(This story is true, but I know you dont need to believe that since there is no way for you to be sure.)

I have been interested in sex since I was 5. I lived in a small town in Iowa until I was 12. I mean small - 1500 people. My neighbors, who shared the same alley, had a daughter who was 10. She would visit me in our backyard shed. The shed had a storage place for tools and wood and a work bench.

When she came down to visit me, she always wanted to play house with me in the shed. Part of playing house was to have me pretend to piss while I stood on the workbench. She walked right up to where I was standing so she could observe very closely how I was holding dicklet. She would then have me lie down on the workbench so she could diaper me. I enjoyed the exhibitionism and play too much to question the scenario. She would pretend to wash me until she thought I should be clean. (I learned later that she was very advanced sexually for her age.) I have no idea why I liked this at the age of 5, and if you have any theories, keep them to yourselves.

We later worked out a situation where I would actually piss. She would hold a bucket and I would piss in it. I noticed that sometimes my piss would splash in her face and she seemed to enjoy it.

I then became aware that this arrangement was one-sided. I wanted to see her pretend to piss. She, then, very reluctantly, agreed to show me her pussy. She lay on the floor, spread her legs, and talked to me about how pissing felt to a girl. I tried to touch her pussy, but she said I had to go first. She, of course, had the advantage since she was twice my age and I wanted to do anything to continue this relationship.

The next time I pissed in the bucket, she grabbed my penis and aimed it at where she wanted me to piss. She didt seem to mind that my piss would occasionally end up in her face.

I then asked her to lie down and let me touch her pussy. She took her pants off and laid down on the shed floor and spread her legs wide. I wasnt sure what I wanted to do, but her pussy looked very interesting. I touched her pussy with my fingers and that was it. She could play with my dick for as long as she liked and in return, I could touch her pussy for a few seconds. I learned later that this was an experience men would have in one form or another for the rest of their lives.

Our sex play stayed the same until we were a couple years older. By that time I was in 2nd grade and she was in 7th grade and she had many more ideas as to what we should do. I realize now that she was practicing on me for what she wanted to do with her classmates. Can you come up with a reason why I should not want to help her?

My penis was by then able to be erect whenever I played with it and thought about her. Erect meant 2", but it was enough to play with. She was coming to the shed less, so I had to invite her with promises of a better experience. I learned from her that the wishes she had for sexual experience werent being satisfied by her classmates. I had no problems helping her with her fantasies. As I said, she was very advanced for her age.

House wasnt doing it for her, so we switched to Doctor. (I know - how original.) I thought this was dangerous, but she invited a couple friends to help her with her medical investigations. By that time they had seen doctor shows on TV and knew what needed to be done. They would stand around my naked body and talk about the best course of investigation. Their investigations always included manipulation of my genitals and looks inside my ass which was spread by gloved hands. For some reason looking at my genitals needed to be done from many angles. I would stand facing them, standing away from them, bending over, lying down while holding my legs up in the air, bending over with my knees and elbows on the floor and my ass in the air and any other twisted way they could get me to do. (I felt like I was playing a game of Twister.)

I also started to show moves of my own. When they asked me to stand up, I would stroke my penis and play with my balls and then turn around and play with my ass. At 7 years old I hadnt seen this done anywhere, but it seems I was a natural.

There was a vacation from this fun from the ages of 8 to 11. Janet stopped coming down the alley with her friends and I was more interested in sports and school.

When I was 12 and Janet was 17, she started to visit again. She reminded me of our past fun. She was dressed in tight short shorts and a thin cotton tank top. I found out soon she wasn’t wearing anything else. We went out to the woods which were very close to where we lived. Remember – small town. By that time I was interested in sex again since I had noticed girls growing breasts and more interesting asses. I was also aware that it was more difficult to have intimate fun with girls since much more was involved than simple immature innocence.

We took sack lunches and rode bicycles into the woods. This seemed to be no problem from the parents’ point of view. Iowa has many beautiful areas with small creeks and meadows. We rode out to an area with a grassy field and huge shade trees. Janet seemed very eager to get on with the sex, but I wanted to make out first. Later I was to find out that this the opposite of most male-female desires. She relented and we made out for several minutes. I had more control than I did at age 7. (Not much more -women always have more control.)

After we made out, she suggested that we play the same games we did when we were younger. This isn’t really what she was going for, but it was her way of easing into what she really wanted.

I dropped my pants and underwear and let her examine my penis. I then told her I had to pee. She stripped until she was naked, which I didn’t understand until a few seconds later. I stood up to pee and expected her to watch from a distance. She stayed directly in front of me and told me to pee. I always did what Janet wanted. As I started to pee, I noticed that she moved in towards me so her mouth was in the best position to drink all of it. This was very weird, but also very exciting. I hadn’t pissed all day and had several drinks during our picnic. I pissed for what seemed a long time. She was doing her best to drink all of it. I had never experienced anything like this. I wondered where she had come up with this idea.

After she drank as much as she could, she asked if I wanted to see her pee. (Duh) I said, that, of course, I wanted to. She laid on her back and started to piss a stream straight up into the air. I wanted to try to drink it, but wasn’t quite ready to go that far. It was a beautiful sight. I knew that it wouldn’t be long before I was drinking her piss.

She, then, asked me to lick her clean. This, I was willing to do. I had never been this close to her pussy for this long. She tasted like our piss, but the fact that this taste was on her pussy made it exciting instead of gross. I understood why she wanted to do this with me – none of her classmates had our history and willingness to be adventurous.

I moved to California a couple months later and never saw Janet again. Those couple months were, however, the fastest my sexual experience had advanced until college.