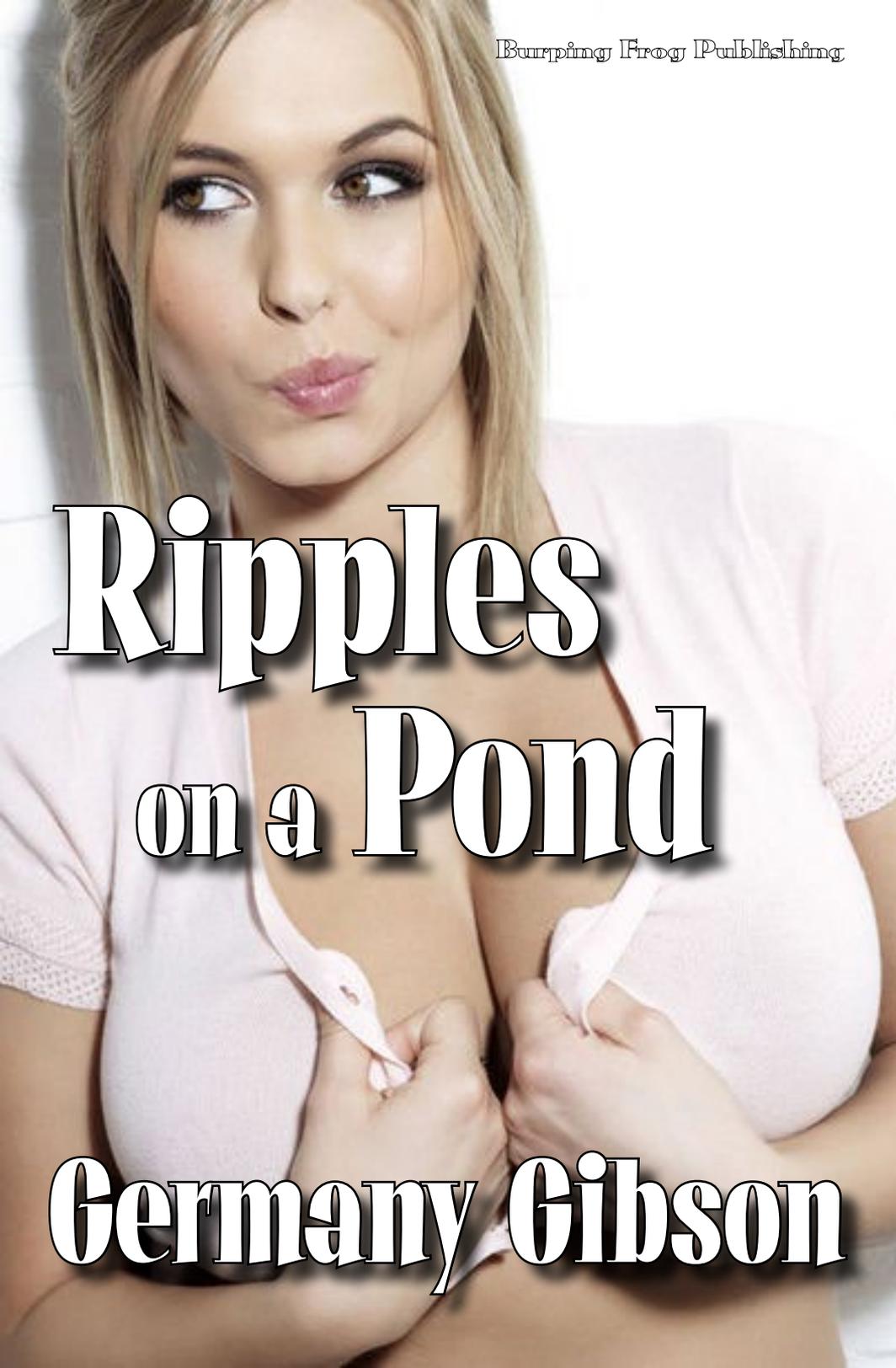


Burping Frog Publishing



# Ripples on a Pond

Germany Gibson

# Chapter 1

Kevin sat on the weathered trunk of a felled tree that had been at the unnamed pond's edge for as long as he could remember. His solitary figure was set against a backdrop of beautiful evergreens. A crop of short blonde hair sat on his head. His open shirt revealed a hairless, wonderfully etched chest. Shorts left his slender, muscular legs exposed.

It was his favorite spot. The pond was a quiet, private place that allowed him solitude to reflect, and to deceive. Its surface was always dead calm. Even driving rain caused barely a ripple.

He leaned over and picked up a rock, flipping it up and down against his palm several times as he carefully judged its weight. His eyes next glanced over at a handful of loose blue-lined pages. Small hand-printed words filled the lines. One uniform edge of the pages appeared shredded, as they had earlier been torn from a spiral notebook.

He hesitated and exchanged the rock for a larger, heavier one. Satisfied, he picked up the loose pages and set them on his lap. He placed the rock at the center of the pages, wrapping them tightly around the rock. With the practiced dexterity that only comes with considerable experience he fished a length of twine from shirt pocket and quickly tied the manuscript around the rock.

He arose from his perch, stepped to the very edge of the water, and threw the package into the middle of the pond. It hit with a satisfying splash. Circular ripples traveled across the otherwise

pristine surface. Tiny waves slapped against the rocky shore with diminishing intensity until all traces of the brief disruption were gone. His secret lazily sank to the bottom as gravity fought against buoyancy.

He silently wondered how many paper-shrouded rocks rested at the bottom of the pond. It took nothing more than a single drop of rain to fade the blue lines, but what of the ink? How many pages still retained readable traces of his fantasies? Should he have burned them instead? But certainly smoke would have drawn much more attention.

A shriek sounded from across the pond. He immediately recognized his sister's voice. Kevin slid off the tree and huddled behind it, remaining unseen. Once he spotted her tiny figure cloaked in white shorts and red top, his eyes closed. He didn't care about the girl chasing her. Kevin leaned against the stump facing away from the scene and listened to Carrie's sugar-sweet voice as she laughed aloud.

It wasn't long before he was erect. His swollen cock impatiently throbbed in his shorts. His heavy heart ached with emotional pain. He knew he wanted her. Carrie kept bringing home friends to tease and entice him. He loved her for that. But he also loved her for so much more. All the cute, sexy friends in bikinis and sexy clothes couldn't distract his attention from her.

His right hand moved down to his crotch. It rubbed on the erect bulge. Tingles rippled through his body as his palm moved over the head. He felt the wetness of his leaking semen. He glanced down, ensuring the thick seed was still captured by his underpants and had not yet soaked into his shorts. His soft groans spooked a flock of birds that flew from the trees in the direction of his sister. Alarmed and fearful of detection, he made himself smaller, conforming to the shape of the stump and hiding his spying form.

Confident of his privacy, Kevin anxiously unzipped his shorts and guided his hard penis into the fresh, pine-scented air. A pearl string of wetness extended from the front of his underpants to the head of his prick until the milky string broke, splattering upon his

knuckles. His mind could see Carrie as clearly with eyes closed as with them open.

She was running, bare feet and toes sifting through the lush blades of infinitely green grass. The blades bent in the shape of her feet before returning upright. Kevin was in pursuit, toying with his younger eighteen year old sibling as he repeatedly let her escape his grasp. Finally he caught her, pulling her to the ground. She erupted in laughter as he grabbed her feet and tickled them.

After a few moments he began caressing the incredibly soft toes, moving his fingers between them. He massaged the wondrous human hoof. She lay staring up at the rich blue sky above and softly moaned in delight as his fingers fondled the ticklish skin. He intermittently tickled the bottom of a foot to hear her sweet laughter and feel her wild vibrations. As her body twitched in response the small, perky breasts jiggled temptingly under the thin red top. He admired the swells and protruding nipples as the shirt settled and betrayed their shape.

He returned his full attention to her right leg, which he pulled across his lap. It left her luscious thighs parted. As he looked toward her crotch, he noticed the leg of her white shorts shifted up. Through the opening he had a clear view of the right edge of her panties, where the elastic leg band protectively gripped the inner thigh. He could just barely detect the outline of her pussy lips.

As Kevin played out the fantasy like an interactive movie, his left hand encircled his fully erect penis and quickly stroked its full length. Small droplets of creamy seed collected at the round, glistening tip and intermittently dripped onto the ground below. His balls and stomach were filled with tingling pressure as his excitement quickly multiplied.

In his mind his hands gently caressed her feet and ankles, slowly advancing up her beautifully formed calf. He imagined how wonderfully smooth and warm her golden skin would feel under his fingertips. As he massaged the lower leg his eyes remained affixed to the teasing glimpse of her thin white panty crotch. After reaching her knee his fingers playfully danced up the inner thigh.

They fondled a path halfway up before retreating, then returned, slowly inching higher.

As he neared the bottom edge of her shorts her body started quivering with forbidden desire. Receiving silent approval, his fingers dipped through the aperture in the leg of her shorts and lightly touched the outer folds of her center through the clothing. He could feel the wet heat emanating from her juicy core.

That was as far as his fantasy got. In the last few desperate seconds before climax he imagined himself lying between her thighs, tenderly thrusting the tip of his penis against her tiny orifice. He twitched and softly grunted as his semen rose. His cock was forcing the narrow juicy channel open. Her wetness bathed the head of his prick as it pushed inside, stretching her walls apart.

He jerked and exploded, ejaculating a stream of thick, milky cum onto the rocks near his feet. His hand furiously stroked his shaft as he ejaculated twice more, splattering semen at the pristine pond's edge. His eyes opened and glanced down at the seed he'd dispensed. Several ants were already at the edge of one creamy puddle, investigating the remnants of his fantasy. He could have squished them underfoot but thought better of it.

\* \* \* \*

"Where is he?" Carrie asked herself as she and Alison chased one another around the clearing at the edge of the pond. She'd seen him earlier sitting on the tree and watched him throw a rock into the water. But where had he gone?

"This is lame," Alison complained, realizing her efforts to stimulate Kevin's interest weren't working. "I'm getting all tired and sweaty for no reason at all."

"Yeah, let's sit down by the water," Carrie suggested.

Once seated, her mind returned to thoughts of her twenty year old brother. Kevin seemed so distant lately. She started bringing cute friends home from school hoping they'd garner his attention, and Carrie hoped that she might benefit from the interaction as

well. But nothing seemed to matter. That left a void in the pit of her stomach that never seemed to go away.

Carrie knew her brother was cute. And since she and her friends were still in senior high school and Kevin already graduated, the whole ‘older guy’ theme made them all even more interested in starting a relationship with him. But when he failed to respond to the provocative clothing and teasing hint of bared flesh, her friends were slowly losing interest. Alison was at that point now too. Carrie could sense it. It was both discouraging and frustrating.

“All he ever does is write in his stupid notebook anymore,” Carrie complained out loud.

“Kevin?” Alison questioned.

“Yeah,” she confirmed. “That’s all he does. He’s so different since he graduated last year, like his life has suddenly come to a stop or something. He totally ignores me. I don’t know what his problem is.”

“What does he write about?”

Carrie shrugged her shoulders. “I have no idea. I tried looking a few times but he’s extremely secretive. When he’s finished he tears out the pages and hides them from me. He must have a hundred stories written by now.”

“Maybe they’re not stories, maybe it’s like a diary or something,” Alison offered an alternate theory as her voice lowered to a whisper. “Or maybe he’s a serial killer and he writes about the murders he’s committed and draws gruesome pictures of his victims.”

Carrie playfully shoved her friend, pushing her over. Alison briefly shrieked and giggled. As she did Carrie saw Kevin stand up, and she realized for the first time that he’d been hiding behind the tree stump the whole time. But doing what?

“There goes the ingrate now,” Alison commented in a disappointed voice. “If he paid me a little attention he could get to second base his first time at bat.”

Carrie gasped “You little slut! How many times have the guys scored with you, anyway?”

“I’m not a slut!” Alison countered defensively. “But I could be with him, that’s all I’m saying. He’s to die for.”

“Yeah,” Carrie agreed as she watched the lone, slender figure of her golden-topped brother circling around the pond.

She felt a twinge of jealousy at the thought of him getting anywhere with another girl. Her eyes moistened as she felt the emotionally painful emptiness inside her heart that used to be filled with his attention. Now he treated her like some outcast for reasons she couldn’t possibly fathom. Where was his mind at lately? Why had he grown to hate her?

Carrie had expected Kevin to make a bee-line for the house, but instead he continued to follow the contours of the pond and began closing the distance between them. Her heart skipped a beat with nervous anxiety. She jealously looked over at Alison, who lied back on the grass and thrust up her chest to show off her bosom. Carrie cringed, thinking the pose would be as inviting to Kevin as honey to a bear. Burning anger filled Carrie’s heart as her body tensed with rage. She didn’t know what she’d do if her brother made a play for Alison at this emotional moment.

But he didn’t make a play for anyone. Kevin simply walked past his sister, slapped her on top of the head, and said, “Find your own life, shithead, and stop getting in the middle of mine.”

The words stung, but Carrie’s heart soared as he paid her a little attention for the first time in several months. She couldn’t suppress the wide grin of happiness that formed on her lips.

“I have a life, you’re the loser,” she shot back, disguising the joy she felt.

Kevin smiled with relief. He was so afraid that Carrie would discover his true feelings for her if he maintained the close relationship they used to have. When the fantasies started he couldn’t risk being around her, not the way they used to be. Withdrawing was the only way he could maintain his secret double life, loving her with all his heart from a distance as he pretended to be just an older brother.

“He is a loser,” Alison agreed, feeling hurt as he continued to ignore her. She saw the proverbial writing on the wall and

abandoned her lingering hopes. “I guess I’ll get going. See you at school on Monday.”

Carrie turned her head in Kevin’s direction, watching as he topped the hill and disappeared from view. But in her mind he wasn’t gone at all. Instead, he circled back and joined Carrie, sitting down beside her at the pond’s shore. He asked questions about school, about her life in general, and sounded genuinely interested like he used to as she shared everything with him.

She fantasized that her right hand accidentally touched his left. The contact sent electric-like jolts through her freshly awakened form. His pinky finger tentatively hooked around hers. She treasured the special bond they shared. When his fingers entwined with hers in a loving embrace, she shuddered with excitement. There was so much she wanted to tell him. She imagined baring her soul, telling Kevin how much she missed their special friendship, and how she wanted more. So much more; needed more.

After her confession their eyes locked in a deep, passion-filled gaze. As badly as Carrie wanted to kiss him, she hesitated to see if the feeling was mutual. When he leaned toward her their mouths met in a magical first kiss that sent shivers coursing through her flesh. Just thinking about it triggered a chill that hardened her nipples that strained beneath her top.

“What do you write about?” Carrie wondered. “What secrets are you hiding?”

\* \* \* \*

“Can you take the garbage out?” her mom asked.

Carrie instantly protested. “That’s Kevin’s job!”

“Kevin’s not here, you are. Don’t fight with me!” her mom exclaimed in an angry voice aggravated by other causes.

Despite her reluctance Carrie lifted the white plastic bag from the receptacle, located the built-in ties, and cinched the top of the bag closed. She lifted the bag from the receptacle and replaced it with a fresh bag. That was when she noticed the notebook at the top of the discarded bag. Overwhelmed with curiosity, Carrie

Look for these other erotic ebooks from Burping Frog Publishing:

<b>Ripples on a Pond</b>	<b>Sexcapades</b>
<b>The 180</b>	<b>The Disturbing Tale of</b>
<b>Kuro Neko</b>	<b>Michelle and Bryce</b>
<b>Rising to the Occasion</b>	<b>Dominique</b>
<b>Handling Emil</b>	<b>A Night In Jasmyn's Garden</b>
<b>Moist Moments</b>	<b>Home Sweet Home</b>
<b>Cherry Pops</b>	<b>Den of Iniquity</b>
<b>The Cerberus Incident</b>	<b>Christine is Cherished</b>
<b>Lubrication</b>	<b>Shadow of Doubt</b>
<b>Beach House of the Raven-Nymph</b>	<b>Daddy Helps Out</b>
<b>Animal</b>	<b>Yule Tied</b>
<b>Black in White Part II</b>	<b>Under The Bridge</b>
<b>Tied Together</b>	<b>A New Haunt</b>
<b>A Packaged Holiday</b>	<b>Come For Dinner</b>
<b>Black in White</b>	<b>Gentle Persuasion</b>
<b>Into My Life Book Two</b>	<b>The Hazing</b>
<b>One for the Road</b>	<b>Ethan &amp; Carrie</b>
<b>Dark Desire</b>	<b>South Carolina for the Summer</b>
<b>Confessions of a Cheating Wife</b>	<b>The Third Pact</b>
<b>My Minotaur</b>	<b>Blood of the First Night</b>
<b>A Kink in the Marriage</b>	<b>Two Thirds Virgin</b>
<b>The Summer Project</b>	<b>The Lust Factor</b>
<b>She Made Me Do It</b>	<b>Molly's Little Sister</b>
<b>The Education of Richard</b>	<b>Dad's Camcorder</b>
<b>Lost and Found</b>	<b>Good Girl Bad Girl</b>
<b>Family Ties</b>	<b>Girls Not Named Mary</b>
<b>Into My Life</b>	<b>Desire &amp; Regret</b>
<b>Confessions of a Size Queen</b>	<b>Grant's Big Day</b>
<b>Dans le Murs</b>	<b>The Bigger They Are</b>
<b>Culture Shock</b>	<b>Black Panther</b>
<b>Lessons In Bondage</b>	<b>Thumper's Friend</b>
<b>Confessions of a Cunt</b>	<b>Trouble Maker</b>

Available only from Burping Frog eBooks: [burpingfrogebooks.blogspot.com](http://burpingfrogebooks.blogspot.com)  
**A Proper Baptist, Fucked on Sight and Road Rage**

Also look for these mystery novels by from Burping Frog Publishing:

<b>The Viper's Son</b>	<b>Change of Heart</b>
<b>An Innocent Among Them</b>	<b>Widow of Calcutta</b>
<b>The Lennox Conspiracy</b>	<b>Breathe of the Flesh</b>

Please contact Burping Frog Publishing to receive sample chapters and to place an order for any ebook.

### **Burping Frog Publishing**

[burpingfrogbooks@yahoo.com](mailto:burpingfrogbooks@yahoo.com)  
[www.burpingfrog.com](http://www.burpingfrog.com)