

Eric's Journal

By Douglas Fox

Foreword

This is a stand alone story originally intended to be a chapter in 'Drive for Excellence.' It is story of Eric Connell, a fourteen year old boy experiencing his first love on an eight day wilderness canoe trip to the Algonquin Provincial Park in Ontario, Canada.

I haven't corrected the grammatical and spelling errors. Eric is a wiz at math and science. That is going to take him places. He's never going to win awards for his writing. In spite of the errors, he tells a good story. I hope it is an interesting companion piece to my journal called 'Drive for Excellence.'

Kyle D. Martin

My best friend Andy Martin's big brother Kyle keeps a journal. He asked Andy and I to provide some personal stories from the trip we just took to Algonquin Park in Canada. I hope I write this good enough. Writing isn't what I'm good at.

I guess I should introduce myself first. I'm Eric Connell. I'm fourteen years old and starting ninth grade in a couple weeks. I live a couple blocks from Andy Martin in Paradise, Pennsylvania. We have been best friends as long as we can remember. Until the last year, Andy and I were a lot alike.

How do I describe myself? In three words: geek, nerd or brain. I get straight A's in school. I excel at math and science. I love computers. Last winter my dad helped me buy parts on the internet to build my own computer. I built a beauty. 2 gig of RAM, 300 gig hard drive, 3.2 gigahertz CPU, a DVD-RW, the hottest graphics card available. This thing screams when Andy and I play games on it. It's great.

I guess you can see from the above why I'm called a geek. I am. Unfortunately, I fit the stereotype of a geek too. I have the thick glasses. I'm practically blind without them. I want to get contacts, but my parents won't let me. The only thing I'm missing the pocket protector. I got rid of it last year.

I have short curly dark brown hair. I'd like to grow it long like the other guys in my grade. I can't. If I let it grow, it doesn't get long. It just curls more. If I go more than a few weeks between haircuts, I look like I have an afro. I wish I had long blond hair like Andy. He looks good.

I'm kind of small for my age. At least I was until a few months ago when I started to grow fast. I'm 5'-7½" tall. I'm up to 120 pounds, finally. I've eaten everything my parents put out, but I can barely put on weight. Dad complains constantly about how much I eat. Even with that, I'm still too skinny.

I'm not athletic. I don't do sports. Kids always pick me last when we have games in recess or gym. I spend my free time studying and playing games on the computer. The only thing I like outdoors is camping. Andy used to be just like me. We hung out and played computer games together nearly every day. A year ago he started growing. He's the tallest kid in our class now. He started working out with his brothers. The thing that really shocked me was when he went out for football last year. I don't know how it happened, but my best friend became a jock!

Andy and I have been in Boy Scouting since we joined the Tiger Cubs when we were in first grade. We went through Cubs together in the same den. When we graduated to Boy Scouts, we stayed together in the same patrol. I've grown to love camping: the smell of a good oak fire, roasting marshmallows, hiking through the woods, sleeping outside in tents. It's the one place where I fit in with the other guys my age.

I joined the Venturer Crew when I turned fourteen in April. Andy has been telling me about the trip to Algonquin Provincial Park for two years. He's been telling me that we have to go. Andy's big brother Kyle and his older half-brother Will both went before. They sold Andy on the idea of the trip. Andy sold me.

The only thing that scared me about this trip was the fact that girls were going too. I know they shouldn't scare me but they do. I'm fourteen. I'm supposed to be interested in girls. Well, I am. I'm too interested. I can stare at some the more developed girls in our class for hours. When I get near them, especially when they are listening to me, I freeze. If I have to speak to them, I stammer, I can't look them in the eye, and I usually look at their chests. I get embarrassed then and look away. I'm hopeless.

Half of the crew Andy and I are in is girls. The crew leader is Penny Edwards. Penny is sixteen and is Andy's neighbor. Penny used to date Andy's big brother Kyle. Now she is going with Brandon McCafferty. Brandon is sixteen too. I get a little intimidated by kids older than me. Penny and Brandon are OK though. They treat me good. The adult chaperons for our crew are Mr. and Mrs. Baer. They are both school teachers. They have two kids, a five year old daughter and a three year old son. They have been leaders in our Venturer Crew as long as I can remember.

The last two members of our crew, after Andy and I, are Heather Miller and Samantha Hoover. Heather and Sammy are both going into ninth grade like Andy and I. Heather and Andy used to date last year. They broke up during summer vacation. I'm not sure why, but Heather and Andy are dating again. Heather is a really nice, well built girl. She is one of the ones I have been staring at in school when I daydream. She has developed the biggest set of tits in our class.

Sammy is a close second to Heather in looks. Sammy lives a block from me and her parents and my parents are close friends. When we were young, we used to play together all the time. In second grade the guys started teasing me about playing with a girl, so I stopped. The girls used to tease Sammy too. I guess guys and girls aren't supposed to be friends in elementary school. Last year in school I wished the two of us could be friends again like when we were little.

I wanted to ask Sammy for a date for months last school year. Whenever I was near her, I froze. I still wouldn't be anywhere with Sammy if it weren't for Andy.

I don't know where Andy gets it from, but he has a way with girls. He can walk right up to a girl and ask for a date. He doesn't blink an eye when he does it too. I think he was the first in our class to lose his virginity. At least I know he was one of the first. Dillon Pratt claims he got laid last summer, but most guys don't believe him.

The shocking thing about Andy losing his virginity, was who he lost it to. His first time having sex was with an eleventh grade cheerleader! He had sex one Saturday night last October with Stacie Thompson. She could easily be a Playboy model, she is that hot. Andy has dated a lot of girls since then. I think he even might have had sex with some of them. He won't tell me, but that is what the gossip in eighth grade says. The only thing I can figure is that Andy's big brothers have given him a lot of advice about girls.

I wish I had a big brother or two like Andy. I'm the oldest of three boys in our family. I have two brothers, ten year old Zack and a seven year old Sean. I'm the one who has to teach them. I get tired of being the oldest sometimes.

All of this is probably too long an introduction to my story. You need to know me to understand how amazing my story is.

Andy worked at scout camp this summer as a Counselor in Training (CIT) for five weeks this summer. He got home two weeks before we left for Algonquin. We were hanging out in his bedroom on a Sunday, the day after he came home from camp. He told me he wanted to take Heather Miller out for a date, but she didn't trust him. Last summer Andy let his hands wander a little too far. Heather slapped him to get him to take his hand out of her pants. She broke up with him immediately.

Andy thought he could get Heather to go out with him if he made it a double date with another couple. He wanted me to call Heather's friend Sammy and ask her to double date me, him and Heather. I refused. This had disaster written all over it. Andy wouldn't take no for an answer. Finally he dialed Sammy and handed me the phone as Sammy answered it. I was forced to talk to her! I managed to spit out Andy's idea of a double date. I nearly fainted when she said yes. Andy was right about Heather; she accepted the idea of a double date with him.

We took the girls to the mini-golf course outside Strasburg. We had a good time. Sammy even held hands with me in the back seat on the way home. Andy and I had so much fun that we set up a second date with Heather and Sammy for Friday night. We took the girls to the movies. It was amazing to see Andy talk with a girl. He's so smooth. I tried to keep up, but I know I looked bad compared to Andy. Sammy seemed to enjoy herself anyway. We even kissed good bye when the date was over. It wasn't French kiss, but it still was my first real kiss.

Andy and I set up another date with the girls before we got home from our second date. The earliest everyone was free was the following Friday night, the night before we left for Algonquin. We agreed to go to the movies again.

Sammy and I held hands through the first half of the movie. Andy and Heather were going a lot further. Andy was feeling Heather's tits. I could see that they were French kissing. The sight made my peter hard. Sammy noticed the bulge in my shorts. I blushed. She seemed curious about it. The movie was getting boring so Sammy suggested that we could kiss again like last week.

I was a little tentative with the kiss, but Sammy pulled me against her. We had our lips pressed together when I felt her tongue press against my lips! She wanted to French! I opened my lips a little. Sammy slipped her tongue into my mouth and touched my tongue. Oh! My! God!

I felt light headed, like I was ready to faint. I wrapped my arms around Sammy to steady myself. Sammy must have thought I was horny, not dizzy. She kept kissing me. It was unbelievable! We continued Frenching through the rest of the movie. I got a little too excited when Sammy rubbed my peter through my pants. I came in my pants. I was soooo embarrassed when that happened. I'm not sure how, but by the end of the evening I had a girlfriend. Heather agreed to give Andy another chance too. He and Heather were officially going steady again as long as Andy could behave himself.

I was going to spend twelve days in the wilderness with my girlfriend! Algonquin was going to be so totally awesome.

It took us two days to get to Algonquin Park. The outfitter got us all our gear and food. We spent the second afternoon packing everything. Penny assigned Sammy and I to be canoe partners. This was going to be one fun trip!

The next morning we were up early, loaded in the vans and headed for the wilderness. I had seen pictures of the park before I came. It was a lot bigger than I realized. When we got to Opeongo Lake I finally realized what I was in for. There were miles of pine and fir trees along with a massive lake. The map showed more lakes after the first one. We loaded our canoes and headed north. We ran into a strong headwind around lunchtime.

Sammy and I had bust our tails to make headway into the wind and keep up with the other eleven canoes in our group.

My first shock on the trip was when we set up camp the first night. I expected Mr. and Mrs. Baer to share a tent. I couldn't believe they allowed Penny and Brandon to share a tent too. The Baers were OK with it! Andy and I set up a tent for ourselves. Heather and Sammy shared the other tent.

The second shock came right after we went to bed. The campsite was small and all the tents were close together. Andy and I could clearly hear Penny and Brandon having sex. They must have done it for over half an hour. Andy and I were so horny that we pulled our pajamas down and beat off. I was bashful around girls, but not Andy. We had done this many times back home since he taught me how to jerk off a year ago. I squirted my cream all over my chest just as Penny and Brandon finished intercourse.

We portaged and canoed to Proulx Lake the second day. At the portage between Opeongo Lake and Proulx Lake, I was expected to carry the canoe that Sammy and I shared. I had a lot of trouble doing it. It wasn't that the canoe was too heavy. My arms weren't long enough to balance it. Andy's brother Kyle and his friend Ed Fritz had to come back to help me with the canoe.

We had a big thunderstorm the second afternoon after we set up camp. Andy, Heather, Sammy and I ended up playing cards in my tent. We played cards for a couple hours before Andy and Heather decided they wanted some privacy. They left Sammy and I alone in my tent.

Sammy and I talked for awhile, but eventually our hormones took over. We ended up French kissing again. I think we must have done it at least half an hour. I was totally horny. I ended up begging Sammy to let me feel her tits. I couldn't believe it when she agreed to let me do that. Sammy pulled her T-shirt and sports bra off. I actually got to see real tits! They felt so soft. Sammy taught me exactly how to feel her up. Sammy got so worked up that she asked me to suck her titties just before supper. We had to stop when Penny called us.

We canoed to Big Crow Lake on the fourth day. It was a short day of canoeing. We set up camp before lunch. All three crews from Paradise set up in campsites side by side, unlike the other nights. The storm from the previous day had cleared out and left beautiful blue skies for the day. All twenty-four of us swam in the afternoon. We did canoe races and a few other games for fun. The Baers gave everyone free time later in the afternoon. Andy and Heather disappeared. I found out later in the evening what that was about.

Sammy and I spent the rest of the afternoon swimming and sunbathing on the beach in front of our campsite. It was an awesome afternoon. All three crews met for a campfire in the evening. We did a few skits, sang some songs and Mr. Baer's younger brother Justin told a ghost story. Justin and his wife Sherry were the adult chaperons for the

second crew. I use the term adult loosely. They were barely out of college. At least Justin and Sherry were over twenty-one. The parents of the kids in Andy's brother Kyle's crew agreed to allow his half brother Will Henry and Will's fiancé Abby Hendricks to be their "adult" chaperons. Will and Abby wouldn't be twenty-one for another six months but the parents were OK with that.

The third shock of the trip came right after the campfire. Heather and Andy pulled Sammy and I aside and asked us if we would be willing to share a tent. Andy and Heather wanted to be together tonight. Heather admitted that she was in love with Andy. Andy had taken her cherry this afternoon when they had disappeared. They wanted to keep doing it too!

Sammy and I talked for a minute. I was petrified at the thought of spending the night with Sammy. I knew nothing about sex. Would she expect me to do something? Would I be able to do it? I was physically shaking at the thought.

Sammy saw my reaction. She asked, "You're not sure about this are you Eric?"

"I don't know... I have no idea what to do... Should we sleep together?" I asked. Sammy hugged me.

"We can share a tent without having sex Eric. We don't need to do anything more than what we have done already. Are you willing to do this?" Sammy said.

I took a deep breath and let it out. "OK. We can share a tent."

Andy helped me move my things into Sammy's tent while Sammy helped Heather move into Andy's tent. Mr. Baer caught us as we were moving our things. He talked with Andy and I for a couple minutes. He said it was alright if we shared a tent with our girlfriends only if we were safe when we had sex. Andy showed Mr. Baer his zip-lock bag full of rubbers. Mr. Baer asked me, "Do you have protection Eric?"

I stammered and finally spit out, "Um... umm... no." It felt like the world was going to end. "I don't think we... Sammy and I... are going to, uh... do it."

Mr. Baer said, "Hang on a minute Eric. Let me get you some condoms, just in case."

I couldn't believe it! Mr. Baer handed me a zip-lock bag that had to have at least two dozen rubbers in it! Holy Cow! I didn't think I would need that many the whole time I was in high school. Mr. Baer made me promise to use a new one every time I had sex with Sammy. It was easy to promise since I didn't expect that to happen at all.

I joined Sammy in our tent. OUR TENT! No one back home will ever believe this. I made Sammy close her eyes while I changed into my pajamas. She teased me when I was dressed. She had actually peeked. She thought my "manhood" looked cute. That

was her name for my peter. We climbed in our sleeping bags after a good night kiss. I rolled over on my side and tried to get to sleep.

Sleep was impossible. Brandon and Penny were having intercourse. Penny is really loud when she is with a guy. Then Andy and Heather started doing it too. Sammy and I listened, looked at each other and giggled through all the sounds. My peter got so hard it actually hurt me. I tried to rub it without Sammy seeing me do it, but it didn't work.

Sammy and I talked for a couple minutes about how a boy beats off. Sammy begged me to show her my manhood repeatedly until I finally agreed. I'm glad the tent was dark so Sammy couldn't see how red and embarrassed I was as I pulled my pajama bottoms down to my knees.

I was so horny by now from listening to the two couples that I lost my usual inhibitions. I openly stroked my peter until I blasted a chest full of cream on myself. Sammy thanked me for letting her see a real cock. I cleaned up and went to sleep after that. Penny, Brandon, Andy and Heather finally got quiet.

Mr. Baer had everyone up early on the fourth day. We had seven portages and about a dozen miles of paddling to do that day. We were going to Lake Lavielle. We spent half the trip getting in position to go to Lavielle. Mr. and Mrs. Baer, Justin, Sherry, and Will had gone to this lake six years ago. They had been telling us how secluded and beautiful this lake was. They hadn't seen anyone else there on that trip. Everyone was looking forward to seeing the lake and spending a lay-over day there.

The three crew leaders, Penny, Andy's brother Kyle and Hal Long reorganized duties on the portages. Penny was going to carry my canoe. I would carry Duluth packs instead like Heather, Sammy and Mrs. Baer. I accepted the change with good grace and a little relief. I really needed to take Andy up on his offer to let me lift weights and run with him when we got home.

The day was every bit as hard as Mr. Baer had indicated. It took us from 6:30 in the morning until 4:00 in the afternoon to finish the day's trip. I was happy to see the little orange sign above a rocky landing that marked a campsite. Penny, Kyle and Hal conferred for a couple minutes. The map indicated there were three campsites nearby. My crew took the site in front of us. Hal's crew took the campsite across the channel from us. Kyle's crew took the campsite on the other side of our peninsula.

We were getting ready to set up tents when I asked Andy, "Are you and I together tonight or do I stay with Sammy?"

"You're with Sammy tonight. Heather and I want to fuck again. We had quite a night." Andy replied.

"It sounded like it."

“Are you and Sammy going to do it? You gotta get laid sometime.”

“Uh, I don’t know. I’m not sure, uh, exactly... well you know...” I stammered.

“You don’t know what to do, do you?” Andy asked laughing.

I stiffened. “I know I put my peter in her kitty.”

Andy laughed louder and longer. “Eric, you and I are going to have a long, a very long talk after dinner. I’m going to get you laid this trip and get you ready to survive high school.”

“Thanks Andy, I guess.” I answered. He’s going to get me laid? Is Andy serious?

“Go set your tent up with your girlfriend Eric. When you’re done, why don’t the two of you go out in the woods and find a private place. You guys could use some time for kissing and making out. You do know what to do for that?” Andy instructed.

“Yes. Sammy and I like doing that.”

“Good. You two have some fun before dinner.” Andy suggested.

I met Sammy and helped her set up our tent. Our tent! It still shocked me. We told Penny we were going for a walk and disappeared into the woods. We were about five minutes from camp when we found a dead tree laying on the ground. It was nearly 30 inch diameter pine. Sammy and I had a seat. We started out talking, but that soon graduated to kissing. Kissing led to me feeling Sammy’s titties. Sammy slipped her hand down my pants so she could feel my “manhood.” She kept at it until I squirted my sperm all over her hand. I blushed when I came. Sammy giggled. She used some AP paper (all purpose paper AKA toilet paper in civilized circles) to wipe her hand and my peter. Sammy and I walked back to camp holding hands.

I thought about what Andy had said earlier. Could he really teach me enough so I could convince Sammy to let me sleep with her? Even though I had just come, my peter was halfway hard by the time I got back to camp. Were Sammy and I old enough to do something like this? Should we try it?

After dinner Penny, Heather and Sammy went off for some girl talk. Brandon hung out with Mr. and Mrs. Baer. Andy and I sat out on the edge of the rock overlooking the bay in front of our campsite. We talked for nearly two hours, watching the sun set in front of us while we talked. The sunset that night was the most beautiful sunset I had ever seen. The dust particles in the air refracted the light into pink, orange and yellow hues along the western horizon.

Andy talked about women. He told me how he seduced girls into bed with him. He told me about how to use your tongue and fingers to pleasure a girl’s breasts, pussy and

clitoris. He described a girl's G-spot and how to bring her to orgasm. He talked about the blow jobs a couple of his girlfriends gave him. I refused to discuss that subject, certainly not with him. I knew all I wanted to know about blow jobs already.

He told me how to break a girl's hymen without it hurting too bad. Andy had taken the virginity of six of the eight girls he had dated, so he knew what he was talking about. He told me how to get a girl wet so fucking wouldn't hurt too much. We discussed birth control too. He liked to fuck without a rubber, but only two of the girls he was with were on birth control, so he didn't have much experience doing that.

We talked about my language. He told me I needed to start sounding like a high school guy, not a ten year old kid. I have tried hard not to curse since my mother caught me doing it a couple years ago. She washed my mouth out with soap. Literally, not figuratively. It was Doctor Brauner's Peppermint Soap, but it still tasted bad.

Andy told me that the upperclassmen in high school like to pick on the freshman all the time. He thought he would be OK, especially if he made the varsity football team this fall like he expected. He was worried about me. I'm smaller, I haven't dated, at least not until now. I don't curse. I'm not into cars or sports either. I'm just different from what a high school boy is supposed to be like. Andy said Kyle said that being different was going to be a problem for me. He wanted to help me fit in with other kids in school.

Andy went back to his tent with Heather when it got dark. I sat out on the rock for another half hour, thinking about everything Andy had said. Andy's brothers were big guys in high school. Will had been class president and class valedictorian. Kyle was a big football star. He dated a cheerleader. I decided both of them knew what they were talking about when it came to high school. I would do my best to fit into high school society instead of being the class brain and dork.

I decided to explore sex some more if Sammy was willing. I did like her a lot. Being experienced sexually wouldn't hurt my reputation in school. I'd go for it. I went back to my tent and climbed in.

Sammy was dressed for bed in a T-shirt and panties. I stripped and put on my pajama bottoms. I did it right in front of Sammy. No blushing tonight. Sammy asked, "Don't you want me to close my eyes tonight?"

"Nah, You've seen it already. You've even played with my cOck." I said. It sucks when my voice cracks.

Sammy asked, "What were you and Andy talking about so long tonight?"

"Life, girls, high school, just guy stuff. How about you, Penny and Heather?"

"Pretty much the same thing. Just girl talk." Sammy explained.

Penny and Brandon were starting to get loud as they screwed. “Do you want to go to sleep now or maybe have some fun?” I asked hopefully.

“Let’s kiss Eric.” Sammy suggested. I slid over beside her. I put one arm under her head and placed the other over her shoulder. Our lips met and then our tongues. I concentrated as much as I could but the feelings were too intense. I pushed my tongue into Sammy’s mouth and felt along the inside of her lips. I rubbed her teeth. It was best when our tongues pushed together. Then she did the same to me. I rubbed my tongue against hers as she probed the inside of my mouth. We parted our lips when we ran out of breath. I stared into Sammy’s eyes as I panted, catching my breath.

“Wow!” I groaned.

“Yeah, wow!” Sammy answered.

We locked our mouths together and returned to kissing. I wrapped my arms around Sammy as we kissed. I rolled her on top of me. Sammy squirmed, rubbing her breasts against my bare, hairless chest. Oh shit. That feels sooo good. Sammy squirmed and wiggled more the longer we kissed.

My prick, that’s what Andy called it, was totally hard. Sammy was rubbing her groin against my prick. After a couple minutes I felt the wetness that Andy told me about. No doubt about it. Sammy was getting very excited.

The next time we paused to breath, I asked, “Can I, um, touch your pussy Sam? PleaSE?” Damn! There was that squeaky voice again.

“OK Eric. We can do that for a couple minutes. That is as far as I want to go tonight. OK?”

“Fine. That’s not problem. This is way more than I ever expected Sammy.”

She slipped her panties off. I looked over my first naked girl. Sammy was beautiful. She had a small fluffy tuft of brownish blond pubic hairs over her, uh, labia. I was glad Andy had filled me in on the parts and places of a girl’s pussy. I’d have been lost otherwise. I slowly, gently touched my finger to the outside of Sammy’s pussy. I slid my finger down along the crease between her outer lips. Sammy was really wet, just like Andy explained.

“Is this OK Sam?” I asked. She nodded yes. I pried her outer lips apart with my thumb and finger. That revealed her pink inner lips. I touched them. They were soft, warm and very wet. I rubbed my finger along them. They slipped apart around my finger. I slid down, hoping to find the hole that Andy said was at the bottom.

I found a small opening at the bottom, just like Andy said. “Is this... um, where a boy would go?”

“Yes. Push your finger in Eric. It feels good when I do that to myself.”

“Isn’t your hymen in the way?” I asked. Andy said girls who were virgins had skin stretched across their opening.

“Not anymore. I used to have a maidenhead that was almost closed. The doctor opened it for me last year because it was interfering with the blood from my period. Your finger will fit Eric.”

I pushed in a little, very tentatively. I didn’t want to hurt Sammy. I certainly didn’t want to stop exploring her body. It was good Sammy was wet. Her hole was incredibly tight. My index finger barely fit. I pushed in until I was two joints into Sammy’s pussy.

“That’s good Eric. Wiggle your finger and push in deeper.” Sammy instructed.

I wiggled as I pushed. Sammy’s pussy yielded a little and my finger slid in until it hit my knuckle. I continued wiggling it inside Sammy. Sammy brought her hand down to her pussy and started to rub around the top. It must have felt really good. Sammy was squirming and moaning now.

“Ohh... Ohhh... aaaahh... Slide in and Oohohh... out Eric.” Sammy groaned. I did as I was told. Wetness was pouring out of Sammy’s pussy all around my finger. She kept rubbing her clitoris. I think that is what Andy called it. Sammy lasted another twenty seconds before she squealed. She stopped playing with her clitoris. Liquid gushed out of her pussy all over my finger and hand. Her pussy squeezed my finger, like her pussy wanted to pull my finger in deeper.

After thirty seconds Sammy calmed down again. I pulled my finger out and looked at it. It had been where my penis wanted to be. How in the hell had a nerd like me gotten here?

I asked, “You had a uh, climax?”

“Oh yeah. That was the best I’ve ever had. Thank you Eric.”

“I don’t know how much I had to do with that, but I’m glad you had fun.” I answered.

I sniffed my drenched finger. It smelled like Sammy. It smelled intriguing. I touched my tongue to the tip of my finger. It tasted kind of tangy, but a little sweet. I think I could lick Sammy the way Andy said I should do.

Sammy asked, “Do you want me to play with your manhood. It must really hurt.”

“It doesn’t exactly hurt. It would feel good if you stroked it.” I offered. Sammy dipped her hand along her pussy. It came away wet from her juices. She wrapped her hand

around my peter and stroked it. I lasted maybe twenty seconds before my cream shot all over my chest. I was a mess. Sammy and I took some AP paper and cleaned each other up. We dressed and lay down on our sleeping bags.

I thought about how much my life had changed in the last four weeks. I had a girlfriend. I had done things already that I never dreamed of doing with a girl. Sex was a part of my life now. There was no going back to the old Eric of last school year.

The Baers let us sleep late the next day. We had a lay-over day. We didn't need to canoe to a new campsite. We were staying here for the day.

The Baers had a big breakfast with bacon, instant omelets with cheese, and biscuits with jelly. It was the best breakfast of the whole trip. After breakfast Hal's crew along with Mr. and Mrs. Baer headed to the southern end of the lake to fish during the day. Kyle's crew headed east to explore that end of the lake. Andy and Heather decided to explore around our end of the lake. I know they actually just wanted some privacy so they could fool around some more. Andy packed his sleeping bag, thermarest mattress and his zip lock bag of rubbers when they left.

My friend seems insatiable when it comes to sex. The rumors about him and his girlfriends must be true. I hope Heather can keep up with Andy.

Penny and her boyfriend Brandon decided to stay in camp and look after things, mostly each other. I talked with Sammy for a few minutes. We decided that Andy and Heather had the right idea. I loaded my sleeping bag and mattress in our canoe.

I was ready to push off when Sammy asked, "Did you bring the rubbers?"

I blinked and stared at Sammy. "Are you sure?"

"No, I'm not sure. Bring them anyway. If I decide I want to, I want you to have protection."

I ran back to our tent and grabbed the rubbers. I threw them in the daypack that held our water and lunch. I pushed us off and paddled around the end of the peninsula where Kyle's crew was camping. We followed the coast of the lake north and east. We passed Mr. Baer's younger brother Justin and his wife Sherry. They were hiking to someplace called Farncomb Lake. They said it was a special place for them.

We paddled half way around the north end of the lake. We pulled in at a campsite with a wide white sand beach. We carried our stuff in and spread it out in the sand. We lay down to enjoy the late morning sun.

We laid in the sun for a few minutes when Sammy asked, “Eric. Can I ask you a question?” I nodded my head yes. “You seemed different last night. The night before last you seemed almost scared by what we were doing. Last night you seemed comfortable. What’s different?”

“You need to understand me Sammy. A month ago I never had a date, never kissed a girl, and never had a girlfriend. Everything we do is my first time. Two nights ago I was scared. I didn’t know what I was supposed to do. Talking with Andy last night helped me a lot. He gave me a lot of advice about how to please you. The things we did last night weren’t as much of a mystery. That is what was different.”

“I see. You understand I haven’t done any of these things either. This is new to me too.”

“I like you a lot Sam. We’ll figure out what we’re doing together.”

We napped in the sun while the small waves gently crashed on the shore by our feet. Later we swam and played in the lake. We dried ourselves in the sun on the beach. We had lunch and then we talked. Sammy and I talked in a way I had never done with another person, not even Andy or my parents.

I told Sammy about my dreams, what I wanted to do when I grew up. I told her about how I got scared sometimes, about how I didn’t feel that I fit in at school. Sammy told me everything about herself too. How she thought she was too fat. Hah! No way! She worried about getting good grades in school. She worried about whether boys would ask her on dates. I told Sammy about how I hated the way I looked, how much I hated my curly hair.

She ran her hands through my hair and told me how much she liked the way my hair was. Sammy complained that her breasts were too small. I reached over that traced circles around them and reassured her that they were beautiful.

That was all it took to get us started. Sammy rolled on top of me the same way as last night. We kissed. Oh, we kissed. Our hands roamed all over our partner’s neck, shoulders and back as we kissed. We explored each others mouths thoroughly.

We paused long enough from kissing to take Sammy’s bikini top off. I felt her titties while we kissed. They were the perfect size for my hand. I massaged and kneaded them while we kissed. They were so soft. Sammy moaned every time I played with her nipples.

We rubbed our privates together while we kissed. Sammy certainly knew what the bulge in my swim suit was. She rubbed her cloth covered pussy right on it. I stopped us after we did that about thirty seconds. It was too much for me. I didn’t want to come this fast.

I decided to put the next step in Andy’s plan of action. I sat up between Sammy’s legs. “Do you trust me? Can I give you a climax like last night?” I asked. Sammy agreed.

I slipped her shorts and bikini bottoms off. This was the first time I got a good look at a girl's pussy in full daylight. I started off exploring with a finger the way I did last night. Sammy was already starting to get wet, so I knew she was enjoying what I was doing. I worked my finger up and down her pussy. I tried to find the clitoris at the top that Andy told me about, but I couldn't. Finally I settled to working my finger into Sammy's vagina.

It was really tight around my finger. I worked it in and out a little. Slowly my finger went deeper into Sammy. I steeled my nerves. I wasn't sure if I would like the next step Andy told me about. I continued wiggling and stroking with my finger while I bent down and licked along Sammy's red pussy lips.

It was exactly the right thing to do. Sammy groaned. She grabbed my hair and pushed my head down against her pussy. I continued licking around the top hoping I would find her clit. Andy said I needed to concentrate on it if I wanted to give Sammy an orgasm.

It took me a couple minutes of licking before I found the little bump I was searching for. I knew I had found it the second I touched it with my tongue. Sammy reacted like I had shot a bolt of electricity through her. I continued licking, circling my tongue around her clitoris, only occasionally touching it. I didn't need to do it long. Sammy climaxed after about thirty seconds of my tongue playing with her clitoris.

I pulled my finger out of her and sat back to watch my girlfriend enjoy her orgasm. When she finally was done, Sammy reached her arms towards me, asking me to kiss. I lay down on top of her and we kissed. My peter was resting right on Sammy's pussy. I felt my swim shorts getting damp from her juices. We continued kissing. I rubbed my peter against her pussy while we kissed.

Sammy asked, "Your suit scratches. Can you take it off Eric?"

"Sure." This was a very interesting development. I laid on top of Sammy again. We went back to kissing and rubbing. We did it for a couple minutes. Sliding my peter against Sammy's pussy felt great. I asked, "Sam, do you wonder what sex is like?"

"I've been thinking about it a lot that last few days."

"Do you want to try it?" I asked, hoping against hope that she would agree.

"Umm...." Sammy answered.

I rubbed my peter against her pussy a few times. Sammy was getting wet again. "Andy says it feels really good."

"I heard it hurts the first time. I don't know Eric."

“Please, just a little Sam.” I begged.

“You can keep rubbing against me Eric. That feels good. Don’t put it in. Do you promise?”

“I promise Sam. I won’t try anything other than rubbing.” I swore. I rubbed my erection against Sammy, very careful not to touch her opening. I liked what I was doing too much to risk being told to stop.

“Eric, could you rub a little higher.” Sammy requested. I rubbed up until my erection bumped her clitoris. “Yeah! That’s it. Keep doing that Eric.”

“OK” I continued rubbing against Sammy’s clitoris. We did it for maybe another minute when I knew I had to stop. I didn’t think Sammy would want me to squirt my sperm all over her. I pulled away.

“Don’t stop Eric. Keep going!” Sammy demanded.

“I have to stop. I’m about to make a mess. I don’t think you want that, do you?”

Sammy asked, “Can I touch it Eric? I’d like to get a closer look in the daylight.”

I scrambled closer to Sammy, kneeling between her legs. Sammy sat up and took my peter in her hand. It only took a few strokes for me to squirt sperm all over Sammy’s tits and belly. Sammy giggled and swished her finger around in the puddle of sperm on her tummy.

Sammy asked, “Did that feel good Eric?”

“Oh yeah, it felt great! I’m sorry I made a mess on you.”

“Don’t apologize Eric. I asked for it. I knew you were going to explode soon. I wanted to see it when it happened.” Sammy replied.

“Do you want to go swimming? We can clean up that way.” I suggested.

“Go skinny dipping? Should we?” Sammy asked.

I laughed at her. “You do realize that we have been naked on this beach for half an hour? Why would it matter if we swam naked?”

“Oh!” She paused for a few seconds. “I guess that was silly.”

I extended my hand to Sammy. She clasped my hand. I helped her up. We ran into the lake until we were in about four feet of water. Sammy rinsed my sperm off of her while I

cleaned the pussy juice off my face and hands. We started to goof around in the water, playing grab and tickle. It was an amazing way to spend an afternoon.

We went back to sunning ourselves when we got out of the lake. Both of us fell asleep. When I woke up we were in the shade. The sun was behind the pines to the west of our beach. I checked my watch. It was after 3:00 pm, time to leave. Mr. Baer wanted us back to camp by 4 o'clock.

Sammy and I dressed again and loaded our stuff in the canoe. We paddled back across the lake to our campsite. I thought about everything that had happened today. I knew if I had followed Andy's advice in the afternoon, I could have gotten Sammy to let me have intercourse with her. Andy told me to eat the girl's pussy a second time when she wasn't sure about having sex. Then I was supposed to stick it in after she orgasmed. Nobody ever refused Andy when he did this.

I didn't do this because I liked Sammy too much to do that. I was quite happy with everything we had done already and could wait until she felt comfortable about sex too. I'd waited fourteen years, I could wait a little longer.

Penny assigned Sammy and I to make dinner. That kept us busy for a couple hours. When dinner was over and everything was cleaned up, Penny, Heather and Sammy went for a walk. That left Brandon, Andy and I back at camp.

Andy asked, "Did you get in Sammy's pants today?"

"Um, well... Sammy let me finger her." I replied.

"NO, man. No. Did you do the nasty? Did you pop her cherry?" Andy exclaimed.

"That's too personal Andy. It's between Sammy and I. I'm not saying." I declared.

Andy countered, "You didn't do it, did you? You wussed out."

Brandon said, "Knock it off Andy. Give Eric a break. It IS personal whether he and Sammy sleep together. It isn't our concern."

Andy said, "I'm just trying to help my friend. I didn't mean any harm."

Brandon refocused the conversation back to the plans for the rest of the trip. We discussed this until the girls got back. Later Penny, Hal and Kyle called all three crews together for a campfire in our campsite. Everyone headed to bed when it was over.

Sammy and I kissed for awhile after we went to our tent. I ended up with my finger in her pussy again. She stroked my peter until I shot my come. We went to sleep after that.

On the sixth day we headed south for Dickson Lake. The three crews took nearby campsites along the eastern end of the lake near tomorrow's portage. We spent part of the afternoon burning all our trash and consolidating our packs. The portage tomorrow was 3 ½ miles, by far the longest for the trip.

Kyle's crew and Hal's crew decided to explore the southern end of the lake. The weather didn't look good so our crew decided to stay in camp. We six kids hung out together of the remains of our fire for awhile and talked. The storm we expected arrived a half hour after the other two crews left. We dashed for our tents to get out of the rain.

Sammy and I started out just talking during the storm. One thing led to another. We ended up kissing and making out. It escalated to us getting naked. I fingered Sammy's pussy and then stuck my head between her legs and licked her until she climaxed. I lay down beside Sammy. She rolled on top of me and we started to kiss again. Next thing I knew, we were rubbing our privates together like we did the previous day.

The end of my peter caught once while we were rubbing. It pushed into Sam just a little, maybe half an inch. I pulled away immediately. I didn't want to scare Sammy. I wanted to continue our rubbing. I was shocked when Sammy told me to do it again, that she liked it.

I would press the tip of my peter against Sammy's hole until it started to slide in, then I pulled away again. I'd rub it up and down her crease a few times and then go back to pressing into her hole. Sammy got wetter and wetter as we did this. I slipped in a little further each time. I slipped in over an inch the last time we did it. It felt so hot with her pussy wrapped around my thing. The feeling was too intense. I pulled out quick, barely in time to avoid squirting my sperm into Sammy! I collapsed back on my sleeping bag, breathless and unable to speak. Sammy lay there too stunned to speak either.

Finally Sammy said, "I think you better put a rubber on Eric. That was too close."

I looked down at my peter. It had shriveled back to its normal limp size. "I don't think I can right now. I can't get hard for awhile."

Sammy and I cleaned up the mess I made and went back to kissing. Eventually I got hard again. Sammy stopped kissing me as soon as she felt my hard peter pressing against her. I got one of the rubbers, read the directions and then tried to put it on. It took a couple tries, but I finally figured out how to put it on. I rolled it down my erection.

Sammy and I prepared to resume our rubbing and pushing the end of my peter into Sammy's hole. I got it in once just a little when Penny rattled our tent, apologized for disturbing us, and told us we had to get out of our tent. It was time to make dinner.

I rolled on my back and stared at the tent ceiling in disgust. Sammy said, "It's OK Eric. We'll pick up where we stopped tonight. I want to feel more of your manhood in me. We will do it after dinner."

“Are you sure Sam?” I asked, not quite believing my ears.

“Positive Eric. I want to do this with you. Be patient. It’s going to happen tonight.” Sammy said. She gave me a kiss and pulled me upright. “Let’s get dressed. Penny needs us.”

Dinner was excruciatingly slow. It seemed to drag on forever. I desperately wanted to eat quickly and go back to my tent with my girlfriend. Clean up after dinner dragged on. Then we had to put our food up in the bear bags. I thought we were free when that was done, but we weren’t. Mr. Baer called all three crews together to talk about our long portage tomorrow. I tried to pay attention, but I kept thinking about what was about to happen.

Finally Mr. Baer stopped talking and everyone headed back to their campsites. I pulled Andy aside before I went to my tent. “Wish me luck Andy. Sammy and I decided to go all the way tonight. Do you have any last minute advice for me?”

“All right! Congratulations Eric. Remember what I told you two nights ago. Take it real slow. Be as gentle as you can for Sammy. Oh yeah, don’t expect to last long the first time. You can always do it a second time.” Andy suggested.

“Thanks for your advice Andy. I really appreciate it.” I said. I took a deep breath. “Here goes.”

“Good luck.” Andy answered.

I climbed into my tent. Sammy was already naked. I stripped quickly. I lay down beside Sammy. We kissed the way we did after lunch. Soon I was feeling Sammy up. I used my finger to get Sammy wetter. I kneeled between Sammy’s legs and licked her pussy until Sammy climaxed.

Sammy told me, “I’m ready now Eric. Put your rubber on. Let’s do it.”

I unwrapped a rubber and rolled it down over my peter. “Are you sure you want to do this Sam?”

“I do. Please be gentle when you put it in Eric.”

I nudged the tip of my peter against her hole. I pushed against her hole. Her pussy stretched around my peter as I pushed in an inch. “Is this OK Sam?”

She was gritting her teeth. She nodded yes anyway. Sammy’s pussy was squeezing my peter. I pushed again. I slipped another half inch into Sammy. I stared into Sammy’s eyes. She nodded again. I wiggled my hips as I pushed hard. Sammy’s pussy gave way a little. Another inch slipped inside her. The heat from Sammy’s pussy was incredible.

I stared down at where we were joined. Almost half of my peter was in my lover. My lover! That sounded great. I asked, "Ready for more Sam?"

"I think. You're penis feels so big. I can't believe the way you are stretching me."

"Should I stop?" I asked.

"NO! Um, I mean no, keep going. Just keep it slow like you have so far."

"OK." I squirmed and pushed again. I could feel Sammy's pussy opening up as my tip pressed deeper into her. I looked down at our crotches. All but one inch of my peter was inside Sammy. We definitely weren't virgins anymore! I grimaced and pushed hard. The last inch of my five and half inch long peter pushed into Sammy. We stared down at our crotches. All that was visible was the spot where my dark brown pubic hair tangled with Sammy's curly blonde hairs.

"It's in now Sam."

"That's good. I don't think anymore would fit. I can't believe how stretched and full I feel."

I asked, "Should I move in and out now?" I might have been a virgin, but I wasn't completely clueless. I got really horny a couple months ago when I watched outside my bedroom window when my Saint Bernard Rusty had sex with our neighbor's Bernard. When Rusty got his huge thing inside Belle, he pulled out and pushed in really fast. I watched as Rusty and Belle did it for almost ten minutes! I came twice while jerking off as I watched them have intercourse.

"Eric?" Sammy said. "Eric? What are you doing?"

"Um, umm... I was just thinking about what I do next."

"You were staring off for about thirty seconds." Sammy answered.

"Are you ready for more Sam?"

"Go ahead Eric."

I pulled away from Sammy. It felt wild as my peter slipped along the walls of Sammy's pussy. I pulled too far. My peter fell out of Sammy. "Shit!" I swore. I don't usually swear.

"Put it back in Eric." Sammy asked. I repositioned my peter and pushed back inside my partner. Sammy had gotten wetter. I pushed hard and slid half way in. Another push and my pubic hair tangled with Sammy's again.

Sammy put her hands on my butt. I pulled back again. Sammy kept me from pulling out too far. I pushed in. Out and then in again. I remembered how Rusty had done it. I tried to go faster.

Sammy said, "Slow down Eric. Slow feels better."

"OK. I'm sorry." I pulled out more slowly and pushed back in. I might have lasted half a dozen more strokes. I was pushing in when I started to spurt. I pulled away a little and pushed in one more time and then collapsed on top of Sammy.

Sammy rolled us on our sides. "I sorry I didn't do very good Sammy. I'm sorry."

"Shhhh.... Don't apologize. I liked it. We can do it again when you're ready. I'd like that."

I started to pull my peter out of Sammy's pussy. I froze when I realized I was sliding out of the rubber. My peter was starting to deflate. I stopped until I could grab the ring at the bottom of the rubber. I carefully pulled everything, rubber and all, out of Sammy. I rolled on my back, my peter mostly covered with the soggy rubber. An inch of the rubber hung down past the end of my peter, filled with my white cream.

"Let's get ready again Eric." Sammy suggested. She wrapped the used rubber in some AP paper. Then she played with my peter until it got hard again. I rolled another rubber over it.

I positioned myself between Sammy's legs and pushed into her pussy again. It only took two pushes to feel my peter slide in the whole way until my balls were mashed against Sammy's bottom. I stroked in and out. The rhythm was instinctive. In and out. I lasted much longer this time. Probably three or four minutes. Finally I squirted my sperm into the end of the rubber. This time I was very careful when I pulled out of Sammy. We cleaned up, kissed and went back to our own sleeping bags.

Sammy fell asleep quickly, but I couldn't. I couldn't help thinking about everything that had happened on this trip. I, Eric Michael Connell, had taken a huge step from boyhood to manhood. Having intercourse was really only a small part of it. At the beginning of the trip, I had a lot of trouble carrying my share of the gear. I couldn't keep up with the other canoes when we were paddling. Physically, I had never worked harder than I had on this trip.

Today, on the way to this campsite, I had no trouble staying with our group of canoes. As a matter of fact, Sammy and I stayed near the front of the group of twelve canoes. I made it through the portage without trouble too. I simply felt stronger and more confident physically. I wasn't the same person as I was when we left home.

I loved all the wildlife we saw. Spotting the moose on Big Crow Lake was my favorite moment of the trip. That's if I don't count my time alone with Sammy. We saw a pair of minks, an otter, a couple bald eagles, and lots of loons. I heard wolves howling during most nights on the trips. The wildlife on this trip was unbelievable. I'd never be the same boy I was when I left home.

It was starting to get light when I woke up. I could hear Penny and Brandon talking quietly in their tent. Penny said it was time to wake up the rest of the crew. I nudged Sammy. "Time to get up Sam."

"Mom, let me sleep. It's too early." Sammy whined groggily.

I shook Sammy's shoulder. "No, it's Eric. You know, Canada, a long portage today, we have to start early. You remember right."

"Yeah.... Algonquin." Sammy said quietly. She rolled over and rubbed her eyes.

I changed into my swim shorts and a T-shirt. I rolled my sleeping bag and finished loading the rest of my things in my day pack. Sammy had barely moved. Finally she sat up. "Good morning." I said cheerfully.

"Mmmm... I guess." Sam said emotionlessly.

"I'm going to go out and put my things in our Duluth pack. I'll be back in a minute Sam."

"Uh-huh."

I headed outside and put my things in the pack. Brandon grabbed me to help him to help him bring the bear bags back to the campsite. Sammy was finishing packing when Brandon and me returned. Sammy and I took down and folded our tent. It went in our Duluth pack too.

Penny called the crew together for a cold breakfast. We ate, policed the trash in our campsite and then loaded our canoes. Sammy was quiet, too quiet. Did she regret having slept with me? Did I do something wrong? Maybe we shouldn't have had sex. I didn't want Sammy to hate me.

Penny told us to paddle down the lake and wait in front of Kyle's campsite until all three crews were ready to go. We waited about ten minutes until Hal's crew and Kyle's crew were ready to go. I could see the yellow sign marking our portage a few hundred yards from where we were waiting. We didn't have much canoeing to do today. We would do the couple hundred yards on this lake, a quarter mile on the next lake and a mile on the third lake. We would spend most of the day doing the three portages.

We reached the portage in a couple minutes. I helped Sammy put on our pack, then I helped Penny hoist my canoe onto her shoulders. Sammy and Penny walked west toward the next lake. I grabbed the pack from Brandon's canoe and muscled it onto my back. Brandon flipped his canoe over his head and dropped it on his shoulders. I followed Brandon up the hill as he followed the girls. Andy and Heather were behind us. No one talked as we hiked.

I thought about how Sammy was acting this morning. Usually she is cheery. Today she was quiet, gave only one or two word answers to my questions and seemed to ignore me. I guess I should have expected it. Why would a great girl like Sammy want to be around a geek like me? I really had messed things up between us by sleeping with her last night. Why was I in such a hurry to stick my peter in her? I was an idiot. I cursed myself for my stupidity. Yesterday I had a girlfriend who liked me. Now where was I?

We walked for forty-five minutes before Penny called for a break. Mr. Baer, Penny, Brandon and Andy propped their canoes in V's between two tree branches. Mrs. Baer, Sammy, Heather and I put our packs down. I sat down beside Sammy.

"I'm sorry about last night Sam. I think we made a mistake. We shouldn't have done it. I'm really sorry." I said.

"What? Why would you say that Eric? I had fun last night. I hoped we could do it again tonight."

"You aren't mad at me? You've hardly said one word to me today. I thought you regretted what we did."

"No Eric. No. I'm just tired. I'm not a morning person to start with, we were up later than I'm used to last night and I don't like getting up early. That's all." Sammy explained.

My mood brightened immediately. "That's a relief. I was afraid you were mad at me."

"If you are going to be my boyfriend, you better get used to me in the mornings. This is how I am." Sammy explained.

"I can do that Sam." I gave Sammy a kiss. We held hands and talked for a couple minutes. Penny told everyone it was time to move on. We picked up our burdens and walked west again.

We spent most of the morning on the three and half mile portage. The two small lakes and the short portages between them went quickly. We arrived on the eastern side of Opeongo Lake at lunch time. All three crews set up camp along the beach. A strong wind was blowing up the bay towards. Waves crashed on the beach in front of us. The entire group spent the afternoon playing in the surf, swimming, dunking each other and having fun. It was a great way to finish our trip.

After dinner our group hung out around a campfire and talked about all the things we saw and did during the past week. Everyone headed to their tents when it got dark. Sammy and I did repeat last night. I learned what adults meant now when they talked about 'making love.' I may be too young to know for sure, but I felt I connected with Sammy that night. All I wanted was to make her happy. We made love twice before we fell asleep cuddled together.

Mr. Baer woke us up in the morning. I was very sad while Sammy and I packed our belongings. The water taxis, the boats that hauled canoes and people around the lake, came for us right after breakfast. This incredible journey in the wilderness was over. Sammy and I weren't going to have the same opportunities to be together when we got home.

Algonquin changed me. I had a girlfriend. I didn't feel like a little kid anymore. I found out I was capable of doing hard physical things much harder than I had ever done before. I felt more confident about myself and who I was.

I decided to try to relate better to the other kids in my class, to not be such a geek. I hoped I'd still make my straight A's, but at least I'd talk to the jocks, the cheerleaders and the rest of high school's 'in' people. During this trip I made friends with the varsity quarterback, the star wide receiver and the varsity middle linebacker. If these guys could like me, I'd be able to fit in where ever I was in high school.

That's who I am now. I hope you enjoyed my story of how my girlfriend and I met and found love in the woods in Canada.