

No One Ever Said NO

I can't remember a time when I didn't love playing with myself. I have vivid memories of stroking my tiny five year-old dick while fingering my ass in the bathtub, but always had these horrible guilt feelings about it afterwards. The lessons of how dirty and sinful it was to play like that were well taught, yet I couldn't resist. Until I was ten, I thought I was the only boy who did it. Then a fellow fifth-grader, Bob, invited me to his home after school. I thought it a bit strange as he and I never seemed to hit it off. He led me to the basement where he showed me some nude pictures he discovered in an encyclopedia. As tame as they were, they had our minds racing. He then told me he noticed what a big bulge I always had in my pants and said if I showed him mine, he would do the same. I was reluctant, so he went first. The sight of his hard little cock really excited me. He even stroked it in front of me! I wanted so much to pull my pants down too, but thought, "what if someone catches us?" I was excited and scared, and my fear got the better of me. I raced out and ran all the way home.

I spent the rest of the evening in my room, thinking about what I had just happened and stroking my hairless little dick till it was raw. After obsessing on my desire for a week or so, I was compelled to initiate some action. I choose a close friend, Dan, an 11 year-old, and asked him to go to our hide-out in the woods. I told him what happened to me the week before and asked if he would show me his. With no hesitation, down went his pants and out sprang a hard little pecker. This time I eagerly reciprocated. He was thrilled with the size of my dick and puzzled by the foreskin covering the head. He wanted to know if I had to pull the skin back to pee. It fascinated him. He got on his knees right in front of me to inspect it closely. I leaned forward and he rubbed my dick and balls all over his smooth face, telling me how nice it felt and how good it smelled. Then he asked if I wanted to do him. Of course I did! It was the first time I ever intimately touched another person, and I loved it. He actually humped against my face. I thought he might put out an eye! Then I couldn't resist trying something, and I gave his dick a lick. He liked it, and suggested I put it in my mouth. I sucked on him like a baby starved for a pacifier while he held my head and pushed it in. He liked it when I took his balls and all into my mouth. After a while, he wanted to do me again, but he wouldn't suck it. He just wanted to rub my dick on his face. I told him how good it felt to suck on his cock, but no matter, he wouldn't. I knew then I'd have to find another boy to play. I needed my cock sucked.

Eager to reach my goal, I asked my cousin, Ken, to spend the night. We often had sleepovers and always shared a bed. Because he was twelve, I thought he might have a big one. Turns out he was even smaller than Dan, but like me, was uncut and loved to suck. We spent the night taking turns on each other and thought we invented the sixty-nine. He told me about two other friends that he had been playing with and suggested we get together as a group. We could have a secret club, a "Fuck Club"; like we even knew what that meant. We understood the term meant anything having to do with sex.

We did form our secret club, every member taking an oath to tell no one about it, not even other friends, until it was first approved by the group. That way, we all voiced our opinion on the trustworthiness on the kid to keep his mouth shut about the group before he was invited to join. We also agreed that should we be caught fucking with a friend, we would not rat out the club or any of its members. By the time summer vacation arrived, we had at least a dozen regular members between the ages of 8 and 13. We tried to meet every Wednesday afternoon and we had many impromptu get-togethers and one or two-on-one sleepovers. We compared genitals, discovered new things, like a hair

sprouting on Ken's pubic area, and of course we had circle jerks and suck sessions. That was the purpose of our group after all. Sometimes we would draw straws to see who had to perform in the middle of a circle we formed while the rest of us directed and jerked our little dicks. Other times we all joined in. It was great fun. Young boys are so eager to learn and willing to please.

By mid-summer, the club had really grown. I found that if approached right, not a single one of my friends ever said no to getting naked and playing, and with the exception of some very young boys (the club didn't find very young to be trustworthy and secretive) they all joined our club. Other club members were equally successful at finding willing recruits. But as careful as we were, somehow my 16 year-old brother found out about us and started badgering me. He had me in tears as he called me a little cock sucker and threatened to tell Mom. Then, to my utter disbelief, he told me that if I sucked his, he wouldn't tell. I couldn't believe it! I was not only spared exposure, but I was going to get to suck a big one, bigger than any I had ever seen before. And it would be my own brother's dick, the ass hole that turned me in all the time for shaking the bunk bed as he tried to sleep. He stripped off all his clothes and laid on the bed. "Get busy," he demanded. I couldn't believe it. I had never seen him hard before. Like mine, it was uncut, but his was nestled in a hairy bush and was so large the head, still covered by the foreskin, rested on his belly button. It was so thick my fist barely fit around it. I got between his wide-spread legs and with one hand pulling the skin down off the head and the other one holding his heavy balls, I took him into my mouth. Little more than the head fit inside. I sucked and pumped, thoroughly enjoying the mouth fucking, when he grabbed my head in both hands and announced, "Here it cums!" I had no idea what he meant. I just kept sucking and it happened. My mouth was being pumped full of hot juice! "Was he pissing in my mouth," I wondered, and tried to pull away. He held me firmly in place with both hands, pushed in deeply and continued pumping as he commanded, "Swallow, swallow it bitch." "If this is piss," I thought; "why haven't I tasted it before?" It was wonderful. I felt each delicious spurt race through his shaft as I held it tightly and felt the head pulse as each jet splashed my throat. I swallowed as much as I could, but it was difficult with my mouth so full. He was pumping it in faster than I could gulp under the best of circumstances. It dripped out between my lips and his cock, coating my hand and dripping to his balls. When he finished, he let my head go and relaxed. "Clean it up now," he told me. I tried to get up to find a wash cloth, but he pulled me back. "With your mouth, bitch. Lick it clean." I did as ordered, savoring every drop. It was my first cum experience, and I've been a cum slut since. I couldn't wait to tell the club about this experience!

From that time on, my brother fucked my face at every opportunity and often fed my sleep-over friends too. Sometimes after he came home from a date, he would wake me with his cock in my face. I could taste his girlfriend when he put it in my mouth. Then one afternoon as we were home alone, he told me it was time I had my first cum. He told me it would be very intense, and he was going to tie me down cause I would probably try to stop him before I finished. I eagerly stripped and laid spread-eagled on the bed while he tied my ankles and wrists to the posts. He then teased my hard little boner, tickling it and my balls till I was bigger and harder than I had ever been before. He took me into his mouth balls deep and sucked in earnest. It felt so good, and the feeling just kept getting better. But he was right, the pleasure was so intense I couldn't tolerate it! I thought I might die. Black spots appeared before me. I bucked my hips wildly and screamed for him to stop. He just held me in place with both powerful hands and kept sucking. He quit for a moment, and I was grateful, but it was only to shut me up. He stuffed a dirty sock in my mouth and tied a rag around my head to hold it in place. "The neighbors will hear you!"

he scolded. My muffled cries and tears didn't slow him down as he returned to the task. He sucked it for an eternity. I had never felt anything so good and so bad at the same time. I blacked out. When I came to, I was untied but still gagged, and my torso was covered in cum, loads of it. Brother was still between my legs, on his knees, dick in his fist.

"Did I cum?" I asked as soon as I had removed the gag. He just laughed. "Maybe next time," he told me. He explained that the big cum dump on my body was his, and told me to just rub it into my skin, like hand cream. Said he did it all the time and it made his skin soft and smooth. As I did, it turned all frothy and white. I tried to rub some of it onto my dick, but the slightest touch instantly brought back the intense feeling I loved, but couldn't stand. I wanted to rub it, but just couldn't. True to his word, his cum eventually disappeared into my skin. I made a promise to myself that I would never let him torture me like that again, ever, but then I couldn't wait for the next time. Whenever we were alone, I'd ask if he wanted to tie me up.

Later that summer, instead of the normal pleasure torture, he told me to suck his dick and leave it all wet with spit and precum. Then he positioned me on my knees, head down and legs spread. He said he was going to fuck me. I did as told, not really knowing what to expect. He pulled the foreskin of his dick back and put the big head on my ass hole and started pushing! "What are you doing?" I screamed as I jumped away. He convinced me it would feel good and told me to hold still. I tried, but it just hurt too much. There was no way that thing was going in, so he just let me suck him off instead. I told the club guys about it, and we added that activity to our sessions. Little dicks were easier to take. After I fucked Ken's ass one day, he said he wanted to have a really big cock in it, and asked if I thought my brother would do him. I knew he would, and asked him to come over that night for a sleep-over. We had fun. After our parents went to sleep, Ken and I got into a 69 with him on top while my brother pushed his big cock into his tight little ass. He grabbed Ken by the hips and pulled him on all the way when he pumped his butt full of spunk. When he finished with him, his semi boner slipped out and cum dripped out of Ken, flowed down his balls and made its way to my lapping tongue. "Yea, that's it you little cum pig, lap it up," my brother whispered as Ken sat up and put his ass hole to my mouth. Ken stroked his hard little dick madly while he sucked the last drops of cum from my brother's cock. "I'm gonna cum!" Ken announced. He repositioned himself and pushed his dick in my mouth. He had been dry cuming, like my brother had me doing when he tied me up, for a long time; but this time he actually spurted juice in my mouth. He was so proud of his accomplishment. After the first little spurt, he pulled it to show us. Two more little spurts shot out onto my face before he put it back in to finish.

These fun days went on for the rest of the summer, then my family moved. When I returned for a visit at age 13, I met with some of the gang in hopes of playing around. I had only had one other cock to play with in all the time I had been gone and was anxious to do something. But to my disappointment, the gang had regressed to simply jerking off in front of each other. "Remember how much fun we used to have?" I asked in hopes of doing more. "Yea, but we're too old for that now," came a reply as we raced to see who could cum first, shoot the most and the farthest. It ended all too soon as the six of us splashed the ground with ropes of sticky cum. It was the last time I enjoyed the club members.

A year later, I had a steady girl. We hung out a lot and found some private time. While she was only 12 years old, she was hot and accepted my sexual advances eagerly. One afternoon, upstairs in her parent's garage, I had her down on an old couch, dry humping her when she slid her hand into my pants. Things progressed rapidly from there, and in no time, my 14 year-old, nearly full-grown, eight-inch cock

was deep inside her virgin cunt. She was very wet and soft, and my cock slid right in. She wrapped her legs around my waist and pulled me in balls deep as I dumped biggest load of my life into her belly. We fucked regularly after that, but I was careful to pull out. I didn't want her knocked up at twelve! Besides, she learned how to suck cock as good as the guys used to, and she loved to swallow. It was almost as good as pumping it into her hot cunt.

I thought I was OK with the heterosexual life. My sexual fantasies were almost exclusively about my girlfriend's hot body. It wasn't till I was 16 and babysitting a 10 year-old neighbor boy when my old habits were rekindled. The little boy was so curious and precocious. He actually seduced me; but that's another story. Read it at <http://www.freegaysex.com/nifty/gay/young-friends/young-boys-fun/young-boys-fun-1>