

FROM: BEFORE MY SHOTGUN WEDDING
PAGES 53-63

About two weeks later, Monday, August 24, 1953, I was up on top of the windmill. I was replacing a blade that had fallen off.

I was wearing the safety harness and I was hooked to the safety ring. And over the safety harness, I wore the leather tool-pouch tied around my waist.

Next thing I knew, I heard Curly say, "Wow! You can see your whole farm from here. But I can't see our farm. There are too many trees in the way."

I looked over at the adjacent support post and there was Curly. She was perched on top of the post with her legs wrapped around the crosspieces.

I said, "Curly, you shouldn't be up here. It's a long way down."

She shrugged her shoulders. She asked, "Can I help?"

I let her hold the wrench in between each use instead of putting it into the leather tool-pouch at my waist. She smiled at me, each time I looked at her.

She said, "I miss seeing you everyday. I wish they had school all year long. Then we could be together every day."

I said, "But if we were in school, you wouldn't be able to climb up here and pester me while I am working."

Curly asked, "Am I a pest?"

I looked over at her. I thought she knew that I was teasing, but she didn't. She was worried about what I said.

I answered, "No, Curly. You're not a pest. I miss you too. I miss our conversations. I miss your questions. I miss our jokes."

Curly said, "My mom is really sick. I wouldn't be up here today except Pa took her down the mountain to the county seat to see a doctor about the pain. She doesn't have the energy to walk the trail anymore so I borrowed your

mule for her to ride. I came over and got your mule this morning. That's when I saw you up here."

I said, "And you just had to climb up here and stick your nose into my business."

She giggled and confessed, "Yes."

I grinned at her. She grinned back.

When the new blade was in place, I put the wrench in the leather tool-pouch around my waist and tied the pouch closed so none of the tools would fall out.

I said, "I'll go down first. Then you can come down slowly so I can watch out for you."

I moved the leather tool-pouch on around my waist and off to my right side. That way it wouldn't bump the rungs as I climbed down. Then I released the safety harness and started down the ladder.

Curly moved over to follow me down. That shirt that was always too big for her got caught in a gear. She reached back to tug it loose and fell.

My heart stopped. In the same motion, I shoved my left leg through the space between the rungs of the ladder, locked both of my legs to the rungs of the ladder and I lunged around the ladder for her. I caught her around the waist.

The shirt helped to hold her in place or she would have slipped through my arms. She wasn't wearing a bra. She didn't own any underclothes.

My face was in her cleavage. Her head had popped through the neck of the shirt, but her arms were outstretched over her head and they were hung up in the shirt sleeves.

With her torso stretched that way, her pants fell down. The rope belt wasn't tight enough to keep them up.

The weight of the pants took them down all the way to her ankles, inside out. She gripped the bottoms of her pant legs with both of her feet to keep them from falling.

I gasped, "Curly, pull your arms out of your shirt and

hold on to me.”

She pulled her arms out of the shirt and wrapped her arms around my neck.

She asked, “What about my pants?”

I said, “Kick them off. It will be easier for you to get your feet on the ladder if they are out of the way.”

Curly moved her feet apart and her pants fell to the ground. Curly was naked in my arms.

I said, “Curly I can’t carry you down like this. I wish I could, but I don’t dare move. We would both fall to the ground. You are going to have to climb onto my back and get to the ladder that way.”

Curly swung her legs like a pendulum. Her breasts bumped back and forth against my cheeks. Then Curly had her left leg wrapped around by back above the tool pouch. I moved her body as far to my right as I could without letting go of my hold around her waist.

She moved her left arm from around my neck and grabbed the rung above my head.

Curly said, “I have a good grip on the ladder with my left hand. Let go of me so I can use my right hand too.”

I gasped, “Oh, God! Curly, are you sure?”

Curly said, “Yes. You have to let go of me so I can climb onto your back.”

I move my left arm down and I grabbed Curly around the right leg. I planned to hold onto her by her right leg and help lift her up and onto my back.

I let go of her waist with my right arm and I reached down in front of her and grabbed for her right leg above her knee. My right hand brushed against her pubic hair as I did that.

I didn’t want to see her crotch and I didn’t want to see her fall. I closed my eyes and prayed.

She pulled with her left hand and arm and I lifted her up with my hands on her right leg. She got a hold of the rung

above my head with her right hand. I let go of her as she continued to move. And she was on my back.

Curly wrapped both of her legs around my waist.

I sighed in relief and opened my eyes. And I was breathing very fast and deep. I must have held my breath all the time that Curly was climbing onto my back.

She said, "Okay, Jimmy, you can move both of us over and hold onto the ladder again."

Carefully I moved my left arm back around to the front of the ladder. Once I had a good grip on the left side of the ladder, I kept my legs locked to the rungs of the ladder and moved my body away from the ladder with Curly on my back.

I had to move carefully and slowly so I didn't bump Curly's knees against the side of the ladder. Finally I was able to hold onto the right side of the ladder with my right hand. I kept Curly's knees from rubbing against the rungs of the ladder as I pulled my left leg out of the space between the rungs and put my left foot on the same rung with my right foot.

Now the back of my neck was in her cleavage. I could feel her breasts against my ears. And I could feel her crotch pressed against the small of my back.

Curly stayed there for moment, a long moment. I began to get an erection.

I thought: What a time to think about sex!

Curly moved around a little. Her breasts rubbed against my ears and her crotch rubbed against my back.

I growled, "What are you doing?"

Curly snapped, "Looking around. I don't think anyone saw me fall, so far. Let's keep it that way."

I waited. Getting impatient with Curly was always counterproductive.

I sighed and pushed my unwanted thoughts out of my mind.

Curly began to move down my back. She put one hand around my neck and then the other hand around my neck. For a moment she was choking me. Then she moved her legs from around my waist; and I felt her left foot pushing between my legs. I spread my feet apart so she could put her left foot between my legs and find a rung of the ladder.

Slowly she reached around my waist with her right hand and found a rung of the ladder in front of me. Then her right foot moved between my legs and found the next rung down. And then her left hand went around my waist, reaching for the next rung down.

Then she moved her right hand between my legs and grabbed the rung in front of my body. Her hand bumped against my testicles.

I moaned.

Curly whispered, "Are you all right?"

I growled, "Yes. Be careful. I don't want you to fall."

Curly moved on down the ladder. My eyes followed her progress. I could see her breasts and her crotch through the rungs of the ladder as she continued her climb down to the ground.

When Curly got to the bottom, she stepped under the ladder and looked up at me. She ordered, "Take off your shirt and drop it down to me. Then go up and get my shirt out of that gear."

I sighed, but I didn't move. I watched Curly go over to her pants, turn them right side out and step into them.

I watched her crotch disappear into those lucky pants. While she was retying her rope belt, I pulled my shirttail out of my pants and then I pulled my shirt over my head.

When I looked down again, Curly was standing there looking up at me with her arms outstretched. Her beautiful breasts were perky and waiting to be covered with my shirt.

I whispered, "Lucky shirt." And I dropped my shirt down into her waiting arms.

Then I climbed back up to the gearbox and moved the blades a little so her shirt would come loose. Then I dropped her shirt down to her.

As I climbed down the ladder of the windmill, I watched Curly take off my shirt and put her shirt back on.

When I reached the bottom, Curly had my shirt in both hands. She said, "Bend down."

I bent my head down.

Curly put my shirt over my head and waited for me to find the armholes. Then she pulled my shirt down over my chest and back.

Then Curly put her arms around me. She hugged me.

Curly whispered, "Thank you, Jimmy, for saving my life."

I hugged her back as I whispered, "You're welcome."

I still had an erection. Curly could feel it against her belly.

Suddenly, Curly brought her right knee up and kneed me in the groin very hard.

I didn't make a sound. My breath caught in my throat and tears came to my eyes. I sat down on the pump housing and cupped my groin as I panted through the pain.

Curly didn't move away from me when she did that. Curly stood within reach and watched me. If I had wanted to, I could have hurt her. But I didn't want to hurt Curly.

Curly asked, "Did that hurt?"

I panted out, "Why did you do that?"

She explained, "It was the way you stayed on the ladder and looked at me while I got dressed. My father looks at me like that all the time. And when he hugs me, I feel his thing rubbing against my belly; just like I felt yours when I hugged you just now."

Curly paused.

I looked at Curly.

Her face began to show her fear. Curly added, "If I hit

him with my knee like that, he would kill me, if he caught me. But I wanted to know, if I had to, could I hurt him enough so I could get away from him by doing that?"

Now Curly anxiously waited for me to answer her question.

I nodded and breathed a ragged, "Yes. You could hurt him enough by doing that."

Then Curly started to cry. She sobbed, "I'm sorry. But he scares me, so. And I can't tell my mother about him. She is so sick. And she would try to do something about it. And he would kill her and then kill me."

I hadn't realized that the look of lust on my face had been that obvious. I had no idea that I could scare Curly the way her father scared her, with just a look.

The pain in my groin was subsiding. I found my usual voice. I said, "Curly, you saw me naked last summer so many times. And you didn't turn your head. You stood there and watched me dress and undress. I caught only a glimpse of you last month when you jumped naked into the fishing hole with me. I thought it was only fair that I got to see you naked like this and I got to watch you get dressed."

I added, "As scary as it was when you fell and I caught you, it seemed to me that God was giving me a chance to get even with you for last summer."

Curly admitted, "All right! I saw you naked. And I looked instead of turning my head. I was curious."

I stated, "So was I!"

Curly disagreed, "No. You weren't looking at me to satisfy your curiosity. You had something else in mind when you looked at me like that."

I explained, "Not all of the time. It wasn't until I felt you on my back that my thoughts changed."

Curly pleaded, "Well, don't do it anymore. It scares me. Can't you just be my best friend?"

I looked Curly in the eye.

Curly was near tears again. And Curly was really scared. Curly was terrified. And Curly was begging me, pleading with me.

I couldn't say no.

I held out my hand.

I said, "All right."

Curly took my hand.

Curly demanded, "Swear it!"

I responded, "I swear it." I added, "Curly, you are my best friend. You were the brother I never had until I found out that you were a girl. So, now you will be the sister I never had. All right?"

She whispered, "All right."

We shook hands on it and my solemn oath was understood between us. Just like the promise I made last summer before I knew she was a girl: The promise that she would always be my best friend, no matter what.