

The Summer I Became a Suck-Slut

By

James Lucien

Copyright 2019 James Lucien

The school bus is rowdier than usual since everyone is excited to start summer vacation. The driver is ignoring the ruckus, seemingly just as delighted.

I'm sitting in the first row, gazing out the open window at the passing trees, in my Catholic uniform consisting of black Mary Janes, white knee-high socks, pleated violet plaid skirt, and white button-up blouse with a violet plaid necktie. It's uncomfortable but at least the color complements my jade eyes behind my black-framed glass. My long orange hair is tied into a tight ponytail with a violet plaid scrunchy, per our school's uniform code.

My BFF, Bethany, is sitting beside me, wearing a frown. "Church camp won't be half as fun without you there."

My parents broke the news to me last night that they can't afford the price increase, so I'm going to be stuck at home with my little brother all summer.

I implore, "Promise to text me lots of photos, okay?"

Bethany beams, "Of course, Jade. I'll send you hourly updates."

"Thanks," I snort, "it'll break up the monotony and mourning of babysitting my snot-nosed brother."

"Maybe you'll get lucky and he'll fall down a well."

I giggle, "You're so bad."

"I know, but I go to confession every Sunday, so I'm all good with God."

"Without your bad influence," I jest, "I won't have any sins to confess this summer."

"Don't sell yourself short, girl. I'm sure you'll find someway to get yourself into trouble without me rooting you on."

The bus slows as it approaches the end of my long driveway and girls all across the bus gasp and point and whisper with excitement.

A tall handsome boy, I don't immediately recognize, with mussy blond hair and a square jaw is waiting for me. As the bus comes to a halt his bold blue eyes meet my gaze and I realize who he is. An abundance of pleasing memories rapidly flashes through my mind.

Sarah, sitting behind me, exclaims, "Dang, Jade's boyfriend is hot!"

"He's not my boyfriend," I refute as I continue to stare, "he's my cousin, Johnny."

Bethany challenges, "Why didn't you tell me you had a cousin that was so fine?!"

Shaking my head, I reply, "I totally have no idea."

Bethany playfully elbows my side. "Looks like your summer won't be so boring after all."

"O'Malley," the driver calls, "are you getting off or what?"

"S-s-sorry," I stammer, "I'm going." I sling my purple backpack over a shoulder and hurry off without telling Bethany goodbye.

As the bus pulls away, I pull out my scrunchy and shake out my hair. I want to leap into Johnny's arms but instead, I just fuss with my bangs.

Staring at my inward pointed toes, feeling anxious, I stutter, "Wh-wh-what are you doing here?"

Johnny pinches my chin between thumb and knuckle, raising my gaze to meet his eyes.

I blush and giggle nervously but I can't look away. The smoldering confidence of his sexy smirk is utterly entralling.

"Jade," he breathes, "I've missed your gorgeous smile so much. It causes my heart to sing seeing it once again."

Overcome with joy, I blurt, "My whole *body* is singing at the sight of you! I mean, that's not what," I glance away with anxiety, "you know what I mean."

“No,” he chuckles, “I don’t, but you’ve got all summer to explain it to me.”

I gape at him thrilled. “You’re spending the whole summer?!”

“My parents are touring all of Europe so I figured it would be a great opportunity to spend quality time reconnecting with my favorite cousin.”

I arch a sharp brow. “By which you mean they don’t trust you home alone.”

Johnny offers a guilty grin. “Well, that too, of course.”

I laugh louder than warranted. “So now I’ve got to babysit Jacob *and* you, huh?”

“Naw, I’m sure your little brother will understand that I’ll be needing your full attention.”

“Oh yeah, what type of trouble am I going to be wrangling you away from?”

“Only the most carnal of sinful vices, I assure you.” He gives me an impish wink and my heart flutters.

I brush my orange hair behind an ear, and coo, “A little bit of sin would probably do me good.”

A smile spreads across his face, revealing his sparkling whites. “I couldn’t agree more, sugar.”

The impulse to leap into his arms hits me again and I bite the inside of my cheek, using the pain to resist the compulsion.

Johnny gently takes my hand. “Should we attempt the long journey up to your house?”

“Yeah,” I snort, “let’s try.”

As we begin to walk, I worry that I’m squeezing his hand too tight or that my palm will get clammy and gross him out but I don’t let go.

Noticing my tension, Johnny hip bumps me flirtatiously, and assures, “You don’t have to be so shy around me, Jade. I’ve known you since birth.”

I glance up at him. “Please don’t tell me you changed my diapers as well.”

He chuckles, “I’m not *that* much older than you, remember?”

For a moment I can’t seem to remember his age, then I meet his gaze and it comes rushing back. “You’re two years my senior.”

“Therefore, I’ve never had the privilege of changing your diapers. I imagine you’ve moved on to Pull-Ups by this age.”

I hip bump him giggling. “Yeah, they’ve got Disney Princesses on them if you want to see ‘em.”

“Really,” he chuckles, “I would have guessed you prefer Tinker Bell, honestly.”

I laugh, “You always conjure the most fascinating conversation topics.”

“Don’t give me the credit. You brought up diaper changing.”

“And you ran with it.”

“I work with what I’m given so don’t blame me.”

He smirks at me again and my train of thought is derailed, leaving me speechless.

Johnny releases my hand and scoops me into his arms, carrying me like a child. “You’ve no clue the trouble I’m going to cause you.”

The following morning, I pad into the small bathroom I share with my little brother. I pee and brush my teeth while the shower warms.

I climb into the tub and pull the curtain closed. As I scrub my pale and lightly freckled skin with a soapy pouf, I smile as I recollect the funny moments from the evening before. Game night with Johnny present was more fun than ever. Even my uptight father was laughing at

Johnny's raunchy humor. I smile wider as I recall Johnny playing footsie with me under the dining room table throughout the fun evening.

I'm rinsing when the door creaks open and clinks closed. The toilet seat clanks and the tinkling of a urine stream is accompanied by a sigh of relief that I recognize as Johnny's melodious voice. My pulse speeds at once. My towel is out of reach without stepping into view.

The tinkling peters out and the toilet seat clanks closed. The sink splashes water for a moment and then I hear Johnny brushing his teeth.

Eyes clamped, I stand perfectly still under the steaming spray beating my small supple breasts, afraid to make a peep. I've never felt so exposed.

The sink splashes water again for a moment and I hear Johnny swish and spit.

I release the breath I was holding, surmising the ordeal is over, and then my heart nearly leaps out of my chest as the shower curtain opens behind me and Johnny steps in without request!

“Damn,” he marvels, “your tushie has really plumped nicely since the last time we bathed together when we were kids.”

I glance over my shoulder like a frightened mouse and my gaze roves over his perfectly-chiseled hardbody, before my vision tunnels on the thick phallus dangling between his muscled thighs.

I squeak, “I could say the same about your penis.” Then I slap a palm over my mouth with regret.

Johnny chuckles, “Thanks for noticing. Penis push-ups really work wonders.”

I sputter a laugh into my palm covering my mouth, my anxiousness waning a little. Then I stiffen and my repressed outburst is stifled as Johnny's hands grip my curvy hips, heightening my anxiety again. I gulp audibly and drop my hand away from my mouth as he presses his pelvis against my round rump. His palms slide across my tight tummy as he embraces me in a firm hug.

Pressing his nose to my crown, he inhales deeply, relishing the scent of my hair. “It feels so good to hold you in my arms.”

“It-it-it feels good for me too,” I manage to stammer out, “but we could get in a lot of trouble if my parents found out.”

He kisses my temple and squeezes me a little tighter. “It's just a hug, sugar. We're allowed to hug, right?”

“But we're naked,” I fret.

“Adam and Eve were naked in the garden for years.”

“But this isn't Eden, Johnny.”

“Holding you in my arms feels like Eden to me.”

His romantic words lull me into closing my eyes and melting into his tender embrace. “It's paradise for me too. I've wanted to feel your arms wrapped around me since I stepped off the school bus yesterday, but I was too afraid to hug you. I don't even know why.”

“You have absolutely no reason to ever fear me, sugar.” His hands glide up and gently palm my subtle breasts. He squeezes softly and my tiny nipples bud with arousal. “I know you've had a crush on me since you were just a little girl. I'm fond of you too.”

“I'm not supposed to feel this way about you, Johnny. It must be a sin.”

He nibbles at my earlobe, sending a tingle down below. “If your heart desires me, it can't be a sin. God is love, isn't he?”

“Yes,” I relent, “but as good as this feels it also feels just as wrong.”

He pecks a soft trail of kisses down my nape that draws a prolonged moan from deep in my throat. “That’s just the unwarranted fear in your mind dueling with the love in your heart. Don’t let the fear win. Focus on the boundless love.”

I utter a whimper as he pinches my budded nipples, the slight pain feeling amazing. “Ooh, Johnny, I’ve wanted this so bad for so long.” Reaching back, I grasp his masculine cheeks with yearning, pulling him more firmly against me.

He groans into my ear. “Give in to the love.”

I bite my lower lip as I feel his manhood grow rigid between my cheeks. It’s hard as solid steel and throbbing with his heartbeat. My womanhood begins to ooze. I want him inside me! I want to feel him thrusting into my creamy depths! I want him to spew his seed into my womb!

I twist around and clutch his erection with both palms. It appears even larger in my slender hands. I tug it as he kisses my neck and gropes my bottom. I feel a fierce compulsion to stuff it into my mouth and down my throat!

Grasping my shoulders, Johnny pushes me down onto my knees. “Suck it, sugar, suck it.”

I lick my full lips as I stroke his shaft and watch the steaming water spraying his muscular chest run down over his rippling abs. I’ve never seen anything more enticing in all my life!

A banging on the door turns the blood rushing through my veins to frigid ice.

My mother hollers, “Hurry up, Jade, the oatmeal’s getting cold!”

I spring to my feet, twist around and shut off the water. “I’ll be out in just a minute, Mom!”

I wait until I hear her marching down the creaky stairs and then I leap out of the tub, sling my towel around my shivering body, and hurry out of the bathroom without a word to Johnny and dash into my bedroom to get dressed. I’m still quivering when I sit down to eat breakfast.

After forcing down my bowl of oatmeal while averting my gaze from Johnny, I plug my ears with earbuds and listen to music as I spend the morning doing chores. I make sandwiches for our lunch and take a novel out onto the front porch to read in the hammock.

I spend all afternoon reading the first page over and over as the steamy memory of my morning shower repeatedly and relentlessly invades my thoughts.

The feel of Johnny’s girthy manhood pulsating in my pumping fists won’t leave my mind! The craving to cram it into my mouth is maddening!

After an awkwardly quite dinner, I change into a purple silk nightgown with plans to spend the evening alone in my bedroom texting with Bethany.

As I’m sitting in bed debating if I should tell Bethany about the shower, Johnny comes strolling in without knocking. “Well, sugar, you look comfy.”

I stare at my phone rather than meet his gaze. “Johnny, I don’t think we should spend any more time together besides with the family.”

He struts across my bedroom in a pair of blue sweatpants and a matching tight-fitting A-shirt and my eyes are drawn to his prominent bulge. He plops down beside me, slings an arm around my shoulders and kisses my crown. “Jade, sweetheart, I know you’re feeling conflicted about this morning. I care about you deeply. Please, come cuddle with me and we’ll watch a film. We used to love snuggling and watching movies together, remember?”

I glance into his bold blue eyes and a swell of nostalgia washes over me. “Okay,” I surrender, “let’s snuggle and watch a movie together.”

Instead of going down to the living room, Johnny leads me up to the attic, which was converted into a guest bedroom where he's staying.

There's a laptop on the nightstand beside the bed with a film ready to play. He switches off the lights and we climb into bed. He curls his strong arms around me from behind in a spooning position and pecks my cheek and forehead with a multitude of heartwarming kisses.

"Okay, okay," I giggle, "I thought we were going to watch a movie, Sir Kissalot!"

"We are, but I needed to catch you up from all the kisses you missed while you were ignoring me all day, Miss Grumpy Pants."

I roll my jade eyes at him from behind my glasses even as I blush. "I'm sorry, I ignored you. Can you ever forgive me or is all hope lost?" I jut out my tongue.

"If you keep toying with my emotions, you'll invoke the tickle monster, which you abhor."

I retort, "I *swear* I'll scream bloody-murder if you do."

"His slumber has already been disturbed by your callous attitude." He lifts his hand and flinches and twitches his fingers. "You better hurry and promise not to ignore me again."

I sputter, "I promise not to ignore you again, *okay*!?"

"You have to seal the deal with a kiss, sugar."

I press my pursed lips to his mouth and pull away with a wet smack. "It's sealed, so put the tickle monster back to sleep!"

"Okay," he yields, "but if you break your promise he'll come back with a vengeance."

I peck his lips again. "I won't break my promise."

Johnny reaches passed me to the laptop and taps the space bar, starting the film.

I lean back against him as the opening credits roll.

The movie opens on a woman wearing a smutty version of a girl scout's uniform. She skips up a set of stairs, flashing her thong. She rings the bell and a huge hunk answers promptly.

The dialog exchange is so unbelievably cringe-worthy, I tap the space bar, pausing the film. "What is this crap, Johnny? I've never seen acting so horrendously bad and Jacob is addicted to the Disney channel."

"Trust me, it gets better."

Sighing, I unpause the film.

The woman enters the hunk's house after he promises to buy all her cookies and she drops to her knees, right there in the foyer. The hunk unzips his pants and an erection pops out. The woman strokes his shaft and spits on the head.

I pause the film again. "What the heck is this?! They didn't even kiss first!"

"Aren't you following along, sugar? It's not complicated. He's going to buy all her cookies in exchange for a blowjob."

I blink at him baffled. "That's the worst story I've ever heard in my life!"

"It's not about the story. It's about the sexual pleasure."

"Wait, is this a porno? They warned us about those at church group. They're *bad*."

"Yes, sweetheart, it's a porno. I thought you wanted a little sin in your life?"

"Yeah, okay," I roll my eyes again, "I'll watch it."

A few minutes later, to my surprise, my womanhood begins to tingle and my mouth to salivate as I watch the woman moaning as she sucks on the hunk's dick. She's so passionate about it. And really sloppy as well. She's drooling all over herself. It's messy but still sexy.

I know Johnny's enjoy it too because I can feel his erection poking my butt. I wish he would take off his sweatpants so I could feel the warmth of it between my cheeks again.

Eventually, I gather the courage to whisper, “Do you want to take off your pants?” Johnny gives me a wicked grin and shimmies out of his pants under the covers.

I pull up my nightgown, bunching it around my waist. “I want to feel it against me like this morning.”

He peels my boyshort panties down without asking and presses his erection between my cheeks.

As we continue watching the porno, he rocks his hips, gently humping my crack while nibbling and sucking my earlobe. His panting, tickling my ear, causes my cleft to ooze. I want him inside me but I know it’s wrong! Sex before marriage is a sin of the highest order!

After the hung ejaculates all over the woman’s slobbery face, Johnny breathes, “I’ll buy all your cookies for a blowjob.”

I pause the film and twist around to face him. “Will it be our secret?”

“Of course, it will, sugar. I won’t tell a soul as long as I live.”

I grip his manhood in my palms and stroke it. “Do you want to kiss me before I suck it?” “Yes, of course, I do.”

“I’ve never kissed anyone before. I’m probably bad at it.”

“I’m happy to teach you. You’ll be a pro kisser in no time at all.”

Stomping feet sound on the stairs and I hastily pull up my panties and pull down my nightgown as Jacob comes charging into the bedroom.

“Jade,” he whines loudly, “Mommy said it’s your turn to read me a bedtime story!”

I flash Johnny a look of apology and abandon his bed to follow Jacob downstairs.

I read him a story in a sour mood and then get myself ready for bed even though it’s early. I contemplate going back up to the attic but decide against it since my parents are watching TV in their bedroom with the door open.

I check my phone and discover a dozen photos of church camp sent from Bethany. I reply about the photos but don’t mention the shower or anything else about Johnny. She would never understand anyway and she might even report my actions to our youth pastor if I told her.

I toss and turn in bed, thinking about the porno. The woman seemed so pleased when the hunk shot his seed all across her face. She was giggling and moaning and finger scraping it into her mouth to eat it. She kissed his balls and thanked him for his cum.

Feeling utterly frustrated, I turn on my side and stuff a pillow between my legs. I rock my hips, humping the pillow, as I envision Johnny creeping into my bedroom. He climbs onto my bed in the nude and slides his penis passed my lips. I imagine the feel of his thick manhood growing rock-hard in my softly suckling mouth. I can almost hear his sensual groans as I glide a hand into my panties. My youth pastor warned us that masturbation is a serious sin but if I don’t touch myself I feel like I’m going explode or implode!

I moan into my pillow as I press a finger inside myself for the first time while imagining it’s Johnny’s digit sliding into my womanhood. It’s so wet and warm. In my mind, I’m sucking his dick as he gingerly works his finger in and out of my tight hole.

I bite down on a mouthful of pillow to muffle my moaning as I finger my cleft deeper and faster. I know what I’m doing is wrong but I don’t have the willpower to stop! I chew my pillow as Johnny groans with orgasm and I’m overcome by blissful convulsions!

The next morning, I’m disappointed that my shower goes uninterrupted. I dreamt about Johnny all night long and awoke with a hunger for his manhood.

My father informs me over breakfast that Johnny borrowed his pickup truck for the day but that he should be home in time for dinner.

I go up to the attic with the intention of watching more of the porno. To my dismay, Johnny's laptop requests a password for access.

I change into running shorts and a tank top, plug in my earbuds and go for a brisk jog in hopes of clearing my head. No matter how hard I pump my arms and legs, I can't outrun my hunger. As I pant and sweat, I envision Johnny pulling up in my father's pickup truck. Taking me into the woods, he feeds me his dick. I suck and suck until he bursts in my mouth!

As I trek up the driveway feeling defeated by my desire, I lick the salty sweat from my lips and wish it was Johnny's seed.

After a cold shower and lunch, I play video games with Jacob to occupy my mind with something other than Johnny's manhood and hot cum.

I'm setting the table for dinner when I finally hear the pickup rumbling outside and I dash out the door and leap into Johnny's arms.

He swings me around and around as I giggle into his nape until I'm dizzy. Still clinging to him, I bathe his face with kisses.

"Jade, sweetheart," he grins, "don't tell me you missed me."

I peck his smiling lips. "What gave you that idea?"

"The way you pounced on me like a hungry lioness."

I growl into his ear, "After dinner, you're all mine."

"You think so, do ya?"

Jacob shouts from the porch, "Mommy says it's dinner time!"

I reluctantly dismount from Johnny, pluck my wedged shorts from my crack, and join the family in the dining room.

I fidget in my chair throughout the meal, giving Johnny furtive glances between each bite. I want him so bad!

I decline dessert, having something more satisfying on my mind. I want to go up to the attic with Johnny but he suggests we take a sunset walk and his suggestive wink sells the idea.

Johnny retrieves a backpack from the pickup and we trek through the field behind the house and into the woods.

A short distance into the forest, as the sun is setting the sky ablaze, we come upon a tree house. I forgot it was here!

We climb the makeshift ladder and enter through a trapdoor. It's small but clean and a sleeping bag and a battery-powered lantern are awaiting us.

We sit close together on the sleeping bag with our backs against a plywood wall and Johnny pulls a bottle of booze from his backpack. "I wanted to surprise you."

"Well," I snort, "I'm surprised. I haven't been in here since I can't even remember it was so long ago."

He twists open the bottle of coconut rum and fills two disposable plastic cups halfway. "We need to christen the grand reopening of our special hideaway with a heartfelt toast."

I sniff the cup and wrinkle my nose at it. "Okay, but just one sip. This smells like coconut gasoline."

He throws back his head with a hearty belly laugh. "It's only seventy proof, sugar. I'm sure you'll survive it. A toast requires a full swig, not a sissy sip."

"Uggg," I groan, "okay, fine."

Johnny raises his cup up high and I mirror him. "To our sweet sensual reunion."

We tap our cups and gulp down the liquid fire. My belly warms at once. “Holy moly, that’s so *bad*!”

Chuckling, Johnny refills our cups. “Now it’s your turn, sugar.”

I raise my cup, suppressing a gag at the smell, and whimper, “To not throwing up all over you, Johnny.”

“No, no,” he laughs, “you can do better than that.”

I nudge my glasses up the bridge of my nose and gaze into his eyes. “To our secret sinful romance.”

He taps my cup with a smirk and we guzzle the rum. Coughing, I fling the cup out the window.

Johnny chuckles, “So I suppose you’ve reached your limit already.”

I scoot over, pull off my glasses, and then lay on my side with my head resting on his thigh. “I might have alcohol poisoning. My youth pastor warned us about binge drinking and death. Is this your murder scheme?”

He laughs at my ridiculous jest and then begins stroking my head with tender care. “Sweetheart, you’re the one murdering me with laughter, you fiend.”

For all my grumbling, I’m actually starting to feel great. I feel loose and giddy. “Johnny, I have a confession.”

“What is it,” he asks, “are you converting to Islam because it’s all the rage?”

“What” I snort, “no, silly! I have a real confession.”

“Are you sure you don’t want to wear a burka? I hear they’re in style.”

I sit up and crawl into his lap, curling my arms around his broad shoulders. “Last night I couldn’t sleep. I kept thinking about that woman sucking that man’s dick. And then I fantasized about sucking you while touching myself. I knew it was wrong but I couldn’t help myself.”

Johnny pecks my forehead smiling. “It sounds like you helped yourself to a good time.”

I scowl and roll my eyes at him. “I sinned. And now I feel guilty.”

He affectionately caresses my cheek. “I don’t care what your youth pastor told you, sugar. It’s completely natural to masturbate. Your body needs the release. And so does your mind. Hormones will make you crazy.”

“Do you really think so?”

He nods. “I know so.”

“Johnny,” I blush, “do you want to kiss and stuff?”

He chuckles, “I sure do.”

“Like, even with our tongues?”

He laughs. “That’s the idea.”

“How do I do it?”

“You’re so adorable and innocent I want to smother you.”

“Smother me with kisses, *pleeeease*.” I bat my lashes demurely.

“Annnd now my cock is fighting to free itself from the bounds of my jeans. So thank you for that.”

“Ooo,” I smile wide, “do you want to get naked?!”

“I do but we shouldn’t. You’re clearly a bit tipsy. It wouldn’t be right to take advantage of you, sweetheart.”

“No, it’s okay!” I exclaim. “You can take advantage of me because I said so!”

He chuckles, “I’m not sure that’s how it works, sugar.”

“Please, take advantage of me! Please, please, pretty please, Johnny! I really want you to!”

“I’ll teach you to kiss but our clothing remains on. I care about our relationship too much to endanger it.”

“I thought I was supposed to be the Catholic prude?”

“Well, apparently,” he smirks, “we’ve exchanged roles for the evening.”

I giggle, “Does that mean you’ll suck my big dick?”

“Why, did you sprout one in your sleep last night?”

I waggle my brows. “Would you suck on it if I had?”

“As soon as it healed from your circumcision.”

“Ouch,” I yelp, “no way!”

“It may be barbaric but it’s a customary practice, sugar.”

“Stay away from my penis!”

“Could you shout a little louder,” he chuckles, “I’m not sure your parents heard you?”

I press a finger to my giggling lips. “Shush, Johnny.”

He shakes his head laughing. “If I do recall correctly, I’m not the one shouting.”

“So are you going to suck my dick or what?”

“I will certainly suck your tongue if you allow it.”

“I guess that will suffice.” I press my lips to his mouth hard, jut my tongue deep inside and rapidly swipe it back and forth until he shoves me away.

“Sweet heaven,” he balks, “that was a travesty of passion!”

I double over with laughter. “I was just teasing you! I’ve seen romance movies before!

Let me try it again! I’ll be for real now!”

“No, no, my sweet child. This time I kiss you.”

“Child,” I giggle, “what are you an old man now?”

“I might as well be for our divergence of experience.”

“How can I get experience if you won’t let me kiss you?!”

“I will after I’ve demonstrated the proper technique.”

I giggle, “Okay, Professor Tongue.”

Johnny glides a hand up the back of my neck, combing his fingers into my hair to cradle my head.

I rest my hands atop his shoulders, shut my eyes and purse my lips as he pulls me in close. My heart flutters as he blows lightly on my lips. My breathing quickens as he traces the inside of my lips with his tongue tip. I utter a quivering moan of rapture as he gently presses his lips to mine. His tongue tip teases mine, drawing it into his mouth. My cleft clenches with need as he suckles my tongue. I grope his chest and grind against his bulge as he kisses me with adoration until I squeal with orgasm!

This is the end of the free preview of [The Summer I Became a Suck-Slut](#).

The full story is available for purchase at most major eBook retailers.

Please browse my website [JamesLucien.com](#) for more of my works.