***Ruthie***

 **by Candy**

My older brother usually has such poor taste in girls I generally despise all his girlfriends.  They’re either hopelessly stupid or the town sluts, and often both.  Until he met Ruthie, that is.  My name is Kimberly, but everyone calls me Kimmy.  I used to hate my nickname but now I’m used to it, I guess.  I’m eleven.  My brother, Steve, is seventeen.  He doesn’t exactly treat me like his baby sister; in fact, he basically ignores me.

The first time he and Ruthie stopped over our house he was anxious to get out of there, but she was very nice and really gave the impression she wanted to get to know us.  My first impression of Ruthie was that she wasn’t like Steve’s usual girlfriends at all.  She was a petite blonde with her hair cut very short, almost boyish, though she did have a chest, and that was what my brother usually went for.  She seemed very nice, asking me about last school year and what subjects I liked.  She wanted to know if I had a boyfriend, and I know I blushed as I answered her “No.”  It turned out Ruthie lived on the other side of the wooded area our house bordered on, one I passed through almost every day on the way to one friend or another’s house.  I’d walked by her house a gazillion times, but never saw her.  It *was* a small world after all.

About a week later after meeting her, I walked by her house and she called out my name from a second-floor window.  “Kimmy, you goin’ home?”

“Yeah, I guess,” I answered her.

“Wait a sec.  I’ll be right down.”  I was kind of surprised that someone her age would pay attention to an eleven-year-old girl, even if that girl was her boyfriend’s sister.  Maybe she just wanted information about my brother.

When she met me outside, she asked me if I’d ever really explored the woods around here.  “You know, we just moved here last year, and I guess I’m not an exploring kinda girl.  I always hear the boys like your brother talk about the old quarry and swimming there and things like that, but I’ve never been.”

“I’ve never been there either.  My parents would kill me if I did, since some kid drowned a few years ago and the cops are always kicking kids out of there, at least that’s what Steve says. ”

She said, “It’s just that the swimming sounds so cool, I was thinking about sneaking down there and checking it out, but I don’t want to get in trouble.”

I wondered why she was asking me all this instead of my brother.  “Did you ask Steve?  I bet he’ll take you, especially into the woods where he can like…fool around.”

“What do you know about fooling around?” she said, smiling.  “Do you think that I have sex with your brother?”

My face felt hot so I know I blushed.  “Well…you are his girlfriend, and he’s always…like…bragging about girls, so I just figured…”

“Maybe you know more about sex than I thought.”  Another big smile crossed her face.  “Steve’s always trying to get my panties off or feel me up.”  As she said this, she sort of touched her chest.

She did have big breasts for such a petite girl, and I thought that was somewhat cool, since I didn’t have *anything* at all to speak about—or feel up.  “He can be such a jerk sometimes, even if he is my brother.”

“Yeah, he can be a jerk, but he’s a cute jerk,” she said, laughing.  “How about us girls sneak down to the quarry by ourselves and check it out?  You know the way?”

“I think so.  You wanna go now?”

“Why not?  It’s hot enough that if no one is around we could go swimming.”

“You want me to go home and get my suit?”

“Naw, I’d rather go skinny-dipping.  It adds to the fun, I think.  Let’s go.”

I wasn’t sure I liked the idea of skinny-dipping, but I was so overwhelmed by this older girl wanting to hang with me that anything was okay.  I pointed out the path to take, and we proceeded deeper into the woods.  I knew the general direction so I wasn’t afraid of getting lost even though I’d never specifically been that way before.

“Look, there it is,” Ruthie soon whispered, pointing through the thinning trees to a glimmer of water ahead.  Can you see if anyone’s here?”

“We’ll see in a second.”  Indeed, as we broke from the woods, we could see that no one was there.  We had the old quarry to ourselves.

“Do you know where everyone swims in here?”

I said, “I think it’s over there,” pointing to a rocky ledge.  “That’s where I think everyone dives from.”

She shivered.  “Dive…I don’t think I want to dive.  All I want to do is swim around, you know, like wade a little and cool off.”

“Cool off is right,” I said. “The water is supposed to be very cold, like there’s a spring or something keeping it full from very deep.  At least that’s what everyone says.”

“Let’s walk around and check it out, okay?”  We did that, circumnavigating the rock-lined man-made pond until she spotted a little clearing at the woods’ edge.  “This looks like a nice spot.  Almost wish we brought picnic stuff with us.”

A picnic?  Okay, if that’s what she was thinking. *I* was thinking about what she said earlier about skinny-dipping, and wondering if she still wanted to.

She did.  She glanced around the outer perimeter of the quarry and declared it “safe.”  She began peeling off her clothes while I stood there petrified.  Two things were instantly apparent: she had really neat breasts, big and round but sort of pointy too, and she was smooth down below.

“Do you, like, shave?” I asked like an idiot.

She stopped and looked down between her legs as if she had to check, when really she was just caught off-guard by my question.  “Oh, yeah, I do.”  She looked at me as if to say *why aren’t you getting undressed?* or something like that.  “Er…do you…are you…?”

“I have some hair growing but not much,” I said.

“Well, don’t just stand there.  Show me.”  When I failed to move, she chuckled and said, “Let’s get into the water before it gets too late or someone comes.”

I guess I wasn’t really nervous about being naked outdoors.  What made me nervous was being naked in front of *her*, especially since she had boobs and I didn’t.  She must have sensed my worry, for she smiled and went to get into the water.   I convinced myself I could do it, and soon my clothes were in a heap on the ground and I bashfully jumped into the cold quarry water.

Ruthie swam up next to me and said, “See that wasn’t so bad, was it?  I know you’re probably embarrassed about your body a little, but take it from me you have a great shape and I saw your nipples and they are the cutest things.”

I was shocked by her commentary.  Compared to her I didn’t see my flat, skinny frame as being anywhere close to “great.”

“I hope you realize how pretty you are, Kimmy.”

“I’m not pretty,” I said.  “Not compared to you.”  My face heated up so I knew I blushed once again.

She swam right up next to me, so close I felt her body touch mine.  Such heat!  “I think you are the cutest girl I’ve met in this stupid town since we moved here.”

“You…you really mean that?”  I surely was blushing now.  Somehow, I liked the way she looked at me.  All of this, being naked, with an older girl, doing something naughty like swimming in the quarry, and a sudden thrill crept though my body, one that was a bit warmer than the chill of the water.

I didn’t realize it until she said, “You’re shivering.  Maybe this isn’t such a good idea after all.  Come here, let me warm you.”  She hugged me tightly to her as we treaded water together.  We were face to face when she asked, “Have you ever kissed a boy?”

“N…N…N…No.”

“Do you want to learn how?” she said, but didn’t give me a chance to say anything as her lips found mine, and her tongue slithered its way into my mouth.  I froze, not knowing how to react.  A girl was kissing me!  And she was naked, pressing her breasts against me!  It wasn’t until we slipped below the waterline and I breathed in some water that I moved.

I coughed, choked, and altogether made lots of noise.  Ruthie first giggled and then tried to stifle the noise I was making.  “Sssssh,” she whispered, “You’re gonna give us away.  What if boys come?”  I didn’t want that to happen so I shook off the sputtering and swam to the rocks.  She followed.  “Are you okay?” she said.  “I’m sorry about the kiss.  I guess the urge just came over me ‘cause you’re so cute.”

“You like girls?” I asked, still flabbergasted yet somehow pleased with her attention.  She kept telling me how cute I was, and that’s quite a nice thing to hear.

Still naked but now up on the rocks, somewhat hidden from the other side of the quarry, she told me that yes, she liked girls but she liked boys too and was trying to “figure out” her sexuality.  “I liked kissing you, Kimmy.  I hope you liked kissing me.”  Her eyes told me she wanted to kiss me again, and my reaction told me I really wouldn’t mind it at all.  I was looking over her body, especially her nice breasts, when she said, “Oh Kimmy, the way you’re looking at me is making me wet!  I have to kiss you!”

I had no idea what she meant by her being wet, since we did just come out of the water after all, but she kissed me again, using her tongue like before.  The kissing sent a shiver through my body and I tingled all over.  This one felt better than the one in the water, because not only was she holding me but she was also rubbing the inside of my thigh, almost touching me down there.  Maybe I was scared a little, having someone touch me like that, but the good feelings, her touch and her attention, overcame the fear.

She said it again when our lips separated, “God, I’m sooooooo wet.”

I asked, “What do you mean by wet?  We’ve been out of the water long enough.”

She looked at me strangely before smiling and saying, “Oh yeah, of course you don’t know what I mean.  My cunt is wet because…because I’m…I’m…horny and I want…you.”

“Want…me?”

“Yes, I want to have sex with you,” she said, and though I didn’t know exactly what that meant, I felt the excitement as I saw it in her eyes.

She had me touch her between her legs—her cunt—and I felt the moisture, unlike what it would feel like if she’d peed.  This was different, slippery like.  When I touched her down there, she closed her eyes, rolled her head back and moaned loudly.  Ruthie shuddered and in a hoarse voice, begged for me to put my finger deeper.  I still felt uneasy but it didn’t seem wrong if she asked me to do it, so I slid two fingers into her as far as they would go.  I’d touched myself before (is there any girl who hasn’t?) but I don’t ever remember being this silky wet and slippery.

“Quick…in and out…quick,” she moaned, and in a trance I kept doing exactly what she wanted.  Pretty soon, she was groaning and making these little animal noises, her legs twitching and her hips moving up to meet my sliding fingers.  “Kimmy…Kimmy…I’m cummmmmming!” she squealed, and I felt her insides squeeze my fingers and release several times in rapid succession.

She’d made so much noise I was more worried about being caught than in what we had just done—or more appropriately what she’d just experienced.  Suddenly I was scared again about being naked, so I grabbed for my clothes to get dressed.

“Don’t be afraid, Kimmy.  You just gave me the best orgasm.  I want you so bad.  I want to eat that little pussy of yours so bad…so bad.”

I didn’t know what she meant about orgasms and eating, so I asked her.  She showed me.  She kissed the inside of my thigh and moved her lips up until they were on my cunt.  Her tongue began to play in the folds down there, seeming to pay particular attention to one spot, and what a great spot it turned out to be!

I wasn’t scared any more.  “That feels…*GOOD*!” I murmured, looking down to see Ruthie’s eyes looking back at me.  In no way could I do justice to any description of how I felt.  It was like a tickle—a fun tickle—and an itch, though one that needed no scratching.  Warmth spread throughout my body, beginning between my legs and radiating outward.

Ruthie made a small noise, somewhat like a giggle, at the same time my tummy grew all fluttery and warm, like a warm ocean wave crashed over me.

“How was yours?” she asked.  Her chin was wet.

“That was an…orgasm?” I asked in return.  “You called it ‘cumming’ before when I put my fingers in you.  Is that another word for it?”

“Yeah, and you seemed to have had a good, wet one.  I was wondering at your age how it would be, since, I mean, I like didn’t learn to masturbate until I was older.”  Because of the quizzical look that must have been on my face, she explained masturbation and the idea of “cum” to me.  We stayed like that for a while longer, lost in our own world, oblivious to everything else.  It’s a good thing no one else came by or we would have been in deep trouble.  We kissed some more.  We touched each other some more.  When she tried to put her finger in me it hurt.

“I should have thought of that.  You’re a virgin and you still have your cherry.  Mine’s long gone,” she said with a chuckle.

That required more explanation.

We eventually got dressed and walked back out of the woods.  She told me how “next time” she wanted to suck on my nipples.  I told her I didn’t have much of anything to suck on, but she insisted that I did, though not as much as she did.  “You can suck on mine too,” she said.  “They’re very sensitive.”

“Next time?”  I asked.

“Yeah.  Maybe you can come over to my house and I’ll show you my Rabbit.”

“You have a bunny?”

“No, silly, that’s a vibrator I have.  It’s like a toy for older girls to play with.”  She laughed.  “And I think you’re old enough to enjoy it.”  Like just about everything today, I didn’t quite know what she was talking about, yet I felt so proud to be considered old enough to be her friend, and to let her teach me so much about sex and things like vibrators.

At home, I almost told my brother that Ruthie and I had spent the day together, but grew a brain before doing such a stupid thing.  I was naïve about most things, yet I knew that something special had begun in that clearing by the quarry, something best kept a secret.

That night in my bedroom, I spent some time in front of the mirror, looking at myself and trying to figure out what Ruthie saw in me.  I thought it must be the liking girls part.  I glanced at the reflection of my pussy and imagined that my new hair, though not much, would be shaved so I’d look like I had a few years ago, all smooth like.  I squeezed my nipples a little and felt the bumps that were beginning to grow.  I squeezed one a little more so it puffed out a bit, giving me an idea of what I maybe might look like next year.  My mom’s weren’t necessarily big.  They were sort of pointy, and I figured I’d take after her more or less.  I liked Ruthie’s, wishing mine would look like hers someday.

The next day, Ruthie came by our house asking for my brother, yet she knew all along that Steve wasn’t home.  She asked me to walk with her, which I gladly did, leaving my mom with a curious look on her face.

“My house?” she asked.  “My mom’s gonna be going out so we’ll have the house to ourselves for a while.”

This was like a big adventure.  Doing things with another girl wasn’t how I pictured sex to be, but it sure was neat.  And I haven’t even seen this ‘rabbit’ she mentioned yet.

In her bedroom, as soon as her mother called up to let us know she was leaving, we got undressed and she began using her tongue on me once more.  “My turn,” she said, after she’d been at it for a while, and had gotten me feeling really good.  I licked her as she gave me instructions on what to do and where to do it.  In a few minutes she was giggling and squealing, and then suddenly she twitched and some of that silky juice leaked out of her and onto my tongue.  It wasn’t gross at all, and I rather liked it.

“You did that to me sweetheart,” she said before hugging me to her chest and kissing me.  While kissing, I think she tried to taste some of her own juice that was still on my lips.  She must like it too.

I played with her breasts for several minutes, learning how she liked it—sucking on a nipple while squeezing the breast altogether.   She squirmed and moaned, and I wondered if she could have another orgasm just from me doing this.  As before with licking, she had her turn sucking on my nipples, and I learned why she seemed to enjoy it so much.

The Rabbit made its appearance from underneath some clothes in a dresser drawer.  It was like a purplish-pink plastic toy rocket, with little nubs all over and a smaller pointed thing at its base.  She gave the base a twist and it began to vibrate loudly, with some of its exterior surfaces surprisingly rotating.  It looked like a torture device to me.

“What do you do with it?” I stupidly asked.

“Like this,” she said, placing the vibrating thing at her cunt and moving the tip of it around and around her opening, before settling on a spot—*THAT* spot.  I watched intently as she writhed and moaned while working the toy against her special spot.  “I’ve…found…it…works…better…on…my…clit,” she croaked, before she countered that report by sliding the thing into her, letting the little pointy part rest against the place she called her “clit.”

 “Ahhhhhhhhhhhh…I’m cummmmmmminggggggggg,” she squealed, and I saw her let go of it, and the vibrating toy bounced as her vagina throbbed and clenched around it.  When she finally removed it, the thing was soaking wet, still vibrating, and throwing off droplets of her orgasm juice.

“Wow, that thing must really feel good,” I said, lying next to her as she slowly relaxed from her powerful orgasm.

After we kissed, she said, “You’re next, but we better go easy, I mean, you’re a virgin and I don’t want it to hurt you.”

She explained about a girl’s clitoris as she got between my legs and started the vibrator humming.  “Yours isn’t as prominent as mine.  Maybe that’s just part of development and it’ll get bigger as you grow.  I’ll just stimulate your clit, and leave penetration for some other time.”

I was still learning all this sex-stuff, so I shut up and let her do her thing.  When she touched me with the vibrating toy, I nearly went berserk.  “That tickles!” I hollered, but really it wasn’t like any tickling I’d ever experienced.  I giggled hysterically and clamped my thighs around her hand and the vibrator.  I felt it soon enough, the tension and the fluttering in my belly, and the warmth spreading from between my legs and radiating outward.  Then the convulsions began and I moaned so loudly it was like a yell.

Ruthie said it for me: “You’re cumming!  Kimmy, this must be the *BEST*!”  She hugged me as my body kept shaking and I kept moaning uncontrollably.

Eventually, I could talk.  “Whew, that was something!” I said.  She was pressed against me on her bed and the next kiss brought her tongue deep into my gasping mouth.  After we touched and kissed what seemed like forever, she asked me what I thought of sex with a girl.  I told her I basically didn’t have anything to compare it against—boy or girl—but that I loved it so far.

“Oh Kimmy, I like you so much!  I wish we could be real girlfriends and do this all the time.  I’d never let another boy touch me, ever.”

“Why can’t we be girlfriends?” I asked, rather naively.

She went onto explain that even today girls weren’t really accepted as lovers, though society was changing rapidly.  “There’re still jerks around who would dump hate on us if we came out, and besides, the age thing is kinda hard to explain, with us being like five years apart and all.”  After another kiss, she added, “And I sorta like this sneaking around anyway…it adds to the thrill.”

I couldn’t comment one way or the other.  I loved this, and that’s all that mattered to me at the moment.

Ruthie knew her mom would be home eventually, so we got dressed and left the house before she did.  “Do you wanna go swimming again at the quarry, maybe this Saturday if the weather is okay?” she asked.  I wanted to so much, so I said yes, making her agree that she’d tell me more about sex, even if it were with boys.

I could hardly wait for Saturday to come, and when it did, I was so much thinking about sex that when Ruthie saw me she smiled and said I was “horny,” and that it definitely was a good thing.  We were a little surprised that on our second visit we had the place to ourselves again.  We went to “our” clearing, and proceeded to strip.  I was in the water first.  It was so cold, my breath caught, and I couldn’t breathe until Ruthie swam up to me and wrapped her arms around me.

“It’s toooooooo cold!” she stammered.  We swam back onto the rocks and held each other like that as we dried.  Pretty soon we were each licking the other in what she called a “sixty-nine;” Ruthie orgasming first.

After a few minutes, we heard noises and peeked between bushes to see three boys taking off their clothes at the other side of the quarry ledge.  We put our clothes back on while we watched.  The boys were around Steve’s age but I didn’t recognize them.  They got fully naked like Ruthie and I had, before jumping into the frigid water.  That brief glimpse was the first time I’d ever seen a penis.  I was going to say something about it, but she shushed me.

It wasn’t until they climbed out of the water, with one of them showing his penis hard and sticking up, did we talk, though in hushed whispers so they wouldn’t hear us.  “Look at that, Derek’s got a stiff one,” she said at my ear.  She must have seen my quizzical look, for she added, “You’ve never seen one, have you?  That boy’s cock is hard because he’s thinking of sex.”

“With the other boys?”  I noticed one of them was much longer than the other two, which got me wondering how *that* one would look if it were stiff.

“Could be.  I don’t know, but maybe they’re gay.”

We watched some more, and except for one of the boys rubbing Derek’s hard penis for a minute or so, nothing else happened that I could see.  Ruthie saw otherwise.

“He jerked him off!  Did you see him cum?”

“What?  No…no…” I said, louder than I should have.

She shushed me again, and we slipped away and out of the woods.  It wasn’t until we were almost to her house that she explained about boys and sex, getting into how boys would do it with each other, which sounded really gross to me, but what did I know?  By the time we got there, she did a pretty good job of explaining in detail about sex between a boy and a girl.

“You did it with my brother?”

“Ah, yes I did, though your brother is a slob…not very clean…down there.  And he’s not very big, which didn’t make it much fun anyway.”

“One of those boys we saw looked big to me, and Derek’s looked big when it got hard.  Steve’s is smaller than that?”

Ruthie giggled, showing me a small gap between her forefinger and thumb.  “Yeah, like this small.”  Her laugh was contagious.  Maybe it served him right, her laughing at him this way.

“Ooo, my mom’s not home.  How about coming in and I’ll shave you?  Would you like that?”  I told her yes, and that’s what we did.  She was very careful, tender even, while she shaved what little fuzzy hair I had until I was bald smooth.  “Now you look good enough to eat,” she said, before kissing me and licking me down there.  Apparently, it didn’t take much to give me an orgasm, since in like a minute I was squealing loudly, clamping her head between my thighs, trying to hold onto her—and the sensation—for as long as I could.

“Yummy,” she declared as soon as my thighs released her.

“You’re yummy too,” I said before returning the favor.  We were way different in age, but not so different in sexual needs now that she taught me everything.

Steve said to me one day, “You’re spending a lot of time with Ruthie.  What’s up with that?”

“We’re like friends.  She’s showing me stuff.”

“What stuff?” he asked, though he didn’t wait for an answer.  “Did you tell her anything bad about me?  She’s sorta cold towards me lately…no dates.”

“No I didn’t.  Maybe she’s got a new boyfriend,” I said.

“Did she tell you that?”

“No.  Just teasing you.”

Not a new boyfriend, I thought to myself.  Maybe a new girlfriend.

For weeks that summer, Ruthie and I had sex every chance we got, often after swimming in the quarry.  One day in her bedroom, she handed me the Rabbit, and I got overzealous in its use.  I pushed it too far into my achingly wet and hungry vagina and felt something pop.  There was pain, and a little blood.  Ruthie hugged me while explaining what I’d already figured out on my own; it was my ‘cherry’ that broke.  I wasn’t really a virgin anymore.

Inevitably, long after Ruthie and Steve stopped seeing each other, she and I drifted apart too.  Our age difference had proven to be too much of a barrier to any long-term relationship.  Besides, I had my own sexuality to figure out, though as I transitioned through middle school to high school, girls remained number one in my book.

So far, I’ve found nothing better than burying my tongue within the folds of a pretty pussy, tasting the juices, feeling the spasms of climax.

I have Ruthie to thank for that, and I’ll always remember her for it.

The End