**Danielle**

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 **PART I**

Danielle was exploring her newly found sexuality. She had been taking a nap in the nude, and woke up with a pleasant tingling between her legs. It was a warm lazy summer day, and she was in no hurry, so she threw back the sheet, lay naked on the bed, and began gently running her hands up and down her shapely smooth body. Her fingers softly traced the curves of her young teenage breasts, her slender hips, her long silky legs. She closed her eyes and fantasized idly about simple pleasures.

Her aunt and uncle and cousin were visiting, but they had all gone to the mountain with her parents to see the new land, so Danielle was alone in the house. Danielle's father had bought a piece of land near the base of the mountain, where he planned to build a cabin when her retired. She had been there a few times, and it drifted through her thoughts. She had seen there a deep pool at the base of a small waterfall. She thought about how beautiful it all was, surrounded by the tiny bluebell flowers, and the white aspens. She imagined how she might like to go swimming all naked in that pool and feel the cool water caress all over her tender young nude body.

The lacy white linen curtains of her bedroom window billowed softly in the breeze. Her window was fully open, and the smell of summer wafted in. There were the odors of fresh flowers and cut grass, and the day was sunny and cloudless. She heard birds chirping in the cottonwoods. In the distance a lawnmower hummed, and a dog barked at intervals. It was a perfect day for doing nothing productive, and to rejoice in life.

So Danielle lay and fantasized idly. She ran her fingertips up and down her nipples and flicked over them softly. She kicked off the last of the bed sheet so as to be fully nude. It felt good to let the gentle breeze caress her pretty little toes, and play over her entire body. It made her tingle all over. She loved the summer, and loved to be naked. She briefly thought of walking all nude out in the garden, and how good that would feel. Maybe she would do it sometime, when nobody was home. It was exciting to think about anyway. As she touched herself and enjoyed the softness of her own body, her thoughts gradually became more sexual. She thought of some of the boys at school, and how they moved when playing football and basketball. She remembered last week when she glanced in the weight room and saw boys in there lifting barbells. How their muscles bulged and glistened with sweat. She imagined them lifting weights all nude, and wondered how they would look. She wondered how it would feel to run her fingers over a man's muscles - his arms, the little ripples on the side of his abdomen. And what about holding a naked man around the waist? How exciting that would be!

At length her hands seemed to gravitate towards her tender soft little sex. Her fingers played softly over and around it. Her legs parted a little, and she gently pressed against it with the middle finger of her right hand. As she played, the images flashed through her mind freely in disconnected order. She imagined swimming naked in the falls pool with a boy. They swam and talked almost as normal, feeling clothed by the water. But then he would turn over to swim on his back, and his hard cock would accidentally poke up out of the water, all exposed for her to see. What would that be like? And what about being in bed with a man? She imagined what it might feel like to feel the weight of a man pressed against her, filling up her tender soft sex.

Gradually her arousal increased, until she found she was laying on her back with her legs spread, pulling her little bare pussy lips apart with the slender feminine fingers of one hand, while softly tracing circles over her clit with the other hand. Her touches were becoming more urgent and purposeful. She licked her finger for lubrication, and found it was already scented with the perfume of her desire. She lingered to savor the scent and the flavor - then gently wet her finger again with her sex, and tasted it again. With her fingers wet and slippery, she ventured to insert one farther inside, penetrating slowly but deeply. A small gasp of pleasure and surprise escaped from between her soft full lips. No matter how many times she did this, she was always surprised at how wonderfully good and fulfilling that first penetration felt.

She closed her eyes and fondled herself slowly and deeply. She again became curious how it would taste, and pulled her finger out once more. She ran it over her young lips, enjoying the wetness, the musky smell and taste - she smiled pleasantly as a little feeling of naughtiness fluttered across he mind, as she realized she was licking and so enjoying her own sexual juices. She wondered if her friends ever did the same thing. Probably they did - they were coming into their sexuality too, no doubt.

She inserted her finger once again into her bare little pink hole, and now was becoming quite excited. She raised her little round ass off the bed to meet her finger. Her hand was making quicker little circles now, her legs beginning to spread and lift with increasing tension. She thought of boys at school, and how they must look at home, stroking their penises at night and thinking of sex. She would like to see a boy squirt his stuff out, she thought. She would like to see the shaft of a man's penis filling her up, sliding in and out, satisfying her urge to fuck.

Her masturbation continued aimlessly for a long time, with increasing excitement, and increasingly explicit sexual images through flowing through her young mind. She always loved masturbating after waking up, and wanted to savor the feeling on this beautiful day.

Danielle was becoming flushed with excitement. She could barely contain herself now. Climax was on the way. She had conjured up a lover in her mind now, and could feel his weight on her. She lifted her legs up in the air and pretended to wrap them around the back of this mysterious dark man, urgently working to pleasure himself and her with his long erect cock, kissing her neck, nibbling on her breasts. He was heavy and muscular compared to her, and his torso was thick and masculine as she reached around him with her delicate little arms, pulling him close. She kissed his ear and ran her cheek against his soft black hair. She spread her legs, wanting to permit him to penetrate deep inside her. The insides of her thighs were caressed softly at every stroke by the soft sides of his smooth ass. She imagined how it would look from behind, with his bare ass pumping up and down, her pussy lips parting widely to admit his member in and out, her cute little feet bouncing in the air as she received a good stiff fucking. She was on the verge of climax now, urgently caressing her pussy with one hand, while running the other hand generously over her body, her breasts, her abdomen, her ass - pretending that her mysterious lover was caressing her into orgasm. The peak was coming, and she decided the moment was right to let to wash over her now.

So engrossed was Danielle in her masturbation that she did not immediately notice that her bedroom door had opened. By the time realized what had happened, her cousin Peter was standing at the door, eyes and mouth wide open, shocked at what he had walked in on.

So great was her excitement and momentum that she could not immediately stop. In fact she tried to stop, but her hand kept giving tiny little caresses to her pussy almost without her permission. She looked at Peter and stammered for something to say...but the excitement was too great. Words could not be formed. She saw his eyes trace down her body to where her finger entered her soft delight. His glance sent an electric wave through her. Her hand began to move more. She became aware of being flushed - her embarrassment had caused her to blush to the point of swooning. But now the heat of shame which she felt at first in her face was being felt elsewhere. Her nipples were flushed. Her thighs were flushed. Her entire body felt stimulated, hot, and alive. This caused further arousal, further masturbating and grinding, further shame and embarrassment, and more intense heat and stimulation all over her body. She could not stop. She realized with a shock that she was going to finish masturbating and coming right in front of Peter. This realization sent her tumbling over the edge. She cried out suddenly "Oh God" and flopped back on the bed, all pretense gone. Her legs spread wide and lifted. Her toes stretched out, and she was gone.

The first wave hit softly, but made her entire body rigid. The peak of her excitement put her in such a state that her body entered a kind of calm before the storm - a delay before the rush of climactic contractions. What passed in a few seconds seemed like and eternity for Danielle. The rush of orgasm was coming unstoppably, but she lay still and waited for the second contraction to slowly build. She looked at Peter and tried to say something, but all that came out was a stunned cry. Then it hit her like a tidal wave. Contractions one after another racked her body - she continued to slide her finger in and out of her pussy, enjoying the slick wetness, the contractions, and the heat. She cried out with pleasure and her hips and ass bucked up and down at each contraction - she could not control herself even in front of Peter. "Oh....Oh....god..." she cried out as every part of her genital area seemed to explode in a fireworks show of ecstasy. The contraction spread to her abdominal muscles, her chest - even her little asshole contracted with wave after wave of pleasure.

Gradually, the waves subsided....her caressing became slower, but still deep and full. Her feet gradually returned to the bed and her legs relaxed. The hand caressing her body slowed to a gentle rhythm. Her cries grew softer and less harsh, and she whimpered softly. She let out a deep sigh and licked her lips slowly. She looked up at Peter watching her - she looked him straight in the eye - but still she continued to slip her finger very slowly in and out of her pussy, enjoying the luxurious smoothness. The sheer perversity of what she had done began to dawn on her. But still, she lay naked, legs spread fingering her cunt - as though after what she had done, there was no point in pretending to be decent now.

Peter finally spoke to her, in an awkward halting voice, as though trying his best to speak normally, "Oh, Danielle, I'm sorry, I didn't know you were....um...doing that." But he didn't seem too sorry - his eyes were fixed intently on her freshly pleasured sex. He licked his lips nervously, as if longing to taste it.

"Peter, I thought you went to the mountain," she managed to say with a slight tremble in her voice.

"Oh...well, I decided not to go...." Still he stared at her cunt and the slender feminine fingers inserted in it. "Oh, but everyone else went," he added hastily, as if suddenly realizing that might be important at this moment.

Suddenly she was overwhelmed with a sense of shame at what she had done. "Oh dear... I'm sorry I couldn't stop...I just was at a point where I couldn't ....stop at all."

"Oh that's OK, I know how it gets when you...." He trailed off, apparently unable to bring himself to say "cum" or "orgasm" in front of her. Instead he just shrugged. It seemed to Danielle that he was attempting to look nonchalant, but without success. He was breathing differently, she noticed. He was excited, she thought. So an excited boy was seeing her all naked, with her fingers in her pussy! Oh Jesus, what was she doing. Every few seconds the realization hit her anew and sent a tremor through her body. Her stomach was filled with butterflies each time the awareness of her complete nudity washed over her.

Danielle had just had a spectacular orgasm, but as with many girls, she was blessed with the ability to stay at a high level of arousal and peak two or three times before recovering. Her entire body trembled and burned with shame at being caught playing with herself, and at being so exposed and naughty in front of Peter right now. His eyes seemed to make her more naked than she had ever been. But this burning only heightened her pleasure and kept her arousal full and urgent, nearly as much as right before an orgasm. She was young and experienced and this confused her, but it overwhelmed her and she could not control herself. Almost against her will she started to lift her legs and spread them open again, all the while slipping her fingers into her now dripping wet pussy lips. She penetrated slowly but deeply, enjoying the fullness of each stroke.

And suddenly she realized with a shock what her fingers were still doing to her pussy. Oh my god, she thought, she was not only naked, she was still masturbating! How nasty and inappropriate could she possibly be? Her heart pounded and the excitement spread all over her soft naked body. And the more excited she became, the more her little soft feminine finger slid deeply and slowly in and out of her freshly wet little cunt. How could she be doing this?

Still Peter just stood there, gazing up and down her body. Oh how stimulating that gaze felt on her skin! Everywhere his eyes fell she felt a tingling touch. A keen sensation of naked exposure caressed her body all over as his eyes ran up and down her beautiful long slender nakedness. Now he looked at her cute little toes and they squirmed involuntarily as though tickled. Then his eyes ran up her lightly tanned smooth calf. It twitched as though lightly touched. His gaze wandered up to her inner thigh, and her legs quivered slightly. And now up to her nipple his eyes traced, and the pink knob felt touched and tickled. She became acutely aware of the nakedness and hardness of her nipples. She nearly fainted with a rush of exposed embarrassment and excitement when his gaze landed directly on her little pink sex, with the soft feminine finger even now sliding across the lips, over the clit. As he looked, her finger dipped inside and penetrated her deeply and fully, without her permission

"Oh...Oh..." a soft but deep sigh of pleasure slipped from her smooth ivory throat. Oh god, he was looking right at her naked pussy and her finger was going inside it! She briefly gained control of herself and removed her hand, but to her amazement her finger traced quickly up to her mouth and inserted itself there. Involuntarily her little pink tongue darted out and licked up the fresh wetness of her recent orgasm. Oh how wonderful it smelled and tasted...but oh dear god what was she doing? Tasting her own pussy juice! Right there in front of him! That was the most private and secret thing she ever did while masturbating, and she had just done it in front of him. She felt so naked and exposed at having her little secret let out like this. Peter looked at her with an expression of shock.

"Oh my..." she said, quickly reinserting her finger back in her pussy, as though that would be more decent after what she had just done. "I'm sorry...I didn't mean to..." she was rambling without a thought of what she wanted to say. What was she going to say? 'I didn't mean to lick and suck on my own fresh cunt juice and like it?' Well that would be even worse than doing it.

"Wow," said Peter in an almost whisper.

Now a new realization swept over her. This had gone on way too long to be an accidental glimpse. He might have simply said "excuse me" and closed the door a second after seeing her. But he did not. And still he did not stop looking. And she did not stop playing. She worked it over in her mind, barely able to comprehend this truth. There could be no other explanation: they were both enjoying this. He liked to watch her! And she liked to be watched! Her young mind had never conceived of such a thing, and the realization sent a shock through her body. Her pussy throbbed and tightened around her finger. Mmm...and it felt so nice. So they both liked this. It was pleasure for them both. This new knowledge emboldened her, and she felt wickedly liberated now.

She moved her ass a little to the right, facing more towards the door, so that he could get a perfectly straight view of her open pussy lips. And as she did, she spread them out a little with her fingers, then plunged her middle finger inside again, coming out only to circle her clit occasionally. She felt her nakedness even more keenly now, and it excited her.

Oh Jesus, she thought - she wasn't even being subtle now. She was showing off for him. This thought filled her with a delicious apprehension and excitement. She gave Peter a coquettish smile, and fucked her own pussy with her finger. She wiggled her little ass up and down and stretched her legs out as though to say "Here Peter, look at this." When she made direct eye contact with Peter he looked back with renewed awe at her increasingly slutty behavior, which perversely filled her with heightened pleasure. She wiggled on the bed letting her pleasure show openly. She caressed freely up and down her smooth gorgeous body. Oh how it felt so good to just let go like that, to let it show, to play openly with her lovely cunt. She wanted to show off her cunt. It pleased her so much right now to do that. Oh yes, how she wanted him to see her fingering her wet cunt.

"So you like to watch me play with my wet pussy?" Holy shit! Did she actually say that? The rush of adrenaline swept over her from head to toe. Peter looked at her with wild-eyed astonishment. Her stomach almost felt queasy. She had never spoken to another person like that in her life. How far from decency her lust had taken her! She almost feared its power, but could not help but submit to it. This thought made her shudder with desire - let it come then, it cannot be resisted. It must be let out, she thought.

"Oh...I....I mean, I guess so...yes" Peter stammered almost unable to speak. Danielle noticed Peter's cock sticking straight out in his shorts, so erect that she could make out the head under the fabric. The sight filled her with uncontrollable desire. She so wanted Peter to come closer, but she didn't know what to say. But her inhibitions were gone, as the pleasure radiated from her tingling pussy all over her tender nude body and blocked out all rational thoughts.

Quite at random, she blurted out "Well I like it when you watch." Again the rush swept over her body. The incredible heightened sense of nakedness and exposure she felt when she talked dirty was confusing but fascinating to her. Her statement was rather obvious at this point, but still the open confession of it drove her to near orgasmic pleasure. She was surprised at the way the lust seemed to spring up in her body. She had never been so excited so soon after an orgasm - and such an orgasm it had been! She realized it was Peter watching her that was making this happen.

When she confessed this, Peter leaned against the doorway and breathed heavily, as though swooning with desire. She saw his hand reach down and discreetly rearrange his pants. No doubt his erection was painfully tight in his pants. She thought that he must long to let it spring free and stick straight out.

Again she spoke almost unconsciously. "Let me see it," see said softly. Her own words shocked her again, but only served to feed her lust.

"What?" said Peter. But at the same time he quickly removed his hand from his crotch, and glanced here and there nervously.

This was not lost on Danielle - if he didn't know what she was referring to, then why did he suddenly move his hand? She knew he had heard and understood her perfectly well, and was slightly miffed at his reluctant stammering. It seemed to her unfair - after all, she was naked and playing with herself so openly in front of him. She said slowly and with deliberate clarity "I want to see your hard cock out of your pants, sticking straight out at me. I want to see how you jack off your erect cock until it squirts your sperm out." Oh how good if felt to talk so dirty and slutty like that! Now there could be no more "what?" from Peter.

"Oh god....but...." he said, and tugged at his pants. He looked torn and agitated. She knew he wanted to let it go, but that he was embarrassed to get nude. He glanced over his shoulder, as if checking to make sure his parents and hers were not standing behind him, arms folded, with disapproving looks.

"Jack off for me, Peter," she said. In all her wildest fantasies, she never imagined behaving this way, but she said it as naturally as she would ask him for the salt at the table, and it thrilled her. She knew in the back of her mind that she was beautiful and young, and he was young and lustful. She had read about boys and been told stories about them in the girl's bathroom, and behind the snow fence after school. She knew that boys were all horny and couldn't think straight when girls teased their penises. She figured this counted as teasing if anything did. But just to be sure, she let her pleasure show even more freely. She raised one hand up her body and caressed herself, then grasped a breast and brought it to her mouth. She playfully ran her tongue around the nipple, while looking directly at Peter and smiling like a little cute vixen. And she spread open her pussy lips with her other hand, and moved her hips back and forth, as if grinding herself on some unseen hard cock. Peter stared and gaped at her incredibly uninhibited slutty behavior. Again she said "Jack off your cock for me."

Peter was apparently overcome with lust, and he shed his shorts and underwear in a single motion, making himself naked from the waist down. His cock seemed to Danielle larger than could have possibly fit in those pants a moment ago, as it bounced up rigidly and stuck out in front of him. She had never seen a real one hard before. She studied every inch of it with her eyes...the long rigid shaft...the soft silky skin of the head...the two dangling balls...and the drip of wetness at the end.

"Did you come?" she blurted out upon seeing this wetness.

"No," said Peter, looking at her quizzically.

"It's wet on the end," she explained.

"It always gets that way before, when it's really hard, but before the ...um...stuff....you know...squirts out," he said, grabbing his cock in his hand and lifting it up to see the wetness himself.

"God, it's so big," she said, looking up and down the length.

"Oh...well ...yeah I guess it is right now," he stammered.

"Oh...ahhhh..." she said as she almost lost control of her pussy a second time. The big cock waving in front of her was making her excited almost beyond the point of now return. Her legs were lifted up high and spread open now, and she wiggled her cute little ass in rhythm with her fingers as she masturbated herself deeply and luxuriously.

Peter was apparently not immune to nature's urges either, as he appeared to Danielle to be unable to stop touching his own cock. She noticed that his breathing was heavy and labored, as though overcome with excitement. His eyes were half closed and almost glassy. He played with his cock very gently, almost accidentally, but couldn't seem to let go of it. He moved it around and stroked it and touched up and down the entire length of the shaft.

"Take off your shirt too," she said impulsively. She didn't even understand herself why it mattered to her, but it did. She wanted him to be totally nude, just like her.

Peter removed his hand from his big erection long enough to lift his shirt over his head and cast it aside carelessly. As he did so, his cock bounced up and down, as though yearning for attention, seeking to restore the recently removed stimulation. It twitched and throbbed as if with a life of its own. Danielle couldn't suppress a little giggle.

"What?" said Peter, a little bit defensively.

"Oh, I'm sorry...I'm not laughing at you...it's just that it moves around all by itself. I've never seen one all hard like that before." She could not imagine what it was like to have such a thing. Was it like another limb, which could be moved about and controlled at will? Could it pick up objects like an elephant's trunk? Such a mysterious and fascinating thing it was.

By this time his right hand had returned to the shaft. His left hand lazily traced down his abdomen. She saw his fingers run down the left side of his cock, and underneath to the big dangling balls. He caressed them softly with his left hand while his right hand wrapped around the shaft and moved slowly and deliberately up and down. He arched his back and pitched his head back and sighed deeply. His touching was more overtly sexual and deliberate now. So that was how a boy masturbated! Often she had imagined it, but now she was actually seeing it. Danielle felt even more intensely naked now, with nothing between her and Peter's nude body, and with his pleasure openly showing too now.

"Oh...god...Danielle..." he whispered, as if in a trance.

"Come over here." Again she spoke impulsively, guided by her curiosity and lust. She just wanted to see this marvelous new thing up close. She reached around behind her ass and inserted her left finger deep in her pussy, while spreading the lips out with the fingers of her right hand. The new angle of penetration felt so good that she almost peaked in orgasm. She moaned unashamedly, overcome with desire.

Peter walked over to her, and again that thick hard thing bounced enchantingly in front of him. He approached her a little shyly at first. But he thrust out his cock and started to play with it again right next to her. He thrust his hips back and forth slightly, almost involuntarily it seemed, as if in intercourse with some unseen pussy. He arched his back and thrust his cock out towards her. It seemed to pull him along after it. He edged closer and closer until at last he was standing with his thighs against the bed, cock sticking straight out over Danielle. He masturbating right above her now, and the thing looked even more huge up close. She saw the underside of the big thing now, and could smell the musk of his balls dangling less than a foot from her face. The odor was intoxicating and drove Danielle to a new level of lust and desire. Danielle was overcome with curiosity and awe at all the new sights and sensations she was experiencing.

"You do that to yourself sometimes, don't you?" She ventured a question.

"Oh ...yes....I can't help it...it gets so hard and big sometimes..." Peter answered with labored heavy breathing.

Danielle was also having difficulty speaking. The pleasure radiated from her pussy and filled her entire cute naked body with intense desire.

They both breathed heavily and masturbated in silence for some time. She watched as his hand moved up and down the marvelous cock. It was so fascinating to Danielle in every way. What would it feel like against her breasts? In her mouth, and - she swooned at the mere thought of it - how would it feel parting her tender pussy lips and filling her up? She imagined his balls slapping against her cute soft ass, filling her with that wonderful hard prick.

More wetness dribbled to the tip of the erect penis, and now a little dripped off the end and landed on her breast. She wondered if that meant he was coming, but she thought it would have to be a little more than that. Peter was moaning softly now "Oh god...Oh...god...it feels so good..."

Danielle was penetrating and fondling her pussy rapidly now - her legs were spread wide open and her little ass wiggled up and down with excitement as the intensity of her pleasure gathered momentum and concentrated in her young clit. She realized she would climax soon. Her final inhibitions were shed and the words flowed freely out of her.

"I play with my pussy a lot" she confessed. "I like to do it all the time." She couldn't control her words anymore. Her confession made her blush, and covered her body with a hot sensation.

"Oh god Danielle, tell me more." Peter's eyes were wide with amazement and he trembled uncontrollably.

"I like watch myself play with my pussy in the mirror. Do you think I'm a horny little slut?"

"Oh yes....you are. Such a pretty little slut."

"I put oil all over my body sometimes and rub it around. It feels so good to be all slippery and shiny." She didn't mean to be so dirty, but it excited her so much, she couldn't stop. She felt a rush of excitement with each new confession. She searched for more shocking things to say.

"I like to stick my fingers all the way up inside my soft wet pussy, and then lick and taste my own wet fuck juice. It makes me get all horny." She couldn't believe what she was saying.

"Oh ....god...mmmmm."

Suddenly she wanted to hear him talk like this. "What do you think about when you do it? I want you to talk dirty to me. I want you to tell me what you think about doing. Do you think about sticking that big cock deep inside a girl's hot little pussy? Do you think about fucking?"

"Oh yes...I...do..."

"Who do you think about fucking? Tell me about a hot girl you want to fuck." Danielle was out of control now, slave to her lust for this beautiful cock. She stared at the tip of his penis as he masturbated vigorously. As she watched it seemed to grow in size and hardness even more, beyond what she thought possible

"I ...I think about fucking ...you. Oh yes I always think about fucking you Danielle!". Danielle was shocked by this admission and the shock made her entire body tingle with desire. Then she saw it come out - the first wet spurt of hot semen flew with incredible energy out of the tip of Peter's penis and splashed against the inside of her left breast. Peter spread his legs out and lowered the underside of his cock-head down to her right nipple and played the tip across her nipple as spurt after spurt of the warm juice squirted out. With each spasm of the penis he moaned with pleasure "Oh...Danielle...sweet Danielle.." His hips swayed back and forth as he ran the entire length of his orgasming penis all over her boobs. The cum splattered against her tits and ran down the sides of her body, the rivulets tickling her like little fingers.

Danielle arched her back and took in these wild new sensations. She was overwhelmed by the feel of her naked breast being touched by a hard penis, by the sight of Peter all naked and masturbating, by the feel of the warm new liquid all over her body, by the earthy scent of his fresh semen, and by his open confession of his lust for her. All of this sent Danielle over the edge of pleasure and her body trembled with delightful ecstasy. Wave after wave of pleasure racked tender young nude body and she writhed uncontrollably. The power of it was beyond any she had ever felt before in her life, and she moaned and sighed with uninhibited abandon. As her orgasm subsided, she felt the contractions of her pussy around her fingers slow down, but still every movement of her fingers produced another pleasurable clenching of her quivering wet pussy lips. They rested like that for what seemed like a long time, with Peter slowly and idly sliding the head and shaft of his still-hard cock all over her wet tits, and Danielle slipping her fingers around inside her pussy at intervals, enjoying the tightening and relaxation of her excited tingling vagina.

**PART II**

That was the first of many encounters that summer. They explored their coming of age together eagerly. They played in her bedroom briefly again two days later. The next week they went nude in the garden together, when nobody was home. But they needed more freedom and privacy, so they hit on the idea of going on a picnic to the falls pool.

They packed a picnic, and went on the hour-long walk to the base of the mountain. After they got into the woods, they felt bold enough to hold hands. They went past the meadow with the wild berries, through the aspens, to the pool at the foot of the falls. With a little shyness, they stripped of their clothes and swam nude together. Increasingly they embraced and kissed, and quickly their desire overcame them. As Peter held her body close to him, his penis pressed deliciously against her pussy lips. But she was afraid of getting pregnant, and avoided letting him inside. She used her mouth and lips that first time at the pool, and spurts of hot wet cum splashed her pretty young face for the first time ever. After that, she used Peter's thick strong fingers to masturbate with. The thrill of being sexual all the way to climax with a boy touching her made her cum hard and deeply. They lay in the wild grass and kissed and caressed afterwards.

The next week Danielle "borrowed" a tube of contraceptive jelly from her older sister's room. She figured (correctly) that her sister would never report the missing jelly to her parents. She was excited as she pulled Peter aside after dinner one evening and showed it to him in her dresser drawer. She giggled at the look of surprise that came over his face as he read the label, and the significance of her showing it to him dawned on him. She gave him a wink, closed the drawer, and shoved him back out into the hallway.

Her stomach was quivering with fear, excitement, and anticipation as they packed for their next picnic. As they were leaving, Peter stopped by the linen closet. "A towel," he explained, "to...you know...um...lay down on." She could see his hand trembling as he put it in his backpack.

She would remember that walk forever - for both of them their last walk as virgins Each step carried her closer to womanhood and a whole new world of undiscovered excitement and pleasure. Again they swam nude together in the pool when they first arrived. Peter was patient and gentle with her, and their foreplay developed slowly and softly. Eventually they put the towel down, near the pool, in a clearing of tall bluebells and wild grasses. They lay nude on it for a long time kissing and caressing. At last she applied the jelly with an applicator, and Peter positioned himself over her. The first full penetration touched her in places that had never been touched before, and sent her into unprecedented ecstasy. And her first orgasm from real sexual intercourse was like none she had ever known before.

They made love often after that, usually by the falls, but a few times in her bed, once in the garden, and once in her parents' bed. They spent many hours on picnics at the falls pool, swimming, weaving chains of wildflowers, picking berries, and having sex. By the end of the summer, they were competent lovers. Danielle learned to give head without becoming startled or stopping when the semen came gushing into her soft wet mouth, or splashing all over her cute face. Peter had learned how to be patient and gentle with his fingers, tongue and penis, and to recognize and respond to subtle signs of feedback, which allowed him to pleasure Danielle to the most completely satisfying ecstasy she had ever known. They made love beautifully together.

It was with a subtle wink and a suppressed giggle that she stood alongside her parents and his, and hugged him goodbye at the end of the summer. Nobody else would ever know their little secret.

As the car drove off she marveled at how profoundly her life had been changed by a simple accident of being discovered while masturbating. It had been a summer of unprecedented self-discovery for her. She had learned of the pleasure she got from sharing and showing off her beautiful body. She had learned how freely releasing and sharing her deepest fantasies and desires could bring an incredible rush of ecstasy. She finally knew what it meant to go all the way and have real, naked intercourse. She was filled with happiness contentment, and an unbridled passion for whatever the future might bring.

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**EPILOGUE**

"Oh for god's sake, he was only your cousin, and you hardly ever saw him."

It was a typical insensitive comment from her Neanderthal pig of a husband. During their courtship, he had been ravenous for her body, and Danielle had mistaken this for passion. But it was a soulless physical desire - he seemed to consider his lust a simple itch, to be scratched as expediently and conveniently as possible. He could not actually love her, and he could never know the depth of her feelings.

And so Danielle sat on the bed and sobbed uncontrollably. The card fell out of her hand and slipped off the bed, and silently fell face-up on the carpet. "Memorial services for Peter Dresden will be held and Newberry Methodist Church, at 2pm." She was not surprised - the cancer had been there for a long time - but she felt the finality of it more keenly than she had imagined she would. She wept not only for Peter - for reasons she could not fathom, she was overcome grief for her own youth, innocence, beauty and hope, as though the last remnant of these things had died along with Peter. Life had been so beautiful back then, that wonderful summer 27 years ago. Where had all that beauty gone? It had been so tangible, so real - how could it simply vanish without a trace?

If there was a heaven, surely Peter was there now, by the old falls pool. His youth and health restored in the afterlife, he would be swimming in the cool clear water there. She imagined him walking in the sun of an in an eternal summer, with that familiar smile and those hopeful sparkling eyes. He would nap by the pool in the bluebells and wild grasses, and eat the abundant currants and chokecherries. And maybe one day, many years from now, she would join him there.