

Boy-God at the Beach, Part 2: Shooting the Vid

By KL411

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Jeremy's Blog: I just got a boyfriend! Yay me! He's in college. Jealous?

Probably no one would see it, even. I didn't get many hits, and sometimes I even forgot I had a blog, a pics page, or a vidshare page, or lots of other things online. Which is why I don't get many hits, duh. I get busy out in the real world, and the computer shit just sort of fades. I mean, why show on cam when you can have real sex instead? Well, it's kind of a thrill to know that people are watching you, and even more of thrill that you don't know who it is watching ... it's wild and dangerous, and it's hot as fuck. That's why.

I'm not exactly stupid, I'm in advanced classes at school, I know it's risky. So I don't do shit often. And I don't leave it up for everybody to see, like some guys do. The only pictures I've let stay up are some small-size skating pics. But when things get exciting, or maybe even a little dangerous, I'll pop a boner and my mind just stops working. Not enough blood to the brain, I guess. Skating the same: when you're high in the air, and just for a second, gravity stops – fuck, there's nothing like it. Bigger risk, bigger thrill. Like I heard some guy say on TV, bigger reward.

I smiled when I read that word again, "boyfriend." Even if nobody read it, putting it there made it more real. Don't get me wrong, Bill wasn't exactly my first guy. I'd been playing around with guys and girls both for a while now. But while the other kids were definitely my friends, none of them was my girlfriend or boyfriend. Just friends. Bill was different.

Bill wasn't really a hot-looking guy, but he didn't look at me like other older guys did. I get looked at a lot, and I like it. There's lots of goodlooking guys out there, and part of me was always trying to find ways to get people to look at me instead of them. Skating, surfing, dancing, clothes, camwhoring, even getting good grades in school were ways to get noticed.

If you think that's pathetic, then fuck you. I'm just saying this to let you know that I know what it's like to be looked at, and I know what an "I'd like to fuck you" look is. My parents are just about the only ones that don't look at me that way, and in case you didn't get the point earlier: I like it. And I like sex, too.

Bill doesn't look at me that way. Well, yea, he does, but it's different somehow. It's not like he's just looking for fun and games, it's like he sees *me*. Shit, I don't know how to say this. But absolutely nobody else has looked at me that way, ever. And no one has ever talked to me while we were playing!

When we met, I'd been on the boardwalk on my way home from the college library – I'm in advanced classes, remember? So we can use their library, but not check out books, which sucks, in case the college kids need them - when I noticed a guy headed my way with a little piece of paper. The guy was college age, easy. He sort of looked halfway familiar, so I'd probably seen him on the beach. Not really that old, a decent build, but not what anyone would call a hottie. More on the comfortable side, like a good pair of chucks. Still, he was cute; his face looked like it was used to smiling a lot. I figured he was going to ask me for directions.

I almost shit myself when I saw my picture. At the same time, you guessed it, I went hard as a rock. The pic was obviously

from the kissing vid that Cathy had shot of me and Pete. That had been a dare, the kissing part, anyway. Youtube and Vshare had lots of boys kissing, and Cathy had started talking about how hot it was to watch them. I'd told her it was more fun to actually be kissing a hot guy, and Davie had said I'd be too chicken to make a vid like that.

"Pete'll let you kiss him," he said. "He likes guys, dontcha, Pete?"

Pete stuck out his chest and threw out his arms. "I like it all, bay-bee," he grinned, clowning around by leering at Cathy and then me.

"So why don't you guys do one of those kissing vids, then? Go on, I dare you!"

"I do, too!" Cathy added.

No way was I going to turn that down. Wanna see a smart kid get stupid fast? *Dare me!* I had a reputation to protect. Besides, I'd heard Pete was a great kisser, and like Dave said, he had a rep of his own, as a little horndog that would go with anyone, guy or girl. That sounded like it had some serious possibilities. He was just here visiting his cousin Dave for a couple weeks, and I figured if he had a rep already, there had to be something to it.

The idea of having someone making a vid of us kissing, out in the middle of beach, had me boned up as soon as Davie had suggested it. Pete had given me a smile and a shrug, but more importantly, Davie didn't think I'd do it. Davie-boy was almost as good as I was at most things, and while we were kinda tight, he was always looking for a way to make me number two to his number one. Wasn't gonna happen. Cathy had brought a camera she'd just gotten for her birthday to show us, so that was all it took.

"Fuck, how about right now? Pete?"

"Yea, I'll do it," he gave me a manic grin. "Tongues ok?"

We'd moved in and started kissing before Cathy could even get her camera up. I thought my dick was going to snap off, it was so hard. I fucking loved this. We were making out in front of God and everybody. *Anybody* could see us. And we were having it recorded! Our parents might even find out about it! That would suck if it happened, but the *idea* that it might made everything more real, more worth doing, if you know what I mean. It was almost like flying.

When I felt Pete's tongue pushing against my teeth, I opened up and let him in. He sucked on my tongue like it was a lollipop. Our tongues went back and forth for a while, and I felt Pete's hardon rubbing on mine through our swim suits. I wanted to do a lot more with him than just kiss. When Cathy shouted out "put your hand in his pants," I didn't know if she was talking to me or Pete, but I was first in. I wrapped one hand around his dick, which was real slippery around the top, and tugged on his nuts with the other. I felt more than heard him whimper as we kept on frenching.

Some asshole made a gay comment, which I ignored. Gay, straight, boy, girl – none of that shit made any difference. It was all about the fun, all about the danger, all about flying, grabbing some major air. Right now, it was all about having another guy's tongue in my mouth, about having his boner in my hands, about the both of us making the other feel good.

And don't forget, being a film star. Live on camera - *in public*. That was important, too.

When Davie-boy said the two of us should just fuck, it was too late for me. I'd just shot my load, in front of everybody, and nobody knew it yet. It was *awesome*. That was my one special talent: if I got excited I could cum without having to play with it. The books in the library called it premature ejaculation, but I recovered fast, so I didn't care.

Would I have done it otherwise? Hell, no. That was a bit too much, even for me. Or let me be honest: I wouldn't do it on the beach, and I *probably* wouldn't do it on cam. *But hell, yea, we should fuck!*

Coming from Davie-boy, though, it was a challenge, and I had to answer it. I put on my most evil grin and looked over my shoulder at the camera. "Next time," I smiled.

Pete grabbed me and pulled my head back down to his. "I'm close," he said into my mouth as we went back at it. I'm not really proud of what I did next. When I felt his nuts pull up and his dick tighten, I shoved his swimmers down. I did it without thinking. I *had* to see him cum. He had a long, thin, white dick with a bright red tip, and huge balls – way huge. That was a surprise, since he was shorter than me.

When he came, he came right on me. He came lots. It was hot and nasty and sexy as hell. Cathy started laughing and dropped the camera. A lot of the kids clapped.

"You two are such horndogs," Davie said. Pete flipped him off. He didn't seem to be put off in the least to have shot his load in front of everybody. He pulled me back up tight for another kiss, squishing his cum between us before he pulled his suit back up.

"Thanks, Pete," I told him. "That was fucking awesome."

"Me too," he told me. "More later, maybe?"

"Oh, yea!"

We both ran into the water to wash the cum off. The others came with us, and we horsed around until the sky started turning purple. When we left the beach, Cathy and Pete and I went to my house to watch the vid.

She had a neat camera, one that recorded straight to DVD, which was cool. What wasn't cool was she made me give her a whole bunch of blanks before she'd give me the one she shot.

I edited out the pants-down part, and then put the vid file online, for all of 10 minutes. I wasn't a complete moron. It was the thrill of *maybe* getting caught that turned me on, not the reality of it. We didn't tell anybody else we were gonna do it, and I made Pete sit in my lap the whole time. Not that he objected, but Cathy was a little jealous.

She made him walk her home when they left.

Note: This chapter ends earlier than I had planned. I had to take an extended, unplanned leave that was nearly a month in duration. I'm finding it difficult to pick up the thread of the story again, especially since there are many other projects that also went untouched for several weeks; I do plan to continue this story once I catch up overall, with the focus on Bill and Jeremy. Just how does a guy in a college dorm go about dating a 14-year-old, anyway? Especially if you're not lucky enough to be "Babysitting Cody?" Stay tuned!