

Boy-God at the Beach, Part 1

By KL411

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The oldest he could have possibly been was 14.

He stood in front of me, shirt fully unbuttoned, jeans sagging, the white band of his Tiger briefs standing out sharply against his tanned skin. I would have guessed he was a boxer boy. I wondered briefly what else I might be wrong about.

His head was cocked to one side, his eyes looking up at me with an odd mix of shyness and defiance. His face was flushed, and he kept clenching and unclenching one hand, before rubbing it against the leg of his jeans, then clenching it again. Maybe not defiance, maybe just nerves. We'd met less than 10 minutes ago, and to judge from his clothes and hair, he didn't do this for money.

His skin was pebbled with goosebumps, even though it was a warm afternoon and the sun shining brightly through the hotel curtains. His nipples, brown and puffy, were shrinking and beginning to jut out. I wanted to suck them. He flicked his long hair back over his shoulders. I loved his hair, it was layered streaks of blond, brown and black, and I had no idea which color was natural. His hairdresser was a true artist.

Neither of us was really sure where to go from here. I'd seen him around, but always distantly, surrounded on the beach by other surfer/skater type kids. The hair made sure he would stand out, and he was very fit, but not over-muscled. His bronze skin made him look like a walking piece of sculpture. He was always wearing those beach pants things that went down past his knees, usually fluorescent, always bright colored. He was always in the center of whatever was going on. I'd only twice seen him actually surfing, more often swimming and gamboling along the beach in the middle of a small storm of laughing, running kids.

I sure as hell never thought I'd ever talk to him, let alone rent a hotel room and invite him - or any other kid, or man, for that matter - back to it. I had no idea if he'd ever noticed me being around at all.

The idea that he would always stay a pleasant masturbation fantasy had changed last weekend. I'd found a vid on a share-your-own-video site called 'surferboys kiss,' and had freaked when I'd seen that distinctive mop of hair and the Pier 5 Restaurant in the background as he frenched another boy on the beach, slightly younger, I'd guess, definitely about half-a-head shorter. Other kids shouted a mix of encouragement and 'oh, my god' type comments. Someone, a girl, I thought, had said "Stick your hands down his pants!" like she was directing a movie scene - and he'd done it. The other kid, a boy I didn't recognize with a blond buzz cut, had just dropped his hands to his sides and let my boy-god do what he wanted.

The quality sucked, as usual for these sites, but it was pretty obvious as they kissed that boy-god's hands weren't staying still. "Gross! Are you guys really gay?" one guy asked. "You should just go ahead and fuck," another boy said. Boy-god broke the kiss, and said "next time" to the camera with a devil-may-care smirk. It was the first time I'd ever heard him speak, and his voice broke partway through. The blond kid grabbed his hair and brought their lips back together again as the vid ran out and so-called related content that really wasn't came up.

I'd immediately hit the 'replay' button, and saved off a copy. I couldn't imagine that it would stay up long. Things that were far more innocent were being yanked offline with depressing regularity. I couldn't believe it had even been posted unprotected in the first place. I played the file again when it finished downloading, and grabbed off several images near the end, printing out the one most clearly showed his arms shoved down another boy's swimmers.

I hid the picture in my chemistry textbook - small chance anyone would ever look in there, even me - and password protected the file before I went to see if there were any other vids by the same user. Not only weren't there, the first one was gone too. The account was still there, but it was empty. The profile was empty also. I didn't subscribe to the account, and I wasn't brave enough to message the poster - who knew who it might really be? - but I did bookmark it, just in case.

I didn't know what I was going to do - thinking ahead has never been one of my best qualities. But I did know I was going to talk to him somehow. It had taken until Friday - today - for me to get a chance.

I still hadn't been sure what I was going to say, but I *did* know that I wasn't going to talk to him while he was surrounded by others. It was just luck really that I'd seen him walking along, for once not in board shorts, in a light blue button-up and jeans with a duffel slung over one shoulder. I didn't know kids even wore button-ups anymore. I don't remember seeing any in the halls before I'd graduated high school last year.

I still hadn't figured out what I was going to do when I found myself just walking up and handing him his folded picture. He looked at me curiously, but without alarm, as he unfolded it. When he saw what on it, he went very, very still for several seconds. My heart was in my throat. I was considering grabbing the picture back from him and just running like hell when he looked up again.

He did it slowly, starting at my feet, and I'd swear I could feel his eyes as they travelled upward. He paused for a moment at my crotch, but I knew he couldn't tell anything with the baggy clothes I had on. I'd been boning up a lot these last few afternoons, thinking about the photo I was carrying around with me. That was probably a good thing, even with a raging hard-on, I guessed I was little smaller than average.

When his eyes finally met mine, he tilted his head to the side a bit and gave a lopsided grin.

"So," he'd asked, voice breaking, "wanna go somewhere?"

So here we were, and I had no idea what to do next. In a Nifty-type story, there would be no question. There would be a convenient flashback to how I'd played around with other kids, and given my age, it wouldn't be flashing back all that far, or a man who had taught me all about the joy of gay sex, and we'd get straight to it, if you'll pardon the pun.

That wasn't happening, at least from my end. I'd gone through high school school so deep in the closet I may as well have been in a coffin, and even at the few mutual jerk-off sessions I'd joined my buddies for, I'd kept my eyes and hands to myself. Until now, it hadn't looked like my college years were going to be any different.

I had a feeling my little boy-god had all that erotic-story-type experience, and more.

Boy-god's hand, the one he'd kept moving, rubbed down the front of his jeans, around the bottom of the fly in a circular motion. I could see a slight swelling that hadn't been there before. I licked my lips and swallowed, hard. I knew I was sweating, and leaking pre-cum like a leaky faucet. His little half-smile became a wide-open grin. Damn him, he was having all kinds of fun at my expense. But for a smile like that, I was willing to let him. For now.

"What color is your hair? Really?" I blurted out. The question surprised both of us.

For an answer, he hooked his thumbs into the waistband of his briefs and tugged them and his jeans down *almost* low enough to see something, but not quite, like those teasing foreign ads for boys' briefs I'd seen on the 'net. Not every country is as repressed as America is right now. The skin underneath was only a shade or two lighter than the rest of him.

"Come find out," he smiled even wider. His voice didn't break this time, it came out as a sexy baritone purr.

That was all the invitation I needed. I closed the space between us like I'd been shot out of a rocket launcher. For just a moment, he looked startled.

Instead of going for his pants, like we both probably expected, I ran one hand through his hair and laid the other flat on his chest and started rubbing. His hair was soft and silky, not at all rough from dying. The feel of hard muscle under his soft, pebbled flesh was electric. I thought I was going to burst into flames, he was so hot.

This close, touching, he was even more god-like than before. No pimples, and a very even skin tone, just a light dusting of freckles across his nose. His teeth were white and even, brilliant against the dark golden color of his skin. His eyes were golden.

I didn't know what you called that color, but it suited him.

"God, you are so *fucking Perfect*," I told him. That brought the smile back.

I put both hands around his waist and brought my face down to his chest, licking his nipple lightly. That surprised a moan out of him. I took it into my mouth and began sucking for all I was worth. I could feel it stiffening against my tongue, and nipped it between my teeth. He moaned again, louder, and staggered into me. His hands clutched at my shoulders as his knees gave way. Sensitive nipples, he had, our little godling.

I guided him backwards, down onto the floor, keeping a liplock on his nipple. It was harder than I thought it would be; he was almost a dead weight, except his fingers were digging into me so hard I was sure there would be bruises later. He kept moaning over and over again. I bit it again, a little harder this time, but not too much harder; I was afraid I might draw blood.

When he was flat on his back, I sat up on my knees beside him. He whimpered a protest and tried to hold my head down, but I was able to catch his hands with mine, and pressed them down on top of his lean, flat stomach. He made a little pout, but didn't try to turn it into a wrestling match. That was a little disappointing, but maybe later.

I began rubbing one of his captured hands over the growing bulge angling up from his crotch, pressing in harder at the base and tip. His right nipple was swollen, the tip a flushed red-over-brown where I'd bitten it. He just lay on his back, letting me do as I liked. It was incredibly erotic, having this boy-god, the center of attention, the ringleader of his pack, lying submissively in front of me.

I let go of his other hand, the one I wasn't massaging against his little boy-god boner, and he brought it up to his swollen nipple, stroking and pinching it. He didn't do anything else, though, waiting to see what I would do next.

For that matter, I was waiting too - all I had was Internet stories and 19 years of wet dreams to guide me. I wanted to do everything with him, I wanted desperately to touch him and hold him - to FEEL him, taste him. I wanted to brush his hair for him - how messed up is that? And I wanted desperately for him to like it, to like me - I was surprised at how much I wanted that. As much as I just wanted to get in his pants, and have him in mine, I really, really wanted him to like me.

I didn't know if that was possible. I wasn't that bad looking, I guess, and as a college freshman, I wasn't even close to over the hill. But I was nowhere being a god like him, and I wasn't a jock. Maybe more importantly, here we were together in a hotel room, boned up and about to have sex, and we hadn't even given names yet.

"What do I call you?" I asked him. "I can't just keep thinking of you as 'my boy-god.'"

"Boy-god," He smiled. Men would kill for that smile, I was pretty sure. I knew I would. "I like that." He hissed and sucked his lip as I pressed his hand against his boner again, then let go.

"I'm Jeremy," he told me.

"Jeremy," I smiled back at him. "Let's take off your clothes."

"M'kay," he said, and started to set up, but I pressed him back down again, and again, he just submitted, willing to let me take the lead.

I unbuttoned the top button on his jeans, then fumbled a bit as I came across more buttons, not a zipper. I could feel his erection throbbing through the denim, and stopped playing with buttons long enough to knead it firmly a few times, squeezing along the outside. It felt smaller than I'd expected, maybe 3 and a half inches, but way thicker, almost as thick as it was long. His hips bucked as I massaged him slowly.

"Oh, shit!" A look of panic came over his face. "Take 'em off, quick! I don't wanna cum in my fuckin' clothes!" He started pushing frantically at his jeans, and I grabbed the legs, making sure to grab the briefs, too, and pulled down as he raised his sweet little boybutt off the floor. His boydick got snagged, and he winced as it was pulled a direction it didn't want to go before snapping back up to bounce off his stomach.

It was a beautiful little boydick, short and fat and happy. Like I've heard is the case with some non-caucasian boys, his cute boydick and ball sac were darker than the rest of him, even the parts that spent the most time in the sun.

He arched his back and grimaced, in a kind of monkey grin, as a long rope of watery white cum shot up and landed between his ribs. He shot 3 more times, the last more of a dribble, really. Even when it was obvious nothing else was coming out, his cute little dick kept pulsing. The "come find out" earlier had been a joke; he'd shaved off all his pubes.

Throughout his cum, he kept up a litany of god-like little endearments: "Fuck. Oh shit. Oh fuck. Oh Christ-fucking-damn!" I thought he was the most beautiful thing I had ever heard or seen.

"Hey, Jeremy," I called his attention back to me when he finally ran down. He looked at me questioningly, eyes have closed. "Was that it, or do you want to keep going?"

He came up with another brilliant smile, playing with the cum on his stomach. His boner still hadn't gone down, even though it had stopped twitching.

"Keep going?" He asked, bringing a cum-coated hand up his mouth and taking a mischievous lick, before stretching it out toward me.

"Fuck, yea, I wanna keep going!"