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Little Jerry's First Time

(End of previous chapter)

Both boys came hard into their partner's hand. The tidal wave of sexual feelings reached its 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," thought Jim, as he let out a deep sigh.

(Chapter —The Third)

I was on top of the world,
Livin' high.
It was right in my pocket.
I was livin' the life.
Things were just the way they should be.
When from out of the sky like a bomb
Comes some little punk in a rocket.
Now all of a sudden
Some strange things are happenin' to me.

—Randy Newman, "Strange Things", *Toy Story Soundtrack*



"That's what drove me over the edge," Jim thought. "If it hadn't been for the way he smelled, I wouldn't have even let things get started. But first I gave into one thing, and—after that—it was just all one big, fast downhill run."

"And it was the way he was just so, so... *vulnerable*," Jim told himself. "I guess he reminded me of myself at his age. I knew exactly how he was feeling, and how afraid he was of not measuring up to his friends. I didn't want somebody like Troy coming along and treating him the way Troy had treated me."

Jim and Troy had gotten together a couple of times after that first encounter in the tent, but they never again had the chance to spend anything but the briefest of times together at their pubescent pursuits. Jim would go over to Troy's house, or Troy would come to his, then Troy would pull him into a closet or behind a locked bathroom door, and they would just beat-off each other as quickly and efficiently as possible. Troy didn't seem to attach the slightest emotional involvement to their relationship. In fact, he didn't even see it as a "relationship". He just wanted to enjoy the physical pleasure associated with the mechanics of the act, and then move on as if it were no big deal. Jim supposed it hadn't been a big deal to Troy; after all, Troy had been just a smart-assed, know-it-all kid at the time.

"And he grew up to be a smart-assed, know-it-all *big* kid," Jim said to himself, still alone in his living room. "The last time I talked to him a couple of years ago, he was still bragging about himself and shooting off his mouth. I guess some people never grow up."

"I wasn't going to let that happen to Jerry. I wasn't going to let the first person who explained things to him and showed him about sex to use him like a piece of meat the way Troy did to me. That's why I gave in about the pictures, and then about everything else, too. I couldn't stand to think of him getting hurt by somebody after the way I got used by Troy."

"When it happened," thought Jim, trying to resolve his conflicted emotions, "I was trying to do the right thing."

Jim remembered that on that day when it all started that he had been about to tell Jerry that the picture show was over. Instead, their relationship had changed from being two people who simply lived next door to each other, to people who would have a special place in each other's hearts forever.

Jim had turned back to face his computer after getting that blast of sweaty, sexy boy up his nose, and he hung his head and closed his eyes for a moment as he thought. Then he glanced up without turning his head to look at Jerry out of the corner of his eye. The boy was apprehensively waiting to see what Jim was going to do. He was obviously afraid that he had just pushed his older friend too hard and too far by asking to see more pictures.

"Okay," Jim said at last, raising his head and looking into the boy's face. He sighed and said, "If you want to see more pictures, I'll let you."

The relief in Jerry's demeanor was immediately apparent. His body relaxed its tight posture, and his facial expression turned from uncertainty to one of gratitude.

"Thanks, Jim," the boy said. "You're great. I mean, you're a really a good friend."

"Seeing more pictures is important to you, isn't it?" Jim asked the boy.

"Well, yeah," Jerry responded. "I've never seen any like those before, and I just wanted to know... um... well, more about... you know. I was hoping that... uh..."

"You just wanted to find out about sex, didn't you?" Jim said, summarizing the boy's thoughts for him. He recognized in Jerry the embarrassment he had felt at admitting his own lack of knowledge concerning sex to Troy during that first time in the tent.

"Uh huh," Jerry admitted.

"How much about it do you know already?" Jim asked.

This latest question really flustered the boy. Other than a couple of inarticulate "ahs" and "errs", all the while casting his eyes about everywhere—everywhere, that is, except in Jim's direction—the boy couldn't seem to make any words come out of his mouth.

"Hasn't your mom explained things to you yet?" Jim asked gently.

"No," said Jerry, at last finding a little bit of his voice.

"How about Bob? You could ask him," Jim suggested.

"Bob?" Jerry exclaimed in a shocked voice. "I couldn't ask *Bob* about something like that!"

"No, I suppose not," Jim conceded. Bob certainly wouldn't appreciate having to explain "the facts of life" to some other guy's kid. If Jerry *did* ask him, Bob would probably do it, but he certainly wouldn't enjoy the task. "Go talk to your mother," would be his most likely response, or he would simply provide the simplest of explanations, and then make God damned sure that the subject never, *ever* came up again.

Jerry didn't seem to know much more about sexual things than Jim had when he was that age, Jim decided. After all, the poor little guy didn't seem to have anyone he could trust to turn to for information. At that moment, Jim felt an empathy with the boy and his predicament in a way that Jim had never felt for anyone else before in his life. Jim's heart went out completely to Jerry in an instant.

Turning back to the computer screen in front of him, he resolved that Jerry wasn't going to have to go through the same, painful process of finding out about sex that he had been put through.

"Here's what we're going to do," Jim told the boy. "I'll show you pictures of what you want to know about, but only if you'll let me choose which ones you can see, and only if you let me explain things to you as we go along. I'm not simply going to turn you loose to browse through my porn library, and then leave you to your own devices. You have to understand: pornography doesn't represent what goes on in the real world. If all you knew about sex is what you saw in porn flicks and shit like that, well..." Jim suddenly laughed to himself at some of the thoughts his last statement had brought to mind. "Let's just say that your first girlfriend might be kind of shocked when she discovered what you thought was apparently 'normal'."

"Like what stuff?" Jerry inquired.

"We'll get to that later," Jim said, deflecting the boy's curiosity about what was 'normal'—but especially about what *wasn't*. "But first, let me lay down some ground rules."

"Okay," Jerry agreed.

"First of all, I get to choose the what you get to look at, agreed?" Jim stated.

"Yeah," Jerry responded.

"And—further agreed—I get to be there when you look at it."

"How come?" Jerry wanted to know.

"So I can explain things whenever you don't understand what's going on," Jim explained, "and to make sure you're aware of the way things are different in real life from the things people do if they've got a camera in front of them."

"I guess," Jerry decided.

"And when I think you've seen enough of people 'doing it' to satisfy your needs for one day, then I'm the one who gets to call it quits for the moment."

"Are you really going to show me pictures of people 'doing it'?" Jerry asked excitedly, realizing the opportunities that Jim seemed to be offering him.

"Yeah, I am," affirmed Jim to the boy. "Not only pictures, but I've got movies that I'll show you, too. Photographs can show you a lot, but watching a movie is what will really say it all. I think it might actually be better that way."

"How come, Jim," the boy wanted to know. "How come you suddenly changed your mind and are going to let me see all this stuff?"

It was Jim's turn to be embarrassed.

"Well, let's just say that I think I know how you feel, and since you can't ask Bob or your mom about, well... about sex, then somebody has to let you know what's going on, and since I seem to be the only one who... you know..." Jim said, leaving his sentence unfinished, letting Jerry fill in the blanks for himself.

Jerry felt awkward in the situation too, and didn't say anything either, but only sat there nodding in agreement with Jim's words.

"Okay," Jim said, taking the bull by the horns and trying to get the ball rolling again, "let me decide what we're going to look at next, and get things set up." He took the mouse and was about to start opening files for the boy's first sex lesson, but he stopped suddenly and turned back to the Jerry. "Say, weren't you expected over at your friend's house?" he said, coming to a sudden realization that they had better cover their tracks if they didn't want anyone to find out about what they were about to do.

"Oh yeah," said Jerry, suddenly remembering his previous plans for the evening.

"So, are you going to go over there, or are you going to stay here with me?" Jim asked.

"I want to stay here with you. Let me call my friend on your phone, and I'll tell him that I can't come after all."

"Isn't your mom going to know that you didn't go where you said?" Jim cautioned.

"Naw," Jerry assured him. "She's already left for the laundromat. She won't be home for hours. She'll never know the difference."

"How about Bob?"

"Oh, like Bob gives a shit about where I go and what I do anyway." Jerry said, somewhat bitterly.

"Bob's not so bad. Don't blame him for being the way he is. Some guys just can't help it, you know," Jim soothed the boy.

"He's not like you at all," Jerry declared. "You really care."

Jim had to look away to hide his face from the boy as he tried to conceal the true depths of his feelings from Jerry, and just how much he really *did* care for his young friend.

"Thanks," said Jim after the swell of emotion had passed. He was slightly surprised to find that his eyes were actually getting a little moist. "I appreciate you saying so." Jim got himself somewhat back under control, and then told Jerry: "Make your phone call to your friend while I pick out something on the computer for us to look at."

Jim turned to the computer and began searching the hard drive he reserved for "erotica", looking for something that would be appropriate as "instructional material" for an adolescent boy's sex first lesson. Not an easy task, Jim admitted. That wasn't exactly the purpose he previously had in mind when he had chosen things to save in his collection. He decided that he was going to have to search the Internet to see if he could find some stuff that wasn't as hard-core as most of the pictures and movies he had been downloading up until then.

Jerry quickly contacted his friend and made his excuses, and then hung up. He turned back to where Jim sat at his machine going through folders of pornography.

"That's taken care of," Jerry announced. "What are you going to show me first?" he wanted to know.

"That depends, actually," Jim admitted. "What is it you really wanted to see?"

The choice was obvious to Jerry, but he was still shy about revealing the nature of his true, nearly complete innocence to Jim.

"Do you have any movies of people actually, um... you know, people 'doing it'?" Jerry asked hesitantly.

"Yeah," Jim reassured the boy, "I've got plenty of those. Why that first? Do you already have any idea of what you're going to see?"

Jerry felt really put on the spot. Was Jim trying to get him to admit that he didn't have the slightest concept of how people actually went about "fucking"?

"You know," he said defensively with a slight frown, "you're sure asking a lot of questions."

"It's okay, Jerry. I understand," Jim soothed. "I just want to know how much I need to explain—and even *if* I need to explain—once I pick a movie. You don't have to hide things from me. I thought that that was what this was all about. If I'm going to be open and honest with you, then I have the right to expect that you treat me the same way. After all, turn about is fair play," he admonished. Jim suddenly wondered why he had picked that exact phrase to say to Jerry—the words "turn about is fair play" came echoing back in his ears from other voices, other rooms.

"I don't know how people have sex at all," the boy broke down and told Jim at last. "I hear my friends talking about 'fuck this', and 'fucking that', and how they really want to 'fuck' some girl, but I don't get what they're really talking about."

"What do you think they mean, Jerry?"

"Well, they taught us in health-class that a man makes a seed that he puts in a woman's body, and an embryo grows in her womb and makes a baby. But how does the seed get in there? And what kind of seed are they talking about?"

"So, am I right in thinking that you've never had an ejaculation, Jerry?" Jim asked gently.

"That's another thing I don't get. What's that supposed to be? Is it the same as cumming?"

Jerry was very relieved by finally being able to ask someone the questions that had been bothering him for the longest time—so much so that he was actually distracted from his original, burning desire to see the movie Jim had promised him. If he could at last just make sense of it all, then he knew he would feel much better.

Jim, for his part, was considering how to proceed in light of this newfound information. Jim put his elbow on the armrest of his chair and brought his hand up to cover his mouth as he thought. Jerry was obviously clueless about nearly all aspects of

sex. Heck, Jim thought, the boy hasn't even had his first orgasm yet, otherwise he would know about sperm. Apparently most of his friends had found out about sex to one degree or the other, and the boy felt ashamed that he undeniably wasn't keeping up with them. Jerry was feeling excluded because he didn't know what they clearly already knew.

"Oh, lordy, lordy, lordy," Jim muttered to himself under his breath from behind his hand. He closed his eyes for a moment and took a deep breath. Then he opened his eyes, removed his hand from in front of his mouth, and launched resolutely into his explanation.

"To answer as many of your questions as I can all at once, what happens is that two people, when they get together to have sex, touch each other's bodies and make each other feel good. Then, when they feel that the time is right, and when the man's penis is stiff and has what's called an 'erection', then the man puts his hard penis inside the place on the front of a woman's body between her legs called a 'vagina'."

"So an 'erection' is when your dick gets hard?" Jerry asked for clarification.

"Yes, and you already know what that is like," said Jim. "I mean, I just saw you have one earlier," he reminded Jerry to justify his reasoning.

"You were looking at my boner?" asked the boy, suddenly blushing at the thought.

"Well, it was kind of hard not to," Jim defended. "That underwear you've got on is at least three sizes too small, and the fabric is so worn out that you can see right through it. And you were sitting there with your legs spread, practically putting things on display. So, yeah, I noticed."

"Well... okay, I guess you're right," conceded Jerry. "But if you saw me before, then... uh... well, can I really ask you whatever I want, Jim, and you won't get pissed-off?"

"That was the deal, Jerry. I said you could ask whatever you wanted."

"Okay," said Jerry with more confidence, "then will you tell me, did you think my dick was too small? All the guys at school tease me and call me 'pencil dick' and shit when we get undressed and take showers after gym class at school. Did my dick look normal sized to you?"

Here was another revelation that made Jim's heart bleed for the kid. Not only was this kid worried about "measuring up" to his friends, they were taunting him about it.

"Your penis looked regular size to me," Jim reassured Jerry. "In fact, it seemed about the same size that mine was at your age. You have to remember that a size of a guy's dick when it's soft doesn't have anything to do with how big it gets when it gets hard. Mine isn't very big when I haven't got an erection, either."

"Really, Jim?" Jerry asked.

"Really," stated Jim matter-of-factly.

"Then could I see what yours look like soft?" came Jerry's very unexpected next question.

"Oh, shit," thought Jim. "Why did I have to compare my cock to his just now? I hadn't considered that he'd ask to see it. Of course, it's a simple way to put the matter to rest. And I'll gain his trust if I do. That will really break what little ice there still is between us, and make him relaxed about us talking about the rest of stuff that's bothering him about sex. In fact—if he'll go for it—maybe we should just both get naked. It'll prove beyond a doubt that we aren't going to be hiding things from each other."

Not quite believing that he was actually going to go through what he had been thinking, Jim rolled his chair away from Jerry so he could turn and face the boy directly.

"I'll let you look at mine while it's soft," Jim granted, hoping he could keep from boning-up before he displayed himself to the boy. That would kind of ruin the whole point he was trying to make about the size of his dick when it was soft. "As a matter of fact, I'll take off all my clothes so you can see everything you want to know about a man's body. But, as part of the deal, you've got to do it too."

"Me?" squeaked Jerry. "I've got to get naked too?"

"Yup," Jim nodded. "After all, you're practically there already. And what was it you said when you first came over here? You don't care about the neighbors seeing you nude, but you won't let me see?"

"I suppose you're right," Jerry said after considering for a moment, "but you've got to go first."

He's still doesn't trust me completely yet, Jim decided. But going through with it will convince him that I'm not trying to trick him.

"Deal," Jim said, and he started to get undressed. He stood up and pulled off his tee shirt, slipped his shoes off, and then pulled his pants down and off.

"Now! Don't... you... fucking... move!" Jim said silently to his penis, and grasped the waistband of his boxer briefs and sent them along to join his pants. When his was finally completely naked in front of the boy, he congratulated himself at not showing any excitement in his cock, and stood for a moment to let the boy look at what he wanted to see.

"There," said Jim. "I told you mine wasn't very big when it's soft either."

Jerry visually confirmed what Jim had told him. Jim's dick certainly didn't look very big in its flaccid condition, he decided.

"Okay, now it's your turn," Jim reminded.

The thought of pulling off his underwear excited Jerry somewhat. Even though Jim had seen his penis through his shorts earlier, exposing himself to Jim was still a big step to take. Deciding that he had promised to go through with what Jim suggested if Jim went first, Jerry decided that he had no choice if he didn't want to break his word. Jim, after all, had kept his part of the bargain.

Jerry stood up, gathered his determination, and slowly pulled his briefs way from his groin, down his legs, and then off his feet as he lifted them one by one. The two people, man and boy, stood there for a while as they checked each other's sexual equipment out some more. Jerry's little wand was regaining some of its previous condition from the excitement he felt at being naked with Jim.

"He's got at least a "semi" already," Jim said to himself. "That's good. That means that I can be truthful in saying that his penis isn't too small at all."

"Your dick doesn't look tiny to me," pronounced Jim. He watched as his encouraging words brought a fresh surge of blood to the boy's cock, and it stiffened up even slightly more.

"So, were we going to still watch a movie?" Jerry wanted to know.

There are still a lot of questions to be answered, remembered Jim, and seeing a movie to answer some of them was what he had promised.

"Yeah, it's time," verified Jim. What was the best way to lead Jerry through what was coming next, he wondered. Jim thought about it for a second, and then made his suggestion to the boy.

"So we can both see the screen at once, and so I can get to the mouse, I want you to sit on my lap in the chair while we watch the movie," advised Jim.

"You mean, sit on your lap while we're both naked," Jerry wondered. His little dick gave another twitch and gained a fair amount of hardness. If he hadn't been so preoccupied with this new idea, he would have noticed that Jim cock had gained a bit in stature at the same time as well.

"Yes. If I need to explain what's going on, then I don't have to speak very loudly at all with you sitting that close to me," rationalized Jim, as if that was his only objective in making those arrangements.

"And it will be a movie of people fucking?" the boy asked Jim, as if to reaffirm the deal they were making.

"Yep."

"And I'll be able to see everything that goes on?"

"You will. A guaranteed, close-up view."

"We'll never both fit in that chair," Jerry pointed out.

Instead of answering, Jim pushed the chair Jerry had been sitting in farther out of the way, and then sat down in the one he had just recently vacated. He reached down with his right hand under the side of the chair where the base of the armrest joined the seat. Then he paused, and he asked what to Jerry seemed to be a very strange question.

"You're left-handed, aren't you?" Jim asked, as if suddenly struck by some odd revelation—something that caused him to somehow reevaluate the situation.

"What's that got to do with anything right now?" replied Jerry, not sure where Jim's current line of questioning was leading. "You know I am. Don't you remember all the trouble I used to have in school because of it?"

"Yes, I already knew," Jim answered. "It was just that remembering that you're left-handed make me think of something else—something that happened a long time ago. But, ah... that only means that right now I want to take off *this* arm of the chair instead."

So saying, Jim reached down with his left hand instead of his right to twist something under the seat of the chair. Then he pulled the armrest sideways and detached it completely. He laid the chair part aside, and moved over into the extra space that made in the seat of the chair. His butt cheek was at the very edge of the cushion, but he was firmly planted in place, and there was an empty spot on his right side. He looked into Jerry's face, and down the boy's body to see the firm little pecker that the boy was beginning to sprout before him. He beckoned to the boy with his right hand.

"Come sit down on my lap," beckoned Jim.

Jerry came over to Jim and stood for a moment between his legs. He looked down at Jim's rod and hanging ball sack. He also took a good look at the surrounding thick, dark, curly pubic hair. Then he looked down at himself and examined his own pubic regions.

"Don't worry, it'll start soon enough," Jim reassured the boy.

"What will?" asked Jerry.

"I know what you were wondering, just now. You saw all my pubic hair, and you were wondering when you'll get yours."

"Yeah," said Jerry with a touch of wonderment. "It's like you already know what I'm going to be thinking," Jerry marveled.

"More than you will ever know, my little friend" Jim said silently to himself. "More than you will ever know."

"I just remember myself at your age, that's all," explained Jim, "and so I can guess the things you might be worrying about. But don't worry; you'll start growing up very soon.

As a matter of fact, let me see your underarms, because that's where your body hair starts growing first."

Jerry stood in front of Jim and raised his arms over his head to bare his armpits to Jim's scrutiny.

"Lock your fingers behind your head and move closer, then lean over so I can take a close look," Jim instructed.

The boy did as he was asked. Jerry got his legs right up against the seat of Jim's chair as he stood between his older friend's knees, and bent down to put give Jim a good look.

"See?" Jim pointed out, "There's a hair or two starting," he said upon examination.

Jerry stood up straight again and brought his armpits into the light to take a good look for himself. He noticed a couple of thin, wavy blonde hairs protruding from the skin there. He smiled broadly. He had indeed spotted the first signs of his impending manhood.

Jim, for his part, noticed something entirely different. One of the central sources of the boy's odor that had so enraptured him earlier had been located. He felt his dick swell with the memories the smell brought back to him, and he couldn't help but let out a soft "ohhh..." under his breath, and felt his dick begin to swell. Then he thought better of showing too excited before he actually got the boy onto his lap. Asking him to sit down while he had an erection would certainly scare the boy off. Instead, he diverted attention to Jerry's pubic area.

"And you may have some hair down here, too," suggested Jim. "Because you're blonde, they don't show up as well right away like some of your friends who have darker skin and hair color. I mean, is there a boy in your class who has had hair down there for a while now?" Jim inquired.

"Yeah," Jerry confirmed.

"And what's his name?" Jim wondered.

"Tony Espinoza", Jerry replied.

"Italian kid, right?"

"Yeah," Jerry said. "His dad runs the pizza parlor on Oak Street."

"And he has really dark hair... I mean, on the top of his head?"

"And bushy eyebrows, too, that sort of meet in the middle," corroborated Jerry.

"Well," reassured Jim, who could almost see the swarthy kid Jerry was describing, "you can't expect that you'll look like him. And his hair came in earlier—and you can see it better—because he's inherited that from his parents. You're blonde, and people with your skin color and hair type just don't get very hairy. But that doesn't mean that you won't get some, maybe even a lot," he added quickly, noticing the somewhat disappointed expression on Jerry's face. "But let's see if anything has started 'down below,'" suggested Jim. "You might be further along than you think. Put your arms down and let me look from this angle. I might be able to see it where you can't by looking down from on top."

Jerry stood up straight and arched his back slightly to almost present Jim with his genitals. Jim leaned forward in his chair and brought his face down to eye-level with the boy's cock and balls.

"Nothing around the base, yet," reported Jim after a slow examination.

"Damn!" thought Jim, "The kid's starting to get a 'woody'," as he noticed the increasingly engorged state of the boy's penis. "At least he's not frightened, and is getting into this", he reassured himself.

"It usually starts on your balls, so lift it up out of the way," Jim instructed, referring to Jerry's penis.

There actually wasn't much "lifting" to do. Jerry's little dick had begun to swell with excitement, and stuck out almost horizontally already. All he had to do was reach down with his left hand and bend his penis back slightly for Jim to be able to see his nut sack.

"Nothing yet," Jim said, disclosing the results. "But don't worry about it. It's starting under your arms already. The rest will come along soon."

Jerry released his hold on his little rod, and it almost remained in place, it having become much harder while Jim was examining his scrotum. He recognized what was happening, and tried to hide his condition by saying, "So can I turn around and sit down now?"

Jim was more than ready for the boy's request.

"Yep. There's plenty of room. Just turn around," he said, as Jerry did so, "and get on my right leg." Jerry backed up into Jim, and looked over left his shoulder as he brought his butt down.

"Don't worry, you're not going to hurt me," advised Jim. "Here," he said, steadying the boy by putting his hands up and grasping Jerry on both sides just under his ribcage. "Let me help you".

With Jim's assistance, Jerry sat down on Jim's lap—ever mindful of the feeling of coming in contact with Jim's penis, which had swollen considerably since Jim first undressed—and allowed his older friend to help him scoot into position. Jim felt the boy's bare buttocks coming in contact with the skin of his upper thigh, and leaned into the boy's body to help his maintain his balance. Jim put his right arm around the boy's back and pulled his body closer to himself.

"Comfortable?" asked Jim in a quiet voice. Their position brought their faces to within inches of each other.

"I'm okay," Jerry replied. "But I thought you wanted to sit like this because you needed to reach the mouse. How are you going to do that if you've got your arm behind me?" he wanted to know.

"Oh!" Jim said, seeing what had happened. He had wanted to be able to reach other things when he had arranged this posture. "You're right. That's kind of inconvenient, isn't it?" The he had a sudden inspiration. "Well, then I'll let you run the mouse, but you have to click on only what I tell you, okay?"

"Sure," Jerry agreed with a smile. Being allowed to control the computer gave him a feeling of greater command over the situation. "What should I do first?"

"Do you see that folder I've got open on the desktop?"

"Yeah," Jerry said, twisting his body to bring his eyes back to the screen.

"Here, turn a little more and sit back," Jim recommended. Jerry slid backward. His back pressed against Jim's bare chest, and he moved his butt into Jim's lap, instead of resting on Jim's thigh. Jerry squirmed his rear end slightly as he felt Jim's now semi-erect penis pressing into his naked rear-end. Jim's head was now next to Jerry's, with his chin practically resting on the boy's left shoulder, and he felt Jerry maneuvering his seating on his lap until his older friend's male member was resting more comfortably, and was pressing along the groove formed by his ass cheeks. Jim's took his right arm off the armrest of the chair. He cradled the boy more firmly against his body, and his hand moved and came to rest softly, palm downward, on the boy's right thigh.

“Can you reach the mouse the way you’re sitting now?” Jim inquired in a soft voice into the boy’s ear.

“Yes,” confirmed the boy in nearly a whisper, and nodding his head slightly.

“Then double-click on the first file in that folder I’ve got open.”

“What’s it going to be?” Jerry inquired.

“Isn’t that what we’re here to find out?” teased Jim. “Just click it and let it open. I don’t think you’ll be disappointed.”

Jim considered the series of movies he had quickly picked out a good choice—though he had been unprepared for being called on to do so. They were of Japanese origin, and that gave Jim an excuse to simply turn down the sound and dispense with trying to follow the incomprehensible dialog. Jim didn’t want any distractions as he offered his version of what was going on in the video to Jerry. And Jerry would be more apt to ask questions if he didn’t have to interrupt what the actors were saying.

“Not that the inane small-talk the actors usual make while they were maneuvering into fucking position amounts to anything anyway,” Jim thought. He usually watched the porn flicks he downloaded with the sound off to avoid all that. “But we’ll turn the sound back up when the moaning and gasping and squishy sounds of them screwing starts,” he decided, “just for emphasis. And besides, when I turn the sound back up, hearing all that will give Jerry that much more of a thrill out of it.”

Little Jerry clicked the file Jim had indicated, and then sat back against Jim as the movie player launched.

The scene opened with a young girl of about eighteen, who was dressed in a school uniform, and an older man of about thirty entering a modest apartment. They closed the door and stood at the in the living room and had some sort of discussion, the girl smiling shyly, and the man smiling back. The man began making advances on the girl by putting his arm around her as he spoke, and pulling her gently towards him. The actress in the movie was evidently playing the “young innocent”, and—while she didn’t resist—she was trying to make it appear that she didn’t know what was about to happen. Then the man moved to stand behind the girl and reached around in front of her to fondle her breasts and grab at her crotch through her clothing.

“There’s no sound,” Jerry commented.

“It’s all in Japanese, so it wouldn’t make any sense anyway,” explained Jim. “I’ve got the mute button on. We can turn the sound on later.”

Jerry nodded briefly and turned his attention back to the screen. Jim looked over Jerry shoulder and took a look at the boy’s little dick. He noticed that it had lost most of its stiffness, but was still a bit puffy as it laid on his immature scrotum.

The man now laughed, then hustled girl the out of the camera frame, and the scene faded out to be replaced by one of the man and girl sitting on a bed in a very, very well lit room. As the man sat in the middle of the bed, he pulled the girl to him so she was sitting facing the camera with her back against the man. Jim decided that he should begin his commentary on the action to Jerry, his intent being to remind the boy that what they were watching had been staged for the camera, and wasn’t the way things happened in “real life”.

“Do you notice how all the bedside lamps are on, and how the overhead light seems to be on as well?” Jim asked.

“Yeah,” came Jerry response.

"Well, just so you know, most people don't leave all the lights on full blast when they make love", (Jim decided to call it "making love" instead of "having sex" or "fucking"), "because having the lights down low makes things more romantic. Remember, what's about to happen is just a movie. This isn't typical of the real thing."

"Okay," agreed the boy, his attention still fixed on the tableau playing out on the computer monitor in front of him.

The man on the screen then began kissing the girl on the cheek, and then to nibble at the girl's earlobe. He then actually took the earlobe between his teeth for a bit, and then began sticking his tongue into the girl's ear. Jim looked over at Jerry's ear, only inches from his own mouth, and it was all Jim could do to restrain himself from mimicking the action on the screen.

Then the man reached in front of the girl and began loosening her clothing. First he pulled her black cardigan sweater up, and then he pulled the tail of her white blouse out of the plaid skirt she wore. Starting at the bottom, he unbuttoned the front of her shirt, to reveal her small breasts cupped in a lace trimmed bra. The man fondled the girl's tits through her brassiere, then pulled one cup of her undergarment aside to reveal the girl's modestly sized left tit, its brown nipple slightly erect at the tip.

Jim looked down again to Jerry's lap to see how this was affecting the boy, and noticed a bit of increased excitement starting up again. Jim had chosen his particular movie because it wasn't rough or kinky, and the girl wasn't some bleached blonde, plastic porn queen with huge silicon breasts. Jim didn't want the boy to get the idea that the only girls worth "doing it" with were the stuff of jaded guy's jack-off fantasies. This was supposed to be only educational, Jim reasoned, though he certainly intended to give Jerry plenty of "education" before this first lesson was over.

Little Jerry licked his lips and let out an almost inaudible "umm" as he saw the girl's naked breast appear on the screen. He knew the action was really beginning to start now.

The man played with the girl's nipple for a minute, tickling it and squeezing it between his fingers, and then pulled the girl's sweater off over her head. He bared her other breast and began licking and sucking both nipples in turn. Then he helped the girl take off the rest of her upper clothing, and she lay back on the bed with her head on the pillow, and the man raised her skirt to expose her white cotton panties. Then he took his hand and began stroking the girl's pussy through her underwear.

"What's he doing that for, Jim?" the boy wondered.

"He's getting her excited by stimulating her genitals," Jim tutored the boy. He was pleased the Jerry was already asking questions without his prompting.

After only a short while of feeling the girl up through her underpants, the man reached for the waistband of the girl's panties and began to pull them down. Jim had chosen this particular video because the action moved along quickly, and the actor and actress didn't "beat around the bush" in getting things going.

"Here comes part of what you were wanting to see," Jim advised the boy.

The girl apparently giggled as she hid her face behind her hands, pretending to be embarrassed by the man exposing her as the panties came off. The girl lay with her feet flat on the bed with her bent knees close together. Then she slowly spread her legs as the camera zoomed in for a close-up shot of her sparsely furred cunt. She moved her thighs apart to give the viewer on the other side of the lens a good look. The outer lips of her snatch parted more, and the inner lips were revealed. They clung together for a moment, and then the moist, slick flesh of her inner folds was unveiled. The girl, apparently

actually embarrassed at putting herself on such blatant display for the camera, moved her hand start to cover herself down there, but obviously thought better of it and moved her hand out of the way again. Then she grasped her legs behind her knees and slowly pulled her legs back until they nearly touched her chest. Her entire pussy and asshole region were bared for the viewer's inspection.

Jim again took another look down at Jerry crotch to see what effect the movie was having on the boy's dick at this point. He congratulated himself on his timing, because he was just in time to see the boy's penis swell and lengthen, and rise off his ball sack. The shaft hardened in only several short seconds, and the boy's cock rose upward to flop over backwards until the tip of its head pointed at the boy's little "innie" bellybutton. The sight gave Jim's a thrill, and he felt his own dick stiffening as it lay trapped between the boy's asscheeks. Jerry wasn't asking any questions at this point, but things seemed pretty self-explanatory anyway.

The shot cut to one farther back than before, and the man crouched over the girl and stuck one of his fingers in his mouth to wet it. He then applied his middle finder to the girl's slit, and unceremoniously—but not roughly—penetrated her vagina. After the first initial thrust, the man began running his finger in and out of the girl's opening.

"Ohh..." moaned Jerry softly. "He's actually sticking his finger in her, isn't he?" The boy's little cock stained to get even harder as he watched.

"Uh huh," agreed Jim. "He's getting her ready to fuck. When a girl gets sexually excited, her pussy makes juice that lubricates the passage, and that makes it possible for a man to slide his penis inside of her."

The boy watched with wide eyes and a very hard dick as the camera moved to show the girl's face as she rocked her head back and forth, and licked her lips repeatedly as she rolled her eyes up until only the whites showed. The shot then returned to the man's pistonning finger in the girl's cunt.

"Oh, that's right," said Jim to himself, "the guy eats the girl out. And of course she gives him a blowjob before he actually fucks her." He had remembered the "plot" of the movie in general when he had chosen it, but now all the details were refreshed in his memory. "It looks like I'm about to give Jerry a lesson in oral sex," he mused.

The shot pulled back to show the man continuing to finger the girl, and then his head moved to show him lower his head to the girl's cunny. Then the video cut to a shot from above to show the man vigorously stimulating the girl's clitoris, and sticking his tongue into the opening of her vagina. This continued for less only a very little bit, and then this particular segment of the larger video came to an end. The screen went momentarily black, and the movie player window closed itself.

Jim looked at Jerry's face to see how he was taking this latest development.

The boy's mouth was wide open, and his expression was one of amazement.

"Jim, what was *that*?" Jerry said in awe. "I mean, what did he do that for?"

"Well, I guess I had forgotten how this movie started out before they got around to really having intercourse," Jim justified himself to Jerry, "and I didn't consider the fact that you were going to see something like *that* right away, but that's called 'oral sex'."

"Oral sex", repeated the boy.

"Yes. That's something people often do before they have sex; or sometimes they do just that instead of having regular sex. I guess it doesn't hurt for you to find out about oral sex right from the beginning. Instead of expecting that the very first thing you'll do when you finally get a girlfriend who'll do stuff with you is to put your penis in her

vagina, if you learn that there are other ways people can please each other than just plain old fucking.”

Jerry looked into Jim’s eyes as he listened to Jim’s explanation. He was apparently not too upset at what he had just seen, but still seemed a bit uncertain about the prospect of putting his mouth on a girl “down there”.

“But doesn’t a girl’s... ah... you know... her...” he stammered.

“Yes—her pussy,” Jim supplied. “What about it?”

“Well, doesn’t it smell? And wouldn’t doing... well, *that*... what the guy just did, wouldn’t that taste bad?” the boy asked hesitantly.

“If you get your nose close enough to smell it, and the it smells bad,” Jim coached the boy, “then don’t do it. As a matter of fact, if a girl’s pussy isn’t clean enough to keep it from smelling bad, then it’s probably not a good idea to stick either your tongue or your dick in there as well.”

Jerry considered this, and then asked Jim, “How do you tell a girl that she smells bad, and that you don’t want to do it with her anymore?”

“That’s something you’re going to have to figure out for yourself when the time comes, Jerry. I’ll try to explain everything I can, but you’ll have to understand that I don’t have *all* the answers. But I can suggest this to you: if she was nice enough for you to want to have sex with to start with, then try to be as nice about it as possible. Maybe you could suggest that it would be fun for the both of you to take a shower together, or something like that. But just don’t come right out and tell her that her cunt stinks. You’re liable to wind up with a black eye if you’re that blunt about it.”

“Okay,” Jerry agreed.

Jim thought about what the next segment of the movie was going to show, and he decided he had better offer some explanation about what he was sure was coming next in advance.

“Another thing you should realize, Jerry, is that oral sex is not only a man licking a girl’s clitoris and vagina, but it’s also the woman who uses her mouth to give pleasure to a man as well.”

“You mean, she’s going to...” Jerry asked in an awed voice, suddenly realizing what Jim was talking about.

“Yes, she’s going to put his penis in her mouth and suck on it for him. That’s what’s called a ‘blowjob’, but don’t ask me why; nobody seems to know. And if the girl should keep herself clean for you, then you should do the same for her. None of your girlfriends are going to want to put a smelly cock in their mouth.”

“Yeah, I suppose not,” agreed Jerry. “So she’s really going to do that next?” he asked.

“If I remember correctly, she sure is,” confirmed Jim. “Were you ready to see that? The idea doesn’t disgust you, does it?”

“No, that’s okay,” Jerry assured him.

“Well, then, click on the next file in the list, and let’s watch what happens.”

As Jerry reached for the mouse, Jim suddenly remembered what actually *did* come next in the movie.

“Oh, shit!” thought Jim. “That’s right. Next the guy pulls out this twisting, vibrating, penis shaped dildo and sticks it up the girl’s cunt. Maybe this video series wasn’t such a good idea after all. That’s pretty extreme for Jerry’s first time. And then,” he further recalled, “he takes a smaller, blue dildo that’s a long, teardrop shape and is made out of

firm plastic gel, and he sticks it up her ass. Oh boy! Oh no, no, no. That's going to far," Jim concluded in a rush.

Jerry was reaching for the mouse and maneuvering the cursor so he could click on the file Jim had indicated when Jim said suddenly: "Just a second. Not that one," Jim corrected. "Click on the one in the list right after that."

"Why?" Jerry wanted to know.

"Well... because... uh, let's just say that something comes next that isn't part of what's usually considered 'normal' by most people," Jim prevaricated. "It's not something for your first time."

"Does that mean we're going to stop?" the boy asked with great disappointment. His little dick was supremely hard, and he didn't want the lesson to end so suddenly.

"No, that's not what I meant," Jim corrected. "Just skip that particular file and move to the next one. Some day—once I think you're ready, and if you're still interested—then we can look at that one. But just skip it for now."

"Ah, gee!" exclaimed Jerry in disappointment.

"Look, we agreed to some rules, remember? I get to pick what you can and can't see. Didn't we make a deal?"

"Oh, all right. We had a deal," he said as he accepted Jim' decision. Then he moved the cursor on the screen and clicked on the video Jim had indicated.

The movie opened, and the scene had moved ahead in time considerably. But, to Jim's intense consternation, the girl was laying there with the vibrating dildo still stuck up her cunt, and the anal probe sticking out of her asshole. The girl was thrashing around on the bed and throwing her head from side to side, obviously about to have her orgasm.

"Oh, fuck!" Jim muttered. It seemed as if he wasn't going to be able to avoid Jerry seeing this after all. "And it's sure as hell to late now to take it back," he reasoned. "No point in trying to stop the show now."

Sure enough, the boy's immediate question confirmed his fears.

"What are they *doing*, Jim?" If Jerry wasn't actually shocked at what he saw, he was certainly surprised.

"Well, I'm sorry. I forgot that this is where this part started. This is the 'not quite normal' stuff I was telling you about. Just watch what happens, and I'll explain things in a minute."

The girl's movements become more violent as she reached the peak of her orgasm as the man continued working the dildo rapidly in and out of her spread cunt. The girl bucked her hips up to meet the thrusting dildo as she pressed both her hands to her mouth and had a monumental 'cum'. Though she's almost undoubtedly faking it, Jim considered. Then, once the storm had passed, the girl lay back and the man withdrew the vibrator from inside her, showing her gaping, stretched hole. Then the man worked the smaller dildo back and forth in the girl's ass a couple of times before removing it as well.

"At least I didn't have the sound turned up," Jim said to himself, looking for something mitigating about the circumstances. "Her moaning and groaning and squealing in that high-pitched voice that Japanese girls use when they fake cumming would have really freaked the kid out."

Then the camera moved to a close up shot of between the girl's spread legs again as the man encouraged the girl to pull her legs back again to provide a close-up view of the

girl's asshole. The guy took his index finger and gathered some of the lubricant that was obvious spread there, and began thrusting his finger in and out.

Jerry turned to look at Jim for the briefest of moments, and then returned his gaze to that screen, but the boy's open-mouthed, shocked look told Jim that this was indeed something pretty extreme for the boy's first sex lesson. Jim noticed, however, that the boy's cock was still sticking up hard and proud, straining straight up and pointing its head at the ceiling.

"At least he's not so weirded-out that it's made him go soft," Jim was relieved to see. "But I should have known this was going to happen," he chided himself silently. "Those Japanese sure get into anal sex, and aren't hung-up about it at all."

The man finally withdrew his finger from the girl, and the camera pulled back to show the man, who had kept his jockey shorts on up until now, lay back and beginning to strip them down his legs.

"Okay, Jerry, put the player on 'pause' so I can talk to you for a minute."

The boy reached up and grabbed the mouse and stopped the movie.

"Now, let's talk about what you just saw," Jim said in an even voice. "I didn't intend to show you that. In fact, it was what I was trying to avoid by trying to skip ahead."

"Why?" Jerry asked.

"Because I didn't want you to get the idea that people did what you just saw all the time. It's not like everyone has dildos sitting around their bedrooms and stuff."

"What's a 'dildo'?"

"That's the artificial penis he was putting into her vagina," explained Jim.

"And he was doing things with her asshole too." This was more of a statement than an actual question.

"Yes, some people like having their anus stimulated during sex, as well as all the rest of the regular stuff as well."

"Guys too?" wondered Jerry.

"Oh boy," thought Jim. "We're really leaving no stone unturned here, aren't we?"

"Yeah," he said aloud. "Some guys like that being done to them as well."

"Have you ever had it done to you, Jim?" the boy wanted to know.

Jim sighed and considered how things just kept getting out of hand on him, and kept going places he never intended them to. But he had promised Jerry he would be honest with him, and answer all his questions truthfully.

"Yes, I had a girlfriend who would sometimes put her finger up my butt while she was sucking my cock," Jim admitted.

"And you liked it?" marveled Jerry.

"It wasn't so bad," said Jim with a wicked grin. "She was gentle and seemed to enjoy doing it to me."

"Wow!" was all Jerry could manage to say.

"But, to get back to the movie, now comes that part where I expected we were going to be when I said to skip the other file and go to this one instead. Now she's definitely going to give the guy a blowjob. Did you still want to see that?"

"Well, yeah! Of course," Jerry exclaimed. The boy had come too far to want to back out now. Besides, he had been promised he would get to see people actually fucking. That was the point of the whole thing in the first place.

"Okay. Then start it back up again," Jim told Jerry, relieved that the unfamiliarity of what had just shown up in the video hadn't driven his young friend away. Jim, as much as Jerry, had things he wanted to accomplish before this whole "sex lesson" thing was over.

Jerry started the movie. The girl unfroze from the position she had been in when the movie had been paused. She sprang into action and moved around to kneel between the man's outstretched legs as he lay on his back. She grasped his soft cock, and—glanced up at the man's face briefly—lowered her head to his crotch and opening her mouth to take the cock inside.

"I wonder if that guy is really so jaded with sex that he didn't get a hard-on up until now, even though he had been doing all that stuff to the girl's pussy and asshole," Jim wondered.

The girl began sucking the man's dick. This clearly wasn't her first time, even though that seemed to be the plot of the movie. Her oral activity quickly brought the man to a complete, full erection.

Jerry moaned softly as he watch the girl on the computer monitor bobbing her head and using one of her hands to jack the shaft of the man's prick as she ran it in and out of her mouth. The camera closed in tighter, and the purple head of the man's penis could be seen to be hard and glistening wet from the saliva that the girl's mouth and tongue were spreading there. The blowjob continued for a while, and Jerry began to rock his hips slightly back and forth on Jim's lap, his uplifted, little rod staining with tension at the vicarious experience of watching for the first time as someone was "giving head". He didn't take hold of his rock hard, boyish stiffy, though. His inexperience and lack of sexual knowledge precluded him from knowing that most guys would be jacking-off by now when watching what was going on in the video.

Jim, for his part, was getting more than just a little excited by the proceedings, too. As Jerry began to move his rear-end against him, the firm globes of Jerry's asscheeks were rubbing Jim's cock as it pressed between them. Jim decided that if Jerry had been willing to go along with things this far, then Jim getting a hard-on wasn't going to be a big deal to the boy at this point, and he quit worrying about it and let it happen. He brought his hand up from where it had been resting all this time on Jerry's right leg, and put his arm around the boy's waist. Jim used his grip on the boy to pull Jerry even tighter against his body. Jim and the boy watched together as the girl suddenly allowed the man's cock to slide out of her mouth, and the man suddenly sat up, pressed the girl backward until she lay flat, and crawled up to kneel between her outstretched legs. The man grabbed the girl behind her upraise knees and pulled her towards him, spreading her legs even fathert apart as he did so. Then the guy gave the girl's cunt a quick rub with one hand, and moved forward to run the head of his erection along the girl's open slit several times.

"This is the part you really wanted to see, isn't it?" Jim whispered into the boy's ear as he held him close.

Jerry could only nod in answer, being too overcome with lust to speak.

The man then reached down with one hand and spread the girl's cunt-lips, and used his other hand to position his cock at the girl's entrance. Once satisfied that he was aligned correctly, the guy thrust his hips forward and buried his erect phallus completely into the girl in a single thrust. He had prepared the way earlier by using the dildo on her, and she took him all at once as he pressed forward until their pubic hairs met and intertwined. The guy didn't wait for the girl to recover from his penetration, but began thrusting his hips and fucking her hard. The camera panned up to the girl's face, which

was a mask of lust and excitement, as her tits bounced and jiggled and she took the man's pounding thrusts into her cunt.

"Oh, God!" Jerry murmured under his breath. Here it was. This was what he had been waiting to see. Not that he hadn't appreciated what had happened up until now, but watching an actual "fuck" in progress nearly drove his out of his mind.

"Too late to turn the sound up now," Jim guessed. He held the boy tightly and rocked his hips in time with couple on the screen as he felt his now completely erect cock moving between the boy's buttocks.

The camera moved in to give a tight view of the man's penis sliding in and out of the girl, and then pulled back as the guy put his arms behind her knees and bent forward to put his hands flat on the sheets of the bed. This opened the girl's quivering quim up to his plunging cock even more, and he began making rapid, jackhammer thrusts even more deeply into her. The camera zoomed in again on the center of the action, and the man's cock-head could be seen to almost completely leave the confines of her cunt on the backstroke, and then to plunge complete back inside in a single movement. Then he pressed himself all the way in, and jiggled his ass back and forth as he reached up and mauled the girl's tits. Then the scene cut to one of the man laying behind the girl and running his dick up her as she lay with one knee raised to give the camera a good view. Suddenly, however, the spell was broken because this current segment of the video came to an end. The screen went momentarily back, and then the movie viewer window closed itself.

"Oh, wow!" was all Jerry could barely manage to say.

"Did you get to see what you wanted to?" Jim asked softly into the boy's ear. The boy's lean, firm, sweaty body pressing against him, and the feeling of his erection being pressed under the boy's naked rear-end—but especially the smell that came from both their excited bodies—nearly drove Jim completely mad with sexual desire. Though he had never even considered having anal sex with another guy before, he could barely keep himself from throwing the boy off his lap and pinning him to the floor and sticking his cock up the boy's young, tight asshole.

"Holy Christ!" he thought. "Get a grip on yourself here, Jim. Get it under control! If you do that," he told himself, "you *will* wind up in jail for sure. You can't expect to just ass-rape the kid, and then to not have him tell someone about it as soon as he possibly can."

Jerry was still too overcome with his own emotions to understand how close he had just come to an experience that would have been beyond even his wildest imaginings. All he knew was that his penis was harder than he ever remembered it being. So hard, in fact, that it actually ached. As he came back to the time and place he was in, he also became aware of something else.

"Jim," he said softly, even more embarrassed now than he had been at anytime previously—if that was still possible—and said to Jim without daring to turn to look at his older friend: "Your dick is hard, isn't it?"

"Yeah, buddy. It sure is. So is yours."

"I suppose so," he agreed, looking down at his own stiff rod.

"Well, after all," reasoned Jim, still speaking softly into the boy's ear, "that's why they make movies like that: so guys can watch them and get their dicks hard and jack-off."

"Oh," was all that Jerry said at first, then he asked in a small voice: "What's jacking-off?"

Jim knew better than to take any notice of the fact that Jerry didn't know what the term meant. His experience with Troy that first time had taught him how painful someone teasing you about your lack of knowledge could be. Instead, he simply explained things to the boy.

"Jacking-off is another name for masturbation. That's when somebody uses their hand to stroke their penis up and down to make it feel good. After a while of doing that, then sperm—that's what the man's 'seed' is called—comes out when he has an ejaculation. And the feelings you get then are one of the greatest things you'll ever feel."

"Really?"

"Yes, really."

"Jim, could you teach me how it's done?" Jerry asked innocently.

"Yes. I'll do even better than that. I'll do it for you this first time to show you how to make an ejaculation happen. That will be even better than doing it to yourself."

Jim remembered what Troy had said all those years ago: "The best thing is having someone do it for you." He also remembered how much better Troy's practiced hand felt on his cock than his own, inexperienced digits. Jim, even though his cock was throbbing and he was sure that he must be leaking plenty pre-cum by now, was ready to forgo his own pleasure to give his young, inexperienced friend the best possible experience when the boy had his first cum. Jim was actually grateful to Troy that they had done it to each other for his first time. That was why he kept going back and seeking out Troy's help to make him shoot off, even though he had learned how to make it happen by doing it "solo". Having a sexual partner was much better than sitting alone in your room and jacking-off all by yourself.

"Besides," Jim decided, "it's not as if having my cock sliding around in the kid's ass crack isn't pleasurable enough as it is. If I were to give myself a couple of wanks right now, I would be shooting off on about the third stroke. I should hold off until the kid cums first. Then I'll worry about my own needs."

"So, Jerry, we've still got one more section of the movie yet to watch. This is where the actors—and remember that these are just actors—are going to 'cum'. The girl will undoubtedly throw herself around wildly and make a big show of doing it, and the man will shoot his sperm, and you'll get to see what that looks like. They always show the guys cum juice at the end in porno flicks, to prove that he's done it."

"But this isn't how people really do it?" questioned Jerry.

"Not always just like this," conceded Jim, "but this is pretty close to what happens in general." He remembered a girlfriend he once had that always shouted and moaned like a porn star when she would climax. He remembered how he was always certain that the neighbors six blocks away must have known that he was screwing her. He also remembered how exciting it was to hear her "expressing her gratitude" to him in such an obvious way. Her shouts of pleasure always really spurred him on at the end when he reached his own orgasm. She would almost be shouting out: "Oh, oh, oh! Come in me now. Cum in me hard! Yes, yes, yes! Oh... yes!!!"

"Funny," though Jim, "but I don't remember asking her a question," he chuckled.

Turning his attention back to Jerry, he clarified a few things for the boy.

"What's going to happen is that the guy and the girl are going to be doing it a whole bunch of different ways for the camera. Most people don't sift around and change positions, as they're sure to now. And most people don't do it for as long in real life as they sometimes make it out to last in porn movies. These two are getting it over with

pretty quickly, but in some movies they make it seem to last forever. These segments have been about eight minutes long, which is about how long it takes most guys to ejaculate after they begin to masturbate. You can make it go a lot faster, of course. But making it last a long time before you do it is really great too. Have you got all that?" he asked the boy finally.

"Uh huh," said Jerry, nodding his head and looking softly into Jim's eyes.

"So, are you ready to what the last part of the movie, then?"

"Yeah."

"Are you ready for me to touch you... you know... down *there*? I'm going to take my hand and move the loose skin of your penis back and forth so that it feels good. Is that okay? Should I show you how to stroke your dick? Do you want me to make you have an orgasm?"

The boy pursed his lips together and sucked his breath in slightly at his thoughts of what Jim said was saying. The boy's eyes sparkled with anticipation, and his face was flushed with desire. Jim looked down at the boy's hard little erection, also anticipating masturbating the young boy until he shot his first ever load of sperm.

Jerry looked at his hard cock, and then back at Jim. He nodded just a little bit.

"You have to say it out loud, Jerry," required Jim of the boy. "Say it."

"Yes," Jerry said, blushing mightily and looking down, "I want you to make me cum."

Jim leaned his head the few scant inches that separated their faces and gave the boy a very brief, quick kiss on his blushing cheek.

"Okay, then," Jim said, "then let's get ready for this." He scooted his butt a bit more to the center of the chair, carrying Jerry's body with him, and then gave the boy some instructions.

"Lean forward and open the last file in the list, and wait until just as it opens. Then, once you see the first frames appear, tap the spacebar on the keyboard once. That will stop the movie."

Jerry did as he was told and the video appeared on the screen. It took up exactly where the last one had left off, with the man lying on his side, and the girl laying in front of him on the bed, her knee raised, and the man's cock penetrating her vagina. The man gave a couple of firm thrusts into the girl before Jerry tapped the spacebar, and the action froze.

"Now stand up for a second," Jim requested.

Jerry stood up, releasing the man's dick from inside his ass crack. He looked back without turning completely around and saw Jim's erect penis for the first time. It rose long and hard from the bush of Jim's pubic hair, and the head of the cock was purple as it flared out at the end of the shaft. There was something web oozing from the slit in the tip, but Jerry was too impatient to have things happen that he didn't stop to ask questions.

"Sit back down now," Jim said after centering himself on the seat of the chair, "and spread your legs a bit at the same time. I'm going to put my penis between your legs right underneath your ball sack. Once we get it in place, then I want you to close your legs together so they press on my dick."

Jerry did as he was told, ready to do anything the man suggested.

Once they were sitting as Jim had wanted thing arranged, with his cock planted firmly at the top of Jerry's thighs from behind, with the boy's asscheeks pressing into his groin,

and the boy's erection sticking out where Jim could reach it easily with his hand, he told the boy to go ahead with the movie.

"Give the spacebar another tap, Jerry, and then sit back and we'll get started."

Jerry triggered the movie, and leaned his back against Jim's chest. As the couple on the screen suddenly resumed their actions and returned to fucking furiously, both Jim's arms came around Jerry's middle and hugged him tightly. He gave his hips a few, experimental thrusts to make sure his penis was well positioned between the flesh of the boy's thighs, and to begin to get Jerry accustomed to the feeling of what was about to happen. Jim felt the wetness of his pre-cum that his dick was leaking furiously now spread along the shaft of his penis and lubricating the passage of his cock.

Jerry's head was resting on Jim's shoulder as he lay back against the man, and his eyes were on the screen in front of him. He watched the action for a few moments, and then he felt Jim's right hand slide down across his belly and into his bare, hairless pubic region. The man's hand stroked around the naked flesh at the base of his hard cock, and then moved up to encircle his fingers around the boy's throbbing member. The boy gasped as he felt the first touch of the man's hand.

"Ohhh..." he sighed.

Jim turned his head slightly and pressed his mouth practically up against Jerry's ear.

"Does it feel good?" he whispered to the boy.

All Jerry could do was nod.

"And do you like it when I do this?" breathed Jim softly as he began to stroke the boy's penis.

Jerry's mouth hung open and he gasped, unable to answer.

Jim's hand left the boy's cock momentarily and reached down to his own hard dick and he wet his finger with the pre-cum juices coming from the tip. There was so much that it was running down the sides and making the entire penis slick and slippery. He gave his hips a couple of more thrusts to enjoy the feeling of fucking the boy between his legs, and then he brought his hand back up to spread the end of the boy's little dick-head with them and slide fingers up and down the shaft.

Jerry thought the top of his head would blow off with what it felt like.

"Tell me what's going on in the movie, Jerry," muttered Jim.

The boy looked back at the video.

"His penis is going in and out of her", reported Jerry.

Jim continued to gently masturbate the boy as he whispered questions into his ear.

"Do you see how the guy's cock is wet from the woman's juices?"

"Uh huh."

"Can you see her tits?" Jim wanted to know.

"Yeah."

"What's he doing now?" asked Jim.

"He's taking her hand and putting it between her legs."

"He's having her touch her clitoris, Jerry. That's like a little penis right at the top of a woman's slit. Touching it makes her feel good like I'm making you feel good now."

Jim began thrusting his hips harder and thrusting his erection faster in between the boy's legs. The scene in the movie suddenly cut to a new angle.

"Talk to me, Jerry," coached Jim. "Tell me what they're doing now."

"The girl is on top of the man, and she's bouncing up and down on his penis."

“Tell me what you can see.”

“I see the man’s cock going in and out.”

“Do you see the way her pussy lips are wrapping around his dick?”

“Uh huh,” Jerry acknowledged.

“Do you see the little bump at the top of her slit right above where the man’s dick is?”

“Yeah.”

“That’s her clitoris, Jerry, or her ‘clit’. It’s like a tiny little cock, and it makes her feel good when its rubbed, or when it a penis presses against it as it going in and out... in and out... in and out,” Jim chanted in time with each plunge of the man’s cock.

Jim bucked against the boy and lowered his mouth from the opening of the boy’s ear and began to nibble at the boy’s earlobe with is teeth. He massaged the bit of flesh, and then moved down to chew and suck at the skin along the back of the boy’s neck, kissing and running his tongue up and down until he came back and captured the boy’s earlobe again with his lips.

Jerry felt Jim’s breath hot on his neck, and the way Jim was nuzzling behind his ear. His little erection pulsed and strained to get even harder in his adult friend’s stroking hand. The sensation of Jim’s penis sliding almost frictionlessly between the skin that ran from his anus to under his scrotum. He was excited by the way that the end of Jim’s cock would press against the underside of the pouch that held his bollocks each time Jim thrust his hips upward.

“Keep telling me what they’re doing, Jerry,” prompted Jim. “Don’t top describing what you see.”

“The girl has leaned back on her arms and the man is using his hips to push is dick in and out of her pussy. He’s pushing it into her faster and harder. He’s all the way inside her, and she’s making lots of funny faces.”

“Is his cock moving like mine is between your legs?” whispered Jack as he continued to stroke the boy’s hardness with this fingers and squeeze the dark purple head of the boy’s dick.

“Yes.” Jerry gasped back.

“What’s the man doing now,” Jim wanted to know.

“He’s brought his hand up and is touching the girl at the top of her pussy.”

“He’s fingering her clit. How does it make the girl feel?”

“Even better than before,” answered Jerry. “She’s rolling her eyes around and her mouth is hanging open.”

“How does my hand feel as I masturbate you? Tell me what your penis feels like.”

“Ohhh...” moaned Jerry. “It’s so hard it almost hurts. It’s all swollen and tight and the top part at the end is throbbing and... oh God!” Jerry cried.

Jim slowed the movement of his hand slightly. He could tell the boy was getting very close to having his virgin orgasm, but he didn’t want the boy to cum just yet. He glanced up at the screen just in time to see the video cut to a new scene with the couple in another, different position.

“What now? What are they doing now?” he asked.

“The girl is on her knees with her head down on the bed, and the man is kneeling behind her and putting his dick into her cunt from behind,” the young boy replied, watching the action unfold. “The girl is throwing her head around and is gritting her teeth and her whole body is moving as he pushes his hips against her butt. Now he’s

leaning back some and you can see his penis moving in and out of her pussy. Now his cock is coming almost all the way out of her except for the very end, and he's pushing it all the way in until he can't go any farther, and then pulling back and doing it again and again."

As Jerry was describing the couple fucking furiously on the screen, Jim released his left arm from around the boy's ribcage that he had been using to hold the boy tight against him. His hand moved up the pubescent boy's chest and began to pinch first one, then the other of his little boy nipples.

"Oh, that feels good," cried Jerry.

Then he felt Jim's left hand move down and try to force its way under the smooth, round globes of his bottom. He arched his back a little bit to let Jim's hand slip beneath him. Jim's fingers dug into the crack of the boy's ass and ran along the base until he found the puckered little opening of the boy's virgin anus. The tip of one finger found the target of his crinkled ring of flesh, and began tormenting it by making little circles around the outside. Jim was still stroking his cock between the boy's legs and his other hand pounded up and down the boy's rock hard penis. Jerry felt the pressure of Jim's middle finger pressing against the ring of his asshole, and then gasped and began bucking his hips frantically as the end of the finger penetrated past the outer defenses of his rectum and entered him until it reached the first knuckle.

"Ahhhh...." wailed the boy in a long, high pitched yowl. "Oh Jim... oh Jim... oh Jim!" he sobbed. "I feel it now. Oh... I feel it happening now!" he announced.

The boy bounced his hips up and down as the man's finger plundered his ass and the stoking hand moved in a blur on his cock. Jim thrust his penis between the boy's legs, meeting every downward plunge of the boy's butt. Jim's felt his nuts practically crawling up inside his body from his tight scrotum, and he began to feel his own climax about to overtake him as well. Meanwhile on the screen, the man in the movie pounded his rod as hard as he could into the kneeling girl's cunt and was on the verge of shooting his wad too.

Jerry's cock exploded with pleasure as his virgin load of sperm traveled up through the channel in his dick and squirted its first pulse out the end of his penis. His eyes nearly bugged out of their sockets as a second pulse even more powerful than the first immediately followed it. He gasped for breath and sweat poured from every pore in the skin of his straining body. The penis moving between his legs pressed upward as Jim arched his back and held the boy's feet completely off the ground as he reached his orgasm at the same time. His sperm shot from the end of his cock, and the juice arched into the air in a series of powerful fountains, and landed on the boy's flat stomach to mix with the cum the boy was still shooting. Jerry sphincter clamped viciously in rhythmic contractions on the end of the man's finger as blast after blast of cum erupted from the end of his spasming little erection.

The man and boy shuddered and strained against each other, and then finally collapsed back into the chair they were sitting in, exhausted and panting for breath. Jim's middle finger of his left hand, the one he had used to penetrate the boy's virgin asshole, slipped out as he pulled his hand from beneath Jerry buttocks.

On the video, the man had flipped the girl over onto her back as he had achieved his final climax, and he was just pulling this wet, shiny dick out of the girl's red, gaping hole. The camera zoomed in for a close up, and a little dribble of cum ran down from her crack. Then the main body of the man's load poured out of her cunt to pool on the bed sheets beneath her.

Jim reached up with his hand to gather a bit of one of the smaller drops of ejaculate obviously belonging to the boy that covered the boy's belly, along with the much larger globs of his own spendings. He held up his hand and slowly opened and closed his fingers to display to the young boy how the sticky fluid formed strands between his fingertips.

"You see, Jerry?" inquired Jim, as he spoke softly, his mouth pressed again to the opening of the boy's ear. "This is what sperm looks like."

The video reached its conclusion, and the movie viewer window went momentarily black, then closed.



(To be continued at a later date.)

Thank you for your support and continued feedback about this story. —*The Author*

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