

Innocence Lost

While you are sleeping

asstr.org/~boyhood

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I think this story took place exactly five years ago and I'm recalling it only because I met him again. It happened, just like that, I never expected to see him, but I guess the universe works this way. Besides, I was pretty stupid back then, risking everything, but I guess I can blame the hormones, right? I was barely fifteen, he was thirteen and I saw him just for the very first time only to feel some sudden urges inside me. You see, there are a lot of boys around, but I always liked the younger ones. Oh, no, stop it. I'm not a pedophile – It's not a crime that you like someone who is two or three years younger than you, right? Especially when he has such a charming smile, a nice smell, and a cute nose.

Before we start – please don't judge me. I know the thing I did wasn't really nice or consensual. I know that my urges pushed me all the way up to the things I've never imagined myself doing, but on the other hand, it was my brain and my body who made the wild idea come true. I mean, I often imagined touching someone down there, having fun, sharing the wonderful sensations, feel someone's body next to mine, but this was different. Different than all the stories and porn movies, different than some weird teenage fantasies. Why? Because he was thirteen and sleeping. And to my surprise he was a heavy sleeper, this was what I wanted to believe, I guess.

My sister moved to Germany just a few years ago. Somehow she quickly established a relationship with an old, wealthy man, who clearly needed a young wife to make his libido going. You know what I mean, he liked them young, just like me, but this was much more perverted in my opinion. Fucking someone who was younger by twenty years? Really? On the other hand, I couldn't blame any of them – If anything I think that people should change their partners from time to time to avoid boring relationship which causes only stress. As it turned out later – he was good at it, switching partners of all sort. Plus, well, he was rich, nobody could say a bad word and my sister was happy.

Of course, her 'almost husband' was married before like two times and the boy (let's call him Damien) was his child from a previous marriage. He had like two older brothers but I never got a chance to see any of them. If anything I highly doubted to meet Damien as well, because he was living with his mother in the house on the other side of the city. But luck was on my side. And may I say – it was my best time.

Knowing that my sister likes to show off her new life and her new, awesome house I was just waiting for invitation. As soon as I received one I went there, as she was more than eager to ask me to come to her new house in Berlin and see her new family. Oh, the family consisting of her and her husband, who was outside like seventy percent of the time, working.

Writing a story about thirteen years old – this is funny. Why do I do this? To sort my memories or to share my best fucking experience? Or maybe because he looked like a little sexy devil? Of course, he seemed like a normal boy, but he had the most beautiful blue eyes I've ever seen and a bit long, brown hair covering part of his cute face.

I knew that he exists because my sister told me so, but I figured out he knew nothing about me. I wasn't expecting to see him anytime, as I told before, but the universe worked another way and it was him, who opened the front door of sister's home. He was smiling,

inviting me inside, but we had a bit of trouble finding the common language. My German wasn't perfect, his English wasn't good either. But the feelings always find a way as they say.

It was already a late afternoon, or almost evening when I got there. I remember my heart beating and cold sweat on my back when I saw him. I was listening to him, watching him, adoring every little part of his appearance. There he was, my dream boy.

My sister previously informed me that she will be a bit late home and that her husband won't be there for the next few days as he was traveling aboard. Wonderful family, I tell you. So Damien and I... we were the only ones inside the big house he was supposed to take care of. Or at least make sure that the building was safe at night.

He was truly bored, as it turned out that his brothers traveled across the country with father and he was the only one left, waiting for his holiday to start. It was the month of July, another hot and dry day made our brains work slower as we only hoped to get some rest and eat while playing games or watch tv. This was his plan – to spend a lazy week, waiting for summer adventures. Little he knew that one of them was nearby.

We were sitting in the kitchen when I looked at him in new light. I was fifteen and felt like dog in heat when I noticed how cute his face was, how perfectly shaped were his legs, hands, and torso. Of course – I knew I was gay, but never got a chance to spend some time or even touch another boy. I kept falling in love for short periods of time, knowing that this was normal to desire someone in a sexual way.

But as I said I've never had an opportunity to spend time alone with a boy like him. He had it all. He was younger, cute, eager to have fun, and what's best – we were going to share a room. There were plenty of them, but he decided that we can sleep together, and he was fine with it. If you ask me what I liked the most about him I would answer that it was his grin. He had the most wonderful smile and for some reason, he wasn't hesitant to smirk at me all the time.

"An-And here we will sleep." He stated, and grinned again, looking directly at me. I felt weak around him. Damn it. "I wasn't sleeping with anyone for a long time. I hope you don't mind. I mean, I can go..."

"Nah, It's alright." I told him when I was finally able to open my mouth, still feeling the incredible dryness in them. "You want to go sleep now? It's getting late after all. We could watch some movie." I pleaded, pointing to the TV in front of the bed.

Of course, It wasn't that late, my sister wasn't home and I started to doubt if she will ever show up. Oh, I know that this was bad but I wanted to have endless fun with Damien instead of spending the time with her. We were able to understand each other, babbling about stuff and he agreed to watch some horror movie (in German language! Can you imagine this?! The main antagonist sounds ten times more bad ass). Soon we felt really tired and he suggested that we should go to sleep and get up early tomorrow. At this point my excitement was peaking, I was wondering if I will even see him shirtless, knowing that some boys his age were sleeping in pajamas.

“Eh, I’m dead tired. Can not imagine how do you feel.” He murmured, looking at me. Of course – I was sleepy, but not enough to have some more fun and complete the little plan that popped up in my brain. It sent some shivers down my spine when I realized how fun it will be.

“How do you sleep?” I asked. I tried to make this sound as an ordinary question, but for some reason, it sounded like some kind of naughty suggestion that we should sleep naked.

“Huh?”

“What are you wearing?” I explained, trying to keep straight face expression, clenching my fingers. He was a bit confused, and I sensed it.

“Ah, just my boxers. It’s pretty hot in here. And there’s some magic going.” He answered and continued. “Every time I’m wearing a shirt or pants I wake up without them. And I can’t remember stripping in a middle of night.” He smiled and politely asked another question. “Are you OK with this, or perhaps do you want me to go to other room?”

Hah, I was fine with this. I haven’t got a chance to see many boys shirtless or wearing only their underwear. A great opportunity, which only helped me and perhaps caused the events I’ve mentioned in the very beginning of this story. Besides, I felt that there’s something strange about him, I think he liked my company and the fact that some older boy took the time to play and speak with him. He appreciated it all.

I was pretending that I’m busy unfastening my belt and pants, but at the same moment, I kept peeking at him. Taking off his shirt he exposed his boyish chest. His body was young, skinny, hairless as I imagined. No bigger parts of muscles were visible. I instantly wondered how would it feel to touch him. Was his skin as soft as I thought? No signs of puberty could be seen on his torso – I started wondering if he even started maturing yet. It was his time, for sure. But his voice has not changed, he could be a late bloomer. My mind raced as it started filling with some perverted images, I barely kept myself from getting an erection.

Well, Damien noticed that I stared at him and slid down his pants, revealing the blue, loose boxers he was wearing. At the same time, he returned the smile. There was some tension between us, and to this day, I wonder if I lost some chance. As he jumped under the covers I joined him. No more than twenty, maybe fifteen centimeters of space separated us from each other. We talked a bit, but it took just a few minutes for silence to fill the room.

Starting imagining the wild things I covered my face with a hand to muffle a soft moan that escaped my throat. I grabbed my mobile phone and set up a silent alert clock to wake me up in two hours. I closed my eyes and soon started dreaming a short dream I can’t recall today, as it passed within the blink of an eye. As soon as I felt my mobile phone vibrating I

opened my eyes. I noticed that my body was really impatient as the first thing I felt waking up was my erection, pressing against underwear, tenting it in an obscene way.

Two o'clock in the morning (or night if you prefer!). The whole room seemed silent, as I raised up on my elbows and slowly moved my hand under his nose. He was sleeping, breathing deeply, making no sound at all. I wanted to be careful, but as you can imagine this wasn't the only thing I wished for at this moment. My emotions and morality were fighting, and my excitement was growing with every second. I could not be sure what was causing me to be aroused. Was this the fact that cute, dream boy was sleeping next to me, unaware of what's coming? Or perhaps the feeling that I'm doing something risky, possibly illegal and yet, incredibly hot?

Don't get me wrong – this wasn't my first sleepover. But right now I was feeling really lucky, having him next to me, adoring his cute face, trying to memorize every detail of it. I had a chance to play, to touch, to molest him, and I loved it. Plus, he was the boy I adored, not some random classmate I was meeting with.

“Okay, so let's see what are you hiding in there...” I whispered, slowly lowering the covers, and gently pressing my hand against his chest.

His skin was soft and delicate - just as I imagined. My fingers squeezed his nipple, mildly massaging it. As soon as it hardened, I slid my hand down the navel and caressed it, feeling the hotness of his body on my fingers. Glancing at his face, which still did not express any emotion I made sure that he was still sleeping, unaware that I was touching him and violating his privacy.

“You are so cute.” I lowered my lips down his ear and kissed him. The smell I felt aroused me even more. I think I will never forget it, it was the specific smell of teenage boy's body.

After the initial fun, I paused, wondering if I should really go further. Sure, I could not be sure if I will be able to get another chance to sleep with him - everything could happen tomorrow. Still feeling this incredible hotness down my stomach I slid the covers even more, down to his knees exposing his blue boxer shorts and legs. I was going crazy, I tell you, I tried to stop and I could not. I was obsessed, wanted to see it all, taste him, molest his sleeping body.

I slowly approached my hand to his crotch and carefully stroked it against soft, boyish bulge hidden inside. Feeling the softness of his penis and testicles, I was not able to tell the exact size yet, but I knew this was just a matter of time till all of his little secrets were revealed. Using two fingers I pressed fingertips against his testicles and tried to grab one of them, massaging the small egg hidden inside. But my fingertip brushed against something else. A button! How come I have not noticed this earlier? His boxers were buttoned, allowing for an easier access to their content. I tell you, the universe wanted me to have fun with him, providing the things that made my dream come true.

“I can't resist him.” I thought, and heard him grunt in his sleep. “If only he knew that he is

being molested by me now."

Sliding down my own boxers and lying naked on the bed, I looked at my own penis. Precum formed a wet spot on the very top of the glans, which seemed dark purple. Pulsating, it seemed to ask for more attention. But instead of playing with myself I turned my attention toward Damien. I wanted him and I decided to give it a shot, knowing that if he wakes up I won't be able to explain any of this. Wasting such an opportunity was not an option, my mind went black, I had just one desire and wished to satisfy it right away. Seeing other boy's private parts for the first time was worth the risk, I only had to unbutton his underwear.

Moving my fingers to the top button I unbuttoned it, and slowly pulled the cloth apart. I wasn't able to see his skin or genitals hidden under it, not yet. Centimeter after centimeter, button after button I revealed the base of his member, encircled by some pubic hair. There were only some, but the whole abdomen seemed to be covered by the peach fuzz. Unbuttoning the very last button allowed me to see his soft penis, resting on the testicles. I was glad the he began to mature, but I would not mind seeing his hairless cock either. After all, boys starting puberty were all incredibly horny, thinking of getting another quick orgasm, Damien was no different and I knew it. I wondered how long would it take to make him come. Using two fingers I grabbed his small and delicate penis and pulled it upwards, as I wanted to examine it thoroughly.

The member was about five centimeters at rest. Perfect, wrinkled foreskin covered the pink glans. It seemed unreal that I was actually seeing his member. Or not seeing but actually holding it, exploring, playing...

I squeezed the very top of the foreskin, rolling it between my fingers, feeling that it was a little bit wet, and then slipped the skin down slowly to expose the head. Even in the moon's light, which filled the room, I noticed some dried smegma covering the glans. Just a little, few white spots under the crown and one more near the frenulum. I was wondering if it's just dirt or his dried sperm. I suspected that his balls were full of it, and he most certainly had already masturbated few times. This was how I saw him – he was an ordinary teenage boy, aware of his sexuality, full of raging hormones.

Leaning closer to his body, I moved my face over his crotch, still holding the organ in between my fingers. I could sense his penis' smell and for some reason, this aroused me even more. Using my second hand I stroked his pubic hair, tickling his abdomen. There were no more than ten dark brown hair covering it. Just perfect.

I struggled, not knowing if I will gather enough of courage to make next step. I looked at his face once more, but he remained quiet, still asleep, not aware of what was going on. I began to regret that I had no camera. There was no chance that something like this will happen anytime soon, and even a single photo would be a miracle – a reminder of what happened. My warm breath caressed Damien's glans, as I approached my lips closer to it and kissed the warm skin. I licked my lips shortly after, feeling the salty taste.

"Why aren't you hard yet?" I thought and pulled my tongue out to touch the tip of his member. Licking his tight pisshole, looking straight at his sleeping face, I imagined that he wakes up and asks me to keep going. But nothing happened.

My behavior was shocking even to me. As I moved my tongue lower, to the base of still soft glans I started licking the very first smegma spot, feeling the flavor that I really enjoyed. His penis began to harden as soon as I masturbated him with two fingers, squeezing the shaft. Without waiting for a full erection I took the whole head of stiffening member in my mouth and began to suck and lick all the parts of it. The sensitive frenulum, some more of dried sperm, the urethra. Sucking on every nook and cranny I felt like washing it, making sure that my tongue visited every sensitive part of his boyish member. I enjoyed blowing him and looking at his peaceful, still sleeping face. Of course, he moaned and I felt that some of the wet pre-ejaculate was leaking out of his body, filling my willing mouth.

Wanting to take it all, I lowered my head even more, swallowing his erected cock fully, touching his abdomen with my lips. I wasn't careful anymore and just sucked him, breathing heavily, wanting to give him the best orgasm of his young life. I played with his body, caressed his balls, pinching the scrotum, giving few more licks to the urethra, pressing the tip of my tongue against the tiny opening.

After few more seconds, I took his member out of my mouth and looked at it. It was glistening with saliva, and was almost ten, maybe eleven centimeters long, with the red, almost purple head on the top, throbbing, begging for another stroke or lick. The precum was leaking down the shaft, covering boy's abdomen. I instantly wondered If I was the first one to pleasure him so much. After all having a blow job was pretty different from masturbating. Once again I felt regret that there's no camera. Taking photos of his face and penis at the same time would be really sweet. I tried to memorize this moment, remember his smell, the taste, hotness of his body, the quiet whimpers.

"Cum for me now." I muttered as I knew that orgasm was just matter of time. I could not help but wonder how much sperm will leave his body, and grasped his testicles as if I expected to squeeze every drop from them.

For the one, final time, I took it in my mouth and I started to fondling his shaft, faster than before, sliding his foreskin up and down, sucking on the head. It took him few seconds to come, his member was trembling, his balls seemed to pulsate, abdominal muscles tensed up, he was on the edge. His sperm flooded my mouth. I truly enjoyed receiving this boyish, hot load, and I never imagined that I will like the taste of someone's sperm. It tasted sweet, was watery, which could mean that this was not his first ejaculation this day. Swallowing a bit of it I licked my lips and kissed the leaking head once more.

His member was still dripping with semen and remained stiff when I put it back in his boxers and began to fasten buttons. I enjoyed glancing at his boxer shorts which remained tented for good ten minutes after I was done with him. It seemed that the wet spot at the top was only getting larger.

Oh, and one more thing! I kept his load in my mouth. I looked at his face, he was still sleeping but in silent delight, his lips parted. Hovering my face over his I moved my lips closer to him. His sperm and my spit made the kiss quite wet, as I allowed myself to slip my tongue inside, sharing his own load, which he swallowed quickly. This was perverted and I loved it. As I said before – to this time it surprises me what our brain is capable of when we are aroused. Damien would be most certainly surprised by the fact of what happened that night. Swallowing his own load? Yuck!

“Have a good night, sweetheart!” I whispered directly into his ear and kissed him once more. “I think I will enjoy my stay here.”

I woke up just a few minutes before he did and instantly looked at his body, he was still lying in the same position I have left him this night. And what's more funny – his penis was still erected, pointing up and forming the tent in his boxers. The sun was shining directly at him and I could swear that his shaft was clearly visible inside a thin cloth. Still staring at him I watched as he began waking up, yawned, opened his eyes and looked at me, with his cute eyes.

“Hello!” He said, stretching his body and then quickly grabbed covers when he realized that his morning wood was visible to me. Blushing a little he just whispered a short “Sorry.” before moving his head away.

“Hey, you don't have to be embarrassed!” I stated and sat on the edge of bed, getting ready to start another awesome day of my life. “So, what are up to today?”

“I don't know. We could bike, I think?” He suggested, and his voice seemed rather excited. Of course, he wondered If I'm going to spend the time with him or not. He adored me, I think.

My own erection was killing me when I recalled the last night and looked into his innocent eyes. I wanted to get off, as I haven't got a good chance to jerk off in the last three days. Now I felt that hormones were buzzing in my body, making me even hornier. I would do anything to stay close to him. And to get another... chance. I often imagined being in a romantic relationship and wondered if Damien would be fine with it. Sadly, while I was there I focused on sexual aspect, satisfying my needs in the best possible way.

“Yeah, Damien. This sounds okay. I will just check if my sister is here.” I said and began to dress up, leaving the bedroom shortly after, still feeling obsessed about his body.

To say the truth I knew what I had to do to. I needed some more space and freedom, to have more fun. Of course, I could not risk that Damien will wake up in the middle of the night while I was giving him a head. Although, I still wondered how would he react. My fantasy was telling me that he would love it and ask me to fuck him like an animal. But

then again – my brain was not the best adviser I could have. I planned the next night already, wanting to see rest of his body, every single inch of it, examine it, and take some photos. These were necessary, allowing me to remember this holiday forever. I knew what I needed to make myself safe. And at this time I felt nothing but excitement, no regrets, not at all.

As I expected my sister was in kitchen. I'm not going to describe her looks – I feel that this was not important. She told me that due to some recent deadlines in her working plans she will need to work at night at least three times a week. I assured her that this was okay. It was perfect.

“So, what do you think of Damien? Are you two getting along nicely?” She asked as if she worried that this little kid was annoying as hell.

“Yeah, heh, just realized... Now, when you married this guy. Are you Damien's mom? I mean... kind of, right?” I answered, looking away, feeling that my mind was racing when more thoughts appeared in.

“Step mom, yes.”

“So, I'm hi-his step-uncle.” I realized, trying to hide my grin. Oh well, now I was molesting member of a family, great.

“Correct. The breakfast is ready. You can order pizza for dinner. What are your plans?” She asked, grabbing her things. Apparently she needed to be at work earlier than I thought, leaving us behind.

“Going to bike around the city with Damien.” I explained, hoping that she won't turn our day into a total disaster. Or night. The night was much more important for me.

“Take care of him, then. He is a crybaby sometimes.” She confessed and looked at me quizzically. “You seem happy.”

Of course, it was kind of hard to hide my smile when I realized that I'm going to spend the whole day with this cute kid, babysit him, eat pizza and most probably have another night, full of fun. This was a dream come true, I think every sex-obsessed teen boy my age would agree with me.

“When are you going to be back?” I asked.

“Don't know. Tomorrow in the morning. It's a real mess lately. I feel like coffee is the only thing keeping me alive.” She explained, taking another sip of coffee from her cup. “I was sleeping only like five hours today. Thankfully it's day off tomorrow, so we are going to see some nice places around the city, I hope.”

“Alright. We will be fine.” I assured her and watched as she left the home.

So there I was, again. Home alone with the boy I adored so much. I was pretty scared of the opportunity my life was giving me. It seemed unreal, and for some reason, I felt happy that my sister was really busy at the job. Imagining the things I wanted to do with him I took my chance to search through a drawer full of medicines, looking for some certain pills I needed. The sleeping pills - according to description one was needed for the boy his age to sleep deeply for five to six hours to the point when nothing will wake him up. Bingo, everything I needed. I took the whole box and put it in my pocket. I felt like these will become really critical as my fun with him becomes more regular in the coming days. I wished to drug him right away, give him breakfast full of sleeping pills and spend whole day molesting him.

Again, please don't blame me – this happened only because I was horny teenage boy thinking with my dick instead of the brain. Although my brain was giving me hints of things I should do with Damien's body once he falls asleep.

When I walked into our bedroom I noticed that Damien's dirty, semen covered boxers were on the floor. I smirked, looking at the big stain in the front, It seemed like he had yet another orgasm this night and I could image this was the reason why he was taking a quick shower. Making sure that nobody was around I pressed them against my nose, inhaling on the sharp smell of his boyish body. I still remember it, after all, these years, and I find it difficult to find words to describe something so wonderful.

Waiting impatiently for the evening, I watched as the day passed rather fast. We were riding all around the city. Damien showed me the local places where he usually spends his free time, hanging out with friends and brothers. The trip was pretty fine, but I was focusing more on his cute, bubble butt in front of me, instead of looking at the city and places he wanted to show off. Sometimes he kept glancing at me in a funny way, and I was scared that he can recall last night's events.

No, I knew it, he was clueless and when we managed to return home at around seven in the evening I felt a little sore after spending half of a day sitting on a bike saddle. As Damien went to the bathroom to take another shower I sat down in front of his father's computer to keep my investigation going.

I decided to do quick search and typed the '.jpg' keyword in a system search. Not going to lie – I was expecting pictures of naked ladies. I was not sure if the impressive collection, which appeared on the screen, belonged to him. It portrayed all sorts of sexual activities, featuring young, teenage boys, doing some really perverted stuff. There were thousands of pictures, most of them were viewed recently. Damien was the youngest boy in this family, but I couldn't recall If his brothers were in any relationships with girls – any of them could own these photos, I did not want to get my hopes high.

Still, I secretly hoped that Damien was the one jerking off while watching these things. Another thing caught my attention. Password protected files in the same folder where porn was located. The titles were dates, some going back to four years ago. The most recent one was created one week before I got here. As I tried to understand their purpose I heard Damien's footsteps. I closed the folders and turned the computer off, acting as if nothing

happened., but in the next days, when he was sleeping, I copied all of these to my flash drive, hoping to crack the password one day. I knew these were important, and as you can imagine – their content left me speechless.

It was eight o'clock when he walked in the bedroom we shared, wearing only boxers and shorts. He remained shirtless for the whole evening and it was driving me crazy. I glanced at his little, brown nipples when we talked, ate dinner and when we watched TV. Eventually, I decided that it was time to act.

"Want anything to drink?" I asked, blushing a bit, I was not able to hide my emotions anymore, knowing that the moment I was waiting for was getting closer with every second.

"Yeah, could you fetch me a glass of juice?" He asked, not taking eyes off the TV.

Rushing to the kitchen I poured the juice into both glasses, reaching into my pocket and pulling the pills. Hoping that he won't affect the taste of the drink I crushed and dropped the pillow into it. My heart was shaking, my hands were trembling a bit, and to my surprise, he noticed that I was nervous.

"Hey, what's going on?" He asked, taking a sip of refreshing juice, and looked at me making a goofy face, sticking the tongue out.

"Eh, nothing. You should put some shirt on." I answered right away, thinking of a potential reason why such a nice boy should hide his boyish chest. "It's getting cold at night."

"Yes, mom." He started and smiled, assuring me that he was fine. "I wear even less at night after all. But thanks."

It took one hour till the pills started to take effect. During this hour, I noticed that he began to blink more and more often, as if he was trying to stay awake. Finally, he closed his eyes and leaned closer to my side, resting his head against my shoulder.

"Damien? Are you sleeping yet?" I tried to sound surprised in case he wasn't in deep sleep yet, but received no answer. I got up from the couch, allowing the boy's limp body to fall on it. Once again, just to be safe I punched his arm, seeing no reaction at all.

"Oh shit, this is really happening." I whispered to myself and grabbed the camera. My sister was kind enough to give me one from her husband's collection. It's not that he was using them anyway. Now, Damien's photo session began, the session he will never know about. He was lying shirtless when flash filled the room for the first time. "You are so handsome." I whispered and slid my hand over his face.

I had to take him upstairs to our bedroom - I was afraid to have sex with him here, where everyone could spy on us, looking through the window. He was not heavy and weighed maybe forty, forty-five of kilograms. His hands, feet and head hung unconsciously, the boy was in a really strong lethargy. I was able to feel his breath on my neck and his heart

beating. For the very first time, some boy was so close to me. I put him on his back and hung over him on all fours. Up close I looked at his face, and later on his naked torso, nipples, and immediately reached for the button fly. After a while, the boy was no longer wearing pants.

Snapping another photo I looked at his boxers, adoring the scene before my eyes. I kissed his dick through the cloth and smiled to myself. He was all mine, unable to do anything at all, this was unreal, I was barely able to keep myself from coming. I didn't know what exactly excited me so much, was it the fact that I was doing it against his will? Or simply the thing that I could touch anything I wanted? Of course, I fully trusted that the pills will work long enough and he won't wake up. If he did – I couldn't image what would happen. The thing I was about to do was not quite legal, and I knew I could get charged for drugging and raping him. Oh well, you live only once, that's what they say, right? I think you would do the same if you were me. Admit it, imagine a handsome boy, lying unconsciously before you, and you feel nothing but lust, knowing that he can satisfy your needs.

“Now I'm hoping to see every part of your body.” I said, and without any further ceremony I grabbed his boxers sliding them down in one motion. Damien was lying naked in front of me.

Now, in the faint light, I was able to adore every part of his body, including the most interesting ones, located in between his legs. His scrotum was a little hairier than I thought, more than his pubic area, but still looked very boyish, his testicles rested in the tight sack just below soft, cute member. Using the camera I took another photo, showing his entire crotch. I reached down, grabbing boy's penis and slipped his foreskin - tonight there were no traces of dried semen. After all, he took a shower recently.

They say that patience is a virtue, but I was not waiting for a miracle to happen. I undressed completely, laying down on him stark naked and started to kiss his handsome face. My tongue was acting crazy, I was licking sleeping boy's face, his lips, nose, cheeks, I chewed on his ear and then lowered my head just by a little bit, to his neck to kiss and suck on his skin. I was breathing heavily, hugging him, kissing, and letting my hands wander all over his body. In few moments, my face was next to his nipple and I began to lick and bite it, quickly making it stiff. Damien's body answered the call - his penis became hard as well, I felt it pressing against my leg. Obviously, my own member was not soft anymore, leaking precum on boy's abdomen, leaving a wet trail behind.

“Your dick is so great.” I muttered, reaching for his member and squeezing it as hard as I could. “You want to cum in your uncle's mouth?” I asked, but received no answer. I could swear that Damien smiled, but this was impossible. He was sleeping, I double checked this.

Grabbing the camera I took another set of photos showing wet spots left by my tongue and my his abdomen, glistening with precum. This was where my tongue moved next. I felt his hardness right under my chin and I couldn't wait till I put it all in my mouth.

My hands grasped his small testicles. I pulled the bag gently down and started to rub it. I really enjoyed the first taste as I swallowed his shaft down my throat, adoring every little bit of it, feeling that the foreskin was rolling up and down. His penis twitched, but it was not because of ejaculation, but ordinary excitement which filled Damien's sleeping body. Sucking him slowly, letting the member go in and out I was taking pauses to take some photos showing his wet organ. The glans seemed redder every time, I knew he was almost on the edge. This time, I wanted him to come on my face so - I wished to see, taste and smell his boyish semen and record it. In the end, I was just masturbating him and stimulated the frenulum, watching his body getting more tensed up. I wasn't in a hurry, trying to adore his teenage body.

"Cum now. Come for me now, kid." I said, and switched the camera to movie recording, making sure that I will capture this one perfect moment I was waiting for.

Finally, the first wave of hot fluid struck me on the cheek, and another one burst into my open mouth, landing on the tongue. There were five spurts in total, getting smaller each time. The last ones covered my whole hand and his abdomen in a sticky substance. I started licking it up - I can assure you that it tasted great, better than you can imagine. Placing my cum covered fingers right next to his mouth I pushed them inside, coating his tongue and lips with fresh, still hot sperm. The camera was still recording my actions when I grabbed it and decided that it was time for him to pleasure me as well.

"So, how do you like the taste of your own cum? It's good, a bit sweet." I said thoughtfully, grabbing my own, erected penis. "Now, you need a little more. You are still growing after all."

It's hard to describe my excitement, but when I approached him and moved my body closer to his face I felt all the burning sensations down my stomach, realizing that he can not escape now. My crotch was directly in front of his head - I wanted him to taste his very first man right now. Taking the camera I focused it on his sleeping face as my leaking penis pressed against his partially parted lips. I let out a quiet moan. This was good. Great. Amazing.

Grabbing his chin and opening his jaws, making enough space, I slowly slid my shaft between his lips. Of course, he wasn't quite willing to suck me, but the video spoke for itself. It showed my penis placed halfway inside his hot and wet mouth. I began to push and retract only to push again, fucking his face in the most sensitive way. Sure, you can believe me that I wished to go faster, but I was worried to leave some traces. Performing a deep-throat would surely make him feel uncomfortable.

Retracting once more I pulled my skin down, pressing exposed glans against his face, smearing it with ejaculate, leaving a wet trail between boy's lips and cheeks. He looked perfect, I loved doing these perverted things, my mind was going crazy when I realized that I delayed my orgasm a little. I needed to cum badly and knew that this will be powerful one – after all, I haven't got a chance to release my seed for a few days – this was a nightmare for the teenage boy like me. A bad case of blue balls, as some may say.

Another sudden thought struck my mind - I grabbed the boy's hand and wrapped his fingers around my penis. Imagining that Damien was the one wanking me off I moved his hand back and forth, closing my eyes, feeling that the growing pleasure was tearing me apart. Reaching the climax wasn't a big problem.

Sperm flowed straight into his open mouth, marking it forever. It was probably one of these special orgasms you were supposed to remember forever. Another two spurts landed on his tongue, the third and fourth on the face, and the fifth was dropping down his chin when I took a picture of him.

"I bet you wanted to taste my dick, Damien." I muttered, breathing deeply, feeling relaxed and ready for more. "I will make sure that you lick it every night. But the best... The best was yet to come." I smiled and wiped most of the semen from his face using my tongue. I shared another kiss with him before continuing. His mouth was full of my spunk.

While I was still horny I wasn't sure if I should fuck him. Of course – this was dream come true but I imagined that straight boy like him was a tight virgin. And having sex with him will be quite troublesome and painful once he wakes up, he would surely sense all the searing pain near his but thole. As for now I decided to start with fingers, which wasn't that risky, but still dirty and hot. I sat in between his legs and moved my hands lower, next to his testicles.

"Okay, I hope that your hole is clean and ready." I said, looking at the camera, raising both of his legs and pressing them against the stomach. "Wow!"

Seeing his small, pink hole gave me many ideas, but there was a thing I always wanted to try – rimming. I was quite excited, the anus was a bit wet, seemed tight, and full of small wrinkles I was eager to savour. I parted his buttocks with one hand and watched as the rectum winked at me. It's so hard to write about my emotions - you can not even imagine how I felt back then. It was my first boy, my first blowjob and my first fuck to come.

I quickly dove my tongue in between his legs to get the first taste of his anus. Feeling the salty taste and smell of soap I figured out that I could do this for the rest of my life. I loved rimming and the fact that he was really paying attention to his personal hygiene my job even better and more satisfying. Pressing my face, even more, I tried to drill inside, hoping to get him wet enough for coming penetration. I touched his delicate opening with my fingers, spreading it even more. His rectal muscles were still clenching and tensing up, fighting me as I tried to lubricate him a bit inside. After few minutes, I finally decided to stop and check if he was still affected by pills. Just then I noticed that his own penis was still hard and leaking all over his hot, boyish body, which was truly pleased by my recent actions. There was more to come.

"I wonder how many fingers can you take at once..." I wondered and dipped my fingers in semen, which was still coating some parts of his cute, blushing face.

As soon as I brushed my finger against his hole, I grabbed camera making sure to record

this part of his body I was focused on. Slowly pushing inside I felt hotness and wetness all around my finger. It went inside with an ease, penetrating all muscles, leaving me surprised and confused. Especially when I discovered that using the second finger was not a big problem as well. I instantly pressed his prostate, causing boy's erected cock to twitch in anticipation.

"Am I that good at his up or does he likes to fuck himself daily?" I thought, and decided to check if three fingers will fit well inside him. I hoped so because this would mean that he was also ready to take everything up his ass. Including my penis. A good news, indeed.

It felt a little tight, but just a little, I was not hurting him, not at all. I started wondering what was the reason that he wasn't virgin anymore. Was he into anal sex with someone? It looked like he has been penetrated just a few days ago. Or was he stretching himself daily, putting different objects up his anus to make his masturbation better? Either way, I felt a bit guilty knowing that everything I want comes to me in such an easy way. I could fuck him here and expect no virgin blood or pain. Sure, he will be a little sore, but this shouldn't be a new for him, seeing how deep he was into playing with his boyish pussy.

Two seconds, one rapid move, this was enough for me to get inside him. He moaned in his sleep when I pressed my pelvis against his buttocks, getting deeper and deeper, penetrating him fully. Damien's insides felt all tight, hot and slippery causing my penis to move faster and faster every few seconds. I did not worry about him anymore – all I wanted to do was claiming him and leave my seed inside. I looked at his face and my penis buried between his cheeks. This was my first serious gay experience, and it was terrific, it seemed that I'm getting even deeper now, touching his prostate, breaking all the barriers, fucking him mercilessly. Another few moans escaped my mouth as I felt that the last parts of his muscles were squeezing around my shaft, fighting the intrusion.

I changed my position, I lay down next to him and picked up his limp leg up. Sliding my shaft between his buttocks I kept both fucking and recording the rape video. I embraced him and kissed his sleeping head. Although the whole act lasted only a few minutes I still recall my first fuck the best. It was full of moans, different, strange sounds, full of sweat and emotions. He was mine and I was masturbating him, making him come all over the bed. Then it was my turn – I reached the climax when I was inside him, flowing his guts with my sperm. Some of it started leaking as soon as I pulled out, but I haven't cleared the mess. Instead, I watched him still sleeping, violated, thinking that perhaps getting fucked in the ass was not anything new for him.

Damien never found out what happened on that night, or on any other nights where he was falling asleep drugged. At some point I lost my count, you know - if you ask me how many times I fucked him I wouldn't be able to answer. There were days where I was drugging him on the early evening only to have sex marathon all the night. Thousands of photos and movies were made, but I never shared them with anyone. Damien never said a word or complained, unaware that I was taking advantage of him, using his body to pleasure myself.

And only yesterday, after five years, he was clearly amused to tell me that he was awoken on the very first night when I was blowing him. He seemed disappointed that I played with him only once, but I wasn't going to prove him otherwise – I couldn't admit that I essentially raped him several times, using his body in every possible way. For some reason... for some reason I knew he would be alright with everything I did. In the end, he was still younger than me, still cute and willing to do stuff again. Plus, all of his secrets were revealed shortly after.

Remember the files I transferred from the laptop to my flash drive? He shared the password with me. Heh, long story short my sister is no longer in a relationship with the pedophile, who has been molesting his sons for years. Poor Damien was a double victim, and he wasn't even aware of this fact. He wasn't even concerned when I asked him about this, suggesting that having sex since he was nine is the best thing he has experienced yet. Dirty, little boy. You know what? He thought that the 'collection' is lost and was pretty happy to see it again, asking if we could jerk off together looking at the photos.

Do I feel guilty? I don't know. Perhaps just a little bit. Would I do this again?

Well, Totally.