**Flat-Chested Jill**

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I'm flat-chested. When I say "flat-chested," I don't just mean that I have small boobs. I mean I have *no* boobs. I found on the Internet a description of a girl like me. It said, "If she takes off her clothes, stands sideways, and sticks out her tongue, she looks like a zipper." That pretty well sums it up. I am *seriously* flat-chested.

I could have told you other things about myself. That I'm 5'5" tall and brunette, that I'm an assistant manager at a deli downtown, that I still live with my parents and brother and they're very nice, and that I love roller coasters and any kind of ride that makes you think you're going to throw up. And I'm saving up money to buy a motorcycle.

All those things about me are true and they're important, but none of those was the first thing I told you about myself, were they? The first thing I told you was that I'm flat-chested. That's me. Flat-Chested Jill.

Not everybody knows that I'm flat-chested. I always wear a bra with silicone inserts, so I look more like a small B-cup. I compensate in other ways too. I dress like a girlie-girl, with rings and necklaces and bracelets, with my hair and nails done up and just a little makeup. I wear pretty skirts, frilly tops, high-heeled sandals. I'm really very cute.

Here's something else about me that's important-- I really like old movies. I have a DVD and Blu-ray collection that takes up 5 feet of my bookshelf, and I have most of the Oscar-winners from the 70's and 80's and a bunch that are much older too. Mom says I spend all my salary on DVD's, but she's just kidding (I think).

Most of my friends have never seen these old movies before, which is a shame because a lot of them are better than most movies you see in the theaters. They give me someplace to live for a couple of hours, outside of my own head, and sometimes I learn something. I watch a movie almost every night, sometimes the same one two or three nights in a row if the characters are interesting. For example, I watched *Groundhog Day* four times in a row (how's that for irony?) thinking about what the girl sees when she looks at Bill Murray, and how he finally learns the right way to behave and make a relationship with her.

Which brings me to another topic-- I have a boyfriend, Matt. This is a big deal because Matt is my first real boyfriend. I used to think that boys wouldn't want me because of my flat chest, but now I know it was my own fault. I was so self-conscious about my chest that I drove them away. If a boy was nice to me, I'd be afraid he'd find out about my chest, so I'd act like I wasn't interested and he'd think I was mean or stuck-up or something. Pretty soon, word got around and boys stopped asking. I really screwed that up. I wasn't doing it on purpose or to be mean like Bill Murray did, but the effect was the same. That's why I'd never had a boyfriend before Matt.

That was high school. That was then but this is now. Bill Murray learned from his mistakes and so did I.

I met Matt at the deli where I work. The deli is close to the community college where Matt goes to school, and he stops there every day on his way to class to buy a sandwich for lunch. Every day, he'd order a different sandwich. I like that. It's adventurous.

I'm adventurous too. Not too long ago, I wanted to be a cop. I wanted to run down perps on sidewalks, drive wild car chases through crowded city streets, and hold unshaven suspects at gunpoint and ask them if they felt lucky today, or maybe tell them to make my day. Dirty Harry. Dirty Harriet. That's what I wanted to be—someone with an adventurous life.

I never understand people who order the same turkey-on-white-hold-the-mayo every day. A big adventure for them is when they ask for two iceberg lettuce leaves instead of one. How do they live like that? I bet they've never puked on a Twirl-a-Whirl ride. Matt wasn't boring like that and I was glad.

Matt and I would flirt a little at the deli. One day, he told me to invent a sandwich for him. He said I could make whatever I wanted and he was sure he'd love it. So I made him a smoked turkey on pita with hummus and cucumbers and bean sprouts. He didn't even ask me what it was—just took the wrapped sandwich and paid for it. The next day he told me how great it was, and every day after that he let me choose his sandwich for him. Roast beef with Boursin on French roll with baby spinach and watercress. Sliced chicken with mango chutney and shredded carrots on 7-grain. I even made him peanut butter and jelly once, but I put it on toasted Jewish rye and used expensive whole-cherry preserves instead of cheap grape jelly. And I gave him a bag of potato chips. You have to eat potato chips with a peanut butter and jelly sandwich. Every day, something new, and every day he told me how good it was. Every day his lunch was a small adventure.

He found out that I liked old movies, and one day he told me that *Little Big Man*was playing on campus and invited me. Have you ever seen *Little Big Man*? It's got a young Dustin Hoffman growing up among Indians in the old west. Very funny. The old Indian chief is a hoot. The campus shows it every year, and it's a tradition that the audience smokes weed while they watch. The auditorium is so full of smoke that you can get high just breathing.

So we went, and that's how we started going out. He held my hand at the movie, just like people used to do at movies. Very romantic. That first time we went out, I promised myself that I wouldn't drive him away and I've kept my promise.

I have sex with Matt. That's also a big deal because he's the first boy I've ever had sex with. When we first started going out, we'd go back to my house and do some heavy kissing. I really liked it and it got me all horny and I really wanted to do more with him, but I wouldn't let him. Guess why? That's right-- because I was embarrassed for him to find out that my bra was fake B-cups and I had no boobs. So I let him feel my (fake) boobs outside my shirt, but that was all.

Lucky for me, Matt understood what I was doing. In the middle of one of those make-out sessions he just stopped kissing and said to me, "I know your boobs are fake."

I was stunned, partly because he knew they were fake, but mostly because he came right out and said it. I don't remember what I did then. Probably, I just stammered something incoherent.

So he went on, "I can tell by the way they feel. Don't worry. I like small boobs. It's ok. Really. Don't be shy."

His smile was so sweet and so sincere that I just melted. I think I knew then that I loved him, even though I'd only known him for a few weeks. Nobody had ever understood me like that.

He saw that I was worried so he hugged me and held me and it felt so good. Then he broke the hug and pulled back and said, "Can I see them? Let me take off your top and see those pretty little boobs. OK?"

I had never let a boy see them before. Hell, I'm not even sure I'd ever let another girl see them. I wanted so much for him to do it, but then I remembered -- he'd said he liked *small* boobs but he hadn't said he liked *no* boobs, so maybe this wasn't such a good idea. One part of me really wanted to, but the other part -- the stronger part—was afraid. So I shook my head. "You'll laugh," I told him.

Matt didn't laugh. He didn't even smile. He looked me in the eyes and crossed his heart. "I promise not to laugh. I promise to touch them, and to kiss them, and to admire them, and to make you feel very nice." He was very solemn, very sincere, and told me again, "I won't laugh." Then he smiled and added the clincher, "You know what I always say?"

"What?"

"More than a mouthful is a waste."

It was an old joke, but he smiled, then he laughed, and I laughed too, and I knew that he was my friend and I could trust him. I was scared, but I really wanted to do it and I remembered my promise to myself, that I would not screw this up. It was now or never. So I held my breath and nodded and lifted up my arms, and he took my top off. Then he reached around to unhook my bra, and my heart was racing, partly with excitement and partly with fear -- what if they were too small even for him? More than a mouthful might be a waste, but mine were hardly even a mouthful.

He unhooked the bra but I still held it in place, covering my non-boobs. Matt smiled sweetly and took his hand, and gently moved the bra away, and he could see. He looked at them, then he put his hands on my nipples and touched them. Then he moved his eyes away from them to me, smiled again, and said, "They're beautiful." I melted again.

He laid me backward onto the couch and leaned over and began licking, first one nipple, then the other. I felt them grow hard and pointy in his mouth, and he started sucking on them. I thought for a brief moment that he might just be pretending to like them, but he was so enthusiastic that it couldn't be fake. He really did like them, and he really did like me, and it was a wonderful feeling. He licked and sucked, then he fondled them and he massaged them with his thumbs, both nipples at once, and I felt sexual sensations all the way down between my legs.

Then he laid down next to me and we kissed some more, with his fingers on my nipples. It was so perfect and I didn't want him to stop, and it lasted a long time, kissing like that and having my nipples appreciated for the first time.

I didn't have to say anything. Matt understood what we wanted and spoke for both of us. Very quietly, he asked me, "Do you want to make love?"

Of course I did. I had no qualms about sex. Every girl I knew was having sex and I'd been wanting it for years and years. My hesitation had always been about my boobs, not about what came after. But now that Matt was asking, I was afraid that I didn't know how to have sex. I'd never done it. How would I know what to do?

Once again, Matt knew just what I was thinking and knew just what to say, "It's ok if you've never done it before."

If he had asked me "Have you ever done it?" I would have worried about what was the right answer. I wouldn't have known whether he wanted me to be a virgin or whether he wanted me to have experience. But he didn't ask. He just told me it was ok whether I'd done it or whether I hadn't. He'd said it just right, and I was comfortable answering honestly. I just shook my head, "I haven't." I was *The 40 Year Old Virgin*, except younger.

"Do you want to?"

I closed my eyes, took a breath, and nodded my head, then opened my eyes and looked at him, and he was smiling and kind. He started to unbutton my jeans, but they were tight and he had trouble, so I opened them and unzipped and lifted my butt and he took the jeans off. I kept my butt up and he took off the panties too. I wasn't hesitant about taking off my bottoms like I was about taking off my top. I had nothing to be embarrassed about down there.

Matt stood up and took off all of his clothes, all at once, with no embarrassment. His dick was hard and wet at the tip, tilted off to the side a bit, tangled in his pubic hair, and he took his hand and straightened it out. It was the first time I'd ever seen a real adult dick and I was surprised that it looked just like the photos on the Internet. I guess that shouldn't have been a surprise, should it? I opened my legs, ready for him, but he laid down next to me, not on top of me, so I closed my legs. I guess it was too soon.

Now we began kissing again and our tongues played together, his thumbs on my nipples, just like they'd been before we took our clothes off. Then he broke the kiss and moved his mouth to my nipple and his hand went between my legs. I opened my legs for him, and he touched me and even put his fingers inside of me, and I could feel how wet I was. He stayed there for the longest time, touching me ever so gently inside and stroking the wetness using his thumb, and his mouth moved from one nipple to the other, licking and nibbling and sucking.

He moved a little and took my hand and put it on his dick. It was so hard -- harder than I expected-- and I knew now why they called it a "boner." We kissed now. I could feel that his dick was wet at the tip and I touched the soft head, then held the shaft, and we were kissing so heavy. The wetness was slippery, just like the Internet said it would be. So slippery and so soft.

Now Matt kissed me on my cheek, and moved his mouth to my ear and whispered, "Are you ready?"

I was ready. God was I ready. It felt like I'd been ready my whole life. So I nodded, and I opened my legs for him. He got on top of me and held my legs in his hands, moving them back a little, and he entered me slowly at first, stopping just at the entrance a few seconds. I felt myself stretching. It was a little uncomfortable down there-- not painful, just uncomfortable-- but I didn't want him to stop, and we kissed hard as he slowly went all the way in. He let go of my legs now and started moving in and out, his face down close to mine, kissing me.

I didn't say anything about the soreness but Matt knew, so he didn't try to make it last. It was just a minute or two before he broke the kiss, pulled out of me, closed his eyes, and stroked himself two or three times, squirting onto my tummy. It was hot and surprising and shot all the way up almost to my nipples, just like you see on the Internet. He opened his eyes and looked at me, and I felt a wave of warmth and calmness like I'd never felt before. I'd done it. I'd really done it!

It felt so good and so right, and I put my hand on his face and stroked his stubble and we were quiet for a long while, still in the same position, with him over me, looking into my eyes. Why had I never done this before?

Then he rolled off of me, saying "Stay there, I'll get something." He went to the kitchen and I heard the sink run, and he came back with a warm wet dish towel and washed me off, and he laid down beside me again. We kissed some more, for a long time, then just held each other and I could feel his wet dick, soft against my thigh.

I must have started to fall asleep, so I startled a bit when I heard him say, "Your parents will be home soon. I'd better go."

I didn't want him to leave. "Don't go. Can you stay overnight?"

"Wouldn't your parents find out?"

"It's alright. They're ok with sex. You can stay."

He smiled and kissed me on the cheek, then reached for his phone and powered it on. "I'd better text my brother so he'll know where I am."

I waited while the phone powered up, and after a minute or two he began to type. "What are you going to tell him?" I said.

"Just that I won't be home tonight."

I thought for a moment, then had a fun thought. "Tell him you got lucky," I said.

Matt looked at me, thought for a moment, then looked sweetly at me. "I got very lucky indeed," he said and kissed me again. What a perfect thing to say! And that's what he typed. He showed me the message before he sent it. His brother sent back some sort of message but Matt didn't look at it. He just turned the phone off.

I don't know why I put on my clothes before we moved to my bedroom. Nobody was home. I guess it was instinctive to not walk around the house naked. So we went to my bedroom and I took my clothes back off, and we went to bed, curled up together again, Matt's hand on my nipple and mine on his dick, and we slept the whole night through.

In the morning, we made love again and it wasn't as uncomfortable that time. I told Matt that it was ok to finish inside me, so he did. I really wanted him to finish inside me. It's so much better that way, isn't it?

After we'd made love, we got dressed and went downstairs to find something to eat. Mom was there getting ready for work and I introduced Matt to her. When he turned his back to pour coffee, she caught my attention and gave me a quizzical look, with her eyebrows raised and her head tilted. I knew what she wanted to know so I held up two fingers and silently mouthed "two times." She gave me the biggest smile and I wanted to go over and hug her, but that would have to wait.

That evening, Daddy brought home a bottle of champagne, and all four of us -- Mom, Daddy, my brother Jacob, and I, celebrated. Daddy got the camera, put it on self-timer, and took a photo of us. Daddy had his arm around Mom, I had my arm around Jacob and everybody was holding a glass of champagne. I took the phone and looked at the picture of four smiling people. Guess whose smile was the biggest? Mine, of course.

I transferred the photo to my phone and set it as the wallpaper. Matt wasn't the only lucky person.

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That's how Matt and I started having sex. Once we started having sex, I really liked it (there's a surprise!) and I was thinking about it all the time. You know how they say that the more you get, the more you want? That was me. Now that I was having sex, I wanted it more than ever. Hormones were swarming through me, all day and night. It was a wonderful feeling.

Matt came over two or three times a week and usually stayed all night if I didn't have to go to work early the next morning. Mom and Dad were happy for us, just like I knew they'd be, and promised to give us all the privacy we wanted in my room. Even my brother Jacob got the message to leave us alone and didn't give me any crap, even when he heard noises coming out of my bedroom or when he saw us coming out of the bathroom together wearing only towels. Jacob really is a good guy, even if he is a brother.

When Matt came over, we had sex of course, but we'd sometimes do other things, like watch movies. Matt had never seen old movies, which is a shame, so I showed him some of the best ones out of my DVD collection. *Forrest Gump*.*Jaws*. *Back to the Future*. Sometimes we watched them in the living room and Jacob joined us, and Matt and Jacob would memorize bits of dialog and act them out, with accents and everything. They learned the entire "Quarter Pounder with cheese" riff from *Pulp Fiction* and did the "You jump first" scene from *Butch Cassidy*, complete with jumping off of the couch into fake water. They tried to do the "I speak jive" scene from *Airplane* but couldn't do it and Jacob ending up rolling on the floor in laughter. It turns out that Matt is pretty good at imitating actor voices and does a fair Bogart and a great Hannibal Lecter.

Some of my favorite movies are the first *Star Wars*. I don't mean that *Phantom Menace* disgrace. I'm talking about the real originals, starting from the 1977 one they call *A New Hope*. When we watched those*,* Matt would wheeze Darth Vader or mangle Yoda quotes and Jacob would be Luke or C-3PO. The special effects aren't quite *Avatar*, but I love the story and especially Princess Leia. Every Halloween, I dress up as Princess Leia. Yes, I know I'm supposed to be a grownup now, but on Halloween I'm dressed up like an 8-year-old.

The only part of those movies I don't like is toward the end, when Leia tells Solo she loves him and, instead of saying "I love you" back, he says "I know." What a schmuck. I scream at the TV every time we watch it. I'd rather kiss a Wookie than have Han Solo for my boyfriend, even if he is kind of cute. Calista Flockhart can have him.

I was glad that Matt enjoyed my movies, but, to tell you the truth, the sex was the main attraction, so we spent a lot more time in my bedroom than in the living room. Matt had more sexual experience than me, but not a lot, so we decided that we'd experiment together. We started porn-surfing on the Internet, looking for ideas of things to do. I'd been a porn-surfer for years, so I knew all the best free places, especially the ones that gave long free tours. In the evenings, Matt and I would get naked and I'd sit on his lap, on the desk chair in front of the computer in my room. He'd play with my nipples or between my legs and I'd drive the mouse. I could usually feel his hard dick against my butt.

My favorite sites had been the ones with naked men. Most of the sites with naked men are hard-core gay sites, which I didn't really like. You can call me a bigot if you want to, but I don't want to see two men kissing or sucking on each other. But there are soft-core gay sites that are good. Also, there are nudism sites that are mostly women but have some men too, but they're usually old and fat. And then there are sites where people post pictures of themselves. Those usually have good close-up pictures of hard dicks, but usually the men's faces are blurred or cropped out, which is disappointing. The face is important too.

I often showed Matt these sites and he was very nice about it. He didn't act grossed out or anything. He'd let me spend a lot of time looking at naked men, and we'd compare one dick to another, and, of course, the dicks on the screen with his. His is very nice.

I was fascinated with his dick, and played with it even when we weren't having sex. I liked watching it dangle and swing when he walked, and I liked making it flop around when it was soft. I didn't get to do those things much because as soon as I started playing with it, it would start getting hard, but that was OK because there are a lot of things you can do with a hard dick. (I bet you already knew that, didn't you?) I liked touching the soft silky head, and catching the little drops of wetness that come out of the tip when it's hard. I liked to trace the veins that run under the skin. I liked watching it get hard, which it did quickly, and watching it get soft after it squirted, which was slower. It took me a while to figure out what foreskins are about because Matt didn't have much of one, and even longer to figure out balls, which are tricky things. Sometimes you're allowed to touch them and sometimes it hurts if you do, and they're different every time you look at them. What's that about?

Have you ever seen the movie Personal Best? There's a scene where Mariel Hemingway holds her boyfriend's dick while he's peeing and tries to aim it toward the toilet for him. We did that. My aim wasn't so good and it made a bit of a mess that we had to clean up, but it was worth it. Dicks are fun even when they're soft.

I guess Matt understood why I was so fascinated with his dick. One day, he asked me, "Have you ever seen anybody else's dick?"

I shook my head.

"No boyfriend? Not even your Dad or brother?"

"Not since Jacob was little. That doesn't count."

"No, that doesn't count. Did you want to—see other dicks, I mean?"

Of course I did, ever since I was ten. So I nodded, "Sure. All girls do, don't they?"

Then he was quiet, and I could see he was thinking, then he said, "We'll have to do that some day." I didn't know what he meant, so I let it pass. He didn't elaborate.

He knew I was interested, so sometimes he'd tell me about the dicks of his friends and the dicks he'd seen in the school showers or at the gym locker room, but of course those were soft. He had one friend in seventh grade that he'd seen hard, and also his brother, and he told me all about them and what a shame it was that I'd only seen his.

We didn't look at just porn sites of men. We saw lots of pictures and videos of couples having sex. I'd mouse around until I found an interesting one, of people doing something new and different. We'd look carefully at what they were doing, and if I liked it, I'd say, "Let's do that." And we would. We found good positions that way. I discovered that I really liked the spoon position, when Matt would reach around from behind and play with me while we were doing it. It's very relaxing, when I wanted to be relaxing. There's also the reverse-cowgirl, for the same reach-around reason. We tried doggy-style and I didn't really enjoy it, but a lot of people on the Internet seem to. I guess everybody's different.

We found instructions for how to give a blowjob, complete with close-up photos. I knew he would want that and it looked interesting so I said, "Let's do that." Needless to say, Matt was happy to do that, and we've practiced a lot, using the Internet to improve my technique. Matt showed me how to use my hands along with my mouth, and I'm getting better every day. It's actually kind of fun, and I like watching him squirt, which I don't get to do if he's inside me. It goes all over his stomach and it takes me a while to clean it up. He's got a hairy stomach and it's tough to clean.

We also found porn sites with men giving oral sex to girls, and I wanted to try that but it seemed rude to ask. It looked pretty gross to me. But Matt spoke up for me. "Let's do that," he said, and I smiled, and we've practiced that a lot too. It feels good, but not as good as when he's inside me. He does it whenever I ask, and he's trying hard, but I'm not sure he likes it. I guess it's an acquired taste, if you know what I mean.

We stumbled into a site with anal sex, and I was afraid I'd hear "Let's do that." He was quiet, though, and I was glad. Maybe some day I'll offer him that, maybe for his birthday or something, if he really wants to. He hasn't asked for it.

I figured that Matt would want to see sites with naked girls, so I browsed to some of those. I don't normally like looking at naked girls. It's not a fear of being a lesbian or anything like that. It's that they always have big boobs -- or at least bigger than mine. I don't want to look at girls with D-size boobs. Let's be honest— I'm jealous. It makes me tense. But I knew Matt would want to see, so I pulled up some of those.

The surprise was that Matt wasn't interested, or at least he said he wasn't. Maybe he just knew how I felt. (How could he not know?) But he had other ideas. He did a search for "tiny tits" and came up with some places I'd never seen before. "These are much better," he said. Matt always knows just what to say.

The girls on these sites were nothing like the D-cup fake teenagers we'd been looking at. This was different. They were real. A lot of these girls had more than me, to tell you the truth, but not a lot more, and some had "boy-chests," just like mine, with no boobs at all. They just had nipples, big or small, pink or brown, pointy or puffy, all on full display, proud and uncovered and sexy as hell. Sexy as hell.

These were very pretty girls, about the same age as me, with beautiful hair and makeup and perfect legs and butts, and you could tell by looking at them that they could have any man they wanted. There were white girls, black girls, Asian girls, Latin girls, blondes and brunettes and redheads, all with tiny boobs or no boobs. Just like me! Exactly like me! Not one of them was the slightest bit embarrassed. They didn't wear silicone inserts, they didn't want boob jobs, and they didn't hold their hands over their chests. They wanted everybody to look.

Some of these girls were just posing naked by themselves, some with their legs open and some not, and some were posing with other girls, small as themselves. But some were having sex. They had big handsome partners with big handsome dicks, sliding in and out of them, in all sorts of positions. The men were kissing and touching and sucking and caressing their nipples and the guys were loving it and the girls were too.

I was transfixed. It was a revelation-- these girls were gorgeous and sexy and people had paid them real money to take naked pictures of them, and other people were paying real money to see the pictures. Small boobs weren't holding them back. They loved their small boobs-- their teeny tiny boy-chest almost-nothing boobs.

These were the girls Matt wanted to look at! He wasn't interested in D-cups -- he wanted to see these! His dick was very, very hard against my butt as I sat on his lap, so I knew it was real. He wasn't just pretending. He really loved tiny tits. He really loved boy chests. He really loved me, the real me, just like I was.

I felt like hugging him to death.

We spent a long time at those sites, and Matt carefully admired each and every girl, most especially the ones with the very tiniest boobs, comparing their nipples to mine and wondering what they would taste like. He'd sometimes take a break from browsing to pay attention to my real-life mini-boobs, touching and kissing and sucking and telling me how beautiful they were.

He loved the tiny tits sites. One night, he pulled his credit card out of his wallet and actually bought a month's subscription to the very best boy-chest site. We'd never paid for porn before, so this was special. God, this was special. I watched him pay and I saw the love in his eyes and the hardness of his dick.

I don't have to tell you how this made me feel. I grabbed Matt and threw him down on the bed and climbed on top of him, cowgirl style, and we did it like we'd never done it before, with his hands all over my boobs. My beautiful, boy-chest, size AAA, training-bra tiny boobs. All over them. My boobs. My real, sexy, lovable boobs on real sexy, lovable me!

That was the night that I had the very first orgasm of my life. I was riding on top of him, feeling his hands and his lips and his tongue on my nipples and he was telling me how beautiful my boobs were, even better than the girls on the Internet, and how good they tasted and how he thought about them all day when he was at school and how he wished he could kiss and suck them every minute of every day. At first, I felt the sensation rising up in me like it never had before, so I rode him harder and faster and moved myself so that I was rubbing my crotch just the right place against his dick, and his pubic hair was against me, and Matt's thumbs were one on each nipple.

Then it happened. I had a great big mind-numbing toe-curling authentic orgasm, and I sounded just like Meg Ryan in When Harry Met Sally, but it was for real. No faking. I had what she was having. I felt like opening the window and screaming into the street, just like Peter Finch in Network, but I'd scream "I'm sexy as hell and I'm not going to be embarrassed any more!" I wanted everybody to know!

When it was over, I fell onto his chest, my heart pounding, sweating all over, and kissed him, with all the passion that had been welled up inside me for all these years. Then I rolled off and cuddled up next to him. I knew then that my life was never going to be the same. A new adventure was beginning. A great, big, new adventure for a sexy new me.

You know what else happened that night? He told me he loved me. Just like that-- he said it. "I love you Jill." I had my head on his chest and his arm was around my sweaty back and I could feel his chest hairs tickling my face, and he said it. He said it. And I said it too. And I meant it.

That was the night my life changed.

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After that, we spent even more time on the Internet. We hardly went out at all unless there was a good movie on campus. Instead, we spent the evenings in my bedroom, looking at tiny tits, then making love and having orgasms. Lots of orgasms.

Matt knew a lot about girls with small boobs. I guess he's been studying the topic for a while. He showed me photos on the Internet of celebrities with small boobs. There were beautiful, famous, sexy celebrities, with boobs not much bigger than mine. Natalie Portman. Calista Flockhart (yes, Han Solo's wife). Julia Stiles. Keira Knightley. Lucy Liu, and more. Some of them even had topless pictures.

I saw that Goldie Hawn used to have small boobs when she was young. We watched her daughter Kate Hudson, dancing topless, in Almost Famous. It's a very short scene, but you can clearly see her pointy AA's if you pause the disk at just the right time. I was disappointed to learn that she'd gotten implants since then. Oh well.

We learned that Sandra Oh is almost as small as me and she did a nude dance scene as a stripper in a movie. She didn't mind showing off her boy-chest. There were nude photos of Brooke Shields too, completely flat-chested, from Pretty Baby, sexy as hell, but she was just a kid then so that doesn't count. She has bigger boobs now. I don't know if they're implants.

We streamed Dancing at the Blue Iguana, which is the Sandra Oh movie. She has a scene where she dances for a long minute or two wearing only a G-string, and there are some good close-ups of her boobs. She's probably a AA, a little bigger than me, but not a lot bigger. We didn't pay much attention to most of the movie, but we watched that scene over and over. About the third time through, I decided that Matt was having such a good time that I'd blow him while he watched, so I got down on the floor in front of the desk chair. He was really into it, each time rewinding so he could watch the scene again, pausing the movie at just the right time to see her boobs.

He was enjoying the movie (or maybe the blowjob) so much that I didn't have the heart to pull away at the last minute, so instead of squirting on his stomach or on me like normal, he squirted in my mouth. I thought it would gross me out but it really wasn't bad. I guess I could do that again for him. He's so sweet to me, it's the least I can do.

One day, I was sitting naked on Matt's lap and we were looking at porn-site pictures of girls with boy-chests. I had a germ of an idea. "Do you think my body looks like a boy?" I asked.

Matt laughed. "What made you think of that?"

"These girls. The site says they have boy chests." I turned my head and looked at him, "Answer the question. Do you?"

Matt laughed some more. "Can you feel my dick against your butt?"

"Yea. What's that got to do with it?"

"Does it feel like he thinks you look like a boy?"

His dick was as hard as a baseball bat. "I guess not," I answered quietly. I didn't pursue the point. I noticed that he hadn't really answered the question, and I wondered whether that might be a good thing. I didn't know what I thought, but I bet Matt did.

Matt couldn't stay overnight that night, so after he left, I popped a DVD into the player and watched Victor Victoria. It made me think.

**-- --**

Ever since we'd starting making love, Matt had wanted me to go out in public au naturel. I don't mean naked, of course. I mean without my bra inserts. Or maybe -- he dared suggest -- without a bra at all. I wouldn't do it. No way. Nope. No can do. But then there was the night my life changed--the night that I discovered that tiny tits are sexy.

Then I started listening to him. He told me that my boobs were as beautiful as the rest of me. He'd been telling me that all along, from the first time he saw them, but I was able to hear it now, and, little by little, I started to believe it. I looked at naked girls on the Internet and didn't get tense or jealous, even if they had B, or C, or D boobs.

I still put on my bra with the inserts every morning, but now I started to think of them as a habit, not a necessity. I would possibly have been willing for people to see me without them, but I knew that everybody would notice the change and I didn't want it to be a topic of discussion. Can you imagine the looks I'd get, and the rude remarks-- "Hey Jill, what happened to your boobs?" I didn't want people to be snickering behind my back, so I wore the inserts.

But Matt had a good point. Maybe it would be ok if we went out where nobody knew me. If they'd never seen me with boobs, they wouldn't notice a difference and it wouldn't be a big deal. He was persistent, and I really wanted to do it, so I agreed to go shopping, reserving the right to back out if I got embarrassed or scared. We drove to a mall an hour away to make sure I wouldn't see anybody I knew and I shopped for a top that would fit me properly without B-cup fake boobs. I wanted a pretty, sexy top. Girlie, not boyfriend.

I looked through the racks and picked out a few possibilities, and went into the dressing room and tried them on. I looked in the mirror and liked what I saw, so I came out of the dressing room wearing a pretty pink-on-pink one. I went in with B-cups and came out with the real me, my bra in my bag.

Matt liked what he saw, and I liked the look on Matt's face. He was perfect, with a look full of sweetness and love, and he told me how beautiful I was and I knew he meant it. I looked in the mirror again, and he was right. I was as beautiful as the girls on the Internet. I bought the top, took off the tags, and wore it out into the mall. The old me was in my shopping bag. The new me was in public at the mall.

I quickly learned some of the advantages of going braless. As I walked, the top rubbed against my nipples and made them hard and it felt good and made me feel sexy, with lots of hormones running around inside me. Best of all, Matt had easy access. When we got in the car after shopping that first time, Matt leaned over, kissed me, and stroked my nipple through the top, with no bra in the way. Then he put his hand under the cloth and massaged my nipple, right there in the parking lot of the mall. I knew I was going to like being braless.

Little by little, I got braver about going braless. I'd do it whenever it was just Matt and I, away from people I knew. Matt would take every opportunity to sneak a peak or put his hands in naughty places when nobody was around, and that made it even more fun.

I worked up the nerve to not wear inserts when I was with my family. I told Mom in advance so that she'd make sure Jacob would keep his mouth shut. He knew what my real boobs were, of course, because he'd seen me in my nightgown or pajamas and I wore no bra then, but I didn't want to hear his comments when I was in regular clothes. He would certainly have come up with a series of wise remarks, and I didn't want to have to smack him. (Normally it would have been fun to have an excuse to smack him, but not this time.) Mom promised to keep Jacob under control and, by the way, told me how glad she was that I'd learned to be happy with "my beautiful self."

Of course, I kept wearing inserts to work. There were too many people there who would have made my life hell with their imitation of humor. That was non-negotiable.

I felt so free now. I was the real me.

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It was summer now, time for swimming, so Dad filled up the pool in the backyard. It's not one of those expensive fancy in-ground pools, but just a simple above-ground kind with a ladder that gets you to the top. I bet you're wondering if I wore a bathing suit without inserts, but I have to confess that I didn't. Not around people I knew. I wore the inserts.

One day, my brother had some friends over to go swimming. I sat in a lounge chair, watching all his friends in swimming trunks, and I looked at their chests and thought about mine. People have always said that I look a lot like my brother, with the same nose and the same hair. Matt says we have the same beautiful eyes, but I told him not to say that to Jacob. I don't think Jacob would consider it a compliment. Looking at Jacob in his swimming trunks, I thought that we looked alike in other ways too, but I put that thought out of my mind.

Matt and I spent less time on the Internet now, partly because we were running out of new free porn sites to see and partly because it was more fun to have sex ourselves than to watch other people do it. Also, we were more experienced now and had less need for instruction or ideas. We did spend some time though at the "Nude in Public" sites, looking at girls flashing at Mardi Gras, or at Key West, or in wet t-shirt contests. The girls always had big boobs, but that didn't bother me anymore and I enjoyed looking.

Of course, there were the nude beach and topless beach pictures, mostly from Europe. I guess they go topless a lot there. There were girls wearing nothing but thong bottoms, with crowds of people around, and they weren't the slightest bit embarrassed. They weren't even drunk. Just relaxed, casual and care-free. When we porn-surfed, I was always the one sitting on Matt's dick and driving the mouse, so I spent a lot of time at those sites, and I wondered if he knew what I was thinking.

One day I just made up my mind on the spur of the moment and blurted out, "I want to do that." I stood up and turned around and sat back down on his dick, facing him this time. "I want to do that. I want to go topless on a beach."

Matt just looked at me, his mouth slightly agape, as if I'd caught him completely by surprise, and his expression brought back all my old insecurities. I was heart-broken, and I snapped at him. "You think it's stupid, don't you? Only girls with real boobs should go topless on a beach. That's what you're thinking, isn't it?"

His expression changed to puzzlement now, and he defended himself. "That's not what I was thinking at all."

"What then? What is that that look on your face?" I was pissed.

"I'm just surprised." He wrapped his arms tightly around my and hugged and held me close. "I'm so proud of you." His voice was hoarse, almost choking, and I briefly wondered if he might be crying. Then he pulled back a little, and said it again, "I'm so proud of you."

All my anger was gone now, and I loved him even more. There was no doubt he was sincere. Matt always knew the right thing to say. We kissed now, and one thing lead to another, and I had two orgasms that night, thinking about being topless on the beach, free and open, everybody looking at my boy-chest. Matt told me how beautiful I'd be, topless on the beach, and how much he wanted all the other swimmers to see my beautiful naked body, and he wanted me to feel the sun on my nipples and get an all-over tan and how he'd put lotion all over my body and carry me into the water to swim. I wanted to do that. I really did.

As we were lying in bed, all cuddled up, recovering from the exertion, I asked him, "When are we going to do it?"

I think he had dozed off because he startled awake. "Do what?"

"Go topless on the beach."

He was awake now, and he thought for a long time. "I don't know, Jill. There aren't any topless beaches anywhere near here. This isn't Europe and we're 500 miles from an ocean. How are going to do this?"

I had an idea, but didn't say anything. I wasn't sure I had the nerve, and I wasn't sure it would work.

The next night, we rented Blame it on Rio, and that night while I slept, I dreamt about being topless in public. I was walking down the street—the same street I walked every day to go to work. People I knew passed and instead of saying, "Have a nice day," they said "Nice chest Jill" or "Cute nipples Jill." I went into the Deli topless and the manager told me, completely serious, to "be careful not to get milk in the sandwiches." She took a paper towel and wiped a drop of milk from my nipple.

When I woke up, I was soaking wet between my legs.

Over the next days, Matt and I puzzled over the question of how I could go topless on a beach. We fantasized about jetting off to Europe and bathing on the Riviera, but there was no way we could come up with that kind of money. We found out about some nude beaches in America, and some places where kids go topless on spring break, but those were nowhere near us. We looked at the photos on the Internet and thought about what it would be like to have my nipples on display, warm in the sun, people all around, with Matt spreading lotion on them, but neither one of us could figure out a way to do it. I still had that germ of an idea that I wasn't sure would work, but I didn't say anything.

A few days went by and I didn't see Matt except at the deli. I had a day off from work on Thursday, so we arranged that he'd come over after his morning class, about 11:00. I told him I had a surprise for him.

When I heard his car drive up, instead of coming down to open the door, I shouted out the window for him to come on in and come up to my bedroom for a big surprise. I gave him a big smile and a naughty wink. I don't know what he was expecting. Maybe he thought I'd be wrapped in Saran Wrap or something. Remember Kathy Bates wrapped in Saran Wrap for her husband in Fried Green Tomatoes? But I had something even better in mind.

He opened my bedroom door and he stopped dead in his tracks, his jaw hanging down two inches at least. He was speechless.

"What do you think?" I asked, casually, coolly, as if nothing was unusual.

He didn't speak, just closed his jaw a little, almost back to normal, and came toward me. He looked me up and down, without touching, studying me from all angles. I had cut my hair a little and was wearing it in a pony-tail, kind of like my brother's. I'd cleaned the nail polish off my fingers and toes. I had no makeup and no jewelry. And all I was wearing was my brother's old swimming trunks that I'd swiped out of his room. Nothing but that.

Matt looked at me with a look that was no longer surprise, now more like admiration. He was impressed. It was a long time till he spoke, and I just stood there and smiled and let him look and think and look some more and think some more. Finally he spoke quietly and tentatively, "It might work." He looked some more, and reached out and stroked my nipples, then bent his head down and kissed one, and he patted my butt, through Jacob's swimming trunks, and he repeated, "It just might work."

He gave me a big smile and an even bigger hug. I took Matt by the hand into my brother's room, unzipped him and pulled down his pants and pushed him onto Jacob's messy bed with the sheets that hadn't been changed in at least a month. I threw Jacob's swimming trunks into a corner, got into the bed, and pulled Matt on top of me. We made a big wet spot on the sheets, but I didn't worry because I was sure it wasn't the only wet spot those sheets had seen. It would dry.

After we were done having sex, we stayed for a while in Jacob's messy bed talking and thinking, and we decided that we'd do it. I would go to the beach as Matt's little brother. His topless little brother. I'd pretend to be 13 years old. My name would be Joel. That's like Jill, just a little different. We'd have to plan it out and be careful, but it was possible. All we had to do was figure out the details. We could do it -- if I could work up the nerve.

That was a big if.

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Matt and I had a lot of work to do to get ready. The location wasn't a problem. There was a popular lake about two hours away with a nice sandy beach. I'd been there as a kid and really liked it, but that was years ago and I was sure nobody there would know me. It was the perfect place.

Matt and I made a mental list of things we needed to work on so that I could pass as Matt's little brother. We decided that my face was no problem. With a little bit shorter hair, I looked an awful lot like Jacob. I was a little effeminate for a boy, but not much more so than Jacob, to tell you the truth. I had no beard stubble of course, but lots of 13-year old boys don't. I'd have to let my plucked eyebrows grow out, but that was easy.

My voice was incurable. It's high-pitched, even for a boy whose voice hasn't changed yet. I'd have to make sure not to talk where other people could hear. That wouldn't be easy for me—I love to talk -- but I could do it.

Then there was hair. Not the hair on my head, but body hair. I had no chest hair, of course, but neither did most 13-year olds. The problem was that boys don't shave their legs and armpits. It was an easy problem to fix, but it would take time to grow out. We figured it would be six weeks till I could show those parts of me as a boy. That would give us time to work on everything else that had to be done. My parents and friends would wonder what was going on, but I'd just tell them I was trying out the natural look.

My nails were long for a boy. I could trim those. I have a butterfly tattoo on my ankle and there was no way to get rid of that, but we experimented with a band-aid and were able to cover nearly all of it. Nobody would notice. I had tan-lines, both on my chest and my butt, where my two-piece bathing suit had covered me. Those would go away in a week or two if I stayed out of the sun.

No problems. As soon as the hair grew out, we could do it. I could be topless on a beach. I could be Joel.

Matt wasn't so convinced. "Jill, I don't mean to be insulting..."

I gave him a dirty look. "What?"

He hesitated, so I amplified the dirty look and he relented, hesitating. "You kind of -- well -- you act like a girl."

He said that like an insult, curling his lips on the word "girl," like it was disgusting, and, at first I grew angry. Then he smiled and we both giggled, and I taunted him, "So I'm gay. So what? Lots of boys are gay." I thought about all the sex we'd had, and the kissing, and the nipple sucking, and the orgasms riding on top of him, and him squirting in my mouth, and I decided that if I was going to be a boy, I wanted to be a gay one.

Matt shook his head. "You're not just gay, you're a flaming queer. Nobody is thatgay." Then he imitated me, with a big smile on his face and my animated expressions, hands gesticulating as I talked, and I knew what he meant. He was right. Nobody is that gay.

So the project became a lot harder. It was comparatively easy to look like a 13-year-old boy. Much harder to act like one. This would take practice. I'd have to learn to walk and act like a teenage boy-- some vague combination of sullen and withdrawn and insecure and flirty and manly and physical and strong and aggressive and vulnerable.

So that's what we did. I spent weeks practicing to be Joel, working hard every day, sometimes with Matt and sometimes by myself. I studied Jacob and his friends and, when they weren't around, I tried to imitate them. I watched my face in the mirror as I talked, trying to keep my facial expressions calm and under control. I practiced drinking from a can of soda with my fingers firmly wrapped around the can, and for good measure, I crushed the can with my hand when I was done. I practiced sitting down in a chair firmly instead of daintily.

I told Matt I needed to learn how to hold a book in a more manly way, but Matt told me that if I really wanted to be a 13-year-old boy, I should not touch a book at all. He got me a copy of Car and Driver, and we practiced reading that, folding the pages around the back and holding the magazine scrunched up in one hand instead of two.

One of the hardest things to learn was how to walk without wiggling my hips. I didn't even know that I normally wiggled my hips. It wasn't intentional, but Matt says that watching me walk, with my hips wiggling, gives him an instant erection. Most of the time that's a good thing, but not when I want people to think I'm a boy.

Do you remember the scene in The Birdcage where Robin Williams is teaching Nathan Lane how to walk like a man instead of like a drag queen? If you haven't seen it, you should rent the movie, if nothing else, just to see Nathan Lane walking like John Wayne. Hilarious. That was what Matt and I did, with Matt teaching me how to walk like Joel. Matt even supplied the wisecracks just like Robin Williams had. The trick is to keep your feet a little separated, not to put one foot in front of the other, and to be careful how you swing your arms. Nathan Lane never accomplished it, but I did.

I spent a lot of time watching myself in the mirror, controlling my facial expressions, my hand movements, my eyebrows, my body posture. I carefully watched Jacob and his friends and, little by little, got to be more of a boy.

Eventually we decided that I was ready to go out in public. We would do something safe like walking down the street in normal clothes, not topless at the beach. That way, if I did something stupid or got caught, it wouldn't matter much -- I wouldn't get arrested. Also, the hair on my legs and under my arms wasn't quite ready yet, and I still had some bikini tan lines, but that wouldn't matter if I were wearing clothes. Walking down the street would be great practice.

We picked a location on the other side of town where nobody would know me, and I borrowed (stole) a pair of Jacob's jeans and a t-shirt. Matt thought it was best if I wore Jacob's underwear instead of my own so I did that, and I took his white socks and sneakers too. The sneakers were too big on me, but there was nothing I could do about that. We decided that when I was finished with it, I'd put the used underwear back in Jacob's drawer and see if he could tell by the scent that I'd wore them. That would be fun, but I wouldn't do that with the socks. That would be too cruel.

We worked on my hair, getting it just right, and sneaked out of the house undetected. I was nervous as a cat, but I don't know why. Even if I messed up and people realized I was a girl, it wouldn't matter, just walking down the street. I guess it was just stage fright.

There was really nothing to it. There were people around, but it wasn't crowded, and we just walked down the street. I remembered not to talk when there were people around. I kept my feet apart and didn't wiggle my butt. I slouched a little and moved my arms the right way.

My first real challenge was when we walked past a shoe store with a great selection of summer sandals in the window. There were people all around now so it was important that I not look-- and I didn't. Not even a glance. There was a jewelry store too, and I just ignored it. I was very proud of my self control. But when we were away from the crowd, Matt stopped and looked at me. "What are you doing?" he asked, with a big attitude in his voice.

I couldn't figure out what I'd done wrong and I was pissed at his tone. "What are you talking about? I didn't look. Not at the shoes, not at the jewelry. Nothing. What did I do?"

He looked disgusted. "I don't mean that. I mean you were smiling at everybody."

"I can't smile?"

"Have you ever seen a teenage boy smile at strangers?"

I thought about that one. Boys would sometimes smile at me, but I'm a cute girl. I guess a teenage boy wouldn't smile at mothers pushing baby strollers and certainly not at the babies. "I'm not allowed to smile?" I asked.

"No!" He was emphatic. "Maybe at a cute teenage girl if you want to flirt, but that's all."

He was right, of course. "What am I supposed to do? Sneer at them?"

He laughed. "If you're in the mood, you could do that. Probably better to just look away. Down is always good. Or at me. Not at jewelry though."

I vowed to do better, so we resumed walking. We passed a crowd of people and I didn't smile and didn't sneer. Not at the children, not at the couple eating ice cream, not at the old lady with her dog, and not at the priest. I was doing better. I even stopped to look in the window of a sporting goods store that had boxing gloves on display. Maybe that was over the top, but Matt didn't criticize.

When we had just passed the crowd, I was pushed to the side, hard, and I struggled to keep my balance. I looked over and saw that Matt had shoved my shoulder and was giving me a big smile. What the hell was he doing? "What was that?" I demanded.

"That was a hug."

"A hug? Are you out of your mind? You nearly knocked me over!"

"That's how boys hug," he explained. "Girls express friendship by hugging. Boys shove each other. That was a boy-hug. It means I like you."

I looked at him in disbelief. "A hug? That was a hug? What am I supposed to do? Hit you? Yell at you? Blow you a kiss?"

"No kisses. Just shove me back. That means you like me too."

"You're kidding?"

"Nope. Shove me back," he answered. "Go ahead. As hard as you can."

I thought for a moment, then gave him a shove on the shoulder. He wasn't impressed. "Act like you mean it," he said. "Don't you like me?"

I gave him a big shove this time, trying to knock him over. He laughed. "That's right." He thought for a moment then added, "By the way, this is a time you can smile." I shoved him again, even harder, and he shoved me again, and we smiled at each other, and I actually started to understand. We liked each other.

After the shoving lesson, we decided that I was ready for a more advanced challenge so we went to a pizza place. I grabbed a manly fistful of too many napkins and sat down ungracefully at a table, yanking the chair back from the table and dropping into it. Matt went to the counter and came back with two big slices and two cans of Coke. I watched how Matt ate the pizza, curling it up almost into a tube and taking big chomps out of the pointy end, and I copied him. I drank heartily from the soda can, holding it with strong fingers, but Matt didn't crush the can so I didn't either. I thought about John Travolta walking down the street eating two pizza slices at once, layered one on top of the other, at the beginning of Saturday Night Fever, but I couldn't tell Matt about that. There were people close by and I wasn't allowed to talk.

When we'd finished eating, we threw the paper plates into the garbage and threw the soda cans there too, even though there was a recycle bin right next to the trash barrel. We were real men. Then Matt looked at me with mischief in his eyes, and said, "I need to hit the head. You coming?"

I could only imagine the look on my face when he said that. Probably like the proverbial deer-in-the-headlights. I hesitated, not knowing what to do and not being allowed to talk. Matt started walking toward the restrooms and I couldn't be left behind by myself so I followed. We got to the restroom doors -- women to the left, men to the right, and I looked at Matt, not knowing what to do. He motioned for me to follow, so I turned right.

Fortunately, there was nobody else in the men's room. There was a smelly urinal, a toilet stall, a sink, and no tampon dispenser. I looked for a condom vending machine but there wasn't one. Matt went to the urinal and I did the obvious thing, entering the toilet stall. It was no different than the ones in the ladies' room -- maybe a little dirtier-- and I briefly felt at home. I peed and looked at the pornographic drawings some kid had scratched into the paint. It was a dick with hairy balls. That's something you don't see in the women's room.

I heard Matt flush and run the sink, and I flushed and came out to discover that there was another man at the urinal. I kept my cool, didn't look, and went to the sink, with Matt watching me, obviously trying hard to keep from laughing. Just as I was ready to turn on the water, my cell phone rang. I thought fast and realized that I wouldn't be allowed to talk, so I reached into my pocket and muted it, but I saw that the man at the urinal was giving me a strange look. I didn't know why. Am I supposed to turn off my phone before I go to the men's room? I washed my hands and tried to dry them with one of those air-dryers that never does anything useful. Matt seemed like he was in a hurry and was giving me subtle hand-signals, so I wiped my hands on Jacob's jeans and followed him out.

When we got out of the pizza place, Matt was disgusted again, not speaking, just giving me a dirty look. I gave him an even bigger dirty look back and he spoke first, "The love theme from Titanic?" he asked, incredulous.

Now I knew what I had done wrong. It was the ring tone on my cell phone that had given me away. That's why the man at the urinal had given me that look. I had just down-loaded it last night so Matt had never heard it. "Sorry," I mumbled, and I took the phone out of my pocket and powered it off. I looked up at Matt apologetically.

I had a lot to learn about being a boy.

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There are some movies about women who try to pass themselves off as men and vice versa. I don't mean movies like Tootsie or Mrs. Doubtfire or Some Like It Hot or To Wong Foo or that Big Momma junk, with men dressing up in drag for laughs. I'm talking about movies where a woman is really trying to make people think she's a man. Maybe these movies could help me be a better Joel. Matt and I watched some of them, studying them for hints and clues.

The first one we watched was Yentl. That was a mistake—I couldn't sit through it. God, I hate Barbra Streisand. It's like she's from another planet (which New York kind of is). Have you ever seen Cocoon? The aliens from another planet disguise themselves with fake rubbery human-suits. If they pull the suit away a little, you can look inside and see that they're not really human. Every time I see Barbra Streisand, I wonder if she's going to do that. (By the way, Cocoon has a great orgasm scene in a pool, but that's another story.)

Did you know that there was a woman who won an Oscar for playing a role as a man? Her name is Linda Hunt, and the movie is The Year of Living Dangerously. She plays a weird little guy, a photographer, in Indonesia. Matt and I enjoyed the movie but the character is so strange -- and unmanly -- that it didn't really help with our project.

Of course you know about Cate Blanchett playing Bob Dylan. This is another one that's a good movie but not much help. Cate is a great actress but I have to say that she didn't convince me that she was a man, and Bob Dylan isn't exactly a typical man himself, but her aggressive mannerisms were interesting to watch.

Felicity Huffman plays a man in Transamerica, and she was pretty convincing, but she kind of looks like a man to start with, doesn't she?

The best one was Boys Don't Cry, with Hilary Swank as a teenage girl who thinks of herself as a boy. We learned a lot from this one. I have to admit, embarrassingly enough, that it really turned me on when the big scene comes and a bunch of tough boys force her pants down and look between her legs and see that she's really a girl. It's not really politically correct, is it? But, in some vague way, I was imagining the thrill of men looking between Joel's legs and finding out he is really a girl.

The next time Matt and I (Joel) went out practicing, we went shopping. The hair on my legs and under my arms had grown out more now so I could wear Jacob's board shorts and t-shirt and flip-flops, with a Band-Aid on my ankle tattoo. I did a little shopping in the young men's department, using the boy's dressing room, which was just a little bit daring, with all the moms and boys running in and out. I tried on a sleeveless athletic shirt, something like a tank-top. I think they're also called muscle shirts. That was very brave because if I wasn't careful about how I held my arms, people could look in the arm-holes and see my boob-lettes. Matt thought that was fun but I didn't let anybody else look. I should have.

Matt picked out a pair of shorts and wanted me to come out of the dressing room with just those on and no top, but I wouldn't do it. I thought that was much too brazen, but looking back on it, I should have done that too.

I did do one brave thing. I picked out a mesh top, like the kind a boy would wear when he was working out in the gym and was all sweaty (and sexy) and wanted to keep cool. I went into the dressing room and put it on, then came out and Matt nodded approvingly. Then I looked in the mirror. In the mirror, I could see my nipples sticking out through the mesh, much more obviously than I had expected. I was pretty much completely exposed. I panicked a little -- there were lots of people around-- and I tried to keep calm while I walked back to the dressing room stall and shut the curtain. I took a deep breath and took off the mesh shirt and put back on Jacob's shirt that I'd come into the store with. I came out of the dressing room, trying very hard to breathe normally and act like a boy. My heart was pounding and my face was a little flushed.

A little later, when we were alone in the store, Matt told me that I'd looked like a normal 13-year-old boy in the mesh shirt, and pointed out that, even with all the moms and boys around, nobody had noticed anything unusual. He congratulated me on my first real exposure and, I had to admit, it was a rush. A big rush. I decided to buy the shirt. Maybe I would wear it someday, walking down the street, or maybe it would just be a souvenir of my first time as an exhibitionist.

When I got home, Matt and I tried on the mesh shirt again and looked in the mirror so that I could get a good look at what everybody in the store had seen. My micro-boobs were on full display. All the way.

Jacob would have a strong scent in his underwear drawer that evening and Matt was going to get laid tonight, probably more than once.

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Matt and I spent a lot of time on the Internet looking at people on topless and nude beaches and thinking of ourselves there. We made love a lot. Sometimes we'd porn-surf for a while, then go to the bed and make love, then porn-surf some more and make love again, maybe on the chair in front of the computer without even bothering to go to the bed.

We went out practicing twice over the next week, and I was getting more relaxed as Joel. I didn't smile at people, I walked like a boy, I didn't talk when I wasn't supposed to, and I knew what to do when Matt shoved me. I didn't hesitate to go into the men's bathroom with Matt—I even went by myself once-- and I always remembered not to stare at the men peeing in the urinals. I think it became too much of a habit though. One night Matt and I were at the movies and I was my normal girlie self. After the show, Matt went to the men's room, and, without thinking, I followed him in. It took me a moment to figure out why everybody was staring at me, but then I got very embarrassed and apologized and left. Matt will never let me forget that.

Finally we decided that I was ready to go to the beach. We picked a date when we both were off work, choosing a mid-week day because there would be less of a crowd. I had eight days to get myself ready. Eight days to wait. Eight days to fret. Eight long days. Eight days till Thursday.

I had dreams nearly every night about being topless in public. In one dream, the police came to my bedroom and arrested me for indecent exposure. They led me away in hand-cuffs, walking me through the courthouse topless, and the judge was the Munster-guy who was the judge in My Cousin Vinny. There was another dream where I was at the beach topless and my Dad came up to me, dressed in his business suit, and called me Jill. I told him I wasn't Jill, that I was his son Joel, and he was all angry. That was a bad one—I really didn't want my parents to find out about Joel.

There were good dreams too. There was one where Matt and I went to the movie theater and I was topless, and when we sat down we were suddenly completely naked and I was sitting on his lap with his hard dick against my butt while we watched the show and he played with my nipples. There were people next to us, eating popcorn like normal.

Then there was a dream where I was Joel and went into a men's room and peed at the urinal, not in the stall. I think I had a dick, and I watched the pee splashing into the urinal. And there was a really long dream where I was wearing the mesh shirt at work at the deli, with people all around, and I could feel the cold air from the freezer cabinet making my nipples hard and they were sticking completely through the shirt and getting in my way while I was trying to make sandwiches.

It wasn't just dreams. Often during the day, I'd be thinking about what was to come, sometimes worrying, sometimes imagining the excitement. I don't mind telling you that I was scared. At first, I was afraid of something going wrong. Maybe I'd make some mistake and act like a girl or talk or something, or maybe my body wasn't as boyish as I thought. People would realize I was a girl and I'd get into trouble or get arrested and my parents would find out. I really didn't want my parents to find out. There were a lot of ways bad things could happen. Matt assured me that they were really unlikely, and even if they happened, the worst that would happen is that somebody would get mad and tell me to cover up or they'd tell me to leave. Not so bad.

But as the day grew closer, it occurred to me that trouble wasn't the only thing to worry about. The reality was that I was intending to go topless in public! Naked in a public place! Matt and I practiced how I'd take off my t-shirt at the beach. There could be no hesitation or embarrassment. A teenage boy wouldn't fool around taking his shirt off. He'd just pull it off and throw it on the ground. So that's what I'd have to do, and we practiced it. Would I really be able to do that with a hundred strangers around? Just take off my shirt and throw it on the ground and not put my hands in front of my chest or get embarrassed or try to hide?

I was nervous. I was scared. But I was also hornier than I'd ever been in my life. I made Matt sleep over every night, even if we had to be at work early the next day. My body was flooded with hormones and I spent hours each day either on top of Matt or underneath him, or side-by-side. I couldn't get enough of the boy.

Finally there was just one day to go and we checked the weather report. Part of me was hoping for a nice beach day and part of me was hoping for a thunderstorm so we wouldn't be able to go. The first part of me won—the forecast was for 85 degrees and sunny. Perfect beach weather. We were really going to do it.

Matt slept over Wednesday night and we practiced taking off my shirt one more time. We laid out the swimming trunks and t-shirt and flip-flops I'd "borrowed" from Jacob, and made love before we went to sleep. I was restless all night and tried not to wake Matt, but even before 6:00, when the sun first came up, I pulled back the covers and started sucking his dick till he woke up. I got on top and Matt massaged my nipples while I rode up and down, and he talked to me, telling me about the big adventure we were going to have today, out in the sun. He told me that everybody would be looking at these very nipples he was massaging, and how much he was going to enjoy seeing them getting a tan. I had a big, hard orgasm. Really big, really hard.

We showered together, put the band-aid on my ankle tattoo and fixed my hair, and I put on Jacob's swimming trunks. I looked in the mirror, looking from all directions at my face, my hair, my legs, my armpits, my tattoo, and, of course my no-boobs, and I was satisfied. I looked good. Matt put sunscreen lotion on me, with extra attention to my nipples so they wouldn't get burned, and, of course, also because it was fun to give them extra attention. Then I added my own t-shirt and a pair of my own jeans to cover up for the ride.

We packed towels and sunscreen and sunglasses and baseball caps and snacks and water, then we hugged and held each other. Matt kissed me and asked me if I was ready. He assured me than I'd be a great Joel and reminded me about how carefully we prepared, and kissed me again. He lifted my t-shirt and tweaked my nipples. I was ready. We were out of the house by 8:30. It was a two-hour drive and I was wet between my legs the whole way.

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We got to the parking lot and got out of the car, and started unloading the towels and supplies, but I hesitated. "Are we really going to try to do this?" I asked, in my girlie Jill voice.

Matt scrunched up his face and in a Yoda voice reminded me, "Do or do not... there is no try." He was convincing, and I giggled. He does a pretty good Yoda.

Then he switched to his Bogart voice, "If you don't do it, you'll regret it. Maybe not today, maybe not tomorrow, but soon and for the rest of your life." I giggled again.

He was right. I was really going to do this. I changed my body posture, my face, and my attitude. No more girlie giggling. I was Joel now, and I reached out my hand to bump fists with Matt. He looked at me sternly. "May the force be with you," he said.

"Here's looking at you kid," I answered. My Bogart isn't nearly as good as his.

I gave him a shove and he shoved me back, and we laughed like boys. We liked each other. We left our jeans in the car and off we went toward the water and the warm white sand, partners in crime-- Bonnie and Clyde, Butch and Sundance, Lucy and Ethel, Pumpkin and Honey Bunny, Mo and Curly. We were going to do this. I was ready, willing, and able. And I was horny. God, was I horny.

We strode to the beach like men. It was early, so it wasn't too crowded, but there were pockets of people, mostly mothers with young children. There was a lifeguard in a high chair overlooking the water, and I thought about how cute he was and almost smiled at him before I remembered not to do that. This cute 18-year old lifeguard was going to see my nada-boobs. We could have chosen a spot away from most people, but instead I put down my towel right in front of the lifeguard. I wanted him to see.

I had wondered for weeks what it would be like when the moment of truth came. Would I be able to do it? Would I break down and cry and make an idiot of myself? Would I chicken out or hesitate or try to cover myself or run and hide?

When the moment came, though, I did it just like we planned. Matt took off his shirt and threw it onto his towel and I did too. I just did it. I took off my t-shirt, let it drop and stood there in the sun, naked to the world, in front of Matt and a dozen mothers, three dads, two dozen children, four teenage girls, a middle-aged man by himself, and a cute lifeguard. Matt gave me a subtle grin and I looked around to see if anybody had noticed anything amiss. Nobody did.

As soon as the shirt was off, all my nervousness and hesitancy melted away. I was calm and relaxed, ready to enjoy a day at the lake, showing off my boy-chest to total strangers. I turned and faced the lifeguard, and he looked at me. I knew he could see, and my nakedness was on display for the very first man (after Matt) who'd ever seen me. I felt an electric tingle between my legs and my nipples begged to be touched.

Would you believe that one of the mothers smiled at me? I guess that, to her, I was a young boy -- a child -- and she was being friendly. I looked away, toward the water. Matt sat down on his towel and motioned for me to join him, but I didn't want to. I wanted people to see. So he stood back up and we went for a walk along the water, parading in front of all the people, wandering into the water a little and getting our feet wet. I needed to smile and laugh so I shoved Matt and he shoved me back, and I was allowed to smile.

The sun was getting high in the sky and I could feel the warm sunlight on my nipples, and it occurred to me that I'd never felt sunlight on my boobs before. What a wonderful sensation! We went swimming and the cold water made my nipples hard. I worried briefly that the bigger nipples would give me away, but Matt was reassuring. The more important problem, he said, was how he'd keep his dick soft looking at me that way.

We got out of the water and toweled off, and we lay down to rest and took some sandwiches out of the cooler. Matt got that mischievous look in his eye like he sometimes does and reached in his bag and pulled out a couple of magazines. He kept one for himself and threw the other one to me. Maxim! What a wise ass! I gave him a dirty look and he gave me a grin, and I grabbed his magazine and switched with him, half hoping that it was Glamour or People or something good. I ended up with Sports Illustrated which at least had some good pictures of beefy guys. We ate our manly sandwiches and stuffed too many potato chips in our mouths and read our manly magazines, holding them in manly ways.

It was a wonderful beach day. By early afternoon it was crowded, and there were more moms and children. There were groups of teenagers-- both boys and girls-- middle-aged couples, retired people, and women out for a day together. Every one of them saw my boobs. I made sure of it. Every one of them got a long good clear view of my naked nipples. My beautiful brown naked nipples.

A couple of teenage girls were smiling at us, flirting, and Matt smile backed so I did too, not knowing what was going to happen. It was pretty obvious that they wanted us to come over and talk to them, but they'd just have to be disappointed today. I must have been pretty convincing as a boy because they were certainly fooled.

We'd brought some sun-block lotion and Matt put some on himself. I so badly wanted him to put some on me, to rub it into my nipples, to massage my back and my legs, but it couldn't be. I took some from him and put it on myself, but it wasn't the same. I'd have to wait.

Matt announced that he was going to the changing room to pee, but told me that he didn't know the layout of place, so I'd better not try that. I needed to pee too, so I went into the water and peed there. No big deal.

We started to worry about getting sunburned, so we decided to leave. We packed up and went to the car, and I kept my shirt off. We sang in the car, and away from other people, I was free to laugh and smile. We stopped for gas and I jumped out of the car before Matt, telling him I'd do the pumping. I went into the gas station and paid the cashier, topless. I pumped gas topless, washed the windshield topless, went back inside for the change topless, and nobody leered or complained. Not the cashier, not the mechanic, not the two landscaping guys with the big tattooed muscles who were filling up their truck at the next pump, and not the young woman who'd stopped for cigarettes. (Actually, it's not completely true that nobody leered -- Matt did, especially when I leaned over the hood to wash the windshield, my boobs practically in his face through the glass.)

When we got close to home, we stopped and I put my jeans and shirt on, over the swimming trunks. At home, I took Matt straight to my bedroom, yanked off Jacob's swimming trunks, and threw Matt down on the bed and raped him. I sucked his dick until it was hard, which took about two seconds, then sat down on it and rode him, leaning over to put my nipple in his mouth. After a while, I got off and made him get on top of me, and I wrapped my legs around his back and used my legs on his butt to move him in and out of me, as fast and hard as I could. It wasn't long till I had the orgasm that I'd been waiting all day for. It was a monster.

Jacob was in his bedroom, next to mine, and he probably heard me scream. There's nothing I can do about that though. Things like that happen.

The whole scene was really pretty violent, but Matt didn't seem to mind, so after we rested awhile, I did it again, then we fell asleep for just a short while. I heard Mom in the kitchen cooking, so Matt and I took a quick shower, got dressed, and went downstairs. We were really hungry and Mom invited Matt to stay for dinner. At the dinner table, Jacob gave me a grin and a wink and I knew he'd heard us in the bedroom.

What a wonderful day!

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That night, as we were getting ready for bed, Matt told me that he had a surprise, but he wouldn't tell me what it was. I tried beating it out of him but he only laughed, probably because he's twice the size of me and the beatings didn't hurt very much. I told him I wouldn't have sex with him unless he told me, but then he started kissing me and I lost my resolve and gave in. Sometimes sex is a higher priority than everything else.

The next morning in the shower I was washing his dick when finally spilled it.

"Speaking of dicks..." he teased me.

'What about dicks?" I kept washing. I thought his dick was probably very dirty and needed lots of washing. It can take more than ten minutes to properly wash a dick if you do it right.

"How would you like to see some?" he asked.

I stopped washing him but left my hand on his dick, and moved my eyes to his face. He was smiling broadly. "What are you talking about?"

"I figured that since you've never really seen any dick other than mine, you can't truly appreciate how perfect mine is. You need to see other dicks -- you know—for a comparison." He gave an even bigger smile now.

This sounded good. "Is this the surprise you wouldn't tell me?"

He nodded. "Yesterday when I went to pee in the changing room there were dicks all around. The changing room and showers are completely open and you can see everything. If we go back to the lake, Joel can come into the changing room with me. " Then he added, with his mischievous grin, "He'll like it."

I was sure I would, but there was an obvious flaw in his plan, so I dismissed it. "You know I can't shower in front of other men. Don't you think they might notice something missing?"

"I've been thinking about that," he answered. "I have an idea."

Matt explained the idea to me and it seemed possible. I wouldn't be able to shower, but I'd be able to change clothes. He thought that if I turned away from other men at strategic times and did it quickly, I could pull off Jacob's underwear and put on swimming trunks without getting caught. It would only take a few seconds and they'd only see my butt. Lots of young teenage boys are shy about getting naked in front of other men so it wouldn't be too strange. While I was in the changing room, I could feast my eyes on all the dicks, as long as I didn't stare too much.

I was still all hornied-up from the day before and I wasn't thinking clearly, so this cockamamie idea made sense to me, even if it did sound like a scene out of anAmerican Pie movie. I would have agreed to anything. I was ready to go back to the lake and do it that day. With all the hormones running around inside me, he could have suggested that I blow him at my parents' dinner table and I would have thought it was a good idea.

"Let's go today!" I said. I was enthused.

"Not today. Wednesday."

"What's special about Wednesday? I have to work then. Let's go today." I was in a hurry.

"Wednesday is the 14th. It's National Nude Day," he answered. I laughed, but there was no twinkle in his eye. "I'm serious. It's some sort of holiday."

I wasn't going to fall for that. "You mean the banks and post offices are closed so everybody can go naked? There's a presidential proclamation?"

Now he laughed. "No proclamation." Later, he took me to the Internet and showed me. It was real and it was perfect. What better way to celebrate National Nude Day than showing your butt and looking at dicks? The karma was perfect. I'd have to get my work schedule changed.

I was ready for action but Matt thought we should plan it out and practice. He convinced me, and I listened to reason. So that's what we did. We practiced. I "borrowed" a pair of underwear from Jacob's bureau and I modeled them for Matt. If I were in a changing room, men would see me wearing just that, so we wanted to make sure it would be ok. It wasn't. Matt said that it was too obvious that something was missing. This could be solved with some needle and thread and some polyester batting material, sewn on the inside and covered with a piece of cloth cut from another pair of underwear. (Sorry Jacob.)

Then we practiced changing. I stood in front of Matt wearing the padded underwear, turned from him, dropped the underwear, picked up the swimming trunks and pulled them on, and turned back toward him. It only took a few seconds, but Matt wasn't satisfied. As I bent over to pick up the swimming trunks, he could see some obviously female parts. As Matt phrased it in his typically-male phrasing: "I can see your pussy." Normally it was a good thing for him to see that, but not in a men's changing room.

I needed some practice to keep that from happening. I'd have to stand up straight and not bend over more than absolutely necessary. This was a little tricky but I could do it. Nobody would be studying me to check to see if I was really a boy, so it didn't have to be absolutely perfect, but we practiced until I did as best I could. We decided I should keep my t-shirt on to shield at least part of my backside and front from any prying eyes.

This wasn't going to be too hard and I wasn't nervous. It felt so good showing my boobs to the world that I had no problem showing my butt, and I certainly wanted to see the dicks.

When the day came, Matt woke me up with "Happy Nude Day!" and a kiss on my forehead. I put on the special underwear with the padding and packed the swimming trunks. We left later, about 11:00, so that we'd arrive when the crowd was bigger. Once again, the weather was great, and we drove the two hours to the lake. As soon as we were away from home, we both took our shirts off and opened the car windows and I felt the breeze on my nipples and I felt the wetness between my legs. We stopped for gas, even though we didn't really need it, so that I could pump gas half-naked, and I remembered not to smile at the happy family with the mom and dad and two teenage boys and a dog in the car at the neighboring pump. I made sure that the two teenage boys got a great view. Too bad they didn't know what they were looking at. It would have been a great story to tell their friends, and they could have masturbated themselves into oblivion thinking about it.

I washed the windshield much longer than necessary, for Matt's benefit, and bought some ice cream bars inside, paying the old man with nipples still hard from the cold air of the freezer.

When we were back driving in the car, I held the ice cream bar in one hand and put the other into Joel's underwear, feeling how wet I was and making myself even wetter. I discovered a new thrill—eating ice cream while playing with myself. I'll have to remember that.

We arrived at the parking lot and I put my t-shirt on, and we started to unload the car. Only then did it occur to me what I was about to do and the fear struck me hard. "I can't do this," I told Matt. I sat back down in the car, and Matt talked to me calmly, slowly, and told me that I wouldn't get caught. Nobody would be checking me out to see if I was really a boy. We'd practiced and it would take just a few seconds, then I could enjoy all the dicks. He was right of course. I wouldn't get caught. I'd never seen any dick other than Matt's and a twenty year old girl should know what lots of dicks look like, shouldn't she? I wanted to do it.

I was calmer now. The force was with me. I gathered myself together and became Joel, and together we walked toward the changing room. Matt shoved me and I shoved him back hard and he shoved me again, and we laughed. When we got to the changing room, I didn't hesitate and just walked in. I was ready for adventure.

It was a little disappointing. There weren't that many men around and they weren't naked. The only one completely naked was a little boy about four years old, standing there with his cute little wee-wee in his hand while his daddy was unpacking a gym bag, looking for his cute little swimming trunks. There were two men talking, but they were already in their swimming trunks, so I'd missed the action.

A man with a big belly and a nearly bald head was walking back from the shower with a towel around his waist. I watched out of the corner of my eye as he took off the towel and dried himself off. His dick was nearly invisible, just a little stub poking out from the rolls of fat.

Just as I was ready to give up, a miracle happened. A group of half a dozen boys, not far from my own age, came in, laughing and shoving each other. They looked like jocks, well built, muscular, probably all part of some team in high school or maybe college. They threw down their gym bags and immediately started stripping, first sandals, then shirts, then shorts, and finally boxers, and soon all six were naked, uninhibited, laughing and joking, fishing around in their gym bags for their trunks.

Perfect! There were six dicks, just for me. Some were long and swinging in the breeze, some contracted and pulled up close to their owners' bodies. One was uncircumcised, one was a natural red-head, one was blond, and one had a big zit on his butt. One had big dangling balls, one had nearly no pubic hair. All were beautiful. Six beautiful dicks, and their young, nicely-built well-muscled owners were in no hurry to cover them up.

Matt poked me and gave me a look. I guess I was staring. "Let's put on our suits," he said, giving me a wink. I saw that the dad and the little boy were leaving, and the fat guy was combing what hair he had and was packing up to go. Soon it would be just Matt and me and the six boys.

I was ready, but then I thought about it some more. I didn't do it the way we planned, hurrying up to get it over in just a few seconds. I didn't want to do it that way. I wanted a bigger adventure.

Facing the boys, I took off my shirt to give them the full view of my chest. Then I found Jacob's swimming trunks, turned away from them and toward Matt, and dropped the underwear. I stood there, completely naked, butt on display, casually examining the trunks, turning it around in my hands as if looking for something, making the moment last, feeling the quivering between my legs. Matt was trying to hide a smile as he stripped down all the way, just like me, and we stood naked, facing each other, with a room full of boys watching from behind.

I don't know what came over me. Maybe the devil made me do it. I bent over. Yes, I bent over like I was looking for something on the ground, giving the boys a clear view of my butt and the goodies between my legs. As Matt would say, they could see my pussy. I didn't know if they were looking my way, but if they were, they got a good long eye-full. Matt was casually watching them over my shoulder, and when I got up from bending over, he gave me the teeniest wry smile.

I pulled on Jacob's swimming trunks now and Matt put his on too. I threw a towel over my shoulder and I walked out of the changing room, topless, right past the six naked boys. The blond one gave me a funny look and nudged his friend, so I gave a little smile. I wasn't supposed to smile, but I did anyway, and just kept walking.

When we got out of the changing room, I gave Matt a great big shove, and we both laughed till we were out of breath and couldn't laugh any more. He told me that the blond one had been looking at me when I bent over, and Matt imitated the priceless expression of bewilderment on the guy's face. I wish I'd been able to see it.

We found a spot to put our towels down and immediately went into the water. I was hot and it wasn't only from the sun. I needed to cool down and relax. So we played in the water for a while, and when I was calmer, we came out and rested, the sun hot on my nipples. It was all I could do to keep from jumping on top of Matt and humping him into the sand, but I had to control myself. It wasn't easy.

We went for a walk so that everybody could see my bitty-boobs. There were lots of middle-aged couples, older people with grandchildren, families with children of all ages, groups of teenage girls who smiled at us and groups of teenage boys who didn't, groups of women, men by themselves. The lifeguard was a girl in a conservative one-piece. They all saw my boobs. Every one of them. I made sure of it.

Then there was the group of six jocks. Matt and I made it a point to walk by them a few times, acting like we didn't know who they were and didn't notice they were there. But they were watching us. They knew who we were. They were looking at my chest and wondering what I was, wondering if they were looking at girl's boobs or just a boy's chest. The third time we walked by, I couldn't resist and I gave the blond guy a little smile, then turned away and kept walking.

Matt wanted to pee, and this time, I went with him to the changing room, which is where the toilets are. Walking to the toilet stalls, I saw that the showers were all in one big open room with about a dozen shower heads, not like in a normal women's locker room where the showers are private. There was a middle-aged man in the shower. He had soaped up his hair, and had his eyes closed, so I had an opportunity to get a good look without getting caught for a few seconds until he rinsed out. He was very hairy and his dick was long and thick and surrounded by an enormous bush. Then I continued to the toilet stall and peed.

I had an idea. I knew what I wanted to do, but I didn't tell Matt. He probably knew, though. He knows me well.

We stayed on the beach for a while longer, walking sometimes, swimming sometimes, reading magazines sometimes. I took a look at Maxim. I closed my eyes and tried to sleep a little, with headphones in my ears and a towel over my chest to keep from getting burned. Nobody wants burned boobs.

People started to pack up and go, but I wasn't ready yet. There was one more thing I needed to do, so I waited. After a long while, the six boys started to pack up, so I did too. I wanted to be in the changing room before they got there.

I nudged Matt. "I need to take a shower," I said, in a matter-of-fact voice.

It took him a moment to figure out what I meant. "Are you serious?" he said, incredulous.

I nudged him again. "The force is strong in this one. Come on. Hurry up." He looked at me, smiled, then got up and we picked up our towels and bags and hurried to the changing room. There were a couple of other men, one a daddy with two boys and a little girl, but they all had finished showering and were dressing, almost ready to leave.

"Are you really going to do this?" Matt whispered.

"Hell yes," I whispered back.

It was easy to take off the swimming trunks and wrap a towel around my waist without anyone seeing. Matt did the same, and he followed me to the shower, and I saw the daddy leaving with his kids in tow.

We hung our towels on the hooks by the door and I walked, completely naked, to the last shower head, furthest from the door. Matt went to the shower across from me. We turned on the water and waited, and I faced away from the door.

Sure enough, as I was about to turn on the water, I heard the six boys enter the changing room. They were quieter than they had been earlier, not quite as loud and boisterous. I guess they were tired.

Matt and I stayed under the warm water and it was just a minute or two before the boys came in, hung their towels on hooks and picked shower heads, chatting and laughing. I heard water turn on. I was facing away from them so I couldn't see, and I resisted the urge to turn and look. They quieted, and I guessed that they had realized I was there and were giving each other knowing glances and trying to watch me without getting caught.

I washed for a while, casually, facing away from them, like nothing was unusual. Then I faced toward them and continued washing, soaping my face and closing my eyes so they'd have a good chance to sneak a peek, making sure they could see I was a girl. They suddenly became totally silent now, and I knew they had noticed, so I rinsed off my face and opened my eyes. For a while, I didn't look at them, acting like I didn't notice they were there. Then I looked at them and smiled, sweetly and innocently, and then looked away. I continued washing, first under my arms, then carefully soaping my nipples for a long time, and finally, washing between my legs. I wasn't masturbating or anything, just washing, nothing out of the ordinary, like I would do in a shower at home, but taking my time with it. I couldn't hear them with the water running, but I could see they were whispering to each other, looking furtively at me.

I thought I was clean enough now, so I turned off the water and twisted my hair to get the water out. I faced the boys and walked down the corridor of showers, past each boy, stark naked. There was no need to be discrete now, so I openly looked directly at their dicks, examining each one as I walked silently by, Matt following me. Nobody said a word.

I looked around at Matt, and he was shrugging his shoulders, as if telling them, "What can I do?"

The last boy in line was the blond. I decided he needed special attention, so I stopped, looked directly at his dick, and took it in my hand, examining it carefully. I felt it start to stiffen, so I held it a little longer, smiling at its owner until it was all-the-way hard. I smiled and told him, "Nice dick," nodding my approval, and walked on. He didn't smile back. I'm sure he had no idea what to do.

When I got to the end of the row of showers, I turned, smiled at them all, and in my girlie Jill voice, told them "Have a nice day." I slowly wrapped the towel around my hair, making sure to give them one long last view, and walked out to the lockers, Matt close behind. As soon as I left, I heard a torrent of talking from the showers, all the boys talking excitedly at once.

Matt looked at me and I looked at him, both of us smiling and naked except for the towel around my hair. I shoved him, hard, and he fell a bit into the lockers, laughing. I don't know what made me do it -- must have been the devil again—but I pushed him into the lockers and held him there and started kissing him. "What are you doing?" he asked.

"Kissing my boyfriend," I said. I thought that was obvious, but he'd asked so I answered. That wasn't all I wanted to do though, so I got down on my knees and started sucking.

"What are you doing?" he asked again, trying to push my head away.

I wasn't going to be pushed away and I thought it was pretty obvious what I was doing so I didn't take my head away to answer him. It wasn't long till he stopped pushing on my head and let himself enjoy the pleasure. Matt was hard now and I could taste a little of the saltiness coming out of his dick.

"They'll be out here any minute now!" He sounded worried.

I stopped sucking. "Then we'd better hurry up before they get here." His words had said he wanted me to stop but I knew he didn't. I know him well. "We'll hear the showers turn off when they're ready to get out." I was determined.

I pushed him, forcefully away from the lockers and laid him down on the wooden bench. It looked like the position would hurt his back so I quickly rolled up a towel and put it under his head and took the towel off my head and put it under his butt. He tried to protest but I ignored him and climbed on top, slipping his dick into my sopping-wet pussy. I took his hands and put one on each nipple and started riding him. It wasn't the most comfortable position to be in, with a hard bench under us, but I didn't care. I needed to have an orgasm and I needed it right now.

Matt knew what to do with his thumbs and was massaging my nipples, trying to make me orgasm as quickly as possible. It didn't take long till I felt that wonderful feeling growing inside me, but just then I heard the showers turn off, just like I knew I would hear. I couldn't stop, though. It was too late now. The orgasm was starting and it was a big one and a long one and I was screaming like Meg Ryan and I couldn't stop even if I wanted to. I closed my eyes and screamed and bounced up and down and Matt was rubbing my nipples like there was no tomorrow.

When it was over, I opened my eyes and sure enough, there were six naked boys standing across the room, a few with towels around their waists and the others just holding their towels. They were staring, speechless at me, naked, sweating, on top of Matt, his fingers still on my nipples.

My orgasm was finished now and I was more in control, so I was calm. I smiled at the boys and dismounted Matt, leaving his hard wet dick sticking up in the breeze. I really wanted to stroke it and watch it squirt but I didn't think he'd want that now—not with all the boys watching—so I went to the locker and handed Matt his clothes. He got up from the bench with his dick quickly softening, and we both calmly dressed. I wore my special mesh shirt.

On the way out of the room, I stopped again at the blond boy. I took his soft dick in my hand, held it and admired it and caressed it, and once again I complimented him, "It really is a nice dick." I gave all the boys a great big girlie smile, then Matt and I quickly left.

As soon as we were out of the changing room, we gave each other high-fives and started laughing uncontrollably, and shoved each other and laughed some more. We went back to pick up the stuff we'd left in the sand and got in the car. It was a long drive home, and we laughed the whole way. We were in a hurry to get home, so we didn't stop for gas this time. I don't have to tell you what we did again when we finally got back to my house or how many times more we did it. You can figure that out for yourself.

In case you're wondering, I learned that Matt really does have a very nice dick. The blond boy's was a good dick, that's for sure, but Matt's is the best.

I can't believe I did all that-- getting topless on a beach, showing off for the cute lifeguard, taking a naked shower in front of all those boys, buying ice cream with my nipples sticking out, and having sex out in the open like that. I especially can't believe the part about holding the blond boy's dick. Aren't hormones wonderful?

I can't wait to do it again.

**-- --**

The next night, Matt came over and we were in the living room with Jacob. Matt and Jacob were watching a ball game on TV and I was texting some friends, paying just a little attention to the game. Mom was on the phone in the kitchen and, when she hung up, she came into the living room.

"Jacob!" she called out, trying to make herself heard over the TV. Matt picked up the remote and lowered the volume.

"Yeah," Jacob answered, still watching the TV.

"Why were you at Freetown Lake yesterday?" she asked, a tone of anger in her voice.

That caught my attention, and Matt's too. Matt was still looking at the TV, but I could tell he was listening to Mom, not to the TV.

"I wasn't," Jacob answered. He was still watching the TV, not looking at her.

Mom was pissed. "Margie Pertram saw you there. You know I don't like it when you go that far from home without telling me."

Jacob didn't look at her. "Which isn't an issue because I wasn't there. She must have seen someone else." Jacob was still looking at the TV. He had a tone in his voice that didn't help his cause.

Matt looked at me and I looked at him, then his eyes went back to the TV and mine went back to my phone. Our eyes were turned away but our ears were focused on Mom and Jacob. There was a text message from Stacy on my phone but I had no idea what it said, and I could feel my heart racing.

Mom was insistent. "She recognized those blue and silver Marlins swimming trunks that Dad brought you back from Florida. She said you were there with some creepy older man. Did you meet some pervert on the Internet?"

Normally I would have enjoyed hearing Matt described as a creepy old pervert, but this was not the time. I was on the edge of panic.

Jacob was belligerent now and looked at Mom aggressively. He was almost yelling now, "I said I wasn't at Freetown Lake! I haven't seen those swimming trunks all year. They don't even fit anymore! I did not meet a pervert on the Internet! It wasn't me! Alright? Can we just drop it?" There was a three-run homer on the TV but neither Matt nor Jacob noticed. Jacob turned back toward the television, steaming. He picked up the remote and increased the volume, trying to drown Mom out.

Mom wouldn't be drowned out. "Jacob, I think you should go to your room and stay there until you decide to stop lying to me and tell me what you were doing yesterday and who you were with. And don't be using the computer up there."

Jacob slammed down the TV remote and ran out of the room and up the stairs. He turned and screamed, "I didn't do it!" He was really pissed, and, of course, I knew why.

Oh shit.

Shit.

Shit.

Shit.

What am I going to do now? I really didn't have a choice. I couldn't let my brother be in trouble for something he didn't do and I couldn't let Mom think that Jacob was a liar. I couldn't ruin it all, so I had to tell. I had dreaded having her and Daddy find out but it had happened. Shit happens. I had to tell.

Matt was looking at me expectantly so I motioned for him to turn off the TV, and the background noise came to a sudden halt. Mom was in a lather now, all upset that Jacob had lied to her, telling us that it wasn't so bad to go to the pond but he'd never lied before and she didn't know what had gotten into him. I don't have to give you all the details-- you know what mothers sounds like.

I interrupted her. "It was me," I said, looking down. I guess I'd spoken too softly and she didn't hear, so I looked directly at her now and spoke louder, interrupting again. "It was me."

She heard me this time, and stopped in mid-sentence. "What was you?"

"It was me at the pond yesterday, not Jacob. Margie saw me and thought it was Jacob. Jacob's not lying."

Mom looked at me for a moment, thinking, then asked, "You were at the pond? But who was the older man..." and her voice trailed away as I used my eyes to direct her to Matt. She understood now. She didn't understand as much as she thought she did, but she had the basics. "So it was just you and Matt at the pond?"

I nodded. I saw the anger fall out of her face and change to puzzlement, then she drew the first logical conclusion, "I owe Jacob an apology, don't I?"

She was relaxing now, but I wasn't. I knew that the conversation wasn't over yet and the whole story would come out. It was inevitable now. I nodded sympathetically and she turned to walk up the stairs, but only took a step before she turned back around. "Why would she see you and think you were Jacob?" She took another step toward the stairs and turned again, "She recognized Jacob's swimming trunks." She looked at me quizzically.

I looked at Matt. He was looking at me so lovingly now, so supportively, and it gave me the courage to go forward. It was time to tell. No more secrets. No more sneaking around. I looked directly at Mom and told her, "I was wearing Jacob's old swimming trunks. That's why she thought it was him."

She was puzzled. "Why were you..." and her voice trailed away again, and she was thinking. I knew that she was putting all the pieces together now-- Why I'd stopped shaving my legs and underarms. Why I wasn't wearing nail polish any more. Why I'd let my earring piercings close up. Why I was wearing my hair shorter. Why I wasn't wearing silicone inserts in my bra. Now she understood the whole story. "You were wearing only Jacob's swimming trunks? Nothing on...?" She didn't say the words but used her hands to indicate the top of her body.

I nodded, then I closed my eyes, waiting for what would come next. I couldn't see but I knew Matt was looking at me kindly and I could imagine how Mom was angry and disappointed. Then I opened my eyes and got a surprise. Mom was looking at me sympathetically.

She didn't speak for a moment, then she said "I'll be back in a minute," and she went to the kitchen. I heard her rummaging around in the closet and she came back with a small metal lockbox and a key. I'd seen this box before. It was where she and Daddy kept important papers like birth certificates and the titles to the cars. She opened it up and went fishing around to the bottom and brought out a small stack of Polaroid photos, the kind you didn't have to send to the drugstore to get developed, from back in the days before digital photos.

She picked out one and handed it to me. It was an old photo, with all the color faded out. It was Mom, about the same age as I am now, standing between two guys in somebody's apartment living room, with people sitting on the couch behind them. Those were the days of flower children and hippies, and the people in the picture had long hair, torn t-shirts, bare feet. The boys had long scraggly unwashed hair. One had a big furry moustache and the other had a thin beard and was wearing a t-shirt with a drawing of a big marijuana leaf. There was a bong on the coffee table behind them and one of the boys had a joint in his hand. They each had one arm around Mom. I notice that Mom's hair looked a lot like mine, but much longer. Neither boy was Daddy.

And one more thing—Mom was topless. Mom was topless in a living room full of people. Mom was topless at a party. There were two boys with their arms around her and Mom was topless. And probably stoned. Mom was topless and stoned.

I looked up at her, speechless. Matt was looking at us, trying to figure out what was going on, and I realized that he had no idea what was in the picture. I looked at Mom, not knowing what I should tell him.

Mom understood. "It's ok. You can show him."

I handed the photo to Matt. He looked at it briefly, then looked back at me, his mouth agape.

Then Mom handed me another photo. It was from the same era, outdoors, in a clearing in some woods. There was Mom and another girl standing next to each other, with two unkempt boys, one on each side, all laughing. She was younger than in the first picture. There were five or six small tents in the distance behind them. All four were naked. Not just topless— completely naked. Each of the girls was holding the dick of the boy next to her, as if showing it to the camera. It was just four naked people posing, acting silly, for a photo in the woods—except that one of the four was Mom. There must have been more people. There were lots of tents and somebody was taking the picture.

I looked at Mom and she nodded her approval, so I passed the photo to Matt. Mom was naked in the woods, with friends, with a dick in her hand, having her picture taken.

I knew why she was showing me the photos, but all I could think to say was something irrelevant. "Has Daddy seen these?"

"Oh sure," she answered, holding the rest of the stack of photos. "Some of these pictures are of him from before we met, or with the two of us together. You can look at them. We kept these in the box so you kids wouldn't find them. We intended to show them to you when you were older, but I guess we forgot. We should have done it years ago." She handed the stack to me, but I didn't look at them. She gestured toward Matt. "It's ok. He can see them too. Give them back to me when you're done. No hurry." She thought for a moment. "If you want to show them to Jacob, it's ok." Then she changed her mind, "No, it's probably better if Dad or I do that."

We were all silent for a moment, then Mom broke the silence. "We were all young once, you know."

That's why she'd shown us the photos, so that we'd know she had been young once too. She was telling us that it was ok. We hadn't done anything wrong. It was nothing she hadn't done. She understood.

I wanted to ask her who the boys were and if she'd had sex with them all, but it didn't seem right. She'd tell me if she wanted me to know.

I felt tears come to my eyes and Mom came over and hugged me. "Enjoy being young, sweetheart. It's your one chance to make memories for when you're older." I looked up at her and she smiled, "It's nice to be naked, isn't it? I always loved it."

I smiled too, and nodded. She was right. It was very nice to be naked at Freetown.

Then she answered a question I hadn't ask. She took the second picture-- the all-naked one—and reminisced, "He gave me my first orgasm. Would you believe that I don't even remember his name?" I thought she meant the boy whose dick she was holding, but then she pointed to the other one. She laughed and all three of us were embarrassed at her boldness, then she added one more thing. "I remember other things about him though." She gave me a big wink.

I detached from Mom and went over to hug Matt. "Are you going to have to tell Daddy? I mean about the pond?" I asked her.

"You don't have to worry. He'll be ok with it. He was young once too." She headed toward the stairs. "I owe Jacob a big apology."

There was something else I needed. "Please don't tell Jacob about the lake. OK?"

Mom nodded and went up the stairs, and it was just Matt and I and silence. Only then did it occur to me that Mom had just a part of the story. She knew the topless part, but there was much more that she still didn't know.

I wanted to be by myself and Matt had to study anyway, so he kissed me, hugged me, and left and I went up to my room and lay down on the bed, my arm over my eyes, blotting out reality, trying to think. It hadn't been more than a few minutes when Daddy came into my room and sat down on my bed. I opened my eyes and sat up. I didn't know what he was going to say. He gave me his patented wry Daddy-smile and I knew he knew. Not the whole story, of course, but as much as Mom did. I moved over toward him and he took me in his arms and held me and tears were in my eyes. "Next time you go topless, do it when Margie isn't around," he said. I started laughing and he went on, this time seriously, "You didn't do anything wrong. Have a good time sweetheart. This is the time of your life for it."

He started to leave the room, then turned around with one more Daddy-like comment. "As I always say, naked is the best way to be." I hadn't remembered him ever saying that before, but I appreciated it now.