouse, then a matching cream blazer. Her normal strappy sandals were replaced by cream-colored pumps and she had a matching handbag. A pearl necklace and earrings rounded out her outfit.

She looked fantastic.

I was grinning the entire time she was dressing.

Finally, she looked up at me and quirked an eyebrow. "What're you grinning at?" she asked.

I blushed. "I've just never seen you get dressed up."

She looked down at herself. "Oh, Paul. This isn't dressed up, this is a business suit," she said. "You should see me when I really dress up."

"I think you look great."

"Thank you," she said graciously.

She stepped into the bathroom to put the finishing touches on her minimal make-up, and then stepped out into the bedroom, smoothing her skirt.

"Ready to go?" she asked.

I nodded and stood up.

Susan had me load a cardboard file box into the back of the station wagon, and we headed out.



The drive into town was uneventful. Susan and I chatted about mundane things, and I found out that her

meeting was with her accountant. With the trusts from her father, for her and her sons, she had a full-time accountant to handle all the details. Judging by the weight of the file box, there were quite a few details.

Before we went to Stacy's, we stopped by the bank. Susan came back to the car and handed me an envelope. I opened it and there were six more crisp twenty dollar bills.

I looked up at her in shock.

"I know it's more than we agreed on," she said upon seeing the expression on my face. "But that's payment for helping today, and a little extra money. Call it my contribution to your college fund," she said with a grin.

"Thanks!"

I was now rich. Well... I thought I was rich. I still had the \$120 from the first week, tucked safely in my dresser drawer in the cabin. With almost \$250, I could get about anything I wanted. I didn't know what I wanted to buy, but I decided that I had to buy something. Record albums, sunglasses, clothes, anything I wanted!

Susan smiled at me as we drove out of the bank parking lot, and I blushed.

In a few minutes, we arrived at Stacy's trailer, and Susan parked by the front door. We knocked on the door and Stacy quickly answered it, inviting us in.

Stacy was dressed in a light sun dress, her curly brown hair pulled back with barrettes. She looked nervous.

"Susan, I know I said we'd be going to a movie, but I've been thinking about it..." Stacy said, shifting from foot to foot.

"Mmm hmm."

"And would it be okay if Paul maybe just stayed here. I got to thinking about it, and I just really didn't want to go to a movie," she said.

"You mean you wanted to stay here and fool around," Susan said, grinning.

Stacy blushed and hesitantly nodded. Susan's grin only got wider at Stacy's obvious discomfort. Stacy shifted her weight and then looked plaintively at Susan.

"Well," Susan said seriously, "I guess that's really up to Paul." Then she turned to me. "What do you think, Paul? Did you really want to see a movie?"

I blushed furiously myself. How could Susan be so blasé about some things? Feeling her scrutiny, I blushed even darker and quickly shook my head.

"I don't know," Susan said, her expression serious.

Stacy and I both looked at her plaintively. Then she broke into a wide grin.

"If it's okay with Paul," she said, "then it's okay with me too."

"Thank you, thank you, thank you," Stacy said.

Susan turned serious again. "My meeting is at one thirty, and it should last at least two, maybe even three hours. I'll call if it goes longer. Okay?"

Stacy and I both nodded. Susan kissed me on the cheek then smiled again.

"You kids have fun," she said. And then she turned and opened the door to leave. With a wave, she was gone.

"Cool!" Stacy said, as soon as the door was shut.

With no more preamble than that, she dropped to her knees in front of me. She tugged at the waistband of my shorts, and pulled them and my underwear down past my butt.

As soon as my cock sprang free, Stacy lunged for it. She wrapped her lips around the head and closed her eyes, breathing deeply through her nose. Then she opened her lips and took half my length in her mouth.

Withdrawing, she exhaled sharply and smiled up at me.

"Mmm, I have wanted to do that all week," she said. "I hope you don't mind not going to a movie," she said and then kissed the tip of my penis.

I quickly shook my head and she smiled again. Stacy began running her tongue up and down my shaft, kissing first my left and then my right testicle. With her left hand, she slowly stroked my erection as she laved her tongue over my balls.

Then she looked up at me with a mischievous expression.

“I want a facial,” she said suddenly, giving my cock two good jerks.

A facial? Like a mudpack? I had no idea what she was talking about.

She looked up at me, past my cock. Seeing the look of confusion on my face, she giggled.

“You don’t know what a facial is?”

I shook my head. She licked the tip of my penis and grinned wickedly.

“Then I guess I’ll just have to show you,” she said, and wrapped her lips around my shaft again.

She wrapped her left hand around the base of my cock and began sucking in earnest. She could only take about half of me into her mouth, but she sucked and stroked at the same time, creating an incredible amount of friction.

The sight alone, of her worshipping my cock, was almost enough to make me come.

“Tell me when you’re gonna come,” she said, continuously stroking me.

I nodded jerkily and she took me in her mouth again. I had no idea what she wanted to do, but I resolved to tell her before I came. I knew she didn’t like the taste of semen, but my thoughts trailed off as she renewed her oral assault.

Stacy bobbed her head back and forth, squeezing and stroking the base of my cock with her hand, and soon, I felt my orgasm welling up.

“Oh, God, Stacy. I’m gonna come,” I said, groaning.

Stacy quickly took my dick out of her mouth and redoubled her stroking. She closed her eyes, and then her lips, and aimed my erection at her face.

I watched in fascination as she stroked me to orgasm. When I came, the first thick jet of sperm hit her in the cheek and splashed over her closed eye. She jerked as if slapped and moaned deep in her throat. The next spurt cascaded over her nose, forehead, and into her curly hair, making a long white trail across her face. She directed spurt after spurt onto her face, over her lips, covering her cheeks.

I was mesmerized as I watched her paint her face with my semen. When the flow finally dwindled to a few slow gushes, she rubbed her cheeks and lips with the head of my still-erect member, spreading my glistening semen across her face. Then, her eyes still closed, she smiled up at me, close-lipped.

“Mmmmm,” she moaned wordlessly, her face dreamy.

I stared down at her while she continued to rub her face with my slowly-shrinking cock.

She released me and then sat back. “Would you get me a towel from the kitchen?”

I nodded quickly, then kicked myself. Her eyes were still closed. She couldn’t see me nod! “Hold on a sec,” I said quickly.

She released my manhood and I shucked my shorts and underwear off. I tossed them aside and retrieved a dishtowel from the kitchen.

When I returned to where Stacy was kneeling, she reached out, and I placed the towel in her hand. She wiped my semen from her face, making sure to get her eyelids clean. Then, she lowered the towel and opened her eyes. She smiled up at me and sighed contentedly.

“That,” she said with a grin, “was a facial.”

“Oh. I think I like that.”

“I’ll bet!”

With that, she stood up and took my hand. She kicked her sandals off and led me toward the bedroom. Once there, I kicked off my shoes and socks, and then stripped my shirt over my head. Stacy was grinning at me and I suddenly wanted her naked. I wanted to run my hands over her smooth skin. I wanted to feel the heat of her body next to mine.

I pulled her toward me and cupped her ass cheeks with my hands. She giggled as I lifted the hem of her sundress. Before I could pull it over her head, she was kissing me. I returned her kiss and felt her tongue dart into my mouth. I pulled her tight against me, feeling my flagging penis stir.

She broke the kiss and I quickly lifted her dress over her head. Her French-cut white panties were all that covered her, and her nipples were already puffy with her arousal. I hooked my thumbs in the waistband of her panties and she put her hands on my wrists.

“Not yet,” she said, shaking her head.

I shrugged and pushed her back against the bed. She sat down and immediately began to scoot toward the head of the bed. I crawled after her and she spread her legs to accommodate my advance.

I planted a kiss on her tummy, right above her panties and then kissed my way up her trim stomach. When I came to her breasts, I ran my tongue around the skin surrounding her nipples. She sucked in her breath as I pulled one of them into my mouth and flicked my tongue against it.

My penis was now fully erect, and bumping against her panty-covered crotch, and she moaned beneath me. I switched breasts and pulled the other nipple into my mouth, coating it with saliva and flicking it with my tongue. She put her hands on my head and held me in place. I happily obliged her, and concentrated on her nipples.

Then, slowly, I raised my kisses, moving up her slender neck, kissing the side of her jaw, then right under her earlobe. She bucked against me, breathing heavily, and the fabric of her panties rubbed against my erection. I ground my hips into her, rubbing her pussy with my erect shaft, and she groaned.

I pulled my head back and looked down at her. Her eyes were half-closed with arousal and she was breathing heavily through her nose. Her face and neck were flushed with her excitement as I leaned in to kiss her lips.

She returned my kiss with rising ardor, pulling me against her and darting her tongue in and out of my mouth. I began rocking my hips back and forth, rubbing her pussy with my manhood and she was soon whimpering against me.

I felt her reach down and hook her fingers in the waistband of her panties and I stopped rubbing against her for a moment. Before she could raise her hips and remove her panties, I put my hands on her wrists.

“Not yet,” I said to her wickedly. She moaned and thrashed her head side to side, but let me pull her hands away from her underwear.

I pulled my hips back and slowly pressed forward, bumping the head of my dick against her cloth-covered slit. My head pressed into her for a moment, eliciting a moan of approval, and then slipped up her slit, raking across her clit and mons. I dragged my shaft back over her and repeated the motion, causing her to moan again, deep in her throat.

I kept this up, teasing her, for several minutes, until she couldn't stand it any more.

“Oh, God,” she said. “I've got to have you inside me!”

She pushed me back with a hand on my chest and once again hooked her thumbs in her panties. She pulled her legs up to her chest and slid the white fabric over her ass and up her thighs. She extended her legs and pulled the garment all the way off. With a toss, they disappeared over the side of the bed. She lowered her feet, but kept her knees pulled up to her chest.

“I had a surprise for you,” she said, pouting. “And I was going to tease you. It wasn't supposed to be the other way around.” Then she smiled at me. “You wanna know what your surprise is?”

I nodded and returned her smile.

Slowly, she parted her legs. As my eyes traveled down her flat stomach to her pussy, I sucked in my breath. She had shaved all but a portion of her pubic hair. She had a little “V” of hair at the top of her slit, but her labia were smooth. They were already puffy and slick with her juices. As she spread her legs further, her lips parted to reveal the fleshy folds of her inner labia, already dark pink and flushed.

I began to scoot down on the bed, intending to taste her, when she stopped me.

She shook her head and pulled me back up. “I want to feel you inside me.”

I nodded and sat back on my heels between her spread legs. With my right hand, I grasped the base of my shaft and rubbed the head against her slick labia. I teased her some more, parting her lips with my glans, rubbing her juices over her skin. She whimpered and bucked against me, trying to impale herself on my penis.

I lifted the head away from her pussy and chided her softly. When she quit bucking her hips, I resumed teasing her with my swollen member. She began whimpering and rolling her head side to side. I pulled back a little bit and inserted just the head into her.

Her pussy was hot and incredibly wet, and I was tempted to bury myself in her. But I resisted the urge

and slowly withdrew my penis, teasing her clit as I pulled out.

“Do you want me to jerk off?” I asked. “I could jerk off, and come right here,” I said, tapping the small patch of pubic hair with my rigid shaft.

Her smooth mons quivered as the head of my cock slapped against her and she shook her head, biting her lip and whimpering.

“Are you sure? I could come on your belly like I came on your face.”

She bucked her hips against me, still trying to snare my penis. I once again lifted my shaft until her hips had settled, then I slapped her mons again, making sure that I hit the top of her slit, right over her clit.

“Please, Paul. Please...,” she said, her need, and lust, coloring her voice.

“Please what?” I asked, teasing her mercilessly.

Her eyes were closed, her face a mask of desire. “Please fuck little Stacy’s pussy. Please fuck me,” she begged.

“You want me to fuck you?”

She nodded and bit her lip.

I decided to give her a taste, and set the head of my cock against her pussy. I slowly slid my length inside her. She was hotter and wetter than I remembered, and I easily slid deep inside her. Her eyes popped open as I first entered her, then slowly closed as I sank into her depths.

“You like that?” I asked.

She only nodded her head, breathing deeply through her nose.

I slowly withdrew my slick cock, letting the head slip free as I pulled back. She whimpered and bucked her hips, trying to recapture my manhood. I lifted my shaft with my right hand and slapped it against her smooth mons again. By now, her labia were fully engorged, spread wide and open to me.

With both hands, I pushed her legs back further, spreading her open even further. I maneuvered my hips and rubbed the tip of my cock over her hooded clit. She moaned again and tried to raise her hips, but I held her down with my hands on her inner thighs.

I dragged my shaft back over her clit and set the tip at her entrance, then gently eased forward until just the head of my cock split her open.

“Please, Paul,” she moaned. “Please fuck me. Come inside me. Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me!”

I rocked my hips back and forth, never really entering her, simply putting pressure on her spread pussy. Finally, I thrust my hips forward suddenly and her eyes flew open. She grunted as my hips slammed into hers and I seated myself firmly within her pussy.

With a barely suppressed groan of my own, I began thrusting into her. I kept my pace deliberately slow, and Stacy moaned, rolling her head side to side. I didn’t want to come too soon, but her molten pussy threatened to overwhelm me.

I looked down as I fucked her slowly, enjoying the sight of my girth splitting her apart. Her pussy sucked at my cock every time I withdrew it, seeming to beg me to re-enter her.

I decided to quicken my pace, and soon, I was pounding into her, rocking the bed and making her moan with each thrust. Then, suddenly, I stopped, my cock buried in her pussy. She moaned again, and I leaned over her, sliding my right hand under her lissome body.

I rolled to my right, carrying her with me. As I rolled to my back, she straddled my hips, my dick never losing contact with her. I ran my hands up her slight torso and cupped her beautiful breasts as she settled herself atop me. She bit her lip again, closed her eyes, and put her hands on my chest.

Her pleasure evident on her face, she began to rise on her knees, my juice-coated dick sliding free of her. She quickly resettled, plunging down on my shaft. Her hands splayed against my ribs for balance, she began to ride me.

I fondled her breasts, rolling her puffy nipples beneath my thumbs, and she hissed in pleasure, eyes still closed. With her right hand, she moved my left hand down until my palm rested against her abdomen.

“Use your thumb,” she said breathlessly.

I didn’t know exactly what she meant, but I had a pretty good idea. I began to move my thumb in small circles over her clit as she slowly rode my cock. She began moaning and rotating her hips with each

downward thrust. Soon, I knew I was going to reach the point of no return.

I felt my orgasm building, a warm flow of pleasure from my loins. Stacy increased her pace, her buttocks slapping against my thighs, and soon, I couldn't hold back.

I moved both hands to her hips and held her down on me, my cock suddenly swelling. I felt the first rush of semen surging up my shaft and closed my eyes, my legs stiff, my toes curled in pleasure. As Stacy felt my release, she shuddered and moaned.

When my spurting finally subsided, Stacy collapsed backward, her shoulders resting on the bed between my legs. I put my hands on her inner thighs and rubbed her clit with my thumb, enjoying the feeling of her slick, smooth mons under my fingers. Her hips jerked at the contact and she put her hand over mine to still my movements.

We both lay there panting for several minutes. Because of her angle, my cock was firmly gripped by her pussy; a very pleasurable position. Slowly, she sat up and looked down at me, her face framed by her sweaty, curly brown hair. She smiled drunkenly and collapsed against my chest, my semi-erect shaft still buried inside her.



Later, as we lay together on top of the sheets, Stacy was idly running her finger around my hairless chest.

"Can I ask you something?" she asked quietly.

"Sure," I said, stroking her bare back.

"Well... I don't know where to start."

"Hmm?"

"I just don't know anything about you. I mean," she said, still tracing her finger over my skin, "I know I like you, but besides your name, I don't know a thing about you."

"What would you like to know?"

"Let's start with something I'm really curious about, and see where it takes us," she said, propping herself up with her elbow. She ran her hand down and stroked my flaccid penis. "For starters, you've got an all-over tan. I think I've seen just about everything," she said, squeezing me for effect, "and I don't see any tan lines."

"That's a complicated answer," I said hesitantly.

"I'm a complicated girl."

I grinned at her. "Fair enough."

I paused for a second to marshal my thoughts.

"Well, anybody who'd likely notice already knows why I don't have any tan lines."

"Well yeah," she said with a hint of exasperation. "You lie out in the buff," she said, fondling my soft penis, "that much is obvious. But your parents don't mind? Or don't they know?"

"Oh, they know," I said, laughing.

"Then what gives? I know a couple of girls who lie out topless, and even a couple who don't wear anything, but I don't know any guys who lie out in the buff."

I was tempted to tell her that I was the exception, but I decided not to. Normally, unless the person was also a nudist, it's not something that I'd share with anyone. People look at you funny, people who don't understand, when they find out you're a nudist. So it's just something that I'd always kept to myself. With Stacy, I decided to break that unwritten rule.

"My family are nudists," I said simply.

"Huh?"

"Susan runs a camp, about an hour and half outside of town, for nudists."

"You don't wear any clothes? At all?"

"Nope."

"All the time?"

"Yep. Except when we have to come into town."

"Is it like a cult or something?" she asked skeptically.

“Not really,” I said, laughing again.

“I’m serious,” she said, scowling at me.

“So am I.”

“Really?”

“Yeah. Really. No tan lines, right?”

“Then how come Susan has ‘em? At least on the bottom.”

I explained it to her, and told her about the camp, and all the while Stacy listened attentively.

“So there are just ordinary people there?” she asked.

“Pretty much. Am I ordinary?”

“No,” she said, blushing. “But that’s different. Are there other people there? I mean, people our age?”

“Mostly my age,” I said.

“Girls too?”

I nodded.

“Is that where you learned to screw, the girls in camp?” she asked.

“Kinda,” I said warily.

“Kinda?”

“Kinda.”

“What do you mean ‘kinda?’” she asked, enjoying seeing me squirm.

I caved. “Mostly it was Susan.”

“Cool,” she said.

“Yeah.”

“So,” she said slyly, “do you have a girlfriend at the camp.”

I thought about Gina, wondering whether or not she was my girlfriend. That was a mistake. I felt my penis, which Stacy still held, swell when I thought about Gina. It wasn’t much, but Stacy felt it.

“You do!” she exclaimed, sitting up quickly.

I didn’t know what to say. I suddenly panicked at Stacy’s reaction. I wondered if she’d ever want to see me again. But as I looked at her, I read the expression of excitement on her face.

“Well...” I said, trying to dodge the question.

“There is. You do have a girlfriend!” she said excitedly, never taking her hand from my manhood. “Tell me about her,” she said insistently.

“I don’t know if she’s really my girlfriend—”

“Well, your dick sure thinks she is,” Stacy interrupted.

I blushed furiously, feeling the heat rise in my neck and face.

“It does,” Stacy said defensively, stroking me for emphasis.

“I guess maybe she is my girlfriend. Maybe. I don’t know though. Well... not for sure anyway.”

“What’s her name?”

“Gina.” As soon as I thought about Gina again, my dick twitched. It was always getting me into trouble! Stacy felt it and grinned shamelessly at me.

“What’s she like?” she asked.

I described Gina, and Stacy listened raptly.

“Do y’all screw?” she asked. She felt my dick twitch again and squeezed me, grinning like an idiot.

By now, I had my fingers laced behind my head and Stacy was sitting on her heels, holding my half-hard penis in her hand.

“Not really,” I said, equivocating.

“Tell me,” Stacy said.

I described the hike to the quarry. I tried to keep things vague, but Stacy kept asking pointed questions and pressing for more vivid, and lurid, descriptions. The whole time I was telling her, she was stroking my dick. And I was reacting, getting harder and harder. By the time she finished asking questions, I was hard as steel.

“Wow,” Stacy said softly. “That’s hot.”

I blushed and could only grin at her.

“Sounds like Gina really does like you,” she said. I frowned for a moment, and she cocked her head at me. “What’s the matter?”

“Does it bother you? Me and Gina, I mean?”

She thought about it a second and then shook her head. “I like you, I really do,” she said, squeezing my erection for emphasis. “But not in that way. You know? Like friends? Besides,” she said, obviously teasing me, “you’re too young for me.”

“Too young for you?!”

She nodded impishly. “Well,” she said teasingly, “maybe not all of you.” She squeezed my manhood again, still grinning at me.

I arched my eyebrows at her and started to pull away.

“Okay, okay,” she said quickly. “Maybe you’re not too young for me after all.”

I grinned wryly and she laughed.

“Seriously, though,” she said, “you and Gina don’t bother me. She sounds like a really nice girl. And she sounds like she’s really cute.” She squeezed my erection again as I nodded.

Then she got quiet for a minute, and I looked quizzically at her.

“You’re okay with it? I mean, that I don’t think of you that way? Can we just be friends?” she asked

I hesitated a moment, then slowly nodded.

She stroked me again for effect and then grinned. “Fucking friends?”

I quickly nodded this time, and she grinned wider.

She straddled my hips and held herself over my erection, aiming it at her smooth, spread pussy. She settled onto me and I easily slipped inside her well lubricated sheath. When she had seated herself firmly, she bent forward and kissed me, darting her tongue into my mouth.

I wrapped my arms around her and squeezed, returning her kiss. She began to rock her hips back and forth, caressing my shaft with her pussy. We kissed for several minutes, our tongues darting and exploring. Her pussy gripped me and bathed my cock with warmth as well as her juices.

When our lips finally broke apart, we each were panting. Stacy smiled down at me as I pulled her hair back from her forehead and kissed her brow. She began bucking her hips against me and moaning as her passion increased. I moved my hands down to cup her cheeks and began to thrust up into her.

She clutched me tightly, moaning against my shoulder with each thrust, and soon I felt my orgasm approaching. I slammed up into her one last time, thrusting myself as deeply as I could, and felt the first spurt of my come coursing through my shaft.

Stacy grunted as I began to come, and I felt her spasm against me as my hot semen washed her insides. When my orgasm subsided, I relaxed my back and buttocks and slowly lowered my hips to the bed. Stacy came with me, keeping my dick buried within her. We were both panting with the exertion, still clutching each other tightly.

Still breathless, Stacy said, “I love feeling you come inside me.” She pulled back to look at me drowsily. “My period was a couple of days ago, but I saw the doctor last week and got on the pill at the beginning of my cycle. He said I should probably wait a month, but that I didn’t have to, so it’s cool.”

I nodded and swallowed hard. I’d forgotten all about her not being on the pill before.

“Forgot, didn’t you?” she asked as if reading my thoughts.

I nodded slowly.

“You gotta pay attention to things like that,” she chided me. “Unless Gina’s on the pill too...”

I shook my head.

“Then you’d better be sure you’re not making babies.”

I nodded soberly.

She kissed me again, softly this time, and rested her head on my shoulder. In the comfort of the moment and the warm afternoon of her bedroom, we both drifted off to sleep. I vaguely remember feeling her climb off and curl up next to me. She put her head on my shoulder and I wrapped my arm protectively about her.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

“We cup, see pea heads.”

I opened my eyes, confused. I looked at Stacy, who was still asleep, curled up next to me. I flexed my arm, which had gone numb, and wrapped it around her shoulder. I closed my eyes again, enjoying the feeling of her body next to mine.

Then she laughed at me.

I opened my eyes again and turned to look at Stacy. She hadn't moved.

“Yoo hoo. Wake up, sleepyheads”

I blinked again. Stacy still hadn't moved.

“Over here.”

I looked toward the sound of the voice and saw Susan standing in the doorway to the bedroom.

“Are you awake now?”

Nodding blearily, I struggled to rise. I felt Stacy stir next to me, yawn, and raise her head.

“Hi,” Susan said when Stacy looked up.

“Hi,” Stacy said, a guilty but satisfied look on her face.

Susan just chuckled at us. I imagine we made quite a sight, sprawled naked across the bed.

“I hope you don't mind,” Susan said. “I let myself in.”

Stacy only shook her head and yawned again.

“I brought groceries. I thought we'd just have dinner here,” Susan said.

Stacy nodded again and wiped sleep from her eyes with her left hand.

“What time is it?” she asked groggily.

“Almost six,” Susan answered.

“Wow,” Stacy said, yawning again.

“You two want to get cleaned up before dinner?”

I nodded. Stacy sat up, her right side crisscrossed with red crease marks where she had been lying on the sheet. I sat up as well, and we both yawned together, then grinned at one another.

“Oh, brother,” Susan said teasingly.

Stacy and I only grinned wider.

“Why don't you two shower while I start dinner. Is spaghetti okay?”

Stacy and I both nodded and Susan headed for the kitchen.

Stacy got up first and pulled me from the bed. She pulled the barrettes out of her hair on the way to the bathroom. Once we were there, I shut the door behind us. Stacy turned on the water and stepped into it first, leaving the shower curtain open for me to join her, which I quickly did.

She'd turned the water on mostly cold, with only a touch of hot water to take the edge off the chill. The cold spray felt remarkably good after the heat of the bedroom. We both stood there for a few minutes, simply waking up as the water sluiced over us.

Stacy made a little-girl-pout face and flowed into my arms. She laid her head on my chest and I wrapped my arms around her. As I held her against me, I felt her nipples stiffen.

Her eyes twinkling, she looked up at me, a stray tendril of her dark, wet hair curled on her forehead.

“You know what I want?” she asked mischievously.

I shook my head.

“I want you in my ass,” she said lasciviously, grinding her hips against me.

My dick immediately reacted, stiffening against her.

She opened her eyes wider, grinning at me, and grasped my rising prick with her right hand. She stroked me until I was completely hard, then abruptly turned around. She backed up against me and reached through her legs with her right hand, grasping the tip of my straining erection.

Once she had a good hold on it, she slid forward, and then back again. I felt myself slide between the

folds of her shaved labia. Once I was fully seated in her still-steaming pussy, she looked at me over her shoulder.

“Fuck me for a few minutes to get good and slick. Okay?”

I merely nodded and grasped her hips. I began thrusting into her and she put her hands on the shower wall to brace herself. I was taking long, slow strokes, burying myself all the way inside her with each thrust. After a few minutes, I decided that I was probably slick enough, and withdrew.

When the cold water rushed over my newly-exposed dick, my head swam from the sensation. When I recovered, I looked down and Stacy was holding her cheeks apart with her hands. I took a minute and marveled at the sight before me, her trim waist and narrow hips before me, her ass held open for my pleasure. I shook my head, thinking to myself how lucky I was, and grasped the base of my cock. I eased forward until I met the pink bud of her ass. Easing forward more, until just my head was inside her, she moaned, low in her chest.

I continued forward until a little more of my shaft was inside her and then she released her cheeks. I grasped her hips as she put her hands on the shower wall, ready for my onslaught. I slowly thrust into her, until my cock was buried to the root.

Once I was firmly lodged in her ass, I ran my hands over her water-slick back. At her shoulder blades, I moved my hands around to cup her breasts, massaging her puffy nipples with my thumb and forefinger. Stacy moaned her approval.

I played with her breasts for a minute or two, and then she looked over her shoulder at me.

“Fuck me hard and fast. Slam into me.”

I slowly withdrew, and then when just my head remained inside her, I paused for a moment. Stacy took one hand off the far shower wall and began rubbing her clit. I took that as my sign to begin and thrust into her with all my might. Stacy cried out in a mixture of pleasure and surprise, then moaned as I immediately pulled out for another powerful thrust.

True to her wishes, I fucked her hard and fast, our wet bodies slammed into each other under the spray of the cool water, Stacy moaning with each thrust. Soon, I felt my come boiling up and buried myself in her vise-like ass. With a rush, I felt my cock swell and begin to spurt inside her.

As I filled her with my semen, she screamed out in pleasure as her own orgasm washed over her. Her body shuddered beneath me, her ass spasming and gripping my still-spurting cock. I tried to bury myself deeper inside her as waves of pleasure washed over me, overloading my senses.

When our mutual orgasms subsided, Stacy slowly pulled forward, off my dick. She leaned heavily on the shower wall, panting. I moved behind her and wrapped my arms around her midsection. She stood up, leaned back against me, and almost purred.

“Happy?” I asked softly.

She simply nodded and pressed back against me.



After we washed each other and then dried off, we headed for the kitchen. Susan was there, with pots bubbling on the stove. She had shed her cream jacket and shoes, and had her blouse unbuttoned almost to her midriff. I also noticed that she had removed her bra, and under the thin fabric of her blouse, her nipples were clearly visible.

“Sorry I’m such a poor hostess,” Stacy said guiltily.

Susan smiled at her reassuringly. “You were occupied,” Susan said. Then her eyes dropped to the patch of hair that was all that remained of Stacy’s bush. Her eyebrows rose appreciatively. “Very nice.”

Stacy followed the direction of her gaze and blushed, then shrugged. “I liked yours, but wanted to do something different for Paul.”

“You shaved for Paul?” Susan asked.

Stacy blushed again. “Well,” she said hesitantly, “not just for Paul.”

Susan’s eyebrows rose.

“I really enjoyed it to. I was taking a bath last night, thinking about him coming over,” she smiled shyly

at me, “and I just knew I wanted to do it. I got so worked up, shaving, and thinking about what I wanted to do today. I went to bed early and played with myself until I exploded.” She paused and smiled guiltily at us. “I’m surprised someone didn’t call the cops.”

Susan laughed musically. “Sounds like fun,” she said.

Stacy blushed a deeper shade of red and nodded again.

“Well then,” Susan said brightly, “I seem to be overdressed.”

She handed the wooden spoon to Stacy, to stir the sauce, and directed me to set the table. While I did, she quickly removed the rest of her clothing, and soon rejoined us in the kitchen, deliciously nude. She gave each of us a quick kiss on the cheek and then began getting the rest of dinner ready.



Over dinner, we talked about Susan’s day, and Stacy shared—in shocking detail, as far as I was concerned—our afternoon’s adventures. Susan seemed to relish my discomfort, and she certainly enjoyed Stacy’s retelling of events.

Suddenly, I set my fork down and looked at Susan.

“What is it, Paul?” she asked, suddenly concerned.

“I was supposed to help you get supplies from the hardware store,” I said guiltily.

She smiled. “I got here and you two were sound asleep, so I went back out on my own.”

“I am so sorry,” I said.

“Don’t worry about it, Paul.” Then she grinned wryly. “Mike McMasters was more than happy to help load everything.”

Suddenly, I understood why she hadn’t been wearing her bra earlier.

Susan nodded to me, as if reading my mind. Then she grinned wickedly. “He’s such a handsome young man,” she said innocently, “who has a healthy appreciation for a nice set of knockers.”

Stacy just laughed. I marveled at Susan’s audacity, then shook my head.

“Well, I’m sorry anyway,” I said.

“Don’t worry about it, Paul. I also used the time to do a little grocery shopping, and get all the stuff for dinner,” she said, indicating the pasta and salad.

“Thank you very much,” Stacy said.

“You’re welcome,” Susan said graciously.



We finished our meal mostly in silence. I found that after my afternoon, I was ravenously hungry. Stacy was as well, judging by the amount of pasta she ate.

After Susan and Stacy had cleared the dishes, we moved to the couch. The two of them sat on the couch, and I sat cross-legged on the floor in front of them, admiring their bodies and simply enjoying the full sensation in my belly.

I wasn’t really paying attention to their conversation until...

“You really run a nudist camp?” Stacy asked.

Susan looked at me and arched an eyebrow.

I shrugged guiltily.

“Was he not supposed to tell?” Stacy asked, concerned.

“Well, it’s not something that I advertise,” Susan said, turning back to Stacy. “So please keep it to yourself.” Stacy quickly nodded. “But yes, I do run a nudist camp.”

“I had no idea,” Stacy said.

“Most people don’t.”

“That is *so* cool.”

Susan nodded and then grinned. “It does have its advantages.” Both women looked at me.

“I’ll bet!” Stacy said, giggling. “Is it all a big orgy or something?”

“No, not really,” Susan said, laughing. “It’s really pretty normal. It’s like any other vacation resort, only

the people don't wear clothes."

"So it's not like people screwing all the time?" Stacy asked.

"No. I imagine there's a lot of that going on, but people are mostly pretty private about it. It's a family camp, so most people there have children. Or are older couples. We don't have many singles there at all."

"So no swingers?"

"Oh, I didn't say that," Susan said quickly, grinning slyly at me.

I was confused. Why was she grinning at me? Was I some kind of swinger initiate and just didn't know it? I let it pass, but resolved to bring it up later.

"People are just... discreet... about it, if they are swinging," Susan said.

"Do you know any of the swingers?" I asked.

Susan nodded.

"Who?" I blurted out, my curiosity getting the better of my manners.

Susan shook her head and grinned. "I'll never tell," she said.

"Do I know any of them?" I asked, trying to wheedle an answer out of her.

"I'm sure you do," she said cryptically. "But that's all I'm going to say about it," she said with finality.

As my face fell, Stacy burst out laughing. I looked up at her, a pained expression on my face, and she laughed harder still.

"What?!" she asked through her laughter. "We're not enough for you?" she asked, indicating the two of them. "You need more?"

By now, Susan was laughing too, and both were grinning at me.

"I just think it's cool," I said glumly.

When their laughter subsided, Stacy looked at Susan. "He's so adorable," Stacy said.

Susan nodded and then grinned at me again. I tried to look sullen, but I couldn't. It was kind of funny. I was just tremendously excited by the idea that people at the camp were swinging. Even at fifteen, I understood what that was, and I was intrigued. I had discovered a whole new world at the camp, a new layer that until a short time before I hadn't realized existed. I was determined to pay more attention to the adults at the camp. I was dying to know who was and who wasn't, so to speak. I shook off those thoughts, and looked back up at the women on the couch.

"...come back to town?" Stacy asked.

"Hmm?" Susan asked.

"I understand, now, why it's more difficult for you," Stacy said quickly, then looked at me.

I nodded and let Susan think.

"The problem is," Susan said, "Paul and I can only come up with so many stories before his mom would start to wonder what's going on."

Stacy nodded.

"So I don't know if it'll be any time soon. We've got enough building supplies to last a while, and there's really no other reason for me to bring Paul to town."

Stacy nodded again.

"And I think asking your mom to bring you to town would be a little too weird," Susan said, grinning at me. "Even for her."

I blushed furiously.

"I could come out there..." Stacy said tentatively.

Susan looked up at her. Stacy nodded shyly.

"Would you be comfortable doing that?" Susan asked slowly.

Stacy hesitated a moment, then nodded again. "I think so. I'm comfortable around you two," she said, indicating our shared nudity. "But this is a little different," she said with a blush.

"Actually," Susan said, "it's not. Well, not all that different."

Stacy looked at me and I nodded.

"I'd have to work some overtime to get my car fixed," Stacy said, thinking it through. "So it couldn't be this weekend, or next weekend either. I think if I work two Saturdays, and double shifts every week day, I

could scrape enough together to get the car fixed without having to dip into my tuition and books money.”

“You really *do* keep that separate,” Susan said, clearly impressed.

Stacy nodded forcefully. “I don’t touch it for anything, if I don’t have to.”

“Well, here at least, I may be able to help you out,” Susan said.

Stacy looked at her and raised her eyebrows.

Susan nodded. “I spoke to my accountant today, and he said he needs a new intern. I asked him what kind of person he was looking for, with what kind of experience,” she said. Stacy leaned forward, clearly interested. “He said experience didn’t matter, he would teach them what they needed to know. He just wanted someone who worked hard and had a good head on their shoulders.”

Stacy nodded quickly.

“So I told him I might know someone who fit that description,” Susan said.

“Who?” I asked.

Both women looked at me.

“Me, silly,” Stacy said.

Then they both burst out laughing at me. I know I can be kind of slow on the uptake sometimes, but this was getting silly.

Fortunately for me, their laughter died down quickly.

“I told him you’d give him a call later this week, and schedule an interview; I’ll write his number down for you,” Susan said.

“Thank you so much,” Stacy said, hugging Susan.

“You’re very welcome. I asked him how much he paid too. Now, it’s not much, but I suspect it’s better than Winn-Dixie,” Susan said.

Stacy was on the edge of her seat, and I could tell that Susan was enjoying drawing it out.

Finally, Stacy couldn’t stand it anymore. “Well? How much?”

Susan grinned at me and Stacy seemed like she was ready to explode. “He said he’d pay four dollars an hour, and if you did good work, he would pay you five dollars an hour after the first month.”

Stacy’s excitement was clear. And then she thought for a moment and her face fell.

“What’s the matter?” Susan asked quickly.

“Well,” Stacy said, “classes start in about a month and a half.”

“Don’t worry,” Susan said, laughing. “I told him you were still in college, and he said that if you did good work, he’d be willing to work around your class schedule. So, as long as it doesn’t interfere with your school, there’s no reason you can’t work there and attend classes at the same time.”

Stacy’s face lit up, and she hugged Susan.

“How can I ever thank you?” Stacy asked, tears of happiness beginning to stream down her face.

Susan hugged her fiercely in return. “Thank me by graduating from Carolina,” she said quietly.

The two women held each other tightly. I got up and retrieved a box of tissues from the bathroom and returned to the living room. Stacy smiled up at me as I rejoined them, her eyes and nose both red. She sniffled and laughed, plucking several tissues from the box. She dabbed her eyes and blew her nose, then smiled again.

Before we left, Susan wrote down the number for Stacy to call, and we arranged for Stacy to call Susan the following week. Stacy was planning on coming to the camp the last weekend of July, once she got her car fixed.

Susan and I gathered up our clothes and prepared to leave. Stacy hugged us both, giving Susan a quick kiss on the cheek, and me a longer kiss on the lips. She waved to us from the door of the trailer, nude and beautiful.



“That was a pretty cool coincidence,” I said in the car on the way back.

“Hmm?”

“Your accountant needing a new intern like that.”

Susan looked at me out of the side of her eye as she drove. Then she turned to appraise me coolly.

“Promise me you won’t tell Stacy?”

I quickly nodded.

“My accountant certainly needs an intern, that’s for sure. But I don’t think he’d figured that out on his own yet. To tell the truth, I don’t know if he ever would have. He’s a good accountant, but sometimes he just doesn’t see the forest for the trees. So I... suggested... to him that he could use some competent help.”

I stared at her open-mouthed.

“And when you have as much money as I have, your accountant better take seriously any suggestions you might have,” she said, her eyes twinkling.

“You mean you made him give Stacy a job?”

“No, nothing like that,” Susan said, laughing. “There weren’t any hot pokers involved. I simply pointed out to him that a lot of the things he was having to do, which were taking away from managing my accounts, could just as easily be taken care of by an intern. Someone young, honest, and hard-working. He saw the logic of my suggestion and asked if I knew anyone.”

“So he’s hiring her just ‘cause you asked?”

“It’s not quite that simple. He does need the help, and Stacy is wasted at Winn-Dixie. I suspect she’ll more than earn her pay with my accountant. And sometimes, it’s not so important what you know, as who you know.”

“I guess,” I said in disbelief.

“Some people in life will do very well, if they’re given the opportunity. Think of it this way; tonight, I gave Stacy an opportunity. What she makes of it is up to her. But personally, I think she’ll go far.”

I had to agree. Stacy was nothing if not determined. And in a way, it made me happy to know that Susan had quietly helped out.



We made the rest of the drive home in silence. It was just getting dark as we pulled up to the chain gate. Susan stopped the car and turned off the headlights. In the lingering twilight, she looked at me, a mischievous expression on her face.

“Did you have fun today?” she asked.

I nodded, a little confused.

“Good. I’m glad.”

I nodded again, my confusion only deepening.

Susan turned in the seat and leaned forward. She put her hand on my crotch and started massaging me. With her right hand, she began tugging on the waistband of my shorts. I grinned at her. She shrugged and grinned in reply as I lifted my hips. With my help, she quickly had my shorts around my ankles.

My penis was slow to respond, and she leaned down and took me in her mouth. The attention of her talented lips and tongue quickly had me fully erect, and she began sucking me in long, slow strokes.

I leaned back in the seat and put my right hand on the back of her head. I put my left hand over the back of the seat and simply enjoyed the sensations she was creating in my dick. It took a long time for me to come, and Susan seemed to enjoy every minute of it, taking me as deep as she could and then slowly sucking her way back to the head.

When I did come, I thrust my hips up and held her head down, lodging my shaft deep in her throat. She moaned and the vibration sent me over the edge. My orgasm wasn’t as intense as the earlier ones, but it seemed to last far longer.

When I finished spurting, Susan lifted her head a little and I felt her throat working against the head of my cock as she swallowed. She took me into the back of her throat again, working her lips against the base of my slowly-deflating manhood. I held her head down and enjoyed the feelings as she lavished attention on me.

Finally, when I was soft again, she lifted her head and grinned at me.

“I was hoping you’d saved some for me,” she said, sitting back up and straightening her blouse.

I nodded, grinning foolishly, and tugged my shorts and underwear back up my legs. I pulled them the rest of the way up when I got out of the car to unlock the gate.

I rode with Susan all the way to her house, and unloaded the supplies from the back of the station wagon while she went inside and got undressed. She had several heavy bags of mulch and potting soil, a bunch of round-edged four-by-fours, bricks, cinder blocks, boxes of nails, and more stuff in boxes. I didn't even wonder what it was all for as I stacked it neatly against one of the garage walls.

After I finished, Susan came out to thank me, and I soon headed back to our cabin. I wanted to get out of my clothes and see if I could find Gina.



The next Friday, the day before our hike to the quarry, I was helping Susan move some of the supplies from the trip to the hardware store. She was putting in a new planting bed and had me moving bags of mulch and border rails (the rounded four-by-fours).

When we finished moving everything, we sat and had a glass of lemonade in her courtyard.

"Your mom told me you're hiking to the quarry tomorrow," Susan said.

I nodded, wondering where this was going.

"Just you and Gina?" she asked slyly.

I blushed and could see her grinning at me out of the corner of my eye. I shook my head. "Manfred and Jenny are going too."

"Ah."

She let the silence draw out.

"I always liked the quarry, I used to go there when I was your age."

I looked up at her in surprise.

She laughed and nodded. "I was your age once, you know," she said tartly, still grinning at me.

I blushed again.

"So things are heating up with you and Gina?"

I shrugged.

"Do you want them to?" she asked, smiling mischievously.

I nodded quickly.

"Would you like some advice?"

I nodded again.

"Okay, here's what you do..."



Later that same night, Manfred, Jenny, Gina and I were playing pool. None of us wanted to stay up late because we wanted to get an early start in the morning. Gina and Jenny had already fixed our picnic lunch, so we could leave right after breakfast the next morning. The game broke up and Manfred went to walk Jenny back to her cabin.

"You want to play another game?" Gina asked as soon as Manfred and Jenny had left. Then she covered her mouth with her hand, yawning.

I grinned at her and shook my head. "I think I'm going to head to bed," I said. "Want to walk up with me?"

She considered for a moment then nodded.

I knew both my parents were out on the side porch of the clubhouse, talking to Gina's folks. Erin and her friends were playing a game at a table on the far side of the clubhouse. And I was fervently hoping that Gina's sister Kara wasn't up at their cabin.

As Gina and I walked up the hill toward our cabins, I tentatively reached out to hold her hand. My hand trembled for a moment as my skin first touched hers. She started at the contact and I thought she would withdraw her hand. But she quickly laced her fingers through my own and I felt my heart skip a beat.

I had been rehearsing what I wanted to say all day. Susan had helped me with the general idea, but the

words would be my own. I just hoped that I wouldn't choke up and seem like an idiot.

I don't remember a single step of that walk up to her cabin; my mind was furiously working, going over, and over again, what I wanted to say. When I looked up and realized that we were at her cabin, I almost bolted. The cabin was dark, and I figured that Kara must be somewhere else. I relaxed a little at that. But only a little.

We walked up the steps to the darkened porch and I drew a deep breath. It was now or never. I turned toward her and held onto her hand.

"I'm..." I swallowed hard and cleared my throat. "I'm really looking forward to tomorrow," I said at last.

Gina looked up at me and smiled.

"But not for any of the normal reasons. I mean, normal reasons like you're really, *really* beautiful. Not because of that."

She made a moue, confused.

"I mean, you are. Beautiful, that is. But that's not why I'm looking forward to tomorrow. I mean, that's one of the reasons, but it's not the big one," I said, silently praying that I'd begin making sense before too long.

Gina's eyes widened, and I could feel her hand tremble.

"It's not that either," I said, as if reading her mind. "I mean, it is..." Her eyes widened again. "But it isn't. I want to, I really do." Her hand trembled again and I was desperately afraid she'd pull away from me. "But not yet," I quickly added. She relaxed, but only slightly. "I'm not making much sense, am I?" I asked forlornly.

She shook her head.

"I guess what I'm trying to say, badly," I smiled ruefully, "is that I really just want to be with you. I like talking to you. Sometimes, I like just lying next to you, knowing you're near me. So whatever happens tomorrow will happen. I just wanted you to know that I'll be happy simply knowing you're with me."

Finally, thankfully, I decided to close my mouth. I waited for her to run, or to laugh, or worse. About two seconds after I closed my mouth, however, she flowed into my arms, hugging me tightly.

Stunned, I put my arms around her and held her close. I simply savored the feeling of her luscious body pressed against me, her dark hair against my chest. I bent my head down and inhaled the scent of her; fragrant hair touched with the scent of cocoa butter.

She tilted her head back and looked up at me, her eyes bright with unshed tears. Her lips parted and I quickly pressed my own against them. She seemed to melt against me, and I held her tight. Her tongue sparred with mine and my penis began to harden. She started when she felt the tip press against her stomach, and pulled away from the kiss.

I was afraid she was going to pull away from me and silently cursed myself for getting hard. Then, to my amazement, I felt her nipples harden against me. She pressed her cheek against my chest and sighed.

"I meant what I said," I said softly. "I really do enjoy just being near you. But I guess the fact that you're beautiful too doesn't hurt."

She sniffled quietly and looked up at me.

"You think I'm beautiful?" she asked, her voice husky.

"I... You... Um..." I blushed and she grinned at me. "You know you're beautiful," I said softly.

She smiled and suddenly I was kissing her again. Her lips smoldered against my own, and our kiss was long and languid, full of heat. When she pulled away, she grinned at me again.

"What do you like best?" she asked coyly. She bit the inside of her lip and looked up at me, eyes coquettishly wide.

"Well," I said, "that's a big question."

She arched her eyebrows, inviting me to continue.

I decided to take advantage of a piece of advice Susan had given me earlier that day.

"I could go for any of the obvious answers," I said, to which she cocked her head, still grinning at me.

I had imagined her a million times, covertly watched her at every opportunity, and I knew her body

almost as well as I knew my own.

I put my fingers against her cheek, lightly caressing her flawless skin. “I could say your face, or your eyes, or your lips,” I said, kissing her lightly on those very same lips. “Or I could say your elegant neck.” I drew my fingertips down the line of her neck, then bent to kiss her, light as a butterfly, at the hollow where her jaw met her neck.

“I could say it was your shoulders, or your arms,” I said, drawing my hands down over her smooth skin. I felt her shiver in the cooling evening air. To her look of mild surprise, I turned her to face away from me. She shifted nervously, and I continued. “Or I could say your back.” I ran my fingers down her back, lightly caressing her. “Or your butt; sometimes I get hard just thinking about it.” I stepped close to her and my erection nestled against the crack of her ass.

I wrapped my arms around her again and caressed her shoulder with my lips, then moved to the base of her neck. She shivered as I held her close. “I could tell you that the thing I like most about you are your breasts,” I said softly in her ear, moving my hands up to cup them, feeling their weight against my palms, “with nipples that beg to be sucked.” She leaned back against me and moaned softly.

“I could say it was your beautiful stomach, or lovely hips,” I said, releasing her breasts and running my hands down her flanks. “Or your legs, your gorgeous legs, which,” I said, letting the pause draw out, “I imagine having wrapped around me, holding me inside you.”

She moaned again, leaning her head back against my shoulder. My hands were slowly drawing up her thighs, toward a goal we both knew I’d reach very soon. I let my hands linger at the points of her hips, placing my palms against the flat of her abdomen, my fingers mere inches from her pubic hair.

“Or,” I said softly, once again letting the pause draw out, “I could say what I like best about you is your pussy.” I moved my hand down and ran my middle finger over her slit, parting her wiry pubic hair. The heat of her pussy washed over me, slick with the dew of her excitement. I pulled my hand back, leisurely dragging my finger over her clit. She hissed in pleasure and surprise.

“But I think what I like best about you...,” I said, and tenderly kissed her earlobe. She shuddered and I smiled to myself. “What makes you more beautiful than any other girl I know, is this.” With my left hand, I lightly touched her on the chest between her breasts. “You’re beautiful on the inside too.”

Without warning, she spun in my arms and kissed me fiercely. One hand pulled my head down while the other pulled me to her. I clutched her tightly and lost myself in her lips. When we pulled away from each other, we were both breathless.

We heard voices on the road, coming toward us, and both of us realized that it must be her family. I kissed her again, fierce and tight, pressing myself against her and feeling her press back in return.

“I’d better go,” I said, breathing deeply.

She nodded and opened her eyes.

“I want you to do something for me.”

She nodded blankly, then focused on me as if waking from a dream.

“Take a bath tonight.”

She looked at me questioningly.

The voices coming up the road drew nearer.

“Take a bath tonight and play with yourself. I want you to think about me while you play with yourself. Will you do that?”

She took a deep breath and ground her hips against me, nodding mutely.

“Close your eyes and think about me doing this...”

Wordlessly, I pushed her back against the porch rail. I quickly dropped to my knees between her legs. She was too shocked to move as I spread her legs and bent my head forward, inhaling the scent of her arousal. With my right hand, I spread her lips and darted my tongue forward. She was dripping, and I savored her juices.

The voices were drawing nearer still as I licked up her slit and flicked my tongue against the hood protecting her clit. I put my lips over the hooded little pearl and circled it with my tongue. Her legs suddenly went limp and I was glad I had pushed her back against the porch rail. I circled her clit one more time,

tasting her tangy sweetness, then stood.

She was swaying gently, and I pulled her to me, kissing her ardently. She seemed to be in a daze as I broke our kiss.

I looked into her eyes as she slowly focused on me again.

“Think of me doing that while you take a bath tonight. Okay?”

She nodded drunkenly.

I looked over her shoulder and saw figures coming up the road, toward the cabin. I could vaguely make out Kara and Gina’s mom. Thinking feverishly, I pulled my erection to the side and put my hand on my hip, holding my hard-on against my body with my spread fingers. Anyone looking closely would realize the deception, but on the dark porch, I didn’t think either of the older women would notice.

“Who’s there?” one of them asked.

“Hi Elizabeth. Hi Kara. It’s Paul,” I said, taking a step back from Gina and turning my body to hide my erection. It was an awkward-looking position, but I didn’t think I’d have to pass close scrutiny.

The two women walked up the path toward the stairs. Gina still hadn’t moved, or said anything, and I began to worry about her.

“I just walked Gina up to the cabin a few minutes ago,” I lied.

“Oh,” Elizabeth said. “That was very gentlemanly of you. Gina’s lucky to have you watching out for her.”

“Oh,” I said quickly, smiling at Gina, “I’m the lucky one.”

“Ha! No wonder she likes you,” Kara said, half snorting.

Elizabeth quietly admonished her and the two women came up the stairs, passing us without so much as a second look. They went into the cabin and the porch light snapped on above us. Gina’s mom left the cabin door open, and could have easily seen us out the screen door. I grinned at Gina. She was still leaning against the porch rail, legs still spread slightly.

With my back to the women inside the cabin, I finally released my aching hard-on. I leaned in to kiss Gina on the cheek, my bobbing erection bumping against her hip. When I pulled back, she looked at me and grinned broadly.

“Are you going to take a bath when I leave?” I asked softly.

She nodded slowly.

“And are you going to think about my tongue on your pussy?”

She nodded, quicker this time.

“Are you going to play with yourself?”

She nodded almost immediately.

I leaned in to kiss her again; a chaste kiss on the cheek, with her mother and older sister potentially watching.

I quickly whispered in her ear, “Me too.”

I pulled back and looked at her again, grinning from ear to ear.

She smiled at me in return, and to my surprise, leaned forward and kissed me on the lips, quick and light.

“Good night,” I said as she pulled away.

“Good night.”

“I can’t wait for tomorrow,” I said, keeping my voice pitched low.

She nodded and blushed, grinning at me. “Me too,” she quietly mouthed.

With that, I bounded down the stairs, headed for our cabin. I looked back once and waved. Gina was still standing against the porch rail, silhouetted by the porch light.

I don’t think I’d ever been as excited as I was at that moment. I couldn’t wait for the next day to dawn.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

Saturday morning dawned bright and clear. I got up early, and showered quietly. Mom and Dad were stirring when I came out of the shower. Mom took Dad's hand off her breast and slid out of bed, giving me a wink.

"Have fun today, honey," she said quietly, then kissed me on the cheek. I blushed and she grinned at me.

I suspected she knew that the four of us were Up To Something, but I'm glad she understood, and had decided to let me go.

"Thanks, Mom."

"Be careful today," she admonished.

I didn't know if she were talking about the hike or something else, but I nodded and quickly headed for the door.



All four of us were up early and we quickly ate breakfast together, grinning like idiots. The sun hadn't even had a chance to burn the dew off the grass as we shouldered our packs and headed down the hill.

The morning still had a bit of a chill to it, but the two-hour hike to the quarry warmed all of us, as well as the air itself, quite nicely. Manfred and I talked on the way up to the quarry, and Gina and Jenny hung back about forty feet, talking as well. Manfred and I would turn at the sound of their laughter, but for all that, we concentrated on maintaining a good pace.

Manfred had packed extra bottles of drinking water in his pack, and we had a large lunch with a few snacks packed in mine. The girls had made fried chicken, potato salad, and three-bean salad the night before. I had purloined more than a six-pack of Cokes from our refrigerator and we had cupcakes that Jenny and her mom had made. All in all, we were set for a day of sun, and fun, at the quarry.

Jenny and Manfred's families were leaving the next day, and I knew they were really looking forward to the time alone. So when we arrived at the fallen-in rim of the quarry, we quickly organized things. I took the Cokes and put them in a net bag and dropped them in the water in the shade of the large boulder; they'd be nice and cool for lunch. Gina and Jenny set our food in the shade of one of the larger rocks while Manfred and I shook out our blankets and towels.

"Wanna go for a swim to cool off after the hike?" Manfred asked, grinning at me after we'd taken our shoes off.

I nodded, and by unspoken agreement, we raced for the edge of the flattop boulder. Manfred's long legs carried him over the edge a second before me, and we both arced into the water, surfacing several yards away from the rock. Gina and Jenny appeared at the edge of the boulder, to see what the commotion was, and Manfred and I just grinned at them.

Gina rolled her eyes and dived in after us, followed closely by Jenny. In the clear water, we watched them swim toward us, and I once again marveled at Gina's tanned grace. She surfaced a few feet from me, playfully splashing me. We both looked over, however, as Manfred squeaked. Jenny quickly surfaced very close to him and wrapped her arms around his neck.

Gina and I watched her kiss him, enjoying his momentary confusion. He put his arms around her and returned her kiss, both of them oblivious to either of us. Gina looked at me and half-shrugged, grinning mischievously. Then, she was in my arms. Her nipples were like diamonds from the cold of the water, and they dug deliciously into the flesh of my chest. With one hand treading water, I supported us as she kissed me hard, exploring my mouth with her tongue and grinding her body against me.

When we finally broke the kiss, we looked up to find Manfred and Jenny grinning at us.

"Glad to see you two finally came around," Manfred said dryly, also treading water with one hand, holding on to Jenny with the other.

"Huh?" I asked.

“You two have been dancing around each other all week,” Manfred said, then woofed as Jenny jabbed him in the ribs.

“I think it’s been nice,” Jenny said, shooting a look at Manfred. “Unlike some people, who shall remain nameless,” a sharp glance at Manfred, “I think Paul has the right idea. And certain people could definitely take some lessons from him about nice things to say to their girlfriends,” Jenny said, looking in mock disdain at Manfred, then finally grinning.

I looked at Gina and she shrugged, her eyes twinkling. What had she and Jenny been talking about?

With that, however, Gina splashed me in the face and began swimming strongly for the falls. Manfred yelped as Jenny pinched him and then followed Gina, easily slicing through the water with long scissor-kicks. Manfred and I looked at each other and then laughed, deciding to follow the girls.

Manfred and Jenny easily outdistanced Gina and me, and reached the falls first. I kept pace with Gina once I caught her, which I think she let me do, and we arrived as Jenny was trying to dunk Manfred.

We all horsed around under the falls, diving and dunking, and generally goofing around. Finally, we were all panting and grinning like idiots, and decided to swim back to the flattop rock to lie out for a while. We all took a leisurely pace back to the rock, but Manfred and Jenny, with their longer legs, still beat Gina and me back. They climbed up to the top of the rock and stood glistening in the mid-morning sun, arm in arm.

Gina and I climbed up on the rock with them and Manfred offered us a towel. Gina shook her head, however, and picked up one of the blankets instead. She proceeded to pack it, and the proffered towel, into Manfred’s pack along with a bottle of water. She handed the pack to me and looked at Jenny.

“Will we need our shoes to reach the top of the falls?” Gina asked Jenny.

She shook her head. “No, it’s not bad. Mostly pine needles.”

Gina then started down the boulder. Manfred was grinning at me and Jenny was blushing as I shrugged and followed Gina.

It took us about fifteen minutes to reach the top of the falls; it was easy walking. From the top, we could see Manfred and Jenny down on the boulder, lying on the sun-warmed rock.

The top of the falls, however, was more spectacular than the view of the quarry. Over the ages, a natural depression at the edge of the quarry wall had been deepened and widened by the stream. There was a pool of clear water, about forty feet long and twenty wide, which flowed through a V-notch in the rim wall to create the falls.

The closest trees were at the back of the pool, so there was little shade up by the rim wall. That meant that the bottom of the pool was sandy and clear, and looked about four feet deep. The water pooled and eddied before spilling over the rim wall to fall to the quarry lake below, the surface roiled with the current as it backed up against the rock.

I took the pack off and opened it, handing the blanket to Gina. She spread it out under the shade at the back end of the pool and I set the pack on top of it. We had both dried during the walk up, and Gina slowly waded into the cool pool. I followed her to the center, where it was the deepest and enjoyed the sight as the water made her breasts float, nipples hardening in the cold spring water.

She lifted her eyebrows as I neared her. I reached out for her, but she ducked under the water. She quickly surfaced, letting her dark, wet hair trail behind her, slicked back and shining in the sun. I did the same, enjoying the cool water after the hot sun on the walk up.

When I surfaced and wiped the water from my eyes, Gina was biting the inside of her lip and frowning pensively.

“What’s the matter?” I asked quickly.

Tears welled up in her eyes, but she blinked them back. “I wanted to be strong,” she said miserably. She rolled her eyes and blinked again, her face a determined mask.

Finally, she blinked again and smiled sadly at me. I began to panic. What if she really didn’t like me? What if she didn’t want to spend time with me? What if I’d scared her the night before? What if...

“Promise you won’t think I’m stupid?” she asked, breaking in upon my panicked thoughts.

I quickly nodded.

She sniffled and threatened to tear up again. She paused to gather her thoughts. "I'm not ready," she said forlornly. "I thought I was, I really did."

"It's okay," I said gently, taking her in my arms.

"I wanted to, last night, I didn't care if Mom and Kara were coming or not," she said, looking up at me and blinking tears out of her eyes. "And I was thinking about it the whole way up here, thinking about you inside me."

My penis immediately reacted. She grinned tearfully and I shrugged. "It's okay," I said again. "When you're ready, we'll do it."

She sniffled. "Are you sure?"

I nodded and smiled reassuringly. "I want to, you want to. When we're both ready, it'll happen."

She smiled again and my heart ached. She laid her head against my chest and hugged me fiercely.

"I meant what I said last night. What really matters to me is just that you're here. With me."

She hugged me tighter still.

"In the meantime," I said after a short time just holding her, "there are all sorts of other things we can do."

"Like maybe," she said, looking up at me and biting the inside of her lip, "that thing you did last night."

I arched my eyebrows at her, even though I knew exactly what she was talking about.

"With your tongue," she said tentatively.

"With my tongue?" I asked, teasing her.

She blushed and grinned shyly, then slowly nodded.

"I could do that," I said slowly. "If you ask very nicely."

Her eyes widened and her lips parted. I didn't wait for her to speak; I was drawn to her, bringing my lips down to meet her own, parting them further with my questing tongue. We kissed for several minutes, holding each other in the shallow pool.

"Now," I said somewhat breathlessly, breaking the kiss, "I want to do something I've been thinking about since I first met you."

She swallowed and looked quizzically at me. I moved my hands under her arms and easily lifted her out of the water. She had a surprised look on her face as I caught her around the waist and held her against me. She instinctively wrapped her legs around my chest as I settled my grip.

Her nipples were cold and hard as I took one in my mouth, circling it with my tongue, then sucked gently. Gina gasped at the pleasurable sensation and held my head against her chest. I nuzzled her beautiful, round, firm breast, rolling her nipple around on my tongue.

I quickly switched to the other nipple, warming it up from the chill of the pool and eliciting another gasp from her. Her nipples were already hard and crinkly from the cold of the water, but as they warmed up, under the ministrations of my tongue, they seemed to get even harder.

I finally released her nipple and looked up at her. She crushed her lips against me, kissing me passionately. Once her lips left mine, however, she kept kissing my face; my eyelids, my forehead, my cheeks, everywhere. She placed her hands on the sides of my head as she covered me with kisses, and I simply held her against me, my arms about her waist.

Her wiry pubic hair ground against my breastbone as she tightened her legs around me. I slowly started walking toward the back of the pool as Gina let up her kissing frenzy and held my head to her chest. I walked up the bank of the pool to the edge of the blanket, still carrying her. We stood there dripping as I kissed every inch of her that I could reach, savoring the feeling of her smooth, cool skin against my lips.

"Let's dry off and lie down," I said, looking up at her through the beautiful valley between her breasts.

She nodded wordlessly and unclasped her ankles from behind my back. I let her slide to the ground, my erection catching at the junction of her legs and bouncing up as she stepped back. The motion caught her eye and she giggled.

I reached for our towel and motioned for her to turn around. When she did, I put the towel over her shoulders and slowly dried her back. I had her turn around with the towel still around her shoulders and I used the ends to gently dry her front.

When she was mostly dry, she motioned for me to turn around. I did, and she brushed the towel over my shoulders and back, down to my butt, and then over the backs of my legs. I felt her hand on my shoulder pushing me around, and I turned to find her grinning at me. She dried my chest and arms and then slowly sank to her knees on the blanket.

I watched, nearly trembling, as she dried my stomach, then my thighs, and then my shins. She gave me a teasing grin as she brought the towel up to dry my pubic hair, gently drying my erection as well. When I was dry enough, she looked up at me and grinned.

To my surprise, she planted a kiss on the tip of my penis. Lances of electricity shot through me as her lips contacted my sensitive glans, and my dick bobbed involuntarily. She laughed as my manhood pulled away from her and then dropped back, bouncing gently in front of her.

She tossed the towel on the corner of the blanket and crawled to the center. She rolled onto her hip and laid her shoulders back on the blanket, flattening her breasts to the sides. She held her hand out to me and I paused for a moment.

She looked at me, concern momentarily darkening her features. "What's the matter?" she asked in a small voice.

"You're beautiful," I said simply.

She blushed and lowered her eyes, thick, dark lashes coming together as she blushed. I quickly joined her, lying on my side next to her, propped up on an elbow, my erection bumping against her hip. I leaned in and kissed her, quick and hard, and we parted breathless. She smiled up at me dazedly and I kissed the tip of her nose.

I then kissed my way down her jaw to the hollow behind her ear, making her squirm against me. Trailing my lips down the side of her neck to her collarbone, she shivered. As I kissed back up to her chin, she arched her back and moaned.

I kissed her lips again as my hand slowly moved down her torso. When I broke the kiss, she opened her eyes and looked at me dreamily. My hand continued down her trim stomach and her dark, hooded eyes twinkled at me as she smiled.

I ran my fingers through her pubic hair, sliding my middle finger along her slit. She was on fire, and my finger easily parted her lips. Her pussy was already slick with desire as I moved along the line of her labia, forcing them apart with my passage. I rubbed my finger around the hood of her clit, coating it with her juices, and she moaned. I removed my finger, to her distress, and quickly brought it up to my mouth. I looked her in the eyes as I sucked her juices off my finger, smiling around my tangy-sweet digit. She parted her lips and her breathing became ragged.

I quickly returned my hand to her molten pussy, sliding my finger along the slit between her labia and slipping just the tip inside her, causing her to arch her back and moan again. When my finger was thoroughly coated with her fluids, I pulled it back up. She watched it like a hawk.

Her lips parted and I brought my finger to them. She hesitated for a fraction of a second and then tentatively licked the slick tip. She quickly decided she liked the taste and sucked me in, to the second knuckle. She licked my finger clean and then stared at me, eyes unfocused and breath coming in ragged pants.

"You want me to go down on you?" I asked quietly.

She nodded.

I returned my hand to her pussy, rubbing the top of her slit with the tips of my fingers. She closed her eyes and bit her lip, breathing deeply through her nose.

"You want my tongue on your clit?" I asked, teasing her.

Without opening her eyes, she nodded.

"You want me to spread your legs and lick your pussy?" I asked.

I could see her desire plainly graven on her face as she nodded again, taking a deep, shuddering breath.

I quickly slid down to her hips and spread her legs with a gentle touch of my fingers. I moved between them and marveled for a minute at the sight before me. Her knees were bent slightly as I shuffled forward on my stomach, my erection pressed against my stomach. Her pubic hair was damp around her drenched

slit and I could see the dark pink of her inner folds peeking out.

With my finger, I parted her labia, running the tip up and flicking it against her hooded clit. She moaned and bucked her hips, trying to get me to press harder on her already swollen pearl. I put my hands on her inner thighs and spread her further, mesmerized by the sight of the parting folds of her pussy.

I kissed up her inner thigh and then planted light kisses on the crease between her leg and pussy. She hissed in pleasure as I switched to the other side, only to repeat the motion in reverse.

“Your pussy is beautiful,” I said softly, remembering Stacy’s advice. “I love how it’s spread open before me, so hot and wet.”

I gently probed the top of her slit with my thumb, rubbing in small circles.

“It’s like it wants me to kiss it,” I said teasingly.

Gina whimpered and bucked her hips.

I slid forward the final bit and moved my mouth close. She could feel my hot breath on her, and her hips began quivering in response.

“Mmmmm,” I said, breathing deeply. “I love the smell of you.”

She whimpered again as I continued the small circles with my thumb.

I darted my tongue out and flicked it along the length of her engorged labia, tasting the sweet tang of her juices.

“You taste incredible,” I said, licking her again.

She moaned, louder this time, and bucked her hips upward. At the top of her movement, I pressed my lips against her pussy and forced my tongue between her folds. She held her hips up, her back arched, as I flicked the tip of my tongue up under the hood covering her clit.

My hands on her hips, I gently pushed her back down, never taking my lips from her pussy. I circled my tongue over the top of her hood and then began licking the folds between her inner and outer labia in long strokes. She shuddered again as I slowly moved my right hand down and inserted the tip of my finger into her.

She was tight, very tight; and hot and wet as well. Still licking her slit, I slowly forced my finger inside her as she groaned. Once I’d gotten two knuckles inside her, I put my lips over her clit and sucked at the loose skin of her engorged inner lips.

I began pumping my finger in and out of her, slowly at first, but with mounting urgency. At the same time, I rapidly flicked my tongue side to side over her clit. I could feel the little button of swollen flesh with each pass, and Gina began to pant and clutch at my hair.

Once I had my finger buried inside her, I rotated my hand palm up and lifted the tip of my invading digit, pressing against her. She moaned in pleasure and bucked against my mouth.

Her wiry pubic hair pressed against my cheeks, I began to flick my tongue against her clit, probing the bottom of the covering hood. I would alternate sucking, circling her clit with my tongue, and long licks along her slit. All the while, I kept slowly thrusting my finger in and out of her gripping sheath.

I could feel her passion mounting and I took my mouth off her pussy. She groaned as she felt me slowly blowing on her spread lips. The cool air washed over her super-heated labia and she groaned in a combination of frustration and pleasure. I flicked my tongue out and licked her again, then began to blow, heating her up and cooling her off.

Her pussy was spread open before me, the glans of her clit peeking out from under its protective hood. I studied her for a moment, her juices cooling on my lips.

“God! You’re beautiful,” I said almost reverently.

Gina whimpered and thrust her hips up at me; I relented and sucked her clit, rotating my finger in her slick vagina. She was now clutching my hair and trying to hold my head down on her quivering pussy. I could easily sense her need, and continued to tease her, flicking my tongue out then blowing softly.

“Oh, God! Paul, please!” she wailed. “Please make me come.”

Those were the magic words!

I darted my tongue into her pussy, just over my finger, and pressed forward, licking along the length of her slit. I flicked the tip against her clit then wrapped my lips around the retracted hood and began to press

my tongue down on the covered base of the super-sensitive little pearl.

Her pussy became very slick around my impaled finger and her muscles contracted. Her buttocks clenched and I felt her legs go stiff on either side of me. I continued working on her clit, simply lifting the tip of my finger and adding pressure inside her.

With a tearing moan, her hips heaved against me and she held my head down with hands suddenly ten times stronger. I continued to press the top of her clit, flicking over the exposed tip randomly. I felt her clench around my finger as she cried out in pleasure.

I kept licking her as she rode the waves of her pleasure, bucking against me, grinding her pussy against my mouth. She came for what seemed like minutes, and then suddenly collapsed. I ran my tongue over her clit again and she abruptly hissed, clamping my head with her strong thighs. I flicked it again and she started pushing my head away.

I quickly realized that her clit was super-sensitive and began planting kisses on her mons. She released her clamped-thigh death grip on my head and let her legs splay out, totally spent. I slowly withdrew my finger from her still-spasming pussy, eliciting another moan of pleasure from her.

Smiling, my face coated with her juices, I climbed over her body, supporting myself on my hands and knees. Her eyes slowly focused on me and she drew me to her, kissing me fiercely. My penis bumped against her still-spread pussy as she pulled me down on top of her, kissing my face and tasting her own juices.

She was panting when she finally released me, staring at me drunkenly. She smiled deliriously and closed her eyes, breathing deeply. I rolled to the side, carrying her with me. As I rolled onto my back, I cradled her in my arms and she laid her head on my chest, one leg still straddling me.

She sighed contentedly and shivered in pleasure. I held her tight, rubbing her shoulder with my hand and kissing the crown of her head. She shuddered again, her breath catching in her throat.

Eventually, her breathing evened out and she melded against me, clutching me tightly as the mini-spasms still shook her. We held each other quietly for a long time that way.



I don't know how long we had lain there, basking in the shared pleasure of Gina's orgasm, when I felt her hand move. She moved it until she bumped into the tip of my penis, which was lying, still very hard, on my stomach. She tentatively moved her hand over my length and gripped it near the base.

My penis had touched Gina many times already, but this was the first time she had touched me. Her touch sent an almost electric surge through my loins, and my manhood throbbed at the contact. She propped herself up on her elbow to see better and then grinned at me.

"You're still so hard," she said, her sense of wonder clear.

"Mmm hmm."

"I want to look at it," she said, anticipation coloring her tone.

She sat up some more and I marveled at her face as she looked at the erection she held in her small, dark hand. She lifted my shaft, still gripping it gently, and then sucked in her breath.

"There's something coming out the end," she said breathlessly.

I chuckled and she glared at me. At her look, I quickly explained that it was pre-come.

"Why does it come out?" she asked.

"When I'm excited, I guess. And you *really* excite me."

She blushed. Then she got serious. "Do you need to... um... you know?"

"Do I need to what?" I asked, teasing her.

"You know."

I shook my head and put on my best confused expression.

She rolled her eyes at me. "You know," she said. "Do you need to... um... shoot your stuff?"

"Do you want me to?" I asked gently.

She bit the inside of her lip and nodded slowly.

"Do you want to help?" I asked.

Again, she tentatively nodded. She licked her lips and her breathing quickened as I wrapped my hand

around hers. I showed her how to stroke my shaft, moving her hand with my own.

“Your skin is so soft,” she said wondrously. “But you’re so hard underneath.”

“Mmm hmm.”

“What happens when you... you know?” she asked, her hand in motion along my shaft.

“When I come?”

She nodded, tearing her eyes away from my erection to look at my face. She licked her lips again and grinned at me.

I grinned in reply, lasciviously, and she blushed.

“I guess it’ll be easier to show you than to try to explain,” I said. “Are you sure?”

When she quickly nodded, I moved my hand over hers again and increased her pace. She returned her eyes to my erection as I moved her fist over my shaft. Although I was really worked up from going down on her, it took some time to build up to my orgasm.

She got the rhythm and I released her hand. She grinned as she continued to stroke my hard-on, clearly enjoying herself. She would let up and then squeeze as she reached the end of her stroke, putting pressure on my cock right behind the head. It felt incredible, and I felt my come boiling up.

“I’m gonna come,” I groaned, closing my eyes and arching my back.

She sped her pace and I felt her begin to stroke toward her body. The first surge of come exploded from my shaft and I felt her start. She maintained her pace, however, as come continued to surge up my shaft. I felt the hot drops hitting my stomach, rapidly cooling as she continued to pump me.

When my come dribbled to a stop, she slowly stopped stroking me. I opened my eyes and immediately wanted to come again when I saw her expression. She was staring, wide-eyed, at my stomach and slowly shrinking cock.

I propped myself up on my elbows and looked down at myself. I had pearly droplets of come all over my stomach, angled in the direction she’d been stroking, toward herself. Her hand was still wrapped around my shaft near the head, which was covered in my white semen. It pooled in the web of her hand and against her thumb, and she grinned at me.

When I looked down at her body, however, I was mildly surprised. The first spurt had hit her in the chest, and she had drops of my semen slowly running down her right breast. She looked at me, almost giddy.

“That’s cool,” she said, her eyes bright. “That’s what you’d shoot... up inside me?”

I nodded. “Or in your mouth, or... other places,” I said vaguely. “Or wherever you want me to shoot it,” I said, grinning at her.

She blushed and returned her eyes to my come on her chest. “In my mouth?” she asked shyly.

“Mmm hmm. If you like it.”

“What’s it taste like?” she asked, biting the inside of her lip.

With my finger, I wiped a droplet off her nipple, causing her to shudder, and brought it to her lips. She stared at my slick, semen-coated finger for a moment, then hesitantly opened her mouth. Her tongue darted out to barely touch my outstretched finger and she tasted. I could see her decide it wasn’t bad and she sucked my finger into her mouth, getting a better taste.

“Kinda salty, and tangy,” she said, releasing my finger.

“Mmm hmm,” I said. “Some girls really like it,” I said, neglecting to mention that some girls didn’t.

She opened her mouth, as if to speak, then shut it again. I could see her thinking, but I couldn’t tell about what. She decided to let whatever it was drop and looked at me again, grinning from ear to ear.

“You like?” I asked.

She thought about it for a second, and then nodded decisively.

Her hand still wrapped around my come-slick shaft, she leaned down to kiss me. Right then, my stomach growled, loudly, and we both laughed.

“Why don’t we take a quick dip to cool off, and wash off,” I said. “Then we can go down and get some lunch.”

She giggled at me and slowly unwrapped her fingers from around my semi-erect shaft. We quickly stood

up and waded into the pool. Gina swam toward the falls while I rinsed my stomach.

“Paul,” she hissed from the boulder by the rim wall.

I looked up at her and she frantically motioned me over. I had panicked thoughts of her going over the falls, or worse, and swam toward her quickly.

When I got to her, however, I realized that she was firmly kneeling on the boulder, in no danger of going over the falls. As I approached she looked back over the edge of the boulder and I came up to look over her shoulder.

The whole quarry was spread out below us, and I wondered what she was looking at.

Then, I saw them.

Manfred was on the sloping slab of rock next to the big flattop boulder. With his leg on a boulder next to the slab, he was holding his torso out of the water, leaning back on the rough rock.

Jenny was in front of him, and even at this distance, I could tell that she was giving him a blowjob. His hips were just out of the water, and Jenny was bobbing her head back and forth in front of them.

“Wow,” said Gina quietly.

She seemed inclined, even excited, to watch and I moved behind her, nestling my semi-erect cock between her ass cheeks and reaching around to cup her breasts. She moaned as I rolled her nipples between thumb and forefinger. My dick got harder, but not fully erect, as she wiggled her hips against me.

We watched as Jenny’s head moved back and forth in front of Manfred’s groin. Gina sighed as I kissed her neck and then worked my way up to her earlobe. As we watched the young couple in the quarry lake, I moved my right hand down to cup Gina’s sex. I moved a finger between the slippery folds of her pussy; she was a furnace.

She moaned deep in her throat as I insinuated my finger between her labia, grinding my penis against her at the same time. Jenny began bobbing faster and I could tell that Manfred must be close to coming.

Suddenly, Jenny pulled back and Manfred began to stroke his erection. He arched his back and I could tell he was coming, shooting his semen over Jenny’s shoulder. Gina moaned again as I started teasing her clit and thrusting my hips forward.

Manfred and Jenny slipped into the water and wrapped their arms around each other. Gina whirled on me and pressed herself against me as well. I wrapped my arms around her, and she wrapped her legs around my hips as she began kissing me furiously. I returned her kisses, darting my tongue into her mouth and pushing us back to the center of the pool.

She humped her crotch against my stomach, trying to grind her pussy against me. I reached down and cupped her ass cheeks, pulling her close. Her nipples dug into my chest as I moved my right hand around her hip and stroked my finger along the length of her sex.

“Oh God! You make me so hot,” she said, panting as she pulled back from kissing me.

“Mmm, good,” I said, kissing her neck.

She clutched me tightly, bucking her hips against me. I kept up my onslaught against her pussy, and soon her breathing was ragged and she was shuddering in pleasure.

All of a sudden, she clenched her legs around me, almost squeezing my breath out. She clutched me tightly, burying her face in the hollow of my neck, and began to whimper. I gently thrust my finger into her and she stifled a shriek as she came.

Knowing how sensitive her clit became after she came last time, I avoided it and stroked her labia. She continued to whimper against my shoulder. As her breathing slowly returned to normal, she unclasped her legs and relaxed a little. When she looked at me, her eyes were droopy and she smiled tiredly.

I kissed her gently, letting my lips brush against hers and she laid her head on my shoulder again.

“I love feeling you against me,” I said quietly.

“Mmmmm, me too.”

“I love how you make me feel when I’m around you.”

“Oh God, I feel all squishy inside whenever I’m alone with you,” she said quietly.

“Good,” I said insouciantly.

She lifted her head and grinned at me, her strength slowly returning.

I just held her against me for several minutes, enjoying the sensation of her body next to mine. Then, we waded out of the pool and dried each other. She planted a kiss on my slowly deflating erection and then giggled at me. I reached for her but she pulled out of my grasp and scampered away, laughing.

She spread our towel on one of the big rocks to let it dry in the sun and walked back over to me. I enjoyed watching her come toward me, and let my eyes appreciatively roam over her body. She smiled at my frank appraisal and then kissed me softly as she reached me. Taking her hand in my own, we walked down to have some lunch.



Lunch was an hour's worth of looks, blushes, and shared sly grins between Gina and me, and Manfred and Jenny. We ended up giggling about it, everyone a little giddy.

After lunch, the girls brought out the cupcakes. When Jenny thought Gina and I weren't looking, she would tease Manfred by licking the frosting off the top of her cupcake. Poor Manfred had a hard time simply eating his own cupcake, much less staying semi-flaccid.

After we finished eating and the girls had cleaned up our paper plates, we sat around and talked for about thirty minutes. Then Manfred and Jenny decided to go for a swim. Gina and I let them go alone, and soon they were treading water about thirty yards from the big boulder.

Gina got a mischievous look in her eye as she went to fetch the suntan oil. After she retrieved it from the edge of the blanket, she came over to me and grinned. My back was to the lake as I stood. Without warning, Gina reached out and grasped my flaccid member. I quickly became erect.

"Mmm," she purred. "I like that."

I nodded. "Me too. Want to go play?" I asked, nodding toward the top of the falls.

"Mmm hmm."

She switched her grip on me as I moved behind her to shield my erection from Manfred and Jenny. I shouted that we were heading back to the top of the falls. Manfred merely waved and we headed out, me in tow. Manfred and Jenny were already swimming back toward the boulder we'd just vacated.

One the way back up to our blanket, Gina let go of my dick and it slowly shrank back to a tumescent state. When we got to the pool, she threw the bottle of Coppertone on the blanket and turned to me, eyes flashing mischievously.

As I approached her, she dropped to her knees and beckoned me closer. When I moved forward, she planted a kiss on the crown of my soft cock. It jerked, bumping against her nose, and she giggled. She then began planting kisses on the sides of my rapidly-expanding member.

When I was completely hard, which took only a matter of seconds, she tilted her head and began kissing my balls. Then she closed her eyes and rubbed the length of my shaft along her smooth cheeks, kissing as she went. I was wondering where this would lead when she grinned wickedly, stood, and waded into the pool without ceremony. I immediately followed. I reached for her and she shook her head.

"I just want to take a quick swim to cool off," she said. "Is that okay?"

I nodded, my expression crestfallen.

She smiled reassuringly and kissed me. Her kiss lingered and her hands found my erection. She stroked once, then again, and then pulled back from the kiss.

"I promise we'll do something. Okay?"

I nodded and smiled to reassure her. Then I began floating on my back. The cold water of the pool and lack of attention quickly finished what the walk up started; my penis shrank completely as my balls tried to find warmth deep in my abdomen. I was floating in the pool, blissfully unaware, for several minutes before I faintly heard Gina's voice.

I raised my head out of the water and listened again.

"Paul," she said, voice pitched low.

I levered myself upright and looked toward the blanket.

"Over here," she said softly.

I turned and saw her, once again on the boulder at the edge of the falls. I swam to her and cradled her in

my arms, looking over her shoulder at the quarry lake below.

To my shock and utter surprise, Manfred and Jenny were on the blanket on the flattop rock, completely in the open. Jenny had her legs spread and Manfred's long body was between them, pumping away. His hips rose and fell as he thrust into her; Gina gasped as Jenny wrapped her legs around Manfred's pistoning hips.

Although we couldn't hear anything over the falls immediately to our left, Jenny was crying out in pleasure as Manfred thrust into her. I immediately got hard again, my erection bumping against Gina's hip. She reached back idly and grasped my shaft.

We watched until Manfred suddenly pulled back and knelt between Jenny's spread legs. With his right hand, he pumped his erection.

"What's he doing?" Gina whispered.

"He's coming on her stomach, so she won't get pregnant," I answered in a normal voice.

Down below, Manfred collapsed on top of Jenny and they began kissing passionately.

"I want to do that," Gina said softly.

"Are you sure?" I asked, somewhat surprised.

"Maybe not the sex part," Gina said. Softly, "I'm still a little scared. And I'm not on the pill."

I hugged her to me and kissed the hollow behind her ear. "That's all right, you make me happy just being here."

She smiled and hugged my arms to her chest, leaning back into me and sighing.

"Do you think you could...?" she asked hesitantly.

"Could what?" I prompted gently.

"Do you think you could... um... shoot your stuff on my stomach?"

I gently turned her around to face me.

"You want me to?" I asked.

Her eyes were wide, but she nodded firmly. "It startled me when it hit me earlier," she said, referring to when my come had hit her chest. "But I kinda liked it. It was hot when it hit me, and felt all slippery and good." She bit the inside of her lip and looked into my eyes. "I want to feel you..." She blushed, and looked down. In a small voice, she said, "I want to feel you... come... on me."

I lifted her chin with my right hand and kissed her lightly. She sighed and leaned into me, returning my kiss with rising passion. I swept her into my arms, much to her surprise and delight, and carried her to the blanket. I dropped to my knees and gently lowered her to the ground, not caring that I was dripping on the blanket.

She watched with wide eyes as I picked up the tanning oil and straddled her hips.

"Grab my dick," I said.

Her eyes widened further, then recognition brightened her face as I opened the bottle. I poured oil onto my erection and her cupped hands. She quickly got the idea and had my member completely covered in seconds.

I showed her how to use both hands, twisting and pulling toward the crown. She quickly got the hang of it and I began to thrust into her hands. Her oil-slick palms slid over the sensitive skin of the glans and I quickly reached the point of no return.

With a groan, I felt my release grow closer. Gina watched, wide-eyed, as the first spurt shot from my penis. I closed my eyes, savoring the intense pleasure her hands were generating. My cock sent spurt after spurt onto her stomach and she moaned softly as each one landed.

When my come trickled to a halt, I reached down to stop her twisting, my glans super-sensitive. I closed my eyes and twitched against her once, then again, and she giggled.

I opened my eyes and looked down at her. The first spurts had hit between her breasts, and my semen was pooling in the valley created there. There were pearly drops of my sperm all along the dark skin of her stomach as well. The contrast between her dark complexion and my white semen was extremely erotic.

I watched in wonder as she released my swollen member and propped herself up on her elbows. She looked in fascination at my semen on her skin, and then to my surprise, she began rubbing the pooling

liquid into the skin of her breasts. She was grinning as she spread my spend in ever widening circles, coating her breasts with a slick sheen of my sperm.

She moved her hand lower and rubbed the semen on her stomach as well, grinning the entire time. She looked up and saw an errant drop leaking from the tip of my penis and reached up with an outstretched finger to capture it. This, instead of rubbing into her skin, she brought to her mouth and delicately cleaned from her finger with her tongue. I could tell she wanted to suck my flavor off her finger, but it was still covered with tanning oil, so she refrained.

“You are so beautiful,” I said quietly.

She looked up as if seeing me for the first time and blushed. She smiled up at me and I levered my leg over her and joined her on the blanket. She tilted her head back, but continued to idly run her fingers over her semen-covered breasts, eyes closed and breathing deeply through her nose.

We lay there quietly for a while, and then Gina spoke.

“I want to walk back to camp with you on me,” she said dreamily.

“Mmm, I’d like that.” I propped myself on one elbow and looked at her serene face. “But...”

She opened her eyes and focused on me.

“I think Manfred and Jenny would give you a funny look.”

She looked at me, clearly puzzled, and I nodded to her chest. She raised her head and saw the dried white semen covering her breasts and stomach. She laughed musically and looked at me, still grinning.

“I guess you’re right,” she said, somewhat reluctantly.

She stood and extended a hand down to me. I took it and stood next to her, and we waded into the pool hand in hand. When we had cleaned the scent, and evidence, of sex off our skin, Gina reached for the towel and dried herself. She then dried me and we moved to the dry side of the blanket, where we lay down together. She was curled on her side, my arm under her, and I was curled up behind her, my penis nestled comfortably against her ass, my other arm holding her to me. Just like that, we drifted off to sleep in the warm afternoon air.



I awoke some time later and once again marveled at my luck. The girl of my dreams was safely nestled in my arms, snoring softly. My arm had gone to sleep and my neck had a crick, but I didn’t want to move. Ever.

I hugged her deliciously nude body to me, feeling my penis stir in response. She stirred and unconsciously wriggled against me. I kissed her neck and felt her take a deep, yawning breath.

“Hey, sleepyhead,” I said softly, kissing her ear.

“Mmmmm,” she said, leaning back against me. “I could get used to this.”

I cupped her breast and she giggled. Her nipple hardened under my palm, and then she sighed as I continued to knead her pliant flesh.

“Is that all you think about?” she asked.

“Mmm hmm. When I’m with you it is,” I said.

She practically purred at that, hugging my arms to her chest and pushing her hips against my growing erection.

I cocked my head and looked at the sun, trying to judge how much time had passed since lunch. I never wore a watch at camp, so I had become pretty good about telling roughly what time it was from the position of the sun. It was getting toward late afternoon, I thought, and I began to sit up.

Gina lay back and languidly stretched, making a delightful little squeak as she did so. I stood up and walked to the edge of the rim wall. When I looked down at the flattop rock, I paused. Manfred had Jenny folded almost double underneath him, and was thrusting into her with long, slow strokes.

I chuckled quietly and walked back to the blanket.

“What’s so funny?” Gina asked.

“Oh, nothing,” I said.

“What is it?”

“Oh, Manfred and Jenny are going at it again,” I said, chuckling again.

“Really?!” Gina quickly got to her feet and waded into the pool. I watched her, laughing quietly to myself as she sped toward the rim wall boulder.

I decided to follow her, shaking my head. When I reached her, I wrapped my arms around her and put my chin on her shoulder. Her skin was warm in the cool of the spring water.

Gina sighed and I lifted my head.

“What the matter?” I asked quietly.

“I want to do it,” she said, absently watching Manfred and Jenny. “I really do. I want to feel you inside me. But every time I think about it, I get real scared. I don’t know why, I can’t explain it.”

I hugged her tight. “That’s okay, honey. I’m not in a hurry,” I said softly. In reality, I was ready to explode. But even at the age of fifteen, I knew that this would take time, and that we’d both enjoy it more when we were ready. I, of course, was ready then. But I wanted Gina to enjoy it too, so I waited as graciously as I could.

“Mmmmm,” Gina said, breaking my reverie.

“What?”

“You called me ‘honey.’”

“Mmm hmm.”

“I think I like it,” she said, leaning back against my shoulder.

After a moment, Gina returned her attention to the couple coupling below us. I looked too, right as Manfred pulled out and began stroking his dick. Jenny’s long, lithe legs were straight up in the air as Manfred shot on her stomach. Gina sighed and turned in my arms.

“Um, Paul...”

“Mmm hmm?”

“Do you think you could... um... come... one more time?”

I raised my eyebrows and she blushed. My penis, however, was not about to be subtle, and it reached full erection quickly. When she felt it bump against her stomach, Gina grinned at me and blushed even deeper.

I merely nodded and she grinned slyly.

“Could you... could you come on my boobs?”

My cock swelling against her abdomen was all the answer she needed.

She pushed me around so that my back was to the boulder and I pushed myself out of the water until my erection was dripping in front of her. She cupped her breasts and positioned herself in front of me.

I wrapped my hand around my shaft and looked down into her beautiful brown eyes. She smiled shyly and then bit the inside of her lip. I began stroking and she licked her lips, watching intently as my hand ran up and down my turgid shaft.

With the sight of her holding her breasts up, like an altar for my semen, I quickly felt my come boiling up. I groaned and she moved closer, the head of my penis almost touching the water-beaded flesh of her chest. She watched, rapt, as I stroked myself. Soon, too soon, I felt the first spurt rushing up my shaft. I aimed the tip at her beautifully presented cleavage and watched as the first white rope of my come splashed against her dark skin.

She moaned as my semen hit her, spurt after spurt, her face a mask of pleasure. When my orgasm finally subsided, her chest and proffered breasts were covered in pearly white drops of my seed. She licked her lips and began rubbing the white liquid into her skin.

“It’s so hot,” she said absently.

I watched in wonder as she spread my semen across her chest and nipples. She could have been spreading tanning oil on her skin for all her attention to detail and desire to leave no spot uncovered. When she had my semen spread across her chest, she licked her lips and hesitated.

Coming to a silent decision, she bent forward and kissed the sperm-covered head of my slowly shrinking penis. I blinked rapidly and almost fell off the boulder. Amazingly, she flicked her tongue out and cleaned my fluids from the glans. Then, with a mischievous smile, she kissed my cock again and looked up, her eyes

twinkling.

“Wow,” I said.

She smiled broadly, white teeth flashing against the dark skin of her face. I slid off the boulder and took her in my arms. She melted against me and we kissed for a long time, floating in the shallow pool, holding each other, oblivious to the world around us.



When we returned to the tumbled-down portion of the rim wall, Manfred and Jenny were lying on the blanket, basking in the afternoon sun. As Gina and I climbed on top of the boulder, we stopped suddenly.

Manfred’s penis was still semi-erect, and very shiny. Jenny’s vulva was still swollen and her pubic hair was damp around her slit. I thought I could even make out the white of Manfred’s drying semen on Jenny’s flat stomach. If Gina and I hadn’t seen them having sex earlier, then we surely would’ve realized what had been going on once we topped the lip at the edge of the boulder.

I let my shadow fall across Manfred and he shaded his eyes with his hand. He sat up as soon as he saw me and grinned devilishly. I grinned just as wickedly in return and Gina merely rolled her eyes.

Manfred laid his hand on Jenny’s stomach.

“Mmmmm,” she said, sighing. “Again?” she asked wistfully, without opening her eyes.

Manfred blushed and grinned at me. “No, baby,” he said softly. “We need to go soon. Paul and Gina are here.”

Her eyes snapped open and she blushed. I grinned at her and Gina punched me in the ribs. Jenny sat up and looked around lazily, stretching and yawning at the same time.

“I wanna go for a swim before we leave,” Manfred said, standing and extending his hand down to Jenny.

She took it, still blushing, and the two of them dived off the edge of the boulder into the deep, clear water of the lake. Gina rolled her eyes at me.

“You are a very bad man, Paul Hughes,” she said playfully, keeping her voice pitched low.

“And you love it,” I said, sneaking a quick kiss. I shucked off the pack, barely, before she pushed me in the water.

I came up sputtering and watched as Gina dived in after me, her lissome body making hardly a splash.



After our swim, we packed up the blankets, towels, and remains of our picnic. It was almost four thirty when we left the quarry (Manfred always wore his watch). We would have to hurry if we wanted to make it back by dinnertime.

Manfred I and took the lead, but we soon slowed our pace as Jenny fell back. Gina hung back to walk with her. We stopped when she slowed further, about thirty minutes later. Manfred put his arm around her and they talked in low tones.

I inconspicuously led Gina down the trail about thirty yards, so they could have some privacy.

“I hope she’s okay,” said Gina.

“I think she’ll be fine,” I said, being as reassuring as I could. “She’s probably just a little sore.”

Gina looked at me questioningly.

“I don’t know if it’s her first time or not...,” I said, keeping my questioning voice low.

Gina nodded knowingly.

“Yeah, that’s what I thought. She’s probably a little sore, that’s all,” I said, finishing my thought.

“Oh.”

“We just need to make sure that when we decide the time is right, we don’t have to make a two-hour hike back to camp afterward.”

Her eyes misted over and she hugged me. Up the trail, Jenny stood up and walked toward us, followed by a hovering Manfred. Gina and I led the way while Manfred walked with Jenny.

After another half an hour, I slowed to a stop.

“What’s the matter,” Manfred asked as he looked up.

“I just feel like taking a break,” I said.

“Are you tired already?” he asked, his tone clearly frustrated.

“No,” I explained patiently. “I just feel like taking a break.”

Jenny looked at me gratefully and Manfred finally Got It. He blushed and took his pack off.

“Yeah, let’s take a break for a minute,” he said.

Gina smiled at me and pressed herself against my side. I put my arm around her protectively.

“You two make a cute couple,” Jenny said, leaning against a tree.

“So do you two,” I said.

“Now, if only Manfred would take a few lessons from you, Paul. I’m sure you could teach him all sorts of things about paying attention to his girlfriend,” she said archly, teasing him.

Manfred blushed again and looked at me with a forlorn expression. Jenny smiled wanly and reached out to him. He moved toward her and she clasped her arms around his neck.

“You are a good guy,” Gina said to me quietly.

It was my turn to blush.

We started down the stream a few minutes after that. We took one more break before we reached the camp, this one initiated by Manfred. Jenny gave me another thankful look and then leaned against Manfred to rest a little.

It was almost eight o’clock when we finally returned to the clubhouse. All four of our sets of parents were sitting on couches when we arrived, and they all looked up as we entered the clubhouse.

“Sorry we’re late,” I said as cheerfully as I could. “I got us lost and Manfred had to figure out how to get back.”

Manfred’s father looked at him skeptically, and to my surprise, Mom looked askance at me. I shrugged off the look and slipped off my pack.

“You need to pay more attention, kiddo,” Dad said.

“Sorry, Dad. You’re right.”

“Well, as long as you’re all back safe,” Manfred’s father said.

There was a general chorus of agreement from our assembled parents.

“You kids want dinner?” Mom asked.

Four heads nodded in unison; we were famished after our afternoon and the long hike back. Mom and Elizabeth Coulter threw together leftovers from our families’ dinners and fixed us plates. As we sat down to eat, the grown-ups went back to the couches.

“Thanks,” said Jenny gratefully.

“Yeah, thanks,” Manfred added with quiet enthusiasm.

“No problem,” I said lightly.

Gina squeezed my hand under the table and smiled at me.

Then we all dug into our dinner with a vengeance.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

The next day, both Manfred and Jenny's families were to leave camp. Manfred and Jenny spent the morning off somewhere by themselves, and when they returned from wherever they'd been, poor Manfred looked like he was going to mope all the way home. Jenny wasn't much better. The Tharp twins and their family were set to leave as well, after only a week. They never stayed long, so their departure wasn't unusual. Gina and I said our goodbyes to Manfred and Jenny, and then waved when they all drove out of camp after lunch.

After they had gone, Gina and I shared a knowing look. Her family would be leaving the next Sunday. We knew we only had seven days together before we too would have to say goodbye. Not for the first time, I had no idea what to do or say. Hopefully, by then, I'd figure it out. Hopefully.

That Sunday afternoon was anything but quiet. A few new families had arrived the day before, three of them with younger kids. Two older couples had arrived as well. They were both about ten years older than my parents, and both had children who had already left home.

With all the younger kids in camp, the shallow end of the lake was a hive of activity, most of it loud, all of it boisterous.

Gina and I spent our afternoon on the raft, floating idly around the deeper parts of the lake. Kendall Payton swam out and joined us about mid-afternoon. Gina watched me like a hawk. I kept my expression neutral and my eyes as politely averted as I could. I was lying on Gina's right, and Kendall wrung the water out of her hair and lay down to the left.

Much to my surprise, Kendall struck up a conversation with us. Since she was so incredibly beautiful, I'd never dared approach her, much less talk to her.

"Hey," Kendall said.

"Hi," Gina said.

"Hi," I said cautiously.

"Did you guys have fun yesterday?" Kendall asked.

"What do you mean?" Gina asked, caution warring with curiosity in her tone.

"On your hike."

"How'd you know about that?"

"Drew told me. He said your sister told him," Kendall said, nodding at Gina.

"Oh. Okay."

"Was it fun?" Kendall asked again.

Gina looked at me and I smiled tightly. Then she turned back to the older girl and nodded.

"Listen," Kendall said hesitantly. "I know you all don't know me real well, but could I ask a real big favor?"

"I guess," Gina replied cautiously.

"Next time you go, could I maybe go with you?"

Gina tensed up. I don't know if Kendall noticed, but I sure did. "I guess," Gina said, clearly trying to put the other girl off. "I didn't know you liked hiking."

"I don't. Well, I don't know if I do or not," Kendall said sullenly.

"Huh?" Gina asked.

"Nobody ever talks to me here. Nobody ever does anything with me," Kendall said, tears welling up. "All the girls look at me like you do," she said, nodding at Gina. "Like I'm competition, or too stuck up, or worse," she said, tears flowing freely now. "And all the guys my age either don't look at me, like you do, afraid that their girlfriends'll dump 'em. Or worse, they all talk to my tits," she said, fighting a snuffle and laughing. "Like they're gonna talk back or something!"

Gina and I were speechless.

"And all the older guys, the dads, they just stare at me when they think I'm not looking. And nobody

talks to me, nobody asks me to go hiking, nobody does anything with me,” she said morosely. She sniffled and wiped her eyes.

“I guess there aren’t many girls your age here,” Gina said a bit defensively.

“Ha!” Kendall burst out, looking at Gina with red-rimmed eyes. “How old do you think I am?” she asked bitterly, sniffing again.

“I dunno,” Gina said. “Eighteen or nineteen, I guess.”

“Ha,” Kendall snorted. “I just turned sixteen.”

“Really?” Gina asked. She was as incredulous as I was.

Kendall nodded, then sniffled. “I just look older, and I hate it. And I hate this place. And I’m so tired of being lonely. I thought you’d be different,” she said sullenly and started to stand up.

“No. Wait,” Gina said, putting her hand on Kendall’s arm. “Look, I’m really sorry. I had no idea.”

Kendall looked at Gina and saw the truth of it.

“Look,” Kendall said, “I don’t want to steal your boyfriend. I just want someone to talk to me. I’m so tired of being treated like the enemy, or like I don’t exist,” she said, tears streaking her face anew.

“I’m so sorry,” Gina crooned, putting her arm around the other girl.

I lay right where I was. I knew that this was a powder keg for me, a situation where whatever I did could be taken the wrong way. So I stayed put.

Gina finally soothed Kendall’s tears. When Kendall stopped crying, her nose and eyes were red, but she was at least smiling.

“Can I ask you something?” Gina asked when the older girl calmed down.

“I guess.” Sniffle.

“What makes you think Paul’s my boyfriend?”

Kendall wasn’t nearly as shocked by that as I was. Fortunately, Gina couldn’t see my abashed expression.

“He is, isn’t he?” Kendall asked

Gina looked at me. With my answering grin, she turned back to the older girl and nodded firmly. “But we haven’t told anyone. How’d you know?”

Kendall suddenly laughed. Gina and I were both taken aback, but Gina pressed the question.

“Anyone who watched you two could tell,” Kendall said.

Gina looked at me and I shrugged.

“Well, maybe not anyone,” Kendall said ruefully.

“What do you mean?” Gina asked.

“Well, since no one’ll talk to me, I watch people. I guess I kinda like it. I mean, sometimes, I’ll look like I’m reading a book, but mostly I’m just people watching,” Kendall said. “I was in the clubhouse when y’all got back last night.”

“So?” Gina asked, somewhat diffidently.

“I watched the four of you eat dinner.”

Gina still didn’t get it. I had to admit, neither did I.

“You guys touch each other,” Kendall explained.

Fortunately, Gina didn’t see my look of shock. I began to panic. What did Kendall know? If she knew, what did Gina’s parents know? What did *my* parents know?

“Most people don’t touch each other. It’s weird, you know,” Kendall said. “But I’ve watched people work almost in each other’s laps, and they don’t touch. Couples touch each other. You all touch each other,” she said by way of explanation.

I thought about it, and she was right. Even now, Gina had one foot idly hooked over my left ankle. I hadn’t noticed it before, but I thought back to dinner the night before, and realized that Gina would put her hand over mine, or touch my arm as we ate.

Kendall broke my reverie by speaking again. “And Jenny and Manfred,” she hesitantly began. “Something big happened between them yesterday, right?”

“How do you know all this?” I asked incredulously. I felt my panic rising again. If she knew it, then so

could anyone. I was shocked.

“That one’s easier,” Kendall said with aplomb. “Jenny was walking a little slow last night, and she looked real... tender. And Manfred was hovering over her all night, like she might break. So I figured, what with yesterday being their last day together, that maybe...”

Gina nodded soberly and Kendall’s expression brightened.

“I knew it!” she said. “I won’t tell anyone,” Kendall said quickly, seeing our expressions.

“How do you know all this?” Gina asked, unconsciously repeating my very words.

“I guess I just pay attention to people. That’s all,” Kendall said simply.

“You don’t think anyone noticed?” Gina asked nervously.

“I doubt it,” Kendall said after a moment’s thought. “Most people just don’t pay that much attention.”

Gina and I both sighed. Kendall just grinned at us.

“You really are a cute couple,” she said to Gina.

I felt Gina’s foot rub against my leg and smiled to myself. Gina grinned at me.

“Thanks,” we said simultaneously.

“I thought you were different,” Kendall said gratefully.

The two girls talked and I half-listened. I was still on dangerous ground; I knew Gina was still a little jealous of the older girl’s beauty. I didn’t want to actively participate in the conversation, but that didn’t mean I couldn’t listen.

Kendall told us about herself. Her father was a police officer in Chattanooga. They came to this camp because it was so far away from where her dad worked. She also told Gina that she had skipped a grade, so despite the fact that she was only about a year older than us, she would be starting her senior year at the end of the summer.

Gina was slowly impressed, as was I, by Kendall. I had thought she was unapproachable. I couldn’t have been more wrong. She was dying for companionship, *any* companionship.

And she turned out to be smart. I was pretty smart, I’d quietly admit to myself. And Gina was probably a little smarter than me. I don’t know if Kendall was just that much smarter, or she simply paid more attention to the world around her. But as I listened to her talk with Gina, I was more and more impressed with how much she knew about people. And I could tell that Gina was impressed too, as she became more and more relaxed as the conversation progressed.

“So I’ve decided I’m going to medical school,” Kendall said as I tuned in to the conversation again.

“You’re kidding me,” Gina said.

Kendall shook her head firmly. “Why?” she asked, a bit suspiciously.

“I want to be a doctor too,” Gina said decidedly.

I was somewhat shocked. Gina hadn’t even told me that.

“Really?” Kendall asked. “What kind?”

“I don’t know yet, but I’m thinking about either family practice or OB-GYN.”

Kendall shook her head. “I’m going upstairs,” she said.

Gina cocked her head.

Kendall tapped her temple. “Psychiatry. I don’t want to be a psychologist, they’re not MDs. I actually want to go into couples therapy.”

“Wow,” said Gina. “Cool.”

“Yeah, cool.”

I zoned out of the conversation at that point, as the girls started talking about other things, people at the camp, and life in the real world.

Listening to them talk, I quickly realized that inside Kendall’s admittedly beautiful body was a girl just as scared and unsure as we were. She had her own doubts and insecurities and desires, just like we did.

I liked her immediately.



Later that night, after dinner, Gina and I were alone together. Well, as alone as we could be on one of

the couches in the clubhouse.

"I like Kendall," she said suddenly.

I didn't know what to say. I began to panic as I thought through the possibilities. If I said I liked her too, would Gina be jealous? If I said I didn't like her, would Gina be angry, or disappointed? If I...

Gina was laughing at me. At my flustered expression, she put her hand on my knee.

"It's okay. You can say you like her too," she said gently, her eyes bright with her suppressed laughter.

I blinked at her.

She nodded. "I guess she's not so bad after all," Gina said, still grinning at my discomfort.

"I guess."

Gina grinned at me and patted my knee. "You're sweet," she said, laughing at me with her eyes. "And she does have an amazing body." I could tell she was enjoying my strangled expression.

The rest of the night I spent trying not to get an erection as Gina playfully teased me by comparing her body to Kendall's; point-by-point, it seemed.

I was lucky; on all accounts.



The next day, Monday, Gina and her mom went shopping in town. I was still a little uncomfortable around Kendall, and with Manfred and Jenny gone, I was at loose ends for the morning. So I headed to Susan's to see if she needed help with anything.

When I got there, she was working around by the back patio on her new flowerbed. She gave me a pair of gloves and a potting shovel, and I wordlessly joined her on my knees. We worked until lunchtime in companionable silence. By the time we were done, all of her begonias were planted.

"Want to take a shower before lunch?" she asked, her familiar mischievous smile adorning her face.

I nodded eagerly. I was honest enough with myself to admit that after Saturday's hike and Gina's teasing Sunday night, I was really, *really* ready to take Susan up on her offer. At the thought, my penis stiffened immediately.

"I guess you do," Susan said, grinning at me as she frankly eyed my bobbing erection.

She stood and took her gloves off, then wiped the dirt from her knees and shins. I did the same and we headed for the sliding glass door to her bedroom. She kicked off her yard sandals by the door and I wiped my feet on the mat.

Once inside the cool house, she headed straight for the shower. She squeezed my hard-on as we entered the large shower and then released me to douse her head. She didn't even bother to remove her hair tie before she did it. Once her hair was thoroughly wet, however, she pulled out the band and shook out her dark tresses, rinsing them under the stinging spray of the water. She tugged me under with her, using the obvious handle, and I closed my eyes as the water sluiced over me.

"Susan?"

"Mmm hmm," she said, slowly stroking my erection as the water washed over us.

"Can I go down on you?"

"Sure, Paul. You don't need to ask, though. On second thought," she said, a mischievous twinkle in her eye, "maybe you *should* ask first."

I grinned at her. "I don't make *you* ask first when you go down on me."

"Hmm. I think you have a point. Okay, you don't have to ask. I'll make an exception for you."

"Thanks," I said dryly.

"Don't mention it," she said nonchalantly and grinned at me.

We washed each other quickly after that, eager to dry off. Before we were done, however, Susan held up her hand and signed for me to wait.

She pulled a bottle of conditioner off the bench seat and squirted some in her hand. She pulled a disposable razor from a plastic package on the seat and then put one foot up on the wooden bench. I watched in wonder as she spread the conditioner over her pubic area. With a few sure strokes of the razor, she quickly removed the conditioner, and any stubble, bending over to make sure she got everything.

When she was done, she rinsed and then took my hand, pressing it against her mons. It was the smoothest I'd ever felt it; soft, supple skin without a trace of hair. My penis seemed to get harder still. Susan grinned at my reaction.

"Trade secret," she said with a wink.

I nodded mutely as she turned off the water and opened the door to retrieve our towels. We quickly dried off and stepped out of the shower.

She headed for the bedroom, once again using the obvious handle to make sure I followed closely. She backed me up against the bed and then shoved until I sat down.

"But I wanted to..." I started to protest.

She put her finger to her lips and shushed me.

Without preamble, she knelt at the foot of the bed, between my legs, and took my swollen cock in her mouth. She sucked me deep, letting her tongue roam over the sensitive underside. I groaned in pleasure, unable to argue with her about what I wanted.

When she finally came up for air, grinning at me, I worked up the nerve to protest.

"I want to go down on you," I said, trying to keep the note of petulance out of my voice.

"I know," she said simply. "And I want you to, too. But I've been dying to do this for a couple of days now. Sit back and relax, give me what I want, and then we'll play," she said. I could tell by her tone that she would brook no objection, so I did as requested.

I leaned back on my arms as she lowered her head. In reality, I did miss her attention, and I enjoyed her sucking me. I felt guilty about not spending more time with her. I also felt guilty about being here with her now. It somehow felt that I was betraying Gina.

"What's the matter?" Susan asked, looking up at me.

The cause of her disaffection was clear: I was limp.

"I feel guilty," I said, chagrined.

"About what?" she asked, taking me seriously. She put her arms on my thighs and looked at me earnestly.

"Gina."

"Mmm. I see. Have you had sex with her yet?"

I shook my head.

"But you think you will? Sooner or later."

I slowly nodded. "I hope, at least."

She smiled. "Do you love her?" she asked gently.

I thought for a moment, then tentatively nodded.

Susan smiled again. "You're a good guy, Paul. But let me ask you something."

I nodded.

"Do you think you can love two women at the same time?"

I hesitated, then nodded.

"Or more, perhaps?"

"I guess."

"And when the time is right, you can tell Gina about us, if you think she can handle it."

I was shocked. But the more I thought about it, the more it seemed reasonable.

"We could even have a threesome, if you like," she said, kissing the tip of my penis. "I think I'd like that."

The thought of Gina and Susan together was more than enough to start me on the path toward a full-blown erection. Susan smiled at my reaction.

"Do you think she'd like that?" Susan asked, taking my expanding cock into her mouth once again.

I nodded, feeling the blood rushing to my erection.

"You like the idea of both of us sucking your dick?"

I nodded again, my breath speeding up as my heart thudded in my chest. Susan wrapped her lips around my dick and began bobbing her head up and down.

“I’d love to see her sucking you off,” she said, taking me out of her mouth and drawing a deep breath. “And I’d love to see your come on her lovely skin.”

My penis throbbed and Susan gave me a smoldering look.

“You’ve seen that, have you?”

I nodded jerkily and she suddenly impaled herself on my rod. She tried to take more of me in her mouth, but couldn’t because of the edge of the bed.

So she popped my erection out of her mouth and stood up. Without a word, she pushed me onto my back, my legs still hanging over the edge. She climbed up next to me and turned around to straddle me, one knee on either side my head. With a low moan, she dropped to all fours and sucked my erection back into her mouth.

In that position, she could easily take all of me down her throat. So she did. Despite the fact that I was eye to eye with her beautiful slit, I was oblivious. She was taking me deeper than she ever had before, her nose pressing against my balls on each downstroke.

She would wrap her lips around the thick base of my cock and run her tongue over the top of my shaft. She held me for as long as she could before coming up for air, bobbing up and down on my shaft for a moment before plunging down to swallow my length again.

Under that onslaught, I came quickly. My hips jerked as I felt my orgasm begin. Susan clamped her lips around my shaft, only a few inches from the crown, and began massaging me with her lips and tongue. The first spurt caught her by surprise and she started. She recovered quickly, however, and I could feel her swallow as I continued to ejaculate.

When my orgasm subsided, I relaxed my back and leg muscles and lowered my hips to the bed. Susan never let me out of her mouth, slowly nursing my semi-erect penis.

When I recovered enough to open my eyes, I looked up at a delightful sight. Susan’s pussy was spread before me, her labia already flushed with her excitement and her inner lips just peeking out from between them. I lifted my head and flicked my tongue against her slit.

She moaned at the contact and spread her legs, lowering her pussy onto my face. I inhaled her scent and flicked my tongue against her again. She renewed her assault on my deflating penis and I felt my arousal mounting. I hooked my arms around her legs and spread her lips with my fingers, completely exposing her to my lips and tongue.

She began moaning around my cock as I thrust my tongue into her. I speared the tip against her, feeling the hard little bud of flesh of her clit under its protective hood. She moaned again and I concentrated on her pussy. I wrapped my lips around her hooded clit and sucked gently, putting pressure on the base with my tongue.

She bobbed on my erection, caressing me with long strokes of her tongue. I tried to drown out the sensations she was creating and concentrate on her. It was difficult to do since she was very good at what she was doing. I turned back to her pussy and pulled back for a moment, simply admiring her. Her entire vulva was flushed and swollen, her dark pink inner lips were fleshy and spread like wings before me.

I playfully flicked her hooded clit with my tongue and felt her spasm in response. I suddenly had the urge to lick her until she could no longer suck my dick. I began sweeping my tongue side to side over the covered nubbin of flesh, eliciting another groan of pleasure from her. She stopped bobbing her head and concentrated on licking my shaft, rubbing it against her face.

With my fingers, I pulled her outer labia further apart and began sucking and licking her inner lips, running my tongue down the divide between the two. I would pause every few strokes and kiss the inside of her thighs, blowing cool air on her super-heated pussy. She shuddered every time I did that, and I kept up the teasing.

I returned to licking her hooded clit, circling it with my tongue and nuzzling my face in the folds of her lips. With a sly grin, I realized that she was now merely holding my dick in her mouth, idly moving her tongue over the top of my shaft. I redoubled my efforts.

With my tongue, I felt her clit poking out from under its protective cover and I concentrated on the flesh surrounding the sensitive pearl. Susan moaned around my cock and shuddered as I errantly flicked my

tongue across her clit. She began humping her hips against my face, trying to get more of my tongue inside her, and I decided to stop teasing her.

I plunged my middle finger into her pussy, feeling her warmth and wetness surrounding me, and concentrated on the base of her clit. I pushed it with my tongue while I wrapped my lips around the hood and exposed nubbin. Flicking my tongue side to side again, I felt her spasm and begin to buck against me.

With a rising shriek, muffled by my erection in her mouth, she came. Her pussy seemed to get twice as wet around my finger as she bucked against me. I kept up my pressure on her clit, rotating my finger inside her. She was now almost screaming around my cock and her hips were shaking as the pleasure of her orgasm surged over her.

Her clit quickly retreated into its hood, and I slowly pulled my lips back from her pussy. She let my cock slip from her mouth and collapsed on top of me as the tremors subsided. She jerked and spasmed, her whole body shaking with little aftershocks.

When she recovered enough to lift herself off me, she swung her leg over my head and crawled to the head of the bed. I sat up and turned to crawl after her. She rolled onto her back, and when I went to move between her legs, she shook her head.

“Come straddle my chest,” she said.

I cocked my head at her.

“My mouth’s a little tired, and my pussy is definitely too sensitive right now. So,” she said, cupping her breasts, “you can fuck these.”

I was confused, and it was evident.

Susan laughed at me. It was a gentle laugh, but laughter nonetheless. She motioned for me to straddle her chest, and I slowly complied. I had no idea how I was going to “fuck her tits.”

“Oops,” she said. “I forgot. Reach in the top drawer of the night stand, get the lotion that’s there.”

I did as instructed, handing her the bottle. She squirted a generous amount in the valley between her flattened breasts, and then squeezed some onto the head of my cock. The lotion was cool and my cock jerked at the sensation.

She rubbed the lotion into her chest and then smeared the rest over my cock. I watched in amazement as she cupped her breasts and pushed them together.

“Now,” she said, “fuck me.”

Looking down at her, I was confused. And I began to panic, wondering what to do and not wanting to look stupid.

“Put your dick between my tits,” she said gently, realizing I was lost.

I looked down at her breasts, thrust together, her nipples very close to each other, and very erect. Then, I finally Got It. She smiled as I eased forward, sliding the slippery head of my erection between the proffered mounds of flesh.

The sensation was like none I’d ever experienced. It wasn’t like her pussy or her mouth, it was... softer. But the idea of thrusting back and forth between her tits was very erotic. I began to do just that and she smiled again, closing her eyes and running her tongue over her lips.

I pumped my dick between her breasts, enjoying watching the head poke out the top of her cleavage. The lotion quickly warmed with the friction of my thrusts and I was soon crying out in pleasure each time the sensitive head of my penis passed through the soft valley of her compressed breasts.

I thrust for perhaps three or four minutes before the pleasure overwhelmed me and I felt my orgasm building. She could see it on my face and she suddenly let go of her breasts and wrapped her right hand around my dick. She began stroking my lotion-slick length, aiming the tip at her open mouth.

I came with a groan, the first shot landing on her cheek and lips. She quickly adjusted her aim and the rest of my spurts landed in her mouth or on her lips. When my spurts finally dribbled to a stop, I hunched my hips forward. She wrapped her lips around my glans and sucked the remaining semen from my shaft. She smiled at me as she released my penis, her lips and cheek covered in pearly lines of my seed.

With her left hand, she quickly wiped up the stray drops of my come and licked them off her fingers. When she had her face clean, she grinned at me.

“I’m starving,” she said. “How about some lunch?”



A couple of days later, on Wednesday, I was talking to Susan in the clubhouse after breakfast when a man named Bill came looking for her. He and his wife were one of the older couples who had arrived the previous weekend, and I knew him only vaguely.

He wanted to talk to Susan about showing some movies that night. Since they didn’t go far away, I could easily overhear their conversation. As it turned out, he owned several movie theatres, and had brought a projector and some films with him. He wanted to show *The Apple Dumpling Gang* for the kids, and then *Shampoo* afterward.

Susan was all for it, and word soon spread that there would be movies in the clubhouse that night. Mom and Dad decided that I was old enough to watch *Shampoo*, but that Erin wasn’t. Erin didn’t take to the idea too well, and sulked for most of the morning. Karen Delozier, however, offered to let the younger girls have a sleepover at their cabin, and Erin quickly perked up.

Gina and Kendall had made fast friends over the past days, and I was slowly becoming comfortable around the older girl, even though I still didn’t know what to make of her yet. She was at times incredibly witty and insightful, and then completely clueless. It’s like she didn’t have any common sense sometimes. And she took her beauty completely for granted. She wasn’t stuck up about it, but she did little to assert it.

Gina, Kendall, and I spent most of the day lounging around on the raft, soaking up the sun and swimming when we wanted to cool off. We were all excited about the movies that night, too. Bill had even driven to town and picked up several large bags of popcorn for everyone.

So after dinner, he began setting up his movie screen and projector, while most of the men and older boys helped move the couches and set up chairs. All the younger kids crowded the front couches as he started the first movie. Gina, Kendall, and I all hung out toward the back of the improvised movie theatre. We all enjoyed the movie tremendously. Sometimes, it’s good to feel like a kid, especially when no one expects you to act grown up.

The kids’ movie ended about nine o’clock, and most of them went off to bed. While the last reel was rewinding, the three of us mostly goofed off, waiting for the grown-up movie to start.

When it did, Gina, Kendall, and I grabbed one of the back couches. There actually weren’t as many adults as there had been kids, and the couches to either side of us were empty. I sat on the end of the couch with Gina to my right and Kendall at the far end.

When Bill turned out the lights, I hesitantly put my arm around Gina. When she merely looked at my hand on her right shoulder, I started to panic. Then, with a grin, she leaned against me and all was right in the world.

The movie began, but I wasn’t paying much attention. I was enjoying the feeling of Gina pressed against me, my arm securely around her, holding her tight. I looked over Gina’s head and Kendall smiled at me. When she turned to watch the movie, I kissed the crown of Gina’s head. She snuggled closer and I sighed.

By the time I started watching the movie again, I was lost. To make matters worse, Gina had put her hand on my thigh and was slowly rubbing my leg, inching her way toward my penis.

I kissed the top of her head again, inhaling the scent of her hair and whispered, “If you keep that up, I’m gonna get hard.”

“Mmm hmm,” she said softly, wickedly.

Gina’s mom, one couch up and one couch over, turned to look at us, and I put on my best innocent face. She smiled when she saw I had my arm around Gina and I pretended not to notice. Then she turned around and said something to Gina’s dad. He nonchalantly turned and looked too, and I once again pretended not to notice. When he turned back, he kissed Gina’s mom and pulled her closer to him. I smiled inwardly at the idea that I somehow had her parents’ approval.

Unfortunately, about thirty minutes into the movie, I was still lost. I had been paying more attention to Gina than to Warren Beatty.

“It’s almost a full moon,” I whispered in Gina’s ear. “You wanna go for a walk by the lake?”

She quickly nodded and unfolded her legs from under her. She leaned over to whisper to Kendall and I saw the older girl nod and smile.

I laced my fingers through Gina's and we stood up. Fortunately, her parents were at the other end of the couch my folks were sitting on. So we walked up behind them, hand in hand, and I bent down.

"Gina and I are gonna go for a walk. Is that okay?" I asked in a whisper.

Four heads turned and regarded us. Our moms shared a look that I didn't understand, and then they both nodded at us.

"Gina, make sure you're back to the cabin by eleven thirty," her dad said.

"Dad, I don't have my watch," she said, and I felt panic gnawing at my heart.

"Here kiddo," my dad said, taking off his aviator's watch, "use this. Make sure you're both back, in separate cabins, by eleven thirty."

"Thanks, Dad," I said, a wave of relief washing over me.

"You kids have a nice walk," Mom said, smiling up at us.

Thank God that in the dark she didn't see me blush, or my twitching erection below the back of the couch.

"Thanks," Gina and I said in chorus.

Clutching my dad's watch in my left hand, my right securely in Gina's grasp, we headed out of the clubhouse.

We walked halfway down the hill to the lake before I stopped. I wanted to actually put Dad's watch on my wrist. It was a heavy steel Breitling, and I didn't want to lose it. It was very loose around my wrist, and much heavier than my usual watch, but it wouldn't slip over my hand, which was all I really cared about. That, and the fact that I could easily read the time in the bright moonlight. It was already ten o'clock; we only had an hour and a half together.

I looked around, and in the light of the nearly full moon, I didn't see a soul. Most, if not all, the adults were at the movie, and all the younger kids were either in bed, or with Karen Delozier. Gina and I would have the lake to ourselves.

She gave me a confused look as I moved around behind her and swept her hair to the side. I began kissing her shoulder and neck, and she sighed deeply and leaned against me. I kept kissing until I reached her earlobe, then playfully nipped at it with my lips. I felt her breathing quicken and I reached around to wrap my hands around her, overlapping them on her smooth stomach.

I stopped kissing her for a second and looked down at the lake. In the moonlight, I saw that the raft had butted up against the side of the lake, moved by the gentle current.

"Let's go get on the raft," I said quietly, kissing her neck again.

She simply nodded and we headed down the hill, hand in hand.

It was an easy hop onto the raft, and with a strong push, I sent us floating out into the center of the lake. We could hear the laughter of the crowd watching the movie in the clubhouse, and Gina looked up at me, her bright smile flashing in the moonlight.

I held her face in my hands and she closed her eyes as I kissed her. It was a quick, sweet kiss, and we both sighed as it ended. That got us smiling at each other, and I pulled her close and simply held her. Oh, how I enjoyed the feeling of her warm, smooth skin against my own. I felt her nipples harden against me, which caused a hardening of my own.

I sank to the canvas of the raft and pulled her with me. We lay down facing each other, each propped on an elbow, and I kissed her again, with rising ardor. She returned my kiss, her tongue dancing with my own.

She pulled back and drew a deep, shuddering breath. Then she got very still. I reached out to her, putting my hand on her cheek. She raised her own to cover it and sighed deeply.

"Paul?"

"Mmm hmm?"

She rolled to her back, her dark, silken hair forming a patch of darker shadow on the sun-bleached canvas of the raft. I scooted closer to her, our legs touching, my erection resting comfortably on her hip.

"Could we go hiking in a couple of days? Just the two of us?"

“Mmm hmm.”

“My family’s...” She paused, and I heard her breath catch.

“I know,” I said softly, knowing as well as she did that her family was leaving on Sunday. I had managed not to think about it all week, but now it came crashing down on me like a lead weight. My stomach knotted and I felt like my heart would burst.

She sniffled and cleared her throat. Looking down at her in the pale moonlight, her eyes wide pools of radiance punctuating her dark face, my heart ached. She was biting her inner lip and blinking back tears.

“I know,” I said again, laying my hand along her neck and tracing the line of her jaw with my thumb.

She sniffled again and then smiled at me. “I want to... do what Jenny and Manfred did,” she said obliquely. “But I’m scared. I know I want it to be with you,” she said, her words coming in a rush. “I’m not on the pill, and I’m scared it’ll hurt, and...”

“Shhhh,” I breathed, putting my finger over her lips. I kissed her, gently but insistently, and felt the tension flow out of her. “I know you want to, and so do I. But if you’re scared, or you’re not ready, that’s okay. I don’t love this,” I said, moving my hand down and cupping her sex. “I love this.” I placed my palm flat against her chest. “And this.” I touched her forehead. I ran my fingers over her temple, and then down the line of her cheekbone, feeling the warm tracks of her tears. “I love you,” I said firmly.

“You love me?” she asked in a small voice, filled with emotion.

My voice caught in my throat. I’d told her I loved her. I hadn’t thought about it, I’d just said it. I hadn’t practiced it over and over in my head, it had just come out. I knew it was true, but... As she looked up at me, eyes bright with tears and reflected moonlight, I started to panic. What if she didn’t love me? What if I were moving too fast? What if...?

I licked my lips and made up my mind. “I love you,” I said softly. “I think I always have.”

“Oh, Paul,” she said breathlessly. “I love you so much.”

And then she was in my arms. She pulled my head down, hers rising to meet me, our lips finding each other without error. The kiss was hot, and long, and we were both breathless when we separated.

Just as suddenly as she’d kissed me, she was pushing me away. I started to panic, wondering what she was doing. She quickly pushed me onto my back and my fears were allayed when she rolled on top of me.

She was kissing my face, my lips, my hastily closed eyelids, my neck, and anywhere else she could reach. She completely straddled my waist, her breasts and hard nipples pressing into the flesh of my chest.

“I love you,” she said softly, tenderly touching my lips with her own.

She kissed my chin, then down my neck, and I arched my back as she kissed my earlobe and the hollow behind it. My senses were battered by the excruciating pleasure as she kissed my ear, her breath hot against my neck. Then she began to kiss down my neck again, toward the line of my shoulder.

She was humping against me and mewling as she kissed down my chest. She scooted down and my erection bumped against her thigh, then her pussy. When she kept moving down, kissing as she went, my erection dragged across her steaming slit. She groaned at the contact and humped against me before continuing downward.

I spread my legs to accommodate her and she kissed my navel, darting her tongue in and swirling it around. I gasped at the sensation and she gripped my hips, moving lower still, her silken black hair trailing over my chest.

When she reached the top of my hard-on, she kissed it. Then, she kissed down the length of my shaft, causing spasms of pleasure to surge through my manhood. I felt her hot breath on my balls as she brushed her lips against them.

Then, without warning, I was in her mouth. She wrapped her lips around the glans and I tried, unsuccessfully, to stifle a groan.

She released me and moaned, then took me back in her mouth. She sucked just the tip at first, but slowly got bolder, taking more of me in her mouth. I winced as she scraped her teeth across the sensitive glans, but she felt me shy away and covered them with her lips.

She only took a few inches in her mouth, but she wrapped her hand around the base and laved her tongue over my length. Her silky hair trailed across my abdomen as she began bobbing her head up and

down.

Then she pulled my cock out of her mouth and rubbed it over her face, kissing down the length of my shaft as she did. I felt her hot breath on my balls again, and the wetness of her mouth as she took first one, then the other in her mouth. She quickly released them, however, and returned to my straining erection.

Wrapping her lips around the glans again, she flicked her tongue against me and began pumping her fist. She sucked gently at the crown of my cock, washing her tongue over me. I couldn't take much of her pumping and tongue, and soon felt my orgasm building.

"I'm going to come," I grunted, barely in time.

She pulled my cock from her mouth and continued stroking. I felt the satin texture of her cheek against my glans as my first spurt erupted. She moaned as she felt the hot liquid against her skin, and kept pumping.

When I had exhausted myself, she began kissing the length of my shaft. She wrapped her lips around the sperm-covered head of my dick and swirled her tongue around it, mewling with pleasure.

When I looked down, she was wiping my semen from her face and smearing it into her cleavage. Then, as quickly as she'd started sucking me, she was crawling up my body again. She lay on top of me and I felt my slowly cooling semen on her chest.

She pressed her lips against me and I tasted my seed. I started to recoil, but then relaxed. What's good for the goose is good for the gander, I thought. If I wanted her to swallow, I shouldn't complain about her kissing me with my sperm still on her lips. I tasted myself as I kissed her, and decided the taste wasn't all bad. Salty, a little tangy, sweet and just a little bitter, all at once.

Suddenly, she stopped kissing me and pulled back, her smile illuminating her face.

"I like that," she said enthusiastically.

"Mmmmm," I said, sighing. "Me too."

"When we go hiking..." she said, then suddenly paused. "When we go hiking," she continued with greater resolve, "will you come in my mouth. I want to taste you."

"Are you sure?"

She nodded decidedly and I smiled.

"I want to taste you a lot," she said, grinning again.

I kissed her hard, pulling her head down to mine, once again tasting myself on her lips. I couldn't have cared less. I had the girl of my dreams in my arms, kissing me with my semen still on her lips and cheek. My semen! My heart sang with joy.

"Paul?" she asked, breaking the kiss.

"Mmm hmm?"

"Will you..." she asked tentatively. "Will you come on me tonight? On my... on my boobs?"

"You want me to?"

She bit the inside of her lip and nodded hesitantly.

She slid off me and reached down to grasp my stiffening member. The head of my cock was slick from her saliva and leakage from my recent orgasm, and she rolled her finger around it, smearing our fluids over her hand and my shaft. She laid her head on my stomach and gripped my member, stroking me gently.

I put my hand over hers and directed her movements. I knew, however, that it would be a few minutes before I was ready to come again. I gently pushed her off of me, and onto her back.

She looked confused as I rolled over and pressed myself against her.

"I can't come again so quickly," I said softly, by way of apology, smiling to reassure her.

She nodded and I kissed her again, probing her mouth with my tongue.

"So I thought," I said, breaking the kiss, "that we could play a little bit, before I come for you."

I raised my hand and looked at my father's watch. We still had almost forty-five minutes before we had to be back up at her cabin.

In the moonlight, I saw her grin and then purse her lips.

"What did you have in mind?" she asked playfully.

"Oh," I said, taking the bait. "A little of this," I said, circling my index finger around her stiff nipple.

“And maybe a little of this.” I directed her hand and she quickly wrapped it around my erection. “And perhaps a little of this,” I said mischievously, moving my hand to cup her pussy, pressing down and eliciting a gasp from her. “That’s pretty much what I had in mind,” I said insouciantly. “If that’s okay with you.” I pressed my middle finger between her lips, feeling her heat and moisture.

Her eyes fluttered and she gasped again. She bit her lip and nodded, arching her back against me. I pulled my hand back and trailed my finger along her slit, forcing a moan from deep in her chest. I brought my hand to my mouth and inhaled the scent of her arousal. She watched, transfixed, as I sucked her juices from my finger.

“Mmm,” I said. “I love the way you taste.”

Her breath caught in her throat and I leaned forward to kiss her. I cupped her breast and she moaned against me, darting her tongue into my mouth.

I pulled back from the kiss and looked at her. She opened her eyes when she realized my lips weren’t returning immediately, and she looked at me.

“What?” she asked. I could hear the uncertainty and doubt clouding her voice.

I smiled. “You’re so beautiful,” I said softly. My heart raced when she smiled in return.

“I love you so much,” she breathed.

“I love you too,” I said softly.

She stroked my cock urgently and I smiled at her.

“Was there something you wanted?” I asked, teasing her.

She bit the inside of her lip and nodded. “I want to... I want your come on me.”

“You do?”

“Mmmmm, God yes,” she hissed. “I want to feel you come on my boobs.”

I quickly straddled her chest and began stroking my erection. She was rolling her nipples with her fingers, eagerly watching my dick. I quickly reached the point of no return and felt my come rising.

“I’m gonna come,” I said, my voice tight.

She stopped playing with her nipples and pushed her tits together, forming a delicious target. I aimed myself at her left nipple and felt the first rush of semen coming up my shaft.

With a groan, I watched my come splash into her breast, stroking intently. After the first two spurts, I aimed myself at her right breast. My come spewed over her nipple and she groaned as well, feeling the hot liquid gush over her flesh. I kept stroking until I was exhausted.

When the last dribbles of my orgasm fell to her chest, I rubbed her right nipple with my sperm-covered glans. She moaned again and arched her back, trying to force her breast against my dick. I switched sides and spread my pearly drops over her left breast with my slick member, garnering another moan from her for my efforts.

Finally, I sat back, breathing heavily, and watched as she spread my semen over her entire chest, rubbing the pearly liquid into her dark flesh. I was overcome with emotion. Adoration, satisfaction, love, and desire; each washed over me in turn.

I quickly scooted backward and moved between her legs, spreading them as I lay on my stomach. I lowered my head and brought my lips to her vulva, inhaling the heady aroma of her desire. I parted her lips with my fingers and discovered that she was already very wet.

I darted my tongue forward and tasted her. She bucked against me, trying to force more of my tongue into her pussy, and I relented. Her clit was already poking out of its protective hood and I circled it with my tongue. I slowly inserted a finger into her vagina; she was very wet, but also very tight, and I didn’t want to hurt her.

She squirmed as my finger penetrated her, trying to get me deeper. I maintained my deliberate pace, but was soon buried to the last knuckle. She groaned again and I returned my attention to her clit.

I began licking her in long strokes, flicking my tongue against her clit at the top of each. I could tell she was close, her pussy was gripping my finger like a vise. I pursed my lips around her clit and sucked, flicking my tongue against the little bud. With a rush of moisture and a low, keening moan, she came.

Her pussy clutched at my finger, and her hips bucked against me. I kept sucking her clit and she clamped

her thighs against my head, imprisoning me with her wonderful flesh. I rode her orgasm, pressing up with my finger into the hollow behind her pubic bone, and she shuddered again.

I felt her clit abruptly pull back under its protective hood, and took that as my signal to slowly release her. Her legs fell back to the raft, splayed out to either side and she went limp.

Her pussy was still spasming against my finger as I tenderly kissed her mons and then worked my way to her inner thighs. She moaned again and put her hands on my head, holding me in place.

Reluctantly, I pulled my finger from within her. I gave her spread pussy one last kiss and she sucked in her breath, arching against me again. I smiled to myself and crawled up her body, planting kisses as I went.

My semi-hard penis bumped against her spread pussy lips and she gasped again, biting the inside of her lip and smiling at me. I kissed her, deeply, and she melted against me. I knew she could taste herself on my lips, and the idea thrilled me.

I finally pulled back from the kiss to let her catch her breath.

“I love making you come,” I said softly.

“Mmmmm.”

I hooked my arms under her shoulders and rolled to the side, taking her with me. She relaxed, half on me, half on the raft, and I looked up, sighing contentedly.

Under the starry skies of South Carolina, with a nearly-full moon shining down on us, I think I was the happiest I'd ever been.



We lay like that for some time, covered in the scent of sex. My face felt tight where her juices had dried on my skin, but I never wanted to wash her off me. Every time I inhaled, I could smell her, and it was a heady sensation.

Finally, reluctantly, I raised my left hand and looked at the heavy steel Breitling. We had only ten minutes before she had to be back at her cabin. The laughter from up the hill had died down a few minutes before, and I knew we didn't have much wiggle room with our timing.

I kissed the crown of her head, enjoying the sensation of her silken hair against my face. Gina had felt the movement of my arm, however, and knew what it meant as well as I did.

“You want me to pull the raft over to the side so you don't have to get wet?” I asked softly.

I felt her shake her head. “Where are we?” she asked, raising her head to look.

I lifted my head as well, and saw that we were close to the shallow end of the lake. We could easily slip off the raft and wade to the edge of the lake.

Gina kissed me, fiercely, and then pulled back. “Mmmmm,” she said deliciously, “I can smell me on you.”

I grinned like an idiot and nodded.

She grinned too, and started to stand.

I slipped into the water first, and reached up for her. The water was only up to my waist, and I immediately felt my penis and testicles trying to hastily reduce their surface area. My poor balls must've tried to climb into my abdomen.

Gina sat on the edge of the raft and reached down for me, gliding into my arms, and the cold water. I held her against me for a moment, tasting her lips again, and then set her on the bottom of the lake. She shivered and then grinned at me.

“Wait a minute,” she said after we'd only walked a few steps toward the edge of the lake. “I need to wash you off my chest. I don't want to, but Mom'll know if she sees.”

I nodded and watched as she gathered up her hair and held it atop her head. We had waded far enough that the water was now around my thighs, and Gina merely lowered herself into the cold water. I reached out to hold her hair for her and she smiled up at me in thanks.

She quickly washed my dried sperm from her breasts. She also rinsed her face, and then smiled up at me again.

“Ooooh, poor baby,” she said, teasing me. She was eye level with my shrunken penis, and I cringed. “He

just needs to be warmed up.”

With that, she opened her mouth and engulfed my cold and shriveled member. The warmth of her mouth washed over me and I felt my legs get weak. My penis began to get hard in her mouth as it warmed, and she was soon sucking the first few inches of my erection. I was still holding her hair, and gleefully directed her motions with gentle pressure on the back of her head.

To my disappointment, she pulled her lips off me after only a minute and smiled up at me. She gracefully rose to her full height, my penis delightfully dragging against her body as she stood. She raised up on tiptoes and kissed me, giggling. I still had my hand on her head, holding her hair, and I pulled her close, kissing her passionately.

When we broke the kiss, we were both breathing heavily and grinning at each other. We waded to the side of the lake and stepped up onto the brick coping to begin the walk up the hill to our respective cabins.



We were walking past the clubhouse, holding hands, when the side door opened and my parents walked out, followed closely by Gina’s parents. Her father looked at his watch and nodded, obviously pleased that we were a minute or two early.

“Here’s your watch back, Dad,” I said, removing it from my wrist. “Thanks.”

“We’re going to go for a walk ourselves,” Mom said.

“Make sure Gina gets to the cabin okay,” Elizabeth said to me, stepping forward to kiss her daughter.

When Gina’s mom stepped back, my mom stepped forward to kiss me on the cheek. When she pulled back, her eyes widened and her nostrils flared, and I felt tendrils of fear clutching at my heart. I had forgotten to wash off my face! Would she say anything? Would she make me stop seeing Gina? Would she...?

“Be a gentleman, Paul,” she said blithely, and the panic began to drain out of me.

“Yes, Mom,” I said obediently. She was going to keep my secret! I almost jumped for joy.

Mom smiled at me and the four of them headed down the hill toward the lake. I walked Gina the rest of the way up to her cabin. Kara was inside reading, and the porch light was on.

I gave Gina a very chaste kiss, desperately yearning to do more, but afraid of what Kara would say to her mother.

“I can’t wait until Saturday,” Gina whispered in my ear.

With that, she kissed me again on the cheek and stepped inside. She smiled at me through the screen door and I turned to leave.

I don’t remember walking back to our cabin, I was so deliriously lost in thought.

CHAPTER TWENTY

The next morning, I waited until Dad and Erin headed down to the clubhouse before getting out of bed. Dad was going to fix his famous banana pancakes, but I wanted to talk to Mom first.

“Mom?” I ventured hesitantly when I came out of the bathroom.

“Yes, honey?”

“Um... can I go hiking this Saturday?”

She raised her eyebrows, clearly wanting more information.

“Gina and I were thinking about going hiking to the quarry on Saturday,” I said in a rush.

Mom arched one eyebrow at me, clearly realizing that we were Up To Something. “Just the two of you.”

I hesitated, then nodded.

“I don’t know if that’s such a good idea,” Mom said.

My face fell. Every time I’d asked to go before, she’d said yes. Why was she saying no now? I began to get flustered, wondering what she knew. She stepped closer to me and her eyes softened.

“Oh, honey,” she said gently. “There’s something up between you two,” she said archly. “And I think I know exactly what it is that’s ‘up,’” she added, looking pointedly at my flaccid penis.

I blushed furiously.

“And Gina’s parents know something’s going on between you two,” she said. “We even talked about it last night, after the movie.”

Our parents were talking about us? I began to panic again.

“Lucky for you,” Mom said with a gentle laugh, “that Gina’s mom didn’t kiss you last night. Then she’d know something was up for sure.”

My jaw dropped and she chuckled. “How did you know?” I asked, stunned.

She laughed again, smiling at me and shaking her head. “You think I don’t know what it smells like?”

I was always amazed when my mom knew more than I thought she would. I guess I never gave her credit for being a really smart woman. That was a mistake I intended not to repeat. Ever.

“Just tell me one thing,” Mom said. “Tell me you didn’t pressure her. I don’t think you’d do something like that, but I also know a thing or two about young men,” she said, her eyes smiling.

She would, at that, I thought to myself ruefully. I quickly shook my head.

“Good,” she said, her relief obvious. “I knew you wouldn’t, but I wanted to be sure.”

I blushed and lowered my eyes.

“Did she enjoy it?”

My eyes snapped up and I froze, my jaw hanging open again.

In spite of her best efforts, Mom laughed at me – light, magical laughter. Then she saw my face and made an attempt to be serious.

I blushed even deeper, and could feel the heat in my face, neck, and ears. Finally, I closed my mouth.

“I take it she did,” Mom said, still laughing with her eyes.

I nodded helplessly and she smiled again.

“Well,” she said, finally quelling her laughter, “you just keep going down on her, and she’ll be a very, very happy young lady.”

At my stricken expression, Mom burst into laughter again. Why, I moaned to myself, did the most important women in my life have to tease me?

“But seriously,” she said, her eyes bright. “If you two want to go hiking by yourselves on Saturday, I’m sure Gina’s parents’ answer will be no. I wouldn’t let you go by yourselves either.”

“But Mom,” I said, beginning the age-old lament of denied children everywhere, “that’s not fair.”

“No,” she said seriously, “it’s not. And I’m not even the mother of a teenage daughter who is obviously very smitten with a young man.”

I looked at her again, half in shock, half in amazement.

She chuckled again. “Oh yes,” Mom said gently, “she’s head over heels, unless I’ve forgotten what it’s like to be a fifteen-year-old girl.”

I blushed again and grinned like an idiot.

“But you still can’t go by yourselves.” She paused, to let that sink in. “You’re a creative young man,” she said with a wink, “you’ll think of something.”

I grinned again and began to furiously analyze what she’d said. How could I be creative enough to get what I, what we, wanted? I started thinking about the possibilities when Mom interrupted me with a laugh.

“Paul, you are incorrigible!”

I blushed, and smirked insouciantly.

“Now,” she said, “let’s go get some of your dad’s pancakes.”



“So that’s the problem,” I said, neatly summing things up for Gina.

We were sitting outside the clubhouse on the patio. I had found that I wasn’t hungry, and grabbed Gina as soon as she entered the clubhouse. Gina was deep in thought when the screen door opened and I looked up to see Kendall step outside.

“Hey y’all,” she said brightly. “I thought I saw you two out here.” Then she saw our faces. “What’s the matter?” she asked, sitting on the cinderblock wall opposite us.

Gina quickly outlined the problem for her, minus a few key details.

“Oh, that’s simple,” Kendall said.

Gina and I both stared at her and she laughed.

“You should see your faces,” she said, suddenly getting serious when she realized we weren’t laughing. “No, seriously, it’s simple. *I’ll go with you.*”

I wanted to swallow my own tongue. It’s not that I *minded* Kendall; in fact, I actually *liked* her. But Gina wanted to spend some time alone with me, and I desperately wanted to be alone with her as well. Having Kendall along as a third wheel would completely upset our plans.

“That’s a great idea!” Gina said suddenly.

I looked at her in shock. Was she mad?!

“Look,” Kendall said to me, explaining things slowly. I cringed, but she continued anyway. “Her parents’ll think that she and I will watch out for each other, and that you two won’t have the privacy to get into... whatever.”

Whatever, as she put it, was *exactly* what I wanted to get into! And I couldn’t do that with Kendall tagging along.

“No, silly,” she said, reading my expression like a book, “I just wanna get out of here for a few hours. I can take my book, and my tanning oil, and lie out while you two go do... whatever... by yourselves.”

Slowly, like a glacier retreating, I began to see her logic. I swallowed hard and looked at her intently. “You’d do that?”

I looked at Gina. She was smiling at me and biting the inside of her lip. I knew she was probably just as nervous, and excited, as I certainly was.

I looked at Kendall. She looked at each of us and smiled. Then she nodded.

“Let’s go ask your mom,” Gina said, clutching my hand.

I was nearly dragged inside, trailed by a smug and almost-snickering Kendall.



“Mom?” I asked, stepping up to the table. “Dad?”

Gina still held my hand, and Kendall was behind us. We had all put on our best We’re-Not-Really-Up-To-Something faces. This was it. I was certain that my future with Gina rested upon the shoulders of my parents.

“What is it, sweet pea?” Mom asked, looking up at us.

“Gina, Kendall, and I wanted to go hiking this Saturday. To the quarry. Can we go?”

My father almost choked on his milk. He sputtered and coughed, nearly spilling the remainder of his glass. He quickly set it on the table and covered his mouth with his fist. Mom put her hand on his arm, looking concerned. When Dad recovered, he cleared his throat and looked at Mom. She nodded almost imperceptibly and he looked back to us.

“Make sure you get back on time this time,” he said somewhat ominously.

“So we can go?” I asked. My heart felt like it would burst.

He nodded gravely and I got serious.

“I’ll make sure we’re back on time, Dad.”

“Let’s go ask my folks,” Gina said, tugging on my arm. She nearly pulled me off my feet.

“Whoa!”

All three of us turned around and looked at my mom.

“Get some breakfast first,” she said to us. “You can ask your folks after you’ve eaten,” she said to Gina. “Now, why don’t you ladies have a seat while Paul and I fix you some pancakes.”

“Thank you, Beth,” Gina said politely. She and Kendall took a seat at the next table. Gina favored me with a brilliant, heart-wrenching smile, and then began chatting animatedly with Kendall.

I followed Mom to the kitchen counter. My father always made lots of pancakes when he cooked, enough for anyone in the camp to have some. Everyone loved them, and my father enjoyed folks enjoying his cooking. There were four plates stacked high with pancakes, covered in a clean dishtowel to keep them warm.

Mom and I set about fixing three plates of pancakes and sausage links, and then she leaned over to me.

“Paul, I said be creative,” she said quietly, her eyes twinkling with suppressed laughter. “But jeez.”

I think I blushed six shades of red.



Friday night, Gina spent hours in the kitchen with her mother. The two of them made meatloaf—from which they could make meatloaf sandwiches—coleslaw, and fruit salad. Kendall offered to help, and the two of them made sugar cookies. I tried to stay close, but Gina finally shooed me out of the clubhouse.

Driven from the clubhouse, I headed up to our cabin to make sure everything was ready. I’d borrowed an old army pack from Susan—Manfred and his two backpacks were obviously not available—and had packed a pair of blankets and my towel. I could pack the girls’ towels in the morning before we left, and then pack the picnic lunch on top of that. The pack would be heavily loaded, but I was looking forward to the trip more than I was worried about the weight.

I could hardly wait to go to sleep that night. Mom smiled knowingly at me before turning out the light. I only grinned in reply, and then, of course, blushed.



Somehow, I managed to get a good night’s rest. I woke up early and quietly climbed down the ladder. When I emerged from the bathroom, Mom was smiling at me from bed. She quietly extracted herself from my father’s embrace and stood up. Her hair was tousled and her eyes were still sleepy, but she looked pleased nonetheless.

I smiled in return as I picked up my laden pack and quietly opened the cabin door. Mom came out onto the porch with me, pulling the cabin door closed after her.

I slung the pack over one shoulder and turned to her.

“Oh, to be young again,” she said wistfully.

“Mom, I—”

“Shhh,” she said. “I know.”

“I love you, Mom.”

“I love you too, honey. I’m glad you’re going. I was a bit surprised that you came up with a solution as quickly as you did, and with whom. But I’m happy for you.”

I blushed again. How could she make me do that?!

“Paul?” she asked, her voice low and serious.

I looked at her and she held my eyes.

“Paul, if you two decide to... um... well. If you two decide to...” She looked at me helplessly, her expression full of concern and love.

I felt my face flush and my ears grew hot. “We’re not, Mom. Not yet.”

She raised her eyebrows.

“She’s not ready,” I said quietly. “And I’m not going to put pressure on her.”

“Her family’s leaving tomorrow, right?”

I nodded, feeling my heart twist. On one hand, I couldn’t believe that I was having this conversation with my mom. On the other, I was nearly stricken dumb thinking about not seeing Gina for a year.

“It’ll be next summer before you see her again,” Mom said softly. “You’re not going to...”

I shook my head. “She’s not ready. And it’s... important,” I said quietly.

Mom suddenly had to blink back tears. She hugged me tightly. I wrapped my free arm around her and shifted the pack so I could do the same with the other arm. I had no idea what had gotten her emotional, and I fervently hoped it wasn’t something I’d said.

She stepped back and wiped her eyes, smiling at me. “You’ll be careful?” she asked.

I nodded.

She stood on tiptoes and kissed my cheek.

I turned and headed for the clubhouse, my thoughts awhirl. I’d never had a conversation like that before, and I was stunned. I was thinking about it all the way down the hill, replaying it in my head. Did I just have a conversation with my mom about taking Gina’s virginity? With a shake of my head, I realized I had.



When I got to the clubhouse, I was greeted by Gina’s beaming smile. I banished all thoughts of strange conversations as she ran to me. I hurriedly set the pack on the pool table and caught her in my arms, lifting her easily and swinging her around. She squealed in delight and pressed her lips against mine.

When we broke our kiss and I set her down, I looked up and saw Kendall trying to be inconspicuous. I grinned shyly at her and she blushed.

“You two really are a cute couple,” Kendall said, picking up her rolled towel.

Gina and I both grinned.

I released Gina and picked up my pack. Gina tugged me toward the kitchen area and I eagerly followed. She had our picnic lunch laid out on one of the tables. In addition to that, she had egg sandwiches already prepared for breakfast.

“How long have you been up?” I asked incredulously, looking at the breakfast sandwiches and neatly packed picnic lunch.

Gina smiled shyly. “About an hour and a half,” she said softly.

“Wow,” I said, whistling quietly at all she had done. “Thanks.”

She grinned at me and I knew I was the luckiest guy in the world.

The egg sandwiches were still warm, so we ate them first, hastily washing them down with orange juice. Then, we set about packing our towels and the picnic lunch in the old army pack. It was a tight fit, but I finally closed the flap over everything and cinched the pack shut.

I hefted it with a groan and heard the Cokes settle into place with a clink. The pack was easily twice as heavy as the one I’d carried when the four of us had last hiked to the quarry. Since it was only me carrying everything, however, it would have to do. I settled the pack on my shoulders and we walked through the screen door onto the dew-covered lawn, heading down the hill toward the lake.



Kendall actually wore good quality hiking boots, and kept up with the pace I set. Since I was carrying so much, and not used to it, I set a little slower pace than usual. Gina was a little anxious, but she realized that I was the one carrying all our stuff, so she was quiet about it. With the slower pace, she and Kendall chatted

amiably about the quarry and its environs.

We reached the tumbled-down rim wall a little more than two hours after setting out. I had worn my watch—despite the fact that I was so unused to wearing it that it chafed—and saw that it was only a little after nine o'clock. As long as we were back at the camp by six o'clock, we were fine. I decided that we'd better leave by half past three, just to be sure.

As Gina and I unpacked the army pack, Kendall simply marveled at the surroundings. I once again dunked the Cokes in the cold water in the lee of the flattop rock while Gina put our lunch in the shade. Kendall turned and helped pull blankets and towels out of the pack, then sat down to unlace her boots. Gina and I quickly joined her.

Kendall stood and stretched when she had her shoes and socks off. I covertly watched her, making sure that Gina didn't notice. For such a big girl, Kendall was actually very slender. Her height and large breasts always made me think she was bigger, but her legs were long and lean, and her stomach was as flat as Stacy's. With a graceful arch, she dived into the water and Gina turned to grin at me.

"She has such a beautiful body," Gina said, keeping her voice low.

"Not as beautiful as you," I said, playfully reaching for her.

She giggled and smacked my hand away. "I wish I were that tall," she said wistfully.

"I don't!"

She looked at me and blinked.

"If you were that tall," I continued, nodding at the older girl, floating on her back in the lake, "then I don't think we'd... fit."

"You mean you like me because I'm short?" she asked, biting her inner lip.

"No," I said, desperately trying not to sound exasperated. "I like you because you're smart, beautiful, and sexy."

She grinned shyly and looked down.

"And short," I added.

Her eyes flew open and she gaped at me. I couldn't help but laugh at her expression. She realized I was teasing her, mostly, and laughed as well.

I quickly stood up and extended my hand to help her up. She reluctantly took it and stood gracefully. I pulled her close and put my arms around her. She resisted for a moment, then realized that I wasn't going to let her go.

I put my lips next to her ear. She stopped squirming when I kissed her tenderly.

"Let's go for a quick swim, to cool off and be polite," I said quietly.

She nodded hesitantly.

"Then, we can walk up to the top of the falls. We can spread our blanket out..." Her resistance was weakening. "And I can take my time," I said, running my hand down her spine, since I no longer needed to hold her against me. "I can explore a few of the many," I murmured, kissing her neck, then down the line of her shoulder, "many things that I like about you."

Her breathing had quickened and she shuddered in my embrace, all resistance vanished.

"Would you like that?"

She whimpered and nodded, melting against me.

"Now," I said softly, kissing her neck. "Are you ready to take a quick dip before we go?"

She nodded hesitantly and I slowly released her. She smiled shyly up at me and I almost relented. Much as I wanted to, however, I knew we'd hurt Kendall's feelings if we simply took off and headed for the top of the falls.

So Gina and I walked, hand in hand, to the edge of the boulder. I watched her beautiful body arc into the water, raising a slight splash, and followed her.

Kendall lifted her head out of the water as she heard us dive in, and we quickly swam out to her.

We generally goofed off for a few minutes, simply enjoying the cool of the lake after the heat and sweat of the hike. Gina's eyes were smoldering every time she looked at me, however, and I could tell she was very anxious to head up to the falls. Kendall could tell too, and smiled at us.

“You two have somewhere to go?” she asked. “Somewhere private, I mean?”

Gina blushed furiously, her complexion darkening further with her embarrassment. I only grinned, and nodded sheepishly.

“Go on then,” Kendall said. “I’ll be fine here. I might eat your lunch if you’re not back by then, but I’ll be fine.”

“You’re sure?” Gina asked.

Kendall nodded and Gina wasted no time. She tugged my arm and began swimming toward the flattop rock. With a helpless grin at Kendall, who only shrugged and grinned in turn, I quickly swam after Gina.



Gina practically raced me to the top of the falls. I took my time, enjoying her building desire. I began to see the appeal of teasing someone, to prolong the anticipation and the eventual enjoyment. Susan’s antics suddenly made much more sense to me as I walked nonchalantly into the clearing by the pool at the top of the falls.

Gina already had the blanket laid out and was kneeling in the center of it, her feet tucked under her body. She was biting the inside of her lip, and when I saw her, I couldn’t help but grin.

She looked at me, eyes going wide, and I could see her start to panic. With a flip of my chin, I motioned for her to stand up. She was breathing quicker, but not because of her desire, and I moved toward her, smiling reassuringly.

I set the pack down and wrapped my arms around her; she looked up at me, blinking back tears. I nearly melted when her large, dark eyes filled with moisture. I held her close and brushed her hair with my hand. She sobbed against me and I merely held her, feeling her hot tears washing down my chest.

When she calmed down a little, I pulled back and lifted her chin. Her eyes were red-rimmed and her face was streaked with tears. She sniffled pathetically and pouted.

“What’s the matter?” I asked gently.

She drew a ragged breath and began to tear up again. “I wanted it to be perfect,” she sobbed. “And now I’ve ruined everything.”

“What makes you think that?”

She sobbed again and blinked at me, fresh tears running down her cheeks. “I wanted to make you happy, and now I’m all weepy, and you don’t want to have anything to do with me,” she said through her tears.

“What makes you think I don’t want to have anything to do with you?” I asked, genuinely incredulous.

“Because you’re not hard,” she sobbed.

I was stunned. And then I laughed.

She looked up at me, confusion and hurt marring her beautiful face.

My heart wrenched and I smiled at her. I decided that I’d better explain, right away.

“Gina, I couldn’t be happier. I’m here with the girl I love, we’ve got all day in a beautiful spot. I’m hoping to show her... to show you... just how much I love you.”

“You are,” she said in a small voice.

I nodded quickly, reassuringly. “I want to have everything to do with you. I don’t want to ever let you go,” I said, looking into her tear-filled eyes.

“Really?”

I nodded. “And I’m not hard because I’m worried about you more than anything else.”

“You are?” Sniffle.

“Mmm hmm. We don’t have to rush anything. I’m the luckiest guy in the world just to be with you,” I said earnestly.

“You really think so?”

I nodded firmly. “I do.”

“I love you so much,” she said softly, and pressed her face against my chest. It was still wet from her tears, but so was her cheek, and she didn’t seem to mind.

I held her close, stroking her hair.

Suddenly, she laughed; a short, rueful laugh.

“Hmm?” I asked.

She pulled back and looked at me. Her eyes were mostly dry, but still red, and she sniffled. “I wanted to suck you too. I promised you. And now I’ve gone and ruined that too.” She sniffled again and looked miserable.

I chuckled and she looked up at me, her eyes threatening to tear up again. I quickly explained. “You haven’t ruined anything,” I said. “Besides,” I hastily added, “you can’t be stuffed up all day.”

At that, she grinned; then sniffled. She smiled shyly at me and I kissed her softly.

“I love you,” I said, holding her close once again.

She clutched me tightly and took a shuddering breath.

“Because you’re short.”

With that, she pinched me, hard. I yelped and she grinned at me, the tension broken.

“You want to cool off?” I asked, nodding at the elongated pool. “Then relax?”

She nodded quietly. “In a second.”

She rummaged around in the pack and extracted one of the paper napkins for our picnic. She turned away and blew her nose. When she turned back, she daintily folded the napkin and placed it on the ground next to the blanket. She smiled at me, red-nosed and red-eyed, and I held my hand out to her.



We took a quick dip in the pool, just to rinse off and cool down, and then waded out. Gina picked up the towel and began to dry herself. When she was done, she motioned for me to stand still, and dried me as well. In the cold water of the pool, my penis had shrunk, and my poor balls had tried to reach the warmth of my stomach.

Gina kissed my shriveled scrotum and then playfully sucked the tip of my dick. With a laugh, however, she stood and grinned at me.

“Poor little guys just wanna be warm,” she said in a little-girl voice.

I grinned and pulled her into my arms. She came willingly and my lips crushed against hers. Her tongue played with mine and I broke the kiss, sucking her lip as I released her.

I nodded at the blanket and she held up her index finger, motioning me to wait. She walked over to one of the boulders near the edge of the rim wall, laid our towel out to dry in the sun, and then she scampered back. I caught her in my arms, lifting and swinging her around.

Her lips crushed against mine and she darted her tongue into my mouth. When I spun to a stop, I held her against me, her feet several inches off the ground, and simply enjoyed the taste of her warm mouth. The sensation was heightened when her nipples erected and dug into the flesh of my chest. I growled at her, deep in my throat, and she giggled.

Finally, reluctantly, I set her down. I let her sink to the blanket and then lowered myself over her. She lay on her back and I propped myself to the side, on one elbow. I separated her legs with one of my own, and lowered my face to hers.

We kissed for several minutes and I idly toyed with her left nipple as our tongues danced against each other.

“Paul?” she asked as we separated and looked into each other’s eyes.

“Mmm hmm?”

“Will you teach me how to suck you?”

That got my attention. My penis was immediately hard against her hip. She giggled as it pressed against her warm flesh. Then she got serious again.

“You did just fine the other night,” I said.

“Mmmmm,” she said, remembering. “But that was my first time, and I sorta knew what I was doing, but I’d never done it before. I want you to show me what you like.”

“What do you mean you ‘sorta knew what you were doing?’”

She blushed and lowered her eyes. "I... well..." She rolled her eyes at me. "Will you show me what you like?" she asked again, changing the subject.

I decided to let her off the hook. With feigned innocence, I asked, "How do you know I know what I like?"

She blushed and then bit the inside of her lip. "Paul..."

"Mmm hmm."

"I know you've... I know you've had more experience than me," she said in a rush. "I don't know if I want to know how, or where, but I know you have." She looked into my eyes, daring me to disagree.

"What makes you think that?"

"You didn't just figure out how to do... that... with your tongue," she said, pointing down her body.

I smiled and shook my head.

"And you do things that make me... that make me feel... like I'm going to explode," she continued, growing bolder. "I can't explain it, but when I think about you, I get so wet sometimes. And when you touch me," she said, her eyes rolling, "I feel like I'm floating."

I kissed her, and she pressed herself against me, arching her back as I pressed my hand against her abdomen and moved it lower.

When she pulled back, she was breathing heavily, her eyes closed. She opened them and slowly focused on my face. Then she smiled and kissed me tenderly.

"I want to make you feel like you make me feel," she said softly.

"Mmmmm, you do," I said, nuzzling her neck, my hand moving lower still.

"Oh, God!" she breathed as I sank my middle finger into the furnace of her pussy.

She arched her back again and bucked her hips against me. Her pussy was tight, and very wet, and I eased my finger in past the second knuckle. She hissed in pleasure, writhing under me.

Then her eyes popped open and she pushed me back. Seeing her intense, focused expression, I stopped moving my finger within her.

"I want to suck you," she said, her voice husky with desire. "I want you to teach me."

I reluctantly withdrew my finger from her steamy pussy. She sighed as it pulled free, and then her eyes widened as I raised my finger before her, slick with her juices. Her eyes locked onto it like a hawk watching a rabbit. With a grin, I brought my slick finger to her lips.

She greedily sucked it into her mouth, tasting her tangy fluids. I pulled it from her sucking lips and grinned at her as her eyes popped open, looking for more.

I ran my index finger along her full, wet lips and looked into her eyes.

"Teach me how to suck your dick, Paul. Please. I want to taste you. I want to feel you explode in my mouth. I want—"

"Shhhh," I said, putting my finger over her lips and nodding.

She smiled at me and then kissed the tip of my finger, her eyes closing delightfully.

When she opened them, smiling at me with her big, dark eyes, I took a deep breath and smiled nervously. I gathered my courage and ran my finger around her lips again, spreading her saliva over them. I knew I was stalling for time, and finally resolved myself to speak.

"Give me your hand," I said.

She blinked at me, then slowly raised her hand.

"At first," I said, kissing her finger, "you just wanna tease me a little, kissing, licking, and maybe sucking a little." I suited actions to words, and she watched raptly as I took her finger in my mouth. "The head's the sensitive part, and you can really drive me nuts just by concentrating there." I suckled the tip of her finger, running my tongue over it and making her gasp.

"Lick up and down the sides too, and the bottom. And kiss it all over," I said, looking into her eyes as my lips moved over her finger. "It's usually real hard, but the skin still moves, so you don't have to worry about hurting me. Just don't use your teeth, unless you're real careful. You can nip at it, but make sure not to do it too hard," I said, playfully biting at the tip of her finger. She giggled, but got serious again quickly.

"Some fluid will leak out the tip," I said, licking the end of her finger. "It's pre-come, and it's okay. If

I'm really excited, there'll be a lot of it sometimes."

She nodded, listening intently.

"When you've got me really worked up, then you can take me in your mouth." I sucked her finger into my mouth, working my tongue over the bottom. "Keep your lips tight," I said, after pulling it out of my mouth. "Make sure your teeth don't scrape me, that kinda hurts if I'm not expecting it."

"I remember," she said, grinning.

I nodded. "When you're ready to get me off, when I'm really worked up and I start trying to force more of my dick in your mouth, just take long strokes, back and forth." I showed her, bobbing my head on her finger, caressing her with my taut lips. "Try to take as much in your mouth as you can. But don't worry if you can't take as much as you want, it gets easier with practice."

She looked at me archly and I blushed.

"I think I'm going to have to thank the girl who taught you how to give head so well," she said playfully.

I blushed again. I grinned at her like an idiot, and she grinned in reply. Finally, I got serious again. "I'll tell you when I'm ready to come, so it won't surprise you."

She nodded.

"When I'm ready, clamp your lips down pretty tight and stroke the base of my cock," I said, then demonstrated on her finger.

"And then I get to taste you?" she asked, enraptured.

I nodded. "You wanna try?" I asked, releasing her hand and rubbing my finger against her lips.

Instead of answering, she captured the tip of my finger and sucked gently. She closed her eyes, and looking at her face, I felt my erection twitch. She felt it as well, and smiled around my digit.

She licked and teased my finger, mimicking what I'd demonstrated, then started taking long, slow strokes. Then, with an insouciant grin, she popped my finger out of her mouth and looked at me.

"Do I pass?"

I nodded, holding my breath.

"Do I get to take my *oral exam* now?" she asked, grinning at me.

I swallowed hard and nodded.

Her eyes smoldering, she pushed me onto my back and came up on all fours. With a hand, she brushed her hair back and kissed me, hard. She started planting kisses down my neck and over my chest. She didn't waste any time, however, in crawling between my legs.

She lifted my cock with her right hand, and with a rush, I felt her hot breath on my member. She flicked her tongue out and licked the bottom of my glans, making me hiss with pleasure. She continued teasing my head, giving it big, wet kisses and sucking gently.

She wrapped her tongue around the crown and then took me in her mouth. Just a few inches, but it felt incredible. She sucked gently and then lifted her head. Her hair was hot and damp on my chest as she kissed her way down one side of my shaft, then back up the other.

Then she took me in her mouth again. She couldn't take more than a few inches, but she laved her tongue over all that she could take, and I closed my eyes in ecstasy. Her lips tight, she slowly withdrew my cock from her mouth. She began kissing and licking the crown, wrapping her hand around the base and pumping.

She continued like that for what seemed like an eternity, teasing my head and pumping my length. Without warning, she plunged her head down and took almost half my length. Then she began bobbing up and down, sucking me with long, slow strokes.

I was in heaven. I propped myself up on my elbows to watch her. As she knelt between my legs, I marveled once again at how beautiful she was. With one hand, I moved her hair aside and she looked up at me, making eye contact. Her eyes twinkled as they met mine, but she never slowed her pace.

Her lips formed a perfect "O" around my shaft, making love to my penis. I watched for as long as I could, enraptured by the sight of her sucking me. But finally, the sensations overwhelmed me, and I felt my orgasm building.

I let my head fall back and groaned.

“I’m gonna come,” I croaked.

Gina went into overdrive. She locked her lips around my shaft, just behind the crown, and began pumping me with long, sure strokes. I felt my balls tighten and knew I was only moments away from coming.

Fireworks exploded behind my eyes as I erupted. Gina made a delighted noise, her pleasure and surprise evident, and kept pumping me. Spurt after spurt shot into her mouth, until it seemed that I couldn’t come another drop. She kept her lips locked around my cock, pumping and swallowing.

When my orgasm finally subsided, I relaxed my clenched back and leg muscles and twitched against her. My arms wouldn’t hold me and I collapsed on my back, my chest heaving. Gina was making wonderful, contented noises as she nursed my cock. I didn’t shrink a bit, and she kept slowly pumping me and gently sucking the head.

Finally, she pulled her mouth from my dick and took a deep breath. She took me as far as she could and clamped her lips tight around my girth. She sucked gently and massaged me with her tongue; her mouth felt wonderful.

I struggled to lift myself on my suddenly rubbery arms and looked down at her. Her face was rapturous as she gently sucked my cock, still gripping the base with her hand. When she felt me sit up, she looked up and lifted her eyebrows. She withdrew my length from her mouth and kissed the saliva-slick tip.

“Mmmmm,” she said softly. “Yummy.”

I grinned at her and she took my length in her mouth again. I groaned and let my head fall back. Finally, my cock softened a little and she reluctantly let me fall from her lips.

I pulled her up to lie upon my chest, my slick penis sandwiched between her thighs.

“That was wonderful,” I said softly, and kissed her. Her lips and cheeks were wet with a combination of her saliva and my semen, and I pulled her against me, inhaling our scent as we kissed.

She collapsed on my chest, legs straddling my hips, and laid her head upon my shoulder.

“I love you,” she said, squeezing me tight.

“I love you too,” I said contentedly. “I love you very, very much.”

She sighed and I closed my eyes, breathing deeply and luxuriating in feeling her against me.



A short time later, I don’t know how long, I opened my eyes. I vaguely remembered feeling Gina shift, but my mind was fuzzy and not processing well. I blinked and felt for her. As my mind slowly took in my surroundings, I realized why I couldn’t feel her next to me.

I felt her between my legs, her warm mouth surrounding my growing cock. She was sucking me to hardness with long, slow strokes. I laced my fingers behind my head and looked up at the sun-dappled pine trees above us.

She felt my breathing change, as well as my movement, and released my cock from her mouth.

“Mmmmm,” she practically purred. “I couldn’t wait for you to wake up,” she said. “I hope you don’t mind.”

I shook my head, and quickly realized that she probably couldn’t see the movement. “I don’t mind at all,” I said softly.

Without a word, she returned to sucking me to full hardness, a state I reached shortly. She circled my glans with her tongue and I gasped. Giggling deliciously, she sucked me into her mouth again.

The unexpectedness of the situation worked to slow my initial reaction, but when she started sucking me into her mouth with long, sure strokes, I reacted predictably. She massaged my balls with one hand and rhythmically squeezed the base of my cock with the other.

She was making delighted sucking noises as she took me in her mouth, and I quickly reached the point of no return. I began thrusting my hips, trying to get more of my dick in her mouth. She took my attempts in stride and kept her strokes long and even.

“Oooooooooooh, God. I’m gonna come,” I groaned.

She sucked harder still, milking my cock with her hand and moving her tongue over my length. She worked her lips against my shaft, and with a convulsive jerk, I erupted.

I let out a low, sustained groan as I emptied myself into her hungry mouth. She moaned in pleasure as my semen poured over her tongue and down her throat. My back and legs were locked, my toes curled, and every muscle was taut as I came, luxuriating in the feeling as she swallowed my semen. She pumped my cock, milking me, and I finally relaxed against the blanket.

My buttocks clenched convulsively and my hips jerked against her. She let out a startled, but pleased, moan and began to slowly bob her head on my dwindling erection. She sucked my softening cock with long, gentle strokes, lavishing attention on me as I slowly recovered from my orgasm.

When I was completely soft, she released me and crawled up to lay beside me.

“That was nice,” she said, idly circling my nipple with her finger.

“Mmmmm,” I agreed. “I like waking up like that.”

We lay together for a while, until I felt compelled to look at my watch. It was after twelve, and I realized that I was getting hungry.

“What time is it?” she asked lazily, breathing deeply and hugging me tight.

“A little after noon.”

“We should probably get back to Kendall,” she said. “I feel bad about leaving her alone for so long, but...”

“Yeah,” I agreed; to everything, spoken and unspoken.

We slowly stood and began the short walk down to the flattop boulder.



We found Kendall lying on her blanket, reading a book. As she heard us approach, she lifted her sunglasses and looked up.

“You two look happy,” she said brightly as we approached.

I blushed furiously. Even with Gina’s darker complexion, I could tell she was blushing as well. Seeing our guilty grins, Kendall laughed.

Gina picked up our stashed picnic lunch and I retrieved the Cokes from the water. We set everything out on the blanket and enjoyed a quiet lunch.

“What’re you reading?” Gina asked Kendall.

Kendall held up her book. “Eudora Welty,” she said. “I just love her stories.”

“Yeah,” Gina said, “I like her too. I think I could read *Why I Live at the P.O.* over and over again.”

Kendall laughed musically. “That’s exactly what I’m reading now! I’m just at the part where Stella Rondo is trying to turn Uncle Rondo against Sister.”

“Is this the first time you’ve read it?”

I listened in wonder. I had no idea what the two girls were talking about. I quietly resolved to ask Kendall to borrow her book when she was done.

“No,” Kendall said quickly. “I finished the book about an hour ago. I’m just going back and reading some of the stories I really liked.”

“When did you start reading it?” I asked.

“This morning.”

“Really?” I asked, incredulous.

Kendall nodded. “You should see the stack of books I’ve got in the Winnie. I’ve got to read, or... Or I don’t know what would happen to me,” she said with a laugh. “I’d probably shrivel up and die. Or I’d fidget. Momma hates when I fidget. She says it’s un-ladylike.” She grinned at us. “She doesn’t think it’s ladylike to read all the time, but she doesn’t like it when I fidget either. So she lets me have my books.”

I was amazed. I was an avid reader too, science fiction, mostly, but I didn’t go through a book a day.

Gina and Kendall talked about other writers I’d never heard of, and I once again resolved to expand my horizons a little. I was silently cataloging names of authors that I would like to read, if for no other reason than to have more to talk about with Gina. Some of them I’d heard of, others were new to me. I was once

again amazed at how smart both Gina and Kendall were. It was fascinating listening to them talk.

Their conversation waned, and both girls smiled shyly at me. I grinned, suddenly happy for the attention.

“You all wanna go for a swim?” I asked. I’d enjoyed listening to them talk about books, but I’d felt left out of the conversation. I *had* been left out of the conversation, but it was partly by choice. After digesting lunch for a little while, I wanted to swim.

Both girls nodded and stood gracefully. One after the other, we dived off the boulder. After the hot afternoon sun, the water was very cold. The girls teamed up to dunk me, and we all ended up goofing around and generally having fun. I decided that wrestling with two beautiful girls was very enjoyable, no matter how much water I ended up swallowing.

When we decided to get out and relax, we all swam back to the flattop rock. Kendall climbed out ahead of us and to my surprise, Gina quickly slipped beneath the surface. Through the clear water, I watched her swim over to me. I quickly realized her goal, however, when she grasped my hips. I felt her warm lips tugging at my shrunken penis and looked around to make sure Kendall was not in sight. Gina sucked my quickly expanding cock into her warm mouth, taking all of me before I became fully erect. When she could only fit half my length in her mouth, she came up for air. The cold water hitting my warmed cock was like a sledgehammer, and I got dizzy for a moment.

I shook it off and looked at her as she rose to the surface. Her hair slicked back, black and lustrous in the afternoon sun, I once again thought how lucky I was. She kissed me, hard and deep, and I wrapped my arms around her. My erection bumped against her stomach as I pulled her close, crushing her diamond-hard nipples against my chest.

“Hey you two,” Kendall said from above us. “Get a room.”

Gina and I exchanged guilty grins and looked up at the girl above us.

“Sorry,” I said lamely.

“No you’re not,” Kendall said, laughing. Then she disappeared toward the center of the boulder.

Gina kissed me again and moved to climb out of the lake.

“You’re not going to leave me, are you?” I asked plaintively.

She grinned and nodded. “Unless you wanna come up now,” she said wickedly.

“Like this?”

“Uh-huh.”

“You want me to?”

Her eyes twinkling, she shrugged playfully. With a coquettish turn and a wicked grin, she began climbing up to the blanket.

I decided that discretion was in order, and swam around for a few minutes, until my erection had softened to the point where I could climb out without embarrassing myself.

Once I climbed out of the cold water and reached the top of the flattop rock, I found the girls drying their hair, sharing a large beach towel. Gina grinned at me and looked pointedly at my semi-hard penis. I rolled my eyes and sat down on the rock, enjoying watching them.

Then, I looked at my watch.

“When do we have to leave?” Gina asked.

“Three thirty.”

“What time is it now?”

“One thirty.”

“What can we do for two hours?” Gina asked playfully, once again making goggle-eyes at my dick.

“You two are terrible,” Kendall chided us teasingly.

Gina and I just grinned at each other.

“You wanna go relax at the top of the falls?” I asked Gina.

“Relax!” Kendall exclaimed. “Hah! Go on, you two. Go.”

Gina and I shared another grin and I stood.

The walk to the top of the quarry wall was more leisurely than before, but the anticipation crackled in the air between us.

We both knew that this would most likely be the last two hours we would have to be alone together. She smiled shyly at me and intertwined her fingers with my own. My knees went weak and I could tell that she meant to make it as special as I did.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

When we got to the top of the falls, everything was just as we'd left it. Instead of immediately heading for the blanket, however, I tugged on Gina's hand and we waded into the cool water of the shaded end of the pool.

Once we were up to our hips, I pulled her toward me and encircled her with my arms. She eagerly pressed against me and I brought my lips down on hers, luxuriating in the warmth of her body against my own.

She put her arms around my neck, and suddenly I felt her slight weight on me as she wrapped her legs around my waist. I lowered us into the water so that only our shoulders and heads were above the surface, and pressed my lips against hers again. She eagerly responded, darting her tongue against my own.

We broke the kiss, both of us breathless and grinning madly at each other. She clamped her legs around me and ground her pubic bone into my abdomen. As I reached down to support her by her beautiful ass, she kissed me again. I savored the taste of her lips and the feeling of her hot pussy pressed against my midsection.

Thinking about her luscious body pressed against me, I felt my penis become erect, in spite of the cold water. She felt it too and ground against me again. I pulled back from her lips and she opened her eyes. I stared at her in wonder, once again amazed and excited. Her eyes softened and she smiled shyly.

"What?" she asked.

"I love looking at you."

She lowered her dark eyes, her long, beautiful lashes fluttering as she blushed.

I tenderly kissed her forehead and felt her press against my lips.

She looked up at me, her eyes full of love and happiness.

I blushed and averted my gaze.

"What?" she asked.

I raised my head and once again looked into her searching eyes. "I want to be the kind of man that I see in your eyes when you look at me."

Her eyes filled with tears and she was suddenly kissing me. I closed my own eyes and simply enjoyed her, inhaling her intoxicating fragrance and reveling in the feeling of her lips upon mine.

She pulled back and smiled at me again, white teeth against her brown skin a stunning contrast.

"I'm glad we could come up here today," I said softly. "I've really enjoyed it."

"I'll bet you have," she said slyly. Then she grinned. "So have I. I'm glad Kendall could come with us. I think your mom was right. There was no way my folks would've let us come up here alone."

"Yeah." I wanted to say I was glad Kendall had come too, but I didn't think it would be a good idea to show too much appreciation for her.

"She's really pretty cool after all."

"Yeah."

"And she's really beautiful, in a non-stuck-up way."

"Yeah."

Gina laughed at me. I frowned, confused, and she covered her mouth with her hand.

"What's so funny?" I asked.

"You."

"Me?"

She nodded. "Yeah," she said, aping me perfectly.

"What?" I protested.

She laughed again. "You can say you like her, silly."

I frowned.

"It's okay. I know you don't like her that way."

I quickly shook my head.

“Good.”

I was still uncomfortable discussing it. I guess the problem was that I really *did* like Kendall. I really did think she was beautiful. And what scared me the most was that I wasn't sure I would, or even could, resist her if she threw herself at me. Fat chance of that happening, I thought to myself. “*Beautiful super-model girl falls for pudgy fifteen-year-old. Film at eleven!*”

“What're you thinking about?” Gina asked, watching my face intently.

“Nothing,” I lied, shaking it off.

She looked at me quizzically, but let it slide. “You wanna see what Kendall's up to?” she asked, grinning mischievously.

No, I thought. “Sure.”

Gina disentangled herself from me and swam toward the boulder at the edge of the falls. She had laid our towel on the bolder earlier, to let it dry. She climbed onto it, lay on her stomach, and peered over the edge. I moved behind her, straddling her upper thighs, and nestled my erection against her warm ass. She looked over her shoulder at me, her eyes smoldering, and wiggled her hips. I leaned against her, supporting myself with my hands on the boulder, and we looked over the edge to the quarry below.

Kendall was lying on her back, one leg bent, reading her book. She was idly rubbing her stomach. I quickly lost interest and began rubbing Gina's back. She groaned and writhed in pleasure as I massaged her shoulders and back. All the while, she was looking over the edge of the rim-wall boulder.

“Mmmmm, that feels good,” she purred.

“Good.”

“Mmm hmm.”

I rubbed for several minutes, languorously moving my hands over her smooth back. I was really enjoying just being with her, rubbing her, my erection snuggled between her cheeks.

“Paul,” she said softly. “Look.”

I looked over her shoulder at the flattop boulder below. Kendall had set down her book and was slowly running her fingers through her pubic hair. She sat up for a second, took a good look around the rim wall, and when she didn't see any sign of us, she lay back down. For a moment, I wanted to duck. But then I realized that there was no way she could see our two heads barely sticking over the boulder. With the trees behind us, we blended right in.

When she lay back, she once again moved her hand to her crotch. She started slowly rubbing her hand over her slit. I felt Gina's ass cheeks clenching and unclenching as we watched. I silently looked at Gina, from above and behind her. She unconsciously licked her lips, intent on the scene unfolding below us. A small grin played across my face as I returned my attention to Kendall.

The girl below us slowly spread her legs, and although I couldn't see that well because of the distance, she looked like she'd just inserted a finger in her pussy. Gina drew a sharp breath and I felt her tense beneath me.

“You like watching her, don't you,” I said softly.

She swallowed hard and nodded.

I shifted slightly and slid my erection between her legs, bumping her pussy with the crown. She gasped and then drew another sharp, shuddering breath. Then she looked over her shoulder fearfully.

“Don't worry,” I said reassuringly. “I'm just teasing you. Not yet. Okay?”

She bit the inside of her lip and nodded, smiling shyly. I bent forward and kissed her brow and she relaxed.

I bumped my erection against her pussy, teasing her clit, and she whimpered. Then she returned her attention to the quarry and the scene below. I did as well, once again privately—very privately—marveling at Kendall's body. She had her legs together now and was busily rubbing her pussy.

I kissed the nape of Gina's neck and then moved to her ear. I pulled her hair back and kissed the soft curve of her lobe.

“Watching her makes me want you so much,” I said in a hoarse whisper.

Gina thrust her hips back against me, pressing her steaming pussy into my erection. I kissed her again, along the line of her neck, and she sighed. I breathed against her shoulder, softly, and then kissed her again, my lips drinking in the sun-warmed texture of her smooth skin.

All thoughts of Kendall banished, I began kissing along Gina's shoulders and neck. I moved her hair aside, draping the lustrous black mass over her left shoulder. Her neck and cheek exposed to me again, I brought my lips down and caressed her with them. She dropped her head and sighed.

I moved my hips and my erection rubbed against her simmering pussy, the wiry pubic hair parting before my firm glans. She whimpered again and arched her back against me.

"Do you want me to go down on you?" I asked, gently, softly, tantalizingly.

She nodded shakily.

I lifted myself from her thighs, my erection springing up, and put my hand on her shoulder, drawing her to me, rolling her onto her back. Her hair fanned out as she turned, and I once again was awestruck by her beauty. I smiled down at her, trying to put all the love I felt into my expression. She looked at me and her lids drooped drunkenly, her lips parting.

I leaned forward, feeling her hard nipples press against my chest. Her sweet breath washed over my lips as I pressed them against her. I kissed her deeply, savoring the feeling of her body against my own.

I drew back from the kiss, leaving us both breathless. With my cheek, I turned her head and kissed the hollow of her neck and jaw. She arched her back, pressing against me, and sighed. I kissed down the exquisite length of her neck to her collarbone, light, feathery kisses that made her squirm with pleasure.

I scooted down her body, kissing as I went, and then moved my mouth over her right breast. I sucked her nipple into my mouth, a sleek brown pebble of nerve endings, and she gasped. Her areola was crinkly and erect with her desire, and I circled it with my lips, flicking my tongue against her nipple.

I withdrew my lips and blew on her saliva-slick nipple, causing her to shudder. Switching to the other breast, I did the same thing, eliciting another shuddering gasp. I gently bit her erect nipple and pulled back slightly, pulling her pliant breast after me. She arched her back and clutched my head with her hands, staying my motion. I released her nipple and then circled it with my tongue.

I pulled out of her grasp and kissed down to her navel, my hands gripping her hips. Then, I brushed my cheeks against the soft skin of her trim stomach and planted a kiss on her belly button.

I moved off the towel and felt the rough surface of the boulder beneath my knees. Moving down further, I eased into the cold water of the pool, supporting myself on the sandy bottom. Moving one hand under her knee, I lifted her leg and slid my shoulder under it. With a touch on her inner thigh, I shouldered my way between her legs, kissing her thighs as I went.

She quivered in anticipation as I brought my face close to her pussy. I held there, not touching her, and I could feel the heat of her skin, so near my face. Her pubic hair was already moist from her escaping juices, and I once again marveled at her pussy. Her lips were very compact, and I could easily see them through the sparse covering of her pubic hair.

I felt her shifting nervously and grinned to myself.

"Sometimes, I like just looking at you. You're so beautiful down here," I said softly, kissing her inner thigh.

I darted my tongue forward and barely touched her labia, causing her to start. Moving closer, I licked along her slit, feeling the few wisps of pubic hair brush against my tongue.

"Mmm," I breathed. "And you taste so good."

She relaxed and whimpered, putting her hands on her thighs, near my ears.

I kissed her labia tenderly and rubbed my cheek against her inner thigh, inhaling her heady aroma. My erection swelled further, despite the cold water, and I kissed her again. She rewarded me with a gasp for my efforts.

She whimpered and thrust her hips up at me, and I smiled to myself again. With my fingers, I parted her labia, just slightly, and licked along her slit. I tasted the tangy-sweet flavor of her arousal and kissed her mons, directly over her hooded clit. She bucked against me again, and I pressed down with my lips, putting delightful pressure on the sensitive little berry.

With a gasp, she stiffened and I ran my tongue along her slit again, parting it gently with a little pressure. Using my fingers, I spread her open some more and caught my first glimpse of her inner lips. They were slick and shiny with her juices. I kissed her slit, nudging her hooded clit with my nose and then parted her lips to lick the tender pink fold where her inner labia joined the outer one. I switched sides and repeated the motion, delighting in the texture of her skin against my tongue.

I carefully wormed my right index finger into her opening, feeling the hot moisture of her arousal. The slightly ridged walls of her tight pussy clutched at my finger as I slowly inserted it. She shuddered as I spread her apart, and I leaned forward to lick her again.

I twisted my finger inside her, pressing against the walls of her vagina, and then withdrew it. Using both hands, I gently spread her lips and licked the length of her slit, enjoying her reaction. I flicked the tip of my tongue against her hooded clit, circling it and making her gasp.

Pressing my lips against the top of her pussy, I sucked her inner labia into my mouth, moving them against each other with my lips. She shuddered as I nuzzled my lips against her mons, putting pressure on the base of her clit. I pulled back and once again admired her pussy. Her inner lips were already swollen and dark pink, slick with my saliva and her lubricating juices.

By now, she was gyrating her hips, trying to get me to put pressure on her clit. Her legs were shaking with suppressed desire and I once again grinned to myself. I leaned forward and darted my tongue into her opening, dragging it upward and spreading her inner lips. At their junction, I flicked up under the hood and felt the tip of her engorged glans.

She quivered and gasped as I began sucking on the protective hood of her inner labia. I pressed my upper lip against the base of her clit, enjoying the shudder it induced. Her hips were now quaking with desire and need.

“Paul, pleeeeeeease.”

I grinned mischievously to myself and kissed her mons lightly, without any real pressure.

She bucked her hips against me, but I pulled my head back, teasing her.

“God! Please, please, please, please,” she hissed desperately.

I opened my mouth and placed my lips around her hooded clit, feeling her wispy pubic hair tickle my nose, my cheeks, my lips. I pressed my tongue against the base of her engorged pearl and pressed down firmly, rotating it with small motions. She arched her back and grabbed my head, holding me against her.

I circled her clit with my tongue, getting her hood slick with my saliva. Then, I puckered my lips and sucked her inner labia into my mouth, laving them with my tongue. I spread her open further and began to lick her slit with long, slow strokes, spreading her apart with the muscle of my tongue. She moaned as I flicked my tongue up against her clit on each pass.

I moved my left hand around her leg and rested my palm against her abdomen. With my thumb, I began tickling the base of her clit, driving her wild. I pulled her hood back and exposed her pink berry to the wet attentions of my tongue, causing her to gasp and thrust her hips at me.

I licked her slit again, relishing the fresh lubrication her pussy was providing. My thumb a mad blur on the base of her clit, I began to lick and suck the exposed bundle of nerves. Her moan rose in volume and I only licked harder. With a shriek, she came, clamping her thighs around my head, holding me against her pussy with strong muscles.

I rode her bucking hips as her orgasm built to a crescendo, my thumb still dancing over the base of her clit. Her orgasm washed over her like a tidal wave, her body quivering against me deliciously.

Suddenly, her wail turned into a whimper as her clit retreated, and she drew a deep, quivering breath. I stopped moving my thumb and tongue at the same time, her clit far too sensitive to endure any attention. I spared only moment's thought that Kendall might have heard, returning my attention to Gina's shuddering pubis.

Her breathing was ragged and her hips jerked against me as she finally relaxed her powerful thighs and released my head. I grinned again and inhaled the musk of her orgasm. Her hips still spasming, I kissed her mons, and then the crease between her leg and pussy.

Lifting myself out of the cold water, I crawled up her body, kissing as I went. She was still twitching with

the aftershocks from her orgasm, and her tanned and taut body was hypersensitive and quaking with pleasure. I kissed between her breasts and then up her neck.

She was incredibly warm and soft against my own water-chilled skin, and I felt a pang of guilt for touching her. When I reached her lips with my own, however, I banished all thoughts of guilt as she threw her arms around my neck and pulled me to her. She wrapped her legs around my hips and held me against her, clinging to me as if her life depended on it.

Whimpering and still breathing in ragged gasps, she clutched me tightly, burying her face against my warm neck. I held her as she slowly came down from the high of her powerful orgasm, thoroughly enjoying the feeling as her body slowly, exquisitely slowly, relaxed.

She held me tight for at least five minutes, shivering and trembling with the aftereffects of her tremendous orgasm. When she let her head fall back to the towel-covered surface of the boulder, she smiled drunkenly at me. I grinned wryly and kissed her tenderly. When I pulled back from the kiss, she stared at me in wonder, eyes sleepy and wide at the same time.

“I don’t know what I’ve done to deserve you,” I said softly, “but I’m glad, whatever it was.”



Because of the cold water, and because I was concentrating on Gina, my erection had subsided. My penis was limp as we finally separated, some time later. I covertly looked at my watch and realized that we only had about a half an hour before we’d have to head down to collect our gear, and Kendall.

Instead of easing back into the water, I stretched and stepped to the solid edge of the pool. Gina stood on wobbly legs and smiled shyly at me. I extended my hand to her and she took it. She gracefully stepped down from the boulder, bending down to retrieve the towel as she reached solid ground.

We walked to our spread blanket, and she looked up at me with her beautiful, liquid brown eyes; I felt my knees go weak. I brushed the back of my finger along the line of her jaw and cupped my hand around her neck, drawing her to me. We kissed, tenderly, and her body melted against mine.

“I love you,” I said, breathless after breaking the kiss.

She flowed into my arms, hugging me tightly, laying her head on my chest. “I love you too,” she whispered.

I caressed the line of her back, breathing in her scent and enjoying the sun-heated warmth of her glossy black hair.

With a mischievous twinkle in her eye she slowly sank to her knees. She sat back on her heels and pulled my hips toward her. With her fingers, she tucked her hair behind her ears and leaned forward, maintaining eye contact with me the entire time. My penis twitched and she saw the motion out of her peripheral vision. With a wicked smile, she kissed the tip of my slowly expanding member.

She held my eyes and laughed, low and soft, and I felt her hot breath bathe my cock. It twitched again and she kissed the rising tip. She kissed me again as my penis slowly expanded toward its full length. Once it was hard enough to jut out, she turned her head and kissed my balls. The soft, smooth skin of her cheek rubbed the underside of my cock and I shuddered.

Her hands still on my hips, she held me close, gently kissing and licking my balls. The feeling of her breath washing over my scrotum was incredibly arousing, and my cock quickly hardened completely. She felt it and laughed again, causing me to shiver with anticipation.

She kissed the base of my penis and slowly moved along my length toward the tip, brushing me with her lips as she did. Kissing the underside of my glans, she caught my eyes again and smiled. I tried to pour all the love in my heart into my eyes as I looked at her kneeling before me. She smiled again and closed her eyes, capturing my head with her lips and sucking it gently.

My cock swelled further and she flicked the slit with her tongue. I watched, mesmerized, as she opened her lips, eyes still closed, and took more of my length into her mouth. When she had half of me within her mouth, she clamped her lips tight about my shaft and caressed me with her tongue.

I drew a deep, shuddering breath and exhaled slowly. The sight of her beautiful, sun-browned face with her lips wrapped around my cock threatened to overwhelm me. With exquisite patience, she slowly dragged

her tight lips back down my shaft, flicking her tongue against the underside of my crown as she reached the end.

Her lips caught on the head of my cock, creating a delicious sensation, as well as a highly arousing sight, and she pulled off me completely. She kissed the wet tip and opened her eyes, grinning up at me again. I felt my nostrils flare as I drew another deep breath and tried to keep my desire from overwhelming me.

She tilted her head again and licked the ridge along the underside of my shaft, causing me to gasp in pleasure. She drew her lips back up my tortured length and sucked at the head again. Taking her hands off my hips, she opened her lips and sucked me deeper into her mouth, laving her tongue over the sensitive tip.

I almost came—much earlier than I wanted to—as I watched her cup her breasts and roll the nipples between her fingers. She moaned around my cock and took me deeper. Clamping her lips around me, halfway down the shaft, she sucked, her cheeks caving in from the pressure.

My cock swelled in her mouth and she moaned again, the sensation eliciting a moan from me as well. She closed her eyes and pulled back, withdrawing my cock from her mouth. I shuddered as she clamped her lips tight over the crown of my cock and sucked gently, teasing the tip with her tongue.

Her eyes still closed, she opened her lips and took me into her mouth again. I closed my own eyes and let my head fall back, lost in the sensation created by her lips. She began taking long strokes, taking me in her mouth and then pulling back, bobbing her head back and forth on my shaft. I moaned and breathed heavily through my nose, my lips closed tight as I savored the sensations she was creating.

She sucked me steadily, caressing me with her tight lips and questing tongue. And it wasn't long before I felt the pressure building in my balls as they pulled tight against my body. With a rush and groan, I came. I clamped my eyes shut tightly and struggled to maintain my balance.

The first spurt took her by surprise, and I felt her start. She moaned in pleasure as the second spurt gushed over her tongue, and then held her lips tight around my girth. My sperm surged into her mouth in a torrent and she made a surprised sound. I was too lost in the moment, my ass clenched and muscles taut as I came, bound up by the sensations in my groin.

When I finally finished spurting, I opened my eyes, seeing spots, and quickly looked down. Gina opened her mouth and pulled back slightly, swallowing as she did so. When she pulled back completely, letting my slick cock slip from her lips, she closed her mouth and swallowed again.

She looked up at me and laughed ruefully, squeezing unshed tears from her eyes as she blinked. I panicked at the thought that I'd hurt her, but relaxed when she blinked again and smiled up at me.

"I couldn't swallow fast enough," she said breathlessly.

My panic slowly subsided and I saw that my semen had leaked from the corners of her mouth; there were two white trails of it on her chin. It was an incredibly erotic sight.

She blinked again to clear her eyes and took me back in her mouth, lavishing attention on my slowly deflating member. My hips jerked spastically as she moved her tongue over the sensitive glans. She noticed my sensitivity and concentrated on the shaft behind the crown.

She sucked me gently, closing her eyes and breathing deeply through her nose. I watched, enraptured, as she suckled my shrinking cock. When she finally let my penis limply slip from her lips, she sighed.

Looking up at me and smiling, she wiped first one, then the other tendril of my come from her brown skin, sucking the white liquid from her finger. She took a deep breath and then smiled at me, eyes dancing.

I helped her to her feet and bent down to kiss her. She pressed her luscious, tanned body against me and I tasted myself on her lips. She kissed me tenderly and then pulled back. I wrapped my arms around her and she laid her head on my chest.

We stood there like that for a long time, holding each other, neither wanting to let go.



"We need to be getting back," I said softly.

I felt her nod against my chest. She hugged me tightly, squeezing my ribs and crushing her breasts against me. I closed my eyes and simply enjoyed all the sensations and wonderful emotions she produced in me.

Slowly, reluctantly, we parted. In silence, we gathered up our things. With one last look at the pool, I

shouldered the pack. I reached out to her and put my arm around her shoulders. She wrapped her own about my waist, and we began the walk down to the tumbled-down rim wall.



When we reached the flattop rock, Kendall sat up and smiled at us.

“Sounds like *someone* had fun,” Kendall said teasingly.

Gina and I both blushed. I guess that answered the question of whether or not Kendall had heard Gina’s orgasm.

Trying to change the subject through action, I began pulling things out of the old army pack. Gina and Kendall quickly folded the blankets and handed them to me. I stuffed them in the bottom of the pack while the girls folded and rolled the towels. On top of them went the remnants of our picnic lunch. Manfred had always stressed the importance of leaving the quarry like we found it, and we always took our trash with us.

The pack stuffed with our belongings and securely cinched shut, I stood and looked at the two girls.

Gina turned to Kendall and leaned close. Kendall leaned down and Gina whispered in her ear. Then Kendall nodded, blushing. When Gina finished speaking, Kendall looked at me and grinned shyly.

“I think I’m gonna go take a look a little ways down the stream, y’all,” Kendall said, then suited action to words.

I watched her for a few seconds, puzzled, and then turned to Gina.

She grinned at me and lifted her chin. With a toss of her glossy black hair, she put her feet together, at an angle, and pulled her shoulders back. She looked for all the world like an exotic Indian princess, and I was speechless. She almost seemed to be posing for me. If I’d thought she was beautiful before, this was something else entirely, something quite a bit more.

She was regal.

I was in awe.

Then her face dissolved into a wry grin and she turned serious. Her expression invited me to come closer, and I did.

“What did you say to Kendall?”

“I told her that since this was our last time here, we’d like a few minutes alone.”

“Oh. Cool.”

“She probably thinks we’re Up To Something,” she said with another grin.

“Are we?” If we were, I hoped I could muster another erection quickly. We needed to be getting back.

She grinned again and shook her head.

“Oh. Okay.”

“I just wanted to take one last look,” she said, fighting hard not to tear up.

She lost the battle, and I moved to her, easily pulling her into my arms. I enfolded her in my embrace and she clutched me tightly, pressing her face against my chest. I stroked her back and just held her quietly. I had to blink back tears of my own when I thought of not seeing her for another year. With a sheer act of will, I banished those thoughts, saving them for later, and hugged her tight.

“I love you,” I whispered, kissing the crown of her head.

“I love you so much.”

We stood like that in silence for several minutes. Then, suddenly, she pulled back and wiped her face, sniffing. She turned in my arms, pressing her back against my chest, and leaned her head against my shoulder.

I wrapped my hands around her midriff and she placed her own over them. As one, we looked around the quarry. I pressed my cheek against the silky top of her head and squeezed her gently. I never wanted to let her go, but I knew I had to.

With a sigh, we stepped apart and took one last, lingering look.

Then I shouldered the pack and extended my hand to her. She laced her fingers between my own and we headed off to catch up with Kendall.

The hike back to the camp was made in silence, each of us wrapped in thoughts of our own.



We got back to the camp right on time, although we'd had to pick up the pace toward the end of the hike. Gina kissed Kendall on the cheek and thanked her. With a smile and a wave, Kendall headed off to find her own family at their RV.

When Gina and I entered the clubhouse, our families were both just sitting down to dinner. We saw, with shared surprise, that they had pulled three tables together, forming one long one, and were all getting ready to sit down together.

"Welcome back," Elizabeth said. She gave Gina a hug and smiled at me.

"We thought, since this was our last night together," Mom explained, "that we'd all eat together."

Gina and I looked at each other and tried not to blush. Erin and Leah finished bringing the food to the table and we all sat down.

Dinner was lively with all nine of us at the table. Gina and I mostly let the conversation flow around us, content to hold hands out of sight under the table.

After dinner, the girls all made quick work of the clean up, and our folks went to sit on the couches. Erin and Leah went to another table to play a game, but Gina and I quickly got the idea that we were invited to join our parents, and Kara, on the couches.

Mom and Dad sat at the end of one couch and Gina's parents took seats at the end of a facing couch. Kara sat at the other end of the couch her parents were on, while Gina and I took the other end of the one my parents occupied.

Dad put his arm around Mom and she leaned against him. Gina's dad did the same with her mom, and then everyone looked at us.

I grinned sheepishly and lifted my arm. With a grin of her own, Gina tucked her feet under her and eagerly snuggled against me. It felt awkward sitting there with our parents so close, but she felt so natural against me that I quickly got over my uneasiness.

Once again, we let the conversation flow around us, lost in our own world. Kara smiled and winked at me as I looked up, and I blushed again. Gina merely laid her head against my shoulder and idly rubbed her hand along my thigh. I was decidedly thankful that I had come so many times that day. If I hadn't, I was sincerely worried that I might've gotten an erection, simply from the touch of her hand on my leg.

Shortly after dark, Kara yawned and said she was going to head up to bed. Seeing Gina's eyes drooping, her mother suggested she go to bed as well.

"You'll make sure she gets to the cabin, Paul?" Elizabeth asked me.

Mom smiled at me as I nodded.

I stood up and helped Gina to her feet at the same time. She went to kiss her parents goodnight, and Mom motioned me down. She kissed me on the cheek and smiled at me.

"I think we're going to go for a walk by the lake with Chris and Elizabeth," Mom said.

I nodded, getting sleepy myself, and reached for Gina. She took my hand and we headed into the night. The walk to her cabin, with only the sound of the crickets to accompany us, was made in silence. We were both very tired from all the day's activities. I smiled inwardly and put my arm around her. She put her own about my waist and we simply enjoyed each other's presence.

I walked her onto her porch, where she looked at me drowsily. I grinned and lifted her chin with a finger. She closed her eyes and parted her lips. I kissed her tenderly, holding her face with my hands. We parted and I rubbed her cheek with my thumb, relishing the feeling of her satin-smooth skin.

"I love you," she whispered.

"I love you too."

"Good night."

"Sleep tight," I said.

She stood on tiptoe to kiss me again. Her mouth was soft and sweet against my own, and I longed to pull her against me and kiss her harder. But I kept my emotions in check, and with a half-suppressed yawn, she turned to enter the cabin.

When she was safely inside, I turned to head to our own cabin. Erin was already asleep, and I made sure to be quiet as I entered. I flicked the porch light on for Mom and Dad, and shut the cabin door. I went to the bathroom and left the light on, pulling the door almost closed. That would give my folks enough light to see by, but wouldn't keep me awake.

I climbed the ladder to my bunk and was asleep almost before my head hit the pillow.



The next morning, I woke up and listened to the morning birds, staring at the ceiling of the cabin, several feet above my head.

Gina's family was leaving. I wouldn't see her for another year. My mouth was suddenly dry and I started to panic. What if she met someone else? Someone at her high school? What if she came back next year and didn't like me? What if...?

I laced my fingers behind my head and tried to settle down. If she met someone else, I'd... Well, I didn't know what I'd do. A myriad of things played through my imagination. Unfortunately, I was cursed by having a vivid imagination. Times like these.

I listened distractedly as Erin got up and went to the bathroom. I heard her brush her hair and then quietly open the cabin door. She left it open, and I could feel the early morning breeze and smell the world of the pine forest as the night's dew quickly burned off.

I shoved my panicked thoughts aside and rolled toward the ladder. I was so distracted that I hadn't even noticed as my morning erection went limp. With a start, I saw that Mom and Dad were still in bed. They must've gotten in very late indeed; my dad was usually an early riser.

I climbed down the ladder as quietly as I could, used the bathroom, and then headed for the clubhouse.

When I got there, Erin was just sitting down with some toast. I fixed myself a bowl of cereal and joined her.

"Morning," I said as I sat down.

She looked at me suspiciously. I secretly chuckled when she realized I'd meant it. "Morning," she said, hesitantly.

"What're you doing today?"

She looked at me like I had two heads. "Nothing," she said evasively.

"That's cool."

I took another bite of cereal and covertly watched her. She was confused. I was being nice to her. Well, at least I wasn't picking on her. And she didn't know what to make of it.

"The Coulters are leaving today," I said.

"Yeah, so is Trish's family."

"Dwight and Karen?"

"Yeah." She took another bite of toast, slowly warming to the conversation.

"So, you wanna hang out together after they leave?" I asked offhandedly.

She stopped chewing and looked at me like I had *four* heads.

I chuckled. "Yeah, I'm serious. I thought we both might be kinda bored. We can keep each other company after everyone leaves."

"I guess," she said warily. I could tell that she still suspected that I was Up To Something.

"Cool."

We both turned to our breakfast. She was confused. I was trying to concentrate on anything but how I really felt.



Gina and her family came down for breakfast after Erin and I had finished eating. Mom and Dad came down shortly after that. Mom and Dad joined Gina's parents for breakfast and Kara and Leah joined us. I scooted my chair over and pulled another one next to it. Gina smiled and sat next to me with a plate of toast, while her sisters took the remaining two chairs.

Trish came over to the table and Erin and Leah left with her. Kara gave Gina a wink and me a smile, excusing herself early. Gina didn't eat much, and neither of us spoke for a while.

"You wanna go somewhere where we can just hang out?" I asked.

She nodded morosely.

I realized that I desperately needed to find someplace where we'd still be close to camp, but we'd be able to have some privacy. The only place I could think of was our cabin. It didn't have the most privacy in the world, but it was a far cry better than the clubhouse.

"I think I know where we can go," I said, more confidently than I felt.

She nodded and we stood at the same time.

We walked to the table where our parents were just finishing coffee and they all looked up at us.

"We didn't really want to do much today," I said by way of explanation. "So we thought we'd maybe hang out at our cabin. If that's okay."

Our moms shared a look whose meaning I didn't understand.

"Gina, will you help me clear these dishes?" Elizabeth asked, her clipped British accent light, but her tone clearly indicating that it was much more than a simple request.

My mom stood as well, smiling at me. Gina nodded and began to help her mother with the coffee cups and other breakfast dishes. Mom put her arm through mine and steered me toward the couches, and some privacy. I watched over my shoulder as Gina and her mom walked toward the kitchen counter, wondering what was going on.

"You remember the talk we had yesterday morning?" Mom asked.

You mean the one where you freaked me out talking about me and Gina having sex? I kept that thought to myself. In my best noncommittal voice, I said, "I guess."

"You guess? Or you remember?" she asked, pressing the point.

"I remember."

She stopped walking and looked up at me. "Has... anything... changed since we talked?"

I narrowed my eyes. "Like... what?"

Her eyes softened and she turned to face me. "Paul, your dad and I really like Gina. And Chris and Elizabeth like you. She's their daughter and they want her to be happy. But they want to protect her."

I started to scowl.

"Not," she quickly amended, "that they think they need to protect her from you."

I relaxed. Slightly.

"We talked about it last night, the four of us, and..."

They talked about us? About what? What did Mom know? What did she suspect? What did Gina's parents know? What...?

"Paul."

I focused on Mom and began to worry as I saw her serious expression.

"We talked about it last night and decided that you two could have the morning to yourselves. We trust you two to be responsible. You understand?"

I nodded slowly. Warily.

"And we're treating you like adults. But being treated like an adult means there are adult consequences. Do you understand?"

I blushed and tried to look away. Why did we have to have this conversation now?

"Paul. I'm serious. Chris and Elizabeth want Gina to make her own decisions." She paused to let that sink in. "Your dad and I want you to make your own decisions too. But that means that you and Gina will have to be responsible. Part of being an adult is being responsible for your actions. And thinking about them beforehand. As well as the consequences of those actions. Do you understand?"

I nodded.

"Do you?" she repeated, looking into my eyes.

I held hers with my own and nodded soberly.

"Good. We're going to trust you two to be responsible. Don't abuse that trust."

I nodded again, curtly.

“So I’ll ask you again. Have you and Gina changed your minds since our conversation yesterday morning?”

She wasn’t going to let me go until she got an answer. I honestly didn’t know what she’d do if I said yes. The answer, of course, was still no; Gina and I hadn’t decided to have sex, she still wasn’t ready. But I was tremendously embarrassed by Mom even asking the question. And I was desperate not to let my embarrassment show.

Reluctantly, I shook my head.

“Good,” Mom said.

“Mom?”

“Yes, dear?”

I looked at her open face, searching for the answer to the question I was about to ask. “What if I’d said yes?”

She smiled gently. “Then we’d’ve talked about taking reasonable precautions and being responsible.”

“But you’d still let us be alone?” I asked, almost incredulous.

“Probably.” She turned us around so we were facing the kitchen and hooked her arm through my own. “Unless Gina’s mother got a different answer than I did.”

I looked up in horror and realized that Gina and her mother were having a serious, and quiet, discussion in the kitchen. Gina looked as sober and shocked as I did. Her mother looked up as we turned and locked eyes with Mom. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Mom shake her head minutely. My eyes darted back to Gina’s mom and she shook her head as well. Then she smiled and said something to Gina. Gina’s face lit up and she looked at me, beaming.

I turned to Mom and searched her face again. “You two set this up?”

She nodded, completely unconcerned. “Your dad and I thought it best that I talk to you.”

“Dad knows?” I asked, my voice a strangled squeak.

“Yes,” she answered matter-of-factly. “And so does Gina’s father.”

I wanted to die. I wanted to find someplace quiet and just die.

“We love you, Paul,” she said gently, holding my eyes with her own. “Gina’s parents love her too. And we trust you. We all want you two to be happy, and responsible. So yes, you two can hang out in the cabin. By yourselves.”

With that, she turned to the table where our fathers were still seated. She smiled and nodded. I looked at Dad and he smiled at me as he stood. Mom stood on tip-toes and kissed my cheek.

“I love you, honey,” Mom said.

“I love you too, Mom,” I replied absently.

She released my arm and walked toward my dad. Gina’s mom had joined her husband, and the four of them walked out of the clubhouse together. Gina looked at me, eyes big and round. I smiled at her as she walked toward me.

“Did you just have the weirdest conversation in the world?” I asked, still shocked.

She swallowed hard and nodded. “Completely.”

We walked up the hill to my family’s cabin in silence. We didn’t even hold hands. I guess we were both still a little shocked. I knew I certainly was. And judging by Gina’s contemplative silence, she was as well.

With a start, I realized that we would get to spend the morning together. By ourselves. I was still reeling from the conversation with Mom, but the possibilities began to play out in my head and I smiled to myself.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

Once inside our cabin, we sat down on the couch, both shell-shocked from the conversations with our mothers.

“That was weird,” I said quietly.

“Yeah.”

“Have you told your mom? I mean... you know.”

She shook her head. “But I think she’s got a pretty good idea.”

“Yeah. My mom figured things out too. She talked to me about it yesterday morning.”

Gina looked at me in shock.

“No, nothing like that. She just wanted to make sure that I wouldn’t... you know... force you or anything.”

“You could have,” she said in a quiet, almost wistful, voice.

I turned toward her on the couch, taking her hand in my own. “I know.”

She turned and looked at me, wide-eyed.

I smiled. “I know. But I wouldn’t be the kind of guy you’d like if I’d do something like that. You know I won’t force you. Don’t you?” Suddenly, it was *very* important that she understand this.

She nodded, assured. “Kara said the same thing.”

My eyes flew wide in shock, and she giggled involuntarily.

“You told Kara?” I asked, incredulous.

“Uh-huh,” she said seriously. “She’s known everything since that first time we went hiking.”

“You’re kidding me?” I was in shock.

She shook her head. “She likes you. She says you’re a good guy, because you’re not rushing me.”

“Is that why she was so nice to me last night, and then this morning?”

“Mmm hmm. Last night, I told her what happened between us.”

“Everything?” I asked, my voice squeaky.

“Pretty much. She and I are real close. Well... now we are. We used to fight real bad sometimes. But we get along real well now.”

“Everything?” Was I repeating myself? I was.

She smiled, gently, and squeezed my hand. “It’s okay. She’s cool. She won’t tell anyone.”

“Are you sure?”

She laughed and then nodded quickly. “With all the stuff I know about her, she won’t tell anyone. I trust her.”

I was still dubious.

She chuckled lightly. “You’re such a goof,” she chided me gently. “But you’re *my* goof.”

I blushed and grinned at her shyly. “I just can’t believe you told her everything.”

“Ha! You should be happy I did.”

I looked at her, my expression full of unasked questions.

“She’s the one who told me that I should suck you off.”

My poor, battered sensibilities couldn’t take much more of this. I looked at her, completely abashed.

She laughed again, her eyes dancing. Then she nodded. “She showed me what to do, the basics, I mean, and told me that I’d really like it. And that you’d *love* it.” Her expression turned into a teasing moue. “You do, don’t you?”

I swallowed hard and nodded. Then I looked out the screened window. No one was in sight. When I looked back at Gina, she was grinning shyly at me. I pulled my hand out of her grasp, gently, and touched her face. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath, pressing her cheek against me.

I leaned forward and tilted my head, pressing my lips against hers. She eagerly responded, and I moved my tongue over her lips, tasting her. I broke the kiss and she slowly opened her eyes. When she did, I leaned

back on the couch, pulling her with me. She readily followed, and as I laid my head on the armrest, she crawled atop me. We untangled our legs and I pulled her head down again, kissing her tenderly.

Her nipples hardened against my chest and I moved my hands down her back, cupping her ass. She ground her hips against me and I felt myself begin to harden.

“Mmmmm,” she purred, low in her throat.

“You like that?”

“Yes,” she hissed as I pulled her hips against me, pressing my erection into her.

She lowered her head and kissed me again, with rising ardor. I responded against her, rocking my hips back and forth, rubbing her pussy with my erection. She moaned again and pressed her lips against me even harder.

Then she pulled back and began kissing my cheeks and neck. I gasped as she moved down and tenderly kissed my ear, her silky hair whispering over my cheek. She darted her tongue inside my ear and my breath caught again. For such a small gesture, the pleasure was almost overpowering; intense and highly erotic. Gina felt my reaction and blew gently, teasing me. I clutched her ass and groaned as she darted her tongue in again.

My breathing grew ragged and I hugged her to me. She gasped when my erection swelled against her, and then renewed her assault. Somewhere in the middle of what she was doing to me, I lost the capacity for coherent thought. I simply arched my back against her, sucking in air through my nose, lips closed tightly in pleasure.

Finally, deliciously, she relented. Kissing her way back up my cheek, I came to my senses, panting from the excitement and grinning like an idiot.

“You like that?” she asked, full of feigned innocence.

I nodded jerkily and her eyes laughed at me. I lifted my head to kiss her and she pulled back playfully.

I looked at her questioningly.

She shook her head and I felt my brow crease in a confused frown. She smiled brightly and kissed the tip of my nose. Then, suddenly, her lips crushed against mine. I felt her breathing on my cheek, hot and quick, her tongue running along my lips, teasing me. With my hands still on her ass, I ground my hips against her, causing her to moan.

She pulled back from the kiss, breathless and drunken-eyed.

“I want you to do something for me,” I whispered.

She closed her lips and swallowed, her eyes filled with love, and desire.

“I want you to suck me.”

Her nostrils flared and a small smile played across her lips. Without a word, she began to crawl down my body. I spread my legs to accommodate her and she curled up on the couch between them. Then, I put one hand behind my head and took a deep breath.

With her hand, she lifted my erection and kissed the tip, right at the sensitive curve where the crown met the shaft. She kissed down the bottom ridge until her soft cheek brushed across my balls, then continued to kiss them as well. With her hot breath bathing my testicles, I took another deep breath and closed my eyes.

She kissed back up my shaft then slowly sucked the head into her mouth. Silken strands of her dark hair brushed across my sensitive inner thighs and I shuddered. I felt her breath on the top of my shaft as she worked her lips against the crown, flicking her tongue over the slit at the tip.

As she removed her lips from my cock, I groaned. I felt more than heard her laughter as she began to plant wet kisses down the side of my shaft. Once she reached the base, she switched sides and moved toward the crown, kissing and sucking as she went. She wrapped her hand around my shaft, and at the same time circled the tip with her strong tongue.

My hips jerked, and I felt her laughter again, her hot breath gusting across my pubic hair. She pumped my cock a few times, loosely, and then took the head back in her mouth. I shuddered as I felt her lips open and move down my length. Her hair tickled my thighs and abdomen as she raised herself over me. I opened my eyes and looked down my torso at the crown of her head as she slowly lowered her mouth over my shaft.

When she clamped her lips around me, about halfway down, I groaned and let my head fall back against the armrest. She worked her mouth on my erection, caressing me with her tongue, and then slowly withdrew, dragging her lips along my length. When she reached the glans, she let my cock pop completely out of her mouth.

Teasing me, she kissed the underside of the crown playfully, running her tongue along the seam and into the hole at the tip. My breathing got deeper as my arousal grew and I closed my eyes again, savoring the feeling of her between my legs. She teased the bottom of my glans for a moment then squeezed the base.

I felt her tongue begin to describe arcs along the sides of my shaft as she moved toward the base. She opened her hand and moved toward my balls, pulling at the loose skin of my scrotum with her lips, flicking it with her tongue. She moved lower still and took one of my testicles in her mouth, sucking gently, washing it with her tongue. I groaned quietly as she switched to the other, then finally released it, wet with her saliva and cooling as the air slowly dried it.

I clenched and my penis swelled in her loose grasp. She cooed in delight and returned to my shaft, kissing her way up my length. Once she reached the crown, she took it in her mouth, circling it with her tongue. I jerked my hips, trying to get her to take more of me in her mouth, and she released me entirely, chuckling mischievously.

I raised my head and opened my eyes, looking down my torso at her, only to see her looking back at me with smoldering eyes and a wry grin. She opened her mouth and wrapped her lips around my shaft, maintaining eye contact. Then she flicked her tongue against the bottom of the head and I groaned, letting my head fall back. I felt her chuckling around my shaft and closed my eyes again as she started sinking toward the base of my cock.

Once she had half my dick in her mouth, she stopped and wrapped her hand around the shaft. She began bobbing her head, slowly, raking my sensitive shaft with her soft, supple lips. I moaned again, low in my chest, and she sped her pace. When she reached the crown, she would lock her lips around the ridge and then plunge back down, caressing me with her tongue as she did. Then she would pull back up, sucking as she did, squeezing and pumping with her hand.

I moaned again and put my free hand on the back of her head. She moaned as well, vibrating my cock with her mouth and trying to take more of me. She got perhaps all but three inches and clamped her lips shut, working her mouth and caressing my shaft with her tongue. I groaned again as she returned to bobbing her head.

She maintained her up and down motion, my hand still on the back of her head, and I soon felt my orgasm welling up. I was breathing deeply through my nose, nostrils flaring with each breath. I squeezed my eyes shut tight, lost in the pleasure she was giving me with her mouth.

With a rush, I felt the first surge of semen flow up my shaft. She moaned as the hot liquid spurted into the back of her throat. My cock jerked and spasmed in her mouth, shooting my come like a geyser into her throat. She moaned again as the spurts slowed. Milking my cock with her hand, she continued sucking as my orgasm slowly subsided.

I opened my eyes and saw stars, slowly letting my clenched back and leg muscles go slack. She brushed the sensitive head of my cock with her tongue and I started, jerking my hips against her. I ran my fingers through her glossy black hair, savoring its texture and the heat of her scalp.

She pulled up a little and I felt her swallow, then swallow again. Her breath on the top of my saliva-slick cock felt exquisite and I savored the feeling, my hips still twitching from the strength of my orgasm.

Finally, she let my slowly shrinking cock fall from her lips and I felt her brush her hair back. I raised my head off the armrest and looked at her, her eyes holding my own and smiling. She kissed the tip of my shiny cock and smiled at me, languidly closing her eyes and pressing her lips against my glans again.

I shuddered, half from the feeling and half from the sight itself. Then she opened her eyes and smiled at me. I sat up and gently pulled her up my body, my slippery cock rubbing along her smooth skin as she moved.

She flattened herself against my chest, her weight deliciously slight, and kissed me. I tasted myself on her lips and pressed up into her, darting my tongue into her mouth.

With a sigh, we broke the kiss. She stared into my eyes, from only a few inches away, and I felt my heart swell and threaten to burst. I languorously rubbed my hand along her back, lightly scratching my fingernails across her satin skin and she smiled dreamily, laying her head on my shoulder. Her silken hair cascaded over my shoulder as she settled against me and kissed the hollow of my neck.

"I love you," I whispered.

"Mmm hmm," she said, sighing contentedly. "Me too."



We lay there for a few minutes, simply relaxing and enjoying each other's company. I was running my fingers up and down her spine, enjoying the feeling as her breathing slowed and became deep and even.

"I'm glad I have you," she said quietly.

"Mmmmm, me too."

"Kara was right."

"About what?"

"She said you were a good guy. I mean, I knew you were too," she hastily added, "but she said I was lucky you weren't pushing me."

"I'm glad."

"And she said..." She raised her head to look at me, and even with her complexion I could tell she was blushing. "She said that..." her face assumed an odd expression and I realized she was about to quote Kara. "If he's the kind of guy who'll go down on you, and he's any good, then you'd better make sure he's happy."

"I am."

She blushed again and grinned shyly. "I know you're good, silly."

"No. I mean I'm happy."

"Oh," she said sheepishly.

"But thanks."

She laid her head on my chest again and sighed contentedly. "I told Kara about it when we got back. About last week, when we were at the quarry, and you..." She paused for a second and gathered her courage. "And you went down on me."

"Wow," I said softly.

I felt her nod against my chest. "That's when she told me that I should go down on you too. That's why I did, that night after the movie, on the float."

"I'm glad you did."

She nodded again. "Me too. When I told her about what you did... to my... to my pussy, she got real excited."

My eyes went wide, but I wisely kept my mouth shut.

"When I told her about it, it was dark, and we were sitting in the rocking chairs on the front porch, by ourselves. I could tell she was kinda playing with herself."

I felt my pulse quicken, and I realized with a start that thinking of Kara masturbating excited me. With all my willpower, I tried not to get hard.

"She said I was real lucky. She said she likes you."

"Likes me?"

"Yeah."

I began to panic. I liked Kara, but I loved Gina. What if Kara did something? What if she got jealous or something? Listen to me, I chided myself, thinking about older girls falling over themselves to be with me. Fat chance of that!

"She wouldn't do anything," Gina said softly when she felt my heartbeat and breathing grow quicker. "I used to flirt with her boyfriends, she goes through them pretty quickly sometimes. There was this one guy that she was dating, last year. I'd flirt with him when she wasn't around. I think she really liked him, too."

I listened intently, idly stroking her back.

“He broke up with her and begged me to go out with him. Kara and I got in this really big fight about it. She didn’t talk to me for a week. I felt so awful. I didn’t even like him, really. I guess I just wanted to... Well, I don’t know what I wanted to do. I apologized about a million times. She wouldn’t even say anything to me, she’d just get up and leave if I tried to talk to her.

“She’d go to her room and lock her door and I could hear her crying. I felt so bad. I even had to ride the bus for a week, because she wouldn’t let me ride with her when she drove to school. When Mom found out, they had a long talk. Mom came out of her room and told me that I needed to apologize to Kara. I told her that I had, a million times. Mom just said ‘go in and apologize again.’

“So I did. Kara had been crying. I told her how sorry I was. She looked so awful. I think she felt bad for how she’d treated me too. Mom kept Leah helping her in the kitchen, so she wouldn’t ask us what was the matter. I promised Kara that I’d never do it again, and she forgave me. I cried so hard when she did. I felt so bad for what I’d done to her, but I hated it worse when she wouldn’t talk to me.

“That’s the last fight we’ve ever had. She’s never really been interested in any of my boyfriends, but after that night, we promised each other that we’d never try to steal the other one’s guy.” She cleared her throat and took a deep breath. “So I trust her. She really does like you, but I’m not worried about her trying to steal you or anything. She tells me stuff about her boyfriends now.” She hugged me tight. “I’m just happy that I’ve got something to tell her now too. I’m glad Kara and I are really close now, I don’t know what I’d do if she ever didn’t talk to me again.”

I didn’t know how I felt about Gina telling her sister about the two of us. On the one hand, I liked some of the things that Kara told Gina, especially about giving me head. But I was also worried that... Well, I don’t know what I was worried about, exactly. I just was.

I banished my worries and hugged her tight, enjoying the small squeak she emitted as I did so. She hugged me back and sighed deeply.

“Mmmmm, I know what I want to do,” I said softly, stroking her hair.

“What?”

Without answering, I rolled toward the back of the couch, pulling her along as I did. I quickly shifted so that she was lying on the couch and I was supporting myself over her. I bent forward to kiss her, enjoying knowing what I was going to do and delighting in the confused look in her eyes. I kissed her, tasting her lips against my own, and she responded against me. When we broke the kiss, her eyes slowly opened and focused on my face. I grinned mischievously and kissed the tip of her nose.

“I thought I’d show you, again, why Kara thinks I’m such a nice guy,” I said.

“Huh?”

“You’ll see.”

I kissed down her elegant neck and she arched her back, sighing. She put her hands on my head to hold me close as I kissed my way down her chest. I moved to the side and sucked her puckered brown nipple into my mouth, teasing it with my tongue. She gasped when I did, and I grinned to myself. Gently clamping my lips against her nipple, I pulled back, extending it and lifting her breast slightly. She moaned again and I switched to the other breast.

I circled her areola with the tip of my tongue, teasing her. She whimpered and I relented, pulling her crinkly nipple into my mouth and warming it with my tongue. Still holding my head, she arched her back, trying to force more of her sensitive nipple into my mouth. I circled the sleek brown pebble with my tongue, causing her to moan, once again grinning to myself.

I released her nipple and lavished attention on her other breast. She moaned against me, deep in her chest, as I alternated between the hard little buds, sucking and licking them for several minutes. She ran her fingers through my hair and sighed as I released her and lifted my head to gaze into her eyes.

A mischievous expression on my face, I blew her a kiss and began to move down her body. I ran my tongue down her flat stomach, circling her navel, dipping into it, making her shudder and gasp. I planted a kiss on the shallow depression and then began to kiss lower. When I reached the top of her pubic hair, I stopped, bathing her midsection with my hot breath. She whimpered and her hips shuddered with desire.

I nuzzled the full strip of her bush, teasing her as I inhaled the scent of her arousal. Without warning, I

pulled back and she whimpered again. Shouldering her right leg aside, I lifted it, my hand behind her knee. I kissed the inside of her knee, brushing the smooth skin with my cheeks. Slowly, agonizingly slowly, I kissed along her inner thigh, feeling her desire transmitted through her tremors.

When I reached the crease where her thigh met her pussy, I paused, breathing in her aroma and then exhaling against her satin skin. She shuddered again and I slowly kissed the inside of her thigh, mere inches from her pussy. With a wicked grin that she couldn't see, and probably wouldn't have wanted to, I rested her right leg on the back of the couch and moved to her left one.

With my left hand holding her spread open, resting lightly on the inner thigh of her right leg, I breathed on the inside of her left knee. She shuddered again, and I kissed the sensitive flesh of her inner thigh, moving inexorably toward her pussy. When I felt her pubic hair tickling my cheek, I smiled again, skipping over her pussy entirely and brushing my face against her opposite thigh.

She whimpered and tried to thrust her hips against me. I held her down, gently, with my hands on her inner thighs, keeping her spread open before me. Finally, I pulled back and looked at her pussy. The scent of her dewy arousal made my head swim, and I closed my eyes, drowning out the sight of her beautiful vulva, concentrating on the heady aroma.

When I opened them again, I bent forward to kiss her mons and she shuddered with the contact, bucking her hips against me. I licked the tip of my finger and rubbed it along her slit, parting the sparse fringe of hair. When I reached the bottom, I eased my fingertip into her and she moaned. I felt her thighs tremble as I slowly shoved more of my finger into her pussy.

I pulled it out, spreading her lubrication over the surrounding lips, and then slowly plunged back in. When my finger was completely buried in her pussy, I leaned forward again and ran my tongue along her slit, tasting the tangy flavor of her lust, and she quivered at the touch. I grinned to myself again, enjoying teasing her, and kissed her mons, pressing into the base of her clit. I teased her like this for several minutes, enjoying the sensations of her rising passion.

Finally, I relented, and parted her outer labia with my tongue. She shuddered again as the tip caressed the length of her inner lips. Taking my hand off her inner thigh, I gently spread her lips, marveling as her inner labia blossomed with her arousal. I ran my tongue between them, tasting her again, and flicked it up under the hood concealing her clit. She gasped and tried to thrust her hips into my face, to force my tongue against her again.

I chuckled mischievously and pressed my lips against the hood, pressing down with my tongue and forcing a louder moan from her. Her pussy hot and tight around my impaling finger, I began to slowly slide it in and out of her. I bumped my nose against her clit as I licked and sucked her inner lips, feeling them plump with arousal under my attention.

With my left hand resting on her mons, I spread apart her labia using my thumb and forefinger, delighting in the light and dark pink of her folds. Slowly sliding my finger back into her clutching pussy, I crooked my fingertip up and she moaned deliriously.

Finally, I started to lick her seriously, my remorseless teasing a thing of the past. She moaned again, hips quivering, as I flicked my tongue against her clit. Placing my lips over her hood, I sucked it into my mouth, working it with my lips, forcing it to rub against the sensitive berry it normally protected.

I began thrusting my finger into her a little quicker and trailed my tongue along the fold between her inner and outer lips. Her hips trembled, thighs quivering with desire, as I once again sucked her inner labia into my mouth. When I released them, I concentrated on her clit, buzzing my tongue against it and making her pant.

When I pulled back, her clit was fully engorged and sticking out from under its hood, a pink berry begging to be sucked. I flicked my tongue against it and felt her pussy clutch my finger. As her thighs tensed and her trembling increased, I quickly realized that she was close to coming.

In an all-out assault on her clit, I drove her over the edge. A gush of moisture flooded around my finger and her pussy clutched at me, spasming. She bucked her hips against me, buttocks clenched, and her moans turned into a low wail. She stifled it as well as she could and I continued circling her clit, driving her onward, fueling her orgasm.

Her pussy gripped my invading finger, trying to pull it further inside her, and then, abruptly, her clit disappeared. My tongue already in motion, I raked across her sensitive glans before it fully disappeared and she cried out, the quiet of the cabin and surrounding pine forest shattered for an instant.

I pulled back and gently rubbed my face across her mons, caressing her inner thighs with my cheeks, letting my finger rest within her still-spasming pussy. She slowly relaxed her buttocks and legs, and I felt her go limp, panting. I kissed her mons again, careful to avoid her sensitive clit, and slowly withdrew my finger from her drenched pussy. I smiled silently, feeling the pruned skin of my finger finally emerge from her heated depths. She shuddered again as it left her, her ragged breath catching in her throat.

She was covered with a sheen of sweat, and I tasted the salt of her exhaustion as I kissed my way back up her trembling stomach to her heaving chest. I held myself above her, feeling the radiant heat of her body washing over me, and kissed her tenderly. She slowly raised her arm, which had fallen off the couch entirely when she came, and wrapped it around my back. Holding me close, she panted, her breathing still ragged. Once again, I smiled to myself, burying my face against her neck and kissing her gently.

She slid to the edge of the couch and made room for me next to her. I slid my arm under her neck and rolled to the back of the couch. She moved toward me and clutched me, still weak from her orgasm, smiling drunkenly, eyes hooded and dreamy. We held each other like that for a long time.



We dozed for a while, comfortable in each other's arms. I knew we didn't have much time, couldn't have much time, however, before she would need to join her family to pack for the trip home.

Home.

Charleston.

Away from me.

For a year.

I felt my breath catch, and my eyes suddenly stung. Gina shifted against me, burrowing deeper into the hollow of my shoulder, and I blinked back my tears.

She suddenly drew a deep breath and pulled back, looking at me through sleepy eyes.

"What's the matter?" she asked quietly, dark eyes slowly focusing on my face.

"Nothing," I said stoically.

She closed her eyes and smiled. I kissed her forehead and pulled her close. We stayed like that for some time. I listened to the sound of the wind through the trees and felt her heart beating next to mine, her smooth skin pressed against me, and I never wanted it to end.



I felt her shift again, some time later, and I stroked her back.

"We probably should take a quick shower," I said quietly.

She sighed against me and yawned. "Yeah," she said with resignation. "You wanna go first?"

"Who says we have to take two showers?"

She pulled back and blinked at me, clearly confused. Then, slowly, the light dawned. She grinned sheepishly and nuzzled against me again.

"Would you like that?" I asked softly.

"Mmm hmm."

I swung my leg over her and stood up, then helped her to her feet. Hand in hand, we walked into the bathroom and shut the door behind us.

I quickly adjusted the water temperature and held the shower curtain for her, stepping in after she did. She wasn't used to showering with another person, and while I had done it a few times, it was still a little awkward at first. Despite all the intimacy we'd shared, I could tell that showering with me was a very new, and very different, experience for her.

I quickly decided that I would need to take the lead. Moving her gently with body language and light touches, I got her under the spray and then doused myself. Grabbing the soap, I quickly lathered and rinsed

myself while she watched, mesmerized. Turning to her, I lathered the soap and held my arms open, inviting her forward.

She came, hesitantly, and I began tenderly lathering her. Her smooth skin became slippery under my sure touch, and I could tell that she was relaxing when she realized I knew what I was doing. Standing under the strong spray from the showerhead, I pulled her to me, cupping her soap-slippery breasts and gently kneading them. She sighed and laid her head back on my shoulder, luxuriating in the warmth of my body.

I slid my hands down her firm stomach, switching the soap to my left hand as I lathered her pubic area with my right. She started at first, but then quickly realized that I wasn't going to penetrate her with my soapy finger. I knew it would sting, and didn't want her to suffer. Crouching, I quickly washed her thighs and calves, enjoying the feeling of her firm muscles under my fingers. I lathered her back and shoulders as well, and then stepped back, pulling her toward the spray.

Once she was completely rinsed off, I turned her to face me and grinned. She grinned in reply and pressed herself against my chest, wrapping her arms around me and hugging me tight.

"Remind me to thank whoever taught you how to shower with a girl," she said.

"I thought you might like taking a shower together."

"Mmmmm."

"You were a little scared at first, though. Weren't you?"

"Was it that obvious?" she asked.

"No," I said, shaking my head. "I'm just getting to know you pretty well, that's all."

She pulled back and looked at me, grinning mischievously. "Some ways better than others," she said, almost purring.

"Uh-huh."

The water started to run cold and I quickly reached to turn it off. I heard her open the shower curtain and when I turned, she was holding two towels, grinning insouciantly.

I took the proffered towel and began to dry myself, stepping out of the tub as I ran the towel over my legs. Gina stepped out shortly after me and neatly folded her towel, returning it to the bar. She took mine and folded and hung it as well, grinning at me.

"Thanks," I said.

"You're welcome," she said, then grinned wryly. "I've gotta take care of my man."

She reached for my comb and ran it through her wet, shiny hair, combing it straight back over her head and tucking it behind her ears. Then she reached up and combed my hair as well, arranging it how I usually wore it.

"Now," she asked, eyes wide with feigned innocence, "is there anything else I need to take care of, for my man?"

With a mischievous look of my own, I nodded slowly. I could already feel my penis becoming erect, stiffening slowly.

"Oh?"

I grinned slowly and arched an eyebrow at her.

She looked down, and in mock surprise said, "Oh my!" Looking back up at me, she grinned devilishly. "I think I know what my man needs me to take care of."

I nodded and she began to sink to the rug-covered tile of the floor. I watched, enraptured, as she knelt between my feet and opened her mouth, holding my eyes with her own. When she locked her lips around my engorged glans, I closed my eyes and groaned, inhaling deeply.

As I slowly exhaled, I leaned my head back and savored the feeling of her lips around my shaft. I quickly became fully erect and she began sucking me with long, sure strokes, taking half my length in her mouth and then slowly withdrawing her lips.

She held me by the base and had begun to run her tongue up and down the length of my shaft when...

Knock, knock, knock!

My head snapped forward and her eyes flew open. We looked each other in panic, paralyzed by the sound.

“Paul?”

It was Mom. I easily recognized her voice through the door.

I cleared my throat. “Yes?” I asked, putting as much composure into my voice as I could muster.

“We’re all going to have lunch together in about fifteen minutes,” she said. “Okay?”

“Um... sure. No problem.”

“Okay then. I’m going to head back down to the clubhouse.”

We heard the screen door swing shut and I slumped against the cool porcelain of the sink.

I looked down and my erection had gone limp in Gina’s hands.

Her eyes smoldering, she leaned forward and licked the tip of my flaccid penis.

I looked down at her, eyebrows arched questioningly.

“I want it so bad, Paul,” she said, almost begging. She jerked my limp cock and took me in her mouth again.

Seeing the lust plainly graven on her face, I rapidly hardened. She made a surprised and delighted sound and I stood upright. Her mouth never left my dick as I stood, and she began bobbing her head back and forth. She moved her hand in time with her mouth, and watching her, I felt my orgasm quickly building.

With a groan, I came. Gina clamped her lips around my girth when she felt the first spurt, pumping my length with her fist. I came so quickly that I closed my eyes and saw stars. Spurt after spurt of my hot semen coursed through my shaft, filling her mouth as she relentlessly milked my cock with her hand and lips.

I shuddered and jerked as my orgasm subsided, than had to support myself on the sink as my legs went rubbery. When I felt my strength return, I opened my eyes and stared at the bathroom ceiling, the cold porcelain of the sink a marked contrast to the warmth of Gina’s mouth around my slowly dwindling erection.

She sucked me gently, taking more of me into her mouth as I gradually shrank. When I could stand on my own again, I did so, looking down at her as she lavished my cock with attention.

Finally, reluctantly, she let my penis slip from her lips. She smiled beatifically at me as she opened her eyes, nostrils flaring as she drew a deep breath.

“Wow.” It was the only coherent thought that I could muster.

“I’ve gotta take care of my man.”

She grinned impishly and I helped her to her feet. Feeling my strength rapidly returning, I bent down and grabbed her around the waist, our heads at a level, and held her against my chest. Her hardened nipples bored into my flesh as I flexed my legs, lifting her easily.

She giggled as her feet came off the floor, then looked into my eyes. Our lips crushed together and we shared a passionate kiss. We broke the kiss, each breathing a little heavier, and grinned at each other. She was radiant, and I was the happiest, and luckiest, guy in the world.



When we walked out onto the front porch of our cabin, a few minutes later, Kara called to us from the road. Apparently, she was just coming down from their cabin, headed for the clubhouse, and lunch, as well. I slipped my arm around Gina’s shoulder protectively and she pressed herself against me, putting her own arm around my waist.

Kara watched us as we approached.

“You two have a good morning?” she asked, grinning broadly.

I felt the heat rising in my cheeks and neck, and could only grin at her.

“I’ll tell you about it later,” Gina said.

My eyes flew open in surprise, a reaction that Kara shared, even if hers was more subdued than my own.

“He knows?” Kara asked dubiously.

Gina looked at me and smiled, nodding. “I told him this morning.”

Kara looked at me, measuring my reaction. “It doesn’t bother you?”

“What? That you and Gina talk about me?”

She nodded.

“You keep giving her good suggestions, and it won’t bother me a bit,” I said as casually as I could.
“You keep making her happy, and I will!”



We were walking down the hill, my arm still protectively around Gina, when she stopped suddenly. She looked at me in shock and held her hand over her mouth.

“What is it?” I asked.

“Oh my God. I completely forgot. I haven’t packed a thing. I’ve got to get back to the cabin.”

“Now?” I asked, somewhat plaintively.

Kara laughed richly, shaking her head at us. As one, Gina and I looked at her.

“Kara. It’s not funny,” Gina said, sounding hurt.

“I packed your stuff, silly,” Kara said, her eyes still laughing.

Gina stared, open-mouthed and Kara winked at me. I couldn’t help but grin in return. Gina looked back at me and shut her mouth, glaring balefully.

“I don’t know which of you is worse,” she said, exasperated.

Kara and I shared a quiet look and I gently turned Gina back toward the clubhouse. We started walking again, Gina trying, and failing, to stay mad at us.

“I left out your yellow shorts...,” Kara said.

“The short shorts?”

“Uh-huh.”

“Thanks. I look good in those,” Gina said, looking at me.

“And your white tank top, the one with the—”

“The one with the red heart on the front?” Gina asked, interrupting.

“If you’d let me finish,” Kara said gently, “I’d’ve told you that.”

“You know that shirt’s too tight on me, up top,” Gina said.

“Uh-huh, but I thought Paul would enjoy it. And the heart’s a nice touch, don’t you think?”

Gina’s breath caught in her throat, and then she burst out laughing. “Kara, you’re so bad.”

“Well, I *did* pack your stuff.”

“Yeah,” Gina said soberly. “Thanks.”

“Yeah, well, I figured someone,” Kara said with a meaningful look in my direction, “had plans for you this morning.”

Gina blushed and bit off any reply, settling for pulling me closer.

“Leah helped too,” Kara said. “But since we packed for you, you’ve got to ride back in the middle.”

“In the middle?” I asked, confused.

Gina looked at me. “Yeah, we each want to ride by the window, no one likes riding in the middle.”

“Ah.”

“But, I guess that’s all right. Thanks, Kara.”

“You’re welcome.” Kara looked at me over Gina’s head. “And so are *you*.”

It was my turn to blush, and I was thankful that we’d reached the clubhouse. I didn’t know if I could take it if they both ganged up on me. I was barely able to keep up with Gina, much less Kara too.



Lunch was a lot more fun than I thought it would be. Our moms had fixed fried chicken, mashed potatoes, corn on the cob, and a whole bunch of other things. It was like a picnic. Mom and Elizabeth kept things light-hearted, and Gina and I were content to go along with the prevalent mood, despite what we both knew—and dreaded—was coming.

When lunch was over, the girls began to clean up. I stood, after an inquisitive glance from Gina, and began to help clean up as well. Why couldn’t I have an old-fashioned girlfriend? One who would cook and clean and take care of me? With only a moment’s thought, I decided I liked a modern, liberated girlfriend better. Especially a modern, liberated girlfriend like Gina. Helping clean up the lunch dishes, I decided I was

pretty lucky.

After lunch, we sat around and chatted for a while, but I knew it was only a momentary delay. Dwight, Karen, and their kids came into the clubhouse as we were relaxing. They all had their clothes on and were ready to leave.

Dwight clapped me on the shoulder again—for a moment, I thought he'd broken it—and we all said our goodbyes. I felt like I had lead in my stomach, knowing that saying goodbye to Gina, goodbye for a year, was only a short time away. From the look in her eye as Dwight and Karen left, I could tell she was thinking the same thing.

Sooner than I wanted, but later than I'd expected, Chris and Elizabeth stood up. Kara and Leah stood, and then, with a forlorn look at me, Gina rose as well.

"Well, girls," Gina's father said, "let's head up to the cabin and get dressed. Then we can drive back down and get the last of our kitchen stuff."

"Do you need any help?" Mom asked.

Elizabeth smiled and shook her head. "Thanks, Beth. I think we've got everything."

"Okay, then," Mom said. "We'll see you when you get back."

Gina's mom nodded, and they headed out.



Mom and Dad wisely realized that I didn't want to talk, and Erin even had the kindness to leave me alone. My parents moved to one of the couches and I headed out to the back porch, looking for some privacy. To my surprise, Erin followed me out.

I scowled at her, my eyes stinging.

"I was just gonna sit out here with you," she said, suddenly defensive. "I promise I won't bother you."

I nodded, ashamed for having glared at her, and sat down.

The white-painted wood of the Adirondack chair was warm and comfortable, and seemed to welcome me. There, I spent the longest twenty minutes of my life, waiting for Gina to return.

In my head, I desperately wondered if she would still like me next summer. What if she met someone, someone at her school, that she liked more than me? What if they moved to another city, and didn't come back to the camp?

Twenty minutes is a lot of time to ask yourself "what if...?"

"This afternoon, do you wanna hang out down at the lake?" Erin suddenly asked.

I blinked to clear my eyes and then turned to stare at her.

"You said you wanted to hang out with me. You asked me," she said, getting defensive again.

I smiled. I knew what she was trying to do, and I might not have been able to thank her out loud, but I felt it in my heart. "Yeah, we can hang out by the lake," I said, letting her distract me from my maudlin thoughts.

"Do you think maybe," she asked slyly, "you could ask Kendall to join us?"

I looked at her, confused.

"And maybe... she could see if Drew wanted to hang out too."

I laughed, all my pent-up tension suddenly released by Erin's simple, yet sly, request. "Yeah, Erin, I think I can ask Kendall if she and Drew wanna hang out," I said, sadness coloring my tone.

"Good. 'Cause he is so cool. And so cute. And I never get to..."

I tuned her out, happy for the distraction, but I found that my thoughts lingered on Gina.

"Paul? Erin?" Mom called from within the clubhouse.

We both stood up quickly, and Erin gave me a comforting smile.

"Thanks, Erin." I didn't, couldn't, say more.

She knew what I meant. She smiled and nodded.

I opened the screen door for her, and we stepped into the cool dimness of the clubhouse.

Gina and her parents were there, with her sisters, talking to my folks. When Erin and I came in, they all looked at us. Gina's parents smiled and turned back to their conversation with Mom and Dad. Kara gave

Gina a not-so-subtle shove, and she started walking toward me. Erin went to talk to Leah, and then I was all alone with Gina.

She looked even more beautiful now that she was dressed. There was something deliciously naughty about seeing her in clothes, when I knew what she looked like without them. The yellow shorts really did look good on her, accenting her beautiful, tanned legs, and the tank top *was* too small for her chest. I realized, with a silent chuckle, that I could easily see her brown nipples poking through it. The shirt hugged her flat stomach and accentuated her tanned complexion. Her hair was pulled back in a short ponytail, the wispy fringes hanging down and framing her face.

My panicked thoughts from earlier came rushing back, and I felt like I was going to stop breathing. She walked toward me and extended her hand. It was only then that I noticed that she held a lavender envelope.

"It's my address," she said tentatively.

I swallowed hard and ruthlessly forced down my rising panic. I nodded and took the envelope, my mouth suddenly dry.

I wordlessly opened my arms and she pressed herself against me, laying her head on my chest and throwing her arms around my torso. She squeezed me and I kissed the top of her head, inhaling her scent.

All too soon, we parted. She smiled up at me through tear-filled eyes and sniffled.

"I promised myself that I wouldn't cry," she said, laughing to keep the tears at bay.

I put my hand against her cheek and she pressed her face against it. She squeezed her eyelids shut and a tear escaped, rolling down her cheek. With my thumb, I gently wiped it off. She opened her eyes and smiled sadly, thick, dark lashes filled with the moisture of her unshed tears.

"My mom's got your address, from your mom," she said, her voice thick with emotion.

I nodded silently.

"And she said we could call every once in a while, if you want to..."

I nodded again. I didn't trust myself to speak. The only thought running through my head was that I never wanted her to leave. And I knew she had to. Soon. She understood, and wordlessly put her face against my chest, sniffing again.

"I'll write to you every day," she said.

"Me too."

What else was there to say?

I was scared and uncertain, and my eyes stung with unshed tears. I blinked to clear them and held her, the girl I'd had a crush on as far back as I could remember. I held her for what seemed like such a short time.

And then, it was time for her to go. Her family had loaded the last of their kitchen baskets in their car, and said their last goodbyes. Over Gina's shoulder, I could see them waiting, making small talk with my family. Mom caught my glance and gestured with her eyes. I nodded, somberly, and kissed the top of Gina's head.

"Your family's ready to go."

She nodded, her smooth face rubbing against my own smooth chest, and drew a ragged breath, stepping back.

We walked to our gathered families and I said goodbye to hers while she did the same with mine. We followed them out to their station wagon, muttering pleasantries. With a sinking feeling in my gut, I watched them get in the car, with Gina in the middle of the back seat.

Her father started the station wagon, and Gina and I exchanged waves one last time. As they were driving off, Gina's head sagged and I watched as Kara put her arm around her sister. I knew Gina was crying, now, and my heart ached because I couldn't comfort her. I felt empty and alone, and scared, and knew that no one could possibly understand.

I loved her, and I knew she loved me.

Would she still love me, next year?

Next year was a lifetime away.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

The rest of that Sunday, Erin did her best to keep me occupied. She knew I was depressed, and I appreciated her company. I don't know if Mom had asked her to keep an eye on me, or she'd thought of it on her own, but I was silently thankful that she did.

When we went down to the lake, we found Kendall in a lounge chair, reading a book.

I unceremoniously flopped down next to her, and she closed her book, keeping her place with her finger. She looked at me and smiled. I tried to smile in return, but the best I could muster was probably not very good, judging by her sympathetic expression.

"Is she...?" she asked.

I nodded morosely.

"Are you okay?" She shifted the book and put her right hand on my arm.

Her touch was warm and reassuring, and scared me. Gina had only been gone less than twenty minutes, and having Kendall touch me somehow felt like cheating. Kendall sensed my tension and pulled back.

"I'm sorry, Paul."

I could hear the hurt in her voice. "It's okay, Kendall," I apologized, making eye contact with her. "I know you mean well. I guess I'm just a little jumpy is all."

She tactfully accepted my explanation.

"Paul?" Erin said softly.

I had completely forgotten about her, and I suddenly felt guilty. She was being so nice to me, and I repaid her by ignoring her. I turned to look at her, sitting on the lounge chair to my right, and smiled sheepishly.

Her eyes silently pleaded with me. For a moment, I was confused. Then, I remembered.

"Hey, Kendall," I said, turning away from Erin and leaning close to the older girl. I was glad to have something besides Gina to think about.

She leaned toward me as well, turning her head so my face was only inches from her ear.

"Erin and I were gonna hang out together this afternoon, and we thought that maybe Drew would like to hang out too. Would that be cool?"

Kendall grinned broadly and leaned forward, looking past me at Erin. Seeing my sister's open and eager face, Kendall nodded. Erin's elation was almost palpable.

"I'll be right back," Kendall said. She took a red ribbon and marked her place in the book and then set it on the lounge as she stood.

After she'd gone, Erin beamed at me, and silently mouthed, "Thank you."

I smiled and nodded.

Kendall returned about ten minutes later, accompanied by her brother. His eyes lit up when he saw Erin and he quickly seated himself next to her. Kendall slid gracefully into her lounge chair and smiled at me.

"Here," she said, handing me a book.

"What's this?"

She looked at me like I was a little boy.

I nodded sheepishly and looked at the cover of the book, *The Collected Stories of Eudora Welty*. Then it hit me. This was the book she'd been reading the day before. I looked at her questioningly.

"It seemed like you might've wanted to read that," she said.

I recalled that I had indeed meant to ask her about the book, but I hadn't actually done it. I was once again startled by her insight. "Thanks."

She picked up her own book and smiled again.

"What're you reading?" I asked.

"Truman Capote. He's another Southern author. When you get finished with Eudora Welty, you can see if you like him."

She smiled and I realized how incredibly beautiful she was. And how incredibly lonely I was. I hastily opened the book I held and studiously buried my nose, trying to get images of Kendall out of my mind.

Eventually, it worked. Mostly.



Over the next couple of days, I gradually worked my way out of my funk. As the sharp edges of the memory of saying goodbye slowly wore off, my spirits returned to something approaching normal. Mom and Dad were very good about it, and even Erin was nice to me. I talked to Susan several times, including a few times when we were alone, but she sensed that I didn't want to do anything more than talk, and never pressed the issue.

The Tuesday after Gina's family left, Susan, clad in her usual bikini bottoms, had breakfast with us. She and Mom talked as they fixed cheese omelettes and toast—enough for all five of us. After breakfast, Mom asked me to stick around for a few minutes. Susan smiled and took her leave, and Dad and Erin headed down to the lake.

"Your dad's taking the car tomorrow," she said as we cleaned up the breakfast dishes. He had another trip to fly, but would only be gone a week this time. "I wanted to get some grocery shopping done before he does. Why don't you come with me?"

I didn't want to, and she could tell. I wanted to mope. I shook my head.

"I think you should," she said, insisting. "It'll be good for you to get out."

I quickly sensed that I wasn't going to get out of going to town simply by being moody. Resignedly, I nodded.

Mom told Dad that I was going with her, and we went up to the cabin to get dressed. On the drive to town, talking about inconsequential things, Mom eventually drew me out of my shell. We talked about everything from Gina and Kendall, to why Erin and I were getting along so well, to our plans for after the summer.

By the time we pulled into the Winn-Dixie parking lot, I was feeling much better. I quickly realized that that was her intention all along, and grinned thankfully at her. With a smile and wink, she got out of the car. I followed suit, and we walked toward the store.

I thought about the last time I had actually been in the grocery store, and with a blush, I realized I was getting hard thinking about it. I seriously doubted that this trip would be so... revealing.

Inside, Stacy and another cashier were each helping older women. Stacy looked up idly as we walked in, then obliviously looked back down to what she was ringing up. With a startled expression, she looked back up. I waved quickly and she waved back, blushing. The woman she was helping said something, and Stacy quickly returned her attention to her job.

I was dying to talk to Stacy, but I couldn't come up with any excuse that didn't sound lame. So I dutifully shopped with Mom, distractedly making small talk as we pushed our cart up and down the aisles, slowly filling it with groceries.

When we reached the last aisle, Mom led the way toward the checkout stands. She was headed for the other girl's line and my heart began to beat faster.

"Mom, how about the other line?" I asked tentatively.

She looked at it critically. Both lines had two older women in them. The woman last in line at Stacy's stand had more groceries, and Mom looked skeptical.

"I think the other line's moving faster," I said hopefully.

Mom watched for a moment and nodded judiciously. With a palpable sense of relief, I wheeled our cart into Stacy's line. Upon seeing us, Stacy smiled, and sped up. She had the two women in front of us checked out in no time.

"Hi," Stacy said cheerfully as we pulled up next to her cash register.

"Hello," Mom said.

"Hi," I said, a goofy smile on my face.

Stacy blushed and Mom looked at me.

“Do you two know each other?”

I nodded. “Mom, this is Stacy. Stacy, this is my mom, Beth.”

“Nice to meet you, Stacy,” Mom said.

“Nice to meet you too, Beth.”

“Stacy is the girl who had car trouble. The one Susan and I helped,” I volunteered helpfully.

“Ahhhh, I see,” Mom said. Then she turned to Stacy. “I’m glad Paul and Susan came along when they did, then.”

Stacy blushed crimson and nodded. She slowed her pace ringing up our groceries, as there was no one behind us in line. And, I hoped, she wanted to talk to me as much as she could. Not that we were actually talking, but the possibility existed, and I was excited.

When the end was in sight, Stacy started idly chatting with me, never missing an item.

“I called that number Susan gave me,” she said.

Mom looked at me speculatively.

“Oh?” I asked noncommittally.

“Yeah,” Stacy said. “I had an interview a week ago yesterday.”

“How’d it go?”

“I got the job.”

“Stacy, that’s great! Congratulations,” I said.

She stopped ringing items and looked at me, her eyes momentarily misting over. “You’ll have to thank Susan for me,” she said, her voice suddenly thick with emotion.

I nodded soberly. She smiled at me and returned her attention to the cash register.

Mom asked what we were talking about, and I quickly explained about the job with Susan’s accountant, leaving out a few crucial details from the day in question.

“When did you all see Stacy?” Mom asked, her expression unreadable.

“Uh,” I said, stalling and thinking furiously. “I saw Stacy at the movies that day, and we gave her a ride home.” I thought it was brilliant.

“Oh, that’s right. You went to the movies. You never told me what you saw,” Mom said.

Stacy and I shared a look of mutual panic.

“Star Wars,” I said quickly.

“Smoky and the Bandit,” Stacy answered at the same time.

We looked at each other, startled, and my panic ratcheted up a few notches.

“It was a double feature,” Stacy said calmly.

“Oh,” Mom said, her expression once again unreadable.

Had we gotten away with it? Did she suspect? My heart was thudding like a trip-hammer.

“When do you start?” I asked, trying to change the subject.

“Monday,” Stacy said. “I gave the store manager my two-week notice the same day. I was gonna be off this Friday anyway, to pick up my car, so Thursday’s my last day.”

“You’re getting your car fixed?” I asked.

She nodded. “I’ve worked every day—a double shift most of ‘em—since my interview, just to save up enough to get it fixed.” She laughed, a short bark of derisive laughter. “And you know what?”

“What?”

“Getting my car fixed is not gonna cost as much as I thought.”

“Really?”

She nodded. “Yep. Turns out the only thing wrong with it was the starter solenoid. The garage even towed it for free, since they were gonna fix it. So I’ve got a little extra money,” she said slyly.

Mom raised her eyebrows and Stacy quickly resumed her neutral expression.

“So I think I’m gonna pick up my car on Friday, and just come on out. Susan said to call her for directions.”

Mom looked at me, her eyebrows arching questioningly.

“Um... Susan... um... Susan invited Stacy to come out and visit for the weekend,” I said lamely.

By now, Stacy had finished ringing up our groceries. As Mom looked at her, she nodded without hesitation.

“Oh yes,” Mom said. “Susan mentioned that to me this morning.”

I stared at Mom in unconcealed shock. She merely smiled blandly. With a grin, Stacy moved to the end of the checkout stand to bag our groceries. Mom took out her wallet and pulled out bills, then started plucking change from an inside pocket. She paid Stacy and then turned to me.

“I’m going to go get the car and pull it in front of the store. C’mon out in a minute,” she said nonchalantly.

My mouth hung open as she turned and strode purposefully out the front door. When we went shopping at home, we’d always wheel the cart out to the car. I couldn’t remember a time, except when it was raining, when she’d pulled the car to the front of the store. But it wasn’t raining outside, it was normal late-July South Carolina weather. Mom was Up To Something.

“I can’t wait to see you Friday,” Stacy said, pitching her voice low. “I have a surprise for you.”

I began to panic. How would I tell Stacy about Gina? She already knew I liked Gina, but it somehow felt wrong to have sex with Stacy when Gina was supposed to be my girlfriend. *Was* my girlfriend. No *supposed to be* about it.

The only problem was, I really wanted to have sex with Stacy. In the worst way. Since Gina had left, I’d dutifully kept myself away from temptation, despite a few subtle offers from Susan. With Stacy coming to camp, I didn’t know how I was going to resist. And worse, I didn’t know if I wanted to. I did, but I didn’t.

It was all so confusing.

“Paul?” Stacy asked, drawing me back from my introspection.

“Hmm?”

She could tell I was lost in thought, and I silently thanked her for not making more of it. “Your mom just pulled up outside.”

“Oh?” I said absently.

She nodded gravely. “You’ve got to go.”

Finally, I focused on her face. In my head, I replayed what she’d said, then spun around quickly. Sure enough, Mom was sitting in the idling car, just outside the front doors of the store. I noticed with a blush that she was tactfully not looking our direction.

Stacy noticed too. When I turned back around, she gave a quick look around the store to make sure no one was looking at us, and leaned forward. Her lips brushed against mine and I suddenly yearned for more. I wanted to hold her against me and kiss her. Really kiss her. But, I thought to myself, that would be wrong. Wouldn’t it?

“C’mon,” she said cheerfully, seeing no one in her line. “I’ll help you with the cart.”

I nodded dumbly and she grinned at me, blushing. I felt the lump in my shorts, caused by my sudden erection, and blushed as well. Treacherous organ!

With her help, I began to load the groceries into the back of the car. During the mindless activity, I had hoped my erection would subside. With Stacy so close, however, I could feel the whisper of air as she moved next to me. We accidentally touched, reaching for the same bag, and I felt a jolt of electricity at the contact. When we finished, I was still very stiff.

Stacy noticed, and smiled knowingly. I wanted her so badly. And I desperately wished that I didn’t.

“It was a pleasure to meet you, Beth,” Stacy said, leaning down and speaking through the still-open tailgate. “I’m looking forward to this weekend.”

“A pleasure meeting you as well,” Mom said graciously. “I’m looking forward to seeing more of you.”

Stacy blushed furiously. Mom smiled and then burst out laughing. Her laughter quickly infected Stacy, and she began giggling as well.

How could they be laughing at a time like this? How?

Stacy stood, and upon seeing my stricken expression, smiled mischievously. Pushing the cart out of the way, she raised up on tiptoe and kissed my cheek. Then she pressed her face against my own, her soft, smooth flesh making me swell uncomfortably

“I can’t wait to see you,” she whispered, her lips almost brushing my ear. To my horror, she then surreptitiously rubbed her fingers along the line of my erection.

She giggled again, musically, and began to wheel the cart into the store without a backward glance. I swallowed hard. Moving like an automaton, I closed the tailgate and walked around to the passenger door, oblivious to my tented shorts. I got in the car, shut the door with a solid thunk, and wondered what I’d done to deserve being in such a predicament.

Mom chuckled richly, much to my consternation and disbelief, and put the car in gear, smoothly pulling out of the parking lot.



While we were driving out of town, Mom left me to my thoughts. I was suddenly embarrassed that I had an erection in front of her, after all that had happened between us.

I was daydreaming about Stacy, and trying to will myself to stop. I wanted to think about Gina, but I couldn’t. In my mind, I excoriated myself. I shouldn’t be having thoughts of another girl. I shouldn’t!

Yet I couldn’t help it.

“You want to talk about what’s the matter?” Mom asked softly.

I felt hot tears sting my eyes and shook my head tersely.

“Sure?”

I turned away from her and stared out the window. I nodded once, angrily.

“What you’re feeling is okay, Paul.”

How would she know what I was feeling? I tried to ignore her, turning my body away from her and balling my fist under my chin, watching the landscape pass.

Thankfully, she let it drop.

The rest of the drive was quiet. She left me alone with my thoughts. Unfortunately, they ran the gamut from elation to shame. It hadn’t been two full days since Gina and her family had left, and I was already thinking about having sex with Stacy. What kind of boyfriend was I? A bad one, I thought.



When we pulled up to the padlocked gate, Mom stopped the car and turned off the engine. It pinged as it cooled and I could hear the slight breeze through the trees. I looked at her, confused, as she turned to face me.

She paused for a moment to gather her thoughts, and I began to panic. Was she mad at me for not talking to her? Did she see Stacy kiss me? Did she know about Stacy? What would she do if she did? With a monumental act of will, I suppressed my rising panic. I was still on edge, but I’d stopped asking myself questions I couldn’t answer.

“I guess we should’ve had this conversation sooner,” Mom said quietly, “but I just didn’t know how.” She looked at me earnestly, and I began to regret getting angry at her earlier. “I do know what you’re going through.”

“Yeah?” I said defiantly, petulantly. I immediately regretted it.

Her face softened and her expression turned wistful. “Yes,” she said in a sad voice. “I do. And I want to help.”

I didn’t have the courage to apologize.

She could see it in my eyes, though. She nodded. “I like Stacy,” she said suddenly.

The non sequitur completely put me off. What was she talking about?

“She seems like a nice girl.”

“She’s hardly a girl,” I said, almost hotly.

Mom shook her head quickly. “You’re right. And you’re hardly a boy.”

My brow creased in confusion.

She smiled again, gently, and smoothed her skirt, drying her hands. “Paul... It’s okay to have... urges.” She stopped abruptly and shook her head. “I’ve turned into my mother,” she said to herself in disbelief.

“And now I’m having the ‘urges’ conversation.” She looked at me again and grinned wryly. “I promised myself, a long time ago, that I’d never talk to you like my mom talked to me, and here I am doing it.”

She laughed ruefully. Then she looked at me, her expression serious. “Paul, it’s okay to want to have sex with Stacy.”

I would’ve looked less shocked if she’d poleaxed me. I felt the heat rising in my face, my ears burning.

“What do you mean?” I asked, trying to feign innocence.

She looked at me skeptically.

I desperately wanted to change the subject, but had no idea how. Finally, I decided that she probably wouldn’t let me, even if I *could* think of a way. My innocent façade crumbled.

“That’s better,” she said.

“You know about Stacy?” I asked, incredulous.

“Yes,” she said simply. “And I think she’s good for you.”

“What do you mean?” I asked, suspicion coloring my tone.

“I mean, I think she’s good for you.”

I felt my eyes narrow, seemingly of their own accord.

“It’s okay to want to have sex with Stacy. Or Susan.”

I looked at her, dubious.

“Paul, sex is a natural thing. And wanting to have sex is not something you can turn off simply because your girlfriend is gone for a year.”

Thanks for reminding me, I thought sullenly.

“What I mean is,” she said quickly, “that it’s natural to want to have sex. And that sex is not love. Love is not sex.”

“Huh?”

“Sex is not the same as love. And love isn’t the same as sex.”

I rolled my eyes at her. I got that part. Now *what* was she talking about?

“You love me, and I love you. But we can’t have sex. Right?”

I rolled my eyes again, sarcastically. She’d made that abundantly clear. And even though I understood why, from her perspective, I still didn’t feel the same way. Well, not really. Mostly. Or so I thought.

“You love Susan, and you have sex with her.”

I blushed at her frank appraisal.

“You love Gina, I think you’re probably in love with Gina.” Now she was starting to sound like Susan. “But you haven’t had sex with her.”

Did she *have* to bring up Gina?

“Do you love Stacy?”

The question hung in the hot, still air. I felt the seconds laboriously ticking by. Finally, I shook my head.

“But you want to have sex with her.”

I set my jaw, but I could tell she knew. She’d seen how I reacted to Stacy. Oh yes, she knew.

“Do you see what I’m getting at?”

No. No I don’t, I thought sullenly.

“Sometimes sex is just sex. Sometimes, it’s sex *and* love, and it’s really good. And sometimes, like with you and me, there’s love, without sex.”

I wanted to believe her. I wanted to understand her. I wanted to have sex with Stacy. And Susan. But I was in love with Gina. How could that mean anything if I was having sex with Stacy or Susan?

“I think I know a little something about Gina and her family,” she said, an unreadable twinkle in her eyes. “And I think she might be more adventurous than you realize.”

What was *that* supposed to mean?

“But that’s for the two of you to discover, when you’re together. Right now, it’s okay to want to have sex with Stacy. It’s not cheating if you don’t make it cheating.”

Now she was starting to make sense. Or, at least I was starting to understand what she was talking about, even if she still wasn’t making all that much sense. “What do you mean?” I asked.

“I mean, that as long as it’s not cheating in your heart, you can have sex with Stacy. Or Susan.”

“But not with you,” I said, sarcasm welling dangerously close to the surface.

She smiled and blushed, shaking her head. “No, not the two of us. That’s different.”

I let it drop. “You said having... having sex with Stacy wouldn’t be cheating?” I desperately wanted to believe this. Needed to.

She nodded. “You can still be in love with Gina and have sex with Stacy. And it’s not cheating unless you make it cheating, unless you think you could leave Gina and fall in love with Stacy.”

I quickly shook my head. I knew I didn’t love Stacy. I liked her, very much, but with Gina it was... different.

“You and Gina can decide, when the time comes, what kind of relationship you want to have,” she said.

Hadn’t Susan said something just like that? I began to wonder what the two of them talked about, and how much of it involved me.

“But until then, you and Stacy can have sex, and you won’t be cheating,” she said.

I wanted to believe her. I didn’t understand, completely, what she was talking about, but I still wanted, desperately, to believe her. Because I wanted Stacy, very badly. And soon.

Thinking about it, I felt my penis stir, filling with blood. I was quickly erect, my hard-on tenting my shorts uncomfortably. Mom saw the sudden motion and looked at my outlined penis. She looked up at me and blushed. Then she grinned. “At least someone thinks I’m right,” she said teasingly.

I think I turned six shades of red.

“But do you understand what I’m talking about?” she asked gently.

I thought about it for a moment, and then slowly nodded. I wanted to understand what she was talking about, but I suspected that it was going to be another “love” and “in love” kind of thing—tough to wrap my mind around.

“Good. Now, why don’t you unlock the gate? Let’s get going.”

I got out of the car and surreptitiously rearranged my erection, and then unlocked the chain as Mom started the car. She was through the gate and I locked it behind her, and then I quickly hopped back in the car.



When we drove past the clubhouse, I looked at her, wondering where we were going. Even though I was staring at her, Mom never batted an eyelash. When we pulled up to Susan’s house, she put the car in park and looked at me.

“Susan asked me to pick up a few groceries for her. Would you mind taking them in for me?”

I shook my head, still confused.

She got out of the car, leaving the engine running, and I followed suit. Around back, she selected a few things—a loaf of bread, a dozen eggs, a jar of mustard—and handed them to me.

As we walked toward the house, I wondered why Mom had even bothered asking me. The car was parked right at the entrance to the courtyard; she could have just as easily taken them without me.

I knocked with the hand holding the mustard, curling my fingers protectively around the jar and rapping on the windowpane. Susan was actually in the kitchen and quickly opened the door.

“Hi, Paul,” she said brightly. Then she looked over my shoulder at Mom.

I turned around just in time to see Mom nod seriously. She arched her eyebrows at my confused look and I turned back to Susan.

“Thank you, Beth,” Susan said over my shoulder. “Will you come in for a few minutes?”

I stepped into the cool air of the kitchen as she moved aside. Mom stepped in behind me and Susan shut the door.

“Thanks for getting the groceries for me, Beth,” Susan said graciously.

“It was no bother.”

“Well, thanks just the same.”

I stared at the women as they chatted urbanely, wondering what was going on.

“Would you like to join me for lunch?” Susan asked brightly.

I started to open my mouth to decline, but before I could say a word, Mom beat me to it.

“I can’t. But I’m sure Paul wouldn’t mind,” she said as I turned to look at her. “I can get the groceries myself,” she said to me. “Enjoy your lunch.” She waved, and without a backward glance, she headed back out to the idling station wagon.

I must have been the picture of confusion, standing in Susan’s kitchen, holding the groceries to my chest. I turned back at her with a helpless look; she took the groceries from me and set them on the kitchen table.

“Why don’t you go ahead and get your clothes off while I make us some sandwiches.”

Dumbstruck, I watched as she hooked her thumbs in her bikini bottoms and pulled them over her hips. “I just got back from the clubhouse,” she said by way of explanation.

The sight of her smooth-shaven pussy never failed to excite me. And the tumescent state my penis had managed to achieve during the ride from the gate quickly turned into a full erection.

She grinned mischievously and looked at my dick, which was tenting the front of my shorts. “Tell you what,” she said, sinking to her knees. “Why don’t I help, *then* we can have lunch.”

For the first time since the beginning of the summer and those first days helping Susan after the storm, I was embarrassed by my erection. I didn’t want her to see it; I didn’t want to desire her as much as I did.

She ran her hands up my thighs and I nearly jumped onto the counter. She pulled the elastic waistband of my shorts out, catching my underwear as well. With one deft motion, she had them bunched around my thighs.

“Relax,” she said, looking up at me around my jutting erection. She held my eyes with her own. “It’s okay.”

I realized that I was trembling; actually trembling. I wanted to escape. I wanted to run all the way back to our cabin. I wanted to be faithful to Gina. I wanted Susan to suck my dick. I wanted her to swallow when I came. I wanted... I don’t know *what* I wanted. My head wanted one thing and my dick wanted another. Treacherous organ!

Susan smiled at me and wrapped her hand around the base of my shaft. Her touch was electric, and I jerked as if slapped. She moved her left hand up to fondle my balls and I leaned heavily against the counter.

“There,” she said softly, starting to stroke me slowly, “that’s not so bad.”

My eyes wide, I looked down my torso, watching her face as she concentrated on my dick. Her warm hands felt so good, like they belonged there. She wasn’t doing anything she hadn’t done before—many times—but her touch felt so new. So exciting. So... illicit. And I hated myself for enjoying it.

She closed her eyes and drew a deep breath, and from experience, I knew what she was going to do. She didn’t disappoint me. How could I love Gina if I let Susan suck my dick? How? My lust-addled brain completely overlooked the conversation I’d had with Mom, not twenty minutes before. My penis, however, couldn’t overlook the fact that Susan had just wrapped her lips around the crown and was sucking gently. Nor could my brain. As she opened her mouth to take me deeper, all protests—verbal and mental—died unvoiced as I surrendered myself to her touch.

Sensing my need, she didn’t even tease me. She began taking my dick into her throat with long, sure strokes. I gripped the edge of the counter and concentrated on the sensations she was creating in my cock. It had been a long time since she’d sucked me, and I’d forgotten just how good her throat felt.

It wasn’t long before I felt the familiar pressure of my orgasm building up. She sensed it as well and quickened her pace, caressing me with her strong lips. I felt my balls retract and gripped the counter fiercely. With a groan, I felt the first surge of semen coursing through my shaft. She felt it too and clamped her lips around me, waiting for my come to bathe her tongue and gush down her throat.

She didn’t have to wait long; the first spurt felt like it was literally ripped from my body. It was so powerful that my vision went hazy and I was suddenly glad that I was leaning against the counter. I don’t remember the remainder of the spurts because I was so lost in the sensations washing over me. My head lolled back as I groaned with the force of my orgasm.

When I finally came to my senses, the first thing I felt was Susan pulling back. Her lips left my still-hard cock, and over the pounding in my ears—the pounding of my own pulse—I heard her swallow and breathe,

and then swallow and breathe again.

“Wow,” she said quietly, still breathing heavily.

I looked down past my own heaving chest as she took me into her mouth again. She milked my shaft with her hand, getting the last of my semen, and then pulled back. Looking up at me, she swallowed again, grinned wryly, and kissed the tip of my cock.

I watched, mesmerized, as she pulled my shorts and underwear the rest of the way down my legs. At her gentle urging, I stepped out of them and let her begin untying my shoes. Soon, she had a small, neat pile of my clothing on the floor. She kissed my penis again, causing it to jerk, and then stood up. With one economical motion, she stripped my t-shirt over my head and I was nude.

“How about sandwiches for lunch?” she asked.



During lunch, the guilt set in. I hated myself for what I'd done, and worse, for enjoying it. As I thought about Susan sucking me, my penis twitched again. Then, I thought about having sex with her. Thinking of sinking into her smooth pussy, the sight of my cock spreading her open filled my mind's eye and my penis stiffened again. And a wave of guilt washed over me, only to be swiftly pushed aside as thoughts of Susan riding me cavorted through my imagination.

“What's the matter?” she asked.

I opened my eyes and realized that I had a death grip on the edge of the table. I quickly relaxed, and my white-knuckled fingers slowly regained color. I shook my head, not trusting myself to speak, and fervently wished my erection would subside.

She stood gracefully and quickly cleared our lunch dishes. My sandwich was largely untouched, I'd been so preoccupied with my thoughts. She extended her hand to me but I resolutely shook my head, feeling my hard-on pulsing gently with the beating of my heart. She motioned insistently, and I shook my head again, refusing to meet her gaze.

“Don't you think it's a little late to be worrying about an erection?” she chided me gently.

I looked at her and blinked. How could she possibly know? Could she read me like a book? Was I that transparent?

When I still didn't move, she reached down and took my hand. I followed her reluctantly as she led me into the living room, my erection bobbing gently as I walked. She sat me down on the couch and then took a seat beside me.

“Did you and your mom have a talk?”

I nodded mutely. Then, it hit me! How did Susan know about our conversation? I looked at her in astonishment. “You knew?”

She simply nodded.

How? Breakfast! She and mom had talked at breakfast. And the look they shared when we arrived with the groceries. The pieces were slowly starting to come together.

“Are you surprised?” she asked.

I nodded, still deep in thought.

“Are you angry?”

I looked at her, thinking about the question, running it over in my mind. Was I? I just didn't know. My brow furrowed in concentration and then I slowly shook my head. No, I don't think I was mad; more surprised than anything else.

“Are you feeling a little guilty?”

I nodded glumly. Despite that, my erection still stuck straight up, refusing to subside.

“Do you love Gina?”

I was shocked, and looked at her in confusion. She pressed the question and I nodded.

“Do you love her less than you did this morning?”

I quickly shook my head.

“But I gave you a blowjob. Doesn't that make you love her less?”

I shook my head again, almost angrily.

“It doesn’t?”

“No.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes,” I said, exasperation coloring my tone.

“Really? You don’t love her less? You haven’t stopped loving her completely?” she asked skeptically.

“No,” I said, finally angry. “I still love her. And I always will!”

In a flash, Susan was moving. I was so shocked that I could only watch as she easily straddled my hips. With a deft motion, she caught my erection and set it at the entrance to her pussy. Without preamble, she sank onto my length, closing her eyes as she did so. She was not as wet as she usually was, and she lowered herself slowly, easing my girth inside her. When I was seated firmly within her, she opened her eyes and looked at me seriously.

“How about now?” she asked. “Do you still love her?”

I resisted the urge to push her off me and nodded angrily.

She rose off me and lowered herself again. With my shaft buried inside her, she was getting wetter. As she moved, I felt my own arousal growing, despite my reluctance.

“But we’re having sex,” Susan said matter-of-factly.

“So?”

“So? You can’t possibly still be in love with Gina. You can’t fuck me and still be in love with her,” she said as she continued to slide up and down on my cock. Her expression broadcast her challenge.

“Yes... I... can,” I said through tight lips. Her pussy felt so good, and I was trying so hard not to enjoy it.

“No, you can’t,” she said, arguing with me.

“Can too.” Now, I was mad, and ready to throw her off me, despite how good it felt. Why was she baiting me? Couldn’t she see how angry I was?

She did see, and she stopped moving atop me. Her face, however, remained challenging. “I don’t think you can. I don’t think you do still love her.”

“Susan,” I said very slowly, in the voice my father used when he was very frustrated with me, but trying not to show it, “I do still love her. I always will.”

“But you’re fucking me.”

“So?” I asked, defiantly. Finally, I snapped. “So I’m fucking you!” I was practically shouting at Susan, her face only a foot in front of my own. “I still love her, and nothing’s going to change that!”

As suddenly as she’d challenged me, she stopped, her face becoming gentle and open. “Exactly,” she said softly.

At her sudden change in mood and expression, I furiously thought back through our conversation, wondering what I’d said to make her stop taunting me. Then, I understood. I did still love Gina, despite the fact that Susan was sitting impaled on my dick. I recoiled as if slapped, and my eyes grew wide.

Susan nodded slowly as she watched me work through the ramifications of what I’d said.

I looked at her in wonder, my eyes slowly focusing on hers. My belligerence drained from me like water as I slumped against the back of the couch.

“Now do you see what we’ve been talking about?” she asked gently.

I swallowed hard and nodded. “I think so.”

“Sex is not love, and love is not sex.”

My eyes narrowed and I stared at her suspiciously. Mom had said the same thing to me earlier.

She laughed musically and covered her mouth with her hand. “Yes,” she said, as if reading my mind. “Your mom and I talked about it last night, and again this morning. She loves you very much, you know?”

“Mom?”

“Mmm hmm. And so do I.”

I blinked at her, at a loss for words.

“And we both want you to be happy.”

“Well, you have a strange way of showing it,” I said, trying to regain some dignity.

“I don’t think so,” she said, wiggling her hips for effect. “I like the way I have of showing it.”

I grinned ruefully and she chuckled.

“Would you like to finish this somewhere else?” she asked.

With a start, I realized I was still inside her, still hard. I suddenly appreciated how much I’d missed being inside her, how warm and wet she was. I blushed and averted my eyes, nodding slightly.

“Mmm, me too,” she practically purred.

In one smooth motion, she stood, leaving my slick penis to slap against my stomach. I shuddered as the cool air bathed my erection. Susan reached down to help me up, and then we walked to her bedroom, hand in hand.

Once there, she directed me to climb onto the center of the bed. She pulled her hair back into a ponytail and secured it with a bow. Grinning impishly, she looked much younger than her actual years, and my penis swelled in anticipation. She didn’t fail to notice, and grinned wryly.

“Mmm, I want something longer than before lunch,” she said, crawling between my legs.

I scooted toward the headboard and propped myself on her pillows as she settled between my spread legs.

She wasted little time teasing me and simply wrapped her lips around the crown of my cock. She took half my length, paused, and then took me the rest of the way in one motion. I groaned as the head hit the back of her throat, enjoying myself much more than I had before lunch.

She tightened her lips around me and pulled back, sucking so hard her cheeks caved in. I groaned as she reached the head and swirled her tongue around it. My dick slipped from her mouth and she steadied it with one hand as she rubbed the smooth skin of her face against the sensitive glans.

I shuddered at the sensation as she rubbed my saliva-slick shaft over her face. She kissed her way down to my balls and washed her tongue over them, sucking each one gently into her mouth. She quickly returned to the head, however, and kissed it wetly.

Making eye contact with me, she grinned and then slowly took my length in her mouth. Caressing the length of my shaft with her supple lips, she began taking long strokes, flicking her tongue against the soft underside of my glans when she reached it. She sucked me like that for a long, wonderful time.

I lasted longer than I thought I would, but not as long as I wanted to. Gripping the bedspread, I felt my orgasm building toward its peak. I arched my back and pressed my head into the pillows as the first jet of semen shot up my shaft. She moaned when the spurt hit the back of her throat, and began to milk me with her hand.

As my orgasm slowly subsided, she gently stroked my member, draining me completely. When she was done, she released my softening cock from her mouth and crawled up the bed. I raised my head weakly and watched her move, marveling at the sight of her body as she lay next to me.

She sighed contentedly and tucked herself under my arm, her own arm thrown over my chest and her leg resting comfortably on my thigh. We both lay there, panting and enjoying the quiet companionship of the moment.



We made love a short while later. It was long, and languid, and very gentle. She wrapped her legs around me as I thrust into her, locking her ankles together at the small of my back. Her hands around my shoulders, she looked into my eyes, arching her back and pressing her pelvis against me. She came harder than I’d ever felt, shuddering and quaking against me, her pussy gripping me like a vise. That pushed me over the edge, and I thrust into her one final time, burying myself to the root, and filled her with my seed.

Afterward, we held each other. I was still inside her and our legs were tangled, but it was the best feeling I’d had in a long time. I leaned down to kiss her, full on the lips, something I’d never done before. She didn’t resist me; instead, she pulled me to her, darting her tongue into my mouth, her body responding against me.

I tasted salty sweat on her lips as we kissed, long and deep. When we broke the kiss, we were both breathless. She grinned at me and took a deep breath.

“Mmmmm, I’ve been wanting to do that for a long time,” she said contentedly.

I furrowed my brow in confusion. “Why didn’t you?”

“The time wasn’t right.”

I didn’t understand, but I didn’t really want to.

We kissed again and then I rolled onto my back, pulling her with me. Our sweat slowly drying and cooling our skin, we fell asleep within minutes of each other.



Susan and I made love again later that afternoon. We filled the tub with steaming hot water and gingerly lowered ourselves into it. I sat at the back of the tub, my arms along the wide, curled edge, and she sat between my legs, leaning back against my chest. The water and bath oil felt decadent, and we soaked contentedly for a long time.

The tension and frustration of earlier was leached away by the warm water and suds as we washed each other tenderly. I couldn’t believe how mad I’d been at her earlier, but I was slowly beginning to understand the logic of it.

All thoughts of earlier were banished, however, when she began to playfully stroke my soft penis. I didn’t respond as quickly as I usually did, but soon enough, I had a respectable erection.

I slid down in the tub and Susan turned and slipped her legs over mine. She lifted herself and slowly came down on my cock, sinking onto it, and into the water, with a sigh. I played with her slick nipples as she rode me, running my thumbs over them and making her shudder. As she increased her pace, I increased the pressure, and soon she was bouncing atop me as I pulled and twisted her nipples.

She began rocking her hips back and forth, rubbing her clit against the base of my shaft, and I knew her orgasm was imminent. With a low, tearing moan, she came. Her pussy clenched my shaft and she sat down heavily, burying my manhood deep within her. As her pussy spasmed around my intruding length, the feeling was incredible.

When her orgasm subsided, she looked at me through hooded eyes, smiling tiredly. She leaned back in the tub, holding herself with her hands on the side, and looked at me, breathing deeply.

“Fuck me. Gently. My clit is still very sensitive.”

I pulled back a little and lifted my hips, sliding into her. She closed her eyes tightly and lolled her head back, breathing in ragged gasps through her open mouth. I fucked her slowly, tenderly, sliding into her with measured strokes.

She moaned each time I entered her, and I could tell she was building to another orgasm. It didn’t take me long to reach the point of no return, and I felt my fourth orgasm of the day welling up inside me. Her pussy was clenching me as I thrust the final time, feeling the warmth of my orgasm spreading through my abdomen. With a rush and a muted groan of my own, I came inside her.

When my cock erupted, filling her with my seed, she reached her peak. She shuddered uncontrollably as she came again, her muscles clutching at my spurting erection. My orgasm quickly subsided, but hers kept going. Her breathing was shallow and rapid as the waves of pleasure washed over her.

Her pussy spastically clutched at my shrinking cock, and I was suddenly afraid that she might pass out. Her pussy finally relaxed around me and she raised herself on trembling arms, collapsing against my chest as she drew a ragged, shuddering breath.



By the time my softening dick finally slipped from her pussy, the water had turned cold around us. The suds had all died, but neither of us cared. Susan stood on rubbery legs and grinned at me. I lifted myself out of the tub after I pulled the stopper with my toe. With fluffy towels around us, we stepped out of the draining water and slowly dried off.

As Susan delicately dried her stomach and upper thighs, she shuddered again and grinned at me ruefully.

“That’s the best orgasm I’ve had in a long, long time,” she said.

I nodded in agreement and she grinned again.

“Are you happy with yourself?” she asked with mock severity.

I nodded, feeling insufferably smug, and then she laughed. It was infectious, and I soon found myself laughing as well.

“We’d better get back to the clubhouse,” she said, “before your mother thinks I’ve kidnapped you.”



Susan asked if she could join us for dinner that night. Mom and Dad readily agreed, and Susan shared a profound look with Mom. Mom looked at me and winked, and I almost choked on the Coke I was drinking. The rest of dinner was mostly normal. Mostly. It seemed like Mom, Dad, and Susan were having an immense conversation with only shared looks and gestures. I was dying to know what they were “talking” about, but kept my questions to myself.

After dinner, the three of them retired to one of the couches. Kendall and Drew invited Erin and me to play cards. Erin’s pleading look almost made me burst into laughter, and I teased her only a little bit before agreeing to join them. They taught us how to play pinochle, and we were soon lost in the game, oblivious to the world around us.

I thought of Gina only a few times, but Kendall could usually see the signs and would change the subject, or tease me gently. I was slowly gaining a tremendous appreciation for her friendship. She never let me work myself into a funk and was very, very easy to talk to.

After several games of pinochle where Kendall and I easily beat Drew and Erin—Erin wasn’t paying a bit of attention to the game, focusing entirely on getting Drew to pay attention to her—we decided to sit out on the patio. Drew and Erin stayed inside to talk, leaving us to ourselves.

On the patio, we talked about everything, from Gina to our plans after the summer. Kendall had a subtle way of reinforcing the things that I liked about Gina, while not letting me stray into maudlin thoughts. And I found that I liked talking to her. She and I could talk about things that I’d never share with Manfred, or anyone else for that matter.

After I walked Kendall to her family’s Winnebago, I went to our cabin. Erin was already there, having come up a few minutes before me. Mom and Dad were still down at the clubhouse with Susan, so I left the porch light on for them. Erin prattled on about Drew, and how cute he was. I tried to pay attention, but she seemed to be mostly talking to herself, expecting little commentary from me.

For my part, I was thinking of Gina. When Erin finally went to sleep, after only a few monosyllabic answers from me, I drifted off as well, happier than I can ever remember being.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

The next day, Dad prepared to leave for another set of trips. After breakfast, he and Mom went up to the cabin to pack. I suspected they were doing more than just packing Dad's suitcase, so I left them alone. I had learned a thing or two in the past few weeks about people who wanted to be alone.

Erin and I were hanging out with Kendall and Drew when Mom found us around midmorning. We took our leave, and the three of us headed up the hill to our cabin. Mom looked suspiciously happy, and gave me a wink when I arched my eyebrows at her. Erin was oblivious to the whole exchange as Mom and I shared a grin.

When we got to the cabin, Dad was just buttoning his uniform shirt. I picked up his heavy Jepps case and Erin grabbed his suitcase. We lugged the cases around back, to the car, and put them on the back seat. When Mom and Dad rounded the corner, Erin gave him a hug and I held out my hand.

"Take care of your mom and sister, Paul," Dad said, shaking my hand as he hugged Erin.

"I will, Dad."

"I know you will, kiddo. Now, you all run along. Have fun and behave. I'll be home next Wednesday."

"Bye, Dad," Erin and I chorused.

Erin and I then walked down the hill, chatting amicably. I was slowly realizing that when Erin wasn't picking on me, and I wasn't picking on her, she wasn't all that bad to be around. She was goofy when she was around Drew, but I began to appreciate that she didn't bother me as much as she used to. I hated to think that I was actually starting to like Erin, but no other explanation fit. I supposed I'd get used to it.



I still had residual feelings of guilt for what I felt was a betrayal of Gina. I was looking forward to seeing Stacy, and I very much enjoyed my time with Susan, but I suspected that it would simply take some time before I felt comfortable with the notion that I could have sex with either of them without feeling guilty about it afterward.

I think the one thing that helped me immensely was the simple fact that I knew I did love Gina, that I was *in love* with her, and that nothing would ever change that. I loved Susan as well, and I cared deeply for Stacy, but it wasn't the same as what I felt for Gina. With Gina, it simply wasn't something that I had to think about, I just *knew*.

So it was with only a little anxiety that I looked forward to seeing Stacy when she arrived. On the morning in question, the Friday after my father left, Susan greeted us as we were finishing breakfast.

"Hi Beth, Paul, Erin," she said cheerfully.

We all greeted her with some variation of "good morning" and she pulled out a chair to join us.

Erin was fidgeting—she probably wanted to go see what Drew Payton was up to—so Mom began stacking our breakfast plates.

"Erin," she said, handing the stack to my sister, "take these up and put them in the sink. Then you can head out."

Erin took the plates and nodded eagerly. She even smiled at me as she headed for the kitchen area.

Susan and Mom shared a knowing grin as they watched her.

"I just got off the phone with Stacy," Susan said, returning her attention to the table. "She said she's picking up her car and then heading this way. I gave her directions and told her we'd meet her at the gate at eleven o'clock."

"We?" I asked.

The two of them shared another knowing look and then they both smiled at me.

"I thought you might like to meet her at the gate with me," Susan said, feigning innocence.

Laughter twinkled in both their eyes as I blushed.

"You would, wouldn't you?" Susan asked.

I nodded shyly and felt my face heat further.

“Good. Why don’t you meet me at the house at ten forty-five.”

I nodded again and looked up. They were both grinning mischievously and I couldn’t take it any more.

“Um... May I be excused?”

Mom nodded, her eyes still laughing gently, and I bolted.



I went back to the cabin to fetch my watch and picked up the book that Kendall had lent me. I had discovered that I actually liked it. It was a far cry from the Heinlein and Niven that I usually read, but almost as enjoyable.

After the cabin, I headed down to the lake, hoping to find Kendall. She was in one of the lounge chairs by the lake, reading, as usual. I flopped down next to her and she smiled at me. She noticed the book I carried and arched her eyebrows.

“You like it?” she asked.

I nodded enthusiastically.

“Good.”

With that, she returned to her book as I opened my own.

I checked my watch periodically throughout the morning, and Kendall noticed.

“You have a bus to catch?” she asked with a sidelong glance.

“No,” I said, chuckling.

“What then? You’ve secretly sentenced yourself to two hours of ‘community service’ so you have to spend time with me? You can’t wait to get away?”

I shook my head again, still chuckling.

“Then *why* do you keep looking at your watch?”

“I’ve got to meet Susan. A friend from town is coming to camp, and we’re going to meet them at the gate.”

“Them? Or her?”

I blushed furiously. “Her,” I said sheepishly. I was rapidly discovering that trying to hide anything from Kendall had poor odds of succeeding.

“Ahhhh. A friend from town, eh? A female friend from town. Hmmmm,” she said speculatively.

“It’s not like that,” I lied.

Kendall gave me a long, searching stare and finally arched an eyebrow at me.

I blushed deeper.

“Uh-huh. Just as I thought,” she said archly.

I looked at her with growing fear as she stared at me disapprovingly. Then she burst into a grin and I nervously grinned as well.

“I’m just teasing you, Paul,” she said affectionately. “Is she our age?” she asked, changing the subject, much to my relief.

I shook my head. “She’s twenty, about to be twenty-one.”

“Ahhhh, so you like older women?”

I blushed again and she smiled at my reaction.

“So,” she said lightly, “tell me about this mysterious older woman.”

I looked at her and realized she was serious. She was still taking an inordinate amount of delight at making me squirm, but I could tell she was genuinely interested. I got the feeling that she wouldn’t have asked if she weren’t. So I told her about Stacy, in broad details.

“So you helped her out when she had car trouble?” Kendall asked.

I’d decided that keeping up that little bit of fiction was worthwhile. I nodded.

“That was very nice of you, Paul.” She looked at me speculatively and then nodded. “I’m looking forward to meeting her.”

I grinned and looked at my watch again. It was already ten forty-five; I was going to be late!

Kendall chuckled richly. “Go on. Go. Shoo.”

I blushed, and then raced up the hill to meet Susan.



When I got to Susan’s house, she was waiting in the courtyard. She smiled at me and looked at her watch. I hung my head sheepishly and she smiled wider still. She was wearing her usual bikini bottoms and a pair of sandals. Her car keys in hand, she stood and we walked around to the garage.

The drive to the gate was uneventful. She maneuvered the station wagon so we could back up to the gate—a tricky task, given the narrowness of the sandy road—and turned off the engine. She got out of the car and motioned for me to follow her around behind it. Once there, she opened the tailgate and sat on it. I quickly joined her and we chatted as we waited.

We’d only been sitting there for fifteen minutes or so when we saw a car approaching. As it approached, we saw that it was Stacy’s Nova. She pulled up to the gate and stopped right as I jumped down to unlock the chain.

“You take care of her,” Susan said, “while I move the car.”

I nodded and bent to unlock the lock.

“As a matter of fact,” Susan said as she shut the tailgate. “Why don’t you just ride back with Stacy. Tell her to just follow me.”

“Okay.”

I let the chain fall as Susan pulled forward. Stacy put her car in gear and drove over the chain. When I had it securely locked again, I trotted around to the passenger side of the Nova. Stacy grinned as I got in, giving me an appraising look, and followed Susan as she drove off.

“Wow,” she said. “It’s kinda weird seeing you two just sitting there, like that.”

“You get used to it.”

“I guess. I mean, I’m kinda scared and excited all at once. Good scared, though.”

We shared a smile and drove the rest of the way in silence.



At Susan’s house, I helped Stacy take her things inside. She had only brought a duffel bag and a big straw bag.

“Take her things into Kirk’s room,” Susan said.

I nodded and led Stacy into the courtyard. Kirk’s room was to the right of the hall bathroom and served as Susan’s impromptu guest bedroom. Kirk’s posters of jet fighters and the obligatory Farrah Fawcett poster were still on the walls, and there were models hanging from the ceiling, but the room was neat and had fresh linens. Stacy seemed happy.

I felt Susan come up behind me and turned. She smiled and offered to give Stacy a quick tour of the house. Not knowing what else to do, I tagged along. Afterward, we returned to the living room. Susan slid her bikini bottoms over her hips and tossed them aside. Then she sat on the couch and beckoned us to join her, which we did.

“Are you sure you’re ready for this?” Susan asked.

Stacy took a deep breath and nodded tentatively.

I could tell she was still nervous, and so could Susan.

“Why don’t you just get comfortable with us, and then we’ll venture outside when you’re ready. Okay?”

Stacy smiled shyly and nodded.

“I told your mom you’d probably have lunch with me,” Susan said, leaning past Stacy to look at me. “So we don’t have anywhere to go for the next few hours.”

Stacy nodded again and suddenly stood. “Well,” she said boldly, “here goes nothing.” With that, she pulled her sundress over her head. She was only wearing panties, and her nipples stiffened in the cool air. She blushed and knelt to unbuckle her sandals. As she stood, she kicked them off and hooked her thumbs in her panties, sliding them over her slim hips.

As she tossed her clothes on top of Susan's discarded bikini bottoms, she pirouetted for us. I hadn't realized how much I'd missed her lithe, firm body. Her pubic hair was still nicely trimmed into a small patch above her slit, and as she stood in front of us, I simply admired her body.

"Very nice," Susan said appreciatively.

I nodded my agreement enthusiastically.

Stacy blushed and quickly rejoined us on the couch.

"Oh," she said, suddenly jumping up and looking at me. "I almost forgot. I've got a surprise for you." She ran to Kirk's room and quickly returned with her duffel bag. "You're gonna like this," she said, grinning mischievously.

She sat down in front of us, cross-legged, with the bag in her lap. She unzipped it with great ceremony, and pulled a Polaroid camera from within. Being a little overweight, I'd always been camera-shy, and I felt my heart race as she looked at me and waggled her eyebrows.

Then she looked at Susan. "Is it okay that I brought a camera?" she asked earnestly.

"Well, you don't see many cameras at nudist camps, for some fairly obvious reasons. But I think it'll be okay if you leave it at the house and only take pictures around here." Susan paused and looked at the younger woman. "What *were* you planning on taking pictures of?"

Stacy blushed and averted her gaze. My heart raced as the silence drew out. I had a sneaking suspicion I knew what she wanted pictures of.

"I thought, maybe... um... you could... well, I could get some pictures of Paul, and maybe me and Paul...um... you know... together."

Susan laughed musically and Stacy looked up in shock. I stared at the two women in ever-growing horror.

"I think that would be fun," Susan said.

I felt like I was going to hyperventilate and my pulse was like a trip-hammer in my ears.

Susan quickly got serious, however. "I think that would be fun, if it's okay with Paul, that is. Are the pictures just for you?" Susan asked critically.

Stacy quickly nodded.

"You'll keep them private?"

Another nod.

Susan looked slyly at me out of the corner of her eye. "So what do you want them for?" she asked Stacy.

Stacy blushed again. Susan let the silence draw out. When Stacy realized that Susan wasn't going to let her off the hook, she tentatively said, "I wanted to look at them, after Paul goes home for the summer."

"And?"

"Maybe... play with myself while I looked at them."

I could see Susan grinning out of the corner of my eye. Could they be serious? How could they sit—so calmly—and talk about this? How?

"What do you think, Paul?" Susan finally asked, turning to me.

I licked my lips and swallowed hard. I was still very uncomfortable with my body, even more so at the thought of having my picture taken, and I was very nervous. Even with all that had happened to me in the past month, it was still only a month, and I'd been avoiding cameras for a long time. I didn't even like to pose for school pictures, because I thought they always made me look pudgy. So the idea of letting Stacy take pictures of me, of us, without clothes, evoked a visceral reaction.

"Please, Paul," Stacy pleaded.

I swallowed again and looked at her. My mouth was dry and my hands were suddenly cold, and I didn't know what to do. I didn't want to disappoint her, but I was really nervous about the Polaroid.

Susan put her hand on my leg comfortingly. "Relax, Paul. It's not something you have to decide right now." She scooted closer and I felt the heat of her body washing over me.

She put one arm over my shoulder, pressing her delicious breast against my arm, and reached into my lap with her right hand. Her hand on my penis was warm, and soft, and insistent. Compared to being tense over the thought of the Polaroid, I welcomed the distraction she was presenting, guilt or no.

I quickly hardened under her gentle touch, and she began stroking me with a firm grip. Stacy quickly set aside her duffel bag and because she was sitting cross-legged, I got a good look at her spread pussy. She followed my gaze and blushed when she realized how she was sitting.

Stacy quickly joined us on the couch, snuggling under my left arm and pressing her beautiful, firm breasts into my side. With her hand on my chin, she turned my head toward her. She tilted her head to the side and parted her lips slightly. Wasting no time, I leaned forward to kiss her, savoring her warm lips and sweet breath. She pressed against me eagerly and I felt Susan slide from the couch.

In a moment, she moved between my legs and wrapped her lips around my swollen shaft. The warm wetness of her mouth surrounded my glans as Stacy broke our kiss. We were both breathless and wearing goofy smiles.

“God, when you were in the store the other day, I wanted to do that so bad” Stacy said.

I drew another deep breath and moved toward her again. She crushed her lips against mine and our tongues darted together as Susan begin to lick the length of my shaft. My left arm around Stacy, I pulled her tight, pressing her pliant flesh into my side. I could feel her trembling desire as she kissed me, and my cock swelled in response. Susan made a delighted sound and took me as deep as she could. I groaned, still locked in a kiss with Stacy, and she pulled back, laughing gently.

I looked at her sheepishly and then we both looked down at Susan, who was intent on my cock. Susan idly brushed her hair out of her eyes, tucking it behind her ear, and gave us an excellent view as she once again wrapped her lips around the base of my shaft.

“I wish I could do that,” Stacy whispered in my ear.

“Mmmmm, I like it when you do this,” I said, bringing my lips to hers again.

She moaned against me and I felt her breath against my cheek. I couldn’t decide whether I wanted to concentrate on the feelings Susan was creating in my dick, or the supple firmness of Stacy’s lips. Susan was happily bobbing up and down, so I put my hand atop her head and returned my attention to Stacy.

Both of us breathing heavily, she broke the kiss and pulled back. Her eyes dreamy, she ran her hand down my cheek, gazing at me intently. Her eyes danced as she slowly studied my face. Suddenly, she rose on her knees and pressed my face against her breasts. I inhaled her puffy pink nipple and lavished attention on it with my tongue.

In my lap, Susan had slowed her pace and was leisurely taking me into her throat. Every few strokes, she would take me completely out of her mouth and nip down the sensitive underside ridge, sending tingling waves of pleasure through my groin.

I switched my attentions to Stacy’s other breast, causing her to shudder and clutch my head tightly. As I licked, sucked, and gently nibbled her pink nipples, she ran her fingers through my hair, mewling quietly.

For a moment, my lips and tongue on automatic, I paid attention to what Susan was doing. She had her lips locked around my shaft just below the ridge of my glans and her tongue was swirling around it, flicking against the sensitive underside. Her hand wrapped around the base of my shaft, she was slowly squeezing, causing my crown to expand in her mouth and sending delicious jolts of ecstasy to my overloaded brain.

Susan sucked on the head, causing it to swell further, and darted her tongue in the slit at the tip. I moaned around Stacy’s nipple as I felt my orgasm building. Susan sensed it as well and began jacking me with her fist, redoubling her efforts with her tongue.

With my left hand, I clutched Stacy’s firm ass and rolled my head onto the back of the couch. Stacy lowered her head and began kissing the sweet spot behind my ear, her lips butterfly-light against my sensitive skin. She impishly breathed against me as she teased my neck and earlobe, overloading my senses with stimulation.

I began to buck my hips against Susan, trying to force more of my cock in her mouth. She quickened her pace, refusing to let me shove more of myself in her mouth, and I soon felt the first tingles of my orgasm.

With a rush, I erupted. The first spurt felt like a monster, and Susan let out a startled, but pleased, cry. Stacy nipped playfully at the line of my jaw, and then stuck her tongue in my ear. Another, more powerful, spurt shot from my dick like a geyser, taking Susan by surprise again. I squeezed my eyes shut so tight that I saw spots and moaned incoherently as my orgasm finally overloaded my battered senses.

By the time the spurts slowed to a few gushes, Stacy was nuzzling my neck, her hands around my shoulders, holding me close. Susan milked the last of my sperm from my shaft and sat back, swallowing audibly.

Stacy tucked her chin against her chest and I felt her soft curls brush my neck and jaw. She and Susan shared a meaningful look, grinning from ear to ear. Susan's eyes smoldered as she looked from Stacy to me, and I felt Stacy tremble with desire.

My hand still on Stacy's ass, I reached around and felt for her pussy. She was drenched, and I easily slipped two fingers between the folds of her engorged labia. Susan looked back to Stacy and raised her eyebrows invitingly. In a flash, Stacy was out from under my arm.

I pulled my feet back and watched, enraptured, as Stacy lay on the floor and Susan turned to face her. Stacy, on her back, wormed her way between Susan's legs, grasping the older woman's buttocks in her hands. With a strangled moan, Susan shuddered as Stacy raised her head and began to lick.

Susan moaned again and collapsed forward, burying her head between Stacy's legs. Despite the fact that I'd come only a minute before, I felt my penis twitch at the erotic scene unfolding before me.

Susan put her elbows on the floor and reached around Stacy's ass to spread her pussy. Then, without hesitation, Susan began to lick Stacy's smooth labia, darting her tongue into the pink folds revealed by her fingers.

Each woman concentrated on the other, licking and sucking and moaning in ecstasy. I began to stroke myself back to erection. I'd seen Stacy lick Susan before, and I knew she'd enjoyed it. But I'd never had an inkling that Susan might be interested in returning the favor. It was insanely arousing watching the two of them pleasure each other, and my penis soon responded to my touch.

To the accompaniment of feminine moans and whimpers, I gently stroked my shaft, mesmerized by the sight of their soft flesh pressed together. I watched them for at least ten minutes, staring in wonder as each concentrated on the pussy of the other. Finally, Stacy began shaking her head side to side, dragging her tongue across Susan's clit. Susan, overcome by the sensations, lifted her head from between Stacy's legs.

She closed her eyes and panted, her breath coming in ragged gasps, lost in the pleasure Stacy was giving her. Stacy had her arms fully wrapped around Susan's hips, holding her pussy open. She had her face buried between Susan's smooth-shaven labia, her lips working side to side, her unseen tongue undoubtedly roaming over Susan's clit.

Totally lost in the sensations of pleasure, Susan threw her head back and began to moan. I easily recognized the signs of her impending orgasm, and watched as Stacy pushed her over the edge. Susan braced herself with her hands on her thighs and let her head loll forward, her hair a curtain hiding her face from my view.

Her hips began shuddering as the first throes of her orgasm washed over her. Her hands clutched her thighs, digging into her flesh as her moaning rose in pitch. Stacy kept her tongue moving over Susan's pussy, remorselessly driving her higher. Susan's body trembled all over as her orgasm peaked, and then she slumped forward.

Stacy never abated her pace, however, and Susan was soon rolling her head side to side. Throwing her hair over her head, she suddenly sat up and looked at me, her eyes flaring with lust. Her gaze fixed on my erection and she beckoned me over. Without a second's hesitation, I rose from the couch and moved toward her.

Susan directed me to kneel between Stacy's spread thighs, which I eagerly did.

"Fuck... ooooooooh... Fuck... ahhhhh... Fuck her, Paul," she said, panting.

I grinned in wry amusement as Susan shuddered in pleasure, working toward her second orgasm. I quickly looked down at Stacy's slick pussy and rubbed the engorged head of my cock against her shiny, moisture-slick lips. Stacy moaned when I pushed just the head inside her, and Susan moaned in response, shutting her eyes tightly and beginning to quiver.

Watching Stacy from this angle, her chin and lower lip pressed firmly against Susan's mons, my cock swelled in anticipation. I put my hands on Stacy's inner thighs, spreading her further, and started slowly shoving myself inside her. Watching Stacy lick Susan while I slid into her steaming pussy was one of the

most erotic sights I'd ever seen. In spite of that, I closed my eyes in ecstasy as I slid forward; she was well-lubricated and very, very hot.

I scooted my hips forward and seated myself firmly within her depths, wiggling my hips side to side and causing her to moan again. Susan's eyes were filled with lust as she watched me begin to thrust in and out of Stacy's body.

As when I fucked Susan, I was tremendously aroused by the sight of Stacy's hairless labia sucking at my cock when I pulled it from her body. Her inner lips gripped my shaft snugly, caressing my length with their velvety touch. I didn't want to come too soon, and settled into a comfortable rhythm, simply enjoying the sensations generated by her grasping sheath.

Susan had closed her eyes tight again, building toward her second orgasm, her body covered in a thin sheen of sweat despite the air conditioning. I continued to gently thrust myself into Stacy's well-lubricated and gripping pussy, my hands on her thighs, my hips rocking back and forth.

Susan began moaning as her pleasure built further, rotating her hips as she sat on Stacy's face. Susan's face and chest were deeply flushed and the set of her expression broadcast that she was once again close to orgasm.

I scooted my hips forward some more, supporting Stacy's thighs on my own, and moved my hands to Susan's nipples. I rolled each one of them between my thumb and forefinger, pulling gently, and Susan began to shudder and gasp. Her second orgasm hit her so hard that she leaned into my hands and I was suddenly cupping her breasts and supporting her chest.

Her moaning rose to a wail as she came, her mouth open in ecstasy. She closed her lips and began breathing heavily through her nose, her nostrils flaring wide. I had buried myself to the root in Stacy's pussy as Susan began to come, and as soon as Susan's orgasm subsided, Stacy lowered her mouth from the older woman's pussy. Her chin and cheeks glistened with Susan's juices and her chest was heaving as well, the swell of her breasts rising and falling with her breathing.

"Fuck me in the ass," Stacy demanded in a husky voice.

I looked down in momentary confusion, and then I looked back up at Stacy. Stacy, however, had returned her lips to Susan's pussy and was once again running her tongue along the length of the slit above her. If Stacy wasn't going to roll over on her hands and knees—the position we'd always used before—then I decided I'd figure things out on my own.

I settled my buttocks onto my heels, withdrawing my shiny cock from within her and studied my options. Finally, I simply pulled her thighs together and rolled her hips toward Susan. With one hand on the backs of her knees and the other gripping the base of my cock, I aimed at the rosebud of her ass.

As I was fucking her, juices from her pussy had run down the crack of her ass, and she was already well-lubricated. She shuddered when I set the tip of my cock against her pucker and probed gently. She relaxed and I shoved the crown inside her anus, accompanied by her shudder of anticipation.

I slowly eased my length inside her body, one inch at a time. With her thighs together, only her red and swollen labia peeked out at me; it was an incredibly erotic sight. As my pubic hair crushed against the cheeks of her ass, I let her legs fall apart, which caused her pussy to spread before me. Not wanting to miss the golden opportunity presented to me, I dropped my hand to her abdomen and began caressing her clit with my thumb.

Her hips heaved against me, trying to press her clit against my thumb more firmly, and I began to thrust within the tight confines of her ass. I was spellbound as I watched her gripping asshole suck at my cock each time it retreated, and then pucker as I thrust back into her. Her stomach began to ripple with contractions as the combined effects of my cock in her ass and my thumb on her clit reached her brain.

At the same time, Susan's third orgasm was rapidly approaching. I could tell by her ragged breathing that she was close. I concentrated on Stacy, still mesmerized by the sights and sensations at the junction of our bodies. With a low moan and a whoosh of air, Susan came again.

I lifted my head to watch her as another orgasm washed over her. Her thighs were dimpled white where her hands clutched them like talons, holding on for dear life. Her low moan drew out and she began to tremble. Then, like lightning striking, she shrieked, quick and piercing. Both hands clutched at her

hypersensitive pussy and she literally crumpled to the floor beside us.

Stacy looked up at me with wild eyes, her face covered in Susan's fluids. She gripped her legs behind her knees and held them to her chest.

"Oh, God," she said as her eyes rolled back. "Fuck me. Hard and fast. Fuck poor little Stacy's ass. Fuck it goooooooooooooood!"

I pulled back, steadied myself with one hand on her inner thigh, and began to slam into her. I thrust into her with long, powerful strokes, burying my shining cock in her ass and making her moan each time my hips slammed into her cheeks. My thumb was a mad blur on her clit and she quickly reached the point of no return.

Her face, neck, and chest turned a deep red and she stiffened, the tendons in her neck standing out in sharp relief. Her ass spasmed against me as her trim stomach rippled with muscular contractions. She held her breath, her face a mask of pleasure and taut concentration.

My finger buzzed against the hard berry of her clit, now fully exposed, and she began to tremble. I kept slamming into her with bruising force, burying my dick in her ass, and her clit suddenly disappeared within the folds of its protective hood. With a rush of expelled breath, Stacy exploded, shrieking as the force of her orgasm assaulted her.

My thumb was suddenly awash in her juices and I felt my own orgasm welling up. Her ass contracted around me, gripping my shaft like a vise as Stacy's muscles spasmed with her orgasm. I buried my dick inside her with a final, savage thrust and felt the first jet of my semen begin to fill her bowels.

Just as Stacy's shriek died, mine began; I emptied myself into her, my back arched as I felt myself sucked inside her. I closed my eyes and felt every muscle in my body tense as spurt after spurt of my sperm shot into her. I rode the waves of our shared release, her ass spasming around my spurting cock, both of us locked in the throes of powerful orgasms.

When I finally regained my senses, I was panting, my mouth dry from sucking air through it. I felt sweat running down my temples, down my back, and I slumped forward, completely spent. When I opened my eyes, Stacy's chest was heaving as well. Her eyes were closed tight and she was still shuddering with aftershocks.

I closed my mouth, running my tongue over its dried tissues, then licked my parched lips. I breathed heavily through my nose, feeling my nostrils flare with each indrawn breath. My shoulders and arms began to tremble as I slowly became aware of the world around me.

Sometime during our orgasms, Stacy had released her legs and they were now splayed limply to either side of my hips. Susan was still in a crumpled heap to my left, also breathing heavily. I placed my hands on Stacy's sweat-slick flanks and ran them up, feeling the smooth ridges of her ribs under my palms before I encountered the gentle swells of her breasts. She started at the touch and her ass spasmed around me, milking my cock for the last of my seed.

Stacy opened her eyes slowly. They were glassy and unfocused and I grinned wryly to myself. She swallowed a few times, and then finally focused on me. She closed her eyes again and her lips shaped a perfect pink "O" as she experienced another aftershock. Her hips jerked as the pleasurable sensation washed over her and I smiled to myself.

A devilish expression on my face, I stroked her hypersensitive clit with my thumb. She jumped as if she'd been shocked and her eyes flew open. When she saw my expression, she playfully glared at me. I dipped my thumb again, and her glare was quickly replaced by a look of shocked ecstasy, accompanied by a jerk of her hips. She swallowed hard and placed her hand on my own, stilling my tormenting thumb. When she opened her eyes again, I smiled down at her.

I looked at Susan, who had managed to collect herself and was lying on her side, propped on one elbow, her eyes glittering with suppressed laughter.

"You are terrible," she said.

I gave her my best "who, me?" look and stroked my thumb over Stacy's hooded clit again. Stacy jerked against me and grabbed my wrist, trying to pull my hand away. I was too strong for her and she finally gave up. As soon as her hand left my wrist, I pulled the threatening thumb away from her sensitive clit and she

smiled at me.

Susan, who had watched the entire struggle, laughed and shook her head. I grinned in reply and Stacy craned her neck around to see what I was laughing at. She and Susan shared a knowing look and then they both looked at me, playfully scolding me with their eyes. I shrugged as innocently as I could, which was pretty unconvincing, and we all laughed.

Still chuckling, I scooted back and slowly withdrew my half-hard penis from Stacy's ass, letting her hips gently fall to the carpet. She lifted one leg over me and scooted back, sitting up as she did so. I fell to the side, moderately exhausted, and stretched my legs out to the side, pulling the muscles taut to get the blood flowing again.

"Welcome to camp," Susan said cheerfully. "Let's get some lunch, I'm starving!"



During lunch, we chatted about the camp and the people. Susan told Stacy a little about the history of the camp and how she came to live there full time, leaving out only a few personal details. When we were done, Susan suggested we all shower to wash off the smell of sex that clung to us.

"Who wants to go first?" I asked.

Susan grinned mischievously at me. Stacy looked from Susan to me and back again, uncertain what was going on. Truth be told, I was too. Then, I Got It.

"Oh," I said, blushing.

Susan nodded indulgently.

"I don't get it," Stacy said, still confused.

My blush deepened as Susan licked her lips and winked at me, grinning insouciantly. Finally, her expression turned a little less wry and she looked at Stacy.

"I've got a large shower in my bathroom," she said by way of explanation. "Big enough for all sorts of fun."

"Mmmmm," Stacy practically purred. "Sounds cool."

The two women stood and looked at me expectantly. Grinning like the cat that ate the canary, I stood as well, and we all headed for Susan's bathroom.

Once there, Susan fetched another large, fluffy towel from the linen closet and hung it on the rod with the other two. Without any discussion, Susan stepped into the shower and adjusted the water. When she had it at a comfortable temperature, she beckoned to us. Stacy wrapped her fingers around my limp penis and pulled me after her, a smile on her face.

Susan pushed me down onto the bench seat and picked up a washcloth. Then she and Stacy proceeded to wash each other. Their bodies were so different, and the sight of them, covered in a shiny film of soap, was more than enough to give me the beginnings of an erection. They cleaned each other thoroughly, putting on a show for me, making me harder and harder.

When they had each rinsed off, Susan extended her hand to me. I took it and she tugged, pulling me under the needle-spray of the shower. Susan washed my hair, her strong fingers massaging my scalp. I closed my eyes in pleasure and let the water sluice over me. Stacy lathered her washcloth and began at my shoulders. She washed every part of me, paying special attention to my rigid penis and dangling balls.

Susan had me rinse as Stacy finally moved lower and began washing my thighs and lower legs. When they had me clean, I expected Susan to turn off the water. Instead, she moved around in front of me and sank to her knees next to Stacy. Susan wrapped her hand around the base of my shaft, and using the other, slowly pushed Stacy's head forward.

Stacy eagerly complied, and soon had her lips wrapped around my straining erection. They sucked me like that for a long time, taking turns and drawing out our mutual pleasure. Susan would take me deep while Stacy turned her head and sucked on my balls. Then Susan would pull back and Stacy would lick up and down my shaft, taking half of me in her mouth before wrapping her hand around my girth and stroking me.

By the time the water had turned tepid, I was worked into a frenzy. Every time I felt my come boiling up,

Susan would expertly squeeze the base of my cock, stopping the flow. Then they would return to sucking me, teasing me, two mouths and two beautiful women kneeling at my feet. I was in heaven.

Finally, I could hold back no longer, and even if Susan attempted to stem the flow, I knew the buildup of pressure would surely overcome her best efforts. My hips were jerking and thrusting, trying to force more of myself down Susan's throat, even though her lips were already wrapped around the base of my shaft. She felt my rising come and pulled back, letting me slip from her mouth entirely.

She took Stacy's hand and wrapped it around the base of my dick, then put her own over it. The two of them together stroked me, Stacy's warm fingers next to my soft flesh, Susan guiding her movements. Susan placed the tip of my cock against her lower lip just as the first jet of semen shot from deep in my balls. She started as it struck the back of her throat, but neither of them let up. Stacy watched, fascinated, as white ropes of come connected my swollen cock to Susan's tongue.

When my spurts dwindled to gushes, and then to dribbles, Susan looked up at me. A white pool of my semen rested on her tongue and her eyes smiled at me. She closed her mouth over the very tip of my penis and sucked out the last few drops. She swallowed twice before opening her mouth again and showing me only her teeth and tongue. Once she made sure there were no telltale remainders of my come, she aimed my slowly deflating penis at Stacy.

Stacy took me in her mouth and slowly sucked as I shrank, nursing my cock with her soft, warm mouth. Susan stood and plastered herself against me, one hand around my back, holding me close, the other on the back of Stacy's head, directing her motions. Susan's head tilted back and my lips crushed into hers of their own accord. I couldn't taste myself on her lips, but it excited me to know that only a moment before, her mouth had been filled with my seed. She kissed me fiercely, sucking the breath from my lungs, her hard nipples digging into my skin.

When she pulled back, the water had gone fully cold, and she grinned insatiably. Still directing Stacy's motions on my half-hard penis, she reached behind us to shut off the chilly flow of water. Stacy seemed determined to try to bring my dick back to life, but so soon after such a powerful orgasm, I was soft and going to remain that way. Reluctantly, she stood and insinuated herself under my right arm. I hugged both of them to me, reveling in the feeling of their water-slick flesh next to mine.

We dried off in companionable silence, sharing a closeness that I'd never before experienced. I liked it very much, and once again marveled at my incredible good fortune. After we were dry, and our hair combed, Stacy donned her bikini bottoms; for modesty as well as a lingering shyness. Susan told us she had some work to do around the house, so Stacy and I picked up our towels and sun screen, and headed toward the kitchen door and the lake beyond.



"Are you going to introduce me to Gina?" Stacy asked as we walked down the hill.

"Gina's family left Sunday," I said sadly, trying to keep my voice uninflected.

Stacy stopped and looked at me. "That's too bad," she said, with genuine feeling. "I was really looking forward to meeting her."

I didn't know what to say. I felt a pang of guilt at what we'd just done, but it passed as Stacy turned and started down the hill again and I was forced to keep up with her.

When we got to the lake, Kendall was stretched out on her stomach, reading a book. Mom was lying out on one of our loungers and Erin and Drew were on the raft, sitting up and talking earnestly.

"Mom?"

At the sound of my voice, she sat up and blinked in the bright afternoon sunlight.

"Mom, you remember Stacy. Stacy, you remember my mom, Beth."

Mom extended her hand and Stacy took it. "Nice to see you again, Beth."

"And it's nice to see you," Mom said lightly. "I'm glad to see you made it."

My heart almost stopped as Mom gave Stacy a look of frank admiration. Stacy noticed as well, and her eyes flared as she recognized the look. Of course I thought Stacy's body was beautiful, but it had never occurred to me that Mom might too.

“I think I need to cool off,” Mom said with a devilish smile. “I’m glad you decided to join us, Stacy.” With that, she turned and headed for the lake.

“Your mom seems pretty cool,” Stacy said as Mom walked out of earshot toward the stairs leading into the cold water.

“I guess.”

While I had been reacquainting Stacy and my mom, Kendall had been pretending to read her book. Now that I knew what she was doing, it was easy to see that she was only using the book as a cover to watch us. She caught me looking at her and grinned sheepishly.

“C’mon,” I said to Stacy, “I want to introduce you to someone.”



Stacy, Kendall, and I lounged around the lake for the better part of the afternoon. We went for a swim about four o’clock—to cool off—but for the most part, we lounged and chatted. Stacy and Kendall, after a few false starts and awkward moments, seemed to get along fine.

Stacy was dying to know about Gina, and Kendall was more than happy to talk with the older girl. Listening to Kendall talk about Gina, I felt a stab of guilt that only a few hours before, I’d been in the shower watching Susan and Stacy take turns fellingating me.

I was secretly worried that Stacy might say something about the two of us, and spent the whole afternoon on pins and needles as she and Kendall talked. A few wry glances in my direction from Stacy served to set me on edge, but I quickly realized that she was only teasing me. Observant as ever, Kendall caught most of them, and I was positive that she quickly figured out what was going on. *Oh well*, I thought to myself, there was really nothing I could do about it.

Toward late afternoon, Susan came down to the lake, once again clad in her bikini bottoms, and went for a swim. She and Mom talked quietly a few feet away from us, and then stood.

“Paul?”

I looked up at the sound of Mom’s voice. “Yes?”

“Would you mind if Susan and Stacy joined us for dinner tonight?”

I looked at Stacy and she grinned in reply. I turned back to Mom and shook my head.

“Good. Susan and I are going to head up to the clubhouse and get started. Why don’t you give Stacy a tour of the camp, and by the time you’re done, dinner should be ready.”

Mom and Susan picked up their towels and headed up the hill. Stacy and I stayed for a little while, talking to Kendall. The two of them seemed to have a lot to talk about, and I realized that Kendall was a good listener as well as keenly observant. Even with as much time as Stacy and I had spent together, I realized that we had very little in common. I think Stacy realized that as well, and was thankful for Kendall’s presence.

The two of them were having an animated conversation when Drew and Erin approached us from the direction of the clubhouse.

“Hey, Kendall,” he said, interrupting her in mid-sentence. “Dad said to come up for dinner in ten minutes.”

She ignored him and finished what she was saying. Only when she was done did she acknowledge that he’d said anything. “Okay, I’ll be up in ten minutes.”

We could all feel the tension in the air between them. Erin smiled apologetically at me and I shrugged. Then, Drew turned to head back up the hill. Erin turned to follow him and Kendall grimaced.

“He’s trying to show off for your sister,” she said to me.

I nodded soberly.

Then she looked at me seriously. “Were you that obnoxious when you were fourteen?”

“Probably,” I admitted frankly. “And maybe I still am sometimes.”

“No, you’re not obnoxious at all,” Kendall said sweetly.

Stacy, between us, listened quietly, her head turning from side to side as each of us spoke.

I blushed, at a loss for words.

“You’re a pretty good guy,” Kendall said softly. The silence stretched uncomfortably between us, and then she smiled wistfully. “Well, I’d better get up to dinner. You two wanna meet back here before sunset, maybe we can take an evening swim?”

Stacy looked at me and I nodded. “Yeah. That’d be cool,” I said. “We’ll meet you here in a couple of hours.”

With that, she gathered up her towel and book, and headed up the hill without a backward glance.

When she was out of earshot, Stacy turned to me. “Have you two...?” She made a vague gesture with her hands. When I looked at her blankly, she smirked. “Are you and Kendall screwing?”

“What makes you ask that?” I asked, completely abashed. I could feel the blush creeping up my neck to my cheeks.

“So you’re not?”

I swallowed hard and shook my head.

“She likes you, you know.”

My eyes widened in shock and my mouth went dry. “What?” I asked, my voice breaking.

“She likes you.”

“How?”

Stacy shrugged. “I dunno how I can tell. But trust me, she likes you.”

I knew for sure that Stacy was mistaken. She had to be. Girls like Kendall Payton didn’t like guys like me. That just wasn’t the way the universe worked. I shook my head emphatically.

“Believe what you want,” Stacy said cryptically. “You’ll see.”



I gave Stacy the nickel tour of the camp. Most everyone had headed to the clubhouse or their respective houses for dinner. As I showed her around, I thought about what she had told me after Kendall had left.

I searched through all the conversations with Kendall that I could remember. She hadn’t given one hint that she liked me, and with a mental sigh of relief, I finally decided that Stacy must be wrong. At least I hoped she was wrong. I didn’t know what I would do if she were right.



Dinner that night was actually a lot of fun. I was completely outnumbered at the table, the only man among four women, and I was frequently the butt of gentle teasing. In spite of that, I enjoyed myself immensely. The conversation was lively and far ranging.

After Mom and Susan cleared the dishes, Erin headed out to meet Drew. Susan invited us to her house to share a bottle of wine.

“Only one bottle?” Mom asked with a note of gentle skepticism in her voice.

Susan blushed and nodded. “I promise.”

“You know what happened last time we had more than one bottle,” Mom said with an impish smile.

“I know, I know. One bottle. I swear.”

When we were walking to Susan’s house, Stacy leaned over and whispered in my ear, “What happened last time they had more than one bottle?”

“It’s a long story,” I said cryptically, hoping she’d let it go at that.

By the look on her face, I knew she wanted to pursue the issue, but thankfully, she let it drop.

Once at her house, Susan took a bottle of wine from the refrigerator and four wineglasses from the cupboard. We moved into the living room where Mom and Susan sat on the couch and Stacy and I sat on the floor in front of them. Susan deftly opened the wine bottle and poured for all of us, nearly exhausting the bottle in the process.

By the time I’d finished most of my glass, I was feeling comfortably warm, and was barely listening to the conversation going on around me. Stacy looked out the kitchen door at the fading sunlight and nudged me quietly. With a toss of her chin, she directed my gaze out the door as well. I nodded silently to her and we both set our nearly finished glasses on the floor.

“We were gonna meet Kendall at the lake before sunset,” I said to Mom. “Is that okay?”

She looked at me and arched an eyebrow. I blushed, but kept my features as neutral as I could.

“Sure,” she said after a moment.

Stacy and I grinned at each other and quickly rose, picking up our wineglasses as we did. With guilty grins, we both drained them and then headed for the kitchen. The glasses safely in the sink, we headed out the door, bound for the lake.



When Stacy and I got there, it was deserted, so we decided to wait for Kendall on the raft. The sun had dipped below the far ridge, dropping the basin into shadow, but there was still enough light in the sky to see the raft drifting lazily in the current. Stacy didn't want to get her hair wet by diving in, so we simply walked down the stairs into the bracing water and swam out.

We hauled ourselves up onto the still-warm canvas and grinned at each other. In the dying light, I enjoyed looking at Stacy's sleek body, her nipples plump and hard after our quick swim. When she saw the direction of my gaze, she smiled and looked pointedly at my shrunken penis. I blushed and we shared a conspiratorial grin.

The wine I'd drunk had left me feeling very mellow, and after the whirlwind activities at Susan's, I was a little worn out. I was looking forward to simply relaxing and enjoying the evening with Stacy and Kendall.

Stacy, however, had other ideas. When Kendall didn't show up immediately, Stacy reached out and started fondling my shriveled penis. I figured that when I didn't rise to the occasion, she'd realize I wasn't interested and give up.

“Can we maybe just talk?” I asked when she persisted. The warmth of her hand had spread to my member and willing or not, my body was responding to her touch.

“Sure,” she said, never taking her hand from my penis. “What would you like to talk about?”

“Um... I thought maybe we could *just* talk.” I'd begun to grow in her hand, in spite of the fact that I really didn't feel like doing anything more.

“Mmmmm. You want me to tell you what I want to do to you?” she asked, practically purring.

My penis was slowly growing, and I didn't want to go any further. So I reached down and gently, but firmly, grasped her wrist. I pulled her hand off my growing erection and then released it. “Kendall's going to be here any minute,” I said, keeping my voice pitched low.

Stacy kept her hand off my dick, much to my relief, but began rubbing the inside of my thigh. “You want to talk about Kendall?”

“I guess,” I said nervously.

“She's got a fantastic body. Great tits. And I bet she tastes nice and sweet.”

“Stacy... I don't think...”

“She's so hot.”

I swallowed hard.

“Don't you think she's hot?”

“Um...”

“Your dick thinks she is,” Stacy said, pitching her voice low and reaching for my erection.

Talk of Kendall, and her body, had done nothing to help my erection subside. Unfortunately, I had gotten a little harder. When Stacy's hand stroked me again, I wanted to let her continue. But I was a little pissed that she could so easily manipulate me. Even though my penis was fully erect, and I was thoroughly enjoying her touch, I resolutely removed her hand.

“You think Kendall's hot, don't you?” she asked relentlessly.

“Yes, but...”

“You want to fuck her, don't you?”

“Stacy, please...”

“You'd love to slide your hard cock into her, wouldn't you?”

“God yes. But she wouldn't have anything to do with a guy like me. Besides we're friends. Nothing

more.” I was actually starting to get mad at Stacy, and I let it show. “Now, can we talk about something else?”

“Mmmmm, yeah,” she said, her voice husky. “Let’s talk about you sliding your hard cock into *me*.” She reached for my erection again and began spreading an errant drop of pre-come around the tip.

“Stacy, no,” I said firmly, taking her hand from my erection once more. “Let’s just wait for Kendall to get here.”

“Ooooooh, so you can fuck both of us.”

Good God, I wondered to myself, how could I stop this? I just wanted to talk. Kendall would be down any minute, and Stacy just wouldn’t leave me alone.

“I can feel how much you want her,” she said, grasping my hard-on again. “You’re so hard.” She jerked my cock and I almost lost it. “Fuck poor little Stacy,” she said. “I want to watch you fuck Kendall. Fuck us both. Please.”

Finally, I snapped. I pushed her away from me and stood, ignoring the way my erection throbbed and bounced as I did. It was obviously enjoying her antics, and was oblivious to my anger. Treacherous organ!

“Paul? What’s the matter?”

“You! That’s what’s the matter,” I hissed. I tried to keep my voice low, but I was angry, and in no mood to be quiet about it. “You think I’m some kind of machine? That you can turn me on whenever you feel like it?”

“Paul, I...”

I rode roughshod over her pleas. “What about me? What about what I want? I’m not just some dumb guy with a dick. Don’t you get that?”

“Paul, please...”

“And of course I think Kendall’s hot. She’s a fucking goddess, for Christ’s sake. But I’m not gonna fuck her,” I said, my voice harsh and dangerously loud. “You know why? Because she’s Gina’s friend. She’s my friend. I *like* Kendall. I respect her. And I’m not going to fuck that up just so you can get your kicks!” My voice cold and contemptuous, I continued. “You can find your own way back to Susan’s. Tell Kendall I’m sorry I missed her.”

With that, I turned toward the shore. Heedless of the fact that I couldn’t clearly see the surface of the water, I dived toward the dark edge of the lake. I kept my dive shallow, since I really had no idea how deep the water was. The water was cold, and a shock after the warmth of the raft; especially after the warmth of Stacy’s relentless hand. I paid it no mind, however, and started swimming strongly toward the shore.

When I pulled myself onto the brick coping, my erection throbbed painfully. Despite what I’d said to Stacy, my imagination had run amok. I had visions of Kendall playing through my mind; in them, she was writhing in ecstasy beneath me as I fucked her. So the quick trip through the cold water had done nothing to diminish my erection.

I stormed up the hill, angry with Stacy as much as myself, and nearly ran over the figure that quickly loomed out of the deepening shadows. I looked up and blinked, not believing my incredible bad luck.

Kendall was standing not ten feet from the edge of the lake. She stepped back involuntarily when I nearly collided with her. The faint light from the setting sun was behind me, and I hoped she couldn’t see my horrified expression. She had one hand over her mouth and was just reaching out to me with the other when her gaze dropped. Her eyes widened further when she saw my jutting erection in all its glory.

I was suddenly awash with shame. I swallowed hard and wondered how long she’d been standing there, how much she’d overheard. I was still very angry at Stacy—who I could hear quietly sobbing behind me—but my anger was rapidly giving way to embarrassment and fear as Kendall quickly looked from my erection to my face and back again.

“I’m sorry,” I said, feeling panic claw at my heart. “I’m... I’m sorry.”

Without another word, I brushed past her and rushed up the hill.

“Paul! Wait! Come back,” she called after me.

I ignored her and broke into a run, my erection bobbing painfully. I didn’t stop until I got to the safety of our darkened cabin.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

That night, after getting angry at Stacy and then running headlong into Kendall, I lay awake for a long time. My erection had finally died, untouched, and I simply stared at the ceiling, thinking. Erin had come to bed and not given me a second glance. When Mom came back to the cabin, she went to the bathroom, and then straight to bed. I was alone with my thoughts.

I felt twinges of guilt, mixed with satisfaction, when I thought about the harsh words I'd flung at Stacy. But I had a nagging feeling that I was angry about the fact that I *did* want to have sex with Kendall; more so than at Stacy for not taking no for an answer. Perhaps worse than even that, however, was the fact that I suspected that Kendall had overheard enough of my outburst that she'd never want to speak to me again. Especially after how she reacted when I'd almost knocked her over, and she'd come face to face with my jutting erection.

My thoughts turned back to Stacy and I felt my stomach lurch. I wasn't some machine that she could turn on and off just by grabbing my dick. I wasn't some guy who just wanted to stick his dick wherever he could. I didn't feel guilty about what I'd said to her, but I was tremendously ashamed of how I'd said it. I knew how I'd feel if she treated me like that, and I had to blink back tears at the thought.

I'd managed to make a fine mess of things, I thought to myself as sleep finally crept over me.



The next morning, Mom shook me and I blinked, trying to wake up. Why was it so bright in the cabin? I sat up and looked at her through bleary eyes.

"Hey, sleepyhead. You had a rough night."

I felt like I'd been run over by a truck. As my eyes slowly cleared, I realized why the cabin was so bright; from the angle of the sun, it looked like it was closer to noon than dawn. Actually, several hours closer.

"What time is it?" I asked, yawning.

"It's almost eleven."

"Why'd you let me sleep so late?"

"Because you needed it. You were tossing and turning when I got up to check on you."

"When you got up to check on me?"

Her face softened and she smoothed my hair back like she had when I was a boy. "You cried out in your sleep. You were having nightmares."

Whatever it was, I didn't remember it. Thankfully.

I slowly climbed down the ladder and shuffled toward the bathroom without saying a word. I turned the shower on full cold and stepped into it. I hoped it would help me wake up, and as soon as the icy needle spray hit my skin, my eyes snapped open. I quickly decided that I wasn't up to the cold water and reached for the spigot to turn the temperature up.

Usually, I woke up fairly easily. Usually, I thought to myself ruefully, I got a few good hours of sleep. I stood under the water and let it batter me awake. Finally, I reached for the shampoo and started my shower routine. By the time I turned the water off, I was more awake, but I still felt like a truck had run over me. I brushed my teeth and combed my hair and opened the bathroom door.

To my surprise, Mom was waiting for me, sitting on the couch reading her book. She looked up and smiled gently when I stepped into the room.

"Feeling better?"

I nodded. I didn't feel human, but at least I was aware of my surroundings.

"C'mon then," she said with more cheer than I felt. "I'll fix you brunch."

She set her book on the dresser, linked her arm through my own, and gently guided me toward the door. Walking down to the clubhouse, I began to feel better as I breathed in the fresh pine forest air and got my blood moving.

Mom fixed me a couple of PB&J sandwiches with a big glass of milk. I wolfed down the food in record time and finally began to feel better.

“Have you talked to Susan today?” I asked over the crumbs of my sandwiches.

“Yes. Why do you ask?”

“No reason,” I lied. I was wondering if Mom had heard about my blowup with Stacy. But she kept her expression neutral and my fishing expedition came up empty.

“Is there something you wanted to talk about?” she asked.

“No. Not really,” I lied again.

What I wanted to do was crawl under a rock so I’d never have to see Stacy or Kendall again. I was mortified at the thought of having to face them. I knew Stacy would probably hate me. And worse, Kendall had gotten more than an eyeful the night before and would probably never want to speak to me again. “Morose” might not be a strong enough word to describe my mood.

Mom gave me a funny look and then looked like she was about to say something. I guess she changed her mind, because she only smiled at me and began picking up my dishes.

“Thanks for the sandwiches, Mom.”

“You’re welcome, honey.”

I nodded decisively and stood up. Mom stood as well, dishes in hand, and without a word, I turned to go. My mind was already wondering where I could hide for the rest of the day. Reluctantly, I decided that I couldn’t, and my second option was to find Susan. If anyone could help me fix things, it would be her.



I ambled toward Susan’s house, fervently hoping that... Well, I didn’t know what I wanted.

When I rounded the corner and entered her courtyard, I pulled up short. Susan, sitting at the wrought-iron table, looked up at the sound of my footsteps and folded her newspaper. She smiled gently and set it on the table.

“Hi,” she said simply.

I hung my head. I could see the sympathy in her eyes. “Hi,” I said glumly.

“Have a seat.”

I looked up at her and she smiled again, nodding firmly. I pulled out the chair and sat heavily, slouching and hanging my head.

I don’t know how long we sat in silence, but I realized that she was going to let me bring it up first. Stacy was like an unseen third party, hanging heavily in the air between us. I wanted Susan to say something, to tell me what to do, anything. Every time I looked at her, hoping she’d speak, she simply returned my gaze, her face open and caring. Finally, I broke.

“Does she hate me?” I asked gloomily.

“She *was* pretty upset.”

I looked up and suddenly had to blink back tears.

“Why don’t you tell me what happened?”

I told her everything. I even told her about almost running Kendall over, and how I’d been ashamed that I *had* been thinking about having sex with her.

“Ahhhh,” Susan said cryptically. “That explains that.”

I looked at her questioningly, my eyes stinging, and resisted the urge to sniffle.

“Kendall stopped by earlier. She asked if I’d seen you.”

“She probably doesn’t want to talk to me ever again, and wanted to make sure she could avoid me,” I said sullenly.

“She did seem pretty upset.”

I rolled my eyes hopelessly.

Susan chuckled richly and I gave her a betrayed look. Her eyes twinkling compassionately, she quieted quickly. “You don’t understand,” she said gently. “She was almost frantic when I told her I didn’t know where you were.”

“Frantic?”

She nodded seriously. “I guess she thought you might be avoiding her.”

“I thought *she’d* be avoiding *me!*”

Susan chuckled again and I wanted to slink away. Why did everything have to make sense to *everyone else?*

“I told her that when I saw you, I’d tell you she was looking for you,” Susan said reassuringly.

“Great,” I mumbled under my breath. “Another problem that I don’t know the answer to.”

Unfortunately, Susan had the hearing that comes with being a mother. “It’s not all that bad. The first problem,” she said, indicating the house with a toss of her chin, “isn’t all that hard.” She paused for a moment to reconsider. “Well, it is and it isn’t.”

My brow furrowed in confusion.

“Stacy was pretty upset last night when she came back. She was sobbing when she came in, and she wouldn’t tell us what the problem was.”

Us? So Mom *had* known something had happened!

“She started packing her things and wanted to leave last night. I wouldn’t tell her the combination to the gate until she calmed down and told me what was the matter.”

I grimaced.

“Yes,” Susan said, “she was that upset.”

I hung my head, wishing I could take it all back.

“When she finally calmed down and told us what had happened, she still wanted to leave. Your mom and I talked her out of it, but I don’t think she’s real happy about being here.”

“But what about me?” I asked plaintively. “I mean, am I just supposed to provide a hard dick whenever she wants? What if I don’t feel like it?”

“Well, you were right. But here’s where it gets complicated,” she said. “What you said and how you said it are two different things.”

I knew as much myself, and had lain awake a good portion of the night, thinking about just that.

“You were right about what you said.” She then laughed ruefully, and I looked up at her in shocked dismay. She quickly made a soothing gesture with her hands. “You experienced something last night that many women—too many women—experience all the time. And your feelings aren’t any different because you’re a man.”

I looked at her in confusion.

“Sometimes, you’re going to be in the mood, and your partner isn’t. And if you try to force things... Well... You know, from firsthand experience, how it feels to be treated like an object.” She leaned forward in her chair and got very serious. “I want you to remember how it felt last night, how mad it made you. Do you remember?”

I felt my face and ears heating up just thinking about it. I swallowed to moisten my suddenly dry mouth and nodded tersely.

“You don’t ever, *ever* want to make a woman feel like that. You may get what you want, but it won’t be worth having.” She leaned back in her chair to let that sink in. “Do you understand?” she asked after several long moments had passed.

I looked her in the eye and slowly nodded. She stared at me for a few moments, measuring my response, and then nodded decisively.

“Everything else,” she said almost dismissively, “is easily fixed.”

My eyes widened at her offhand manner and she smiled.

“Your mom, Stacy, and I had a big talk last night, and she understands that what she did is wrong. She feels really bad about it. But she’s also very upset at how you treated her, and she’s got a right to be upset.”

I stared at her, goggle-eyed, and she nodded.

“You need to apologize to her for the way you spoke to her,” she said evenly.

My jaw dropped. *I* needed to apologize?!

“Calm down,” Susan said, her tone full of an authority I’d never heard her use before. “You need to

apologize for *how* you said things,” she continued, her voice softening, “not for *what* you said. Do you understand the difference?”

I thought about it for a moment and it began to make sense. I swallowed and nodded.

“I think you’ll find that Stacy feels just as bad as you do, and she’s got some things she needs to say to you. Now, she’s inside, in her room. You should go talk to her,” she said reasonably.

With a great deal of trepidation, I stood and headed for the door to the house.



I knocked on the door to Kirk’s room and got no reply. When I knocked again, I heard Stacy’s muffled voice, and in a moment, the door opened.

We stared at each other for several long, uncomfortable moments, her expression unreadable. Without speaking, she turned and walked back to the bed. She didn’t slam the door in my face, so I took that as a good sign. I hesitantly took a step into the room and watched her walk the rest of the way to the bed. She was wearing her thin white robe, which didn’t hide the fact that she was nude underneath, and I felt myself react at the sight of her body.

When she sat down and still didn’t say anything, I started to get mad. I’d come here to apologize, but I wasn’t the only injured party. She sat stiffly and stared at me with eyes puffy from crying. I got the feeling from her body language that she was waiting to hear my apology and not looking to offer one of her own as well.

If that was the way she was going to be, I wasn’t going to play her game. I may have said things harshly, but what I’d said was true. I wasn’t an object. And I didn’t want to be treated like one, no matter how much it hurt her to hear me say it. My face hardened and without a word, I turned to go.

I had just reached the door, when a heart-rending sob from behind me stayed my step. I stood for a moment, poised in the doorway, one hand on the door jamb, listening. I half-turned and looked over my shoulder.

Stacy had pulled her knees up and was hugging them to her chest, rocking back and forth as she sobbed. Her short robe did nothing to hide her shaved pussy, but I noted that only absently. She looked so pathetic and alone that I felt a cold knife twist in my heart.

I turned back into the room and watched her for a moment. Sobs wracked her slender body and I felt my resolve begin to crumble. I took one tentative step toward her, then another, then another. With each step, my stride became more purposeful, until I reached her side. She was so lost in her anguish that she didn’t hear me come up beside her.

I reached out to her and hesitated, pulling back before I touched her. I was frozen in place, my anger warring with my compassion. Finally, I broke the deadlock and reached out to her again. My hand fell on the smooth fabric covering her heaving shoulder. She recoiled as if slapped and in a fit of pique, I almost turned to go.

Then she reached out and wrapped her arms around my waist and held on for dear life. Her tear-streaked face was pressed against my abdomen and I comforted her the only way I could; I kept my hand on her shoulder and brushed her soft, curly hair with the other. I let her vent her frustration and grief, and held her like that for a long time.



Finally, her wracking sobs quieted, and her breathing settled to normal—punctuated by an occasional shuddering sigh—and I felt her relax.

“I’m so sorry,” she said in a very small voice.

“I know,” I said, stroking her hair. I swallowed hard and blinked to clear my eyes. “I’m... I’m sorry too. I never should have talked to you like that.”

“I deserved it,” she said with a sniffle. “I wanted you to like me.”

“I do like you,” I said, unable to keep the shock from my voice. “Why do you think I just wanted to spend time with you?”

“I know. Now.” She tightened her grip on me and I felt her trembling. “After Randy, I... I... I didn’t want to have anything to do with men. Ever.”

“I know,” I said, smoothing her hair.

“And then you came along. I was scared at first, but you’re not like any of the other guys I’ve... known.” She sniffled again and her trembling redoubled. “I was so afraid last night. And then you looked so angry when you turned to leave a little while ago, I felt like my heart was being ripped out.”

“Shhhhh, it’s okay. I’m still here.”

“I think I might be... I’m so sorry... But I think I might be in...” She sobbed again and I held her close. “This wasn’t supposed to happen,” she said plaintively. “I thought I knew how I felt about—”

“Shhhhh. It’ll be all right.”

I held her close and her sobs eased off. She still clutched me tightly and sniffled occasionally, but the worst seemed to be behind us. I finally felt her relax her grip and she pulled back.

She looked up at me and smiled wanly. I smiled in return and stroked her hair.

“I must be a wreck,” she said with a rueful bark of laughter.

“No,” I said gently, caressing her still-damp cheek. “You’re beautiful.”

She held her face against me again and hugged me tight. Then, she relaxed and started to slide off the bed.

“Just give me a minute,” she said as she stood.

She walked out of the room and I heard the bathroom door close. When she returned, a few minutes later, her face was scrubbed clean and she looked far better. Her eyes were still red and puffy, and her upturned nose was red as well, but her smile was no longer sad. She shut the bedroom door after she entered and stood for a moment, leaning against the jamb.

I smiled warmly and she walked toward me. The thin white fabric of her robe did little to hide her lissome body, and I felt myself begin to harden. I spread my arms as she reached me, and enfolded her in an embrace. She drew a deep, shuddering breath as I hugged her; we stood like that for a while, neither of us daring to move.

She shifted against me, and through the silken fabric, I felt her nipples harden. My penis twitched in response and then began to grow. She felt it and stepped back. She looked up at me, eyes wide with anticipation, and her bottom lip trembled. I put my hands on her cheeks and leaned down to kiss her.

It started slowly at first, tender and sweet. I felt her untie the belt at her waist, and as she pressed her nubile body against me, the kiss grew heated. We pressed our lips together and began exploring with our tongues. My penis hardened completely, trapped against her body, and she ground her hips against me.

I ran my hands down the smooth lines of her back and crushed her body against my own. Her hard nipples bored into my chest as our tongues feinted and thrust. I ran my hands back up her body, feeling her shiver against me, and put them on her shoulders. With one smooth motion, I slid the light fabric over her shoulders and down her arms. She released me and quickly shrugged, our lips never breaking contact. The robe fell to the floor and she wrapped her arms around me again.

I pushed her back against the bed and she sat down, breaking our kiss. My erection sprang free and she wrapped her lips around the head, holding me in place with her hands on my hips. She didn’t waste time teasing me; instead, she simply swallowed as much of my length as she could and began to lavish attention on my shaft. I didn’t want to come too quickly, so I reluctantly pulled out of her mouth.

I bent down to kiss her again and gently directed her to the center of the bed, crawling after her. I turned her with subtle gestures and she settled her head against the pillows, her lips never leaving my own. Her legs spread willingly as I crawled between them, and the head of my bobbing penis bumped against the inside of her thigh.

She moaned into my mouth and quickly reached between us to wrap her fingers around my girth. She set the tip of my erection against her already slick lips and I thrust gently. The glans slipped inside her body and she released me. She locked her hands around my neck and I felt her thighs grip me as I began to ease into her.

Her pussy was incredibly hot and already overflowing with her arousal. I sank into her, inch by glorious

inch, until my pubic hair crushed against her and my balls settled against her ass. I ground my hips against her for effect and she groaned. She locked her legs around my waist and began kissing my cheeks and neck as I arched my back, trying to bury myself deeper inside her pussy.

She responded against me, lifting her hips to meet me. I clenched my buttocks and felt my cock swell within her. My lips were closed tight and my nostrils flared as I breathed deeply, savoring the feeling of her smooth inner walls against my cock. She pulled my head down and began to kiss and nibble my neck and I began to pull out.

The cool air bathed my superheated cock as it left her body, and when only the crown was inside her, I paused for a moment. She whimpered against me and tried to thrust her hips up at me. I gently lowered myself to meet her and she quivered against me. When I reached bottom, her pussy gripped me tightly and my head swam. I hooked my arms under her shoulders and supported myself on my elbows, keeping my weight off her.

I felt her breathing, heavy and sweet against my neck, and pulled back for another thrust. She shuddered again as my cock dragged across her sensitive pussy walls. I thrust back into her slowly, delighting in the sensation of spreading her open. When I reached bottom, I ground my hips against her, causing her to gasp and clutch me tighter.

I began to fuck her with long, slow, gentle strokes. At the end of each one, as my dick was buried to the root, I would grind my pubic bone against her to stimulate her clit. I kept up my steady, measured pace for a long time and her arousal grew with each thrust.

She was clutching me tightly and whimpering into the hollow of my shoulder as I slid in and out of her. Whenever I felt my climax approaching, I buried myself completely and stopped. Each time I did, I ground my hips against her, rubbing her clit and making her gasp and cry out. When my impending orgasm subsided, I would start thrusting into her again.

I fucked her like that for a long, languid, tender time. She began to pant against me and I felt her pussy start to clutch at my invading dick. I maintained my deliberate pace and the strength of her spasms increased until I was finally almost forcing myself inside her.

With a rush of moisture, her pussy went wild. She screamed, her voice in my ear almost deafening, and then began to buck her hips against me. I rode her through her orgasm, doing nothing more than keeping my hard shaft buried in her gripping pussy. Inside, she was awash with moisture and heat, and I felt like I'd buried my cock in a bubbling cauldron.

Her nails dug into my back and she pressed her forehead against my collarbone as her orgasm subsided. She was still gasping for air as I began slowly thrusting within her again. She went limp beneath me and I pulled back to look at her, to make sure she was okay. She felt me move and opened her passion-glazed eyes. She looked at me a long time before finally focusing on my face. Her smile was delirious for a moment and then her eyes rolled back as I ground my hips against her again.

I kept fucking her, feeling another orgasm welling up within her. She rolled her head side-to-side, still gasping and quaking with aftershocks. Her second orgasm was not long in coming, and her pussy once again spasmed and clutched at my erection. The muscles contracted and I could feel the undulations of her stomach as she went over the edge once again.

I kept up my pace, fucking her through her orgasm. I felt like I was battering my way into her pussy, but her rising moan of ecstasy soon turned to a shriek and I knew she was lost in the pleasure of the moment. Her pussy gushed again and I felt the wetness run down my balls and coat her ass.

I relentlessly thrust into her as her second orgasm subsided. Her eyes popped open and she stared at me in shock. I grinned mischievously and her eyes rolled back once more as I sped my pace.

Her ankles unlocked from around my back and her legs fell open before me. I raised myself on my arms and began to pound into her. She was still spasming around my hammering cock and her breathing was rapid and shallow, her face flushed with excitement. She cried out with each thrust and I covered her mouth with my own.

She eagerly responded against me and her pussy got hotter and wetter still. The muscles in her vagina clamped down on my invading cock and tried to hold me inside her. With forceful thrusts, I impaled her,

finally letting my own building orgasm have its way.

With one final lunge, I slammed into her. She pulled back and broke our kiss, gasping. Her pussy spasmed around me and finally pushed me over the edge. I groaned as the first spurts of semen blasted into her depths. Stacy's third orgasm erupted as my cock swelled to fill her with my white, hot seed. Geysers after geysers of my come gushed into her as she rode the waves of her own orgasm, shrieking and clutching me to her. Because I'd taken so long building up to my orgasm, it felt like I was being drained through my dick, my entire essence pouring into her.

I closed my eyes tightly and lost myself in the warmth and pleasure radiating from our union. She heaved beneath me, her grasping pussy milking my cock for all it was worth, and I finally collapsed atop her.

She went limp as the final tremors of her orgasm subsided, and we lay together, a panting, sweaty, tangled, and blissfully fulfilled heap.



When we finally recovered enough to move, I rolled off of her. A torrent of our juices flooded from Stacy's gaping pussy to puddle between her legs. A spreading patch of wetness already darkened the bedspread beneath her, and she rolled against me, throwing her arm over my chest and a leg over one of my own. I wrapped my arm around her and we sighed deeply in unison.

"I've never come like that," she whispered in my ear, still breathing heavily.

I turned my head and looked at her. Her eyes met mine and she nodded.

"Never that long, or hard. And never..." She ran a finger idly over my sweaty, hairless chest. "And never with a guy in my pussy."

"Never?"

"Never. The only time I've ever come with a guy inside me has been when he's been in my ass." Her finger continued to trace patterns and she shuddered with the effects of an aftershock. "That's why I think I might be in... Oh God..." She paused for a long time. "I don't know if I am or not."

"Are what or not?"

I felt her tense beside me and stroked her bare shoulder reassuringly.

"Nothing," she said quietly.

"What?"

"Shhhhh. It's nothing. Just a silly thought."

"You can tell me anything," I said earnestly. "Even the silly things."

"Shhhhh." She didn't move for a moment, and it felt like she was holding her breath. Finally, she clutched me tighter and sighed. "Just hold me," she said in a very small voice.

I squeezed her to me and lapsed into a contemplative silence.



We must have dozed off, because the next thing I remember was opening my eyes and feeling Stacy trembling beside me. The room was almost stuffy and reeked with the scent of sex, and I wondered how she could be cold enough to tremble. With a start, I realized she wasn't trembling with cold; she was crying.

Her sobs were nearly silent, and it was only because she was pressed so tightly against me that I'd noticed in the first place.

"What's the matter?" I asked, my voice scratchy with disuse.

She sniffled and I felt her move her arm to wipe her face.

"Are you okay?" I asked again, concern coloring my tone.

"I'm fine," she said as she lifted her head to wipe her other cheek.

"Then why are you crying?"

She raised her head and looked at me. Her eyes and nose were once again red, and she smiled wanly. "I'm happy is all."

At my doubtful look, she smiled again, almost convincingly. Almost. She blinked at me and her expression turned pleading. I smiled at her reassuringly and she closed her eyes. She looked relieved as she

settled her head on my chest and drew a deep, shuddering breath. She sniffled again, but her tears didn't return, and I mulled over what could've gotten her upset.

She *was* upset, and clearly wanted to hide the fact from me. I stroked her back gently, buying time to think. Was she still upset about what I'd said to her? After the incredibly tender and passionate sex we'd just had, I somehow doubted it. Was she disappointed in me? She'd come three times, and had seemed to enjoy herself. I ran through a dozen other questions in my mind, and at each one, I drew a blank.

"Are you sure you're okay?" I asked softly.

She raised her head and smiled at me. Her expression was full of longing and a veneer of happiness that almost covered... something. A shadow passed across my eyes and she bent to kiss my chest. She raised herself and began to kiss down my stomach toward my flaccid penis. When she reached my legs, she nudged her way between them and took my soft glans in her mouth.

With her tongue swirling around the tip of my member, I quickly hardened. She took me into her mouth, less and less as I grew, and I laced my fingers behind my head and breathed deeply.

Stacy smothered my rigid shaft with kisses, from the base to the tip, and then took me back in her mouth. She wasted little time, however, before she wrapped her hand around the base and locked her lips around my girth. She began to lick and suck me, urging me on with noises of encouragement. For my part, I merely relaxed and let her have her way with me.

She kept pumping me with her fist and then brought up her other hand to caress my balls, running her fingernails over the loose skin and sending shivers up my spine. That, combined with her strong lips raking across the sensitive underside ridge, quickly brought me to the point of no return.

Her lips were still locked around my shaft as my hips began to jerk with unmistakable signs of my impending orgasm. Yet she pumped and sucked me with abandon.

"Oh, God, Stacy," I moaned. "I'm gonna come."

I felt the semen welling up at the base of my shaft and tried to hold off, waiting for her to remove her mouth from my swelling manhood.

"I've gotta come," I grunted, clenching my abdominal muscles in a futile attempt to hold back.

I raised myself on my elbows and looked down at her bobbing head. The pressure was growing to the point where keeping my semen dammed up was beginning to cause physical pain.

"Stacy, I gotta come."

She looked up at me, her lips wrapped around my erection and hand pumping madly. Her eyes pleaded with me and she swirled her tongue against the underside of my glans. I lolled my head back and squeezed my eyes shut, and then the dam burst. The first jet of come caught her as she was sucking more of me into her mouth.

Through the haze of my orgasm, I felt her start. Her lips came off my pulsing shaft and she began to cough. Even without the exquisite feeling of her lips around my cock, I continued to shoot white streams of semen into the air. They splattered hotly against my stomach and chest, and I groaned.

When the flow finally slowed, then stopped altogether, I opened my eyes and blinked, breathing heavily. Slowly, I raised my head and looked down at her. She had her eyes squeezed shut and was breathing heavily, working her mouth and swallowing. Her hand was still wrapped around my slowly shrinking erection, and both it and my shaft were covered with pearly semen. I stared at her with a thousand questions swirling through my mind.

She sensed me looking at her and slowly opened her eyes. She gazed up at me and looked miserable.

My face softened. "What's the matter?" I asked, dreading the expected answer.

"I wanted you to come in my mouth," she said dejectedly.

"I thought you hated the taste."

"I did... I do. But I wanted to do it... for you." She swallowed again and grimaced at the taste. "Susan does it, and I know how much you enjoy it when she does. I wanted to do it for you too." She swallowed and gave me a miserable smile.

I sat up and looked at her seriously. "I enjoy it when she swallows because she enjoys it."

She looked confused.

“She really gets off when I come in her mouth,” I said gently. “I like giving her pleasure. I never wanted to come in your mouth.”

“You didn’t?”

“No,” I said, laughing lightly. “I know you don’t like it. I don’t want to do anything you don’t like, no matter how much *I* might like it. I only want you to be happy,” I said earnestly.

She closed her eyes tightly and two fat tears squeezed from between her lashes to roll down her cheeks. Her face crumbled, and for a moment, I panicked. Her body heaved as she silently sobbed, and I felt like my heart was being squeezed by a giant fist. I locked my own panic away and reached for her.

She came willingly, if limply, and I gently pulled her over my come-splattered torso. She collapsed atop me and sobbed again. I didn’t know what to do, what to say, and I felt my panic rising again. I ruthlessly suppressed it and wrapped my arms around her.

I stroked the line of her back and comforted her as best I could. I didn’t really know what to do, but I knew that holding her close would go a long way toward making her feel better. So I held her, and stroked her hair, and provided no more than the comfort of a shoulder to cry on.



Her tears and wracking sobs finally subsided—through no action of mine, I lamented—and still I held her. She drew a deep, shuddering breath and then... hiccupped. It was all I could do not to chuckle. When she did it again, I had to bite my tongue. She sounded like a little girl who’d drunk her Kool-aid too quickly. With the third hiccup, I couldn’t contain myself. I laughed as silently as I could, but she was lying on my chest, and could easily feel it.

“It’s not funny,” she said in a pathetic voice.

I couldn’t stop chuckling.

“It’s *not*... *hic*... funny!”

“Yes it is,” I said, finally laughing out loud.

She raised her head and stared daggers at me. She looked so pathetic, and was trying to look so angry, that I laughed even harder.

“You wouldn’t think it was so funny... *hic*... if you had ’em!”

My teasing laughter was infectious, however, and she couldn’t maintain her angry façade for long. When she broke into a grin, I shook my head sadly and tried to quell my chuckling. She looked so pathetic—puffy and red-rimmed eyes, red nose, trembling red lips, and spasming with the hiccups—that it was several long moments before I could get myself under control.

When she looked like she was going to cry again, I finally reined in my laughter. I lifted my head and kissed her full on those trembling red lips. She hiccupped again, but pressed against me hungrily. When she hiccupped yet again, I broke the kiss and pulled back, my eyes laughing.

I gingerly rolled over and laid her in the spot I’d just vacated. She looked at me questioningly and I blew her a kiss. As I crawled down her body, I playfully sucked one of her nipples into my mouth, causing her to arch her back and grasp my head. I tasted the salty tang of my semen on her before I pulled away gently and stood up at the end of the bed.

“Don’t move,” I said.

“O... *hic*... okay.”

I opened the bedroom door and savored the burst of cool air that rushed in. I left it slightly ajar, to help the circulation, and headed for the kitchen.

When I got there, Susan lowered her newspaper and gave me a critical stare. I looked down at myself and almost laughed out loud. My chest was wet from Stacy’s tears, my stomach and chest were covered in dried and slowly-drying come, my penis was red and shiny—and still at half-mast—and I’m sure my hair was a mess as well.

“Are you two okay?” she asked with a trace of laughter.

I nodded, grinning like an idiot. “Do you have any sugar?”

The non sequitur gave her pause. “Sugar?”

I nodded insouciantly and she arched her eyebrows at me. “Stacy’s got the hiccups,” I said by way of explanation.

“Ahhhh.” She grinned wryly and shook her head. “It’s on the counter, by the toaster.”

I looked where she indicated with her eyes and spotted the sugar bowl. I fetched a spoon from the silverware drawer, grabbed the sugar bowl, and turned to head back to the bedroom. “Thanks,” I said over my shoulder.

“Don’t mention it,” she said dryly.

When I got back to Kirk’s bedroom, I shut the door behind me. Stacy was as much of a mess as I was, and I suppressed a grin. Her hair was disheveled, she too was covered with a thin coating of semen, and her pussy lips were red and still swollen. In addition, there was a dark circle of dampness on the bed to her left, evidence of our earlier activities. She hiccupped pathetically as I walked toward her, and I once again had to stifle a chuckle.

I had her sit up and held out a spoonful of sugar. She looked at me in confusion, and I explained how to hold it on the back of her tongue and let it slowly melt and drain down her throat. She looked at me skeptically, but opened her mouth.

“And the plane flies *into* the hangar,” I said, in my best motherly voice, as the spoon passed her lips.

She glowered at me, but closed her lips over the bowl of the spoon. When I withdrew it, she looked at me doubtfully, but tilted her head back. As the sugar slowly melted on her tongue, she held her breath, letting the thick liquid slowly spill down the back of her throat. Her nostrils flared as she took a deep breath and then her eyes popped open. She kept her head tilted back and looked at me in amazement. When the sugar was finally melted, she swallowed the remainder and lowered her head. She was breathing easily, without a trace of hiccups.

“How did you know to do that?” she asked in wonder.

I shrugged. “I dunno. It’s what my mom always did when I got the hiccups,” I said as I replaced the lid on the sugar bowl. “Pretty clever, huh?”

She nodded and then leaned forward, tilting her head back. I needed no further prompting, and brought my lips to hers, kissing her gently. When I pulled back, she smiled shyly and then blushed.

“We’d better get cleaned up,” I said gently.

She nodded and smiled the first truly happy smile I’d seen on her in a while.

I set the sugar bowl and the spoon on Kirk’s dresser and followed her into the hall bathroom. I shut the door behind us as she smiled at me and turned on the water.



After our shower, I took the sugar back to the kitchen while Stacy stripped the bed linens. Susan looked at me archly as I entered the kitchen, and I grinned nonchalantly.

“Everyone feeling better?” she asked.

“Yep,” I said with aplomb.

She chuckled richly and I smiled a smile of perfect contentment.

“Paul?” Stacy called from the back of the house.

“Oh yeah,” I said quickly. “Stacy needs to use the washing machine.”

Susan laughed again and folded her newspaper. She set it on the table as she stood, and then headed for Kirk’s bedroom.

Her tinkling laughter didn’t faze me a bit as I followed her back.



Later, Stacy and Susan donned their bikini bottoms and we headed down to the lake. I was a little anxious about seeing Kendall while I was with Stacy, but there was nothing tactful that I could do about the situation; so I decided that I would just live with it.

When we got to the lake, Mom and Erin were there. Kendall’s brother and parents were there as well, but there was no sign of Kendall herself. I was still nervous about seeing her, but reluctantly decided that I’d

better find her and talk to her. Her family was leaving the next day—I didn't know when—and I didn't want to have what might be my one opportunity slip away because I didn't go looking for her.

"Hey, Stacy," I said hesitantly.

She turned to look at me and I swallowed my panic.

"I need to... um... I need to... I mean... I need to go find Kendall."

Stacy turned to look at Susan, who nodded almost imperceptibly, and then looked back to me. With an understanding expression, she nodded. The knot that had been growing in the pit of my stomach eased off when I saw her reaction.

Drew and Erin were sitting a little apart from everyone else, and I decided to talk to him, rather than his parents. When I started walking toward him, he saw me and stood up.

"Hey, Drew," I said as lightly as I could. "Do you know where Kendall is?"

"What did you do to her?" he asked, his face a hard mask.

Drew was only a year younger than me, but probably an inch or two taller, and at least as big as me. He was going to look a lot like his father when he got a few years older; beefy. As his eyes bored holes in my head, I thought he looked beefy enough already. He was fairly bristling with hostility, but I held my ground.

"Nothing, Drew. I just need to talk to her."

"She came home crying last night," he said accusingly.

Erin saw things heating up between the two of us and moved to stand beside Drew.

"Yeah," I said. "And I'm real sorry about that. It's why I need to talk to her."

"If you did anything to her—"

"Drew!" I pitched my voice low so it wouldn't carry to his parents, or Mom. "I didn't do anything to her. Now, are you gonna tell me where she is, or do I have to find her myself?"

I could clearly see the war being waged in Drew's head between the desire to protect his sister and the uncertainty of starting something with me. I was holding my ground and had remained calm, despite his belligerence. I don't think he expected that. But then he decided he had to do *something*, and started toward me.

"She's up at her camper," Erin said as she quickly hooked her arm through Drew's, holding him back. "He's checked on her a couple of times today." Then she turned to Drew and soothed him. "It's okay, Paul's a good guy. He's not going to do anything to Kendall."

"If you hurt her," he said menacingly, "I'll mess you up."

"Drew," I said, staring at him levelly. "I'm not going to do anything to her. And if I do hurt her feelings, I'll have bigger problems than you."

He was still spoiling for a fight, but I looked away from him. I gave Erin a tight, thankful smile and she nodded in return. I looked Drew in the eyes again, keeping my face neutral, and then turned my back on him and walked away. I was half expecting him to come after me still, and tingles ran up and down my spine with every step. I heard Erin behind me, talking to him quietly. As much as I wanted to run up the hill to her family's Winnebago, I steadfastly resisted the urge.

It was a very long walk indeed.



When I finally saw their camper, Kendall was lying on a lounge chair in front of it. She was on her stomach, reading a book. Because she was facing away from me—to better catch the angle of the sun—she didn't see me coming. I walked up to her feet and cast a shadow across her. I was just about to open my mouth when...

"Look, just leave me alone," she said angrily, without looking up. "Okay?"

My mouth went suddenly dry and I felt the blood drain from my face. I worked my jaw, trying to muster the courage to say something, anything. I swallowed hard, hoping to get some moisture back in my mouth, but none came. I wanted to tell her how sorry I was. I wanted to tell her how much her friendship meant to me. I wanted to tell her that I'd miss her. I wanted...

"Just go back down to the lake," she said as the silence drew out.

I swallowed again and started to turn to go. Before I did, I looked back at her one last time. "I'm so sorry, Kendall," I said, my voice almost a whisper.

My eyes stung as I turned to walk back down the hill, utterly dejected. I heard her move behind me, but didn't dare look back. I couldn't face her. I just couldn't.

"Paul?"

I stopped at the sound of her voice, but didn't turn around. I couldn't let her see me like this, my eyes full of unshed tears. The sound of her standing, the lounge creaking as her weight shifted, almost made me bolt.

"Paul?" she called again, more forcefully this time, almost... desperately.

I blinked to clear my eyes and turned at the sound of her approach. I looked up, expecting to see her hand come flying toward my face. I deserved it. I was prepared for it.

What I was not prepared for was to suddenly have my arms full of a girl two inches taller than me. She wrapped her arms around my neck and nearly choked me, her breasts mashing into my chest almost painfully. Confused, I just stood there for a moment, wrapped in her arms. Finally, I put my arms around her smooth back and returned her embrace.

"I thought you were Drew," she said, tears making her voice hoarse. She sniffled. "He's been up here pestering me all day, checking to make sure I'm okay." She squeezed me tighter still, and I nearly had to fight to breathe. "I'm so glad it's you," she whispered.

I was flabbergasted. When she'd told me to leave, I'd felt like my heart had been ripped open. I'd thought that our friendship had been ruined forever, and I'd already begun to hate myself. When she'd flown into my arms, it had been so quick that I still hadn't had time to adjust to the idea that she didn't hate me.

"I thought you were avoiding me," she said. "When I couldn't find you, I just knew that you'd never want to see me again."

I was finally beginning to wrap my mind around the idea that she wasn't mad at me, that she wasn't scared after what she'd seen the night before. I stroked her back as reassuringly as I could. I was acutely aware of her luscious body where it pressed against me, however, and I fervently hoped that I could keep things under control.

"Thank you for coming up here," she said softly, her voice thick with her tears. "You don't know how much you mean to me. I thought of losing you forever, and I—"

"Shhh," I whispered, willing my penis to behave. "I thought I'd scared you away."

She shook her head and hugged me tighter.

"After what I said last night...", I said, fishing.

"I didn't hear what you said," she said quickly.

Too quickly? I just didn't know. I started thinking things through, trying to work through all the permutations. My logic began to run circles in my mind, and I just couldn't decide for sure whether or not she'd heard what I'd said about her. She could have *just* walked up when I'd happened to run into her. That must be what happened, I tried to convince myself.

But I couldn't be sure, and I began to replay events in my mind. *I'd yelled at Stacy and then dived into the water... Once I'd climbed out of the water, I was still thinking about sex with Kendall, seeing her beneath me as I sank into her...* No, no, no! I had to change my train of thought, before...

"Oh," she said suddenly.

Treacherous organ!

I wanted to run, but her mouth-watering body was still pressed against me, her arms still around my neck. As my thoughts returned to the present, the sensations of her body against me battered my senses, and I quickly became fully erect. I took a deep breath. If I did run away, it would only make things worse. And the fact that Kendall hadn't recoiled in horror when she felt my erection bump into her served to calm my nerves a little. But only a little.

"Kendall," I said slowly. "You'd better let me go now."

"You don't have to leave," she said plaintively as she began to loosen her death grip on my neck.

“No,” I said as calmly as I could. “I’m not going to leave. But you’d better let me go now. You know,” I said with a nervous laugh, “as in ‘you’d better let go of me.’”

“Oh, God. I’m so sorry.”

She loosened her arms and stepped back slowly. When she did, my erection sprang up and bounced gently. Her eyes were naturally drawn to the motion. They widened when she saw my jutting manhood, and then snapped back to my face. She quickly wiped her damp cheeks and stared straight into my eyes.

“I’m sorry. It’s natural, but...,” I said hesitantly. She was desperately trying not to look down at my dick. “When a beautiful girl hugs me like you just did, well... I’m sorry. Sometimes, it’s just gonna happen,” I said lamely. When a beautiful girl hugs me like you just did and I start thinking about having sex with her, it’s *always* gonna happen, I thought to myself.

She swallowed hard and nodded jerkily.

“I’m really sorry. Let’s just ignore it, and it’ll go away.”

Where had I found the courage to say that? I still don’t know. The Paul from the beginning of the summer would have already run away, overcome by embarrassment. The new Paul was blithely standing there telling a beautiful girl to just ignore his erection. It was like I was on the outside looking in.

She swallowed hard, drew a deep breath, and then nodded. Then she squared her shoulders and looked at me seriously. I started to panic, thinking she was going to tell me something I didn’t want to hear. I almost cringed when she opened her mouth.

“Would you like some tea?” she asked, as if we were in the parlor of her mother’s house and I was visiting on Sunday afternoon.

With an act of will, I kept my jaw from dropping open. My life had turned surreal. I swallowed hard myself and slowly nodded.

She smiled shyly and turned to walk into the camper. I followed her, my erection leading the way, and I couldn’t help but watch her beautiful body as she opened the screen door and mounted the two steps into the camper. Inside the cool interior, I spotted a banquette where the kitchen table would normally be set up and quickly sat down. My erection poked up embarrassingly, but I did my best to act like nothing was amiss.

Kendall fixed two glasses of ice, refilling the tray and replacing it in the small refrigerator. She poured the tea and then handed a glass to me. When she thought I wasn’t looking, I caught her sneaking a glance at my erection, and smiled to myself. She sat next to me on the banquette—painfully close—and my cock throbbed as I felt the heat of her body and smelled the cocoa butter on her skin.

I hate iced tea, but I choked down half the glass before either of us had the courage to speak. When we did, we both started to speak at the same time. We both laughed and told the other to go first. That brought about another round of nervous laughter.

“I’m sorry you couldn’t find me today,” I said. “I had to mend a few fences.”

“I’ll bet,” she said sincerely.

I looked at her sharply. Did she know? Had she heard after all? She saw my direct gaze and took a long swallow of tea, nearly draining her glass. Unconsciously, I imitated the gesture and tried to hide my grimace as the tea slid over my tongue.

“So, have you had a chance to read more Eudora Welty?” she asked, deftly changing the subject.

I looked at her gratefully and shook my head. After that, our conversation became innocuous. I saw her steal a few more glances at my slowly shrinking erection, but as we talked—and thoughts of her with her legs spread beneath me were driven from my mind—the blood drained from my penis and it eventually returned to its normal state.

“You want some more tea?” she asked brightly as I clutched my nearly empty glass.

“Kendall,” I said earnestly. “There’s something I’ve got to tell you.”

For a moment, she looked panic-stricken and I had to suppress a chuckle.

“I *hate* iced tea.”

She looked at me in growing fear. Then she realized what I had said and burst out laughing. “Then why’d you drink it, silly?”

I shrugged bashfully. “It was a good distraction,” I said lamely.

“You mean you prefer iced tea over *me*?”

“Kendall, no! Of course not! You know how I feel about you...”

Her eyes widened and she pointedly did *not* look at my penis.

I blushed and started to stammer another apology when she suddenly grinned. My blush deepened as I realized that she’d been teasing me and I started to fidget with my glass.

“You know how it is,” I said, hoping it was enough of an explanation. I wanted to say more, but I couldn’t find the words.

She put her hand on my forearm, and the coolness of her touch almost made me start. Her hands were soft, and gentle, and calmed my anxiety. I looked up and gazed into her deep blue eyes.

“Yeah,” she said sadly. “I know how it is.”

We shared a quiet moment, saying more with our eyes than we’d said with words in the past half-hour. She looked down at the melting ice in her glass and studied it for a long time. Then she quietly looked up at me and smiled bravely. She took my glass from my listless fingers and stood gracefully.

My eyes followed her as she set the glasses in the sink and then turned back to me. She walked toward me and silently extended her hand. I took it without a word and stood. I stepped close to her and she looked at me expectantly. I pulled her closer still and wrapped my arms around her. She came willingly and I pressed my cheek against her.

I kissed her lightly, my lips barely brushing over the satin skin of her face. “Thank you,” I whispered.

She nodded and hugged me even tighter. Then we separated and shared a shy smile. I took her hand and led her out of the camper into the bright afternoon sun. I reluctantly let her hand drop, and looked into her eyes again, praying that she understood my unspoken explanation. She smiled sadly and nodded.

We didn’t touch each other again as we walked down to the lake and our families, but we stayed very, very close.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

We spent the rest of the afternoon at the lake. Mom and Susan were talking together, and Kendall's parents were happy to see their daughter come down from the camper. When Drew saw the two of us together, he started to bristle again. Erin said something to him quietly and he looked at Kendall. When he saw that she was happy to be with me, he calmed down a little. He still glared at me, but it was better than the open hostility he'd shown earlier.

I ended up lying on a lounge immediately between Stacy and Kendall. The two girls pointedly didn't look at each other. On Stacy's part, I'm sure it was a twinge of guilt. And when Kendall thought no one was looking, I caught her glaring at Stacy. Oh boy, I thought to myself, that can't be good. I also began to seriously wonder, again, whether or not Kendall had heard more of the previous night's conversation than she admitted to.

But aside from some tense moments, the afternoon passed reasonably uneventfully. When it was time to begin fixing dinner, Mom and Susan headed up to the clubhouse. Susan and Stacy would once again join us for dinner. Kendall and her family headed up for dinner a short time later, and then Erin, Stacy, and I all folded our towels and walked up the hill to the clubhouse as well.

Dinner was as enjoyable as the previous night, but I could tell that Mom and Susan were working to keep the conversation light-hearted. I smiled gratefully and enjoyed Mom's pork roast.

After dinner, Kendall came over to our table and asked if I wanted to go for a walk. When I looked at Mom, she nodded, and I pushed my chair back. Stacy gave me an unreadable look as I stood, but Susan laid her hand on the younger woman's wrist and nodded to me as well.

Outside the clubhouse, Kendall picked up a blanket she'd brought with her and we headed toward the lake. I wondered about the blanket, but didn't say anything.

"I can't stay out too late," she said as we walked. "Dad said I have to be back by dark."

"Oh."

"We're leaving real early tomorrow morning, and we need to pack the Winnie before we go to bed tonight."

"Yeah." I was happy to walk with her, but I was a little nervous about... a lot of things.

We walked around the edge of the lake, and at first, I thought we were heading for the shallow end. But Kendall veered to the right after we crossed one of the spillways that kept the lake at a constant level.

"I thought you wanted to go for a walk," I said nervously.

She just looked at me and smiled, shaking her head gently.

I kept my mouth shut and followed her.

A path down the stream had been cleared; it led to a clearing with a few benches (one of the year-round camp residents maintained it as a sort of nature walk). It was a nice, secluded spot, and when we got there, it was deserted. While the possibility existed that we might get company, I thought it highly unlikely. It slowly began to dawn on me that Kendall might have picked the spot for just that reason.

I helped her spread the blanket and she sat down as soon as we'd smoothed it out; I quickly joined her. As I sat close to her, I thought that I smelled... perfume. It was just a hint, and I looked at her carefully (as if I'd actually be able to *see* if she were wearing perfume). I fervently hoped it was some nearby flower in bloom.

Then I thought about what was going on, and I began to get nervous. I thought back to what Stacy had told me the day before, but I didn't want to believe that Kendall might like me. My life would be so much simpler if she didn't. Little things started coming together in my head, however. When she began nervously fidgeting, I began to seriously worry.

Why was she suddenly anxious around me? I knew how I used to act around a girl I really liked, and I was seeing all the signs in Kendall: the shy glances, the fidgeting, the false starts with conversation, the nervous laughter. And why had she brought me to this clearing, the last night she was in camp, alone? I

began to panic at the thought of what she might say, what she might want. I didn't know what I'd do if she really did like me, and I was scared that I might have to face that dilemma. Soon.

I desperately didn't want to hurt her feelings, but I was incredibly aroused by her body as well as her mind. I also had to remember that inside, she was probably just as scared as I was, albeit for different reasons.

"Paul... I... I mean..."

I looked at her and smiled.

She took a deep breath and gathered her courage. "I'm glad you came with me tonight," she said quietly.

"Me too." I was still very nervous, but determined not to show it.

"I wanted to talk to you..."

"Yeah, I know."

She looked up at me sharply, her eyes full of questions.

"I think I know why," I said evenly. It was the first time I'd admitted to myself that Stacy might've been right.

"You do?"

"Yeah, I think so."

She looked at me and I saw something in her expression that I'd only seen on Gina's face. I couldn't quite identify it, but I knew. I *knew* Stacy had been right.

"Yeah, I know," I said quietly.

"You do?"

I nodded silently.

"How? Is it that obvious?"

I shook my head quickly. "No. Not really. Not to me at least."

"How then?"

"Stacy."

"Yeah," she said heavily. "I figured. Stacy." She didn't sound all that friendly when she said it, either.

"How much did you really hear last night?"

She gave me a searching look and paused. "All of it," she said at last.

"All of it?" I asked incredulously.

She nodded. "All of it."

"So you know how I feel?"

She looked down at her hands and nodded solemnly. "And I know why you were... you know... last night. And this afternoon."

"You do?"

She nodded sullenly, eyes still downcast. "You were thinking of her. Of Stacy. Even this afternoon. So I know you might like me as a friend, but just not the way you like Stacy."

"No," I said simply.

"I know."

"No, you don't understand. 'No,' as in, 'you're wrong.'"

She looked up suddenly.

"You know why I was... hard... last night?"

She shook her head.

"Some of it was because of Stacy, but only a little. When she started talking about you, I started thinking about you, and well..."

She looked hopeful. "And then this afternoon?"

I nodded. "Yeah, I started thinking about last night, about what I was thinking when I almost ran you over. And you were pressed against me this afternoon, and well... I guess I got excited."

"You did?"

"Yeah," I said, rolling my eyes at her. Hadn't it been obvious?

She smiled shyly and blushed.

“Look, Kendall. I like you, I really like you. But what I said last night is just as true today. You’re Gina’s friend. You’re my friend. You’re not the kind of girl to go after another girl’s boyfriend, either.”

She shook her head quickly.

“So you know we can’t do anything about it,” I said quietly.

She shook her head again and then look up at me. “But what about Stacy?”

“What about her?”

“You’re doing it with her, aren’t you?”

I started to deny it, but then I remembered who I was talking to. She would see right through me in an instant. She already had. She’d seen Stacy and me together. She knew. “Yes,” I said softly.

Suddenly, she sat up straight and looked me in the eye. “I’m not a virgin,” she said defiantly.

I stared at her in shock, at a loss for words.

“I mean, I probably wouldn’t be as good as Stacy, but—”

“Kendall, it’s not about that.” She looked dejected, and I could tell I was on dangerous ground. “God! Believe me, I’d love to. You’re everything any guy could ever hope for. But we couldn’t.”

She looked at me pleadingly.

“With Stacy, it’s different. It’s only really about one thing. We don’t even have all that much in common,” I said ruefully.

“Yeah,” she said. “I’d figured that much out. I’ve seen the way you are with Gina, and it’s different with you and Stacy.”

I nodded slowly, once again startled by her insight.

She looked at me, silently beseeching me with her eyes. “But you and I—”

“Both love Gina,” I said, interrupting her and finishing the sentence the way it needed to be finished.

She hung her head and nodded sullenly.

“And neither one of us would do that to her.”

“But what about you and Stacy?” she asked, her eyes suddenly flashing.

“With Stacy, it’s not cheating,” I said evenly. “I couldn’t even begin to explain why, but trust me, it’s not. With you, it *would* be cheating. ’Cause I could really fall for you. Do you understand?”

She blinked rapidly and I watched as the tears welled up in her eyes. I longed to reach out and comfort her, but I stayed my hand.

“Yeah,” she said in a small voice. “I understand. I don’t want to, but I do.”

Kendall looked at me, her lower lip trembling, and then she started crying in earnest. As the tears ran down her cheeks, a dam burst within me and I reached out to her. I opened my arms and she nearly tumbled into them; I uncrossed my legs to give her room. As she leaned into my chest, she let her long legs unfold to the side. I wrapped my arms around her and knew for sure that the perfume I’d smelled before was hers. It was subtle and very arousing, and I willed my penis to stay limp as I caressed her shoulder.

She shuddered against me as she quietly cried, and my chest felt tight with my own pent-up emotions. I rocked back and forth, crooning softly to her; after a while, her tears dried up and her breathing slowly returned to normal.

“You’re the first guy,” she said quietly, still encircled by my arms, “who ever treated me like a person, not just a body.”

“I know.”

“You can’t imagine how lonely I am sometimes.”

“I bet I can,” I said softly. “Sometimes, I’m just as lonely too. We all are.”

“Yeah, but I see you with Gina and I see how happy you two are together, and I want someone to make me feel like that.”

“You’ll find somebody, someday,” I said as reassuringly as I could.

“I already found somebody,” she said sullenly.

I brightened immediately at the thought of getting out of my predicament. “Really? Who?”

“Silly,” she said, punching me lightly in the ribs.

“Oh.” I blushed. “I... Kendall... I...”

“I know,” she said, and then sniffled. “I know. It’s just my luck that some other girl has already got the perfect guy for me.”

My heart ached at the longing in her voice. “We can still be friends,” I said gently.

“I know. It’s just that I want to be more than friends. I want... Well, I guess you know what I want.”

“Yeah.”

“But you’re right,” she said, sitting up and wiping her eyes. “I’m not the kind of girl who goes after another girl’s guy.”

“Boy! Am I glad, too,” I said with genuine feeling.

She looked at me suspiciously.

I grinned wryly. “I know I wouldn’t be able to say no,” I said seriously.

“You’re darn right you wouldn’t be able to say no!”

I grinned at her and she blushed, and then she beamed in response.

“If we’re gonna be friends,” she asked coyly, “does that mean that we can lie here together and watch the sun set?”

I nodded and she smiled happily. She wiped her eyes again and sniffled, then grinned sadly at me. I lay back on the blanket and patted the spot next to me. She turned and lay back as well. She craned her neck around to look at me and I smiled again. Then I put my arm out and gestured for her to slide up a bit so she could rest her head on it. She quickly scooted up and settled against me comfortably.

“If I can’t have what I want,” she said seriously, “then at least I can enjoy what I have.”

I put my hand on her upper arm and squeezed her to me. I thoroughly enjoyed having her next to me and I could tell that she enjoyed it just as much as I did.

“But if you and Gina ever break up, Paul Hughes, I have first dibs on you!”

“It’s a deal,” I said seriously.

After that, the conversation turned to the end of the summer, the beginning of school, and a myriad of other things. We watched the sky slowly turn orange, then a deep red, and then fade to purple. We knew our time was short, and we both didn’t want it to end. But it would soon be dark, and I didn’t want to be on her father’s bad side. So we reluctantly folded the blanket and made our way back to her family’s Winnebago.

It was full dark when we arrived, but her parents had lit two tiki torches and were sitting outside drinking tea. When they heard us approach, Kendall called out to them. She stopped short of the lighted circle and turned to me. While her parents could *see* us, we were merely slightly lighter shadows, and I suspected they couldn’t see much more than our outlines.

Kendall tossed the blanket onto the family’s folding picnic table and then turned to me. I suddenly had my arms full of a very tall, very beautiful girl. Her lips quickly sought out my own and the next thing I knew, we were kissing. It was a passionate kiss, full of heat and longing, and I was sorely tempted to drag her off into the shadows and grant her wishes, not to mention fulfilling some of my own fantasies.

But she reluctantly pulled back and grinned at me. She hugged me tight and pressed her cheek against mine. I returned her embrace, enjoying the feeling of her full breasts and hard nipples pressed against my chest.

“Thank you for tonight,” she whispered.

“You’re welcome. Thank *you*.”

“I love you,” she said softly, shyly.

“I...”

She squeezed me tight once more and then pulled back.

“Shhhhh.” She put one finger to my lips and silenced me. When she removed it, she kissed me again, quick and soft and very tender. “You’re a good guy, Paul. Gina’s lucky to have you. And so am I.” Tears glistened in her eyes and she hugged me again, sighing deeply. Then she pulled back. “Good night,” she whispered.

“Good night.”

With that, she turned and walked to her parents.



I met Drew and Erin, coming up the hill toward the Winnebago, as I was walking down. I stepped in front of them and they pulled up short. Erin had her arm through his and she looked up in surprise.

“Drew?”

He looked at me, a trace of his earlier belligerence coloring his tone. “Yeah?”

“I just dropped Kendall off.”

“Yeah. So?”

“So? You’re with my sister.”

“And?” he asked suspiciously.

“Well,” I said reasonably. “You be careful with my sister, just like you want me to be careful with your sister.”

He looked at me defiantly.

“‘Cause a guy once told me, ‘you hurt my sister, and I’ll mess you up.’ That guy knows how to watch out for his sister. He’s a pretty good brother.”

He relaxed a little.

“I’m a pretty good brother too, and I feel the same way that guy does,” I said easily. “Cool?”

He relaxed a little more when he realized I wasn’t looking for a fight. “Yeah,” he said sheepishly. “We’re cool.”

“Good,” I said, smiling at him. “Your folks are sitting outside, with the torches lit, so you guys might want to say goodbye before you get to the camper.”

Erin smiled gratefully at me and Drew shifted nervously from foot to foot.

“Thanks, man,” he said earnestly.

“Don’t mention it,” I said lightly. “Just remember what I said.”

“I will, man. I will.”

Then they walked up the hill toward the camper and I waited. When Erin came back down, she saw me and jogged the last part of the way.

“Thanks, Paul,” she said quietly.

“No problem, Er.”

She grinned quietly and I suddenly decided to put my arm around her. She looked up in shock, but didn’t duck away. We began walking down the hill toward the road.

“You know, you’re turning out to be a pretty good big brother,” she said, almost in wonder.

“Yeah, well, you’re not so bad yourself,” I said. “For a little sister, that is.”

She elbowed me in the ribs, but it was a teasing touch, not meant to cause pain.

“Thanks for the help this afternoon. With Drew, I mean,” I said.

“No problem. Thanks for being cool tonight.”

“No problem. I’m gonna go down to the clubhouse and see if I can find Mom,” I said. “Wanna come?”

She squirmed a little and then shook her head. “I think I’m gonna go up to the cabin. I think I want to take a nice, long bath.”

I lifted my arm from around her shoulders and looked at her critically. She gave me a guilty grin and shifted nervously. I simply stared at her, wide-eyed.

“Well,” she said in exasperation. “You know how it is...”

“Yeah, Erin,” I said with a laugh. “Yeah, I do.”

She grinned impishly and then bolted up the hill with a wave. I shook my head in wonder and watched her go. With a chuckle to myself, I turned toward the clubhouse.



As I walked down the hill, I spared only a cursory glance inside the clubhouse. In reality, I wasn’t looking for Mom. After my afternoon and then evening with Kendall, I was extremely horny. I was hoping to find Susan, Stacy, or both. As a last resort, I was looking for Mom. If I couldn’t find Susan or Stacy, I

figured that Mom would be able to tell me where they were. When I saw none of them in the clubhouse, I continued on to Susan's house, hoping to get lucky (in more ways than one).

I rounded the corner on Susan's courtyard and saw that it was empty, lit only by a guttering candle on the wrought-iron table. I moved to the kitchen door and pulled open the screen door. I knocked on the glass and waited. As I did, I looked through the window at the kitchen, noting the open wine bottle on the table. When no one answered the door, I knocked again, harder. Still no answer.

I was about to bang on the door when I saw Susan coming through the living room. Her hair was disheveled, she sported a goofy grin, and she was walking a little unsteadily. She opened the door and beamed at me.

"Just the man we need," she said.

"We?"

"Yep. Follow me."

I stepped into the cool air of the kitchen and she shut the door behind me.

"On second thought," she said with a mischievous glint in her eye, "don't move."

She dropped to her knees in one smooth motion and sucked me into her mouth. She engulfed my flaccid penis completely and I leaned heavily on the cool Formica of the countertop. She put her hands on my hips and began moving her lips over my rapidly expanding member. In no time, I was filling her mouth with my hard shaft. She wasted no time teasing me, however, and began sucking me with long strokes.

But before I was ever in danger of coming, she popped me out of her mouth and grinned at me. She stood gracefully and playfully arched her eyebrows at me. Leading me by the obvious handle, she headed for the back of the house. When she pushed open the door to her bedroom, I stopped and stared.

"Look who I found, ladies," Susan said.

I was in a state of shock at what I saw in her bedroom, and it took a moment for my brain to begin functioning again. Mom was in the center of the bed with her legs spread wide. Between them, Stacy was moving her head in small circles, and my mom was already bucking her hips in pleasure. The room reeked of the musk of sex, and I saw another empty wine bottle and three empty glasses scattered throughout the room.

When Susan spoke, neither of the women on the bed as much as raised their heads. Susan pushed me against her dresser—where I had an excellent view—and sank to her knees. Mom was kneading her breasts and pinching her nipples as Stacy worked on her pussy, and my cock swelled in Susan's mouth as I watched them.

I watched in wonder as Mom reached for Stacy to pull the younger woman from between her legs. Instead of pulling Stacy up, Mom turned her with deft touches and soon had Stacy straddling her head. I groaned at the sight in front of me, and the sensations Susan was creating, as Mom and Stacy easily settled into a sixty-nine. The only thing that stopped me from coming right then was the fact that Susan had her hand wrapped around the base of my cock, stemming the flow. She looked up at me, her lips a perfect "O" around my manhood, and her eyes sparkled with laughter.

When my imminent orgasm had subsided, she took her lips off my dick and turned to see what had gotten me so worked up. When she looked back at me, she smiled knowingly and reached for my hand. I helped her to her feet, disappointed that she wasn't going to continue sucking me. She pulled me toward the bed and crawled onto it on her hands and knees. She stopped once her knees were on the bed and pressed back against me. My hard penis bumped against her dripping, smooth pussy and she gyrated her hips.

I didn't need any more instruction than that, and slowly inserted myself in her heated pussy as I put my hands on her hips. With one strong lunge, I buried myself within her and she cried out in ecstasy. Susan's pussy gripped me fiercely as I thrust within her and I closed my eyes to savor the feeling.

When I opened them, I watched raptly as Mom and Stacy licked and sucked each other. Their bodies moved against each other, each with a slight sheen of perspiration, and I simply enjoyed the contrast between my mother's tanned, soft body and Stacy's fair, lissome one. Watching the two of them together was one of the most erotic things I'd ever seen, and I couldn't tear my eyes away.

I felt my climax approaching and buried myself in Susan, holding still until the feeling began to subside.

She shuddered as my cock lodged within her, and I almost lost it. I reached around her hip with my right hand and began tripping my fingers over her hard clit, making her pant and moan.

To my left, Stacy threw her head back and cried out as well, a look of pure ecstasy on her face. She began to shudder and quake, and her hips were pumping up and down as my mother licked her. With a shriek, Stacy came, her body undulating as the waves of pleasure battered her. As suddenly as her orgasm began, she quickly lifted off Mom's face, both hands clasped to her pussy as she rolled to the side. Her pussy must have already been very sensitive after our afternoon together, but the way she was shaking, I suspected that a good, stiff breeze would push her over the edge and into unconsciousness.

She looked up at me incoherently and I grinned at her. When she focused on my face, she smiled ruefully and lay there panting. Mom lifted her head to make sure that Stacy was okay, and then looked at me for the first time. My hand was still around Susan's hip, rubbing her clit, but I had yet to begin thrusting again. My imminent orgasm had subsided, but I had been transfixed by the sight of Mom and Stacy. Mom grinned at me, her lips and cheeks covered with Stacy's juices, and I nearly came from the sight alone.

When Susan looked up and saw that Mom was unoccupied for the moment, she put her hand over mine and held it still. She pulled forward and my cock slipped out of her pussy, shiny with her fluids. She moved up the bed and turned, extending a hand to me. When I took it, she pulled me onto the bed and positioned me so my knees were straddling Mom's head and I was facing the foot of the bed.

Stacy looked on with exhausted detachment and Mom watched with a trace of alarm as Susan moved me. The way I was positioned, Mom had a close-up view of my balls and jutting penis, and I began to wonder what Susan was up to. I didn't have long to wonder, however, as Susan put one hand on my shaft and began pumping. She knelt over Mom's chest and began licking and sucking her nipples.

Stacy grinned at me, her eyes drooping, and dragged herself between my mom's legs. She perked up quite a bit, however, as soon as she ran her tongue through the damply matted curls of Mom's pubic hair. I sat back on my heels a little bit and enjoyed the sensations as Susan stroked my erection and Mom squirmed under the double onslaught.

I felt my come welling up again and was just about to put my hand over Susan's to slow her pace. She felt the motion and lifted her head from my mom's nipples. In a flash, she had her lips wrapped around my shaft and was taking me to the root each time, the engorged head of my cock entering her throat and making me jerk my hips at the touch.

She sucked me with long, sure strokes, and I knew Mom must have had an excellent view from right beneath the base of my cock. Just as I was about to come, Susan pulled back and held only the crown in her mouth, swirling her tongue around it and sending me crashing over the edge.

I put both hands on the back of her head and felt the first spurt blast from my body. Susan moaned deep in her throat as the powerful jets hit her tongue and I squeezed my eyes shut, groaning as the pleasure exploded like a supernova in my loins. I spurted what felt like a gallon of pent-up semen into Susan's willing mouth. When I was done, I collapsed back on my heels, my ass resting on the pillows at the head of the bed.

I looked down at Mom, her head in the V formed by my thighs, and saw that her face was a mask of lust. Susan had clamped her lips shut as soon as I pulled out of her mouth, and when she looked at me, she had a mischievous glint in her eyes. She opened her mouth and showed me the white pool of my semen she had so recently collected. I looked down at Mom and saw that she was gazing at Susan as well.

Susan closed her lips and smiled at me, and I expected her to make a show of swallowing my seed. Instead, she bent her head and crushed her lips against Mom's. Mom started at the sudden contact and then moaned desperately. Their lips worked against each other for a moment, and then I watched in fascination as Mom relented and opened her mouth to Susan.

When Susan finally pulled back, I watched Mom swallow, then swallow again. Her face was euphoric as she licked her lips and swallowed again, breathing heavily. When Susan looked up at me again and opened her mouth, it was empty. I thought for a moment that she had simply swallowed my load, but as she grinned at me, I quickly looked from her to Mom, and then back again.

Susan nodded silently and I once again stared at Mom as she licked her lips. Susan beamed at me as I slowly Got It. When I looked back at Mom, I noticed the faint traces of my semen on her lips, traces she

was quickly capturing with her darting tongue. Even though I had just come, my penis was instantly erect as I realized how incredibly erotic the entire scene was. I had just come in Susan's mouth, and she had shared my semen with my mom. Susan lifted her eyebrows coquettishly as she saw my cock throb, out of her peripheral vision.

Susan quickly returned her lips to Mom's. I was mesmerized, watching the two most important women in my life kissing each other with rising ardor. Susan broke the kiss and smiled lasciviously at Mom, who only closed her eyes and arched her back at the sensations Stacy was creating in her pussy. Susan then moved her attentions to Mom's sleek, hard nipples.

With both women lavishing attention on her most sensitive spots, Mom didn't last long. She shuddered and began to wail as her orgasm overpowered her. Her eyes popped open and she looked directly at me as she came, her face a mask of pleasure, her mouth open in a rictus of pure lust.

Stacy lifted her head just as Mom clenched her powerful thighs together. She raised her knees and put her hands on Susan's head, stilling her mouth and tongue. Then, in an instant, Mom rolled over on her side, her legs still held close to her body. She shuddered and groaned as her orgasm consumed her. Susan lay on her side and wrapped her arms around my quaking mother, holding her close.

I was awestruck by the incredible tenderness of the gesture, and felt my eyes suddenly sting with tears. Stacy stood up and quietly gestured to me. I spared one more look at Mom and Susan as they lovingly clung to each other, and then gingerly lifted myself and moved toward the side of the bed.

Stacy came over to me and took my hand in her own. Mom was shuddering with the aftereffects of her orgasm, and Susan was gently caressing her, their heads held close in silent communion. With one last look, I let Stacy pull me from the room. She shut the door behind us and quietly led me down the hall to Kirk's room.



Kirk's bed had fresh linens on it and Stacy pushed me back to the center of the mattress. My penis was still very much erect, but she ignored it and collapsed into my arms. Her breathing became deep and regular as she dozed off. I lay awake, thinking about the scene I had just witnessed. My penis was as hard as ever when I thought about watching Susan give my semen to Mom in a kiss. The deep compassion and warmth between the two of them made my chest tight as I thought about it, and I once again had to blink back tears as the pure emotion of the memory washed over me.

But I was also afraid. I'd never seen my mother look at another woman with anything more than friendly interest. Intellectually, I understood that just because a woman liked another woman didn't make her a lesbian. But seeing my mother kiss another woman, even if they *were* sharing my semen, had a profound effect on me.

What if Mom was a lesbian? Would she stay married to Dad? Would he stay married to her if he knew? What if she didn't want to have sex with him any more? What if...?

I ran things around and around in my head, getting more worked up over it by the minute. My parents were one of the happiest couples I knew. They had disagreements like any other couple, but they always worked things out, and I could tell they loved and respected each other deeply. I couldn't imagine that they'd ever get a divorce. But as I lay there, wondering if my dad would still love my mom if she were a lesbian, I couldn't help but worry about my family's future.

I don't know how long I stared at the ceiling, mulling things over in my head and letting the panic drive my thoughts in crazy directions. If Dad left, how would we pay for things? Where would we live? What if he forced Mom to leave? Who would take care of Erin and me? I thought maybe I could do some of the grocery shopping, and I could do a little cooking, if Erin would help with the laundry and dishes. "Where would Mom go?" I thought suddenly.

"Why are you so restless?" Stacy asked half disgustedly.

"Was I restless?"

"Am I dozing peacefully?"

"Huh?"

“Am I dozing peacefully?” she asked again, very patiently.

“No.”

“Then you’re restless.”

“Uh... sorry.”

She sat up and propped herself on one elbow so she could stare at me. “What is it?”

“How do you know it’s something?” I asked defensively.

“Hon, I can feel it,” she said, gently rubbing my chest.

I suddenly realized that my muscles were tense, and that I probably *had* been restless. I looked at her, my eyes round and a little panicky.

She looked at me quietly and waited.

“What if my mom’s a lesbian?” I blurted out when the silence finally overwhelmed me.

“What?”

“What if my mom’s a lesbian? What if Dad finds out, and they get a divorce? What if Dad moves out? Who’ll pay for things? Where will we live? Who’ll take care of us if...?”

“Whoa, whoa, whoa! Slow down. What?”

I looked at her and began to repeat myself with excruciating patience.

She cut me off before I’d gotten two coherent syllables out. “You think your mom’s a lesbian? And that her and your dad are gonna get a divorce?”

The panic clutched at my heart and I nodded fearfully. And then she laughed at me. Laughed! Out loud! And it wasn’t a polite little tea-party laugh. She was *laughing* at me, her body shaking as her eyes began to water.

“It’s not funny! It’s not your family that’s gonna fall apart!”

She quieted quickly when she heard the hurt and fear in my voice, but her eyes were still full of mirth. “I’m sorry, Paul. But your imagination is simply incredible. You should be a writer.”

I looked at her indignantly.

“Your mom’s not a lesbian,” she said simply.

“How do you know?” I asked, my tone defiant.

“Trust me, hon. I know lesbians, and she’s not a member of the sisterhood.”

“The what?”

“Never mind. Your mom’s not a lesbian. What makes you think she might be?”

I blushed and Stacy had to stifle another laugh. “I mean... I saw her... with you.”

Stacy’s willpower finally failed, and she began laughing again. I was getting a little angry, and was ready to get up and leave, but she sensed it and quickly settled down.

“Well?” I demanded tersely.

Just then, there was a knock on the door. Before I could say anything—like “go away and leave us alone”—Stacy told them to come in.

The door opened and Susan stuck her head in. Stacy sat up and motioned for her to come into the room. Then Mom joined us. It was getting to be a regular crowd in Kirk’s room, I thought grumpily. I reluctantly sat up as well, crossing my legs and folding my arms across my chest.

“What’s all the commotion about?” Susan asked.

“Have a seat,” Stacy said. “You’ve gotta hear this.”

I scowled at her, but she pretended she didn’t see. Susan sat at the foot of the bed and Mom joined her. I couldn’t bring myself to look at Mom. I was still scared, but getting angry the more Stacy laughed at me. My battered ego could only take so much, I thought sullenly.

In a few short sentences, Stacy outlined (with only a few chuckles) what we’d been talking about. I flushed with embarrassment as three heads swiveled to fix me with humorous stares. I looked at them defiantly. When Mom saw that I was serious, and scared, she got up and came around to sit beside me on the bed.

“Oh, honey,” she said, reaching for me. “Your dad and I love each other very much. We’re not going to get a divorce. Not now, not ever.”

I let her hug me, despite my embarrassment at needing to be comforted by my mother, and her touch soothed me just like it always had. There's an infinite tenderness and understanding in a mother's touch, and I retreated into it.

"Trust me, honey," she said soothingly. "I'm not a lesbian. I like men. A lot. Particularly your dad. But I also think that some women are attractive too."

"But..."

"Just because your mom really knows how to eat pussy, and believe me, she does, doesn't make her a lesbian," Stacy said, her voice even.

"But..."

"No buts," Susan said firmly. "Have you ever looked at a guy and thought he looked good? He was handsome?"

I quickly shook my head. I wasn't gay!

Susan merely arched her eyebrows skeptically.

I shook my head defiantly.

She stared at me reprovably.

"Yeah," I reluctantly admitted. "So?"

"So you've looked at a guy before and thought he was handsome?" she asked, pressing the point. She wasn't going to let me off the hook that easily.

"Yeah."

"But you weren't attracted to him?"

"No," I said indignantly.

"So you're not gay?"

I shook my head vehemently.

"So why did you think your mom might be a lesbian?" Susan asked reasonably. Three heads turned toward me, and three pairs of eyes bored into my skull.

I thought about it for a moment and slowly realized how ignorant I'd been. I'd seen Susan and Stacy together, and I *knew* neither of them were lesbians. I was sure, from personal experience, that both of them preferred a man to a woman. So why had I panicked when I'd seen Mom with another woman? I knew she loved my dad, and I'd seen them together enough to know she was very attracted to him. Heck, I thought to myself, I knew she was attracted to *me* as well. So what idiot had gotten control of my imagination and let it run amok?

I shrugged, a sheepish grin playing across my face. "I dunno," I said lamely. "I guess I wasn't thinking."

Mom hugged me tight and Susan and Stacy both smiled gently.

"I love you, honey," Mom said as she kissed my temple. "I'm glad you worry about me. You're just learning about a new side of me, one that you haven't seen before. Are you okay with that?"

After only a moment's hesitation, I nodded.

"Susan and I have been good friends for a long time," she said.

I nodded without thinking. Suddenly, I Got It. I looked at her in barely concealed shock. My expression broadcast the question I was too bowled over to ask aloud. Mom and Susan both laughed easily, and Mom nodded nonchalantly. I looked from one woman to the other, my eyes wide with the revelation; I was completely nonplussed.

"She's a very beautiful woman," Mom said, her lips close to my ear.

Out of the corner of my eye, I could see that Mom was looking sidelong at Susan. I swallowed hard and nodded.

Susan grinned at me mischievously and waggled her eyebrows at my dumbstruck expression. "She's also," Susan said, desire coloring her voice, "the only one who hasn't gotten off tonight."

"That's right," Mom said, her face still very close to my own. "You need to take care of your women, Paul."

I looked at Mom, still in shock, and she chuckled as she lightly kissed my cheek. Then she lifted her eyebrows in anticipation and smiled broadly. With gentle touches, she slid me back until I was propped

against the headboard. My penis was already stirring at the thought of what the three of them were going to do to me, and I didn't have long before I found out.

Susan moved between my legs as Stacy, who had been mostly quiet up to that point, slid under my arm and pressed her nubile body against my right side. Susan positioned herself so she could easily suck me into her mouth, but she rotated her hips to the side and bent her right leg at the knee. Mom slid down and quickly moved between Susan's spread legs, and then began gently tonguing her smooth pussy. Susan closed her eyes and savored the feeling as Mom licked her. My cock quickly became rock hard at the sight.

When she opened her eyes again, Susan practically purred at the sight of my gently bobbing erection. Without preamble, she sucked me into her mouth and just about swallowed me whole. I closed my eyes as the tip of my dick hit the back of her throat and her lips closed around the base of my shaft. Stacy took that opportunity to begin kissing my neck and rubbing my chest.

My senses were quickly overloaded and I entered a hazy, floating world of non-stop pleasure and sensation. Susan wrapped her lips around my girth and began stroking the length of my shaft with her strong, supple lips. I opened my eyes and stared at the ceiling for long minutes, not focusing on anything except the feeling of her lips and tongue on my manhood.

I slowly became aware of Stacy's soft, curly hair brushing against my shoulder as she pressed into the hollow of my neck and planted small, delicious kisses along my sensitive skin. I shuddered and pulled her tight against me, once again concentrating on the pressure building in my groin.

Susan was already worked up from earlier, and under Mom's surprisingly skillful manipulation, she quickly started bucking her hips and moaning around my cock. As she approached her own climax, Susan started sucking me faster, using long, firm strokes. Watching Susan suck me, not to mention watching my mom with her lips against Susan's smooth pussy, I quickly reached the point of no return.

Susan timed things perfectly. My hips started to quiver with my impending release and Susan locked her lips around my shaft about half-way down. There was an explosion of pleasure centered on my cock, a matching one behind my eyes, as the first surge raced up my shaft.

When the jet of semen hit the back of Susan's throat, her orgasm crashed over her. I continued to pump my seed into her willing mouth as she screwed her eyes shut tight and went completely rigid. When I stopped shooting, I opened my eyes and slowly realized that Susan's lips were still firmly around my shaft.

I looked down and watched as Mom kept working on Susan's pussy, pushing her higher and higher. Susan was moaning uncontrollably, her lips and tongue holding my still-hard dick in place. She balled her hands into fists and finally let my cock slip from her mouth. As Mom relentlessly pleased her, Susan lolled her head back, resting it on my thigh, her eyes closed tight.

She shook her head side-to-side and her hips began to quiver uncontrollably. As I watched, I was amazed by the series of orgasms that rolled over her, each one barely subsiding before the next began. Susan panted and moaned, her face a mask of pure ecstasy.

Finally, with an ear-piercing shriek, she almost doubled over and began desperately trying to push Mom's head away from her suddenly hypersensitive pussy. Mom pulled back, panting as well, and looked on with immense satisfaction as Susan shuddered with the force of her final orgasm.

I turned my head and saw that Stacy was watching as well, her head resting comfortably on my shoulder, my arm still protectively around her shoulders. Susan trembled with the aftershocks coursing through her body and Mom moved behind her. I watched silently as she gently touched Susan.

Mom propped herself on one elbow, her other arm draped protectively around Susan, and gazed at me over Susan's shoulder. I looked at her with profound admiration and she smiled knowingly. When I felt Stacy move, I looked down at her and her lips met my own in a tender kiss. It was short, and incredibly sweet, and I pulled back and looked at her. Her eyes misted and she tucked her head against the hollow of my shoulder, sighing deeply.

We stayed like that for a long time, each of us in a languid, blissful daze.



A long time later, well after we had comfortably arranged ourselves on Kirk's queen-sized bed, I opened

my eyes. Stacy was nestled protectively in my arms, and beyond her, Mom and Susan held each other. My arm had fallen asleep, and I tried to gently flex my fingers to return some blood flow. Stacy felt the movement and mumbled something quietly. I kissed her bare shoulder tenderly and she stirred against me.

I tried to go back to sleep, but I was incredibly thirsty. When I tried to ignore it, things seemed to get worse. Reluctantly, I gently pulled my arm from beneath Stacy and stood up.

When I got to the kitchen, I filled a tall glass with water from the sink. I put the glass against my lips and emptied it in one long drink. I refilled it and repeated the process. By the time I filled the glass a third time, my thirst had been mostly quenched, so I walked back to Kirk's bedroom with it.

The girls were just stirring when I got there, and Stacy looked up at me and blinked as she slowly focused on me. When she saw the glass of water in my hand, she unconsciously licked her lips. Her eyes flicked from it to my face and back again. I grinned at her and handed her the glass. By the time she'd drained a third of it, Mom and Susan were starting to sit up, roused from their doze by Stacy's movements.

Mom silently put out her hand and Stacy handed her the glass. Finally, after Susan finished the last of the cool liquid, I took the glass and refilled it from the sink in the hall bathroom. Everyone else took another drink, and I was rewarded with the empty glass and three beaming smiles.

For the second time that day, Stacy began to strip the linens from Kirk's bed.

"Leave them," Susan said. "We'll get them in the morning. You can sleep with me tonight."

They shared a look, and Stacy nodded quietly.

"But first," Susan said, "I want to take a shower. Who's with me?"

All three of us raised our hands, and then we shared a good-natured laugh. With Susan leading the way, we all headed for the large shower in the master bath. Stacy and I were going to wait until Mom and Susan had rinsed off, but the two older women pulled us in after them. The shower was indeed large, but it was a little crowded with four of us in there.

But if I thought I'd liked showering with a woman, or even two women, showering with *three* women was even better! In the crowded confines of the shower, everyone rubbed up against everyone else, and I got a particular thrill when I would come in contact with Mom's slippery skin. She and I shared several conspiratorial glances, and my penis was half-erect the entire time. It was only because I'd already come so many times that day that I wasn't fully erect.

Susan and Mom had pinned their long hair up, because they didn't want to dry it before going to sleep, but Stacy and I completely immersed ourselves in the spray. After we turned off the water, Susan fetched two extra towels and we all dried off, very tired, and very happy.

Stacy's eyes were already drooping as we all kissed each other goodnight and Mom and I headed for our cabin.



It was long after midnight as we walked up the sandy road to our cabin. We didn't talk the entire way, but shared a companionable silence, her arm linked through my own. I liked having her close, feeling like I was protecting her. It wasn't the same as when I held Gina, or Kendall, but it was... very nice.

When we stepped onto the porch of the cabin, Mom turned and stopped me with a hand on my arm.

"You're not quite the young man you were at the beginning of the summer," she said quietly. "Are you?"

I shook my head.

"Do you think you're happier?"

I quickly nodded.

"No, think about it for a moment before you answer. Do you really think you're happier?"

I did think about it then. I'd been through a lot in a short period of time, barely more than a month. When I stopped to think about all the women who'd become so much more important to me, and the things that I'd seen and done, I was momentarily taken aback. I'd lost my virginity. I'd almost had sex with my mother. I'd fallen in love with a girl who loved me in return. I'd been elated and hurt and scared and angry and blissfully happy. I'd learned a lot about women, and about myself. While Mom looked at me

searchingly, I thought about it all.

When I focused on her once again, I nodded firmly.

"I think so too," she said simply. Then she got a sly look on her face. "Did you have fun tonight?"

I nodded quickly, not needing to think about *that* answer.

Mom smiled conspiratorially. "Me too." Then she looked serious. "You're sure you're okay with things? With me? With seeing me with a woman?"

I nodded and grinned like an idiot.

She arched her eyebrows.

I thought about it for a moment, and decided to be frank with her. "Actually," I said quietly, "I think it's sexy as hell."

"Mmmmm, me too."

She gazed at me for a moment, studying my face in the faint glow from the nearest streetlight. I shifted nervously as she looked at me, and wondered what she was thinking. I was about to ask when she put her finger to her lips.

"Shhhh. Wait here, I'll be right back," she whispered.

I watched, confused, as Mom opened the screen door and walked into the cabin. When she returned, a moment later, she closed the cabin door behind her and held the screen door so it shut gently. She was carrying a folded towel, and simply smiled when I looked at her questioningly. She stood in front of me, the towel draped over her arm, and looked at me seriously.

"I don't want to make a habit of this, but I guess every once in a while is okay," she said.

I looked at her and my confusion only deepened.

"You're not the same young man you were a month ago. And you're proving that you can be serious about commitment and respect. Those are very important things, Paul, in any relationship."

I nodded.

"So now," she said mischievously, "it's my turn." Then she pushed me back, into one of the rocking chairs. I sat down suddenly, and looked up at her in confusion. She put the towel down between my feet and looked at me appraisingly.

I'd seen that look in her eyes before! The last time I'd seen it, she...

...dropped to her knees in front of me, using the towel as a cushion. She pulled my hips toward her so that I slouched in the chair. With an incredibly erotic waggle of her eyebrows, she lowered her head.

In an instant, she captured my soft penis between her lips and began lavishing attention on it. I was hard in a heartbeat. She lifted her head out of my lap and for a moment I panicked, thinking that she was going to end it. She smiled at me, her expression full of lust, and all my fears dissipated as she lowered her head once more.

The feeling as she took me into the back of her throat was exquisite. She and Susan sucked me with very different styles, I thought to myself. Susan was sometimes more direct, but Mom was much, *much* smoother. When she swallowed me, it was like a hot, wet, velvet glove had descended on my manhood.

I gripped the arms of the rocking chair fiercely and closed my eyes, savoring the feeling as she slowly pulled her lips back. When she reached the crown, she let me pop from her mouth completely, and once again grinned impishly at me. I swallowed hard and watched as she slowly kissed and nipped down the sensitive underside ridge. Her soft cheek rubbed against my balls as she reached the base of my cock and I shuddered at the touch.

She inhaled my scent, a small smile playing across her face as she did, and then she kissed her way back to the tip. Once there, she captured the glans between her lips and flicked her tongue against the sensitive underside. I was in heaven. The feeling was nearly as erotic as the sight itself.

When she took more of me in her mouth, however, I closed my eyes and drew a deep breath. I let my head sag against the slats of the chair back and relaxed my grip on its arms. She lowered her mouth over my erection and clamped her lips around me about halfway down. I felt her breath against the top of my shaft as she opened her mouth and swallowed more of me. When her lips closed on the base of my shaft, I groaned.

I had already come four times that day, and I knew I was going to take a long time reaching orgasm. I certainly didn't mind, and Mom didn't seem to either. She began making love to my penis and I leaned back in the chair and luxuriated in the sensations she was creating.

She licked, sucked, and teased my rock-hard shaft for a long, long time. My breathing became shallow and rapid as she coaxed another orgasm from me. She sensed it coming and began working her lips against my shaft, just below the crown. While she did that, she brought her hand up and squeezed the base of my manhood, pumping me rhythmically.

My orgasm started at the tips of my fingers, and way down in my toes. It slowly gathered speed as it moved through my limbs, gathering power as well. The sensation centered on my groin and continued to build. I began to tremble in anticipation, waiting for the release that my climax would bring. It built and built, and my skin tingled with anticipation. I wanted to cry out, to jump up and run around, to move mountains!

Mom moaned almost desperately as she felt my need telegraphed through my quivering flesh. With a rush, I ground my teeth together to keep from crying out and every muscle in my body tensed. The first spurt of semen exploded from my cock and I felt like I was being turned inside out. The electric tingling spread over my whole body, infusing me with energy and power.

After that first powerful surge of come, the next few were paltry by comparison. The sensation, however, was as strong as ever. I felt like I was floating, detached from reality as my entire being focused on the feeling deep within me. I don't have a clue when my orgasm subsided; I simply closed my eyes and passed out.



My eyes snapped open and I jerked my head upright. I blinked and drew a deep, shuddering breath. It was dark out, and I was sitting on the porch of our cabin. My entire body tingled, the feeling radiating from my groin. I looked around and slowly came to my senses, remembering where I was, and what I was doing.

When I looked down, Mom was resting her head on my thigh and nursing my slowly deflating penis. Every muscle in my body was fatigued, and my limbs felt like rubber. I lay there, too weak to move, and enjoyed the sensations as she tenderly sucked me.

Finally, reluctantly, I moved. Mom felt me shift and released my soft penis from her suckling lips. She looked up at me and smiled, her eyes drooping in exhaustion. She planted one last kiss on the shriveled head of my manhood and then stood slowly. I rocked forward and barely managed to make it onto my feet.

I looked at Mom, her lips shiny and red, and gave her a lopsided grin. She smiled, her eyes hooded, and nodded slowly. She bent at the waist to retrieve the towel and then took my hand in her own. I felt like I was going to collapse as she stepped closer and rose on tiptoes to kiss my cheek.

"I love you, Mom," I whispered.

"I love you too, honey."

With that, we stepped into the darkened cabin. In my post-orgasmic, weakened state, I seriously wondered if I'd even be able to climb the ladder to my top bunk. I thought for a moment that I might have to simply collapse on the couch. With a tremendous effort, I hauled myself up the rungs and collapsed in the bed, not even bothering to pull the sheet over me. I was fast asleep the moment my head hit the pillow.



I was on the raft in the middle of the lake, and there was an earthquake. The water in the lake was so turbulent that the raft was lurching side-to-side as the earthquake vibrated everything. And for some reason, my left arm hurt. I looked to my left and Erin was standing in the water, untouched by the surging waves; she was trying to get me to go swimming.

"Paul!" she hissed. "Come on."

"Doan wanna go swimmin'."

"Paul. They're gonna leave."

"Who's gonna leaf?"

“Kendall!”

That worked its way through my addled brain and I decided that swimming with Kendall might not be so bad. But by then, the raft had stopped rocking and I was content to just lie on top of it. Until the shooting pains in my left arm overwhelmed me and I... opened my eyes.

Instead of a bright blue sky, I stared up at the roof of the cabin. My arm hurt like hell, but the raft—my bed—had stopped moving. How did I get back here? And what about the earthquake? Was anyone hurt? Why did Erin want me to go swimming?

“Paul!”

“What?” I asked, blinking my eyes and unsuccessfully fighting off a huge yawn. Had I been dreaming? I looked to my left and came face to face with Erin as she stood on the ladder to the top bunk.

“Kendall and Drew,” she said, exasperated.

“What about ’em?”

“They’re leaving in about fifteen minutes. That’s what!”

That got my attention.

“I’ve been shaking you, trying to wake you up for five minutes. You kept telling me you didn’t want to go swimming.”

That explained the earthquake. Erin practically dragged me out of bed. I stumbled down the ladder and looked about blearily. Erin led me to the bathroom, none too gently, and pushed me inside.

“Brush your teeth, wash your face, and comb your hair. In that order,” she said patiently. “You’ve got three minutes.” Then she shut the door.

Before I’d been unceremoniously shoved into the bathroom, I’d gotten a good glimpse outside. It couldn’t be much past dawn. Which meant that I’d once again gotten only a few hours sleep. I brushed my teeth, washed my face, and combed my hair, as ordered. When I opened the bathroom door, I actually felt a little more awake. Erin grabbed me and marched me out the door ahead of her.

“Thanks for getting me up, Er,” I said as we walked through the nippy morning air toward the Payton’s Winnebago.

“Yeah. No problem. But what was that stuff about an earthquake?”

“I was dreaming. I was... Never mind. It was weird.” I shook my head to clear the cobwebs.

“I guess,” she said, never slacking her pace.

We got to the Winnebago just as Kendall’s father was strapping the last of the lawn furniture to the luggage rack on the back. Kendall and Drew stepped out of the camper one after the other. When they saw us, both their faces lit up, and they shared a conspiratorial grin. Kendall stuck her head back in the camper, presumably to tell her mother something, and then looked at me anxiously. Her father walked around from the back, took one look at the four of us, and then looked at Kendall.

Just then, her mom stuck her head out of the camper and called to her dad. He gave Kendall a meaningful look and tapped his watch. Then he went inside the camper. Kendall’s mom reached out and closed the door behind him. Drew and Erin stayed by the camper’s door, albeit out of sight of the small window set in it, while Kendall gestured for me to join her behind the vehicle, where there was only one large window above our heads.

As soon as we were out of sight around the corner, she pushed me up against the lawn chairs. The next thing I knew, she was pressed against me and had her lips locked against my own. She didn’t open her mouth to let my tongue explore, but the kiss was very heated nonetheless. When we pulled apart, we were both breathless.

“Wow,” I said in wonder. “What was that about?”

She looked shy for a moment, abashed at her own forwardness. Then she squared her shoulders and looked at me sternly. “I thought you weren’t coming.”

“I’m sorry. I got to sleep late last night, and Erin had trouble waking me up.”

“Well,” she said defensively. “When I thought you weren’t coming, I guess I got a little mad, and maybe a little scared.”

“Oh.”

“You see what happens when I get scared?”

“Boo,” I said with aplomb.

She looked at me in shock and then grinned broadly. Then she shook her head. “I promised myself. Only one kiss.”

“That’s fair,” I said as I nodded.

She looked a little disappointed.

“I promised myself the same thing.”

She looked at me questioningly.

“Only one kiss. So now that you’ve had yours...”

She rolled her eyes at me, but made no move to escape.

I decided that if I were only going to get one kiss, I’d better make it a good one. She closed her eyes as I moved forward, and her lips parted in anticipation. I had to lift my head a little to kiss her, but I soon forgot about that as I pressed myself against her.

Our lips met and I held her against me. I darted my tongue out and ran it along the line of her lips, tasting her, teasing her with the touch. She parted her lips and let my tongue invade. I ran it along her teeth and she melted against me as her tongue ventured out tentatively. Her nipples, which were pressed deliciously against my chest, quickly became erect as our kiss heated up. By the time I pulled back, tugging gently on her lower lip with my teeth, we were both breathless and grinning like idiots.

“Wow,” she breathed, swallowing hard.

“Yeah.”

“Wow.”

“I think you already said that,” I said, gently teasing her.

“Wow.”

“You like?”

She finally opened her eyes and focused on my face. “What’s not to like?” she asked dreamily.

I smiled at her.

“Wow.”

I laughed gently and she put her head on my shoulder. I hugged her tight and ran my hand down the length of her back.

“I’m going to miss you,” she said quietly.

“I’m gonna miss you too.”

“But we’ll see each other next summer.”

“Yeah. Of course.”

She lifted her head and looked at me with a twinkle in her eye. “And Gina better watch out!”

“Yeah,” I said. I laughed, but it had an edge of nervousness. “Too bad you two can’t share me.”

She got a really strange look in her eye as she thought about that, and I started to ask her what she was thinking. But before I could, we felt the camper shift and a moment later, her father called her name.

“Coming, daddy,” she said obediently.

When we stepped out from behind the camper, her father gave me an appraising look. He was already dressed in athletic shorts and a Chattanooga Police Department t-shirt. I noted, with a touch of tightly suppressed amusement, that he snuck a quick look at my penis. It was as flaccid as it had been when he’d first seen me, much to my relief. Drew and Erin were standing close to each other, but not touching, and Kendall gave me one last searching look. Once again, I saw that strange, considering look in her eye, and wondered what she was thinking.

She gave me a quick, chaste kiss on the cheek. “Goodbye,” she whispered. “I’ll see you next summer.”

“Next summer,” I said quietly, before she pulled away.

And with that, they all climbed into the camper. Erin and I watched as it reversed and then started for the main road. In the back window, we could just make out Kendall and Drew. We waved until they were out of sight.

Erin sighed and gave me a teary smile. I put my arm around her comfortingly and she leaned against me.

We walked down to the clubhouse in silence.



Stacy left later that day. The big surprise she'd planned for me, the Polaroids, never happened. I was still very nervous about them, still very unsure of my body at times. I promised her that we would get together some other time and I'd let her take pictures of us. I knew she wanted them, but I just didn't have the heart to tell her no.

Almost two weeks later, Susan had her monthly meeting with her accountant. Mom knew I wanted to see Stacy, so she let me go with Susan to the meeting. Since Susan and her accountant would be working all afternoon, he gave Stacy the rest of the day off. I strongly suspected that Susan had a hand in that decision. Stacy drove us back to her trailer, each of us grinning at the other in anticipation.

Once there, she didn't even mention the Polaroids, much to my relief. In the end, I brought them up. Because I knew how much it meant to her, I tentatively agreed. She took a lot of pictures of us, and I was uncomfortable with the camera at first. But as she got me more and more aroused, I started to get into it a little. I was still nervous, but at least I wasn't completely panicked. It's hard to panic when a beautiful girl is on her knees and asks you to take a picture of her sucking your dick. Trust me on this one.

We made love all afternoon, and she even came, hard, with me in her pussy. Afterward, she began to cry, and I was completely at a loss for what to do. She wouldn't tell me why she was crying, and I began to worry. When she finally calmed down, she went to the bathroom and cleaned herself up a little. We lay on her bed and kissed for a long time after that, just holding each other and enjoying being together.

It was probably the last time we'd be able to see each other before my family left to return home, and I hoped her melancholy was due to the fact that I was leaving. A couple of times, she looked like she wanted to tell me something. Each time, she got a sad look in her eyes, and never did tell me what she was thinking.

We took a long shower before Susan got there; Stacy wanted me in her ass, and I was more than happy to accommodate her. It was hard, and fast, and she came again. After she'd cleaned me up, she clung to me until the water ran tepid, and even a little after the water eventually turned icy.

Susan took us out to dinner that night, and Stacy seemed to be her old self. When we dropped her off at her trailer later that night, I walked her to the door, just like we were on a real date. She gave me a long, heated kiss and then pressed herself against me. Neither of us wanted to say goodbye, but we knew we'd have to. I promised I'd call her the following summer, as soon as my family got to the camp. She kissed me again and then went inside, her eyes already brimming with tears. Susan thankfully left me to my thoughts as she drove back to camp.



My dad returned home a few days after Kendall and her family left. He had one more set of trips to fly, but the summer was drawing to a close, and he'd soon be back to his regular schedule of flying. Well, as regular as an airline pilot's life ever is.

Mom and I didn't talk about the night at Susan's, or what happened afterward on our porch. Things weren't uncomfortable between us, however, and I was tremendously relieved. We never did repeat the evening, but I got the sense that the door wasn't completely shut on the possibility.

Mom and Susan were much more open with me about things as well. The subject of swingers at the camp came up again, a couple of times, but neither of them would do more than smirk and shake their head when I asked.

Much to my surprise, Erin and I actually got along really well the remainder of the summer. We had a few brother-sister fights, just like normal kids, but I was starting to think of her as a young woman, instead of my bratty little sister. When I was actually nice to her, she stopped treating me like her dorky big brother. We started treating each other with a little more respect, and we began to talk quite a bit more, about all sorts of things. Mom and Dad noticed, I'm sure, but neither of them said anything about it.

Other families came and went, the usual flow of visitors to the camp. Most of the families with children had younger kids, and were taking their vacations before school started. There were a few families with kids

closer to our age, but we didn't know them well, or they didn't stay long. So Erin and I mostly hung out with each other. After all of our friends had gone, there wasn't much else for us to do. We each simply enjoyed the relaxation that comes with not really having a schedule.



Susan and I spent more time together the last few weeks my family was at camp. But the pace somehow seemed slower, and I enjoyed it quite a bit. I'd often stop by her house before breakfast, and she'd fix me something to eat. She'd get between my legs under the table and suck me. It was a game we played, to see who could finish first. I actually got so that I could control things a little better, and she ended up winning only about half the time.

I also wanted to try anal sex with her. It was something she'd tried when she was first married, and she hadn't liked it all that much. It wasn't something I put pressure on her about though; I asked, and we started talking about it. She could see how keen I was to try it with her, though, and decided to give it another go.

I got her all worked up, and she sucked me off twice before she was ready to let me try her ass. She bent over the vanity in the master bathroom—we'd decided that I could see her face in the mirror that way, and make sure I wasn't hurting her or going too fast—and I started to enter her.

She was very, very tight. I finally worked myself all the way inside her, but I could tell she wasn't really enjoying herself. After a few tentative thrusts, things didn't get any better. I quickly decided that there were many more enjoyable things that Susan and I could do together.

I was actually a little surprised at myself; I wasn't disappointed in the least bit. I saw the way Stacy enjoyed herself when we had anal sex, and I'd hoped that Susan would enjoy it as well. When she didn't, she was worried that I'd be upset. To our pleasant (and mutual) surprise, we discovered that half of my enjoyment was seeing her take pleasure in what we did together. So, no more anal sex with Susan.

That left any number of other possibilities, and during the remaining weeks my family was at camp, I think we tried most of them. Once we had a few of the emotional aspects of sex between us ironed out—I loved her very much, and I knew she loved me, but neither of us were in love—we had a lot of fun. Susan was an excellent teacher, and I was an enthusiastic student.

The one downside of all this time spent with Susan, if there truly were a downside, was that Erin started to notice. Because she and I spent so much more time together after our friends left, she immediately took note of the times when I'd disappear for a couple of hours. Of course Mom knew what was going on, and by some of the things Dad had said, I was sure Mom had told him. But Erin figured it out for herself.

She never confronted me directly on the issue, much to my relief, but she did start asking some pretty direct questions. At first, I squirmed and blushed and tried to put her off. I even talked to Susan about it. Erin was at an age, Susan said, where she was going to start experimenting, and wondering about her body—and boys' bodies. I guess I'd always thought that Erin would ask Mom when she wanted to know about sex. So I was incredibly surprised when Susan told me I should be flattered that Erin trusted me enough to ask.

And so I began answering some of Erin's direct questions. Most of them had little to do with the purely physical aspects of sex. I don't think she really thought about the mechanics a great deal, much to my relief. Her questions had more to do with what guys liked, and what did it feel like, and the emotional side of things. I did my best to answer her truthfully, but I hoped that she wouldn't end up incredibly messed up if I told her too much.

As we talked about sex and relationships, and hung out together, Erin and I developed a very deep trust; it was our little secret. I could tell it made her feel grown up to have someone to talk to, even if I couldn't answer some of the tougher questions about emotions, and what the girl felt. I'd ask Susan about some of the more difficult questions, and return to Erin with an answer. In the process, I learned a great deal about how women thought, and how they felt.



Eventually, however, the summer came to an end. Mom had decided—before we ever came to camp—that she wanted us to return home at least two weeks before school started. Both my High School and Erin’s Junior High started the day after Labor Day, so we had planned to leave camp at the end of August.

I was gloomy for several days before we left, and I became a little snappish with everyone around me. When I lost my temper with Mom, however, my bad attitude met an untimely end. From everyone else’s perspective, however, I guess it was a timely end. Dad and I had A Talk. Well, he talked; my end of the conversation consisted almost entirely of “yes, sir” and “no, sir.” Dad didn’t have to have a discussion with me often, but when he did, Things Changed. Afterward, I was very contrite, and offered Mom, Erin, and Susan my sincere apologies for my behavior. To their infinite credit, they were all very gracious about it.

After almost an entire day spent collecting our scattered belongings and packing them in our bags, baskets, and various cases, we were ready to leave. The next morning, August 20, a Sunday, we got up early and took our showers. We got dressed and Mom packed our toiletries in her suitcase. While she and Erin went down to the clubhouse to fix breakfast, Dad and I loaded the car.

When we were done, we drove down and parked behind the clubhouse. After breakfast, we loaded the rest of the food—what we hadn’t given away to Susan or others—and said our goodbyes. Susan was there, of course, and gave us all hugs. A few of the other year-round residents were there as well. We said goodbye to everyone, got in the car, and drove off.

The drive home was a long one, and I had lots of time to think. I was looking forward to getting letters from Gina, and I hoped there was a stack of them waiting for me at our neighbor’s house. I missed Gina, but the feeling of her absence had faded a little over the weeks after she left. And it was still almost nine months before I could get excited about seeing her again. She was constantly in my thoughts, though.

I thought about Stacy too, and our last day together. I fervently hoped that she wasn’t upset about something I’d said or done. I’d enjoyed my time with her, but I worried about her as well. I hoped she’d keep in touch with Susan, and maybe visit the camp every once in a while. I looked forward to seeing her the following year, but I did wonder how I was going to deal with her and Gina.

I had settled it in my mind that sex with Susan and Stacy wasn’t cheating on Gina, but my thoughts included a giant question mark about how Gina would see things. Susan and Mom had both assured me that Gina was probably a little more open-minded than I thought, but the source of their confidence eluded me. I worried about hurting Gina, or Stacy, or both. I worried about losing them.

I thought about Kendall as well. She was beautiful, and smart, and incredibly sexy, and our last full day together would keep my fantasies fueled for a long time. I wondered how things would work out with her. I didn’t want to think of her as an alternative to Gina, that wasn’t fair to either of them, but I couldn’t help but wonder “what if.”

But mostly, on that long drive home, I thought about Susan. I felt a little guilty that I was going to miss her more than Gina, but it was the truth. Although I would definitely miss the regular sex, I was also going to miss her teasing, her insight, her wit, her compassion and love, and a whole host of other things. I was going to miss Susan, all of her.

I was somber and exhausted when we finally arrived home to a dry and un-lived-in house. Gina and Kendall and Stacy and Susan all whirled through my mind, and thoughts of the upcoming school year were completely banished. How would things work out with all of us? I had nine long months to wait before I would find out.



Book 1 – The End

Look for the continuation of the story in *Summer Camp – Book 2: Gina*.

AUTHOR'S AFTERWORD

In August 2002, I had this story growing in my head. It started off as a simple “what if” stroke story that stemmed from a set of events in my real life. Many people have since asked me how much of *Summer Camp* really happened to me. The answer is not so simple. There are certainly lots of elements of my life in the story, but enough of it is pure fantasy. Most of it is a mixture of the two, but I’m not telling which is which.

When I actually decided to sit down and start writing, I was inspired by Richard Bissell’s seminal “Call Girl Cheerleaders.” I wanted to write a first-person story with clean, tight prose, realistic characters, and vivid images. I started defining the characters and their relationships, and blocking out scenes. Then, I started writing, and quickly hammered out the first few chapters.

What had started as a simple story rapidly evolved into something more. The characters took on lives of their own, and went in directions I hadn’t been expecting. With an overall plot to tie everything together, Books 2 and 3 were conceived. It turned out to be a much larger story than I’d originally thought.

In three mad months, from September until the end of November, the chapters were posted. I tried to keep my writing several chapters ahead of my posting, and the pace was hectic. Twenty-six chapters and more than 200,000 words later, Book 1 finally drew to a close. Since I started posting, I have received more feedback and recognition than I’d ever dreamed was possible. Thank you all.

Many people helped this story come to life, but there a few special people whose contributions went above and beyond. I won’t mention their names here, because I don’t wish to invade their privacy, but you know who you are. Thank you very, very much.

Writing *Summer Camp – Book 1: Susan* has been a labor of love, but I’m happy to see it come to a close. I have several smaller stories that I want to write, and I have to start work on Book 2. I don’t think I’ll be able to maintain the frantic pace that I did with the first book, but I’m nothing if not dedicated.

Thanks again to everyone who sent feedback. Appreciation is the main currency for most writers, and because of all of you, I am truly a wealthy man.

And finally, who died? Who is Paul’s wife? Did I, perhaps, forget to tell you something? Rest assured, I haven’t forgotten about either of those plot hooks, but you’ll have to read all three books to learn the answers!

Nick Scipio
November 20, 2002
Southeastern US