

'Over the Fence to Boyhood' by Robin James

"Fuck," Jamison cursed, when he came inside her for the second time this morning. He'd wanted so badly to have a second intercourse before breakfast this morning, that he'd shown up at her window side half dressed with a boner that throbbed and hummed with boyish desire.

He made a mental note to remove the phrase 'boyish desire' from his internal retinue, and thrust once more, hard, into her vaginal cavity.

It felt gross, now, to be touching her, still, and he pulled out, wishing he could fuck his cousin instead of this slut, but he wasn't around her anymore, and he'd only started fucking his old babysitter's boyfriend last winter.

He wasn't into men, but boys his own age and likeness held something deeply wrong for him, and he wished he could figure out how to gauge whether any of his friends at his new school would want to fuck him lately.

He hated this stupid bitch, and didn't hesitate to slip his blue underwear and black jeans on in one swift

pull, buttoning the snap with a click and grabbing his red t-shirt up off the floor.

"I don't want to see you again, Tony," she said to herself. Tony wasn't a cute nickname for him, by any stretch, but the named of the last boy she'd gotten to start fucking her. He'd been older than Jack was now by about four years, and still a whopping fourteen years younger than this silly cunt of a woman was now. He guessed as much anyway, and made to slip out the window, glancing back at her naked form only too briefly before cursing vehemently under his breath, seeing her bent over the other side of the bed, reaching for her baggy t-shirt she'd worn to bed the night before. Her ass was raised, over the bed as she picked it up off the floor and made to slip it on.

He'd stolen across the room and stuck his pants back down around his thighs, finding her cunt with a well practiced sweep of his boyish fingers, then guiding his 9-year-old penis inside her ass from behind.

It wasn't her ass, he vaguely wondered as he thrust helplessly, relentlessly, in and out of her, slipping out when he got too far and having to reposition himself to enter. She liked it when he

fumbled like that, but something had her hot enough not to laugh at him, this time, and she moaned.

It wasn't her ass, but he could fuck her from behind, like this, if he held her perfect cheeks in just the right position by the hips. He didn't waist any time finding the right ridge on her waist he could grip onto harder, and he wondered why it hurt so much that he couldn't fuck her any harder.

Her bedroom door opened and Zack screamed, taken aback and stumbling off the edge of the bed, falling to the carpeted floor as he yanked at his pants, pulling them up and racing for the window he'd left open.

It was Ron; Jessica's ex-boyfriend from college, and he shot across the room and over the bed past Jessica, barking a laugh as he chased Jack for the second time this month.

He snatched hold of his ankle just as Jack was slipping back out of the window, having got across the room much faster this time.

He'd tried to rape Zack, before, the last time he'd come over on Jack's time in Jessica's cunt, having fucked the little boy a thousand times in his imagination by that point, after meeting him for the

first time when Jessica had him on the kitchen floor with the dog food scattered all over the tile floor, while the water bowl had soaked his shirt and he ached, wishing he could thrust up into Jessica as she fucked him. His body was too small for her to ride him right, and he hadn't expected such a violent outburst, but he'd nearly clubbed her with a pan when she called him a name he couldn't even remember today.

Trevor had come in, just then, having heard Zack's moaning as Jessica rocked her cunt on Zack's rigid penis. They'd been at it for nearly an hour, by the time her ex-boyfriend walked in on them, and he just watched, before interrupting them.

Zack's pain in his head, from slipping as he'd scrambled on the wet and dirty kitchen floor cleared up enough for him in a split second for him to catch Jessica's hips right and pull right out of her cunt, slipping away from between his, her legs, I mean, as Trevor made a move for him.

It hadn't happened in slow motion, or anything, but he'd gotten scared so fast at the way Trevor had set eyes on him that he'd found himself slipping once more on the wet floor before exiting the kitchen, slamming his right knee on the ground before catching

himself with a dry step at last on the hardwood floor of the next room, making a break for the sliding glass door to the back yard, where he was now, or should be, if he wasn't standing on Jessica's bed fucking her evil cunt for the seventh time this morning.

He couldn't track the morning. Where the fuck? . . . He pulled his bloodied knee up to his chest, straightening it out, blurred from getting caught at the windowsill when Trevor had grabbed his ankle.

His vision blurred again, and blood dripped over his left eye. . . his right eye. . . Trevor?

It wasn't Ron, Alex remembered, just Trevor. Ron was at home playing baseball cards with his cat anyhow. He was. . .

Jack screamed in anguish, and he tried to remember which of his brothers he'd lost yesterday. Jack, or Zack? His knees buckled again before he made it off Jessica's back lawn.

He was. . . ten steps overbound? His knees swayed and jerked, threatening to give way again, but he caught himself on a fire engine for a second, catching his balance. Fire hydrant, he reminded himself again. Fire engines were those big trucks they see in the movies.

Would the firemen come if he screamed? Jack did, but it died in Zack's throat when he remembered which twin he'd been; Zack; the stupid one. The one who'd deserved to be killed instead of Jack.

Wasn't yesterday?

Something was happening, he was sure of it, and he was in a neighbor's yard, panting, hidden behind a garden gnome's hut, which was an amusingly garrish structure to behold, and thankfully as big as a good sized dog's house and surrounded by taller grass than the rest of the yard, and little red ceramic gnome caps and faces could be seen poking up here and there in the tall grass and further, where the cobblestones started.

Jack wasn't here, anymore. He looked at his hands, and wondered how many days ago he got them covered in blood.

He didn't cry, when he tried to whisper his new name out loud, and coughed, instead, panting a little too hard before trying to open his throat wider, to get past the mucus buildup lodged there.

"This is easily the trippiest garden gnome party I have ever seen," Jamison said to himself, in a low

whisper, leaning his back against the stone gnome house with his legs flat out in front of him.

The house felt nice, from the outside. It had wood paneling, and the inside was nice and cozy, he imagined. He pretended there were live gnomes really living inside, heating up the oven or fireplace, ready to bake some cookies that would put those Keebler faggots to shame for all their foolish pride, hahahahaa!

"Jamison's not gunna like you, in the morning," he said to no one, or a stoned gnome, who wasn't far off, though the statue wasn't turned toward Jamison. His head wasn't clear, now, again, and his knees were aching, still, but it was different now.

But whoa, was he horny. Fuck, dude. Fuck, that felt good! He had no fucking clue what Jessica looked like anymore, and that was weird as fuck.

Jamison slipped into unconsciousness for a little while, resting still with his back on the pretend gnome cottage in the backyard from disney home design or something.

He wasn't asleep, anymore, but his eyes were shut, and it was dark out.

He was warm, and dry, and someone hadn't called the police when they'd found an unconscious 14 year

old boy in their yard, the year before, so when they came upon little Jamison, bloodied and convulsing, they'd taken him safely into the real house, and not the one for gnomes.

He was hard, coming awake, and wished he could orgasm without ejaculating which, oh, that's right, he still did. Whoever said your balls had to drop before sex became awesome was a retard, Jamison thought to himself.

He was disconnected, from life, just then, but he could tell that he was warm, and comfortable, naked beneath the sheets and comforters.

The lighting was dim, in the wood paneled room he awoke in, and he looked bleary-eyed at an actual fireplace, burning pleasantly at the edge of the room.

His feet worked well, he found, when they touched the brown, soft carpeting, and he slipped off the bed, testing his steady legs, and made for the doorway, which opened to a hallway.

He thought better of it, when he heard noises in another room of the house, down the hall somewhere, and went back into the room with the bed and the fireplace, and noticed that the bed was a sofa, all dressed in fancy, poofy bedding that.

He took the blanket he liked best and a deep red sheet, which had been soft on his skin, and tried balling them up before tripping on them and catching himself before he stumbled.

He wanted to have sex, he was sure, but he couldn't remember who with. How old am I?

"Nine," he said to himself. "I'm nine and a quarter. Ten, practically, if I wasn't so good at being nine."

He couldn't remember his birthday, just then, and when he kicked out the screen, by the window, he slipped out into the yard.

It was daytime, which was weird. Warm, too, and there was a summer'd edge to it.

He wondered who the hell Trevor was, cuz the name was stuck in his head for the next few seconds, but he forgot it when he tossed the sheet and blankets up onto the high, wooden fence, so he could jump and grip the top without hurting his fingers, pulling himself up and over in a strong sweep, landing almost badly on the other side, in a different yard, where his toes tug into a soft topsoil.

Jamison wasn't pulling the sheet down when he spotted the other boy, half his age, standing at the edge of the soil, watching.

He was blonde, and a few years older than Jamison, in fact. Maybe twelve. He had pretty, feathery hair, and a slight frame, where Jamison was taut. And naked, actually, come to think of it.

The blankets, their weight having mostly crossed the threshold over the fence, slipped off the fence and landed on the soil, by Jamison's feet.

The boy was closer, now, but didn't speak, and he didn't look scared, either.

Jamison was terrified, but only because he realized he must have been bloody in the room with the fireplace, and he couldn't remember why. He had bandages, skillfully wrapped over his knee and thigh, on one side, and his abdomen felt strained.

With the exception of a few more comfortable cloth bandages, Jamison stood naked in the sun, unafraid, now, of the older boy, who didn't smile, but stood a tad closer, admiring the curve of Jamison's hips, as his bare skin played tricks with the dappled sunlight which shone through some ferns, just there.

Jamison's hair was brown, and the other boy liked that a lot, and he especially liked the the way his lips curved up just a bit on one side, like he was ready to

smile with one side of his mouth, and his eyes and brow played tricks with his expression.

"Hello," was all Jamison had to say, for a moment, though his form suggested otherwise. He wondered about sex, just then, but only vaguely, as he watched the other boy, with feathery blonde hair and cool skin, with freckled spots coming up his neck and to his face. Jamison liked how freckles looked on other boys, he realized, and he liked the expression this boy wore.

"We're not in sight of the house?" Jamison said. It wasn't really a question. He could see the rise and fall of the boy's chest, which wasn't bare, but covered in a light blue shirt with buttons down the front and a collar at the neck, which he wore open.

He was barefoot, too, like Jamison, though he had shorts on, and a brown leather belt. He might have been home from church, by the look of him, and Jamison's fingers glided over the boy's hip, in his mind's eyes, just now, but all he really did was shift a little, like that was what he wanted.

He wondered about sex, again, and changed, in it. His balance shifted to his heels, and he glanced to the boy's brown belt, up his shirt, and to his perfect face

again, with feathered blonde hair cropped short where Jamison's was a little longer, wavy and bodied.

"You're beautiful," said the boy, closer than he'd been at all before. Jamison could see that they weren't in site of the boy's house, now, behind the plants, in the soil.

He wasn't brave enough, just now, to make eye contact again, so he stared just past the boy's right arm, swimming in his head, breathing smoothly, steady, quicker, unsure of what to do about it.

He thought about fucking, again, and found he didn't know the word. His pelvis ached, and darker thought's raced through his face, but they broke under the sun, and faded, as the boy before him slipped his foot closer to Jamison and stepped in, resting his fingers of one hand on Jamison's naked hip, while his other hand, he held tentatively back, matching the jut of Jamison's pelvis, with his chest leaned forward where Jamison's was arched back a little.

Jamison's eyes slipped closed while the boy's lips touched his, and the pain in his knees dropped away, and his penis didn't ache when it throbbed, but pulsed with his heartbeat.

He couldn't tell how far he was breathing, when his hand came to the boy's cheek, taking the kiss on his lips, and his other hand reached for the boy's waist.

His shirt was untucked, somehow, and Jamison's hand slipped beneath it, to touch the cool skin beneath the boy's ribcage, and he ran his fingers along the skin, just at the belt line.

"I'm Oz," the boy whispered into Jamison's lips. The kiss was broken, but neither was brave enough to pull any further back than they already were, feeling each other's breath on their faces. "I'm called Jamie," said Jamie.

He didn't know what fucking was, just then, and doubted he ever had, but this. . . this was sex, and he was sure of it, and he wanted it.

Jamie took a sharp, deep breath when the boy's finger's touched his naked penis, slipping back the rest of the foreskin, like he knew what it was for, and almost laughing, dying for what came next.

Jamie fell back, then, when the boy pushed him, keeping him safe and close with one hand behind Jamie's thigh, pivoting as they came to the ground, Oz landed Jamie on the sheet, in the soil, twisting him around as he came over him, kissing him all the while,

and pulled the sheet away from the fenceline, spreading it out over the soil for Jamie to lay back on.

And he did lay back, for a second, wishing he could know what this was, and dying to take Oz's shirt off and feel his chest, letting Oz guide him through the kiss.

Jamie's fingers were nimble, and deft, and he didn't waste a moment in snapping loose the highest button of Oz's dress shirt, which caught at his face for just a moment as the boys worked to slip it off over his head.

It came off, then, and could barely breathe, standing on his knees in the soil, before Jamie, who was kissing his collarbone, on his knees on the sheet, while his fingers tugged at Oz's belt buckle, unfastening it as quickly as he could, and slipping his hand into his lover's trousers, and an electric jolt shot through both boys when his fingers met Oz's bare penis, his other hand tugging away at the shorts, pulling them down to give his hand a better touch, as he ran his fingers along Oz's shaft, slipping the foreskin back, and up again, laughing at how good it felt to touch him.

Jamie pivoted, then, on his knees, and brought Oz swinging back around, laying him on his back atop the sheet, while his shoulder overshot and rested on the soil.

Jamie pulled loose Oz's shorts and boxers when Oz rocked his hips back, and Jamie was atop him again, pressing against his chest, gently, lost for what to do.

Oz kissed him again, deeper, this time, biting Jamie's lip, softly, and letting out a moan as Jamie's hand stroked his penis.

They each let their hands slip away from each other's cocks as their bodies intertwined, writhing on the sheet and blanket atop the soil, hoping for a new touch in each moment, careening wildly through each other's minds, fucking like they'd always been there, on the soft soil hidden in the back yard.

Jamie was straddled over Oz's hips when he saw himself again, ready for what he wanted next.

Oz sat up a little, beneath his boyfriend's legs, and pulled Jamie into another kiss, one hand stroking Jamie's thrumming penis.

Jamie's thumb and fingers of one hand slipped the foreskin back over the head of his lover's penis,

knowing just what it was for, just then, and pressed himself down upon Oz.

Jamie cried out when Oz fucked up into him, his foreskin letting him slip smoothly, painlessly, into Jamie's asshole, and Oz broke stride, shifting his weight onto one arm, pulling himself up, wrapping one arm behind Jamie's back, reaching his hand up to Jamie's shoulder on the other side, so with a last, painful thrust, he could take Jamie's hip in his other hand and pull, burrying the furthest inch of his cock into his boyfriend, from beneath, holding him there, pulling down on his shoulder, feeling his dick throb inside of Jamie, who moaned, and pleaded with his body for Oz to fuck him just like that.

Jamie couldn't rock his hips much, at first, too lost in it, barely understanding where he was. He caught Oz's rhythm, then, thrusting up into him, fucking his ass with smooth, measured, powerful thrusts. Oz cried out in frustration. In wanting.

"Oh fuck!" said Jamie, coherent enough to control his pitch, like he wanted to scream out for it. For him.

He did it then, anyway. He cried out, taking the full length of the older boy's cock inside him, praying he could fuck him there, forever.

Oz loved how loud he was. He knew who was at home, inside, and what they were doing to each other. No one came to interrupt, and Oz came inside of Jamie, could could feel him explode there.

The juices seeped down Oz's cock, buttering his shaft and letting him slide quicker, easier, smoother and harder into Jamie's ass. He fucked him like he couldn't stop, then pushed forward, against Jamie's chest, just as the boy's posture was ready to collapse, his whole body pulsing with Oz there inside him.

The head of Oz's penis just barely stayed inside Jamie's asshole as he changed their position, wondering why he hadn't done it sooner.

Jamie lay on his back, in the soil, with his legs up over Oz's shoulders, bent at the knees and hooking down his backside. It raised Jamie's pelvis perfectly off the ground, just at the perfect fucking angle for Oz to slide into him, fucking Jamie's asshole, sliding in and out.

They were level. Even. "Jamie!"

"Fuck! Yes! Oz, fuck me! Come inside me! Please! Fuck me!" Jamie had never said the words before, but he needed them now. He could feel himself orgasming like nothing he'd ever felt before, his cock still hard,

laying flat against his body with his pelvis raised up to Oz.

"I want you," Oz gasped, his rhythm staggering for a second as his whole body started to shake. He struggled to keep his thrusts steady, and hard. "Jamie I want you!" he hissed, his breath gasping, each hand gripping the smaller boy's hips, feeling his sweat soaked legs thrum and convulse as Oz fucked him.

"Take me," Jamie called back, in a harsh whisper, his voice breaking in the end. "Take me, Oz! Fuck me! Please, come inside me. Ah!" His hips surged, and his asshole tightened around Oz's bare shaft. Jamie's penis flexed, burst, and a spray of cum came across his abdomen and chest, splattering onto Oz's chest where he was leaned over the other boy, there in the sun.

Oz's thrusts jerked and halted, staggering as Jamie's asshole tightened around his dick and Oz came inside him, ejaculating his semen inside Jamie, who could feel it, and trembled, his body soaked in sweat, taking Jamie's last few thrusts into him in shaky measure. "Oh, God!" he wanted to cry, though he couldn't tell if his voice came through.

Jamie pulled out, swiftly, letting Jamie's hips fall to the ground as his knees dropped away from Oz's shoulder's.

He was hard, still, when he collapsed atop Jamie, his hand sliding down the boy's sweat slicked thigh, feeling Jamie's cum on his body as his torso lay atop the other boy's, there in the dirt.

His shaft was clean, and he was thankful for that, so he could stay there, exhausted, breathing, horny, randy atop his new boy toy, who laughed, feeling Oz's head rest on his chest and shoulder, then licked one swipe beneath Jamie's chin, taking a drop of cum on his tongue, and laughing when Jamie laughed again.

"This feels so good," said Jamie, unsure of where he was, in reality. He'd felt like such a girl for this boy, and yet he'd known he was a boy all along, just as Oz wanted him to be, no matter how hard the fucking could be.

Oz was pleased, as he lay there, thinking about it, feeling his penis slowly go softer, pressed against Jamie's pelvis. He'd done it right, he noticed, and made sure Jamison was hot and ready before he'd penetrated, so he didn't hurt him, and so his shaft stayed clean inside Jamie.

He'd had it the other way, once before, and his boyfriend had kicked his brother's ass for fucking Oz like that and hurting him. He said he deserved his shit dick and could learn and do it proper, then, so that wouldn't happen.

Oz had gotten to watch them at it, later that same day, when Oz's boyfriend fucked his brother, right in front of Oz, and done it proper, bending him over the arm of the sofa when the other teenager was good and ready, and Jason had fucked his kid brother good and proper.

They were all kids, really, but Oz had been the smallest, and Jason's brother really had hurt him when he'd taken him in the living room like he had. Oz was only ten, at the time, just a year or so ago, and smaller. He'd thought about Thomas fucking him, like he'd describe when he slept over, catching him late at night and whispering over him that he was gunna fuck him some day.

After Thomas had fucked up fucking Oz though, and had his older brother bend him over and fuck him right, there on the sofa arm, Oz knew there was an art to the technique. A non-verbal rhythm you could read with the breaths and the thrusts before penetration.

He'd been in his nightclothes, Thomas had, when his brother Jason started in on him, before suddenly spinning him around, bending him down and yanking his sweapants to reveal his ass, which Thomas thrust down into a moment later, forcing his uncut, teenage cock past his brother's threshold for the first time, and making him cry out like it was agony on bliss.

Oz wanted to try it like that, when he watched his boyfriend fuck his little brother, but Jason had only ever toyed with Oz, and stroked his penis a little, in secret.

After he fucked his brother, though, and came inside him, he left him there, heaving over the arm of the sofa, while he took Oz by the hand and brought him to the shower.

There, he stripped naked with him, and showed Oz how to make love to a boy as they washed each other down in hot water.

He didn't penetrate Oz though, until they'd toweled off, and he lay him, clean and naked and drying on the large, soft bed in the master bedroom.

Jason got Oz burning hot, then, before pulling the smaller boy's legs up over his shoulders, like he'd just done to Jamie some years later, so he could watch his

eyes and breathe on his chest while he fucked him right.

Oz was getting hornier again, laying atop Jamie, the mysterious boy who'd appeared, naked and beautiful, over the fence from the house with the insane gnome garden.

That night Jason had first fucked him, it had felt so good that he'd never wanted part of it again. Whatever sense, that made.

"There's lot's of different ways you can get aroused," Jason had told him. He was sixteen, and his powerful young body lay outstretched on the bedtop, naked beside young Oz. "To fuck a girl, all you've gotta do is get her kinda randy, and then just use your foreskin to enter smoothly, and she'll wet her pussy up nice and perfect for you from then on out.

"For you to fuck in their asshole, though, and I've only ever done it to boys, you can't get a boy randy like he wants to plow you, but like he wants you inside him, fucking him. It's a completely different sort of feeling.

"Then, just like there's a little valve switch, here," he playfully poked Oz's naked body, just above his penis, "that keeps you from being able to pee when

you're getting ready to fuck and cum. Just like that, there's a a switch inside your asshole," he stroked just beneath Oz's penis, making him squirm, and smiled, "that folds over and allows painless, clean entry. Four halves of the world don't seem to know that boys are designed for fucking and to be fucked, after all."

He'd wanted to fuck Oz again, just then, but instead went and got Thomas, who'd showered himself up nice and clean by then.

He had Thomas take Oz in his mouth, then, working his penis and playing with his asshole, rubbing his fingers around it then tonguing him, which became more desperate when his older brother started rubbing up against his backside.

Thomas was standing bend over the bed, where Oz lay on his back, and the older boy sucked his dick and twiddled his asshole, fingering and tonguing it at Jason's order, to make up for being just a dick to him, earlier.

Right about when Jason started rubbing his dick up against his brother's ass again, taking his hips and rocking him jently, then pressing hard against him, and Oz could tell it was driving Thomas crazy, but Jason was still patient, and had his kid brother trembling

once again before he buried his cock inside him, fucking him like mad until Thomas had Oz writhing, arching his back, then grabbing the back of Thomas's head with both hands and pulling him down onto him, desperately fucking his face, which never broke Thomas for a second, as he moaned and gushed, desperately hoping for his brother to cum inside him and for Oz to shoot his young load down his mouth.

Oz's penis hadn't grown much by then, so it was easy for the little boy to pound his dick into Thomas's face, fucking him like mad.

Thomas cried out and moaned, closing his eyes as his brother took him harder in the ass, cumming inside him as Oz's hips jerked up and his back arched, pulling hard on Thomas's head and cumming into his throat.

Jason tossed Thomas up on the bed, then, smiling, and Thomas heaved, and Oz noticed that he was soft, and he asked Jason about it.

"Like I said," he repeated, still standing beside the bed, now admiring Oz's little body, "there's different kinds of being horny. He was so into getting fucked by us, from either side like that, that he was a girl for us, and his pleasure was all in for the 'fuck me, fuck me!' train, see?"

"But I was hard, when you fucked me," young Oz had pointed out. "So. . ."

"So you were still a boy for me, when I fucked you, and you wanted to cum like a boy does, just when I did, inside you. Boys can fuck like boys and boys can fuck like girls."

"So. . . what can girls do?" Oz had asked.

He laughed at the memory, now, and wondered when he'd see Jamie's cute little ass again, as he watched him hurry off wearing Jamie's shorts that were tightly belted around his small waist, so he couldn't run naked through the neighborhood.

"No way you're not coming back here for a fight," Oz said to himself, still thinking about Jamie as he balled up the blanket and sheet and brought them into the laundry room.

He slipped into his shower before anyone came out and saw him. What CAN girls do, he was wondering again, when he dried himself off, naked, and wandered into his bedroom.

He closed the door before he saw her, hanging out on top of his bed covers, raising her eyebrows and smiling at her little cousin's naked, blonde, 12-year-old frame.

"Oh fuck," he stuttered, dropping the towel like,
'What the fuck is she doing here??'

"Fuck," he said again, "Jess?"

"Fuck Jess?" she asked. "Why fuck Jess, little coz?
Does Jess fuck back? I'm dying to know the answer."

She wasn't naked, or anything, but she coulda
been in like, four seconds if she slipped off her dress.
Oz swung his door back open and bolted and Jess
chased after him, quick on her bare feet and cackling
like mad, almost slipping around the corner as she
bounded up the stairs after her younger cousin, who
she'd just seen fucking a little caramel boy in the back
yard. . .

Continued in 'Family of Oz' by Robin James