Sex and the Single Girl Scout

by Jenny Wanshel

I lost my virginity at the age of 12, as a result of joining the

Girl Scouts. A Girl Scout, as we all knew, was clean in thought, word,

and deed. So I completely lost one of my major qualifications for

being a Girl Scout, an intact hymen, as a result of joining. I had

about 6 hairs on my pussy and already it was deflowered, stretched,

and soiled. I was used goods.

Our troop leader, you see, had a 14 year old son. That pretty much

tells the whole story. He was the sort of loud, rough, pushy boy

that looked as if he hadn't washed behind his ears voluntarily in

his life, and was cute in a sort of butch, macho, t-shirted boy-with-

uncombed-hair-and-sneakers kind of way.

And I was the only girl in our entire junior troop with a bra. I don't

know if he had ever noticed any of the little pigtailed tomboys hanging

around his mom's house before, but I was prematurely developing and

had a braful of titty at the age of 12. It was only an A-cup bra, but

there they were. Round, ripe and unplucked.

I have been a D-cup since college, and even in junior high school I

was usually the girl with the biggest tits -- I was an A-cup when the

other girls were in training bras, and a B-cup when they got their A's.

Boys couldn't keep their eyes off them. I was a cute little freckled

girl with glasses and pigtails, but my blouse was out to there, and

even grown men noticed and made remarks. Sometimes I had two or three

boys waiting to walk me home after school. I enjoyed the attention,

but I wasn't a slut.

I did my best to hide them, but one day in the sixth grade one of

the boys spotted the bumps in my blouse and announced "Hey, look --

Jennifer's growing tits!"

I had been very careful to protect my modesty while changing for

our twice a week gym class, but this time it felt like all eyes were

on me in the girls' changing room, and I couldn't get away with going

off in a corner and turning my back while I changed. I had to brave

it out and take my top off with half a dozen girls watching. I blushed

furiously as my little bitty titties popped out.

They asked me when it happened and if they hurt (only a little

tenderness and soreness) and so on. It was agreed by one and all

that I should start wearing a bra, immediately. When I went home I

told my Mom I needed a bra and she said "Why?" looking puzzled and

then "Oh!" and "Are you sure?" And then she made me come closer and

did what I had been afraid of -- she put her hand out and poked them.

"Yes, you definitely need a bra" was the verdict. She interrupted

preparations for dinner to take me shopping before the stores

closed, and dinner was late that night. We came home with two white

A-cup bras, the fitter in the department store having decided that

I was already too big for training bra sizes. My breasts were the

size of plums already, heading for nectarines.

I was relieved that I hadn't wound up with an underwire bra, which

I regarded with dread as some sort of medieval torture device, and

slightly disappointed that Mom hadn't bought me a matching girdle.

With garter straps. I regarded a girdle as the epitome of grownup

womanliness, for some reason.

Dinner was late that night. "Don't tell Dad" I begged, and Mom didn't say

anything, but she had a mysterious little smirk over the dinner table.

"How was school today, Jen?" Dad asked.

"Jenny got an A," Mom said with a sly smile.

"Good, good. Keep up the grades."

"Oh, she'll keep them up from now on."

Mom was trying to keep a stone face but she looked like she could

barely restrain herself from exploding in a fit of giggling. I wanted

to crawl into a hole and die, except I wanted to kill her first.

The next day I wore a bra to school for the first time, the first girl

in my class to have a real one (several girls wore training bras they

didn't need yet).

When I slouched, redfaced, through the door of my school I was sure

all eyes would be on me and that everyone would notice immediately that

I was a grown woman now. Surprisingly, I got no reaction at all. By the

end of the day I was starting to be offended. I stopped slouching and

was standing up straight, thrusting them out and wondering why I hadn't

caught anybody's eye yet. The next day I wore a slightly tighter blouse.

It took the boys two days to notice that I was wearing a bra and

start snapping my bra strap. Fortunately, I was as tall as most of

the boys and was enough of a tomboy to punch the boy sitting

behind me when he got out of line. The boys didn't get their male

adolescent growth spurt and start looking huge to us girls until

two years later. It wasn't like high school where guys a foot taller

were looming over us.

Someone passed me a note with all the nicknames, slang terms and

euphemisms for "breasts" written on it. You were supposed to add one

and pass it on. I was humiliated, and I crumpled it up and hid it

in my desk to destroy later. "Knockers", "hooters", "jugs", "charlies",

"watermelons", etc. I didn't know half of them, and there were some

that I have never encountered again to this day.

Three boys came up to me after school. "Can we see your tits?"

"No, you may not," I replied.

"I'll let you ride on my dirt bike," one of them offered.

"No thank you." If he had offered me $10 I would have been tempted.

I needed $7.98 plus tax to buy the new Eagles album at the mall,

and Dad wouldn't give me any more advances on my allowance.

That was probably the most forthright and open approach I ever got.

I knocked on my Girl Scout troop leader's screen door one day after

school, wanting to get some help with my uniform or something, and he

answered the door. His name was Bret.

"My mom's not home yet. She isn't gonna be back for a while." He

looked me up and down, mostly up. "You're that new one, aren't ya?

What's your name?"

"Jenny." (Thank god, he didn't know me by the nickname I had picked

up at school. "Oh, look, here comes the Bosom," some wise guy boy

had cracked as I was walking across the playground at recess, and

the nickname stuck.)

"You can come in and wait for her if you like. Wanna hang out until

she gets here? You could watch TV or somethin'."

I wasn't boy crazy, but he was a boy, after all, and I didn't have

any experience with boys, and I had reached the point where I was

starting to get curious about things in general. So even though I

had better things to do I said "sure" and went in. I wanted to hang

out with an older boy. A mature fellow of 14 -- practically a man

in my eyes.

He got us a snack, Pop-Tarts and milk or something like that, and

we went down to the basement rec room. They had a pool table, a

TV set and a stereo, as well as a pile of skiing equipment that

hadn't been used in years gathering cobwebs in a corner.

We sat down on a ratty couch and ate our snack.

"How old are you?" he asked.

"Thirteen," I lied, since I didn't want him to think I was only a kid.

"Bullshit. You're twelve," he said.

I turned red. I didn't have any friends who said swear words like

"bullshit", although I had heard them before on the playground.

"I am," I insisted.

"Liar. You're 12."

"How old are you?"

"Take a guess."

"Sixteen?" I knew he was 14, but I wanted to flatter him.

"That's pretty close, yeah."

He had black, tousled hair and dark eyes and skin that was tanned

brown from being out in the sun. He had muscles under his t-shirt,

not big ones, just skinny boy muscles. He was as lean as a whip

and his legs were encased in tight-fitting, soiled jeans.

"You look 13, though," he said. "Why do you hang out with those

bratty little girls in the stupid Girl Scouts?"

"I don't know." If a girl had said the same thing I would have given

her a spirited argument in defense of my friends, but I couldn't argue

with an older boy.

"You're the only one in the whole troop that isn't a skinny ugly

little geek."

I was offended. "Sara is pretty," I said. I couldn't really thank him

for the compliment, since he had just insulted half the girls I knew.

"Sara? Is she that ugly little geek with the glasses and braces? Ugh.

She's a freak."

"She is not. Anyway, I have glasses too."

"So take em off. Do you need them to see or somethin'?"

"Not really." I took them off.

"Now you look a lot better," he said.

"Thank you." I hadn't ever really thought much about it before, but I

probably was better looking to boys without my glasses. My Dad liked

the way they looked on me though -- he always said they made me look

serious and studious.

"You ever have braces?"

"I did, but they came off. See?" I smiled and showed him my teeth.

"Mine too," he said, and he smiled at me. We had kind of a grinning

contest then to see who could show the most teeth.

"Why don't you take that sweater off," he said. "It's warm in here."

I took my little knit sweater off. It was warm. I had been wearing

sweaters a lot since I discovered how they hugged my chest and

accentuated my developing figure. One of my male teachers seemed to

notice me more when I wore a tight one, and he was definitely the

teacher I most wanted to be kept after school by.

"You've got a better figure than the rest of those little girls,"

Bret said.

"Thank you."

This had been noticed a few times before, on the playground, and in

the girls' changing room for gym, and by my Mom. My Dad was still

pretending not to notice, but I was developing. I don't know which of

us came closer to having a heart attack when he first discovered one

of my bras lying around the house.

"Stand up and turn around," Bret said.

"Why?"

"Cause I said so," he grinned.

"You have to tell me why."

"It's a secret."

"I'm not going to, then."

"It's cause you got a bug on you."

"Where!?" I stood up and turned around, looking all over myself, but

I didn't see anything.

"It was there just a second ago", he said. "Turn around, maybe it's

on your back."

I turned around and he smacked me on the butt, hard.

"There", he said, "got it," and he started laughing.

"Oh, you liar," I said. "There wasn't any bug." And I grabbed him and

tried to smack him on the butt, but as he was a lot bigger than me that

didn't get very far.

He pinned my arms from behind so I couldn't whack him back.

"Nyah, nyah, ya can't get me," he sneered.

I was noticing that it felt kind of nice to have his arms wrapped around

me. I pretended to fight.

"Let me go, you big lug."

"First you have to say "uncle"."

"Okay, then, uncle." Another setback for women's equality.

He let me go and then smacked me lightly on the butt again. I sat down

as quickly as I could, scrunched into a corner of the couch and stuck

out my tongue at him.

"Baby," he sneered.

"Big bully," I taunted.

"Want some ice cream?" he offered.

"Sure."

I loved ice cream, and he came back with two delicious bowls of chocolate

Haagen Dazs, and a couple of Cokes.

"Thank you," I dimpled, and tucked in. In its own little way this was

almost like a date.

"Want to watch some TV?" he asked.

"What's on?"

"Dark Shadows."

"What's that?"

"Oh man, it's so cool. It's about this vampire named Barnabas Collins,

and all these other vampires. It's really boss."

He went ahead and turned it on. It was kind of cool, but I couldn't

make heads or tails of it. There was a lot of creepy music and bats

flitting around, and Barnabas had these long vampire teeth which were

cool. And he was quite the dreamboat, for a guy who only went out at

night and liked to bite his dates on the neck.

I was looking at Bret more than I was at the screen. Bret was almost

oblivious to me, caught up in the show. I finished my ice cream and

excused myself to go to the bathroom, during a commercial break. While

I was in the bathroom I checked myself out in the mirror, as well as

I could without my glasses. I wondered if I looked mature enough to

be interesting to an older boy.

I looked at my rump in the mirror. There was no squashed bug on it,

just as I had figured. I wondered why he had smacked me on the rear.

Did I have a cute rear end? It was beginning to stick out a couple of

inches, the way it hadn't ever in the past. I was developing down there

too, and I had slim little hips and an ass that jutted out just a bit.

Legs? Still skinny, I'm afraid. I was starting to get pleasingly plump

thighs but I didn't have calves yet. I was still a bit knobby-kneed,

with Band-Aids on my shins instead of silk stockings.

Up on top was the most unmistakable evidence of my tenuous foothold

on maturity -- my little chest. There were two definite small mounds

jutting up under my blouse. That blouse wasn't really made for a girl

with breasts, so it was kind of tight around the armholes and you could

see that I had a bra on, through my armholes, if I lifted my arms.

I had skipped right over the training bra phase and gone straight into

an A-cup. One day I had these tender little buds on my chest and boom,

they just blossomed into full grown small breasts overnight. I had

"added a front porch", as Mother said. And I was getting a monthly

"visitor", too. One day there was blood on my knickers when I went to

the bathroom during recess, and I knew. I went straight to the nurse's

office and she fixed me up.

It was all pretty much a work in progress, at that stage.

I was starting to think about boys, too. I wanted a guy like Humphrey

Bogart -- cool and always in control. I loved the way he told that

Martha Vickers where to get off in "The Big Sleep". And when he told

Mary Astor he was sending her up the river, in "The Maltese Falcon", I

cried. Couldn't he see that she loved him? He was my idea of a real man.

All of the boys I knew were just, well, boys.

I fixed myself up a little in the bathroom, and even smeared on a

little red lipstick from a tube that my mother had discarded and

which I had been carrying around in my little purse "in case I needed

it". Well, I was with a boy, so I needed it. I probably looked a fool,

although I did my best to be subtle.

And then I found a box of cotton wadding in the medicine chest and

stuffed a couple of handfuls of it into each cup of my bra. I was

only 12, but I knew what boys liked. There -- now I was a B-cup.

I went in and sat back down on the couch, a little nearer to him

than before. When the show ended, he turned around and started telling

me about the part I had missed while I was in the bathroom, but his

eyes snagged on something. My chest.

"You're bigger," he said, accusingly.

"What? What do you mean?" I said hotly, flushing.

"Your chest is bigger. Your boobs weren't that big before."

"Yes they were," I insisted stupidly.

"No way. You're not that big. You must stuff your bra."

"I do not."

"Yah, I bet. It even looks lumpy."

I was on the verge of hysterics. Bra-stuffing is one of the worst

offenses you can be accused of in the seventh grade.

"That's me. I don't have to stuff. I have the biggest chest in the

seventh grade." This was actually true, at the beginning of the school

year. By the end of the year many other girls had blossomed.

"That's cause they don't know you STUFF!" he hooted derisively.

"I'm going home," I said.

"Go ahead. Crybaby. Who needs a dumb little seventh grade crybaby with

falsies, anyway?"

"They're not falsies," I said. "Ask anyone."

"Prove it."

"How?"

"Take your blouse off and show me."

"No way."

"Yeah, right. Called your bluff, didn't I."

Hard to believe that I actually wanted this creep to like me. To this

day, every time I see a boy like him in one of my classes I want to

strangle the little wretch before he grows up.

"I'll show you my bra," I offered.

"Huh?"

"I'll take my bra off and show it to you. It's a real woman's bra and

it fits me."

"Okay, show me then."

"I have to go in the bathroom and take it off."

"No, you have to take it off here in front of me."

"No, I won't."

"Chicken."

We went around and around on this and finally agreed that I could turn

my back while I took it off.

In summer camp I had learned a little trick for taking off your bra

without removing your blouse. You have to have elastic straps to do

this, because it entails somehow unhooking it in back, loosening the

shoulder straps and easing one out through the armhole of your blouse

until you can stretch it over your elbow.

My blouse buttoned in front though and the hooks were in the back, so

I had to ask Bret to help me unsnap the hooks in back.

He stood close behind me, breathing down the back of my neck, and

I explained to him how to go about unhooking it through the thin

white cloth of my blouse without actually taking my blouse off. It

was insanely difficult, but eventually he figured it out, after yanking

the sides of my bra strap so hard my breathing was cut off.

Then I made him sit down again and started going through my contortionist

routine, pushing one hand in through the armhole of the opposite sleeve

and yanking the back strap and the shoulder strap out. At this juncture

I paused, keeping my back turned to Bret, and reached in to pull out the

cotton padding.

All this time I had kept my little purse clutched to my chest, which

made all of the above manipulations a lot more difficult. I quickly

shoved the cotton into my purse and quietly shut it. There. The

contraband bra-stuffing was gone. I silently breathed an oath never

to stuff again, which I've only broken a few dozen times.

I rebuttoned my top button and pulled my bra out of the opposite

armhole. Hey presto. I reached around behind me, without turning

around, and handed it to Bret. I didn't want him to see me with

no bra on. Good heavens.

Silence for about a minute.

"Hey, this is pretty good. This is really yours? It's not your mom's?"

Of course it wasn't my mom's. It would have asphyxiated her.

"No, it's mine, and it fits. I need it. To hold my boobies up. So

they don't sag."

"How do I know this really fits you? Turn around so I can see."

I turned around, shyly. I tucked my blouse in a little tighter and

took a deep breath and pushed out my chest. I had seen the right

way to do this in a girl's magazine -- you have to clasp your hands

behind your back, like you're shy and you don't know where to put

them. This brings your elbows close together and pushes your ribcage

out, so you don't look like you've got a sunken chest, heaven forbid.

Bret smirked at my chest. On my thin little frame my tits really did

stand out.

"I guess those would fit this bra," he said. "Not bad. You are pretty

stacked for a seventh grader."

"Thank you," I said brightly. Things were looking up.

"But how do I know they're real? You could be wearing some kind of

falsies."

"No I couldn't. Falsies don't work like that, they go in your bra."

(I was explaining the darkest trade secrets of girlhood to a boy.

Shut up, Jenny.)

"Prove it. You have to open your blouse and show me."

"No way! I'm not going to show you my boobies, never."

Actually, part of me was dying to show them to a boy and find out if

a typical male agreed with the girls in the locker room that they were

pretty nicely shaped, even if they weren't as big as the girls in

Playboy had. But you just couldn't show them to a boy like that. It

had to be his fault. Like if you went on a date and he just couldn't

stop himself from ripping your blouse open, or something.

"Ah, c'mon, Jenny. If you show me yours I'll show you mine."

"Show me your what?" I didn't have a clue. His chest?

He reached down and stroked the crotch of his jeans, along the zipper.

"I'll unzip my pants and show you mine," he said.

Oh. He meant he was going to show me his wiener. I had had a little

sex education and thought I knew what it was, in theory. It was a

little thing like a thumb that hung down between the man's legs.

In medical books it was smooth and hairless, but some of the girls

at camp had shown me a magazine in which there was a picture of a

man, and his crotch was all hairy. You couldn't see his wiener

very well. I had also bathed and changed my younger brother when

he was a baby, but his thing was just a tiny little one. I didn't

know what a big boy's would look like. And here was Bret, practically

a man at the advanced age of 14. He probably shaved for all I knew.

I didn't say anything, because I was scared and nervous.

Bret reached down and pulled down his zipper. I could see his white

underwear through his fly.

"I'll go first," he said. "See?"

He unbuckled his belt and opened his jeans. He was wearing white

cotton Fruit of the Loom type underpants underneath. There was

a little lump in them.

I didn't say anything. I was beginning to feel a little warm.

"Now you have to unbutton one button," he said.

I had no intention of doing so. Without my telling it to do so

my hand reached up of its own accord and unbuttoned one button.

Bret licked his lips and smiled.

"Not bad," he said.

Then he reached down and pulled his briefs farther down, until

you could see his pubic hair. He really was hairy down there,

and it was kind of gross, but I couldn't tear my eyes away. There

was something very male about it. He pulled down his underpants

until they didn't cover anything but that lump at the bottom. I

thought it looked bigger than it had looked a minute ago, but

maybe my eyes were deceiving me.

"Now you have to unbutton another button."

I reached up and undid another button. He could see down to the point

between my breasts now, almost. Suddenly I felt a little older, like

a pretty teenage girl instead of a kid. I brushed my hair back out of

my eyes and looked at him.

He was smiling at me and licking his lips. He was confident, full of

adolescent bravado and sure of himself.

He smelled like a man. He smelled good, somehow. I enjoyed looking

at him. And I wanted him to like me.

He reached down again, and flipped his briefs right over his meat

and stripped them down onto his thighs. He stood up and his dick

stuck out.

His dick. I remembered now that that was what older girls called

it. Boys had dicks and that was his dick. It didn't look like

anything I had ever seen before. It looked like a big hotdog,

browned in the sun like the rest of him, sticking up proudly

into the air, with some kind of funny shaped knob on the top. I

didn't know the difference between circumcised and uncircumcised

then but for the record he was circumcised.

I have no idea how big it was. Five inches? Six? It looked big

to me. I wasn't quite sure what he was supposed to do with it

but it looked big enough for the job.

"And now you have to undo the rest of your buttons," he said.

I undid them all, one by one.

"Now take your blouse off."

I complied. I shrugged it off and let it float down to the floor.

He looked at my chest. I looked down at myself and there they were.

My prematurely womanly breasts.

They were firm round swells, tipped with pink nipples. Each was

about the circumference of a softball, and stuck out about an inch

and a quarter. They were perfectly matched, smooth and silky. For

a twelve year old, I was magnificent. They would have been magnificent

even on a grown woman, if you like small Kate Moss sized breasts.

I looked at his dick bobbing softly up and down.

"You can touch mine if I can touch yours," he said in an odd, husky

voice.

I still didn't say anything. If I had it would have been "I don't know."

I wanted to call my friend and ask her advice.

He came closer and reached out and put his hand on my breast, cupping

it softly.

It felt good. I hadn't known that about boys touching you. I had known

that you weren't supposed to let them touch you, although god knows

you would anyway, and now I knew why. It felt good. His hand was warm

and soft and I felt my nipple getting hard and rising up all by itself

to brush his palm, and that was like the first caveman discovering

fire, for me. My nipple was hard, and it was incredibly sensitive and

it was sticking into his palm like a little pencil eraser.

I had known that my nipples might harden a little sometimes but I

hadn't known what that was all about, that it was for a man touching

you there. It was so exciting I was dizzy.

"You can touch me," he said. "Here." He took my hand in his and pulled

it to him and placed it on his hard penis.

I held it uncertainly, delicately, like I might break it. I barely

touched it with my fingertips. I ran them up and down the length of

it. It was the first erect penis I had ever touched. It was soft and

hard at the same time -- soft skin with a hard center. I squeezed it

gently to test this. I wrapped my hand around it and yanked it a

little, experimentally.

"Uh!" he grunted. "Not like that. Like this." He put his hand on

mine, and guided me through the motions of jerking him a little.

"Unh! That's better." It was hard to tell from his grunts whether

I was doing it right or wrong. Meanwhile, he had started caressing

and squeezing my breasts.

I looked at him and he looked down at me and leaned down and crushed

his mouth on mine and kissed me. He opened his mouth and stuck his

tongue right into mine, and I had never been French-kissed in my life.

After he kissed me he pulled back and we looked down at ourselves and

there we were with his pants around his ankles and my blouse on the

floor. And he started taking off the rest of his clothes, stripping

completely naked.

"Take your skirt off," he told me. I was excited and I was happy to do

whatever he wanted, and I quickly stripped down to the buff, saving my

little white cotton knickers for the last. And no, they didn't have bunnies

on them, although they may have had my name stitched into them from camp.

I was hesitating about taking my knickers off, as my big 9th grade stud

stripped to his gorgeous buff in front of me, and when he saw I still

had them on he said "Here, take those off too" and reached over and

peeled them down for me. I lifted my feet one at a time so he could slip

them off.

And there I was standing in front of a naked boy with my little virgin

muff exposed.

I didn't have much pubic hair yet, just a little fan of fine curly

down at the top and a few hairs sprouting along the sides. It was

nothing like his thick black hairy pubic thatch.

I was embarrassed. I looked like a kid down there. Developmentally,

my chest was about three years ahead of my snatch.

"Man, you look like my kid sister down there," he said, which raised

some interesting questions that I didn't pursue.

"Sit down and spread your legs open."

I sat down and leaned back and spread my legs so he could get a

good look at my thing. I had puffy little lips sticking out and

a neat little pink slit of a vagina. My clitoris was just a little

bump, almost all of it submerged beneath the skin. You would

hardly have known it was there. My hole, the actual entrance

to my vagina, was a little puckered thing that barely stretched

wide enough to admit one of my slender fingers when I was curious.

I still had a nice tight hymen, stretched taut as a drumskin

across the entrance of my vagina. I knew some older women regarded

it as a pearl beyond price that I shouldn't sacrifice except in

exchange for a wedding ring. I also knew that Bret Harper was

going to break it in a few minutes, if I didn't stop him.

My mother had predicted once, in a nasty mood, that I would give

my cherry to the first boy that asked. Bret wasn't even asking, he

was helping himself.

He put his hand down on my pussy and started rubbing it, slowly.

It didn't occur to me to think that he knew what he was doing,

but he did. He had apparently been around the block with a few

older girls, before now, and was passing on what he had learned

to eager little me. Who was now getting her pussy stroked by

a boy for the first time.

For a rough boy he had a gentle touch. It felt nice down there.

I had only been wet down there -- lubricated wet, I mean --

once before, that I recall, as a result of a long bicycle ride.

The business end of that bicycle seat was positively soaked by

the end of the ride, and so were my knickers. No, I hadn't pissed

myself, and it wasn't my monthlies -- it was that other womanly

thing. I had lubricated for the first time.

Bret made me lubricate for the second time. Actually, he didn't

make me, I wanted to. I found out that a boy could do that for

you better than a bicycle, and that they even wanted to do it,

for some reason.

His hand stroked at my cunt for a while and it felt good and I

got very moist. I didn't have anything to do with my hands while he

was rubbing me so I rubbed his dick. I didn't have the slightest

idea what I was doing. I tried petting it like a little dog, and

yanking it like the starter on a lawn mower, and stopped when he

yelped. I decided to just stroke it softly like a kitten.

What he was doing to me felt better and better. I gave him

encouragement.

"That feels really nice."

"You like that, eh?" The smug bastard had learned it from the slutty

16 year old girl next door.

"Yeah, keep doing that."

I kept fondling his wiener the whole time, and then suddenly

something hot came gushing out of the tip all over my hand.

His dick had burst and the stuff inside it was spilling out like blood.

Oh my god. I had broken it. I stared at his penis in horror as it

went to pieces, shrinking and deflating and shriveling up before my

eyes, fluid gushing out onto my hands as I tried to hold him together.

"Oh my god, Bret! I'm so sorry. Bret!" He was moaning and emitting

pitiful cries of anguish. I had injured him severely. There we were

about to do it, and I had ruptured his penis.

"Bret! Bret!" I was hysterical. He was emitting loud, horrible

noises now. Terrible bellowing sounds were coming out of his mouth.

It took me a minute to realize that he was laughing at me. So hard

that tears were coming to his eyes. He was rolling on the floor

laughing so hard he couldn't breathe.

I was sobbing.Tears were running down my cheeks and Bret was

laughing at me.

"You didn't hurt me, you dumb little Girl Scout. Jeez. Didn't you

ever see a guy come before?"

I hadn't ever seen it before, no.

"That was my come. My jizm. You know that stuff that comes out

when a boy and a girl have sex."

"Oh. Really? Are you okay then?" His dick didn't look okay. It

looked like roadkill.

"Oh yeah, man, I'm fine. That felt great. You got me off. They

should give you a merit badge for that. Yah, you earned your

"handjob" patch."

"Oh." So that's what a handjob was. I had heard the word before

but never knew what it meant.

"As soon as I get rested up you can earn another patch."

"For what?"

"You'll see."

I had an inkling I knew what patch I was about to earn. I had heard

older Girl Scouts joking about it.

He was only 14 so it didn't take him long to recover.

I lay on the couch naked and unsatisfied, still damp between my

legs, and when he started feeling in the mood again he got up on the

couch with me and started licking my breasts and fingering my cunt.

I touched his penis. It had begun to recover its original size and

shape, and as I held it and he sucked on my titties ("Not so hard!"

I had to tell him) it grew bigger in my hand. I was impressed.

Pretty soon it was as big as it had ever been, and completely hard.

"You're a virgin, aren't you?"

I was and I admitted it.

"Well, okay, I'm going to show you. Spread your legs wider."

I did, and he put his hand right on my hole and worked one of his

fingers into it, right up to the second knuckle, stretching the

perforation in my hymen.

"That's your cherry, isn't it."

"I guess so."

I put my hand down there and felt my hymen.

"It feels tough," I said doubtfully. "Do you think your penis is

strong enough to break it?"

"Here, feel it," he said. I put my hand on his dick. It was as hard

as a baseball bat.

"I think it's too big," I said, worriedly.

"It's not too big," he said, but it felt like it was getting even

bigger as he spoke.

I took my hand away and he arranged me on the couch, with my

plump thighs spread wide. He reached down onto the floor, into

his jeans, and pulled out a condom. I had never seen one before

and didn't know what it was. He opened it and rolled it down

over his dick. It made a tight transparent sleeve.

He pushed my legs back so that my ankles were over his shoulders,

exposing my pussy, and then positioned his dick at the entrance.

For a long time afterward I thought this was the normal position

for having sex, and it was the position I automatically assumed

the next time I did it. Apparently this was the position the girl

next door favored, and Bret had learned it from her.

Then he rubbed some spit on the end of his condom and leaned

into me. With one hand he held his penis steady against me.

I felt the hard head of his dick pressing at my little hole

and all of a sudden I knew what was to come.

"Ready?" he said, and when I nodded timidly he started pushing

into me with a big shove.

The end of his dick nosed into the entrance of my vagina and got

wedged. It was too tight. He kept pushing. It didn't hurt but it

wasn't going in.

I didn't say anything. This was it, my big moment. We were going

to do it.

He pushed some more, didn't gain any ground, pulled out and rubbed

more spit on his dick.

"You have to help me," he said. "I can't get it in."

"What do you want me to do?"

He didn't really know. I put my hands down there and tried pulling

it in. This was kind of difficult, since there was a 140 pound boy

attached to one end.

"No, let me." He tried arranging and positioning himself, changing

the angle, and pushing hard. Very little progress was being made.

"Let me do it." It was my turn. I took over positioning him and

got it at a better angle. "Now push hard."

He thrust, and I guided him, and the head went in an inch.

Wow! That stretchy feeling. It hurt and felt good at the same time.

It felt better than my finger, but it made my pussy hurt at the same

time.

I knew that a good Girl Scout had to be particularly brave when earning

this particular patch. I gritted my teeth.

He started going back and forth, back and forth, sawing that one inch

into me. I had stopped lubricating but now I started again, and slicked

up the end of his condom for him with my own natural secretions. It felt

kind of sweet down there, in spite of the pain that accompanied it. I

didn't want him to stop, but I wasn't going to complain when he did stop.

He slid in a little more, another half inch or an inch, and I thought,

oh god, he is really in me now, and then he couldn't make any more progress

against the resistance of my hymen.

"I'm stuck," he said. "Your cherry won't break."

"Uh huh." All I could do was grunt. This was getting weird.

He pulled back all the way out of my entrance, which felt nice, and then

plunged back in with one big rush. He didn't break it.

"Damn."

Yeah, damn, I guess. I was as tight as, um, a 12 year old.

He made a serious of deep, hard plunges, which only served to wear

him out and didn't break me.

He stopped to give his dick a rest and played with my boobs for a

few minutes.

"You've got really nice boobs, you know. I've seen bigger, but these

are really beautiful."

"Thank you."

"Do you like my dick?"

"I've never even seen one before."

"It looks like it's a little bit too big for you."

"I guess." I wasn't really sure. Any dick would have been too big.

"I'll get it in somehow."

He went back to trying. After screwing it in and out of the one-inch

foothold he had for a while, to loosen it up, he positioned the head

of his dick just in front of me and started pressing forward very

slowly and very gently.

"Pull me in toward you," he said. I put my hands on his butt, clamped

my feet around his ears, and pulled him in as he pressed into my hymen.

He reached under me with his hands, grabbed my ass and pulled me up

onto himself. I felt my soft ass being held in a lovely manner by his

strong hands, I felt him pulling, I felt my knees pressing into my tits,

and his dick inside me, and then my hymen was stretching painfully.

"You're doing it. Oh my god, it hurts. Keep going." I knew it was

supposed to hurt.

He kept pushing into me, and I felt a terrible tearing sensation.

I was starting to bleed down there, I knew.

He was resting his weight on me and it was uncomfortable, and he

realized this and pulled back a little and found my mouth with his

and kissed me again. I was in the middle of being deflowered and it

was only my second real kiss with a boy.

It was a good kiss, and I forgot about the pain for at least a few seconds.

He hadn't given up a millimeter of the ground he had gained and he

went back to the attack. He got his hands on my hips, and pulled me

down onto him as he thrust forward.

There. Oh Jesus! Shit! I felt the damn thing tear straight through.

It hurt like hell, like the wickedest tooth extraction you ever had.

"Ow!" I shrieked.

"Jeez, keep it down! Someone might hear." he whispered.

"Ow!" I whispered back. "It hurts!"

Inside me, the last barrier removed, he was plunging on inch after inch,

deeper within. Then he had to pull back and resume his sawing in and

out motion, and if that didn't hurt like the bedickens as his big hard

dick rasped at the wounded shreds of my hymen.

"Popped your cherry," he said. Yes. I was officially a woman now. And a

slut.

A slut was a girl who did it, as opposed to a tramp, who was a girl

who did it with anybody, as opposed to a whore, who was a girl who

did it with anybody and found a $20 bill on the pillow afterward,

which sounded like a better deal than the tooth fairy.

I kept gritting my teeth and whimpering "ow, ow, ow" in his ear as

he fucked me. He finally got it in all the way and I could feel him

stretch the back wall of my cunt at the far end. It's a lot longer

now, but a five inch dick could touch it in those days.

He started pumping me harder and faster, really banging into me.

"I'm going to come," he said. I couldn't wait for him to be done.

The pleasurable aspect, and there was one, was completely

overwhelmed and swamped by the pain I was feeling in my vagina.

He pounded me for about a minute more and then he kind of went

crazy and squeezed me very tight, and I could actually feel his

dick sort of spasming inside me. Then he lay still.

He kissed me on the forehead. "I'm done. Wow, that was great."

"Thank you," I said. I was too young to make a speech.

He pulled out of me. I felt weird inside as I felt him slide out.

"I think I need to go to the bathroom," I said. I stood up, getting

to my feet unsteadily. And a torrent of dark red blood came pouring

down my thighs.

"Jesus!" he said. He pulled me away from the couch, not that it didn't

already have several layers of old stains and cigarette burns on it,

and my virgin blood dripped onto the tile floor.

"Shit," he said.

I didn't start crying. I was a woman now, and only little girls cried.

It was an emergency, and a good Girl Scout could handle emergencies.

"Get me a first aid kit," I said. "And some paper towels."

I wiped the blood off my legs, held a fistful of paper towels under

me to staunch the flow and made a dash for the bathroom, where I sat

on the toilet and let the blood run into it for a little while. When

the bleeding seemed to have slowed down I smeared a big glob of

antibacterial salve on a cotton swab and shoved it up inside me, to

where I thought the bleeding was. Then I packed my pussy with cotton

balls, washed myself off and called for Bret to bring me my clothes.

I got out about 5 minutes before Bret's mom got home. I went home,

went to bed, and skipped dinner, telling Mom I was having a painful

period. Mom had to explain to Dad that his little girl was a woman

now -- I was getting my monthlies.

I cleaned myself out and repacked it around midnight, with a sanitary

pad in my knickers. The bleeding had stopped, but it still hurt. When

I got up the next morning there was blood on my knickers, but not a lot.

I saved those bloodstained knickers as a little trophy for years,

until I finally felt they were ridiculous and threw them out.

I was the only girl I knew who had lost her virginity. When I went to

college I found out my freshman roommate lost hers at the age of 11.

I didn't have sex again for a year.

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A year passed.

I was well past my 13th birthday, and one day I noticed that my knickers

didn't fit well anymore. Too tight in the rear.

I stripped down and stood in front of my new full length mirror to inspect

the situation. There behind me, where I had not noticed it growing, I had

a nice round ass. A pair of smooth pink hemispherical cheeks were jutting

out where I used to be as flat as a boy. All of a sudden I had a plump,

ripe womanly fanny where I had formerly had just a scrawny little butt. As

Mom would say, I had added a back porch.

No wonder my knickers didn't fit. I was going to have to go shopping and

get some new ones, more generously cut. I wondered how I was going to

explain to my mom that we had to go down to the lingerie section at

Kaufmann's because all of a sudden I had developed a rear end. Asking

for a bra had been bad enough.

I was thrilled to see that I was developing more curves. I wouldn't be

all top and no bottom any more. I might even be on my way to developing

an "hourglass figure". I posed in the mirror, sticking out my ass to

exaggerate the curve and see how it looked.

I wondered which boy I could attract with my sexy new bottom. It had

been a year since I lost my cherry, and although I knew that if you

fell off a horse you had to immediately get back on and ride before

you lost your nerve, I hadn't gotten back on to ride again after Bret

broke my cherry and I bled like a stuck pig. Something had torn in

there, and I was afraid it would tear again. I had never bled so much

in my life. So I decided to give it several months to heal up really

well before I even tried to have sex again, assuming I got any offers.

I didn't have a gynecologist look at it because I hadn't yet reached

the age where I had regular visits to a gynecologist, and in order to

arrange it I would have had to explain to my mom that something had

happened. And I didn't want anyone to know it had happened. I decided

that if anyone ever found out I didn't have my hymen anymore I would

just say I had broken it horseback riding, like Ellen did (I had even

seen the round red stain, the size of a quarter, on Ellen's knickers

where she had bled while we were riding).

I put off switching to tampons because I didn't want Mom asking me

about it. Experimentally I had discovered that I could get a tampon

in without damaging my hymen even while I was still intact, but since

most people thought you couldn't insert tampons without breaking it,

it was just assumed that a girl didn't start using them until she was

no longer a virgin. I remember watching two girls argue about this in

the girls' bathroom once. So I used pads to avoid being questioned.

It was time for me to try having sex again. The fact that the first

time had been a bit of a disaster made me all more the determined that

I was going to try again, with another boy.

Since no qualified suitor had presented himself (obviously boys making

remarks about my tits on the playground didn't count) I was going to

have to pick a boy and get him to do it to me.

I figured plenty of boys would want to have sex with me, even if I was

only 13. Especially now that I was developed in the rear. I had tits

and ass -- what more did boys want?

It was going to have to be a boy who had some sexual experience and

knew what he was doing. It was also going to have to be someone whom

I didn't go to school with. I didn't want to have to deal with him

in the school cafeteria afterward, pointing me out to his buddies and

bragging that he nailed me. So I decided that it was going to have to

be an older boy, from high school.

I wanted to find a boy that none of my friends knew, but instead my

eye settled on Becky's big brother, who most of my friends knew. We

were having a meeting of my Girl Scout patrol at her house after

school, and he was hanging around, and he struck me as good looking

and mature. He was about 16.

One of the other girls was giggling about him and asking Becky if

he had a girlfriend, so we learned that he had broken up with his

girlfriend, and that they used to do it on a regular basis in his

bedroom when Becky's parents weren't home. Becky even gave a graphic,

if giggly, rendition of the noises coming from his bedroom while they

did it. I had to ask -- did she sound like he was hurting her, or like

she was enjoying it? It was explained to me that "oh! oh! oh!" meant

she was enjoying it, silly.

Oh.

So, Dave was reasonably good-looking, and experienced, and available.

And it sounded as if his last girlfriend hadn't had any complaints

about the sex. And there he was, hanging out in the kitchen while we

were all talking about him (did he have any idea?) in Becky's bedroom

upstairs.

I excused myself to go to the bathroom, and made a detour through the

kitchen, where I asked Dave if I could have a glass of milk. He was

polite enough to get it for me, so I sat down, hiking my skirt a bit

to show my knees. Would he notice? When he brought me my milk I didn't

see his eyes stray to my legs, but well, hmm, surely I had a stocking

that needed adjusting.

So I asked for something else from the fridge and when he came back I

was in the act of adjusting my hose (I had only worn them because I

knew there might be boys hanging around after school) with my skirt

hiked way up and plenty of thigh showing. Then after giving him a few

seconds to get a good eyeful I pretended to suddenly notice he was

there, get flustered and pull my skirt down hastily with both hands.

He was looking at me and I could tell he had been checking out my legs.

I blushed, more with guilt at how brazen I was than out of false modesty.

"I had to adjust my stockings," I explained primly. My face was flushing

so hot I knew I must be beet-red.

"Yeah, I saw," he said, eyeing me speculatively.

Well, maybe he was on the way to being interested in me. You couldn't

do much to show off your chest in a Girl Scout Cadette uniform, because

of the wide sash. Was there any way I could show off my behind a little,

I wondered?

We had a nice little conversation -- I asked him how his girlfriend

was and he confirmed that they had broken up. And I asked if he might

help me with one of my projects some time, because I had something

that needed to be drilled and hammered, and he said sure.

On the way out of the room I pretended to drop something -- "Oops!",

I said loudly, to get his attention. Then I bent over, from the

waist rather than the knees, to pick it up, with my back to him, and

my skirt pulled in tight as snug as I could get it to show off my

butt. Then I turned around, smiled at him, and said "See ya later!"

and returned to my patrol meeting, where they all thought I had been

taking my time in the bathroom.

I was going to have to figure out some way I could get together with

Dave without his sister Becky being aware. Well, I could call Becky

after school, and if Dave happened to pick up the phone...

That night I thought about Dave, and fantasized about what we would

do and what it might feel like. I still had only the haziest notion

of what it was supposed to feel like, after my one brief experience.

I wondered if I was really all healed up in there, and lying under

the covers with the lights out and everyone in bed I put my hand

in my knickers and stuck an exploratory finger up my hole, after

moistening it with spit.

There was the spot, about an inch in, where my vaginal wall had

torn when Bret deflowered me. The hymen itself hadn't bled much,

but he somehow put a small tear in my vaginal wall a little deeper

inside, while he was trying to force it in.

Feeling around the sides of my vagina with my finger I didn't find

any tender spots or scars. It was perfectly healed, and it felt like

I could try screwing again without getting hurt. Even fingering

myself like this felt good. It felt nice having my finger in

there, and I pushed it in and out a little, experimentally, to

see if I would lubricate. After a minute it started to lubricate

nicely, and I was all damp and slippery on the inside. That felt good.

After a little bit more of this -- yes, it definitely felt good -- I

left off, and went to sleep. I had never had an orgasm and I didn't

know how to have one yet, or how to manipulate my clitoris, in spite

of the fact that Bret had done a pretty good job of fingering it and

getting me excited before he fucked me. I thought that was something

the boy did, and it worked because he was a boy -- rubbing you between

your legs before fucking you. I had no idea you could rub yourself to

orgasm. I didn't even know what an orgasm was, although I knew the word,

and that you wouldn't know why God made you a woman until you had one.

For some reason fingering myself made me think more about having sex

with Dave. I went to bed determined that I would do whatever I could

do to get him to screw me. I was a little bit hazy about what that

might be. I was going to have to call Dave's attention to the fact

that I was a woman, and let him know somehow that I was willing to

do it. Since he obviously liked sex and didn't have a girlfriend

nature should take its course from there, no?

As I went to sleep I fantasized that a bunch of boys caught me alone

after school and were pulling my top off to see my breasts, and Dave

heard my shrieks and came and rescued me. And I couldn't quite cover

my exposed breasts and he would see them, with my nipples all hard

and excited, and he would be impressed (ignoring the fact that his

ex-girlfriend Sheila was bigger than I was, so he probably wouldn't

be), and he would get excited and his wiener would start getting big

and sticking out hard in his pants, and then...

And then I would get it.

I scheduled a study date with Becky just to find out what times were

bad for her, and then I called Dave when she wasn't in and made a date

to meet him in their family's garage after school so he could help me

on my project. I made sure I picked a time when Becky had band practice

and their parents wouldn't be home, so I would have Dave all to myself.

I wore my tightest jeans, and a shirt which was missing a button at a

strategic point (once I removed it). The shirt was loose enough that

if I leaned over in it it there would be a nice big gap through which

you could see my lovely tits (if I say so myself). I left my bra off.

All I had to remember was to stand on Dave's right, so that when he

turned toward me he could see right down into my shirt. I wasn't as big

as Sheila, but what I had was ripe and I was proud of it. I practiced

exposing them, in ways that looked accidental, in the mirror.

Then I did my hair, put on just a smidgen of lipstick, and I was ready.

Dave was waiting for me at the door of his home, and helped me take off

my jacket. I leaned over to tie one of my sneakers and let my shirt

gape so he could look down into it and check out my little melon farm.

My future 36D's were still in the B-cup stage at that point. By the

standards of the eighth grade they were considered big tits, and I was

quite vain about them; but Dave was three years older than me and the

girls he went to school with all had their breasts.

Mere B-cups that they were, Dave had a good glimpse of mine, right

down to my cherry-pink nipples. I stood up and smiled at him and

caught him looking down my shirt from his six-foot height with wide

eyes. He looked a little excited.

After I stood up I thanked him, in what I hoped was a soft, sultry

voice, for volunteering to help me with my project. Then I leaned

up and gave him a quick kiss on the cheek.

His skin was warm and he smelled like a boy. A few years before boys

had only smelled like they needed a bath to me, and now they still

smelled the same but there was a strong scent of masculine sex thrown

in. Something tingled in me when I smelled a boy up close, if he was

the right kind of boy.

Then we went out to the garage. I had my seduction plan all mapped out,

step by step. I was going to press in real close while he was sawing and

drilling, looking over his shoulder (actually, peeking under his armpit

was more like it, since he was much taller than me), and I was going to

put my hand on his hip and snuggle against him a little. And I had my

shirt all ready to gape open and give him another peek at my creamy

breasts.

But he made it all unnecessary once the door was closed behind us, by

pushing me back against a wall and kissing me.

"Mmmmf!" I said. I broke free. "Dave, what are you doing?"

He kissed me again, and this time I let him. I felt his hands unbuttoning

my shirt and I tried feebly to stop him, but his hand got inside and

and cupped my bare breast. He squeezed it while I tried to pull his hand

away. I felt his other hand slide between my thighs and clutch the crotch

of my jeans.

"Ummf! Dave, no! Stop!" I was wriggling in his grasp, trying to break

free. He pulled my shirt open and his head came down and he started

sucking one of my breasts. In a few seconds my nipple was as hard as

a pebble, and my whole breast felt like it was swelling.

"Dave -- oooh. Oh, Dave. No, please. Oh."

His hands reached for my zipper of my jeans and started tugging it down.

"Dave, no, not here. Please. Dave?"

He got my jeans open and his hand slipped in and touched my knickers.

He was kissing me again, hard and deep, putting his tongue in my

mouth, and I was kissing him back. One hand was caressing my breasts

while the other stroked my pussy through my knickers. I tried to pull

his hand out of my jeans but he was too strong. I opened my legs a

little wider to give him better access, and he slipped his hand under

the elastic of my knickers and placed it right on my cunt.

"Dave, not here. Let's go to your room, okay?"

That must have sounded like a surrender. He said "Okay" and we went

up to his room. He closed the door, sat down on his bed and pulled

me down on his lap.

We kissed some more, and I let him take my shirt off. No fighting

this time. He cupped my breasts in his hands and sucked the nipples,

first one and then the other. How did he like my tits, compared with

16 year old Sheila's, which were twice as big? I couldn't ask.

I got up and slid my jeans down, kicking my shoes off. I wasn't wearing

anything but my knickers now. I lay down on the bed while he stripped

to his undershorts and lay down next to me. He put his arms around me

and embraced me tightly, and I hugged him back. He stroked my ass with

his hands, which felt soft and silky and nice, and then he slid one

hand between my legs and started stroking my slit through the cotton.

It was thrilling to be lying in bed in the arms of a naked male. To me,

Dave was practically a man. He had a little bit of hair on his chest,

even. I snuggled in close to him and held him tight, feeling his strong

masculine muscles around me. I tentatively touched his strong, hard

buttocks with my hands, and felt his powerful thighs.

I didn't have any sexual experience at all except for that one brief

disaster with Bret. It took a couple of minutes for me to respond to

Dave and then my pussy started getting warm and damp from his fingering.

I didn't want my knickers to get soaked so I pulled them down, and he put

his hand back on me and slid a finger right into my hole. I was starting

to lubricate inside and he got it in without any trouble and began

finger-fucking me.

I put my hand on his undershorts and traced the outline of his dick.

His erection was about the same size Bret's had been, five or six inches.

It was as hard as a rock. I stroked it softly and he humped it against

my hand.

"You can take your shorts off," I said. He peeled them off and we went

back to making out, and I cupped his dick in my hand and stroked it

while he continued to finger-fuck me. I was getting wetter and wetter.

Dave fondled my chubby pussy, now engorged, while sucking on my eager

breasts. I was getting more and more excited.

Was he going to put it in me? Was I supposed to do something? Did

I have to tell him I was ready? I spread my thighs wide open and

pulled him in toward me, and he got the idea and placed his dick

between my legs. We stopped kissing, and he leaned over me, resting

his weight on his hands, while I lay under him looking up. I was

excited and scared.

"Have you ever done this before?" he asked.

I didn't know whether to admit it or not. "Only a little."

"Do you want me to use a condom?"

"Yes."

He got up and got one from his dresser drawer, and slid it on. He

got back between my legs and I spread my damp, trembling inner thighs

as wide as I could. I pulled my legs back so I could rest my ankles

on his shoulders, in the position Bret had taught me, which I

assumed was the correct way it was done.

He pressed the tip of his dick against my hole and pushed. It didn't

go in at first, and he adjusted the angle and tried again and I felt

it slide in a little way.

"Yes," I said. "That's it, right there. It's going in. I can feel it."

It felt big and warm inside me, and I could feel it stretching me.

"Mmmf!" I grunted inarticulately. I wasn't used to having anything in

there and the stretching was painful.

He started sliding it in and out. "God, you're tight," he said. "You're

much tighter than the other girls I've been with."

"I'm only 13," I said.

"What???" he said in astonishment.

"What did you think?"

"I thought you were 15, at least."

"What difference does it make?"

"You're just a kid."

I felt like crying. I hid my head in the pillow and bit back the

tears.

He stroked me with his hands and made comforting noises. "Look,

I didn't mean anything, okay?"

"Just screw me," I said with a quaver in my voice.

He was still inside me and he hadn't lost his erection. He started

humping me again, a little more slowly. "You're so tight," he said.

"I don't know if I'm going to be able to hold off much longer."

I wrapped my legs around him and put my hands on his butt and urged

him on. I was going to be so humiliated if he changed his mind.

He slid all the way on in, up to the hilt. He was fully ensconced, with

his pubic bone grinding into me and pushing on my clit. I felt a nice

little spasm in my vaginal opening. "Oh yes," I breathed in his ear.

He thrust in and out of me for about a minute, and then with a final

flurry and a hot spurt he came inside me. Then he lay still.

"Did you come?" I asked.

"Yeah."

I had been a little bit excited down there but nowhere near anything

approaching an orgasm. From the time he entered me the whole thing

had lasted about 3 minutes, including the time wasted discussing my

age, which seemed to bother him. I suppose the embarrassment he

would feel, if his high school friends ever found out he was porking

a 13 year old, was the real problem.

He stroked me and kissed me for a little while and then pulled out

of me with a big wet sucking "splat!" sound that made me giggle.

It sounded like a whoopie cushion.

"How many times have you done this?" he asked.

"Only once, before this," I said hesitantly, blushing. "How many

times have you done it?"

"Oh, I don't even know." He looked embarrassed. "Maybe a hundred, I

guess."

Well, he was more experienced than me, at any rate, even if it hadn't

been very good. I was impressed.

"With Sheila?"

"Sheila and a few other girls, yeah."

I wondered if he had done any of his sister's other friends besides me.

His mom was active in Scouting, and he must have met a lot of girls

through her. I wondered how many Girl Scouts had pulled down their

knickers and surrendered their honor on the very bed I was lying in.

"So, like, when you and Sheila did it, did she, like, have orgasms?"

I asked.

"Yeah," he said. "She usually came. She really likes to fuck." He

sounded nostalgic and I felt a pang of jealousy. Obviously big-titted,

orgasmic, dumb Sheila Hurwitz was a better lay than an 8th grade squirt

like me.

"Did you come?" he asked. "I don't think so," I said. I had no

idea what an orgasm felt like so I couldn't be entirely sure, except

one of Mom's friends told me once that it was the most wonderful feeling

in the world and when it happened I would know it, without any doubt.

"Have you ever come?"

That was a rather personal question, but I said "No" in a tiny voice.

"Here," he said. "Maybe I can make you come with my hand. Spread your

legs a little."

He placed his big warm hand on my pussy and started rubbing me gently.

"Does that feel nice?" he asked.

"A little."

He tried fingering my clit but it was too sensitive, or else he was

doing it wrong, and I made him stop. He put his index finger up my

cunt and started finger-fucking me again.

"That feels good," I said. "Keep doing that."

I didn't come, though. He worked on me with his hands until I started

feeling sore, without any result, and gave up. Then he mounted me and

fucked me again. It lasted about two minutes after the first penetration.

It felt interesting but I was getting too sore to enjoy it and I was

glad when he came and stopped screwing me. He collapsed on my chest --

god, he was heavy -- and I made him get off.

"My mom's gonna be home soon," he said.

"I know."

I started putting on my clothes.

"So, you want to do this again some time?"

"Maybe."

He called me a few days later and we did it some more. It was pretty much

the same. After those two tries I lost interest and started telling him

I was busy when he called, until he got the message and stopped calling me.

Jenny Wanshel

chilly2@biosys.net