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Little Jerry's First Time

(End of previous chapter)

Held fore-and-aft by the man's hands by his naked private areas, Jerry whooped and shrieked as the man felt-up his semi-hard cock in front and assaulted his rear-end with the other hand behind. They struggled with each other briefly in mutual pleasure, and then the hot water heater gave up the last of its contents, and the shower turned truly cold.

"Time to get done here," Jim advised. "Okay, everybody out of the pool," he announced in his best 'lifeguard' voice of authority. He reached over and turned the water completely off, and the naked duo pulled back the shower curtain and stepped out into the steamy bathroom to find towels to dry themselves off with.

(Chapter —The Eighth)

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key,
Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,
The which he will not every hour survey,
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.
Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,
Since, seldom coming in the long year set,
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
Or captain jewels in the carcanet.
So is the time that keeps you as my chest,
Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,
To make some special instant special-blest,
By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.
Blessed are you whose worthiness gives scope,
Being had, to triumph; being lacked, to hope.

—William Shakespeare, Sonnet 52



Jim and Jerry quickly got dressed out in the living room. Jim sat on the couch and switched on the television set. He turned to a documentary channel to have something to watch that wasn't too loud or distracting. Visions of mountain scenes filled the screen as a program about national parks was just beginning at nine o'clock. Jerry threw himself down on the couch next to Jim and began tying the laces of his shoes.

"You need to get home pretty soon," observed Jim, "but I wanted to talk to you about something," he told Jerry.

Jerry rolled his eyes in exasperation when Jim announced his intentions. "Does that mean you're going to give me another one of your lectures?" he asked with a sigh.

Jim sat there with a surprised look on his face. He blinked a couple of times, and it took a moment before he realized that his mouth was hanging open. He quickly closed it with an almost audible snap and shook his head slowly.

"Is that what you think about the things I say to you?" he asked with a bewildered tone in his voice.

"Ah, come on," said Jerry, leaning back on the couch. "I didn't mean it like that. It's just that sometimes you can get kind of carried away. You go off into one of your rants every so often—and that doesn't mean I'm not listening, but you can really go on about stuff, you know." Jerry shrugged, as if what he had just told Jim was no big deal.

Reaching up from where he was sitting on the couch next to the boy, Jim took the remote control for the television and muted the voice of the narrator to the documentary intoning sonorously about Teddy Roosevelt and Yosemite National Park. Jerry looked at him questioningly as Jim put his hand on the boy's knee. The sudden silence seemed to give Jim's response special seriousness.

"I don't mean to lecture you. I'm just trying to explain things that I think you need to know—that you have a *right* to know. Don't you realize I'm only trying to help you?" he asked.

Sensing the earnestness of Jim's words, Jerry looked down at his feet and nodded his head briefly.

"Yeah, I know you are," he muttered. "But I'm not the little boy that moved in almost four years ago, you know," he observed, looking up again at Jim. "I'm not just a kid anymore," Jerry pointed out fervently.

"I'm not trying to treat you like you don't know about things," said Jim. "But there's stuff you better know about if we're going to be... well... if we're going to be doing the things that we've been doing. Don't I treat you like a big boy when we're in bed together?" He smiled at Jerry and gave the knee under his hand a small squeeze.

"Yeah," admitted Jerry with a shy smile, remembering the events that had just occurred upstairs in the past couple of hours.

"Well, then," continued Jim, "not only do I want to teach you about having sex, but I want to let you know about how it should be handled. You understand we've got to keep people from getting suspicious—especially like your mom and Bob, who would be the first to notice that there's something going on between us—but from your teachers and the neighbors too. And I don't want you to start using your newfound knowledge about sex to get yourself in trouble in other ways. I mean, you don't want to get the 'black Korean syphilis', do you?" he asked.

"The *what?*?" exclaimed Jerry with a start, his eyes wide with surprise.

"The 'black Korean syphilis,'" Jim replied with a smug smile, pleased that he had obviously gotten Jerry's full attention. "It's a disease you catch from fucking that makes your dick turn black and fall off completely."

"Oh, you've got to be shitting me," declared Jerry. "Is there such a thing?" he asked with amazement and disbelief, but also a certain amount of fear that what Jim was telling him was in fact true.

"Well, actually... no," reassured Jim. "That was a story they told servicemen in Asia to keep them away from the hookers in Japan and Vietnam during the war," he admitted. "There isn't a disease that will actually make your cock fall off, but getting plain old, regular syphilis is pretty serious," he cautioned. "And you know about AIDS, don't you?" he asked.

"Yeah, that's on the news all the time," Jerry said, relieved that there wasn't really the horrible disease that Jim had first mentioned, but he was still sobered considerably at the thought of the latter. He knew people died of AIDS all the time.

"So you see," said Jim, sitting back on the couch next to Jerry and putting his arm around the boy's shoulders, "there are things out there that can hurt you, and I just want to let you know how to avoid them, things like sexually transmitted diseases. You're important to me," he said with deep concern and the utmost sincerity. "I don't know what I would do if something happened to you." He looked into the boy's slate blue eyes and lightly brushed the blonde bangs of the boy's hair back on his forehead. The sights of the innocent young face gazing intently into his own practically melted his heart.

Not knowing what to say, or quite how to react at Jim's declaration of concern, all Jerry could think of to do in response was to take Jim's hand in his.

"So... what did you want to talk about, anyway?" questioned Jerry, now interested in whatever Jim had to say.

"Well... I wanted to talk about things with *us*, you know," said Jim after thinking briefly about what he had originally intended to say. "You're over here a lot, since you usually do your schoolwork at my desk, after all," he explained. "I just wanted to point out that we can't be having sex every time you show up. I mean, if we do it together every night, your mom is going to catch on that there's 'funny stuff' going on sooner or later, isn't she?" he asked.

"I suppose so," admitted Jerry.

"I *know* so," said Jim, reinforcing his point. "You're mother is not stupid, and she notices things pretty fast. So what I'm saying is that we've got to slow down a little to keep things quiet."

"But I really like what we've been doing," declared Jerry. "We don't have to give up on it, do we?" he asked in a plaintive tone.

Jim smiled reassuringly and pulled the boy closer to him. "No, we're not going to let things end that easily," he said. "I've got quite a few more things I still will enjoy teaching you about sex—and I don't mean just about venereal diseases," he grinned.

Jerry squirmed his lithe young body a little bit closer to Jim and smiled shyly at the prospect of whatever new adventures Jim had in mind.

"But we're going to have to find safe times to be together. I know we had a couple of hours to ourselves tonight, but you can't expect us to just jump into bed at every opportunity," cautioned Jim.

"It doesn't have to be the bed," said Jerry with a smile. "Doing it in the chair is fun too."

"You know what I mean," laughed Jim. "And that's not to mention the slippery fun to be had with 'tub sex,'" he stated, recalling how he had to restrain himself earlier from letting their shower together turn into another round of activity.

"But we're going to have to cool our jets from now on, otherwise we stand the chance we're going to get caught if we're always having 'quickies' every time you come over. Beside," added Jim, "there's things that we can do that are much more satisfying than what we've been doing, but take longer, and I don't want to be constantly watching the clock while we're doing... you know... doing our *thing* together. It's much better if we don't have to be on a timetable about our love life, if you get what I mean."

Considering the situation, Jerry nodded.

"I would like for us to be able to take our time about it too," Jerry agreed, thinking about how he had almost been willing to go further with things—such as getting up enough nerve and overcoming his reluctance to give Jim a blowjob. Maybe, he reasoned, if things weren't moving quite so quickly, and if he were given more time to find his courage, perhaps he could do something like that—something he knew Jim really wanted, but that he couldn't find the resolve to do. If there wasn't the feeling to being in a rush and needing to get things over in a hurry, he might—just possibly—be ready to finally take that next step.

"So we'll figure something out," Jim told his young friend. "Let's see what happens, and I'm sure we can find a way that you can spend a long time here without raising any suspicions about it. I just thing we need to be careful from now on, you know?" He held the boy close and patted Jerry's leg with the hand not around the boy's shoulder.

A tapping on his front door and the sound of someone trying the knob suddenly interrupted their little chat. The man and boy hurriedly pulled themselves apart from their near embrace on the couch and stared at each other.

"You see what I mean?" asked Jim. "That's probably your mom come looking for you. If I hadn't locked the door, she might have walked in on us all cuddled up together like two little lovebirds just now."

The knocking repeated, only this time slightly louder. Jim got up to answer the door, and he noticed a paper bag sitting on next to the end table next to the couch.

"Oh, and I've got your sox washed for you," Jim pointed out. "They're in the bag sitting here by the door. Don't forget to take them with you when you go home. And—if this is your mom—I'll try to distract her when you leave so she doesn't notice you taking them with you, okay?"

The boy nodded in agreement as Jim turned the latch on the doorknob to unlock the door and then opened it. Jerry's mother was, indeed, there on the other side.

"Hi, Jim," she smiled. "I didn't expect to find the door locked this early."

"Oh, I guess I must have locked it by reflex earlier," explained Jim. "Come on in. We were just watching a documentary about... uh..." Jim glanced at the television screen to remind himself what program was in fact playing there, "national parks. I guess we lost track of the time," he said. He was slightly uncomfortable as he thought about how lame what he was saying sounded. Nobody could really be *that* interested in national parks, he realized.

"That's fine," said Patty, casually accepting Jim's explanation at face value. She walked over to the armchair at the end of the couch and sank into it with an air of lassitude. She

looked over at her son sitting on the couch as Jim walked over to sit down beside him. "I'm glad you two were having a good time," she said to them both with a smile. Patty was obviously in a very good mood.

Jerry, noticing his mom's agreeable demeanor, relaxed from the tense posture he had assumed when the knock on the door had interrupted Jim and him in a somewhat compromising position on the couch.

"Yeah, we were just watching the show, mom," he said, attempting to back up Jim's story as much as possible.

"I'm sorry to interrupt you guys," Patty said, still broadly smiling for some reason not apparent to either Jim or Jerry, "but it's getting to be time for Jerry to go home to get ready for bed. You've got school tomorrow, honey," she reminded her son gently. "Bob's watching TV too, so why don't you run along home now?"

"Sure," agreed Jerry, grateful that his long absence next door has not been either noticed or was a cause of contention. He got up to go and walked past Jim towards the door. "Let me run upstairs and get my books."

"You do that, dear," Patty said. "And then you get right to bed when you get home." She leaned back in the chair and sighed deeply.

Jim managed to catch Jerry's eye as the boy headed towards the stairs and glanced at the bag that held the boy's freshly laundered sox, indicating with a look that Jerry shouldn't forget to take them when he left. Jerry acknowledged Jim's silent instructions with a brief nod, and then bounded up the stairs to retrieve his schoolwork. Jim looked at Patty as she sat smiling almost blissfully watching the panoramas of mountains and waterfalls parade silently before her on the television screen. He sat down on the couch at the end nearest the chair Patty was sitting in, and studied the expression on her face. He heard Jerry rustling around upstairs, and then decided to inquire as to why Patty seemed so euphoric.

"Somebody seems to be in a really good mood," observed Jim.

"I guess you could say that," Patty agreed. She gave a little laugh, almost to herself as her eyes got a faraway look for a moment.

"Well?" prompted Jim. "Are you going to tell me what's going on?" he probed gently.

"Wait until Jerry leaves", Patty said, ostensibly turning her attention back to the television, but in reality simply gazing at sightlessly it in a somewhat detached state.

The thumping of Jerry's shoes down the stairs announced the boy's return, and Jim looked up to see his young friend hurry through the living room and head towards the door. He noticed his mother wasn't paying any attention to him, and he grabbed up the paper bag Jim had left for him on his way out.

"I'll see you later, mom," he called as he snuck is package up off the floor and hustled out the door.

"See you in a little while, honey," Patty called with a wave of her hand, not looking up as the boy closed the door behind himself.

Jim waited a moment for Patty to turn her attention back to him, but seeing that she wasn't eager to make conversation at the moment, he waited for a while before breaking the silence.

"So?" he asked softly, trying to get Patty's attention.

"Hummm...?" Patty answered, turning her gaze back to Jim's inquiring look. "Oh... yeah," she said, coming to herself. "You wanted to know why I was so happy," she said, as if returning from a great distance.

Jim narrowed his gaze as he looked at his next-door neighbor. "Patty, dear... ah... are you *on* something?" Jim asked with genuine concern. "I mean, you act like you've been smoking some really good pot."

Hearing Jim's question, Patty laughed quietly and waved her hand as if to dispel Jim's fears.

"Oh, it's nothing like that," she said with the same broad smile she had since she had entered the apartment. "I guess I should explain, shouldn't I? It's just that, well..." She paused as if to gather her thoughts. "Since I knew that Jerry would be over here doing his homework, Bob and I took the opportunity to spend a little time together, if you know what I mean." She smiled even more broadly at the memory of her recent intimacy with Bob.

"Ah ha!" thought Jim to himself. "It seems that everyone in the house was 'getting it on' this evening." The apparent irony of him and Jerry making love at the same time as his mother and boyfriend were doing the same thing in the other apartment made him chuckle. "I guess John Lennon was right; 'everybody's got something to hide, except for me and my monkey'." He had to put his hand to his mouth to cover his smile. He didn't want Patty to think that he was laughing at her, instead of simply being amused at his own inner joke.

"Now I know why you're smiling like 'the cat that ate the canary,'" observed Jim, getting himself back under control.

Patty giggled like a schoolgirl and looked much younger than her thirty some years.

"As soon as Jerry came over here to do his homework," confided Patty, "I dumped the dishes in the sink, grabbed Bob, and dragged him upstairs to bed." Patty momentarily had a mischievous look in her eye, and then got a blissful look on her face. "I practically raped him, I was so horny," she confessed. "That place is just so small, there's no way to keep things from Jerry now that he's getting older. When he was a little kid, he used to go to bed much earlier, and Bob and I could do things after we knew he was asleep. But now..." Patty said, considering the situation, "he stays up almost as late as we do. And the walls are pretty thin in this place, you know. Lately, I've spent most of my time trying to keep quiet while we were having sex so we didn't wake him up. That kind of takes the fun out of it, you know?"

Considering how close the bedrooms in the duplex were, and how any little sound was sure to travel, Jim nodded in agreement.

"Yeah, I suppose so," observed Jim empathetically. "But Jerry's getting to be a big boy now. He's going to figure out that you and Bob are... well... that you have sex from time to time. After all, he's getting to the age where he's bound to figure things out on his own sooner or later."

"I know I should explain things to him—you know, about sex—but I just can't seem to find the right way to begin," admitted Patty with a helpless shrug of her shoulders. "It's just kind of embarrassing." Patty had a somewhat lost and forlorn look on her face, but then she suddenly brightened. "But I really appreciate that you letting him come over here to spend time so often, Jim," Patty said. "Especially tonight," she added emphatically.

"I enjoy having him around," Jim reassured her, trying not to betray how much he had *really* been enjoying Jerry's company, to say nothing of how.

"I just wish Bob and I had more evenings like tonight," sighed Patty. "It's just been so long, you know?"

"You two deserve more time alone," counseled Jim. A thought suddenly dawned on him, immediately followed by an intense feeling of guilt. The implications of what occurred

to him to propose to his young lover's mother made him feel sneaky and duplicitous. Was he really being manipulative at suggesting what he had just thought of? He soothed his conscious by considering that if Patty and Bob—as well as he and Jerry—benefited from the situation, then it wasn't really wrong... was it?

"I'll tell you what," he said in measured tones, "suppose that I have Jerry come over here sometimes when you and Bob want some 'privacy' for a while? I won't let him interrupt you two until I know that... you know... that you're ready for him to come home. As a matter of fact, you could have him come over here on a Friday or Saturday night, and I could keep him occupied until pretty late at night so he won't be a bother to you. And if it got really late, he could even just stay all night and sleep on the couch."

"Would you really do that for us?" asked Patty gratefully. It was clear that she was already immediately taken with the idea. "That would mean so much to both Bob and me. I mean, it's been so long since we've... you know, really had enough time together to, ah... well... to 'do things right', that I've been getting pretty frustrated at the whole situation. I don't mind 'quickies', but spending a long time in bed would be such a change from the way things have been going, that would really be great."

Jim felt like a heel in the way he was playing to Patty's obvious needs and desires. Here he was, cloaking his intention to get Jerry into his own bed for an extended sex session on the pretext of doing his mother a favor by giving her the opportunity to do the same thing with her boyfriend. He fought with his conscious for several long seconds, trying to justify his actions to himself.

"Has it really been that long since you and Bob have had, uh... 'quality time' together?" asked Jim.

"Oh, you don't even know," said Patty, rolling her eyes to the ceiling. "It's been what seems like ages. And I get so bored and frustrated without it. Jerry goes to school, and Bob gets out of the house to go to work, but I'm stuck there all the time. Sometimes the house seems like a cage to me. I can't just sit there, night after night, watching the television in that cramped, little place with nothing to do but the same tired routine. I'm getting to feel like an old woman... like my life is going to be nothing but the same thing from now on. I used to get out and do things with Bob, and with Jerry's father before that. But now..." she sighed and raised her hands, palms upward, in frustration, "I never go anywhere or do anything. It almost feels like my life is closing in on me." She sighed deeply and let her hands fall into her lap.

The opportunity presenting itself was seemingly falling right into Jim's lap, but yet he struggled between his own self interest and his shame at being deceptive to Patty, who was one of his closest friends. But the prospect of being able to spend an entire night with the boy he had so recently come to love so much pushed all his scruples and misgivings aside. He couldn't help himself. He felt as if he were being sucked inextricably into things—that whatever he need to do to be with Jerry was more important than anything else in life right now.

"Here's what we'll do," he proposed. "You and Bob should go out some evenings that Jerry doesn't have school the next day, and I'll baby-sit him for you while you're gone. If you come home early enough, you can spend time together without worrying that you... well, that you'll be overheard or interrupted. We'll arrange some signal—like turning on the back porch light—and then I'll know that you two have... I mean, that it's time for me to let Jerry come home and go to bed."

The look on Patty's face was difficult to describe. It was one of gratitude mixed with relief, and a good deal of raw, wanton desire thrown in.

"Oh, Jim, you're a saint if you'd do that for us," gushed Patty. "You're the only friend I've got that I can even talk about personal things with. You don't know how much it means to me."

For his part, Jim was feeling anything but blessed by his actions. Sneaky and underhanded was more of the way he was seeing himself just then. But if Patty was happy, and if Bob was happy—and he certainly knew that such an arrangement was just what he and Jerry had just been discussing earlier—then maybe he wasn't doing such a bad thing after all. Didn't everyone come out a winner?

"Don't make a big deal out of it," said Jim, trying to deflect Patty's praise of his offer as much as he could. "It's fun having Jerry around for me, you know. It's like having a little brother to hang out with," Jim rationalized, trying to cloak his secret desires in altruistic motives.

"You shouldn't have to give up your social life for us, though," Patty observed. "You should get out more often yourself, Jim."

"I really don't mind," he assured her. "I've got things to do upstairs on the computers, and I'm getting too old to hang around in bars. Sitting around listening to loud music and watching people get drunk just doesn't have the appeal it once did," he prevaricated. "So, why don't we make arrangements for Jerry to come over this Friday night? You and Bob can say you're going to an early movie, and then you can have an evening out together... and have some time alone after the movie, too, if that's what you want."

Patty got up out of her chair and moved over to sit next to Jim on the couch. She looked at him for a second, and then reached out to kiss him on the cheek.

"You're such a friend, I can't tell you," she said.

"I don't mind at all," Jim assured her truthfully, patting her hand.

"I'll go explain things to Bob. I want to tell him about this right away," said Patty, getting up and hurrying towards the door. She paused mid-flight to turn back and look at Jim. "I don't know how we got so lucky to get you as our next door neighbor," she said.

"What are friends for?" asked Jim with a smile. Seeing how pleased Patty was, he didn't feel as guilty about his deception. If it was all just this easy, he wondered, how could what he was doing really be wrong? Fate just seemed to be pushing things along for him, and all he had to do was sit back and enjoy the ride.

"I've got some plans to make for Friday," Patty said with a smile. "This is the first weekend in a long time that I've really got something to look forward to," she stated as she opened the door to leave. "I still don't know how to thank you."

"I keep telling you, don't worry about it. I'm sure everybody will have good time Friday. Jerry and I can find plenty to do to keep ourselves occupied while you and Bob have some... you know... some private time together. Just don't forget to turn the porch light on when you're ready for him to come home."

"Oh, don't worry. I wouldn't stick you with him overnight," Patty said, not realizing that the prospect of having Jerry in his bed all night long wouldn't have bothered Jim in the slightest. "I'll see you tomorrow. I want to get home now, though. I can't wait to tell Bob about this. Bye-bye!" she called as she headed out the door and made her way next door.

"I guess I've got some plans to make myself," thought Jim, leaning back into the cushions of the couch. "And I suppose I had better lay in a new supply of KY before Friday, and maybe some baby oil. Oh, and don't forget the whipped cream, you dirty old man," snickered Jim to himself as he considered even more things to add to his erotic

shopping list. "This sound like it's going to be an interesting evening all around," he admitted to himself with a quite laugh.



The approach of Friday night seemed to take forever for everyone in the small duplex that week. Bob and Patty were eagerly looking forward to their evening out together, gratified that Jim had made it possible by providing a free babysitter for Jerry, and Jim and Jerry were just as avidly looking forward to being alone in the house by themselves. Jim had quietly informed Jerry of the plan when he came over to do his homework the next evening after he had made arrangements with Patty. Jerry was enthused with the opportunity presented to them, and Jim had to warn him not to allow his eagerness show to his mother or Bob. Understanding the need for them to remain casual, Jerry was the model of indifference that Friday at beginning of dinner when Patty informed Jerry that she and Bob were going out for the evening to a movie, and that he would be staying with Jim until they got back—which might be very late, she added.

"What movie are you goanna see?" asked Jerry. "I might want to go too, you know."

"We haven't decided yet," countered Patty, unaware that Jerry's apparent desire to accompany them was entirely feigned. "But, whatever movie we see, Bob and I are going—not you," she continued sternly. "You can find enough things to keep yourself entertained over at Jim's for one night," she pointed out.

"Okay, mom," sighed Jerry, rolling his eyes and playing the role of "disappointed little boy" to the hilt. Jim was certainly impressed with Jerry's acting ability, though he wished the boy wouldn't take the part too seriously. He had been momentarily apprehensive at the thought that Patty might suddenly change her mind and actually take Jerry with them, but this was only because of his own burning desire to spend some "quality time" with his newfound obsession. He was just being silly, he realized. Patty wasn't about to give up her evening out—and especially not the evening *in* planned for afterward.

"So you two get done with your dinner," continued Patty, addressing Jim and Jerry, "and then you can head over to Jim's house. I'll take care of the dishes later because Bob and I will be going out as soon as we can once everybody is done eating."

Everyone applied themselves to the food in front of them eagerly. Dinner rarely was over as quickly as it was that night, since everyone at the table wanted to hurry and get to what came afterward.

Jim tried his best not to just wolf his food down and drag Jerry next door as soon as he could. His steady, measured bites belied the butterflies in his stomach and the giddy feeling he kept overcoming him. He couldn't help but occasionally imagine some of the things he had planned for his and Jerry's nocturnal recreation. He kept his eyes fixed steadily on the plate in front of him—except for briefly, when he felt Jerry kick his leg under the table.

He looked up at Jerry to see the boy smiling mischievously at him. The boy glanced over to make sure his mother wasn't looking in their direction, and he turned back to Jim to wiggle his eyebrows up and down sufficiently.

Jim was pleased that Jerry was as excited about their coming adventures together as he was, but he wished that the boy would be just a bit more discreet. Little things add up, he thought, and any slip up might spell trouble for them both. After first shooting a peak over at Patty and Bob, who were still concentrating on their meals, he decided that it was safe enough to look back at Jerry to throw the boy a silent kiss with a little smile and a wink. Jerry snickered under his breath, pleased with himself at the prospect of pulling

something off on his mother. Adolescent boys love to find ways to defy authority, especially that of their parents. Jerry began shoveling his food in his mouth at what seemed to Jim to be an amazing rate, and Jim has to struggle to keep up. Soon their plates were empty. They both stood up at once.

"We're done, so I guess we'll head next door now," said Jim in the most off-hand manner he could manage, though it was tough to remain cool. His pulse was actually racing as his heartbeat quickened with excitement. He realized that he was enjoying the clandestine, forbidden nature of what he and Jerry were doing. It made him feel young again, and he recognized the same giddy excitement he had felt the time he had snuck his first cigarette out in his parent's garage. Jerry wasn't the only one who took pleasure in being a naughty boy occasionally.

"Alright," agreed Patty, looking up from her own nearly empty plate. "Bob and I will be going as soon as I change my clothes."

"Sure, mom," Jerry said, moving quickly towards the back door. "See you later," he called over his shoulder, opening the door and hurrying towards Jim's apartment. Jim moved to follow the boy, but Patty stopped him.

"Oh, Jim," called Patty as Jim was about to close the door behind himself.

"Uh... yeah?" said Jim, pausing in mid flight.

"Thanks again for taking Jerry for the evening," Patty said sincerely.

"Well, you're very welcome," Jim answered. "I'm just glad I can do something for you and Bob."

Patty and Bob exchanged a knowing look at each other, which caused both of them to smile.

"You're a real pal," Bob said, looking back at Jim. "We'll see you tomorrow, hey?"

"Yep, see you tomorrow," agreed Jim as he finally closed the door all the way and turned to see Jerry waiting impatiently at his back door.

"Well, go on in," instructed Jim to the boy, and they both entered Jim's kitchen. Once the door was closed, he and Jerry simply stood looking at each other for a moment. Jim stepped over to the boy and put his arms around his young friend. Jerry returned the man's embrace and hugged him tightly. Jim glanced back at the door, as if to be sure that they were really alone, and then lowered his face to Jerry's and kissed him squarely and passionately on the mouth. Jerry melted into Jim's arms and he closed his eyes and answered Jim's kiss in kind. The boy had to come up for air, and Jerry laid his head against Jim's chest.

"Do you know what I love most about the way you kiss?" Jim asked the boy with a dreamy, contented expression on his face.

"Uh huh," responded Jerry. "What?" he asked as he snuggled against the man, enjoying their closeness.

"I love the way you kiss with your eyes closed," Jim told him, hugging the boy firmly.

"Isn't that the way you're supposed to do it?" wondered the boy, looking up into Jim's face, his arms still firmly around the man's body.

Jim chuckled slightly to himself before answering. "Yes, that's *exactly* the way you're supposed to do it," he assured his little lover. He gave the boy a squeeze and held him even more tightly to his body.

"So, let's get going," stated Jerry, apparently avidly wanting the evening's activities to begin. "Aren't we going up to your bedroom?" he insisted.

Jim released his grip about the boy and took a small step backward. He looked slightly down at the boy staring up eagerly at him.

"No, we're going to watch some TV right now," Jim informed him.

"Ah, come on," protested Jerry. "I thought that this was what was all about. I mean, you know... that we could, like, take our time tonight. I've been waiting for this for days now."

"We'll get to that soon enough," Jim told him, "but let's wait until we see your mom and Bob leave first. We can see their car from the front window, and then we can go upstairs as soon as they drive off."

"We don't have to wait for them," countered Jerry. "They won't be coming over here before they leave. They'll never know the difference if we just go get started right now."

Jim shook his head and fought against his own desire to immediately begin satisfying his own urgent needs. But if he were supposedly the older, wiser head of the two, he would have to set an example of restraint.

"You can wait a little bit longer, can't you?" inquired Jim softly. "Are you really in that much of a hurry?"

"Oh," Jerry sighed softly. "You don't know *how* much," he said with a groan. "I've been waiting all week for tonight. I even... well... I knew that since we could, you know... spend a long time, like, *doing it* tonight, and so to get ready, I haven't been... well, I didn't..." Jerry was obviously too embarrassed about whatever he was trying to convey to Jim that he couldn't bring himself to come right out and say whatever he was struggling to get at.

"You didn't *what*?" asked Jim, having no clue as to what his young friend was being so shy about.

"I didn't... I mean... I decided that I wanted to 'save things up' for you tonight, so I haven't been..." Jerry paused and bit his lower lip. He shrugged his shoulders slightly, then gained enough resolve to finally managed to blurt out, "I didn't jerk myself off for three whole days now, because I wanted to save it for doing it with you tonight." Jerry's cheeks got a slight rosy glow as he looked at the floor in front of him.

Jim felt his cock harden in his shorts when he thought of the fact that the boy standing in his kitchen—almost *begging* to hurry up to his bedroom to have sex—had three days worth of boy-cum boiling in his ball, aching to be released at the soonest opportunity. Jim closed his eyes and fought the urge to gab the boy, pull him to the linoleum titles under their feet, and tear his way through the boy's jeans to the eager little dick inside.

"You did that for me?" asked Jim. He suddenly appreciated what a sacrifice the boy had made for him, and what an effort it must have been to restrain his hand from stroking his dick each night after he was alone in bed.

"Yeah," nodded Jerry. He grinned suddenly, looking up at Jim again, his eyes twinkling. "Since we've got all night, I want to do it a *lot* this time." He snickered and rubbed his crotch with his hand obscenely, and wiggled his eyebrows at Jim as he simultaneously stuck out his tongue to lewdly lick his lips, mocking his own eagerness.

"You little devil," laughed Jim at the boy's antics. "Where did you pick up doing something like that?" he wondered.

"On the TV," Jerry stated matter of factly. "I sometimes sneak downstairs after mom and Bob have gone to bed and watch the late night shows on cable."

"Well, you just hang tight, tiger," said Jim with a smile. "We're still going to wait until they leave before things get serious around here. Nothings going to happen until I'm sure your mom isn't going to come over and catch me with your dick in my mouth."

"Not even just for a minute?" teased Jerry. "I've got it right here, and I'm all ready to go." So saying, he undid the fly of his jeans and reached in to pull out his hard little boner, suddenly enjoying the adventure of being reckless and bold.

Jim looked down with longing at the stiff little boyish penis protruding from the front of the Jerry's pants and couldn't restrain himself.

"All right, just a couple of sucks", he conceded, sinking to one knee in front of the boy. "Then it's TV time until they leave." He lowered his head to engulf the hot little rod in his mouth and bob his head quickly up and down. He grabbed Jerry's butt in both hands and practically bounced the boy off his face as he rocked him back and forth, driving the dick across his tongue at a rapid pace.

Jerry squealed in delight at Jim's oral ministrations. He had been mostly teasing Jim when he had pulled out his cock, and hadn't expected Jim would really suck him off right there and then. His boner ached as the pressure and the friction of the man's mouth stimulated his every nerve ending in the head and shaft to the maximum extent. He took Jim's head instinctively in his hands to steady himself.

"Ooohhh..." he moaned loudly, pulling Jim's head harder against his groin as he thrust his hips in time with the decent of Jim's mouth on his cock.

Jim heard the urgency in Jerry's voice and suddenly pulled off the dick he was sucking. He looked at the little pink organ, glistening wetly from his own saliva in the kitchen's overhead light, and was grateful he was able to stop when he did. He saw just the smallest bit of moisture escape the tip of the slit in the boy's dick, and understood that if he had waited only perhaps seconds longer, that he would have gotten a mouthful of boy cum. He reached up to grasp the boy's erection in his hand and gave it a firm, steady squeeze to forestall any unwanted eruptions. They still had a long time ahead of them, he mused, and tonight was the night that they weren't going to rush things.

Jerry felt his dick twitch a couple of times in Jim's hand, and then his eyes rolled back from the top of their sockets.

"Oh, that was *great*," sighed Jerry, coming back to earth. "I didn't think you were actually going to do it," he admitted. "I was pretty much just kidding."

Giving the boy's erection another squeeze, and then gently tucked it carefully back inside his pants. Jim slowly pulled up the zipper and gave the little bulge in the fabric a gentle pat.

"So, we'll just put him away until later, okay?" he said with a grin.

"Yeah," agreed Jerry. "But they better get their asses in gear and get to that movie," he observed resolutely.

"Patience, my little man," intoned Jim. "Patience is a virtue." He stood up and turned the boy around to face the door of the living room. "But let's get in there and watch the car to see when they take off. We can't do that from here," he pointed out, giving Jerry a shove in the right direction and then hurriedly following after. Jerry threw himself on the couch and knelt over the back to pull back the drapes in one corner of the window. He quickly surveyed the street outside.

"They're still here," he said.

"Well, just turn around and let's watch some TV while we wait," suggested Jim.

Letting the drapes sag closed, Jerry twisted himself around and sank down into the leather cushions of the couch. Jim walked over and let his eye take in what a beautiful little boy Jerry was. The boy's sun bleached blonde hair, his bright blue-grey eyes, his sturdy, supple frame, and especially the still apparent bulge in the front of the boy's jeans, made Jim reach down and give his own semi hard rod a slight adjustment in his pants. The thrill of giving the boy head in his kitchen on the spur of the moment seems delightfully wicked and novel. Then he decided that he had felt that same sort of forbidden pleasure before, when he and Troy had snuck away together for their little masturbation sessions. It was also like the first time he had gotten the opportunity to touch a girl's breast inside her bra. It wasn't often that you get to do things for the first time, he decided. The realization made him savor what he and Jerry were about to share with each other all the more.

Sitting down on the couch next to Jerry, Jim picked up the remote control to turn on the television. The screen lit up in a flash, but Jim was already pealing back the drape to check to see if Bob's car was still there. It was, and so he turned back to the television.

Looking over at Jim from where he sat, Jerry glanced up and down Jim's body, equally admiring what he saw. He moved over to sit right up next to Jim and to put his arm across Jim's middle. Jim reached up and put his arm on top of Jerry's to hold it tighter. He twisted slightly in his seat and took another peak out the window.

"You want them to hurry up and go too, don't ya?" observed Jerry.

Jim looked down at Jerry and smiled.

"I guess it shows, huh?"

Jerry moved his hand down to press at the front of Jim's pants. He felt the large lump Jim's semi-erect cock make and flexed his fingers to feel out its shape and size.

"Yeah, something sure shows," he giggled merrily at his own joke.

"Not as much as you do," counter Jim, grabbing the boy's crotch in return. Soon they were rolling all over each other on the couch, wrestling and thrashing, as Jim's hands abandoned the boy's private parts and began tickling the boy while laying practically on top of him to hold him captive.

"Okay, okay!" gasped Jerry between fits of laughter. "Stop, stop... I give up..." he pleaded. Jim eased up and sat back just as he heard the front door of the other apartment close with a sudden thump. Then Patty and Bob's voices could be heard as they walked to the street to Bob's car.

"Shush..." cautioned Jim to the still squirming and giggling boy. "They're on their way out now."

Sitting up quickly and peering out the window through the edge of the curtain, Jerry watched his mother and Bob get in the car and then drive away.

"That's it. They're gone," he declared, collapsing sideways to face Jim on the couch. "So is it finally time to go upstairs?" he demanded, his face eager and flushed from their brief wrestling match.

Not able to delay the proceedings any longer himself, Jim stood up and pulled the boy by up by one his arms. He put his arm around the boy's waist and pulled him against his body.

"How about we take a shower together first?" suggested Jim, glancing at the bathroom door.

"You mean, before we get started doing things?" asked Jerry.

"I mean, that's the way we *will* get started doing things," replied Jim with a grin. He wiggled his eyebrows at Jerry to emphasize his meaning.

"Oh, I get it," acknowledged Jerry with a knowing nod of his head. He kicked off his shoes where he stood, pulled his tee shirt off over his head, revealing his bare chest, and turned to face away from Jim. "I'll wash your back if you'll wash mine," he taunted, shaking his hips and wiggling his butt as he swung his shirt in his hand.

"I'll wash you down with a scrub brush, if you aren't careful," laughed Jim, as he grabbed the boy in his arms and began attacking the boy's neck and shoulders with his mouth. He rained kisses up and down the boy's back and chewed gently at the boy's neck and earlobes. He pulled the firm, young body against his and ground his groin into the mounds of the boy's butt. He fairly growled as he felt up the boy's smooth, muscular, naked upper body with both hands.

Jerry laughed and wriggled in Jim's arms as he enjoyed the physical attention he was receiving. He jumped and bucked like a young colt as Jim stroked his chest, tweaked his tiny nipples, and Jerry bounced his rear-end against the hardness in the front of Jim's pants as Jim grabbed and held him by the bulge in his crotch. The way Jerry was ramming back against his stiff dick reminded Jim of the way the boy had actively responded to him the other night as he lay under him on the bed. Jerry silently—though perhaps unconsciously—was asking for another round of repeated contact between Jim's cock and his little butt.

Jim glanced around the room to assure himself that the door was locked and that the drapes were all tightly closed. Certain that they were indeed safe from outside observation, he stood up straight and Jerry turned to face him.

"So let's get undressed and get in the shower," said Jim.

"Well, it's about time!" stated Jerry enthusiastically as he reached to unbutton his jeans.

"Let me do it this time for you, okay?" suggested Jim, taking hold of Jerry's hand to stop him. "Let me take them off for you," he requested. He stood closer to the boy and put his left arm around the boy's back and put his right hand on Jerry's flat tummy.

"Okay," agreed Jerry. While it was quite naughty fun to take off your clothes in front of someone else, but having another person pull down your pants and strip you naked seemed like even more fun to Jerry. He dropped his hands to his sides and pushed his hips toward Jim as if to offer himself to the man.

After popping the button to Jerry's jeans with one hand, Jim pulled down the zipper. Sliding his hand inside the front of the boy's pants, he found a hard little erection waiting for him. He grasped it firmly and stroked it gently, not wanting to over stimulate the boy and have him cum too quickly. Jim rubbed Jerry's bare back with the palm of his other hand and worked his massage down to the base of the boy's butt. The boy's jeans hung open in back and were sliding slowly down his hips as Jim pushed his hand farther down to feel and kneed the mounds of the boy's prominent ass cheeks.

"So, when did you stop wearing underwear?" Jim asked the boy as he played with his young friend's genitals and rear end. He had noticed earlier when Jerry had exposed himself in the kitchen that the only thing covering the boy below the waist was his jeans, which were inexorably working their way down to the floor along Jerry's legs.

"That's special for tonight," Jerry informed Jim as he watched his purple dick head appearing and disappearing from inside Jim's stroking hand. "I wanted to be ready to go right away, and I figured they would just slow things down."

"You know what's that's called?" asked Jim. The middle finger of the hand on the boy's rump began to carefully work into the crevasse of Jerry's rear-end, worming its way in the direction of the boy's asshole.

"Huh uh," said Jerry, shaking his head and still staring intently at Jim's hand masturbating him almost imperceptibly. He felt the finger of Jim's other hand closing in on the opening of his anus. The dual stimulation was just enough to excite him greatly, but not enough to be pushing him towards orgasm. His pants had slid down to mid-thigh and were sinking lower with every passing second. He jerked his hips slightly as Jim's finger finally reached the gates of his backdoor and make contact with his anal rosebud. His pants cleared the obstacle of his knees and fell to the ground to pool around his ankles.

"Not wearing underwear is called 'going commando,'" Jim informed the boy who was now standing nude in his living room, his jeans puddled in a pile around his ankles. He gave Jerry's dick a couple of quick stokes as he pushed gently at the boy's anus with the middle finger of his other hand in time with actions. Then he released Jerry completely and stepped back to drink in the sight of the little boy standing naked and erect before him. Just a few of the things Jim had planned for their long evening together flashed through his mind, and he felt his cock strain to get even harder in his pants.

"Toss your clothes in the chair over there," suggested Jim, starting to take off his own clothing as rapidly as he could and throwing them onto the place indicted. "We'll take them upstairs with us when we go, but let's get into the shower first." He pulled off his shoes one by one and opened his pants and pulled them down, the outline of his hard dick tenting his underwear.

Jerry pulled his feet out of his jeans, gathered his discarded clothes and piled them in the chair, then scampered into the bathroom ahead of Jim. He flipped on the light and turned the tap to start the shower. Jim followed Jerry and stood watching as the boy adjusted the temperature of the water. One he was satisfied with the results, Jerry turned back to look at Jim.

"You've still got your shorts on," he observed to Jim, his penis having shrunk to half-mast from the distraction of getting the shower ready.

Jim smiled and put his hand on the waistband of his only covering. He hadn't been distracted, and he was still fiercely erect.

"You don't mind seeing my dick, then, even though it's... well, big and hairy and stuff?" Jim was somewhat reluctant to expose himself to the boy even now. Jerry's bare groin and smooth skin seemed so much more appealing to him than his own. He remembered that it was his pubic hair that seemed to turn the boy off.

"Naw," declared Jerry dismissing Jim's concerns. "I actually kind of like the way yours looks, especially when it's hard," he added.

Pleased that he had found favor with his young friend, Jim pulled his shorts off to expose his stiff dick to the boy's sight. Jerry evidently liked what he saw. He unconsciously licked his lips and smiled. Now that he was getting used to seeing an adult's body, Jim's pubic hair was getting to be less of an issue for him. He admired the size and girth of Jim's penis for a moment, and looked down at his own.

"Is mine really going to be that big someday?" he inquired of Jim, seeking the man's reassurance that such a thing was possible. He had trouble believing that his own slender rod could one day reach such seemingly immense proportions.

"Maybe even bigger," Jim replied. "You're already bigger than I was when I was your age."

"I am?" asked Jerry, pleased at the compliment.

"You sure are," confirmed Jim. "But let's get in the shower. I don't want to run out of hot water again this time."

The man and boy stepped past the shower curtain into the warm spray of the water. They wetted themselves down and then each grabbed a bar of soap. Jerry started lathering himself up, but Jim stopped him abruptly.

"Hang on, buddy," he said, stepping up to the boy. "The idea is that we do each other."

Smiling at the proposal, Jerry stepped up to Jim and started rubbing his bar of soap all over the man's chest, down his middle, and then up and down his legs. Satisfied that he had a good covering of soap built up, he rolled the bar of soap around in his hands to work up a good lather.

"Down there too?" he asked, indicating Jim's stiff erection.

"Especially there," answered Jim, grinning.

Jerry set the soap aside and took Jim's cock in both hands and stroked it. He was thorough in his efforts, and then picked up the bar of soap again to rub more into Jim's pubic hair. Then he spread the suds all around until Jim's dick shone with bubbly white foam. Jerry ran his hands inside the man's legs, and reached up to gently cradle Jim's scrotum and balls. He looked down at the hard dick to once again marvel at the size of first adult penis he had ever seen.

Enjoying the feeling of Jerry's hand on his most sensitive parts, Jim was in seventh heaven. Jerry didn't seem put-off by seeing him naked, and apparently was not reluctant to touch him. In fact, the boy seemed to be enjoying himself immensely.

"Now it's my turn to do you," stated Jim after he had enjoyed about as much of the boy's attention as he could take for the moment, struggling to take things slow this time and prolong the pleasure as long as possible. "Turn around so I can start with your back," he instructed. Jerry turned the other way and Jim started washing the up and down the boy's spine. He slathered the boy with soap from neck to heels, and then pressed himself against the boy's naked body and reached around to lather the boy's front. His hard members pressed into the cleft in the boy's ass as he scrubbed the boy's chest, and then lower down, paying special attention the boy's cock and balls. Jerry giggled and squirmed as they writhed up against each other in the warm shower. He again pressed his bottom back to Jim and jerked his hips to rub Jim's soapy cock between his ass cheeks as Jim played with his penis and pinched his tiny boy tits.

Jim released the boy from his embrace and stepped back slightly.

"Now bend over and lean forward so I can get to your butt," Jim told Jerry. The boy stepped backward, forcing Jim to retreat also, and bent from the waist to put his hands on his thighs to present his rear-end to Jim, who began to rub the bar of soap between Jerry's ass cheeks. The boy gave a little squeak as Jim rubbed the bar right up against his anus. Then Jim dropped the soap and used the palm of his both hands to wash the insides of the boy's legs, and then used one finger to poke at the opening of the boy's poop-chute. Jerry felt the finger making small circles against his nether opening, and when it began to press in slightly he suddenly pulled away. He looked over his shoulder at Jim, and then down at the man's hard cock. A sudden thought occurred to him, and he frowned slightly in concern.

"Uh... Jim..." said Jerry hesitantly, and with a somewhat alarmed tone in his voice, "you weren't thinking about... you know..." His eyes traveled between the man's now semi-hard cock and his rear-end, making the connection apparent.

"No, buddy," Jim assured the boy, realizing the inference the boy had made from his actions, "I'm not getting you ready for me to fuck you up the ass. I just wanted to make sure you were nice and clean back there for what we were going to do later. I thought you kind of liked me doing stuff to your rear, especially when I was doing things to your dick at the same time," Jim explained.

"Yeah, that feels good," agreed Jerry. "I don't mind a finger, but still don't believe people actually can get fucked in the asshole." The image of Jim's erection invading his tiny, little hole filled him with a sense of dread, but also gave him shivers of trembling anticipation as he imagined it happening. "If I hadn't seen it in that movie, I never would've thought that was possible."

"Oh, people have been doing that to each other for centuries," Jim counseled the boy. "It's nothing new. It's probably the oldest form of birth control." He placed a hand on the boy's back to bend him forward again and to steady him. Then he renewed his attention with the other hand to the boy's bottom. He poked his finger carefully back in place and began a slow teasing of the boy's puckered opening. He felt Jerry's clenched anus relax slightly, and he pushed just the tip of his finger just inside to probe rhythmically. "Men have been fucking their wives in the asshole even long before they figured out that a woman couldn't get pregnant that way," he observed.

Jerry turned his head back to face forward and, reassured that Jim didn't have any other intention than to use just his finger, he enjoyed the feeling of Jim's digit penetrating him minutely. He didn't understand why he so appreciated having his asshole played with, but all he knew was that his cock throbbed and jerked each time Jim's finger pushed into it. He bit his lips and closed his eyes; his hips began swaying backward in time with Jim's movements forward.

Seeing that Jerry was very well washed around his anal ring and butt cheeks, Jim pulled his finger away and stood back to survey his recent accomplishments. Jerry was wet and squeaky clean from his shoulders to the bottom of his feet.

"Now let's rinse off. We're both ready, so get the soap off of you and then we'll go going upstairs, where the real fun is," said Jim.

Jerry stepped closer to the showerhead and let the water flush the soap from his body. He turned his back to the stream and used both hand to spread his butt and let the water flow between his ass cheeks. He grinned up at Jim watching him.

"I've got it all," he said, letting go with his hands. "All except what's still inside the hole."

Jim took the opportunity to take Jerry in his arms and to kiss the boy deeply. Their tongues met and played against each other, and Jerry reached out to take Jim's partially stiff dick in his hand to simply hold it as they kissed. Then the kiss ended and Jerry released Jim so the man could step under the flow of water himself to rid himself of the soap on this naked body. He used his hands to help rinse the remaining suds out of his pubic hair. Jerry watched the process closely with a thoughtful expression.

"Would you really shave yourself down there?" the boy wondered.

Looking at the boy examining and evaluating his groin area, Jim remembered his promise to Jerry to remove his pubic patch if the boy wanted him to.

"Yeah," he answered.

"If you did," continued Jerry, choosing his words carefully, "would that mean that I would have to... you know... that I would have to suck it for you then?"

"You don't ever have to do anything you don't want to," Jim reminded the boy.

"But if you shaved it off, you'd expect me to do it, wouldn't you?" queried the boy, as if carefully weighing the terms of a bargain.

"I'll shave it off if you want me to, either way," said Jim. "But does that mean you're thinking about doing it?" he asked in return.

"Well... yeah," said Jerry, looking at Jim's cock and imagining it in his mouth. "I guess I'm at least thinking about it," he conceded. "After all, you've done it to me, and it doesn't seem fair that I haven't done it to you yet. What was it you said? 'Turn about is fair play'?"

The phrase echoed back to Jim from long ago, and how Troy had convinced him that it was only "fair" if they both did what the other one was willing to do first. The memory of the way Troy had almost bullied him into things using that argument made him uncomfortable. Though he had enjoyed what he and Troy had done together, he still resented that he had been practically forced into things by that misguided reasoning.

"If you'll think about it, and if you'll promise me that you'll only do it if you're sure you really want to... I mean *someday*... at least *maybe*... then I'll shave it off anytime you say so," declared Jim matter of factly.

"But how would you do it?" questioned Jerry, still examining all aspects of the situation. "How can you keep from cutting yourself with the razor?"

"As a matter of fact," Jim answered, "I bought an electric clippers that will get rid of most of it first, and then I'll just need to be careful with the razor when I finish the job," he explained. "You use short, even strokes, kind of like the ones I use on your dick," he joked.

Smiling and glancing at his still semi-erect penis, Jerry chuckled. Then he was serious again.

"So, where are the clippers?" he wanted to know.

"Does that mean you want me to do it now?" asked Jim.

"I don't have to do it to you with my mouth today if I say 'yes', right?" Jerry was just making sure he wasn't committing himself to anything he couldn't get out of.

"Nope," replied Jim. "Not today, or not ever. It's your choice."

"Okay then... *do it*. I want to see what you'll look like without the hair." Jerry was mulling over in his mind the possibility that perhaps—without the pubic hair around it—maybe putting Jim's hard cock in his mouth wouldn't seem such a nasty thing to do.

"You're wish is my command, young master," Jim said with a big smile. He put his hand on his middle and he bowed from the waist in pretended servitude.

"Oh, knock it off," laughed Jerry. "I wasn't ordering you to. But you said I should say so if I wanted you to."

"Alright," Jim grinned. "Let's get out, and I'll play barber on myself for your benefit." He turned off the water and they both stepped out of the shower.

Grabbing a towel he had already set out in anticipation, Jim tossed it to Jerry, who began using it to dry himself off as Jim took another one and did the same. Once they were both dry, Jim rummaged about in a drawer and pulled out the battery operated clippers he had purchased earlier in the week to be ready for Jerry's request, should it ever come. He congratulated himself on his foresight, though he was slightly surprised that the opportunity to use the clippers had actually come so soon. Though they had previously agreed that Jim would shave himself prior to Jerry giving him a blowjob, he was surprised that Jerry was willing to at least think about performing oral sex as soon in their relationship as he apparently was. Being a "cocksucker" wasn't something most guys were

just willing to jump into—or most girls either, for that matter. Jerry must really appreciate him to even entertain the notion, Jim decided. If possible, it made Jim love the boy even more.

Once the preparations were made, and all the instruments were laid out within easy reach, Jim sat on the toilet seat as Jerry stood over him and watched as Jim first ran the clippers over his pubic region, and then lathered up with a coating of shaving cream and completed the job with the razor. The Jim stood up and moved to the shower again.

“Let me get in and rinse things off, and we’re done,” he said.

Watching with obvious interest as Jim turned on the water and removed the shaving cream, he studied Jim’s now smooth skin and noticed how it seemed to make Jim’s dick seem much bigger, even when flaccid. He decided that now that the hair was gone, and knowing that it had been washed not once, but twice—first in the shower with his own hands, and now after the shave—the thought of taking it in his mouth the way Jim had done for him didn’t seem so revolting or as impossible. He thought about how they were going to go upstairs in a few minutes, and about all the things Jim had done with him in the past few weeks—and about all the things that he hoped Jim was going to do with him tonight. He felt his little rod stiffening in response to his sexual mental images.

Stepping out of the shower again, Jim took the towel and dried himself off.

“There, now I’m as bald down there as you. We look just alike, don’t we?” he teased.

“Not quite,” denied Jerry with a shake of his head. “Here, let me feel it now,” he demanded.

“There you go,” Jim answered, presenting himself to the boy.

Jerry got on one knee on the plush bathroom carpeting, his face level with Jim’s waist. He took a good look at the freshly denuded pubic region. Then he reached out to touch it. The skin of Jim’s newly shaved groin felt strangely smooth and slick under his fingers as he explored Jim with his hand. The boy’s touch immediately made Jim’s dick start to arise with renewed vigor and become partially erect. Jerry took the stiffening shaft in his hand and held it up so he could examine the head and the tiny hole in the end.

“Maybe,” he said simply. He heard his own voice as if from a distance, and he had a strange and uncanny “far away” feeling. That he and Jim were finally really doing what he had been looking forward to all week long seemed almost unreal to him. After all his anticipation, he could hardly believe this longed for event was finally happening.

“Maybe what?” asked Jim, knowing what Jerry meant, careful not to seem as if he were trying too obviously to lead the boy, though he longed for getting a blowjob from Jerry as much or more than anything else in life he had ever wanted.

“You know what I mean,” answered Jerry somewhat impatiently, looking back at the six inches of hard, male flesh he held in his hand. “I meant... maybe.” He paused for a long time. “Well... let’s just say *maybe*, okay?”

“I’m not sure I know what you mean, exactly,” said Jim, feigning naïveté in the hope he could get more of a commitment out of Jerry. The way the boy kept staring at his penis made Jim suspect that the boy was closer to being willing to suck his erection than the boy was willing to admit—especially to himself.

Looking up into Jim’s face, he gave the man’s member a couple of short pumps with his fist. He was rewarded in his efforts by several spastic jerks of the hard phallus in the palm of his hand. He watched as the dick he was holding pumped even fuller of blood, and the spongy flesh of the head darkened and expanded, making it shiny and smooth. “I might think about doing it,” he muttered very quietly, slightly embarrassed, and a little bit

annoyed at the way that Jim always made him to say the things that he wanted to do out loud. At the same time, however, it was also exciting to come right out and say dirty, naughty, forbidden things. "Maybe I'll suck your cock for you," he said more loudly. After he said it, his stomach turned over in a little handspring, and his erection increased in size a couple of notches to stick up higher from between his legs.

"You mean, maybe 'someday'... or maybe even 'someday soon'?" Jim asked, hoping he wasn't pressing his luck by asking. He had noticed the boy's reaction to making at least a partial commitment. "He's getting a stiffy just imagining it," thought Jim.

"You said I could still think about it for a while if I wanted," said Jerry reminded him, somewhat defensively.

"And I meant it," assured Jim, backpedaling slightly so as not to seem insistent. "And if you eventually decide that you don't want to, that's still okay."

The boy's hand gripped Jim's hardening cock tightly as he looked up into Jim's eyes. He thought about how many risks Jim was obviously taking by teaching him about sex, and how he had connived Jim into it in the first place by threatening Jim with telling his mother made-up stories about how Jim had started it by going after him first. He had been the one who instigated their first sexual activity, after all, and now Jim wasn't trying to take advantage of him in any way because of it. Rather, Jim was letting him call the shots as to what they did—though he certainly appreciated the sexual acts Jim came up with he hadn't the experience with sex to know about yet—and he felt a profound sense of indebtedness and obligation to his older friend and sexual mentor. It really wasn't fair to Jim, he decided, if he didn't give back some of the pleasure Jim was giving him.

Looking at the hard penis he held in his hand and then back at Jim's smiling face, he pursed his lips as he teetered upon the brink of a momentously important decision.

"And you wouldn't shoot your stuff in my mouth?" questioned Jerry.

"He's working up his nerve," thought Jim to himself as he watched Jerry slide the loose skin of his dick up and down the shaft experimentally a couple of times.

The boy contemplated the object in his hand. Jim's dick achieved full erection in almost an instant. Jim struggled to keep his voice calm and reassuring, in spite of his complete arousal.

"Not if you don't want me to," he managed to say, and he gasped slightly as he felt the boy take a tighter hold of his straining erection. He gave out a little "oh..." as Jerry brought his other hand up to hold his now hairless sack of balls in the palm of his hand.

"It's getting you *hot* thinking about me doing it for you, isn't it?" observed Jerry with a broad smile. He gave a little laugh as he enjoyed the feeling of power and maturity at being able to sexually arouse his older friend to such a degree. He wrapped his fingers around Jim's balls and scrotum to keep them from bouncing around as he gave the long shaft of Jim's bursting erection a series of full, rapid strokes with his other hand. He pumped away vigorously, savoring how he could, in a way, take control of another person's body and emotions.

The eyes in his head nearly popped from his sockets as Jim felt the boy use his hand to go to work on his cock. He simply moaned gutturally, and his body sank as his knees almost gave out under him. His cock throbbed mightily inside the boy's jacking fist, and a small drop of pre-cum made its way out the slit in the head of his dick.

"Gggguuuuuuhhhh..." was all that came out of Jim's mouth in a strangled gasp in answer to the boy's question.

"Yeah! It is, isn't it? I'm getting you really horny, *aren't I?*" beamed Jerry, stroking even faster with delight at the way he was able to effect reactions out of Jim. His finger tightened on the man's balls as they moved up closer to the base of the rock hard erection above them.

The first tingles of a coming orgasm shot through Jim's body.

"Oh, Jerry, stop!" Jim managed to say. "You'll make me cum... don't..." He was relieved that the boy instantly stopped masturbating him and simply held him instead.

Contemplating the penis in his hand—then the way Jim reacted to his admission of being almost ready to perform oral sex—Jerry came to his decision.

"Okay, I'll do it right now," he declared, fixing his eyes firmly on the end of the man's cock in preparation. He worked up his nerve and experienced the same butterflies in his gut as just before when he went off the high-dive into the swimming pool. He was about to jump into something much more daring and risky this time, though. Sucking another guy's cock was something that he could never take back. This was, he realized, something that was *forever*; he would always remember this for the rest of his life, whether he wanted to or not.

Jim also appreciated the fact that there was only one "first time" for the boy, and that he had to try to make it a pleasant, enjoyable memory for him. This was the passing of a major part of Jerry's innocence, and a significant milestone in the boy's arrival to adulthood. How could he let Jerry know that he understood how much the boy was sacrificing of his childhood by giving up his oral virginity to him?

"I love you very much," he said at last, putting his hand on the boy's bare shoulder as he knelt at Jim's feet. What else was there to say, he wondered?

"Yeah, I know," Jerry answered quietly. "I do too. I love you too." Then he looked down at the man's penis again, steeling himself and getting ready to take the final plunge and put the head of Jim's dick into his mouth—then he noticed something.

"Ooohhh..." he squealed. "You're leaking stuff from the end." He scrunched up his nose as he saw a single bead of Jim's pre-cum trickle from the slit in his dick down across the head the shaft, and finally to where his hand clasped it.

"We can wipe it off," Jim pointed out, hoping the boy wasn't going to change his mind now because of it.

"But you're going to make more, aren't you? It'll start leaking again when I put it in my mouth, isn't it?" Having Jim's sex juices in his mouth gave the whole proceedings even more weight and dimension. He swallowed nervously as his mouth involuntarily watered at the thought.

"Well..." said Jim helplessly, his dick straining at his thoughts of finally getting oral sex from Jerry. How could he promise that he wouldn't get so aroused as to not ooze so much as a drop? He had been given blowjobs before, but never from a barely pre-teen boy kneeling at his feet completely naked and totally erect in the bright bathroom light. This was a big first for him as well, and he found it exciting as hell. Jim pursed his lips and sighed slightly.

"I guess I will," he admitted truthfully. "I can't help it, you know? I mean, yeah... it really turns me on that you're going to... I mean, at least, you *were* going to, before you thought of that part. Is that too much right now? You can still back out if you want to."

Releasing Jim's balls from his hand, and using his palm, he smeared the slippery liquid Jim was producing over the head of the man's dick until it glistened brightly and gleamed in the bathroom lights. He brought his hand to his nose and sniffed the result.

"I doesn't smell bad," Jerry said, taking his hand from his face and placing it on Jim's leg to steady himself. He dropped to both knees and steadied Jim's hard rod directly in front of his face with both hands. "It smells kind of lemony," he ventured at a guess, moving slightly closer again to the forbidden threshold.

"That's the saving cream," pointed out Jim. "I used lime scented shaving cream. That's what you smell," he said with a smile.

"Oh, yeah," chuckled Jerry, realizing his mistake. The cap at the end of Jim's cock stuck out at him from between his hands. As he watched, the tinniest bit of moisture refilled the little slit in the end of the cock and sparkled obscenely in the light as the next full drop of pre-cum started to inevitably form. Since the end was already smeared with the juices, and he could see more on the way, he knew that there would be no way to avoid having it in his mouth no matter whether he wiped off what was there now, or not. He closed his eyes and took a deep breath. He let it out in a long, expelled whoosh of air and opened his eyes again, the image of the first cock he would ever suck burning into his memory. He opened his mouth wide, used his hands to point the head of the man's cock down towards him, and leaned forward to take it in, pre-cum and all.

"Here it comes," Jim thought, as he turned slightly to face the boy more squarely, helping direct his penis to Jerry's face and into the boy's open mouth. He felt Jerry close his lips over the head of his erection and simply hold him there motionless. The hot, wet cave of Jerry's mouth made his dick contract and flex. In spite of any control he had, he felt another pulse of lubrication travel up along the vein in the underside and escape from the tip.

"There... I'm doing it," thought Jerry, experiencing much the same sensation of inevitability as when he had finally jumped into the air off the high-diving platform and was headed towards the water. Briefly having the feeling of floating in the air, Jerry sensed that it was time to take the plunge that had to follow as well. He sucked in with his cheeks, as if to draw the juices from the man's stiff rod, and took his tongue and explored the surface of the dick-head, and then into the slit at the tip. He could feel the slimy fluid gathered there. It contrasted with the thin liquid of his saliva, and expressed itself in the way the tip of his tongue slid more effortlessly over the crown of the cock-head. It was coming out at him, all right, he acknowledged to himself; he was getting Jim's sperm juice in his mouth. He used the tongue to mix it with his saliva, and he felt the slippery, viscous stuff spread over the lining of his mouth and across his teeth. Gathering his courage, he started sliding the cock in and out of his mouth and across this tongue. He bobbed his head just a scant few inches, but he had gone all the way, and was really giving his first blowjob. His own maturing penis was stiff and hard, and stained upward from his body. Not having masturbated for so long had made him incredibly horny and eager, so much so that he was sexually aroused enough to engage in this most intimate of sex acts. He pulled his lips off the end of Jim's rampant erection and confirmed that the pre-cum he had seen before he started fellating the man was now gone. As if to attest to how much had been there, the hole in the head of Jim's erect member produced another thick drop of lubrication to replace what Jerry had removed. It gathered volume and then flowed down the cock, leaving a thick trail behind in its wake. Jerry swished the contents of his mouth around and took a deep breath and held it. He closed his eyes, gathered the moisture in his mouth at the back of his throat, and forced himself to swallow it. He let out his breath in a gush of triumphant accomplishment and looked up at Jim.

"Did I do okay for my first time?" he asked, looking to Jim for reassurance that his efforts had been worthwhile, and that he had pleased Jim as much as he had intended to.

Slowly recovering from the thrill of the boy's mouth on his cock for the first time, Jim nodded and smiled, silently promising the boy in his mind to pay him back shortly with what he hoped was an equal measure of willingness to do things for the first time. Jerry wasn't the only one with barriers to break down, and Jim resolved that when the time came to face his own hurdles of conscious and reluctance at performing some new, hitherto forbidden and previously repugnant sexual act, he would meet them with the same resolve and fortitude that Jerry had just shown.

"You did fine. I really liked it," he confirmed, winning a smile from the boy at the undoubtedly sincere praise he was offering. "Thank you."

Still smiling, Jerry pumped Jim's cock with both the hands he was still holding it with, as he blinked a couple of times, letting the excitement of what he had just done wash over him from the top of his head, down his back, into his groin, and translate itself into a fierce throbbing in the end of his dick. His erection almost ached he was so excited and hard. He released Jim's cock and watched it flex and jerk, seemingly in time to the beating of both their hearts.

"I'll do it some more, if you want. It wasn't so bad," he reasoned, as much to himself as to Jim. He swallowed again as he watched the wetness at the end of Jim's dick collecting in another thin bead of cum. He lowered his head and licked across the head of the cock with his tongue to remove it, and swallowed that as well. "It doesn't taste bad, or anything," he admitted, still detecting the continued slippery feeling inside his cheeks and on the roof of his mouth.

Taking the boy's head in his hands, Jim sank to his knees also. Looking deeply into Jerry's eyes, he brought his face to Jerry's and placed his mouth over the boy's, which had so recently accepted his hard cock. He thrust his tongue at Jerry's lips and felt them part to allow entry. He probed the boy deeply as Jerry sighed and closed his eyes, pressing his own tongue back to Jim. Taking one hand from the side of the boy's head, Jim reached down to grip the boy's erect penis in his hand. Jerry, feeling Jim take hold of him, fumbled blindly with his own hand until he found Jim's hard cock. They held each other in a mutual penile embrace as their mouths worked together and their tongues danced and intertwined. The vibrations of the moan that couldn't escape Jerry's lips traveled through the inside of Jim's head and set his brain on fire with a burst of overwhelming emotion and lust.

Pulling back from the kiss, Jim gathered his saliva and the remnants of his own recently deposited semen from the boy's mouth and swallowed. This was a first for both of them. This was the first time that Jim had ever tasted his own cum, even though it was only a minute, almost theoretical amount that remained in Jerry's mouth—it was more the thought that counted, instead of the actual fact. If he could do that, he decided, we wasn't going to let any of other the other things that he had imagined doing for the boy but had found himself shying away from any longer be an issue. Every part of the boy's young body seemed sacred to him. Nothing it could produce, nor any crevasse he might explore with his hands or mouth, any longer held any distaste for him. He was now more than willing to give himself over without limit to doing everything in his power to please the boy, no matter how repugnant and taboo he might once have considered such a sexual act.

One of the fantasies that had played in the back of Jim's mind had been of the boy laying on his back with his legs spread and up in the air, his arms holding himself open to Jim with his hands by supporting his legs at the knees, while Jim licked and probed at the boy's virgin asshole with his tongue, rimming him thoroughly and completely. He had previously had his mouth there before briefly, but that had only been at the entrance. Jim

had imagined eating Jerry out anally as completely as he had when he had gone down on one of his girlfriends. He had been trying to drive the image from his mind, telling himself that it was just too much—too over-the-top—to even think about doing. Now Jim was eager to get the boy upstairs and in bed as soon as possible so he could make his forbidden dream come true. The fresh, clean scent of the boy's body made him all the more willing and eager for it to happen as soon as he could make it.

The strangeness of their position, both of them completely naked and kneeling on the floor of the bathroom facing each other with their stiff erections pointing at one another other, increased Jerry's sense of otherworldliness. The memory of the head of Jim's cock in his mouth gave Jerry shivers of excitement, and he decided he wanted to take another dive into the pool of sexual experience in which he had just tested the water for the first time. This next time, however, he knew he wanted to plunge even deeper and longer into the promising yet forbidden depths.

"Should I do it again?" he asked Jim, reaching out and taking the leaking rod back in the palm of his hand. He tightened his fingers and saw another gleaming drop of pre-cum welled up and flowed from the end as reward to his efforts.

"Only if you really want to," advised Jim, intent on his efforts not to force himself on the boy.

"Stand up again and I will," directed Jerry, the anticipation growing again and gently churning in his guts. "I'll do it for longer this time. And better... at least..." he looked at Jim's cock in his hand. "At least, if you'll tell me how I should do it... I'll try to do as good as you do it for me."

Getting to his feet, Jim rose over the boy, who still held his dick resolutely. Having the boy kneeling submissively at his feet waiting to resume his sucking and licking on Jim's firm, erect penis gave Jim an immense feeling of power. Too much control, in fact. A flood of guilt washed over him. Perhaps it would be better to choose a different position for the oral activity to come so that Jerry would have more control over the proceedings.

"Let's go upstairs first," suggested Jim. The delay in moving their lovemaking into the bedroom would also provide Jim with a bit of a "cooling down" period. If the boy put Jim's boner back in his mouth right away, Jim didn't think he could be sure that he wouldn't cum immediately, thereby breaking his promise to Jerry not to shoot his load while the boy was sucking him off. That would ruin what had so far been an acceptable experience for Jerry.

"No," insisted Jerry. "I want to do it again right away, before I have time to think about it too much." He knew he was ready to suck the man right now, and he was afraid that if the spell was broken, and that if the mood was altered in the slightest, that he could change his mind and not go through with his current intent to give Jim a real good, hardcore blowjob, like the one's he had seen in the porn movies. He licked his lips in preparation. "Come here," he demanded, tugging on Jim's dick. "Let me do it to you again. Then we can go upstairs."

Resisting Jerry's efforts to pull him close enough to resume the action, Jim stepped sideways around the boy to in front of the toilet. The boy released his hold on man's cock to let Jim sit down on the closed seat.

"I'm afraid I'll fall over if you do it again as good as you just did," explaining his change in position. "Get between my legs as I sit here, and then you can do it again." Jim spread his thighs and Jerry shuffled around on his knees to bring his naked body up against Jim's. Jerry rested his elbows outside the man's legs and attached his hand back on the object of his intentions. He stroked Jim with tiny little jerks and got ready.

"You really like me doing you that much?" wondered Jerry aloud. He was pleased at himself that he could affect Jim so profoundly; so much so that Jim was afraid the he couldn't even stand up while Jerry fellated him.

Putting out his arms to run his hands over the boy's shoulders, and up the sides of his neck, Jim sighed deeply as his dick throbbed in the boy's hand.

"You doing this for me is the best thing that ever happened to me," enthused Jim. "Better than the best Christmas ever, more fun than a rollercoaster, more exiting than a ride in a spaceship," Jim informed the boy, his hands playing up and down the boy's bare body wherever he could reach.

Grinning with great satisfaction at Jim's words, Jerry leaned forward to position his face directly over Jim's cock. He looked up into Jim's eyes, the dick-head inches from his lips.

"This time, tell me how to do it better, okay?" he requested. "Like the way you do it to me."

So saying, Jerry lowered his body from his waist and took Jim's penis back in his hot, wet mouth. The thoughts of Jim's oozing pre-cum forgotten—or at least put aside for the moment—he began bobbing his head up and down, taking Jim's cock even deeper inside his mouth than previously.

Closing his eyes and gritting his teeth, Jim felt his hard rod sliding back and forth in the boy's suctioning mouth. What could be any better than this, he wondered? Heaven itself held no allure for him anymore. The greatest pleasure of his life seemed to be now occurring before him. Opening his eyes again, he watched the top of Jerry's blonde head rising and lowering over his groin in a steady, determined rhythm. His nostrils spread as he sucked in a deep breath. It was almost more wonderful than he could stand, he decided.

Pulling Jim's cock free of his mouth, Jerry looked down and noticed a thin strand of the man's pre-cum hung between his lips and the end of the man's dick. Using his tongue to break the connection of love juice that had formed between them, Jerry smacked his lips and savored the sensation of having the slight amount of it inside his mouth. He moved to start again, but pause first for a question.

"You aren't about to shoot off, are you?" he wanted to know. "Because I'll do this much, but you can't..." He struggled to decide whether or not to enjoin Jim from coming to completion inside his mouth. He shook his head finally in denial. "Not *that*," he cautioned Jim. "At least, not yet," he amended.

Catching the understated but apparent meaning implied by the boy's words—that someday Jerry *would* let him do it "all the way" in his mouth—made Jim's heart beat faster, and the man's body broke out in a light sweat at the prospect.

"Of course," Jim said reassuringly. "I understand. Not until you're ready." Jim closed his eyes again and panted a little for breath. He had to control himself, for the boy's sake; he had to be as good as his word, or the boy would rightfully feel tricked and abused, even if he erupted in orgasm against his will. "But you've got to be careful and stop right away if I tell you," the man advised. "If I say something like 'look out, here it comes', you better do what I tell you as fast as you can." Jim reached his hand out to place it on the back of Jerry's head and looked into the boy's eyes. A bit of pre-cum still hung suspended from the boy's lower lip.

Nodding that he understood, Jerry allowed Jim to pull his head back towards the waiting penis. He resisted at the last moment as his lips brushed against the tip.

"Tell me what to do," he said. "Teach me how you want me to do it better," he asked, and engulfed the hard rod in his mouth again. He waited, holding his head motionless as he awaited Jim's instructions.

"Okay," gasped Jim, rubbing his hand over the back of the boy's head and neck. His dick twitched and strained. He gave a little ironic chuckle. "Gees... just the fact that you're doing it at *all* is great," he said in praise of the boy's efforts. "But you can start by taking the shaft of my dick in your hand and stroking it as you suck on the end," recommended Jim.

Jerry reached up and wrapped his fingers around the rampant erection filling his mouth. He moved the loose skin up and down over the solid core it covered. The movements of his arm made his entire body move slightly, and his mouth jiggled around the head of the cock as he grasped it just behind the ridge with his lips. Jim brought his hand to the back of Jerry's head again and encouraged the boy to move it a bit more, pushing the end slightly deeper inside with each decent downward.

"Oh, Jerry, it's so good," moaned Jim, pulling Jerry's head more firmly down over his cock. "I love you so much," he whispered. Jerry, in silent answer, used his hand to jerk Jim's dick even harder.

"Now the tongue," instructed Jim. "Use your tongue," he almost pleaded, bracing himself for his own reaction.

Pulling the head almost out of his mouth, Jerry twirled his tongue in circles around the corona. He heard the whine that escaped Jim's lips and was thrilled that he was able to produce such a reaction in the man. He probed into the dick hole with his tongue, and then explored the underside where the crown met the shaft. Jim released the boy's head with his hand and simply let his arms hang from the shoulders. He involuntarily thrust his hips up and down, rocking on his butt muscles, to push the end of his penis across the flat of Jerry's tongue.

"Do it up and down the shaft," requested Jim. "Start licking at the base of my cock and do it along the shaft to the head."

Removing his mouth, Jerry used his hand to bend the dick back, and he traced a path from where Jim's hard rod started at above his balls to the very end of the penis. He widened his area of attention to include the sides and down and over the man's shaved scrotum. The, returning his mouth to the top, he slid his lips down the shaft until he had nearly half the stiff member in his mouth, the end reaching the back of his throat. He swallowed reflexively as he nearly gagged at the intrusion. Satisfied that he had taken Jim deeply enough, he started to again bob his head again, this time faster... then faster still, and finally as fast and deeply as he could manage. Jim's legs closed against his rib cage and held him in place as he braced himself with is arms against the man's body as he put on an even more intense burst of speed.

"Oh... oh... oh..." moaned Jim in time with the boy's actions. He clenched his fists and threw his head back in ecstasy. "Ohhh... God!" he cried. "Jerry! Jerry! Oh... stop! Stop doing it right now. I'm going to do it if you don't stop. I can't help it anymore," he warned, fighting for control. His balls pulled up tight against his body as he arched his back off the seat of the toilet where he sat. "I'm almost there," he groaned.

Pulling away hurriedly, Jerry looked up at Jim, grateful that the man had kept his promise to warn him in time.

"Put your thumb right against the spot on the underside where the head joins the shaft," said Jim breathlessly. "Don't move your hand at all, but just squeeze it tight. It will keep me from shooting off if you do that." As ready as Jim was to cum, there was still more evening ahead of them yet, and he didn't want to empty himself of cum this soon.

Doing as Jim said, Jerry grasped the shaft of the cock in his hand and applied pressure with the ball of his thumb to the spot Jim had indicated. He felt the vein in the underside

compress beneath the pressure, as Jim bit his lower lip and scrunched his eyes closed, trying to forestall his impending ejaculation. His asshole clenched tightly shut with the effort, and he slowly was able to pull himself back from the very brink of orgasm. As the pressure in his balls relaxed, and his dick gave a final twitch or two, he bought his hand to his face and covered his open mouth with his palm. He stuck the last knuckle of his index finger between his teeth and bit down. The pain distracted him from the sensations coming from his cock long enough to keep him from blasting off his load in the boy's face.

"Ahhh..." he gasped, removing his finger from between his teeth, his moment of crisis passing at last. "I've got things under control, so you can let up now," he sighed.

Jerry relaxed his grip slightly and studied Jim's face with wonder, and also a great deal of pride.

"Were you really that close?" he asked. "Was I *really* doing it that good?" he wondering in amazement. He smiled at his sense of accomplishment and sexual prowess. He took his thumb and rubbed the fluid leaking from the end of Jim's dick over the head, marveling at how much it still was producing, and how it didn't seem to want to stop.

His breathing slowly returning to normal, Jim could only smile weakly at Jerry and nod slowly. He leaned his head back and studied the tiles on the ceiling, inwardly marveling at the extent of his own self-restraint. He wasn't sure himself how he had managed to warn the boy and make him cease his oral attack on his cock in time.

"Yeah," confirmed Jim. "Another couple of seconds and I wouldn't have been able to stop myself," he informed his young friend.

Holding Jim's boner in his one hand, Jerry used the back of the other to wipe his lips free of the last traces of pre-cum that lingered there. His own hard joint still stuck from between his legs and he knelt before the man.

"So what do we do now?" he asked, eager for some sexual relief himself.

"Now I think we should go upstairs," Jim said in reply. He gave a little laugh. "If this is us just getting started," he pointed out to Jerry, "I can only imagine how good what is coming next is going to be." He pulled Jerry's hand away from his cock and kissed the back of Jerry's hand several times. Then he held the boy's hand in his and placed his the palm of his other hand on the boy's naked shoulder. "Your turn comes next, and—oh boy—is it going to be a good one," grinned Jim.

"Really?" asked Jerry with continued excitement. "What are you going to do to me?" he wanted to know.

Jim released Jerry's hand and laid it on the boy's rosy cheek. He patted it gently, and then used his thumb and forefinger to give it a little pinch.

"You'll just have to wait to find out," Jim said. To emphasize his point, Jim arched his eyebrows up and down and gave a low growl from deep in his throat.

His little cock straining to get harder at the man's suggestive, provocative words, and a flush of renewed excitement and adventure filled Jerry from top to bottom.

"Okay, then," he said, getting to his feet. "Then let's get going," he stated with enthusiasm.



End of Eighth Chapter

(To be continued at a later date.)

Author's Note: Unavoidable as it unfortunately was, the author deeply regretted not being able to produce the current episode of the story in a timelier manner.

It is hoped that this chapter has made up for the long delay in bringing you this installment of Jim and Jerry's sexual adventures together. In the past, the kind words of praise from his readers have filled the author's heart with gratitude, and made his humble efforts seem all the more worthwhile and appreciated. It is hoped that they feel rewarded for their patience during the extended intermission.

Thank you again, deeply and sincerely, for your support and continued feedback about this story.

—*The Author*

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