Chapter One: Camping with Chris

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Published on Lush Stories on 13 Mar 2010

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/novels/chapter-one-camping-with-chris.aspx

Every year, in late May, my family and I go on a camping trip with the Wright family. My parents had known the Wrights for years. Their family consisted of Jane, the mother, Ron, the father, and their son Chris. We only went to see them once or twice a year because they lived in California and we lived in Texas. I was most excited when my parents told me that Chris would be going on the trip. He had not gone the past three years and I had not seen him in a long time. My parents trusted me with Chris, for we had known each other forever. I had never thought of him in a sexual way. He'd always been like a brother to me.

When the day finally came for us to leave, I was more than ready to go. We all got up super early and jumped in the car to head to the lake. The ride, which normally seemed to drag on forever, went by very quickly. Daddy said that they had left two days ago and they'd get here thisevening. When we got to the cabin, I ran inside. It was a small place. Two small bedrooms and one bathroom. Most of the time the older folks would give up and go and sleep inside. I always slept in my tent, and sometimes, I slept just in my sleeping bag. But I always slept outside. I loved being out. When Chris and I was little we always used to share a tent and stay up all night telling silly ghost stories and stuff. We used to have ourselves a mighty good time out there in the woods. Sometimes we snuck away after all our parents were asleep and played in the forest or in the lake.

After we unloaded our things, I went in and took a long nap. I was tired from the drive and waking up so early. When I woke, it was around three. Mom and Dad were sitting out by a fire they'd made. I changed into my bikini and walked down to the lake. I tanned on the dock for a while, but when I got a little warm I jumped into the lake. The green water was cool. It felt good. I got out of the water and laid back down on my towel and tanned some more. I didn't hear The Wright's car pull up, so it scared me when I heard a boys voice.

"Hey." I looked up, startled. There was a tall boy standing at the shore. He had his hands in his jean pockets as he squinted at me, the sun in his eyes. He had blonde hair that came to about his eye brows. He was mighty cute.

"Hi!" I said happily, with a smile. He smirked. I guessed it was my accent. He didn't say anything. I sat up. He stared at me. I tilted my head and smiled slightly. "Do ya' wanna come sit with me?"

"Uh, no. I'm alright." He smiled and kind of half laughed.

"Okay then." I laid back down, and closed my eyes.

"How old are you now?" He asked, suspiciously.

I smiled. "I'm seventeen. How old are you?" I asked even though I already knew.

"I'mnineteen." He said. He sounded like he was trying to figure something out.

"Emma!" I heard mama yell, "Y'all come on up! We're about to get supper going, baby!"

I sat up. I grabbed my towel and put on my flip flops. I smiled at Chris when I passed him. He followed me up.

When we got to the cabin I greeted Mr. and Mrs. Wright. Mrs. Wright pulled me into a hug. I smiled and said hello. After that I went inside to change. I grabbed some shorts and a tank top. I went into the bathroom to change. I looked in the mirror. I put on some mascara and put a little mouse in my hair. As I walked out of the bathroom, I wasn't paying attention. I ran into something hard. I looked up. It was Chris.

"Hey there." I said happily. Again, he smirked. "Okay what? Do you have a problem with the way I talk?" I said angrily.

He looked amused by my outburst. "No, it just makes me smile. It's cute really." He smiled at me. "I haven't heard an accent like yours in a long time. Brings back memories."

"Well will ya please stop smirking every time I talk!?" I said to him.

"No, it's fun to see you get frustrated." He smiled at me again.

I stuck my tongue out at him and walked away. Chris was really cute, but boy, he was already getting on my nerves. Part of me started to dread the two weeks that laid ahead of me. But part of me was excited to see how things would turn out. The rest of the night was very uneventful. Chris and I talked a little more, but not much.

After our parents retired and headed off to bed in the cabin, Chris and I walked down to the dock. We sat down and looked out over the water. It was dark. It had to be about eleven. Chris pulled out a pack of cigarettes. He lit one for himself. He took a long drag and then offered me the cigarette. I took it. I inhaled the smoke. I had smoked before a few times, so I was used to the burning. I handed it

back to him.

"Do your parents know you smoke?" I asked him.

He looked at me and took another drag. I had learned that his eyes were grayish blue. "No. But they probably wouldn't care anyway."

"Oh." I looked at my toes.

"How about yours?" He said to me.

"Oh no, they just think I'm just the mostinnocentlittle girl in the world." I said.

He smiled. "Are you innocent?"

"Most of the time. But I have a few friends that I like to party with. We get drunk, smoke a little. Nothing too bad." I told him.

"Are you a virgin?" He asked.

"Well yeah. The boys around there aren't too great. They're all little rednecks. I don't want a redneck boy. I want someone who don't go huntin' and wear cowboy boots. Ya know?"

He laughed as he lit another cigarette. "No not really."

"Are you?" I asked.

"No." He started out at the lake.

"Got a girlfriend?" I asked. Not knowing what else to say.

"Nope. All the girls I know are little whores. And if they aren't whores then they're bitches. It sucks, bad." He laughed.

I laughed. We sat in silence for a while. He smiled. "Remember when we were kids and we used to play? We used to have so much fun."

I smiled. "Yeah. Remember when you used to play Barbie with me? You'd be the Ken doll and I'd be Barbie and we'd have little weddings and Kelly would be our baby."

He laughed. "Yeah. I miss the days when things used to be so simple."

"Me too." I said. We talked for a few hours. We laughed andreminiscedand talked about our problems and not important things.

At about three AM, Chris and I were both tired and ready to go to bed. Chris got up and held out his hand. He helped me up. He held my hand as we walked up to the camp site. We said goodnight toeach otherand slept inseparatetents.

A week past with the same boring routine. Chris and I would stay up late and talk, sleep in, and then lay out on the dock and swim all day talking like we did at night. Somehow, we never ran out of things to talk about. On Sunday, Chris and I drove to the closest mall.

We got out of the car and walked into the mall. Chris held my hand as we walked through the stores. We flirted and acted like a couple. It was so much fun. We ran around and played tag. I screamed and laughed as he chased me. Finally he grabbed my waist and pulled me close. "Got you," he whispered in my hear. I giggled. He turned me around and looked me in the eyes. He leaned down to me and kissed mepassionately. When we stopped I smiled. He reached down and whispered in my ear.

"You're it." With that he ran off, and I ran after him. After a few more tags, we headed back to the car and drove back to the cabin. We hung out until supper. After supper we went down to the dock, like normal. We cuddled a little bit while we talked. After a while we started kissing. We were extra tired so we went to bed early. I thought about his kisses all night. I couldn't wait to do it again.

CHAPTER TWO COMING SOON!