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Little Jerry's First Time

(End of previous chapter)

After that day, Jim became a regular fixture in the apartment next-door. Whereas previously he had merely been a very frequent visitor, he now became almost part of the family. He ate with them at least five times a week, if not more, and Jerry became a full fledged part of Jim's life—so much so, in fact, that Jim had trouble imagining what life would be like without the company of the young boy he had come to cherish above all other things in life. Their relationship only became stronger, and more durable as the months wore on.

(Chapter —The Seventh)

Higher far,
Upward, into the pure realm,
Over sun or star,
Over the flickering Dæmon film,
Thou must mount for love,—

—Ralph Waldo Emerson, *Celestial Love*



Jim and Jerry would often go to Jim's apartment after they had eaten dinner next door. The only place Jerry had to do his school homework in the evening was either at the kitchen table after Patty had cleaned up the dinner dishes, or at the desk in Jim's apartment. Jim would help Jerry with his schoolwork, and then they would play video games together, or surf the web, each on their respective computers. This had already been the arrangement for some time prior to Jim and Jerry's relationship becoming intimate.

The first day after Jim began the deal of regularly eating with Patty, Bob, and Jerry, the boy followed Jim next door, ostensibly to do his studying, as usual. Jim found out, though, that his young friend had other ideas in mind. Instead of him doing homework, Jerry assumed that he and Jim were going to spend the time being physical with each other. Jim quickly set his young friend straight.

“Look, Jerry, I want to ‘do stuff’ with you too,” explained Jim, “but I’m not going to let you get out of doing your homework.”

“You’re no fun,” Jerry said with a pout on his face, swiveling back and forth in the office chair where he sat at the end of Jim’s desk.

“Hey, get real here for a minute,” reasoned Jim. “Don’t you think that I would love to throw you on the bed right now and go to work on your naked little body with my tongue until you screamed for mercy?”

“You do?” Jerry asked with a smile. “Well, let’s get to it then,” he proposed, wiggling his hips in his chair and giving Jim their special “arched eyebrows” look.

“You’re not getting out of doing your homework,” insisted Jim. “Now get up at the desk like always and get those books open. You’ve got a six-week test coming up in American History if I remember correctly. You’re going to study for that, do your math homework, and all the rest of it besides. Then—if there’s time before you should get home—maybe we can do something together.”

“Really?” Jerry said enthusiastically. “How about we do the ‘messing around’ part first, and the homework second.”

“No,” declared Jim firmly. “If you get your homework done, then maybe—but *just* maybe.”

“Promise?” asked Jerry.

Jim rolled his chair along the length of the desk at which they sat to get closer to Jerry. He put his hand on his young friend’s cheek, and then reached out to kiss the boy on the other cheek. Jerry giggled a little bit and squirmed in his chair.

“I promise,” stated Jim resolutely.

“Okay, then,” said Jerry, “I guess if I have to,” he said in as a facetiously grudging manner as he could. He turned to his books, but looked back at Jim for a second with a big smile, obviously happy that he had arranged for more sexual activity later in the evening.

Jim turned back to his computer and started working at the things he did to occupy himself while Jerry was studying. Soon the familiar routine was back in play and Jerry was actually concentrating on his schoolwork. Jim did his best to keep his mind on what he was doing too, but it was hard for both of them. They kept sneaking glances at each other as they worked at their separate tasks. There were little smiles exchanged as they caught each other taking quick peeks in one another’s direction. Several times, Jerry asked Jim for assistance with his schoolwork, but it about things Jim was pretty sure that Jerry didn’t really need help with. Rather, these little inquiries were Jerry’s way of getting just a bit more of Jim’s attention, if only for a few moments.

Finally, Jerry closed the book in front of him and sighed.

“I’m done,” he announced. “And it’s only seven o’clock. Mom won’t notice unless I’m not home by nine, so we’ve got two hours to do things together.” He swiveled in his chair and faced Jim. “So... are you ready?” he demanded.

“Ready?” said Jim with a questioning smile, as if he didn’t know what the boy was talking about. “Why... ready for what?” he asked with sarcasm so thick you could cut it with a knife.

“Come on, Jim,” whined Jerry with frustration, “Don’t play around with me. You know what I’m talking about. You promised.”

“What do you mean: ‘don’t play around with you’? I thought that was what you were after,” teased Jim.

“Stop it. You know what I mean. You promised,” insisted Jerry.

Jim turned in his chair to face Jerry.

“Yeah, I know what you mean,” he said in a soothing tone. “I was just ‘pulling your leg’ a little bit.” He reached out with one hand and squeezed Jerry’s thigh just above the knee. “We’re goanna’ do stuff, but I want to talk to you first.”

“About what?” asked Jerry somewhat suspiciously. Like all young boys, he didn’t quite trust adults, even someone he loved as much as Jim. It seems to be built into their DNA to expect that grownups—even the ones they loved—were all intent on making them do things they didn’t want to do.

“Like things about you and me,” explained Jim. “I want to... well... I know that, given the chance, I would be happy to do nothing but spend the rest of my life in bed with you—but that can’t happen. I know it, and you’ve got to understand that too.”

“You’ve got a girlfriend again, don’t you? That’s why you don’t want to do anything with me now,” pronounced Jerry, jumping wildly to the wrong conclusion.

“No, no, no!” reassured Jim, barely managing to hide his amusement that Jerry was obviously jealous over a girlfriend that didn’t exist. “There’s nobody but *you* right now. I haven’t gone out and found a new girlfriend today while you were at school. I don’t work *that* fast. Besides,” he said, trying to alleviate Jerry’s feelings of insecurity, “there’s no one who could replace you. I’m not looking for a girlfriend right now. I’ve got you, and you’re all I need.” He gave the boy’s knee another little caress for emphasis.

Jerry was obviously relieved to hear what Jim was telling him, and slightly embarrassed that Jim stated it so plainly. He hung his head slightly and actually batted his eyes as he looked at Jim. His cheeks grew roses as they filled with a tiny blush.

“Do you want to come get on my lap?” Jim asked, sitting back.

“Yeah,” said Jerry softly.

“Then come here,” invited Jim, holding out his arms.

Jerry got out of his chair and sat down in Jim’s lap.

“He’s awfully big for this at his age,” thought Jim as he noticed that it wasn’t a little kid he had on his lap and in his arms, but a young boy just embarking on the first stages of manhood. He pulled Jerry to him and the boy laid his head on Jim’s shoulder. They cuddled there for a few minutes before Jerry tipped his head up and got his mouth close to Jim’s ear to whisper into it.

“Let’s watch another movie,” he suggested huskily.

“What about me?” Jim retorted. “You don’t want to just be with me, do you? All you’re after is another porn flick. Well... I *never!*” Jim pretended to be offended, but he was clearly kidding, as his smile made apparent.

Instead of answering, Jerry sat up, took Jim’s face in both his hands, and gave Jim a big kiss on the lips. Their mouths parted just slightly, and their tongues did their little dance together. Then Jerry sat back and looked at Jim with a smile.

“Okay,” said Jim, somewhat overwhelmed at Jerry’s boldness, “I guess that says it all, doesn’t it?”

“Uh huh,” agreed Jerry. “Now... can we watch another movie?” he asked, returning to his original request.

“Yes,” laughed Jim, “we can watch a movie if you want,” happy to give the boy anything he wanted at this point.

“And can you... you know... ‘do it’ for me while we watch?” asked Jerry, surprisingly somewhat shyly, especially after his recent aggressiveness.

“You mean you want to watch me while I beat off?” questioned Jim, as if he didn’t grasp what Jerry was really asking.

“No,” snorted Jerry with impatience. “Why do you have to tease me all the time? You know what I mean. I want you to touch me... down there... to jack my cock for me. I mean, do’h!” he added with exasperation, as his efforts to get his most urgent needs across to Jim were met with seeming sarcasm.

“Yes, I know. I’m sorry. I’ll try to stop teasing,” laughed Jim. “But what about me?” he asked. “Don’t I get some action too?”

“Well... duh!” exclaimed Jerry, rolling his eyes. Jim noticed a tiny sparkle in Jerry’s eyes as he looked back at him, and the sweet, young face that surrounded those eyes. Jim wanted to dive into their depths and be lost there forever.

“Straight or gay?” asked Jim.

“Huh?” grunted Jerry with a questioning look.

“Do you want to watch a movie with straight, man/woman sex—or do you want to watch a gay movie? You know, with two guy doing it... like us.” he clarified.

“Have you got any gay movies?” asked Jerry in amazement, suddenly wondering if Jim was actually gay.

In spite of all his earlier fears and protestations about Jim preferring a girlfriend to him, Jerry was an adolescent boy, and he could go from believing first one thing, then to its complete opposite, in a New York minute—from being jealous of Jim liking women, to thinking Jim was really gay instead.

“Well... actually... no,” Jim admitted. “I was kind of kidding. All I’ve got is straight porn. But I could find some gay ones online and download them, if that’s what you really wanted,” he offered.

“That’s okay,” demurred Jerry. “I guess I really wanted to see the straight sex movie anyway,” he asserted, though he was indeed very curious and interested in what gay guys would do in a movie. But he wasn’t willing to show too much interest in the idea. He realized what he and Jim were about to do was technically “gay sex”, but if he didn’t show too much excitement about gay sex in general, that helped him confirm his self image as a “regular guy”. Doing it with Jim was somehow different—in *his* mind, at least—than *really* being gay. But watching a gay movie while he and Jim were intimate with each other... well, that was going maybe just a bit too far for him at the moment.

“Maybe another time then,” offered Jim, probing the boy to find out more about which way Jerry “swung”. If the boy was naturally homosexual, Jim rationalized, then what he was doing with him somehow wouldn’t be so bad. If the boy was going to grow up to be gay anyway, then he wouldn’t feel as if he were “corrupting” his young friend by engaging in homosexual activity with him.

“Yeah, maybe another time,” agreed Jerry, embarrassed slightly by the subject, though hesitant to actually give up on the opportunity to see someone else having gay sex. His curiosity and lusty instincts told him to ask for the gay porn instead, but his boyish pride

refused to allow him to make the admission that a gay movie was something he wanted to see.

“That’s fine,” said Jim, noting the reluctance in Jerry voice.

“I’ll have to find some gay stuff to download,” he thought to himself. “He really *would* like to see some gay sex, I can tell, but he doesn’t want to admit it. Another time, perhaps. I’m sure the straight movie will be just as much of a turn-on and a novelty for him, since this will be only the second one he’s seen.”

“Do you want to sit in the other chair again, so we can just beat off together? You know, give each other hand-jobs at the same time while we watch?” proposed Jim.

“Can we do it like we did the first time?” inquired Jerry quietly, reluctant to suggest that he wanted to do more than what Jim might desire instead.

“With you on my lap,” Jim asked.

“Yeah,” affirmed Jerry simply.

“And both of us naked?” Jim continued.

“Well, *yeah!* Of course,” confirmed Jerry, as if such a question was superfluous.

“And my cock between your legs,” Jim asked, inciting the boy’s imagination about what they were about to do. Jerry’s little rod sprang to life and started to become erect as he thought about Jim’s question. The thought of what they were about to do made Jim’s dick stiffen as well as he visualized the scene in his mind.

Jim’s question kind of embarrassed Jerry, but he nodded in agreement. “That too,” he granted.

“And... how about me putting my finger up your butt. Did you want to do that part again too?” asked Jim, painting a vivid picture in the boy’s mind.

Jerry’s little asshole tingled and contracted with a sudden spasm at the memory of Jim’s finger penetrating him, and he blushed deeply. His little penis hardened and grew another couple of inches inside his pants. He simply nodded his head in confirmation as his face took on a rosy glow, starting at his neck and flowing over his face to his hairline.

“Oh! To be young again,” sighed Jim wistfully to himself. “And to have sex still be such an adventure,” he thought as he observed his young lover’s shy nature being exposed as he admitted to wanting Jim to “finger-fuck” his ass again.

“Okay, then, let’s get to it,” urged Jim.

“Yeah!” agreed Jerry, getting over his brief attack of modesty. The boy grinned wickedly, switching moods again in an instant and becoming suddenly emboldened. “Let’s get naked and ‘do sex!’” he enthused.

“And that’s another thing I like about this,” thought Jim. “No ‘beating around the bush’ when the time comes. Not like a lot of the girls I’ve been with who had to be so coy about everything.”

Jerry wasted no time and jumped off Jim’s lap and started peeling off his clothing as fast as he could. Once his shirt and shoes and sox were off, he paused for a moment with his hands on the fly of his blue jeans.

“What if mom or Bob comes over when we’re naked?” he asked, suddenly grasping the position they were putting themselves in.

“I locked the door before we came upstairs,” Jim reassured him as he removed his own clothing.

Jerry suddenly realized what that implied.

“Then you were planning for us to be ‘messing around’ with each other all along, weren’t you?” demanded Jerry accusingly. “You gave me all that hard time about the homework for nothing, didn’t you?” he accused his adult friend.

“Kind of,” admitted Jim, taking off the last of his clothes, except for his shorts. “I needed to make sure you understood that homework came first and was more important than doing this, no matter how badly we both wanted it,” he explained. “But you haven’t gotten half of the ‘hard time’ I’m going to give you tonight,” he needled his little friend. “I’ve got plenty of ‘hard time’ for your right here,” he announced, pulling down his underwear and exposing his rampantly erect penis to Jerry. Grabbing his dick in his hand and sort of waving it at the boy for emphasis, he asked: “So, do you think you can handle it?” He leered at Jerry and did their “eyebrow wiggle” thing.

“You just watch,” demanded Jerry, as he tore open his own pants and pulled them down and off. He stepped out of the pants puddled around his ankles in a heap and walked up to Jim, nude except for his briefs, and got as close to Jim as he could. Then he put his hands on the waistband of his shorts and declared: “You just better get ready for me!” and he yanked his underwear down to display his own pulsing hardness. Jerry pressed himself to Jim, and wangled his smaller dick against Jim full sized one.

Jim put his arms around the boy’s back, and Jerry clutched Jim with his arms about the man’s waist, and they ground their bodies together. Their erections pressed against one another as they stimulated each other with delicious friction using their hips.

Jim ran his hands all over the boy’s smooth body and down to his buttocks, which he grasped with both hands and pulled the boy more forcefully to him. He released one of the boy’s butt cheeks, brought the middle finger of his right hand to his mouth and sucked it in to get it good and wet with saliva, and then returned the finger to dig deeply into Jerry’s ass crack. His finger found it’s target, and he stroked the ring of Jerry’s anus, poking at it, but not penetrating its outer defenses.

“You asked for this especially, didn’t you?” Jim taunted the boy.

Jerry didn’t answer, but instead bucked his hips vigorously against Jim, making his little dick rub harder against the man’s as Jim’s stiff member slid over his bare belly. Jerry’s head was just level with Jim’s nipples, and he was struck with both the memory of Jim suck on his little paps, and the sudden impulse to do the same to Jim. He turned his head and sucked on one of Jim’s flat, dark areolas.

The boy sucking and chewing gently but aggressively on his chest thrilled Jim from the top of his head to the end of his penis. He groaned and poked his finger a bit harder at Jerry’s still virgin rectum. Jim remembered the nearly overwhelming desire he had their first time together to put his hard cock into Jerry’s asshole, and it flooded through him again. His dick had already started leaking pre-cum copiously, and it was all he could do to restrain himself, given that his young partner was obviously so willing to accept almost anything Jim did to him.

“Steady now!” Jim told himself. “Don’t let yourself get carried away. Sure, he likes having you jacking him off, and giving him blowjobs, and playing with his asshole, but he’s not about to let you screw him. Don’t get crazy here. He’s never even had a dick in his mouth yet—and he may *never* be willing to do even *that*,” Jim reasoned to himself, trying to restrain his desires. “Maybe someday he’ll be willing to suck you off, but not this soon. So just get the notion of ass-fucking him right out of your tiny, little head right now,” he thought, addressing his mental instructions to his throbbing erection that was demanding access to the boy’s backdoor. “We’ve got the rest of our lives to take things to

that level, so don't rush it, or you'll for sure lose him completely, once and for all, if you try to force something like anal sex on him now."

The boy continued to grind his body against Jim's, enjoying the sensation of his erection rubbing against the man's bare flesh, and the pressure of the finger teasing his anus. Jim finally leaned back slightly and held Jerry still so he could get his full attention.

"I thought we were going to watch a movie," reminded Jim.

"Oh, that's right," Jerry said, returning to the "here-and-now" again after his journey deep into the world of lustful, sexual passion. "I suppose we shouldn't take too long, either, or it will be time for me to go home before... well, you know... before we get to 'do it'.

"There's plenty of time yet. We've got almost two hours before then, but I don't think it will take that long for his little guy to shoot his cum," observed Jim, reaching between their bodies and grasping Jerry in his most sensitive spot with his fist.

"Or yours either," countered Jerry. "I'm not the only one who's almost ready to have it happen," he said as he grabbed Jim's erection in his hand and began masturbating Jim in earnest.

"Ah... ah... *ahhh!*" gasped Jim as Jerry worked him over with his hand. "Take it easy, or I really will blast off too soon here," he warned the boy. His recent thoughts of fucking the boy's asshole, and now having Jerry vigorously jacking at his cock, was bringing Jim already perilously close to the edge of orgasm. "If you don't want me shooting in your hand all over your belly before we even get started, you better stop right now."

Jerry released his grip on Jim's cock. He too was as apparently eager as Jim to enjoy their sexual encounter for as long as possible, and didn't want it to be over too soon.

"Oh, thank God..." sighed Jim when Jerry's hand released his rampant boner, and as he felt the urge to cum subside.

Jim brought his hands to Jerry's shoulders and made the boy take a step backwards, away from him. The boy's little penis stuck up from his body, hard and proud.

"Go in my bedside drawer and get some of those packets of K-Y," instructed Jim, turning the boy's body to point him in the right direction, and then giving him a little shove with one of his hands between the boy's shoulder blades. "I've got to get the movie set up," he explained.

Jerry scampered over to the bedside table with his stiff dick wangling in front of him and bent over to open the drawer and start poking around for the packs of lubricant. Jim took the opportunity to sit in his chair and pull it up to the edge of the desk so he could get to his computer. He looked over at Jerry bending over searching through the piles of household junk Jim kept in that drawer. He looked longingly at the firm, round globes of the boy's ass, and how the absence of a tan on his butt made the area stand out like a target to his gaze. He imagined for a moment the tight, little pink asshole that nestled so invitingly at the bottom of the boy's ass crack, and Jim's already staining dick fought to get even harder.

"No, don't go there," said Jim, looking at his erection and addressing his remarks to his stiff member.

"Don't go where?" asked Jerry, standing upright with a bunch of the small foil packets in his hand and turning to look at Jim. His hairless little erection stood out stiffly in front of him, having lost none of its vigor.

"Just talking to myself," said Jim, embarrassed that he had actually spoken aloud. He wasn't about to admit to the boy that he had been lusting after the kid's asshole, and

imagining what it would be like to stick his dick up the boy's hot, tight, virgin rectum, ramming it back and forth in the clinging tunnel until Jim blasted his load into the boy's bowels. "That would *really* freak the kid out," he told himself.

"Here you go," Jerry said, walking quickly over to Jim and handing him the K-Y.

"Do you think these will be enough?" laughed Jim. Jerry had obviously found all packs in the drawer, nearly ten in all.

"Well, you didn't say how many you wanted," countered Jerry.

"I think two is plenty for now," advised Jim. "Here, take this one back," he said, handing the boy one of the packs. "Use it to grease up my dick, and come sit on my lap when you're done. I'll save this one," said Jim with a grin, putting the bulk of the packs on his desk and retaining a single one, "to use later—for when I stick my finger up your butt," he said with a wink and a smile.

"Yeah!" agreed Jerry, taking the corner of his packet in his teeth and tearing it open. He squeezed the contents onto the palm of his other hand and reached between Jim's legs to thoroughly lubricate the man's penis in preparation for it sliding between his legs.

The boy's hand spreading the jelly on him excited Jim immensely, and he could hardly wait for the real action to begin. He tore open his own foil container, and laid it within easy reach on the edge of the desk.

"Now come sit on my lap," instructed Jim. "I've got a movie all picked out for us."

He had previously made preparations for the eventuality that Jerry would want to see another porn movie, and he had chosen one he thought would be appropriate for his little sex student.

Jerry finished his ministrations to Jim's cock, and then moved around in front of Jim and presented his rear end to the man again. He spread his legs and bent over to reach between and grasp Jim's erection in his hand to steady it in preparation for putting it in place between his thighs. In the process, the little pink pucker of Jerry's asshole was exposed to Jim's gaze.

"Quit thinking about that," Jim warned himself as the primal urge to grab the boy around the waist and forcibly change the angle of the boy's decent so that his greased cock was lined up to enter the boy's ass, and to actually fuck his virgin little friend instead again renewed itself in his mind. "If you really love him as much as you say you do, you better just forget about it," he reasoned as gripped the armrests of his chair harder to keep his hands from moving to accomplish the task in spite of himself. "Otherwise—if you lose control and actually do it—he'll hate you forever for forcing it on him."

Unaware of the intense internal struggle going on in Jim's brain between his reasoning frontal lobes and the base, animal instincts produced at the base of his skull, Jerry adjusted the angle of Jim's hard rod and sat down on Jim's lap, bring his legs together to capture the man's erection between them. He leaned back against Jim's chest, and then reached down to pull the man's penis even more tightly against him, so the head was poking up just in front of his scrotum. He bucked his hips a couple of times experimentally to make sure Jim's cock was well placed and had a slippery path to travel in. Satisfied that all was as it should be, he turned to look into Jim's face.

"What's the movie?" he asked.

Jim put an arm around the boy's chest to hold him in place as he leaned forward to take the mouse with his other hand and start the movie. As the opening credits started, Jim leaned back and placed his head next to Jerry's as the boy laid his head against Jim's shoulder.

“This is a movie I picked out just for us,” he whispered into the boy’s ear. “It’s a regular fuck-fest designed to make a little boy’s cum shoot out until his head explodes,” he teased. He took Jerry’s little erection in his hand to simply hold it tightly, not moving his hand yet, but simply applying pressure.

A giggle came from Jerry as he looked at the screen to watch the movie, enjoying the way Jim gave what they were doing a playful, fun atmosphere.

The details of the movie weren’t important, except that it was an American made movie, and Jim had the sound turned up this time. The actors didn’t bother with much dialog, but got right to the sexual action. As they watched the man and woman on the screen undressing each other, and then start kissing each other deeply, Jerry turned his head to Jim’s face.

“Kiss me too,” he insisted, closing his eyes and pursing his lips.

“I still can’t get over how he kisses with his eyes closed,” thought Jim, bringing his mouth to cover Jerry’s. “I haven’t had a girlfriend who did that since high school,” he decided.

The two of them locked lips and their tongues thrashed against each other as Jim jacked the boy’s cock and his cock pumped between the boy’s thighs. Jerry turned back to the screen to watch the woman sink to her knees in front of the man and suck the man’s huge erection into her mouth. He gulped as his mouth watered in sympathy with the thought of what that must feel like—to suck someone’s penis for them. But what really struck him was the size of the man’s cock.

“Do lots of people have dicks that big,” he wondered aloud to Jim.

“No, that guy is a porn actor,” Jim explained. “He’s obviously got his job by having a huge dick. Lots of people are really turned on by that, but porn movies aren’t real life, remember?”

The woman began fellating the man in earnest, and started deep throating the enormous cock.

“Wow...” he muttered in total admiration of the feat of sexual skill.

Jim and Jerry satisfied each other with their bodies as the action unfolded on the computer monitor as they watched. Jim kissed and nibbled at Jerry’s neck, and chewed on his earlobes before sticking his tongue actually into the opening of Jerry’s ear. Jerry giggled like a schoolgirl on her first date and flinched away, but having Jim tongue the inside of his ear sent shivers of passion racing through his body.

“Do that some more,” he demanded, as soon as he had recovered from the initial weird feelings it gave him.

Jim jerked the boy’s immature little penis and slid his much larger dick between the boy’s smooth legs as he licked at the boy’s ear again, and then began kissing the boy’s smooth, hairless cheeks.

The man on the screen had his head between the woman’s wide spread legs as she lay on the bed. Jerry watched the activity with rapt interest.

“Look at him go,” he commented aloud as he concentrated on observing the man eating the woman out.

Jim was paying no attention to the movie, however. He was lost in the pleasure of the boy’s body coming in contact with his. The sound from the movie of the slapping and slurping and moaning and groaning of the actors found it’s equal in the noise he and Jerry were making on their own. Their hot bodies were filling the air with the smell of sex, and Jim was so taken with the unique odor that was the boy’s own that he released his grasp

around Jerry's waist to take one of the boy's arms and pull it around his neck. This opened up the boy's armpit directly to him, and he stuck his nose down to it to savor the fresh, clean, but earthy scent that was Jerry's alone. Jerry used his hold around the man's neck to pull himself closer as he continued to be enraptured by the movie.

The male actor on the monitor in front of them rose up and positioned his huge erection in preparation of penetrating the woman's vagina while they were in the missionary position. The camera zoomed in and Jerry bit his lower lip with excitement as the man's cock pushed deeply into the woman's cunt and began fucking in and out. The gasps and sighs coming from the speakers on either side of the monitor filled his ears. His dick stained in Jim's hand, and he rocked his hips to masturbate Jim with his thighs.

The action on the screen continues for long minutes. The couple screwed each other in almost every conceivable position. Jerry could only stare at the screen with glazed eyes as Jim stroked his cock, sucked at his neck, and pumped his hard, adult cock between the boy's smooth, muscular, closed thighs that gripped the man's penis tightly.

Then the woman got up on all fours on the bed, put her head down as she rested her weight on her elbows, arched her back as she spread her legs even more, and presented herself for the man's sexual use. The guy in the film moved over her and stood with his legs on either side of the woman's hips, then crouched down with his legs widely spread over her. He was obviously giving the camera a good view of what was coming next.

"Jim..." panted Jerry, "is he really going to put it... I mean... can people really do that?" he wondered in amazement. "Can he really put something that size... you know... *there*?" he wanted to know, shocked into total disbelief at the images the computer screen was presenting to him..

Jim looked up in time to watch the man press the head of his gigantic member to the tiny rosebud of the woman's anus. He suddenly realized that he had been so preoccupied with other things that he hadn't yet put his finger up Jerry's asshole like he promised the boy he would.

"Just watch," whispered Jim.

The woman moaned loudly as she was penetrated deeply by the hard cock. Then Jerry gave a fervent, guttural moan in sympathy as he watched the man begin fucking the woman's wide stretched anus.

"Oh..." he said breathlessly, "I want you to do that to me too," he cried out fervently, momentarily overcome by the sight of the man's huge penis plunging in and out of the woman's asshole. He suddenly heard what he had just said, and clarified his meaning. "I mean, with just your finger—not with your dick," he amended. He watched the close-up shot of the couple having anal sex, and his own tender ring of tight flesh twitched convulsively in response.

Overcome with passion, Jim stood up, carrying the boy with him. He grabbed the packet of K-Y waiting for this moment, and pulled Jerry over to the bed by the hand. The boy followed willingly, eager to find out what was coming next. Jim released Jerry's hand as he stood with his back to the bed and emptied the contents of the foil pack onto his belly, just below his diaphragm. Then he smeared his middle finger through the slick jelly to coat it thoroughly, and pulled Jerry on top of him as he lay back on the bed. The boy's erection landed in the slick path Jim had made on his stomach, and he spread his legs to rest on his knees on either side of the man's body. The boy's ass crack was spread wide open in the process, and Jim's only disappointment was that he couldn't be positioned behind the boy instead to look directly up the spread butt cheeks at the boy's anus. He contented himself instead with reaching over the boy's back to probe for the constricted ring of the boy's

bunghole. His finger zeroed in on its intended destination, and he nudged the tip of his finger in just the smallest amount. He looked into Jerry's eyes and saw them widen slightly as his fingertip slid slightly in.

"Now start moving your hips," instructed Jim.

Jerry caught the idea and began thrusting back and forth, masturbating himself against Jim's body as the pressure of the man's finger stimulated his anus. Once Jim was certain that Jerry was sufficiently aroused, he used the hand not in contact the boy's butt to hold him steady around the waist. He and Jerry locked eyes for a second as the boy froze, suddenly understanding what was coming next. He scrunched his brow and pursed his lips in anticipation, and then gave Jim a single nod of his head in acquiescence. The finger at his tender back entrance pressed against the tight circle of anal flesh more firmly, and Jerry dropped his head to rest on Jim's shoulder as he prepared himself for the penetration he knew was coming. His cock throbbed, trapped between their bodies, as he awaited Jim's assault.

"Do me now," he gasped.

Jim tightened his grip around the boy with his arm, and pushed his finger deeply but slowly into the boy's sphincter. Jerry groaned, and then took the flesh of Jim's shoulder and held it between his teeth as the beautiful agony radiating from his asshole spread through his entire body. Jim began sliding his finger in and out of the boy's hole as it contracted and relaxed around his finger. Jerry started moving again and was soon thrusting his cock into Jim's abdomen in a steady rhythm.

Jerry released his grip on Jim's shoulder with his mouth and teeth. "Do it faster," he insisted after several long minutes of the sexual activity. "Do it to me with your finger a lot faster," he moaned.

The moans and groans coming from movie still playing on the computer added another, incredibly exciting aspect to their lovemaking. It was as if the couple on the screen was giving ample voice the emotions they were feeling, though they could only gasp for breath with the efforts of their exertions. Jim began skewering his finger as rapidly into the boy's ass as he thought Jerry could take it without it hurting him. Jerry threw his head back and clamped his eyes tightly closed, overcome with the combination of everything that was happening to his body.

"It's... it's... oh, it's almost... it's... ahhh... it's almost *time*," Jerry squealed. "Oh, I'm about to cum *now*!" he wailed. "Oh.... *Jim!* Here it *comes!*" he rasped as he announced the arrival of his orgasm. His toes curled and his sphincter muscles clamped on Jim's invading finger as his cock jerked and stained as he started ejaculating his little boy cum onto Jim's belly.

"Ooohhh..." cried Jerry as the heights of his sexual frenzy overtook him. "It's happening. It's *now*... it's *now*... *it's now!*" he chanted in time with the blasts of cum that were shooting up from his balls and out the end of this dick.

Jim held the boy tightly with his arm as he continued his penetration of the boy with his finger as Jerry thrashed and came hard against him. His own dick waved in the empty air and leaked copious amounts of pre-cum. His spirit again seemed to leave his body as he watched Jerry reach his sexual climax, and his very soul surrounded and enveloped them both in a protective shield that sealed their love for each other against the entire outside world forever.

The moment of completion lasted for what both of them felt to be was an amazingly long time. And then Jerry collapsed his weight against Jim as his arms that had been holding him up lost their strength. He lay panting and gasping for breath with Jim's finger

firmly still lodged up his ass. Then Jim gently slid his finger out of the boy and held him close with both arms around his back.

After Jerry had recovered just a bit, he propped himself back up on his arms for a moment and looked into Jim's eyes. He brought his mouth to Jim's and kissed the man passionately, as if there was no other way to express how he felt. Then Jerry slid back slightly and laid his head against Jim's chest. The rapid beating of Jim's heart surrounded him again, as it had the other day when he had first comprehended how being with Jim made finally him feel compete.

"I love you," whispered Jerry so softly that Jim could barely hear him. Thankfully, the movie on the computer had ended, and the room was otherwise completely silent.

They laid there for several minutes simply basking in each other's glow. Then Jerry remembered something important.

"You didn't cum yet, did you?" he observed.

"No," confirmed Jim. "But there's no hurry," he conceded.

"It's okay. I want to make you do it too," insisted Jerry.

"Don't you feel kind of different now that you've cum?" questioned Jim. "I understand that a guy can feel of sort ... well..." He paused for a long time, struggling to put his thoughts into words. "A guy can feel... 'not so sexy' right after he cums. I know how it is. If you don't want to do anything right now, I'll understand," Jim explained.

"No," Jerry insisted. "I know what you mean, 'cause that happened to me the first few times I did it by myself. I was felt sort of funny... you know... guilty like... right after I did it. But I don't feel that way now. I'll do whatever you want so that you get to have your cum too," he asserted.

"Don't make promises you will wind up regretting," cautioned Jim.

"No, I mean it. Anything you want," Jerry asserted firmly.

"Anything I want?" asked Jim pointedly with an exaggeratedly lecherous grin.

The full consequences of his promise struck Jerry full force. His mind flashed on the images of the woman sucking the man's dick, and of the man's cock pounding ruthlessly into her stretched asshole. Maybe his promise had just gotten him in deeper than he had intended, he suddenly realized.

"I guess so..." admitted Jerry, though somewhat reluctantly. "If you want me to... well... to suck you, I'd do that for you. Even if... uh... well... even if you want to... to..." Jerry broke off, unable to say the words.

"Even if I wanted to fuck you up the ass with my cock instead of my finger this time?" asked Jim, stating openly what he knew the boy was afraid to come out and say.

Jerry bit his lip in momentary indecision, and then decided to commit himself, even though he was deathly afraid that Jim would take him up on his offer.

"Yeah, even that," he declared in a tiny voice.

"Oh, buddy, it's okay," said Jim, his emotions choking his voice. "I wouldn't make you do either of those things if you didn't want to. You don't ever have to do any sex stuff with me if you don't want. Remember?" he asked. He held the boy to him and rocked gently from side to side to comfort him, and to assure him that he didn't have to make good on either of his rash promises.

"But you should get to cum too," asserted Jerry, enjoying their closeness.

"How about if you let me just do it between your legs, kind of like our first time?" Jim asked.

“How romantic,” thought Jim, “Jerry and I have a ‘first time’ we can both look back on and remember. It seems sort of strange to be thinking that way about a boy,” he considered briefly.

Relieved that Jim didn’t want either a blowjob from him, or—even more importantly—that he didn’t have to go through with his offer to let the man have anal sex with him as the receiving partner, Jerry was happy to agree to anything less. Maybe someday, he thought, as he had once before, but the moment that he would be ready to do either thing hadn’t arrived for him yet.

“What should I do now?” he asked.

“You just move over and lay flat on your tummy on the bed,” directed Jim, “and let me grab another pack of K-Y from the desk,” he said, rolling off the bed and hurriedly retrieving more lubricant. Jerry did as instructed and prepared himself by stretching out on the bed on his belly. Jim tore open another pack of the K-Y with his teeth and approached the boy lying prone on the bed in anticipation. The mounds of the boy’s up thrust butt presented to him were a tempting sight indeed. Just for the briefest fraction of a second he regretted passing up the boy’s offer to him of “anything” he wanted.

“No,” decided Jim, “I love him too much for that. I love him too much to make him go farther than he really is ready to, even though he loves me so much that he would let me do it to him. The same for cock sucking. He doesn’t really want to... at least, not yet. Maybe someday he will, but only when *he’s* ready, not simply because I want it so badly. Besides, I can get almost as much pleasure from doing something else instead this time.”

Not understanding why Jim was lingering for so long before doing whatever was going to happen next, Jerry wiggled slightly on the bed in anticipation of the coming unknown. As if in answer to his unspoken question of what he should expect, Jim crawled up on the bed and got on his knees over the boy. Jim’s erection still stood out strong and hard from his groin, and Jerry shivered in apprehension. He was a little bit alarmed when Jim emptied the K-Y packet into the valley between his ass cheeks and began spreading it around. Then Jim used what was left over in his hand to give his dick a fresh coating of the lubricant. Jim hadn’t changed his mind, the boy hoped. He wasn’t going to... to fuck him in the ass after all, in spite saying that he wasn’t going to do that... was he?

Sensing what Jerry must be thinking by the worried look that suddenly appeared on the boy’s face, Jim comprehended his mistake in not first explaining his intentions.

“Don’t worry,” soothed Jim quietly, “I’m not getting you ready for me to fuck you up the butt. I’m not going to put it *in* you. I’m just going to slide my dick in your ass crack and between your legs until I cum. I promised I wouldn’t do anything you weren’t ready for, especially without telling your first. I’m not trying to trick you into anything.”

Knowing that all Jim wanted was something he could handle, Jerry relaxed completely as the man crawled astride Jerry with his legs on outside of the boy’s body and lowered himself until he laid full length on the boy. The weight of the Jim’s body pressing him into the mattress, and the warmth of the male body covering his, gave him a little thrill. It actually made him feel protected and secure in their closeness. The added sensation of the man’s erection pressing between his ass cheeks gave the whole thing a feeling of... “intimacy” was the word Jerry was searching for in his mind, though he couldn’t put it that concretely into words at that moment.

“I’m not too heavy for you, am I?” asked Jim as his body trapped the boy’s beneath him.

“I’m okay,” Jerry assured him. “I... I actually like it like this. It feels kind of good, really,” he admitted.

Knowing that he wasn't causing the boy any discomfort, and that his actions were being met with approval instead, caused Jim to relax his weight on his young friend even more. He savored the pressure of the boy's ass on his dick, and he gave a few, tentative thrusts with his hips to slide his erection in between the mounds of muscular flesh. Lying on top of Jerry was so totally different that doing the same thing with a girl or woman, Jim decided. Instead of the smoothness and yielding softness of a female body against his own, Jim felt the underlying strength and hardness in the muscles of the boy's body. And the fact that Jerry was so much smaller than any of his previous female partners was something unique too. It gave him a sensation of control and authority that he hadn't experienced before with the girls he had been with. He didn't want to dominate his young lover, exactly, or make him react in some kind of submissive way. He had the impression instead that he was almost absorbing the boy's essence with his own to capture and protect it.

Jim began caressing Jerry shoulders with his hand, and then released them so he could work at the back and sides of the boy's neck with his mouth, nipping gently with his teeth, and sucking gently with his lips up and down the boy's spine from where it appeared between his shoulder blades to where it met the base of his skull. Then he fastened his mouth over the side of Jerry's neck and sucked at it, and all along its length.

"I better take it easy here," thought Jim suddenly. "If I send the kid home to his mother with a big hickey on his neck, when we were supposed to be over here just doing his homework together, that's going to take one hell of a complicated explanation—if any explanation would even be possible. Something like that would give the whole fucking game away for sure," he decided.

Instead of concentrating on making love to the boy with his mouth, Jim instead turned his attention back to his dick jammed into the cleft of the boy's rear-end. Jim braced himself with his arms and rocked his hips to slide his erection more urgently in the slick path he had made for it with the K-Y. He pumped and thrust his penis against the boy, noticing once again the firmness of the physique lying beneath his. Not that he didn't find the subtle underlying softness of a woman's body appealing in its own way, but the way Jerry's skin seemed tighter on his body, and the robustness of his flesh was thrilling to him in a very special, hitherto unimagined way.

For his part, Jerry was actually enjoying the sensation of Jim using him sexually in this manner. He was conscious of the man's penis working against him, and it was strangely provocative. Once he lost his fear that Jim would try to go back on his word, in spite of all his assurances to the contrary, and penetrate him with his cock up his ass after all, Jerry really started getting into what was happening. The awareness of being slightly overpowered and helpless—of being subjected to the man's mature desires—was oddly exciting. He decided that he shouldn't just lay there and be totally passive, however, and he started to help things along somewhat by raising his hips up off the mattress to meet each of Jim's forward movements.

Jim feeling Jerry starting to move in response to him helped drive him even farther along in his journey to the gates of ecstasy. He was thrilled at having the boy shoving up against his hammering hardness—he wasn't just accepting Jim's dominance of his body and his subordinating himself to it; Jerry was actually encouraging Jim to do it to him harder. Jerry brought his hands up from his sides when they had laid limply all this time to brace himself with his elbows so he could arch his back better to ram his butt even more enthusiastically against Jim's hard male member.

It was so much more sensuous for Jim to have the boy reciprocating his movements than if he had simply lain there and let Jim "do it to him" like a lifeless, rubber doll. The

smell of the little boy under him as he stroked himself against his young lover's body crawled right up his nose and invaded his brain, laying waste to all it encountered, and sweeping all resistance aside.

Jerry, on the other hand, was keenly aware of the musky, male odor Jim was giving off. The sweat Jim was producing under his arms from the exertion of humping Jerry's ass ran down Jim's arms almost to the elbows. A glossy sheen of perpetration covered his body, and made everywhere he came in contact with the boy's body slide very erotically and almost effortlessly.

"Oh, yeah, baby... oh, yeah..." moaned Jim softly. "I love doing it like this. You feel so good against me. Your butt muscles are working at my cock so hard. I can feel you doing it hard against me. It feels so good, buddy... you're doing it so good... oh my God, are you good, honey..." Jim sputtered and gasped. He started moving more forcefully against the boy. "Do it back to me harder, now..." he instructed in a slightly more urgent tone in his voice. "Do it more... yeah... *more*... let yourself really go... fuck me back *hard*, Jerry... It's okay; you're not going to hurt me. The more you do it back at me, the better it is. That's it, Jerry," said Jim as he applauded the boy's more forcible response to his requests. "Yeah... more... more... that's it, you're really doing it good now. Fuck with me hard... fuck back at me hard... oh, do it... yeah... do it..."

Spurred on by Jim's words, and the sensation of the underside of the man's erection sliding over the tight, crinkled ring of his recently violated, tightly clenched anus—and knowing that he was safe from the threat of that same hard cock would eventually actually invade his untried, virgin asshole—Jerry threw his head back and pounded his butt back up against Jim's cock like a little mad man. The smell of male sweat, the friction of their bodies on one another, the man's hard cock dominating his ass, and the subservient position he was in, pinned to the sheets by the much larger, stronger body covering his, was a totally new aspect of sex for him. He didn't feel weak at all. He felt incredibly strong somehow instead, and he thought that he could go on like this forever—the man using his body for his pleasure, and him rebounding into every thrust of the man's hips that were driving him into the mattress, was a new dimension he had never experienced before. His own dick was still soft, having spent its load earlier, but what was happening to him was much different than jacking himself off, or getting a blowjob from Jim. That was focused almost entirely on his cock—this wasn't. This was taking him to a whole new planet... and beyond. He braced himself with his elbows and his knees, and he gave Jim back everything he had as hard as he could.

When Jim felt Jerry begin to just go wild beneath him it pushed him over. He flopped down with his chest on the boy's back and jacked his hips like a rabbit fucking. His sweaty skin traveling over the boy's, feeling himself contacting him everywhere from Jerry's knees to his shoulder blades, his hard cock sliding between the globes of the boy's ass brought him to a mind blowing climax. He shot his wad up the boy's back as his vision turned red, and he orally attacked the back and sides of the boy's neck and shoulders, being unable to reach the boy's mouth.

Jerry's felt the spurts of hot cum hitting him in the back, and he turned his head to seek out Jim's mouth with his own. Jim recognized the boy's intention, and pressed his mouth to Jerry's, which opened instantly for him. He stuck out his tongue and the boy began sucking on it—just in the same way Jim fantasized that the boy would one day be sucking on his cock instead. With his tongue in deeply in the boy's suctioning mouth, and his cock firing bolt after bolt of juice as he ground his hips against the boy's ass, Jim came for what seemed like forever.

Soon the tidal wave of sexual excitement crashed on the shore, and their movements slowed to a stop. They Jim fell exhausted on the bed beside Jerry, and Jerry lay panting for breath from his athletic exertions in making the man cum.

“Whoa,” gasped Jim, lying on his back and staring at the ceiling with unfocused eyes. “Boy, that was something, wasn’t it?” he declared.

Jerry slid over to Jim and pressed himself against his lover’s spent body. He threw one arm over Jim’s chest, and placed his head against the rapidly rising and falling chest beneath him. He could hear Jim’s heart beating so loudly that it seemed about to escape his chest.

“Oh, buddy... oh, that was a really good one,” Jim said, catching his breath. He pulled his arm out from underneath Jerry on the side where the boy lay up against him, and wrapped his arm around the boy’s back. He ran his hand up and down the boy’s naked body and through the puddles of cum he had just shot there. He put the hand of the other arm to the back of his head as if to keep his head from exploding.

“Gees, you’re going to need a shower before you get out of here,” observed Jim, feeling the stickiness that made his arm cling to the skin of the boy’s back as he pulled the boy’s body tighter against his own. “I guess we really did it like our ‘first time’, didn’t we?” he said, smiling down at Jerry as he looked up from where he lay against Jim. “You needed a shower after that too. But this time we have to clean up the other side.”

There was that phrase again, Jim thought to himself: “our first time”.

“We’ve got plenty of time yet,” observed Jerry, glancing up at the alarm clock. “It’s only eight o’clock. We’ve got at least an hour before I have to go home.”

“Has it only been an hour since Jerry got done with his homework?” Jim mused. “It seems like forever since then.”

Bringing his hand down from his forehead, he placed it to the side of Jerry’s head and turned the boy’s face up so he could meet his eyes.

“Was that okay, just now?” he asked. “I mean, I got pretty carried away at the end there.”

Jerry gave a little laugh and smiled. “No, it was okay. As a matter of fact, that was... you know... kind of interesting, like.”

“*Interesting?*” Jim said with a guffaw. “My style in bed has been called a lot of things, but that’s the first time anyone has used *that* word.” He laughed softly and shook his head. “So I’m *interesting*, am I?”

“What I mean is, that... it was different, you know?” trying to put his thoughts into words. “I didn’t know about... well... I didn’t know about how it could be like that,” said Jerry, trying to explain the complex feelings he had inside of him while the man had been pounding his body on top of his, and the unexpected erotic thrill of experiencing Jim’s adult erection sliding between his butt cheeks. “I really liked doing that,” he assured Jim with a smile. “That’s what I meant when I said it was ‘interesting’. Like, when you were on top of me, and holding me down all over, it was like... like I was covered in sandbags and couldn’t move. But when I started to... you know... ‘do it back’ to you... ya’ know? like... with my rear-end... then I didn’t feel... I mean...” Jerry said, trying to describe the experience, but lacking the vocabulary to properly express himself. He suddenly got a “wicked little-boy” look on his face, as if he were enjoying thinking about doing something naughty. “And it was really, uh... *dirty* like... you know... *sexy dirty*... like it was a porn movie we were doing,” he added with a mischievous grin.

“It’s the thrill of the forbidden,” Jim thought. “Boys his age are naturally drawn to things that are out-of-bounds and risky.” He considered this for a moment. “Oh... gees... I hope I haven’t started something here. This whole thing started out as a little campfire, and now it’s threatening to burn down the woods.” He looked down at Jerry who was smiling up at him. The boy giggled at the look on Jim’s face, not quite sure what to make of the look that crossed the man’s face. In response, he tried to lighten the mood by reaching out and tweaking one of Jim’s man-tits with his fingers.

“Quit playing with me there,” laughed Jim. His concerns for the consequences of giving the boy adventurous ideas—and of having started him down the path to a place where danger may lurk—were driven momentarily aside. He tried to pull Jerry’s fingers loose from his nipple with his free hand.

“Gotcha!” exclaimed Jerry merrily as the wrestled in each other’s arms and he yanked on Jim’s chest.

“You little pest,” Jim howled with glee as he pulled the boy’s hand free. “We’ve still got to get you into the shower and dried off. Now get up,” he said, sitting erect and putting his mind to practical matters. “Grab your pile of cloths, and let’s get going.”

They moved about the room to retrieve the clothing they shed earlier and headed down the stairs. Dropping their clothes into individual living room chairs, they streaked naked into the bathroom, where Jim turned on the light and immediately got the water going. Jerry stood at the bathroom counter and examined the toilet articles laid out there.

“How often do you shave?” he asked, picking up Jim’s razor and looking it over.

“Every couple of days, or so,” answered the man, testing the water with his hand test the temperature before getting in. “Unless, of course, I’m expecting a hot date. Then I shave right before.”

“You shaved tonight before I came over,” observed Jerry, remembering how Jim’s cheeks had felt smooth against his. Here was more evidence for Jerry that Jim was planning on them doing things together—sex things—even before he came over this evening. “Does that make me a ‘hot date’?” the boy inquired guilelessly, looking at himself in the mirror and making passes in the air several inches from his face with Jim’s razor, as if practicing shaving.

Standing up and pulling shower curtain closed to keep the spray from escaping and soaking the floor, Jim walked up behind the naked boy at sink as Jerry scrunched his face this way and that in imitation of the way he had seen Bob and Jim do as they shaved. Placing his hands on the boy’s shoulders, and standing against the boy with his naked body, Jim looked over the top of the boy’s head into his face reflecting back at him in the mirror. Jerry caught Jim staring into his eyes echoed in the silvered glass in front of him. Jim smiled, and Jerry ceased his facial contortions and smiled back. Putting his arms around the boy’s chest, he pulled the boy to him and bent his head to speak softly into the boy’s ear.

“You’re the hottest date I’ve ever had,” he told the boy.

“I am?” replied Jerry, obviously pleased.

“Oh my God, you’re the best ever,” Jim affirmed, rocking them both back and forth gently. He kissed the top of Jerry’s head briefly for emphasis.

Dropping the razor back on the countertop, and turning on his heels to face his adult friend, Jerry threw his arms about Jim’s waist and hugged him tight. Jim gave him a firm squeeze in return. Then he relaxed his hold and took Jerry by the shoulders and broke the embrace by holding the boy away from him.

"I enjoy all this 'love-dovey' stuff as much as you do," declared Jim, "but we've got to get this shower over with before I run out of hot water," he warned. "Now get in there, and let's get going."

Steering Jerry over to the shower, the boy pulled back the shower curtain so they could both get under the cleansing spray.

"And don't get your hair wet, if you can help it," Jim further recommended. "This is 'from the neck down'... just enough to clean away the evidence of what we just did so your mom doesn't notice."

"You mean, what *you* just did," taunted Jerry. "It's *your* stuff we have to clean up," he observed. "When I did mine, I didn't make a big mess on your..." Jerry trailed off at the end of his thought, thinking of where the sperm from Jim's ejaculation had finally wound up. "And the other times too," added Jerry. "The times when you..." Jerry's sentence ended abruptly as he was reminded of where he had cum the previous evening.

"All right then, have it your way," agreed Jim amicably. "You're right. Yours from those other times is gone where no one will ever find it," he pointed out.

Grabbing a bar of soap before standing under the spray of the showerhead and beginning to lather himself up, Jerry considered this.

"How can you do that?" he asked.

"Do what?"

"I mean, how can you... well... have me 'do it' in your mouth like that? And when you... uh, you know... then how can you..."

"How can I swallow it too?" supplied Jim.

"Yeah, when you do that too," acknowledged Jerry. "Isn't it, well... *nasty* doing that?" he wondered.

Jim paused in his own absolutions to move over to Jerry.

"Here, let me do your back," he offered, turning the boy around with his hands and applying soap to the sticky areas on the boy's reverse—the place that most needed the attention to cover up the evidence.

"I do it because I want to," explained Jim. "And because it's *you* I'm doing it to, and because I know that it's the best way to make you happy while you're having your cum." He scrubbed vigorously up and down the boy's back with his hand, reveling in the smooth, firm flesh of the boy's body once again, and how it was so different from a girl's.

Jerry thought for a moment. Then he asked, "Even the swallowing part? You don't mind doing that either?"

It was Jim's turn to pause in thought. His hand ceased washing the boy's back with bar of soap, and he looked down the boy's naked body in front of him, admiring the boy from his small, bare feet, up the back of his tanned thighs, and to the pale white globes of the boy's lean, pronounced ass that stuck out below his narrow hips. Jim saw in his mind's eye the tight little anal opening that hid there, and recalled the sensation of sliding his finger into it. He sighed deeply in satisfaction at the memory.

"I can't explain exactly about how I can swallow your cum for you," Jim counseled the boy. "Before you came along, I never did that before. I guess if it were a grownup guy... like me... then I can understand, you know, about how it would be different. I don't know if I could do it for a guy my age. But you," he said, giving Jerry a little spank on his bare butt with the hand not holding the soap, "yours is just right. I mean, both... you know—your dick, and how much you shoot."

Jerry grinned and jumped slightly when Jim whacked his bottom, and absorbed the complement paid to him. But then he got suddenly serious again.

"I don't think I could do that," stated Jerry thoughtfully. "At least, not yet," he added after a moment's further consideration.

Hearing the way Jerry qualified his statement made Jim's cock twitch. The thought of the way the boy had said, "not yet" implied that he might be at least entertaining the notion. Thinking about the boy's soft, warm mouth engulfing the knob of his erect penis and swallowing it inside the hot depths until it reached the back of his throat—all the while being fully aware of his hands caressing the boy's smooth, naked skin under his soapy hands—aroused Jim greatly. His dick pumped with blood and became semi-erect.

"Which part aren't you sure of yet?" he asked Jerry, standing up straight and putting his arm around the boy and pulling his back against him again, pressing his firm but still hanging cock back again to the space between the boy's ass cheeks, as if to remind the boy what they had just done together minutes earlier upstairs in his bedroom. "Are you thinking about just putting a penis in your mouth, or do you mean you're not sure about letting someone 'go all the way', and cum before they pull it out. Or was it the swallowing it then that you don't think you can handle?"

Letting the images of himself with Jim's cock in his mouth, and then of what it had looked like when he had made Jim cum when he masturbated him out in the open the other day, and then finally what it must be like to have that same thing happening in his mouth. He recalled all the gooey, white globs of sperm Jim had shot out onto his belly, what they looked like, and even how things smelled afterward. He thought of those same wads of cum going in his mouth and down his throat. Jerry licked his lips and involuntarily gulped down the saliva he made as his mouth watered in sympathy with the erotic, naughty, forbidden, nasty, sexy thought. He was keenly aware of Jim holding him, and of the man's penis pressing against his bare rear-end.

"All of it, I guess," Jerry admitted. "Especially the part about doing it to a really big one, like the guy who was in the movie. And having him doing it 'all the way' in your mouth... then, that would be, you know... like kind of *gross*. Like eating something weird, like snails or something." He wrinkled up his nose as his naked body shivered slightly against Jim's.

Jim was extremely thankful at that moment that he hadn't been "blessed" with one of those legendary eleven-inch cocks. He released his grip on the boy and turned the boy's body around to face him.

"Does mine seem really big to you?" he asked the boy, indicating his semi-erect cock with a glance downward to his groin.

Likewise lowering his gaze to Jim's pubic region and the partially stiff rod stick out from the thick patch of Jim's pubic hair, Jerry studied it for a moment before replying, understanding what Jim was implying with his question.

"It's not as huge as the one the guy in the movie had, but it's still pretty big, I guess." Jerry was torn between assuring Jim that he didn't think Jim's dick was as frighteningly oversized and menacing as the one on the computer screen, but still aware that guys were proud of the size of their sexual equipment, and he wanted to compliment him about the size of it. And, because Jim's was the first completely erect, fully adult man's cock he had ever seen, he *did* think it was enormous, certainly compared to his own. His eyes traveled back and forth between their private areas and he mentally measured the difference. The excitement it produced found expression in the size of his little rod as well, and it poked

out rapidly from his hairless groin until it was nearly horizontal with the tub-mat beneath his wet, bare feet.

Noticing the boy's blooming erection, Jim considered where this might be about to lead. Then he heard the showerhead give an interrupted spurt when the pressure changed as the hot water tank began to refill. The shower was about to get cold if they didn't finish up shortly, and Jerry had to go home soon. There wasn't time to indulge in any more sex together tonight, he decided. Besides, he should use time to explain some things he had been thinking about in his time away from the boy—a time when he could think clearly about the complicated situation they were both in. Having sex together meant there were certain responsibilities that went with the pleasure, and these were very difficult for adults to handle. He had to be sure his young friend understood that if their relationship was going to continue. Jim looked down at the wet little boy standing completely naked with his penis partially erect sticking out in front of him. He decided he wanted to do everything he could to ensure that they would continue to be together.

Still, he couldn't resist spend a few more moments exploring how far the boy was eventually willing to go, sexually, with him. After all, he had just discovered jacking-off only about a month earlier. The idea of performing oral sex was certainly something he would have to let the boy get used to over time, and as far as ass-fucking, well... Jim shook his head to clear it as he felt the water beginning to turn colder. 'Taking it up the ass' was something Jim could dream about the boy doing at some point, but probably not for a long time to come—if it ever happened *at all*, he considered, already trying to reconcile himself in advance to giving up on that fantasy, should the day never arrive.

"Is it the hair around a man's dick that makes it seem sort of nasty?" he questioned.

Looking down at Jim's thick bush of pubes surrounding the man's cock and tried to imagine it without the surrounding hair. It was still much bigger, and darker in color, and wrinkled, than his own. And the large balls hanging in the fuzzy scrotum beneath it were also much different than his. The large, dark, mushroom head of Jim's dick—which was at the moment raising its head on the man's thick shaft to point the slitlike hole in the end towards his examining gaze—that didn't seem unpleasant at all.

"Yeah," decided Jerry, "all the hair around it does make it seem kind of... well... like something I wouldn't want to put in my mouth," he admitted.

Jim reached behind Jerry to adjust the temperature of the water warmer as it cooled off, warning him of its impending departure. He leaned upright and looked down slightly to meet Jerry's eye.

"We're running out of hot water, so we better finish up pretty quick now. But if you ever decide, you know..." he added in a sincere voice, "that 'doing it to me' with your mouth is something you'd be willing to try... someday... *maybe*... then I'll promise that—should that time come—you let me know, and I'll shave it all off for you, so it doesn't seem so bad when you do it."

Jerry considered the offer like a reluctant customer at a used car lot. He wanted to do the deal, but little doubts kept spring up in his mind, holding him back from making a final decision too quickly.

"If you'd really do that for me..." Jerry began hesitantly, looking down again at the object of their discussion, "I guess I could think about it for a while..." he conceded, though unwilling to commit himself to anything binding at the moment. But Jim noticed that Jerry didn't go so far as to give him a "don't call us, *we'll call you*" type of brush-off answer.

Jim tried to hide the thrill he felt when the boy didn't reject his offer outright, and metaphorically sharpened his razor for the day he would make his groin and pubic reason as smooth and devoid of hair as the boy's. Jim added a little electric-clipper to his mental shopping list.

"I'll promise you one other thing," Jim assured the boy. "I promise—should that time come—I promise that I... uh... oh my God!" he broke off, suddenly overcome with laughter.

"What the hell?" wondered Jerry aloud as he watched Jim double over slightly as he continued to chuckle at something Jerry didn't understand. What was so funny about the thought of him sucking Jim's dick?

"Jerry—my sweet, innocent little Jerry—don't you know what I was about to do? I was about to tell you one of the 'three big lies'." Jim chuckled again at the thought.

"Huh?"

"The 'three biggest lies guys tell'. It's an old joke. They are... well, I'll tell you, but don't go around using this one at school. It might get back the wrong people if you repeat it to your friends. The 'three big lies' are: number one, 'I love you'; number two, 'the check is in the mail'; and number three, 'I won't cum in your mouth.'"

"Oh," said Jerry simply, not getting the joke at first. Then he thought for a moment longer, and then said with sudden recognition, *Ohhh...* I get it!" He thought for another second or two more and the punch line of the joke finally fully dawned on him as to what it truly meant. "Uhuuggg!" He made a face, as if he had found a bug in his ice cream. "Oh, *wow!*"

"Yeah, Jerry, there's a whole lot of people out there from the beginning of time that have found out the hard way that the last one was really a lie," grinned Jim. But then he became suddenly serious in his tone. "But let me tell you this: if the day should come, and if you really decide that you want to... you know..." Jim glanced down to his cock with his eyes as if to explain what he was referring to, "if someday you decide you might... and I'm not trying to rush you or anything, but if you do... and if you don't want to do it 'all the way', if you know what I mean..." He glanced up and Jerry, who pursed his lips and nodded briefly in acknowledgement. "If you want me to stop before it happens... before I do it in your mouth... then I promise, Jerry—and this is promise I'll always keep—then I promise I won't ever cum in your mouth if you don't want me to, okay?"

Blushing fiercely at the admission that he would accept Jim's promise in advance, and what it promised someday in return, Jerry nodded vigorously.

"If you say you wouldn't, then I believe you," accepted Jerry trustingly.

Smiling at Jerry with the all the sincerity he could manage, Jim said, "Thanks buddy. I really appreciate it." Feeling that the water had grown even colder during their discussions, Jim reached to twist the controls to get as much as possible of what was left of the hot water. "But we have to finish up here pretty quick," he told his young friend. "Did you scrub off all the evidence?"

"Uh huh", confirmed Jerry.

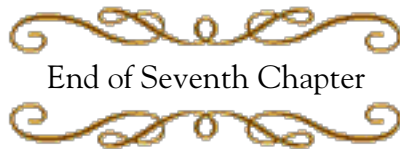
"Well, I better make sure for myself, hadn't I?" he stated, his mood turning suddenly more playful. "We can't have you going home covered in 'man-cum' can we?" he grabbed Jerry with one arm around the waist and began rubbing the boy's lower back with the palm of his hand. He polished the boy's wet skin with ever-downward strokes until he quickly was stroking the outthrust mounds of the boy's bottom, until he finally began to rub inside the cleft itself with the edge of his hand.

Jerry squealed at Jim's sudden attack on his body. He giggled and squirmed in Jim's arms as the man massaged between his ass cheeks with the side of his hand. Jim released his grip around the boy's waist with his arm to grab at the boy's little stiffy.

"I'll use this to hold you in place if you won't stay still while I finish the job," said Jim, breaking his earlier, minor promise to stop teasing the boy.

Held fore-and-aft by the man's hands by his naked private areas, Jerry whooped and shrieked as the man felt-up his semi-hard cock in front and assaulted his rear-end with the other hand behind. They struggled with each other briefly in mutual pleasure, and then the hot water heater gave up the last of its contents, and the shower turned truly cold.

"Time to get done here," Jim advised. "Okay, everybody out of the pool," he announced in his best 'lifeguard' voice of authority. He reached over and turned the water completely off, and the naked duo pulled back the shower curtain and stepped out into the steamy bathroom to find towels to dry themselves off with.



(To be continued at a later date.)

Author's Note: So far, (to the best of my abilities), chapters one through six have been published once weekly. Circumstances unfortunately dictate that the next chapter following this one will not be published according to that schedule. Therefore, this chapter is especially long—and is being published early—in partial compensation to those readers who have been contacting the author expressing their opinions and making suggestions for the story.

Remember! It's the continued support of the readers that encourages the author to complete each chapter in as short a time as possible, and what will therefore help ensure the rapid completion of the next segment of the story.

Should you choose to communicate with the author to express your opinion of the story, your email address—and any and all other matters you may wish to discuss—will not be read, retained, or discussed by anyone at any time *whatsoever*, other than the author himself. Your anonymity and regard for your privacy will be respected with the utmost care and diligence. All communications will remain *strictly* confidential.

(Or, in other words: "Keep those cards and letters coming in, folks! That's what helps keep us on the air for another season. So be sure you send a postcard to our sponsors *today* telling them how much you like the show.")



Thank you for your support and continued feedback about this story. —*The Author*

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