

DISCLAIMER: I'm not a native English speaker, I'm from Brazil. My English isn't perfect but I tried my best to make it clear and understandable. If you have any comments about the story or suggestions on how to improve my English writing, feedback is always welcome: tetudoounada@hotmail.com

This story is a mixture of fantasy and actual childhood experiences. I had a lot of pleasure writing it, and I hope you have pleasure reading it. I'm working on part 2 at this moment.

When I was about 11 years old, Paulo was my best friend, we were next door neighbours. We played together everyday, we visited each other's house all the time, we looked out for each other, we shared secrets... and then we started sharing more. It all started innocently, I had never looked at my friend with second thoughts, until that day.

We were playing videogames in his bedroom, sitting on his bed. As usual, we started chatting about things unrelated to the game: cartoons, funny things that happened at school, etc... I always felt like we could chat for hours and hours and never get tired of it, we always had so much to talk about. At a certain point, we started discussing a brand new subject: girls. I can't remember who brought it up, but we seemed equally interested: the pretty girls at school, a hot older cousin he saw nude once, hot girls in bikinis I saw when my parents took me to the beach, girls in the neighbourhood... and then we realized that neither of us had kissed a girl yet. It made me feel embarrassed, and I noticed he felt the same way. Most of our classmates claimed to have kissed at least one girl already, or many girls, some of our 11 year old colleagues had pretty active sex lives according to what they told us. We didn't realize how unlikely it was, we were too concerned about fitting in. I asked:

"When we get girlfriends, what if they can tell we never kissed before? What if we do something wrong and they notice?"

I've always been very insecure. Paulo was normally a confident boy, but this time he seemed as worried as I was.

"I guess they'll make fun of us" he said.

"What if they tell everyone in school?"

We were terrified with the possibility of kissing some chick only to be mocked by everyone we knew.

"Maybe we could ask one of our friends how it's done", he suggested.

But we decided it was a bad idea, as it would mean risking our secret. We finally reached a conclusion: We should get some practice before doing it for real. But how to practice kissing? Kissing our hands? Kissing a doll or some other object, like a fruit? We were pretty sure such things wouldn't help. Then, Paulo's suggestion caught me off guard:

"What if we did it together?"

It looked like a convenient way of solving both our problems, not to mention we were very good friends and we knew for sure we could trust each other. On the other hand it sounded too weird, I thought: "how could I kiss another boy? I'm not gay"! My answer was a reluctant "No". But Paulo was sure he had found the best solution and he was going to talk me into it. While he was trying to convince me, I realized that it probably didn't feel any less weird to him, and he could change his mind any minute. I was suddenly afraid of losing that opportunity, so my answer now was a reluctant "Yes". There was silence and tension for the next few minutes, until he asked me:

"Wanna try it now?"

"I don't know, do you?"

"Maybe"

"We have to promise never to tell anyone about this"

I was trembling with expectation. As he was approaching, I forgot this was just "practice", all I could think of was: "I'm going to kiss someone's lips for the first time now". I closed my eyes just before our lips touched. It felt much better than I was expecting! Moist, soft, warm, my heart was pounding, I had an erection instantly. Even though it was very pleasant, we weren't feeling comfortable at all. We were still holding our videogame controllers, and we wouldn't dare letting them go to touch each other. After half a minute or so we stopped to catch our breaths. We looked at each other and there was some awkwardness, but also a good feeling, that rush you get when you discover something new and enjoyable. We discussed whether we were doing it right, if it should last longer, how to move our heads, and then we decided we should keep on doing it until we had it all figured out. To be honest, the only thing I thought at that moment was that I wanted to do it again, no matter the reason.

There were a couple more kisses, longer ones, with shorter pauses in between. Time went by so quickly, soon it was time for me to go home. That night I got very little sleep, specially because I had not yet found out about masturbation, so I had no way to relieve the tension. But instead of being tired the next morning, I was very excited. I couldn't wait to see Paulo at school.

We exchanged a few meaningful glances there, but we made sure to be discrete, so no one could tell there was something going on between us, although I remember blushing once. When it was almost lunch time and we were going back home, he asked me if I was going to his house that day. There was no need for him to ask that. As soon as I finished lunch at home, I was ringing his doorbell. His mother let me in.

I went straight to his room and there he was doing nothing, probably just waiting. We tried talking about other things, we tried playing videogames, but we both knew what we've been waiting all morning for. He took the initiative, as usual, and asked:

"Do you want to practice some more today?"

I tried not to sound too eager:

"Yes, maybe we could".

In a few seconds we were sitting on his bed, kissing again. This time we weren't holding videogame controllers, so he put his hand on my knee, which soon moved to my thigh. I put my hand on his arm. His touch then evolved to caress, it made me shiver. Now, during our pauses, we didn't speak anymore, we just exchanged smiles. That day he was wearing particularly loose shorts, so I noticed I wasn't the only one with a hardon. I looked at it and he acknowledged my look, but we made no comment.

And so the next days went by: we'd meet after school, try to make a little smalltalk, agree it was time to "practice", and so we did, his hands caressing my thighs softly, my hands holding his arms or his shoulders. Even though we now were aware that "practicing" was just an excuse, we did learn some things, for example, now the awkwardness was gone and we were french kissing naturally. I'm pretty sure we were ready to kiss girls then, but that was no longer what we had in mind. We then understood we didn't need that excuse anymore, we were both enjoying this too much to let guilt stop us. From that moment on things moved faster, we were allowed to experiment.

There was a day I was going to be home alone for the entire afternoon, as my mom

had some kind of appointment, so we decided to meet at my house after lunch. He had just arrived, we were still standing at the front door, he looked around to make sure nobody could see us, and then he greeted me with a quick kiss. The risk of getting caught made it even more exciting. I smiled nervously and told him to come in. I had only the time to lock the door, he held me by the waist and pulled me towards him. It was our first standing kiss, happening there in the living room. His hands, tight on my waist kept pulling me, our chests were touching and so were our dicks. I didn't know what to do with my hands. I started visualizing couples I've seen before, the man holding the girl by the waist, the girl's hands on his shoulders. Was I supposed to be the girl there? I didn't care. I put my hands on his shoulders.

Just when I thought this couldn't get any more exciting, Paulo's hands slid from my waist to my ass! He put one hand on each of my buttcheeks and then squeezed! I was so surprised I thrust my hips forward and opened my eyes during the kiss. He showed no signs of slowing down, though. I was a little ashamed of my butt back then, I thought it was rounder and wider than most boys' butts, a little girly, and that made me uncomfortable when he touched it. But I eventually got used to the groping and fondling and started enjoying it, so I just closed my eyes again and let him have all the fun he wanted, while I started to caress his chest.

At one point, I put my hands over his, guiding their way, making them squeeze me, then making them release, then making they caress me. If at first I was reluctant to let him touch my ass, now I didn't want to let his hands go. Our little boners were pressing against each other, there was a strong sensation down there. I felt an urge to touch my penis at that moment, but I didn't. The delicious teamwork our hands were doing across my butt couldn't be stopped. It was our first makeout session and it was really intense. We had to take a break so we sat on the couch to rest. We remained silent for a while, but it wasn't a weird silence, our faces showed how happy we were. I offered:

"Do you want a glass of water?"

"Sure", he answered.

"I'll be right back".

As I stood up to go to the kitchen, he gently pinched my butt. I giggled shyly and he did it once more before I went. It seemed that afternoon was full of exciting surprises. While I was alone in the kitchen, I had to give in to the urge to touch my penis. I guess I had no courage to do it in front of him. I stroked it a little with my hand inside my pants while I thought of what had just happened. It felt so good.. but I was afraid I was taking too long in the kitchen. I had a glass of water myself and then poured another one for him.

As I went back to the living room, I discovered I was the only one ashamed to touch myself with someone else looking: There he was, sitting on the couch, pants down to his ankles, fist wrapped around his cock. When he saw me, at first it looked like he was trying to cover it, trying to reach for a cushion, but it was too far, then he probably realized it was too late. I stood in front of him and handed him the glass of water. As he drank, I stared at his dick. It was hard and it pointed up. "It's pointing at me", I thought. I wanted to do something, but I was hypnotized...