

Jase & Rory

by JAMboy

Author's Note:

This story is a work of fiction intended to be read as such. It contains many plot-lines that the current society at large feel are inappropriate. As you are reading this in the archive, it is assumed that you are looking to read this type of material and understand that this is not based in fact, and none of the characters are real. If you do not wish to read about inter-generational relationships, then what are you doing here? Go back to your Disney site...

Currently, the story is merely M/m, however as both of the characters are bisexual, it is likely that M/f or F/m or any combination of the above may occur. Please read on at your own desire...

I don't remember how it all started, honestly. I'd only just come to London a few weeks previously, and just found a flat finally, and now I was sleeping with my twelve-year-old neighbour.

That's probably not the right place to start, though, is it? No, I guess I should go back a ways and tell you a bit about me and how this may have happened.

My name is Jase, short for Jason, and I'm twenty-four and just finished uni in the States. I'd been born here in England, but my parents moved me to Boston when I was little. I spent most of my life there, but I still had my accent. I suppose I was just old enough not to lose it when I'd come there already, although I've been told I'm a bit muddled now.

I spent most of my teen-aged years believing that my like of boys was just a part of me, and I was never ashamed of it. I liked girls as well, so I had boy- and girl-friends at school. Where I was it never seemed a problem, so that wasn't something I came to think about. My parents never even questioned it, and to be honest, though I knew it was odd, I never thought twice about it with them either.

When I had my first crush on a young lad though, that's when I had my first real secret. He was only twelve and he was just hitting puberty. He was a mate's younger brother and he was asking me questions about his new developments and things just sort of went from there. Of course, nothing serious happened - just a bit of wanking together. The experience really freaked me out, though.

At first, I was convinced I was a paedophile and I was terrified. I thought I'd go to gaol and spend the rest of my short life being raped and bullied until I was finally murdered. My head couldn't get round it and I nearly spiralled into depression. Luckily, one of my closest girl friends convinced me tell her what was wrong, and we got to talking about it. She told me all about the Greeks, and the Romans, and how puberty was when the body was ready for sex, and it was nature, which wasn't determined by society at all and so it was perfectly natural for me to like anyone like that. She also told me that since she'd been ten, she'd been sleeping with her uncle and really enjoyed it.

Well, a lesson was learned. That didn't mean I ran out and started trying to shag every

young lad coming down the road, but it did mean that I no longer felt a perv for wanting to have a go at some sexy lad without a shirt.

I've never been one of those that sought it out, and I've never really gotten excited about it since that one time when I freaked, so this whole thing is a bit of a shock to me.

I moved back to London once I left school. Mum and dad have stayed in Boston, but they help pay for the flat whilst I look for work. I'm in computers, so IT is my game, and I've loads of leads on work, but for the moment I'm getting readjusted to life in England and enjoying the parental aide a bit more than I should. Please don't read that as spoilt, because I don't mean to come off that way, but I suppose I might be a bit.

So it's been two weeks, and I spent most of that living in this hotel that was partly a hostel. I could tell you stories! The drunken nights in the bar; threesomes, shagging in public, spending the night in Hyde Park in sexy piles of humans... but that's just 'normal' stuff, isn't it?

I've found a flat just across from Southfields station, off the Wimbledon line, and it's perfect. It's just what I need; one bedroom, newly refurbished, great light throughout the day and plenty of windows for air. Electric heat will make it cheap as in the winter, which is brilliant as my parents will have finally cut me off by then. I've got myself hooked into BT for internet, so my computer set-up, state of the art, is all fully loaded along with my tele. Sky's in, so my 42" plasma kicks it every night and the DVR has all of my favourite shows on. It's perfect.

It's a small building and everyone on my floor could be heard if I pressed my ear to the door, or sat in silence. Above me was a two-bedroom deal, and that's where the young lad is living. He's called Rory and lives with his mum. They're the cutest Irish family on the planet!

Rory's mum, Mary, grew up in Limerick and took flight as soon as Rory was a twinkle in her eye. She said the place is no place for children if you want them growing up right, but she's not settled since, so I'm not sure if she'll ever be happy. She's brilliant though, and really loves her son. She raised a good lad, which is why I think I fell completely, madly in love with him in such a short time.

Our first time was on a day I was coming home from looking for work. Looking for work usually just involved taking my laptop up to Hyde Park and sitting round enjoying the sun, pretending to check on job seeker's sites whilst I was really eyeing up the lads without shirts and the lasses running about in jogger's kit.

So it was about half-four when I came in and I saw Rory sitting on the bottom step. He had a very bored look, his iPod attached to his ear and his head bobbing slightly to whatever music was coming out of the buds. He looked up at me hopefully, his gaze falling when I wasn't his mum, whom I assumed he was waiting for.

"You alright?" He took a moment, then pulled out his earbud and looked at me, obviously not having heard me. "Sorry, but, you alright?"

"Yeah, mum's just forgotten me is all. She's not made a spare, so I'm stuck until she's home." His voice was perfect. It was just going through 'the change', so it would make that occasional hitch that always drew on a heart-string.

I've not told you what he looks like. Fuck sake, I'm an idiot. Sorry. He's probably something like 160 centimetres and has the cutest dark-blond hair. He wears it in that very euro style; long and all over the place. It crowns his head perfectly, making him the angel some times, and the royal pain others. It's perfect on him. His eyes are this pale blue colour, which almost seems greyer at times, but in the right light is like pure azure water. As it's summer, it's obvious he spends time out of doors, because his skin's a light brown colour unusual for any Irish and anyone in London really. I eventually had to ask his mum because it surprised me that he was able to tan so well, (Boston is the Irish capitol of the States, so I know Irish), and that's when I found out his father was Spanish. So there we are!

At this point, I had no idea about his body except what I could see through his clothes. He wore his school uniform, but had the blazer and tie off, and the shirt unbuttoned so his nipples were almost visible. From what I could see of his chest, it was as light brown as the rest of him. Whatever outdoor activities he had done, they must have involved him half-naked.

My mind was racing in the brief few minutes I took to eye him up. Then, worried I might be caught, I simply bade him luck and headed up to my flat. I was just convincing myself I was a prat for letting go an opportunity when there was a knock on the door.

I opened it to find Rory standing there, his iPod gone and a mobile in his hands.

“Mum'd like to speak to you,” he said, offering up the phone.

Taking it, my heart pounding so loud I was sure everyone in London could hear it, I took the phone and pressed it to my ear.

“Jase, I'm desperate!” My heart calmed slightly, realising he'd not caught me and told her and I wasn't about to get my ear chewed off. Hell, I was getting paranoid! “I'd forgotten about the keys and I'm at work and I can't get off. The girl coming in to take over my shift never showed and they can't reach her. Do you mind having Rory in until I can get home? I'm sure it won't be but a few hours! *Please* help!”

I'd only known her about a week, and felt really amazed that she would trust me this much already, but I suppose it was also desperate measures as I was probably the only one in London she even knew. Bloody luck, really; had to be.

“Sure. Of course. No problem,” I said, waving Rory in as I finished up the details with her. I told her I'd feed him and no worries about covering it - it was on mum and dad!

“Wicked set up, mate,” Rory commented casually. He didn't seem to actually be excited, but sat down and picked up the remote without even the barest hint of concern. He was flicking through channels before I'd even sat down. The flat had come with two faux-leather sofas, both able to seat two, and I'd arranged them kitty-corner to one another. Feeling it best to play it safe, I sat on the opposite and tried not to stare. The boy was sitting with his legs spread wearing baggy shorts. Fuck sake, I could swear if the light were right I'd see him in his full glory!

“Thanks,” I said after a moment's delay. I was so distracted I was sure that the word 'perv' was written across my forehead.

It took about an hour of watching E4 before we were finally more comfortable and Rory was actually speaking like I was a mate. Not bad, really, but he was a good lad and we got on well. He was telling me about school and how he was very excited for summer hols, and telling me about the new lads he was meeting. The casual behaviour was dissipating and he started to become more animated, his eyes leaving the screen to look into mine, our discussions becoming more involved.

How the fuck was this happening, I kept thinking. I couldn't believe I was getting on this well with a lad of twelve, and that I was actually fancying him as much as I did.

Then the question came, and I worried about how this could go.

“You got a bird?”

“Nah, I've only just arrived. Not met anyone that great yet. I've had a bit of stuff from the hostel, but now I'm in a flat on my own, it's a bit harder.”

“What'd you do in the hostel?”

I could practically hear the subtext, and I invented even more of my own, wondering if I was just reading too much. He was probably just curious, being twelve, certainly.

“Loads, really. We were pissed so much I swear it's all a haze now.”

“Nice tits?”

“Yeah, on a few!”

“I love a good pair of tits,” he said, as if he knew what they even felt like.

“Oh yeah? You pull a lot then?”

“O'course, mate. I'm bloody sexy,” he said, winking at me. Cheeky little cunt. “Got myself a girl and a boy at the moment,” he said, an even cheekier grin on his face.

I spluttered. You know how you always seem to take a drink when someone says something like that? In the films they always spit it out all over the place, but really you just sort of choke yourself and drool. It's hardly fetching, and hardly as funny as it could be, but that's what I did.

He was just staring at me with the cheekiest smile on his face, and he only smiled the more as I wiped the drool off my face.

“You - You like boys and girls, then?” *I'm not interested. Really. He's too young. I'll be in gaol before I can say 'Fuck that was good'.*

“Yeah. You gay, then? Or you like them both as well?”

I couldn't believe it. My jaw was probably hanging open. In fact, I'm certain it was. My mind was racing, already picturing him in my bed, wondering how quickly the PCs would be breaking down my door and carting me off for good.

“It’s all right, mate,” he said, his wise little mind picking up on my stress. “I’m nearly thirteen, you know. I’m not a boy.” He smiled, sitting back and - I swear - spreading his legs wider. *Fuck sake*. “I’m not even a virgin,” he added, his smile growing more.

“Er—Maybe not, but, I’m just not used to that sort of thing,” I said rather stupidly. I think it was fairly obvious what a complete git I was about it, but he didn’t seem to mind. I believe now that he was pretty happily seducing me, and I was none the wiser.

“S’okay. I’ve done it with older men before, so you’d not be the first.” *What?* “That is what you want, in’it? I’ve seen you looking,” he added for confirmation. I just stared dumbly. “It’s okay, really.” He stood up and moved over next to me, putting his blasted little hand on my bloody thigh, making my cock stand up like someone had rung its doorbell.

I believe this is the point where I lost my mind, because the next thing I knew, he was actually fucking kissing me, his young lips pressed against mine and his tongue searching my mouth for buried treasure. I remember fleeting things; his lips were soft like silk, and they were full and felt like a perfect fit for mine. His tongue tasted like chocolate and caramel, and he used it expertly. I don’t think he was having me on about not being a virgin, but that only seemed to make my cock stand up even more.

Oh, and then there were his hands. Whatever was going on in my mind, I lost track the moment his little hand was wrapped around my cock through my pants. I swear I didn’t even realise he’d reached into my short legs, and so when I felt them wrap around I was confused momentarily, but forgot to be as I just gave in to the pleasure of this lad stroking my cock and my tongue at the same time.

His hands reminded me of my own, and I found I could reach up and ruck his shirt so I could move them along the smooth surface of his back, feeling his spine and moving round the front to tease his nipples.

I’d only been with a few blokes, so I was probably shit at this. I always had to remind myself that men didn’t have tits, but I knew men’s nipples were actually more sensitive than women’s, but it would take me a bit to remember why to bother with the front of a man’s chest.

Rory had no problem with that, himself. His other hand, the one not currently wrapped around my cock was playing with my nipple so well I thought I’d cum just from that. His tongue, his hands, my cock ... It was getting too much!

“Wait,” I said, pulling back. “Fuck mate, I’ll cum right here if you don’t stop.”

He did stop, pulling back to smile at me. His lips were bruised from the heavy kissing, puffed up to look even more sexy than before. I’d never seen a twelve year old with kissed lips like those, and my cock was simply throbbing. I might cum even with his hands off me. Shit, how could anyone say this was wrong?

Rory was stripping off his clothes, not bothering to be coy. He had his kit off before I could even start to pull my rigger shirt off. I had to stop a moment when he lost his pants because his cock just bobbed up out of them, all twelve centimetres of it. Not the biggest I’d seen, but impressive on his smallish body. And he already had a bit of

pubic hair as well - not thick, and not the darkest. From a distance you'd probably just think it was shadow, actually, but from this distance it just fit and made me gasp.

And his skin was perfect. I'd never seen skin like that. The brown tan stopped where his Speedo's obviously started, because that was the outline of palish white I saw around his cock. He's spent a bit of time at the beach, certainly, and that's when I remembered that he and his mum had been living in Brighton before London. Surely the sun came out more in Brighton than it did in London, because his skin was delicious.

He caught me in my state of awe and smirked again, throwing his pants at me. It caused me to laugh and finish removing my kit, grabbing his hand to lead him to the bedroom.

My bed is one of those memory foam one's, so it's like lying on a firm cloud. Every part of you feels cuddled in it. And, I've found out now, they're great for shagging!

His naked body on my Egyptian cotton sheets was so good looking I probably spent about twenty minutes just licking him. I started with a kiss, of course, because those just-kissed lips were dead sexy. But I was so aroused I didn't wait long before I started working down, taking one nipple at a time in my mouth and playing with them. His nipples were small, but pert. They stood out from him when they were soft, and when they got hard, they were pointy and great for nibbling. I made him moan a bit on each one before working down his belly, playing with his button and finally ending up at his cock. I didn't suck him off, just licked along it, playing with the pucker of his 'skin and then pulling it back to kiss and lick his head. Then I went down to his bollocks, where I discovered how much better it is to suck boys' bollocks than mens'. I ended up with both of them in my mouth, running my tongue all over them inside, sucking gently and working my fingers along the base of the sack to get him really going.

I tested the waters by allowing my fingers to ghost over the pucker of his hole, which was open to me as his legs were spread wide. He shuddered when I did that, moaning a bit, so I let them run slightly more steadily across, working up to moving down there with my mouth.

By the time he was groaning, I was desperate and ended up working my tongue along his crevice, giving special attention to his pucker. Knowing there had been cocks in it before made me quiver with excitement. I couldn't imagine how lucky I was to be with this boy, and how lucky others had been before me. I only wished there was cum for me to eat out of him - that's my favourite thing in the world to do. I preferred it to be others' than mine, but hell, that would do tonight!

When he was trying to pull my hair out trying to force my head up to his cock, I finally gave in and sucked the length into my mouth, using the finger I had quickly wet to slide into his hole up to the first knuckle. I thought he'd cum, honestly, but he didn't. He did nearly scream, gagging himself with my pillow and tightening his ass on my finger. I began twisting it as I worked my tongue on his head, sucking and kissing his cock. He was bucking up, trying to force his cock into my mouth, then pulling back to try and force my finger up his ass. I swear I could have cum without touching myself.

I finally let my finger be forced in more, eliciting moans from his mouth. His sexy voice sending chills up my spine and giving me goose pimples. I sucked his whole cock into my mouth, slid my full finger inside him and felt his balls contract against my chin as he convulsed and his cum spurted into my mouth. His ass was so tight on my finger I

thought it'd break off, and my cock was twitching, leaking everywhere and I swear I should have cum right then.

“Fuck,” he said loudly, finally falling back onto the bed. “That was bloody brilliant. You're way better than Andre,” he added.

“I take it Andre is your other bit of stuff?” I tried to pretend there was no jealousy in the question, and couldn't believe I was actually feeling it. I'd never been jealous of anyone before.

“Yeah, a year ago. He's gone home now,” he said breathlessly. “Did you cum?”

“Not yet,” I admitted, rising so he could see my leaking cock.

He rolled his eyes at me and smiled. “Idiot. Now you'll have to fuck my mouth.”

Fuck me, this was more than I could have dreamed. He just lay there, not moving, so I came up to him. I knew he was knackered from the huge orgasm, so I just expected him to let me have at his mouth. Surprisingly, he was very active with his tongue, using it on my head when I was pulling back and licking along my underside as I went in. I'm nothing huge, only seventeen centimetres, but he took it like a pro and worked me better than most of my previous shags who were older.

“How long have you been doing this,” I asked him, pulling my cock out so he could answer. He stopped me from pulling out though, pulling on my ass to get me balls-deep again. I groaned and nearly missed as he held up two fingers. “Fuck.” I said, gasping, “Sake.”

I fucked his mouth for only a few more seconds before I was cumming in him, not even thinking to warn him. It didn't seem to matter to him though, as he just sucked it all down his throat, not a drop escaping.

When it was finished, I pulled out and lay down against him, thoroughly snogging him for at least ten minutes.

It was the sound of his mobile that stopped us, our cocks hard again. I came to my senses then, worried his mum had been at the door and heard. I was dashing for my kit, throwing it on and nearly in a panic wondering if she was there now.

He sauntered out of the room, still naked as his birth day and picked up his mobile. “Lo? Oh hi, mum.” He stuck his finger in his mouth and wet it, reaching down to rub his cock head as he spoke. “No, we've not eaten yet. We got distracted watching Sky. You coming home?” He smiled cheekily as he stroked himself and watched me come down from my near panic-attack. Fuck, who could panic looking at him doing that? “Right, well, see you in ten, then.”

He dropped the mobile on the sofa and came over to me. How could a twelve year old walk so fucking sexily? Shit, were they giving classes on it now? “Mum'll be home in a bit. I'm going to take a shower. I smell like sex.” He winked at me as he walked towards the bathroom, which was the only other door besides the bedroom.

“I'll get you a towel,” I said stupidly, following him.

That's how it started, and let me tell you, it was hardly the finish.