

Sarah's Little House in Alaska

By Megan

Introduction

In the spring of 2003, Sarah and her parents moved from their home in a suburb of Chicago to a remote home site in Alaska. Her father chose to tell Sarah, three years earlier, on New Years Eve, moments before the century turned. He had grown weary of the pace of life in the city, the aimlessness of his legal career, and the politics of the country and wanted to escape far into the wilderness.

Sarah, who was just ten at the time, and a bit of a tomboy, found the idea exciting. With adolescence still a few years away, she still cared about pleasing her father, and to be his little princess. And so, for the next two years they spent nearly every weekend pouring over books and articles about living in the Alaskan wilderness. They took classes at the local YMCA to learn camping and survival skills. They joined message boards frequented by outdoorsman, survivalists and disgruntled middle-class families like themselves. There they learned how to fish in winter, manage their supplies, and keep from going stir-crazy during the months of darkness. Less appealing was information on how to diagnose internal ailments from the size, shape, color and smell of poo.

They also searched the web for a home site.

Most of the sites were shacks, usually built by a recluse (or worse a recluse sex offender), with primitive, dingy surroundings. Mostly, they were a single room with no windows, a wood stove, several kerosene lanterns and a tiny kerosene burner. It was not uncommon for them to burn down when an accidental spill of kerosene met the spark of a woodstove.

Finally, in the summer of 2002, a few days before Sarah's twelfth birthday they found the perfect cabin. John Travis, a real estate broker in Fairbanks, who looked very much the scary recluse himself, with a potbelly and a big, bushy black beard, emailed them the listing.

A family from California had spent several years building a large log cabin along the banks of the Red Dog River, but when it was time to move-in, one of their children became chronically ill with a difficult infection and they had to abandon their plans. The home sat unoccupied for several years, and had just come on the market.

The cabin was exactly what Sarah's father wanted. From the outside, it didn't look all that special. But the pictures of the inside told a very different story. It had three rooms, giving Sarah and her parents the luxury of private space and a large living room with a kitchen to one side. The family who built it had made their money during the boom years of the late 1990's and outfitted it with comforts that were almost unheard of in the far north.

There was a bathroom with an ingenious roof-top collection system that stored rainwater or melted snow using a propane water heater for the occasional shower, and a squatting toilet that dropped into a septic tank dug deep below the frost line. And while the idea of squatting over a hole in the ground and pooping seemed a little gross to her, it was clearly better than having to keep a covered bucket in her room and emptying it outdoors in the winter every day or two.

The bedrooms were located at either end of the cabin. Her parent's room was taken up mostly with the double sized mattress set up high off the ground on a platform with drawers underneath. There was a window on one wall – actually there were two windows in the same frame, separated by the foot thickness of the cabin wall – and heavy wooden shutters on the inside. The interior log walls were tightly caulked and varnished to a high shine, giving the effect of being “brighter” than it actually was.

Sarah's room was about the same size but the builders had created bunk beds with drawers below. This left enough space for a small desk and book case. The children who were supposed to occupy the room were both girls, and the frilly pink curtain over the window, and the pink and white striped floor rug suited Sarah just fine.

But the greatest luxury of all was the propane generator that would provide several hours of electrical power every day or two so they could listen to music, watch a DVD or to tune into the BBC on the shortwave radio.

The location of the cabin along the Red Dog River meant that in the early spring a bush pilot could fly in supplies by landing on its frozen surface, and in the summer they could fish and relax along its banks, taking in the sunshine twenty-four hours a day.

But for all the apparent comforts, there was no getting away from the remoteness of the home site. The nearest town where supplies could be purchased was 125 miles away. The nearest real hospital was almost three times that. And in the deep, dark stretch of winter, both would be completely inaccessible. During that time, they would have to be self-sufficient – even to the extent of stitching a wound in the event one of them was injured.

The move had other, less obvious consequences. Sarah had overheard her parents discussing the necessity for her father to get a vasectomy. She knew her parents had sex a lot, because her mom often confided in her Aunt Carol about the kind and frequency of their activity. The last thing they needed in the wilderness was another child.

Sarah, being 13, was just starting to come to grips with her own sexuality. Her pubic mound had started to sprout its first tufts of reddish-gold hair, and her boobs were beginning to take shape. While she hadn't started having her period, her hormones were making her tingle in ways, and for reasons, she hadn't before.

Boys were starting to notice her, but their immaturity and overt sexuality didn't appeal to her. Not that Sarah was prudish – she knew all the facts of life, giggled over descriptions of sex acts with her girlfriends, and even had

a secret stash of two thongs she bought at Victoria's Secrets at the mall in her bottom drawer under the pile of Gap jeans. She just preferred to remain a kid, even if for only a little while longer.

The Final Sleepover

With their planned departure just a few weeks away, Sarah invited her closest and oldest friend Alisha over for one last sleepover.

Where Sarah was slender with a small bum, Alisha still had her baby fat and a rounded bottom that seemed a little too big for her. She had a beautiful face with deep green eyes and blonde hair, which was temporarily tipped in pink. But the way Alisha carried herself, and her often-outlandish flirtation, gave nearly every boy in the school a wet dream at one time or another – and at least one Sarah knew of probably jerked off to an "Alisha fantasy", daily.

After dinner, the two girls went to Sarah's room. At their very first sleepover years before they taught each other to play Monopoly – playing all night until Sarah landed on Boardwalk with 2 hotels and mortgaged everything. Since then they played Monopoly every time they had a sleepover.

Pulling the worn game from her bookshelf, Sarah laid the board on the floor. The two went about setting up the board, kneeling on the carpet.

“You know who likes you, Sarah?” Alisha volunteered, stacking the Monopoly money neatly in piles.

“Lemme guess. Devin Simmons?” replied Sarah.

“Yeah!” she exclaimed, giggling. “He says he wants to fuck your ass.”

“Ewww, gross. Figures, he’s a total shithead anyway.”

“So you mean you wouldn’t let him?”

“I wouldn’t even kiss a guy who’s willing to put his penis up my bum. Imagine where he’s willing to put his MOUTH!” Sarah replied.

The two girls looked at each other and burst out laughing.

“Hey, I wanna be the race car this game,” Alisha said, motioning towards the box of game tokens.

“Okie. I’ll be the top hat. You roll first.”

Alisha rolled the dice, getting an eight. Tapping her game piece square by square, ending at Vermont Avenue. Taking one hundred dollars from her stack of money she placed it in the bank and drew the deed card.

“You go.”

Sarah rolled, drawing an eight as well. Without even thinking she handed the six dollars in rent to Alisha, you tucked in her bank roll.

“First roll and I’m already paying you!” Sarah laughed.

The game continued, each of them moving along the board and buying properties as they went. Soon, empty spaces gave way to houses, and houses to hotels.

The Hello Kitty alarm clock on Sarah’s night stand “meowed” eleven o’clock.

“Seriously, Sarah. All kiddin aside, whatcha gonna do without boys? There aren’t even any shithead Devin assfuckers out there. I mean the only boy that’s likely to live near ya might be a boy polar bear, and I hear they’re pretty rough.”

“I can live without them. Boys are smelly,” Sarah replied holding her nose. “They also pee on toilet seats, how gross is that?”

“So says you. But what I’m saying is, how are ya gonna keep yourself, ya know, like...?” Alisha replied coyly.

“Like what, Ali”

“Like satisfied, Sarah Beth Davis, you know like what!”

Whenever Alisha addressed Sarah with her full name, she meant business. She wasn't just kidding around, Alisha was demanding an answer. In fact the last time she'd used Sarah's full name was when she wanted to know how Kevin French felt about her. Sarah knew that Kevin really disliked Alisha because he thought she was a tease and she just didn't want to tell her. But for some reason whenever Alisha said "You tell me Sarah Beth Davis," there was no way out, and she told her the truth. Tonight was no different.

"I don't do those things," answered Sarah quietly, pretending to be looking at the game board.

"You don't do what things?" Alisha said swaying gently back and forth while squatting on the floor, her fingers gripping her toes.

"I don't do what you're thinking," Sarah replied even more softly than before, shaking the dice in her cupped hand.

"What am I thinking about Ms. Davis?"

Sarah rolled the dice, and tapped her game piece along the board landing in Jail.

"Masturbating. See, there I said it. I don't even know how to, so I couldn't even if I wanted to. Satisfied now, 'Miss Alisha Always Makes It to Second Base Anderson'?"

“And I am damn proud of my base running record!” Alisha exclaimed, laughing.

They resumed playing. Sarah bought her way out of jail, and added a house to Ocean Avenue. Alisha mortgaged a few incomplete property sets and built a hotel on Indiana Avenue.

“So you wanna learn how?”

“You mean, here, now? Uh, no way. Too weird. And besides I’m still winning at the game. Besides since when do you do it?”

Sarah rolled the dice and landed on Indiana Avenue. She counted out the one thousand and fifty dollars in rent and passed it to Alisha.

“I’ve been doing it for like six months now. Kimmy Stevens and I found a message board that had all these cool ideas for doing it and we tried them. Yeah, I do mean here, now. You do it...” she paused thinking about how to entice Sarah into accepting her offer. “And I’ll forfeit the game,” Alisha answered smiling confidently and holding up her wad of cash.

Alisha had never forfeited a Monopoly game in the seven years they had played it. Even when she was down to ten dollars and a stack of mortgaged railroads, she played to the bitter end.

Alisha was serious about getting Sarah to masturbate, and as naughty as the idea seemed to Sarah, the itchy feeling radiating from her vagina was overtaking her defenses.

“Ok. But you show me first and if I don’t like it, I’m gonna call the deal off.”

“Sure. Ok, go get a flashlight and I’ll find a towel; you’re going to want to get a good look at what I’m doing.”

“What do I need a flashlight for?”

“Ugh, sometimes Sarah you’re soooooo nowhere. You need to see my pussy up close and it’s kinda dark down there. Get it?”

The words “see my pussy up close” vibrated in Sarah’s head and turned the tingles in her own “pussy” into a moist ache. In all the years they had been friends, she’d never heard Alisha refer to her vagina as “her pussy”. It made what they were about to do even naughtier and Sarah actually liked it.

Sarah quietly opened her bedroom door, and tip-toed down the hall to the closet where her dad kept his tools and she took the big yellow flashlight back to her room.

When she returned, Alisha had already spread a pink bath towel on the floor and was squatting on it, naked from the waist down. Her Abercrombie skirt and white panties were folded neatly next to her.

Alisha took the flashlight and turned it on, placing it against her chin pointing up, casting sinister shadows on her face.

“Ooggah buggah buggah” Alisha said, laughing,

“You’re being so gay, Alisha, stop it. Just do it before I change my mind.”

She put the flashlight on the floor, placing a rolled up sock under it so it was aimed perfectly on her pubic area.

Alisha’s pussy was slightly puffy with rounded labia and not a trace of hair. The squatting position parted her lips slightly and the pink inside of her pussy glistened in the light. There seemed to be tiny beads of sweat at the edges of her lips where they folded into the slit itself.

Sarah hadn’t even seen her own “pussy” this closely before and here she was, staring into the opening of what the boys at middle school would call “Ali’s love tunnel” or more likely “Ali’s cunt hole”.

Lying on her belly, propping her chin up on her hands, she watched intensely as Alisha began masturbating by tracing the outline of her pussy lips. Within moments, her mound became puffier and pinker; the inner lips parted a bit more, inviting her finger to probe. She dipped the tip of her finger inside herself, making her breathing slow and deepen as the intrusion triggered a chain reaction up and down her pussy tunnel. From deep inside her body, juices surged upward, filling the entryway of her pussy with sparkling, slippery and aromatic ooze.

“I’m getting so so wet Sarah. Can you see it?!” Alisha exclaimed. “I’m gonna soak this towel for sure.”

She began to work the slimy juices in and around her inner lips, sliding her finger up and down the full length of the opening. Sarah felt her own insides responding as she fidgeted on the carpet, the hard crotch seam of her jeans gently scratching the soft, and increasingly wet surface of her panties. Her own pussy twitched at the stimulation.

Alisha shifted on her heels and picked up the pace of her rubbing. Now she was focusing her attention on the tiny bud of her clit that was protruding from beneath the fold of skin at the very top of her slit.

The effect was immediate. Her breathing became more labored and the fluids welled up at entrance to her pussy overflowed and trickled down the inside of her left thigh and towards her knee.

Sarah fought the urge to reach down her own pants and hump her hand. “I can hold off,” she said to herself.

Alisha slid her free hand under her tank top and massaged her boobs. By now she wasn't even thinking that Sarah was there watching. She was entering a fantasy zone where the only thing occupying her brain was the culmination of her orgasm. Alisha was on masturbation auto-pilot.

In her mind, her finger was now an erect penis ready and willing to fuck her. She shifted her hand around, pointing her middle finger up and towards the edge of her opening. Pushing her pelvis forward, she fell upon her finger, burying it inside her. Pulling back she imagined her finger was Eric Grove's cock. Eric was a lanky 16 year-old in her Sunday school class.

Somewhat religious, Eric was rumored to have taken a vow of abstinence, and never seemed to pay any attention to Alisha. But now Eric was hers, penetrating her over and over again, spilling his pre-cum all over inside her and mixing deliciously with her own fluids.

The sight of Alisha finger fucking herself, was more than Sarah could bear. Her own body flashed hot and cold, making her wet panties chilly against her skin. She shifted up onto all fours, tugging down the zipper of her jeans. Supported by her other arm, she plunged her hand into her panties, cupping her pussy and rubbing and squeezing it feverishly. Sarah's eyes were fixed on the wet, squirming pussy in front of her. It was better than any fantasy – every movement, sound and aroma right there in full color.

She continued to kneed and squeeze her pussy mound, working a finger inside a bit, and finding her own clit.

“Oh my god, Alisha. I'm doing it. I'm doing it. It's so good. It's fucking good!” she exclaimed.

But Alisha didn't hear her. Her own mind was filled with the fantasy of Eric talking filthy to her, telling her how tight and wet she was, how much he wanted to turn her over and penetrate her ass, and how he longed to flood her naked bottom with rivers of his cum.

Both girls were locked in a kind of masturbation combat. Student and teacher both were trying to coax an orgasm from their aching, throbbing adolescent pussies.

Alisha was first. Her imaginary Eric exploded inside her with powerful squirts of sticky cum, pouring down and against her cervix and sending every nerve inside her into spasms. The length of her canal felt like a toothpaste tube being rolled up, squeezing the contents forward, forcing her finger out and the accumulated fluids out and onto the towel.

“I’m there Sarah. I’m cumming, watch me!” she cried, falling forward onto her knees and then onto her hands. She was covered in sweat and pussy juices.

Opening her eyes, she was treated to the sight of Sarah, squirming and moaning, building closer and closer to her own cum. She smiled at her friend’s progress, but knew instinctively that Sarah need more help to “seal the deal”.

Placing a hand on Sarah’s shoulder, she motioned for her to lie back.

As she did, Alisha tugged at the cuffs of her jeans, pulling them over her feet and finally down her legs. Leaning over, she wiggled off Sarah’s panties. She got up and took the magnifying makeup mirror off of Sarah’s dresser and held it over her giving Sarah a close-up view of her own masturbation. The view excited her greatly. Her faint reddish pubic hair was dark from wetness and her own mound puffy and spread open. She could just make out the tiny dark opening of her hymen, glistening just inside her.

“Go ahead Sarah, fuck yourself with a finger. It’s Devin, and he so wants to fuck your virgin pussy hard. He’s sick of jerking off thinking about you. He wants his jizz in you, and he wants it now.”

Sarah squirmed and nodded, pushing a finger into her pussy. For a moment it hurt. Maybe I've fucked my own virginity, she thought to herself. But it didn't matter. Her finger was Devin, and he was going to give her the first and best orgasm of her thirteen year old life.

"Go on Devin. Go all the way in. Don't worry, I want you there!" she cried.

Alisha decided to help her along with her fantasy. Getting down on the floor next to Sarah's ear, she whispered, "I love fucking you Sarah. I've wanted to fuck you every day and night since sixth grade. I want to fuck your pussy. I want to fuck your ass. I want to cum in your mouth."

Sarah brain exploded in a Technicolor, wide-screen fantasy. Devin was on top of her, wiggling and grinding his smooth cock around her insides. His athletic body powered his thrusts, slapping his balls hard against her bottom. Deep in her fantasy she wondered how much cum there would be, and if she would feel it slashing inside her. She bucked her hips up and down against his imaginary belly.

Alisha instinctively knew that Sarah was close to cumming but just needed a little push with her Devin fantasy.

"I cumming Sarah. I'm going to fill you up so full with my cum, the whole floor will be messy with it," Alisha murmured in a deep boy-like voice in Sarah's ear.

As if on cue, Sarah felt the deep itch that signaled the onset of her orgasm. Her imaginary boy spurted endlessly in her, heating her insides to the boiling point. Her hips heaved upward, suctioning her finger in to the hilt. And then it hit her.

Her orgasm was like a thunderclap, tidal wave and earthquake all rolled into one, and happening deep inside, somewhere between her poo hole and her pussy opening. The shockwaves rolled around inside, filling her belly with an unimaginable warmth and her head with a blinding pink polka dot light. Tiny jolts rippled up and down her legs, even to her toes. She imagined Devin getting soft inside her, finally popping out of her with a wet, sloppy, sucking sound.

Her eyes fluttered open. At first Alisha was blurry, but as her eyes adjusted to the light, she came into focus.

"Someone came!" Alisha exclaimed, laughing and pointing to the wide wet spot on the carpet below Sarah's bottom.

"Shit!" replied Sarah. "What on earth am I gonna do about that. We're selling this house."

"Trust me. It will dry fast."

"But it kinda smells," said Sarah, crinkling up her nose at the faint, but obvious aroma.

"Boys love it."

"If you say so."

After a moment, Alisha turned to Sarah and said, "Would you do it again?"

"No. Never," Sarah said smiling. "Hell yes I would. Maybe even now, seeing as I've already made a mess on the floor."

"Really? Would you try something, like, different?"

Sarah wasn't sure what to think. What could be different? Sure maybe there was another way to hold her hand, or maybe she could do it on her belly, she thought to herself. Actually the only thing she could think of was doing something lesbian. That idea scared her.

"Um, you don't mean, like, girl stuff. I mean like you and I doing stuff together?"

"No, no. That's a cool idea but no. Here lemme show you what I mean."

Alisha stood up, taking a moment to wipe her pussy off with a towel. Picking up her pink Jansport backpack, she placed it on the floor next to Sarah. She unzipped the top and took out a small makeup bag. Inside the bag was a strange looking thing, nothing like Sarah had ever seen before.

It had a small plastic box, no bigger than a double pack of gum, and two silver pill shaped objects – like large Mexican jumping beans – connected to the small box with separate wires.

"Sarah, meet my battery operated boy toy."

"Oh my god, it's a sex toy. Gross!"

"Exactly."

"Ok. So what's it do? Doesn't look like a penis thing. And why are there two thingys?"

"Well, if it was just me or you using it, one would go in your pussy and the other in your bum. But seeing as it's two of us, we'd each put one in our pussies, turn it on and see how many orgasms we could have before one of us quits or the batteries go dead!"

"Err. Cool. Um, so which one of them has been in your stinky bum?" Sarah said holding her nose.

"Probably this one. But really, I wash them totally in soap and water each time!"

"Okie, but you put that one in your pussy anyway," Sarah replied pointing to the one in Alisha's hand.

Aisha spread out the towel on the floor and removed her tank top, leaving her completely naked. Sarah did the same and lay back on the towel, trying to avoid Alisha's wet spot.

"Ok now. First things, first. Bend you knees up and spread your legs, um, I gotta see how far in I can get it."

"Sure Doctor Alisha. I think I might have done myself with my finger."

"Well, we'll have a look then," Alisha said kneeling in between Sarah's legs. She gently parted Sarah's lips with her thumbs and looked inside. Her pussy was wide open.

"Guess Devin got your cherry then," she said laughing. "Good for him."

Holding the silver pill in her hand, Alisha squeezed a tiny drop of clear fluid from a squeeze bottle onto it, and coated it completely. "Just some lubricant. Makes it go in easier and it makes the vibrations feel better."

"Ok. You know better than me."

She pressed the slippery device against the opening of Sarah's pussy and it slid in easily. Sarah squirmed. She had never had anything solid inside her that was bigger than finger, so she found it somewhat uncomfortable.

"It hurts."

"It will stop hurting soon. I put it just under your g-spot. That will rock your world when you cum, for sure!" Alisha said, wiping her hands on her belly.

"G-spot?"

"I dunno exactly how to explain it, but I think it's like an inside clit. It makes awesome orgasms. I read in some cosmo article about how sometimes it can even may you shoot pussy juice, like how a boy does when he cums."

"Ewwww. Gross."

"You won't be saying that if you do! I'll put an extra towel down just in case."

Alisha finished preparing the other silver pill and pressed in into her own pussy. Lying next to Sarah, she draped the wires over their legs so the box lay in between them.

"On the count of three it stays on until one of us can't stand it anymore, or the batteries die. Count your orgasms, whoever get the most wins. Anyone does that shooting thing wins automatically. Ready?"

Sarah nodded. The thing inside her was getting more comfortable as her wetness combined with the lubricant, swelling her insides a bit. A moment later, the toy came to life, jumping around inside her. Instinctively she closed her legs, thinking that it might come out of her. The vibrations were intense, making her squirm from side to side and moan gently. But was most amazing was the feeling she had just below where she thought her pee came from. The spot seemed to be a magnet for the vibrations, and it made her belly heave and without warning she farted. Gross, she thought.

The first few orgasms came fast, one right after the other. They were stronger than with her finger, but shorter in duration.

It was the fourth or fifth orgasm that caught her by surprise. She started imagining her and Alisha messing around. At first, they made out, French kissing and touching each other's breasts. Fingering followed, along with sharing tastes and smells. These images made her uncomfortable and she shook her head to try and rid it of them. Lesbian things were just so not for her. But try as she did, the images stayed and became more vivid.

In her mind, she saw Alisha spreading apart her legs, straddling her chest, pressing her wet pussy against her chin. In a flash, Alisha was swirling her tongue inside Sarah's pussy, and pressing her own into Sarah's face. Alisha's bottom was inches from her nose, and the sight of her wet pussy and poo hole repelled her at first, but as Alisha tongue fucked her harder and harder, she thrust her own tongue deep into her best friends waiting slit.

And then it happened. She felt the beginnings of her orgasm, but there was something very different about it. She felt like her pussy lips were opened wider than ever, and she had an overwhelming urge to pee. She fought it at first, but the vibrations pounding her g-spot and the vividness of her lesbian experience took away any control she could muster.

She felt the orgasm rock her insides and then there was a rush of fluid, like the biggest, hardest pee ever. It splashed onto her legs and as far down as her toes. And it kept coming for what seemed like forever.

Then the vibrations stopped.

Sarah opened her eyes. Alisha was sitting up holding the box in her hand. Her belly and legs glistened with wetness, and the towel under both of them was drenched.

"Shit, I peed on you. I'm so so sorry. I hope I didn't wreck your toy."

"Peed? Shit no. You shot girl cum. It was awesome, just like a hose. It must have felt amazing. What on earth were you thinking about to make that happen. I've never even come close!"

"You really want to know?" Sarah asked sheepishly.

"Hell yes. I plan to copy it."

"We were messing around. You and I. We did 69 and I ate you out. You wanted me to eat your ass but I couldn't."

"Coolio. Oh my gosh. Awesome!"

"You're not mad?"

"Hell no. You wanna try it for real?"

"Err. I dunno. Ok, maybe. But not now. I feel disgusting. After I take a shower I'll think about it."

"I need one too. Hey, we can take it together!" Alisha replied winking at Sarah.

"I never knew you were a lezzie slut Alisha. Now I know."

"May I remind you of who was thinking what and then came like that volcano we built for the science fair last year!"

"Yeah I guess."

"Besides," Alisha answered kissing Sarah's forehead, "this may be the last sex you ever have unless you don't mind doing it with huskies or polar bears. I'm sure I taste better than they do."

"Ewww you're gross. Shut up. We gotta be quiet so we don't wake up my parents."

Alisha smacked Sarah on her behind and the two girls headed for the bathroom.

End of Part One