INTRODUCTION: This is a series of stories detailing my varied sexual escapades over the years; I'll leave to your imagination what is true or pure fantasy, although I can assure you that all are based on real events.

PLEASE NOTE: I DO NOT ENDORSE OR CONDONE ANY SPECIFIC ACTIVITY IN MY FICTION, INCLUDING ANY PARTICULAR SEXUAL ACT, ANY MORE THAN I WOULD CONDONE OR PERPETRATE VIOLENCE OR MURDER.
When I was a teen I lived in a very small town. My parents were quite well known and had many friends, and soon I was enlisted as pretty much the town's only babysitter, albeit I don't know how more than a few couples went partying on a given night when I babysat for only one of them, but whatever; maybe there were more sitters than just me?

In any case, I had several regulars, including the Lowells, with a five-year-old girl, three-year-old boy, and, later, a baby girl; then there were the Ramseys, who had a baby girl; an older couple, the Sykeses, had a four-year-old boy and yet another baby girl (yes, I took care of a lot of infants, including diapers and the works!); while the Kirbys had a brood of several girls: two, four, and about six; finally, the Waynes' kids were a boy, nine, and a girl, eleven (both not a lot younger than me at the time!).

Since they were relatives, I started with the Lowells, but as far as I recall, nothing much happened the first few times I sat for them; at the time I didn't have a girlfriend, either. However, at the Sykes' place I began my education.

They had a stash of porn – several, in fact – that I found under the sink in the bathroom and in a linen closet in the hall (in their bedroom, too, but I wasn't brave enough to go in there, yet). Let me first say that Mrs. Sykes was fucking fine; long blonde hair and fairly petite, but with curves that would straighten Lombard Street. Naturally I fantasized about her, especially since she dressed in extremely risqué outfits for the size of our town: daring yellow miniskirts and low-cut blouses that I'm certain illustrated at least size D for me quite well, although of course I had no clue at the time.

I now know that they were probably going out to swinger parties; my first clue should have been the books I found under the sink – trashy pulp novels – portraying B&D with gangbangs and orgies. Naturally this was the first time I had imagined such a thing, let alone read about it, so you can imagine how I felt after poring through this stuff. I vividly recall one scene in particular, where a woman was tied up in a rope swing and gangbanged by five guys; I can almost still read the words regarding how she felt about having, "a cock in her pussy, one in her ass, one in her mouth, and one for each hand". Fuck!

Later, I also found their stash of dirty mags in the closet, and was busily perusing these one night when I heard noises from the bathroom. I got up to find their son (of three-or-four, you'll recall) in his jammies with almost the entire contents of his sexy mother's makeup drawers scattered all about, happily painting his face with her bright red lipstick. I'm sure I made some exclamation, and then
found towels or something to clean him up before sending him back to bed. He'd inked up his jammies as well, though, so I found a clean pair and changed him. Interestingly, his little pecker was circumcised, and I'd never seen such a thing – but I refrained from checking it closer (even though I could have, but that would come later). The kid was talking by then, but wasn't very intelligible – to me – because he said something about, "zezzy plays", which I didn't understand.

I then tried to tidy up the bathroom, but it was hopeless; compacts and eyeliners and myriad esoteric stuff (to a 13-year-old boy) were mangled and smeared everywhere – counters, mirror, walls... Anyway, I tried to clean up that mess too, but didn't do a very good job, I'm sure; and I left all the makeup, because I hadn't the faintest idea what was what and what was salvageable.

I confessed on the way home with Mr. Sykes what had happened. He didn't say much this time, but I guess I needn't have been worried that they wouldn't hire me anymore and their stashes were lost to me forever, because next time, on the way to his place, he gave me a stern lecture about keeping an eye out, as I was supposed to do, and not get distracted, "reading comics."

"Not comics, I was reading your mag—" I immediately regretted my further confession, but, as it turned, should not have. I'm sure I blushed to my toenails, but was also too embarrassed to look at Mr. Sykes; I wish now I had seen what he may have been thinking.

In any event, I went in to find Mrs. looking hot as ever, and all thoughts of guilt over the 'accident' fled, as I checked her out again; it appeared she had replenished her makeup supply, and once more applied it to heart-stopping effect. They left, and much to my delight, they hadn't moved their stashes. Still, I felt too guilty and nervous that they might come back and catch me, though I couldn't say whether I was more worried about being caught looking at porn or not looking after their son. Both, I suppose.

The next (memorable) time with the Sykeses would have to wait, though, because I got my first sexual experience some time later, at the Lowells'.

I should tell you a couple things before getting there, though. For one, this may have been the first time I'd found and read dirty magazines – I don't remember the exact order of events – but I found others, including my dad's stash and some in a dilapidated cabin my friends and I used as a 'fort', as well as a huge pile that were tossed into the dumpster by the hotel I worked for as a busboy/dishwasher (I realize now they were unsold; the covers were torn off to be returned for credit). I didn't care that they had no covers; the interior – articles, of course – were far more titillating. Anyway, I hid a number of the more explicit ones, and brought a few softcores back home, and actually presented them to my dad (I knew he had similar ones, but not the full extent of his collection). He kind of smiled at my mother, who looked at me strangely, and took them, neither said anything then.

The second thing I need to tell you is that, odd as it may seem for a pubescent boy, I still did not know how to masturbate. I would soon get a lesson from a most unlikely source, however.
Only Sitter in Town - Pt 2

Chapter Summary

See Pt 1 for setup. I learn how wicked little girls can be, and, not coincidentally, how to masturbate.

Chapter Notes

TAGS: Masturbation; first time; exhibitionism; voyeurism; young; m/g; m/b; all participants are fictional or of age to be involved in consensual sexual activity.

It happened the next time I sat for the Lowells, but I should go back a bit. I remember shortly after these relatives moved here from out of town, a day when my parents and theirs sat in our living room while I play-wrestled with their little daughter – clothed this time, she in a short skirt – on the shag carpet (Google it, GenX-Yers-and-later!). Since I thought it only right to let her 'win', Carrie ended up on top of me.

"Ha ha, now I'm sitting on your face!" she chortled, tiny panty-clad cunny indeed planted firmly, smelling of little girl pee and other, unidentifiable odours.

I froze, not know what to do as she began moving erotically back and forth over nose, mouth, chin, expecting that her parents or mine would pull her off instantly. They didn't, and I recall now that I heard some chuckling as, mortally embarrassed, I wriggled out from under her, though she did her best to keep herself in the saddle. "Mmmmph!" was all I managed to vocalize.

The little girl giggled, and I heard amused snorting, but I don't know what else happened or what was said as I slunk out of there. Turns out that incident was nothing, though.

Carrie and her little brother, Toby, were in the habit of running around half- or fully nude, but only at home, or so I'd ever seen. Now, I was not unused to that; I should clarify that my parents are actually two set of parents: my dad and stepmother, who had custody of me, and my mom and stepfather, who had custody of my three younger brothers and two little sisters (don't ask – yet; it's complicated). We were all essentially nudists, and pretty much uninhibited when it came to exploration of our bodies and experimentation; but that's several stories I will get to soon. Just know that I moved in with my dad and stepmother about a year earlier, after spending a couple of summers here with my sister closest in age (17 months younger than me) – also a few more stories I'll tell you eventually.

Anyway, Carrie and Toby regularly played some kind of naked tag game that usually ended up with Carrie yanking Toby's stubby pecker, naturally causing the little boy to shriek and burst into tears.

"Carrie's pulling Toby's dick again," one parent would report to the other, and another stern lecture would follow to the impishly grinning little girl – who didn't appear at all abashed. The kids were also singularly uninhibited when I would bathe them both at once, but then, aren't all small children unselfconscious about nudity – at least their own?
One time after I'd bathed them before bed and was drying off their cute little naked bodies, trying NOT to pay particular attention to any part over another, I got a wicked thought and decided to have my own bath, right in front of them. You probably guessed that most of my siblings and I regularly bathed and skinny-dipped together, but this gradually tapered off as we got older and entered 'body-conscious' prepubescence. Thus I stripped, only a little self-consciously, as they watched, both fascinated, although I don't think either of them said anything. I got at least a partial erection, and they continued to stare as I dried myself, paying careful attention to my stiffening, uncircumcised member and getting more aroused as I teasingly waggled it in front of their round-eyed little faces. After they watched me dress, I took them each to their rooms, telling Carrie to get into her pjs and then to bed as I dressed Toby. I managed to get a little rub in on his tiny prick (I didn't understand the difference between cut and uncut, probably partly why I was intrigued), but didn't dare go any further, and the boy didn't react beyond a beatific smile as I tucked him in. I don't know what Carrie was doing meantime, but when I came into her room she stood there, still nude, looking at me, jammies nowhere in sight.

"Get into your peejays," I told her. She shook her curly red head and stuck her thumb in her mouth, which even then I thought an odd thing for a child her age to do. Sighing, but secretly relishing the opportunity, I found a set in her drawers and began to dress her for bed, this time getting in several long, slow strokes of a finger up along her appealing girl-crease.

Carrie, thumb in mouth, huge green eyes staring at me, didn't react beyond small sounds of contentment – whether having to do with the comfort of thumb-sucking or as a result of what I was doing, I couldn't tell. In any case, I dared not go any further with her, either, and managed – this time – to get her jammies on and into bed.

Fast forward a bit to another adventure at the Lowells', and once again trying to get Carrie to bed. I still (obtusely) didn't realize that the wicked little strumpet was deliberately baiting me by refusing to get into her nightwear (and that they usually didn't wear any, like my family). Even though I stroked her delectable little slit once more, she wouldn't less me dress her. This time I collapsed on my back on her bed, feet on the floor, in mild exasperation.

Instantly the naked little imp was up between my legs, fumbling at my zipper and belt. She got my zipper down okay (practice, I guess), but had trouble with the belt. Still somewhat confounded by what was happening, I felt I shouldn't help, but was intensely curious – and aroused, I admit – thinking about where this might go.

"There's your dickey!" she shouted, pulling my stiffening prick awkwardly – and a little painfully – from my underwear.

Vaguely, I noted that Toby had joined us at the side of the bed, pajama bottoms down so he could play with his own miniscule member. In the meantime, Carrie began intensely concentrating on my cock, which naturally responded as any pubescent teen's would, by swelling to its not immodest proportions. Now, I'm not sure whether it was cocks in general that fascinated the little girl, or mine in particular, having a little pubic hair by now as well; I liked to think the latter, albeit I would be somewhat deflated, so to speak, on an occasion still to come.

Carrie grabbed my cock in both little fists, stroking it as she gasped, wide-eyed as it continued to swell to full sail. She seemed most intrigued by how my foreskin worked, if not the size et al., as she used all her fingertips on my shaft to work it up and down, hiding and uncovering the straining purple head, hovering over it like a mother bird feeding her chicks. Of course it didn't take much of this before I shot a small jet of clear-ish stuff directly into the startled little girl's face. Releasing me as I groaned, she leapt back, Toby shouting something as I quickly scrambled from the bed past him to the bathroom; in my ignorance I thought I was pissing. The kids followed.
Carrie, the harlot, knew exactly what it was (though I didn't stop to think, just then, how that could be). "I made you cummie!" she shrieked, even as she wiped mine off her face – and actually licked it from her palm!

I vainly tried to empty the rest of my 'pee' into the toilet, partial comprehension slowly dawning on me.

"Cummie, cummie!" Toby repeated, jumping up and down clad only in pajama top. Carrie stuck a cum-coated finger in his mouth, which he sucked like candy.

Fascinated by these children's erotic behavior, I now realized, from the pulp novels, that I had indeed ejaculated for what I thought was the first time (as I didn't yet connect wet sheets and nocturnal emissions). I only knew, then, that I was once more mortified that we would be caught, so I hushed the kids and hustled them to bed, after cleaning up what remained of any 'evidence'.

I probably don't need to mention that I did not consider, at the time, what should now be obvious to most readers: that these children had been instructed, coached, indoctrinated... whatever you want to call it; even 'abused', if you must, although they hardly seemed reluctant or traumatized in any way. At least I now knew how to jack off – which I began to do with more or less 'normal' regularity.
I mentioned that my parents had split; although I didn't know then why, I can tell you now that it had a lot to do with our respective lifestyles, and the fact that my dad and stepmother believed in more rigorous training and hands-on sex education than my mother and stepfather, who were quite relaxed when it came to nudity and aforementioned experimentation, but drew the line at more explicit sex-play, a least before perhaps age 10-12-or-so. As to what is 'right', I will not offer my opinion here; the reader may infer – or not – from what I write and the way I slant things, concluding whatever they wish from my experiences and the fact that I remain, at least in my opinion, a 'normal' senior male of the species, with much to offer in the way of advice and example, to take as one might care to do so.

Now, back to my story.

I should clarify that the whole 'pj play' thing was another way to slowly introduce me to the lifestyle of my stepmother's family; Mr. Lowell is her brother. Entering body-shy adolescence, and in a new school etc., I had grown out of the practice, but, as nudists themselves, and with small children who were – I suppose you could say, 'bait' – they decided they needed an excuse for me to get close to them, by enticing me to not only bathe them but help them dress for bed – which they didn't, normally, of course. I suppose they thought that anything more overt would have scared me off, or...

Anyway, eventually they ceased the tease, as it was no longer necessary. But it took another, rather more explicit enticement, to take another step toward 'all the way'.

This involved more relatives of my stepmother's; cousins or something, I don't quite remember. They came to visit only a couple of times that I recall, with their three kids: Samantha, 11; Grace, 9; Danny, 6. Although I'm guessing at exact ages and names, and ignoring the fact that I sat for them only twice, they are rather memorable.

The first time I babysat them, their parents and mine were hardly out the door when the eldest girl, Sam, whipped off her top. She had nothing to show off yet, but apparently still felt the need to tease. She and her siblings looked at me, the latter with big grins as though anticipating my reaction, Sam with a rather coquettish expression I had never seen but in magazines – on much older girls, naturally.

I didn't know what to say, so kept my silence to see where this would go. Sam began to prance
around, and I wondered if I was about to be treated to a strip show. Sure enough, the other two began to sing something tuneless and cavort about the living room, both soon losing their shirts as well. By now the nudist thing had come back into my mind (and elsewhere), so I figured this must be normal – although why they waited for their parents to leave first, left me reluctant to assume much else.

Blonde, somewhat chunky Sam continued the peeler act, getting all the way out of her blue panties before Grace, tiny with long dark hair, took centre stage, as it were, and carried on to full nudity as well. Littler brother Danny, also with straight yet short dark hair, didn't seem to have the act down pat yet, and was naked before his sisters, all the while shouting and prancing about, doubtless trying to draw my attention. Well, they had it, the shameless nymphs, and I felt I could do nothing but sit, in part to relieve the growing stiffy in my pants, as well as to hide it.

Our parents had obviously heard the commotion – doubtless hanging about knowing what was about to happen; their mother stuck her head back in the door (out of sightline downstairs), to shout, "Hey, keep it down, you lot! And put your clothes back on before I get back."

Although, much to my disappointment, that put an end to the show, the kids neither looked ashamed or guilty, nor did they get dressed. Still, they seemed to lose interest in teasing me that way, and drifted off to normal kids' activities. I, however, didn't lose interest in them, except that I couldn't concentrate on TV or comics or whatever I was doing, and had to go to the bathroom to jack off, because I'm sure they deliberately pointed their pert little asses toward me on hands and knees while playing on the floor.

And didn't the little minxes know exactly where I'd gone, perhaps even why, as they almost immediately came after me, rattling the locked doorknob and shouting, "We have to go pee! Let us in!"

Although my zipper was down as I'd been fishing for my cock, sitting on the lidded toilet, I hesitated only a moment before deciding that discretion was the better part of horniness; if they indeed had to pee, and I didn't let them in and they had an accident, I would be cleaning it up. Reluctantly, I stowed my aching equipment and, hunched over, opened the door. All three naked imps crowded in, looking straight at my crotch, that I was trying to casually hide with an arm, seemingly disappointed at not 'catching' me at anything.

"Go pee, then," I groaned.

Sam put the seat down and climbed onto the toilet, spreading her chubby legs so I had a full view of her fleshy pink cunny as she loosed a brief yellow stream that reduced to a trickle, then a couple squirts before a drop or two, one remaining suspended like a tiny yellow gem. All the while I could feel her stare, then glanced up to see the wicked little half-smile, a hint of a question in her sparkling blue eyes.

"You have to wipe her now," Grace instructed. "Then my turn."

Danny jumped up and down, clapping. "My turn, my turn!"

"No!" Grace responded, pushing him a bit. "Me first."

Danny continued his antics and yelling while the girls stared at me expectantly. When I looked back, I could swear Sam had spread her legs farther, little pussy still wide and dripping. Shaking a bit, and squirming uncomfortably at my bulge and consequent posture, I took a step and a swatch of toilet paper, brushing it lightly across her tiny vulva and quickly dropping it in the toilet.
"That's not enough!" Grace, obviously the choreographer, grabbed a wad of tp. "Like this." Carefully, yet a little longer than I thought should be necessary, drew it up and down along her big sister's splayed pink cunt lips. That done, she pushed Sam off, climbing up herself and staring to pee before she even got properly seated. This caused the first stream to splash the toilet seat and floor, but all the kids laughed, even as Grace lifted herself up and, tilted slightly to one side, spread her own cunny wide with one hand, the other on the sink keeping her balance. A strong jet of piss splashed into the toilet, again tapering and dripping like her sister.

"I wanna pee! I wanna pee!" Danny went on.

"Wait! Now wipe me," Grace directed me.

"All right.... Umm... Quiet down," I remonstrated. This time I thought I did a good job of wiping the smaller girl; she made a couple sounds of either contentment or approval. I also cleaned up the spillage.

Danny began to climb up as soon as she vacated the perch, but Grace pushed him back, slamming the seat upright. "No! Pee like a boy, like mamma said!"

Her brother began to cry, in part perhaps because he stumbled into the side of the tub when pushed, but mostly, I thought, due to being denied his preference.

"You have to help him," Grace further coached.

"Uhhh... I... Stop crying." I checked Danny for injury; he had none.

"Like this." Grabbing one thin arm, she pulled her brother up against the toilet, grasping his little pecker between two fingers of the other hand and aiming. His sniffles ceased as he concentrated, grunting as his own little stream at first dribbled and then jetted in an arc that Grace took delight in waving to and fro, causing more spillage that, despite my having to clean up, I found curiously erotic, as all the kids giggled.

For the remainder of the brief two hours or so, the kids played normally, albeit they did not get dressed before parents arrived home. Yet this seemed of no consequence, even as they were told to do so in preparation for leaving.

Which left me rather confused and uncertain, until the next time.
I believe some other stuff happened before the next time with these visitors, but I'll go there anyway, since events are a little jumbled in my memory, and the exact order of many don't especially matter.

Sam, Grace, and Danny came over again, and this time stripped the instant they got over the threshold. Their mother watched as they streaked – literally – upstairs into the living room for the toybox, shouting and giggling. Glancing at me, she shrugged, a certain gleam in her blue eyes. She very much resembled her elder daughter, being blonde and even chunky, albeit sporting curves her offspring naturally couldn't boast as yet. I scoped out her properties, noting bigger boobs than Mrs. Lowell's pushing up through a braless green tank top, giant nipples pointing at me. Shrugging solid, nearly bare shoulders, ogled goodies jiggled, and my dick twitched. "Oh well, what can you do." It didn't sound like a question to me. "Be good, you lot. We won't be long."

Adults headed out the door, kids remained occupied with their play, while I sat and tried not to watch their cute little butts and crotches, whenever they bent over or sat spread-legged. I must have started reading the same comic five times, shifting about uncomfortably and moving my swollen dick around in my pants before I gave up and headed to the bathroom again. Of course they all followed me.

"Peepee, peepee!" Danny yelled, dancing again.

I hadn't realized that pissing was a team sport; I just hoped that shitting wasn't, as I'd read some gross stuff in one of the Lowells' books...

I cleared my throat. "All right. This time I'm not cleaning up after you little anklebiters, so get in the tub."

Curiously, this engendered more shrieks of delight, as all three small, naked asses climbed into the bathtub. I began to close the shower curtain, but Grace stopped me. "You have to warm it!"

"Wh-What do you mean?"

"Water, dummy! Warm up the tub so it's not cold."

"Oh." I supposed the porcelain was cold on tiny bare feet, so dutifully turned on the taps and adjusted the flow till it was warm, splashing it toward the back of the tub. My intent had been to
warm up all its bottom surface, but of course I splashed little legs, which incited another round of shrieking and barefoot stomping and splashing.

"Hey, cut it out!" I was getting wet, as well as the bathmat, floor... "That's why I'm closing the curtain."

"But you gotta come in too!" Grace informed me, as if it should go without saying.

"I... uhhh..."

"And put the plug in."

I'd started shutting off the taps; readjusted them. "All right." I put the stopper in place, intending to fill the tub a few inches.

"Peepee, peepee!" Danny actually laid down on his back, feet under the spout. "EEeee!" he shrieked. "Cold!"

"You should have waited," I scolded.

I noted his little pecker standing straight up its full inch-or-so; thought of fondling it, but, expecting him to begin pissing, I started as a stream of yellow splashed his chest, penis, legs; glanced up in shock to see Sam, bow-legged above his face, fingers of both hands splaying her cunny wide as her flow leaked out all over her giggling brother. No sooner had she finished than Grace followed suit, all three laughing as if watching the funniest cartoon ever.

"Your turn!" Grace laid in place of Danny, who immediately stood up and started stomping around.

"Stop!" I grabbed an arm, which caused him to wince and whine. "Sorry. But don't splash everywhere –you're making a mess."

It seemed a non-issue anyway, as Sam laid down opposite her sister when I shut the water off, the level not even rising to cover bare little slits. Four little-girl legs now resembled two pair of entwined fleshy scissors as their brother stood between them; not much room left for splashing.

"You have to go too!" I began to resent Grace's bossiness, but couldn't deny the appeal of the suggestion, or the situation.

"Peepee, peepee!" yelled Danny, bouncing at the knees.

I got naked, but saw no way to comfortably get in with them. "Uhh..."

"Peepeeeeeeerreee!" Danny loosed a stream that looked like it had been saved for some time; no wonder he'd been bouncing.

As his warm yellow piss splashed one sister then the next, the chortling reached new levels.

"HAHAHAHAAHAHAAHAAAA!"

I couldn't help it. Despite a half-hardon, I managed a decent stream that splattered against the little boy's tummy and crotch, flowing in rivulets down his legs into the water where his sisters kicked, screeching, "ME! ME!" I obliged, emptying my bladder all over them to shrieks and giggles. The kids splashed and played with the piss, stroking it over their own little bodies and each other's. I couldn't help it; I got hard immediately and splattered them with another tribute, though they didn't even seem to notice.
"All right," I said, a little out of breath. "Stand up, now... we have to rinse off."

Of course all three complained, loudly, wanting continued play, but I told them their parents would be back soon, and they had to dry off. I turned on the shower, reveling in even closer contact with three small naked bodies; naturally, they couldn't keep still, and made constant contact with my still-aching, erect cock. Yet they didn't seem to notice that, either, and though I yearned to stroke out another one, all over their smooth young skin, I refrained.

Perhaps it was just as well, since we had no sooner gotten out and I'd managed to help dry three little naked bodies than our parents came home. They streaked from the bathroom, yelling all over one another in their haste to report what we'd just done! Although I had a reasonable feeling that this wasn't unusual – the children had pretty much initiated all of it – I had a moment of uneasiness and then serious doubt that quickly led to near-panic as I hurriedly dressed and locked the bathroom door. I half-expected any second to have at least four irate adults and police and even the mayor (I babysat for him too) pounding on the door.

I didn't happen.
I don't know what happened to those relatives – I don't even remember their names for sure. All I do recall is that they had some kind of accent, and they were either from Australia – my stepmom's homeland – or maybe England.

I went back to the Sykes' and Lowells', but interspersed with those regulars I had stints with the Ramseys and another couple whose names I can't remember and don't matter because nothing much happened there. Each had an infant, the Ramseys a daughter, the others a boy, but the couple with the boy always had him in bed by the time I arrived, and as far as I recall, he never woke, so I had nothing to do. Which is of course the best time to go snooping for porn.

Technically, I didn't find any there, but the reason I remember them is because they did have some rather explicit encyclopedias (remember, younger readers, this is an era long before the internet was even a notion), in which I got a pretty good anatomical education, including all internal female workings showing exactly where babies came from as well as how they're made. All hand drawn, of course, but still, it illustrated the description and lecture I'd received from my mother a couple years earlier (at the same time as my sister, which germinated a tale I will relate in due course). I believe they were the ones who also had *The Joy of Sex*, a brand new, and quite controversial for its time, sex manual. Altogether far more valuable than the couple of silly films we sat through in school (much too late to satisfy our family standards in any case).

This once more left me with a burning curiosity – as well as horniness, but I'm sure you can guess what I did about that – and so I proceeded to seek every opportunity to match as many live examples as I could with the illustrated material I'd seen, if not put into practice as much as possible.

I'm somewhat ashamed to admit that the first thing I did was examine the baby girl I mentioned previously. I felt so guilty and afraid of being caught 'molesting' her, that I first closed every drape and even checked that no one hovered outside any window, just waiting to bust me. Then, when I changed her diaper on the floor, I spread her tiny vulva, inspecting everything I'd seen in the books, albeit only visually; otherwise I didn't touch her except to spread her apart. She writhed and crawled away from me a couple of times, but I grabbed her and turned her over, resuming my inspection so I could identify not only vulva but inner and outer labia, vagina, and clitoris. I was also curious about where the pee came from, but as she was so tiny – even though her parts were larger that the scale drawings I'd closely perused; plus, she kept wriggling away – I couldn't fully complete my exam. Not that I would ever be 'done' examining female or male anatomy – but I digress. Finally, catching
her one last time – she never squealed or even whimpered once, or I probably wouldn't have proceeded – I diapered her, questions and images still floating around in my head.

Not long after this episode, I sat for the Sykeses again, and my education took off. I have no doubt now that there was collusion between them and my dad and stepmother, because, although nothing was ever 'confessed', later on I became convinced that the incident I am about to relate had been set up by them all, not only because of how it started, but I doubt it could have been accomplished without mutual knowledge, if not cooperation.

Anyway, when I arrived at the Sykes' with Mr., he bade me goodbye as well as, "Have fun!" in an odd tone, and drove off – without Mrs. Sykes. I thought nothing much of it – she must already be wherever they were going – and went inside.

Since I was a very conscientious babysitter (never mind; that makeup incident notwithstanding), I went to check on their son and, by now, baby daughter, assuming they were in bed. The boy was not in his bed or room, and so I went to see if he was sleeping in his parents' room with his sister, whom had inherited his crib (from which he should not have been able to escape, to set off the makeup incident!).

I stopped short in the doorway. Unable to recall in which order my jaw hit the floor, stomach smacked the ceiling, or cock leapt in my pants, I can only say that I stood there, staring at Mrs. Sykes, sitting buck naked on the bed, blonde hair trailing over shoulders just above her breasts.

If I thought her tits were spectacular covered... well, let's just say I didn't meet her eyes until she spoke my name probably for about the fourth or fifth time.

"Come... sit here by me." She patted the bed next to her, which I vaguely recall had towels or blankets atop the comforter. I felt, rather, that my knees would give way; blackness closed in about me, shrinking to a tunnel ending at her petite, curvy nakedness sitting otherwise demurely, bare ankles crossed. She smiled. "Biting comes later. Come."

I had no idea what she meant, but wobbled over; sat rather awkwardly.

"Mmmm," she appraised. "Gloria wasn't wrong; looks like you're sporting quite a package there, handsome."

Actually, I was only somewhat above average, at 7" and not terribly thick, but had early on acquired near my 'full growth' there. And my stepmother, Gloria, had reason to know, because she'd checked me out shortly after we met that first summer (as well as plenty of opportunity during naked campouts etc. in ensuing years). I recall her outside the slightly ajar bathroom door, me standing naked in a small washtub of warm water, soaping myself with a washcloth (our house was under construction and we had no running water yet). "Make sure you peel back your tail and wash there," she advised.

My tail? Confused, I inspected my person.

"You do have skin there, on your tail? I think you do."

Still early summer, quite far north in Canada, it was not yet skinny-dipping and nudism weather, so she'd not seen me nude yet.

I thought she meant my ass, so dutifully spread my cheeks and started in with the cloth.

"Like your father."
I was thinking.

"Can I see?"

Though I felt somewhat self-conscious, having recently acquired a skiff of hair etc., our family was not that shy; still, we'd barely met, and I don't even recall if I acceded before she came in.

Now, my stepmom was only about 21-22 at the time – maybe ten years my senior – and quite pretty; reddish hair and freckles, tanned and otherwise average in height, bust, etc. Yet I hardly knew her, so didn't feel a hundred percent comfortable naked around her yet. My cock felt right at home, however.

"Hmmm," she observed. "Yes, as I thought... Your tail." Clarified, "Penis."

OH! As if preening at the attention, my member twitched and rose a little more. Now I felt embarrassed; turned away.

Mom left; I thought I heard chuckling... with an odd tone.

In any case, this recalls another incident when we had the weather and were practising nudists again, and I passed her in the house at the sink on the way to the toilet, both of us nude. Perpetually at half-mast, like all boys my age, she quipped something about, 'learning to control that,' as if it were just so simple – which I'm sure she knew, as well as how commenting on it would only amplify the effect. Unsurprisingly I had difficulty peeing, and she finally finished brushing her teeth or whatever, and left – though not without another throaty laugh as I watched her pert tanned ass swish away.

So, back to my present tale.

"Would you like me to help you out with that?" Mrs. Sykes asked.

Dumbly, I stared at her tits; looked away.

"You can look. That's what I'm here for." She cupped them for me, tweaked pink nipples; I nearly lost it in my pants. Noticing, she said, "Wait... not yet."

Let me tell you that an adult woman reaching for my zipper and undoing my belt, then pulling out my dick in an unquestionably sexual situation, is an entirely different feeling to when a five-year-old does the same in an attitude of curiosity (whether there's anything overtly sexual about exploration at that age is a matter for debate). It's a wonder I didn't cum before she'd wrested it free.

"Uhummm... Nice. You can touch me... wherever you want." She parted her legs slightly – and I saw no hair.

"UUUUUHHH!" She barely had time for a couple of investigative fingertip strokes when a jet of cum arched right over my head, a splatter decorating my cheek, another my shoulder.

Laughing in her sexy, low voice, Mrs. Sykes aimed the rest at herself, though not a lot remained (too much spanking the monkey...). "That's all right. We'll take care of it." She milked me, remaining cum trickling over her hand as she assumed a full grip, jacking slowly. I came again, even less this time, but her laugh was genuine – and oh, so erotic!

Doubtless she expected me not to last, thus sat ready with towels and further instruction.

I suppose that was the start of my fetish for shaved pussy (as well as cinching a predilection for hand-jobs). Don't get me wrong; I like them hairy as well, although not as if a baby bear were trying to hide there. It's the reverse novelty, I surmise, and it also explains why I am attracted to bare pussy, no
matter to what age it may belong. Further explication is still to come.
Somewhere around now was when I began sitting for the Kirbys, whom you'll recall had three little girls. I believe they were about two, four, and six, but the eldest may have been a fair bit older; she sure acted like it. What I mean is, she was quite forward, and behaved seriously and mature-for-her-age pretty much all the time. Yet more about this later. I don't know how much 'education' she received from her parents before we met, but, having no brothers, I suppose she didn't have a lot of opportunity to check out the opposite sex, as her father was not around much (if at all). So, I suppose what happened should come as no surprise; children are naturally curious about most things, including their bodies as well as others'. And they seek to satisfy that curiosity in a variety of ways.

I remember the kids still being free about changing in front of me in the living room; more than once they were in the middle of that when I arrived, having to be reminded to finish and go to bed by their mother (a shy, pretty little brunette, a bit on the chunky side, like her two youngest).

"Make sure Suzie is changed, and get Sarah into her nightie. Mandy, you too. And all of you don't forget to go pee – no accidents." She looked at me with a somewhat flustered glance. "Sorry. Maybe you can help them? I have to go." Grabbed coat and purse and fled out the door, leaving panty-clad daughters to my mercy.

I know now that Mrs. was on her way to get laid, which is why I usually spent the night at their place.

The older girls, especially Mandy, stalled a bit longer, mostly to avoid going to bed, as all kids tend to do, chattering about nothing and everything, asking endless questions.

"How old are you?"

"Fourteen. How about you?"

They told me, though I already knew.

"What grade are you in?"

"Nine."

"I'm in grade one, but Sarah and Suzie don't go to school yet."
"Yes, but they will soon."

"Do you have a penis?" She stared right at it.

I felt it twitch, certain that she'd see the movement. "Err... Yes, all boys have penises. Now—"

"I know."

The child only wanted a way to bring up the subject, I now realise, even though her segue was not exactly seamless.

"Do boys pee from their penis?"

I was sure she already knew this, too... "Yes."

"My mom says that boys can do other things with their penis."

"PENIS!" Sarah shouted, Suzie contributing something unintelligible as, bored, she joined her sister to play on the floor.

"What can you do with yours?" Mandy's dark eyes held both a question and a challenge as they finally met mine.

I cleared my throat, trying to take control of the situation, thinking that this may not only get out of hand but could go on all night. "Ummm... All right... Quiet now. Girls, come go pee." I herded the three half-naked nymphs upstairs. Running the tap to trigger the urgency, I got the youngest, Suzie, out of her panties and onto a potty, watching the two eldest each in turn slip off underwear and climb onto the toilet. Only the eldest, Mandy, seemed at all shy, though not very; she wiped her sisters, looking me in the eye as she did herself. My dick grew more in my pants, thinking of the Lowells' pee play and trying to see where it came from as I followed the girls' streams into the toilet. I didn't dare try anything like that here, though. Not yet.

"You should go pee too." Mandy was quite bold, almost as bold as Carrie Lowell.

I mumbled something about not having to right now, arguing that it was not my bedtime anyway, and it was forgotten for the time being.

Suzie freshly diapered and into her sleepers, having washed her face again – her nose constantly ran, thumb stuck perpetually in her mouth – I bade, "Sarah, come let me put your panties and nightie on." Mandy glanced at me briefly before donning her own nightwear, not having to be prompted about undergarments either. I didn't yet dare cop a feel anywhere, not with all as witnesses, anyway. "Now to bed, girls. Come on."

I carried Suzie and put her in her crib in the master bedroom; farther along from the bathroom, the two eldest shared a room. I knew children liked to be 'tucked in', so I did. Yet the stalling and attention-seeking continued, at least for Mandy, Sarah merely following suit.

"I'm thirsty."

"Me too!"

"Girls, your mother says nothing to drink before bed, or you'll wet it. Now go to sleep."

"But I'm thirsty."

"Me too!"
"No."

"Awwww! You're mean!"

I was young enough then to feel a bit bad about children calling me 'mean', but left it, and turned off the lights.

_Screaming!_

"Sorry! Sorry!" I'd forgotten that Sarah was afraid of the dark, and I was supposed to leave the hall light on. I went to comfort the little girl; a round little face, in the shadows a twisted, tearful mask within a blonde corona, buried itself in my chest, sniffles and trembling subsiding as the child clutched me.

"She's afraid of the dark, you know." Mandy's tone implied utter disdain for my apparent lack of intelligence.

As I've mentioned, I'm thinking that the little brunette – she had her mother's hair and eyes, albeit not the stockiness or pale colouring – was maybe eight or nine, not six or seven. Regardless, the point I want to make is that children's chronological ages do not necessarily match their emotional, physical, or intellectual maturity, any more than that of adults. Every individual has their own pace of growth, and such things are neither predictable nor malleable into given societal norms, and thus ought to be given somewhat free expression. Indeed, as I have seen and learned, there are a great many varieties of 'societal norms' regarding sexual propriety:

_Trobriand Islanders_, for one, treat their children virtually as miniature adults from about the age of six for girls, ten for boys, being expected and even encouraged to engage in sexual activity by their teens (albeit not with adults) in huts set aside for that purpose; another culture allows teen girls to pick and choose lovers around the same age, discarding them until she finds one that pleases her, which she then keeps for life; in yet another, adolescents are housed in mixed dormitories and expected to 'practise' with each other; elsewhere boys become men by swallowing the semen of their tribal elders, and likewise girls become women (believed to somehow 'fertilise' them as far as making them ready for childbearing); older women initiate boys barely in their teens as to how to please a woman; similarly men of ancient Greece took young boys as lovers and proteges, teaching them how to be men. I suppose one could, perhaps, claim, "Primitive ignorance and exploitation!" but...

Nothing people such as myself believe in or do is new, and _nothing_ is coerced; our children are taught to 'play safe' in all ways, and that only force is unacceptable, be it physical or otherwise.

Now, enough of the essay.

I took Sarah, appreciating her little bum cupped in my hands, downstairs to watch TV while she settled, soon moving her next to me as she drifted off due to the discomfort of her perching on my hardon. Mandy kept coming partway down, giving me an (I'm sure) unintended view up her short nightie to her white panties, complaining that she was thirsty, or hungry, or wasn't tired. Finally, I let her snuggle up on the other side of me, her sister by now almost asleep. I had a blanket around Sarah, and rearranged it carefully to cover the older girl, pulling it over my lap to hide my bulge as well. I'm not sure if she noticed or understood that I was hard, but thus did the explorations start.

I felt little fingers tentatively moving around under the blanket, like a caterpillar creeping along my thigh, knee, and back again. I tried not to squirm as it stopped and restarted a few times, till Mandy either got bolder or figured out where things were; I felt something like a large spider crawling over my raised crotch, poking and squeezing. The girl felt her way along my hardened shaft till perhaps she realised her target had been acquired; loosed a small gasp, abruptly withdrawing her hand. From
the corner of my eye I saw her flushed, olive features studiously avoiding my glance, pretending to fix on the TV.

I then noticed some kind of romance movie showing, with a man and woman kissing passionately. That was about all they could show in those days, but doubtless it was enough to trigger new feelings and questions in some small children – albeit that was almost certainly not what had prompted Mandy to grope me.

Whatever the case, fatigue soon caught up with the child, and when I caught her nodding into my shoulder, I made her come upstairs to bed where I carried her somnolent sister.

A week or two later following their bed time and much the same stalling routine, I went up to the bathroom, leaving the door partly open, thinking that they were all finally asleep. They weren't, as evidenced by Mandy stealing past me. I assumed that, having heard me in the bathroom, she figured she could sneak a drink, but considering it now, she was probably just looking for attention again, from a boy – not to mention hazarding a further survey of my person.

I said nothing, thinking to catch her shortly when I was done. But as I was finishing up my piss, didn't the girl come tiptoeing back, peeking in at me as she passed. Several times, back and forth, perhaps supposing that I couldn't see her, else curiosity overcoming caution; to be sure I 'delayed' my conclusion, holding my stiffening dick above the toilet and shaking it far longer than was necessary.

Mandy's perambulations shortened, until she finally stopped pretending to be headed anywhere, bending awkwardly back and staring fixatedly at my nearly erect cock through the gap in the doorway. I turned, intending to open it fully and let her look, or even ask if she wanted a closer inspection. Suddenly she gaped up at me in shock, ran to her room.

I saw no more of the girls that night.
That night I awoke on the couch at some noise; thinking one of the kids had arisen, I foggily pushed off my blanket, sat up. Darkness still shielded all draped windows; interior light came from the apartment entrance, where I heard sounds: sniffling, as well as faint thumps. Confused, I got up, dressed only in underwear. Mrs. Kirby wasn't due back till early morning; I sometimes had to get Mandy ready for school and feed all the kids breakfast before going to school myself – except weekends, of course, like today.

Mrs. Kirby leaned one-handed on a wall, bent at the waist and apparently struggling to remove a boot with the other; purse and black high heels, one heel missing, dropped carelessly on the floor. Coat collar appeared torn, pulled off one shoulder; dark hair strewn and untidy. I knew something was very wrong, but hesitated.

"You're... You're home," I observed astutely.

Startled, she nearly fell, planting her foot with its boot half off, looking up at me wild-eyed and pale. I moved to help her, not thinking of anything other than what might have caused a blackening eye, the swelling bruise on her cheek, a split, bleeding lip. My first – and unfortunately not the last – encounter with spousal abuse; it did not, yet, enrage me.

She began to cry harder, albeit mostly silent. I removed her boot, her warm hand shaking as it clutched my bare shoulder. Her stockings were torn. Standing, I helped her coat off, absentlly hanging it on a hook while observing with dismay her dishevelled white dress. The small, solid woman collapsed, sobbing, into my arms, trembling as though chilled through. Feeling helpless, I merely held her, suddenly acutely aware of my disloyal pecker tenting my shorts and prodding Mrs. K's round little belly. I don't know if she felt it, or how long we stood there; I'm pretty sure we exchanged no words as I helped her upstairs to the bathroom.

"D-Don't w-wake the kids," she whispered. Her makeup ran, further marring pretty features with black streaks. "I d-don't w-want them... t-to see..."

I thought she needed help washing; her hands shook so much she could not even dab the blood from her lip. I noted as well bloodspots on the bodice of her low-necked, tight white medi-dress; tried to keep my gaze – and thoughts – from the encased twin swells jiggling provocatively at her unwanted movements.
"C-Can y-you...?" She handed me the washcloth.

I tried, but she could not stop shaking, and I dared not touch her with my other hand, nor approach much closer – as if I could, with my cock tenting my tighty-whities like a battering ram; fruitlessly, I kept turning away to try to hide it.

"L-Listen... th-this is no g-good. How ab-bout you r-run me a bath? I'll get out of these th-things and be b-back." A tiny smile showed through Mrs. K's disfigurement, and my cock twitched; this time I think she noticed through an eye-and-a-half, but I couldn't tell if the smile widened a hair more or my imagination suggested so.

She returned from her bedroom barely wrapped in a fluffy white robe; she may even have attempted to tidy her hair and wipe her face, though I hardly noticed – nor imagined why – since her modest cleavage showed thought the loosely tied gap.

I'd shut off the bathwater and wrapped a towel in front of me.

The smile struggled a little more. "Is that for m-me, hmm?" indicating the region of the towel with her chin. "In a bit."

I didn't get the innuendo, made to brush past her out the door.

"N-No... don't go. W-wash my back?"

I gulped. Anything to please a lady...

I began quaking as her own trembles subsided after she dropped her robe and stepped into the tub. "OooOO! H-Hot!"

Not too hot, I supposed, as she sank in with a stuttering sigh; she nearly fit on her back, knees slightly raised, arms on the sides, head against the tiled wall, eyes closed; big nipples poked like tiny, pale islands above the surface; hairy V between her legs obscuring detail. It would have been enough, had I not noted a few more bruises and swellings; felt a tightening in my gut that at last served to, decently, shrink my cock. I didn't know, yet, that she didn't want me entirely 'decent'.

I stood, staring, I don't know how long till she opened an eye – the one not swelling shut. "Can you... g-get me some ice? There's another w-washcloth in the hall c-closet."

I did so, returning with the wrapped bundle.

"Th-thanks. Maybe you can do my b-back wh-while I hold this on my eye. It... it h-hurts. And close the d-door..."

My gut and throat clenched again. I wanted to ask what happened, although I knew; yet I didn't, if that makes any sense.

Gently, I moved the warm washcloth over her smooth white back, 'washing' far longer than it should ordinarily take. Somehow, I knew she didn't really want to be bathed, though; holding long black hair aside with her other hand, she welcomed contact the opposite of violent, and I obliged, revisiting all I could see, up over shoulders, once causing her to flinch. Abruptly I withdrew.

"No no... That's all r-right." Reaching, she put my hand back. "J-Just... g-gentle. I... n-need..."

Instinctively I began to massage her shoulders, taking special care on the injured one. Soon I abandoned the washcloth, kneading yielding soft flesh with both hands, mostly with fingertips.
"God..." she moaned. I was pretty sure I wasn't hurting her any more. Venturing lower, I tested flanks and hips, over to spine with thumbs; she began trembling again, but I felt confident it was no longer due to fear or trauma. "I'll g-give you ab-bout... a d-day-and-a-half... to s-stop that."

I must have gasped as I snatched my hands away; she giggled, till I got the joke.

"I should get out an-nyway." Leaving the makeshift ice bag to dissolve in the bathwater, she stood, rinsing her hair under the shower, bent to pull the plug; I got hard again at the aspect of her furred cleft pouting at me, and this time there'd be no hiding it when she half-turned, asking me for the towel I 'wore'.

Looking desperately for another, I grabbed one off the wall rack. Smiling through puffy face, she took it, wrapping her hair up in a high bundle. "I still need yours. Or you can d-dry me."

Still shaking, torn between desire and fear, guilt and anger, even nausea, I gave it to her, leaving my hand blocking evidence of the victor. This time I saw white teeth between swellings.

She dried herself as I turned away; I heard another sound of amusement. "You're cute."

Mrs. K could probably see my blush glowing from the mirror; I could see her clearly enough.

"I want you to come w-with me. I d-don't want to be alone right n-now."

Padding by me, having donned her robe without tying it, she led me by the hand to her bedroom. We got into her bed, Mrs. K slipping in beside me, thankfully – and maddeningly – not removing her housecoat. Snuggling against me, she bid, "H-Hold me."

God, how I wanted to, but my cock...

Tentatively, I turned on my side, hands on her shoulders. She made a small sound again as she took them in hers, pulling my arms around her neck in a cross-embrace, deliberately wriggling backward, round ass rubbing full erection; the instant it slipped along her butt crack I came in my shorts, grunting and jerking while trying not to give myself away – as if the woman wouldn't notice.

"Hmm... That's nice," she murmured. "You should probably take th-those off."

Hesitantly, I did so, this time spooning into her and boldly wrapping myself around her pudgy waist, one leg over her bare ones. She sighed as my dick found its place in her butt crease again; I probably would have lost another load if it had been bare as well.

"You're a r-real... gentleman... Gentlemen get... r-rewards..."

My reward came – literally – around dawn; I woke once more to see the outline of dark hair – towel gone – pooled over my groin, an insistent suction on my rigid member itself. However long Mrs. K had been sucking me off, it lasted no longer as I immediately exploded. She made little mewling noises, sucking and swallowing as fast as I could reload her mouth.

I couldn't see her injuries as she crept up my body, kissing here and there and placing a firm, deep one on my lips, probing and swirling my tongue with my own cum. I think I actually came again, but I was still groggy with sleep and assuagement; yet I otherwise recall fondly one of the most erotic kisses I've had to this day.

"H-He... c-called me... a f-fat b-bitch," she murmured against my neck, sobbing.

I held her. "You're not fat – you're beautiful."
She wept again, albeit not for the same reasons as earlier, then bade me go home, since her kids would be up soon and there would be awkwardness should I be found in their mommy's bed.
"Daddy dickie... loooooooooooong!" Naked-but-for-a-t-shirt, Toby raced across the living room, back of his hand thumping against the wall to indicate the length of his dad's cock.

Chagrined, even at the exaggeration, mine nonetheless managed to remain hard and straining, firmly wrapped in panty-clad Carrie's little fists as she double-stroked it while I lay on the couch, pants undone once more. The strumpet had jumped up and squatted on the couch between my legs, helping herself to my maleness no sooner than her parents headed out the door. Doubtless still in a stage of fascination (I realise now), the six-year-old saw nothing sexual in the act, perhaps a vague naughtiness, having been scolded for pulling her brother's; thankfully, she was careful with mine. I couldn't guess her thoughts as it literally swelled to fullness in her pudgy hands. Brown eyes huge, she closely inspected my member again, testing the way it wobbled and twitched, the foreskin's movement; all quite studiously, less like a game than a subject for serious study.

Suddenly the learning stopped, play began; she giggled, pursing her lips to give it a smack. "Kiss it, Toby!" Following a couple more demos, the boy ran over to dutifully comply. He also kissed me on the lips; just a quick peck. I felt myself losing it, but thanks to Mss. Sykes and Kirby, I had learned a modicum of control. "Kiss it, Kayla!" The Lowell's diapered baby daughter, just barely walking, after some coaxing by big sis, toddled over and did as demonstrated; went back to her play on the floor while Toby watched.

Carrie continued up-and-down movements with the tips of her fingers, seeming to like the way my foreskin stretched to hide the swollen head. Grunting, I felt the urgency building, and the girl must have realised it, aiming my dick at bare tummy. I blew my load, much to her and her brother's delight as they both squealed and giggled. The girl once more smeared it all over herself, licking her fingers and sharing as before.

"KAYLA!" Carrie shouted. "Come here!" She jumped off, obviously intending to impel her little sister.

"Don't yell," I remonstrated. "And leave her alone."

Gripping my cock – stiff as ever – for a few more strokes, the girl grabbed an empty egg carton they'd been using as a toy, aiming my dick at it. "Cummie in here!"
I undoubtedly could have again, but Carrie did not yet make the connection between
manipulating/masturbating and cumming, thinking it was a matter of... will or...? Thus, all soon lost
interest when I didn't ejaculate right away, and they all moved away to play on the floor while I
watched TV. Hoping they might come back to it, I left my dick out, but it languished unattended and
mostly shrank till I heard the door; scrambling to do up my pants, I jumped up, thinking I should say
something to the Lowells to distract the kids from saying anything.

"You're... uh... e-early." Facing them at the door from the living room, I had a penchant for stating
the obvious.

"Looks like we're late," Mrs. Lowell observed, eyeing my crotch as she shed coat and shoes.

Mr. only chuckled, doing likewise.

Now, I should clarify that I previously claimed Mrs. Kirby's tits were bigger than Mrs. Lowell's; I'd
meant Mrs. Sykes', but Mrs. Lowell was quite thin at medium height, breasts maybe a B-cup; red,
pony-tailed hair and green eyes; in contrast with Mr. L: tall, solid, suntanned, dark-eyed, black hair
hanging loose past his shoulders, droopy '70s mustache; both mid-twenties.

Suddenly aware of the half-bulge in my underwear sticking out of my undone zipper, "I... uh..."
Doing it up while turning away would serve little purpose, but...

"And you were being naughty!" She pronounced it 'nowdy', but I understood well enough; Mrs. L's
look was severe, yet not angry.

"Umm..."

"Mummy, look!" Carrie, determined to get me busted – as if I weren't already – stuck her bare
tummy out, gazing down at the dried cum swathes framed in pudgy little hands.

"And what did I tell you two after sex-play? Get your little butts into the tub – I don't want it all over
the bloody house! And it's bedtime anyway."

"Come on." Mr. scooped up shrieking/giggling Toby and Kayla, one in each arm; Carrie followed
up the green shag steps, scrambling on hands and knees past her pop, yelling how she would fill the
tubby.

I felt too mortified to move, let alone watch the child's naked behind; still, I had a feeling I was not in
real trouble, despite hardly being able to meet Mrs. L's glare. A spark in those sea greens suggested I
wasn't about to be turned over to the cops or castrated. Then again...

"Upstairs with you too, boyo."

Confused, flushed and sweating as though following PE class, I figured I was about to be marched
into the bathtub as well, although as to what purpose...

"No... keep going." Glancing back from the bathroom door – open so that splashes and childish
shouts, as well as glimpses of bare flesh, including a hirsute adult male's, could be discerned – Mrs. L
pointed farther down the hall. "In theah."

Entering her room, I turned to see her close the door, backing against it, now with a different
expression. "Go on – bathroom."

Recalling they had an ensuite, I complied, closing the door behind me.
"Don't you daeh lock it."

Just about to do so, I hesitated; why would the woman demand that?

"Strip, and into the showah with you. If I come in theah in the next five minutes and you're not, the'll be hell to pay."

*She was coming in...? With me...?!

I swallowed, struggling out of my clothes and leaving the door alone. Entering and drawing the flower-patterned shower curtain, I adjusted the taps. Somehow forgetting what to do, I stood there a moment, trembling, dick still half-hard and wobbly, like my knees felt. The water continued to swirl and drain away uselessly.

The curtain whipped aside. "Well, don't just stand theah, boyo. Shove ovah!"

My jaw splashed into the shallows as Mrs. L climbed in, forcing me to appreciate her quite nude little frame from the rear. A little under my height (not particularly tall for my age), she reached to adjust the shower head, closing the curtain and pulling the plunger with the other hand.

"Shit!" the redhead exclaimed under the sudden spray. "Fuckin' cold, aye?"

*I dunno...* I felt pretty hot, actually...

Her slim backside pushed into my straining dick as she jumped away from the stream. Further correcting the direction with the one hand, reached to smack my cock with the other. "Whoa down theah, boyo! What?" Instead of whacking my dick painfully away from her ass again, she grabbed hold, measuring the length and girth with a couple of blind strokes and squeezes. "Mmmmm... Bettah have a closah look at that." Turning, Mrs. L lifted it, turned a critical eye upon it. "Hmm. Bad boy!" Swatted it again.

"OW!" I guarded my equipment, now quite uncertain.

"HA! You think that huht? Naughty boy ain't seen nuthin' yet."

*Oh, fuck...*

"Move your hands away."

I swallowed, obeying, trembling with fear and excitement.

"Listen, you little fuckah. Since you were playin' with my kids, and didn't even make sure they were cleaned up and in bed before I came home, you're in the shit."

"But I didn—OW!"

"Quiet! No backtalk. Move your hands, I said. Now, I'm goin' to warsh you, and if that pathetic little peckah goes off on me, you'll be in for worse. You get that, kiddo?"

"I—OWW!"

"You'll call me 'Mistress' – AND MOVE YOUR HANDS! I won't tell you again—SHIT! You filthy little pehveht! You came all ovah me when I told you not to. Lick it off, shithead!"

I did, only a little grossed out tasting my own spunk, albeit quite diluted, for the first time.
"Now turn around."
"OWOWOOWOOW!"
"What do you say?"
"I... Ow?"
"No, dumbass – you say, 'Sorry, Mistress!'"
"OW!"
"What d'you say?"
"S-Sorry, mistress."
"OW OW!"
"I don't believe you."

By now I'm sure my ass was flaming to match Mrs. L's hair when dry, but my cock had recovered from its abuse and accidental discharge.

"SORRY, M-MISTRESS! I... I'm g-gonna..."

"Don't you fuckin' daeh!"

The little woman physically whipped me around, grabbing my cock at the root in one small fist, pulling and squeezing painfully (now I knew how Carrie came by similar behaviour). Meeting her glare, all inclinations to cum fled my mind; I nearly passed out under the sensations as, abashed, glanced away again.

Vaguely, I heard childish voices raised in complaint, an adult male's sternly overriding them.

"Look at me, boyo. Now I'm gonna finish warshin' you – and this will be the one and only time. Then you'll warsh Mistress. And if you cum..."

I moaned.

"Pathetic little wohm..."

She did so, and I did so, managing – amazingly enough – to not cum again, especially when Mr. L came in, still naked, and I felt even more intimidated.

Fuck! I thought. A boa constrictor is trying to climb his leg...!

Toby had not exaggerated all that much regarding his dad's 'dickie'.

"What's goin' on in heah, then?" A grin spread mustache wider, teeth gleaming white inside glossy black frame.

Mrs. turned a withering look on her husband from under an arm, where I washed the red-tufted pit. "Good... You're heah, Meat."

Meat? Oh... I supposed I got it, but not the whole of it.

The grin disappeared. "Yes, Mistress." Eyes went downcast.
"Meat, this is Wohm..." She meant 'Worm', of course; I felt mortified. Meat, you're gonna show Wohm how to warsh Mistress propah. Do a good job and I won't punish you. Then you'll dress Mistress, but Wohm will learn how to do that later."

"Yes, Mistress."

"Get out, Wohm."

I got out of the tub. Mr. L switched the shower off and put the plug in, adding some bubble bath and other esoteric products.

"You betta be payin' attention, Wohm."

I tried to memorise everything, including proportions, but was certain I wouldn't – which I realised of course meant punishment. I shivered.

"WOHM! You gonna cum on me?"

"N-No, M-Mistress."

"Pehveht. Bettah not. You don't cum anywheah till I give pahmission."

"Y-Yes, M-Mistress!"

She cocked an eye at me, her husband. "Little fuckah's learnin'."

Head still down, Mr. L said nothing, placing a neck rest – called bath pillows now, they looked more like kids' float toys then – and Mrs. L laid down once the water got deep enough, bubbles now nearly covering her entire. I wasn't sure if I was disappointed I couldn't see her any more, or if it heightened the eroticism. Certainly, I could pay more attention to Mr., and was quite amazed that his cock still hung low; big, but apparently not even half-hard.

"See, Wohm. Meat is not even allowed to get hahd without pahmission." Mrs'. eyes were closed; she'd either noticed me looking or read minds well.

The ritual – for that is what it seemed, even then – continued a short time till I was abandoned in the bathroom while Mr. and Mrs. exited to the bedroom, closing the door. Though straining, I heard nothing, and meanwhile tried not to think of anything sexual – as if! – let alone daring to touch my cock. It seemed a lifetime and yet a moment before I was summoned.

And all my blood rushed to my lower head once more.
Chapter Summary

See Pts 1-8 for setup. I learn yet more control and how to please. Also, other uses for silk scarves, and what goods can be fashioned from leather aside from belts, shoes, and coats.

Chapter Notes

TAGS: Exhibitionism; voyeurism; mild BDSM; masturbation; oral; F/M/m; F/M/m/g/b/g; all participants are fictional or of age to be involved in consensual sexual activity.

Mrs. Lowell was no longer naked – but at first, I felt more scared than excited. Standing spread-legged, arms akimbo, in wickedly pointed high-heeled black leather boots half-way up her thigh; garter holding fishnet stockings inside those; black micro-mini, split in front, that covered almost nothing aside from matching panties; black-and-red corset (I learned later the name) that squashed her waist to nearly non-existent and pushed modest tits up through some kind of lacey top; gloves to match the boots encircled by wide, brass bracelets; likewise a cat-mask; plus a collar that spelled 'MISTRESS BITCH' in clear gem-studded letters (so I read when I got closer). And a whip.

Mr. lay naked and spread-eagled on his back, tied hand and foot with red scarves to the bedposts, similarly blindfolded in red silk, mouth stoppered by a ball-gag (not that I knew what it was at the time). His cock still lay quiescent across one hairy thigh, though it – and his whole body – twitched, just as I jumped when Mrs. cracked her whip.

"WOHM! Now pay attention."

I must admit that the whole of that encounter is a bit of a blur; if I were to try to describe it in detail, I would end up inventing most of it. Suffice to say that only a few incidents remain relatively clear, albeit are almost assuredly composites.

It began with my simply watching Mistress discipline her slave, Meat, or more like tease him. As I saw in a future experience, actual discipline occurred before he became bed-bound. Now, play began, as the whip snapped again, this time unnervingly close to his cock. He quivered as his petite wife dragged the tip of the quirt (I soon learned it was a riding crop, not a whip; those were different) up legs, body, arms, down the other side, across his balls. Seemingly random kisses landed here and there, to my surprise and fright, raising red welts.

Mr. L whimpered a couple times, but otherwise uttered not a sound. Using knowledge I acquired later, his obsequiousness looked and felt totally at odds with how I thought I knew him. I couldn't believe the same outgoing, friendly man, hearty laugh only a little less booming than my father's, so firm yet gentle with his kids, turned into a... a... I don't know what. A sniveling pansy (that was the word we used back then). However, nowhere did this persona ever appear other than in the bedroom – that I saw, anyway.
Every time that massive cock threatened to move a little more than just flinches or jolts, a lash put it back in its place. Following a bit more of this torture, Mistress finally allowed him to get hard, this time, teasing all around balls and shaft with feathers, alternating with strokes from a gloved hand.

"Now, Wohm. Take hold of that meat stick and check out what a real prick feels like. Not yours, wankah!"

"OUCH!" Quirts hurt worse than hands. "S-Sorry, M-Mistress!"

"I told you not without pahmission! Now get on the bed."

"Yes, M-Mistress!"

I got up close and very personal with Mr. L's cock, treating it much the same as his eldest daughter had mine. Well, at first. After I'd helped manually bring it to its full uncut ten inches (Mrs. measured it against my 'pathetic little wohm'), she told me to lick it and put the head in my mouth, and suck. I tried, I really did, mentally comparing it with my dad's (no, I had not ever sucked his, but naturally had seen it hard, and this was bigger).

"Pathetic!"

SNAP!

"OUCH!" My ass...!

"Leave off, Wohm! Move ovah. I'll show you how to suck a prick."

She did, concluding the teasing and torture by deepthroating the damn thing to the root. Mr. L grunted, body shaking, heels drumming on the mattress despite bindings. Naturally I watched, awestruck, as Mrs. L plumbed the depths of her throat again and again with the giant meatstick.

Suddenly she grabbed it two-fisted, squeezing the base; both small hands barely covered half. "No cumming, Meat! For that you'll wait."

As far as I could see, he hadn't, but that didn't matter as Mrs. ordered me to lie beside her hubby. "Squeeze in close. All right then."

Similarly engulfing my dick, I'm sure I reacted much the same as Mr., but couldn't be sure since I nearly blacked out from sheer pleasure, having never experience a deepthroating before.

Moving long tresses over the opposite shoulder, the little redhead bid me, "Wohm, you're allowed to cum when you want. Since you haven't learn—Fuck!—mmmphh!"

I needed no more go-ahead, as my first wad cutter shot Mrs. L in the just-bared ear before she captured the rest, easily ramming her mouth all the way down my seven-incher and holding on as I thrashed and grunted, spilling everything I had into her warm suction. Finally withdrawing, milking and licking the last couple drops, including an escapee or two, she muttered, "Wow... fuckin' right, boyo. Not bad." Kissing my still-twitching shaft, at last released it, much to my actual relief. "Now, watch this and learn."

Once again, she impaled her face on Mr. L's horsecock. Then, using a mostly hands-free technique I would not see again till I viewed a pornstar named Little Oral Annie, slurped her way along it; licking up and down; briefly enveloped the head and slithered her tongue around; working it in and out, bulging her cheek; slowly sinking all the way down the monster, burying her nose in dark pubes; lather, rinse, repeat. Finally coming up for air, said, "Meat, you may cum now."
The poor man did so the instant she throated it again, moaning through his gag and arching his back as though suffering electrocution. Mrs. L went with him, apparently swallowing all he had to offer as well.

Smacking her lips, she cleaned both our cocks. "Fuck, yeah. Looks like you're ready to go again, Wohm. Maybe you're not so pathetic aftah all. Good thing, cuz I need a fuck. Untie Meat while I take all this off. Normally that's his job, but I'm hohny."

Blinking, Mr. L grinned weakly at me as I removed his gag and blindfold, advising, "Get me h-hand here. And that foot."

I did so, and he freed himself the rest of the way, kneeling on the far side of the bed.

Now naked as well, Mrs. knelt between us. "Right... Wohm, you're first." Straddling me, she aimed Mr. Everready true, sank down on me with a small sound, started riding.

Mr. L moved closer, kissing, rubbing, stroking us both; suckled her nipples till they resembled those on a baby bottle, then mine (somewhat more modest, I'm sure); when he tongue-kissed me, sliding a hand under my butt to shove a finger up my anus, I came again, shooting whatever I had left up inside his wife's wet clenching cunt. When I opened my eyes again I saw his mouth now attempting to swallow an entire tit while fingers busily frigged along my finally shrinking member; in combination we set her off; shaking and jerking, she leaned to smother my mouth with her own, tongue rammed down my throat (I now know partially to suppress her normal vocalisations, which could rouse the neighbourhood).

I don't remember falling asleep in their queen bed until waking to a shrieking pink mass of naked childhood squirming in amongst us.

"Settle down, kids," Mr. L commanded. Mrs. only moaned, burying her head under a pillow. "If you've all peed, get in and be quiet for a while. It's not time to get up yet."

Obediently – more or less – the three cherubs did so. (Kayla had slept with Carrie for the night, as her crib was in here – though she seldom slept in it or by herself anyway.) The youngest being a Daddy's girl, snuggled up with him; as I learnt, Mom wasn't into mornings, and so the kids tended to leave her alone. Thus, I ended up with the bulk of the attention.

Toby and Carrie began to squabble as they wrestled for supremacy; there being little room for six of us, however, even on a queen bed, it necessitated that they pile atop me anyhow, so I had two delectable nude little cherubs wriggling against me, each endeavouring to get closer than the other. Naturally my morning wood was already in evidence, but they appeared not to notice, for now.

"Shh, you two," Dad admonished. "Mummy's sleeping."

"No she's not," Carrie whispered over-loudly.

"Well, she wants to, so be quiet and lie still."

As if...
Chapter Summary

See Pts 1-9 for setup. I learn exactly where all body apertures are located and confirm certain functions.

Chapter Notes

TAGS: Exhibitionism; voyeurism; masturbation; oral; watersports; F/M/m; F/M/m/g/b/g; all participants are fictional or of age to be involved in consensual sexual activity.

May as well bid the tides as expect three small children to remain quiescent when not asleep or else gagged and Velcroed to a wall – the latter being of course not exactly acceptable, so... Needless to say no one got any more sleep that morning, especially after small young hands soon began fumbling at my privates; both got a good grip, yet this time seemingly content to cooperate rather than compete.

"Your dickie is big," Kayla whispered.

"Daddy's... BIIIIIIIG!" Toby helpfully supplied, spreading his arms as far apart as he could, smacking me in the forehead before taking hold of me again.

Next to me I heard an adult feminine groan of exasperation; a little farther away a childish cooing and adult male grunt of amusement amidst tuneless humming. Mrs. L remained face-down under a pillow, though a bare shoulder touched my flank; doubtless her nude daughter lay partially atop her, and thus she could not be unaware of the proceedings. I wished I knew just what Mr. and Kayla were up to. Still, there appeared to be no parental intervention forthcoming, so I explored too.

I fondled Toby's tiny dick, which hardened to a stub as the boy gurgled contentedly, rubbing his little body against mine and masturbating me somewhat in time with his sister. Likewise, I drew a finger along Carrie's little crease; though I wasn't surprised at the time, as I knew no different, this time the girl's slit felt well lubricated. (Girls have a couple of different glands that secrete love juices, one or both of which can sometimes activate at virtually any age, just as boys can have erections even in the womb. Either that or it was piss.) At least the room quieted, aside from small murmurs and sighs, occasional giggles.

Carrie suddenly sat atop my stomach, scooting forward on her little bum to press her wet, girly-pee smelling cunny right in my face; I realised then that the incident when she sat on me some time ago was no accident. Giggling, secretions serving to slicken the way, she slid her butt back and forth, seeming to delight in smothering me.

"Mmmph!" I protested. "Be still." Hazarding a glance at the adults next to me, I saw Mrs. L still mostly hidden under pale blue bedclothes, long hanks of tangled red hair in evidence. Mr.'s head lay against his daughter's, facing the other way, hairy dark torso half covered by a naked pink toddler,
who suddenly went rigid alongside him, convulsing as though... He cradled her in one arm; the other hand seemingly in the area of Kayla's groin, moving almost imperceptibly.

As I was about to learn firsthand, children are quite capable of orgasm, using virtually anything, such as the straps of a car seat between their legs, to get themselves off. Indeed, later on I witnessed Kayla doing that very thing repeatedly, as well as other kids doing similar acts of self-gratification. And that doesn't include the so-called 'precocious' ones, who, it turns out, behave that way due to – of all things recently discovered – depression/anxiety. But more on that some other time.

The puppy pile continued. I held Carrie by pudgy hips as I gazed into her splayed little vagina. At last she kept relatively still as I explored with a finger, touching and stroking labia, rather large clít, causing her to gasp and start; gently probed as deep as I dared, till she started squirming in what I took to be discomfort. Yet I could now identify her urethra; caressed it with a fingertip, traced circles around bright pink vulva in freely flowing girl nectar, rubbing the excited red little nubbin at the top. As the girl's writhing intensified, I noted Toby being rather rough with my cock. Fortunately, it seemed there was some parental supervision after all.

"Tobias!" Mr. L reached over prone Mrs. and dealt his son a sharp, bare-handed smack; where, I couldn't see. "Gentle! You don't like your dickie pulled, do you?"

The boy whined briefly, releasing me as I felt a much larger, warmer hand enwrap my rigid member as I probed Carrie's cleft with my tongue-tip.

"Like this."

Suddenly, Carrie convulsed atop me, emitting gurgling sounds as sprinkles of girl-cum spit into my face and leaked down my chin. Pressing my nose into her and licking the warm, wet saltiness, I held her close, thrusting my tongue as far as I could, keeping her from jerking right off me as her father stroked her back while jacking me.

"There you go, Toby. Good girl, Carrie."

Kayla, recovered from her own orgasm, leapt up and began shouting nonsensical syllables, running out of the room.

"Kayla! Come back here, you little wart!" Mr. L scrambled up after his youngest as Mrs. merely groaned again, turning to face the other way beneath the pillow, though leaving bare ass firmly pressed against my hip, despite having more room now.

Son took over from father and I immediately came; where, again I couldn't see, due to being smothered by cunny again, but Toby shrieked in glee, letting go and apparently chasing the shots with his hands like sparks from a campfire.

"Tobias!" Mrs. L, now animated, scolded her male offspring. "What did Daddy tell you about the mess? Get! Into the tubbie with you."

Not much abashed, the boy joined younger sister and father in the bath. Meanwhile I managed to make Carrie cum again – I think; but the damnable little minx definitely pissed in my face. Laughing as a yellow jet spewed, stinging, into my eyes, face, nose, mouth, at least I could now confirm the pee-hole for certain. Yet she got into even more trouble for messing the bed than her brother.

"Carrie! Damn you! How many times did we tell you, don't do that in the bed? Go tell your father."

Chastened this time, eldest child joined the rest in the bathroom, and I heard a couple of smacks – doubtless on a cute little bare butt – and snivels. (Of course, this was in a day where corporal
punishment – that is, spankings – were still quite acceptable means of child discipline; and once more, I never suffered long term effects such as becoming violent or worse, nor did any of my siblings, cousins, etc.)

Meanwhile, I underwent a remarkable cleanup by their mother. "Sorry about... the brats." Moving red tresses out of the way, she licked my face, hair, neck, chest... everywhere trickles of pee mixed with little girl juices ran, including the odd shot-spot and dribbles of my own on legs and cock; kissed me deep, swirling it all around before withdrawing, slurping it all down and swallowing with a lip-smack. "I guess we're even now." Quick kiss on the lips; rose from the bed. "Bettah come with me." Indicated the wet-spotted sheets. "I'll change all that later."

"Y-Yes, Mistress."

She laughed, smacking me on the ass as she followed me to the bathroom; the kids and Mr. had vacated downstairs for breakfast. "You don't have to call me that all the time, boyo. You'll learn when."

I think it was likely another time, because I was pretty much spent by then, but I recall fucking Mrs. from behind, her short legs spread on the rim of the tub as hot water cascaded over us, in addition to a couple of times in their bed. I also sucked off Mr. to completion more than once, swallowing all I could (modestly, it wasn't nearly the volume I could shoot – at least not when 'full') as he jabbed his finger up my ass again. I never learned to deepthroat ten inches, though, and taking that much manmeat in my own ass would have to wait (I never have been fully bisexual, as in equally attracted to guys and girls).

Either way, fuck, what a start to a day!
Chapter Summary

See Pts 1-10 for setup. I go back a bit more in time to some of my earliest memories of family homelife.

Chapter Notes

TAGS: Nudism; voyeurism; exhibitionism; incest; masturbation; F/b/g; all participants are fictional or of age to be involved in consensual sexual activity.

Of course, that was not the norm. Yet before I go further, I perhaps ought to go back a bit.

When we were small, and before my mother and father split, we lived on a farm that was surrounded by a whole lot of nothing – unless you count trees and squirrels. And birds. Oh, and the cattle we kept, as well as the chickens and ducks and... You get the picture. We had no electricity except for a big diesel generator we used only occasionally on laundry days (which, for my poor mother was almost every day, as I recall), and to pump water up from the creek to fill and heat the hot water tank for bath days. Otherwise we had a wood stove and a wood-burning furnace.

Even as nudists, five kids on a farm can generate a lot of laundry, as you can’t do some chores naked without great discomfort, such as haying and carrying armloads of wood in daily for the stove, and chasing cows through forests; plus, there’s winter. And sunburn. And bugs. Even so, aside from chores, which as a kid naturally seemed to take way too much of your free time, we led a rather idyllic existence, despite not being that well off.

We had quite a few cousins from various cities or larger towns who loved coming to 'The Farm' for summer vacations and occasional holidays; so, aside from us five, there could be anywhere from two to seven cousins as well, all younger than me (and all on my mom's side, as my dad's siblings lived back east; but I will tell you someday about the summer my older cousin K (f) and I spent at my dad's parents' place in the Yukon with two younger cousins on that side of the family).

Therefore, until I reached 13, when I moved in with my dad and stepmother, my siblings and I played mostly nude – summers only, mind, as uneven heat in our old house during winter made it problematic, most times – on several hundred acres. Although this was well before these unfortunate days where kids can hardly play in their own backyards, let alone roam around town on their own, to give perspective, when my closest-in-age sister and I spent a couple of summers with my dad and stepmom, we bicycled by ourselves – at the age of about 10-11 – several miles from our house to the small town where we (albeit not my sister; she chose to stay with Mom) eventually moved later on. More about us in a bit, though.

I should first offer a slight revision regarding being surrounded by "nothing", as our property bordered a stretch of foreshore on a small lake, on the other side of which lay a public resort – no, not nudist – and provincial park. So, we were supposed to swim 'textiled' there. Being a better camping and fishing spot than our own private lake – it bounded by thick, deep mud in spring
(which had its own pleasures, naturally) and otherwise having no 'beach', only hard-packed clay and mud, and no fish as it froze out almost every year – the latter wasn't much good for anything but other types of play, so we mostly went to the former. The bigger lake required a good half-hour walk from home, which us kids thought nothing of (we had no quads – no such thing, then – no motorbikes, just one old bicycle between us till my sister and I got our own each, for our northern summers).

It should go without saying that, unsupervised, us kids thought nothing of 'forgetting' to put our suits on when playing at this beach, and at first we hardly noticed when boaters and anglers passed by – who of course then complained to the owners of the resort, who in turn brought it to the attention of our parents. Yet Mom and Dad took the attitude that whatever took place on our private property was no one else's business; so, although they 'suggested' we wear our suits there, they mostly deflected criticism, essentially taking the stance, as I do today: "If what you're looking at offends you, don't look." We did have the occasional family picnic there, mostly clothed.

In any case, this lake had a curious habit, during a high spring runoff, of creating a small yet deep pond not quite as big around as a house just a few yards away; sometimes the channel into it got blocked, which us kids delighted in clearing, then coming back the next day to find the pond filled. It didn't last long, and unfortunately, since it had no drainage, it got stagnant in a hurry, and was soon covered in pollen and frogspawn. But when it dried up again it became a pit where we could conduct more circumspect play, since it was screened from the lake proper.

Yet it comes time to tell you how my mother, especially, taught us to behave with our own and each other's bodies. To this day I firmly believe that this should be a 'natural' part of child-rearing, but with many so-called adults freaked out at even mentioning 'private parts', let alone proper sex education, well... Anyway, my eldest sister and I used to bathe together routinely, as I've mentioned, as did most of us who could fit in the tub at once, when we became older and able to supervise the youngest. This was not only to conserve hot water, but a teach-and-learn opportunity as well.

One of my earliest memories is of my sister, D, and I sitting facing one another in the tub, water not even covering our hips (water conservation, remember), thus hardly obscuring anything. I suppose I could not have been more than five or six, my sister, you'll recall, 17 months younger. Checking one another out visually being pretty much expected, my mother also taught us proper names for body parts.

"J***," she addressed me, "this is your body [I recall the emphasis now]." Your feet, your legs, your penis, your testicles..." and so on, repeating much the same for my sis. "D***, this is your vulva... this is your tummy, your nipples, your bottom..." Continued, "No one, not even Mommy and Daddy, and not your brothers or sister, or your cousins or anyone else, is allowed to touch you unless you want them to."

The lecture, if you wish to call it that, went on a bit longer; the gist being that our bodies were ours; what gave us pleasure and how it was accomplished was a matter for each of us to decide for him- or herself. Of course, it wasn't quite that simple nor the end of it; instruction continued long after, reinforcing values and propriety, such as places in which it might be (in)appropriate to pleasure oneself or each other. Also 'good touch/bad touch' – although it wasn't termed like that back then, and it was only 'bad' if we didn't want it.

"Now, with each other's permission, you may touch one another – but you don't have to. You don't ever have to."

I think my mother may have put it in even simpler terms, and again, I'm probably merging several memories into one, but hopefully you get the gist.
Mom went on, "Just as you're not allowed to hit, you're not allowed to hurt one another. And if one says to stop, the others must stop."

She probably checked for understanding, and then I remember my sister – being the bolder one – asking why my penis was 'pointing up', or something to the effect.

Mom smiled. "That's called an erection, kids. It happens to boys sometimes." D asked why, and Mom explained something about how it happens when boys see pretty girls like her, or occasionally for no reason at all, which seemed acceptable for five-or-so-year-olds.

"Can I touch it?" D asked.

I think I nodded or mumbled something, so D grabbed for my stiff little dick with alacrity, into which Mom naturally intervened, admonishing her that a penis, and especially a boy's testes or 'balls', were sensitive, and reiterated to treat each other's bodies with respect. I'm pretty sure we already knew why boys had penises and girls had vulvas, but D stood up anyway, bow-legged and splaying her little cunny lips apart, as if to confirm no penis hid there. Inserting a finger, she gasped and jumped, receiving a parental caution that she must be very careful when attempting to put anything in her 'vagina'; in fact, I believe my mother told her she should not try any kind of insertion, or let anyone else do so, or it could hurt her.

"Can J*** put him finger there?"

I was a bit mystified why she would ask such a thing when she'd just been told not to and seemed to hurt herself doing it, but Mom asked if I wanted to.

"Then go ahead, carefully."

Indeed, D seemed to like it, but I quickly learned as well not to probe very deep at all, just the barest fingertip, touches and caresses, mostly along the lips. (We may even have gotten instruction on naming various interior female parts, but if so I either don't recall or it was over my head at the time.)

"I want feel you peens again," D demanded.

"Penis," Mom corrected. "What do you say, D***?"

"Pleeeeease."

We were taught to be polite, too. And learning about gender, anatomy, and sex in our family never stopped, as D was shown how to masturbate me – or I should say 'fondle', as actual masturbation, in the strictest sense, came quite a bit later.
Only Sitter in Town - Pt 12

Chapter Summary

See Pts 1-11 for setup. I pontificate a bit more and return to babysitting the three Kirby girls.

Chapter Notes

TAGS: No sex; voyeurism; exhibitionism; m/g/g/g; all participants are fictional or of age to be involved in consensual sexual activity.

I honestly believe that, from a very early age, most girls are natural flirts and teases; it's in their genes or hardwired in their brains, or whatever. Not that there's anything wrong with that, and of course, this applies to many boys as well, albeit I have not seen young boys precociously flaunt themselves in the presence of either sex as much as girls in front of males (but that may only be on account of my being male). I do not refer to those who have been brought up as we were, unashamed and frankly accepting of their sexuality; yet even those presumably too young to have been much exposed to media, and raised in more or less strict circumstances concerning 'morality', have demonstrated to me that we are pretty much all sexual beings, virtually from birth.

This is not to say I advocate unrestrained sexuality with children of any age; again, everything must be consensual and, as far as practicable, with informed consent, or at least not forced. Thus, an infant obviously cannot consent to anything, much less full intercourse – aside from the patently obvious fact that, as I've mentioned, penetration of immature bodies in any orifice with almost any object can easily injure. Yet, what harm in exploring and fondling, masturbation, or even oral stimulation without unwonted intrusiveness? Believe it or not, in some cultures, fondling or massaging young children's genitals was or is a common way to soothe distress.

What I'm getting at is that, even before young children have an inkling that what they're doing is in any way 'sexual', they begin to practise certain aspects of sexuality, and then, once media and peers begin to influence them and they notice the effect they may be having – even if they don't know why – it's reinforced and repeated, or alternatively repressed, depending on reactions. Just watch kids play dress-up; how they pose in mirrors even before they've supposedly 'learnt' such behaviours; they copy parents and elders, again without contemplation of why anyone does so. Some of this sort of play is perfectly innocent, some perhaps not so much; yet, separating the two seems pointless, so long as children are taught when/where certain more blatant practices may not be appropriate, just as adult sexuality is not appropriate everywhere (although why this is so is another moot point, in my opinion).

I know this because I have known many children, raised in all kinds of ways, especially from my childhood and somewhat later years, when media and peer influence simply did not come close to that of current times. With very few TV channels in my youth, the vast majority of which were heavily regulated and/or censored – not to mention no internet back in the 60s through the 80s, nor smart phones and 'apps', much less social media sites – exposure to explicit imagery in so-called
pornography, mainstream movies, music videos, and even magazines was, albeit in many ways less regulated, far less common. I won't debate the relative values of one era versus another; my point is that human beings are human beings, and children, being human, should be expected to behave like humans, even if immature. (Indeed, regarding child labour, in much earlier times they were treated as *miniature* humans, expected to carry commensurate workloads – to which I am certainly *not* advocating a return either.)

Nevertheless, I don't intend my tales to turn into some kind of psycho-sexual treatise.

I wish to go back now to the three Kirby girls and their mother, who you'll recall had an absentee husband and abusive lover. The Kirbys were not, as far as I'm aware, nudists or advocates of free expression like us; the behaviour of these girls, stemming from simple curiosity and even, perhaps, repression and ignorance, is where I'm going this time.

As Mandy, Sarah, and Suzie naturally grew older partially under my care, their curiosity only intensified. Again, despite my encounter with their mother – which it should be noted was the only one – Mrs. K never behaved 'openly' sexual or bodily. (I'm happy to say that she moved on from harmful relationships, even moving away with a new husband shortly after what I'm about to describe.) None of her daughters had yet begun to develop secondary sexual characteristics – Mandy, the eldest, being perhaps only nine by now. Still, I can only describe their play as 'precocious', their boldness increasing as their inquisitiveness continued to be unassuaged. Or perhaps it's simply true that many little girls (and some boys) naturally seek to provoke reactions through instinctual sexuality, just as children test all kinds of boundaries.

I remember taking them to the playground more than once, on one occasion Mandy hanging upside down on the monkey bars, skirt naturally enough falling to reveal 'everything she had for breakfast', as my mother put it when an older girl put herself in a compromising position without regard for propriety. Albeit not quite *everything*, as in Mandy's case white cotton panties shone brightly in the spring sunshine to all park-goers. I noticed only when she shouted at me to watch her, as I was catching her younger siblings coming down the slide.

As Sarah had just launched herself at me, I had to wait to respond; although only a few seconds' delay, Mandy's demand for attention rose.

"J***, LOOK AT ME!"

Doubtless the entire park saw what I now saw. Mandy had let go with her hands, dangling by bare legs hooked over one bar. She began to swing gently, skirt flapping down over now-bare torso, as shirttails succumbed as well to gravity, revealing even more dusky young flesh.

"Uhh... careful, Mandy. Don't fall."

Naturally she protested that she wouldn't, but by now I heard complaints from siblings about 'their turn'. Torn between catching her sisters, and watching both the display and against fear that the child would indeed fall, I noted that Mandy began a hand-and-leg negotiation of the red metal apparatus, turning one way and going back the other, clamouring all the while for me to observe. To me, it seemed the child swayed exaggeratedly, little panty-clad butt going back-and-forth, skirt flapping, long black hair coming loose from ponytails, top now pretty much encircling aught but neck and shoulders. Regardless, interpretation could range from deliberate sexual provocation to simply endangering herself for attention; like as not both, somewhere in between.

Yet soon a competition arose, three little girls vying for my consideration of their various athletic endeavours, including vaults and handstands, jumps, climbs, and so on, all designed, it seemed, to reveal as much as they could without stripping off any more clothing than shoes and socks.
Little did I know that much more would come off later.

Meantime I managed to persuade all three ankle-biters to get on one end of the teeter-totter while I attempted to outweigh them on the other; however, I did not yet weigh quite as much as even three small girls together, so I had to physically push it down and then let it up without slamming them into the ground – not that the urchins helped against any such event; quite the opposite, shrieking and bouncing to make it as difficult for me as possible, I'm sure. Doubtless they also got thrills from the vibrations on their little behinds as their end of the apparatus thumped the well-worn turf, dumping one or another into the dirt before she leapt up, screeching to be let on again.

Finally, however, more than one fell off at once, and the youngest, Suzie, began squalling; one of her sisters had landed atop her, yet none appeared injured; no blood, etc. Having grown out of her 'snot-nosed' stage, I got the little one sorted and tidied relatively easily, and felt relieved to have an excuse to take them home. Refusing to don shoes and socks, however, I was obliged to make them carry their own, socks stuffed into shoes, while piggy-backing the littlest, her footwear stuffed under my arms. Of course, they all demanded turns at this as well, so our way home, despite being only a couple of blocks, seemed interminable as I swapped them out repeatedly. Mandy was a bit too heavy to piggy-back, and when I told her this, she naturally pouted and declaimed unfairness. Manfully, I struggled with her for a few yards, but finally protested that she was just getting too big for piggy-backs, and didn't she want to be a grown up girl (or something like that)? I don't know if this sparked certain thoughts that manifested later, but in any case, we finally arrived back at their place.
# Only Sitter in Town - Pt 13

## Chapter Summary

*See Pts 1-12 for setup. I tutor the Kirby girls; the eldest gets special attention.*

## Chapter Notes

**TAGS:** Nudism; voyeurism; exhibitionism; masturbation; m/g/g/g; all participants are fictional or of age to be involved in consensual sexual activity.

After getting them all a drink; making them go pee (in the toilet); washing dirty faces, feet, and knees; changing soiled clothes and even grass-stained underwear; I would've bid them all go play.

Mandy, however, holding on to my shoulder with one hand as I knelt to pick up one small bare foot, then the other, wiping with a warm washcloth, demanded, "What about our bums?"

I nearly dropped her leg as she helped raise her skirt unnecessarily high so I could do her knees; then she hung on to me longer than necessary, switched hands, inspected her scrubbed tanned flesh; skirt held higher than waist, pointed out 'missed' spots; abruptly stripped off panties and stood there, bare little cunny staring at me. I stared back.

By now her sisters had finished on the toilet, Sarah having wiped Suzie; both also stood half-naked, Suzie clapping and bouncing and squealing about bums, Sarah just watching after pushing the handle to flush, younger sister having suddenly forgotten the argument about the task.

"A-Alright... A-All of you... into the tub."

The din hit a crescendo but for Mandy's hesitation; Suzie achieved nudity in flash of pudgy pink, climbing into the tub as Sarah adopted a bit more measured pace in stripping what little clothing remained on her nicely rounded small body. Lankier elder sis, on the other hand, seemed reluctant, perhaps only because she thought she might be too old to bathe with her sisters; yet I could see curiosity vying with uncertainty in her dark elfin features, the latter winning out as she removed the rest of her kit and stood again, blatantly gazing into my eyes – which absorbed her slim dark anatomy before noting her study of me.

"You should wash too," she suggested, gaze dropping to my crotch, where a bulge evidenced my arousal.

"I... don't think... Let me fill the tub for you."

Changing the subject did not work; recalling the elder girl's scouting of me in this very bathroom a couple of years or so ago, not to mention fondl—I mean, washing all that delicious naked girlhood, pushed my cock virtually out of my jeans. Then Sarah demanded I wash her 'bump' while pointing to her cunny crease; whereupon I had to give anatomy lessons.
"This is your vulva." I thought nothing of the correction; it came naturally to me as correcting the spelling of their names. "This is your bum, not bump." I gave it a good rubdown too.

"Me too! Me too!" Suzie clamoured.

"Mommy says this is our coochie," Mandy intervened. She washed herself, carefully watching how I treated her sisters and copying.

I then realised what I'd done. "Uhh... well, that's another name for it too."

"Boys have bums," eldest observed sagely.

"Yes," I agreed. "Everyone has a bum."

"Do you wash your bum?"

"Umm... yeah..." I now believe she meant 'your own bum', even though both questions were rhetorical.

"And your penis?" Once again, the subject was breached.

"Yes."

"Can we see it?"

I'm not sure to this day if silence descended because my ears thundered, or the kids all quieted in anticipation of my answer. "I... don't th-think..."

Silence didn't last long, as beseeching renewed. "Please, please... pleeeease...!"

I wasn't thinking; not being in our 'circle', doing such things with this family would be very risky. Regardless, despite some difficulty, as full arousal had long since been achieved, I took out my eager member, to rather gratifying gasps and oohs.

Suzie reached for it, but I took her hand away. "No, you're not allowed to touch without asking."

More clamouring, naturally enough. Each could fit a hand around it, Suzie and Sarah rather clumsily squeezing and pulling, to which I offered more instruction. Mandy's fascination seemed equal to Carrie Lowell's; however, this tyke merely held it lightly, seeming in awe. Yet regardless of my sudden urgency to cum, I knew it wouldn't be a good idea.

Instead I took charge, reluctantly stowing my throbbing equipment to finish up baths; towelling off naked bodies; getting them into pjs; brushing long black hair and two unruly, curly blonde heads; ushering all downstairs.

I determined that Mandy would be amenable to more instruction, and trusted her to be quiet about it; her sisters, however, would be too likely to reveal something damning, even if we demanded secrecy of them. I could pass off any comments about them having seen my dick by telling their mom I must have accidentally left the bathroom door open, but anything else...

Thus, big girl and I sat on the couch, ostensibly reading, while sisters played on the floor. The minx endeavoured to wiggle closer and closer, till we were almost touching; jammy-clad slender leg next to my jeans radiated heat; little bare feet began gently swinging, one brushing my leg until it gradually slowed, coming to rest before, ever-so-slowly, bare toes scrunched and began an up-and-down stroking. The child continued to pretend to study her book – a Nancy Drew mystery, as I
recall, as my sister used to read them (I read Hardy Boys, of course). When I could take no more, I put a hand lightly on a quivering jammed leg, stroking and squeezing a bit and murmuring that I had to go to the bathroom. Uncomfortably – due to crotch swelling – rose and went upstairs.

Expecting Mandy to follow, she did, no sooner than I'd sat on the toilet lid, leaving door ajar to ostensibly continue reading my comic.

This time Mandy stopped right at the entrance, looking in at me, dark eyes wide; in the face, to how I sat, and back. "Are you going pee?"

"No, boys don't have to sit to pee."

"I know."

I thought she didn't, really, despite watching me the last time as I pretended to be 'finishing'. Putting comic aside, I rose to open the door wider; accepting unspoken invitation, the girl almost skipped barefoot inside as I closed and locked it behind her. Unzipping my pants and even releasing my belt and lowering them a ways, I had somewhat less difficulty presenting my maleness to a single set of youthful eyes this time. Even so, I had a bit of a problem getting much of a piss sample to start for her, much less pass it though a half-hardon, but the youngster seemed impressed, nonetheless.

"Can I wipe it?"

"Boys don't have to wipe," I clarified, shaking it unduly. "But you can anyway."

Grabbing a couple squares of tp, I let go as she dabbed the tip; though no flesh made contact this time, she poked and changed angles, no doubt testing flexibility and whatever else. Gasped as it leapt, once more achieving full erection. "Wh... What happened?"

"You can't tell your mom about this, ok?"

Mandy nodded without taking gaze from my cock, which I grabbed again, giving it a stroke or two.

"This is an erection. It happens when boys see pretty girls sometimes."

She looked up. "Am I pretty?"

"Yes, you are. Do you want to touch it again?"

She shook her head.

Damn, this is no time to go shy! I cursed mentally. Maybe shyness trumped sibling rivalry. "Alright, you can watch me make it do something else. If you want."

No response; gaze fixated again on manhood.

"You can't tell your mom. Or your sisters."

Brief nod.

I began to jack off. As I got myself into it, it didn't take long; trying to aim into the toilet, grunted as I managed only to splatter the underside of the toilet seat, the bowl edge, and the wall.

Mandy gasped. "Was that... pee?"

"No, it's cum." I used the naughty word for it, but corrected myself. "Semen. Boys make it."
"Why?"

_Uh-oh..._ I put myself away and cleaned up. "Uhh... you should ask your mom – but don't tell her where you heard those words."

Perhaps I was fortunate that children often forget such things until much later, and then don't remember what originally triggered their questions; even so, I very much doubt I traumatised any of the Kirby girls. I never heard anything further from them, yet their mother left me a Thank-You card with a brand new $20 bill in it (don't laugh; back then it was maybe fifty bucks!).

To this day I have no doubt she thanked me for babysitting her kids, nothing else.
Only Sitter in Town - Pt 14

Chapter Summary

See Pts 1-13 for setup. I go on my first 'swinger' summer camping trip.

Chapter Notes

TAGS: Nudism; voyeurism; exhibitionism; outdoor; oral; masturbation; m/b/g; all participants are fictional or of age to be involved in consensual sexual activity.

I'd sat for the Waynes a few times before we all went camping – in addition to them, the Sykes, Lowells, Ramseys, and us – to an isolated small lake a few hours drive through what I would call 
forest, not Forestry 'roads'. We had to stop and chainsaw deadfalls and brush, fill in huge potholes, find another way around washouts after winching one or the other of my dad's and Mr. Lowell's 4x4s out, even build a 'bridge' or two – laying planks and logs across boggy puddles – for the Waynes' RV. (I recall Mr. Lowell being one crazy SOB who would venture anything in his new Chevy Blazer; more than once, I regretted not packing extra underwear when off-roading with him.)

Anyway, we finally made it and set up camp, us three in a big ten-or-twelve-person tent (I didn't think that odd at the time), the Lowells and Ramseys in their respective smaller ones, the Waynes, as mentioned, in their camper van; the Sykes would arrive later. All of us being tired after slogging through the bush and setting up, we barely managed to finish and get supper before dark, despite dusk coming late in those northern latitudes, even in late spring. Thus, that first night we all spent in our own accommodations; I remember just after lights out, Dad murmuring something to my stepmom about "nice mosquito bites you've got there". I thought it was funny, even if she wasn't amused; I heard a thump.

Of course, I had no idea how sleeping arrangements would soon be altered, following another surprise.

Next day started out cool and a bit rainy, so no one got naked – or stayed that way very long – until early afternoon, when my stepmom and Mrs. Ramsey got down to bras and panties. I had not seen Mrs. R in any state of undress before, but I was fully apprised of naturist etiquette – if not 'normal' etiquette – of not staring. So, I tried not to, even though Mrs. R's rack rivalled Mrs. Sykes' – and, I thought, looked better on her somewhat larger frame.

I sought the Lowell and Wayne kids; we were all for skinny-dipping, but the weather refused to cooperate thus far, and besides, the blackflies and skeeters were bad. Thus, we had to settle for some fishing – bugs didn't follow you out on the water – fully clad, at first. When the sun came out at last, we happily stripped down. Only Carrie and Toby accompanied me in their family's small motorboat; the girl now about seven, her brother, five; Kayla, at two, was yet too young. (The Waynes would have to wait, as the only other boat we had was a canoe, and an adult had to accompany kids in it; although at 15 I was considered one for that purpose, I couldn't be in two places at once).

Despite this being years before life jackets were mandatory, parents insisted that I make sure the kids
wore theirs, plus hats, and thus trussed them back up after stowing clothes. First, I smeared suntan lotion all over them (it wasn't yet called 'sunblock'), especially on tenderest parts. As by now our sex play could be considered commonplace, it took no time at all for hands to wander, even little bare feet. Carrie, the minx, started it by playing footsie with my cock, grinning and giggling as I baited her hook – then again, I had oiled her little slit especially well. Toby ignored us; I'd already set him up, yet his rod lay all but forgotten across his lap as he trailed one hand in the water while we puttered in neutral, the other one absentely rubbing his little dickie where I'd left off.

"You have to hold on to your rods and keep them out straight," I told both kids as I put their lines out, "or we'll get all tangled up." I put the outboard in gear. "Or you might even lose it if a fish bites and pulls it away."

Carrie had other rods in mind. "I want to play with your dickie."

"DICKIE!" Toby shouted, coming to life.

"Shhh! You'll scare the fish."

It seemed the pair didn't care much about fishing just then. I sighed, in truth not much put out at all. "Alright. Put your rods in these holders. Careful." I leaned back, balancing the boat and trying to steer as two little bodies repositioned themselves to take hold of my tackle. Trying not to close my eyes but keep a lookout where we were going, I nonetheless relaxed; the kids were by now very good at jerking me, both knowing just how to grip it and keep time with each other. Hard in no time, I allowed the sun and fresh air to carry me away, until I felt the urgency building.

"Uh," I grunted, "cumming..."

Just then all hell broke loose as my fishing rod plus one of the kids' simultaneously started peeling line, sizzling as if in crescendo with my climax. Despite their best efforts, Carrie even getting her warm little mouth on the spasming head of my cock, cum shot all over, splattering life jackets, aluminum boat, tanned fleshy bits. Part in bliss and part panicked, I yelled, joining childish shouts of excitement as I tried to sort out whose fish to deal with first while recovering from my orgasm. Frantically reeling in the empty one and laying it aside, I had to get both kids to hang onto my fishing rod – good thing by now they had practice sharing 'rods' – since their fish seemed quite large. Between us, we managed to land them both successfully. And to this day I still get hard at the sound of peeling fishing line.

Toby and Carrie were so excited they wanted to show off their fish right away, so we headed in. By this time pretty much everyone else appeared to have stripped down to underwear or less, so, after cleaning the fish – showing the little ones how to do it, which didn't gross them out in the least – and stowing them in a cooler, I thought to saunter over to the Wayne's spot to see if anything similar had occurred and invite them for a trip in the boat. I got the Lowell kids sorted with shoes and shirts against scratches and sunburn, plus some bug repellent, and left them to their own play; although they wanted to go fishing again – perhaps actually to fish – I told them it was the Waynes' turn. Just then I detected another vehicle coming through the bush; the Sykes weren't due for another day, so I took some alarm at this 'intrusion'. I turned around and told my stepmom that someone was coming, but she just nodded, displaying that mischievous smile of hers. Mrs. R – topless as well – looked equally unperturbed; they were setting mosquito netting around a playpen for the Ramsey kids (a baby and toddler, you'll recall), and Kayla Lowell.

Shrugging, I walked back the other way – having donned my own shoes (so, call me 'tenderfoot') – arriving at the Waynes' site to find Mr. in only undershorts and sandals, chopping wood. Now, these days he would be described as a 'bear', and not just because he had long black hair and beard, and
was virtually a walking bear rug, not to mention almost the size of one. Even so, though the bulge at his crotch suggested quite the package, I knew it didn’t quite measure up to Mr. Lowell's. But a nicer guy you may never meet.

"Kids 'n' missus over there, changing." Pointed to nearby van with square jaw, beard flapping as the axe arced overhead and another block split effortlessly – WHACK! Sweat glistened in matted body hair. "G'on if ya want."

I told him someone was coming, but I don't think he heard me as the axe cracked again. Eyeing the arriving camper truck entering our private cleared area, I stepped around the tarpaulin wall of the lean-to they’d erected around their van's sliding side door. "Hi—uhh..."

Mother, son, daughter, sat, bent, stood, under the tarp in various states of undress amongst jumbled clothing and camping paraphernalia.

"Oh, hey, J***," Mrs. greeted me. Tall, lithe, brown-haired, she struggled in bra, on pantied butt atop a camp stool, pulling off her slacks. Son Brian, now about 11, bent at the waist, removing his shirt. Daughter Laura, 13-ish, stood naked in the van's open doorway except for her own bra and panties; the former she undid and tossed inside as I entered the open side of the tarp shelter.

"S-Sorry." I made to turn away.

"Don't be silly," Mrs. admonished. "In fact, you're just in time to help."

Help? Assessing Brian and Laura, now both nude and arguing about something, I flashed back to when we first met.
Chapter Summary

See Pts 1-14 for setup. As my babysitting career begins to wind down, I reflect on one or two jobs I've not yet mentioned.

Chapter Notes

TAGS: Nudism; voyeurism; exhibitionism; oral; masturbation; m/g/b; all participants are fictional or of age to be involved in consensual sexual activity.

At only 13 myself, it didn't take long before I noted some resentment from Laura, 11 or maybe 12-ish then; turned out she thought herself too old to have a babysitter barely older than her, but perhaps more so resented the attention I soon gave her younger sibling, Brian, on the other hand, at nine, greeted me with enthusiasm; surely, he saw me as a big brother, eagerly wanting to engage me in checking out his toys – G.I. Joe, big dump truck, slot cars, and so on. As I wasn't really past that stage myself, I didn't have to be persuaded. (It should be noted we were all clothed, for the time being; I wasn't certain they were nudists like us, but strongly suspected so, given my 'introductory' history thus far, save for the Kirbys.)

Laura as much as locked herself in her room, and I forgot about her – till much later when she brought herself to my attention. And then some.

"J***."

I looked up toward Brian's open bedroom door – and dropped whatever I was building with his Tinkertoys. Plainly evidenced by tight red shorts and brief white tank top she'd changed into, Laura's physical development appeared much farther advanced than any 11-or-12-year-old I'd ever met. And you'll recall what I said about girls being natural teases; this preteen already had that sense well-developed too; aside from scant clothing, she stood leaning against the doorjamb on one smooth shoulder, opposite arm draped over her head, one leg bent, its foot behind the other poised on folded bare toes, hip thrust exaggeratedly. (I have since tried replicating the pose myself and failed miserably; must be a girl thing.)

She had my attention now.

I could not fail to take in the fact that the girl had lost all vestigial baby fat; long, well-defined legs; hips – discounting posture – slightly flared to tapered waist; tummy flat and even noticeably rippled (she was a dancer or skater or something); little breast-buds in evidence above low-scooped lacy neckline; neck long and graceful; high cheekbones; deep, wide-set brown eyes; long, black hair like her father's only straighter, tossed carelessly over other shoulder, toyed with by the hand dangling from her head.

I'd had crushes before, always on much older, famous girls like Ursula Andress and Raquel Welch; this felt... different. I couldn't speak.
Laura smirked, doubtless quite satisfied with the effect she had successfully engendered. Repeated, "J***."

"Y-Yes? Wh-What?"

Brian snorted, all at once falling outside my awareness.

"I want to play."

"Wh-What?" I repeated stupidly.

"Get outta my room!" Brian tossed a small Tinkertoy at his sister; missed, bouncing off the hallway wall into the carpet.

"Jerk! I'm not in your stupid room. And I'm not talking to you." She straightened, indignant.

"Uh... Brian... don't throw things. Umm... Wh-what do you want to play, Laura?"

"Twister."

"I'm playing too!"

Although I'm sure all readers are familiar with the game, it may be important to note that Twister was relatively new at the time, and I had played it with my siblings and cousins, as well as the Lowells. Perhaps needless to say, then, it can be quite... suggestive, especially in shorts, skirts, loose clothing or, of course, no clothing. (If you don't know the game or what I mean, Google 'Twister Zsa Zsa Gabor'.) So, Twister, then. Happily, I discovered that the Waynes played with special rules similar to ours – as well as I, quickly discovered, some of their own variations. We set up the mat, and I soon found myself bent backward, spider-like, Brian half under one leg, Laura's tight little ass pressed against my other thigh. Awkwardly (acting as referee), I spun the dial; Laura, rising from a squat to lift a leg over my arm, brought her butt and camel-toe (we didn't call it that back then) into even closer view, especially as she straightened spread, muscled legs, raising little ass high. Brian was left in almost the same position, so when I spun again, I 'had to' reach over Laura with my opposite hand, thus pushing my nose practically up her little cunt.

She giggled, compact body quivering as I spun once more; she scooted one leg back, stretching uncannily so that her incredibly tight butt now thrust almost directly under my crotch. The odour of girl-sweat permeated my senses, further hardening my dick as I scoped her mostly bared, defined back, bra-strap in evidence under the near-sheer material. Brian reached under me too, placing a hand on the one I'd just relocated; an illegal move, so I made him choose another. Both kids chortled as I spun the dial; trying to move one or the other foot, I failed, somewhat on purpose; falling atop both, especially Laura, she couldn't help but feel my swelling member rub against her pert ass. (Normally I'm quite competitive, but these were kids, and anyway, I wanted to see where this would go.)

"ONE OFF! ONE OFF!" they both chanted, jumping up and grinning.

I knew what they meant; removed my shirt – having already taken off my socks, partly because bare feet slide less on the mat, and partly to even the odds, given that both kids were clad only in tops and shorts. And underwear.

I saw Brian's first; his little pecker tented his tights-whiteys, later nearly poking me in the eye before his sister lost her top. Whereupon I confirmed the girl wore a training bra, which her brother
protested was 'no fair', being of course an extra piece of clothing neither of us guys wore. A brief argument ensued, which I was about to end by letting the preteen keep her bra – for now – when she ended it herself, decisively pulling off the offending undergarment and throwing it on the carpet.

"Fine! There!" Thrust her chest out defiantly – which, aside from huge puffy nipples, evidenced twin bee-stings, perhaps slightly more pronounced due to her athleticism, one a bit larger than the other (normal, at that stage, actually).

I found the sight intensely erotic, and my cock wanted freedom. Shortly achieving it as I fell and divested myself of final garment, I spun out the remaining turns to determine the winner – namely, the last one with an article of clothing left on.

Laura, wicked smile directed at me and my twitching dick, shucked her shorts, displaying pink panties with little blue flowers on the crotch. The pair managed to twist themselves around each other, Brian rubbing groin against sis' leg.

"Cut it out!" she scolded.

Chuckling, he then had to duck under her; I think he kissed a nipple, but couldn't quite tell from my vantage.

"Stupid jerk! Quit it!"

"Kids," I advised. "Play nice or I put it away."

"He's... cheating!" Laura accused.

"Am not."

"Are too!"

"Kids! Enough. Right foot, red."

All the red spots lay on the other side of her brother. The minx deliberately pushed him over to get at one, inciting another argument about whom had just lost or cheated. I settled it rather cleverly, I thought.

"Both of you were cheating, so both of you lose. ONE OFF... each."

They looked at me, then each other; Laura opened her mouth to argue some more, but impulsiveness once again took over. Repeated the bra performance with panties. "Fine! There!"

Sibling only laughed, "Haha!" as he kicked off his gonch.

"LAST ONE," the nude girl announced, arms akimbo, chin thrust almost as far as puffy chest. Her girl-crease also appeared swollen; shockingly, to me, clit protruded such that I'd never seen on a girl her age – then again, I didn't have a whole lot of experience with naked girls her age. My cock threatened explosion; I willed it to partially subside.

I didn't know what they meant, so Laura explained. "Last game – winner gets to dare the losers."

I thought I would like this variation, thus meant to lose. Yet, losing wasn't difficult, as Brian was small and wiry; Laura, as I've implied, incredibly flexible. Besides, with a moistened bare cunny rubbing an arm – I swear I could feel her hard little girl-button pressing my skin as well – and a circumcised stubby pecker this time humping my leg, not to mention my now-straining cock brushing
nubile flesh everywhere I turned, I very much wanted to see this game's finale – before cumming accidentally all over game mat and delectable preteen skin.

"YAY! I win!" Laura chortled, looking at me. She now stood as well. "Kiss Brian's willie."

"Penis," I automatically corrected. If I wasn't sure they were into the open lifestyle, this commandment put all questions to rest; and even if not entirely within the 'rules', I thought it couldn't hurt. Therefore, I did so, planting a fleeting peck on the tip of the boy's erect two-ish-incher, licking pee and slight saltiness from my lips.

He giggled, trembling a little.

"Now kiss mine."

"Your...?"

"Cunny."

"This," I clarified, taking a little more time to inhale girl-scents, "is your vulva." I pressed my lips against her slightly protruding inner labia, essayed an upward lick, nipping swollen pink bud on the way. Laura jumped, making a little sound; I supposed no one had done that to her before.

"N-Now... uh... touch m-me... it. H-Here. And h-his."

"Where?"

"M-My... v-vulva. Brian's... penis."

Although I thought this certainly stretched even made-up rules, again I saw no reason to argue; gave each delectable crotch a few strokes and caresses, going so far as to slicken my index finger with spit and girl-juice, inserting it a tiny fraction in Laura, even nibbling on Brian's little prick; both kids gasped and made other small sounds of gratification.

Unfortunately, that was the full extent of that game, but next time they took turns jacking me off; I armed them with a towel against random fire, but apparently, they'd seen a guy cum before. Then I alternated between them, bring them both off orally and manually. Of course, little enough clear fluid leaked from Brian's tiny firm pecker as he shook and grunted, but Laura's sweet pink cunt ejected a squirt or two of juice as I brought her to squirming orgasm, index finger half inserted while tonguing her angry little clitty.

Delicious!
Only Sitter in Town - Pt 16

Chapter Summary

See Pts 1-15 for setup. Our summer camping trip continues as I try to get the Wayne girl into fishing, while she doesn't have to try very hard to interest me in her.

Chapter Notes

TAGS: No sex; nudism; voyeurism; exhibitionism; outdoor; m/f/b; all participants are fictional or of age to be involved in consensual sexual activity.

We had two nuisance doggages in camp with us, one a small terrier-type belonging to the Ramseys; he'd hilariously start a four-footed paddle if you held him out over the lake (I recall he did that over bathwater as well). Of course us kids tormented him by dropping him in once in a while, but even though he really didn't like water – would immediately swim out, shake off, and never went in on his own – naturally he wasn't harmed in any way. But otherwise he'd make a nuisance of himself, wanting to follow us everywhere and play with him; wet, he'd go lie down somewhere till he dried.

At the other extreme the Waynes’ big Chocolate Labrador loved to swim; we could toss sticks and balls and whatever, and she'd retrieve them till we tired, long before she ever would. Unsurprisingly, strutting repeatedly out of the lake, stick in jaws, she made a point of getting as close to as many naked people as possible before shaking, showering everyone in range amidst a chorus of shrieks and yelling. But if we weren't throwing stuff for her, she'd go off by herself, doubtless hunting grouse and squirrels and whatever through the bush (though as far as I'm aware she never actually caught any, and bears etc. never caught her).

Anyway, the dogs will come into play later. I only bring them up now because I stared as Laura, stepping out of white panties and now quite nude, descended the step from their van, stooped to pick up their dog's water bowl, round ass pointing at me; filling it from a container on a camp table, bent again at the waist, long, skater's legs straight, lightly fuzzed cleft aimed at my eye as she placed it back on the ground.

"Laura!" Mrs. W, hands on bare round hips, stood scowling at her daughter, blue-eyed gaze stern though not angry, as she laid her slacks aside. "Was that completely necessary? Have we not talked about that sort of thing?"

The girl started; recovering quickly, rolled brown eyes (her father's). "Yes, Mother."

"Don't take that tone with me, young lady. Apologise to J***."

"Sorry, J***." She didn't look it.

"That's... all r-right."

"No, it isn't," Mrs. W contradicted. "Laura, look what you've done to the poor boy."
Indeed... Much too late, I noted that the towel I'd absently tucked around my waist had erected its own tent; I moved my hands in front of my crotch. In the girl's defence, my condition couldn't be entirely attributed to her blatant tease; her mother's tits rose high and proud, not spectacularly large but round and symmetrical, sporting huge dark areolae and suckable nipples. Not to mention her crotch, the second shaved one I'd seen; cuntlips dangled enticingly.

"Mo-oOM!"

"We've also talked about how teasing can only go so far."

"Yes, Mom." Once more, the glint in the teen's eye looked far more coquettish that contrite.

"Alright, then." Mrs. turned to me. "What can we do for you, J*** – other than what Laura will be doing for you later?"

I gulped, cock twitching terrycloth against my palms. "Uhh... I... uhh... I wondered if L-Laura and Brian wanted to go... uhh... f-fishing now."

"I don't like—"

"Laura."

"Oh, okay." The nude girl turned in profile as she gathered a bright pink towel, tossed it over one shoulder; cocked a dark eyebrow at me. I suppose she couldn't help being a tease; I think most of it came naturally to her, however – at least to me, everything she did appeared powerfully erotic, deliberate or not.

"Can we go now?" Brian sounded exasperated, already carrying his own fishing gear and navy towel. Although much distracted by his sister, I vaguely noted the boy's decent penis, pubescent fuzz barely apparent; though finer than mine, his pubes looked thicker, being dark as opposed to my pale blonde. In contrast, Laura's—

"No," their mother intervened again. "Suntan lotion first. I was going to get you to help me, J***, but I think Laura owes you now. Brian, let me get your back for you. And make sure you both get your ears and nose."

The boy addressed his mother in much the same way for which his sister had just been scolded, though his tone was merely annoyed, not rude.

"Do me first?" Laura handed me a bottle of Coppertone.

I momentarily got caught again in her almost-innocent wide brown eyes; hesitantly applied coconut-smelling oil to tanned, muscled back as she placed hands flat atop a camp table and bent forward a little, legs parted just a tad. I couldn't stop shaking, sorely tempted to grope—err... treat tight round ass whilst at it; I felt, rather than heard, chuckling. Returning the favour, she slathered my lily-white back (I didn't tan, just burnt), nudged my towel a little lower than necessary, exposing my ass-crack; a solitary finger essayed the beginning of the southern trail. I jumped.

"Laur-aaa..."

"Yes, Mom."

"OH! I, uh... Mrs. W-Wayne... I almost forgot – s-someone's coming. I mean, h-here. Coming h-here." Added, "In a camper."
"Really? Why don't you go see who it is?"

"Like this?" I meant nude, but my condition had not improved much either.

"Hmm... perhaps not just yet, then," Mrs. W advised. I got the feeling this 'interloper' was not unexpected. "Well, why don't you kids go fishing? Find out who it is when you get back."

I looked at the sibs, but they appeared as blank as I felt.

"Alright, have fun now."

As we emerged from under the tarp, I checked around for the newcomers, but only saw Dad and Mr. Lowell – both quite naked, the latter's hirsuteness unmistakeable – directing the camper truck into a spot under some trees on the far edge of our clearing. Obviously, the newcomers would now be apprised of the fact that they were in the presence of nudists; there appeared to be three people in the cab.

"Are we going, or what?" Laura demanded somewhat crossly.

My curiosity would have to wait. Taking in her slender nubile body again, I swallowed, the thought of what she may do to make up for her teasing taking over.

Naturally, I fully expected the little flirt to either continue or make up for her naughtiness in the boat, but I don't know if she hesitated due to the presence of her brother; I suspect she refrained simply to draw out the tease a little longer – again, who could tell as to premeditation? I managed to keep my cock – if not my thoughts – mostly under control as I helped set up her gear. Laura really wasn't into fishing, however; watching me thread a worm onto her hook, wrinkled cute brown nose coated in white lotion – which thrust the thought into my addled brain of seeing her face painted with my cum, as I'd seen in porn pix, in turn threatening to upset the boat as my cock lunged at her bait. I tried to surreptitiously rearrange my towel over it but sat on too much. I pulled her line out, set the drag, handed her the rod. Lascivious glance lifted from my dick to it, expression altering as though I offered a live snake; reluctantly, she accepted it, sitting stiffly though legs thankfully together.

Just as things generally go, somewhat later Laura caught the only fish; I tried coaching her to reel and play it while Brian shouted contradictions and orders. She bade me sit next to her and 'help', so, thigh-to-warm-thigh, I held the nubile girl in a semi-embrace, one hand over hers working the reel's crank, the other covering the one holding her rod. I was glad our movements and the fish's struggles (mostly) disguised my trembling at this exquisite proximity; I couldn't help pressing my oily chest into her equally slippery, solid back and shoulder. Eventually getting fish to boat, I netted it and decided it was a decent keeper, but Laura refused to touch it, making that face again.

"Can we just let it go?"

Brian argued for its size being perfectly legal, and so why let it go, but I said it belonged to his sister and she could do what she wanted with it. Thus, I released the creature.

"Can we go in now?"

Of course, her brother vehemently argued against this notion as well, so we stayed a while longer. Yet, wouldn't you know it, that was the only bite any of us got, let alone fish. In any case, my curiosity about our visitors by had now become irresistible.

As we approached shore, I saw a familiar honey-blonde-haired figure. I should think I'd recognise her, as she happened to be my girlfriend, although I hadn't seen her totally nude before – at least, not at this age. Fortunately, I had time to check her out before we beached, despite having to concentrate
at least a little on cutting the outboard and lifting it as we drifted into the shallows and scraped bottom.

Thinking of bottoms, I couldn’t decide if Faye’s best feature was her round ass or equally full, high breasts. I couldn’t believe this stunning girl had agreed to ‘go steady’ (the ‘50s and ‘60s term had pretty much fallen into disuse by my day, although the implication of exclusivity no longer applied in any event; still, the term sufficed). Considering her exquisite, curvy form as she helped tie the boat to a tree, turning back to smile at me, I had to reflect on how much better she looked in full glory, as opposed to the first couple of times we stole make-out opportunities, or even prior to that.

"Surprise!" Grin broadening, Faye cheekily stood arms akimbo on the gravelly beach, our wake gently lapping over her thongs (flip-flops were called 'thongs', back then). I think my heart may well have stopped, or at least blocked my throat.
Sister Summers - Pt 1

Chapter Summary

See Only Sitter in Town Pts 1-16 for setup. I flashback to an earlier sleepover during one of my first summer visits with my sister with our father and stepmother.

Chapter Notes

TAGS: Voyeurism; exhibitionism; light kissing; cd; implied oral/masturbation; b/b/g/g/g/g; all participants are fictional or of age to be involved in consensual sexual activity.

Throughout early high school I slavered after one of Faye's best friends, Brenda, partly because I have always been more attracted to brunettes – the darker and more athletic the better – and partly because Faye was quarry for almost every guy in school, and I felt I had no chance, even though she seemed to change boyfriends more often than I changed underwear. Nonetheless, my crush on her started the day I had a sleepover with Brenda's younger brother, Brian (not Brian Wayne; these people, the Dimitrioses, owned a local fishing lodge).

My dad and stepmom had been friends with the Ds some time before my sister and I spent aforementioned summers there prior to my moving, so I'm fairly certain of some collusion in setting us up, because as I recall I hadn't been great friends with their son – as mentioned, a grade or two younger than me. Brenda and I would eventually be in the same class, as were her friends, Faye and Cathy. However, this being me and my sister D’s first summer visit, I think we were set up to become friends, since we knew no other kids around there. (To this day, I have no idea if our respective parental units knew of my crush on Brenda, although parents are more aware of what's going on than children might like to believe, even if our open lifestyles hid little or nothing from one another.) In any case, we were all only about 11 or 12 at most; this meant that D was actually Brian's age, but whatever; although it's important to some kids at that stage, it really didn't matter to us.

What mattered was the layout of their big, rambling house, part business and part home; essentially, two separate though attached buildings, a private dwelling over their store/restaurant, the other consisting of lodgings for rent. We kids were allotted two rooms in the latter for the visit, a double for the four girls and a single for us two boys. I don't recall being too excited about this excursion; I'd always been an introvert, and didn't know any of these people. Still, Mr. and Mrs. D had as much as given me a very good Fenwick flyrod I still have to this day, my first ever (their friendship with my parents earned me a huge discount on it, plus a reel, line, etc.). Thus, I had reason to think they were good people. Little did I know...

So, coincidental sleepovers...

The imbalance of girls to boys in this situation turned out extremely favourable to us guys, although we wouldn't realise that for a while. I seem to recall that both of us acted more than a bit intimidated; giggly girls seemed everywhere, determined to tease and even bully, albeit not aggressively.
Regardless, Brian and I made ourselves scarce, staying out of sight as much as possible, else becoming targets for jokes, wedgies, water-balloons, and so on. Otherwise the afternoon passed unmemorably; we retreated to our room after a BBQ supper, when parents were around to supervise the evil girls; there, we spent I-don't-know-how-long doing I-don't-remember-what, before finally going to sleep in the same bed.

And were awakened by screeching girls raiding our room and ripping off bedclothes, absconding with sleeping attire before we could make out what the hell was going on. Before I knew it, I fought for my dignity against Faye and Brenda, who managed to pull off my pj bottoms and run, shrieking, in their own nighties or babydolls, back to their room. Too busy pulling sheets over myself to aid my roomie, I watched, dumbfounded, as he jumped up and chased after Cathy and my sister, bottomless as I, little dick pointing the way, cheekily rounding out the door.

"Help me!" he shouted on the way past.

Amid gleeful screaming and shouting I heard five pair of bare feet slapping along the common wooden outdoor walk that linked the rooms on our upper floor; shoving blankets and dignity aside in favour of revenge – and prurience – I charged after them. Had the four girls thought to hold their door against the both of us at once, they probably could have done so; but, my joining Brian against only two or three of them proved sufficient to power us through; we landed in a heap of nightie-clad girl-flesh, plus Brian's half-nakedness; who could tell whose was whose, and again, who cared? I revelled in acute contact – Brian poked me pretty good in the flank, while I prodded and groped here and there – before he and I manfully ganged up two-against-one, stripping babydoll tops and panties from one and all females, despite the other three trying to hold on or drag us away.

By the time screaming, giggling girls coordinated themselves, two sitting on me – Gaawd, that was erotic! – while another tried and failed to help Cathy keep her panties from Brian's grasp, the game was pretty much over. Or perhaps it had just started. We all sat around, excited, sweaty, out of breath, staring at one another, all I'm sure wondering what to do now. Other than look.

I took my time, and all but Cathy exhibited little shyness about either observing or being scrutinised. Naturally, I checked out Brenda first.

We sat mostly on the carpeted floor in a sort-of circle, Cathy to my left; Brian next to her, still holding her white cotton panties and dreamily 'feeling' them between his fingers; Faye and Brenda on one of the beds; D on my right. Brenda had one gangly leg tucked under the other, whose foot scuffed the bedside bearskin rug; peeking beyond rumpled sheets, I could just make out top of bare cleft beneath flat tummy; chest all ribs and stiff brown nipples. Short black hair hung mussed, bangs not obscuring dark-eyed gaze resting upon me, much less cute scattering of freckles. I felt my dick stir; hoped my cross-legged pose disguised usual shenanigans.

Faye sat similarly cross-legged, one pale knee touching Brenda's; long, honeyed tresses draped behind chunky shoulders; bright blue eyes alternating between me and Brian. In contrast with her gawky dark friend, the blonde retained a lot of baby fat; tiny tits evinced slightly more development, albeit not much more than puffy nipples as well; sadly, through slightly pudgy legs, matching arms resting casually atop them, I couldn't see her cunny at all from my vantage, but tummy appeared nicely rounded.

Glancing at Cathy next to me, I observed curly brown locks jutting untidily as the girl studied the bear rug; hugging knees to chest, chin atop them, she seemed to tremble; I wanted to touch her, to comfort as well as grope, but knew better than to simply reach and take. Not being in our family circle of siblings and cousins, I didn't yet know how to behave in such situations, much less initiate anything.
But, have I mentioned the brashness of my sister, D? It may be that the girls had already 'played' amongst themselves, and so it took no great leap of audacity on her part to take the next step. "Let's play Show or Dare."

Titters; Cathy remained as if a rooted quaking aspen.

D continued, "I'll start." I'd always hated her bossiness; we used to call her 'Mother', as a mean joke, or even 'Old Mother Hubbard'; yet I think she secretly felt proud of the moniker.

"Brian, put on Cathy's panties."

Giggles turned to laughter, and even Cathy herself looked up, as if forgetting to be shy for an instant of curiosity. Quickly hiding her face again, however, I began to get more intrigued at seeing what the girl kept from us; I recalled glimpsing quite significant boobs during the earlier mayhem; and picturing them in my mind now, I could not fit what I retained in memory on any of the other girls. I knew about her scars—

"ORRRRRR?!" everyone else chanted.

"Kiss her."

Not very reluctantly, I thought, Brian rose, donning the girl's cotton undies over stiff little pecker; they were a bit too big on him. Though he tried to pull jammy top over the works, it didn't stretch. He sat, hunched over, still vainly trying to hide stuff.

"Your turn, J***."

I didn't have to think much. "Brenda, sh-show me your b-bum."

"ORRRRRRRRRR?!"

"Kiss m—y sister." Of course, I wanted to say 'me', but, coward that I was...

Brenda didn't hesitate, scooting over on the bed and leaning to plant a little peck on D's lips. I didn't feel disappointed; the game was just warming up, and I caught a glimpse of hidden cleft.

Cathy tried to skip her turn, but her friends were relentless. "B-Brian," she finally quavered, "let m-me see your—m-my... panties." The curly brunette didn't appear as though she would look, whether or not the boy complied.

"Nuh-uhh..." D intervened. "You have to say, 'show me'."

Although Cathy probably screwed up on purpose, we voted to give her another chance.

"ORRRRRRRRR?!"

"Take off your p-pyjama top."

We all groaned, but the choice wasn't quite as simple as it first seemed, since the boy would have even less to hide beneath. Nonetheless, he took it off, not having to stand to do so, though staying leaned forward, avid gaze following all goings-on. A typical 10-ish-year-old, Brian had a way to go before filling out skinny frame, shallow chest, thin limbs.

Faye, in her naturally quiet voice, looked at me. I held my breath again as those baby-blues penetrated my heart, beginning to displace her dark friend; but she requested, "Brenda, show me your butt."
I loved her!

"ORRRRRRRRRRRRRR?!"

"Kiss J***."

And I thought couldn't possibly love her more...

Disappointingly, Brenda complied with the letter of 'show me', scooting up on knees while keeping a blanket or nightie over her lap, pointing narrow little ass at blonde friend before sitting primly once more.

It appeared that Brenda contemplated me now during her turn, but, turning to her shy friend beside me, bade her, "Cathy, show us your body."

Now, technically, the rules of our game, such as they were, required a statement of 'show me', but after careful deliberation by our Rules Committee – in this case D and Brenda – an amendment was passed, and Cathy had to show 'us'.

"ORRRRRRRRRRRRRR?!"

"Tell us your secret." Brenda added gently, "It's all right."

I didn't know whether she referred to it being all right that her friend revealed her body or a secret. Either way, I felt intrigued.

Cathy stood. I sucked in my breath, gaping as she turned, head down, trembling as though her knees may give way; mottled reddish-and-pink-and-brown scars ran the left length of the biggest girl's upper body; shoulder, chest, neck, as well as wrist and arm. I knew that Cathy had been burned as a small child when a camp stove had exploded almost in her face, but all I had seen of her disfigurement had been some scarring on her left cheek, neck, and ear, as well as wrist; now, the extent of her injuries lay bared for us.

Still, I thought, it didn't detract from her cuteness; although the top of one small breast bore marks, both were far and away the largest in our group (yet still not even an A-cup, if I had to guess now). Her body was thick, too; not obese, yet more than simply waiting to shed baby fat; a little taller than Brenda, though hardly any evidence of waist beginning to distinguish hips from torso; a few light pubescent hairs at crotch. Pretty, in her own special way, even more so when she finally deigned to look up, above round, flushed cheeks, eagerness for acceptance plain to read through fear in light brown eyes.

I'm not sure I did anything but stare, although Brian whistled. Again, he may have meant it in sympathy, but the girl blushed further, sitting down between us once more as she stole a shy glance and offered him a tentative smile. This time she didn't huddle into herself yet didn't relax, either.

"See?" Brenda offered. "You're not ugly." She got up to put some music on – unfortunately some girly stuff like Shaun Cassidy or whatever – but I hardly noticed, instead following slender tan-lined buttocks over to her dresser and back; as she sat on her bed again, I caught another glimpse of shy crease that only whetted my appetite for more. She also broke out some chips and Coke, which we consumed nervously.

The game continued a couple more rounds, 'Shows' and 'Dares' getting slightly bolder, including a choice between my donning someone's nightie or kissing my sister – I chose the latter – but Brian went all the way, seeming to relish dressing up in girls' clothes rather than kissing one, something I didn't understand at the time, but passed off as simply odd, not aberrant (we'd already begun to be
taught tolerance, though weren't yet cognisant of terms like 'gay' etc.). The howls of laughter his performance created brought parental wrath down upon us for disturbing guests, so we were banished to our own rooms for the rest of the night.

I realise now that the wet dream I had that night likely never happened; Brian either blew me or jacked me off in my sleep, as I dreamed of his sister. And Faye. And Cathy. And perhaps even my sister.
Sister Summers - Pt 2

Chapter Summary

See Only Sitter in Town Pts 1-16 and Sister Summers Pt 1 for setup. My sister and I enjoy the freedom of new bikes and a lot of independence.

Chapter Notes

TAGS: Nudism; voyeurism; exhibitionism; outdoor; incest; frottage; groping; dry-humping; 'birth'; 'doctor'; b/g; M/b/g; b/g; b/g/g/g/g; all participants are fictional or of age to be involved in consensual sexual activity.

It behoves me to return to those two summers with my sister, since much that happened then became intrinsic to my future sexual development in many respects. I have already explained our anatomy, reproductive, and other lessons from our mother, and how we had almost total freedom these summers – both Dad and Stepmom worked the same shifts in a mine – and so we were left free to do pretty much what we wanted, except when they were on night shift and slept during the day. Still fine with us; we just headed outside, biking the five-ish miles into town or in the other direction, perhaps a little shorter, to the D's resort. If it rained, we even had an older couple who had a vacation home a few doors down, also good friends of Dad's; doubtless, they would be called paedophiles, but I have nothing but good memories of them (other than their names).

We were allowed to go nude at their place, and they often did as well. His hairiness – other than the white bald patch atop round head – beat all I'd seen until Mr. Lowell's fur; otherwise a rotund, pot-bellied stature that almost hid his little cock, except while we played near him and it put in an appearance. I remember D sitting on his lap more than once, bracing hands on age-splotched thighs and rocking back-and-forth, rubbing little slit along stiffened prick. I'd get down between pale wrinkly knees to peer in fascination, hands wandering over them both, watching and listening as her climax built with little mewling sounds before she gasped, "Oh-oh-oh-oh!" followed by his grunts and extra thrusts that looked to launch my little sister from his lap. As semen dribbled from the fat purple head, I'd reach to slather it around, fingering D's slick little cunny as she twitched and yelped, still sensitive. I did it with him a few times myself, climaxing with the old man as D and his wife watched; for some reason she never touched either of us other than to towel us off, with D's help (her 'mothering' instincts showing, probably). I wanted to check out her greyness below hanging belly and saggy tits, but...

I retain a few other memories of those summers, as well as others on the farm with our cousins and remaining siblings – but, first things first.

D and I were ecstatic at having a new mustang bike each, and as I've suggested, thought nothing of roaming on our own several miles from home. I should clarify that the area was far from urban; the main townsite had only about 2000 people, a few hundred more scattered rurally like us, between the resorts (there were two) and a native 'reserve' (I happen to hate that word, by the way). Despite the nearest 'city' of maybe 5-6K being at least an hour's drive, it should go without saying that we
couldn't go naked all the time, even during high summer; in fact, probably the only times were around home, where neighbours were few and not close, at least at first; playing inside at the D's lodge; or across the big lake at their nudist camp – but that is a story to which I will get later.

D and I meanwhile explored and discovered; avoiding bears to plunder the dump, where we'd salvage stuff to build forts; roam the fisheries gates and channels, dry in the off-season; fish the nearby river, finding waterfalls and tiny caves where we'd build fires to cook our catch; gorge ourselves sick on wild strawberries, raspberries, huckleberries; play 'house', naturally butt naked insofar as weather, bugs, brush, and isolation would allow.

We were seldom all that sexual when alone, and I'm not sure why. Certainly, we examined one another, groped and dry-humped, especially when playing 'Mom and Dad', but I believe it had something to do with both of us being exhibitionists and usually needing an audience to become stimulated; otherwise we were kids, interested in 'normal' kid play. We also took time-outs from one another due to childish disputes, such as the time I remember a disagreement on whether to start cooking KD in all hot or all cold water; D even suggested a perfectly reasonable compromise of half-and-half, which I, in one of my obstinate older-brother piques, refused. I don't recall what happened, although I think we didn't cook the KD and had something else instead, separately. Dad scolded us for not getting along, but...

In any case, one of the last incidents I remember of that first summer while our house was still unfinished found us sleeping naked together on the living room floor in a shared double sleeping bag, dad and stepmom upstairs in the master bedroom (the other rooms weren't done). Reading under the covers with a flashlight, we heard something outside, and quickly popped our heads out, toward the big window overlooking the unfinished deck. We had a deepfreeze out there, on which the bear put his front paws to peer in through the window at us, making huffing sounds. We freaked, running upstairs to tell parents, but they didn't believe us, sending us back to bed.

Though not scared, exactly – more miffed at the disbelief – we took solace in one another, huddling nude in the sleeping bag, humping/fingerling one another abstractedly, nervously watching all the windows and listening, half-hoping it would come back for proof, till we fell asleep. The morning brought us vindication, however, as muddy bear paw prints covered the steps, stoop, deepfreeze. I believe the next few nights Dad loaded his rifle at the ready, but we never saw that neighbour again.

Yet, sometime around then we got new human next-door neighbours, the Timminses; their only child, Matthew, my age. Although I felt pleased at the male company, it did cramp our naked lifestyle, but D began to take more interest in her girlfriends anyway. I tried to get Matt interested in at least some exhibitionism, stripping down to skinny dip and making a point of letting him see my dick when I peed in the woods, but he wasn't interested, remaining in his swimming trunks and turning away; I recall his family being from a certain strict religious sect.

When I admitted some of my frustration to D, she laughed at me. Once again, we laid together nude on the living room floor in twilit darkness.

"Shut-up!" I lashed out, elbowing her in the arm. "I suppose you and Brenda are having lots of fun!" In my mind I pictured at least a half-dozen naked nymphs doing all kinds of naughty things together, Brian in the middle of it.

"OW! Quit it! Wouldn't you like to know."

Actually, I would... "Like what?" I really didn't think she'd tell me... "I'm sorry, D***," I snuggled up, wanting to give the spot a kiss, but she had a hand over it, rubbing. Instead I tickled her chest, raising a nipple before venturing south to delve into bellybutton and farther, both hands soon roving and teasing. Squirming and sniggering, she plucked and slapped them away – freeing the spot I'd
struck for a sloppy kiss.

"ICK!" she protested; froze when I planted one on her lips. "Why'd you do that?" Blue eyes, colorless in the dim light of a fading summer day, reflected curiosity.

"Cuz I'm sorry for hitting you. And I want to know what you and Brenda do."

"We do lots of things."

"Like what?"

D continued to tease, drawing out her explication with banalities like picking flowers and playing hopscotch.

"We play with dolls, too."

I continued to lightly stroke her skin, eliciting little shivers.

"We dress them up. And undress them. L-Like us."

This was more like it...

"We dress up Brian, too."

"Wh...What?"

"He likes us to dress him as a girl. We do his hair, too. And makeup."

We entered somewhat forbidden territory, makeup being largely prohibited to girls in my extended family until around 13-14-ish; although not a morality issue, rather one of natural or organic living (long before we'd heard of 'organics'), albeit perhaps more so our mutual financial situations that dictated few such luxuries.

Again, I thought the dress-up odd, but pressed for details.

D told me that she and Brenda, occasionally with Cathy and Faye, played dress-up – or perhaps 'dress-down', often playing 'House', as kids often do, designating a Mother, Father, etc. While these playtimes usually ended up with nude girls, Brian wanted to remain dressed as their 'daughter'; and once in a while, Cathy played 'Father'. I lobbied for more particulars, stroking D just as I knew she liked, along inner thighs, knees, vulva. She sighed, dreamily relating her tale.

"We dress Brian in my panties, and he likes wearing Faye's bra." She giggled. "We stuff it with K-Kleenex. Brenda's dresses fit him the best, and he looks p-pretty when we do his hair in barrettes and ribbons. We practise m-makeup on him too – F-Faye has—mmm..."

D began to have difficulty talking, but once I got her to orgasm once or twice, obtained the rest of the story. I stroked her cunny and clit simultaneous with my dick in the other hand; humped her leg; kissed her neck, ear. "Oh-oh-oh-oh... OH!" Tickling bare feet and sucking sweaty toes sets her off; I had to come up for air, finally throwing off the sleeping bag till we cooled down.

She said Brian didn't want to sex-play with them, despite apparently climaxing himself, moaning and jerking himself inside D's panties, leaving little wet spots. He would watch, however, when Cathy dry-humped 'Mom' Faye – elected because she had the biggest tits – and Brenda would pretend to be 'born', first using a naked doll that D would spank to make it cry and breathe, actually voiced by Brenda. When she told me that the new human 'baby' would then get a spank and be turned over and
have her legs spread so she could be inspected by Dr. D and proclaimed a girl, I came myself, jerking against D's leg and leaving both of us breathless as we fell asleep cuddled together.
Sister Summers - Pt 3

Chapter Summary

See Only Sitter in Town Pts 1-16 and Sister Summers Pt 1 & 2 for setup. D and I spend a couple of weeks at a nudist camp.

Chapter Notes

TAGS: Nudism; voyeurism; exhibitionism; outdoor; massage; cumming; blowjob; mild coercion; m/b; all participants are fictional or of age to be involved in consensual sexual activity.

During our second summer we stayed at the Dimitrios's nudist camp for a couple of weeks. The only way to get to it is by boat or floatplane (both of which the Ds had). I should clarify right off, however, that it isn't a 'lifestyle' camp where free sexual expression is encouraged, albeit neither is sexual activity policed, much less forbidden. As an exclusive club – given the fact that our way of living is not universally acceptable – its exact location remains a secret to this day, shared with associates of the community who are closely vetted by veteran members.

In any case, all I knew then was that many of the membership was familiar to me, including Faye's family, Cathy's, and of course Brenda's. Still far too shy and insecure to make new friends, I kept to our inner circle, albeit I still learned some new things. While I'm referring mainly to sex, of course, the camp featured many typical activities such as swimming lessons, archery, canoeing, music, art, soccer, and even a massage class. The latter featured actual masseurs from Europe, where full-body, non-erotic (if there is such a thing) massage is, or at least was, practised for adults and children alike. It is an old art that, should one do some research, is found in many cultures, even though some would be termed 'primitive', such as Amazon or African tribes. Nonetheless, especially in the latter it is performed upon elders as a sign of respect and continued value.

Naturally, all participants in our facility were nude, and I clearly recall the first class I attended. There must have been about two dozen people, from one infant all the way to an elderly couple. The instructors were also a couple, I believe; middle-aged, with, as far as I could tell, the same accent (German, I think). We all sat in the dining hall, which used to be the activity centre as well; a small raised stage could be set up, the dining tables cleared to accommodate more chairs. The new one holds about a hundred now, but only around fifty then – seated for dining – so we had plenty of room. Everyone crowded close, in a semi-circle around the stage, upon which the massage table sat draped with towels or sheets. Two things stand out about the session: One, how a teen boy volunteer ejaculated, and; two, lessons about girls' growing breasts.

Various onlookers of differing ages lined up for a demonstration of age differences in anatomy; the contrast of 'typical' bodies from toddlers on up I recall as rather stimulating, including that of males. I don't remember all the finer points that were made about variances in massage techniques between infants or toddlers versus adults, other than gentle 'rolfing' and light 'tapping' with knuckles or fists for kids, nor were there appreciable differences between genders other than what I mentioned about
Specifically, girls' breasts are extremely tender when they begin to grow, and often itchy, especially around the nipples. They also tend to grow lopsided, as I've also revealed. Therefore, when Faye offered herself up for a demo, the big-titted though average-looking masseuse made a point of lecturing us – I felt us teen and preteen guys being singled out – regarding respect for tender parts. The lesson obviously stuck, along with my memories of trying to subtly acquire a better angle to view between Faye's legs, which she parted slightly when the instructor worked on them. They asked if she wanted a towel, but, much to my delight, the girl declined. Still, I couldn't see a lot beyond a lightly fuzzed cleft that appeared to be secreting a bit of moisture.

However, the show improved later when a mid-teen boy – I didn't know him and don't remember his name – turned over; he had a rather decent hardon. The muscular male instructor made a comment something along the line of, "Dis happen sometime," and passed it off amidst a few snickers from less mature audience members, draping a towel over the problem without asking. However, as he continued, droning on about pressure points in the feet and ankles and his wife massaged the boy's temples or neck area, the teen began moaning; I saw his toes curl and the towel leap about, the obvious pyramid of his cock leaving a spot here and there, readily apparent despite the light colour.

A momentary silence ensued, during which another groan emerged suddenly from nearby; I looked around Faye, on my left, to the distinct twitching tent in the towel on Brian's lap as he came too.

"Vell, dis happen sometime too," the masseur informed us.

Other stuff that happened included a lot that I unfortunately did not witness nor participate in. During the first couple of days I saw several older teen boys grab younger ones and drag them into the lake; thus, almost the whole time I lived in terror that I would be targeted, and made a point to only travel around with my sister and her friends, including Brian.

Here I should mention that the resort subscribed a great deal to the Israeli kibbutz philosophies of communal living and property, child-rearing, and so on. I will not start another lecture; readers who wish to can research themselves. The only things I'd like to clarify is that everyone, including children, were indeed housed in gender-mixed facilities, with unisex toilets and showers, but it was a temporary cohabitation, unlike the true kibbutz. The latter is probably a significant reason why, also unlike a Kibbutz, attachments and sexual liaisons were far more prevalent, other factors being of course a nudist colony, doubtless as well as cultural differences.

While some teens entering puberty inevitably become body shy as they get older and go through confusing changes, the support and acceptance offered there countered this effect, to the point that I don't recall anyone being 'shy'. Although encounters between different age groups weren't expressly forbidden, they were discouraged (mostly non-verbally). Infants were housed in a small cabin with one or two or more care-giver adults or older teens – including males. Similarly, toddlers and pre-schoolers had mid- and late-teen caregivers, who stayed overnight in their cabin; us tweens and early teens may be allotted a similar 'supervisor', depending how many of us there were; older teens had their own cabin, as did adults. All caregivers rotated so that no one was 'stuck' overlong with one job or another, including all cleaning, hauling wood and water, garbage, and food prep. (For hygiene and safety, kitchen workers had to wear at least shorts, aprons, and shoes; all else being optional.)

While I know of more sexual activity going on – judging by the sounds at night – the only thing I witnessed was Brian D. blowing an older boy in the shower. This was technically a violation of 'policy', as the teen was our supervisor. Regardless, on my way to the toilet in the wee hours, I heard noises; peeking around the shower entrance, I saw Brian on his knees on the smooth wooden floor, back to me, earnestly plunging his face into the older boy's crotch. I couldn't see details, but when the
teen locked eyes with me and grabbed Brian by the back of his head, I took off. Again, I lived in fear of being threatened, but nothing happened.

When I told my sister about it later, she asked, "You didn't know?"

"Know what?"

"That he's gay!"

That was the first time I think I'd heard the word, and it took my worldly-wise sis to educate me. I know it stirred things in me – curiosity, mostly – that I would seek to satisfy later. Meantime, we went to archery and art class – where I discovered I'm a lousy artist, but can appreciate the human form regardless – and recall canoeing with D and Brenda; they manned the paddles, me in the middle, giving me the opportunity to appreciate Brenda's developing muscles and tits. I very much wanted to feel up those little raspberries, despite thinking about recent admonitions regarding their sensitivity. That was only reinforced when Brenda unselfconsciously scratched at them, further raising puffy nipples between paddle strokes.

I heard D giggle knowingly behind me; further education would have to be postponed as I looked away, ostensibly watching the treed shoreline slowly pass in the warm breeze.

On one of our last nights, I awoke in impenetrable darkness to someone trying to get into bed with me. I thought it was my sister, so I moved over. However, D had never smelled like a sweaty boy before, and moreover had never knelt and the head of the bed and stuck a hard penis in my face; therefore, I figured it must be either Brian or the guy he'd blown. Thinking it might be the latter – the body in bed with me seemingly large enough – I nervously accommodated him; though insistent, he wasn't rough, and I didn't mind so much, as curiosity encouraged me. Despite not knowing what I was doing, I let him fuck my mouth, choking only a little as he came down my throat, holding the back of my head till shudders ceased and he withdrew. Tasting and swallowing the unfamiliar fluid, I contemplated my safety now that I had ostensibly 'paid' for it.

I fell asleep never figuring out for sure the identity of the first guy I ever sucked off.

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