

# The Treehouse

By Caliboy1991



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## Chapter 1

### Bryan

The only life I ever knew had been ripped from me when my mom divorced my stepdad in the spring of 1980. My stepdad was the only thing worth a damn in my life, and losing him and our home in Dallas was a double whammy. My private hell went from bad to worse when Mom left Bill and forced me to move with her back to her hometown of Zavalla, Texas, population seven hundred; Salute! Sure, Bill was a drunk. But he wasn't a mean drunk. More than that, he made time for me, which was more than I could say for my mom. When Mom wasn't working, she was drunk or high. And if Bill said or did something to piss her off, she could fight like a wildcat.

I'd never been very good at fitting in. At least in Dallas, I had my friend Davy. The two of us had been close all the way through sixth grade when Mom upended my life and we had to move. Here in Zavalla, I didn't know anyone. And the other boys already had their cliques and groups and I was too different to fit in.

They were farm boys and rough necks. They wore their hair short, wore button-down shirts, and acted tough. A scrawny boy who wouldn't turn twelve until the end of August, with long auburn hair touching my shoulders, and eyelashes girls would kill to have, didn't fit in.

I gripped the railing on the bridge and looked down at the languid river. Its brown water invited me to jump and end my pain, suffering, and humiliation. The last few days of school had been the worst yet. It had started the afternoon when Coach Watson had sent us to the showers at the end of PE. He had us running around the track at the high school for forty minutes. We were hot and sweaty, so when I hit the locker room, like several other boys, I stripped and headed to the shower.

I wasn't the only one stealing glances, even if nobody else would admit it. A couple of the guys already had hair above their penises. The boy next to me in the shower was Danny Carver. He was closer to thirteen than twelve.

He had a small, tight bush of pubic hair over a penis that was three inches when soft.

Seeing the older boy's penis sent a flurry of butterflies through my stomach and before I realized it, my body betrayed me. My own penis, bald and thin, sprang to life, all nearly three inches pointed at the showerhead.

Danny took a step away, "Gross, Bryan. What the fuck? Are you some kind of fag?"

As soon as Danny spoke, the other boys in the shower saw me and laughed, calling me names like fag, queer and sissy. By the end of the last day at school, every boy seemed to know about it. My life was over.

Now, as I clung to the side of the bridge, my hands were wet from sweat, my feet dangling over the ledge. I could barely see where to put them through the blur of tears. Soon, none of it would matter. My chest heaved as a sob tore through me. They wouldn't have me around next year to pick on. Nobody would.

I let go and stepped off.

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## **Erin**

I felt nothing but relief as I walked home from school on that last day of the seventh grade. My joy at an entire summer to relax and play were tempered by the memory of Cheryl Alsop's snide comment just before after the last bell of the year. I had been cleaning some pens from my locker, tossing them into my nearly empty backpack when she came up to her locker, a few down from mine. She glanced at me and sneered.

She puffed out her chest, "Good thing you're a lezbo dyke. No boy would want to be with a girl as flat as you."

She slammed her locker and puffed out her b-cup sized chest as she walked past me. My eyes stung at the insult. Kiss a girl one time and everyone thinks you're a lesbian!

She was still in earshot when I shot back, "Screw you, Cheryl. At least I'm not the fuck-toy of the eighth-grade football team."

She faltered, but recovered without a backward glance. I didn't know if she had sex with any of those eighth graders, but you know how rumors are. But that cuts both ways; I guess that's why she thought I was a lesbian. After all, she caught Wendy Kennedy and me trading a kiss a few weeks before in the girl's locker room. Of course, if she knew what Wendy and I had done over at Wendy's house a few days before that, it would have cemented my reputation. It didn't help that I was all tomboy.

I blame my dad for that. He swore he wanted a girl when I was born, but I'm not sure I believed him because we did so many things that you'd think a father and son would do. He taught me how to hit a ball, start a fire, sail a boat, and almost anything else you'd expect a dad to teach his son. For as long as I could remember, I wore my hair short, like a boy. I also wore jeans and shirts instead of dresses, skirts, and blouses.

I could take the dyke comment. The entire reason me and Wendy kissed was because we were both really curious. But the quip about my chest, that hurt. Here I was thirteen, the summer before my eighth-grade year and my tits were no more than mosquito bites. Cheryl's boobs were the size of apples. Even Wendy needed the training bra she wore when we made out. Not me. I had two bumps on my chest, a little swelling. But my nipples were scarcely any larger than any boy's. I hated how Cheryl was right. None of the boys paid me any attention. But they drooled over her and some of the other more developed girls.

I kicked a pebble on the side of the road as I neared the bridge over the Angelina River when I spied a boy climb over the railing on the side of the bridge. If anyone looked worse than me, it was him. I recognized him as a new kid in the grade below me. I knew nothing about him, but his head hung down and he looked to be crying.

Then he jumped.

I dropped my backpack and yelled, "Hey you! What the hell are you doing?"

I raced down the side of the embankment that led to the edge of the river. I pulled off my Keds and left them on the riverbank and dove into the river. Fortunately, the river wasn't very wide where the bridge crossed. But it

was deep in the middle, where the boy jumped. A few powerful strokes and I reached where he landed. Then I dove.

He was sinking toward the bottom. I scissored my legs, cutting through the water faster than he sank, and a moment later I grabbed his hand and reversed, kicking toward the surface. I pulled him to the shore and dragged him out of the water. His Keds, which nearly matched my own, could have dragged him to the bottom. Water streamed out of them, as well as his pants and t-shirt.

His eyes were unfocused when he let out a piercing scream. I stood up and swore, "What the fuck, dude?"

The boy's eyes fluttered open. He had eyes of golden brown to match his auburn hair. When he saw me, he stopped screaming, as though maybe there were worse things than being rescued.

He snapped, "Why'd you do that? I knew what I was doing!"

I blinked in surprise before tearing into the ungrateful shit, "The fuck you say? Nobody in their right mind tries drowning themselves. What the fuck's wrong with you?"

The boy's tears stung his eyes, "Why'd you go and do that? I wanna die."

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## **Bryan**

I stared up at the boy who had just dragged me from the river. He wore blue jeans and one of those button-down shirts with the silver snaps instead of buttons. He was taller than me. I think I'd seen him at school, but I was sure. Water sluiced from his short blond hair, his shirt, and pants.

The boy's face softened at my tears. He sat beside me and asked, "Aren't you the new kid in the sixth grade? Why'd you try to kill yourself?"

It was clear he wasn't going anywhere, so I sat up and pulled my knees up to my chest and wrapped my arms around them, "Y-, yeah. I hate it here. Everyone hates me."

The boy scoffed and shook his head. Water droplets splattered everywhere, "That's bullshit. I don't hate you. Of course, I don't know you either. Should I?"

It wasn't an offer of friendship, but neither was this older kid calling me names. I rubbed the water and tears from my eyes and ran my eyes over him. His face was strong; he had a square jaw compared to my own narrow features. His lips were thin and wide. Moreover, the open expression on his face made me wonder if I could trust him. He certainly couldn't be any crueler than the boys in my class. My voice was ragged as I explained, "The other boys have been teasing me since I got here, calling me names and hitting and picking on me when the teachers weren't around."

The other boy flashed an apologetic look, "Sorry, man, that sucks. What'd they call you?"

I felt the tears well up, "Fag, queer. Shit like that."

My mom would have slapped the shit out of me if she'd heard me cussing like that. She was a "do as I say, not as I do," person. But I liked the taste of the profanity on my lips. It felt right. The way the boy talked, he certainly didn't care. He stared at me, running his eyes from the top of my head to my soaking wet feet. "You've got longer hair than any of the boys. They all wear it short."

He bit his lower lip as he looked at me pensively, "And..." he trailed off, without finishing his thought.

I looked the boy in the eyes. They were green, like a sea before a storm. I murmured, "What?"

He shrugged, "It's just that you've got a really pretty face. It's shaped like a heart. And you've got long and pretty eyelashes."

I wanted him to shut up. Was this what everyone else saw? Instead, he added, "And you've got nice lips, like a girl's."

None of this was what I wanted to hear. I blinked at more tears threatening to spill down my cheeks. Even my savior thought I was gay. I didn't know what to say, so I laid my head against my knees and let the tears return.

Finally, the boy said, "Well, are you? Gay, I mean."

I wanted to raise my head and shout at this kid who didn't know me at all. But the worst of it, I felt confused about it all. I'd be lying if I said the first time I'd looked at another boy's stuff had been in the shower a few days before. No, even before that, before Mom divorcing Bill, Davy and I had seen each other naked a few times. He even talked me into touching him down there. It had been exciting and fun. I got a stiffy, and I loved how it felt when he touched me.

I thought back to the last time I had spent the night over at Davy's. It was a Saturday afternoon. His parents had gone out, and we were alone in the house. They hadn't been gone long when he smiled at me conspiratorially, "Hey, you want to see what I found in my dad's closet?"

We'd known each other most of our lives. That mischievous look, coupled with some of the things we talked about, left little room to doubt that whatever it was would be naughty. So, naturally, I said, "Sure, what'd you find?"

He pulled Penthouse magazine from under his mattress and patted the spot next to him on the bed, "Check it out, Bry. This is some sweet shit!"

He showed me some pictures of naked women. They had huge tits and hairy pussies, and the way they stared back at us made me feel all weird inside. More than that, I was soon sporting a stiffy. After flipping through a few pages, Davy said, "Jeez, I've got a boner the size of Texas. I gotta get some relief."

Without batting an eye, Davy pulled his shorts and underwear down. One thing I liked about my best friend was his sense of proportion. He was bigger than Rhode Island, but nowhere as big as Texas. His stiffy jutted into the air nearly four inches. He even had a couple of errant strands of hair growing at the base of his penis.

We had already seen each other's packages a few times before. Even touched each other's stuff. But this was the first time I saw him wrap his fingers around his little pole and stroke it. Before that day, I'd never even heard of masturbation, let alone seen it in action.



“Come on, Bry, I’m not putting on a fucking show. Let’s see it, man.”

I shucked my shorts and underwear. I’d have felt worse if Davy had teased me. But he was cool. When he saw my two inches, he shrugged, “You’ll get bigger.”

I mimicked Davy’s action on my own stiffy, and even though it felt good, I didn’t feel like I needed to moan like he did. After a couple of minutes, he said, “Here, Bry, let’s trade. You do me and I’ll do you.”

I wasn’t bashful with him anymore. So, when he wrapped his thumb and forefinger around my boner, I let him. The feeling of him touching me was a lot better than when I had been doing it. A moan slipped from my lips as a wave of bliss washed over me. After a bit, he stopped, “Come on, dude, jack me off.”

I wrapped my fingers around his stiffy. Unlike Davy doing me, he was big enough to use all of my fingers. I slid my hand up and down his shaft and he moaned again and again. I slowed when my hand grew tired, but he urged, “Don’t stop, it feels awesome.”

Egged on by my best friend, I kept jerking on him until a loud moan ripped from his mouth and his stiffy jerked in my hand. A blast of clear liquid shot from his penis and landed on his chest. Another pooled at his piss slit when I pulled my hand away. I was stunned. I had seen nothing like it before.

Davy laughed at the perplexed look on my face, “Been doing that for a couple of months now. Those are my baby makers, dude.”

I shook the memory away and looked back at the boy who had just pulled me from the river. “I don’t know.”

The boy’s stormy eyes studied me, like he was deep in thought. The silence was painful until he gave a firm nod and climbed to his feet, “I don’t give a fuck about that. I’m Aaron, by the way. What’s yours?”

I craned my neck to see his face, “Bryan. Are you going to leave me alone now?”

Aaron shook his head and offered me his hand, “Nope. You look like you could use a friend. God knows I could. Come on. You wanna see something

cool?"

## Chapter 2

### Erin

When I didn't move, Bryan got the message and climbed to his feet, ignoring my outstretched hand.

There was a moment when I considered dragging his ass back into the Angelina River and finishing what he'd started, but something inside told me he needed a friend even worse than me. I returned to the road and soon was walking alongside it as it led us toward my house.

We were about half a mile away from it when Bryan stopped and pointed to the right where an old dilapidated single-wide sat. He pointed, "That's my granny's place. Me and my mom live there now."

I winced. That place was a shithole. I grabbed at Bryan's arm and pulled him along, "That's cool. That means we're neighbors. Come on."

Pine trees lined the drainage ditch on either side of the road. And when we were a few hundred yards shy of the drive leading to where I lived with my mom, I stopped in the middle of the road. The forlorn expression on the boy's face made me second guess myself for a moment. Could I trust him?

There were no other kids within a couple of miles and with Cheryl shit-talking me to the other girls, I couldn't afford to be too picky unless I wanted my summer to suck worse than it already did. I turned on Bryan, and after chewing on my lip, said, "Okay, pretty boy. Here's the deal. I'm going to show you my treehouse. But if you breathe a word of it to anyone else, I'll take you back to the river and finish the job. Got it?"

Bryan's eyes were huge, saucer-round when he nodded, "O-, okay."

With what I hoped was a new friend, I jumped across the culvert and cut through the tree line. Beyond the road was a big thicket of pine trees. The tree tops mostly kept the sun from hitting the ground, and patches of grass were mixed in with plants and decaying pine needles. I knew this area like the back of my hand and moved confidently through the trees, despite the lack of a trail. The further into the forest we went, the towering pine trees intermixed with stately live oak trees.

The boy stumbled as he followed me, and I found myself smiling. It wasn't his fault, but he reeked of city living. Despite him slowing us down, it only took a few minutes to reach the treehouse. I stopped and pointed, "There it is."

Bryan's eyes peered into branches and leaves of the huge live oak that held my private sanctuary. You really had to search to find the wooden walls, so I took some mercy on him and showed him the ladder built into the trunk of the tree, "Come on, Bryan. Follow me up."

I scampered up the wooden rungs until I reached the wide ledge that ran around three of the four walls of the treehouse. I was most of the way up when I heard his voice waft, "You're dripping on me."

Once I stood on the platform, I waved, "Come on up."

Bryan stood there for a moment. I worried I might have scared him away. My dad used to tell me my personality can be a touch aggressive. Eventually, the boy followed me up the ladder. After he reached the top, he edged over to the plywood walls, as far away from the ledge as possible.

I tried to put him at ease as I pointed out the sturdy construction, "Me and my dad built this. He was a contractor and built houses for a living."

Then I pointed toward the road, "Your place is back that way."

Through the trees, I could barely make out my house, "Over there is my house."

Opposite the direction we came, there was a gap in the trees and I could see the sunlight reflect off water, "Over there's the Angelina River. It's not that far from where you jumped. It flows into Lake Rayburn. We have a canoe. My dad used to take me canoeing."

I enjoyed the look of wonder on Bryan's face. "Come on, it's even better inside."

Opening the door, I waved him into the treehouse. There were windows on three sides, and enough light poured through the shutters for us to see. The mattress I slept on whenever I spent the night was in the middle of the floor. I kept a couple of sleeping bags rolled up atop the mattress. Against

the side with the door, was an old dining table me and my dad found one day while remodeling a home. It had seen better days; its Formica top curled along the corners. There was even an old Vietnam-era steel ammo container on the far wall.

Bryan spun around, "Holy shit, Erin, this is cool. Your dad did an amazing job."

It shouldn't have. But the comment pricked my pride, "I helped him and did almost as much would as he did. We finished a bit more than a year ago."

Barely containing a huff, I pointed to a ladder that led to the roof, "Come on, you ain't seen nothing yet."

I led Bryan up the ladder and pushed open a trap door. The roof was flat with barely any slope. Once he joined me, I spread my hands wide, taking in the almost perfect view from so high up, "This is my kingdom; where I come to get away."

Bryan's eyes were wide as he glanced over the side of the roof, "There aren't any hand-rails. How do you keep from falling off?"

I smirked as I sat on the warm water-proofed linoleum that covered the heavy two-by-fours and plywood that made up my tree house's roof. "By not falling off. Don't be such a pussy, Bryan."

He blushed. I don't know if it was for being scared or from my language. But I really didn't care. I loved the warmth beating down on us. Water still drenched us from our earlier dip in the river and my clothes were uncomfortably soggy. Even though I wanted to be friends with him, I wasn't sure how he would respond if I stripped off my wet clothes. I wouldn't have batted an eye if it had been me and Wendy. Of course, Wendy and I had seen each other naked several times, so we were already familiar with each other's bodies.

But Bryan? I didn't know the boy or how he would respond. Before, when my dad was still alive, I hadn't had to worry about that. He didn't care if I ran around in my panties or even naked. I was his little tomboy and

clothing was optional when I hung out with him. There was only one way to find out how Bryan would react.

I unbuttoned the top button of my shirt, "What time you gotta be home?"

Bryan tore his eyes away from my hands as I unbuttoned the second button and looked at his watch, "Shit. Stupid watch. Um, I dunno. Mom doesn't much care. As long as I'm home by dark, my granny won't care either."

I nodded as I undid the third button, "I'm soaked, man. I'm going to lay my clothes out to dry. You should too."

I felt the boy's eyes on me as finished unbuttoning my shirt. Before things went to shit, Mom would have killed me if she knew I was taking my shirt off in front of a boy. Would probably drag my ass to the store and buy me some undershirts, maybe even a training bra. But my tits were tiny, scarcely bigger than a boy's. And my shirt was made of a thick cotton weave, making an undershirt unnecessary. I pushed the shirt off my shoulders and spread it over the linoleum to dry.

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## **Bryan**

I didn't like it when Aaron asked me if I was a pussy. Sure, he was older and taller than me. Until then, he was the only kid who hadn't teased me or treated me like an outcast. Also, I liked how brash and outgoing he was. After everything I'd endured at the hands of the other sixth-grade boys, I was gun-shy and timid; he was everything I wasn't.

Except soaked. We were both dripping wet from him saving my ass. Still, when he started to strip on the roof of the tree house, I thought he was brave and cool. After all the torment I'd endured at the hands of my classmates, I don't think I could have just taken my shirt off first in front of someone else. He made it seem easy.

Once he laid his wet shirt on the linoleum, Aaron turned to me. He had a farmer's tan; his arms below where his shirt sleeves ended were golden. His torso was rail-thin. His shoulders were slightly narrower than his hips.

His chest was more developed than mine, with puffy nipples like I'd seen on one or two of the older boys.

He dipped his head toward his shirt, "Come on, you're soaked. They'll dry quicker if you take them off."

I grabbed the hem of my T-shirt and tossed it down beside his blue and white checkered shirt before tackling the zipper of my pants. While I sat down to pull my pants down, Aaron unfastened his jeans and jumped up and down on one foot and then the other as he tugged the wet pants legs off.

When he finished, he spread both our jeans out to dry in the sun. When he turned back to face me, my curiosity about the older boy got the better of me. My eyes went to his underwear. He was wearing a pair of white cotton panties. Something else was missing too.

Stunned, I stammered, "Aaron, you're a girl?!"

Heat radiated from her face as she stared down at me. "Yeah. You didn't know? Erin's a girl's name, you know."

My hands drifted to my crotch. My underwear was wet and the outline of my penis might have been visible. "It's not Aaron? A-a-r-o-n?"

She giggled as she sat down across from me, "No, silly. Erin. E-R-I-N. Jesus Christ, this is awkward. I'm sorry, dude. I thought you could tell."

Seeing her laughing at the misunderstanding, it was easy to find the humor in our predicament. Her chest wasn't puffy like a teenage boy's. But like a girl with the first hint of budding breasts. "Oh, shit, Erin. I'm sorry. I, um, screwed that up."

She leaned back, as though she didn't have a care in the world, letting the sun dry her skin, "It's fine, Bryan. Maybe I should have told you when I dragged your ass from the water, that a girl had saved you."

My ears turned red as I flushed. Jumping off that bridge had been spectacularly stupid. But at least there had been one good thing about it. "Maybe. I'm just glad you were there. I was being stupid."

She bobbed her head, "Yeah. Don't fucking do something like that ever again, dude. Or at least wait until summer is over. Otherwise, it's going to get really boring around here."

I was sitting on the roof of a tree house, in my underwear next to a girl a year or two older than me, also in just her underwear. The butterflies in my stomach churned. This wasn't anything like being with Davy, no matter what I had earlier thought. The way she sat, I could see her panties. Just like my underwear, hers were damp and I could see the outline of her puffy slit. No, nothing like being with Davy.

Erin caught my eye and smiled, "You're checking me out, Bryan. I thought you said you were gay."

I don't think I ever stopped blushing, but I sure felt the heat in my face, "N-, no. I said I didn't know."

Laughing, she reached over and patted my arm, "I'm just fucking with you, dude. Some of the girls in the eighth grade think I'm a dyke."

I thought a dike was a dam used to hold back water. "A dam?"

Erin leaned all the way back on the linoleum and laughed. Not a girly laugh, but a belly laugh, "Oh, shit. That's funny. No. A dyke is a girl who likes other girls. You know, like a fag is for a boy."

All the pieces fell into place. Erin's boyish clothing, her short haircut, even the way she talked. It all made perfect sense. Before I could screw up the courage to ask her about it, my expression gave me away. She shook her head, "I don't know if I am. I enjoy camping, hiking, canoeing. I don't think those things make me a dike; all I know is I'm a tomboy."

There it was again. When she spoke, I felt drawn to her. Like some boys, Erin could dominate a conversation if she wanted, just by the strength of her personality. Still, her answer confused me, "Do you like boys?"

She grimaced, "Most of them are stupid."

The vehemence against my sex stunned me, "B-, but I'm a boy."

She glowered back, "Yeah. And you tried to kill yourself. That was pretty dumb."



I lapsed into silence. Erin was right, as much as it galled me to admit it. After a long period of silence, I asked, "Then why'd you show me this place, if I'm dumb."

Erin shrugged, "This is my first summer without my dad. If you haven't picked up on it, I don't exactly have a lot of friends. The girls in my class think I want to be a boy or am a lezbo, and the boys are dumb. I thought maybe we could be friends, God knows, you could use one."

The last sentence stung. Probably because there was a ton of truth in it. I wanted a friend more than anything else. Erin was willing and the fact that her treehouse was in easy walking distance from Granny's trailer and I didn't have any other prospects, made it an easy decision, "Yeah, I guess that'd be cool, Erin. So, what happened to your dad? Your mom divorce him?"

I figured that was just about the most common reason to not have a dad anymore. I was the poster child for that problem. Erin dropped her eyes; Oh shit. I said something wrong. Before I could figure out how to unsay it, she found her voice, "No. He died of cancer a few months ago."

I winced. I really stepped in it that time. "Shit. I'm sorry. I just assumed."

She actually rubbed her eyes. I felt bad as she tried to control her emotions, "It's no big deal. I'm handling it. Your parents get divorced?"

I nodded. Even though Bill wasn't my real dad, he was the only father I'd ever known. Still, compared to Erin's loss, mine seemed insignificant in comparison.

We fell quiet, lying on our backs under the late afternoon Texas sun. It didn't take too long to feel my skin grow hot. My skin was still pale and I would burn if I stayed out much longer. I sat up and felt my clothes. They were still damp.

Erin eyed me, "We better get back inside before you burn to a crisp."

As I followed my new friend down the ladder, my eyes were drawn to her back. Erin had a light even tan across of her back. I was pretty sure she only wore a shirt when she had no choice. Compared to her, I was a pasty ghost.

Once inside the treehouse, she felt her panties before sitting down on the mattress.

Before I could sit beside her, she held up a hand, "Only if your underwear is dry."

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## **Erin**

I couldn't help but smile at the look on Bryan's face. The way his long auburn locks framed his face and the way his cute lips formed an O confirmed my earlier assessment. He was a beautiful boy. He patted his underwear and then grabbed a chair from next to the old table and pulled it to the bed, "This okay?"

I felt heat spreading from my cheeks as I nodded. I loved hanging out with Wendy Kennedy. Over the spring, she had really helped get me through a rough patch after my dad died. But her family was moving out of Zavalla now that school was out. She was the kind of friend I could say or do anything with and she would be right there with me. Seeing Bryan lowering himself into the chair, I couldn't help but wonder if maybe we could find something similar between us. What would I have said to Wendy in this situation?

The thought hit me right away. I grinned up at Bryan, "I guess. I was going to say you could sit on the mattress if you took your wet underwear off."

Bryan's cheeks turned scarlet, "W-, what? But I'd be naked!"

I could almost imagine bantering with Wendy as I retorted, "So? If you're a fag, why would that matter?"

When I saw a look of confusion pass over Bryan's features, I wondered if I pushed things too far. He shook his head, "I don't know, Erin. How do I know if I am?"

He stunned me with an unexpected admission. I thought for sure he would huff up and deny it. I wanted to reach over to him and hug him and tell him I would still be his friend. But I was enjoying my banter. I leaned forward and put a hand on his knee, "One way to tell what you like is when your

dick gets hard. If it gets hard around boys, maybe you're gay. Around girls and maybe you're not."

Warning bells were going off inside my head; I should have stopped there. Instead, I squeezed his knee, "Is your dick hard now?"

Bryan closed his legs and crossed his arms over his crotch as his face remained redder than roses.

I pulled my hand away and sat back on the mattress. "That's a shame. I've never seen a boy naked. Just girls."

Bryan's eyes left me. He scanned the treehouse for a moment before saying in a voice that warbled, "What's there to do around here in the summer?"

Poor beautiful Bryan. He was uncomfortable. I couldn't let go of how he might could fill the hole in my life created by Wendy's absence, but I needed to leave that alone for now. I said, "There's lots to do around here. We can play fort in the treehouse. Pretend there are Indians in the woods. That'd be fun. Right?"

A smile pulled at Bryan's lips, "Yeah. That'd be fun."

I waved toward one of the closed windows, "There's also the river. It's only a couple of hundred yards over yonder. We can go swimming there, also canoeing. You ever been canoeing?"

The boy shook his head, "No. You'd teach me?"

Wendy hadn't liked doing a lot of the tomboy stuff I enjoyed. My heart began beating faster at the thought of all the things I used to do with my dad. If Bryan liked to do them too...

I gushed, "Yeah. I love canoeing. Me and my dad went canoeing lots back before he got sick. We can canoe down to Lak Rayburn, have a picnic. It'd be loads of fun. What about a bike? You got one?"

His lips tugged down. He sighed, "Yeah. But it's a real beater."

My heart sped up, "No worries. As long as you've got two wheels, we can ride around. I know most of the roads between here and Zavalla."

I was talking too fast and hoped Bryan didn't notice. I added, "Now that summer's here, I'm going to sleep out here as often as possible."

Bryan stared at me, eyes shifting from my face to my chest, down to my panties and back to my face again. But he didn't relax his arms; they remained folded over his crotch. But his face held a hint of awe, "Your mom will let you?"

The boy was so protective of his crotch; I wondered if he was hard. Wendy was gone, so it wouldn't be cheating on her if I saw him down there. I pushed the thought aside and replied, "Hell yeah. I turned thirteen last month. But even if I wasn't, Mom wouldn't give a damn. She's in her own world. Sometimes, if I didn't fix my own food, I think I'd starve. What about you?"

Bryan's face softened, "I wonder if our moms are, like sisters. My mom doesn't give a damn about me either. She divorced my stepdad and moved back to this shithole of a town. And we're living with my granny. It sucks. At least you can escape to your treehouse."

I didn't feel lucky. But I felt a real kinship with Bryan at that moment. We were more alike than I would have guessed when I hauled him from the river. Maybe we would become even better friends than Wendy and I had been. "Yeah. I can. And it beats watching Mom drink herself to sleep every night."

He shook his head, "Fuck. Our moms must be sisters. When my mom comes home from working her shift at the diner, she'll drink booze and smoke pot until she passes out."

Yep. Kindred spirits. My chuckle was dry as I climbed off the mattress and went over to the ammo crate. I rooted around, shifting board games like Candy Land out of the way. Pushed my paperback copy of Charlie and the Chocolate Factory aside until I found a deck of playing cards. "See, I knew there was a reason I rescued your skinny ass."

I grabbed the other chair and sat at the old dining table and shuffled the cards, "Come on, let's play some Go Fish."

We sat there for more than an hour in nothing more than our underwear and built our collection of cards and talked. By the time we finished playing a couple of games, my throat was hoarse, but I felt more alive than I had since my dad died. I wish I had met Bryan when he first enrolled our school back in April; maybe I could have helped him to avoid getting picked on and called names. But one thing was for sure. I wanted to hang out with him as much as possible over the summer. Maybe I was a lesbian, maybe he was gay. Or maybe our first experiences wouldn't define us. Maybe nothing would happen between us. But whatever may come, I wanted to share it with this long-haired boy who was a year and a half younger than me.

After the game, I fetched our clothes from the roof. They were warm but dry. When Bryan slid his pants up, covering his underwear, I could have sworn I saw a bulge. When I put my shirt on, my cheeks grew warm as I felt his eyes on me. Maybe he was just as curious about me as I was about him. Only time would tell.

Back on the ground, the sun was sliding down the western sky. Brain said, "Thanks for everything, Erin. I'm really glad we met. You're the coolest person I've met since moving to Zavalla."

The look he gave me melted my heart. God, he was such a beautiful boy. I flushed, "Ah, yeah. Well, I couldn't let the one boy who might not be silly and stupid do himself in."

The words felt absurd and not as sincere as I felt. I didn't know what to say and I couldn't take back the silly words. I stepped forward and put my arms around his shoulders and hugged him. I let go almost immediately, uncertain if I had done the right thing. Bryan's arms came up and wrapped around my back and he returned the hug. It was over in an instant. I still didn't know what to say, so I turned and started back toward the house I shared with my mom. A few moments later, heard a tuneless whistle and turned and saw Bryan walk back toward the road.

## Chapter 3

### Bryan

I washed the cereal bowl before setting it on the drying rack. Mom and Granny were still asleep. Mom had been working the lunch and supper-until closing shift. She usually slept until she had to get to work. Granny wasn't much better. She gets up just early enough to catch the first of her soaps. As long as I didn't make a mess, they didn't give a damn what I ate for breakfast, so long as I didn't disturb them.

I closed the door and started across our overgrown front lawn. It was early, not even eight in the morning, and I hoped Erin would be at the treehouse. We hadn't managed to connect over the weekend, but this was the first official day of summer and I hoped we could hang out. Despite how early it was, the sun kissed the earth with a promise of another hot day. I wasn't too worried about that; I was ready. I wore a red and white striped tank top and an old pair of jeans, which I had cut the legs off a few inches below the inseam. Short shorts were all the rage that summer. They were tight, being leftovers from last year, but they still fit. My Keds were dried out, and I was back in them, sporting a pair of knee-high white socks. They were perfect for traipsing through tall grass.

Even though it took less than ten minutes to walk to the treehouse, my face was red and sweaty and my long hair was plastered to my forehead. The place was quiet and looked deserted. My chest was tight, and I worried Erin wouldn't be there. Still, I had walked the whole way. I wasn't about to turn around and leave without at least calling for her, "Erin!"

A moment later, one of the shutters on the treehouse opened and Erin poked her head out, "Hey Bryan! You made it. Come on up."

By the time I reached the platform, my hands were sweaty. I still didn't care for the narrow walkway around the treehouse. It was a long fall, and I had no interest in breaking any bones. I opened the door and went in.

Erin sat at the table with a box of Pop-Tarts. She wore the same thing she wore the previous Friday. Just her underwear. One of the sleeping bags was unrolled and had a slept in look to it. It was hard not to stare at her, now

that I knew those puffy little nipples belonged to a girl, but I tried, “You slept out here?”

She nodded, handing me a foil-wrapped package of Pop-Tarts. “Yeah. If you’re hungry, these are good. I liked sleeping out here. The treehouse gets a pleasant breeze at night. You should come over tonight, we could play board games and hang out all night. It’d be cool to the max.”

“Wouldn’t your mom care?”

Erin shrugged, “She’s too stoned on her booze to care. She knows where to find me.”

Try as I might, I couldn’t keep my eyes from returning to the puffy buds on her chest. Still, I tried to look elsewhere, “What do you wanna do today?”

She swallowed a bite of a Pop-Tart, “What about going canoeing?”

I had never been canoeing. “C-, canoeing? How?”

Erin stood up. It almost felt like she was enjoying giving me another opportunity to stare at her panties, and pointed toward the house in the distance. “My dad’s old canoe is up by our house. You and I can haul it over to the river. It’s only a couple of hundred yards away. Then we can paddle it down to the reservoir.”

I tore my eyes away from Erin’s body. Six hundred feet? That was a long way to haul a canoe. Still, if that’s what the girl wanted to do, I could no more deny her than I could stop breathing. “Okay.”

Erin flashed me a smile as she stood and grabbed a pair of shorts that looked like they had been made the same way mine had. There wasn’t a lot of leg on my shorts. There was even less on hers. Her tank top was a solid baby blue and once she had it on, the slight rise on her chest was almost impossible to see. Once she pulled on her own Keds, she said, “We can make some sandwiches at my house, then we’ll get the canoe.”

It only took a few minutes to walk to Erin’s house. The canoe lay against the side of the house. The green painted hull was made from aluminum. She walked past it and headed toward the house’s back door. Her mom kept the house cool. Almost cold. Compared to my Granny’s place, it was

downright arctic. The sweat cooled from my face almost instantly when we stepped inside.

Even though we were between the kitchen and the dining room, the house felt large. At least a lot bigger than the single-wide I lived in. Even the dining room table could easily seat six. A bar with green linoleum separated the kitchen from the dining area, and Erin hurried around it and grabbed a loaf of bread.

“Peanut butter and jelly okay?” she asked.

I nodded. PB and J wasn’t my favorite, but it beat having to go home and beg some food from Grandma. As Erin made the sandwiches, a noise from elsewhere in the house drew my attention. A moment later, a woman with disheveled hair the same blonde as Erin’s came into the kitchen. Her eyes were red and her feet shuffled more than walked.

“I thought I heard a noise. How’s my pumpkin?”

Erin’s eyes pierced into the woman, “Mom. Really?”

Her mother shuffled over to the fridge and pulled out a bottle of Lone Star beer, as she twisted off the top, her eyes fell on me, “Oh, who’s your little friend, Pumpkin?”

Erin shook her head, much to my amusement. Her mother wasn’t what I expected. Except for the booze. The girl huffed, “This is Bryan. He’s my friend. We’re going to take dad’s canoe onto the river.”

The woman took a long pull on the bottle. She smacked her lips, “Fine. Don’t break your daddy’s shit if you use it. Don’t forget to put some sun screen on. You don’t wanna burn... Pumpkin.”

She turned and shuffled back into the living room, leaving my friend furious, “I hate that fucking name,” she muttered.

I shook my head, “Are you sure our moms aren’t related?”

She gave me a look that silenced me while she finished making the sandwiches. She disappeared down a hallway and returned with a small red and white Igloo cooler and a brown plastic bottle of Coppertone.



She grabbed an empty two-liter glass bottle with a Coca-Cola logo on the side and filled it with tap water and added it to the cooler too. Still upset, she grumbled, "That should do. Come on, let's get the fuck out of here."

Back at the canoe, Erin put Igloo in the boat's bottom, and grabbed the front, "Come on, Bryan. Now you see why I like hanging out in my treehouse."

That canoe was a heavy son-of-a-bitch. I was seventy-five pounds soaking wet. My muscles were more of a promise at that point and helping Erin carry it to the river was the most physical activity I'd ever taken on in my eleven years.

Struggling under the weight, somehow, I kept my end of the canoe off the ground until I couldn't hold it anymore. When I set it down, I could see the river. We were less than a hundred yards away. "How many times did you and your dad do this?"

Erin wiped her brow, "Dunno. We only got to go out a few times last summer. He was getting sick by then. I don't remember it being this heavy."

The last thing I wanted to do was second guess my only friend, I said, "I'm rested, I think. Let's try again."

With every step, the canoe felt heavier, but the sight of the brown water of the Angelina River gave me just enough motivation to make the last few dozen steps. Erin set her end into the water, as I barely avoided dropping my end.

I stretched and rubbed my muscles, "You know we're gonna have to haul this back to your house too."

I laughed when Erin sent me a sour smile and flipped me off. But she laughed when she raised her middle finger. Once we had the canoe resting most of the way in the water, she pulled the Coppertone bottle from the Igloo, "We'll get a lot of sun today. We should put this on or we'll bake like lobsters."

We rubbed the sweet-smelling sunblock on our arms and legs. Then she said, "Turn around. I'll get shoulders above your tank top."

I complied, and I felt the cold lotion drop on the top of my shoulders before Erin's fingers rubbed it into my exposed skin. She even spun me around and rubbed the lotion onto the exposed part of my neck and collar.

She handed me the bottle, "Can you get my back too?"

She turned and offered me her back. I had to reach up higher on her back than mine. My fingers tingled as I rubbed lotion into her shoulders. Even though there wasn't anything sensual about putting sunscreen on each other, the butterflies in my stomach fluttered and flapped. By the time I finished rubbing sunscreen onto Erin's collar and shoulders, my penis was painfully erect. I'd never been happier for tight fitting shorts.

Once she returned to lotion to the Igloo, I came around and looked inside the canoe. There were four bars evenly spaced, but no seats. "Um, Erin, where are we supposed to sit?"

The girl came over and grabbed a paddle, "Don't sit on the thwarts," she pointed at the bars. "I'll show you how it's done."

Erin climbed in the canoe and knelt at the back while facing forward, on her knees, resting them on an orange life jacket. "We sit like this. When we get tired, we can use the life jacket as a seat."

She climbed from the canoe and I helped her push it in the rest of the way into the water until only a foot or two of the canoe rested on the riverbank. She pointed toward the front, "You'll sit up there and paddle. I'll be in the back, paddling and steering."

I had seen Disney movies of people canoeing and they all looked like they were having a great time. "Why can't I steer? It looks like fun."

Erin grinned at me and thrust a paddle into my hands. She stepped even closer until her shoes touched mine, "I'm the stronger canoer, so I'll steer the canoe. Do you even know how to steer this thing?"

The fact that she was several inches taller and probably a lot stronger than me kept me from saying something I would have regretted. Instead, I shook my head.

“Boys,” Erin’s voice was full of exasperation and scorn. “Once you have the hang of it, maybe we’ll trade places.”

Bowing to her experience, I knelt in the front of the canoe as Erin pushed off from the river bank, nimbly stepping over the rearmost thwart and sitting down without getting wet. The watercraft rocked gently from side to side as she dipped her paddle into the river and sent us downstream.

After twenty minutes of instructions as we let the languid current do most of the work taking us down the river, I figured out how to paddle without pissing Erin off too much. Turns out, it’s easier for the person in the canoe’s front to splash water onto the person in the rear. After floating under the bridge I’d tried to jump from, the current lessened as the river widened and fed into Lake Rayburn. We had to paddle in earnest to send our canoe gliding across the water. I could see the shoreline on either side of us. But straight ahead, the lake seemed to go on forever.

“How far are we going?”

Erin rested her paddle on the canoe’s gunwales. “Let’s find some shade along the shoreline. I’m getting hungry.”

By the time we paddled under an overhanging tree, I was winded too, “Going back’s going to suck.”

Erin snickered, “Yeah. And once we’re back in the river, it’ll all be upstream.”

I shook my head. I was hard-pressed to understand why I let her talk me into this. Then, as Erin jumped from the boat into the shallow water up to her shins, she tied the canoe to a tree, “Come on, Bryan. We’ll eat lunch on dry land.”

When we sat on a grassy spot under the tree, Erin’s knee brushed against mine as she rummaged around in the Igloo and pulled out a couple of sandwiches wrapped in wax paper. When she gave me one, I remembered why I let her talk me into this. She had saved me and wanted to be my friend. I realized as I accepted the sandwich, I would follow her anywhere.

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## Erin

It had been months since I had been out on the river, let alone the lake. My muscles were sore, and I was just as glad as Bryan to stop along the shoreline for lunch. After we ate, I stared across the lake, "Dad used to bring me out here. Before he got sick. He'd always pack a picnic lunch, and we'd sit under a tree just like this one and eat. Sometimes we'd spend the entire day picnicking, canoeing, and swimming. It was so much fun."

I missed my dad so much at that moment. Bryan surprised me when he reached over and rested his hand on my knee. There was genuine affection in his voice, "Your dad sounds like he was super cool."

My stomach was all aflutter. The well of emotion that swept over me almost caused me to lean over and kiss him. I barely restrained myself. It was lame, but all I could come up with was, "Thanks, Bryan. I miss him so much but I'm glad you're my friend."

The words weren't enough. In that moment, I realized whatever I had felt for Wendy, I felt something stronger for this beautiful eleven-year-old boy. All I could come up with was a lame thanks. He deserved better. Unable to contain my emotions, I leaned over and hugged him. I could feel our chests against each other and wondered if he could feel my tiny buds through our shirts. I sure could. They tingled something fierce as I hugged him.

The way he responded, returning my hug, made my heart soar even while the fluttering in my stomach was nearly too much. How he didn't feel the pounding of my heart was a mystery. Finally, we ended our hug. It had only lasted a moment, but the smile on Bryan's face was enough to suspect he felt similarly.

We both muttered, "thanks," and "that was nice." Not wanting to dwell on my emotions anymore, I reclined on the grass and said, "I'm going to take a little nap. You should too. It'll make us feel more rested when we head back."

He lay down beside me and before long, we were both asleep.

I awoke to a hand on my arm, shaking me, "Erin, Erin. Wake up. The weather!"

My eyes fluttered open at the same time I became aware of a chill on my skin. Wide-eyed, Bryan pointed to the sky. Dark storm clouds blocked the sun. My brain tried to wake up, "Shit! Where'd the sun go?"

Bryan was already on his feet and offering his hand, "Don't know. I woke up because I was getting cold."

A glance at my watch and I swore again, "Shit, it's almost four. We slept the whole fucking afternoon."

I felt a burst of adrenaline shoot through me. I didn't want to be on the lake when the skies open up. When we threw the Igloo into the canoe, the sleep really had helped. I felt refreshed and ready to get to paddling. We hadn't gone far before the first splatters of rain hit. We redoubled our effort, pulling toward the mouth of the Angelina River in the distance.

The drops were falling all around us by the time we reached the mouth of the river. And that's when the storm hit. The wind hit just before sheets of rain lashed at us, drenching us to the bone. Bryan was flagging by the time we were inching our way up the river. I had to shout to keep the wind from ripping my words away, "We're not far, Bryan. The sooner we get back, the sooner we can get out of our wet clothes and get dry."

If there was anything positive, it was the wind blew from the southwest, pushing against our backs as we paddled upstream. By the time I steered toward the riverbank, a couple of inches of water filled the bottom of the canoe. When the bow dug into the shore, Bryan lept into the water and, with my help, dragged the canoe fully onto the shore, where I tied it to a nearby tree.

I was cold and miserable. But also thankful we made it home safe. I had feared what might become of us had a lightning strike hit close to our aluminum canoe. I felt relief as I shouted, "Come on! Let's go to the treehouse. We can ride out the storm there."

I grabbed Bryan's hand as we dashed toward the treehouse. We beached the canoe a couple of hundred yards behind my house. The treehouse was several hundred yards further into the dense thicket of trees. We only made it halfway before my legs ached and I slowed to a walk, not letting go

of Bryan's hand. We weren't going to get any less wet by wasting any more energy. With the wind whipping our hair and clothes, and driving rain pelting us, we walked the rest of the way to the treehouse.

As soaked as we were, I didn't want us bringing our wet clothes inside. We'd only get everything inside wet. So, I pulled at my tank top, and throwing it at the base of the tree. The look on Bryan's face was one of pure confusion.

My cold fingers fought the button above my pants zipper as I said, "Take your clothes off. I don't want us dripping water all over the place."

I wrestled the button loose at my waist and showed him what I meant by pulling my shorts off. Even though I'd seen him in his underwear the previous Friday, I wasn't sure how compliant Bryan would be. I glanced his way; his shirt was off and he was tugging his shorts down.

When he tossed his shorts on top of mine, his hands reflexively went to cover his crotch. He was gorgeous, soaked to the skin, in just his underwear. "This good?"

Even though I had only known him for a couple of days, I felt more comfortable with him than anyone other than my dad. And that included Wendy. That's why I decided to test our boundary. I shook my head and hooked my thumbs into the waist of my panties and pulled them off too. The look of shock on Bryan's face was worth it. But I hadn't done it to shock him. I really hated getting water on the floor or the mattress.

His eyes fixed on my puffy slit between my legs. Wendy had never teased me about how badly I lagged the other girls in my grade. She was sweet like that, even though she had a nice patch of dark pubic curls and I was as bare as a little kid. I prayed I wasn't making a mistake with Bryan.

Another blast of wind blew against us, and I decided not to push the issue and turned and climbed the ladder. When I reached the top, I looked below. Bryan stood at the bottom of the ladder and tossed his underwear onto the pile of our clothes before following me.

He was halfway up the ladder when I turned and hurried into the treehouse. On the far side of the mattress, I had left a bath towel from an

earlier sleepover and I grabbed it and finished toweling myself dry when Bryan's silhouette was in the doorway. The room was dark and even though it was clear he was naked, I couldn't see anything but his form. But I didn't need to see his features to know he had to be miserable. I finished with the towel, so I held it out, "Come on in, Bry, and dry off."

His hands were covering his groin when he came over. There was a long moment of awkward hesitancy before he finally reached out and took the towel. I couldn't help myself. I chuckled, "Dude, it's too dark to see anything. Get dry; you'll feel better."

What would make me feel better was getting into one of the sleeping bags. The storm had brought a chill and even though I wasn't dripping water anymore, my skin was chilled. While Bryan dried off, I climbed into one of the sleeping bags. His teeth were chattering by the time he dropped the towel and unrolled the other sleeping bag.

I still felt some chill, so once he was in the bag I said, "Come here. We'll warm up faster if we cuddle together."

## Chapter 4

### Bryan

Even though Erin said it was too dark to see, I still felt her eyes on me as I climbed into her spare sleeping bag. It felt weird knowing she could see me naked, even if she said she couldn't see me. A part of me thought I wasn't being fair, though. After all, already I had seen her boobs several times. Granted, they were barely there, even so, I'd seen them.

Once I slid into the bag, she said, "Come here. We'll warm up faster if we cuddle together."

There it was again. She could have said, "Come on Bryan, we're going to jump off this bridge," and I probably would have followed her. Erin just had this way of about her that made me want to do whatever she asked and I scooted around in the sleeping bag until we pushed both bags together. I could feel her shoulder beside mine through the padded material.

Even though I had dried off and was in the sleeping bag, my teeth refused to stop clattering in my head. Erin rolled onto her side, facing me, "Damn, Bry. We gotta get you warm."

She caught me by surprise when she pulled her arms out of her bag and wrapped them around my neck and hugged me. The tops of our chests touched and warmth radiated out from there. Despite the roiling in my stomach at her touch, almost of their own volition, my arms went around her neck and I returned the hug.

Even though the rain thundered on the linoleum covered two-by-fours overhead, Erin's treehouse didn't leak. Of course, it helped that her windows were shuttered, blocking both wind and rain. Even if it was at the expense of light. While the storm raged outside, we warmed up in each other's arms.

We hadn't talked since she put her arms around me. My eyes had finally adjusted to the dark and I could see her face, her shoulders and when I looked down, her chest pressed against mine. My mind turned to gibberish as it dawned on me, her boobs and my chest were touching. How she



couldn't hear or feel the rapid thunder of my heart in my ribcage was a mystery. Worse yet, part of me stirred to life, and I got a stiffy. I inched my butt back; I think I would have died of mortification right then if Erin realized I had popped a stiffy.

My mind grappled with something, anything to say to change the focus. "Um, this mattress is sweet. It's more comfortable than mine."

Erin's face was only a few inches from mine, and I could see all of her features. Her square jaw, dry lips, and green eyes. She said, "Yeah. Dad got this for me right after we finished building the treehouse. I can sleep here just as well as I can in my own bed. I like how it's big enough for both of us to spread out our sleeping bags."

She looked down and giggled, "Well, if we weren't snuggled up trying to keep warm."

Even though I hated how one part of my body was betraying me, I couldn't deny I enjoyed hugging her. The notion of spending the night on the mattress with her did nothing to solve the problem between my legs, because it sounded so much better than staying at home in the little ratty trailer. Since arriving in Zavalla, I had gotten an erection once in the shower with Danny and the other boys. That had been humiliating. And now, snuggled against Erin. Somehow, my instincts knew, even though I had no plans to let her see my stiffy, she wouldn't tease me. All these new thoughts floated through my head. I don't know if it was the thoughts or being so close to Erin, but I felt a lot warmer in the sleeping bag.

Erin still held me in the embrace when she said, "You know, Bry, you should spend the night. We can play Candy Land or Go Fish or maybe tell each other scary ghost stories."

I had only had one real friend before moving to Zavalla. Most of the kids in school hadn't even been "here's an invitation to my birthday party, please bring a gift when you come," friend. Davy was the exception. And toward the end, he had been obsessed with showing me he could shoot a few drops of watery semen. Erin wasn't like the other kids. She really wanted to hang out with me.

But I wasn't sure about spending the night. Oh, I wanted to. A lot. But I wasn't sure Granny would go for a sleepover at a girl's house. Still, I already knew I would ask. After all, it was for Erin. "That'd be cool. I can call and ask when the storm clears."

Erin's eyes sparkled, "Awesome." She hugged me ever tighter, our faces were cheek to cheek. Then she surprised me. She turned her head and kissed my cheek. It was only a peck, but it sent a thrill through my body.

Most summer storms blow themselves out almost as quick as they form over East Texas. But after a couple of hours, the rain was unrelenting as it pounded on the roof. We eventually stopped hugging because we were both warm in our bags. We had exhausted the topic of the sleepover and even shared a ghost story. But by then, the peanut butter and jelly sandwich from lunch was only a hungry memory. My stomach growled loud enough for Erin to hear and I said, "Is there anything to eat out here? I could eat a horse."

Erin propped herself on an elbow, the sleeping bag coming up to above her stomach, "Only a can of Spam. It's," she held her watch close to her face, "after seven. Mom's bound to be passed out on the couch or in her bed. We can raid the fridge, find something to eat. Do you still want to ask your granny if you can stay over?"

I felt something stir between my legs at Erin's words, but I ignored it, hoping I'd not pop another stiffy. "Yeah. I can call her, if that's cool." But how were we going to get over there? Everything we had was at the foot of the tree, just as soaked as when we stripped naked.

My penis stirred again, threatening me with another stiffy, "Um, Erin, what about our clothes? They're soaked."

It wasn't so dark as I couldn't see the flush on her cheeks. She chewed on her lower lip before saying, "Well, we can run over to the house naked."

Damn! My stiffy pushed against the fabric of the sleeping bag, "What? We'd see each other, um, you know, our stuff. And what about your mom? What if she's not passed out drunk? She'd be pissed as hell."

From leaning on her elbow, Erin sat up on the mattress, her sleeping bag bunched up around her waist. "You've seen me without my shirt already. That doesn't bother me. We're friends now, so what's the big deal if we see the rest of each other?"

My penis twitched. I could think of one big deal. Still, it was a revelation that Erin thought we were close enough now as friends to see each other's bodies. But what did that mean? When she said we were friends, was that some kind of secret girl code for being more than that? Was that why she wanted us to see each other naked? Or was it just the garden-variety friends that boys and girls sometimes made with each other?

If it was the first, the kind that implied kissing and touching, what would she think of me? I was only eleven to her thirteen. Compared to Davy or even the boys in the shower-room, I wasn't much to look at. The last time I had measured myself, my stiffy wasn't quite three inches. Compared to boys Erin's age, there was no way I would measure up. Filled with uncertainty, but not wanting to disappoint her, I mumbled, "I dunno, Erin. I guess not. It's just I'm not..."

Words failed me. As much as I was drawn to her, telling her how small I was, or worse, letting her see, embarrassed the hell out of me.

Erin leaned over toward me. I glanced down at her chest. Her nascent buds were only inches from my chest again. A thrill, like an electrical current ran through me when she rested a hand on my leg, "It's just you and me, Bry. Nobody else will see us."

I felt myself twitch under cover of the sleeping bag. I wanted her to understand my fear, but just telling her was more difficult than I imagined. I bit my lower lip almost hard enough to draw blood before I finally managed, "It's just, well, promise not to laugh at me when you see it."

Erin's eyes drifted to my covered crotch before she looked me in the eyes, "I'd never do that, Bry. I like you way too much to laugh at you, um..."

Her words faded even as her eyes remained on what was hidden below the sleeping bag. Finally, she shifted and sat up and slid out of her bag. Sure, it was dark because of the storm outside. But our eyes were adjusted. And

mine traveled from her tiny buds down her torso to her innie belly button. From there, six inches lower, was the edge of her puffy slit. Just like me, there wasn't a hint of hair to be seen. I guess I had assumed because she was older than me, that she would be further along into puberty.

Blushing furiously, Erin continued, "See, Bry. We're probably closer alike than you realized. I promise I won't laugh."

Her magnetism drew me in and even though I was still terrified of her seeing my little stiffy, for Erin, I was willing to face my fears. I sat up and then stood, leaving the sleeping bag on the mattress. All nearly three inches of my stiffy pointed to the roof and reflexively, my hands covered it.

Erin tore her eyes away from my crotch, "Cool. You ready to make a run for it?"

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## **Erin**

I did my best to ignore the fluttering in my stomach. Bryan covered his little boner almost as soon as it popped into view. He was the first boy I'd ever seen naked, and he was gorgeous. When he nodded, he was ready, I went to the door and opened it. A blast of spray hit me, sending a chill through my body. I hurried to the ladder and went down. The wooden rungs were slick, so I had no choice but to take my time. The last thing I wanted was to slip.

On the ground, I looked up. Bryan started down the ladder. I could see his butt, his little ball-sack and even his penis. He was still hard, and it bounced with each rung of the ladder as he lowered himself. I had felt this tingling in my stomach before. The handful of times Wendy and I fooled around, I'd felt this way. The heat was strongest below my stomach, just inside the puffy lips of my pussy. It was because of Wendy that I didn't mind letting Bryan see me. Those times she and I spent the night at her house, we had showered together, played games in her room together and slept together in the nude. The things we had done to each other in her bed were how I knew my body's signs; knew I was being drawn to this beautiful young boy.

Once Bryan reached the ground, I grabbed his hand and ran toward the darkened house. I had run the distance hundreds of times and knew every step of the way; I could have run it blindfolded. When we reached the back of the house, I felt a sense of relief and respite once we stood under the patio cover. I held up a finger, "I'm going to check and see if my mom is out yet."

I opened the door and gave Bryan a smile before stepping into the house. Before turning away from him, I noticed his boner had gone away while we ran. Even though it was dark, it wasn't so dark that I couldn't see the delightful little noodle hanging down in front of his small ball-sack. I had to turn away. If I hadn't been wet from the rain, I'm sure I would have been wet from the emotions wracking me right then. I pushed those thoughts aside as I made my way from the dining area into the living room.

The TV was playing *The Love Boat*, and Mom was exactly where I expected her to be. She was passed out. A bottle of Jack Daniels stood half-empty on the coffee table. Part of me wanted to be angry at her, to yell, scream and cuss at her for retreating into a shell after my dad's death. There had been a time when I had needed her, and she wasn't there.

But now, with Bryan waiting outside, there was only relief. I returned to the back door and waved him in. When I flipped on the light to the kitchen, the shadows fled and both of our bodies were exposed to each other. I grinned when the boy's hands shot back to cover his charms. I tried not to blush, "I told you. Mom's shit-faced drunk in the living room. We could have an orgy on the coffee table and she'd be fucking clueless."

The look of confusion on Bryan's face was a reminder that he was younger than me and didn't know everything I had already discovered. He didn't ask any questions, and I thought it better to focus on what brought us to the house. I opened the fridge and smiled, "Jackpot, Bry. There's meatloaf and mashed potatoes."

I retrieved them from the fridge and put the meatloaf into the microwave. The look of wonder on Bryan's face surprised me, "What?"

He forgot his nakedness for a moment and pointed at the microwave. "Is that a microwave?"

They were still new in 1980. Dad had bought it for Mom a couple of years before. It had been hideously expensive, more than a thousand dollars. If Bryan was living with his mom and Granny in a trailer, no wonder he hadn't seen one.

"Yeah. Comes in handy warming up leftovers."

When the microwave dinged, I swapped the mashed potatoes for the meatloaf and set the timer again. While the potatoes cooked, I pointed to the phone on the wall between the kitchen and dining room, "You still want to do the sleepover, there's a phone to call your granny."

Bryan was trying to look everywhere else but at me. But he failed badly, and I liked it. Even though he held a cupped hand over his penis, I could tell he was halfway between soft and hard. "Y-, yeah. Let me call her."

The boy grabbed the phone off the hook and dialed a number. A moment later, he said, "Hi, Granny."

After a moment of silence, he replied, "I'm good. Y-, yeah, stayed out of the storm. I'm over at my friends, Eri-, um, Eric's. Is it okay if I spend the night?"

Bryan's cheeks were crimson, he had turned his body so that his penis was hidden from me, after a moment he said, "Cool. Good night. I'll see you tomorrow."

There was no doubt in my mind, I really liked Bryan. An awful lot. But listening to that phone call, my estimation of the boy shot up. "Oh, shit, Bry. That was fucking awesome. Eric? That shit's great."

How it was possible for him to grow even redder was beyond me. I felt heat growing within me as his eyes returned to my body. He stammered, "W-, well, she said yes."

I grabbed my backpack and put the bowls of leftovers in it, as well as a couple of Coke bottles, and turned out the lights, throwing the kitchen back into darkness. Bryan was still standing by the phone, leaving a narrow space between him and the bar. I should have let him move or turned and faced away as I moved past him. Instead, my chest bumped against his and

I felt something hit my thigh. He gasped and pulled back against the wall as I muttered, "Shit, Bry. I'm sorry."

A long moment passed before he responded, "It's okay. I should have moved."

The door was closed, and we were under the patio when I realized I was glad he hadn't moved. The touch of our bodies had sent a tingle through my body the likes of which Wendy had never given me. There would be time enough to explore what those feeling meant later. For now, we needed to get back to the treehouse and eat. "Come on, Bry. Let's go!"

Laden down with dinner, I wasn't able to run back. The storm had slacked off a bit, but the water remained cold and by the time we reached the ladder, we were both ready to get back under the covers of the sleeping bags. As I climbed up first, a quick glance below showed Bryan looking up at me. Even though I was wet and cold, that heat between my legs returned. It wasn't so dark that he couldn't see between my legs. Could he see the plump smoothness of my pussy squeezed between my legs? I wondered what he thought of me. Was he developing similar feelings for me as I felt for him?

I waited until he was most of the way up the ladder before turning and going into the treehouse. I used the damp towel to dry off as best as I could. I was still cold, and I wanted to climb into one of the sleeping bags, but first, I found the Coleman lantern. There were matches with it, and within a few moments, I had it lit and spreading a cheery light throughout the room.

When I turned around, Bryan was toweling himself dry. He was soft again, just a little noodle. His penis endlessly fascinated me. How it went from soft to hard and back to soft so often. I doubted I'd ever tire of seeing it.

He glanced up at me and the flush in his cheeks returned as he took in my body. He dropped the towel and climbed onto the bed, where he shimmied into one of the sleeping bags. I placed my backpack on the mattress and climbed inside my bag, enjoying the warmth that enveloped my covered parts. Still, we were going to eat, so it was easier to sit in the sleeping bag than to lie down.

I unzipped the backpack and fished out the bowls and forks. I hadn't thought to bring plates, so I pulled the lids off and handed him a fork, "We'll eat family-style, from the bowls."

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## **Bryan**

Eating family style with Erin wasn't that different from sharing a bucket of fried chicken. Well, except the leftovers were tasty and Erin and I were naked, even though we were both sitting inside the sleeping bags. So, maybe not that much like sharing a bucket of fried chicken after all.

As I ate meatloaf from the same bowl as Erin, my eyes kept traveling to the bunched up sleeping bag. Seeing her earlier had been a revelation; She was the only girl I saw naked. Her smooth pubic area and hairless slit surprised me. She was already thirteen, and there were boys in my class that had hair. Didn't girls mature faster than us?

"Hey, whatcha thinking about, Bry?"

My eyes flew from her crotch back to Erin's face. I hoped my face hadn't given my thoughts away as I floundered, "The meatloaf is great. Did you fix it by yourself?"

A smile played on her lips. The heat on my cheeks must have given me away. "I helped, but when Mom's not shit-faced, she's actually a great cook. I put the butter in the mashed potatoes and mixed them up in the mixing bowl."

I spooned some potatoes and shoved them in my mouth as my eyes went back to the mystery hidden by the sleeping bag. She took a couple of bites before leaving her fork in the meatloaf bowl, "Hey, Bry?"

"Huh?"

Erin grabbed the bunched-up part of her sleeping bag, "Do you want to see me again?"

My eyes grew round. Was she saying what I thought she was? "What?"



“You’ve been staring at me throughout dinner. You saw me naked earlier, but if you want a closer look, you can have it. I don’t mind.”

I probably looked like I had been struck by a poleax. My mouth opened and closed, but nothing came out. Erin took me completely by surprise. Finally, she added, “Well, do you? I don’t mind you seeing my pussy.”

My voice was still MIA, but I managed to nod, and was rewarded by Erin sliding out of her sleeping bag. The wind had stopped rattling the shutters, and the temperature was at least ten degrees warmer than when we first came in from the rain.

Erin stretched her legs out on both sides of the bowls of leftovers, giving me an unobstructed view of her parts. Earlier, when she stood, all I could see was the top of her slit, but sitting with her legs open wide, I could see a small bit of skin just inside the top of what looked like puffy lips. Inside the lips, her skin glistened pink. Toward the end of the slit was an indentation leading inside her body. And like me, she didn’t have any hair at all down there. I was mesmerized.

If I hadn’t already been erect, the view she gave me would have made me pop a stiffy. Instinctively, I knew I needed to say something. But seeing what Erin had turned an already mushy brain to goo, I managed a feeble, “Shit. Wow!”

Erin leaned forward, making the lips spread apart a bit more, and the indentation opened and I could actually see her tiny vagina. She said, “You couldn’t stop staring. It only seemed fair. You know what else seems fair?”

I shook my head, “Wha-?”

Her fingers snaked out and gripped my sleeping bag, “For you to climb out of the sleeping bag and let me see you.”

“B-, but you’ve already seen me. I’m not—”

Erin cut me off, “It’s just the two of us, dude. I don’t care if you think you’re small. What I saw earlier was really cute and, well, I want to see it again.”

I was gob smacked by Erin’s words. A few heartbeats passed before she added, “Please, Bry. I won’t tell a soul.”

When she tugged on the sleeping bag, I let her as I shifted my butt until I was out of the sleeping bag. I wanted to pull my knees up and cover myself. But Erin sat, exposed in all her radiant glory. I stretched my legs and spread them, giving her the same look she had given me.

Erin smiled, "I think your, um, thing, is cute."

I looked down at my groin. My modest not-quite-three inches pointed toward the ceiling, giving Erin a perfect view. My face was hot to the touch, even as I thought about her comment. She hadn't laughed or said I was small. Wait? She liked it? No way!

I stammered, "Y-, you d- don't think it's too small?"

Erin shook her head as she leaned even closer, "Well, to be fair, I've never seen another boy's stuff. But you look really nice."

Now that I found my voice, maybe it was time to do better than shit and wow, "So do you. Really nice."

Erin's features relaxed, "Cool. Most of the other girls in my class call me lezbo behind my back. Shit, some girls don't wait to do it behind me. A lot of it is because I dress like a tomboy and wear boys' clothes. But at least boys' clothes let me hide just how small my boobs are."

I felt like she was opening her heart to me, "That's stupid to call you names like that just because you wear boys' clothes."

She blushed, "Well, I got caught kissing another girl earlier this spring. Adding that on top of the boys' clothes may have been part of the reason."

I couldn't believe my ears, "You kissed a girl?"

I'm sure my mom probably gave me kisses when I was a baby. But I didn't remember that far back. Nobody had ever kissed me since then. The admission was a reminder Erin was older and more experienced than me.

She nodded, "Yeah, and we saw each other a few times, just like you and me. But you and Wendy are the only people I've ever seen naked this close."

I didn't know Wendy, but I felt jealous at the news. It was an irrational emotion. Me and Davy had probably done the same things together that Erin had done with Wendy. I resolved to not think of Davy or Wendy.

Now that dinner was over, and the coke bottle set empty beside the mattress, my bladder reminded me of its presence. "Where can I go to the bathroom?"

Erin asked, "Piss or poop?"

"Piss."

She grinned, "Good thing. When I have'ta shit, I usually go into the house. Maybe we can make an outhouse for the treehouse. For now, when I gotta piss, I go down and find a bush or something."

I sighed unhappily. Even though I was naked and the room had eventually become warm and cheery, I didn't relish the idea of going back into the rain, even though it sounded as though the worst of the storm was over. Erin reached over and took me by the hand and pulled me to my feet, "Come on, we'll go together. I gotta pee too."

## Chapter 5

### Erin

When I reached the ground, the rain fell gently, like any other summer rain. While I needed to pee, the idea of seeing Bryan pee was all I could think about. Can boys pee with a boner? He fascinated me, and I couldn't shake the image of his boner popping into view earlier. While I had nothing to compare it to, I liked it even more than I had enjoyed seeing Wendy naked. And that was quite a bit.

I waited for Bryan to reach the ground before I asked, "Can I watch you pee?"

He scrunched his eyebrows, confused. I added, "I've never seen a boy pee before."

"Um, I guess so."

I ignored the doubt in his voice, and said, "I'll show you how I do it."

Bryan responded enthusiastically, "Okay!"

He stepped around the tree and took hold of his still erect penis as I looked on. He stared down for a bit until a dribble of urine fell from his penis. The dribble turned into a light flow before finally turning back into a dribble. He finally glanced over at me, "It's difficult to pee when I got a stiffy. Your turn."

I thought it was cute that he peed against the tree. It reminded me of a puppy marking his territory for the first time. I said, "Crouch down and I'll show you what it looks like when I pee."

Bryan squatted in front of me. Usually, when I peed outside, I would pull my shorts and panties down and squat to do my business. Naked, I didn't need to do that. I took a step closer to Bryan and then spread my legs. When I looked down, a thrill went through me. His face was a handsbreadth away from my pussy when I started.

The boy rewarded me with a loud gasp, followed by, "Holy shit. That's cool!"

Once I finished, I reached down and took Bryan by the arms and pulled him to his feet. We were almost toe to toe. Only a few inches separated us, and when I glanced down and saw his penis pointing toward my face, I became hot with longing. Sure, I'd had powerful feelings for Wendy back before the end of school. But those feelings were nothing compared to what surged through me at that moment.

I moved my hands up and grabbed his arms, then I leaned toward him and kissed him.

Bryan jumped and his feet took a step back as the most surprised look crossed his features. "What?"

I just knew I had stepped in it. I let go of him, "Oh, fuck. I'm sorry, Bry. I should have asked. I just wanted to kiss you."

He raised a hand to his face and his fingers played across his lips as the shocked look faded. "I-, uh, I've never been kissed, Erin."

Mentally, I swore inside my head. I really had fucked up and ruined Bryan's first kiss. "Dude, I'm so sorry. I didn't know. It's just I really like you and thought you liked me, and thought you'd want..."

It wasn't often I was at a loss for words, but I didn't know how to make things right between us.

With a light rain falling and drenching us, he slowly closed the distance between us, stopping a couple of feet away, "You like me like that? Like me enough to kiss?"

He really didn't have a clue what he was doing to me. His incredulous tone told me he hadn't understood my feelings. Boys! Still, I liked this one more than I could understand. I nodded, "Yeah."

The corners of his mouth slowly turned upward, "Wow. I like you too, Erin. A lot. Um, I wasn't ready before, but if you want to kiss me again, you can."

Funny, some girls would have been pissed the boy didn't lead out. I actually liked how he asked me to try again. I stepped close until our toes touched. Much slower this time, I leaned in until I felt my lips on his. He puckered his lips, just like you'd expect a boy who had only seen kisses on

TV would do. Thanks to my practice with Wendy, I kissed him the way I would want to be kissed.

It was awkward and ended in a heartbeat. But my lips tingled and my body felt like it was full of electricity. My voice was breathy, "How was that? Better?"

Bryan nodded, a look of wonder on his face, "Y-, yeah. That was really cool."

A smile split my face, "I thought so too."

I didn't want this time to end. We were already soaked; we couldn't get any wetter. I just wanted to walk hand-in-hand with him in the dark. Fortunately, the rain actually felt like a summer rain should now that the worst of the storm had passed. I slipped my hand into Bryan's, "This is what a summer rain looks like. Let's stay out here and enjoy it for a bit."

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## **Bryan**

After donning our soaked shoes, we walked through the thicket of trees, navigating around mud puddles while trying to stay on grass or pine needles. Erin never let go of my hand as she led me around. I was on cloud nine. I had actually kissed a girl! I could scarcely believe it. A real kiss. It amazed me that a pretty girl like Erin, who would be in the eighth grade once school started back up in the fall, would like a shrimp like me, who wouldn't even turn twelve until the end of August.

Those thoughts took me back to when I was still in elementary school. My stepdad, Bill, told me not to look a gift horse in the mouth. The expression had confused me and he had to explain the idea behind the Trojan Horse. I still recalled my confused response, "But if letting the wooden horse into the city is what made their enemies win, why shouldn't we look a gift horse in the mouth?"

Bill had just laughed and tousled my shaggy hair, "Good point. But here's the deal, if something happening to you is good, try not to overthink things, and enjoy it."

I was glad for the gentle rain. I looked into the night sky and let the rain wash away the tears. The way my mom ripped me away from my stepdad was still an open wound. But Bill was right. I shouldn't overthink things. If Erin really liked me, who was I to complain? I thought she was just about the coolest person in my world. That didn't really solve the confusion I felt inside, but it let me focus on enjoying the moment, walking hand-in-hand with this girl through the forest.

We eventually ended up back at the water's edge. The Angelina River ran high. We found the canoe still tied to the tree, but partially submerged.

Erin broke our silence, "Come on, Bry, we need to get the canoe up onto the shore. We're lucky it didn't float away in the storm."

Mostly full of water, the canoe didn't look like it was going anywhere, but who was I to argue with the girl who taught me how to canoe? I followed her into the murky water. Erin pointed to the gunwale beside her, "Grab right here, Bry."

Happy to do her bidding, I grabbed the ribbed aluminum, "Now what?"

She moved a few feet away from me and grabbed the same gunwale, "We need to turn the canoe onto its side. It'll let most of the water out."

I strained to lift our side of the canoe. Maybe it was my imagination, but I thought my muscles were getting stronger as we pulled the canoe onto its side. Erin scrambled to the bow, "Go to the stern, um, the back and push. I'll pull it onto the shore."

The canoe was easily fifteen feet long. By the time I reached the stern, I was chest deep in the murky water. My keds dug into the river bottom, but it was hard to find traction in the silty soil.

I did my best when Erin cried, "Push, Bryan!"

Despite the difficulty I had in finding traction on the river bottom, I still helped to inch the canoe forward. Once the aluminum bow crunched against the muddy back, Erin shouted, "Woo! We did it. Come around and help me pull it further."

On my way around the side of the canoe, I lost my footing, and I sank below the surface with barely enough time to yelp. When I got my feet under me again and popped above the surface, Erin was splashing toward me, “Dude, you okay?”

I tossed my head back and forth, sending a cascade of water from my unruly hair, “Yeah. I just slipped.”

The water was waist deep on Erin when she reached me, “Thank God. I was about to shit my pants if something happened to you.”

She was standing in front of me, every bit as naked as I was. I couldn’t help but giggle, “That’d be hard to do. No pants in which to shit.”

Despite the gloom and rain, Erin’s cheeks were flushed, “Yeah. I guess not.”

I’m not sure if the water was warm or if we had gotten used to the weather, but I wasn’t in a hurry to go back to the shore. Not with Erin standing so close. We were far enough away from the faster flowing water in the middle of the river, and even though I could feel the current rushing past my legs, I felt safe enough where I stood. I splashed some water on Erin, “You ever swim out here on the river?”

Erin splashed me, “Sometimes. Have you ever gone skinny dipping?”

It was my turn to blush, “N-, no. You?”

Erin stepped closer as she splashed me again, “Once here. I almost got caught. There was an old codger on his fishing boat who motored by while I was swimming naked. I stayed with only my head above the water until he was gone.”

“You lucked out.”

Erin splashed me again and stepped closer until she was only inches away from me. My stomach fluttered at how close she stood and I’d gotten a stiffy again. She said, “Normally, when it’s not been raining, you can swim all the way across the river.”

I expected her to try to kiss me again. But when she launched toward me, she grabbed me by my shoulders and pulled me under. When we came up, she was laughing as she snaked her arms around my back. Our bodies



pressed together. Her chest against mine, and my stiffy poking against her. The playful look on her face quickly faded, replaced by a surprised smile.

The look on Erin's face only made me more aware of her buds pushing against my chest and my stiffy trapped between my abs and her pelvis. While the feeling surging through me was exciting, I didn't know what to do.

Erin solved the dilemma. She leaned in and kissed me. This time, instead of puckering my lips, I tried to mirror her lips as they pressed to mine. It felt more natural than the first or second kiss. Apparently puckering your lips like a fish isn't how you kiss. Who knew? My heart raced within my ribcage as Erin's lips lingered on mine. I could taste the catsup and spices from the meatloaf in her kiss. A handful of heartbeats passed before Erin's lips pulled back.

She was breathing heavy, "Damn, dude. You're getting really good at kissing."

I flushed at her praise, "I like kissing you."

She gave me another peck on the lips and then released me from the intimate bear hug, "Cool. I like kissing you too. A lot. Let's stop playing around and get this damned boat onto the shore."

It took pushing and pulling, but we eventually pulled the canoe fully onto the shore, after which Erin said, "We'll come down tomorrow and lug it back toward the house. This'll work for now."

She took my hand in hers again, "Come on, cutie, you ready to head back to the treehouse?"

Furiously flushing at the impromptu nickname, I fell into step beside her as we walked through the gently falling rain.

Back in the treehouse, Erin grabbed the towel, which was still pretty damp, and towed herself dry. The way she wiped the cloth across her buds and then between her legs drew my eyes. Discovering how much I enjoyed seeing her made me feel good. Once she finished, she tossed the towel to me. I felt her eyes on my stiffy as I towed off. By now, it was easy to resist the compulsion to cover myself in front of her. Even so, I couldn't

remember another time, not even when Davy and I had fooled around, where I'd been as stiff for as long as I had been that night.

As I towed myself dry, Erin must have been reading my mind, "Um, Bri, do you get boners a lot?"

Hearing her call my stiffy a boner made me twitch. Sure, I had heard it called that by other boys in school. But until my sex-play with Davy, stiffies had been pretty uncommon. Now though, most mornings I woke up with one. Sure, Davy had taught me about jacking off, but there wasn't much privacy in Granny's trailer, and I couldn't make the white stuff, so it had been a while since I had done anything.

There didn't seem to be any reason to lie to Erin, "Sometimes. Why?"

She spread the sleeping bags over the mattress, "Just curious. The girls in my class talk about boys and their dicks a lot. But now, I'd never seen one. And you're hard a lot."

I wasn't sure if she approved or disapproved of my frequent stiffies. A bit defensively, I replied, "Well, you're looking at it and I get stiff when you do that."

Erin stretched out on her sleeping bag, putting her buds and pussy on full display. She gave me a coy smile, "Does it bother you when I look at you? I like you seeing me like this."

I was out of my element. I didn't know what to do with her admission she liked me looking at her. Or that she clearly liked looking my stiffy. Even though there was an electrical current of excitement in being naked with her, I don't know if my embarrassment entirely went away. But perhaps that embarrassment was partially responsible for those tingles and good feelings I felt from her gaze. I wanted to answer in a way that would make her happy. "N-, no. I don't mind you looking. But I don't think I can stop it from getting hard when you're looking. That okay?"

A grin spread over Erin's face, "Yeah. Like I said earlier, I think your, ah, dick is really cute. Especially when it's hard like that."

Even though the confusion didn't go away, I felt my lips curl up on their own, "I think you're really pretty too."

Once I settled himself next to her on the mattress, she arched her back, pushed her chest out, "You can touch them if you want."

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## **Erin**

I could scarcely believe I had the balls to tell Bryan he could touch my tiny buds. What was I thinking? Oh, I knew what I was thinking. Despite the things I had done with Wendy, despite the accusing stares of girls like Cheryl, I was falling for this eleven-year-old boy.

The offer caught Bryan off guard, "What?"

The look he gave me was one of shock; My confidence floundered and my smile faded, "Um, my tits. You can, if you want, touch them."

Bryan leaned forward, his boner bobbed, and he stammered, "Really?"

Maybe I had misjudged the moment. I sat up a little straighter and leaned toward him, "I mean, you don't have to if you don't want to," I said as my pulse raced, "It's just I thought you liked looking at them and it's kind of cool that you are, so I just wondered if you wanted to, um, touch 'em."

I don't think Bryan had a conniving bone in his body, still I could see something of a calculating expression on his face as several seconds passed before he finally bobbed his head, "Okay."

I inched toward him, closing the gap, and thrust my chest toward him. He hesitantly raised a hand and reached across the half-dozen inches separating us. A charge like an electrical current flowed through me as his finger brushed against one of my nipples. I knew I wasn't anything to look at. The tips of my nipples were hardly any larger than Bryan's. My areolas, such as they were, were not very distinct from my nipples, and only the skin under the nipple was slightly puffy. And all of this had started after my dad died; within the past month or two. I could still get away without wearing an undershirt and, according to Wendy, I was probably a year away from needing an honest-to-god bra.

I adored the look of wonder on Bryan's face. As his finger touched me, they shook. This was affecting him every bit as much as it was me. I bit back a

moan as he his voice tremored, “L-, like this?”

That moan slipped out as I nodded. “Y-, yeah. Like that. They’re really small right now. But they’ll eventually get bigger.”

Even though Bryan seemed to enjoy himself, I heard longing in my voice. I don’t know where it came from, but for this beautiful, lovely boy, I wished I was bigger, that I would have a figure to compete with other girls. I wanted to be the only girl he thought was sexy, and that just wasn’t my body. Not yet.

Bryan reached out with his other hand and his fingers brushed against both my nipples. That air of wonderment filled his voice, “I-, I think they’re beautiful, Erin. Thanks.”

I let my head fall back as he played with my slight buds. I was in heaven. For now, at least Bryan didn’t seem to care, and that was enough for my fragile sense of femininity. I murmured, “Cool. I’m glad you like them. They like your touch.”

My chest tingled, and I felt a familiar dampness between my legs. Oh, God, he was so turning me on. I looked down and saw his boner bobbing between us. Bryan deserved to know the pleasure his touch gave me. I put my hand on his leg, between his knee and hip, “Can I...”

If there was any chance he could misinterpret my stalled-out question, it evaporated when I slid my hand along his thigh. Bryan’s eyes flitted from my tits to his boner and back again before he breathed, “Y-, yeah.”

To show he wasn’t just going along, he spread his legs wide as he leaned back on his hands. He was completely exposed and open to me. I moved in until my face was less than a foot away. He was so hard. “Does it ever hurt when it gets like that?”

A smile played across the boy’s face, “Only when I get a stiffy in my pants. Even then, it doesn’t hurt that bad.”

It was my turn now. My fingers touched his helmet shaped glans. The tingle ran up my arm, through my body, and came to rest between my legs. Bryan’s eyes fluttered as a silent gasp slipped through his lips.

The tip of his finger was at once entirely foreign and yet achingly familiar to me. I didn't begin to understand, except that I enjoyed touching him. "Your, um, thing, it feels spongy."

Bryan breathed rapidly, "Yeah, but the rest is super stiff."

Taking that as permission, my hand moved, my fingers sliding over the bulbous bullet-shaped head, the rough texture of where he had been circumcised, until I gently wrapped my fingers around the smooth hardness of his shaft; it was thicker than a Number 2 pencil, but a lot thinner than one of those fat pieces of chalk some teachers used; perhaps the side and length of my index finger. And I was in heaven as I slid my fingers up and down it a couple of times. Bryan hissed in pleasure.

My brain was in overload, "Oh, yeah. That's fucking hard as a rock."

Bryan giggled.

I looked up at his smiling face, "What?"

"You're touching my stiffy and you said fuck."

Our laughter was a catharsis; a bond between us. The look he gave me must have matched mine. We both wanted this. I slid along his shaft, "My friend Wendy has a cousin, Kyle. And one time, last summer, she caught him jacking off. Do you jack off?"

Bryan's eyebrows knitted in thought. I had expected a simple yes or no. But after several heartbeats he nodded slightly, "Y-, yeah. My friend Davy taught me how before me and Mom moved here."

I could tell from the way he said it, there was a lot that Bryan was skipping over. Who was I to judge or question him. After all, the intimacy I shared with Wendy is what gave me the confidence to let Bryan touch me.

I squeezed him just enough to pull the skin of his shaft up and down as I jacked him off. The look of bliss on Bryan's face was all the permission I needed. "Wendy actually jacked her cousin off once and told me all about it. Am I doing it right?"

Bryan bit his lower lip as he nodded. My pussy tingled and nobody was touching me down there. I could only imagine the good feelings surging

through his body. I had been jacking him off for less than a minute when he moaned and threw his head back, "Ahh, fuck!"

How Bryan managed it, I'll never understand, but his dick seemed to get slightly bigger and even harder. Then it spasmed in my hand as another moan ripped from his mouth. I couldn't believe it. I was making a boy cum and driving him crazy while doing it.

A few spasms later, he collapsed on the sleeping bag, spent. From Wendy's after-action report with her cousin, I knew boys could make lots of gooey, white semen. But even though I had just made him cum, nothing shot out of Bryan's dick.

"How was your cum?"

Bryan's eyes fluttered open, and he gave me a radiant smile, "Best ever. Wow."

I rested my hand on his stomach, which was rapidly rising and falling, "But you didn't shoot anything."

He shrugged, "Davy could shoot his stuff. It was clear and slimy. He said I'd eventually make cum. I haven't yet."

It took a moment to think this through and a smile spread across my face, this eleven-year-old, for whom I was, was still on the cusp of puberty. Given my own developmental delays, I liked the fact that we were pretty much in the same boat.

Before I could think of any more questions to ask or anything else to do, Bryan yawned. Seeing him do it, I couldn't control my mouth and I yawned, too. I patted his stomach, "Shit, Bryan, your yawning is contagious. I guess it's getting late."

The boy's jaw popped before he finally managed to shut his mouth, "Yeah. I dunno why, but I got tired after you, ah, jacked me off."

I leaned down until our faces were only inches apart. He whispered, "I'm really glad you found me last week. You're the best."

My response was pressing my lips to his. He was definitely getting kissing down. When I broke the kiss, we both slid under the covers of our sleeping

bags. I heard his even breathing within a minute or two. It took me a little longer to fall asleep. But as I drifted off, it was to images of the beautiful, naked boy sleeping next to me.

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## Chapter 6

### Bryan

“If you’re going to smoke that shit, get it out of the house, goddammit!”

I clenched my teeth in frustration. Granny’s voice practically rattled the trailer. Mom hadn’t had a shift at the local diner in a couple of days and was bored. And like usual, when his mom got bored, she smoked. And if the sound of his granny’s voice was any indication, Mom was smoking weed.

I closed my Sgt. Rock comic and grabbed a tank top from the floor. I held it to my nose; it passed the smell test, and I pulled it on and closed the door to my cramped bedroom. Granny sat in her old recliner, facing the TV. Bob Barker was on the screen telling some contestant to come on down.

I found Mom sitting on the steps of the trailer. The sweet-spicy odor of weed assaulted my senses when I walked down the cinder-block stairs. Mom’s eyes were glassy when she looked up at me, “Oh, hi, honey. You off to play?”

Her eyes were bloodshot and red-rimmed. She and some guy she had met at one of the local bars had come home last night late. Her room was at one end of the trailer, next to mine. They had been loud, fucking a couple of times before her hook-up had left and I finally fell asleep.

I wanted to yell at her, tell her to go over to that guy’s place if they were going to fuck all night. But I didn’t want to get the shit beat out of me, and thought it best to just answer the question, “Yeah. Gonna go hang out with Eri-, Erik. You working tonight?”

Mom took a hit on the blunt and blew the smoke away from me, “I think so. May see if Jimmy Todd wants to hang out afterward.”

I turned away and took a step toward the road to hide my grimace. I didn’t know if I could take another night of moans and her bed shaking. My mask slipped, “You going over to his place after work?”

A hitch in Mom’s throat told me I had gone too far. Her voice was icy, “No. Why?”



I wanted to kick myself for stirring her anger. I also wanted to unload on her and tell her how her choices were fucking my life up. But I couldn't. After all, if she hadn't moved us back to Zavalla, I would never have met Erin. We were fast becoming more than just best friends.

We went into town the day before to trade in some Coke bottles for their deposits, and that had been a couple of days after the rainstorm, which had led to the most amazing night of my life. My feelings for Erin for were complicated. It felt good to have a friend, especially after the rough month since moving to town. But the feelings I had for Erin new to me.

Instead of answering Mom directly, still facing away, I said, "It's nothing. Do you mind if I spend the night over at Eric's?"

Some moms would have said, "Let me talk to his mom." Not my mom. She shrugged, "Suit yourself."

With that out of the way, I grabbed my bike and headed toward the road. A couple of minutes later, I veered off the road and rode over patches of grass and pine needles toward the tree house. I sighed, wishing I could sort out my emotions, because I wasn't about to stop hanging out with Erin, no matter my inner confusion.

I jumped off my bike as it rolled to a stop under the treehouse. I laid it against the tree and called, "Erin, you around?"

The surrounding trees absorbed the sound. The only response was a pair of robins chirping happily in a nearby tree. I called the girl's name a couple of more times before climbing the ladder. There was no way I was going back home. Even so, I didn't know how Erin would handle me going into the treehouse. So, I did the next best thing and sat on the outer ledge that ran around the outside of the treehouse, dangling my legs over the edge. I was well on my way to overcoming my fear of heights, and now hanging my legs off the ledge only bothered me a little.

I lay my head back, resting it against the treehouse wall. This was the first time I hadn't found her here when I arrived. I debated with myself whether I should go over to her house and knock. I hadn't made my mind up when my eyes closed and I drifted off to sleep.

A voice gently massaged my consciousness, "Hey, Bry."

I heard it a couple of more times. Then Erin's voice got loud, "Dude, wake up."

My eyes shot open to a canopy of leaves masking the rising sun. Then Erin's angular face filled my vision. Her strands of sun-bleached blonde hair were messily parted to her right. When she smiled at me, my heart warmed. I was never happier to see her.

"Oh, hi."

Erin sat beside me and dangled her legs over the side, "How's it hanging, Bry?"

I sat up, rubbing the back of my head where it had rested against the treehouse wall, "Okay, I guess."

She gave me a mischievous grin, "No, dude. You're supposed to say, 'Mighty low,' or something like that."

This was new to me. "Why?"

She leaned against me, her bare shoulder touching mine. We both wore tank-tops that had better fit us last year. Her voice was low, conspiratorial, and also filled with mirth, "What do you have that hangs down?"

It finally clicked. "My balls?"

Erin rested a hand on my knee, "Ding, ding! Give the man a prize." Then she repeated her question, "So, Bry, how's it hanging?"

I couldn't help giggling. I was glad to have my friend beside me, "Um, really low?"

Erin burst out laughing, "You're so much fun, Bry. How long have you been waiting?"

The sun was blocked, but it was warmer than it had been when I arrived, "Dunno. A while, I guess. Where were you?"

"I had to take the kids for a swim and take a shower."

Listening to Erin was an education unto itself. "Kids? For a swim?"

She leaned against me, laughing until she squeaked out, “Oh, jeez, you’re too much, man. Taking the kids for a swim means I was taking a shit.”

If it had been anyone other than Erin, I would have been angry. But not with her. “Oh. I hadn’t heard that before. So, what do you want to do today?”

“There’s a cool place up-river from here. You wanna see it?” Erin said as she climbed to her feet.

She could have told me we were going to go hunting slugs or looking for toxic sewage and I would have been game. So long as we could hang out together. “Sure.”

On the way back to her house, she said, “We need to pack a lunch, grab the sunscreen. We’ll be gone most of the day.”

My shoulders were chilled as she made baloney sandwiches. His mom really kept the A/C low. As if thinking of her would make her appear, Erin’s mom shuffled into the kitchen. Her eyes were red and bloodshot, “Good morning, pumpkin. Who’s your little friend?”

I felt a moment of déjà vu. It had only been a couple of days since I met Erin’s mom. My friend’s eyes narrowed and her nose flared. “This is Bryan. He’s a friend from school.”

Over the past week, spending so much time with her, I was learning to tell when the girl was upset. The flare of her nostrils was one of her tells. And her nostrils were flaring. Instead of responding, she opened the fridge and handed her mom a bottle of beer. Her mom popped the top and took a drink. Her eyes lost focus for a moment as she took another swig. Then she looked over at me, “Good morning, pumpkin. Who’s your little friend?”

Erin sent a warning look at me and shook her head, “This is Bryan, Mom. Why don’t you go watch TV?”

Once we had the Igloo cooler packed with sandwiches and drinks, we were out the back door, heading to the river. Erin cast one glance behind her, “When she drinks, she forgets things. And she’s almost always drinking. The booze really fucks with her memory.”

I dodged an ant pile, “Does she work?”

Erin shook her head, “Before Dad got sick, she did. But since then, she gets money from the government for me and a check from Dad’s insurance policy for herself.

We hadn’t moved the canoe since the storm. The river was back at its regular level, so we had to push it about twenty feet back into the water. Once she set the Igloo in the canoe, Erin retrieved the Coppertone bottle, “Before long, we’ll be tanned enough that we won’t get burned. But until then, we best put this stuff on.”

She pulled her tank-top off and squirted the goop onto her chest and rubbed it in. “There’s not usually anyone fishing up river. And if they are, they’ll probably think I’m a boy.”

I certainly wasn’t going to let Erin be the only shirtless person in the canoe. I tossed my shirt into the boat and took a dollop from the bottle and rubbed it across my chest. When I finished, she turned her back to me, “Get me good back there, Bry. Then I’ll get you.”

I loved the feel of her silky skin under my lotion-covered fingers. Touching her like that made me hard. But I was wearing my favorite cut-offs, so there was little risk of being seen. Once I finished smearing her back with the stuff, she returned the favor. When done, she pointed toward my seat, “Come on, let’s get out of here.”

The river flowed languidly along with barely a current. Working our way against it wasn’t very hard; Erin was a strong paddler. After an hour of paddling, Erin scanned the side of the river as though looking for something. She used her paddle to point to a tree covered peninsula that curved out from the west bank. It was shaped like a fishing hook, creating a natural J. She steered us into the inlet created by the peninsula.

Grassy spots were interspersed among the trees on the peninsula. Erin pointed at one spot, “That’s where we’ll eat lunch. Dad and I used to come here and have picnics.”

She steered us toward the spot. Once the bow touched the shore, I jumped out and tied the canoe to one of the trees. Once I secured the boat, I

studied the cove formed by the curving peninsula. Cut off from the rest of the river, there was no visible current. Also, without the current carrying silt, the water was clearer. I could see the bottom out to a depth of several feet, something that wasn't possible in the rest of the river.

By the time I finished taking in the tranquil surroundings, Erin had spread a blanket over the grass and set the Igloo next to it. "Whatcha think of this?"

She was right. Unless you knew about this place, you'd never know it by cruising up and down the river. "I think it's pretty tight."

Erin grinned as she shimmied out of her shorts. She wore a pair of white panties. When she saw the stunned expression on my face, she quipped, "It's more comfortable this way. Nobody's going to come into this inlet, Bry. The times my dad brought me here, we never saw a soul."

While Erin sat down in just her panties and rooted through the cooler for our sandwiches, I followed her lead and came out of my shorts. Except for the fly at the front, my briefs and her panties looked almost the same.

After devouring a sandwich, Erin leaned back, "I haven't come here since my dad died. But coming up here, I feel closer to him than anywhere else. We'd go swimming here when we had our picnics."

At the word swimming, I realized we didn't bring any swimsuits, "You plan on swimming?"

She dipped her head, "Sure. Why not? This is perfect swimming weather."

"But we didn't bring swimsuits."

"So? We'll go skinny dipping."

I plopped the last of my sandwich in my mouth at that. I had nothing clever to say. Plus, I should have known. Erin told me before, she enjoyed skinning dipping in the river. She probably thought I was on board with it, too. The truth was, I was. Well, the part about being naked together. The swimming part would take some getting used to.

"Um, okay."

My hesitancy came through. She leaned over and even though we were alone, she whispered, "It'll be fun. We can see each other naked."

She punctuated her words with a quick kiss and then grabbed her panties and tugged them off. My breath was caught in my throat at the sight of those pale lips between her legs. Before I knew it, she gripped the elastic band on my underwear, "Please, Bry. It'll be fun."

Was she asking me please about going skinning dipping or because she was poised to pull my underwear off? Throughout most of lunch, my penis had given me a break. But as I felt her fingers against my hips, the blood flowed back in, turning it stiff. "O-, okay."

She tugged at my underwear, sliding the front part down. She pulled the elastic away from my skin far enough for my stiffy to pop free. When I lifted my butt, the back side of my underwear slid down and she made quick work, tossing them aside.

I caught my hands as they wanted to cover myself, and just rested them on my hips. I may not be sure about getting in the water naked, but the way it felt to have Erin staring at me felt incredible, and I was happy to just lay there and be stared at.

After a couple of minutes, Erin took my hand and pulled, "Okay, we can fool around later, I want to go swimming now."

I was still processing her words that we would fool around later, as she dragged me to my feet and into the water. Summers in East Texas could be brutally hot and humid. And the water felt amazing. Once I was in past my waist, Erin let go and swam into the inlet's deeper water.

It took a few minutes for me to stop worrying about whether there were snakes in the water or a snapping turtle swimming around that ate penises. Erin's energy was contagious. We were soon splashing water at each other. That led to wrestling in water up to our chests. She was bigger, stronger, but I still dunked her almost as often as she did me.

By the time we finally dragged ourselves out of the water, the skin on our fingers was wrinkled and I collapsed with a tired sigh on the blanket. Erin

went down on all fours before turning on her side and laying against me, “How was that, Bry?”

I couldn’t believe I had ever been scared of skinny dipping. I would happily strip off my clothes and follow Erin into any pool of water she chose. “You were right. It was fun.”

She kissed my cheek, “Turn on your side, Bry. Let’s kiss some more.”

When I rolled onto my side, our faces were even with each other. I could feel Erin’s buds against my chest. My stiffy lay flat, smashed between Erin’s lower abs and my pubic bone. She murmured, “Yeah, you feel good, Bry.”

“Y-, you too.”

Her lips pushed against mine. Every time we kissed, I tried to figure out what Erin did and then copy it. I had stopped puckering like a fish several kisses before. Now, my lips formed the same O as Erin’s. Then she did something I didn’t expect. Her tongue pushed through my kiss, straight into my mouth. Right away, I realized this was something more. I had watched enough TV and movies and knew what a French kiss was. There was something more sexual about a French kiss than just a regular, and my lips opened wider to give Erin easier access to my mouth.

My mouth tingled as her tongue explored my every inch. It was as if bright lights were exploding inside my mind, sending jolts of pleasure running down my spine into my stiffy. When she pulled her tongue back, my instinct kicked in. My tongue wasn’t as sure as Erin’s had been. But I pushed it through her lips, running it along her teeth. Beyond her teeth, I felt another jolt of pleasure when I found her tongue lying in wait. As I pushed my tongue into her mouth, her tongue slid along mine, turning my mind foggy.

My brain was mush when I pulled my tongue from Erin’s mouth. She had wrapped her arms around my neck and when the kiss ended, our faces stayed close together. Her tongue darted out and licked the tip of my nose, “And that’s how the French kiss.”

My pulse raced. My heart thundered in my chest. The emotions I felt for her, I didn’t know how to put them into words. What I knew was I wanted

to be next to her every moment of the day. And that reminded me, “I asked my mom, and I can spend the night if that okay.”

Erin’s grin got even wider at that. “Awesome. You saw Mom already. She’s probably going to be too shit-faced by the time we get back to help with dinner.”



## Chapter 7

### Erin

When we beached the canoe along the shoreline behind the house, we took a couple of minutes to put our shorts and tank tops back on before heading to the house. I wanted to stop every few feet and kiss Bryan again. Maybe it was only kissing, but I wanted his lips against mine and my tongue in his mouth. But I controlled myself. After all, we had stayed out longer than intended.

After showing Bryan the joys of French kissing, we smeared more Coppertone on each other's bodies before going back into the water. I had just smeared his chest with the sweet-smelling lotion, I had plenty of excess on my hands, so I worked my hand lower until I reached what I figured was close to three inches of boy-meat. He gasped and gripped the blanket when I wrapped my lotion drenched fingers around his pole. This was even better than a few days earlier when I jacked him for the first time. The lotion cut the friction down to next to nothing and my fist slid up and down his boner, eliciting wordless moans of pleasure from him. He didn't last any longer. Within a minute, he thrashed as his little cock spasmed and kicked in my hand. And I enjoyed it just as much as the first time.

The memory was fantastic. I could hardly wait to do it to him again. But I set the thought aside when we reached the back door. I shivered as a blast of chilled air hit me in my face. Even though we were both dressed enough to keep my mom, when sober, off my back, I wanted to check on her.

The TV was playing; David Brinkley was on the news, talking about what I didn't care. Mom lay stretched out on the couch. At some point earlier in the day, she must have gotten up and gone out. She was dressed in a modest white blouse and blue jeans. Unopened bottles of Jim Beam and Jack Daniels were on the coffee table, answering the question of where she'd gone. A cheap bottle of tequila was half empty, explaining her current state of inebriation.

I left her there. Bryan had emptied the water bottle and bottles of Coke from the Igloo and was washing it out in the sink when I came back into the kitchen. "Mom's dead to the world. Somehow or another, she drove to the liquor store and restocked her supplies."

When I opened the fridge, I found a couple of six packs of beer, as well as some groceries. I was grateful that she had picked up some food, but had she not, we would have managed. More than once since Dad died, I had been forced to raid Mom's purse and ride my bike to the grocery store so we would have something to eat in the house.

I scrounged around and found some spaghetti pasta and sauce. I was an old hat at fixing spaghetti. Back when my dad was still alive, when Mom had to work and couldn't fix dinner, spaghetti was our go-to meal.

I found a pot and as I filled it with water, I said, "Bry, there's a sauce pan under the oven. Can you get it out?"

The rest of fixing dinner went like that. When I needed help, Bryan was there. While we watched the pasta boil in salted water, I slipped an arm around his waist and pulled him close. How in just a week had he become an anchor in my life? Something in the back of my mind told me that Mom's alcoholism was going to cause her problems. And I hoped and prayed I would have Bryan to help me get through whatever shit might eventually come my way.

He rested his head on my shoulder as I stirred the pasta. With Wendy, I had thought I'd known love. After all, she and I had lots of fun over at her place. And I had loved it when she had played with my pussy even more than when I had played with hers. But when she moved away, I hadn't felt like there was a hole in my heart where she had once been. And even though Bryan was two years younger than Wendy, I felt closer to him in just a week than what I had after several years of friendship with her. I wasn't ready to call it love, not yet. But I was very glad for him being there with me.

When the spaghetti was ready, we ate at the dining room table, a couple of plates between us, piled high with pasta, sharing a liter bottle of Dr. Pepper. I was happy to share the time with him, but after a day in the sun, we weren't very talkative. Our energy needed recharging.

Bryan washed the dishes while I made a plate of leftovers for Mom and put it in the fridge, along with enough for another full meal the next day, if we wanted. While he wiped down the table, I checked on my mom again. Some stupid science fiction show was playing on the TV and Mom was exactly where I had left her. While me and Bryan had been eating, she slipped from passed-out drunk to sleeping off her bender. The larger part of me wanted to leave her there. But she was my mom and even though I felt abandoned by her, I didn't have it in me to treat her the same way.

I knelt beside her, "Mom."

The snoring stopped and a moment later her blood-shot eyes peered back at me, "Oh, good morning, Pumpkin."

I forced the smile to stay on my face. Every time I heard the word pumpkin, I wanted to scream. "It's actually evening. There's some spaghetti in the fridge for you, and leftovers enough for tomorrow."

As her eyes focused on me, I could see her mind was still addled from alcohol. "Spaghetti?"

I bobbed my head, "Yeah."

She wiped her mouth as though realizing how much the booze made it taste like shit. She reached for an empty tumbler and poured it full from the tequila bottle. She had enough hand-to-eye coordination to do that and enough of a memory to say, "Can you get me that spaghetti?"

I turned to go back to the kitchen. Bryan stood in the doorway between the living and the dining room. I worried he might say something stupid, after all, he was a boy and boys are known for saying and doing stupid things. But I wasn't prepared for the pain in his eyes.

When I hurried past him to grab Mom's plate, he followed me. I put a finger into the middle of the pasta. It wasn't hot enough to burn, but it didn't need to be warmed over either.

Bryan waited by the bar, "I'm sorry, Erin. I didn't realize how bad things are."

I wanted to cry. Mom had been my burden since Dad's passing. I had carried it alone. Even when Wendy and I had done stuff together, I'd always gone over to her place. I had wanted no one else to see my mom, not in this condition. I stopped in front of him with the plate in my hands, "Please, Bryan, don't tell anyone. I know my mom is fucked up, but I can handle it by myself."

He pursed his lips and furrowed his eyebrow before he finally said, "Okay. My mom drinks and smokes a lot too. I guess I understand some."

When I set the plate down on the coffee table, the tumbler was half-empty already. Mom's eyes had that glazed-over look, and I knew she wouldn't last long before returning to her oblivion.

Back in the kitchen again, I smiled apologetically at Bryan, "I guess we both have pretty fucked up lives. Sorry you saw that. You still up for a sleepover?"

Bryan's eyes shifted from the door back to me, "Hell yeah. I wish we could just live in your treehouse all the time. It would be so much easier."

I felt better hearing him say that. "Me too. Well, except boys are kind of stinky and you'd start to really smell after a few days."

That smile I was growing to love appeared on his face, "Maybe. But I'd be in good company. Right?"

A giggle slipped from me, "Yeah. Before we go back out, you're welcome to use the bathroom or take a shower."

When we slipped through the living room over toward the hallway that led to my bedroom, mom never turned to look at us. But the tumbler was empty, and she had barely touched the food.

I showed him my bedroom. The bed was a mess. With Mom not staying on my case, I didn't see any purpose in making my room look neat. Until now. As Bryan took in my room, for the first time in a long time, I wished I had taken the time to straighten it. That's when it sank in that what this boy thought of me mattered.

I took hold of his hand and pulled him toward the door to the bathroom. This part of the house held my bedroom, a guest bedroom and a bathroom shared between them. Both bedrooms had doors leading directly to the bathroom, so I could go to the bathroom without going into the hallway.

The bathroom was cleaner than my bedroom, although it wasn't very big. There was a Formica countertop and sink on the wall next to the guest bedroom. On the wall beside my bedroom was the bathtub. The tub could be used as a shower too, which is what I usually did. On the other end of the bathroom was a toilet. I had cleaned it that morning. "It's not much, but when I'm not in the treehouse, these are my digs."

Bryan pulled the curtain back and looked at the tub and shower. "Smells and looks nicer than the one Mom and I share at Granny's."

My stomach fluttered as I thought about being alone again with him, "You can take a shower before we go back over to the treehouse."

He looked at me through the mirror over the counter, "Are you going to?"

I lifted my arms and put my nose against my smooth pit. There was a hint of body odor. "Do you think I need to?"

The flush in Bryan's cheeks was enough for me to guess he was thinking about being naked with me. He murmured, "Maybe."

If my mom wasn't such a lush, I would never risk having him shower in the house. Instead, I flashed him a smile, "We could shower together. If you want."

The way his cheeks grew even redder was endearing. He shrugged, "You think it would be okay?"

I turned to him and took hold of the hem of his tank top and pulled it over his head. Between the liberal coating of Coppertone and all the sun, Bryan's tan was coming along nicely. "Yeah. She'll be passed out drunk by the time we finish."

I pulled my shirt off and tossed it on top of his before I unbuttoned my cut-offs. I stepped out of them and kicked them to the side while Bryan stood there looking at me. His eyes shifted between my chest and my panties. I

wondered if it was simply because I was older than him that made him so passive, or if there was more going on inside his head. He was a boy; it was hard to say.

I locked the door to my bedroom and checked the locks on the doors to the hall and guest bedroom before turning back to him. Mom might be shit-faced drunk, but there wasn't any reason to be stupid about it, either. He reached for his zipper, but I said, "Wait."

He watched me as I hooked my fingers in my panties and slid them down my legs as sexily as I could before dropping them atop our shirts. The look of adoration in Bryan's eyes as he stared at my puffy lips gave me the confidence to stand toe-to-toe and steal a kiss before I knelt before him and took hold of his zipper. Looking up at him, I could see the stunned look of wonderment on his face as I unsnapped the button and unzipped him. After working the shorts down to his ankles, the obscene lump in his briefs told me at least one part of him loved my every move.

Then I grabbed the elastic band of his briefs and pulled down on them, inch by inch. A few inches and his little cock kept the band from sliding down until I pulled the elastic away and freed him. Once his briefs were below his knees, gravity did the rest of the work. And there he was, naked and beautiful. And kneeling, my face was so close, I could have leaned in and taken him in my mouth like a lollypop. I wasn't sure how he would have responded. Hell, I wasn't sure how I would like it. I stood and pulled the shower curtain back and we climbed in and ran the water.

After allowing the water to warm, I flipped the toggle on the faucet and hot water gushed down on us. I took the bar of Dove soap and handed it to Bryan, "Can you wash my back?"

My spine tingled as the boy's uncertain hands, lathered with flowery smelling soap, worked their way from my spine, along the small of my back, all the way down to my butt. I spun around, offering him my chest, "Thanks. Do you mind getting my front?"

Bryan's eyes grew wide, "You sure?"

I nodded, took his soapy hands and brought them to my chest. I'm sure it would have looked sexier if I had bigger boobs, but it was just the two of us and given how much time Bryan spent staring at my chest, I figured he would enjoy it as much as me.

I sucked in a sharp breath of pleasure when he kneaded my buds, rubbing soap around them. Perhaps because of the intimacy we shared, my tits were more sensitive than normal. I longed for the tingling feeling after he moved his hands lower, washing my stomach and abs. A couple of inches below my belly button, his hands tremored and paused.

Sure, I had touched him on his dick several times. But Bryan had yet to reciprocate. Maybe it was my fault. Wendy, being a girl, knew how to touch me down there, the same way I knew how to make her cum. Bryan was a boy. That first day we met, I was powerfully curious about what he kept hidden in his underwear. And he was a boy; he couldn't possibly satisfy the ache between my legs like Wendy had. Could he?

The tremor in his hand didn't give me confidence. But it was only fair that I open myself to him. I took his hand and guided it down across my smooth mons. At first, I was content to let him explore. His fingers slid across my soapy skin, reverently caressing my pubic mound. Maybe I was impatient to show him how to please me, maybe he was scared to go further, but after what seemed like an hour, but was probably closer to a minute, I took his hand in mine, slid it across my hairless mound until it slid between my lips, into my slit. I pushed until I felt his finger hit my tiny hood. I pushed a bit more until the tip of his finger brushed over my clit. That touch sent a spark through me as I hissed in pleasure.

I moaned, "That's it, Bry. Right there."

Sure, my fingers were wrapped around his index finger, guiding him over my clit. But it was Bryan's finger, and it was so much more powerful than my own touch. After a few minutes of me guiding his finger around and over my clit, I pulled my hand back and let the boy continue. His finger played with that little button of mine, tickling the tip, and then rubbing all around it. I moaned again as I felt him tease something near to a cum from me.

He didn't stop, but he leaned forward, "Does it feel good?"

I didn't want him to ever stop. He may not have had Wendy's familiarity with my parts, but my body craved his touch, even more than I'd ever wanted Wendy's. Even though he was too timid to find my vagina, my body hummed from the tingles radiating from my clit. A rush of pleasure washed over me and I bit my lower lip too late to stop a muffled moan as I nodded.

He redoubled the way his finger worked my clit and more pleasure shot through me, spreading from between my legs and like a wave washing over me, my whole body shuddered as I came. As my legs shook, Bryan stilled his finger, although leaving it in place, "You okay, Erin?"

I squeezed my eyes shut as the pleasurable tingles made me feel powerful thoughts about the boy touching me. I nodded, "Y-, yeah. You just made me cum, Bry. Fuck, dude, that was incredible."

And I meant every word. Wendy had given me deeper orgasms, but none more satisfying. Bryan was just learning. Give him more time and he would surpass Wendy's expertise.



## Chapter 8

### Bryan

BAM!

The wall beside my bed shook. I grabbed my pillow and pulled it over my head. But it wasn't enough to block out the noise.

Mom's voice was loud, "Harder, Jimmy Todd. Fuck me harder!"

Her bed slammed against the shared wall. A man's voice growled, "Goddamn, you're horny tonight, Diane."

Mom's voice fell and I couldn't make out her words, not that I wanted to. She and her current fuck-buddy had only been in her room for a bit. I couldn't shake the feeling they'd be at it for a while. I rolled onto my side. The clock read one-thirty in the morning. I swore silently. There was no way I was going to get any sleep with what was going on in the room next to mine.

I hadn't wanted to be there. Since taking a shower together a few days before, I had spent the night over at Erin's place the past couple of nights. I would still be there, sleeping in the treehouse, next to her, except her mom showed up outside the treehouse around dinner time, cussing up a storm, "Get your ass down here, Erin! The kitchen's a mess and by God, we're going to spend some time together this evening. You're not going to hide out here while I'm sitting at home all alone. Come on, get your ass down from there."

We both peered down at her mom, who was holding a bottle of beer in one hand and swaying from side to side.

Erin pulled back, "Oh, shit. I've gotta go deal with this, Bry. Maybe tomorrow, okay?"

She was gone in a flash, yelling, "Coming, Mom. I cleaned the kitchen this morning."

I waited until the voices receded before climbing down and hurrying home. And now, I wished more than anything I had just stayed.

Bam! The wall shuddered as Mom moaned, “God, make me cum, Jimmy Todd.”

I was done. I couldn’t take any more. I rolled out of bed and found my cut-offs on the floor where I left them and slipped them on. I pulled on my Keds and grabbed a t-shirt and slipped from my room. Mom and Jimmy Todd were going at it as I slinked past her door. Granny could have slept through an F-5 tornado, so she was nowhere to be seen when I slipped through the living room and out the front door.

The worst of the summer heat was gone this late at night. I slung the t-shirt over my shoulder and started walking. Barely two weeks into the summer, but I had every step to Erin’s treehouse stored in my memory and I made good time, even under the cloud-covered sky.

The treehouse was dark when I arrived. Climbing the ladder was the work of a few seconds and I knocked on the door, softly calling, “Erin, you there?”

Silence filled the night. A glance toward her house revealed nothing but shadows. I knocked a second time, “Erin?”

I pushed at the door and it swung open. It was nearly pitch black. I took a step into the room and the boards creaked beneath my feet.

“Bry?” came a tired voice, “You okay?”

A moment later, I heard her moving around. A lit match pierced the gloom. A moment later, the lantern came to life, chasing shadows away. Erin held the lantern and faced me. Her face was etched with concern as her eyes seemed to take all of me in. I was in nothing but my Keds and cut-offs. The t-shirt was still cast over one shoulder. She wore a pair of white cotton panties.

“Yeah. I, um, I couldn’t stay at the trailer. Mom brought a guest and they, um...”

My words failed. Erin was the brash one, I the more reserved. She set the lantern on the Formica-topped table, “They were fucking? Keeping you awake?”

I nodded as she crossed the room and took my hand, "Sorry about earlier. Mom had an episode. She thought Dad had just died, and was worried about me."

I let her lead me to the mattress, "She okay?"

Erin unzipped her sleeping bag, "Okay? Fuck, I don't know what that looks like anymore, Bry. But she started drinking after dinner. She's shit-faced drunk on the couch. Okay, no. But back to normal... shit, whatever that even means anymore. I could hardly wait to get out of the house. I was afraid you wouldn't come back until sometime tomorrow. Even if it was because your mom and her boyfriend were fucking next door, I'm glad you slipped away."

She spread the open sleeping bag, covering the entire mattress. I felt a flutter in my stomach; the times we slept in the treehouse, we'd only done so each in our own sleeping bag. She unzipped the second sleeping bag and spread it across the lower one, making a bed for us. When she saw my slack jaw, she flashed me a grin, "After all the shit with Mom, I need to be closer, Bry. Tonight, I want you to hold me and I'll hold you."

She grabbed the t-shirt from my shoulder and tossed it to the floor, "Come on, let's get you ready for bed."

Next, her fingers grabbed my zipper and, with a degree of skill I hadn't expected, had my shorts around my ankles, leaving me in just my white briefs. Despite the fluttering, Erin's speed at stripping me meant my body had yet to respond. I wasn't yet stiff. If she had stopped there, we might have crawled into bed, cuddled a little and fallen asleep.

She grabbed the elastic band of my briefs and pulled them down. She pushed me onto the mattress, and removed my shoes and the clothes from my ankles and then stripped her panties off before pulling back part of the top sleeping bag, "Come on, Bry, let's go to bed."

The way she said the word 'bed' finished what her pulling on my underwear started. My stiffy poked toward the ceiling as I followed her lead and climbed between the bedspread made by the two sleeping bags.

No sooner had I laid my head on the mattress than Erin snuggled against me. She purred, "You're nice and warm, Bry. Hold me, please."

I was putty in her hands, and I wrapped my arms around her back. Her chest rested again against mine, and my stiffy lay flat and hard between our pubic bones. I was getting used to her body against mine. Even so, I was tongue tied, and didn't know what to say. At eleven, I liked how Erin dominated our relationship. It was something simple I could understand.

Erin's hand brushed my hair away, her fingers playing with the back of my neck, "If I told you you had a beautiful body, would you hold it against me?"

We were cuddled together. At first, I was confused. Then I recalled a song I'd heard on the radio recently, similarly named, and I realized Erin's double meaning. "Yeah. I'd do it like this."

I squeezed my arms, giving her enough of a bear hug to make her squeal. When she caught her breath, she continued quoting the song to me, "If I said you were an angel, would you treat me like the devil tonight?"

I was eleven, and had only heard the song a few times on the radio. Moreover, I didn't really understand the power dynamic between me and Erin. But I was eleven and old enough to catch the sexual energy in the words.

I couldn't get any stiffer. My mouth felt dry, "What would I need to do to treat you like a devil?"

Erin leaned in, brushed her lips on mine before whispering, "Let's make love right now, Bry."

I couldn't believe my ears, even though our bodies were melded together. "N-now?"

Her lips pressed against mine. "Yes. Can you think of another way for us to be closer?"

My stiffy twinged between our bodies. The idea of putting it inside Erin electrified at least one part of me, and I wanted what she wanted. "O-, okay."

She rolled onto her back. I knew enough to know I needed to get between her legs and put my stiffy inside her slit. I rolled onto my knees and moved over her until I felt my stiffy poke against her puffy lips. I moved my hips, pushing. My stiffy slid along her lips, which were slick with wetness. But no matter how I moved my butt around, I couldn't get it in.

"Here, Bry. Let me help."

Erin reached between us, sending an electric thrill through me when her fingers wrapped around my stiff. The tingling intensified when my glans slid through her slick lips. A moment later, she guided me into her vagina. My tip slid between her tight walls, which seemed to suck at me, pulling me deeper as my pubic bone meshed against hers.

I gasped at the intensity. No stranger to stimulating myself, or even being stimulated by another person, this was an intensity of another level. I lay atop her, buried to the hilt of my stiffy, and I had never felt more alive.

Erin grabbed my hips, "Move up and down. That's how we fuck."

I rocked my hips back, but I moved too far and my stiffy popped out. I growled with frustration as pushed my hips forward, but my stiffy slid through Erin's inner folds.

Erin's tone held a note of exasperation, "Let's try it a different way."

She pushed me until I had to move off her. "Lay down, Bry. I'm going to be on top."

Girls could get on top? That was news to me. I traded places with Erin and she straddled me, her knees on either side of my hips, laying with my stiffy pinned against my abs. Flexing her knees, she rose and grabbed me. She pushed my stiffy between her legs until I felt the slickness of her lips. A moment later, she had me trapped within the confines of her pussy walls, sinking against me, taking all of me within her. She sighed, "Fuck, yeah. This feels really nice, Bry."

Her knees moved, making her body rise a few inches. The walls of her vagina slid upward, dragging against my stiffy, sending tendrils of pleasure radiating from my tip, down through my shaft, through every inch of my body. I bit my lower lip as the tingling rose within me.

Erin pulled herself almost all the way off of me, leaving just my tip trapped within the confines of her walls. Then she fell against me, driving my stiffy as deep inside her as possible, again and again. Each time, my tingling grew until I squeezed my eyes shut as my stiffy spasmed within her. I wordlessly moaned, letting go of my lip as I tasted a hint of blood. That bit of pain was nothing compared to the fierce tingles shooting like electrical shocks of the most pleasurable kind through my body.

Erin collapsed against me while my stiffy kicked and shuddered against her insides. But once my empty eruption subsided, her knees flexed again. My penis was already sensitive and my eyes rolled back in my head as she kept sending me into sensory overload. My stiffy never flagged as Erin rose and fell. My needs were sated, but hers bubbled to the surface.

“Gotta...cum!” Erin moaned as our bodies squished together, wet with her juices.

Slap! Slap! She landed on me, sending muted tingles creeping out of my still hard penis. That my body was still responding to Erin as her pussy undulated, slickly gripping my shaft with her every motion, was a revelation. Those times with Davy, and then recently with Erin, I had gotten my cum and that had been it. I knew if the girl didn’t cum soon, she would eventually take me back to that point again. God, how I hoped she wasn’t close, no matter how loud she grew with each downward thrust.

Another minute passed, and the tingles coursing through me were no longer muted. My brain was nearly mush as Erin groaned, “Ah, fuck! Fuck! I’m c-, cumming!”

I couldn’t imagine the sopping wetness could get more wet, but we did. Erin slammed down on me, wordlessly moaning. It wasn’t as intense, but my second orgasm still sent my stiffy kicking and spasming inside her. Erin shuddered, her knees shook, barely rising and falling. But it was enough for her tight, soaking tunnel to undulate around my spastic stiffy.

Like a wet doll, she collapsed on top of me, her face nuzzled between my neck and shoulder. I could feel her heart racing against my chest as her lips sought mine out. She pressed them against mine, kissing me again and again until our lips were chapped.

The warmth of the night felt almost cool when she finally slid off, snuggling against me. Her arm lay across my bare chest and she whispered, "Fuck, I needed that. I need you, Bry. Will you be my boyfriend?"

## Chapter 9

### Erin

The bell rang. I grabbed my trapper-keeper and hurried toward the door. The day had dragged on and on. I guess that's to be expected on the first day back. I hurried to my locker, where I dropped off the notebook and textbook. There was no homework yet, so I left my backpack in the locker, slammed the door, and spun the lock. I was in a hurry to get to the bus parking lot.

"Well, if it's not Ms. Ironing board herself," a voice from a few lockers over grabbed my attention. I wanted to tell Cheryl to fuck off. But there were open classroom doors nearby and teachers didn't put up with that kind of language.

I frowned, "You still here? I'd have figured you'd be dead from all the STDs you caught from the boy's football team."

She slammed her locker, "Same buttoned-down shirt, same blue jeans, same flat chest. And without Wendy's face to suck this year, it's going to be a long, lonely year for you."

As I strode past her, I barely resisted the urge to push her into the lockers. I contented myself with another comeback, "Whatever. Why don't you get off your feet and get back to work?"

I was halfway down the hall, when she shouted, "At least my mom's not the town drunk."

I stumbled and turned. How in the hell could Cheryl know? "What'd you say?"

She swung her backpack over one shoulder and walked past me, her wide hips swinging seductively for the boys in the hallway to see, "My cousin owns Rebel Liquor. Sees your lush of a mom coming in every few days buying booze. He said to thank her for keeping him in business."

Mom was my responsibility and my shame. I hated Cheryl more than ever as I ran past her. My eye stung as I blinked away tears when I reached the parking lot. School buses lined the sidewalk in front of the junior high. I



scanned the area and found my bus. As I jogged over, my eyes fell on Bryan. His face lit up when he saw me. He had changed little over the past three months. His hair was slightly longer, just past his shoulders. His green eyes sparkled like morning dew, "Hey, Erin. How was the first day back?"

I slid my hand into his, "Come on, Bry. Let's find a seat. I'll tell you about it on the bus."

As I climbed onto the bus, Cheryl got into her mom's Monte Carlo. When Bryan pulled me into an empty seat, he said, "What's wrong?"

I hated how Cheryl had gotten under my skin. The bitch had no right. I squeezed the boy's hand, "Cheryl just being Cheryl."

He accepted the comment. Over the summer, we talked about everything. So, he knew how the popular girl and I traded insults. I changed the subject, "How was the first day of the seventh grade?"

Bryan shrugged, "I've had worse. When Danny called me names, I just thought about you."

I hated how Bryan was teased. I had tried to talk him into cutting his hair, even though I liked its silky length. My hands ran through it over the weekend when we last spent the night in the treehouse together. I knew how the boys in Zavalla could be, and I wanted him to fit in and not get teased.

I shook my head, "Danny's a douche. And unlike him, you have a girlfriend."

I loved how Bryan's heart-shaped face lit up. He was the best thing to happen to me since my dad died; over the summer, our worlds revolved around each other. We didn't say much after that. The bus was pretty crowded, and we just kept to ourselves until the bus rolled to a stop at the end of the dusty road leading to our houses.

When the bus pulled away, kicking up a cloud of dust and diesel fumes, I slid my hand back into Bryan's. "You want to come over? We can fix supper and hang out at the treehouse after."

He squeezed my hand, "That'd be cool. I should let my granny know, so she's not expecting me until later."

"What about your mom?"

Bryan scoffed, "She's picking up more shifts at the diner and hanging out with Jimmy Todd. Even if she was home, she wouldn't pay me any mind. Yours?"

My skin grew warm, and it wasn't from the hot September afternoon. I could have slapped Cheryl into the next county when she brought my mom into our spat. If anything, Mom had become even less able over the summer, lost in the misery and her booze. "We should check on her before supper."

When we reached the rundown trailer, I followed Bryan inside. A window unit blew icy air across the living room, where his granny sat in her old recliner watching TV. I'd been there before. Dressed in a boy's shirt and blue jeans and with my hair cut short, his granny thought I was just some boy Bryan had befriended. He went over to her, "Hey Granny, I'm going over to Eri-, Eric's for a while. I'll be home later."

His granny reluctantly tore her rheumy eyes away from the television box and looked at the two of us. She drawled, "Don't stay out too late."

It never failed to amaze me how similarly Bryan and I were raised despite him living in a shitty trailer and me living in a nice three-bedroom ranch style home. We had spent the summer raising ourselves. And judging by what I saw at that moment, we were going to keep on raising ourselves. Not that I minded. I preferred the apathy on his granny's face to involvement. Our relationship depended on our families' self-absorption and indifference.

We walked the rest of the way to my house, bypassing the trail through the woods and the tree house. The road was more direct; faster. As we walked hand-in-hand down the drive, the sad state of the yard made me feel embarrassed. Not because it was worse than the weed-choked yard in front of Bryan's trailer, but because of how far things had fallen since my dad's death. He always took care of the front yard, cutting it every week or

two. Now, the grass struggled against knee-high weeds. Even the house had an air of neglect. The paint on the shutters on either side of the front windows was flaking. The wooden trim desperately needed a fresh coat of paint.

I muttered, "She gets that life insurance money every month and social security for me. She could pay to have someone come and mow this place, slap some paint on the house, too. Instead, it's Jim Beam, Jack Daniels and Jose Cuervo."

Bryan's fingers gripped mine, "It's okay, Erin. It's not your fault. And about five minutes ago, we both saw worse, right?"

A thin, painful smile worked its way across my face. I missed my dad so much at that moment. But seeing into Bryan's aqua green eyes, I was thankful for him. I took his other hand in mine and stood beside my house and leaned in and kissed him. Sweat bathed our upper lips; our kiss was salty. But nothing made me feel better than this newly minted twelve-year-old. He was the one person who understood me.

When the kiss ended, he smiled up at me, "Well, maybe we can do something about it this weekend."

He's the one who pulled me the rest of the way around the house to the back door. It amazed me how a boy a year and a half younger than me could so effortlessly get me when nobody else did, and I let myself be pulled along.

We shivered when that first blast of arctic air hit us in the face. I wasn't sure how Mom kept it so cold. I didn't see her paying the bills, but figured somehow or another, through her drunken haze, she managed. After all, she also got to the grocery and liquor stores, too. Fuck Cheryl for reminding me that others saw the same thing.

Mom was in her place on the couch. The TV was on some soap opera. A TV dinner was on the coffee table, along with a couple of empty beer bottles. She opened her bleary eyes and looked up, "Hey, Erin. How was day? You kids go canoeing?"

After the entire summer, at least she remembered Bryan. I shook my head, "First day of school."

She blinked her eyes in confusion, "Is it already that time? I-, I should take you shopping for school clothes."

I shrugged, "Don't you remember? You took me shopping a couple of weeks ago."

It was a lie, but her memory was so bad, there was no point telling her how I lifted some money from her purse a couple of weeks before and went shopping for clothes with Bryan.

"I should have gotten you some better clothes. You look like a boy in that shirt, those pants." There was more blinking as she marshaled her thoughts, "Did we pick you out a training bra? You're thirteen..."

Her eyes glazed over and her brow furrowed, "And a half. You really want to start taking care of your appearance. Otherwise, boys won't want anything to do with you."

I lied again, "Yeah, we did."

Bryan leaned against the frame of the doorway between the living and dining rooms. He snickered at the exchange. I shot him a dirty look.

Mom sank back against the sofa, "I'm going to watch the rest of this show. Be an angel and fetch me another Lone Star from the fridge."

I turned and pushed Bryan toward the kitchen. His snicker turned into a giggle. "You in a bra?"

Had it been anyone other than Bryan, the comment would have hurt. But over the past ninety days, he'd seen my chest so many times, it didn't matter that he laughed. I knew his heart. I opened the fridge, flipped him the bird along with a smile before grabbing a couple of beers.

After dropping the beers off with Mom, we headed back to my bedroom. Once the door was closed, I pulled Bryan to me and we kissed. For kids our age, three months can make an enormous difference in development and growth. Some boys in my class had grown half a foot over the summer. Some girls had gone up a cup size. I grabbed the hem of Bryan's shirt and

lifted it over his head. He may have added an inch to his height over the summer. It was difficult to tell, because I had also grown a bit taller.

I sat on my bed and drew him to me, working his zipper down with my practiced fingers, until his white briefs came into view.

He stammered, “Y-your mom!”

“She’ll drink those beers and then pass out, Bry. I want- I need this.”

The familiar bulge in his underwear sent a surge of desire through me, and I pushed his blue jeans down before grabbing his underwear and pushing everything down below his knees. His three inches pointed toward the ceiling, quivering in the cool air. His scent intoxicated me, and I was entranced by the smooth nail of flesh bobbing before my eyes.

I grabbed his butt-cheeks and pulled him toward me as I opened my mouth. I let his forward motion do the work and when I closed my mouth, my lips sealed around the silky-smooth base of his dick. Some part of me basked in the pleasure of the boy’s largely unchanged body. In the back of my mind, I knew neither of our bodies would remain unchanged and prepubescent for long. Sure, I was still closer to thirteen than fourteen. But with each passing month, the odds of those changes only increased. Still, I wasn’t sure how I would respond to those changes when they finally arrived.

I pushed those thoughts aside as Bryan’s hips rocked back, sliding his three inches until only his glans remained trapped between my lips. He hissed in pleasure as my hands on his butt pulled him back to my face. I loved his taste; the hint of boyish odor mixed with the salt from his sweat drove my desire. Over the summer, I learned to use my tongue, my mouth’s natural suction, and the stimulation of moving him in and out to bring him to orgasm.

His pubic bone pushed against my nose while my tongue licked the underside of his boner, when he grabbed my short hair and pulled me even closer. His dick grew harder and then his body shook, radiating from his pulsating erection. I kept sucking and licking with each blank eruption until he sagged against me, drawing in ragged breathes after his dry cum.

While I trusted Mom to finish her beers before passing out, I didn't want to delay in my bedroom too long. "Undress me, Bry. Show me you remember what I taught you about my body."

Bryan's eyes lit up and, still naked, he worked the buttons on my shirt loose and then pushed it off my shoulders. He stopped undressing me long enough to cup my buds in his hands, "Your nipples are bigger, Erin."

There was a faint hint of swelling under my nipples; a promise of more growth to come. Maybe not buying a training bra when we went to the store was a mistake. But if it was, it was one for the future. I leaned my head back as Bryan worked my jeans down my legs. His eyes gleamed as he stared at the indentation created by my slit in my panties. I loved the goofy smile on his lips, "Come on, Bry, take 'em off."

The boy made quick work of my panties. I sat on the edge of my bed and lay my head back. He spread my legs, giving him total access to parts with which he'd already grown familiar. When I felt his hot breath on my bald slit, I bit back a moan. He hadn't even touched me and already I was wet and wanted him to pleasure me like I did him.

His tongue touched me, sliding between my outer lips, sending a shiver through me. It wasn't the first time he'd eating me, but feeling his tongue on my outer pussy nearly gave me a little orgasm. He flicked the tip of his tongue across the nub of my clit. I moaned, "Fuck, again, Bry, again."

His small tongue lapped and licked my nub, drawing out of me the tension of the day; making me forget about Cheryl. He was like a wave lapping against the shore, crashing against an invisible barrier. Each flick of his tongue sent a surge of energy through me, threatening to overwhelm the barrier. Then, with another flick of his tongue, Bryan did it. I shuddered, clamping his head between my legs. I moaned loud enough that I prayed Mom was too drunk to recognize an orgasm.

My juices seeped from my pussy; Bryan stopped working my clit as he moved deeper within my gash, lapping up my strong flavor. After another shuddering orgasm, I'd taken all the pleasure my body could stand, and I released his head and let him fall away.

When I sat up, I grinned. From the tip of his nose to the bottom of his chin, his face was slick with my juices. His grin matched mine. “Fuck, Bry, that was incredible.”

He licked his lips, “I like your taste, Erin. It’s kinda weird, but still good.”

I’ve tasted myself a few times and for me, it was definitely an acquired taste. “Really?”

He flushed, “It’s kinda strong, like Tang. But what makes it better is because it’s you.”

After smacking his lips a few more times, he grabbed his clothes and went into the bathroom, leaving me to wipe myself clean and get dressed. When he came back out dressed in his school clothes, we hugged and kissed. There was a hint of musk in the air and it sent a shiver of pleasure down my spine, knowing what caused it. “Come on, Bry. Let’s go fix supper.”

## Chapter 10

### Bryan

Going through Mom's makeup felt weird, but Erin needed a white base for our Halloween costumes. Mom had plenty of makeup, but she had scattered it haphazardly on her vanity. The clutter was a testament to the chaos of her life. I found some mascara tubes, which I thought would go well for the skeletal makeup before eventually finding the white base. Naturally, it was at the bottom of her makeup bag.

I hurried to her door and looked down the hall, into the living room. Granny was where I left her, watching TV. I buried both tubes in my jeans pocket. The last thing I wanted was to let her know I'd been in Mom's room. Although, as I turned out the light and gently closed the door, I wondered what it mattered. Mom hadn't been home all week, although she and Granny had gotten into a fight on the phone the previous day when Granny finally figured out Mom had been staying over at Jimmy Todd's place since the weekend.

It was hard to care at this point. If I hadn't been eating over at Erin's more often than at home, I don't know what I would have done. It's not that the pantry was empty, but when it came to buying groceries, Mom was determined to live the life she wanted, and Granny's Social Security checks didn't go far enough to include food for me or Mom.

On my way out the door, I leaned over and gave Granny a quick hug, "Hanging out with Eric." I'd gotten good at remembering what I called Erin when talking to my granny. "We're going trick or treating. Then we're spending the night over there so we can count our candy."

Granny reluctantly turned from her TV, "You kids have fun and save your complaining when you have a belly-ache. Stay off the highways. And if you see your momma in town, tell her to call me."

I bobbed my head as I hurried out the door. I was pedaling toward Erin's house as fast as my wheels could carry me. Between school and our families, we weren't able to spend as much time together as he had during the summer, but we walked to and from the bus stop each day, and I still



spent most evenings over at her place until it was time to come home. I preferred to stay below my granny's already apathetic radar.

I parked my bike behind Erin's house and knocked on the back door before opening it, "Hello!"

Her voice echoed from her room, "Come on back."

I found her mom eating something from a plate. An open bottle of beer stood on the coffee table and the TV inanely blared at her. It was as if I didn't even exist as I passed through toward Erin's room.

I found Erin in her bathroom. My eyes lit up to find her topless. She glared at the mirror. When her eyes lit on me, she grabbed a long-sleeve t-shirt and tossed it to me, "Here's your shirt. I didn't realize when I bought them, they'd be such a snug fit."

I tried to ignore her buds as I shucked my t-shirt and donned the black shirt. When I pulled it over my head, the stretchy material clung to my torso. Once I freed my head, I could see the shirt was silk-screened with bones and was tight against my skin. "You try yours on yet?" I asked.

She grumbled, "It's too tight."

The fabric fit me like a glove. To a boy who was lucky to get second-hand clothes, the shirt was nearly perfect. "How?"

She rolled her eyes at me before grabbing it and pulling it on. Once her arms were through the sleeves, my eyes were drawn to her problem. "Oh."

Oh, indeed. After five months together, I hadn't noticed the growth in her chest; it had been very modest. But the stretchy, form-fitting fabric hugged her torso in ways no other shirt ever had, and the slight swelling of her breasts seemed to be magnified by the stretchy material. For the first time, I realized how puffy were her nipples.

She shook her head after she pulled the shirt off, "What the hell am I going to do, Bry? I don't have any undershirts or a training bra. I blew the clothing money from Mom on jeans and button-down shirts."

"Maybe we can cover them with something," I offered, "do you have any ACE bandages?"

The tone in Erin's voice worried me. While she didn't care about me seeing her, a reason she wore the button-down boy's shirts was they were baggy enough to hide her underdeveloped chest. In that moment, I was ready to run back to the trailer to see if I could find any ACE bandages in my granny's bathroom, even though I would create a shit-storm getting into her stuff.

She shrugged, "I'll go check my mom's bathroom."

A few minutes later, she returned with a wad of tan wrap. "There was some in Dad's medical supplies. I guess it's a good thing Mom hasn't thrown any of that out yet."

A few minutes later, we wrapped her chest tightly with the elastic bandage, reducing the small swells almost to nothingness. She wore one of her mom's undershirts over the wrapping. Once she dressed in the skeletal shirt, she looked like a boy again.

She helped me with my makeup, and by the time twilight fell, we were two skeletons. The ride into town on our bikes put us in one neighborhood where every home was lit up. Kids and teens moved from house to house, trick or treating. We were lucky we didn't see any of the bullying sort from the junior high while we filled our bags full of cavity inducing candy.

It was about halfway between sundown and sunup when Erin and I dragged our haul of candy to the treehouse. We had swung through her house long enough for her to check on her mom and for us to wipe the makeup from our faces. And we felt exhausted. But the funny thing was, when we sat on the mattress and dumped the mountain of candy onto the sleeping bags, our fatigue fled.

"I'll trade you these Milk Duds for those M&Ms, Bry."

I had plenty of M&Ms and Milk Duds. But I was more of an M&M guy. Still, the look Erin gave me was enough for me to nod, "Sure."

A few minutes later, she took her tops off, "Help me unravel this bandage. I guess the next time I get out to the clothing store, I'm going to have to pick out some undershirts, maybe a bra.

When we finished unwrapping her, I eyed her chest. I'm not sure how I missed it, but she really was budding. Her swelling chest protruded almost an inch. Her nipples and areolas another half inch. I wondered if she'd be able to get to the end of the eighth grade still hiding them in a boy's button-down shirts. But I didn't know if I should agree with her. I hoped I was playing it safe, "You look just fine to me."

A grin split across her face, "I'm glad you like my tits, Bry. But you wouldn't want other guys seeing my nipples poking through my shirt, would you?"

The idea of other guys seeing Erin the way I did turned my stomach sour and made me unhappy. What we shared was special. "No way."

Erin slid out of the nylon black pants, silkscreened with more bones, until she was in her pantie. She crawled toward me, until her hands were on either side of my hips, "Why don't I show you how much I like it when you play with my tits?"

She made quick work of my costume pants and underwear, pushing me to lie down on the mattress. The candy rolled onto the floor, but as she took my stiffy in her hand, I forgot about everything but us. When her lips wrapped around my bullet shaped head, I moaned in pleasure. I hoped I'd never get used to the intense pleasure pulsing through part of me.

After a bit, with Erin bobbing, sucking, and licking, that familiar tingle radiated outward from the base of my stiffy. I closed my eyes, enjoying the way she sucked on me, and when the moment of my dry cum came, I went rigid from the powerful orgasm while the tingles gushed throughout my body.

Almost before my orgasm faded away, Erin's tongue was twisting around mine as she kissed me. When our lips parted, she said, "My turn, Bry. Make me feel the same way."

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## **Erin**

"There's a meat thermometer in the drawer by the oven, Bry. I'll open the door and let you get take the bird's temperature."

I opened up the oven and felt the intense heat wash over me. Bryan, dressed in a pair of khaki pants I had bought for him the same day he and I had bought my first training bra, held up the meat thermometer and leaned forward and stuck the steel tip into the bird.

After a protracted moment, he said, "Shit, it's hot. Um, the thermometer says one-hundred-seventy. Is that hot enough?"

A voice from the doorway between the dining room and living room said, "Yes. If you leave it in much longer, the turkey will dry out."

I glanced at my mom. Her face was pale and angular. How much weight had she lost since Dad died? Too much, I wagered. But she had taken the time to get cleaned and dressed. Her green blouse would have been more suited to Christmas than Thanksgiving.

I grabbed some potholders and pulled the heavy pan from the oven and set it on the countertop. The kitchen, already filled with aromas of holiday food, made my mouth water. By the time everything was ready, the clock on the wall showed it was a few minutes after noon. When we sat down at the table, me on one side, with Bryan at one end and Mom across from me. My dad's seat, at the head of the table, was empty.

With school, taking care of Mom, and discovering how much Bryan meant to me, I hadn't had much time to dwell on my dad. This was the first Thanksgiving without him, and in that moment, I felt his loss particularly hard.

Mom glanced toward the empty chair, eyes watering. "Well, Jim used to say a blessing. It seems fitting, but I don't know what to say."

I still blamed God for taking my dad from me; He and I weren't on speaking terms. The uncomfortable silence lingered until Bryan said, "Um, I don't really know what to say, but I can say a prayer."

Mom smiled, a look of relief on her face. Despite the way her alcoholism ravaged her memory, she had eventually started to recall Bryan's name and the fact that he and I were best friends. Being the tomboy I was, she didn't know just how deep our friendship went, and I saw no reason to explain it.

Bryan looked so cute as he swept a lock of his long hair from in front of his eyes before clasping his hands above the table. "God, bless this food. Um, bless Erin and her mom. Thanks for giving me a great friend. Bless the TV dinner my granny is eating, and bless my mom, where ever she is now. Amen."

When Bryan finished, Mom tore her eyes away from the empty chair, "What's this about your granny and a TV dinner? You know you could have invited her."

Bryan flushed, uncomfortable at my mom's attention, "Erin and I told her she was welcome. But she just wanted to watch the parades on TV and eat a TV dinner."

I didn't like to see Bryan uncomfortable, "Yeah, Mom. I went over there myself and invited her."

It was the gospel truth, but both Bryan and I were relieved when his granny rebuffed us. After all, she still thought my name was Erik. The longer we could hold off admitting our deception, the better off we'd be.

I stood and grabbed a fork and put some turkey and gravy on Mom's plate, and then did the same for Bryan and me. While I did this, Mom said, "Bryan, be a saint for me. Grab a beer for me from the fridge. I need a bit of the hair of the dog to chase away this headache."

Bryan cut his eyes to me. Mom hadn't promised to not drink, only that she would celebrate the holiday with us. Still, if Bryan said no, she would just get up and grab it herself, and probably hold a grudge for the rest of the meal. I hated myself for nodding, but I wanted a bit of normalcy for once with my mom.

Bryan returned with a bottle of Lone Star and gave it to Mom. After she took a long pull, she said, "Now that'll chase away a hangover. Now, let's eat."

About the time the silence became awkward, Bryan, with a forkful of sweet potato casserole in his mouth, spoke around the food, "Did you see any of the floats on TV this morning, Mrs. McBride?"

Mom set the bottle down, and her eyes unfocused. I had woken her up in the living room this morning before Bryan came over. The TV had been showing one of the parades, but I doubted she had paid it any mind. She took another long pull at the bottle of beer, draining it. “I-, I think so. Kermit the Frog floating along, behind Ms. Piggy. Fetch me another beer, okay?”

Bryan traded another look with me as he retrieved another bottle from the fridge. When we had talked about a proper family Thanksgiving meal, I had hoped my mom wouldn’t ruin it by getting drunk. But the last thing I wanted was a scene; that would ruin it more surely than letting her drink.

By the time I brought the pecan and pumpkin pies from the fridge, there were four bottles in front of Mom’s seat at the table. When she saw the pies, she slurred her words, “Ooh, get me a piece of pumpkin pie. Make sure you pile it high with Cool Whip.”

While I dished out slices of pie, Bryant helped by clearing the table. When he set some of the dishes in the sink, he leaned over, “I’m sorry about your mom, Erin. I don’t want to get her more beer, but I don’t think I could stop her if she wanted to get her own.”

I shrugged and sighed, “It’s better this way, Bry. At least she’s not making a scene and you and me get to enjoy our first Thanksgiving as boyfriend and girlfriend.”

I wanted to put the knife down and plant kisses all over him. But I didn’t want to deal with Mom deciding to finally try to mother me. That would really have been awkward. Instead, I handed Bryan my mom’s piece of pie, piled high with Cool Whip, “Take this over to her. You want pecan or pumpkin?”

He took the pie, “Dunno. We always celebrated Thanksgiving in front of the TV watching my step-dad’s football games. Maybe one of each?”

As he took the pie over to my mom, I wondered where the boy put away the food. Even after all those months, he was as skinny and rangy as ever. Maybe slightly taller, but that was it.

Mom's hand was shaky as she lifted her fork to her mouth. The booze was affecting her. Still, she managed to take the bite before taking another swig of beer. Bryan's nose wrinkled after taking a bite of pumpkin pie. He chewed it for a moment before spitting it onto his plate, "Gross. People eat this shit?"

Mom was in oblivion. Used to, had I cussed like that, she'd have worn my ass out. Now, she simply reached for another bite. I stuck my tongue out at Bryan, "It's an acquired taste. Now, if you're not going to eat the rest of it, give it to me. I will."

Mom sat at the table, adding to her collection of beer bottles while Bryan and I cleaned up the kitchen. We had enough leftovers to last a week. Once we finished, I came over to Mom, "You want to watch TV?"

Her eyes were bleary and unfocused when she looked up at me. "I'm g-, good, sweetie. I'll go watch TV."

But when she stood, she knocked over the chair and staggered against the wall. It took both me and Bryan to help her. We passed right by the door to the living room and took her into her bedroom. I sat her on the edge of her bed. The blouse she had on was expensive silk. She would ruin it if she fell asleep in it. So, I unbuttoned it and slid it from her shoulders. Seeing her in just a bra was a reminder that my modest bumps on my chest were hereditary. Her b-cup bra easily contained her breasts. Even there, the past year had eaten away at her body. Before, she had never been buxom, but there had been more definition.

I pushed her back, laying her down. The red slacks would be a problem. I couldn't get them off without help. And Mom's head had barely hit the pillow when she started to snore. I glanced at Bryan, who was staring at Mom's bra. "Hey. If you wanna stare at some boobs, help me with her pants. You can look at mine. 'Kay?"

Blushing furiously at being busted, he came over, "How can I help?"

We both climbed onto the bed and, together, we inched her slacks off. I pulled the covers over her. I'm sure when she finally woke, she'd wonder how she got into her underwear. With any luck, she'd just think it was

something she did on her own. "Come on, Bry. Let's get out of here. Let's hang out in the treehouse."

A bit later, we had spread one of the sleeping bags across the roof and lay side by side under the clear, sunny sky. It may have been the tale-end of November, but it fairly warm for the day. The sun was almost hot on our faces. The silence between us wasn't awkward. It was just another thing to be shared and enjoyed between us.

Eventually, Bryan rolled onto his side, "Thanks for inviting me over. With Mom gone and Granny, well, being Granny, today would have sucked a big one if you hadn't invited me over."

I rolled onto my side, facing him. His brown eyes held flecks of gold, making them softer than I'd noticed before. My lips touched his for a moment. "After putting up with my mom, I'd like to suck your big one."

Bryan's eyes bulged as a smile crept across his face at the same time he flushed red. "You know I'm not very big."

I pushed him flat against the sleeping bag and crawled on top of him. There was a thrill being in the open air, atop the treehouse. But the way the branches spread out, and the distance between us and anything else, the only way anyone would have seen us is to have flown overhead. It was a risk I was willing to take.

I kissed him harder this time, pushing my tongue through his parted lips. When the kiss ended, I tugged at his shirt, untucking it before I pulled it off and lay it beside us. When I unbuttoned his slacks, Bryan said, "You gonna strip me naked out here?"

I felt heat between my legs. I needed him so much. "Yeah. How else can I suck your big one?" Then, aware of being exposed to nature, I added, "That okay with you?"

He just nodded, moving his hands away from his waist. Once I had unfastened his belt and zipper, I pulled his pants down, catching his underwear, too. Once I placed the rest of his clothes on top of his shirt, I leaned back to admire this gorgeous boy. Six months may have passed since I dragged him out of the Angelina River, and seeing him exposed now,



he was a shade taller than that first time. His dick was slightly thicker and longer. But as I ran my hand across his pubic bone, he was as smooth as could be.

A hint of sweat hit my tongue as I licked at his glans. Bryan gasped, "Oh, God, that feels good."

I loved his sounds. I was more vocal when we had sex, but under the right set of circumstances, Bryan got loud, too. My lips slid down his shaft. Even after several months, the contradiction between soft and hard mesmerized me. His skin was silky soft when I ran my tongue along the underside of his erection. Yet, the blood-engorged muscles underneath were rock hard. When my upper lip touched the place where his shaft and pubic area met, I clamped down and sucked.

"Fuck!" Bryan moaned, "That feels really good."

The amount of chatter about sex in the eighth-grade girls' locker room is higher than most adults realize or they've simply forgotten. But I'd heard Cheryl bragging to one of her girlfriends about giving one of the ninth graders a blow job. She told them the two worst parts were trying to take all the fourteen-year-old boy's dick into her mouth without gagging, and the bitterness of his semen when he came. Neither was a problem for me. Bryan might have been longer than three inches, or he might not. It was close. But his dry cums were the best. The thrumming and pulsating of his orgasms in my mouth made me wet with desire, and now I could scarcely wait for that moment under the open sky.

I bobbed, pulling up, dragging his slick, small cock through my lips until his glans pressed against my lips. Then I sank down, keeping my lips tight enough to create lots of friction as his erection slid through. My tongue never stopped moving. When his glans was at my lips, my tongue swiped across his tiny slit. When I had his three inches reaching in vain for my throat, my tongue worked along his shaft, teasing out more delightful moans.

He ran his fingers through my short hair and grabbed onto a handful as he thrust his hips against my mouth. "Jeez, Erin. This is in-, incredible."

I pulled up, leaving his wet, glistening protrusion bouncing between us. I felt something overwhelming me. I wanted Bryan more right then than I'd wanted him before. And I'd wanted him plenty badly before. Maybe it was stupid of me, but I leaned forward and kissed him again, and then put my mouth by his ear. My body trembled with yearning as I whispered, "I love you, Bryan Clark."

His eyes were round, stunned at my admission. The expression softened into a grin as he grabbed the hem of my blouse and pulled up on it. I helped him pull it off, revealing the slinky material of my training bra. Aside from the visit to the clothing store where we bought it, this was the first time Bryan had seen me in it.

His fingers brushed against the white fabric. It was thick but not padded. Enough to hide my budding nipples when worn under most of my shirts. I could feel his touch and a jolt of pleasure spread from the nipple through the rest of my body. I reached behind me and fumbled with the clasp until I undid it and let my bra slide down my arms.

Bryan drank in my buds with his eager eyes. My nipples were still small, maybe a bit larger than his boyish ones. My areolas were also larger, but not by much. It was the swelling just under my buds that made me need to start wearing a bra. Those gentle swells under my tits weren't much, but the difference compared to six months before was one Bryan couldn't help but notice as he stared at me.

I wore a pair of slacks, black as opposed to Bryan's khaki ones. When his fingers drifted from my tits to my waist, I knew what he wanted. I stood long enough to strip the rest of the way. For the briefest of moments, I looked around at our little make-believe kingdom that was bounded on one side by the river and the other side by the gravel road. All I could see were the tops of more trees. Then I looked back at the boy who had captured my heart. He stared at my puffy slit between my legs. There was some small part of me that wondered when I'd start getting hair down there. After all, I was closer to fourteen than thirteen now. But the look on Bryan's face pushed the thought aside. We were as like a pair as could be, and I wanted nothing to get in the way. Not yet.

I straddled him, sitting on his upper chest, facing away from him. And I leaned back over and took him in my mouth again. As I leaned over, I pushed my ass up and toward his face. It wasn't that he had never eaten me out. Far from it. But we had always taken turns. I'd give him a blow job, sometimes he would return the favor and eat me out. Sometimes, I wanted more, and I'd take him and fuck him like I was riding a bucking bronco. This was different.

As my lips slid over his cock, taking all of him in, Bryan tentatively put his hands on my hips and pushed his face between my legs. I felt his hot breath on my pussy an instant before his tongue slid between my lips and found my vagina.

I was wet and soon his lips were drenched in my juices, but I never wavered in the attention I lavished on his little pole. Even as he sent tendrils of ecstasy through me, I polished his nob and pole with every bit of skill I possessed. A couple of minutes later, his tongue stopped moving and Bryan moaned against the back side of my slit, "Fuck, I'm gonna..."

I knew what to expect. Had felt it dozens of times before. But it never gets old. I wanted to feel his dick thicken at that moment of heavenly bliss and spasm inside my mouth, kicking and jerking about as he dry cums.

I pushed down, clamping my lips around his rod, and sucked and worked my tongue, waiting for that moment. He grunted. His dick grew even harder. He spasmed in my mouth and something hot and sweetly tart hit my tongue as he let out a surprised yelp.

If I hadn't been so horny, if I hadn't needed him so much, I would have pulled back in that moment. Instead, I swallowed that droplet of his nascent seed. In the back of my mind, I thought about what Cheryl had said about her experience with her fourteen-year-old boyfriend, *take that, you bitch!* Bryan was nothing like that other boy. It was but a drop, but it was a sweetness I wanted to experience over and over.

Finally, he pushed me off. His penis still twitched as he said, "Holy shit! It's sensitive as hell. Did I just, um, cum for real?"

I rolled off and turned around and kissed him, sharing a taste of his little treat with him, "You sure did."

He blushed, "I'm sorry about that. I didn't know that was gonna happen."

I put my hand on his chest and pushed him back against the sleeping bag, "Don't be. I liked it."

The worry disappeared from his face. He smiled as the implications of what he'd just done finally dawned on him, "Erin, I actually came. Before, I thought it felt good. But that time, what you did, it was unbelievable."

I nestled against him, propped up with one elbow, the other arm draped across his narrow chest, "And I got to be here and experience it with you. That was fucking hot, Bry."

I almost told him I could hardly wait for him to cum inside me. Sure, he had dry cummed inside me lots, but the next time would be the real deal. He must have been thinking along the same lines.

"Does this mean we can't have sex anymore?"

I knew little about when a boy becomes able to get a girl pregnant. But I hadn't experienced a period yet and figured it wasn't something I had to worry about until then. "No way, Bry. You're my boyfriend. We're gonna keep doing it."

"But what if I get you pregnant? What would happen then?"

I explained about my period, about being too young to get pregnant. I also told him about birth control pills.

The aftermath of his first wet orgasm soon hit, and Bryan yawned and closed his eyes. I slid my leg along his and cuddled against him, joining him in a late afternoon nap.

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## **Bryan**

When I woke, the sun was heading toward the western horizon. Erin's head was on my shoulder. A bit of drool ran down my side. Her leg draped over my leg and her slit was against my hip. Despite a slight chill to the air, as

the sun's mild intensity dissipated, I smiled. At first, I had freaked out when I came in her mouth. But I should have known better. Like always, Erin set my mind at ease.

With Mom and Jimmy Todd nowhere to be found, Granny didn't seem to miss me much when I was gone. She had just nodded from her La-Z-Boy when I told her that morning I was spending the night over at Erin's. Well, Eric's. Spending the night with each other during the school year was harder than we had anticipated, even with an apathetic and drunk mom on Erin's side, and a disinterested granny on mine. That's why I really looked forward to that four-day weekend.

Thanks to a summer largely spent shirtless and sometimes even naked, our tans hadn't faded so much that by November we were still brown enough that the weak autumn sun hadn't burned us. But now that it was retreating, I wanted more warmth. I untangled myself from Erin and slipped down the ladder and grabbed the second sleeping bag. Back on the roof, I spread the second bag over Erin and then slid in between the two bags.

"Mmm, that's nice," she murmured, "I wondered where you disappeared to. Thought I'd have to get up and go find you."

Once I was under the cover of the sleeping bag, Erin snuggled against me again. The way her hand snaked across my chest sent a shiver through my body and made my little noodle stiff. She lay on her side, her budding boob pressed against my side. Her leg slid over mine and my stiffy twitched when I felt the heat of her smooth sex against my hip again.

The sun fades fast during late fall and soon reds and oranges replace the yellow sun. It dropped a few more degrees, but snuggled between our sleeping bags, with Erin pressed against me, I was warm. As the stars blinked into existence, her hand slid down my stomach and found my stiffy, "Hmm, hot and horny?"

I giggled and rolled onto my side, facing her. Her lips were close to mine. Her kiss sent a thrill through me. She wiggled her hips, making me hyperaware of our bodies. Her puffy nipples pushed against my chest. Our stomachs, still satisfied with our Thanksgiving dinner, touched. My stiffy lay

flat between our bodies, and our legs touched. I rested my free hand behind her head, "Uh huh. Your body feels awesome."

She reached between us and gently wrapped her fingers around me before pushing my stiffy between her legs. It was like an inverted hotdog. Her puffy lips were the bun and my stiffy the wiener. She rocked her hips back and forth, sending jolts of pleasure through me as she coated me with her slick juices. Before I could figure out what I should do next, she rolled on top of me and kissed me before putting her knees on both sides of my hips.

With a skill born of practice, she used her fingers to guide my stiffy to her opening and slid onto me with a moan of pleasure. I had discovered on my own that I could certainly jack myself raw if I tried too many times on my own. But since being with Erin, I had yet to experience too much sex. The feeling of her pushing up, drawing my stiffy along her tight and slick walls was pure bliss. It was only equaled when she lowered herself onto me, burying all of my stiffy inside her.

She moaned as she pulled up, "Fuck a duck, Bry, dunno why, but it feels even better than usual. Gotta be the anticipation of you squirting in me."

Just talking about that made the familiar tingle in the base of my stiffy come to life. With each thrust up and down, it grew like a burning ember, warming and thrilling me. When Erin gave a guttural moan, her body shook. Her pussy undulated around my stiffy, and that was it for me. My balls constricted and my stiffy swelled and the most intense pleasure filled my body as I felt that little drop of cum speed through my urethra and shoot deep inside Erin. It may have only been a single drop, but to me, I felt like a man as she moaned as her orgasm continued.

I was spent by the time she stopped moving and collapsed onto me. She found her voice first, "I felt you, Bry. I felt something warm fill me when you came. It made me cum again and again."

I smiled at her, "You felt even better than normal too."

She slid from me after a bit and we cuddled under the warmth of the sleeping bag. We were far enough out of town and Zavalla was a small enough town that the sky was awash in stars. It was something to behold.

Erin's hand, slick with sweat, found my chest again. "Your heart's racing, Bry. And here I thought I was doing all the work."

I rested my hands on top of hers, "If you want, I can climb on top."

She leaned in and kissed me, "Maybe later, my lovely stud. For now, I just want to enjoy the moment."

That wonderful silence filled the night air. Eventually Erin said, "I wanted today to be special. It's our first real holiday together. I was so worried Mom was going to fuck it up, but even after she got drunk, we still managed to have a great evening."

I shifted, trying to be even closer to her, although our bodies were already touching. "And it's not over yet, Erin. And we've got three more days after that to have fun this weekend."

Her fingers found my penis. So soon after the most incredible orgasm, I was soft. She played with it until I was hard again, "That's true. Christmas is just around the corner. We gotta figure it out, but I want you to spend Christmas eve with us because I want to see you bright and early Christmas morning."

Where she found the energy I don't know, but not even ten minutes after finishing me off, she slid back onto my waist. This time, we made love slowly. I came again a bit later. We fell asleep that night on the roof of her treehouse after making love four times that night.

## Epilogue

### Bryan

Erin put the car in park, “Tell your granny hi for me.”

I leaned over and kissed her, “I don’t want to push my luck. It’s been two years since I had to explain the whole Eric thing. I’m not sure she’s ever completely forgiven me for that.”

Erin brushed a strand of hair out of her eyes. She was letting it grow out now that I had cut my hair. Both of us now had hair touching our collars. “Could have fooled me. She practically lets you live with me.”

I grinned, “What was it she said? ‘I done raised one kid. I ain’t doing it again.’ As long as I check in from time to time, let her know I’m still alive, and don’t disturb her when she’s watching her game shows and soaps, she doesn’t much care.”

Before I could open my door, Erin reached across and grabbed at my crotch. My hand faltered on the door handle, all thoughts of my granny forgotten. My girlfriend of three years deftly unbuckled my belt and unzipped my jeans. “Pull them down, Bry. Time to celebrate the last day of my of my sophomore year properly.”

I glanced through the rearview mirror. The yard was even more weed-infested than ever. The gravel road wasn’t visible from the car. The only person to worry about was my granny, and she had never bothered coming to the door before. I lifted my hips and pulled my jeans and underwear down to my knees.

Erin reached over and ran her fingers through the silky strands of my pubes. I may have started puberty when I was twelve and a half, but my body didn’t seem inclined to rush things. Freshman gym had been no better than the previous few years. I had started the year almost bald. Now, nine months later, a few dozen lonely strands of silky hair sprang from the base of my dick.

But even now, a couple of months shy of fifteen, my body was still smooth, except for a small patch of pubic hair over my dick and a few wisps under



my arms. Freshman gym had been little better than any of the previous years, although having a girlfriend doesn't hurt your social standing.

Erin's fingers played with my growing erection until I grew to my full five inches. After a few playful tugs, she leaned over and licked my glans, sending a shiver through me. I could be a hundred and five and this would never get old. Her lips slid around my little helmet as her saliva lubed my shaft. When she slid down, she paused when my tip reached her throat. Then, with an expertise that came from years of experience, she pushed down until my wispy strands tickled her nose. The way her throat closed around the end of my dick sent a wave of pleasure rushing over me. My adolescent voice, still trying to find itself, groaned, "Fucking fantastic, Erin. Ahh."

Her only response was to bob up and down on my erection. My eyes drifted close as my head rested against the seatback of Erin's car. Those wonderful tingles weren't far away, and I let them find me as they radiated out from the base of my dick. Even though less than twenty-four hours had passed since we fucked last, I would not last long.

Erin knew my body as well as her own; she bobbed faster. She wrapped her fingers around my balls and gently squeezed them, knowing that would only hasten my eruption. The tingling grew and fireworks exploded behind my closed eyelids as my balls pulled inward and my dick seemed to expand and grow even harder. Erin pulled back until her lips trapped only my glans as my dick spasmed and the first blast of cum hit the back of her throat. Another half-dozen lesser blasts followed.

Lights were still going off behind my eyelids when she finally pulled off my dick with a wet plop. I only opened my eyes when she grabbed my face and pulled me into a kiss. Even though she had swallowed all I had, the salty taste of my cum lingered heavy on her tongue. She swore she loved my taste, but to me it was saltier and slightly more bitter with every passing month.

When her lips unlocked with mine, Erin said, "Don't forget to pull your pants up before you go into see your granny. That would be awkward."

I laughed at the image, as improbable as it was, as I pulled my clothes back into place and climbed out of the car. The trailer looked even more destitute after three years. I climbed the cinderblock stairs and opened the door. The TV blared in the living room.

“Hi, Granny, I’m home.”

The only sound was the TV. That was odd. Sometimes, she would greet me warmly, with a “Hey Bryan, how was your day?” or “Shush, Bryan. So-and-so’s about to reveal something big on my show.” It was always something.

I hurried into the living room. Granny was right where I expected her to be, and she appeared to be asleep. I crossed the room and knelt by the recliner, “Hey Granny, I’m home. Last day of school for the summer.”

Hers didn’t blink; there was no response. Worried, I nudged her shoulder, “Granny?”

Her head fell forward, her chin resting against her chest. She was cool to the touch. I fell back, stunned. A moment later, I was on my feet, racing back to the door, where I threw it open, “Erin! It’s Granny! I think she’s dead!”

I didn’t wait, but went back to the recliner. Granny was just as I left her. A moment later, Erin barged into the room. She knelt in front of the chair. After a long pause, she swore, “Fuck. Not again.”

I pursed my lips. This wasn’t the first time we had found a body in one of our homes. Erin rocked back on her knees, “Shit, Bry. I’m sorry about this. This sucks.”

I knew I was supposed to feel something. We hadn’t seen Mom in almost three years, so it was just me and Granny. Only it never really was. I was nothing more than a burden to her. My only emotion was of fear. What were we going to do now? It was just me and Erin now.

I shook my head, “Shit happens. What are we going to do now? Granny took you to get your driver’s license. When we needed stuff done, we could talk her into it.”

Erin got a calculating look in her eye. I'd seen it before. Finally her head shook, "I don't guess we can bury her in the woods like we did with my mom."

I blinked in surprise. It had happened over the second Christmas holiday after we started dating. Erin was a few months shy of turning fifteen. I was thirteen and a half. We had come in from the treehouse the day after Christmas and found her mom dead on the couch.

Erin's mom was an only child and both sets of her grandparents were already dead. She had no family. To call the authorities and report the death meant being taken away from the only life she knew. And that's why we buried her mom under a live oak tree halfway between the treehouse and the river.

Erin had already mastered her mom's signature, taught herself to drive. Toward the end of her mom's life, Erin was the only contact Mrs. McBride had with the outside world. Erin took the insurance check and social security checks to the bank each month, went to the grocery store too. After a particularly nasty spat between her mom and the man who ran the liquor store, she had even taken to picking up her mom's booze, even though it was illegal.

Is it bad to say her mom's death was actually the day Erin was liberated? Looking back, it doesn't feel like it. The biggest change was I spent almost all my time with her after that. I'd check in with Granny, but that was it. It took a couple of months, but we eventually cleaned her mom's stuff away and made the master bedroom our own. For more than a year now, we cooked together, shopped together, learned how to pay the bills to keep the lights and electricity on, all while keeping up with our school work.

And now that my granny was dead, all we had built was in jeopardy. Erin stood, "I don't know what we're going to do, Bryan. Once school starts back up, who will go with us to get us enrolled? Without your granny's help last year, they would've found me out."

I moved away from the body, "That gives us a couple of months, still. Right?"

Erin joined me, and took my hand and led me outside, “Not sure how the cops would feel about getting a call about your granny in the middle of August.”

She left the rest unsaid. But I could paint the mental image on my own. There would be some very uncomfortable questions about it. And those questions would inevitably lead back to Erin’s mom. Since her mom’s death, Erin and I had been living in her house on borrowed time. Our plans had been for us to leave Zavalla as soon as we both graduate from high school.

My voice was scratchy and full of worry, “We need to be gone before the cops find Granny’s body.”

Erin leaned against the hood of the car, “I don’t know if we have enough money yet, Bry. We thought we had a couple of years yet.”

Between the social security check for Erin and the insurance payment to her mom, the McBrides took in a bit over two thousand dollars each month. Erin squirreled a few hundred dollars each month away. It was our seed money to start our life over somewhere else. Two more years would have given us another ten grand. I leaned against her and wrapped my arm around her shoulders, “How much do we have?”

We didn’t trust the bank with that money. There was too much at stake. My most recent growth spurt had finally pulled me even with her and her head fit perfectly on my shoulder, where she rested it, “About five thousand dollars. I don’t know if that’s enough.”

“Do you think maybe we can stay here until school starts, then leave? If we save every dollar, maybe we’d have enough.”

She slid her eyes over to mine, “I guess. We can stop paying the mortgage on the house and save a few hundred dollars. Not like we can keep it. Probably find some other things we can cut out. But we’ll have to be ready to go at a moment’s notice.”

Right or wrong, we left Granny just as we found her; Resting in the recliner in front of the TV.

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## Erin

We hadn't been up on top of the roof of the treehouse in a while. It felt weird to be up there instead of at school. Registration had come and gone and Labor Day was a memory. We knew we needed to be away, and soon. But the summer had been idyllic, the best yet for us. A few days after finding Bryan's granny, I gave him my dad's wedding band. It was too big to fit around his finger, so he wore it around his neck, just like I wore my mom's wedding band.

We didn't care if it was legal; Hell, we had enough felonies behind us to cause us a lifetime of troubles. This little technicality didn't even phase us. There wasn't much use hanging out in the house. We hadn't paid the electrical bill since Granny's death. Only the water and gas bill, so we could stay clean and eat. But we'd managed to save another three thousand dollars. If we could make it through to Thanksgiving, we'd have over ten thousand saved; enough for us to start over.

"You there, Erin?" Bryan looked up at me. He lay on the sleeping bag while I straddled him. We were both wearing too much clothing.

"Yeah, let me help you with that," I said as I pulled his t-shirt off. Like me, he had a deep tan. His shoulders were wider than his hips, although not obscenely so, like some guys with more muscles than brains. I stood and made quick work of his pants and underwear. The summer had been gentle with him. The lonely strands of silky pubes now formed a tight, curly patch at the base of his cock. Strange, when I was younger, I dreaded either of us getting pubic hair and growing up. But now I looked at him and found he was still perfect.

I tugged off my shirt. When we were alone, I went without a bra, and my breasts jiggled in the sultry breeze as I bent over and pulled my shorts and panties off. My tits didn't quite fill the a-cup bra I wore in public. Most girls who are small are self-conscious about their tiny tits. But the way Bryan looked at them chased away all my insecurities.

Naked, I resumed my straddle. With a slight shift of my hips, Bryan's dick slid comfortably within me. An intense sense of wellbeing washed over me as I worked my knees and hips. Bryan did his part, resting his hands against

my hips, thrusting up as I came down. We were soon covered in sweat and my juices. Every time my pussy pushed down on his pubic bone, a wet, slapping noise filled the air.

You might think after more than three years together, I would tire of being on top. But you'd be wrong. I don't understand it, and neither does Bryan, but there's something about our personalities where I enjoy dominating him sexually and he enjoys being under me, letting me lead out. In a way, it fits our relationship. Bryan had learned to speak up and let me know his opinions and what he liked, but he still deferred to me. And we were never more perfect than when we fucked.

Bryan moaned, and I knew he was close. That rapturous vocalization of his pleasure pushed me closer, and my knees and hips shifted into overdrive as I reached my own orgasm. He thrust up a last time and shuddered. He filled me completely now and when fiery blasts of his cum coated my cervix and pussy walls, that was it for me. My whole body shook as I came.

I lowered my chest against Bryan's and enjoyed the heavy pounding of our hearts. I imagined his millions of little sperm swimming up, trying to find my eggs. Maybe one day soon I would stop using birth control and let nature take its own course. It wouldn't be the first time.

I closed my eyes and enjoyed the warmth of Bryan's body. It was too hot out for our sweat to evaporate, but I didn't care. My thoughts returned to that moment when we got the shock of our young lives. It was the summer between my eighth and ninth grade. I hadn't had my period yet, even though I was already fourteen. A few weeks into the summer, I started to get cramps. At first, I thought nothing of it. But the cramps grew worse. Then one morning, when the cramps were at their worst, I was on the toilet, hunched over in the worst pain imaginable. My pee felt all wrong and something more was happening. When I finished, I stood and screamed.

Bryan raced in and looked into the bloody toilet bowl. A tiny, ill-formed fetus floated on the water. Even though he was far more passive than me, he took control, took me back to bed and then fished the miscarriage from the bowl and went into the woods and buried it. We never talked about it

again, although young love can't be easily contained and we were soon fucking almost every day. Thankfully, that's about the time school started again. The nurse in the high school provided me with the pill.

I blinked away the memory and murmured against his chest, "That was fantastic, Bry."

He smiled at me until we heard sirens in the distance. His smile evaporated as we both rose to our feet. The world seemed to crystalize at that moment. The only sounds were those of sirens, and they were coming closer.

We dressed in a flash. We rolled the sleeping bags and left them at the foot of the tree. Bryan grabbed my arm as I started toward the house. "I gotta see. Then we can leave."

The look in his eyes melted my heart. He wasn't the kind of boy to put many demands on me and although I was scared to death of being found out, I couldn't refuse him. We hurried through the woods, staying on my house's side of the road until we came even with where the trailer was on the opposite side.

Bryan led the way; the closer to the road we came, the thicker the underbrush. We eventually were close enough to see a couple of police cars and an old brown Pontiac. A voice I didn't recognize was shrill, "What the fuck do you mean she's been dead for a while? How couldn't you know what's going on?"

Bryan's face was ashen. He muttered, "It's my mom."

I grabbed his hand and pulled him away from the road, just a few heartbeats before a black coroner's station wagon pulled into the overgrown drive. Once we were far enough back, I turned on him, "What do you want to do, Bry?"

He looked in the direction of the trailer. Normally, the silence between us was as natural as our conversations. But as time dragged by, I grew pensive. This wasn't like him. "Bry?"

He shook his head, "Fuck her. She abandoned me a long time ago. Let's get the hell out of here while we still can. It won't be long before they're

looking for me. For us.”

We retrieved the sleeping bags on the way back to the house. It was only the work of a few minutes to grab our saved cash and suitcases previously packed against this eventuality. The luggage went into the trunk and the cash split into several paper bags. One went into the glove compartment and the others, under the bench-seat.

We stopped at the end of the drive. In the distance, we could see another car pull into the trailer’s driveway. I looked in the rearview mirror. The house hadn’t looked this good since my dad died. Bryan and I had put lots of effort into keeping it looking nice. My eyes stung as I bit my lower lip. This wasn’t the time for tears. I blinked them away and put the car in park. I worked the house keys off the key chain and opened the car door. I moment later, I opened the mailbox and dropped them on top of a past-due utility bill.

Back in the car, I leaned over and kissed Bryan before whispering, “We’re in charge of our lives now, Bryan. No looking back?”

His eyes briefly cut to where sat his granny’s trailer, hidden by the thicket of pine and oaks. He turned to me, his beautiful heart-shaped face more serious than ever before as he clenched his jaw, “My home is with you, Erin. Let’s go.”

I turned away from the past and went the other direction. Before long, we were on the blacktop, our future uncertain. All we had was each other.

**The End.**