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Little Jerry's First Time

(End of previous chapter)

“Please?” said Jerry, very softly. “Be my friend, Jim. Show me the pictures.”

Jim sighed deeply. The deep breath he took brought him the smell of the boy’s body. Jerry’s mother had been right in saying that the boy needed a shower. The strong, musky scent of the young boy suddenly surrounded him, filling his senses and nearly overpowering him. Jim broke his gaze into the boy’s eyes, and instead looked down the boy’s body to his crotch. The thin, grayed, tightly fitting shorts were so revealing that they might as well not have been there at all. As it tented-up in his underwear, Jim could see that the boy’s cock was very hard and erect. Jim took another deep breath, this time deliberately to take in more of the way the boy smelled.

“That’s when it all started,” Jim said to himself, sitting at his kitchen table nearly a year later. “That’s when I found myself actually falling in love with him.”

(Chapter —The Second)

And made as He would eat me up -
As wholly as a Dew
Upon a Dandelion’s Sleeve -
And then – I started – too –

—Emily Dickinson, “I Started Early”, Poems by Emily Dickinson



Jim stood up and looked at the clock on the kitchen wall. It was slightly after four o’clock, and Jerry would be back from school any minute, if he weren’t home already. Jim wasn’t sure what to do now.

Patty obviously thought that Jim had “designs” on her son—that he was interested in the boy sexually. What would Patty say to the boy about him staying at Jim’s place for the weekend? She might warn Jerry not to do anything with Jim that he shouldn’t, or some other kind of motherly advice intended to protect her son. And the boy might start telling her things, assuming that she knew all about what he and Jim had been doing together for over a year now. Jerry had been very scrupulous about keeping things a secret so far, but if his mother confronted him—and if she acted as if she already knew everything about what had been going on—Jerry might say things that might just make the situation worse.

Jim could only imagine what that would mean. He envisioned Patty storming in, throwing the money he had just given her back in his face, and calling him all sorts of nasty names like “pervert”, “kiddy-fucker”, and “child molester”—with “asshole” and “mother-fucker” thrown in besides for good measure. Jim had seen Patty lose her temper before with other people, and it could be a sight to behold. If the explosions of anger he had witnessed previously from her were anything to judge by, finding out that he had been fucking-around with her barely teenaged son could trigger an outburst such as he could only barely imagine. He might literally not get out of something like that alive, especially if she told Bob about it and got him involved as well. The two of them just might beat the living-fuck out of him and just leave him broken and bleeding to die on his living room carpet.

“Oh, this could be bad,” said Jim to himself, almost in a total panic.

Then he calmed down a little bit and thought about things a little more.

“No,” he reasoned, “if Patty thought that I had been doing things with Jerry for a while now—and neither Jerry nor I have done or said anything that would make her think that—then she would have said something just now. And she seemed to have figured out that something was going on only just moments ago … actually, she was acting as if she thought that there was something *about* to happen—not that it had *already* happened.”

Jim walked from the kitchen into the living room that took up the other half of the downstairs of his apartment and sank heavily into one of the armchairs. Maybe he wasn’t about to die after all, he decided.

“Okay, Patty suspects *something*, but she’s not sure what,” Jim reasoned. “And she’s apparently not going to freak-out about things. She almost said… Hell! She *did* say that it was all right. She even told me right before I left that I shouldn’t worry about it—whatever she meant by ‘it’—and said she was sure that ‘things would be okay’.”

Jim decided that the best thing to do at the moment was to do nothing. If there was going to be some kind of confutation, let them bring the fight to him. If Patty—or Bob, for that matter—came to the door and demanded to be let in, and if they seemed pissed-off, then he could just hole-up and not let them in. If they called cops or reported him to someone, he could just claim to have no idea about what they were talking about. His mother might trick Jerry into saying something, but if the cops were involved, then he knew that Jerry would stand his ground and not admit to anything, no matter what. It was one of the first things that he and Jerry had talked about that day the whole thing started when he had finally given in and shown the pictures to Jerry.

Jim again cast his thoughts back to that first day. He remembered how he had stuck his face into Jerry’s for emphasis as he was about to tell the kid that the whole idea of Jim showing him anything more was totally out of the question, and then he gotten a shot of the aroma of the boy’s body up his nose.

"Pheromones," thought Jim. "Human sex scent. I got a whiff of the way he smelled, and I was hooked. When I saw him sitting there with nothing on but his underwear, with his little erection sticking up in his tight shorts, I knew right then and there that I wanted him. I wanted to do things with him. I wanted to touch him, and about how good that would feel, and—at the same time—about how much I wanted to make him feel good too."

"I wonder if pheromones can actually drive somebody crazy," Jim speculated. He had never thought of doing things with Jerry sexually before that smell had hit him. Sure, he had been noticing around that time how the boy was filling out as he was growing up. He had further noted how the boy had a sexy little face and body, but he had just thought of the boy as being handsome, and how he would find it easy to get a girlfriend when he got older. But he hadn't been thinking about himself doing things with the boy. He had never been attracted to another guy before—man or boy.

"Well, that's not exactly true either," conceded Jim to himself. "As a matter of fact, if it wasn't for what had happened that one time when I was a kid, then I might not have been open to what had eventually happened later with Jerry."

Jim had always been as interested in women as most other guys. Jim had a number of girlfriends in high school, and had finally lost his virginity to Amber, his date for the senior prom. Jim, Amber, and a group of their friends had gone to a rented motel room after the dance. The room was supposedly just for the after-prom party, but he and Amber had wound up in the bedroom, and they had taken the opportunity to "go all the way" for both their respective first times. It had been a very sweet and almost classic sort of thing to do, really. Each of them knew they weren't going to be seeing each other again for a long time, what with Amber going off to Brown college and Jim staying in town to attend technical college, and they would give each other the "gift" of their virginities before they would part, probably forever. And that was what they both already knew was going to happen. That was actually part of the plan, and what made it okay. Their first and last time together would become the dear, wonderful, tender memory of a lost love that they could both cherish forever. But, getting married and settling down and raising kids? They knew full well at the time that it was something that just wasn't going to happen.

Jim had other girlfriends after Amber, and he had enjoyed sex with them very much. Actually, having sex with Amber, and then having her immediately leave him and head off to college, helped him avoid getting hung-up on the other girlfriends he had afterwards. He never fell "madly, sadly, gladly, forever-in-love" with the other girls he went out with. His relationship with Amber had loosened him up, and made him more independent and resilient. It gave him a much more mature attitude about sex. He had learned from his involvement with Amber how to separate falling in love and simply having sex with someone. Doing one didn't automatically mean that he had to do the other. When he saw that things were no longer working out, he learned to pick up the pieces of his feelings and move on fairly easily. Not casually, but without being terribly brokenhearted when the realization finally came that the bond between him and his latest girlfriend clearly wasn't going to be a permanent one.

But Jim recalled that Amber hadn't exactly been his very first love affair. There had been somebody *before* Amber that he had sort of fallen sexually in love with—and it had been a boy, not a girl.

Jim had been just a little younger than Jerry when he had stayed for the night at the house of his friend, who was named Troy. Instead of staying in Troy's bedroom for the night, boy's parents had let them sleep out in the backyard in a tent Troy had set up.

As it turned out, though he and his friend were both about the same age, Troy had been more mature physically, and certainly more experienced than Jim had been at the time.

After the boys had been in the tent for a while, they had pretty much exhausted all the playing "camping out" things that there were to do. It was getting late, and Troy's mother had called from the back door of the house that it was time for lights-out, and the boys were to go to sleep.

"That's it," Troy had said triumphantly, "so long as we turn the big light out, she won't bother us again."

He had jumped up, grabbed a flashlight in his hand, and turned out the Coleman lantern that hung from the center pole of the tent. He waited a few seconds, and then they heard the voice of Troy's mother call out: "Good night, boys. Don't let the bedbugs bite!"

"Okay," Troy said, "now we don't have to worry about her coming out and checking on us."

Troy used his flashlight to find his way across the tent to a duffle bag he had brought along with him earlier. As he rummaged through its contents, he said to Jim over his shoulder, "Did you remember to bring a flashlight like I told you?"

"Yeah," confirmed Jim. "I've got it right here," he said, turning it on.

"With brand new, fresh batteries?" Troy inquired.

"I got fresh ones from my dad before I left," Jim answered. "What's the big deal about the flashlights, anyway?" he asked his friend.

"You'll see in a minute," Troy reassured him. "But, before any of that, let's get the sleeping bags laid out and ready for us to lay down."

The boys cleared the middle of the tent of the stuff sitting around by sticking it in the corners, and then began spreading the two sleeping bags out side by side.

"Shine your light over here on what I'm doing so I can use both hands."

Jim shone his flashlight so that his friend could see to work the zipper of his sleeping bag. "Just open them both up all the way," Troy instructed, unzipping his totally and laying it out as flat as possible on the canvas of the tent floor. Then Troy provided illumination for Jim as he followed his friend's example, and he soon had his sleeping bag similarly arranged.

"Now we should get undressed like we're going to bed," Troy told Jim.

"Okay," Jim agreed, "but I've got to get my pajamas out of my backpack first."

"Pajamas!" snorted Troy dismissively. "You still sleep in pajama?"

"Well, yeah," admitted Jim. "I mean, what else?"

"Only little kids sleep in pajamas," Troy declared. "Once they get older, people just sleep in their underwear at most."

"Really?" Jim said naively.

"Sure," said Troy. "In fact, my parents don't even wear underwear to bed."

"Well, what do they wear then?" Jim asked.

"They just go to bed in the nude," Troy stated matter-of-factly.

"Oh," responded Jim. The thought of sleeping without any clothes on had never occurred to him. Then another thought came to him.

"Well... I mean... are you saying that... uh, you know, that we... what I mean is, that you were expecting me and you to... you know, that we should..." Jim was shocked almost out of his senses at what he perceived as the suggestion by his friend that they should both get naked together.

"Ha-ha-ha-ha!" Troy had laughed at him. Jim felt his face burn with embarrassment at the way his friend apparently found his evident modesty so funny. Children can sometimes be awfully cruel to each other without even realizing it, and Jim felt the emotional pain Troy was inflicting on him down deep, to the very bottom of his soul.

"Look, I'm sorry," Troy suddenly said, ceasing his laughter. His voice took on a more reasonable, explanatory tone. "You don't know what I've got yet, so you don't understand. Don't worry about it. We can just strip down to our underwear for now, if that will make you feel better. Then let me show you something."

Jim slowly shed his shoes and sox, and then pulled his shirt over his head as he watched in the glow of the flashlights they had set on the floor as Troy hurriedly took off all his clothes until he was dressed in only his jockey-shorts.

"So, are you going to take off your pants?" Troy asked him, picking up his flashlight and shining it on Jim. "Or were you going to sleep with them on?"

Jim didn't want to disgrace himself in his friend's eyes, so he undid the clasp to his belt, unsnapped the button of his jeans, pulled down the zipper, and pulled down his pants and took them completely off. Averting his eyes from Troy's face, he gathered up his discarded clothes and put them in the corner of the tent with the rest of the things they had stashed there moments earlier. Only once he had regained his composure slightly could he force himself to turn back to his friend.

"You'll see why we don't want to be wearing any pajama once I show you *this*," Troy said with a flourish, and he pulled a magazine out from under the corner of his sleeping bag where he had temporarily hidden it earlier. "And that's why I said to be sure your flashlight had new batteries. Once we get started, you don't want it going out and dying on you halfway through."

"Halfway through what?" Jim asked.

"You'll see," Troy said knowingly. "Come here and lay down and I'll show you."

Jim laid facedown on his sleeping bag as Troy stretched out on his belly next to him. Troy put the magazine down between their heads with the back cover facing up. The cigarette ad Jim saw displayed made it obvious that the magazine was intended for adults. Jim was soon to discover, however, just how "adult" it actually was.

"I swiped this from my older brother, and I've got to get it back in his room before he misses it. But he's staying a friend's house tonight too. That's why I was able to talk mom into letting you to stay over. So he won't even know it was gone if I get it back in his hiding place before tomorrow night."

"What's the big deal about this magazine anyway?" Jim wanted to know.

"Like I said, let me show you," he explained. He shown his flashlight down to illuminate what seemed to be a prize possession, and turned the magazine over to reveal its front cover. Jim was completely taken back to see that what his friend had was a copy of Hustler, notably regarded as the very raunchiest and explicit of all the mainstream publications of that time.

"Wow!" breathed Jim in admiration. He had never actually seen a Hustler before.

“See?” beamed Troy. “I told you this would be good. So, do you want to look at it with me?”

Jim’s little heart was beating with excitement, and the palms of his hands were moist with sweat. He couldn’t have ever believed that he would get the chance to look at something so exotic and forbidden as what his friend was offering to show him right then. All he could do was nod his head in agreement. He forgot, however, that in the darkness that engulfed the tent outside of the circle of light that Troy’s flashlight was shining on the magazine, his friend couldn’t see his response to the question posed to him.

“Well?” Troy persisted.

“Yeah,” Jim said simply.

“Great,” Troy said enthusiastically. “I figured you would. Here, let’s get started.”

So saying, Troy turned open the pages with what appeared to be a practiced hand to a section of the magazine that he seemed to know would please his friend. There appeared on the pages a series of photos of a very well endowed blonde. In the largest photo, she was kneeling facing the camera, and she was dressed in just a bikini top and a thong bottom. The straps of the top of her top were pulled off her shoulders down her arms, and her large breasts were nearly falling out of the cups of the top that barely clung to the ends of her tits. Her rear-end jutted up in the air behind her showing plenty of ass. The other photos on the page showed first her pulling the top away from her chest to reveal her firm, erect brown nipples, and the others were of her pulling the thong off to display the patch of blonde pubic hair the covered her pussy. She was shown posing in several other provocative poses, such as cupping her breasts in both hands while standing with her legs spread, and then laying flat on the floor and using one of her hands to spread her cunt lips apart to bare the inner folds of her front entrance.

“Oh, wow!” Jim breathed softly. “You can see everything, can’t you?”

“Yeah, you sure can,” grinned Troy wickedly. “That’s why I picked this one to steal from my brother. He’s got other girly mags in his collection, but this one is the best. Hustler is the only one that shows ‘pink’.”

“Pink?” questioned Jim.

“Sure. You know. That means that they spread their legs so that you can see all the way inside their cunt.”

“Wow,” said Jim again.

“Shine your flashlight on this too so we’ve got plenty of light,” Troy instructed him. Jim brought the beam of his flashlight to bear on the magazine as Troy turned to the next pages. In these, the girl was posing in many other salacious poses, exposing her body to their gazes in more ways that Jim had ever imagined before.

Jim noticed that Troy’s flashlight beam was jiggling around as he looked at the photos. Jim glanced back along Troy’s body in the reflection from the flashlight beams shining on the magazine pages to see his buddy’s butt rising as falling as Troy humped his groin rhythmically against the soft, downy lining of his sleeping bag.

“Oh yeah... oh baby... uh huh...” his friend began moaning softly as he continued his rocking motions with his hips. Jim wasn’t sure what was going on, but looking at the pictures had made his penis painfully stiff in his underwear. The pressure of him laying on it brought him hereto-unknown pleasures.

“Are you ready to start doing it yet?” Troy asked Jim.

“Huh... doing what?” Jim asked, puzzled by the question.

“You know,” said Troy. “Are you ready to start jacking-off yet?”

“Oh,” said Jim, noncommittally.

Troy heard the uncertain tone in his friend’s voice, and correctly interpreted it’s meaning. “You do know about jacking-off, don’t you?” he asked Jim.

“Huh... well, kind of,” Jim prevaricated, unwilling to let his friend know that, no; he didn’t really know what it was. He had heard older boys call each other names, like “you jack-off”, or somebody telling someone to “oh, go jack-off”, but he hadn’t really understood what the term meant.

“Oh, you *must* have done already it by *now*,” Troy said incredulously, looking at Jim. Jim’s total lack of comprehension about what Troy was referring to was painted plainly on his friend’s face for him to see. Jim felt ashamed and humbled. He felt his friend must think him a fool for not knowing what was meant by the phrase.

“No, not really,” Jim said, embarrassed beyond belief.

“Really?” Troy wondered. “That’s why I asked you to come over and stay in the tent with me tonight—so we could jack-off together. I figured you knew about it already.”

“Oh,” Jim answered simply, not being sure what to say.

“Look,” explained Troy, “I found out about jacking-off way back last summer at Boy Scout camp. After lights out, a whole bunch of us guys would get together and beat our meat all at once. It’s okay doing it by yourself, but the best thing is having somebody do it for you.”

“Yeah?” said Jim in a small voice.

“You bet!” enthused Troy. “Having someone else’s hand jerking you off until you cum is the best there is—except for really fucking, of course.”

“Have you done that too?” Jim wanted to know. He was awed by his friends apparent wide range of experience and knowledge, which obviously far outstripped his own.

“Well, no, I never had the chance to do that yet,” Troy admitted, “but I’m going to as soon as I can. The older guys who have done it already told me that there’s nothing like it.”

“Really?” Jim said softly.

“Sure as shit,” Troy declared. “Look, if you don’t know how to jack-off, I’ll bet you’ve never even cum yet.”

Here was another new thing that Jim didn’t understand. “Come where?” he asked.

“No, not like that,” Troy said dismissively. “I what mean is: have you ever shot your load yet? You know, ‘fired off your gun’?”

“I still don’t get you,” Jim said meekly. Being so backward and immature compared to his friend made Jim feel as if he were just a stupid, know-nothing little kid.

“Okay, I guess I’ll have to show you what I mean,” Troy stated. “Look, is your dick hard?”

“Yeah,” Jim admitted. His erection was still pressing against the folds of his sleeping bag and was throbbing almost painfully.

“Well, so is mine,” Troy said. “That’s when you jack-off and cum. What you do is grab your cock with your fingers and jiggle them up and down.”

“Why would you do that?” Jim asked Troy.

“Because it’s *great!*” Troy gushed.

“What’s so great about that?” Jim wondered aloud.

“Because, once you’ve done it for a while, you get these feelings that sends shivers all over your body. And, at the end, when you shoot your sperm out, it feels like you’re goanna’ practically faint.”

“Oh,” was all Jim could manage to say in response.

“Here, let me show you,” Troy said, taking the role of instructor for his less enlightened friend. “First, let’s take off our underwear.”

“You mean, and be totally naked?” Jim asked.

“Well, sure,” Troy said. “That’s how it’s done. You can just pull your shorts down your legs if you want, but it’s much better to take them all the way off. Here, I’ll go first, and then you do it too.” Troy put down his flashlight and rolled over onto his back. Jim shone his flashlight so he could see what Troy was doing, and watched as his friend grabbed the waistband of his briefs and yanked them down and off, exposing his very hard, erect penis.

“Now get your flashlight right on it,” Troy told him, “and I’ll show you how it’s done.”

Jim shone his the beam of his light directly at the taut, little erection of his friend. He noticed how Troy’s boner was throbbing up and down with each beat of his heart. The bright, yellow beam of the flashlight made the boy’s hard-on stand out in a circle of light in the dark tent.

“You can grab it with two fingers here, right behind the head,” said Troy as he reached down and demonstrated the technique to Jim. “The spot right behind where the shaft meets the head is the place to do it, especially on the part that’s facing out.” His hand jiggled the skin of his cock back and forth along its shaft. “Or you can use your whole hand and kind of run it in and out of your fist. That makes it more like fucking a girl’s pussy.” He illustrated his approach by closing his fingers around his firm little dick and pumping back and forth on it with motions of his wrist.

Jim lay fixated, trying to hold his flashlight steady as he watched Troy masturbate. His own penis was jerking and pulsing in his shorts practically in time with the movements of the other boy’s hand. When Troy would groan out little sounds as he began pounding away more quickly, going “uh... uhh... uhhh” and arching his back to better present his cock to his stroking hand, Jim felt his own breathing getting deeper and more urgent.

“Oh, yeah!” said Troy, almost stopping completely. “That’s the way it’s done,” he pronounced at last. “Of course, I didn’t do it all the way yet,” he qualified. “That will come later, when we both do it to each other at once.”

“All the way?” Jim questioned.

“Yeah, like I said before,” Troy reminded him, “after you do it for a while, then you get the ‘feeling’, and your dick makes sperm. That’s what you’re really trying for. When that happens, well... you’ll see,” reassured Troy.

“I will?” Jim asked uncertainly.

“Sure, you’ve got to be old enough to shoot your cum by now,” Troy insisted. The next thing Tory said caught Jim completely off guard. “Now it’s your turn to do it,” Troy asserted.

“Me?” said Jim in an almost inaudible voice.

“Yeah, now it’s your turn,” confirmed the other boy. In the glow of the two flashlights, Jim saw Troy roll over towards him and get on his knees next to him. Troy’s hard cock was sticking straight out in front of him, and kind of swayed with his body as he moved to position himself over Jim. Troy picked up his flashlight and shone it at his

buddy's pubic area. "We always take turns. Pull your underwear down and let me see you do it. I showed you how. Now I want to see if you can do it right."

Jim hesitated. He just lay there with Troy hovering naked above him, the other boy's exposed erection arching up hard against his belly, and his small nuts hanging down below in its fleshy sack. He was excited by his friend's totally bare body, and his eyes roved up from his feet to his exposed thighs and butt, to his shirtless chest, and down again—ever to the same place—to the underside of Troy's hard cock.

"Are you going to do it with me, or not?" Troy demanded to know.

"Uh huh," Jim managed to grunt in acquiescence.

"Okay, then," said Troy. "If you're not going to do it yourself, then I'll pull them down for you." He put his flashlight down and reached for Jim's underwear with both hands. Jim just lay there at first as Troy grasped the waistband of his briefs and began to tug them off. Then he found himself arching his back and lifting his hips to make it easier for Troy to do what he wanted. After the shorts were down to his thighs, he let his butt back down and lifted his feet so that Troy could take them off him completely.

As soon as he had finished stripping his friend naked, Troy reached over with his right hand to grab his flashlight again and point it back at Jim's erection. His left hand closed around his stiff dick and he started masturbating himself as he knelt right next to Jim.

"You watched me do it; now it's my turn to watch you. Fair is fair," he admonished.

Jim's right hand crept up from where he had dropped his own flashlight into the circle of light from Troy's beam that surrounded his throbbing member. He used just his thumb and index finger, and grasped his dick in the spot behind the head Troy had recommended. He moved his wrist back and forth, and the feelings were indeed immensely pleasurable. He worked the skin of his penis up and down for a while as Troy knelt over him stroking his own cock.

"Now do it with your whole hand," Troy instructed.

Jim wrapped more fingers around the solid stalk of his pulsing boner, and made a ring of flesh to move his hardness though. Jim found that this method produced sensations that were even better and more intense than using only two fingers, and he was soon jerking himself off enthusiastically.

"Oh, yeah," moaned Troy. "You're doing it just fine." He was thrusting his hips back and forth to meet the up and down motion of his own hand on his cock. "Just do that for a while," he advised.

Jim continued to pound his flesh as his friend watched. He was thrilled that they were both totally naked with hard-ons, watching each other as they did something so wonderfully forbidden and exciting. His hand on is own cock was making him feel things he had never felt before.

"Now comes the best part," Troy declared. "Now we do it to each other instead. Here, do me some," he said as he released his hard little horn and moved right up against Jim. "Go on, don't be afraid. It's not going to hurt you," Troy chided, as if Jim were a child.

Jim released his own stiff piece and reached up to take hold of Troy's instead. The heat of the other boy's cock in his hand surprised him, and he just kept his hand steady for a moment as he savored the experience.

"Come on, you've got to jerk me off for-real if you want me to do you too," said Troy impatiently. He was soon rewarded with the feeling of Jim's hand pumping his dick and finally masturbating him in earnest.

"Oh, yeah..." sighed Troy, as he resumed moving his hips, this time to meet the downward motion of Jim's hand instead of his own. "Wait until I do you," Troy told him. "It's always better if you can get someone to do it for you."

Jim continued to reach above himself as he lay on his back and to jack Troy's cock as he knelt beside him. Then Troy told him to stop, because now it was time for them to do it to each other at the same time until they ejaculated.

"Ejaculate?" Jim asked.

"That's the part when you make sperm," Troy explained.

"And that feels even better than jacking off?" Jim inquired.

"Fucking aye! That's what you jack-off *for*," Troy said. "If you think just doing the first part is what it's all about, you ain't seen nothing yet. When you get that swelled-up feeling in your dick right before it happens, and then when the spurts of cum start coming up from your balls and out past the slit in the head of your cock, you'll know that I'm right."

"So, you're right handed, aren't you?" Troy suddenly asked Jim.

"Yeah," answered Jim, wondering what that had to do with anything at the moment.

"Good, because I'm left-handed. That way we can do it together at the same time, and we both get to use our good hand on the other guy. I was one of everybody's favorite people to do it with when we paired up at the circle-jerks at the Boy Scout camp because I'm left-handed. If I sat on the guy's right side, then neither of us had to reach over very far to do it to each other. But I've got a different way to do it that will work out just as good for doing it now. Roll over on your left side."

Jim did as Troy asked and moved to lay with his left side beneath him. Troy laid down on his right side facing him and reached over with his left hand and grasped Jim's erection for the first time. Jim felt Troy's more experienced hand fondling and stroking his pulsing erection, squeezing it gently and rubbing the palm of his hand back and forth over the head of this throbbing dick. Then Troy grasped his cock around the middle and began a gentle push-pull motion with his arm. The top of Jim's head nearly blew off with the fantastic feeling of Troy jacking on his penis.

"Now you reach over and do me some more," Troy said.

The boy's naked bodies were only inches apart, and Jim looked into Troy's brown eyes as he reached down and resumed masturbating his friend's cock. Troy pushed himself closer to Jim as both boys worked each other's hard rods, and he threw a leg over Jim and pulled him tighter. The back of Troy's leg pressed against Jim's naked ass and he squeezed the boy's body even more firmly up against himself. Their chests pressed together, and there was barely room for their arms to fit between them in the space at their groins. Both hands moved in a blur, and their cock heads where occasionally rubbing together making contact with one another as their entwined bodies jerked and squirmed.

After they had been doing it to each other for a while, Jim began feeling what Troy had described to him earlier. His hips pushed up to press his dick harder into Troy's hand, helped by Troy's leg pulling him rhythmically against Troy's body with each pelvic thrust he made. Troy put his cheek against Jim's, and whispered into his ear.

"I'm almost there," he hissed softly. "Can you feel something coming too?" he asked.

"Yeah, I do," moaned Jim softly.

"Like your cock's all tingly, and swelled-up and ready to burst?"

"Uh huh," Jim just barely managed to eek out.

"That means it's going to start. Let it just happen, and don't fight it. It's going to feel wonderful," Troy said very quietly into Jim's ear.

Jim felt Troy's moist cheek against his own, and the other boy's sweaty body pressing against him as Troy's hand stroked his cock. Then Troy began rocking against him even harder.

"Oh... oh... oh..." chanted Troy in time with his movements. "Move your hand as fast as you can now, because I'm... I'm... doing it now! Oh, oh, oh! Yeah! I'm cumming now!" he announced.

Jim felt Troy's cock pulse and twitch, and then he suddenly he felt a splash of some almost hot fluid hitting him on the stomach. The feeling of his friend shooting off in his hand, the moans and groans of the other boy's voice in his ear, and especially the strong scent filling his nostrils of the sexual odor both boys were giving off while they brought each other to mutual completion was what finally pushed Jim over the edge past the brink to his first orgasm. He whined and squealed softly as Troy's hand milked and spurred him on to start shooting his own cock juices out onto Troy's sweating body.

Both boys came hard into their partner's hand. The tidal wave of sexual feelings reached it peak and engulfed them simultaneously, and then gradually subsided. The boys slowly stopped their movements and lay panting and exhausted against one another.

"You see?" Troy said in a low voice into Jim's ear. "Didn't I tell you that you would enjoy jerking-off?"

"That's where I remember that smell from", Jim suddenly concluded as he sat in his living room years later. "When I smelled Jerry's body that day, I knew I remembered that odor from somewhere before, but I couldn't put my finger on when or where. Now I know where it came from. It was the first time Troy and I did it together. That was the same smell that was filling the tent Troy and I were in."

"Well, I'll be damned," though Jim, as he let out a deep sigh.



(To be further continued at a later date.)

The readers' feedback is welcome, (flames not notwithstanding).

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