

A young boy with short brown hair is sitting cross-legged on a sandy beach. He is smiling and looking towards the camera. The background shows a clear blue sky, palm trees, and the ocean with gentle waves. The text is overlaid on the top half of the image.

A TWEEN BOY'S FIRST TIME AT A NUDIST BEACH

**RESORT WITH
HIS FAMILY**

A Puberty Story

RICHARD CARLSON

**A Tween Boy's First Time at a
Nudist Beach Resort with His
Family: A Puberty Story**

Richard Carlson

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Chapter 1

My name is Jeremy, and I turned twelve a few months ago. My family—Mom, Dad, and Jennifer, my nine-year-old younger sister—were taking our first vacation to a nudist beach.

We entered the nudist beach resort hotel lobby and walked to the front desk just as a young woman came out of a back room, completely naked except for a lanyard with a name tag. My eyes lit up, since this was the first time I had ever seen a

naked girl in person before, except for Jennifer, my younger sister, when we were younger. I stood there, holding my luggage and staring at her beauty.

I suddenly couldn't wait to get to the beach and be naked with other naked tweens and teenagers!

Dad checked us in and got the hotel room keys. Our room was on the third floor. As we walked to the elevator, a young teenage girl, who was very pretty, and a young teenage boy walked by, completely nude. I was astonished! The boy had an

erection, which made me feel better; now I knew that, if or when I got one, I wouldn't be any different from the other guys. I didn't want to be embarrassed because of it!

Following my parents, my sister and I walked to the elevator and waited for the door to open. Once it did, a girl, probably seventeen or eighteen, walked out—naked! Wow! She was beautiful. I hadn't made it to the beach yet, but I was already having the time of my life here.

We rode up the elevator and walked to our room, which was at the end of a long hallway. Inside, we put our luggage on the two queen size beds. Jennifer and I would be sharing a bed.

I smiled: I had already seen three naked girls so far!

The room was nice, with a refrigerator, small microwave, a table with four chairs, a TV, and two small dressers.

We seemed so far from our hometown of Tucson, Arizona, in the

desert of southwestern USA. After such a long drive, we decided to sit and relax for a while, watching music videos on MTV. But I couldn't wait to be with everyone on the beach.

Then, Mom said we could undress. I went into the bathroom and put on my Speedo. I wasn't ready to be naked with everyone. Maybe I'd totally strip outside, with everyone, but I'd have to wait and see how I felt about it. As much as I wanted to be with naked people, I wasn't quite ready to be one of the naked people.

Within moments, we were heading to the beach. Mom, Dad, and Jennifer were naked, and I was in my Speedo. It was odd, seeing my parents naked. After we got off the elevator on the ground floor, we saw a bunch of teenagers of different ages, both boys and girls, walking to the beach. I took a deep, satisfying breath: This was so much fun!

I followed my family onto the beach. Outside, I could see all sorts of naked people: babies, children, tweenagers, teenagers, grown-ups,

and older people, all different sizes, shapes, and races.

I wasn't comfortable being naked right then; I wanted to take my time and adjust to the atmosphere.

Mom pulled sunscreen out of her tote and sprayed Sis, Dad, and me. Then she said, "If you decide to remove your swimsuit, come back so I can spray you some more. Okay?"

"Okay, Mom," I said.

Dad was spraying Mom as I ventured out on the beach, checking out the pretty tween and teen girls.

I saw a boy about my age talking to two girls, who seemed to be twins. They wore matching two-piece yellow bikinis. Each girl had blonde hair in pigtails. As I approached, I instantly wanted to tug on them, but that might annoy the girls—after all, I didn't even know them! I dropped my gaze to the ground. The girls' bare feet were very beautiful and petite, with cool neon green polish.

The boy was naked, too, and was in puberty; I knew that because he had pubic hair, just like me.

My friends back home, Sylvester and Miguel, were going to lose their minds when I told them about this trip! None of us had ever seen a naked girl in person, other than our younger sisters, and now I was the first to see one.

The boy turned to face me. “Hi, I’m Sawyer. I’m twelve. These are my friends, Lisa and Laura—twins, as you can see,” he said, shaking my hand.

I said, “I’m Jeremy. I’m also twelve.”

The girls smiled at me. I winked at them, feeling a tingle in my chest. I already couldn’t choose between them; they both were hot.

“We’re twelve,” Lisa exclaimed, “and this is our first visit here. We’ve never been to a nudist resort before.”

“I’ve been going with my family since I can remember,” Sawyer said with a big smile.

“This is my first time, too,” I shared, and the girls smiled at me. I wondered if they were just like me, not ready to be naked in front of everyone.

“How about we walk along the water,” I suggested, wanting to spend time with Sawyer, but especially with the gorgeous babe-twins. I noticed that Lisa and Laura had beautiful blue eyes. Which girl was my favorite? I didn’t know. They were both perfect!

We walked along the water’s edge, enjoying the Southern

California sunlight. The water was a beautiful turquoise, but not as beautiful as the twins' eyes.

As we walked, Sawyer got an erection. I was so jealous: He was at least seven inches, compared to my four inches. Then, I got an erection. I saw the twins staring at Sawyer's humungous penis. I was even more jealous. With Sawyer being so big, I felt even less like stripping down to my birthday suit for the world to see my mere four-inch appendage. I imagined the twins taking turns

looking into a magnifying glass to see my penis.

“If you dudes don’t want to be completely naked here, that’s up to you, but I hope you guys eventually join everyone else so you can see what nudism is all about. I like being nude with a bunch of naked people, and I’m used to it. It is no big deal for me to see naked tween and teenage girls—I’m very used to it, but I would like for everyone to enjoy nudism,” Sawyer explained in a matter-of-fact way.

The twins stopped staring at his penis. Finally!

He's a big boy, but I'm a catch, too. I am a sensitive soul, and girls like sensitive guys who care so much about them and their feelings. I would definitely make my girl very happy; she would feel really loved.

I couldn't wait to have a girlfriend. I had never had one before, and I had not yet kissed a girl, either.

The twins were so beautiful: I could have one on each arm! I really

wanted to see them completely naked.

But would they like to see me nude? What about my four inches? They'd like Sawyer better than me!

I pondered how to proceed. Jeremy, completely nude? Or Jeremy in his Speedo?

The girls were twelve. Had they even started puberty yet, like Sawyer and me? It'd be all right if they hadn't, of course. I'd really like them anyway.

Sawyer said, “Maybe you guys want to sun for a little bit. We can sit over here and talk.”

We followed his lead and sat cross-legged on a sand dune near some seaweed that had washed up on shore.

As we relaxed, we bantered about different things. I could see the twins’ soles because they were facing me with their legs outstretched. Absolutely beautiful bare feet!

“It’s so much fun to be here,” Sawyer said. “I love being nude with a

bunch of naked people on a beach. It's fun," he added, making me want to remove my Speedo right then.

More than that, though, I really wanted to see the twins completely naked. I thought and thought and thought and schemed.

"Here's an idea: I will remove my Speedo first, if you two agree to remove your bikinis right after," I said.

The twins glanced at each other. I got another erection, just thinking about the girls being naked. Then, they said yes!

I stood and bravely pulled my Speedo off my legs and feet, holding it to my side.

The babes giggled and giggled.

I nervously smiled at them.

“Okay. Your turn,” I said, smirking and crossing my arms.

First, they removed their tops; their breasts had hardly developed at all, but they were still very beautiful.

“Very pretty,” I said, making the girls smile at me. I lowered my arms,

realizing that my crossed arms might seem intimidating.

They stood and removed their bottoms. They were completely naked. They were absolutely beautiful!

The babes must have started puberty not too long ago, as both had some pubic hair, but not nearly as much as Sawyer and me. I noticed their beautiful innie belly buttons.

I felt exhilarated and completely free. Being naked with naked babes

was wonderful! I loved it. I couldn't wait to spend more time with them.

Even more than that, I wanted to marry one of them. I had known for a long time that the girl I would date and marry would have to be sexy and have very pretty bare feet.

It was so freeing and exhilarating to be nude with other nude people. My chest tingled and tingled with joy.

I had no idea what to expect here: Would I make lasting friendships with these people? I

might. I wanted them as friends, like my friends at home.

I couldn't wait to be closer to the girls. They were perfect. I was starting to be able to tell them apart by how they walked and moved their bodies.

“Let's play tag,” I said impulsively, wanting to have even more fun. “I can be *it* first, and you three can run away. Okay?”

“Okay,” Sawyer exclaimed, and the girls agreed.

The three of them ran away, and then I chased after one of the girls. I knew I only needed to wear her out, and then I would be able to tag her. If I chased after the others one by one, I'd just wear myself out. Strategy!

Chasing after one, I raced as fast as I could and then intentionally slowed down to postpone catching her. It was really fun—I loved being in hot pursuit of a beautiful female my age.

I finally decided to catch up with her and tagged her on the back. As I

ran away, she chased me, then Sawyer, and then me again. I eventually let her catch me, and she tagged me.

Now I was *it* again. I chased after Sawyer, then the other twin, and then the first twin, whom I really liked a lot. I really wanted to be her boyfriend.

I eventually caught up to her and tagged her. Out of breath, we hunched over, with our hands on our upper legs, desperately trying to catch our breath. Sawyer and the other twin were also out of breath.

“Which one are you? I asked,
knowing I liked her.

“I’m Lisa,” she said.

I smiled at her, and she smiled
back at me.

Sawyer and Laura came up to us.

“How long are you guys visiting
here? I’m here for a week,” I told
them.

“I’m here for a week, too,”
Sawyer said.

“We’re here for a week, too,” Lisa
said, smiling at Sawyer and then me.

“Where are you guys from?” I asked. “I’m from Tucson in Arizona.”

“We’re from Dallas, Texas,” Lisa said.

“I’m from Boise, Idaho,” Sawyer said. “My family is staying here for a week, and then we’re going to Las Vegas and then The Grand Canyon for several days.”

“That’s really cool,” I said.

“Hey, have you guys ever seen a dead body? In person?” Sawyer suddenly asked us.

“I once saw a man who had been riding a motorcycle get into an accident with a pickup truck. He was lying on the asphalt as the driver of the truck tried to wake him. I didn’t know if he was dead or not, because my family was just driving by,” I shared. I hoped that man survived.

“We haven’t,” both girls said at once.

“Do either of you have a boyfriend back home?” I asked.

“No,” each said.

“I don’t have a girlfriend back home,” I replied, and then Sawyer said the same.

Lisa whispered something into Laura’s ear; then Laura whispered something in Lisa’s ear, and they giggled and giggled as they watched Sawyer and me standing there.

“What’s so funny?” I exclaimed.

“Were just thinking that you two are really cute,” Lisa said, and they giggled and giggled and giggled.

“Well. You two are very beautiful,” I declared before Sawyer had a chance to say it.

“You two are *babes*,” Sawyer emphasized, tilting his head at Laura as I tilted my head at Lisa. I knew I loved Lisa and that Sawyer was in love with Laura.

We sat cross-legged next to each other and spent some time chatting. I sat next to Lisa, Sawyer next to Laura. I could see the sole of Lisa’s foot facing me. Absolutely beautiful!

“I’m taking beginning computers and beginning art for electives in seventh grade,” I said. “I hope to learn how to draw very well.”

“I’m signed up for journalism and beginning art also,” Lisa said, making me smile to learn that we had something in common.

“I’m signed up for metals and woodshop. I’m going to make an ashtray for my grandfather in metals,” Sawyer said. “I like making and building things with my hands.”

“I’m taking home economics and chorus,” Laura shared.

I suddenly remembered that the girls and I needed to get sunscreen sprayed on our privates. I shared my concern, and we went to find my parents.

“Mom, Dad. This is Sawyer and Lisa and Laura. The girls and I need sunscreen sprayed on our privates.”

“Okay,” Mom said, spraying them first, and then me. I put my Speedo in her tote.

It was a bit awkward being completely naked in front of my family.

Then, Sawyer and I followed the twins to their parents, so they could leave their bikinis with them.

The twins introduced Sawyer and me to their parents.

“Hi, sir; hi, ma’am,” I greeted the twins’ parents.

They seemed very nice. I could see that the girls got their very good

looks from their mom, who was really pretty.

Then, the four of us wandered away to watch some people building sandcastles and sand sculptures.

We admired a man and woman's sand sculpture of a squid. It was huge!

After we collectively oohed and aahed, an awkward silence descended. I thought and thought and thought about what to talk about.

“Do you have any siblings?” I eventually asked.

Sawyer said, “Only Timothy. He’s a baby.”

“We have two older brothers, Todd and Stephen, fourteen and seventeen,” Lisa said. “They’re here somewhere, probably playing sand bowling with a bunch of girls. They said they couldn’t wait to play when we arrived.”

“Let’s walk to the water’s edge again,” I said, and we did.

We found seashells of all kinds, a small crab, and some seaweed that had washed up on shore.

Sawyer explained to us, “It’s best not to touch sea creatures that wash up on shore. Some are very dangerous, even if they’re dead.”

“Oh, I didn’t know that,” I exclaimed. “Do you guys think there are any sharks here?” I asked. “They’re beautiful, like all living creatures. They’re Mother Nature’s creations. I think sharks and starfish

are super cool. Starfish are eaten deep fried on a stick in Asia,” I added.

“Sounds . . . um, tasty,” Lisa trilled, making me wish we could try some deep-fried starfish right now.

“Unlike their portrayal in *Jaws*, sharks harm very few people and don’t even like how people taste; at least, that’s the theory I’ve heard,” I told them.

“Maybe we will come across some small sharks in the water,” Lisa said.

“That would be really cool, to swim with a shark,” I said.

“Is this the only resort you and your family have ever been to?” Lisa asked Sawyer. I was wondering that, too.

“No. My family and I belong to a naturist club at home. We go about once every three months, in Idaho,” he said. “It’s a lot of fun; it’s in the woods along a lake.”

“That’s awesome,” I exclaimed. He was lucky to be able to go to the

resorts so often. I hoped I could come to this resort again.

“Let’s build sand sculptures,” I suggested. “Lisa and I can do a starfish, and you guys can do an octopus.”

“Okay,” Sawyer and the girls replied.

Everyone was working in a circle. I was happy that I’d be working on a sculpture with Lisa.

She sat seiza in front of me, revealing her soles, which were very, very beautiful.

“You have very beautiful feet,” I said to her, smiling and tilting my head. I could hear Sawyer and Laura laughing at us as Lisa smiled at me and tilted her head, so we were mirror images of each other. She had beautiful blue eyes.

“You have very handsome brown eyes,” she said, making me giggle. I guess we had mirror thoughts, too!

I hugged her to my side for a second, and then we worked on our starfish.

She shifted to a squatting position for a while as we worked. I ended up on all fours, sculpting our project. Sawyer and Laura worked on theirs. Then, Sawyer had an idea.

“Let’s hold hands,” he said, and we did.

“We are good friends,” I stated, as Sawyer held Laura’s hand and I proudly held Lisa’s. After a moment in which we were all grinning at each

other, we had to release our grips, so we could finish building our sculptures.

It took awhile to complete the projects. At last, we stood up and admired our art.

Just then, some teenagers came over. One tall boy said, “That’s really good work.”

“Thank you,” Sawyer and I said, grinning.

Afterward, the four of us sunned, first on our backs, and then on our

stomachs. We were with several young teenage boys and girls, all in a line on the sand. I couldn't wait to get a nice tan and to see Lisa with a tan.

Chapter 2

Later, we played beach volleyball with several young teenage boys and girls, having a blast. Lisa was on my team; Sawyer and Laura were on the other team.

We won three out of four games. I spiked the ball in one game, and Sawyer and Laura managed to hit the ball back over the net, and I spiked it again, getting a point for our team. Beach volleyball was fun!

Then, we walked around, holding hands and looking at what everybody was up to. We noticed some sand sculptures, which were awesome, of a sea turtle and a whale. They were both huge!

“You’ve got to be careful around sea turtles. Their flippers are very strong,” Sawyer said.

“I didn’t know that,” I replied.

The girls each replied, “Me, either.”

Having so much fun was tiring.
We each got a drink from a water
fountain outside of the hotel's café.

Then, Mom, Dad, and Sis found
us and said that it was time to wrap it
up for the day. I showered at the
outdoor shower area with Lisa,
Sawyer, and Laura, since four people
could fit under two shower heads to
rinse off the sand from our bodies.

Then, after we drip-dried, we
each found our family members and
went to our rooms.

“Bye, guys,” I said as we were separating. “I’ll see you tomorrow!” I couldn’t wait to see them again.

“Bye-bye,” the girls said.

“Bye,” Sawyer said.

I was very excited to have made some really nice friends, especially a girl my age who was a babe.

My family hurried up to our room and got dressed to eat dinner out at a nearby Taco Bell.

At the restaurant, I got three hard-shelled beef tacos and a Pepsi.

Between mouthfuls, I told them about the great time I was having.

“The twins are Lisa and Laura. It’s hard to tell them apart, but I can tell by the way they walk. They’re both very nice.”

“That’s great that you’ve made friends here,” Dad said, making me smile.

“The boy, Sawyer, is twelve, like me. He’s nice, too,” I said. “He and his family have been to nudist resorts his whole life, but this was Lisa and Laura’s first time.”

“Like us,” Mom said with a smile.

After eating, Dad drove us back to the hotel.

By coincidence, *Jaws* was on cable. Sis watched, covering her face at certain scary times. But I knew sharks were pretty cool, and rarely hurt people, unlike those portrayed in the movie. I really hoped to swim with some sharks, one day soon.

“Sharks rarely hurt people,” I defended sharks to my sister and mom, who were freaking out. “They’re pretty cool.”

“This movie gives sharks a bad name,” Dad said, agreeing with me. “Sharks don’t like to eat people. They have attacked people because they mistake them for seals, like when a person is lying on a surfboard swimming—if a shark is underneath him, he thinks the person looks like a seal.”

I slept next to Sis and fell asleep after thinking about Lisa and her beautiful bare feet and how much fun we’ve had. I wore underwear and sis wore a nightgown.

Chapter 3

In the morning, I woke up with a morning woody, like I often did at home. I removed my underwear. But I felt a bit uncomfortable having one in front of my family! I remained in bed, hoping it would go away before I saw any of them. Thankfully, Sis had already gotten up while I was sleeping.

“Jeremy, come and get breakfast,” Mom called out.

“I’ll be there soon,” I said.

My erection finally went away, and I got out of bed and joined my family. Mom had prepared Rice Chex and a glass of orange juice for each of us. We each put a towel down before sitting, which was a rule at the resort.

I was glad that my penis was flaccid during breakfast—at least, it was until I thought about Lisa’s beautiful bare feet again! I sat at the table, wishing it would go away.

My family got up from the table to go to the beach, but I was still

erect! I hesitated, and then reluctantly got up, trying not to look embarrassed.

We walked to the elevator, as my penis stuck out. I was embarrassed to have my family see me this way, but tried to act casual. Finally, we reached the beach, and I went looking for my friends. And just like that, my erection went away—that figured!

I quickly found Sawyer and the twins. Sawyer was walking around with one babe on each of his arms!

He was flirting with my girl! They had been looking at a sand sculpture of a shark; despite my outrage, I couldn't help but notice the excellent detail of the sculpture.

The sculpture couldn't curb my jealousy, though. I immediately went over and grabbed Lisa by the hand, pulling her away from Sawyer.

“Quit flirting with Lisa,” I snarled. My glaring eyes said, *Lisa is mine, and Laura is yours.*

“Oh. Sorry dude,” he replied, making me feel a little better. “It won’t happen again,” he promised.

“Thank you. Okay, we’re cool,” I said, trying to be respectful of his feelings.

“Jeremy likes Lisa, Jeremy likes Lisa, Jeremy likes Lisa,” he then started chanting, catching me off guard. I felt a slight embarrassment, and I could feel my face turning a little red.

Thinking fast, I hugged Lisa to my side and said, “Lisa and I are very

good friends—like you and Laura,” I said. At least, I assumed he wanted to be with Laura, based on the way he looked into her eyes. Following his lead, I gazed into Lisa’s beautiful blue eyes and smiled. Then, I hugged her with both arms.

After that, we walked along the water. Sawyer and Laura went into the water, and Lisa and I followed. We went in up to our chests. The waves weren’t strong today.

“Look. You can see the fish,” Sawyer said.

The four of us peered into the water at the small fish. . . .

That's when a hammerhead shark swam between Sawyer and Laura, and Lisa and me!

"This is so cool," I gasped. "Look!" Everyone watched as the shark swam around us and then swam away.

"We swam with a shark, just like you wanted," Lisa said. "The shark was amazing," she added. "And you being here made me feel safe." She laid a hand on my arm.

My face broke into a huge smile. My chest started to tingle. This was it: I was in love with her! It felt great that she felt like I was her protector, her knight in shining armor. I felt like riding off with her on a horse to my castle where we'd get married and lose our virginity to each other. What fun that would be!

“Of course you're safe with me around. Did you think I'd let that shark swim away with you in its mouth?” I said.

Lisa hugged my side, and I hugged back, really tight, to let her know I cared very much about her. Then Sawyer hugged Laura tight and said, “We care about our girls.”

“That’s right,” I said. I turned to face Lisa. “I care about you, Lisa,” I declared, looking into her beautiful blue eyes.

We stayed in chest-deep water for a while, enjoying our view of the small fish below. Some larger fish would swim by every so often, too.

“The water here is a beautiful blue, just like your beautiful blue eyes,” I said to Lisa.

She smiled and squeezed my hand.

“You’re a beautiful babe,” Sawyer said to Laura, as they smiled at each other.

After a while, we went back to shore, down a bit from where we’d started. I noticed a starfish on the beach.

“Don’t touch it,” Sawyer said.

“There’s a chance it’s dangerous and might hurt you,” he reminded us.

We walked away, toward a tall sand dune.

“Let’s make tunnels in that dune,” Sawyer suggested, and we did.

We were each on all fours as we dug our hands in the sand. Lisa looked so beautiful; her curved soles were absolutely, beautifully, wonderful!

“Guys. I plan to lose my virginity after I’m married. Are you dudes still virgins?” I quizzed, hoping they were, because we shouldn’t be having sex at our age and should at least wait until we are much older.

“I am a virgin,” Sawyer disclosed. “I want to lose my virginity after I’m married, too. Losing one’s virginity is something sacred.”

“I’m a virgin,” Lisa said.

“Me, too,” Laura said, making me happy that all of us were.

I reached out and held Lisa's hand for several seconds as she gazed into my eyes. Her gaze was showing me that she cared about my feelings and wanted to remain a virgin until marriage, like me.

"There's this girl at the junior high school I'm going to go to, and she got pregnant: she was only thirteen. I heard it from one of my friend's older brothers," I said. "It makes sense to remain abstinent until marriage or at least wait until you're older to engage in sex. Besides, you should be in a

committed relationship with someone you really love when making l-o-v-e,” I explained.

The gang agreed. I was happy for us. It was great to be with such like-minded people!

We each dug a complex tunnel network throughout the dune, with no cave-ins, at least not yet.

“What do your parents do? What jobs do they have?” Sawyer asked.

Lisa said, “Our dad is a day trader. He buys and sells stock for a

living. He makes good money,” she said, making me happy for their family.

“My dad is an architect; he has designed many buildings, and most recently a church. He is an award-winning architect. I’m going to grow up to be like him, an architect,” Sawyer shared, making me happy that his dad was also making money for his family.

“My dad is a new car salesman. He works at a Cadillac dealership. He’s their top salesperson. He’s not

an a-hole like some car salespeople,” I told them. “He’s pretty cool. He has a good personality for car sales.”

“That’s pretty awesome.” Sawyer exclaimed, “My dad drives a Cadillac.”

I said, “My dad drives a Cadillac, too, but also has a ’57 Chevy Bel Air in practically mint condition. It’s so cool. It’s a medium green hardtop with matching green interior. It has wide white-wall tires. He says I can drive it when I get my driver’s license, when I’m in high school. That’s when

he started driving it, when he was in high school. I'll probably have the nicest car in the entire school." I knew I was bragging a little, but it was only because I felt a bit insecure because their families were also well-to-do.

"That's so cool," Lisa exclaimed. "Who will you drive around with in it?" she asked. I knew she was hinting, so I gently patted her arm, hoping it'd be her. That thought made me feel sad, though, because I realized that, after vacation, we might not see each other again.

“My dad’s Cadillac is a collectible,” Sawyer told us. “It’s one of the last convertible El Dorados that GM made in the mid-seventies—it’s that cool!”

“Our dad drives a Ford sedan, and our mom a Chevy station wagon. They’re simple cars, but my parents want my dad to save our money to make more money in the stock market,” Lisa explained.

“That’s probably a great idea, a great way to make more money,”

Sawyer exclaimed. “I think my dad should do that.”

I nodded in agreement, thinking about my parents.

My stomach suddenly started growling, really loudly. It was lunchtime. We went to the babes’ parents first to get money for them to buy food at the café, then we went to Sawyer’s parents, and then mine.

Chapter 4

“Mom, can I please have some money to buy lunch at the café?” I asked. She, Dad, and Sis were sitting on lawn chairs under a huge red, white, and blue beach umbrella.

“Please take your sister with you,” Mom said, handing me some money.

Sis tagged along as we walked to the café and ordered lunch. Sawyer and I each got a hamburger and a

Coca-Cola, the babes got chicken salads and a Diet Coca-Cola, and Sis got a hotdog and a Coca-Cola.

We sat at the bar: Laura, Sawyer, Sis, me, and then Lisa. We each remembered to put our towels down first. The food was delicious.

I didn't even realize that Sawyer and I each had erections until Sis looked at my lap and then Sawyer's and asked, "Why is Sawyer's pee-pee so big? Yours is small. His is really long," she said. My face burned red;

she was making a complete fool out of me!

I was caught off guard and didn't know how to reply. How should I answer her?

Sawyer and the babes broke out laughing and laughing and laughing.

“My pee-pee is very long and big, because that's how God made it. God made us have the pee-pees we have,” Sawyer said, saving the day for me.

“Oh. Okay. I just wondered because his is so small. Is his better

than yours?” she quizzed me. I was speechless.

Lisa quickly came to my defense. “Size doesn’t matter,” she said. “Jeremy is a handsome and charming young man, and that’s what matters—not the size of his pee-pee.”

I knew my face was beet red. This was so embarrassing! Why couldn’t we both have long penises? I guessed I’d have to ask God to find out why!

“Jeremy was looking at his pee-pee last night, as he moved his hand

on it. I saw him doing it when he was in the shower. Mom saw it, too, and told him to hurry up in the shower. He was taking a long time, and I still had to use the shower,” Sis said. I was so embarrassed as I sat there looking at the table, wanting her to keep her mouth shut.

“That’s all right,” Lisa said, giggling. “I’m certain Sawyer does that, too.” That remark made Sawyer embarrassed, too: his face changed to a red color as he sat there glaring

at my little sister. Did he want her to shut her mouth, too? I believed so.

Not the babes, though; they just giggled and giggled and giggled.

“It’s nothing to be ashamed of,” Laura said, making me feel a little better. “All guys do it!”

“Girls do it, too,” I said. “I know you two do.”

They each smiled and laughed.

Everyone was silent for several seconds, and then we continued to eat.

Now that Sis was finally done embarrassing me, I felt a little better about it. She was a big troublemaker, to say the least.

After everyone finished eating, I brought her back to Mom and Dad. Then, we returned to our dune and our tunnels, only to discover that someone had smashed them in. So much for that activity!

Sawyer spotted a tennis ball nearby and suggested playing catch with it.

He grabbed the ball and tossed it to me. Then, I tossed it to Lisa. She tossed it to Laura, and Laura tossed it back to Sawyer. We continued in that order as we moved further from each other with each round. Life was so much fun here!

After a while, we played Simon Says. I was the first Simon.

“Simon says, ‘Stand on one foot,’” I said and stood on one foot. The gang did, too.

“Simon says, ‘Sit cross-legged,’” I said, and then I did it, and the gang followed.

“Simon says, ‘Do three jumping jacks,’” I said and did it, and they followed.

“Squat,” I said and did, and Lisa did, too.

“I didn’t say ‘Simon says,’” I exclaimed. Now she was Simon.

“Simon says, ‘Twirl in place,’” Lisa said and did, and everyone followed.

We continued to play for a short while until we opted to sun for a bit. We lined up in an area away from others and sunned on our bellies and then our backs.

The next day, after sunning in the morning, we swam in the ocean until lunch. We each got money from our parents. I took Jennifer with me again to the café.

I ordered a chicken sandwich and a Coca-Cola. Lisa and Laura each ordered another chicken salad and a Diet Coca-Cola. Sawyer had a

Polish hot dog and a Coca-Cola. Sis got a chicken salad, like the girls, and a Coca-Cola.

“At school, I went into the girl’s restroom once by mistake and didn’t realize it until I was busy on the commode. I heard two girls walk in, talking,” I confessed. “It was so embarrassing, to say the least.”

“Oh, no,” Lisa said.

Everyone was silent for a few seconds.

“What kind of pizza do you guys like?” Sawyer asked. “I love pepperoni, sausage, and bacon,” he told us. “It’s fantastic.”

Lisa said, “I like just plain cheese.”

“I like the works,” Laura exclaimed.

“I like a meat lover’s pizza. My fave,” I exclaimed.

“I like cheese pizza,” Jennifer said.

“If you were to be executed, how would you like it done? Guillotine, hanging, electric chair, lethal injection, gas chamber, firing squad? I can’t think of anything else,” I added with a smile.

Before they could answer, something came to mind. “Did you guys hear about the mentally ill woman who stabbed and killed her father? Her psychiatrists claim she didn’t know any better. They say that she thought he was going to rape her,

so she stabbed him—over fifty times!”

“She was probably psychotic. Maybe she was delusional and hearing a voice or voices,” Sawyer said, shrugging. “My uncle has paranoid schizophrenia,” he then shared with us. “He hears a voice inside his head, like a person talking to him.”

“That must be God,” Laura said, and Lisa agreed, nodding.

“No, the voice usually tells him to do bad things,” Sawyer clarified.

The girls were aghast. “Then that must be Satan,” Laura reasoned. “The Devil is inside his head.”

“No. The voice he hears is just his ill mind; at least, that’s what he told me after he was treated and no longer delusional.”

We were happy that his uncle knew he shouldn’t listen to the voice, since it—hopefully—was not reality.

“My uncle has a nice and pretty girlfriend, and they plan to get married,” Sawyer then told us.

“They’re in love,” he added, winking at Laura.

“That’s sweet,” Laura said.

“That’s so nice that he has a girlfriend.”

“Yeah. My uncle’s life has been a mess and screwed up because of his severe mental illness,” Sawyer said.

“It’s good that things are better now, I hope,” I said.

Sawyer nodded. “He takes his medication and now is a lot better.”

Just then, I noticed a teenage boy who had a different-looking penis than Sawyer's, mine, and the others' that I had noticed.

I quietly asked Sawyer, "Why does his penis look different from ours?"

He looked at the boy for a few seconds. "He wasn't circumcised, like we were," Sawyer explained.

"Look at our penises. We have a scar on them where the foreskin was cut off when we were babies. Your

parents decided to have you
circumcised after you were born.”

I looked down at my penis and
then at his.

“That boy’s penis has foreskin at
the tip,” Sawyer continued. “The skin
over his penis head retracts. Your
parents might have had you
circumcised because a circumcised
penis is much easier to keep clean.”

Noticing their interest, he
pointed right at the scar on his penis
to show the girls as they looked and

looked. Then he pointed right at mine to show them.

Which kind was better? I wondered. Did girls like a circumcised penis better than one not circumcised? What did Lisa think about my penis? Did she like it? I just had to know!

“Which kind do you two prefer?” I asked Lisa and Laura, hoping they, especially Lisa, would like mine the way it was.

Lisa whispered into Laura's ear, and then Laura whispered into Lisa's ear.

"We prefer yours and Sawyer's," Lisa exclaimed. "You two guys are really cute and handsome. We like you just the way you are," Lisa said, and the girls giggled.

"In some places in Africa, girls are circumcised. It is extremely painful for them during and after the procedure. As a result, sex is not pleasurable and is, in fact, painful for the girls," Sawyer said. "A lot of

people around the world are against circumcision, especially female circumcision, which is mutilation,” he said.

I wondered about Lisa and Laura. “But they weren’t circumcised?” I asked Sawyer, pointing at the girls with my thumb. I worried about the babes and Sis being in pain and not enjoying sex when they were older.

“No, they weren’t.” Sawyer exclaimed, “Thank goodness. They would hate it very much.”

I felt relieved now. “I’m going to ask my parents why they had me circumcised,” I said with determination. “I’m so glad you two and my sister weren’t. It would suck to be in pain during sex,” I said. “People should have fun having sex,” I added with a smile at Lisa.

Lisa winked. Then, she and her sister smiled back at me and then at Sawyer, who had educated us.

I realized in that moment how much I cared about the girls,

especially Lisa. But I wasn't done with the conversation.

“How big is the average willy?” I asked the group.

“The average erect penis is about five and a half inches in length, with some bigger and others smaller.

Some guys have a one-inch penis, and others nine or ten inches, and others somewhere in between,”

Sawyer informed us.

I wanted to make my penis larger.

I tried to shrug off my disappointment. At least Lisa liked me the way I was. I sighed and shrugged for a second or two. Sawyer was so, so very lucky.

“Can I swap penises with you?” I joked with Sawyer, laughing and giggling.

“Sorry, dude. My penis is mine,” he said, making everyone smile.

Finished with the penis talk, we decided to go for a swim and had a lot of fun swimming in the turquoise-colored ocean water.

That evening, after we went back to our hotel rooms, my family and I ate dinner: Kentucky Fried Chicken. Before taking a shower, I lay in bed, dreaming about Lisa and her beautiful bare feet. I wanted so much to rub and massage them.

When I took a shower, I locked the door and made certain that, this time, Sis wouldn't be able to see me. All I thought about was making love to Lisa.

After we had all taken showers, we watched *Star Wars*, which I had

never seen, unlike many of the kids at school. It was a fun movie to watch. I had already seen the sequel, *The Empire Strikes Back*, not long ago in a movie theater.

As soon as I went to bed, I drifted off to a deep sleep, after a busy and exciting day.

Chapter 5

In the morning, I woke feeling very refreshed and ready for the new day. As I slid out of bed, I realized that I had another morning woody. I removed my underwear. It didn't bug me nearly as much to have my family see me with it.

I ate breakfast, Cheerios and a fresh glass of orange juice, and thought about Lisa again.

I love Lisa. I love Lisa. I love Lisa.

All I thought was that I was in love with Lisa! Lisa meant the world to me. I cared about her and her feelings very much. I wanted us to be very happy. I wanted to marry her!

Outside, I walked around, looking for my friends, especially Lisa, who was all mine. I knew I was going to miss my friends—and especially Lisa—when my family and I left for home. I felt sad and good at the same time, because I'd be back with my friends at home.

I found Lisa by herself, sitting on the sand, listening to her Walkman.

“What are you listening to?” I quizzed. “Is it love music?” I asked, hoping it was as I sat cross-legged right next to her.

“It’s ‘If You Leave Me Now,’ by Chicago,” she said, taking off her headphones.

“Is it one of their albums?” I asked.

“Yes,” she answered enthusiastically, making me smile as I

looked right into her blue eyes, which were so beautiful.

“Your blue eyes are more beautiful than the turquoise ocean water,” I praised her.

She giggled and held my hand.

“Your brown eyes are extremely handsome,” she said, making me smile as I thought about how wonderful she was.

I hugged her side, and she hugged me back. Then I sat seiza behind her and rubbed her neck,

giving her a massage. She enjoyed it very much—I could tell.

That's when Sawyer and Laura came up from behind us.

“What are you two lovebirds up to?” he asked, smiling as he stood there next to Laura, watching us.

“I told you: Lisa and I are good friends,” I explained. “We care about each other.”

“Ooooooooooh,” Sawyer teased, “You care about each other. Ooooooooooh.”

Lisa and I glanced at each other and smiled.

We spent the day sunning, playing beach volleyball, beach bowling, spike ball, tug of war, and other fun things.

The days passed, and we had fun each and every day. Then, it was Friday, the day before we'd all be going back to our homes far away.

Chapter 6

Time had gone by fast, because we had been having such a blast here with each other. It was Friday, the day before each of us and our families would be returning home.

That morning, my family and I ate breakfast together, as per our routine. I remembered what I had long forgotten to ask my parents.

“Mom, Dad. Why did you have me circumcised?” I asked shyly. I was

internally patting myself on the back for being brave enough to ask my parents about something private, like my penis.

“We decided to do it because your father was, and we wanted you to be like him,” Mom explained.

“Oh, okay,” I replied.

“A lot of boys are,” she added, “and probably most boys in this country are.”

“Sawyer was, too,” I said. “He explained to me the difference and all

about circumcision.” I cleared my throat. “Did you and Dad know that, in some places in Africa, they circumcise girls, which is very painful and can make things painful for the girls when they grow up?”

“Yes, we knew. It is really a shame that something like that has happened,” Dad said.

I was happy that it doesn’t happen here, but sad that it has happened at all.

Later that morning, at the beach, Sawyer and the girls and I gathered

seashells. Most were rather small, but one I found was nearly four times as big as the others. I gave it to Lisa to remember me by. She liked it.

We had fun playing games with other tweens and teenagers, and we swam for a long time, looking into the water to see the sea life. A very large fish—but not another shark—swam by us once, but as soon as one of us moved, it zipped away.

One thing we noticed that day was that we each had a nice tan, and no tan lines. Lisa looked beautiful!

That day, before returning to our rooms, we agreed to have Sawyer's dad take pictures of us on the last day, but clothed, of course. His dad had brought his new and expensive 35mm camera.

That night in bed, all I thought about as I finally fell asleep was not seeing my new friends, especially Lisa, ever again. It made me sad.

Chapter 7

It was Saturday morning, and we'd be leaving with our families for home. Sawyer met me at our hotel room with his dad, who had his camera. We met up with the babes in their hotel room.

“Hi,” Sawyer and I said.

“My dad's got his camera to take pictures of us,” Sawyer told them.

The girls followed us downstairs and outside, in front of the hotel.

We stood in front of a palm tree at the hotel entrance.

“Say cheese,” Sawyer’s dad said, and we smiled nicely for our pictures, planning to keep them forever and ever.

I stood next to Lisa, and Sawyer next to Laura. Sawyer’s dad took some close-ups of us, and some zoomed out. He also took some of Sawyer and me holding hands with our girls.

Sawyer’s dad wrote down our phone numbers and addresses, so he

could mail us prints once the film was developed after they arrived home in Idaho.

Then, it was time for the girls to go home. Sawyer and I hugged our girls and walked with them to their rental van in the parking lot. Their thirteen and seventeen-year-old brothers were there. This was my first time ever seeing them, but I only had eyes for my friends. We hugged and hugged and hugged the girls.

“Bye,” I said to Lisa and Laura.
“I’m going to miss you two.”

I felt like crying.

“Goodbye,” Sawyer said with a tear in his eye.

“Bye-bye,” the babes said in unison. “We love you!”

Oh, man, that made me feel even more like crying. I could tell Sawyer was upset, too.

Then, their father drove them away to the airport. Sawyer’s parents and my parents said we could each get an ice cream sundae at the café

and spend some time together before we had to leave.

Enjoying our sundaes, we commiserated about the girls.

“Those babes were hot,” he said. “Made me wish I could marry Laura and love her,” he added, making me miss Lisa already.

“Those babes were superhot,” I agreed. “I’d love to be with Lisa, and to love her, too. I wish you and they could live where I live, so we could date and be friends forever.”

“We are friends, forever,” Sawyer declared. “We’re buddies forever!” We stood from our bar stools and bear-hugged.

“I’ll never forget you and the babes, and the fun we had. I hope my family and I can come back next year,” I said.

“My family might come back next year, too,” Sawyer said as we finished our sundaes.

Finally, it was time for Sawyer and his family to leave. In the parking

lot, he and I bear-hugged one last time.

“Bye,” I said, feeling sad and wishing I could have him in my life forever. “I’ll miss you,” I added, making him smile and wave.

“Bye. Take care, my friend,” he said, and then he got into his family’s rental sedan. I watched as his father drove away, toward the airport.

I was the last to leave. I helped my family finish packing.

“Are we coming back next year?”

I asked—and hoped.

“We probably will,” Dad said.

“You guys have had the time of your lives here. I can’t see us not coming back.”

I smiled. Then, it was time for us to leave for the airport. I carried my luggage as we checked out and walked to the rental car. I felt sad as Dad drove us away.

Would I ever see Lisa, Laura, and Sawyer again?

Yes, actually, I would, and I did—
the next summer!

About the story: Parental guidance suggested. Twelve-year-old Jeremy, timid and sensitive, makes a new friend, Sawyer, and falls in love with a babe, Lisa, during a week-long stay at a nudist beach resort. It is his family's first time at a naturist resort. A fictitious story taking place in Southern California, in the summer of 1983. For more information about this book and other books by the author, visit www.nudistboy.com
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