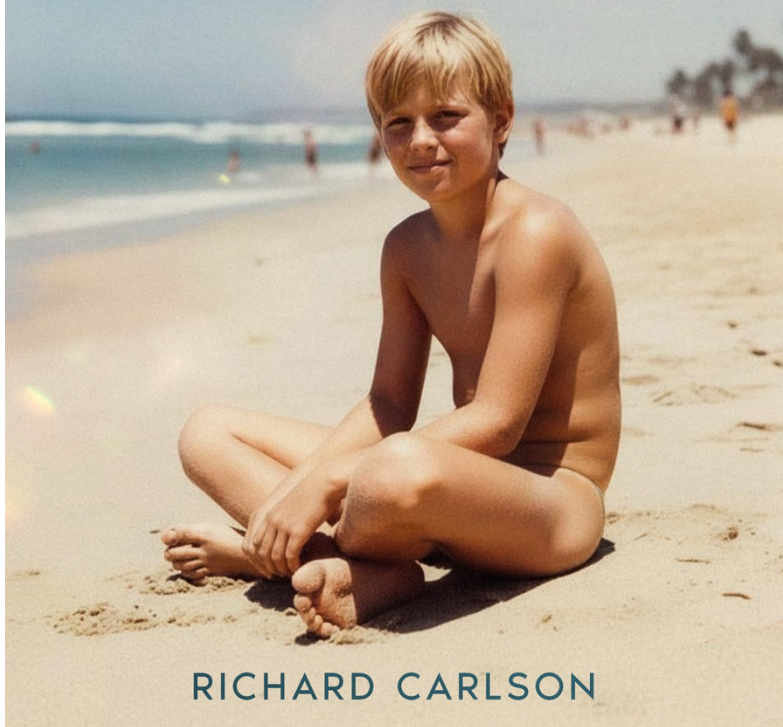


A Tween Boy's First Naked Adventure at a Naturist Beach Resort

NUDIST BOY



RICHARD CARLSON

Nudist Boy

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Chapter 1

We arrived at the resort in the rental car. My name is Richie; I turned twelve three months ago. I was with my wonderful family: Mom, Dad, and my younger nine-year-old brother, Tristan.

Our parents had decided that, for our summer vacation, we would visit a nudist resort in southern California. We had never visited a nudist resort. It was 1983. I was going to be nude with a bunch of other naked people, some tall, some short, some thin, some overweight, some young, some old. I couldn't wait! I especially

couldn't wait to be with tweens and teenagers—all completely naked.

Mom and Dad had said the resort was clothing optional; I looked forward to being naked, but Tristan wasn't so sure. He had giggled and giggled and laughed and said going naked was “very, very silly” to my parents when they told us about their plan. He was shy and sensitive. I hoped to be nude with several beautiful babes. What would it be like?

We stepped out of the car in the freshly paved parking lot. Dad opened the trunk, and we all helped carry our luggage inside to the resort lobby. The strong

sunlight blinded me in contrast to the dim interior.

My best friend, Gunner, who lived next door, envied me. We had looked through the *Playboys* he had “borrowed” from his dad’s stash several times, the last time being the night before last, when I had spent the night. My favorite was this petite eighteen-year-old blonde girl; she was a beautiful babe! Gunner had told me all about sex when we turned twelve; he educated me about the birds and the bees. He learned all about it from his father and older brother. When I spent the night at Gunner’s house, we pulled our pants and underwear down to our ankles

and compared penis sizes. We even measured each other; I was eight inches. I was about twice as long as him. I really wished Gunner could come with us, but Mom had said no.

I had never seen a naked girl in person before; this would be my first time, and I couldn't wait!

I had never kissed a girl before, either, but hoped to do that sometime in the near future, too.

Chapter 2

In the hotel, Dad checked us in and got the keys. Then, we got in the elevator for the second floor. Inside the hotel, people wore clothes. There were huge paintings of nude people on the walls, though. We passed some teenage boys as we exited the elevator and headed toward our room, number two hundred eight. As Dad fiddled with a key and finally unlocked the door, the door to the room next to ours opened, and a tall man, his very attractive wife, and a gorgeous petite blonde babe who looked to be my age walked out, all in swimsuits and each carrying a beach

towel; she smiled at me as she walked by. I froze in amazement of her true beauty. She was more beautiful to me than the girl I really liked in the *Playboy*. I really, really, really hoped to see her on the beach! I instantly started daydreaming about being naked and barefoot with her! So, so much fun!

We went inside. The room had a pleasant fresh smell. Tristan and I were expected to share a queen-size bed. I placed my suitcase on our bed, still daydreaming about that girl.

The room was nice and comfortable with the air conditioning on. There was a kitchen with a microwave and refrigerator,

a nice big television, two sofas, a table with four chairs, and a desk with a pad of paper on top and pencils and pens in a holder shaped like a large coffee mug. On the walls were three large panoramic paintings of naked people on the beach: people of all sizes, shapes, ages, and races.

Mom and Dad helped Tristan and me unpack, and then they unpacked. There were two dressers: one for my parents and the other for my brother and me.

I had already fallen in love with the girl next door. That babe was the epitome of female beauty. I wished Gunner could be here to see her.

Gunner had told me about how his older brother told him that he lost his virginity to his high school girlfriend, who was a pretty girl. I planned to lose my virginity after I was married: hopefully, my wife and I would lose it together. That's how I really hoped it would be.

There was no sex or sexual contact at the resort, as stated in the rules, which Dad had me read days ago. There was also a rule that if you sit on a chair, you must put your towel down first. I guess this rule was to prevent people from sitting on the same spot another naked person sat on, which might not be sanitary. Another rule

is that clothing is optional; you do not have to be naked.

As I mentioned, after my parents told us about our surprise vacation, Tristan said that it is silly to walk around naked with a bunch of other naked people.

Dad said, “So, when you are grown up, and if you get married, you don’t think your wife might see you naked?”

“No. Only Mom can see me naked,” he said, “like when I take a bath.” He added, “Besides, I’m going to marry a boy, so we can play with trucks after we get home from work.”

That made us laugh, except for Mom.

“Boys don’t marry other boys,” she exclaimed as she leaned down to his height, hoping he was not going to grow up to be gay, I assumed.

“We’ll have to videotape you saying that, Tristan, and show you when you’re Richie’s age,” Dad joked.

I broke out laughing.

“You’ll have fun at the resort,” Mom said, making Tristan giggle. He thought the entire idea was hilarious.

Chapter 3

It was time. My family changed into our swimsuits to go outside to the beach. I took my light green Speedo to the bathroom to change. I felt more comfortable that way, instead of changing in front of my family. Tristan changed with Mom and Dad. In the bathroom, I admired my very handsome naked body in the mirror.

Very handsome. Very handsome, very handsome, I thought and smiled as I looked at my body at different angles. Then, I looked at my feet. I put my right

foot on the counter sideways to see the sole. I couldn't wait to be barefoot with beautiful barefoot girls. The girls will absolutely love me for my handsome face and body, winsome personality, and extreme sensitivity.

Then I put on my suit and sneakers. We left our hotel room, each carrying a beach towel. Mom also carried a huge red, white, and blue tote, adorned with a print of a huge sunflower. Inside, it held sunscreen spray and money to buy things at the café.

I couldn't wait to get to the beach!

We rode down in the elevator to the first floor. Then, we walked down a hallway to the back of the hotel and exited double doors to the beach.

The strong southern California sunshine practically blinded me as we walked on the sand toward the other people. There were naked children, tweenagers, teenagers, grown-ups, and older people. It was wonderful!

I followed Mom and Dad to an area with large beach umbrellas and chairs. I felt so excited; my chest tingled and tingled and tingled, making me feel wonderful. I couldn't remember feeling this absolutely exhilarated ever before.

Mom plopped her tote next to a chair, and then she and Dad removed their sneakers and swimsuits. Sitting on the sand, I yanked my sneakers off. Then, looking at all the naked people, I quickly pulled my Speedo down and off my feet. I couldn't find the words to describe the feelings I had. I felt like I was on top of the entire world and I was someday going to become a world-famous children's and young adult author, like I'd always dreamed of, and maybe even president someday. I could do or be anything or anyone. Everything was so freeing and wonderful. My chest tingled and tingled and tingled as I looked around at

everyone. Mom helped Tristan remove his sneakers and suit. Now my family was naked, like everyone else.

Tristan had an erection. I saw that his circumcision scar was still pink; mine had turned brown.

“Why does Richie have hair above his pee-pee?” Tristan asked Mom and Dad.

“It’s because he’s a young man. You will grow hair there, too, when you’re older.”

“Oh. Okay,” he replied happily.

Chapter 4

The next thing I noticed was that my penis, which was flaccid, was about as long as Dad's flaccid penis, and longer than most of the other boys and men who were also flaccid. My flaccid penis was so long, it was bigger than several of the men and boys who had erections. My erect penis was longer than most of the teenage boys and men who had erections, I could see. Some of the erect penises were straight, or curved to the left or right, and some curved upward, like when mine was erect. There was a curly red-haired older teenage boy who had red pubic hair. One

boy had a very small penis. Some of the tweens and teenagers had a bush of pubic hair, some had a little pubic hair, and some none. The kids with no pubic hair hadn't started puberty yet, I assumed.

I loved seeing the naked girls, especially the ones my age. I had finally seen a naked girl in person! The girls had beautiful bodies that I loved so much.

A nice breeze blew by, cooling us off from the warm summer sunshine.

I wondered about the girl I had seen in the hotel. I really hoped to find her.

The atmosphere was very relaxed and extremely nonsexual. People talked,

while some played beach volleyball, frisbee, and other games. Some children my brother's age played tag. There was even a boy about my age, using crutches. I could tell that he needed them because of a condition he must have had. I smiled, very happy that he could also join in on the fun.

I left my towel with my parents and walked around, mainly checking out the girls. I passed boys and girls my age, looking for the babe. Then, I remembered that we needed to put on sunscreen. I went back to my parents. Mom sprayed some on Tristan first, then Dad, and then me. She sprayed everywhere, including

our privates. Now our penises were safe from sunburn, I thought. Then, Dad sprayed Mom as I walked back, looking for the babe. A beautiful girl with long black hair, who appeared to be eighteen, sat on the sand with two guys about her age. She had a ghetto blaster dual-cassette tape player that was playing “Somebody’s Baby,” sung by Jackson Browne.

Then, I saw her: the babe, sitting cross-legged by herself on the sand, probably checking out the guys, I assumed. She was absolutely beautiful! I froze as I stood there, admiring her beautiful, sexy body, a twelve-year-old boy’s dream girl, an angel from Heaven. I

could see the sole of her right foot; it was beautiful! I stood there, admiring it. She had orange fingernail and toenail polish. Then, she curled her foot, which was even more of a delight to see. She was also petite, and I really liked petite girls.

No one knew about my attraction to girls' bare feet, not even Gunner. I was shy about it and would never talk about it. I think I like beautiful girls' curled soles because, if she was on all fours for sex, her soles would be curled, and she would be being submissive to her lover. People might think that my foot attraction was weird, but it was actually something very sexual.

I didn't know what to say or do. So, I stood thinking as I watched her. Then, she noticed me. She winked at me, smiling as she tilted her head. I bounced my eyebrows up and down several times at her and then tilted my head, smiling back at her. My chest tingled and tingled and tingled. She really liked me; I really liked her!

I thought and thought, and then, I figured it out! *Ask her if she'd like to build a sandcastle!* I hoped she would! I approached her.

Chapter 5

“Hi. My name is Richie. What’s your name?” I asked the babe, smiling nicely.

“Hi. I’m Dusty,” she trilled, smiling at me and revealing her nice and perfect pearl white teeth.

“Would you like to build a sandcastle with me?” I asked, really hoping she would.

“Sure. We can build one over there on that dune.” She pointed in the distance, near where there were some tall grass and other plants growing.

We walked over there and sat cross-legged. I had already checked out her private area. She had a small, closed-lips vagina—my favorite type. I had seen a chart of the different types of vaginas from an article in one of Gunner's *Playboys*. Dusty's was my favorite. Both of us were in puberty, I saw, because both of us had a bush of pubic hair. I hoped she liked my body: I was circumcised, like my younger brother and Dad. I had also learned about circumcised and uncut penises in one of Gunner's *Playboys*. I was happy to be well endowed, but I knew that girls liked their lovers to be men who cared very much about them—like me!

Dusty's breasts were still growing and maturing; her breasts had grown a little and weren't large, yet, which didn't bug me at all. She was perfect the way she was. I really hoped she was as beautiful on the inside as on the outside.

Then, it happened: I got an erection. I was surprised that I hadn't gotten one already. I tried to cover my privates with my arms. I couldn't help but feel horny. It didn't embarrass me so much, though; I hoped she was cool with it. She appeared to be. Some of the other boys and men had one. We couldn't help it. Erections can happen at any time for no apparent reason.

“It’s all right,” Dusty said, cracking a big smile. “I’m used to seeing erections. It’s nothing unusual. I’ve been going to nudist resorts since I can remember.”

She made me feel much better about it. I moved my arms off myself with a big smile.

I had measured my erect penis length shortly after my twelfth birthday; it was over eight inches. Maybe it would grow longer as I grew up and became an adult.

We sat next to each other and built our sandcastle. We had so much fun.

“This is my family’s first time at a nudist resort,” I told her. “I’ve never been naked with so many naked people. I’m very happy to be here. It’s so exhilarating and freeing. It makes me feel great inside,” I explained, very happy to be there.

“Oh, that’s great! My family have gone to nudist resorts around the country every summer since I can remember. We’re usually nude at home, except when we go out or someone comes over,” Dusty explained.

“Dusty, I really like being here, especially with you,” I shared, making her tilt her head at me, smiling. I bounced my

eyebrows, smiling as I tilted my head at her.

“Great!” she said, making my chest tingle and tingle and tingle.

“How old are you? I just turned twelve,” I added with a smile.

“I’m also twelve,” she said, making me happy to be as old as she was.

“How long is your family staying here?” I asked.

“Today’s our first day; we’re staying here for a week.”

“So is my family!” I said, excited to spend time with her. “Where do you live?” I quizzed.

“I’m from northern California, in Sacramento.”

“Oh. I’m from Tucson, Arizona.”

“Do you have a girlfriend back home?” she asked, making my chest tingle and tingle and tingle and tingle and tingle.

“No. How about you? Do you have a boyfriend back home?”

“No. There are a lot of cute guys at my school, but I don’t have a boyfriend yet. I like to talk to really cute, really handsome boys,” she said, making me

smile and giggle. I knew she was referring to me!

Our sandcastle was coming along. When we finished, we built a wall of sand around it. I was having the time of my life with Dusty.

“It’s The Great Wall of China,” I exclaimed. “The wall is a noncontinual wall, including fortresses, and watchtowers with a total length of over thirteen thousand miles. I saw it on TV.”

“Oh, that’s amazing,” she gushed, smiling at me.

“Imagine, you are the queen of the castle, and I am the king,” I said.

She smiled as she looked at my face.

“King Richie Carlson,” I said.

“And Queen Dusty Carlson,” she
exclaimed.

I smiled at her as she glanced at me.

“What is your middle name?” I
asked, curious.

“Jennifer.”

“My middle name is Walter,” I shared.
“I’m Richie junior: I was named after my
dad.”

“Cool,” she said, making me know
she cared about me and my feelings; that

made me want to be her boyfriend much more.

That's when I overheard Tristan talking to two teenage boys who looked older than me.

Tristan explained to them, "All teenagers think about is making love. They want to make love. And they look at each other's butts to see who has the nicest one. That's very silly." He giggled, which made the boys laugh.

"That's my brother," I said, as Tristan walked away with the two boys. "He might not know what *making love* really means at his age."

“He’s really cute, like you,” she said, making my chest tingle with delight. I got another erection.

Dusty giggled and exclaimed, “You are. You are really cute and very handsome.”

I was happy and giddy and very excited to be liked and attractive to a beautiful female my age.

Then, she said, “Let’s go for a walk at the water’s edge,” so we stood and walked to the water.

Chapter 6

The ocean water was a beautiful turquoise in color, and there were some nice seashells on the shore.

As we continued walking, she asked, “What do you want to become? You know—what do you want to do with your life?”

“I dream about being a world-famous writer of children’s and young adult books,” I said, happy that she was interested.

“I’m going to become a heart surgeon,” she said. “At least, I hope. I do well at school.”

“Cool,” I said. Then: “That’s awesome.”

She smiled at me.

I loved being barefoot with a beautiful petite barefoot girl. Her feet were as gorgeous as she was—my luck. It was just as fun with both of us being barefoot as was being naked together.

“What does your dad do?” I asked.

“He’s a defense attorney. He stands up for peoples’ civil rights,” she said.

“My dad is a psychiatrist. He treats people, some with very severe mental illnesses. He helps them,” I explained, making her smile at me. “My mom has a job, too; she’s a housewife and takes care of Tristan and me.”

“My mom is a housewife and takes care of me,” Dusty shared.

“You don’t have any brothers or sisters?” I asked, curious.

“I had three younger brothers. They all died right after they were born,” she said.

“That sucks,” I said, frowning. “I’m very sorry for that.”

“It’s okay. The last one was a few years ago. It’s been a while. It doesn’t make me as sad anymore. But I wish I had them as younger brothers; that would be really cool, to grow up with them,” she told me.

“Yeah. That would be really cool,” I said. I then realized how happy I was to have my brother.

“You’re great, Richie. I’m happy to have met you,” she said.

I was absolutely delighted! My chest tingled and tingled and tingled.

“You’re the best,” I said. “You’re a great friend to have.”

“You, too,” she said, smiling as she looked into my blue eyes. She had beautiful green eyes. I wondered what color eyes our children would have if we got married and had kids.

Chapter 7

As Dusty and I continued our walk along the water's edge,

“I’d like to get a picture of us standing next to each other, so I can show my friend at home—not us naked, but clothed, or at least wearing swimsuits. My dad brought his camera. It’s in our room.”

“Sure. I’d really like a picture of us, too. You’re really cute; I can tell that you are going to grow up to be a very handsome man.”

“Oh. Thanks,” I mumbled, looking at our feet as we walked in the sand. It was

exhilarating to be liked and to know how attractive she thought I was. I felt very loved. She was beautiful, but I liked her for the person she was inside, too, very much. She was a sweetheart.

“Have you written anything?” she asked, making me think about writing love poems and stories about us.

“I wrote a poem entitled ‘Tree,’ which is a diamante. My sixth-grade teacher told the entire class that it was a great poem. I was honored. It’s about the trees where we used to live in Upstate New York. I’d really like to write love poems and stories, maybe a very romantic love novel about two young lovers finding love and living

happily ever after,” I explained. I really hoped I’d be published someday—maybe someday soon.

“Cool. You have talent.”

“Yeah, but a writer can write an absolutely outstanding book, and it may never be accepted by a publishing company for publication. Book selling is a very competitive business, one of the most competitive businesses, except for the music industry, that I can think of. Very few books that are written are ever even published,” I explained.

I glanced at her and shared, “I have a great idea for a young adult coming-of-age

book. One about a twelve-year-old boy's first time going to a nudist beach resort with his family. The boy meets a very beautiful nudist girl and becomes friends with her."

"Do it," Dusty said. "It'd be your first book," she added with a nice smile.

"Maybe I will!" I was happy to finally have a great idea for a book.

After a moment, I asked, "What do you think about kids our age having sex? I don't think they should, at least until they are older or married. I plan to wait until after I'm married."

“I completely agree. I don’t want to be a mom at twelve,” Dusty explained.

I nodded and said, “I don’t want to be a dad now, either.”

“My parents lost their virginity to each other after they were married, my mom told me,” Dusty said, making me happy.

“I don’t know about my parents. They’ve never said anything to me about it,” I said.

We stopped walking and sat on the beach cross-legged. As the water started coming in, we enjoyed the waves flowing against our bodies every so often.

“It is fun spending time with you and talking to you,” I said, smiling and looking into her beautiful green eyes.

“I feel the same way about you,” she replied, making me feel very happy inside.

A breeze blew by, cooling our bodies. “It is really great here, being naked with other nude people, especially you,” I shared.

She smiled at me and then giggled and pinched my side. “You’re really cute,” she said.

I couldn’t help but feel giddy. “Thank you,” I said, reaching out and holding her hand. We each smiled at each other. She

liked me; I could tell. I really liked her! Life was great here.

Chapter 8

While we sat there on the beach, holding hands, I realized that I wanted to marry her, but how could I? After vacation, our families would be going home. We lived so far away from each other!

I made a promise to myself not to get too attached to Dusty—or my heart would completely shatter like a ceramic dish being driven over by a T-62 Russian tank when we left here for home. I felt crazy about her: I was in love. I just knew it. My chest tingled and tingled and tingled as my heart beat with love for Dusty, her

beautiful body, and her beautiful personality.

I wondered what my parents and brother would think about her. With that thought in mind, I suggested that we head back. We strolled along the beach, happily holding hands. I was so lucky—and then, also not lucky at the same time. I would be heartbroken when my family and I left for home. I didn't want to hurt her, either; I truly cared about her feelings. She was amazing.

As we walked, I realized that I definitely wanted her to meet my parents; they would like her, too.

Before long, we approached a long dock and saw two pelicans there.

“Those are brown pelicans,” Dusty told me. “Watch. They’re mating. Don’t move, so we don’t disturb them.”

The male pelican stood on top of the female’s back and moved his tail downward to one side as the female moved her tail upward and to the other side. Below their tails was where mating takes place.

“Now, they’re finished,” Dusty said as the male bird got off the female’s back.

“XXX-rated birds’ hot steamy sex. Sweet,” I said with a big smile, and I let go

of her hand for a second to hug her to my side.

We giggled as we looked at each other. Then, I let her go and held her hand even more tightly as we continued to walk.

“I’d like you to meet my parents,” I said, seeing them still sitting under the beach umbrella. At her agreement, we walked over to them.

“Hi, Mom and Dad,” I exclaimed. “This is Dusty, my friend,” I added, still holding her hand.

“Nice to meet you, sir and ma’am,” she said with a smile.

“Nice to meet you, too,” my parents each said.

“Do you guys want to get a root-beer float at the café?” Dad asked.

I glanced at Dusty and then said, “Sure, thank you.”

Dad pulled out some money from Mom’s tote. Handing me the money, he said, “Please take your brother.”

Tristan came up behind Dusty and me. He had been playing frisbee with some kids his age.

The three of us walked to the café, not far away, and went to the order

window. “Three root-beer floats, please, sir,” I said. “Thank you.”

The young man prepared our floats as we watched and waited. Then I paid, and we got our floats, which were in tall glasses. I put the change in the tip jar before heading to the bar.

We approached the tall bar stools and put towels on them from a rack. I had to pick up Tristan under his arms to place him up on his stool.

Once we were seated, Tristan met Dusty. He exclaimed afterward, “You’re very pretty, Dusty. Are you going to marry my brother, Richie?” Dusty’s eyes lit up.

“Oh, oh. I’m not getting married—right now,” she replied, making my chest tingle and tingle and tingle. I felt so great and alive to be here with Dusty.

“We’re great friends,” I explained to Tristan. “Dusty is my friend.”

We enjoyed our root-beer floats in the warm Southern California summer weather.

I glanced behind Dusty and saw her curved soles, as she held her feet against a bar on her stool for balance. They were so beautiful; I could just suckle them all day! I planned to write a poem about them as soon as I was alone.

I loved being so close to her; it made me feel like a stud. Despite my words about friendship, I had deep feelings for her. Although the atmosphere was relaxed and nonsexual, I couldn't stop thinking about making love to her!

Fortunately, I became distracted by our discussion about the people we knew at home, our families, and our school life. We both wanted to take drama at school, and we liked to draw cartoons in our free time.

A teenage boy who had Down Syndrome came in with his older sister. They sat next to Dusty.

“Boy, are you pretty,” the boy said.

“Thank you,” Dusty said with a smile.

I was happy to see another person with a disability enjoying the resort.

Dusty and I introduced ourselves and Tristan to them. Ben was the boy’s name; he was eighteen. His sister, Deb, was twenty. They were from Texas. This was their second time at a nudist resort.

Tristan asked Dusty again: “Are you going to marry Richie?”

“I . . . I’m deciding who I marry when I’m older,” she explained. Ben, Deb, and I laughed. On the inside, I was high-fiving

Tristan; he knew we were happy together. I wished Dusty and I would get married.

“Your brother is really cute,” Dusty said to me. “And he’s such a matchmaker. He’s making sure we stay together, as friends,” she added. “I really like you, Richie. I’d like to marry a boy as cute as you.”

I suddenly felt my face turn red, and I knew it was obvious because the group started laughing.

“Your brother is very handsome, and he has a cute face,” Dusty explained to Tristan. “I just want to bear hug him again

and again and again.” At those words, I hugged her side tight for several seconds.

After we finished our floats, Tristan headed out to play frisbee with a bunch of kids his age.

Dusty turned to me. “Remember that rope that we saw on our way back here? Let’s see if there are some kids who want to play tug-of-war.”

Dusty and I found ten kids our age who wanted to play. We were on the same side; I was right behind her. There was a red flag attached to the rope in the middle. On the other team, there was one strong, broad-shouldered fourteen-year-old who

looked even older. His penis curved sharply to the left for some reason.

The game started, and each side was pulling and pulling and pulling. At first, we were winning. But it was hard to pull with bare feet in the sand. Soon, the other side started winning. Finally, our side was pulled right over the line, and we all fell onto each other. I was practically lying on Dusty's back. She tried to scoot out from under me, so I quickly stood.

“That big dude won it for their side,” I said, moving to stand close to Dusty. She nodded agreement.

“Let’s build another sandcastle. I see a great spot over there near that dune by the grass.”

We quickly reached the ideal spot and started building. As we built, she sat seiza in front of me, curling her soles, which faced me. So beautiful. So beautiful. I loved her so much. Her feet were so petite; I loved them. I was enthralled by their stunning beauty.

As we built, she got on all fours at times and squatted at other times. She was beautiful! I admired her beautiful face; she was so pretty, I’d bet just about every tween boy would want her!

After we finished our masterpiece, we sat cross-legged in front of each other and played pattycake. She must have played a lot, as she was very quick and good at it. She had to explain how to play, as I didn't remember.

I then suggested that we sunbathe, lying prone on the sand. First, Dusty and I lay next to each other on our stomachs, and then we switched to our backs, getting the sun's rays. We were going to have a nice tan, I knew, and no tan lines. Our white asses and private areas would be tan like the rest of us before we knew it.

Once we switched to lying on our stomachs again, I got up and sat seiza beside her. I rubbed her neck and shoulders. Occasionally, I would glance at her curved soles to check them out. So beautiful. She enjoyed her massage.

I did not know if I should ask her if I could massage her feet; I very much wanted to, but wasn't sure if that was allowed at the resort, so I didn't.

Then, I rubbed and massaged her back, still sitting seiza facing toward her feet. As I massaged her beautiful body, I continued to admire her soles. So beautiful!

I planned to write about Dusty tonight. I wanted to write about how beautiful she was, inside and out. I was going to express the intense feelings I had for her. As I massaged and looked at her soles, I thought and wondered what exactly to write about. A poem about us building a sandcastle? That was a great idea.

Once we felt sufficiently tanned, Dusty and I decorated our castle with seashells.

That's when a balding man walked by who had an extremely hairy chest, legs, arms, and back. He looked like an ape. There was also an older man with him,

who didn't have any pubic hair above his privates; he must have shaved it off, I assumed. (I liked my pubes.) I was disappointed they didn't check out our castle.

In the distance, I saw a woman who was pregnant. She looked like she would have her baby any day now.

"I think it'd be interesting to actually see a baby being born," I said to Dusty, "like, how a new baby is brought into this world. It's fascinating how babies come out," I added, making Dusty giggle.

"If you're a father someday, you can watch your son or daughter being born at

the hospital,” she said. “What would you prefer to have? A son or daughter?”

“I’d like a boy but would be happy with a girl. I’d like my son to look like me and be sensitive, just like me. I love being sensitive. Girls really like sensitive guys, who show their feelings and care very much about their girl,” I explained.

“I’d like either, but I want to have at least one boy and one girl,” Dusty said. “A boy who looks like you,” she added, sitting seiza, facing me as I sat crossed-legged in front of her.

“Oh, he would look like me? How exactly would he look just like me?” I

asked. “Hmmm. His dad would have to look like me. Maybe . . . me? Maybe I could be the father?” I said, “I hope to marry a girl like you when I’m older. You’re a sweetheart and very special—your personality is so sweet. A dude is going to really love you someday,” I said, wishing it would be me.

Dusty and I stood up to collect more seashells. I found one that was huge compared to the others and gave it to her.

“You’re very attractive,” she said, studying the seashell. “Cute and handsome, and your personality is really nice and sweet, too. Maybe you should write some young adult romance stories

and poems. Since you're sensitive, you probably would be good at it," she said.

Her words gave me so much confidence in myself and my writing.

"Thank you!"

"You are a nice person to be around," she added. "Your kindness and sensitivity attract me to you."

"Thank you again. I'm going to ask my parents to buy me a typewriter—you know, the ones that are electric, the kind made by IBM and Brother—so I can write love stories." I exclaimed, "I'm going to be a great writer; I'm sure of it." I planned to

write about us being here at the resort. I
couldn't wait!

Chapter 9

That evening, Dusty and I were playing frisbee with a group of tween and young teen boys. One boy, Jared, was a little taller than me, and his muscles were larger. Dusty whispered to me, “Jared’s handsome, but not as much as you.”

She made my chest tingle with those words. Then, I got erect again! I knew it was a natural sexual response to her words. My body was getting me ready to mate with her, even though that was not going to happen at my age! I liked the fact that, at the nudist resort, it was a

nonsexual atmosphere, and no one judged anyone else—even if they had an erection.

We continued to play frisbee until the day was over and Dusty's parents arrived to get her. They seemed like nice people; I could see why their daughter had such a winsome and sweet personality.

“Have a nice night,” I said to Dusty.
“See you tomorrow!”

“See you tomorrow!” she exclaimed, making me feel very loved. I loved being loved by her.

Later that night, in our room, Mom said we could be naked, and Tristan and I were glad. She also said we could sleep

naked, and we planned to. I looked at the seashells I had collected. For dinner, Dad went out and got two pepperoni pizzas and a few bottles of Coke and 7-Up. Later, Mom went to a grocery store to get cereal and milk for us for breakfast. I asked her to get *Cap'n Crunch*, my favorite, and Tristan requested *Froot Loops*. We ate dinner naked at the table, using our towels beneath our bottoms. It was a fun experience.

“Do you still think it’s very silly to be naked with a bunch of other naked children?” Mom asked Tristan.

“No. It’s really fun. I like seeing everyone. It makes me very, very happy,” he said, and we smiled.

That evening, we watched *Planet of the Apes* on cable.

I found myself lying on top of the covers at bedtime, wishing I could be sleeping with Dusty, after we’d made passionate love together. I couldn’t help but think about sex; I was twelve and in puberty, so I felt horny at times. That was normal for pubescent boys. And Dusty was right there, in her room, next to ours. She was my last thought before I finally fell asleep.

Being at a nudist resort for vacation, I was making memories I'd have for a lifetime. I'd probably remember it even if I lived to be one hundred ten.

Chapter 10

I woke up in the morning, hugging my pillow; I assumed I that I'd been dreaming of Dusty. I was planning to tell her a story about what happened when we dropped off our pet wirehair dachshund, Gretchen, at Gunner's house when we left for our vacation.

My family and I quietly ate breakfast. I couldn't stop yawning as I ate. I wondered if I was so sleepy because I had stayed up a while last night, thinking about Dusty.

Dad said, as we finished eating,
“Several boys were playing beach bowling,
using soda bottles partially filled with sand
as pins and using a volleyball as a bowling
ball. It looked like fun. Maybe you and
Tristan might want to play today.”

“Yes. Tristan, Dusty, and I might play
that. It sounds like fun. There were also
some kids playing beach volleyball and
musical towels in one area,” I shared.

Dad told us, “Maybe next year we’ll
go to a resort in Tennessee at a lake to try it
out.”

“I want to come back here,” I
interrupted. I wanted to be able to see

Dusty again. “I love it here,” I declared. “This is the perfect place and the only place I want to go.”

“Okay,” he replied, which made me feel relieved and very happy. No other resort would have such a wonderful, beautiful babe there.

After breakfast, wearing our swimsuits and sneakers, we headed to the beach. The sunlight was so bright that I had to squint; it practically blinded me. We went over to the beach umbrellas, and then, we stripped. I felt so happy and free again.

I walked around for a while, looking for Dusty, but didn't spot her. Where was she? It was almost afternoon, and she was not here yet. Maybe her family hadn't come outside for some reason.

I decided to sit at the beach entrance at the back of the hotel. That way, when she came out, I wouldn't miss her. I sat on the sand in a seiza position and built a sandcastle.

As my hands dug in the sand, I thought about my writing ideas. I wanted to write something fun and romantic about Dusty and me. Despite my resolve, I hadn't written anything last night. I mused over

the idea of writing about us building a sandcastle together.

I realized that I needed to make notes every day, so I'd remember the details. Maybe I could use the pad and pencils on the desk in our hotel room? Maybe I could ask Mom to buy me a small notebook when she went to the store next time? They're fairly inexpensive.

After finishing the first, I built another sandcastle as I watched people coming in and out of the hotel. I waited and waited, but still no Dusty.

Chapter 11

Finally, I saw her! Dusty and her parents suddenly walked out of the hotel and onto the beach. I immediately stood up and smiled, feeling giddy. She was wearing her bikini and sneakers.

“Howdy,” I said as she approached me.

“Hi,” she said. “Sorry we’re late. My Dad got a call from a client who needed advice right away. My dad says he’s a dentist who is facing a lawsuit from a lawsuit scam artist.”

“I hope everything will be okay,” I told her. Then I gave her a hug. “I’m glad to see you.”

Dusty and her family stripped at the beach umbrellas and chairs and tables; she handed her bikini to her mom to keep in a large tote that had seashells and a starfish print on it.

Then, Dusty and I walked together to the water, which was a distance away.

“You know, my family is coming back here at the end of the summer, for another whole week, right before the school year starts. Maybe your family can come back,

too. I really hope so,” Dusty said, making me smile.

“I’ll have to ask my mom and dad. Tristan and I are having a blast here. I think my parents might agree; at least, I hope so,” I said, as I hugged her tight to my side.

Then we swam together in the sea, close to shore, having fun. The water cooled our bodies, and there weren’t too many waves.

After a while, Dusty said, “There’s a game room next to the café. Let’s go there.” We walked over there, holding hands after we dried off with towels for the guests on a rack.

The game room was awesome. There were arcade games and pinball machines everywhere! Hotel residents could play for free. I watched as Dusty played Galaxian. Then, I played and she watched. I got the high score and entered my initials, RWC, next to my score.

We also played Pac-Man, Mrs. Pac-Man, Galaga, Asteroids, Dig-Dug, Centipede, and many others. There were tons of other kids and grown-ups playing. We agreed that we liked Mrs. Pac-Man better than regular Pac-Man.

Then, we had another root-beer float at the café. Dusty's parents had given her money for us this time.

Enjoying our floats, she held her feet the same way, against the bar on the stool, with her soles facing outward. Glancing over, I couldn't help but check them out every once in a while. Simply beautiful babe-girl bare feet!

“I've got to tell you what happened with our wirehair dachshund, Gretchen, when we dropped her off at my friend Gunner's house to stay during our vacation,” I said. “After we brought her inside, my dad and his dad talked for a short while, and then we left, quickly exiting through the backyard gate, before our dog could figure out that we were leaving her. We didn't fool her, though. She

yelped and yelped for us right away. I looked over the short wall and pet her for a moment, telling her it was going to be all right. She licked my hand. It was so sad to hear her cry out, yelping for us, but she'll have fun at Gunner's house with their German shepherd."

"Oh, that's so cute," Dusty said. "At least she'll have a dog-friend there."

"Do you have any pets?" I asked, curious.

"We have a pet blue-and-gold macaw named Butch. He talks or mimics us. He says, 'Butch is a handsome bird,' and 'Good morning,' and 'Good night,' for

example. He's also learned some swear words from my dad," she said, cracking a smirk. My aunt and uncle are looking after him until we get back. Butch likes to eat watermelon and walnuts, but we don't give them to him too often, and we remove the seeds and rind from the watermelon before giving it to him."

"During the monsoon in Arizona, when it rains a lot—and heavily—Colorado river toads come out. They are poisonous for dogs, because if a dog gets the toad in its mouth or even licks the toad, the toad secretes a poison that can hurt a dog or kill it. So, during a monsoon, we have to be careful," I explained. "Also, during a

monsoon, snakes come out. One time, there was a rattlesnake in our backyard, and Gretchen got a little close, but then she walked away, thank goodness. I held her collar until the snake left. It seems like she doesn't want to mess with snakes."

"Thank goodness," she echoed.

"What music do you like?"

"I like all kinds."

"I like all kinds, too, but especially Quiet Riot; I got their album, *Metal Health*, for my birthday. I just love 'Cum on Feel the Noize.'"

"I got that album for my birthday, too!" I exclaimed. 'Cum on Feel the Noize'

is my current favorite song. I also like ‘Metal Health (Bang Your Head)’ a lot, too.”

“Me, too!” Dusty declared with a big smile.

She and I started headbanging in unison for a few seconds, grins of camaraderie on our faces.

“My parents don’t like it. They like rock, but not hard rock. Tristan is a big fan, though,” I said.

“My parents don’t like hard rock, either,” she told me.

Holding hands, we headed to the beach and played sand bowling with a bunch of boys and girls there.

At lunchtime, Mom and Dad came over with Tristan.

“Can Dusty have lunch with us?” I asked them, hoping so.

“Sure, but she has to ask her parents first,” Mom said, so Dusty went to find her parents.

Dusty came back with her parents’ agreement, and then we ordered. I ordered a hotdog and baked beans and a Coca-Cola; Dusty ordered a beef hard-shelled taco and yellow rice and a Pepsi.

The café’s hotdogs were huge and came in a huge sesame seed bun. The

tacos were also huge—not like the kind we get at Taco Bell.

Everyone ate quietly. We sat at a bench, Dusty on my right side, Tristan on my left, and Mom and Dad across from us.

Tristan said, “A teenage boy asked me what teenage boys want to do the most. And I didn’t know the answer. He laughed at me! Do you believe that? Mom, what do teenage boys like doing the most in the world?” he asked with a big smile. I knew he knew the answer.

Everyone was quiet. Then, Mom smiled. “Teenage boys want to have a girlfriend.”

“I’m going to marry a boy, so we can play with trucks after work,” he said. Everyone except for Mom laughed.

“Tristan Carlson, we have had this conversation before. *Boys don’t marry other boys*,” Mom exclaimed. She was still probably worried about my brother turning out to be gay.

He turned to me. “Richie. Are you going to marry a boy?” he quizzed, making Dusty and me laugh and laugh and laugh.

“I’m going to marry a girl,” I informed him as I glanced at Dusty with a smile.

“Why can’t a boy marry a boy?” he asked as he scratched his head and frowned.

“It is not legal,” Mom said. “It’s against the law.”

“Oh, okay,” he said, nodding while eating his personal pizza. “I didn’t know that.” He paused and finished chewing. “But couldn’t Richie make love to another boy?” my brother asked Mom.

She frowned.

“I’m going to make love to a girl,” I declared as Mom, Dad, and Dusty laughed and laughed and laughed.

“Don’t worry about making love,” Mom explained. “You do that when you’re grown up.” She added, “When you’re twenty-one, you can.”

Dad said, “Making love is what adults do.”

That made me frown a little. I planned to lose my virginity after I was married, but was he saying that to me? Was he worried? It didn’t really bug me. Dusty would want to lose her virginity as soon as she was married, I already knew. Making love must be wonderful, I thought, something special that people very much in love do who are committed to each other. I could not wait!

Chapter 12

Dusty and I played sand bowling.

There were six alleys drawn in the sand and a total of eight large soda bottles partially filled with sand, at a distance of ten feet at each alley.

Dusty went first. I deliberately stood behind her so I could see her feet and her soles as she walked toward the pins and rolled the volleyball.

On her first bowl, she got four out of eight. Then, I went and got two of eight. She was ahead of me.

It was her turn again: she got six pins.
On my turn, I got four.

We continued our game. She won every bowl except for one, and once, she even got a strike, compared to me, with no strikes. She was just plain better than me at this game.

We decided to go back into the water. We took turns pretending to baptize each other; it was my idea.

“I’m going to baptize you,” I said, and she pinched her nose. I put one hand on her back and the other on her arm with the hand she was pinching her nose with and

dunked her backwards several times under the water.

“You’re baptized,” I said with each dunk. I chimed, “My angel from Heaven” as she surfaced.

Then, she “baptized” me several times.

We talked for a while about baptism and our First Communion. Then, as we stood in the ocean water, we had a serious talk about Heaven.

“Do you think you’ll see a tunnel and bright light when you die? And go to that light, to Heaven?” she asked.

“I don’t know. Maybe. What would a child rapist see when he died? A tunnel of flames and Satan at the end, pulling him downward to Hell?” I wondered.

“Yes. I believe that if there’s a Heaven and Hell, then that would happen,” she said, “Bad people just really suck.”

“Child rapists suck the big one,” I said. “I couldn’t imagine a grown man or woman raping my little brother—that’s just plain weird,” I said, shivering. I hoped it would never come true for any child.

“Dusty, I heard on TV about a grown thirty-five-year-old woman having sex with a thirteen-year-old boy—only one year

older than me. That's just plain awful," I said.

"Yeah. Some people are really weirdos," she said. Then: "This is too dark for such a beautiful day. Let's go back to the beach and have some fun. Maybe we can play another beach game, like spikeball."

Two thirteen-year-old boys, one with severe acne and the other with a teenage mustache, wanted to play against Dusty and me. Neither one of us had ever actually played spikeball before, so we practiced first. I could tell that this was a challenging game for anyone, as the boys

explained the rules and how to play. There were so many rules!

We played. At first, we weren't very good at it, but then we got the hang of it.

Dusty served the ball, the boy with acne bounced the ball to his teammate, and his teammate bounced it on the net. That's when I spiked it on the net, and the ball went flying like an ICBM nuclear missile out of control, way over the other team's players, and they couldn't reach the ball. One point for us.

It was all in good fun. Dusty and I won; we earned twenty-one points, and they earned fifteen. Afterward, Dusty and I

were worn out, so we built another sandcastle in an unoccupied area.

She sat seiza in front of me, revealing her curled soles again! They were so beautiful; they inspired me to write about them. I had to ask Mom if she'd buy me a small notebook to write in. Or I could use a pad on the desk in our room, as I have mentioned before. I just had to remember to do it!

Were her soles as sensitive as mine were? I hoped so! I absolutely loved sensitive, bare, girl feet!

After we built our sandcastle, we sat cross-legged next to each other near it.

“What was your first time like being nude with a bunch of girls and boys?” she quizzed.

“It was exhilarating and made me feel so great inside,” I said. “I like to be naked with other people my age. It’s really fun.

“I plan to ask my parents if we can come back at the end of summer when your family is coming back, so we can see each other again,” I promised, hoping my parents would. “I think they might. Why not? It’s so much fun here, and I’m a pretty good kid, and so is Tristan. It’s not like I’m a bad kid. There is no reason not to do it.”

“Maybe you should ask them while I’m there. They might be more inclined to say yes,” Dusty said with a big smile. She gave me a side hug.

“That’s a great idea,” I exclaimed. “You being there might make it impossible for them to not say yes,” I noted, very excited and happy to be with such an intelligent girl. Hopefully, it would be that easy with my parents. I hoped and hoped and hoped so much.

“Let’s go ask them now,” I suggested, standing up and pulling her to her feet.

We found Mom and Dad bantering under the beach umbrella on chairs.

I reached out and held Dusty's hand.

“Having a lot of fun?” Dad asked, making Dusty and me smile.

“Yeah! Dad, Dusty and her family are coming back to this resort before the end of summer before school starts. Can we please come back then, too? We're having so much fun. Tristan is also having a blast here. How about it, Dad? Please?” I practically begged. The only other thing I could have done to persuade him was to get on my knees and beg and beg and beg.

Mom glanced at Dad. Dad thought and thought.

Finally, he said, “Actually, that’s a great idea! Your mom and I are having a blast here, too. I wish we had started doing this years ago.”

I hugged Dusty from the side for several seconds. It was so much fun to care so much about her.

“Thank you, Dad. Thank you so very much,” I said with a big smile.

Holding hands, Dusty and I happily went back to the water to “baptize” each other again.

Chapter 13

After being in the water for a while, I had a great idea.

“How about we build a sand city, with buildings, roads, and other things? We can make it huge,” I suggested, wanting to spend as much time with Dusty as possible.

“Okay. Cool,” she said. “I’m going to make a housing development with roads.”

We found a location with no people near a sand dune. I was thrilled that she sat seiza again. I squatted behind her: I

loved seeing her very beautiful soles. We had a ton of fun building our city.

I created a supercenter and a strip mall, an airport, and a capital building. She created a housing development replete with roads and a river running through it, and a four-lane highway with an exit ramp to get to it.

The young woman with the ghetto blaster dual-cassette tape player walked by, playing “California Girls,” by the Beach Boys. Dusty was my *California girl*, I knew.

Then two young teenage boys and a young teenage girl asked if they could help with our city. Dusty and I said yes, and

each of them created their own housing development along the highway Dusty had made. Then, Dusty and I created a housing development together. Everyone had fun. Our city was awesome. Dusty and the teenagers and I stood on the side and looked at what we had made in amazement.

By that time, it was late in the day. I found my parents, and Dusty went with her parents. My family and I put on our suits and sneakers and headed back to our hotel room.

“Do you boys want to go to McDonald’s for dinner?” Dad asked with a nice smile.

“Yes, please,” Tristan and I said, happy to be eating at a restaurant.

In our hotel room, we changed into our clothes to go out. I removed my Speedo right in front of my family, instead of going to the bathroom to change.

Dad drove us to the McDonald’s down the street. The architecture of the restaurant was special; it was 1950’s style. I could tell my parents loved it.

Inside, fifties music played from an old jukebox. I ordered a Big Mac, medium fries, and a large Coca-Cola. We ate at a large bench.

As we ate, Tristan turned to Mom.

“Boys have a penis, and girls have a vagina?” he asked.

“Yes, honey,” she replied with a smile.

“What is the area under my penis for? Making babies?” he asked, making me smile.

His balls hadn’t dropped yet; he hadn’t begun puberty but was curious about sexual reproduction. I was, too, but for a different reason!

“Yes, honey. Finish eating,” Mom prompted.

“Why did you and Dad *make* Richie and me?” he asked, putting a smile on my face as I chewed and chewed.

Mom hesitated for a few seconds.

“We wanted to have children and start a family,” Mom said, smiling at Dad for a second. “Come on, now. Eat your dinner, kiddo.”

“All right,” Tristan replied.

After we finished eating, Dad drove us back to the hotel. In our room, I stripped to my birthday suit in front of my family, and so did Tristan. Not too much later, Mom and Dad did, too.

My family watched a movie; I didn't know the name of it. It was a police story. Tristan fell asleep next to Mom on the sofa.

The movie involved a beautiful young woman. She exposed her breasts in one scene, so I assumed it was Rated R. Her naked breasts didn't faze me; now I was used to seeing girls' and women's breasts and private areas. No big deal.

Now that I thought about it, Gunner's dad's *Playboys* weren't as special as they'd been before our visit here, except for the articles.

When the movie was over, I was half asleep. I managed to stagger to the

bathroom and brush my teeth before going to bed. Dad carefully carried Tristan, still asleep, in bed next to me.

I thought about Dusty and wondered what Gunner had been up to. I'd have a lot to talk about with him when we got home. Just like last night, very relaxed, I slowly drifted off to a deep sleep.

Chapter 14

In the morning, the first thing I did was take a shower. I didn't know this earlier, but the shower head in the hotel could be adjusted to a massage setting. I adjusted it, massaging my back. I wished we had something like this at home.

“Don't take too long,” Mom urged, poking her head in the bathroom.

“Okay. I'll be out in a minute,” I said, turning the water off.

After everyone had a chance to shower, we ate breakfast, and then I spent some time taking notes on Dusty and me; I

used the pad on the desk. Before I knew it, I had written three pages. I folded the pages and put them with my stuff in my suitcase to keep them private.

Tristan pointed to my testicles and then his, as we stood near the table. He asked me, “This is for making babies? How are babies made?”

“Um. People in love make love and then make a baby,” I muttered, caught off guard. The kid was so curious, though, and he wasn’t going to stop, ever, unless he was given a real answer. I figured someone should just tell him.

“A man puts his penis inside a woman’s vagina. Girls’ vaginas have a hole in them. Then, nine months later, the woman has a baby. And that’s how it’s done,” I said. “A man putting his penis in a woman’s vagina is called making love, or sex,” I said. I was happy that he now knew and understood about human reproduction. During my explanation, Mom had stood by, listening closely to me.

“Oh. Okay. Now I understand,” Tristan said, making me smile.

Dad got out of the shower, and he, Tristan, and I ate breakfast: cereal, just like yesterday. Mom went in the shower.

“Dad, Dad. Tristan explained to me how babies are made,” Tristan proudly said, clearly hoping for a reaction. “A man puts his penis inside a woman’s vagina,” he explained, “and then the woman has a baby.”

“That’s true and correct,” Dad said. “You do that when you are all grown up,” he added, making me frown again and wonder if he was hinting that toward me, too.

“Let’s have fun on the beach today, okay?” I said to Tristan. This was my subtle way of hinting to Dad that I was changing the subject.

“Okay,” Tristan replied.

Mom got out of the shower. We put our suits and sneakers on and headed to the beach again.

Chapter 15

Both of us naked, I held Tristan's hand as we walked on the beach in search of Dusty.

"Does Dad put his penis inside Mom's vagina?" Tristan asked.

Oh, jeez. What a topic! "They do sometimes, but that is something private. It is what adults do," I explained. Now I was grossed out thinking about my parents having sex.

"Do you do that with Dusty?" he asked.

“No. We’re too young. You’ve got to be older and grown up to do that,” I said.

We found Dusty; she was sunning supine on a sand dune.

I hoped Tristan wouldn’t say anything about sex to Dusty. I’d be so embarrassed.

We each sat down, me on Dusty’s left side, Tristan on her right.

“Do you know all about sex and how babies are made?” Tristan asked right away. “I know. Richie would put his penis inside your vagina, and then you’d have a baby,” he announced.

My face turned beet red. I wasn’t comfortable talking about sex with

Dusty—especially about us having it! I didn't know what to say or do.

“Oh, yes. I know how babies are made. We have sex to make a baby, just like you said,” Dusty told him. “Having sex is something grown-ups do,” she added, glancing at me for a second. In that moment, I loved her even more.

My little brother: the sex expert. “Let's not talk about sex,” I said to him, changing the subject. “I would like to swim. How about it, guys?” I said, making Tristan's eyes light up.

We swam, not too far out in the ocean. Dusty and I held hands as we

stood in a shallow area up to our chests for a while.

After a while, Dusty, Tristan, and I returned to the beach to build another sandcastle. We chose an area where there were few people.

Dusty and I sat seiza, and Tristan was in between us. That's when it happened. Tristan embarrassed me.

Squatting, Tristan jerked his penis and asked me, "Why does it feel good to pull my penis?"

"Stop it," I ordered him, my face flushing. "You do that in private," I added.

He then said, "I saw you doing it last

night in bed,” at which point, I could feel my face turning a dark, scorching red.

“You like doing it,” he added. “Then, you went to the bathroom.”

I yearned to plaster duct tape over his mouth and wrap it all around his head. He had seen me doing it.

Dusty giggled, covering her mouth.

I blurted, “You do that when you’re alone.” I hoped against hope that he’d shut up.

“You did it when I was there, though. I saw you,” he explained.

Dusty laughed and laughed and laughed. “That’s all right,” she told Tristan.

“Richie didn’t know that you saw him doing it. He likes doing it very much, but people should do it in private.”

I had never been so embarrassed. Thank goodness no one else was around!

“Go build over there,” I said to Tristan, pointing to a nearby area. I didn’t want to discuss this matter any further, especially with Dusty.

“Can you show me what you do?” he asked, making me wish he didn’t have a mouth to ask me.

I strove to be calm. “Oh, you do it in private,” I said, for the hundredth time. “I do it in private.” I could not possibly feel

more embarrassed. “Let’s not talk about it anymore. Go build over there,” I said, pointing once again to an area not too far away from Dusty and me.

Tristan finally shuffled over to the area I had pointed to and squatted down to build part of our sandcastle city.

“Your brother is so cute. He’s a barrel of laughs,” Dusty said. “He made you so embarrassed. It was so funny,” she said giggling uncontrollably.

I said nothing at all.

We built and built and built our sandcastle city. Tristan was talented at building, considering his age. Maybe he

was trying to make it up to me—but I doubted it.

We finished building by lunchtime. Dad said Dusty could eat with us at the café. Hopefully, Tristan's mouth would stay shut.

We all sat down at a round table. Dusty sat next to me on one side, Tristan on my other.

“Dad, did you know that it feels good to do this?” Tristan said, jerking his penis for a few seconds, showing my parents. “Richie told me to do it in private. He does it, too. I saw him last night in bed, doing it.

And then he went to the bathroom. He thought I was asleep.”

Mom covered her mouth. Dusty giggled. I sat there, perfectly still and silent, mortified to be having this talk with my parents—and Dusty—right now.

“Oh, okay. Yes, that’s correct. You and Richie can do that in private. It’s nothing to be ashamed of. A lot of people do it,” Dad explained, as I felt my face burn red. My little brother was making a laughingstock out of me!

Thankfully, while we ate, Dad discussed our next vacation. “Your mom and I have discussed it. We really like the

idea of coming back at the end of the summer again,” he said, making me very happy and excited.

Tristan said, “Yay! Richie and I can be here with everyone.”

I was so relieved he was talking about something else, finally!

We finished eating and then went to the ocean to swim. I stood in a shallow area with Dusty, with the ocean water up to our chests. Tristan went with Mom and Dad and sat under the beach umbrella together.

Dusty smiled and laughed. “You were so embarrassed by your brother. It was

priceless to see your reaction to what he was saying. So much fun,” Dusty exclaimed, making me feel embarrassed again, but not nearly as much.

“You do it, too,” I said.

“Do what? Jerk my penis?” she said, making me laugh and laugh. Life was so much fun here.

“No. You do what girls do. You know all about it, I’m sure. I know you have,” I added, making her laugh.

Then, it just happened. She kissed my cheek.

I was so surprised! She kissed me!
She really liked me!

I kissed her cheek, and then I kissed her lips and smiled at her until she swam back to shore and I followed. Getting out of the water, I chased her as she jogged toward our sandcastle city. I caught up, and we held hands, admiring our city.

I loved everything about her. I was in l-o-v-e!

That was my very first kiss. I was so happy and excited; my chest tingled with so much joy.

I was thrilled to have had my first kiss, especially with Dusty. I wanted to kiss her again and again and again.

We played beach volleyball with a bunch of other tweens later that day. Dusty and I were on the same team; our team won five out of six games. She was a great player. She told me that she'd played often at these beach resorts.

Days went by, and we had so much fun. Finally, it was Friday, the day before my family and hers would be heading home. I looked forward to going home and seeing Gunner but knew I'd really miss it here with Dusty.

I had fallen in love; I couldn't help it. Dusty was a twelve-year-old boy's dream girl. In a day, we'd be apart, and I dreaded leaving. How would I deal with it? I

wondered, feeling sad as we held hands
and walked along the water's edge.

Chapter 16

Dusty and I walked down to the dock where the pelicans had mated days earlier. We strolled down to the end of the dock, over the ocean.

"You're very sweet," Dusty said, hugging me tight to her side. I hugged back as we stood there, watching the waves.

"You're sensitive, just like me," I said, making her smile softly. "I'm going to really miss you," I whispered, tearing up. She could tell by my voice that I was on the verge of crying.

Dusty whispered, "I love you."

"I really love you, too," I said, turning to gaze into her beautiful green eyes.

"I love you more," she said, making my chest tingle. I was overjoyed to be loved by her.

"I love you more, baby," I said, smiling. She had a tear in her eye, as did I.

I wanted to kiss her again. I had to think fast.

"You know something neat? I had my first kiss with you. You're special. I'll never forget you," I declared. Then, after a pause, I mentioned, "I've never French kissed. . ." I was hoping that she would take the hint,

and she did! She tilted her head up and leaned into my lips.

French kissing was absolutely wonderful! I felt so happy. I assumed I wasn't that great at it, because I had never done it before, but we had fun practicing.

We kissed and kissed and finally stopped when our tongues grew too tired.

"That's called swapping spit," she exclaimed.

I smiled as I looked into her eyes, wishing we could get married someday and make love and have children together.

"Dusty. I wish we could stay together," I said, and we both cried,

clinging to each other. We cried for a short while, still happy to be together for the time being.

"Dusty. I'd really like to make love to you, if we were older and married. I really care about you so much, it's hard to describe in words. I want to spend the rest of my life with you," I said, making her lip twitch as she stopped herself from crying, and so did I.

"I want to spend the rest of my life with you, too," she said.

Afterward, we sat on the dock, right next to each other, dangling our feet off the edge and listening to the ocean. We

just sat there for the longest time.

Eventually, we had to go back. Holding hands, we walked back to our parents. I knew I'd miss her, the girl I loved.

Dusty and I talked. We decided to have my dad take pictures of us with his camera tomorrow, before each of our families left for home. After we got the pictures developed, I'd mail prints to her.

We swapped phone numbers and addresses. I kept hers with my writing notes. After I got home, I planned to turn our vacation into a chapter book for tweens and teenagers. I had jotted down a plethora of ideas. I couldn't wait to write it.

Later that night, my family sat around the table, eating take-out pizza. Tristan and I told Mom and Dad all about how much fun it was here.

"I've had a blast here, being with all of you and the other people. Mom and Dad, can we be naked at home after we get back?" I said. They agreed wholeheartedly.

We watched a science fiction show, took our showers, and went to bed.

I lay next to Tristan with my hands behind my head, thinking about Dusty and her bare feet, which were the most beautiful feet in existence. Teary-eyed, I

fell asleep, but not before Tristan whispered something to me: "I like it here."

The next morning, we got up, got dressed, ate breakfast, and packed. When we were done, I went out and knocked on Dusty's hotel room door.

"Hi," Dusty said. "So, we get to see each other dressed. I like your Quiet Riot T-shirt," she added, making me happy.

"Yeah. I figured I'd wear it today for our pictures."

Dad took pictures of Dusty and me holding hands and hugging, and then he took some with Tristan and us in front of the hotel's entrance. He also took pictures

of the whole family with the delay timer on his camera. We had so much fun! In fact, time flew by because we were having so much fun. Soon, it was four o'clock and time to leave.

My family was leaving first. Dusty walked with us to the lobby.

While Mom and Dad checked us out, Dusty and I just bear hugged, not saying anything. I felt like crying and was teary-eyed, just like her.

Then, we left. I waved to Dusty as I carried my luggage and walked to the rental car.

"Bye, Dusty! I'll call you. We'll see each other before school starts, right here," I said, holding back the tears.

Even Tristan waved to Dusty. "Bye-bye, honeybunch," he said, making me giggle. For once, I was glad that my little brother had opened his mouth. I needed the comic relief to get a grip on my emotions.

"Bye-bye," she said. "I'll miss you guys!"

Once we were piled in the car, Dad drove to the airport. Mom had bought me a notebook early this morning when she had gone out to get some things at a nearby

supercenter. I was going to begin my chapter book about Dusty and me on the flight back home. I couldn't wait to begin writing. Maybe Mom and Dad would buy me an electric typewriter.

I hoped and hoped and hoped that Mom and Dad would keep their word about vacationing at this resort again, so Dusty and I could see each other again.

...And we did!

About the story: Parental guidance suggested. Sensitive, twelve-year-old Richie and his family attend a nudist beach resort for the first time, where Richie meets a twelve-year-old babe, Dusty, and falls in love. A fictitious and fun story taking place in southern California, in the summer of 1983. For more information about this book and other books by the author, visit

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