

THE SWING



BY

MARDEE LOUISE PRYNNE

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Mardee Louise Prynne

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Printed in the USA

THE SWING

The First Meeting

I was sent to spend a few weeks with my mother's friend at her isolated summer retreat. Boredom! A few weeks always meant that I would be stuck there until my mother decided to abandon her current scheme or lover or whatever and send for me. The friend insisted I call her "aunt" which I found pretty childish. After all, I was almost ready for college! High school senior! Dam, I should have a driver's license by now; not with my mother!

Aunt Dina was into classical music and mentored me in her better moods. That part was okay. There was no one to hang out with in the area. Just a few arty women who resented kids, especially boys. These women were, I suspected, probably bi or gay.

Dina was a bright and attractive lady. She was some sort of psycho-therapist and wrote books about that stuff. Most of what I knew about art and music, I learned from Dina who often took me to museums and concerts when we were in the city. Maybe I was being ungrateful to her by resenting spending time at her summer retreat.

I was aimlessly walking around feeling sorry for the loneliness. I had passed the swing before and had used it. It hung from the limb of a large tree. A see-saw that was no longer used was next to it. As I walked past the swing I turned back to see a girl sitting on it. I still wasn't into girls. I didn't appreciate the feelings they aroused. Their giggling at me was embarrassing.

I had been with girls—"made out." "Made out" but I never got very far. I desired girls in ways I did not yet know and I feared knowing them, feared their nearness.

The girl on the swing amazed me. She seemed much younger than I. I looked more closely and realized it was her clothes that made her look so much younger. She had brown hair that was brushed until it shone. With her hair pulled back behind her ears and held by a ribbon, she became an Alice In Wonderland type.

I couldn't suspect then what "wonderlands" this creature would guide me through. A white party dress with a blue sash that matched her hair ribbon and eyes gave her an innocence that drew me. White ankle socks trimmed with lace and black patent Mary Janes accented her feet and set off her suntanned, slender but muscular legs.

She smiled at me and began to swing. Slowly and gently at first and then with abandon. The swing rose higher as this lovely being extended her legs. The movement of her legs and the breeze filled her skirt but afforded me nothing more than a glimpse of the back of her calves. She relaxed and let the swing glide almost to a stop. She drew one knee to her chest and put her foot on the swing. Reaching up with her arms, she pulled to a stand on the swing. Her knees flexed rhythmically as she began to swing as she stood.

This girl was willing to take risks as she pumped the swing faster and higher. As she rose, her skirt filled out and afforded me a furtive glimpse of the shiny pink panties. My groin tingled in ways it never had before. I felt myself start to blush as I "rose" to the occasion!

She let the swing glide to a halt. She jumped off before it quite stopped, arranged her skirt and smiled again.

"I'm Jodi. I have to sit for my mom. She's painting me. I'll be here later. We'll hang out, play, do some stuff."

Jodi was gone. I was left with my heart pounding and not quite knowing why!

A few hours before the thought of playing with a girl would have been a joke. "Play!" That was retarded. Hanging out with..

.maybe. Never “playing.” Now I wandered back to the swing to find Jodi. I really didn’t know what “later” meant but I was afraid that if Jodi didn’t find me all would be lost!



I turned to walk back and have lunch when I heard a giggle. I looked up. Jodi was sitting on a tree branch about twenty yards away.

She no longer wore the party dress but was in a shorter skirt and tank top. She wore Keds type sneakers but no socks. There was no pale skin showing below where her socks would have ended. Her tan seemed to glow from within. She tilted her head and winked at me as she broke into a wonderful smile. Had I not been smitten before this would have done it!

Jodi slid put her hands on the branch and leaned back. I was afraid she would fall over backwards but this gutsy little tomboy knew her stuff! She hooked her knees on the branch and hung upside down. My heart leapt into my throat as she exposed her pink panty covered bottom. Her hands caught a lower branch and she swung to the ground. She smiled as she approached me. Jodi took me my hand and we walked toward the shore of the nearby lake.

“Will you be here long?”

“Really don’t know. Depends on what my mom does next.”

Jodi explained to me that her adoptive mother was spending a few weeks in a summer cottage she owned. Jodi never knew her father yet she spoke of him with an intense resentment and that bordered on hatred. He was responsible for her mother’s tragic fate. Jodi had long ago determined never to be in any way like him. To do otherwise would be disloyal to her late mother. She had some recollection of her real mother who died when Jodi was a toddler. A friend of her mother adopted her.

Her new mother had been a portrait painter but now only did that occasionally. She had a business in the city. She gave special English lessons. Sometimes they went to Europe where her mother had business interests as well. That I could not fathom at all. Jodi seemed to know more about it than she told me. There was a deliberate vagueness about her. It turned out we were the same age. Despite her young and innocent appearance Jodi had been to many places and was a very worldly young woman.

We sat on the grass watching the lake and the hills beyond. Jodi's hand rested in mine. She lay back with her arm under her head. Jodi motioned for me to be next to her. We were almost touching. I sensed the warmth of her body rather than actually feeling her against me. Her fingers entwined themselves in mine. Jodi really knew how to keep me interested.

She raised herself onto one elbow and looked into my eyes. Her green eyes were unlike any I had ever seen. Then again, I was just discovering what it was to be attracted by a girl. Jodi closed her eyes and brought her lips to mine. They lingered lightly for a moment. Her tongue moistened her lips as she pressed them over mine. Her weight pressed my shoulders into the grass as her tongue probed my mouth. I responded. Instinctively I tried to roll her over and take an upper position. I couldn't! Jodi was too strong! This added to my arousal. Her hand brushed over my crotch as she released my mouth. She sat up smiling. I could almost hear her purr.

Jodi sat facing me—her knees drawn up and hugging her knees with her arms. Her skirt fell back. She giggled musically. “Like what you see?”

I blushed deeply realizing she knew I was staring at her panties. Her giggle burst into a musical laugh.

“That's all right. Boys are supposed to do things like that.”

We walked back hand in hand.

“See you after lunch.”

I watched Jodi walk off toward her cottage.



At Jodi's

The phone rang as I was finishing lunch. My aunt took the phone from her maid. She laughed as she chatted.

“Jodi’s mother said her daughter is quite taken with you. She would like to meet you. And now!” My aunt said that like I had done something wrong. She smiled and hugged me. She patted my butt like she did when I was little. I just realized my pseudo aunt was a very sexy lady!

Jodi was sitting on the porch stairs when I arrived. “My mom really wasn’t in such a great hurry to meet you. I just wanted to make sure you came back to me. Boys are sooo strange.”

That musical giggle again. It was sensational!

Jodi and I sat in the kitchen drinking iced tea and eating pie as her mother scrutinized us. Jodi’s mom was a taller, rather sophisticated version of Jodi, at least in style. She wore a white cotton blouse that was not quite buttoned all the way. When she served us our pie she bent forward to reveal her full breasts cradled in a lacy white bra! A loose fitting blue skirt emphasized her hips. Her waist was almost non-existent; it was that small.

Strappy flat sandals showed off her slender ankles. I was rapidly awakening to female attractions!

We walked for an hour or two as Jodi showed me around the area. After our walk we played catch with a baseball. Jodi had her own glove! I used her old one. One thing for sure. She didn’t throw like a girl. When we finished we sat in the shade behind the house. It was hot. We waved as Jodi’s mom drove off.

Jodi grabbed my hand, pulled me to my feet and led me into the house. We had some cold soda in the cool dim light of the small basement rec room. We sat on a bench that ran almost the entire length of the wall. I wondered where the two doors led.

Jodi rested her head on my shoulder and took my hand in hers. Our hands rested on her lap. Suddenly Jodi nibbled my ear. She stood up and straddled my thighs. Her smooth skin against mine was getting me hard. She took my hand and put it on her breast. There was not

much there yet—it felt wonderful. She kissed me again as my fingers felt her nipple harden.

“Maybe I should start wearing a heavier bra!” She leaned her head back and laughed.

Jodi pushed me onto my back and leaned over me. Her tongue thrust deep in my mouth as I hugged her. Her hand found my crotch and massaged my balls through my cut off jeans. I reached for her crotch but she pushed my hand away. We sat up. Jodi smiled an almost beatific smile. I was uncomfortably embarrassed.

Jodi must have sensed my embarrassment. “Please don’t feel awkward. I like you very, very much and I think you like me... So it’s okay!”

We went upstairs...

“I’ll see you at the swing tomorrow after breakfast.”