

He came looking for my brother. He was dressed in his school uniform: white untucked shirt, black pants and leather shoes -- wearing his sweater around his waist. A blond boy with a friendly smile. He said he was in the same grade as my brother, so I guessed he was eleven years old, too.

“Is Dylan here?” He asked.

“No, the bus hasn't dropped him yet. Why aren't you with them?” I asked.

“I had to run to ask my mom if I could come.”

“Come in. Just wait for him over there... wait, wait, take off your shoes. We don't like stains on the carpet.” I said, not really believing he was going to do it.

“Oh, sorry.” The kid started removing his shoes right in front of me. I knew his feet were all warm from running and playing at school all day. I began to imagine what it would be like to smell his socks and between his toes.

“Where can I put them?” He asked politely.

“Do they smell?” I asked him and then I took them and gave them a sniff.

He looked embarrassed. “Yes, I think.”

They smelled of mostly of leather, but also of his feet. I wondered if he had been using the same socks for two days as some boys do. Looking at him in his black socks, I felt ready to smell him from head to toe. Also, I wondered what kind of underwear he had on, and if he had wiped his anus well.

I tossed his shoes on the floor. “Follow me. I'm gonna show you our new house. We just moved, you know.” I led him to the lower floor and then to the basement. “There's the heating system.”

“It's kinda creepy here,” he said.

“I know and that's why it'll be good for Halloween parties.” I said and then sniffed. “I think you do have stinky feet.”

“Do I?” he said shyly.

“Yes, sit down there”, I pointed to an old couch in the basement.

“But it's dark here,” he said.

“Just take them off. Let me help.”

I pulled one sock from his foot while I held his other foot. They surely smelled of boys' feet. I pretended to feel disgusted; however, I didn't mind getting my face close to them. There he was, a cute kid with a cute face and smooth feet in our dark and "creepy" basement. I started running my hand on his warm sole and he started giggling and squirming trying to get his feet off. After a while he got used to it and stopped moving, so I caressed his small toes one by one.

I had tickled my bro's feet many times, but tickling a stranger kid was so entrancing. When I couldn't resist it anymore, I started sniffing them closely that they touched my nose.

“Ew, I thought you said they smelled,” he said.

“I know just checking. You were wearing the same socks since yesterday, right?” I asked.

“Yes,” he sounded self-conscious. “I was running late for school.”

“So, you're wearing the same undies too? “

“No, I'm not. I changed those.”

“Let me see.” I started to reach for his pants and trying to unfasten them.

He giggled and tried to hold them in place but I started tickling under his arms so he would let go -- and it worked. I managed to unfasten them enough to show his tighty-whities with designs. I pulled down his pants -- well down below his knees so I could have a good view.

“Come on stand up.” I grabbed his arm and pulled him gently to his feet.

“Why?” he asked giggling.

Once standing, he looked cute with his pants down and his underwear showing. I reached to his rear side and ran my finger along his butt crack over his undies.

“Did you wipe well here?” I asked.

“Yes, I did,” He said giggling and moving his butt forward.

“Did you change the undies?”

“Um, yes.”

“Um means you’re kinda not sure. Let’ see.”

I pulled down the rear side of his briefs and I saw his buttocks. They looked nice, round and smooth. I imagined the times when his anus itched and how he must have discreetly scratched it at school. Also, looking at his butt made me wonder if he had ever been given a butt shot and if he had cried when he got it.

Without giving it second thought, I ran my finger along his crack and spread his butt cheeks a bit with my other fingers. Then, I took my finger to my nose. It smelled of poop, obviously, and I felt disgusted for a second, but then it just turned me on more. I started running my finger more times feeling his asshole. During that, all he did was squirm and giggle.

“You didn’t wipe well... ew! When did you last go to poop?”

“This morning,” he said between giggles.

“Do you ever get itchy here at school?” I asked him. Somehow, making indiscreet questions made me hornier.

“Sometimes,” he admitted with a giggle.

“How do you scratch?”

“I rub my butt against the chair like this,” He said and wiggled his butt in a funny way as I continued to feel it with my finger. Then, I reached and felt the front of his undies.

“Do you leak some pee here on your undies sometimes? I mean after you’re done peeing sometimes your thing is still wet.”

“Yes, that happens sometimes. You don’t?” He asked.

“Yeah, I think that happens to most boys.”

I pulled down his undies on the front and felt his penis pointing up, stiff and

warm. Unlike me and my brother, I found out he wasn't circumcised . So, I felt his foreskin and played with it gently while he giggled but stood still this time.

“Did you ever wet the bed?” I asked.

“As a baby, I guess.”

“No, I mean, did it ever happen to you by accident as a big kid?”

“No way,” he replied.

“Come on, I'm not telling. It happened to me, too.”

“Well, alright. Me too,” he said. “When I was nine -- I fell asleep watching TV and I didn't go to the bathroom.”

“Did you get grounded?”

“Yes, mom made me take the sheets to the laundry.”

“So, you wore GoodNites underpants?

“No way.”

As I continued to ask him random questions, I unbuttoned my jeans then pulled down the front of my undies. Next, I lowered myself to the level of his butt as he was shorter. I just felt the urging need to rub my boner against his crack.

“Well, anyway, you used to pee your bed just like me.”

“It was an accident,” he said trying to maintain his status quo.

“And you got stinky socks.”

I put my dick on his crack and held him closer while I touched his boner.

He went silent and I noticed that his breathing was deep. So was mine, and I could feel my hands shaking in excitement as I felt his wiener. I put some spit on the tip of my penis with my finger, then I pushed it into his anus and I felt the tip starting to slide in.

He gasped: "Ouch, ouch".

"Sorry" I whispered into his ear and I pulled back. Then, I placed my dick along his crack and held him tight against me while feeling all over his wiener and nuts. We moved forward a few steps as he stepped out of his pants. Using just one hand, I lowered his undies as much as I could.

I continued to fidget against his bottom, spreading his cheeks with my movements. All of a sudden, I felt some droplets on my hand that was feeling his dick. He gasped for air and pushed back his round bottom against my dick.

As I felt the wet tip of his wiener, I felt the urge to rub my dick harder against his crack. Also, for a moment, I contemplated the idea of stopping and licking his hole. I was wild. Instead, I just held him close as I felt tingles on the tip of my dick and started ejaculating over his butt crack. It felt like I was spouting more than ever before. My cum made his crack more slippery, and soon the feeling became unbearable. So, I stopped moving and held him tight as I panted and kissed the back of his head and neck. My concern then was that I didn't even know the kid's name, but I had already ejaculated on him.

He was panting, too, and half-naked in the dim-lit and damp basement. I wanted to keep hugging him that way and give him time for him to process all the feelings. I knew he was feeling very shy by then because I was feeling that way, too. I wanted to continue caressing him and kissing his neck and maybe let him fall asleep in my arms. He was so tender.

Suddenly, I heard a noise upstairs. I knew it was either mom or Dylan.

"Mom, I'm home," the voice of my 11-year-old brother said.

In a startled move I stepped back and began to pull up his briefs.

"Dylan's here", I said with a voice that betrayed my nervousness while I buttoned my pants.

"I know, I heard him", the kid said without looking at my face. I could tell he was feeling bashful.

I grabbed his pants from the floor, and unfolded them so he could just slip in them quickly. I fastened them and tried to tuck his shirt as good as I could.

"Whose are these shoes?" I heard Dylan saying from upstairs.

"Let's go", I urged by grabbing him from his arm.

"What about my socks?" He asked. I had forgot he was still barefoot.

"No time," I replied.

We walked upstairs as naturally as we could and found Dylan in the kitchen.

"Hey, bro. Here, um.... your friend came looking for you," I said.

"Hi," they said to each other and shook hands.

"Why did you take off your shoes?" Dylan asked him as he saw he was barefoot and had seen his shoes by the entrance.

"Your bro said to keep the carpet clean," he said with a smile and looked at his feet.

"Ha, come on. We never do that. You can put them on or you can leave them off. It's up to you."

He reached for his shoes and started putting them on without socks.

"Sorry, just a little newbie prank," I said.

"No prob," the kid said as he tied his shoelaces.

"What's your name, anyway?" I finally asked him.

"Kyle", he said looking at my eyes for a moment with a smile.

"Cool. I'm Kevin," I replied trying to appear as indifferent as I could. He was such a cute kid. "Well, I gotta take a little rest. Um, if you're thirsty or anything feel free to grab something from the fridge. Make yourself comfortable. Peace."

I regretted saying that as soon as I finished saying it. It obviously showed I was being kind and showing attention to the kid -- an unusual behavior from a fourteen-year-old.

"Peace," he replied in a cool way.

I left for my room feeling bashful, yet not able to take him off of my mind. I went to the bathroom and washed my hands thoroughly. Then, I remembered that his socks

were still on the floor of the basement. I didn't want mom or anyone to find them and then start asking how they got there. So, I went and quietly retrieved them, and took them with me to my room. I thought of Kyle as I began to sniff them. I closed my eyes thinking of how close I had been to him and how he never stopped me during my advances in the basement.

I was dozing off when I heard someone knocking on the door. It was my mom calling me for dinner. Quickly, I threw Kyle's socks under my bed just a second before my mom opened the door.

"Kevin, it's dinner time".

"I'll be there in a second. Thanks, mom," I said as I got up and went downstairs. To my surprise, Kyle was still there, and he was sitting at the table next to my brother. When he saw me he smiled at me.

As we ate, mom started asking us questions about our first day in the new school and how we had liked it. During our chat, I tried to keep myself from staring at Kyle. After dinner, though, I remained downstairs while Kyle was playing Wii with my brother in the living room. They both took their shoes off this time --Kyle being without socks--. So, I found myself staring at his feet and trying to be friendly with him. He was acting cool and relaxed. Most importantly, he was talking to me and smiling as if the incident in the basement hadn't taken place.

When it got late and he had to leave, I could just wave at him. How much I wished I could have hugged him and kissed him goodbye. From that day on, I would subtly hint my brother about inviting Kyle to play. That night, I fell asleep with his socks on my face. They are the only evidence that this actually happened, not just in my mind.

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