

WOMAN CHILD
By Kristie Leigh Maguire

Bobbi Jo looked up at the sky through the branches of the pine trees growing by the creek. The sky was clear blue with big white fluffy clouds drifting slowly along. She stared at one big cloud and could make out the shape of a man's face in it. The air was hot and sultry, a typical summer day in Alabama. The creek tinkled along merrily and she looked longingly over at it as she lay on the cool green grass.

She wanted to go swimming. No one was here in the little glade by the creek but her. Mama said that nice girls didn't go swimming in the nude.

What would it hurt if nobody could see her? Mama's voice was strong in her mind. She couldn't disobey Mama. Could she? Maybe God really would come down and strike her dead if she disobeyed. That's what Mama said would happen.

She looked up at the big white fluffy cloud again and this time she imagined that the man's face she had seen in it before was the face of God. Was he watching her all the time like Mama said? Surely he had more important things to do than watch a young teenage girl as she lay by the creek on a hot southern summer day.

Why couldn't he watch Billy instead? Billy did all kinds of naughty things and he wasn't dead yet. Didn't God ever watch Billy?

One day she had come down to the creek to go swimming and Billy was already there in the water. She had been fixing to get in when Billy yelled at her not to come in.

"Why not, Billy? What's wrong with me coming in the water? Did you see a water moccasin?" she had asked.

"No, I didn't see a water moccasin," he had answered. "Unless you call this little ole thing between my legs a big ole water moccasin," he had laughed.

She had turned fire engine red. "Billy, you know nice boys don't talk like that to girls. Mama said it was naughty!"

"Oh, Bobbi Jo, Mama says that everything that feels good is naughty! I don't want you to come in the water because I'm nekkid."

"Nekkid?" she had asked. "Mama said you aren't supposed to go swimming nekkid! She told me don't ever do that!"

"Do you do everything Mama says, Bobbi Jo?" Billy had asked.

"Well, sometimes I don't want to but she told me God would strike me dead if I didn't."

Billy had just laughed. "Bobbi Jo, for a fourteen year old girl, you sure are naïve," he had replied.

"What does that mean? Naïve? Why do you say I'm naïve?"

"You don't know nothing, Bobbi Jo. You're just a baby. When are you going to grow up?" Billy had asked.

"Mama said she didn't want me to grow up too soon. She said I had plenty of time to grow up."

"Well, Sally's the same age as you and she's not such a baby," Billy had answered. "I like Sally."

"Mama said she didn't want me to act like Sally. Mama said all the boys only want one thing from Sally. What is it that all the boys want from Sally, Billy? Mama wouldn't tell me when I asked her."

Billy had just laughed and laughed. “You’ll find out one day when you grow up, Bobbi Jo.”

“Billy, I hate you! You think you’re so smart! You’re not so grown up yourself. You’re just sixteen and that’s only two years older than me!”

“Oh, Bobbi Jo, why don’t you just run along home now?”

“I don’t want to go home yet. I want to go swimming! I’m hot and sticky and I want to cool off!”

“Well if you don’t want to see me nekkid, you’ll leave because I’m fixing to get out. Suit yourself though, Bobbi Jo.”

She had turned and ran until she couldn’t hear him laughing anymore. Then she had crept back up towards the creek and hid behind a big ole pine tree so he couldn’t see her. She watched him drying off before putting his clothes back on. She looked at that thing between his legs and it didn’t seem like much to her. It looked just like a little garden snake curled up there between his legs. Wonder what would happen if he touched it? Would it get bigger? Billy had told her one time that men’s things were big. Well, that just showed that Billy’s wasn’t so grown up after all because his thing sure wasn’t big.

She blushed. That wasn’t nice, thinking about Billy touching himself between the legs. Nice girls and boys didn’t touch themselves between the legs. Mama said that if you touched yourself between the legs you would go blind. I don’t think you will though.

One day at school during recess, she was talking to Sally even though Mama had said that she didn’t want her playing with Sally. Mama said Sally was bad. She didn’t seem bad though. Anyway, Sally had told her that it was fun to touch yourself between the legs. She said she did it all the time at night after she went to bed. She said it made her feel good.

Mama said I’m supposed to set a good example. She said I’m supposed to be better than all the other kids are. Just because Daddy is a preacher! Well, I don’t mind Daddy being a preacher but I don’t want to be an example! All the other kids seem to have more fun than I do!

I’m going swimming any way! I don’t care if I don’t have my bathing suit with me! I’m going in nekkid! I’m tired of being an example!

She looked up at the sky and the cloud that had God’s face in it was gone.

She stood up and slowly pulled her t-shirt off over her head and looked around. She was still alone. She unbuttoned that dratted hot bra and took it off. Oh, what a relief! Dadblamed bra! It was hot and scratchy and cut into her skin. Wish Mama had never told me I had to wear one! She pulled her shorts off and slowly peeled her panties off her sweaty skin.

She ran and jumped into the water before God saw that she was nekkid. Maybe He couldn’t see through the water. Oh, it felt so cold and good against her bare skin! No wonder Billy liked to go swimming nekkid! It was wonderful!

She splashed, laughed, and played around till she got tired. She decided to get out and rest a while. She pulled herself up out of the water and lay down on the grass again. The sun shining down felt good against her bare skin.

Wonder if it really does feel good to touch myself between my legs like Sally said? God hasn’t struck me dead yet so maybe he’s watching somebody else today.

I’m going to try it!

She reached a tentative hand down between her legs and could feel the springy hair that had sprouted there this past year. She ran her fingers through it. Well, that doesn't feel good. Sally lied to me.

Wonder if it would feel good to touch my breasts? Nobody ever said anything to me about that. She softly ran her hand over her budding breast and the little nipple got hard. She pinched it and felt a tingling between her legs. That was odd! She pinched the other nipple and again felt the tingling between her legs.

This time when she put her hand between her legs, she felt moisture there. Oh heck, I've peed on myself! But I know I didn't. Why am I wet then? She took her finger and tried to find where the moisture was coming from.

Oh, that did feel good! Maybe Sally didn't lie to me after all!

She explored on. She felt a little nub down there. She sat up and tried to look between her legs to see what it was, but she couldn't see down there that well. She lay back down and this time she rubbed the little nub to see if she could figure it out.

Oooooo, that feels nice! She rubbed it again and this time she felt a tingling in her breasts. She pinched the nipple with her other hand while she was rubbing the little nub. She moaned and rubbed it harder and in little circles. She was really getting wet now!

She touched the place where she was wet and there was the little hole there where she peed. She poked her finger in the little hole. She stuck her finger in deeper and wiggled it around.

Oooooo, that made her skin feel all creepy crawly! She poked her finger in and out of that little hole and rubbed that little nub with her other hand. How could Mama say that it was bad to touch myself down there? It feels good! Wish there was something that I could poke in and out of that hole so that I could use both hands to rub that little nub and my breasts too.

She looked around to see if she could find something to use. She saw a little stick on the ground but that would hurt. She needed something that was hard but not rough. She looked in her picnic basket and saw just the thing! Mama had made her a hot dog and she could use the weenie! That should be just perfect! She got the weenie out, ran down to the creek, and washed it off. She came and lay back down.

Maybe I shouldn't put that weenie in there though. Well, I'm not dead yet and I sure have been naughty already. I want to see how it feels. It sure felt good to poke my finger in that little hole.

She put the weenie down there and tried to stick it in. It wouldn't go in. Guess I'll just use my finger again. She rubbed that little nub till she started getting wet again. If my finger went into that little hole, then that dadblamed weenie ought to go in there too. I'm going to try it again.

She put the weenie back down there and this time it went part way in. She rubbed that little nub again and the weenie just seemed to take on a mind of its own. She poked it in and out as she rubbed herself. Wonderful! She could feel that weenie inside her as it went in and out of that little hole and she squirmed. It felt sooooo good. She felt like she was fixing to explode! She rubbed herself harder and the weenie went in faster and faster.

Suddenly she felt like she was exploding into a million pieces. It felt like she was flying! Something warm and wet oozed out from around the weenie and ran down her legs. She jerked and shivered and her skin was all goose bumps.

She couldn't catch her breath! Maybe she was dying! Maybe God was punishing her for being so naughty! If this was what dying felt like though, she didn't care! She felt like she was in heaven already.

Finally, her body stopped quivering and she pulled the weenie out. She looked at it and laughed. I know what I'm going to tell Mama when I get home! I'm going to tell her that I sure enjoyed that weenie she packed me for my picnic! I'm going to ask her if she'll make me a hot dog every time I come to the creek to go swimming!

I don't dare tell Sally that she was right about how good it feels to touch yourself between the legs. Especially not when, according to Mama, I'm supposed to be an example because Daddy's a preacher!

She looked up at the clear blue sky and this time the face in the cloud looked like he was smiling at her. She smiled back at it. She and the face in the cloud had a secret! She knew that face wouldn't tell anybody and she certainly wasn't going to tell anybody what she had done. It was too naughty! But soooooo nice!

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