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Little Jerry's First Time

(End of previous chapter)

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 fingertips 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.

(Chapter —The Fourth)

And if we are fools in love,
Then a happy fool I would rather be.
And I'll be glad to learn from you,
And I know that you will learn from me.

—Jack Johnson, "Further On Down The Road"



Jerry looked at the apparent proof of his budding maturity gathered on the ends of Jim's fingers. He was still breathing heavily, but he was rapidly coming down from his recent orgasmic peak. Jim lowered his hand and placed it on the boy's chest. His own hard manhood had lost its erection and was lying soft, still trapped between the boy's legs.

"Jim..." said the boy hesitantly, as his breathing began to return to normal.

“Yeah buddy?”

“Uh, Jim...” Jerry seemed to be trouble putting his feelings into words.

“It’s okay,” Jim reassured him. “What’s up?”

“Well,” Jerry managed to say, “what we just did...”

“Uh huh. What about it?”

“Well, isn’t what we just did... well, you know... gay?”

Jim could see what was bothering the boy. He had just done something sexual with another guy, and he was feeling guilty about it now. He didn’t know much about sex, Jim thought, but he obviously knew that two guys doing sex stuff together was “gay”.

Jim, for his part, needed to sort out his own emotions as well. Seducing the boy—if “seduction” it was, since Jim had tried to resist every step of the way up until the end—was something he had never believed himself capable of. It certainly wasn’t something he planned.

“Yeah, I guess it was pretty ‘gay’,” Jim admitted. “But we were watching ‘straight’ sex while we were doing it,” he reminded Jerry, trying to find some mitigating aspect of the experience that would console the boy.

“Jim...” his young friend said softly.

“Yeah?”

“Jim, can I get up now?” Jerry asked hesitantly.

“Sure you can,” assured Jim. “But first, let’s get things cleaned up a bit first. Can you reach that box of tissues over there on my desk?” he asked.

“Yeah,” the boy affirmed.

“Well, grab a handful and give them to me,” directed Jim.

Jerry leaned forward and pulled several paper tissues from the cardboard dispenser and handed them to Jim, who then used them to wipe their combined ejaculate from the boy’s abdomen. Once done, he tossed them into a nearby trash basket sitting on the floor at the corner of the desk.

“Okay, you can get up now,” Jim informed his young friend.

Jerry got up from Jim’s lap and walked over to where his discarded brief lay on the floor. He picked them up and was apparently about to put them back on to cover his nudity. Now that the sexual excitement that had spurred him into doing the things he and Jim had just done had passed, he was keenly aware of his exposed state.

“Hang on a minute there,” Jim cautioned. He looked at the clock and made some quick calculations. “You came over here to take a shower, remember? If you go back home still smelling like sweat”—and like cum, Jim added to himself—“then your mom is going to wonder what happened, isn’t she?”

Jerry considered what Jim was saying, and nodded his head briefly in answer.

“Are you going to tell her about what we just did?” Jim wanted to know.

“No,” Jerry answered. “I don’t think she’d understand about something like this.”

“Well, then, we need to cover our tracks. I don’t approve of you telling lies to your mother, but there are some things that you have a right to keep from her sometimes. You have the right to some privacy about your sex life, and you don’t have to report everything about it to her.”

“Of course,” Jim elaborated further, “if somebody forces you into having sex, or anything else you don’t want to do, that’s something you shouldn’t be afraid to tell her about? Do you know what I’m saying?”

“Yeah,” acknowledged the boy.

“Jerry, do you feel that I just made you do something you didn’t want to do?” asked Jim softly.

“Oh no! No, it wasn’t like that at all,” answered the boy. “In fact, I was the one who almost forced you to... well, to do what we just did.”

“Are you feeling guilty about it now?”

“Sort of,” said the boy, looking down.

Jim stood up from his chair and approached the boy, who hung his head and was staring at the floor. He put his hands on the boy’s shoulders, then took one hand and lifted the boy’s chin to make Jerry look him in the face.

“It’s alright, Jerry. You didn’t do anything bad, and it’s okay. If anything, what happened was my fault entirely, not yours. I’m the adult here, and I should have known better.”

The boy was obviously reassured by Jim’s words, and relaxed slightly. But he still had some lingering doubts.

“But wasn’t it ‘gay’, Jim?” He was still worried about the idea. No matter who was responsible for what just happened, he was uncomfortable at the thought of doing something that lots of people apparently disapproved of. One of the biggest put-downs amongst his friends was to call something “gay”, or to say “that’s gay”, or “how gay”. Realizing that he had just done something “gay” bothered him.

“Look, we need to get you run through the shower before your mom gets home,” said Jim, deciding he had better find an explanation that would allow the boy to reconcile the sexual acts he had just participated in with his own image of himself as a “regular”, heterosexual person, “I need one too, and we can take a quick one together to save time. I’ll answer all your questions downstairs in the bathroom while we get that done, okay?”

“Uh huh,” the boy agreed.

“And what are you going to do about clothes?” Jim wanted to know, suddenly evaluating the situation some more. “You can’t go back next door still wearing the same grungy shorts you came over here in. Your mom would be sure to ask questions about that.”

“Oh,” Jerry said, brightening up suddenly, “I bought my clothes over when I came. I left them downstairs on the living room chair outside the bathroom door. I can put them on before I leave. Mom will never know that I didn’t go over to my friend’s house.”

“Oh, that’s good,” sighed Jim with relief. Once the full impact of the situation had struck him, the possible consequences of his behavior with the boy had been weighing on his conscience. Knowing that the boy was as eager to keep things secret as he was took a huge load off his mind. Going to prison for child molestation wasn’t something Jim thought he could handle. “Then grab your shorts and let’s get the shower going. I’ll explain some more of the stuff about what we just did while we get cleaned up.” He looked at the boy’s belly, and could see the white, crusty patch still left there from their combined ejaculations. They still needed to remove the evidence of their recent sexual encounter.

Jim walked over to his closet and pulled several large towels off the shelf, and then he and Jerry padded bare-assed down to the bathroom. Jim flicked on the light, and then pulled back the shower curtain and turned on the water. He waited a few moments for the hot water to make its way up from the hot water heater in the basement, and then

adjusted the temperature. Once the shower was going, he motioned Jerry into the shower, and then followed the boy in.

"Here's some soap," Jim said, offering the boy a bar from the holder mounted to the wall. He took another bar and began soaping himself up as well.

Jerry stood under the spray of water with his back to Jim, now somewhat modest about his nudity. Jim recognized that the boy was feeling kind of strange now that the lust that had driven him to allow his adult friend to see him naked had passed. Jim made no effort to touch the boy, and kept his distance at the other end of the shower. Jim knew better than to make any suggestions about washing either other's backs, or other things that would violate the boy's personal space. Jerry washed his body quickly and efficiently, exerting special effort on his abdomen as he scrubbed off his and Jim's spendings. Jim tried to keep his eyes off the boy, and not appear to be staring at his young friend, but when Jerry bent over to wash his legs and feet, Jim couldn't help take a good, long look between the boy's asscheeks. Jerry had spread his legs to maintain his balance as he lathered his lower legs, and obviously didn't realize that his position showed the hairless, pink pucker of his anus to his older friend standing behind him. Jim thought about how he had just had his finger stuck up that tight little hole of the boy's backdoor, and his dick gave a sudden spasm.

"Not now," thought Jim, tearing his eyes away from the boy's firm, young buttocks. "The kid is freaked-out enough as it is. Getting another hard-on right now wouldn't be a good idea at all."

Jim took a step farther away from Jerry, and considered things. Talking about things right now, while they were still naked, would be a bit awkward. He turned his back completely to Jerry and finished washing up.

"You just about done, sport?" he finally asked over his shoulder.

"Yep," replied Jerry.

"Well, why don't you get out and dry off, and give me a chance to rinse off?"

"Okay," Jerry agreed, and stepped out of the shower.

Jim stood under the direct spray of the showerhead and removed the last of the soap from his body. Then he turned off the water and pulled back the curtain. Jerry had already left the bathroom, and could be seen through the open door with a towel around his middle, drying his hair. Jim grabbed a towel and moved out of sight of the boy, giving them both some privacy.

After he was mostly dry, Jim wrapped a towel around his waist and walked into the living room.

"Do you still want to talk about things with me for a moment before you leave?" he asked Jerry.

"I guess," came the boy's somewhat hesitant reply.

"Okay, I'll go get dressed upstairs and be back in a moment," Jim explained. "I'll be right back down."

Jim went up the stairs and to his dresser. He grabbed a pair of shorts, dropped the towel, and put them on.

"Now what to wear?" Jim wondered. "How does one dress for such an occasion? And how do you explain homosexuality to the totally virgin boy whose body you just shot cum all over? 'Ships that pass in the night' just isn't going to make it."

Jim picked out a tee-shirt and a pair of pants, put them on, stuck his feet into some bedroom slippers, and headed down the stairs. Jerry was still there, now fully dressed, sitting in one of the living room chairs. He barely looked up as Jim entered the room.

Jim could only guess at what the boy was feeling, and he was having a bit of trouble putting his own emotions in perspective. He felt very close to little Jerry at the moment, but couldn't believe that he could experience the emotional attachment for a boy that he reserved for his romantic interests in girlfriends. As he went over to sit at the end of the couch closer to Jerry's chair, he thought about what he was feeling emotionally. It wasn't the same love he felt for girls, but a strange sort of protective desire. Yet at the same time, he decided, he looked at Jerry as a sort of equal, in that none of his girlfriends could ever actually know what it felt like to be a guy. This was a strange sort of love, he considered.

"There. You've called it 'love,'" thought Jim. "You've said it, even if only to yourself."

Jim gave a deep sigh as he and Jerry sat there, both momentarily silent.

"Well, 'I love you' are *not* the first words that should come out of my mouth," Jim said to himself. "Jerry is terrified that he's done something 'gay', and we're going to have to deal with that first."

"Look, Jerry," said Jim, improvising all the way, "I know you must be feeling kind of strange about what just happened."

"Uh... yeah," admitted the boy, not looking in Jim's direction.

"It's okay. Everybody feels that way after their first time. It's to be expected. But what we just did, that doesn't mean you're 'gay'. Lots of guys your age do things like we just did, and they don't grow up to have sex only with other guys. They get girlfriends when they get older, and get married, and all that stuff."

"Really?" said Jerry, looking up somewhat doubtfully at Jim. "Lots of guys do that?" he asked in disbelief.

"Yes, but nobody talks about it. It's one of those things that, once you get older, everybody kind of knows it happens, but just pretty much gets ignored."

Jerry was beginning to relax slightly. Knowing that—if what Jim said was true—he wasn't somebody strange and different after all. Jim saw the relief in Jerry's appearance, and reinforced his point the best way he knew how.

"Jerry, if it helps, I'll tell you something that I've never told anyone else in the world. When I was your age, or maybe even a little younger, I did it with a boy my own age for a long time too."

"You *did*?"

"Yes, I did. I didn't fall in love with the guy,"—not the way I'm falling in love with *you*, Jim thought to himself—"but we got together every so often and... well, *did* things... you know, sex things together. It's a lot more common than you think."

Jerry considered this. He wanted to Jim to show him the pictures, and finally the movie of people really fucking, so that he wouldn't be out-of-pace with his friends—so he wouldn't be different than they were. Then he did something just now with Jim that made him view himself as weird and even more different than before. Jerry couldn't admit it to himself, but what shook him the most was the fact that he had enjoyed what Jim and he had just done more than anything he had ever experienced in his life. The memory of Jim's hand masturbating his stiff little dick, and Jim's hands running all over his body, and the feel of his older friend's body pressed against his, simply overwhelmed him. The sensation he remembered most was that of Jim's hard cock sliding between his

legs, and when Jim finally thrust one of his fingers up his asshole, it was so wonderful at the time that he not only allowed it to happen, but really wanted it to happen. This was more than he had been prepared to accept. But now, in light of what Jim was telling him, maybe things weren't so bad after all.

"So, if you did this stuff when you were my age, then that means that... well..." said Jerry hesitantly.

"That doesn't mean you're 'gay', Jerry," reassured Jim. "Some people like only the opposite sex, and some people only do it with people who are the same sex. And there are people who 'go both ways', as the saying goes."

"You mean, like you?" asked Jerry.

"Well... uh... um... sort of," Jim responded, now very much not sure what to say. "I guess because of what I did with my friend years ago, and what just happened between you and me just now, well... I suppose... you know... I guess you could say that."

Jim was having as much trouble as Jerry coming to grips with how he viewed himself. He wasn't 'gay', was he? He knew that you didn't have to be a flaming queen if you were a homosexual, but he still didn't get off on the thoughts of sex with adult guys. Women were what he thought of when it came to sex.

"Of course," he thought, "the way I feel about Jerry isn't like what I felt for any of my girlfriends. It's different—something I never knew even existed before. It's like opening a door in your house that you never saw before, and finding a whole, new set of rooms—someplace you never even knew existed."

"Jerry," said Jim, returning to the practical matter of Jerry's "education" on these matters, "you'll have plenty of time to decide whether you're 'gay' or not. When you get older, you'll find out if it's guys or girls who turn you on. Maybe even both, who knows? But one of the things that I asked you before—and I want to be very sure of this—I want to know if you think I made you do what we just did. Do you feel I tricked you into it, or forced you in any way?"

"No, you didn't," assured Jerry shyly.

"Because it's never okay to make someone have sex. Do you hear what I'm saying? I'm telling you that nonconsensual sex is totally, completely wrong, and that there is no justification for it under any circumstances. People who do that, anyone who would force a child into sexual activity against their will absolutely beneath contempt. These people are the self-serving, egomaniacal sociopaths that society portrays them as. Forcing anyone into sexual activity against their will is tantamount to rape—if not rape in fact. And, if this is a child's first experience in sex, that makes it incredibly worse. Nothing under heaven can justify that, and no punishment, within reason, is too extreme. I will, (just barely), concede that these people need psychiatric help, but that does not mean that they should escape punishment and not have to face the consequences of their actions."

"Whoa..." said Jerry, almost beneath his breath.

"Okay, maybe I'm coming on kind of strong about that," admitted Jim, "but that's how I feel. And, don't you see?" Jim was almost pleading now. "That's what I'm afraid I just did to you."

"No, Jim. It wasn't like that at all," guaranteed Jerry, trying to comfort his clearly distraught older friend. "I'm not mad at you. You only did what I wanted you to, really. I just wanted to know that sex was all about, and you showed me. You didn't force me into anything." Jerry was upset that Jim was blaming himself, whereas it was Jerry who thought of himself as the instigator.

"Well, thank you," said Jim with relief. "I meant it, what I said before. If someone forces you to have sex, I want you to tell your mother, or me, or somebody. If there's a teacher you trust at school, tell them. Promise me you'll never keep quiet about something like that."

"I promise, Jim. I promise I'll tell someone if that happens."

"Now, about what *did* just happen: are you going to tell anyone about that?" queried Jim.

"No. That's nobody's business but ours," said Jerry with resolve.

"Fine. I'm happy to hear that," Jim said with further relief. "If, for some reason, you do get questioned about you and me doing things together, let me give you some advice. If you never admit to anything, if you just deny to whoever asks that we even touched each other in a sexual way, then no one can prove a thing. I promise I'll never say anything—ever! If you do the same, then we both know that we're safe, and nobody can get to us."

"I won't ever talk either, Jim. I promise."

"Not to your mother, not to Bob, especially not to the cops—if we both keep this our secret, then no one could ever use it against either of us. This will be something personal, something that's ours, and ours alone."

"I understand," Jerry confirmed. He considered the situation for a moment, then said, "It makes me feel sort of special, sharing a secret like this with you."

Jim felt such an outpouring of emotion that he had trouble keeping his voice in check. He wanted to tell the boy that he loved him, and would cherish him always, but that would have been too much at this time.

Instead, he said, "It makes me feel special too, Jerry." Jim reached out and patted the boy's knee softly, allowing himself just that much body contact to reinforce his point. He leaned back on the couch, then, and wiped the moisture that had gathered in his eyes.

"That's twice now I've almost cried," Jim thought. "I never cry this easily. What's got into me?"

He and Jerry sat there for a moment, each lost in his own thoughts. They were suddenly interrupted by a knock on the door.

"Jim?" they heard Patty's voice call out. "I'm back from the laundromat. Is Jerry over there?"

"Oh, shit!" muttered Jim, jumping to his feet. "Just follow my lead, and try not to look guilty," he advised the boy as he rounded the chair Jerry was sitting in to answer the door.

"Hi, Patty," he greeted Jerry's mother with a big smile as he opened the door. "Jerry got home, and there was no one there, so he came over here for a while."

"Oh, there you are, honey," Patty said, seeing her son sitting in the chair. "We locked the doors, but I knew Jim has a key, so I figured he would just let you in."

"No, mom," Jerry answered. "I just got here. I was just waiting for you to get home."

"He's not been bothering you, has he, Jim?" Patty asked Jim with concern.

"Oh, no. Not at all. You know that Jerry is welcome any time. Don't worry about it," Jim assured her.

"Okay, then," said Patty with relief. "I've got to get things put away, so you come next door when Jim wants you to go, Jerry."

"I will, mom," Jerry said obediently, and as casually as possible.

"Then see you in a little bit. And thanks, Jim, for watching him for me while we were out. I don't know what I would do without you." She put her arm lightly around Jim's back in a very casual, familiar gesture, and reached up to give Jim a quick peck on the cheek. "You're just like one of the family to us, you know."

Jim found himself blushing as Patty left and closed the door behind herself.

"Well," said Jim. "I think we got away with it."

They heard the sounds of Patty closing the door to the neighboring apartment, and the thumping of Jerry's mother moving the clothesbaskets around coming through the adjoining wall. Jim walked back over and sat down on the couch.

"Okay, some final advice, here, and then it's time to go next door," he stated, taking a business like approach. "Remember what I showed you. You can do what I did to your dick with my hand by yourself, you know."

It was Jerry's turn to blush as the conversation turned back to sex. He thought for a moment, then asked, "Even the part about... the part where you stuck your finger... you know, *there*?" asked the boy.

Jim hadn't thought about that. He had been talking about simply jacking-off.

"Well, if you liked it, then I guess you can do that part too," he grudgingly admitted. "You don't have to, you know. That's not required, or anything."

"Yeah," agreed Jerry.

"Did you like it?" Jim wanted to know.

"Yeah," Jerry confirmed. "You had said earlier that it was okay, but when you did it to me, I mean... when it happened, I didn't realize that it would be so... I mean... that I would... that it would make me... oh, *you know!*" Jerry blurted out.

Jim remembered how surprised he had been the first time his girlfriend had done the same thing to him. He had been on all fours on top, with her lying under him facing the other way, and they were doing a "sixty-nine" to each other, when his girlfriend had released his cock from her mouth and actually moved up between his asscheeks to chew and lick his rear-end, and finally the ring of his anus. Then, after she got his dick back in her mouth, she had reached up with one hand and pressed a finger into his asshole. The combination of the two things—the mouth on his cock, and the finger up his butt—had given him one of the most powerful orgasms he had ever felt.

"Yes, I guess I do know," he told the boy. "But I wanted to give you some other advice about other things. For one, what do you wear to bed?"

"You know, Jim, you ask some strange questions sometimes," declared Jerry.

"Look, the reason I ask is because you're liable to want to do it in bed at night," explained Jim. "And if you're wearing pajamas, that's different than if you slept in the raw."

"How?"

"If you have pajamas on, you're liable to get your... well, your 'stuff' on them. And then it would be embarrassing if your mom saw that."

"I guess you're right," conceded Jerry.

"Now, she's going to figure out that you've started doing it eventually. Or she's going to decide that you must have started sooner or later. But having your mother give you a hard time over not... well, I guess you'd say not 'cleaning up after yourself', is awfully embarrassing, both for you and for her. So here's what you do: get yourself an athletic sock, and when you feel you're getting ready to shoot off, then stick your dick into the

sock and finish jerking-off into that. Then hide it under the bed where your mom can't find it, and get it washed out later."

"Won't she see it in the wash?" asked Jerry.

"Well, yeah, if you can't wash it out yourself first, which I suppose you can't, seeing as that your mom uses the laundromat. What you could do is bring them over here and throw them in with my stuff, and I'll do them with my laundry."

"But then you'll know about it," countered Jerry.

"I already know, remember?" Jim pointed out. "I just saw you do it in front of me. It's kind of late now to worry about that. And, besides, it's just some dirty socks. It's not like I'll be watching you masturbate."

"Oh, okay," agreed Jerry. "Was there anything else?"

"Not for now. Well, one thing, maybe. Here, stand up for a minute," requested Jim. Jerry got to his feet, and Jim moved to stand in front of the boy. "There's one last thing you can do for me, though you don't have to."

"Yeah?" said Jerry, somewhat suspiciously.

"Can I give you a hug before you go?" Jim asked.

"Oh, is that all?" said the boy with apparent relief. Some strange things had happened to him already today, and he hadn't been sure about what else Jim had in mind. But a simple hug didn't seem so bad. "Sure. Why not?"

Jim took the boy in his arms and held him close as he gave little Jerry a big, firm hug. Jerry simply stood there for a moment, and then Jim felt the boy's arms encircle his waist and hug him back. Jim bent his head and kissed the boy on the top of the head.

"Now, you get on back to your mother; she's expecting you," Jim instructed as they broke from their embrace. "And don't worry. Things will be fine."

Jim watched as the boy nodded and then stepped around Jim to make his way to the door. He opened it and prepared to go out.

"I'll see you later," said Jerry, pausing in the doorway, as if not wanting to leave.

"Yeah, I'll see you tomorrow, Jerry. Good night," Jim replied, equally reluctant to see the boy go.

Jerry walked out and closed the door.

"I love you, Jerry," said Jim aloud to himself in the otherwise empty room, his eyes fixed on the now closed door. "Sleep tight, and don't let the bedbugs bite."



The ringing of the telephone interrupted Jim reveries about his first encounter with Jerry. Suddenly brought back to the present, he picked up the receiver, noting from the caller ID that it was the number from next-door.

"Hello," he answered.

"Jim, this is Jerry," came the excited voice on the other end of the line.

"Hey, buddy. How's it going?" Jim asked.

"Wow, super great. Mom just told me that I'm going to stay at your place while she's gone to Aunt Sally's."

"Yeah, that's right," agreed Jim.

"Oh, this is going to be *excellent*," Jerry gushed enthusiastically. His voice suddenly dropped to almost a whisper, as if to keep anyone else in the other apartment from hearing him. "We'll have plenty to time to, you know, be *together*."

Jim knew exactly what the boy was thinking. He was way ahead of him, though. Jim was the one who, if fact, had just paid five hundred dollars for the pleasure of the having the boy keep him company for almost the next week. A million dollars would have been a small price to pay, Jim decided.

"I know all about it, and what you've got in mind," Jim assured the boy. "You just don't act too eager, or your mom will suspect something is going on. Just act casual. You know, like always."

"I know how to act," said Jerry, almost disdainfully. "I'm not a little kid anymore," he reminded Jim.

"I know you do," reassured Jim, "but just don't push your mom and Bob out the door so you can get over here. We've got a long time until she gets back. 'Patience is a virtue,'" Jim advised the boy.

"You always say that," said Jerry, as if to point out that he was old enough to know these things for himself.

Jim smiled. Though Jerry was so grownup in his own mind, and didn't like Jim giving him too much advice, he still sought Jim out to teach him things. Jim supposed his constant moralizing and reassertion of trite platitudes kind of wore thin after a while, but he couldn't help offering fatherly advice to the boy, even though their relationship was hardly that of father-and-son.

"I only say that because it's true, and to remind you," advised Jim. "But, like I said, just don't make too big a deal out of coming over to stay with me."

"I won't," Jerry assured him.

"How much longer before you get here?" asked Jim.

"We just ate, and mom is making me do my homework before I come, even though I've got all weekend to do it. Bob is packing up the car, and I'm supposed to take a shower before they leave too."

"Fine. There's plenty of time, then," responded Jim.

"And when I come over," Jerry said, again speaking as quietly as possible so as not to be overheard, "I'll come 'commando,'" the boy's voice whispered. Jim then heard Jerry's familiar giggle from the other end of the telephone.

Jim knew what the boy was planning, and how obviously eager he was to get going with their "weekend activities". Quite often, when Jerry would come over to Jim's house in the evening, the boy would wear as little as possible, and that usually meant barefoot in just a tee-shirt and shorts—and no underwear. It made getting dressed after their little trysts together that much quicker if it should become necessary, and Jim was sure the forbidden thrill of having almost nothing to take off so they could get right to the "activities" excited the boy as well. Jim knew that the fact that there was nothing coming between him and Jerry's little dick but a pants button and a zipper certainly excited him as well.

"We've got all weekend, Jerry," cautioned Jim. "Let's not wear ourselves out the first night."

"I know," Jerry agreed, "but this is going to be *great*, isn't it?"

"Yeah, I'm certainly looking forward to it as well," admitted Jim. "But you just play it cool, like always, and I'll see you once your mom and Bob are ready to take off. Okay?"

"Sure. So I'll see you in a little while," said Jerry.

"Yes. Just take your time and things will be fine," Jim answered.

"Okay. Bye," the boy said and hung up the phone.

"We've almost got this down to a routine," thought Jim. "But it was something that didn't happen overnight."

Jim remembered that it had taken some time before he and Jerry became "intimate" with each other again after that first encounter. Jim hadn't seen Jerry for a day or two afterward, but soon the boy was coming over and playing video games, and generally hanging around after school just like always. It might have remained a single, "ships that pass in the night" incident if not for what happened about three weeks after that first time.

Jim had been sitting at home, and Jerry had let himself in the front door, and then called out up the stairs, "Hey, Jim! Are you up there?"

"Yeah," replied Jim. "Come on up."

The boy appeared at the top of the stairs to Jim's bedroom and work area, and he was carrying a paper bag.

"Hi, Jim," the boy said somewhat nervously, or so it seemed to Jim.

"Hey, buddy. What's up?"

"Jim..." the boy began, and then didn't say anything more.

"Well?" said Jim at last.

"Ah... well... you remember how you said that you would... uh... you know... do some "laundry" for me, if I needed it?"

Jim considered what the boy was getting at for a moment, and then he suddenly comprehended what the boy meant, and why he was so nervous and reluctant to talk about it.

"Oh, yeah," Jim said after his flash of recognition. "I did. So I assume that you've got some... well... some socks for me to wash for you."

The boy blushed furiously and simply nodded.

"A lot of socks?" Jim asked with a smile, almost teasing the boy.

"Uh huh," agreed Jerry. "Mom is... well... missing them. She was asking this morning where all my athletic socks were going, and why I wasn't putting them in the wash. She almost went under my bed to see if she could find any there. I managed to stop her just in time."

"Oh, I see," said Jim knowingly. "So, the sock idea is working for you then?"

Jerry pursed his lips slightly, and again just nodded.

"Well, good for you," Jim said approvingly. "And you're... you know... *enjoying* yourself?"

"Oh, Jim," said the boy, relaxing somewhat now that the subject was apparently out in the open, "I never knew anything could be so... so... I mean... gee..." Jerry rolled his eyes at the ceiling and gave a low whistle for emphasis.

Jim certainly saw nothing wrong with masturbation, and he was momentarily proud of the fact that he had been the one to show the boy the pleasures his own body could afford him. The kid would have probably learned how to beat-off by himself even if Jim hadn't demonstrated things to him, but skipping right to the best methods—instead of the clumsy experimentation necessary if you're "self-taught"—made the boy's gratification and satisfaction with the act proceed at a much more rapid pace.

"Just dump them in my laundry hamper over there," directed Jim.

Jerry walked over to the dirty clothes bin Jim had in the corner of the room, and emptied the contents of his paper sack into it. Jim noticed that, though it had only been

three weeks since his “lesson” with Jerry, the boy had certainly used up a lot of socks already.

“That’s a lot of “laundry” for me to do,” teased Jim. “You’re really getting into it, aren’t you?”

“Oh, come on Jim,” pleaded the boy, “don’t give me a hard time.”

“You don’t know *how* hard a time I really want to give you, kid,” thought Jim, “or where I want to give you it, either.” But Jim kept his mouth shut about that, and said instead:

“I’m not giving you shit, Jerry. I was actually kind of surprised. Are you really doing it that much?”

“Oh, yeah,” admitted Jerry, proud of himself that Jim would actually be impressed with how often he was yanking his wang. “I want to do it all the time now. I mean, at least a couple of times a day.”

“That’s normal,” reassured Jim. “That just shows you’re healthy. And don’t worry, you can’t do it too much and hurt yourself, or anything like that. Just so you don’t spend all your time at it—like, instead of doing homework, or chores for your mom. You have to realize that there’s a time and a place. You can’t spend all your time with your dick in your hand.”

“I’m not,” affirmed the boy. “But, Jim, there is one other thing I wanted to... well, to ask you about.”

“Yeah, buddy?” Jim wasn’t sure what was coming next. He thought he had covered all the bases in what the boy needed to know about sex for a while. What was coming now?

“Well, doing it by myself is really great and all, but... uh... you know, when you and I did it together... I mean... you know, that was, like, even better than anything I’ve been able to do since then.” Jerry kind of shifted his weight from foot to foot, and was obviously embarrassed by this new admission.

“Is he suggesting what I think he is?” thought Jim. He wasn’t sure what to say.

“And... so?” Jim prompted the boy.

“You’re going to make me say it, aren’t you?” said Jerry, almost accusingly, frowning slightly and lowing his gaze to glare at Jim in apparent frustration.

Jim considered this for a moment. Did he really want to go where this was leading? Doing things once with the boy could be forgiven as impulse, but doing it twice would be premeditation. Jim only knew he wanted it more than anything else in the world right now. He had been jerking his own cock to the memory of the boy’s body against his, and the feel of his hard rod sliding between the boy’s legs. The memory of all his other girlfriends paled in comparison, and his collection of porn had remained untouched since that day three weeks before. Jim simply hadn’t needed it for inspiration. The thought of him and Jerry cumming together as they ground their sweaty bodies together was all the stimulation he had needed lately.

Jim decided—if he was reading the situation correctly—that the threat of eternal damnation and suffering all the agonies of hell forever couldn’t stop him from agreeing to what the boy seemed to be suggesting.

“Yeah, Jerry” said Jim quietly. “If you’re getting at what I think you are, I need you to come out and say it.”

Jim was afraid that the boy was going to bolt and run back down the stair and out the door by the way he was fidgeting, but finally Jerry seemed to pull himself together a little bit and steeled his nerves for what he was about to say, and what he wanted to do.

"Jim, will you do it with me again?" asked Jerry quietly, in his soft, little boy's voice.

Jim stood up from the office chair he had been sitting in and walked over to where Jerry was standing. At slightly over six feet tall, he didn't tower over the boy, but the top of Jerry's head only came to a little below Jim's chin. Jerry stood looking apprehensively, waiting for Jim's answer.

"Jerry," said Jim gently, putting his arms under Jerry's arms, embracing the boy loosely, and looking deeply into his young friend's eyes, "there's nothing I want to do more in this world."

"Really?" queried the boy, who was obviously relieved that his proposition hadn't been rejected.

"More than you will ever know, my little man," confirmed Jim. "More than you will ever know."

Jim pulled the boy more tightly to himself, and brought his hand up to the back of the boy's head to press it into his chest. Jerry, as he had after that first time three weeks before, responded by putting his arms around Jim in return. They embraced each other tightly, as if afraid that the moment would pass too quickly, and that they would be torn apart too soon.

"Come on," Jim suggested at last, "lets go sit on the bed." Though he was savoring the feel of the boy's warm body against his own, he was looking forward to what was coming next even more.

Jerry released his grip on Jim, and Jim guided his eager companion over to the king sized bed that filled one side of the room. They both sat down on the edge of the bed—Jim on the left, with Jerry on the right. Jim then put one arm around the boy's shoulders and pulled him slightly closer.

"Did you have anything specific that you wanted to do?" inquired Jim. "Did you just want to do only what we did last time?"

"Well, I hadn't really thought about it that much," admitted Jerry, looking trustingly into Jim's eyes. "I just kind of knew I wanted to do, well... you know... to do *more*. I just wanted to be close to you again, like we were before."

"Then is it okay if I make some suggestions?" asked Jim, making sure he really had permission from the boy before proceeding.

"Yeah, sure," agreed Jerry. "I don't really know what to do now."

"And you aren't worried about it being 'gay', are you?" Jim further inquired.

Jerry shook his head slightly. "No, I don't care about that so much anymore. I thought about it, and if guys can do it, and if that doesn't mean that they have to be all there way 'gay' all the time, I guess, we... you know. And if it's just a secret between us, well..." Jerry's voice trailed off momentarily, but then he regained his air of certainty. "All I know is that I want to do more stuff with you. I don't care if other people don't understand, and don't think it's okay."

"Good," said Jim, "then here's something I want to teach you, but I don't want to freak you out or anything."

"Yeah?" questioned Jerry, at once very excited at the prospect of doing more sexual things with Jim, but slightly apprehensive about what Jim might be about to ask him to do.

"Can I teach you how to kiss?" asked Jim, feeling out the boy's limits of compliance.

The thought of kissing another guy was something Jerry had never really considered.

"I guess that would be okay," agreed the boy. "I mean, because it's you, and everything."

"Do you know what 'French-kissing' is?" probed Jim.

"Isn't that where they open their mouths when they kiss?" Jerry asked hesitantly.

"Yeah."

"And that's what you want us to do now?" the boy asked.

"Uh huh," affirmed Jim. "It's not only that, but people also use their tongues when they French kiss."

"Oh, gross!" Jerry blurted out. "That really is what that is?"

"Yep," Jim said, nodding in reply to the boy's question. "It may seem gross now, but it's not so bad once you've tried it," he assured the boy. "And it's a great way to get things started, if you get my drift."

"I suppose, if that's the way people... well, you know... if that's what usually happens, I guess we can do that," Jerry finally agreed.

"You just let me start," instructed Jim, "and then, once we get going, you just try to do the same thing back to me."

"Okay," acquiesced the boy. He tilted his head back, pursed his lips, and closed his eyes in preparation.

"The kid kisses with his eyes closed," thought Jim. "That's so sweet, and kind of romantic," he chuckled to himself.

Jim decided to take things slow, as he had when he was first learning to date girls, and brought his lips to the boy's and gave him a lingering kiss. Jerry responded warmly, pressing his mouth back to Jim. Then, sensing that the boy was ready, he allowed his lips to part slightly. Jerry, feeling what Jim was doing, responded in kind, and let his mouth open slightly. Jim's left arm was already around the boy's shoulders, and—without breaking the kiss—brought his right arm around Jerry to pull him closer. Then, Jim gently pressed just the tip of his tongue against Jerry's and made a couple of little flicking motions. Then he let the kiss end, and leaned back slightly to look into the boy's face to see what affect their oral activity was having on him.

Jerry's face was flushed with excitement, and his eyes were wide and sparkling in the modest light supplied by the single lamp in the corner of the room.

"There", Jim announced. "That wasn't so bad, was it?"

"No," agreed Jerry, smiling for the first time since the encounter had begun. "It was actually kind of fun," he admitted.

"Here, let's lay back on the bed and do it some more," prompted Jim.

They both scooted back on the bed and laid lengthwise on it, their heads now on the pillows. Once they had arranged themselves comfortably, Jim again reached out and put one arm under Jerry's head so that it was resting on his bicep, and used his other arm to reach around the boy's waist to pull him closer, so that they were both laying on their sides facing each other.

"Get ready," Jim warned, "because here I come again." He brought his face back to the boy's as Jerry again closed his eyes and prepared himself for Jim's advance.

Jim kissed his young friend even more deeply this time. As soon as Jerry parted his lips, Jim pressed his tongue into the warm depths of the boy's mouth, and began probing for his partner's tongue. Jerry got the idea of what it was all about, and pressed his mouth back to Jim, meeting his attack. As Jim continued the kiss, his right hand found the hem

of Jerry's tee-shirt and ran his hand underneath to caress the boy's abdomen and chest. It was a move he'd practiced many times before, Jim realized in a sudden flash, but it had always been with a girl. He'd never used it to "get to second base" with somebody of the same sex. Jerry's lack of breasts didn't disappoint him, though. The feel of the boy's firm chest, and the sensation of moving his hand over Jerry's ribcage and abdomen were just as thrilling as it had been with his female lovers, but in a totally, heretofore unexpected way.

Jim leaded back again as the kiss ended, and offered a small suggestion.

"That was really nice," Jim almost whispered, "but let's do it once more. This time, I want you to stick your tongue out at me when I kiss you."

"How come?"

"You'll see," soothed Jim, and he lowered his face again and started another oral assault. Jerry opened his mouth right away, and allowed his tongue to actually enter Jim's mouth. Jim responded to the boy's unwitting invitation and began to suck the boy's tongue as his hands resumed their exploration of the boy's upper body. He hovered over the boy slightly, and found Jerry's little nipples and pinched and caressed them one at a time. Then, without allowing the fleshy digit to escape his oral embrace, he pulled his hand from under the boy's shirt and reached down to the space between his young lover's legs to determine how aroused he had become. Jim wasn't disappointed with what he found. Jerry's little dick was obviously very erect, and the boy flinched and pulled his mouth away from Jim's as he gasped at the feeling of Jim's hand on his cock.

"Did I hurt you?" asked Jim, taking his hand away from the boy's penis and thinking perhaps he had tried to 'get to third base' too soon. It had happened to him before. Playing with their tits was sometimes okay, but if you went for down *there* too quickly, the girl would freeze up and demand to be taken home immediately.

"No," said Jerry, "I just wasn't expecting it."

"Well, do you want to stop now?" inquired Jim.

Jerry paused slightly before replying. "I want to keep going," confirmed at last.

"Then, why don't we take off our clothes now," suggested Jim. "And it's a lot more pleasurable sometimes if one person undresses the other. Would that be okay?"

"Sure," said Jerry, now ready for almost anything Jim came up with. His adult friend hadn't been wrong about anything he had wanted to do so far. Jim was making him feel hot and excited in the same way that their previous encounter had—in the way he longed to experience again, and that his solitary masturbations simply couldn't compare to.

"Great," enthused Jim, and he reached down and kissed the boy again, this time on the forehead instead. "First I'll do you, then you can undress me."

Jerry simply nodded and prepared mentally to allow himself to be stripped naked, and to have his hard cock exposed to Jim's gaze, and accessible to his touch.

Jim pulled at the hem of Jerry's tee-shirt, and the boy sat upright to allow the garment to be drawn up over his head and arms, and finally taken off completely. Jim tossed the shirt to the side of the bed, and then pulled the boy's shoes off one by one. This left Jerry dressed only in his cut-off jean shorts and knee-high athletic socks. First Jim stripped the socks off the boy's legs and feet, and then he went for the snap of the boy's pants. He popped it open and then pulled down the zipper of the shorts. He grasped the sides of the shorts at the waist and began tugging them down the boy's legs. Jerry lifted his butt to allow the clothing to be removed, and laid back flat as it relinquished his feet. His stiff

little penis was sticking up hard in his white, jockey-short underwear, and he averted his eyes from Jim's as he saw the man looking almost hungrily at his hard rod.

Jim recognized Jerry's embarrassment, and made another suggestion.

"Roll over on your front," Jim said.

Jerry rolled over on his stomach, relieved that the evidence of his intense sexual arousal was at least momentarily hidden from view.

Jim then put his hand on Jerry's shoulders and began a massaging action. He kneaded the boy's neck and shoulder muscles with his fingers to get him to relax, and then began to run his hands up and down the boy's slim body. Jim would start at the top and work his way all the way down to the boy's ankles, feeling the smooth, soft flesh of the boy's skin sliding against his palms, and the tight, young muscles underneath rippling in response to his ministrations. He skipped lightly over the boy's butt on the first few trips, but then he came back to finally concentrate his efforts in that area. Jim spread his fingers wide, and cupped both the globes of the boy's asscheeks at once. He looked up at Jerry's face and saw that the boy was breathing through his mouth, taking deep breaths, his eyes closed, and a look of impassioned arousal on his face. Jim decided that the time was finally right, and he took the sides of the boy's last remaining covering by the waistband, and pulled them down.

Jerry felt the last of his clothing being removed. He lifted his hips to allow Jim to make him finally, totally naked. As the jockey-shorts left his feet and he lowered himself back to the mattress, he could feel his hard penis pressing against the sheet and throbbing.

Jim lowered himself to lie alongside Jerry, with his left arm trapped beneath him, but leaving his right hand free for explorations. He ran his hand along the entire length of the boy's now nude body, lingering on each passage to squeeze and cresses the up thrust hillocks of the boy's little, "bubble" butt. They stood out starkly white were his shorts and swimsuit had hidden the tender skin from the sun, contrasting greatly with the deep tan of the skin of the boy's back and legs.

Then Jim leaned over and began to kiss Jerry on the back of the boy's neck, progressing rapidly to nibbling with his lips at the nape, and then to move up to capture the boy's earlobe and to suck tenderly at it. As this was happening, Jim's right hand was feeling the boy's rear-end and the back and inner sides of his thighs. As he felt Jim's fingers pressing into the crack of his ass, Jerry instinctively and almost unconsciously parted his legs slightly to give the man better access to his tender little backdoor.

"You liked it the last time when I did what I'm doing now, didn't you?" whispered Jim softly into Jerry's ear as his finger moved back and forth in the boy's ass crack.

"Uh huh," Jerry managed to acknowledge.

"And can I do it again?" Jim wanted to know.

Jerry just closed his eyes again and nodded his head. He prepared himself for what he was now sure would come next.

Jim's used his middle finger and slowly probed for the boy's asshole. Jerry parted his legs even more to allow Jim to do what they both wanted to happen.

Jim's finger burrowed between the mounds of the boy's sweaty butt, and located the pink little rosebud opening. He teased the crinkled ring of tender flesh with his fingertip, making gentle circles as he gently stretched the opening. Then, as he felt the boy beginning to rock his hips up to meet the gentle pressure his finder was exerting, Jim leaned his head down to bring his face to Jerry's.

"Kiss me again," panted Jim breathlessly, his own hard cock nearly bursting through the font of his pants.

As their lips came together, and their lips parted, and their tongues began a frantic dance against each other, Jim pressed his finger forward with determination and it entered Jerry's anus.

Jerry threw his head back and gasped as Jim penetrated him. Jerry had his eyelids squeezed tightly shut, and his breathing was ragged and heavy.

"Oh... oh... oh!" moaned the boy as just the tip of the man's thick finger began to pump in and out of his tight orifice.

"Am I making you feel good?" Jim asked needlessly. The overwhelming pleasure Jerry was undergoing was more than apparent.

Instead of answering, Jerry used his left hand to reach behind Jim's head and draw the man's face back to his, and he opened his mouth and thrust his tongue deeply into Jim's mouth. Jim sucked at the boy's fleshy, oral digit as his finger worked slightly deeper into the boy's tight, young asshole with each stroke.

Just when he thought he was about to cum against the sheets as his hard little dick moved back and forth with each jab of Jim's finger in his rectum, the finger suddenly popped free as Jim pulled his hand away and sat up suddenly.

"You can undress me another time," declared Jim, with the sudden knowledge that there would of course be another time—as many times, in fact, as they could manage. "I can't wait anymore."

Jim stripped his own tee-shirt off his body, and then kicked off both shoes. He practically ripped his socks off, and quickly undid his belt, opened the snap of his pants, pulled down the zipper, and lugged his jeans off in one swift motion. Then he lay back as he moved next to Jerry, his hard cock pressing against the confines of his underwear.

"Are you ready to see me?" asked Jim, actually somewhat embarrassed to show his pulsing male member to the innocent boy.

"Yeah," agreed the boy. "You can take it out now."

Having Jerry's permission, Jim raised his hips, pulled off his shorts, and exposed his engorged manhood to the young boy.

"Wow..." breathed Jerry softly as he got his first really good look at a man's full sized, adult cock. "It's huge, isn't it?" he said with eager appreciation.

"I'm not so big," corrected Jim. "It's just about average size, I guess."

Jerry stared at the head of Jim's dick, and the tight, almost purple skin of the head of the man's cock. He could see a tiny drop of something oozing from the very tip.

"Now let me see you," requested Jim. "Roll over towards me and let me see yours."

Jerry rolled onto his back as Jim shifted to give him room and brought his own stiff, circumcised penis into view. Though it wasn't as large as Jim's, it was certainly as hard, and it strained and jerked as it pointed its head towards the ceiling. Jim saw that each pulse of the boy's rapidly beating heart made the little cock bob up and down.

Jerry just lay there, not knowing what to do next. Jim, on the other hand, knew exactly what he wanted to happen. He reached out with his right hand and rubbed the boy's flat chest, and then tweaked and pinched each of the little nipples in turn. Then his hand moved farther down the boy's body briefly, to return to the boy's chest, and then over his shoulders and down his arms. Then Jim placed his hand on Jerry's upper thigh, and ran his hand along the inside. Jerry felt the hand move into his crotch and the fingers finally reach his balls. Jim very tenderly cupped the boy's jewels, and then

finally let his hand move to his main objective. His finger gently wrapped themselves around the boy's stiff little pecker and he began masturbating the boy. Jerry watched as Jim jacked his cock with long even strokes. His whole body was covered in a light film of sweat, and his breath came in uneven gasps.

Jim watched the boy's face intently as he gave Jerry as much pleasure with his free hand as he could. The look of youthful lust he saw there was a vision that he would hold in his memory forever. His own penis ached with excitement, and he shifted his body so as to allow him to get his left arm free. Without saying what he wanted, Jim took hold of Jerry's right wrist—remembering suddenly that the boy was left handed—and moved Jerry hand down his body and pressed it against the spot of his own most urgent need. His young friend looked down to see what Jim was trying to do, and he understood in a moment. The young, soft hand grasped the man's staining cock, and began to gently to masturbate Jim in return.

"Oh, Jim," groaned Jerry, "this is wonderful. This is what I was thinking about almost every time I was doing it to myself since that first time. Oh my God!" he moaned, "This feels so intense, I can hardly stand it." Jerry's hand began jacking almost frantically at Jim's erect, adult penis in his frenzy of emotional outpouring. "All I ever want is this with you!" he gasped.

Jim leaned down to Jerry and placed his mouth directly against the boy's ear. "I love you too, Jerry," he whispered softly.

Then he began licking around the opening of the boy's ear, moving to shower kisses upon the boy's cheeks and forehead, and to finally let his mouth cover the boy's in a passionate, open mouthed kiss. When, as his tongue entered Jerry mouth, he felt the young boy do to what he himself had done earlier, and the kid began sucking at his tongue passionately. The combination of the boy's staining penis in his hand, the sucking on his tongue, and the youthful hand pumping his cock nearly drove Jim stark raving, completely mad with lust and passion. Jim was just barely able to avoid having an orgasm as he decided that he wanted to give Jerry every ounce of pleasure he was capable of delivering. What he was about to do would have been totally unthinkable before he had fallen in love with Jerry, but now he wanted to do it more than he had ever wanted anything in the world.

"Jerry," Jim said softly, pulling free from their kiss, "do you remember what happened in the movie?"

"Huh?" gasped the boy in confusion.

"Do you remember what the girl did to the man? How she used her mouth on his cock?"

"Yeah," acceded the boy.

"Well, that's what I want to do to you now. I want to suck your cock for you, Jerry. I want to give you the best blowjob I can. But, unlike the movie, I want you to let yourself go completely, and not to hold back. I want to take you all the way until you cum in my mouth. Will you let me do that?"

The mere thought of Jim sucking him off nearly made Jerry cum right there and then, but he exerted what little control he had learned from his private practice in the past three weeks and just barely held off.

"Okay," he squeaked almost silently. "Oh, please. Anything you want Jim," he managed to say a bit more loudly.



(To be continued at a later date.)

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

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