**Carnal Summer**

by Art Martin

*Our pool in the woods*

*A young teen learns all about sex with the help of his comely older step-cousin...*

I first met Jane when I was but twelve and she was fourteen. Jane was a very pretty brown-eyed brunette and was stacked. She had a rack that made any male, no matter the age, take notice of. Nice ass too; very nice. Features that definitely piqued my interest. She was quite the looker and had an A+ personality too. For me, it was love at first sight. Of course, as far as she was concerned, I was just the awkward and dorky nephew of the man and woman who, just a few months before, had decided to adopt her.

Up until my Uncle Tim and Aunt Vera had taken her in, Jane hadn't had a very pleasant childhood. I never knew the details other than that her folks were some sort of criminals who were sent to the poky. When that happened, Jane and her numerous brothers and sisters were all split up and put into foster care. For Jane, that wasn't all that great of an experience either. But when my Uncle Tim and Aunt Vera took her in, she thought that she'd hit the jackpot... and she did. My Uncle Tim was quite well off and lavished all the upscale clothes, shoes, etc. that any teenage girl could want. Of course they couldn't adopt her right away, but Uncle Tim made it clear to everyone in the family that she was to be treated as his daughter.

I was at my grandmother's farm for the summer when Uncle Tim first brought Jane by. Like I said, I was in love instantly. Up until then, with a few notable exceptions, all the girls in my classes were flat chested. I didn't know that real girls could be built that way. Like I said, I was a dorky twelve year old... a big twelve year old, but still dorky. I saw Jane maybe three, or four times that summer and every time I saw her I was afraid that she could read my mind and see the fevered mental images I had formed of her naked.

Except for the times when Uncle Tim brought Jane around, my summer, like the previous summers, was rather mundane. My two sisters were much older than me, one was already married and the other was almost finished with college. So, for the summer, my folks sent me to the farm to keep me out of mischief while they were at work.

My grandmother certainly knew how to keep me out of trouble. Every morning it was feed the chickens, collect the eggs, tend to my uncle's horses and then hoeing weeds and picking vegetables in her somewhat large vegetable garden. By noon it was usually hotter than hell and my field work for the day was finished. Provided Gran didn't have other projects for me to tend to, I was pretty much free to do whatever I wanted in the afternoon. Out there in the boonies, there really wasn't anything to do, other than to pop snakes in the ponds with my 22, ride my uncle's horses and/or wander about in the woods or the hayloft, doing what precocious twelve year old males do whenever they have the chance and think they won't be caught. I must have beat off twice every afternoon and then again before I went to sleep. My hormones were certainly cranking up, so when Jane showed up, she got my attention.

Uncle Tim had two sons, both much older than me, and both in the military. My mom's other two brothers had been killed during the war, so until Jane showed up, it was just me at Gran's during the summer, and Jane wasn't there but for a few days at a time. With neither of us having anyone close to our age, we hit it off fairly well.

I started junior high the following fall, took up weight lifting and joined the wrestling team; I was also drafted to play football. I was an early bloomer and a big kid for my age; Der Munster my buddies called me. Of course in junior high, there were other girls built like Jane, but like Jane, they always seemed to be older than me, and what self respecting ninth-grader boob-wonder would give the time of day to a lusting seventh-grader goon.

The following summer things changed. I was still shipped off to my grandmother's farm and was Gran's slave for the most part, but I really didn't mind. I was also bigger then, the hormones and weight lifting having done wonders in transforming me. No longer did my voice crack and there was hair where males grow hair. I had changed so much that Jane hardly recognized me when Uncle Tim first brought her to the farm that summer.

To my delight, Jane was a lot more interested in her now beefy step-cousin than she had been the previous summer. No doubt the fact that I was the only other teenager around helped increase her interest in me, but I quickly realized that she was a bit taken by my now muscular body. I had come in from my morning chores for dinner (lunch if you will), shirtless, as I was wont to do when working. Gran fussed at me to be properly dressed to eat. After we ate, Jane and I cleaned up the kitchen. She leaned over and whispered to me, "I like you better without your shirt." I suppose I could have said the same thing to her, but good manners (and good sense) dictated that I remain mum on that score.

That afternoon, Jane asked me to go riding with her. Gran seemed pleased that I would accompany Jane horseback riding, as you never know what might happen. I caught and saddled two horses, then we were off over the pastures and through the woods. As soon as we were out of sight of the house she made another comment about my shirt, or rather her desire that I go without it. Naturally I did as she wished. That set the tone for our afternoon free time rides, where I would dress much the same in the afternoon as when I was hoeing weeds in the morning.

Now unlike the previous summer, Jane was stuck out on Gran's farm for the entire summer and for much the same reason I was, so we were together every afternoon that Gran didn't have something else for us to do.

By the end of the second week that Jane was there it had turned fairly hot... not as hot as it would be in few more weeks, but hot enough. We were out on a ride when I remembered a small pool of water that was fed by a spring. Buried in the woods, the pool wasn't very big, maybe twelve feet across and it wasn't deep, maybe a foot. But the water was cool and clear and the bottom was sandy and easy on the feet. You couldn't swim in it, but you could use it like a big backyard kiddie pool and cool off.

I took off my boots and socks, rolled up my jeans and waded out into the middle. Jane followed. If Jane wasn't there, I would have simply stripped off and wallowed in the water like I'd done for several summers before. I made a comment about that and instantly regretted saying such a thing. Jane's reply was nothing like I had expected. "Go ahead, Kyle," she said. "It's nothing I hadn't seen before."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes. Go ahead. It's not a big deal."

Well, it was BIG deal. It was hot, but I was hesitant to go commando in front of my shapely pseudo-step-cousin. What if she screamed? What if she told Gran? Uncle Tim would probably kill me, bury me somewhere in the woods and tell my mom that I ran away. Still, getting wet and cooling off was practically irresistible. "Uh, maybe I'll keep my drawers on."

She replied with a playfully dour look , "If you want, Kyle." Then breaking out in a big grin she added with a laugh, "Just pretend I'm not here."

Damn! I didn't know what to do. Obviously she was teasing me, but how much of that was genuine mockery? Girls, all girls, were a total mystery to me at that time (still are for the most part), and Jane was loving seeing me hopelessly twisting in the wind. "It's okay, Kyle," she said taking a measure of mercy upon me. "Really. I don't mind. Just don't tell Gran anything about this, or your uncle; they'll skin us both."

"I wouldn't tell... ever," I defended. "You can't tell either."

"Don't be silly. Now, if you want to take your pants off and get wet, go ahead. It's not like I've never seen a guy before." I had no idea what guy she was talking about, but I assumed it was one of her older brothers, half brothers or an older stepbrother... maybe even a boyfriend! Heck, my sisters had seen me nude any number of times when I was little, but then they were both ten years or more older than I was.

Figuring that if I kept my boxer shorts on it would be just like wearing a bathing suit, I waded ashore, stripped off my jeans, waded back into the shallow water and lay down. Oh, did that feel good! "This feels great!" I declared to the cloudless sky above.

"Well, I'm hot and miserable too," Jane declared with a pout and kicking the water on me. "If you can run around in just your underwear and get cool, then so can I."

I watched as she proceeded to wade ashore. To my astonishment she took off her blouse and then dropped her short-shorts, right there in front of me. Dressed now in her bra and panties, she waded out and lay down bedside me. She was being careful not to get her hair wet, which required her to crane her neck forward, a position that wasn't comfortable for long. She sat up. The bra was thick and didn't reveal anything more wet than it when dry, but oh, my god! Like I said, Jane was well endowed, but in keeping with the customs of the day, she never displayed cleavage. Now cleavage was all I saw, deep cleavage, cock stiffening cleavage.

"What are you looking at?" she asked accusingly. I looked up from her big tits mortified that I had been busted. Most likely I was ashen.

She laughed and said, "It's okay if you stare at my boobs. All guys stare at my boobs." Then she proceeded to splash water just below her neck, the rivulets running down her skin to be diverted by the upper swell of her billowing breasts and then disappearing between her cleavage. It was obvious to me that she was enjoying this little game as much as I was, so my eyes returned to where we both wanted them.

After a few minutes of this, Jane tells me, "Stand up, Kyle." I looked up from her bra-clad boobs. "Stand up," she repeated. So I stood. It wasn't until I was towering over her that I realized that my cock was tenting out my wet boxer shorts in a most obscene way. Quickly I squatted to minimize the display.

"Stand up, silly!" she demanded while drizzling more water onto her neck. I stood, my face bright red with embarrassment as my cock stood out at a 45 degree angle from the horizontal. Good god! She was looking right at it!

For several long agonizing moments she stared at my covered stiffie while I tried unsuccessfully to will it down. She leaned back on her arms and looked up into my burning face. "Let's make a deal," she began. "I'll tell you something you want to know, if you tell me something that I want to know. Deal?"

I nodded stupidly.

"I bet you want to know how big my tits are." She called them tits, not me. "My bra size," she continued with a grin, " is 38 D. Do you know what 38 D stands for?" I knew, but maybe I didn't really know, so I shook my head. "I'm 38 inches around the bust line," she said circling her hands about her chest as if she were measuring it. "The 'D' is the cup size," she added placing her hands under her tits for emphasis. "A 'D cup' is larger than a 'B cup'," she explained. Okay, I knew that, but her explanation was... a little more graphic than the idle talk of naive boys with cracking voices.

She paused for a moment lifting her tits ever so slightly. "I told you something you wanted to know," she continued. "Now you have to tell me something I want to know." There was a long pause while I was trying to look down her bra. "Aren't you going to tell me?"

For some reason I was distracted and hadn't heard her question. "Tell you what?"

Pointing to make it clear what she was asking about she asked, "How big is it?"

I was stunned that she would ask me something like that! It, like my hands and feet and the rest of me, was bigger than my contemporaries at school, a fact well established in the showers of the school gym. How big? Yeah, I knew, because I had measured it with a ruler, in fact I had been measuring it for several years now. Depending on where "It" began, from the top or the bottom it was a good seven inches. "Uh, eight inches," I exaggerated.

"I can see that," she replied. "But how thick is it?"

Well, it never occurred to me to measured that. "Uh, I dunno."

"Can I see it?"

I stood there in dumbfound shock, my hands dangling awkwardly by my side with my pecker still tenting my shorts.

"Okay, fair is fair," she declared. "I'll let you see my tits if you will show me your dick." I was speechless and unable to form any words. I'm not sure what shocked me the most, her proposed bargain or her use of the words, tits and dick. That was second time I'd ever heard a girl use the word "tits" and the first for "dick", and all within the span of a few minutes.

She laughed, "You should see yourself with your mouth hanging open! Cat got your tongue?"

Then she did unimaginable. Reaching behind her back she undid her bra. Holy ta-moly! I waited breathlessly for her to let it drop, but she held it in place with her hands. "Okay, now your turn," she said looking up at me.

Well, I may have been naive, but I wasn't stupid. If all I had to do to see her bare naked tits was to drop my drawers, well... SNAP, SNAP and gravity did the rest.

"Oh, my, Kyle, you do have a nice big dick," she gushed. I knew I had a big dick, but no one had ever told me that I had a "nice big dick" before and I felt taller than ever.

She gawked at my regularly abused, but virgin, organ for a few moments and then looked up at me and pulled her bra away. Now it was my turn to gawk at most magnificent sight my eyes had ever beheld. Wow! Actually double wow! What a set of knockers! Imagining what they looked like didn't compare to seeing them in all their naked glory. More blood rushed to my cock, the increased hydraulic pressure increasing the hardness dramatically and almost painfully. She leaned back on her arms again to take a good look my organ, now pulsing in sync with my heartbeat.

My eyes darted from firm tit to firm tit, the form of her breasts burning an indelible memory in my brain that remains to this day, and the nipples, rather dark with quarter sized aureoles. She tweaked her nipples, one at a time and they grew stiff. If her aureoles were a little undersized for the size of her breasts, her fat nipples were not, for they tantalizingly protruded at least a half an inch.

For a long while we both gawked at the other. Me standing stupidly and without a clue as to what to do next, and Jane, she continued to splash water over her tits and gave them a rub every so often setting them to jiggling.

"We had better get going," Jane finally said. "Don't want Gran to wonder where and what we're up to." We hadn't been gone all that long and thinking back, I realize that she was probably frustrated that I seemed to be paralyzed. She rose, gave me a quick peck on the cheek and waded out to where her clothes were, leaving me with a severe case of blue balls. Picking up her clothes, she disappeared into the bushes. Me, I flopped down on my back to cool off, my boxers floating off my ankles.

A few minutes later she emerged from the brush, dressed in her blouse and short-shorts, her wet bra and panties in her hand. I watched as she hung them on a branch to dry. "I'd better leave these here to dry. You'd better leave your drawers here too. We can come back and get them tomorrow, can't we?"

"Uh, yeah! Tomorrow... Yeah! We'll come back tomorrow," I agreed.

"Well, come on," she said. "Time to go."

Like the puppy dog I was, I did as she said. Rising, I snagged my boxers from the water and boldly exited totally nude. "Nice butt," she said as I picked up my jeans.

Coming to my senses I looked over my shoulder toward her and said, "No fair. I didn't get to see your butt."

"Maybe tomorrow," she quipped. I could only hope.

On the ride back to the house, her unfettered tits joggled about in a most inviting way. She noticed how I was staring, undid the buttons of her blouse and for a moment barred her bouncy tits for me. "Is this what you want to see?" I really liked my step-cousin!

Entering the house, Jane ducked into her bedroom to put on a bra before Gran had a good look at her. We both acted as if nothing unusual had happened. That evening Jane was friendly, but appeared not overly interested in me. I too tried not to be obvious, but I couldn't keep my eyes off of Jane. She'd catch me looking and flash me a little smile. Thankfully Gran was clueless, or else all hell would have broken loose.

That night, alone in my bed, my thoughts on Jane's magnificent naked tits, my poor cock took quite the drubbing.

Next day, while I did my morning chores of feeding the chickens, gathering eggs and hoeing weeds in Gran's garden, Jane helped Gran with the laundry and with cooking dinner. I expected that once the noon dishes and the kitchen was cleaned that Jane and I would ride out to the little pool where we would repeat yesterday's game of show-me-and-I'll-show-you. Gran, as she was wont to do, had other ideas for me... the grass around the house needed cutting; I could either do it now or wait until the late afternoon when it cooled off. I chose to just get it done and over with.

An hour and half later when I completed my task, I was tired, hot and sweaty. I came in, gulped down a tall glass of iced tea, took a bath and changed into clean clothes. I was ready to go, but Jane wasn't, as Gran had called her into the kitchen to teach her how to bake a cake. After that, Gran decided that we all needed to go visit her first cousin, a dreadful trip that consumed the rest of the afternoon.

The bright part of the day was when it was all over and we were back at Gran's. Gran had a television in her parlor, but the signal was so poor that it was better to do without. So to entertain ourselves, Jane and I played a game of Scrabble. When Gran had left the parlor to tend to something, Jane leaned in close and whispered, "Will you take me riding tomorrow?"

"You bet, Cuz," I replied with obvious enthusiasm, then added sourly, "if Gran will let us." I now had something to look forward to, as long as Gran didn't interfere. Lo and behold, next day Gran cooperated with our nefarious plans.

Free from the watchful eyes of my grandmother, we saddled up and headed off. I was so excited that I could hardly stand it. Jane... she showed no outward display of naughty anticipation. I knew where I wanted to go, but Jane seemed to want to go off in an entirely different direction.

"Say, you wanna go and cool off in the..."

"Is that all you think about?" she scolded. "You just want to expose yourself like you did the other day." The fickleness of females was something I wasn't competent to deal with, a condition I still suffer from.

"But you..."

"Kyle, that shouldn't have happened! Now, just forget about it and let's just ride."

Surely she must be kidding? She wasn't kidding. It was that time of the month and she was as irritable as my own mother got sometimes. Of course I didn't have a clue as to the root cause.

"Fine, Jane. You go ride. I have something else I need to do," I snapped back. Turning my horse, I rode away from her. Naturally I went to the pool where I planned to cool off in the manner in which I was accustomed... that and beat off.

When I got there I was pleased to see that our underwear from two days ago were right where we had left them, not that I expected them to walk off on their own. Dismounting, I tied my horse to a tree and proceeded to get naked. Within moments I was embraced by the cool clear water of my shallow pool.

I was there less than three minutes when I heard Jane exclaim, "Kyle, do you have to run around naked all the time?"

"Why not? It's my pool," I replied irritably. "I do as I want here.

"You know, Jane, you can leave if you want. Be sure and take your bra and panties with you."

"You don't have to be so mean!" she shot back, immediately followed by the beginnings of sobbing. "I just wanted to go riding today." The sobbing quickly escalated. Naturally I felt like I was a heel and that it was all my fault, which is precisely how she wanted me to feel.

"Okay, okay. We'll go riding," I said as I rose from the water with my cock at half mast. Then another thought occurred to me. I had been thinking about a repeat all morning long and I needed to whack off in the worse way. All I needed was a few minutes and a little privacy. "Uh, Jane. Could you give me a few minutes. I need to take care of something."

Instantly, her crocodile tears turned into a mischievous grin. "Why, Kyle, you nasty boy! Are you going to go off into the bushes and masturbate?" I was stunned; she had seen right through me! How could she have known something that dirty and perverted? I could have died! Flummoxed I stood dumbly, totally exposed both figuratively and substantively, my innate beastly nastiness laid bare.

Taking pity on me she said, "It's okay, Kyle. All boys masturbate. So... if you want to do it, do it. All my brothers did it all the time. So go ahead." I had no idea if she was just jacking with me and assumed the worst. What was I doing standing around naked in front of her anyway? I was a vile nasty boy and God would surely punish me.

I couldn't move and sensing my paralysis she dismounted. Kicking off her tennis shoes, she waded out to me with that mischievous smile of hers. "You know, Kyle," she said softly as she lightly dragged her fingernails down my bare chest, "you really look good naked; a hottie hunk for sure." Her fingers kept going south, past my navel, meanwhile my cock was rising to met them. Was she going to... I held my breath.

She stopped between my navel and my pubis. Our eyes were locked together with me looking down into her pretty face. No doubt my eyes were as big as saucers and my head was about to explode (actually both heads) in anticipation. "Would you like for me to help you with this?" she purred as her fingers slid over and around my rampant member with the softest of touch. It was all too much.

"Ughhh!" I grunted as I shot a big wad right onto her blouse. "Uggghh!" This time she moved to the side and my shot of spunk landed harmlessly in the water, as did the remaining pulses of ejaculate. When I recovered my senses, my first thought was, 'Now you've done it!' as I expected her to either go ballistic or be grossed out. Instead, she was holding onto my now slimy cock and laughing.

"Oh, Kyle! You are just so precious! And you shoot so much!"

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to..."

She put a clean finger to my lips to shush me. "You did exactly what I wanted you to do. But look... you ruined my blouse."

Desperate for clemency I repeated, "I'm sorry."

"Don't be sorry with a girl who teases you like I just did. It was fun, don't you think?"

She let go of my softening cock and gently stroked my balls. "These testosterone charged beauties certainly pack a wallop," she quipped. Then she apologized for being so bitchy earlier and promised to make it up to me. Make it up to me? At that point, all was forgotten.

Stepping away from me, she stooped down to rinse the cum from her fingers. She stood, unbuttoned and removed her blouse, then stooped down to rinse off the section with the offending semen stain.

She had her back to me and it occurred to me that if I wanted to see those tits again, all I had to do was... But would she get angry? I didn't think so, so I leaned over and unhooked her bra. Immediately she stood up and turned to face me. Jane cooed, "Is this what you want to see?" as she pulled her bra off. Yeah! That's exactly what I wanted to see!

She turned and waded out of the pool and hung her blouse up to dry and hung another bra on the limb. My eyes were fixed on those jiggling beauties as she waded back out to me. I expected her to stop, but she moved up close to me until her tits were touching my diaphragm. Looking up into my eyes, she slowly twisted back and forth, dragging her amazing tits across my skin while she rubbed her hands over my pecs. "This is nice, don't you think?" she asked softly. I merely nodded my approval as I soaked in the sensuousness of it all.

A hand went to the back of my head and she lowered my lips to hers (not that I resisted in any way). I'd kissed a few girls before at parties, but those kisses were nothing like this one as her tongue probed between my lips, calling my own tongue into action to dance with hers. Breaking the kiss she praised, "Hmmmm. You're a good kisser too. We'll have to do that some more." And so we did, standing in the shallow water, smooching, her bare tits rubbing against my bare skin, her hands now caressing my cock once again. If this wasn't heaven, it was close enough for me!

She pulled away a foot or so, and said, "Fair is fair. I got to feel your dick. You want to feel my tits?"

I didn't give her the chance to change her mind. Did I say that I was in heaven before? The feel of her fleshy orbs in my hands was nothing like anything I had felt before. This WAS nice! Very, very nice; especially since she was playing with my dick again. It didn't take her long to get my balls boiling and all too soon, I was ejaculating on her once again, but this time onto her bare tummy. Of course some got on her shorts and that presented a minor problem, a problem she took care of using my drawers.

"You know, we ought to be getting back to the house," she declared. "Gran is expecting me to help her with supper." Frankly I could have cared less what Gran expected or wanted at that moment. I wanted to stay and maul those tits some more. But Jane won out by simply putting on her bra and blouse.

"Are you coming?" she asked. I did as I was told.

That night I had new images to fuel my masturbatory fantasies, only it wasn't a fantasy, it had really happened. I could hardly wait to get my hands on those tits again or have her play with my cock.

Next day, Jane wasn't in the mood to do anything as she was experiencing severe menstrual cramps. I asked Gran what was the matter with her. Gran replied tartly, "Never you mind! You go on and find something to do or I'll find something for you." I made good my escape and wandered off into the woods. It wasn't how or where I wanted to shoot my wad that afternoon, but the need was great and solo was better than nothing.

Jane was under the weather for two days before she perked up again. At the kitchen table at noon, I asked her if she felt up for a ride today. She grinned and replied, "I'd love to go for a ride. That's is if Gran doesn't need us to do something."

"No, dear. You two run along," said Gran, "after the kitchen is cleaned. But I want you back around four, Jane, to help me with supper."

"Yes, Ma'am," Jane replied while making eyes at me.

We took a different route away from the house, so Gran wouldn't guess where we were actually going, hooked back and made straight away to our pool. Once there and with the horses secured, I wasted no time in getting naked. Jane, however, took her time to disrobe, stripping off slowly and deliberately for me. First the tennis shoes and then the blouse. She showed off her bra covered tits for a moment and then shimmied out of her short shorts. She turned her back to me, unhooked her bra and then turned back while holding it in place. Slowly she lowered it and I went brain dead as all the blood rushed to my cock. She turned this way and that in just her panties, showing off her big tits to me. At that point I was perfectly happy for her to stay in her panties to get wet with me. I still didn't get it with Jane and was surprised when she hooked her thumbs in the waistband of her panties and spent the next few minutes lowering them ever so slowly until she stepped out of them.

I knew that she had a great ass, but to see her modeling it nude took my breath away. Up until that moment, I'd never seen a live girl's bare ass. This was much better than any of my dad's Playboys. And her dark bush... they never showed that in Playboy at that time. I was totally blown away. Best yet, we didn't have to rush off and be back to the house for over two hours. Two hours nude with a nude girl, it couldn't get better than that!

She started to dance in the nude. There was no music, but she danced to a beat in her head. It was an erotic dance and the show was all for me. I didn't know what an exhibitionist was at that time, but that is a good description of what she was like when we were alone. Her goal was to get me hot and she always managed to do that.

She sauntered up to me, her eyes sparkling with laughter. "You like?" she asked.

"Oh, hell, yes... Sorry, I mean, yes. Yes, I like!"

Her hands were now on me, sliding down my sides and coming to rest on my bare buns. "I like too," she purred while feeling my ass cheeks, "have you ever been with a girl like this before?" she asked.

"Just with you," I replied honestly.

"Really? How sweet."

She leaned forward and kissed my chest just below my neck. It wasn't just a single kiss either, as she began laying on series of kisses across my chest, culminating with kisses, long sensuous kisses to my nipples. She pulled away slightly and lay down in the soft green grass by the pool. "Your turn," she said holding her arms out and inviting me to join her. I liked her version of Follow-the-Leader.

I lay beside her and began kissing her, first on her sultry lips and then down her neck and... a handful of tit was great, but a face full was even better, much better. I kissed her tits and pecked at her nipples that stood tall enough to poke my eye out if I wasn't careful.

"Suck my tits, Kyle," I heard her moan. Okay by me!

Slurping up a long stiff nip between my lips, I sucked and thrashed it with my tongue. "Oh, yes, Kyle. Just like that," she moaned. Who was I to argue? I sucked and nibbled on one tit and then the other and back to the first, back to the second, back to the first... I couldn't get enough of this new game. Little mewing sounds reached my ears as I orally laved her sensitive nipples. I had no idea that a girl's nipples could be so sensitive, after all, mine weren't.

The mewing morphed into soft little, "Oh... oh... oh.... oh....oh."

I felt her body suddenly stiffen and she arched her back, shoving her luscious tit into my mouth. A wavering moan now escaped her lips. I wasn't exactly sure what was going on, but sensed that I was doing good and kept up my oral ministrations to her fleshy orbs until she cried, "Enough, Kyle. Enough!" as she pushed my head away from her tits.

"You sure you've never been with a girl before?" she asked while trying to catch her breath.

"You mean naked?"

"Yes."

"Just with you, Jane. Did I do something wrong?"

"Oh, no," she laughed, "you did just perfect."

She was quiet for a moment. "So, no other girl has ever touched your dick before?"

"No."

"Do you like me touching your dick?"

"Oh, god, yes!"

Her fingers slid down my chest and tummy and surrounded my cock, stroking and feeling it. "That feels so good, Jane," I managed.

"Then I have a special treat for you. Would you like a special treat?"

"From you... yes."

While fondling my cock and my balls she started kissing me again. This time on my ears, her tongue licking my ear lobe, probing and making little smacking sounds. The effect was almost immediate and my breathing quickened. With my blood now at a near boil, she left my ear and kissed down my neck, kissed my nips and kissed lower, stopping to tongue my navel and then going lower and lower. I heard about such things and realized that she was going to blow me. But only bad girls (and certain boys) do that, not sweet, good girls like Jane... but she did.

As her sweet lips surrounded the head of my cock, I was introduced to pleasures I never before knew existed. Her playing with my cock was at one level of pleasure, but this was off the charts!

"Oh, fuck!" I exclaimed. She didn't stop and make a comment about my use of the F-word with her, but simply continued to slowly slide her lips over my dick until I felt her gag. Her lips now dragged slowly up my shaft while her tongue danced along my cock tube. She got to the head and...

"Uggghhh!" I came so hard it crossed my eyes. "Uggghhh!"

My mind was now in a panic as I unloaded in her mouth; I'd just ruined everything, she'd be so grossed out, she'd never play with me again like this, she... she just kept sucking and swallowing every spurt into her mouth.

She sucked until I had finished and had begun to soften. Letting my spent prick slip from her lips she sat up. Jane smiled sweetly and said, "We're just going to have to do something about your hair trigger, Kyle. And do you know how we're going to do that? I'll just have to suck your dick more. Would you like that?"

I couldn't believe my ears. "Yes! Yes, I would! Next time I'll be more careful, I promise, and not... you know, come off in your mouth."

Jane laughed. "Kyle, don't you dare NOT to come in my mouth. I like it."

"You do?" I asked incredulously.

"Yes, I do, silly."

What a shock. I'd tasted my cum twice before. I didn't eat it, but just tasted it with my tongue. It wasn't bad, but it wasn't good either. Pre-cum was better tasting, much better. But she liked to swallow it? I wouldn't believe that until she sucked me off for a second time that afternoon. I lasted a lot longer and came in her mouth again; she ate it up with a smile.

Between blowjobs, Jane had put my hand on her bare pussy and invited me to play with her... after all, fair was fair. Exploring a pussy with my finger was another revelation, the texture, the slipperiness, the little bump and the depth, tightness and the internal ridges of her vagina were like nothing I'd experienced before. She encouraged me to pay particular attention to her clit and to rub it just so. She repositioned my hand again and again, pushing it this way and that until she was satisfied with what my fingers were doing. It took a while, but she was rewarded with my clumsy efforts with a good gut wrenching orgasm. It was fun watching her writhing and flopping about as I rubbed and rubbed and rubbed. Suddenly she just collapsed and tore my hand away from her puss. Lesson One of Finger Fucking 101 had been concluded.

It was a wonderful afternoon, lying in the grass and playing with each other, especially playing with her pussy. We took several breaks for a cooling dip in the water before returning to our grassy bed. I wanted her to blow me again, but it was getting late. My sexual education had come a long way in the past few days, but I still had a lot to learn about sex and women.

When we were dressed and riding back to Gran's house, she said, "I bet you think that I'm a slut."

"No! I think you're wonderful!" I honestly replied.

"Other guys think I'm a slut, and guess I am."

"Why would you say that?"

"Because nice girls don't do what I just did. Sluts do."

"Yes, they do... I mean... you're a nice girl. The nicest girl I know."

"You're such a sweetie, Kyle. But you're a guy and guys think girls like me are sluts."

"Why?"

"They just do and so will you."

"No, I won't."

I meant it too. I hadn't ever thought about it before, but by the time school started in the fall, I had thought the whole "slut" and "whore" thing through. Simply put, a guy and girl have fun and mutual pleasure; if the girl enjoyed it as much as the guy did, then why cast dispersions upon the girl? If the girl was a slut and/or a whore for enjoying sex, then shouldn't the guy also be a whore and/or a slut (or at least the male equivalent) for enjoying sex? I certainly enjoyed the sex and didn't think that that made me a bad person per se. It didn't make Jane or any other girl a bad person either.

I had also heard other locker room talk about this girl or that girl, and how they put out or sucked dick. In effect the guy's talk ruined the girl's reputation when in fact they both had fun doing it. That too didn't strike me as fair. I decided to never think of, much less call a girl a slut or a whore for having fun with me. I also decided to never tell anyone about anything a girl and I might do; that was private and I respected her privacy, as much as I expected others to respect my privacy. It was a policy that stood me well in the coming years. Girls talk too, and no one ever heard me talking about a girl and sex. Girls knew that and were very comfortable making whoopee with me. As a result, I got a lot more pussy than any of my buddies. I just never talked about it, but they did... mostly BS too.

The morning following the receipt of my first blowjob, I was out in the garden picking vegetables for the day's meals. Gran sent Jane out to pick purple hull peas, peas that she'd spend to rest of the morning shelling and putting up in freezer packs for the winter. We happened to be on the same row, she picking her peas and me picking speckled butter beans on the other side. She came up to me and took my bag of butter beans from me and sat them on the ground. Her hands went to my belt and zipper and the next thing I knew she had my pants down as she knelt in front of me. One minute I was picking beans, the next I was getting a blowjob. I guess it just comes natural when a girl's on her knees sucking your dick to grab her girl's head and face fuck her. No one told me to do that, I just did it and Jane seemed to be happy with it too.

It was a good thing she blew me that morning in the garden as Gran had an afternoon project for me which prevented a tryst at the spring-fed pool.

Next morning I was looking forward to another garden encounter of a sexual nature, but Gran had Jane doing other things in the house. But that afternoon, we went riding.

After undressing me, Jane wanted me to undress her. That was fun, as I was free to grope her wherever I wanted, just as she was free to grope me wherever she desired and grope we did; butts, backs, fronts, between the legs, nothing was off limits though sticking her finger up my butt hole did surprise me a little, not that I resisted in any way.

"Kyle, remember yesterday and the day before?" she said wiggling the tip of finger in my anus. How could I forget? "Don't you think it's fair that since I sucked your wonderful dick, that you return the favor to me?"

"What do you mean?"

"What do you think I mean?"

"Oh... okay." Trying unsuccessfully to ignore the finger up my ass, I considered what she wanted. Locker room jokes about tuna fingers came to mind. Could I really do what she wanted? Could I even refuse her for any reason? "So how do you want to do this?"

Jane pulled away from me, lay down in the cool grass and with outstretched arms, beckoned me to join her. "Kiss me first, then kiss me all over," she said.

When I made it down to feast on her tits, my hand went to her sopping honey pot. After diddling her for a few minutes, I took the opportunity to take a quick sniff of my wet fingers. Not a trace of fishiness... another locker room myth debunked! Her scent was appealing. In for a penny, in for a pound; I left her magnificent titties and kissed my way south. I kissed her bush and around her bush. She had her legs spread wide open, so access to her vulva was no problem. I kissed her puffy outer lips and licked along the creases between her thighs and vulva. The scent at this point was strangely intoxicating and had an effect upon me unlike any scent before. I licked along her closed outer lips. So far, so good. Taking the plunge, I shoved my tongue in between her nether lips and was greeted with a taste like no other, a delicious taste, a taste to get drunk on. I heard her moan, "Oh, yes, baby. Yes," and I put as much tongue in her slit as I could. Mmmmm, that taste! Like a crack addict, I was instantly hooked on the taste of her pussy.

Remembering my lessons from the day before, I concentrated on licking around her clit. Her legs wrapped around my head. Soon her hips were moving and she began pulling at my hair. The hip gyrations transitioned into a punching upward and her thighs began to squeeze my head. Just as I had almost lapped up all the flavorful juices, there seemed to be more juices, tasty juices, juices I vacuumed up as fast as I could while she practically twisted my head off with her thighs. Then she was motionless, the grip of her thighs relaxed. I looked up her bare torso. She was still except for her mountainous tits that were heaving, nipples pointing to the heavens.

I slid up her curvaceous body and kissed her. Without even realizing it, I was in the perfect position to fuck her, and if I'd known what I was doing I would have, but... I was just thirteen. A boy in the body of a man. Thirteen, naive, inexperienced and totally under the feminine power of my older, fifteen year old sex instructor. I may not have realized the potential of the moment, but Jane did.

Her eyes flew open. "You can't do that," she said almost desperately. "It's not safe."

"Do what? What's not safe?"

"You can't fuck me. Not without a rubber. I might get pregnant."

Pregnant! Who said anything about getting pregnant? But what was it she also said? 'You can't fuck me without a rubber.' The logical extension of that was... I could fuck her with a rubber? Pondering that revelation for a moment I realized that was exactly what she meant. Problem was, where in the hell was I going to get rubbers? Back then, in the mid-sixties you couldn't just walk up and pick up a pack or a box of condoms off the shelf of any store. In fact, the only place you could get them was at a drug store, where they kept them behind the counter. You had to ask for them, a mortifying prospect for a boy my age.

"Please get off of me!" she demanded. I rolled to the side and she crawled up over me. Looking into my eyes she said, "I want you to fuck me, Kyle, but we can't, not without a rubber." She did mean it! "Don't get mad, I'd like nothing better than to have you inside me." I was blown away by this revelation. "How about if I suck you?" Next thing I knew I enjoying what had become my most favorite thing from a girl who was not only good at it, but really loved to perform fellatio.

For the next several days Jane and I engaged in oral sex as often as we could; at the pool, up in the hayloft, out in garden, where ever we could. Jane loved to suck my dick and I acquired a taste for her pussy. The occasional stray pubic hair caught in my teeth was a source of great merriment.

Meanwhile I pondered my dilemma of where I could get my hands on a few rubbers. One night, laying in bed, the need to abuse myself not as great as a mere few weeks before, I remembered something: The bus station. The Men's Restroom. There was a condom vending machine in there. I'd seen it on my bus rides to Gran's and back home. Twenty five cents a pop. Hell, I didn't have two nickels to rub together much less a sack of quarters. But one seemingly insurmountable problem at a time. Now I at least knew the where; the how and when could be figured out later.

On one of our trips to our pool oasis tucked away in the woods, Jane brought along something in what had been a snuff can; lard. I didn't know about it until she showed it to me, just before shoving her lard-greased finger up my butt while she blew me. Fair is fair, right? She'd played with my asshole before, but this was a total violation, not that I made any complaints. So taking her lead, I fingered her ass. It was such a dirty and nasty thing to do, but being a dirty and nasty boy, I wasn't repelled by it. Neither was she.

After I had probed her good she tells me, "You know, we really don't need a rubber. You could put your dick in my butt. I won't get pregnant doing that.

"Want to try?" she asked with a naughty grin.

Butt fucking! It was such an obvious solution to our problem, still I couldn't imagine her letting me do that, but I quickly warmed to the idea. I greased her hole up good and proper with the lard and then after she sucked me to an erection, I used the remainder to grease up my cock.

Jane got down on her hands and knees, lowered her head to the ground and presented her upturned shapely ass to me. You know, fucking is just one of those things that comes naturally... no instructions required. I knew basically what I needed to do and I did it. She didn't open up right away, but when she did, her head shot up and she yelped. Quickly I pulled my cockhead from her hole.

"No, leave it in," she said somewhat haltingly. "It's okay, just put it in again." So I did.

"Stop!"

I just had the head inside her with the crown trapped behind her sphincter. "You want me to pull out?" I asked.

"No. Just be still for a moment," she replied breathlessly.

I waited a moment and she said, "Okay, just a little more." I shoved in a little deeper.

"Stop!"

"Are you sure about this? I don't want to hurt you."

"Yes, I'm sure. I'm just not used to this anymore." She'd done this before? That knowledge, though very incomplete, eased my mind. No way would I stop now. This just felt too good.

"A little more," she said and little more of my dick was up her ass. It took a while, but I eventually got it buried to the root.

"Okay, now just take it slow." I had nowhere else to go, so I eased it back a little and then drove it back in. In, out, in, out, my strokes grew a little longer, my thrusts a little less timid. I was fucking her! I was really fucking her. I was fucking my first girl and I was loving it. Jane seemed to enjoy it the more I did it and with my balls freshly drained from her previous blowjob, I was able to fuck her for a long, long time until it simply got to be too much and I shot my load up her ass.

Cuddling with her afterward in the pool to cool off and clean up, she declared, "That was nice."

"I think it hurt you," I replied with genuine concern.

"At first maybe, but then it begins to feel really good, and that felt great. We'll have to do that again."

"Today?"

"We have any of that lard left?"

"No, I used it all."

"Then we can't do it again today. Tomorrow? Can you hold off until tomorrow? How about if I blow you again?" It was an offer I couldn't refuse.

Anal sex now became a standard activity on our "rides". Heck, who needs rubbers? But the answer to the "how" came to pass. Uncle Tim came by and stayed a few days to check up on his cattle. The three of us rode out and inspected the health of his small herd of beef. For my troubles, he gave me two dollars. Rubber money! Now I just needed to get to town. That came about within hours when Uncle Tim offered to take Gran into town to buy some groceries. Naturally Jane and I went along. We begged off going to the grocery store by telling them that we wanted to go to the Five and Dime. We did go to the Five and Dime, but only to convert my two dollar-bills into quarters. Then it was around the block to the bus station.

Jane waited out in the lobby while I went to the Men's Room. Immediately I began feeding the machine quarters, turning the crank and pocketing my foil packets of rubbers, placing four in each pocket so as to not create an obvious bulge in my pockets. The entire time I was making my purchases, I looked about nervously, expecting someone to walk in at any moment and bust me. No one did.

With the necessary supplies to fuck for real, Jane and I headed back to the grocery store where we met up with Uncle Tim and Gran in the checkout line. Uncle Tim paid the bill, in cash as was the custom. Then he hands me a five dollar bill explaining, "I didn't have any small bills earlier. Is this a fair amount for helping me?" Hell, when you don't have a dime, two dollars seems like a fortune. An extra five? I quickly did the math, five dollars equals twenty rubbers and twenty eight rubbers in total was far, far better than just the eight I had. Problem was, I couldn't get back to the bus station. Economics 101 lesson: Money is only worth what it can buy you. In this case the two dollars was much more valuable to me that day than that five dollar bill was. Still, it was five dollars, five dollars more than I had; five dollars that could be converted into something useful at a later date, say twenty rubbers when I had the opportunity.

It was late when we returned to the farm. I expected Uncle Tim to stay for the night and then head back home the next day. He didn't. He stayed for another two days and that delayed the proper deployment of my stash of rubbers until he was gone and Gran left us alone. Worse still, seeing that all the beds were occupied, he doubled up with me for three nights. So much for whacking off at night. And the noise! He nearly drove me outside with his snoring.

Eventually Uncle Tim did leave, but not until he assigned me the task of bush-hogging the south forty pasture that was getting overgrown. The money he offered was great and it would only take me a couple of days, but the timing couldn't have been worse. Jane did manage to catch me alone and with enough privacy here and there to give me a few blowjobs, so it could have been worse.

It was nearly a week after my trip to the bus station that Jane and I could finally go on an afternoon ride. With two rubbers in my pocket we made a beeline to our little pool. Jane insisted that I eat her out and get her hot before I mounted her. With my face covered in pussy juice, I had no problem rolling the condom over my expectant cock and like I've said before, no instructions were necessary for a basic first-time fuck. I mounted her in the Missionary and she guided my rubber-clad prick to her waiting cunthole. Oh, my! I expected it to feel like her ass, but instead of her tight anal ring providing most of the friction on my dick, there was snug velvety friction all up and down my deeply planted cock... and the texture of her cuntal walls... nice! As we had been ass-fucking for a week or so before Uncle Tim showed up, I had some notion that you didn't just simply pound away at her pussy. I'm not saying my technique was polished, but I wasn't so excited that I shot off within the first thirty seconds either... no, I lasted a good long time as I officially lost my virginity to my older pseudo-step-cousin. I had thought about this moment quite a bit and had presence of mind to stick to my general plan of attack, namely pulling out before I unloaded and letting my cock cool off and then entering her again; it was a technique I used when beating off to increase the pleasure by delaying the pleasure. Jane enjoyed it too, as she was able to have a couple of orgasms on my dick.

But with her pussy squeezing my cock like it was, I couldn't last as long as I had planned. We were both making quite a bit of noise as we both peaked. Good thing no one was around, as they surely would had heard us from several hundred yards away. Best of all, the relief of ejaculation was as sweet as I could have hoped for.

I collapsed on top of her, my burly six foot three frame smashing her petite body into the ground. Good thing for Jane that I had presence of mind to roll us both over so that she was on top. My cock softened inside her, but didn't slip out, despite her continuing vaginal squeezing of my dick.

"God, Kyle, that was really nice. Are you sure you've never been with a girl before?"

"No. Never before. I told you that. You're the only girl I've ever been with.

"Did you like it?"

"Now that's a silly question. I loved it!" She continued, "I can't wait to do it again with you."

We kissed for a minute or so and then she exclaimed, "You're getting hard again inside me!" Sure enough I was. Jane began rocking back and forth, my semi-hard member responded to the stimulation and soon we were fornicating again. She rode me on top that time which was great fun as I could play with her tits as we fucked.

That was a gloriously wonderful afternoon. It was also very hot and we sweated up a storm. The cool dip in the pool never felt better after we finished. We fucked again after resting up, this time doggie style which gave me access to get a finger in her anus while we fucked. Through the thin wall of her rectum, I could feel my prick moving back and forth in her vagina. Amazing.

We cleaned up in the pool, dressed and headed back to Gran's. That had to be the best day of my life. I was one happy and satisfied boy; Jane was glowing and content too.

Next day we used two more rubbers. My supply was now down by half. At this rate I'd use them all up in a two more days. This required me (or rather us) to rethink things and institute a conservation-of-condoms plan. Jane too was alarmed by our rapidly dwindling supplies. She made it quite clear that she liked to fuck as much as she liked to suck cock, maybe even more. Anal... anal was far down the list of her preferences. We decided to use only one condom a day and to alternate anal and vaginal sex. She figured that would get her close enough to her next period that we could safely fuck bareback for a few days. She had to explain that to me and I took her at her word. After that, we'd just have to somehow get back to the bus station in town to resupply.

We also figured that Gran would find ways to stretch things out too. She didn't. Every day we could go for a ride in the afternoon. The plan was working, but somewhere along the way I decided that if I wanted to fuck Jane, I was going to fuck her, condoms or not. It was simple enough in theory and practice. Being much stronger than she was, I could easily overpower her. Is it rape to fuck a willing girl almost every day and then decide to fuck her whenever you want? That was a philosophical question I didn't ponder upon then.

It was pussy-fuck day and we were down to two rubbers remaining. We played our games, a little 69 mutual suckie-suckie and then we fucked. We splashed about in the water and then I asked her to suck me again. She did. I told her that I wanted to fuck her in the ass and she got down on all fours. I rubbed the head of my dick on her ass hole and then quickly moved lower and pushed into her pussy.

Her head shot up. "Kyle, no! Not there! In my butt! Do my butt!" I paid her no mind. She tried to crawl away, but I held her firmly by the hips as I fucked her pussy bareback.

"Don't cum in me! Don't cum in me, Kyle," she pleaded. "I'll get pregnant! Oh, god, Kyle stop!" I did stop, but not then, not until I was good and ready. I released her and she fell away from me in a heap on the ground.

She cursed, "Damn it, Kyle!" and turned, looking up at me with an anguished look. I jacked my cock a few times and unloaded all over her. I figured that she was going to be really pissed, but before I had finished, her demeanor changed and laughing, she rubbed my splattering spunk all over her skin.

"That was great, Kyle!" she praised. "But you have to be careful. You have to pull out. Promise me that you'll pull out."

I didn't answer. I straddled her and shoved my still dripping cock in her face. There were no more complaints.

She was fifteen and I was only thirteen. In many respects I was dumber than a fence post, but I knew the danger of cumming in her cunt and I knew I had control enough to pull out before knocking her up. Up until then, Jane called the shots. No more. I was calling the shots from now on, and once the last condom was used, I'd simply took her when I wanted bareback. We fucked every chance we had for the next three weeks when I had to catch the bus back home and Uncle Tim came and retrieved Jane from Gran's.

I realized sometime later that fucking bareback like we did was dangerous as hell. We were lucky. She didn't get pregnant.

Returning to school, I was much wiser and much more confident. I missed getting regular pussy from Jane, but I at least had an idea as to how to get more. It took a while, but I scored, not just once, but several times. My policy of staying mum about any girl I had been with paid off handsomely. Like I said before, girls talk too and by the end of the school year, several older girls had come on to me.

I wrote Jane a letter or two and was looking forward to seeing her at Gran's the next summer. I was fourteen then. I wanted her pussy and was cock-sure confident that I'd have all that I wanted. Jane was then sixteen. I waited for her to arrive, spending my time hoeing weeds and doing Gran's biddings. It was almost the end of June before she showed up with Uncle Tim. She was driving a brand new Malibu Super Sport convertible that Uncle Tim had bought her. She gave me a ride and gave me a blowjob, but the next day she and Uncle Tim went home. To my utter dismay and disappointment, she wouldn't be staying at Gran's that summer. Me, I was consigned to my hand and daily self abuse, as well as being indentured to my grandmother. It wasn't a good summer at all. Uncle Tim would show up for a few days here and there, but Jane accompanied him only one other time and that was nearly as short as her first visit. She took her horseback rides with Uncle Tim to check his cows and not with me to the pool where we had so much fun the previous year. I did manage to lure her up into the hay loft one evening. That was the last time I fucked Jane.

During the following school year, sometime after Christmas, I heard that Jane had gotten pregnant and had run off with a man twice her age. Mom told me how upset her brother was about that situation, but what could Uncle Tim do? Mom was just thankful that the adoption had never gone through. That was last anyone ever said anything to me about Jane. It was if she never existed. But she did, and for me, I'll never forget her or what she taught me during that glorious summer of carnality and teen licentiousness.

THE END