

Sixteenth Birthday

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“We’re here!” my sister, Kelly squealed as dad parked near a dark green Ford Expedition.

“Okay, everybody help take this stuff inside,” dad announced.

With the coordination of a military assault, the four doors and rear hatch of our minivan opened: we had arrived. I took a long stretch, grabbed my belongings and a bag of groceries and headed for the cabin. My uncle was out prepping the grill while my aunt hurried out to greet us.

She relieved my mother of some of her packages and gave her a kiss on the cheek and somehow managed to dodge the bundles in dad’s arms and gave him a kiss too. “I’m so glad you could make it after all. It’s so good to see all of you!” Aunt Lissa was a natural cheerleader; she always made people feel welcome. “Hey, Kelly and Jordon, the kids are swimming. It won’t be too long until we eat, but you can certainly have time to join them.”

“I’m there!” Kelly said excitedly and ran to change.

“I’m hungry,” I said.

“Sure. We’ll get something to hold you over until lunch,” mom answered with a smile and rubbed my back. She was fully accustomed to my constant hunger and occasionally sullen demeanor.

“Well, Jordan. You’ve certainly gotten tall, *and handsome*, since the last time I saw you.” She smiled and tousled my hair, as we walked toward the kitchen; mom must have coached her, I thought.

“Uh, thanks,” I replied and gave her a weak smile. I thanked mom for the snack and headed outside to find a hiding place. That was pretty much my m. o. those days: eat, sleep and behave like the undead the rest of the time.

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I’d been a normal, happy kid until Halloween last year. That wasn’t the identifiable start date of my condition, but to me it sounded like the only logical explanation for my cursed existence. As far as everyone else was concerned it was a perfectly normal, if not slightly tardy growth spurt. Spurt! No way; it was a growth explosion!

“You’re just going to be of those tall, hunky guys,” mom said with a smile and placed a kiss on my forehead, after she’d delivered a small stack of new, larger clothes. “You know my brother’s 6ft. 5.” She said, holding a photo in her hand as she sat next to me on the bed. I glanced at the image and groaned; my uncle Mark was smiling back at me, dressed in a dark suit and looking very handsome. But the photo had been taken during a business trip to Japan, and to me it looked like the people were barely taller than his belt buckle. “I love you,” she said as she left my room.

A month or two later, my parents sent me to the doctor, ‘just to be sure,’ they said. I was glad dad went with me rather than mom. Dad and I had never been buddy-buddy, and things seemed to get worse after suffering through an embarrassing father/son sex talk. But some months later at a ball game, one of his friends was telling some *guy* story; we looked nervously at each other and both burst out laughing. We’ve been friends ever since. He waited outside the exam room, but it was nice to know he was there while a doctor and several clinicians checked out my nearly naked body. After the lab results came in, an endocrinologist confirmed the GP’s assessment that my predicament, though not typical, was not abnormal and was not the result of disease or gland malfunction. I was informed that fatigue was to be expected and that I was more susceptible to fractures, so I needed to be careful. Every one was pleased with that news but it didn’t help me. I was over six feet tall and nothing but a group of loosely jointed arms and legs that seemed incapable of simply walking! To the rest of the world I looked like Icabod Crane. And since I finally admitted to myself that I am gay, I *really* didn’t want to be a homely boy.

Okay, not *everything* was terrible! As opposed to the rest of my body, my face is rather okay looking and I hardly ever get zits, unlike lots of guys at school. My jaw is square and strong, like Superman in the comics, which I keep telling myself is a sign that my body will catch up some day. I’ve let my hair grow a bit longer so it kinda minimizes my ears, which are a little too big. I gave up baseball to hopefully avoid broken bones, but I’ve started swimming more; my body seems to cope better in the water than on solid ground. I try to go to the pool during off-hours to avoid curious eyes, but even so, some people see me in my swim trunks, which is good practice for me... I guess. Dad says after some more practice, I can try for my driver’s license; that’ll be cool! And there’s one other thing: my junk grew! When I get naked, I look like a man, down there at least. It’s definitely a handful and I like how that looks and feels.

#

A clanging bell called everyone to the table. It’s the signal we’ve used for years wherever we go. The ‘rents splurged a couple years ago and we camped in Hawaii during Christmas break; we had a bell there too. Pretty much everyone had had the opportunity to get reintroduced except for my three cousins and I; we were a bit like dogs at the park, sort of sniffing each other. I was easily the tallest person there, and that included the adults, but I was drawn to Marissa, partly because she’s tall too. She’s still in junior high and she’s already 5ft. 6. But the main reason I focused on her was because my cousins, Cody and Derrick have turned into teenage wet dreams in the year and a half since I last

saw them. Derrick is almost a year and a half older than me; he turned 17 earlier this year. At 5ft.-10 and probably about 155, he's slender but very toned with auburn hair and hazel eyes. Cody could not be less alike. He's several weeks younger than me and only 5ft.-7 or 8 but he weighs, maybe 160, and it's all muscle. His muscles have muscles, I think, and his cropped blond hair, blue eyes and huge dimples look as good as anything I've seen in a *stroke* magazine. No way about it, they are fuckin' hot! There was a flow of blood to my dick, so I quickly settled into the seat my mom had pointed out.

We filled our plates and enjoyed food and conversation, until Cody spoke. "What happened to you?" he said looking directly at me.

"Cody!" his mom scolded.

"Weeeelll?" Cody replied with a strange half grin that slightly contorted his entire face.

"Nothing serious, " I said, completely deadpan. "Just a minor miscalculation in my chemistry class."

Cody's eyes got huge and he glanced at my parents and back to me; I started to laugh. Derrick was shooting soda out of his nose and mouth and my dad dropped his beer and tripped over his chair as he tried to evade the spill, falling on his ass and destroying the folding chair in the process. Marissa accidentally pushed Kelly off the bench as she struggled to walk away from the table holding her stomach. The three other adults had tears running down their faces and later Cody told me he actually pissed himself but hoped no one would notice since he had on wet swim trunks. I don't think I ever laughed so hard in my life and I know I would have laughed even harder if I had known about Cody. However, I was quite sure it was the first time I had laughed since the onset of my *condition*.

Uncle Chris grabbed another beer and a chair from the deck and helped my dad get settled. Lissa cleaned up Derrick's plate while he was inside changing into a clean t-shirt. There was an occasional snicker as we returned to our lunch. My mother leaned toward me, behind my dad's back. "Welcome back," she said with a bright smile.

My brow furrowed at her comment until I understood. "Thanks," I said and returned the smile.

"Good one!" Cody said and kicked me under the table. There was another small wave of laughs at his comment.

I put on a jock strap and trunks and joined the others in the water; I wasn't as self-conscious after the incident with Cody. I learned that Derrick was co-captain of the swim team, which went a long way to explain his changed appearance. We mostly fooled around and enjoyed the water but Derrick gave me a few pointers. Marissa was also a very accomplished swimmer, so the two of them were the ones to beat when we competed against one another.

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After a fun but tiring day, everyone headed for bed rather early. Us three boys were assigned to the loft, which was furnished like a den with a sofa and television and such but it also had built-in bunk beds and a pull-down bed. In deference to my height, I got to sleep in the bigger bed. When we stripped down, Cody was wearing boxers like me but Derrick had on a pair of boxer briefs that sat low on his hips. The pouch was generously filled; I tried not to stare.

“Derrick what’s with the shorts? Aren’t boxers a lot more comfortable?” I asked.

Derrick snickered. “Yeah, maybe a little bit, but I consider these to be damage control. Sort of helps me keep things in place, you know, so I’m not always embarrassing myself,” he said with a grin. Cody and I chuckled and nodded our heads as Derrick stepped into the bathroom.

My fold-down bed was mounted to one of the bathroom walls, a minor design flaw, because when Derrick let loose, I couldn’t help but hear him. Sounds like a fire hose! I thought to myself. Hearing him piss and seeing his bulge, I concluded he must have a big one. On top of that he was just plain gorgeous. Hours and hours of swimming had toned his body, which was also lightly tanned. He was either naturally smooth or perhaps he shaved for competition. He had shaggy auburn hair, which was undoubtedly the result of an expensive cut, but it fell casually into place, giving the appearance that he didn’t care. His hazel eyes and full lips pretty much sealed the deal as far as I was concerned. Too bad he doesn’t live closer, I think I could work my way around us being cousins; I mean it’s not like we’d get pregnant and give birth to a monster. That last thought caused me to chuckle out loud as I pulled my knee up to cover my semi-hard dick.

Of course, once we got to bed we were seemingly wide-awake. We talked and joked across the room until Uncle Chris announced, “Lights out.” Busted! The next night we placed the mattresses side by side on the floor and slept three abreast. It was great for playing games and watching television, plus we could talk into the night without disturbing the others. Being so close to my nearly naked cousins was sort of a blessing and a curse, since I wasn’t willing to reveal my secret just yet. But on the very first morning, it was apparent that morning wood was something we shared in common, so boning up was cool for at least a brief period of every day. That left me with only 12 or 15 hours to be concerned about.

#

The next morning, my dad and uncle pulled up, towing a boat they had rented. It was great fun to cruise around the lake, but it was a bit of a squeeze to get all nine of us in comfortably at the same time, so we took turns while dad or Chris ran circuits in the dark blue water. When it was my time to sit one out, I went up to the loft to nap. Huge pine

trees filtered the sunlight and breezes flowed freely through the open windows. It was like sleeping in a tree house. Mmmm.

“Jordan, are you okay? Are you asleep?” Derrick asked, just as I was starting to doze. His hand gently rubbed my forearm and I opened my eyes to see that he was sitting on his haunches, which caused the muscles in his calves and thighs to bulge. I guess it’s a good thing he was slightly in profile to where I was lying, or I would have been looking directly into his crotch. Like me, he was dressed only in swim trunks, though the dark mustard color of his trunks seemed to blend with his tan skin in the half-light of the loft, so at first glance, he appeared naked. I took in his muscled arms and torso, his broad shoulders and handsome face.

I smiled faintly. “Yeah, I’m good, just need a nap,” I said lazily, wishing he would recline next to me.

“Well, okay. I just came up to get my book. I’ll be out on the deck, so just holler if you need anything.” He stood and from my perspective he looked to be a towering god.

“Thanks,” I said dreamily and then rolled onto my side to hide my stiffening cock. Apparently I had a very pleasant dream, as I had to change my shorts when I awoke. It had been quite a while since I nudded in my sleep and couldn’t quite decide if I liked the idea or not. The obvious disadvantage was the fact that I wasn’t awake to enjoy it.

Derrick was on the deck when I came downstairs and I grabbed a couple of sodas and joined him there. He thanked me and went back to reading his book. I positioned myself so I could discretely watch him, stretched out on a chaise. It was easy to fantasize about a very romantic version of Derrick; he looked so at ease, totally content and extremely sexy as he read his book. I imagined the two of us dressed in the manner of Beau Brummel, reading poetry or philosophy, Bronte, Dickenson or Walt Whitman... whatever, before we ripped each other’s clothes off and fucked our brains out!

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Monday morning the boat was returned, and after lunch, my parents returned home. The girls moved into the vacated bedroom, which was the only change as we continued to enjoy very leisurely days. I was actually enjoying myself: at school I was always self-conscious and at home, there was only my sister for companionship, but here I had my three cousins and a pair of adults who weren’t quite as bored with my sorry self. I did a lot of swimming as well as a lot of staring at Cody and Derrick. Like baseball, I had at least temporarily abandoned my skateboard, but here it didn’t matter, as most of the roads were either gravel or dirt. Chris and Lissa often joined in when we would play cards, Scrabble or other board games. Like my mom, Lissa has an awesome vocabulary, which was a good thing or a bad thing depending which team you were on. At night us boys retired to the loft where we often played video games or watched movies dressed in our underwear. I thought I was quite clever and discrete in the various ways I *accidentally* touched whichever cousin was closest when we slept.

However the daytime glances and stolen nighttime touching were getting to me. On the fifth day, I approached Cody, while he was pitching stones into the lake. “Derrick must be pretty popular with the girls?” Cody glanced at me but otherwise ignored me. “I mean, he’s smart and seems like he’s really sweet and caring, you know, sensitive and stuff; girls must love that! And he’s pretty good looking. He’s probably popular with everybody, him being co-captain of the swim team and all that.”

“Tell me about it!” Cody answered with a bit of disdain. “He’s got girls lined up around the block. It’s like he could stay in high school until he’s 40 and still not get through the backlog. Fucking unbelievable! And the dumb shit is really smart!” I laughed at the contradiction. “Makes my life miserable because he’s got like a 3.9 average and I’m somewhere in the mid twos! What a fucker,” Cody growled as he pitched a stone and bounced it eight times on the surface before it disappeared from sight. “Handsome, isn’t the half of it. You’ve seen his smile. Perfect teeth! And he never had braces,” Cody almost whined as he used his thumb and index finger to pull his upper lip out to reveal his braces, which fortunately for him were the newer variety that didn’t look like a barbed wire fence. “But what you *haven’t seen* is his gorgeous butt and nice package. I mean, his cock could be bigger, but it’s still beautiful. Funny thing is, I don’t think he gets much. Maybe I should say he doesn’t take much, because I *know* it’s being offered!”

I wasn’t sure how I should respond to Cody’s assessment of his brother’s physical and sexual attributes, while Cody gave me a look I couldn’t quite describe. Still we both chuckled like conspirators sharing a secret.

“But Jordan, don’t get me wrong. Derrick is super-cool and I really do love him. He’s a bit too Emo for me; I think he even writes poetry, but he’s not a player. It’s like, he likes to hang out with girls *and* guys, but he doesn’t do that dating thing like exchanging rings and all that bullshit. If he tells a girl they’re together, he means it. And if she’s smart she’ll stay around long enough to find out he does mean it. But he’s low-key, always cool and annoyingly polite.” Cody smiled to himself, but he wasn’t turned far enough so that I couldn’t see it too. “He’s like that at home too. We share a room and he’d never do that older brother power-trip thing, like trying to boss me around; of course I could completely whip his ass! And he’s totally great with Marissa. I gotta say, I’m really gonna miss his ass when he graduates next year.”

Cody’s answers had me bummed, since he had just confirmed the painful suspicions in my gut: my fantastically handsome and sexy cousin Derrick wouldn’t be getting naked for a gay boy like me. I clamped an arm around Cody’s shoulder and said. “I’m glad that you appreciate Derrick; I never had a brother and he does seem pretty cool.” Cody resumed skipping stones and before I returned to the cabin, I noticed how the sunlight highlighted the muscles of his arms and pecs as he played his solitary sport. Cody’s not too bad either; I mused as I directed my feet to the kitchen to eat and then upstairs to sleep.

During the course of that afternoon, Lissa worked her way through the group and announced that we would be celebrating Cody's 16th birthday the next evening. Each of us was assigned a task, but everyone was instructed to keep it a secret. I don't know why, but I was particularly excited, possibly because I had recently celebrated my 16th and thought it was a big step towards...I don't know, being an adult? Regardless, I remember being pretty stoked about number 16.

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The following evening we had a fantastic party to celebrate Cody's rite of passage and everyone had a good time. Of course there was a cake and gifts and Chris ended the evening with a modest fireworks display near the shore. Everyone crawled into his or her respective bed and the cabin was soon silent.

Apparently everyone was down at the lake the next morning, as I noticed the cabin was empty except for Derrick, who was sitting in one of the bay windows that doubled as a bed. The morning sun washed over his body and he looked fantastic. He glanced up from his writing and pulled his knees up towards his chest, inviting me to sit in the space his feet had just vacated. I had decided to chat with Derrick, partly, well maybe mostly, because I wasn't quite willing to give up until I had a chance to confirm what Cody had told me. And I thought he could tell me what to expect in 11th grade and possibly give me at least a clue about dating, even if he did hang out with girls. We talked for some time but it was the most frustrating thing I'd ever experienced: how could he be so totally cool, totally handsome and *totally straight*?

I thanked him for his insight and headed for the water. I passed Chris, Lissa, Kelly and Marissa on their way back to the house and they confirmed that Cody was still in the water. I found him sitting alone on the shore. "Hey Cody!" I called out as I approached. When I was standing near him I continued. "Um, I guess I um, sort of forgot about your birthday...so I didn't get you a present or anything. I know I should have, but...ummm, I was sort of wondering if you'd let me, ummm, you know, just suck your cock instead?" I doubted that I'd ever be able to say those words, but now that I had, I was completely exposed. My desire shriveled like one's balls in cold water; I was scared shitless.

"Why, are you one of those fucking queers?" he snarled, with a leering grin on his face.

I was moments away from breaking into tears; possibly I had misread him when he cuddled next to me last night. Or maybe I was projecting my desires and frustration with Derrick or something. I tried to answer but nothing seemed to be coming out of my mouth. "Yeah," I finally answered, in a barely audible mumble.

"Fuckin' A! Me too," he shouted. "Gay guy sex is the best!" He enthused. "I love all of it," he said as he cupped my crotch. "And I've seen the huge lump in your shorts every morning, but I was a kinda scared to start anything after I screwed up the first day." His hand left my crotch and grabbed my hand. "Come on! I know the perfect spot," he said pulling me along.

And it *was* the perfect spot, a veritable love nest. Soft grass lined a swale between an outcropping of rocks overlooking the lake and tall trees provided shade. As soon as we stopped walking, Cody's hand was again grabbing my crotch and his mouth bit a nipple, right through my t-shirt. I let out a surprised yelp. Cody dropped to his knees, yanked on the drawstring, lowered my trunks and pulled my half hard cock into his mouth. We both moaned simultaneously; his warm, wet mouth felt a million times better than my own hands.

"Oh, Cody. That's so... good," I moaned; his actions drew blood to my hardening dick. "But it's your birthday, not mine.

"I know it's my birthday," he said with a big grin. "And I know what I want!" he said fondling my balls in his hand. "But maybe you should sit down. This thing is fuckin' huge and I don't want you passing out when it drains all the blood from your head!" he chuckled. By this time my relatives had learned that I could get light-headed at times, so I leaned on his shoulders as he helped me step out of my jock and trunks.

I was barely seated before Cody's hands and mouth were hungrily attached to my cock and balls. This was my very first blowjob but I felt confident that Cody was adept at this task. He sensed when I was about to blow and pulled off to lavish my balls with some exquisite tongue action. Even so, it was all too much for me, and as much as I wanted this to last forever, I was blasting in his mouth, all too soon. And blast is what I did; it felt as though my very essence was being pumped out along with my cum! I felt dizzy and delirious as I gasped for air.

When I recovered, I opened my eyes to find Cody was hard and only wearing a satisfied smile. "Okay, your turn," he said as he rubbed his belly and chest, ignoring his fat prick, which pulsed above his trim blonde pubes.

This was my first time to go down on a guy, so my technique was pretty much non-existent. I tried to emulate what Cody had just done to me, and he not so patiently talked me through the process. It was obvious that he was totally horned up and wanted desperately to dump a load, but I suspect he realized he could reap future benefits by investing some effort tutoring me. I got off to a slow start, partly because his cock is pretty thick; it's no where near as long as mine, but even so, I wasn't accustomed to having my lips stretched around something like this while pretending not to have teeth. From Cody's side of things, this meant that he had a long, slow build up, leading to a very strong climax. By the time he shot, my jaw ached. The cock juice I couldn't swallow ran down my face, but I felt proud for having sucked my first dick. Cody seemed to be proud of me as well or maybe he was just glad to get his rocks off.

After a pleasant interlude, Cody swallowed my shaft and caressed it with his hands and mouth, occasionally pausing to attend to my 'nads. I was able to last much longer the second time but delivered almost as big a load. We swapped positions as I took on Cody for the second time. There were no complaints this time, just moans of pleasure and the

occasional, “Oh yeah, just like that.” “That’s great Jordan but my dick needs some of that hot mouth.” And finally, “Fuck! Oh fuck, Jordan. I’m...gonna...” followed by a deep grunt as his hips pushed up and his hands pushed my face tightly onto his cock while he drained his balls in my mouth for the second time.

I sat back and smiled, watching Cody as he caught his breath. “Thanks, Jordan. I couldn’t have asked for a better birthday gift,” he said with a smile.

“You’re welcome. Of course the pleasure was all mine,” I said with a grin and a snicker before we heard the bell clang.

“Shit!” Cody cursed as we started to dress. “Hey, let’s take a quick dip to rinse off before lunch. Maybe we can figure out something for dessert later,” he laughed and slapped my butt.

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Everyone went swimming after lunch, but as the afternoon progressed they left in ones and twos until Cody and I were able to return to our hideout for a repeat of the morning’s activities. During a break in our sex-fest, I talked with Cody. He told me he’d been sexually active, exclusively with guys, practically since he started high school; he hadn’t told anyone about himself, except of course his sex buddies, and ‘*no, he does not have, nor does he want to have a boyfriend.*’

“But what about school?” I asked.

“What about it? I don’t make a big deal out of it, and I don’t really care what they think,” he said defiantly. “If someone asks I’d probably tell them, but I don’t think they ever would since I’m a jock and all,” he said dismissively. “At my school everyone seems to think gay guys dress like Britney Spears, you know, tight pants, a bare belly and perfect hair. There are a few guys like that and they’re pretty pathetic. But the strange thing is that the kids mostly just roll their eyes at them because they’re like cartoons or something. I don’t even think our small group of Neanderthals has done anything worse than to call them freaks or something like that. And they just laugh in return.” He shook his head in disbelief. “I mean, at my school, the nerds get more abuse!” I let out a nervous chuckle since I’d feared the double-whammy of being gay and a nerd.

“So do you do the whole soccer team and like that?”

“Listen to you, you pervert! Of course not.” He laughed and punched my shoulder. I laughed too, even though his punch actually hurt a bit.

“It sounds great in a story and I’ve seen a couple of hot pornos like that, but the idea of being held down on a locker room bench or in the shower or under the bleachers while a bunch of horny guys line up to rape me, is not my idea of a good time. It would be fucking awesome to do that shit if I was directing the whole thing and could pick the

guys; there are a few hunks that I'd love to do me!" he flashed me a wicked smile. "But that's not how it works. So I keep my head down and maintain a low profile, especially in the locker room, and my buddies do the same."

There were more questions and he seemed almost eager to share with me. It was nice to be able to ask even my dumbest questions without fear. Cody did tease me, but in the same way a friend or brother would. That was nice. He admitted he had no plan to come out publicly, not even to his parents anytime in the foreseeable future and after much prodding, finally admitted that there was a boy: a tall, slender art-type that he had a crush on but was afraid to approach; his excuse being that the guy was always hanging with this Goth chick, so he probably wasn't even gay. We continued to talk for a while and went for a swim before heading home for dinner, because I was *beyond* hungry.

Our afternoon together was like a big sigh of relief for me. After swapping blowjobs, my cock and mouth were no longer virginal in that respect. I got the insight of one teen on the whole gay high school experience. And I didn't feel completely left out. Even though Cody has had tons more sexual experience than me, he hasn't come out either *and* he's afraid of approaching the *one boy* he's attracted to. Maybe there's hope for me yet!!

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We might have slipped away for more sex after eating but Chris and Lissa had organized a campfire thing, so we had to stay close to home. It was pretty fun actually. We told stories and jokes, made popcorn and toasted marshmallows. However, just like our first day, the biggest laugh of the evening came at my expense. Kelly completely threw me with her story of our most recent family Christmas.

"...And when he bent over, his pants ripped right up the middle!" She was almost yelling by this point in the story. "And...and...and his underwear," she managed to say between giggles. "His underwear had candy canes on 'em!" She rolled into a ball with laughter.

"I'd like to have seen that!" Cody jeered as he jabbed my ribs.

"So, candy canes, huh?" Derrick asked with amusement.

"Maybe we should call you sugar britches," Chris interjected.

"Or sweet cheeks!" Marissa cried out between tears of laughter. Cody jabbed me again, his whole body was wracked with laughter.

"Thanks for sharing, Kelly. I guess I really owe you big time now," I said as my own laughter subsided, and then explained. "As it turned out, the box contained a new pair of dress pants to replace the pair I had *obviously* outgrown and the boxers were a gag gift from a friend," I admitted. "But they were pretty cute, didn't you think, Kelly?"

"No! It was gross," she giggled, now somewhat embarrassed.

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In the middle of the night I had to piss. Navigating with only the aid of a dim nightlight, I sat on the toilet rather than attempt to aim accurately with half-closed eyes. I was letting nature do its thing when Cody stepped in and closed the door behind him.

“Are you done yet?” he asked while pulling off his boxers.

“Almost. You need to go?”

“No, but when your bladder is empty I wanna drain your balls,” he said with a snicker. It was too dark to see clearly, but I knew he was wearing one of his lurid smiles.

My ass rested on the edge of the sink and Cody knelt between my spread legs. I was still half asleep, but my dick was wide-awake as he administered a first class suck. My butt cheeks tightened, my toes curled and my hands shoved Cody’s face into my crotch. When I finally brought my hands back to the sink for support, Cody stood up and within moments pitched his load onto my neck, chest and belly.

“What, the fuck?” I whispered as loudly as I dared.

“Ssssh,” was all I heard before his tongue began to wipe my body clean. I moaned and shivered at the sensation.

“Ahhhh, Cody.”

When I awoke in the morning, he had a knee tucked against my ass. And we eventually returned to our special place to continue my education.

“Condoms are a big pain in the ass,” Cody snickered as he pulled a foil packet and some lube from his backpack. “But that’s just the way it is.” He held up the two items like a spokesmodel and said. “And with *your donkey cock*, lube is *really* important.”

He then gave me some simple instructions and turned his bare ass in my direction. As instructed, I started with a dollop of lube and one finger. I’d admired boys’ butts, even Cody’s but never from this perspective. I was a bit grossed out until he started moaning with pleasure and later announced that it was time to add another finger. With two fingers working his pink pucker, I started to actually imagine how something this tight and slippery would feel on my dick and I began to bone up. Soon after the third finger had been introduced, Cody turned around and demonstrated the proper technique for applying a condom, but only after he had my hard dick down his throat for several minutes. Though I was a quick study, Cody decided we’d start with him on top. As we moved into position I clearly understood the mechanics of what was about to happen, but somehow I couldn’t quite believe that Cody’s tight little hole, could possibly accommodate my or anyone else’s dick. As it turned out, he did have to work a while to get my shaft on its

way up his chute. After that, he slowly eased his way down, with a crooked smile on his face. We both exhaled deeply when he eventually bottomed out. Molten lava? Liquid velvet? I couldn't think of words to describe the intensely pleasurable sensations that emanated from my cock to my groin and then spread through my entire body. After a momentary pause, he began to rotate his hips and then using his leg muscles, raised and lowered himself on my rod, which by then, was harder than steel. I tried to keep my eyes focused on Cody, but it seemed as though all my sense receptors were maxed out and I had to close my eyes or go into overload. When I did look, his face was contorted with pleasure and his dick bounced and slapped in rhythm with his movements. Unfortunately I wasn't ready for this onslaught and quickly approached my climax. My own hips bucked up to meet his beefy ass and we both moved more rapidly as I released a huge moan and started to fill the rubber covering my prick.

"Unnnh, ahhh, ooooooh." Guttural sounds but no words escaped my lips as I repeatedly shot into the tight confines of his clenching ass.

"Fuck! I'm...gonna...Shit!... Fuck!... Damn!" Cody swore as his own load shot out, flying over my head and then hitting my face and chest. His ass tunnel squeezed my cock with each volley of his teen cum. He then collapsed, burying his face in my neck, where I felt his very warm breath.

I was completely amazed by the amount of fluid trapped inside, when Cody helped me remove the spent condom. No wonder I felt weak, exhausted and drained.

We rested and talked. Cody shared a few of his more memorable encounters and I have no doubt, he took great pleasure in watching the various expressions of shock and/or amazement on my face. It was erotic, but I wasn't quite comfortable with all of his sharing. He accepted my fear of taking his very thick prick up my virgin ass, so eventually moved us into a doggy position with me on top. My cock felt very comfortable in his ass as we commenced our fuck session. I loved the look and feel of his muscular back. At his suggestion I pinched and pulled on his sensitive nipples and though I already knew about the pleasures of stroking his fat prick, it was a new experience with mine up his tight ass. With minimal coaching, I fucked his ass for a very long time. Cody had clued me into the idea of moving very slowly or not at all, when my cock threatened to gush, and I was able to prolong our session. My reward was an explosion that far exceeded the previous one. I literally collapsed on his back as my balls drained themselves of every ounce of juice. I was so far gone, that I didn't realize that Cody was creaming my hand and the ground below with his own load. Eventually, we dressed and returned to the water for a swim. As we walked, I realized that Cody and I had never kissed. I wondered if maybe that was something that guys didn't do, because he seemed to know about everything that two guys could do. At that point I wasn't so sure about the whole gay thing; I'd never kissed a guy, but it was one of the first things I thought about when I saw a guy I liked.

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The next morning, everyone jumped into the water, but Kelly and I followed the adults back to the house, where after a quick shower we helped Chris and Lissa clean the place from top to bottom; neither of us had any intention of being forced to listen to a single complaint from mom when we returned home. And in reality, we'd only been there a week and this was just a cabin, so the whole affair was pretty painless. We ate a picnic lunch outside before we loaded ourselves into the Expedition and headed home. Marissa and Kelly grabbed the third seat and I was actually a bit relieved when Derrick agreed to sit on the hump, between Cody and me.

We had barely arrived at the house, when Cody got permission from his mother and disappeared, which left me hanging solo. It was completely unexpected after all the sex with Cody; I guess it was *just sex* after all. Derrick was super-cool and let me tag along when he went out to meet some friends for pizza. I was more than happy to hang with Derrick. His friends were very cool, lots of fun and welcomed me as one of their group.

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Derrick and Cody already shared a room, and Kelly bunked with Marissa, so Lissa assigned me to the sofa bed in the den, which was fine with me. I was completely surprised, though didn't object, when Cody, appeared in the darkened room, crawled into my bed and initiated a sixty-nine session. Once we both got our nut, Cody left and I slept like a baby. When I awoke, I realized that I would have skipped the sex, if Cody had cuddled with me through the night. Regardless, I got up, showered and dressed. The 'rents were supposed to arrive around noon to take Kelly and me home.

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After our gear was stowed in the minivan, mom and Lissa took an eternity to say goodbye. They're just 11 months apart in age, but might as well be twins. From the way they carried on one might have thought we lived half way around the world, instead of several hours away by car. Surprisingly it was Derrick who gave me a big hug and wished me well before I jumped into the van.

"It'll all work out, Jordan, so go easy on yourself. Love ya buddy," he whispered in my ear. Cody waved and smiled his gorgeous smile, and I realized, that despite all the sex, I didn't love him in any romantic way. I was certainly grateful for the crash course in boy-on-boy sex, but obviously, he wasn't boyfriend material. Every single one of us yelled our goodbyes as dad headed the minivan towards the street.

Seeing what swimming had done for Derrick, I vowed to spend a *lot* of time at the pool that summer. And somehow, I was gonna find out about the whole kissing thing. If two guys can suck and fuck, then surely they could swap a little spit, right?

Hmm... I wonder how much taller I'll be when school starts?

