

Unforgettable Summer (Mf, Virginity, Young)

Summary – A man camping by himself meets a pretty, inquisitive, girl.

Note – This is a work of fiction, make-believe and sexual fantasy. It is not based on real people or actual events. You must be 18 or over to read these stories. The author does not condone any sexual activity among persons under 18 in real life. It is OK to have fantasies, but turning a fantasy into reality can destroy lives. Don't be a dick with other people's lives!

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Jake Baldwin finished leveling his camper and noticed he had an audience. Two kids on bikes. Looking closer, he saw the long hair and short, tight, pants. They were two young girls.

He had spotted them, and a few others, when he pulled in to his designated spot, carefully keeping watch.

“Hi, mister!” one yelled.

“Yeah, hi mister!” the other said.

“My friend thinks you’re cute!”

Jake heard the sound of an indigent screech. He chuckled as the two girls raced away, with one threatening the other with feigned violence.

He set up a couple of lawn chairs around the fire ring and strategically placed his cooler. He was looking forward to a cold beer, some open fire grilling, and a sky full of stars tonight.

As he unloaded his firewood from his truck, he thought about how nice it was to be alone, and away from the hassles of work and his recent divorced. Things had been rough for him the last couple of years. He only gets to see his two girls every other weekend, but his ex-wife wouldn't let him bring them camping this week. She was just being spiteful.

He pulled off his shirt, grabbed the ax, and proceeded to chop some kindling for the fire.

One of the girls from earlier rode slowly past him. Then, a few minutes later, she rode by again.

She was pretty. Very pretty. Probably the girl who thought he was cute. She reminded him a lot of his oldest daughter, Kristen.

The third time she rode by, she turned into his driveway.

“Hi,” she said, leaning over her handlebars.

“Hello, yourself,” Jake said. He put his shirt back on, grabbed a soda, and sat down in a lawn chair.

“Want a drink,” he asked. “Help yourself.”

“Sure!” she said. “Thanks.”

She grabbed a soda, struggled with the pull tab for a bit, opened it, and took a long drink before sitting down next to him.

“Ahhhh! That’s good!” she said. “I’ve never had this kind.”

He looked at her. It was a very popular drink.

“My parents don’t let me have sugar and caffeine,” she said, a little embarrassed.

“Sorry about that. I hope you don’t get in trouble.”

“They’ll never know,” she said, like she was used to keeping secrets. “It’s not like I’ve never had soda pop, they just have a lot of rules and stuff.”

“Oh. I see. My name is Jake, by the way.” he said, holding out

“Mary Ann.”

“Nice to meet you, Mary Ann.”

She had another long pull of her soda. Jake watched her. Something was on her mind.

After a long while, “Can I ask you something, Jake?”

“Sure.”

“You’re a guy. “

“Yeah. Is that your question?”

“No.” She looked embarrassed.

“I don’t talk to guys much. And, I want to know something.”

She paused and worked her lips, thinking of what and how to ask her question.

“What do guys like about girls. Specifically.”

Many thoughts arose in his mind, and he decided to be truthful.

“Specifically? I can’t speak for every man in the world, but I think most guys like cute girls. Pretty, sexy, you know? And smart. Funny. Fun to be with. A good conversationalist. And if you enjoy doing the same stuff and eating the same foods, even better.”

“Yeah, that makes sense. Do you think I’m cute? My parents say I’m pretty, but there are a lot of girls at school that are really pretty.”

The words came out a bit fast. Jake assumed the caffeine was taking effect.

“Yes. Definitely. You are very cute. Pretty, even.” He wanted to give her a boost of confidence, so he continued. “You have very pretty eyes, nice hair, and a very nice face. Nice smile, too,” he added, seeing her smile noticing her cheeks turning red.

“You said the word ‘nice’ a lot. What about sexy?”

This conversation was taking a dangerous turn. He barely knew this young girl. He had to be careful.

“Every girl can be sexy when they want to. Even a girl like you with dirt on your face and a leaf stuck in your hair.”

Mary Ann quickly combed her hair with her fingers, pulling out the small leaves. She noticed the dirt on her knees and her scuffed tennis shoes.

“Me and Stacy were wresting,” she stated, now embarrassed. “I gotta go.”

“She deserved it,” Jake said. “And, yes Mary Ann, you are sexy as hell.” He winked at her.

Caught by surprise, she looked at him, not knowing if he was teasing her or not.

Mary Ann finished her drink, got on her bike, and rode away.

“Come back anytime,” Jake said.

“I will!”

Jake wondered if he had gone too far, calling her sexy. He had intended to boost her confidence, not hit on to her like a creep.

“Oh, well. What’s done is done.” He hoped his words made her feel better about herself. After all, he hadn’t lied.

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The sun was an hour away from setting when Jake started a small fire in his fire-ring. The day had been pleasant, the sun was still shining, and the night’s weather promised to be warm with a nice breeze.

He saw Mary Ann once as she rode to the showers, her towel rolled up under an arm. They had waved to each other but didn’t speak.

Still, he was surprised when she rode up on her bike, dropped it in the dirt, and sat down next to him.

“Hi!”

“Hello, Mary Ann. Nice to see you again.”

She was clean from her shower, and wearing clean clothes. A tight blouse showed off her budding breasts and tight, short, jean shorts accentuated her legs. Jake noticed she was wearing make-up. Perhaps a bit too much. He could tell she was inexperienced putting it on.

“So, you camping by yourself?” she asked.

“Yes.”

“Are you married?”

“Divorced.”

“Kids?”

“Two girls, about your age.”

How old was she? Twelve maybe? Thirteen? Fourteen? Younger? Puberty, of course. But it was hard to tell her exact age. Her breasts were small, but round. Her hips were wide but her ass was flat. He didn't want to ask. He didn't want to know. Plausible deniability.

“I see,” she said. “You said I was sexy. Were you just kidding around?”

He smiled at her. “Maybe a little.”

“I knew it.”

“But you are sexy, Mary Ann. Sexy is very subjective. Fun can be sexy. Cute girls with leaves in their hair can be sexy.”

“So, how do I be sexy?” she asked. “Like, when I want to be?”

“Hmmm,” Jake thought. “Well, showing a little skin like you are now, showing off your toned legs. Your jeans are tight, and that accentuates your butt. Your blouse shows off your, uh, breasts. So, you are doing everything right. Even a little make-up helps.”

“I'm not very good at it, I know. Make-up, I mean,” she said sadly. “Mom says I can't wear any until I'm sixteen.”

Jake said nothing.

“Sometimes I get into her stuff to practice when she’s not home. They are out grocery shopping.”

“I see.”

“Does it look good? My make-up?”

He didn’t want to hurt her feelings, but wanted to be honest. “You look fine. Maybe a bit too much eye-shadow. I think a little is better. Do you know what I mean?”

“I knew it. I look stupid.”

“No. No. Look at me. You don’t look stupid. You just need to practice. Your eyes are so gorgeous, you don’t even need eyeshadow. A little blush, a little lipstick. Hell, you can even use lip balm to put a shine on your lips. Your parents can’t complain about that.”

“Yeah, you’re right! Hey, can I use your bathroom and wash this off?”

“Of course. Down the hall, first door on the left.”

“Thanks.” She stood up.

“Mary Ann? My daughter has a make-up bag in the top drawer of the sink. You can have it, if you want.”

“Thanks!”

She was gone a lot longer than he thought. About the time he was going to check on her, she walked out of the door, holding the small make-up bag and a magazine. “Can I borrow this magazine? It talks about how to put on make-up.”

“Of course. Keep it.”

“Thanks.”

“Jake?”

“Yes?”

“How do you flirt?”

“Flirt?”

“Yeah, to let a guy know you like him, and stuff.”

“Well, guys can be pretty stupid when it comes to that. You almost have to hit them over the head with stick.”

“But, how do you do it?”

“Oh, different ways. Smiling at them, touching them, looking into their eyes. Complementing them. Just being honest works best. Like, ‘Hey, I like you, want to go out?’”

Mary Ann looked thoughtful. She looked up and smiled at him. “Thanks, Jake. You are good giving advice.”

“You are welcome.”

“So, what about sex?”

“What about it?”

“What do guys like?”

“Shouldn’t you be asking your parents?”

“I tried. They just say to wait until I’m older and I’ll figure it out.”

“So, you never kissed a boy?”

She made a derisive sound. “No. My dad, but he doesn’t count. They make me go to an all-girl’s Catholic school. Some of the girls have birthday parties with boys, but I’m not allowed to go if boys are invited.

“I’ve never kissed a boy, held hands, or anything! I’ve never seen a boy naked. I don’t even know what a penis looks like. They girls at school make fun of me.” She looked sad.

Slightly shocked, Jake asked, “What about the internet?”

“My parents block the internet. I don’t even have a phone.”

“Don’t your friends have internet?”

“Yeah, but that would be weird. ‘Hey Kimberly, can we look at pictures of penises on your computer?’”

Jake laughed. “I get it, but no, it doesn’t have to be weird. Friends can watch porn together. Like she’s doing you a favor. Learning from each other. Just don’t believe everything you see. Most people have normal, healthy, happy sex. Sure, some people like bondage, or anal sex, but the internet takes it to extremes. People do things for money, not because they necessary enjoy doing things like that.”

“I’m just tired of not knowing anything. My friends laugh at me. I don’t want to be laughed at. I want to know everything. I want to do everything.”

She looked thoughtful.

“Hey, can I have a beer? I’ve never had one before.”

He looked at her and downed the rest of his beer.

“No.”

This girl is dangerous. He could easily get in trouble. He knew all about girls brought up Catholic, repressed their entire lives until they rebel. She was starting to rebel. Look out world, Mary Ann is on the loose.

Jake stood up and went to the cooler. He grabbed an ice-cold beer and popped it open. He set it on the table untouched, more on her side of the table than his.

“I’m going behind the camper. I’ll be back in a couple of minutes.”

“Why?”

“Because I have to pee, and I don’t like to use my camper’s water supply if I don’t have to, or walk to the toilets every time I have to drain the snake, OK?”

She giggled. “Drain the snake.”

“I hope no one takes a sip of my beer while I’m gone.” He looked at her and winked.

Her eyes brightened and she smiled.

“Such pretty teeth,” Jake thought. He turned his back and whistled a little tune as he walked away. He heard her coughing after a moment and snorted with soft laughter.

After he finished, Jake shook his chubby cock, put it away, and zipped up. He whistled louder before he turned the corner. He heard the can being banged on the picnic table.

He walked over and picked up his beer. It was half empty. He gave it a slight shake and looked at her with raised eyebrows. He set it down and grabbed himself another one.

“Beer tastes awful.” Mary Ann says.

“How would you know? You just told me you’ve never tasted it.”

He smiled. She blushed and smiled back. She belched loudly and blushed even more.

“Why do people drink that stuff?” she asked.

“It’s not the taste, it’s the effects. Though, people will lie and tell you they like it, or that it’s an acquired taste. But, it’s all about the buzz.”

“I don’t feel any different. Well, maybe a little.” She belched again, softer this time.

“Give it time.”

The two talk for a while. Mary Ann told him about her home life, how she’s not allowed to do anything, and how she wants to know stuff.

“I want to know all about sex,” Mary Ann said. “When I go back to school in the fall, I want to know more than all my friends.”

“I’ll answer anything you want to know,” he said.

“So, what do guys like? What kind of sex?”

“What kind of sex? How many kinds of sex do you think there are?”

She looked at the ground and mumbled. “I don’t know.”

“Guys like to kiss, and feel your boobs. And touch your kitty. A lot. And sex, I guess there is missionary and doggy-style.”

“What?”

“Missionary, where a man lies on top of you, and doggy-style where the woman gets on all fours, and the man gets behind her.”

“Oh!”

“A girl can sit on a guy and bounce up and down. Or whatever weird position you can contort your bodies into.”

“What about mouth stuff?”

“A blow job? Yeah, guys like that. Guys like that a lot.”

“And butt stuff?”

Jake looked at her.

“I heard the girls at school talk about it.”

Was she playing with him?

He answered her. “Butt stuff.. It’s called anal sex. Some guys like it. Women too.”

“That has to hurt. I..., I... Never mind.”

“Yeah, it can hurt. At first. You can get used to anything.”

They were quiet for a while.



“Jake?”

“Yes.”

“Can I see your penis? Please. Hic!”

“I think you’re drunk, Mary Ann.”

“No, I’m not! Wait? Maybe I am? Is this what it feels like? The streetlights look really sparkly and I feel funny. I feel good!”

“That’s what it feels like. One beer makes you feel good. To many make you drunk and stupid.”

“I’m not stupid! But I am a little drunk.” She looked at him. “So, can I? Can I see your penis? Please!”

The sun had set and the moon was bright. The fire crackled.

Jake stood up. He was feeling good too. He wished he could talk to his daughters about sex the way he’s talking to Mary Ann. She was curious, and he remembered growing up and not knowing anything about sex. He wanted to help her.

“I’m going to pee again. I hope no one spies on me. I hear there’s a peeping Tom in this campground.”

He walked towards the back of his camper, whistling softly. He didn’t turn around to watch Mary Ann. He knew she’d follow him.

Still whistling, he turned the corner and waited a moment. He saw her head peeking at him from underneath the corner of the camper.

Jake unzipped and pulled out his cock. It was still chubbed-up from the sexy talk with Mary Ann. He didn’t think it was possible, but she was turning him on. So, innocent. And cute. Sexy too.

He pulled his pants and underwear down just below his balls, gave his cock a couple of strokes, arched his back, and let his thick stream flow.

He heard Mary Ann gasp, and it made him smile. After he finished, he stood there for a while before shaking his dick and then stroking it a few times until it was hard. He slowly turned back and forth, giving his new friend a good view in the soft moonlight.

“Well, I better get back,” he said. He heard Mary Ann scramble from her hiding spot. He waited a few moments before tucking his hard-on into his jeans. He found her at the picnic table with her head down, embarrassed.

“I’m back,” he announced. He picked checked her beer. It was empty.

“That was awesome,” Mary Ann whispered, to no one in particular. She belched again and laughed.

“I think you’re handsome, Jake,” she said.

“Thank you,” he said, hiding a smile. She was drunk, silly, and horny.

“Kiss me?” she asked.

“I don’t think that’s a good idea.”

“Please?”

Maybe he could scare her off. He walked over to her, leaned down, and kissed her on the lips.

To his surprise, she stood up, wrapped him in her arms, and began kissing him passionately, but clumsily.

“Whoa, whoa, slow down,” he said.

She slurped her saliva and wiped her mouth. She looked up at him. He leaned down and pressed his lips against hers. He opened his mouth slightly and she followed his lead. He tasted her, and she tasted him back.

His hands dropped down to her waist, and he naturally cupped her ass, pulling her close. She felt his erection pressing into her stomach. She mewed and hugged him tighter, grinding her crotch into him.

The kissed some more, their tongues darting.

Jake raised his hands and cupped her breasts. She stiffened.

“I have to go,” she said. “I’m already late.”

“Go straight to bed,” he cautioned. “So, your parents won’t find out you’ve been stealing people’s beer!”

“I will!” she said, getting on her bike and riding away. “And thanks! Thanks for everything!”

“Welcome!”

Jake stared at the fire for a long time before going to bed.

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Mary Ann stopped by the next morning while he was still drinking his coffee. They talked a while, and she asked if she could come by again tonight.

“Of course.” He only hesitated a moment.

“Thanks.”

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Jake showered and even put on some cologne that afternoon. “It’s not a date,” he told himself. Still, he wanted to be clean.

He had the fire ready, and the two lawn-chairs pushed close together.

She came by late afternoon, riding her bike with a book-bag on her back. She too had showered, fixed her hair, and was also wearing perfume. She looked nice. Wearing the same blouse and tight shorts she wore yesterday. The ones he said he liked.

“Can I use your bathroom?” she asked.

“Sure.”

She came out wearing make-up. Very subtle. She was gorgeous. Grown up.

“You look nice,” he said. “Very nice. I like the make-up. Subtle. It makes your eyes pop.”

She blushed. “Thanks,” and mumbled something about the magazine.

The two talked for a long, long, time. He started the fire. They sat close.

He told a joke and she laughed. She put her hand on his arm. She stared into his eyes. She smiled.

He smiled back.

“Jake?”

“Yes, Mary Ann.”

“I like you. A lot. You’re handsome, and funny and you answer my questions and let me..., do stuff with you. I want..., I want... Will you make love to me, Jake? Please?”

“Woah.” He had considered it of course. He thought about the possibility before falling asleep last night, but had dismissed it immediately.

“I don’t think that is a good idea,” he said.

“Please, Jake? I don’t want to go back to school a stupid virgin. I want to know more than my friends, and my parents will never teach me anything.

“I know I’ll never be your girlfriend, or anything. I just want a perfect summer, and I want my first time to be with a guy like you. Someone who’s nice and knows what they are doing.”

Jake stared at her. She was almost crying. He hated seeing women cry.

“You can’t tell anyone. Ever. You know what could happen to me.”

“Yeah. I do. I won’t. Ever!”

“When?”

“Tonight? Now? Can I stay over? My parents think I’m staying with a friend. You met her, kinda. Her parents drink a lot, they won’t even notice if I’m there or not. And..., Stacy knows. She doesn’t know everything! She just thinks I have a crush on you. I’ll tell her I just went home, and that we didn’t do anything. Please?”

Jake thought about it. It was tempting. Tempting and dangerous. Yet, he trusted her. The perfect summer fling. For the both of them. He could teach her. She could give him something he hadn’t had in a long, long time. Affection. Sex. Adoration. Even love?

“OK.”

“Thank you,” she said. And after a while, “Hold my hand?”

He looked around. His camping spot was well hidden with trees and bushes. His truck blocked the view. You had to walk right up to see anything. He held her hand. She put her head on his shoulder.

After a while, he started the fire and gave her a beer. He stuck a couple of brats on a roasting stick and leaned it against the ring to slowly cook. They talked. When it got dark, they kissed. When they got hungry, he opened a bag of chips and they had a light dinner.

“Are you ready?” he asked.

“Yeah. Can I freshen up first?”

“Sure. You know where the bathroom is.”

He watched her take her bag and walk into his camper. He put everything away and made sure the fire was safe and then went into the camper.

He smelled toothpaste in the bathroom and decided to brush his own teeth. She must be in the bedroom. She was. Under the covers, pulled up to her neck.

“It’s cold,” she lied.

“Yeah. A little.”

He saw her pants and shirt on the floor. He pulled off his shirt and dropped his pants. Kicked off his shoes and pulled off his socks. He got into bed, pulling back the covers and slipping in next to her.

“You’re warm,” she said, making an excuse to snuggle with him.

“Nervous?”

“Yeah.”

He wrapped her up in his arms and kissed her minty-fresh mouth.

The covers fell off of them. He looked at the bra hiding her breasts. Very pretty, though a little plain. He reached behind her, and utilizing many hours of practice, undid her snaps. Her bra fell.

Mary Ann covered herself.

Jake firmly pulled her arms away. She relented easily.

“Nice,” he said.

“They’re so small,” she complained.

“They’re great. Perfect, even.”

He kissed each nipple, making her shiver. He cupped her breasts with both hands.

“More than a handful is a waste,” he said, before sucking a breast. She sighed.

“That feels good,” she whispered.

Jake sucked, groped, and flicked her teats with his tongue, thumb, and finger. He paused to admire her hard, stiff, nipples. As he suckled her once again, he looked up to catch her watching him.

“You’re weird,” she said.

“I like tits,” he said, shrugging his shoulders. “And, yours are perfect.”

He slipped his hand into her panties. She was wet. Very wet. Carefully, he felt for her hymen. It was intact. He slid his finger from her honey-hole, up her slit, and around her clit. He smiled, hearing her moan. He toyed with her pussy for a while. Exploring. Teasing. Finally, he threw back the covers and pulled down her matching panties. In the moonlight streaming through the

window, and the light shining from the hallway, he could see her pussy. Covered in barely noticeable peach-fuzz. Wet, shining, and perfect.

He admired her sex. It smelled so fresh. Clean. Arousing. Her lips were exposed. They were slick.

“Don’t look at me,” she said, getting embarrassed. “You’re staring.”

“Why not? It’s beautiful. So are you.”

“Isn’t it weird looking?”

“No. It’s not. It’s very pretty.”

“But my lips...”

“Gorgeous,” he said. “Perfect.”

He could tell she was blushing, even in the dim light.

Jake wanted to taste her. He wanted to give her a complete sexual experience.

He put his forearms under her thighs and pulled her towards his face, his hands cupping her ass.

“Don’t...” she said softly, “dirty...”

“You are not dirty. Stop it. You smell wonderful.”

He licked her thigh. She giggled.

He kissed her pussy. She caught her breath.

He spread her open. He looked at her pink wetness. He paused briefly before licking her cunt slowly, from the bottom to the top, making sure he smashed her swollen clit. She moaned.

Jake began to feast on her pussy. He wanted her to remember this night.

She tossed her head back and forth. She grabbed the blankets in a death-grip. He tongued her hole, licked her slit and attacked her clit. She came. She came hard.

“Nnnnnnnngggggghhhh! Oh god! Oh god! Aaaaahhhh! Aaaaahhhh!”

Mary Ann sighed long and loud. Jake kissed her pussy and then laid next to her.

“Wow. That was... That was... Wow.”

He wiped his face and kissed her. She scrunched her face, accepted his kiss, and tasted herself as he watched.

“My turn,” she said. Mary Ann giggled as she went south, crawling under the blankets. Jake felt her hands searching for him. She found him fully erect.

“Oh my,” he heard her say. He felt her small hands exploring his cock, his balls. He let her explore, keeping quiet, until his curiosity caused him to pull back the blankets. He found her grinning between his legs, gripping his cock like a new toy at Christmas.

She looked up at him. “This is so cool.” Her eyes squinted as scanned his every inch.

He smiled. Her innocence and joy made him laugh.

“So, how do I do this?” she asked.

“Do what?”

“Mouth stuff.”

“A blow-job?” he asked. He was teasing her. He knew what she was asking.

“Easy. Lick. Suck. Tease. Just watch the teeth. Pretend your mouth is a pussy. And, don’t forget the balls. Just be gentle with them.”

“OK.”

He let her play. Jake enjoyed her attempts to please him. He laughed when she tickled him with her tongue, while exploring his deep inner recesses. Before long, she began to suck and slurp him with enthusiasm.

“Slow down, you’re going to make me cum,” he warned.

“I want to make you cum,” she stated.

He shut up and let her play. She sucked his balls and licked his cock. She sucked his head and pushed her tongue into his slit.

“Is this cum?” she asked.

“Pre-cum,” he stated. “Lubrication. Cum is different. Strange. You don’t have to. A lot of people don’t like it.”

“I want to taste it.”

“OK, I’ll warn you.”

“You don’t have to.”

Mary Ann continued to lick, suck, and stroke his hard, thick, shaft.

“Am I doing good? Am I doing it right?”

“Oh, yeah.”

“I knew it.”

She was gaining confidence. Experience.

He was going to cum soon, but he let her continue.

When his cock hardened in her mouth, she was at first confused. Then, when she felt his cock twitch and the warm liquid splatter against the roof of her mouth, she knew. Jake was cumming. He spurted another thick, heavy load into her.

“Mmmph!” Mary Ann grunted. She swallowed urgently, not knowing how much more cum was going to erupt from his hard, thick, cock.

She pulled away, and watched in surprise as his cock spurted into the air. Her eyes widened as another spurt flew. Mary Ann, covered his cock with her mouth and felt more ejaculate hit the back of her throat.

Jake spurted again but the flow seemed to lessen. She tasted it briefly and swallowed. A few more feeble and manageable spurts pumped out, then oozed until he was spent.

“I did it!” Mary Ann said, smacking her lips and feeling proud. “That was really cool!” She tasted his cum. “It tastes weird,” she said, and licked the drop dangling from his piss-slit.

“Yeah, it does taste weird,” he said. “Don’t let anyone make you swallow it if you don’t want to. You can spit, or jack him off, though it is pretty hot for a guy to watch a girl enjoy his cum. Just don’t be a slut.”

“OK,” she said. “But what do I jack him off on? A tissue?”

“Yeah, anything. Underwear, a sock. But cumming on a girl’s face can be hot. Or their boobs. Or ass.”

“What? Guys are weird.”

“Yup. Thank you, by the way, Mary Ann,” Jake said. “That was really nice.”

“That’s a blow-job, right?”

“Yup. Fellatio. What I did to you is cunnilingus, or just eating someone out.”

“Did I do good?”

“Yeah. Oh, yeah. A natural,” he teased.



“I didn’t know what I was doing. I just..., I don’t know.”

“You did good, don’t over think it.” He kissed her. She smiled.

“Hey, want smores?” he asked. “I got chocolate, marshmallows, and stuff. I need some time to recover before we..., if you still want to.”

“Yeah! To both!”

Jake smiled. She was such a child and a woman at the same time.

Jake dressed and gave Mary Ann a sweatshirt, and they walked out into the darkness. He stoked the fire and took the gram crackers, chocolate, and marshmallows from a bag in the cooler.

The two laughed, roasted marshmallows, and ate. They stared into the fire and looked at the stars. The moon was bright and the stars glimmered.

“I’m getting cold,” Mary Ann said, wearing nothing but Jake’s oversized college sweatshirt.

“Let’s go back in,” Jake said. Impulsively, he picked her up. She was lighter than he expected. She wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him. “My knight in shining armor.”

“Your dufus in a dirty shirt and tennis shoes.”

She giggled.

They went into the camper, stripped and crawled into bed. Jake kissed her, suckled her breasts, and fingered her slit.

“I want to suck you again,” she said, before taking his semi-hard penis into her mouth once again. She sucked him to full erection, lapped at his balls, and then laid down next to him, looking into his eyes.

Jake took a condom from a bedside drawer and put it on.

“What’s that for?” Mary Ann asked.

“To keep you from getting pregnant.”

“My friends said you can’t get pregnant until you have a period. Is that right?”

“Yeah.”

“Take it off, please? I want to experience everything. I want to feel..., I don’t know..., like a woman.”

Jake took it off, tossed it aside, then climbed on top of her. He slid his cock up and down her slit before pressing it against her hymen. He had taken a girl's virginity back in high-school, so he had a little experience. He pressed against her and felt her flinch. He held still. She was tense, waiting for it to happen. He made her wait. Finally, feeling her relax in his arms, he quickly pressed forward, breaking through her barrier.

"Mmmmmph!" she cried, feeling the sharp sting. He felt her fingernails dig into his back.

Jake held still for a long, long, while. Then, only slightly moving slowly, back and forth, an inch at a time.

"Ready?" he asked.

She nodded vigorously. "It's not as bad as I'd thought."

He pushed his way deeper. Going slowly. A full minute past before he bottomed out. He slowly pulled back and then forward again.

"OK?"

More nodding.

Jake slowly slid all the way in and out a few times. He felt the remnants of her hymen on the side of his shaft, and surreptitiously wiped it away. He slowly slid his cock back inside of her, now smooth and slick. He began to fuck her with deep, slow, thrusts.

"Oh, this is nice," Mary Ann said. "Mmmmm, mmmmm."

Jake said nothing. He kept a steady rhythm, in and out, in and out. She was incredibly tight. Her pussy walls squeezed him almost painfully.

Mary Ann moved under him, grinding her ass and eventually humping him back, attempting to match his strokes. They soon found their rhythm.

"Oh, god," Mary Ann said. "I'm doing it. We're doing it. It feels wonderful."

Jake moved faster. He was very, very, hard. He felt his cock-head spreading her open as he plunged inside of her, and felt her clamp down on him each time he pulled back.

"Ahhhh!" Mary Ann gasped. He looked at her face. Her eyes were closed. There was a slight, raunchy, smile on her lips. "Mmmmm."

He knew she was going to cum soon. He began to fuck her faster, trying not to bruise her. He ground his crotch into her body, smashing her clit.

"Ohhh! Ahhhh! Ohhhh!"

Jake moved his ass in small circles. He attacked her from the left and then the right. He ground his body into her. He felt her pussy spasm.

“Eeeeeeeee!” Mary Ann squealed. “Eeeeeeee!” Her thighs began to quiver and she curled her toes as her orgasm exploded from somewhere deep inside of her. This was different than the feelings she got when she rubbed her little clit in small, tight, circles in the darkness of her bedroom. This was bigger. Better.

“Oh my god! Oh my god!” Wave after wave washed over her. She trembled with its intensity.

Jake felt the tingling beginning in his balls. He fucked her faster and deeper. He felt his orgasm approach and bottomed out his cock, feeling his prostate clench, and sending a blast of potent sperm deep inside of her.

He did it again, and again. He felt like a conquering hero, a stud, filling her up and making her scream with pleasure.

“I feel you! I feel you!” Mary Ann cried, riding the crests of her orgasm, only to have a much bigger wave crash upon her, feeling him cumming inside of her.

“Eeeeeeeeeiiiiii!” Again, the fingernails dug into his back. She scratched him. She kissed his neck a few times before biting him.

Jake emptied his balls. Mary Ann humped him as if she wanted more. Her orgasm finally faded away, receding, until she could feel it no more.

“Wow,” she said after a long while.

Jake stayed on his elbows, beathing heavily. Mary Ann kissed him over and over. He caressed her gently.

They stayed together a long, long, time, until Jake finally softened. He pulled his cock from her, and rolled over.

“Thanks,” Mary Ann said. “I’ll always remember this.”

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