

SKINNY- DIPPING

**A Boy's
Puberty
Story**

RICHARD CARLSON

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About the story: Rich, a sensitive, outgoing, winsome, gregarious, and handsome twelve-year-old boy plays *Truth or Dare* with his buddies at his friend's house—and that's when the fun begins. A fictitious story taking place in Upstate, New York, USA, in the summer of 1983. For more information about this book and other books by the author, visit www.boyspubertystories.com

About the author: Richard Carlson is an author of children's and coming-of-age

books. He is a highly sensitive person, or HSP. You can learn more about him at www.richardcarlson.com

Chapter 1

My name is Rich, and in the summer of 1983, I lived with my family in Upstate New York. I had turned twelve a few months ago. Today was my buddy Jason's twelfth birthday. My friend Aiden and I were spending the night at his house for his birthday party. The girls would come later for the party, but would not spend the night.

It was about noon, and we were going to play *Truth or Dare* in the family room.

Jason's parents, both doctors, were out of town for a medical conference in Washington, D.C.

His eighteen-year-old brother, Pete, was with us. He was responsible for looking after us. But Pete and his pretty girlfriend were blaring AC/DC in his room at the far end of the house.

Jason's girlfriend, Sue, lived two houses away. When I rode by this

morning, I recognized some other bicycles in her driveway. I knew that a girl I really liked, named Dusty, and another girl, Shannon, were over at Sue's house.

Dusty was a beautiful sandy-blond-haired and pretty blue-eyed babe. I'd had a crush on her since before school ended for the year.

When I was around her, my chest tingled and tingled, and my heart filled with love for her. I hadn't told my buddies how I felt about her yet. I wasn't sure if I should. Maybe it's

something I had to take care of myself.

I had to muster the courage to ask her out to see a movie or something.

Jason cleared his throat and explained, “Here are the rules to *Truth or Dare*. First, if you don’t want to admit to something you’re asked, you don’t have to answer. If you’re dared to do something you don’t want to do, then you don’t have to do it. You can stop at any time. One person is first, and they spin the bottle to pick the

person to be ‘truth or dared.’ We’ll start with me, since it’s my birthday, if that’s cool with you guys.”

I wasn’t sure that everyone always played by these rules, but we wanted to be certain that we were being considerate of each other and not forcing someone to say or do something they didn’t want to do.

“Oh, and also, nothing dangerous, illegal, harmful, or . . . sexual,” Jason added.

I giggled at the last word.

Jason had cooked pizza rolls in the microwave for us, and we had almost finished them. I popped the last two in my mouth and took a gulp of cold refreshing milk.

“We’re good with the rules. You can go first, Jason. Let’s sit in a circle,” I suggested. We arranged ourselves cross-legged in a circle.

“Okay. I’m first to spin,” Jason exclaimed. He spun the empty Coca-Cola glass bottle—it landed on me.

“Truth—or Dare?” he asked with a big grin.

This was going to be fun. “Truth,” I said with a smile, hoping for something juicy.

“Reveal to us what your favorite part of the female anatomy is,” he ordered.

I assumed that he’d expect me to say a girl’s private area. I tilted my head and ran my fingers along my chin as I pretended to think and think, already knowing my answer.

“Her...her bare feet, especially her soles,” I said with a giggle.

“That’s—pretty cool, dude. I assumed you’d say her beaver or ass,” Jason exclaimed in surprise with another big grin.

His comment made me happy to have such great buddies.

Aiden just giggled and giggled, rocking backward and forward, like he was stimming, like my autistic five-year-old brother did sometimes.

“Now, it’s Aiden’s turn to spin,” Jason exclaimed.

Aiden gave it a spin, the bottle spun for a few seconds, and—it landed on me again.

“Truth or Dare?” Aiden exclaimed with a big smile, making me laugh with delight.

“Dare,” I brazenly declared.

“I dare you to strip right here and jump in the pool, completely naked,” he said.

All right! I was thrilled to have such an exciting dare called on me.

I yanked off my shirt, and then my shoes and socks. Then I stood up and pulled down my shorts, followed by my white underwear. Now I was completely naked in front of my buddies. My penis was fully erect, but that didn't bug me. They could see I had some pubic hair, but that didn't bug me, either.

How much pubic hair did they have? I wondered.

Jason and Aiden followed me out the back slider and watched as I

reached the pool and dove into the deep end, satisfying the dare.

Reaching the surface, I swam in place. Then, my buddies stripped right there in front of me and joined me! Now, we were all naked. Before they leapt in, I saw that Jason and Aiden had a full bush of pubic hair. I really wished I did, too. I wanted to be just like my friends.

We swam around and bantered about girls and about school. We wondered what junior high would be like. I felt very excited and very happy

to be having so much fun with my friends. They meant everything to me.

That's when Jason's older brother came to the slider with his girlfriend and locked us out of the house. They smiled at us and then turned around and walked away.

"They must want some privacy," I said with a big smile, "for lovemaking."

My friends and I smiled at each other.

My buddies and I tossed a tennis ball to each other in the pool. This was the first time I had ever skinny-dipped, and it was so much fun!

This was also the first time I had ever seen naked boys—other than when I used to bathe with my younger brothers. My buddies' penises were about the same length and size as mine, I had seen before we got into the water.

“Have you dudes ever skinny-dipped before?” I asked, very curious. “I haven’t.”

“I haven’t,” Jason said.

“Me neither,” Aiden said.

The phone rang and rang. We saw Jason’s older brother answer the telephone, in the kitchen.

“It’s probably my parents calling to check on us,” Jason exclaimed.

My buddies and I continued to have a blast, tossing the ball to each other.

As the conversation faded, I worked up my courage. At first, I hesitated to speak, but I soon

overcame my reluctance. “There’s this girl I like,” I shared with them.

“How should I ask her to see a movie?” I was hoping that they would offer some advice that made sense.

“Who is she?” Jason quizzed.

“Tell us!”

“Not yet,” I said. “But I’ll tell you soon.” I was happy to have friends I could trust.

Jason explained, “You could knock on her door and ask her if she’d like to see a movie. But make sure to name the movie, and say you’ve

heard it's a good story—if you have, anyway. You and she could ride your bikes to the mall theater.”

“What if she says *not now* or *no thank you*?” I asked, trying to cover all of the possible responses from her.

Aiden suggested, “Just say, *okay, maybe some other time*.”

Their suggestions were giving me confidence.

“At the dances in junior high, you could dance with her,” Aiden said.
“That would be fun.”

“Yeah, like Sue and me will,”
Jason exclaimed.

“I’ve never kissed a girl,” I
admitted, “but I want to.”

“This mystery girl might be your
first,” Jason said.

“I kissed a girl, in third grade,
where I used to live,” Aiden said.

“Cool,” I said, happy for Aiden.

“I know that you’ve kissed Sue,” I
said to Jason. “I’ve seen you two at
school. Was she your first?”

“Yes. She was my first,” Jason said.

“When are the girls coming over?” I asked.

“Any time now,” Jason said. “And after cake, I’ll open my presents.”

That’s when we heard the backyard gate squeak egregiously as it opened. Dusty, Sue, and Shannon walked in! They were wearing their bikinis and holding Jason’s presents.

Chapter 2

Dusty, Sue, and Shannon walked in, staring at us; I bravely got out of the pool and approached them.

Naked right in front of them, standing on the concrete walkway, I laughed and laughed as they giggled and giggled and giggled. I kept my eye on Dusty, the girl I liked. Showing off, I stood there with my hands on my hips. I was fully erect. I was showing off my handsome body in front of three beautiful girls.

That's when Jason and Aiden got out and stood next to me. They were also erect. The girls could see plenty.

Thinking quickly of what to say and do next, I blurted, "Do you guys want to play toss with the tennis ball in the pool?"

The girls giggled and giggled.

"Okay," Sue agreed, "but you guys have to stay out of the pool until we are in the water. Okay?"

"Okay," I said and smiled. Jason and Aiden also agreed.

After putting Jason's presents on the lawn table, the girls took off their clothes and sneakers, leaving their bikinis on the backyard lawn table, and got in the pool by the steps in the shallow end. Now all of us were nude. This was my first time seeing a naked girl in person—and I was getting to see three of them at once!

All three girls had beautiful bodies, but Dusty had such a very beautiful body. I got a good look at her beautiful bare feet, but not her soles.

So beautiful. Maybe I'd see her soles before the night was over.

The girls each had a full bush of pubic hair, like Jason and Aiden. Out of everyone, I had the least pubic hair. Why couldn't I be like my friends?

My buddies and I got in the pool, going down the steps after the girls. We were giggling, too. Everyone played around, tossing the tennis ball to each other. We played for quite a while. It was really fun.

As we were playing, I thought and thought about seeing Dusty's

feet, especially her soles. They must be so beautiful because her face and body were also so beautiful.

“Here, Dusty. Lie on this raft,” I offered, climbing out of the pool’s shallow end. I grabbed the raft from under the backyard awning and tossed it into the pool.

“Okay,” she said, making me love her even more for being so agreeable.

I climbed down the steps in the shallow end and into the water. She lay prone, with her entire body on top of the raft, exposing her soles.

Beautiful, I thought, looking at them. I could see that her toes were well manicured and her toenail polish matched her fingernail polish: bright yellow. I swam in place, just admiring her soles. Absolutely beautiful soles! I was in Heaven.

Her soles were curved as she lay prone on the raft. I really loved girls' curved soles. They were my favorite. Dusty's feet were the most beautiful babe-girl-bare-feet in the entire world.

My heart beat rapidly as my chest filled with tingling and tingling love for Dusty. I was so much in love with her. I tilted my head as I admired her soles. The others were still tossing the tennis ball, but I would rather talk with Dusty.

“Would you like to see a movie with me sometime at the mall?” I bravely asked, hoping that she liked me.

“Yes, that’d be really great,” she said. “We just have to decide when and what movie we’d see.”

“Awww,” I replied as I tilted my head as I smiled, looking into her eyes.

The chitchat dwindled down, and I realized that Jason and Aiden were listening to us.

I didn’t care who overheard us. All I could think about was holding hands and maybe kissing Dusty while watching the movie.

Chapter 3

The girls and my buddies swam and swam until we got bored. Then, Jason spoke.

“I bet I’m better at sex than you,” Jason said, looking at me.

It felt like he was challenging me somehow. I ignored his comment.

“We shouldn’t be having sex at our age. We should wait until we are either married or older to have sex. I plan to lose my virginity after I’m

married. You wouldn't want to be a dad at our age," I said, making myself proud and happy to stand up for what I believed in.

"I want to have sex right now," Jason said, "with Sue." He grinned at her. "I'm a stud!"

I wondered if they were going to have sex. After all, his parents weren't home.

"Let's all have sex," Jason exclaimed.

“Let’s not,” I said. “You should be older and in a committed and loving relationship before you have sex. I’ve heard that sex is better if you wait until you are older.”

“All I do is think about sex,” Jason burst out. “I want to do it, now.”

“You might be a dad at twelve,” I said, “Let’s just swim and have fun.”

“Yeah, I don’t want to be a mom at twelve,” Sue said. “I am going to lose my virginity either after I’m married or when I am older.”

The others agreed with us.

“Goody-two-shoes city,” Jason grumbled.

“If a girl, like Dusty, wanted to have sex with you right now, would you?” Jason quizzed.

Bring it on, Jason, I thought. I was happy to argue with him about this.

“No,” I firmly stated.

He shrugged and sighed at me. I was ready to get into it, but he wavered.

We got back in the pool. Maybe we shouldn't have skinny-dipped, because for some tweens and teens, being naked together might lead to sex, I thought.

Jason sulked as he shrugged at me.

“I care about my friends, and I don't want them to make behemoth mistakes that they regret. You guys are my best buddies, and I care about you.”

I was happy to see that Sue and the girls were smiling at me.

I continued. “Look, guys, when we grow up, we can have great sex, going for it with our girls. I’d like to lose my virginity to Dusty,” I said, thrilled to see her smile at that, “but only when we are married. I want to be a virgin for my wife, so we can lose it together,” I shared.

“Such a real goody-two-shoes,” Jason snarled with a big frown.

“What about us?” Sue said.

“What about Shannon and me?”

“You two are really beautiful. I’d like to lose my virginity to either of

you, too. But Dusty is my favorite girl,” I said. “She’s a sweetheart.”

“We can have sex after we’re married or at least older and in a committed and loving relationship,” I reiterated, making Jason frown even more.

“Which boy here do you want to lose your virginity to?” I quizzed Dusty.

“You,” she chimed, smiling at me.

I felt so great inside, knowing that a female wanted me to have sex with

her and wanted to lose her virginity to me.

Jason just swam in place sticking his tongue out at me.

Chapter 4

“It’s beaver and willy city around here,” Jason exclaimed as he swam, “Beavers, beavers, beavers. Willies, willies, willies.”

“And what about a *beaver*?” he continued. “How did a furry animal get named for a girl’s private area?”

“I don’t know,” I replied.

“Why is my penis called a *willy*?” he said, making everyone smile.

“What about *bumping uglies*? How

did that get to become another word for making love?” he asked.

When everyone just shrugged and chuckled, Jason blurted, “Guess what part of the female anatomy is Rich’s favorite?”

“What?” Dusty exclaimed with a smirk.

“Her bare feet. Especially her soles,” Jason announced. “We were playing *Truth or Dare* when he admitted to it. Isn’t that awesome?”

“Do you want to suck her toes,” Aiden joked and then added, “and lick her soles?”

I swam in place, giggling. “Dusty has beautiful bare feet,” I told them. I smiled at her and nodded. I was into her bare feet, very much so. I loved her bare feet!

I thought for a second and decided to ask about another topic.

“What would happen to us dudes if someone removed our balls?” I asked.

“Then, we’d be eunuchs.

Eunuchs are castrated boys and men.

Then, we would not have sexual feelings and not have sexual urges, because our testicles would no longer be there,” Aiden explained as everyone listened. “If we were castrated right now, our voices wouldn’t grow deeper during puberty.”

“Is that so?” I asked, feeling glad that I wasn’t castrated and wasn’t a eunuch.

“At one time, the Catholic Church had young boys castrated so their voices wouldn’t deepen and they’d grow up and sing in the church,” Aiden said being incorrect about the church.

“I had no idea,” I exclaimed.

“It’s been a long time since the church did that, though,” Aiden said. “I learned all about eunuchs on TV.”

Jason asked Aiden and me, “What would you two do if the three of us were the only people left on

Earth? Would you just become gay, to have all-out gay sex with each of us?”

“I wouldn’t,” I replied, and Aiden agreed.

“So, you’d stay virgins?” Jason quizzed, making me smile and laugh.

“Yes,” I said.

The girls were cracking up at this conversation.

“I think you boys would like to be gay lovers,” Sue said. “I think you guys would all be gay.”

Ignoring her, Jason asked everyone, “What would you guys and gals do if the world was going to end in a day? Would you then have sex?”

“Dusty and I would stay virgins and just have a fun day together doing fun stuff,” I said. “We would be virgins forever.”

“That’s awesome!” Dusty exclaimed to me.

“I’d have sex,” Jason said, “because I wouldn’t want to die a virgin and never have had sex.”

“I think I’d have sex, too,” Aiden admitted. “I don’t want to die a virgin, either.”

We played tag for a while when my stomach roared like a lion with hunger.

“Tag! You’re it!” I exclaimed patting Dusty’s arm and quickly darting away.

We knew it was time for birthday cake and for Jason to open his presents.

Chapter 5

Jason banged and banged on the locked backyard sliding door to get his brother's attention.

Jason and Aiden had already dressed, as had the girls. I was still naked because my clothes were on the family room floor.

“Why don't you?” Jason quizzed, “Masturbate instead of having sex,” he said, making me wonder why he

would be so critical of my decision to not have sex with Dusty.

“If you’re horny, just masturbate; don’t have sex at our age,” I said, making him smile and giggle. “Go for it by yourself.”

“I bet I can get two beautiful girls to have sex with me in a threesome,” Jason bragged.

“I just want to have sex with one girl, when I’m older,” I replied.

“Besides, I’m going to be in a loving and committed relationship with my

babe. We'll go crazy with each other. I won't need anyone else."

Finally, Pete showed up at the sliding door.

"Quit being such a dick and let us in," Jason shouted.

Pete ignored his remark, but opened the door.

I was finally able to get dressed and ready for Jason's party.

After Pete's girlfriend went home, he carefully took the cake out of the flimsy box; the cake was chocolate

with chocolate icing and had a small red plastic go-kart toy on top with “Happy Birthday” written in white icing above it.

“Did you know that your brother wants to have sex? At his age?” I asked Pete.

“It’s best not to have sex until you are older,” Pete exclaimed in surprise. “You could get a girl pregnant, or get a sexually transmitted disease.”

“What about you?” Jason asked his older brother. “When was the first time you had sex?”

“I had sex after I turned eighteen, and I am very glad I waited; Mom and Dad wouldn’t like it if you got a girl pregnant at your age. Trust me: wait until you are at least eighteen, and in a loving, committed relationship. It’s best that way,” Pete preached.

Then girls put Jason’s presents on the kitchen table. Aiden and I got our presents from the living room

table where we had put them and Jason put them on the kitchen table.

Jason's brother lit twelve of the thirteen candles with a lighter.

Jason exclaimed, "Look at all my presents."

The kitchen table was full of presents. My present was on top.

We sang "Happy Birthday," and Jason blew out the candles. Everyone clapped and cheered.

“What is this?” he exclaimed, shaking my present. “Sounds like . . . a model kit.” He unwrapped it.

“A ’57 T-Bird,” he said holding it up to show us the 1/25 scale model kit I had gotten for him. “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome,” I replied.

Jason opened his other presents. He got all scale model kits: A ’57 Chevy, a ’65 Mustang, a ’69 Chevelle, and a ’64 Impala convertible, all 1/25 scale. And from his parents and brother, he got a 1/18 scale ’64 ½

Mustang convertible model kit. The box was huge!

Jason thanked all of us. His mom and dad phoned and wished him a happy birthday right after he finished opening the last gift.

We enjoyed the chocolate cake, eating together at the bar stools.

After finishing the delicious chocolate cake and flushing it down with a cold glass of refreshing milk, we swam again.

We guys stripped, and the girls followed. We had fun swimming nude again. This time, Jason was cool about not having sex.

“I’m going to wait until I am older to have sex,” he said, “like Pete did.” He reminded us, “He waited until he was eighteen. That’s cool with me.”

Chapter 6

“Let’s talk about what we’re going to do in junior high,” I said as everyone listened. We swam in place in the deep end.

“How about the school dances?” I said. “Let’s all go,” I exclaimed, hoping Dusty would be there.

“Okay,” everyone agreed.

“What electives are you guys signed up for? I’m taking beginning computers and French,” I told them,

hoping to have at least some classes with my friends.

“I’m taking French, too. There is only one French beginning class taught first semester, so we’ll be in the same class,” Dusty said.

“Awesome! Cool!” I exclaimed happily.

“I’m also taking beginning computers. Maybe we’ll be in the same class for that, too,” Dusty said.

“I’m taking Spanish and beginning art,” Jason said.

“I’m also taking beginning art,”
Sue said, “and journalism.”

“I’m taking Spanish and
journalism, too,” Aiden said.

Shannon said, “I’m taking home
economics and Spanish.”

“What do you have to offer your
mate?” Jason asked me.

That was a weird and sudden
transition. It made me wonder if he
was jealous. But I rose to the
occasion.

“I am sensitive, and babes like sensitive guys who care about them. I am smart and handsome and have a nice personality and care about people very much. I want to become a doctor or a surgeon, like my dad. I am a nice person, too,” I said, making him frown and then chuckle a little.

“Do you girls think I’m handsome?” I asked. “Do you, Dusty?”

“You’re handsome and really cute,” Dusty said. “All you boys are.”

Sue and Shannon agreed, making me happy to be attractive. The girls each giggled as they looked at us boys. It made me start to have sexual feelings for Dusty.

“You girls are beautiful,” I declared. “Right, guys?”

They smiled and agreed.

Jason got out of the pool and stood there with his hands on his hips. Giggling, he was showing off his body to the girls, like I had earlier. Showing off was fun, especially

showing off your body to beautiful girls.

“I’ve got an idea. Let’s play tag,” I said, and we did in the pool.

Chapter 7

Everyone still swam in the deep end.

“Do you know that some people do not know about the Holocaust?” I said. “And they know nothing about the Nazis and who they were.”

“The Nazis murdered millions of innocent people, mostly Jews, but also Jehovah’s Witnesses, the disabled, people who opposed Hitler, the homeless, homosexuals, and

even children who stuttered,” Jason informed us. “Adolf Hitler was their leader.”

“That is terrible,” Aiden said before anyone else had time to reply.

“Yes. Did you guys know that some people falsely claim that the Holocaust never happened? That’s a slap in the face to a Holocaust survivor.” I added, “The people claiming it never happened are antisemitic, spewing hatred for the Jews and other innocent people,

denying the Holocaust ever happened.”

“That’s ridiculous to be a Holocaust denier,” Sue exclaimed, and everyone agreed.

“Did you know that Nazis want to live in a world where no one shows compassion for anyone else, where people have no feelings?” I asked.

“That’s ridiculous.”

“I don’t want to live where no one has any compassion for anyone else,” Dusty said. “Then, people wouldn’t care at all about someone in need.”

I was very happy that all of us agreed.

“Even though America isn’t perfect, we’re lucky to live here where people have rights—at least, they’re supposed to,” I said, happy to not live in Nazi Germany or the Soviet Union.

“Did you guys know that there is a plant that looks like a penis standing upright?” Jason exclaimed. Everyone groaned.

“I read about it in a magazine. And did you know that there is a fish in South America that will swim up a

man or boy's urethra—that's the pee-hole in his penis—and lodge itself deep inside?"

"A fish, lodged in my penis? They don't live here, do they?" I asked, hoping not.

"No. They live in South America," Jason said.

"I wonder how big the biggest penis is, ever," Aiden wondered, making me curious, too.

“I don’t know.” Jason rubbed his chin. “Maybe a foot long?” he guessed.

“Why don’t you write a book all about penises and call it *Everything Having to do with the Penis*,” I suggested.

We continued to swim and banter.

Chapter 8

After a while, Jason's brother Pete came out in his swimsuit. He got in with us.

I noticed that Pete had leg and arm hair and a trail of hair going from his pubic region to his bellybutton. He also had some chest hair, but not very much.

"You don't have very much pubic hair yet," Jason said to me, making me self-conscious about my body.

“I’ve got some pubes.” I got out of the pool and pointed.

Everyone looked.

“He’s not yet a man.” Jason teased, “You’re just a boy.”

He made me feel ashamed to not be as far in puberty as the others.

“I’m a man,” I said, noticing that Pete had armpit hair. “Do you have underarm hair?” I quizzed Jason, teasing him right back.

“Not yet. But I’m a horny little devil,” Jason exclaimed. “I have

dreams all the time about having sex,” he said, as if that proved that he was well into puberty.

“Do your sex dreams involve me, honeybunch?” Sue asked. “Tell me.”

“Yes, honeybunch. I dream about making passionate love to you,” he said.

“I’ve had dreams about having sex,” I said. “They’re exhilarating.”

“I’ve had sex dreams, too,” Aiden said.

“What about you girls? Have you dudettes had sex dreams?” Jason asked.

I hoped Dusty did.

The girls giggled and giggled.

“I do,” each of the girls exclaimed.

“What if some semen came out of one of our penises in the pool. Could one of the babes here get pregnant?” I asked Pete. I hoped not!

“I’ve never heard of that happening before. If that was true,

that wouldn't be good. I don't think that will happen," Pete said.

"Rich. Did semen come out of your penis just now?" Dusty asked with a big grin.

"No. Of course not. I was just curious," I said.

"Mine just did," Jason said, smiling. "No, it didn't really come out; just kidding!"

"What happened to having sex, Jason?" I asked.

“My big brother waited until he was eighteen; that’s what I’m going to do. I’d hate to get Sue pregnant, unless we were married and wanted to make a kid,” he said.

Everyone continued swimming and chatting, even after it got dark.

I hopped out and sat on the edge of the pool with my legs dangling in the water as the others swam around.

“We’ve had a lot of fun today. Let’s do it again,” I suggested, “like, very soon.”

“Okay,” the others said.

The fact that my good friend was going to wait to have sex until he was older and not now at twelve years old took a load off my mind; he was going to be responsible, like his older brother and Aiden and me.

The next weekend and other times throughout the summer when Jason’s parents weren’t home, the girls and Aiden and I came over and skinny-dipped. We had a blast!