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## Little Jerry's First Time

(Chapter —The First)

This is the story of a young boy being instructed in sexual matters by an older man. But —mostly of all—this is a story about a loving relationship between two people.

“O YOU whom I often and silently come where you are,  
that I may be with you;  
As I walk by your side, or sit near, or remain in the  
same room with you,  
Little you know the subtle electric fire that for your  
sake is playing within me.

—Walt Whitman, O YOU WHOM I OFTEN AND SILENTLY COME, *Leaves of Grass*



It was shortly after three o'clock in the afternoon of a day in early autumn when Jim Davis stepped out the back door of the apartment in the small duplex he shared with the couple next door. The place wasn't terribly old, but the concrete slab that formed the common back porch of both apartments was cracking and flaking. The siding had seen better days, and it had been repainted so many times that the various colors of previous paint show through in a crazy craquelure where the upper layers of paint were chipping and peeling. Originally designed as a single-family home, it had been converted many years ago by a former owner into a duplex, and then rented to a series of people with limited incomes. Jim and the tenants next door were merely most recent of many people who had found the house cramped but adequate. Affordability was usually the primary consideration for the house's tenants, and so it had been for Jim in the beginning. His income had since improved to the point where he could easily afford to live in much better surroundings, but he had decided to stay because he had grown attached to the couple that had lived in the apartment next door. Jim had been helping

them out for the last four years, and Jim was reluctant to deprive them of the support he often provided.

Jim had been very hard up financially when he had moved in four and a half years ago, but since the job he had taken with a delivery company had begun to pay off, he now had a very comfortable income. Jim didn't drive a truck or make deliveries. He managed the computer servers that kept track of the many, various logistical aspects of the business. Once broadband Internet access had become available in his area, Jim found it more convenient to use his personal computer to work from home, though he still stopped by the offices regularly to do those things that needed to be taken care of in person. Since his role in the company was mostly managing databases and other types of data manipulation, his boss, Greg, saw no reason to insist that Jim come into the offices every day, especially since the company was located only a short distance from Jim's house, and he could be there quickly if he was needed.

It was a Friday, and Jim was done working for the day. He decided to step next door to see how his neighbors, Patty and Bob, were doing. Patty was a stay-at-home housewife, though she wasn't actually a wife at the moment. She was divorced from her first husband, and she and Bob were still simply living together. Patty had a young son, Jerry, who was the product of Patty's previous marriage to a guy named Ray. Jerry's father provided some sporadic support for Patty and his son, so if Patty and Bob had gotten married, that would have put their meager income from Ray's alimony payments in jeopardy. Not that what little money Ray managed to send to Patty for her and Jerry's support really amounted to much, but it was all that the small family had, other than the income from Ray's nearly minimum wage job working on the docks at the trucking company where Jim also worked.

Jim tapped at the backdoor of the apartment next door, and opened the door a crack to call out, "Anybody home?"

"Yeah, Jim. Come on in," he heard Patty's voice respond to his query.

"How are we doing today?" Jim asked as he stepped into the small kitchen and dining area that made up nearly half of the apartment. The other half of the ground floor was used as the living room, and there were two bedrooms up a flight of very narrow, steep stairs that lead to the next floor. Jim's apartment was similarly laid out, except that his upstairs room didn't have a dividing wall, so he had only one big bedroom. He had his computer equipment set up in one corner of the room as a work area. It wasn't spacious, but since he was single and lived alone, it was more than adequate for his needs.

"Well, I've been better days," Patty told him. She was dressed in a faded blouse and blue jeans as she stood in her bare feet at the kitchen sink washing the dishes. "Do you want a cup of coffee?"

"You know me," said Jim with a grin. "My blood is forty-one percent caffeinated water. Another cup of coffee at this time in the afternoon isn't going to keep me up at night."

Jim went over to the coffee pot that sat on the counter next to the refrigerator. He was such a frequent visitor to Patty and Bob's home that he didn't need to ask where the coffee mugs were kept. He poured a cup for himself and sat down.

"Like you're not up all night playing on your computers anyway," Patty fired back.

"Now that hurts," Jim told her in a factiously injured voice. "As if all I ever do is 'play' on the computer. I make a living with those things, you know."

He sat at the second-hand kitchen table and sipped his drink. Patty continued to wash dishes in one side of the divided sink, and then rinsed and stacked them in the dish rack sitting on the other side.

Jim sat watching Patty for a while as he drank some coffee, and then finally said, "You're awfully quiet today. Is there something wrong?" Jim's felt a very momentary twinge of guilt as he thought of certain things that might be making Patty upset with him, but he dismissed these suspicions immediately. If Patty had found out about things that he didn't want her or Bob to know about, she certainly would have come out right away and confronted him with them. Patty wasn't coarse or crass, but she was certainly always very direct with everyone she dealt with. Holding her thoughts and feelings inside just wasn't her style.

"Oh, it's no big deal, I guess," Patty admitted, "but, yeah, something's bothering me a little bit."

"Well?" Jim prompted her.

"It's nothing you can do anything about, Jim," Patty told him, "but I just got a call from my sister. She's going to have surgery Monday. It's nothing she might die from or anything like that, but... well, it's a 'woman thing'."

"A 'woman thing'?" Jim asked. "Now I *really* want to know what's going on. What do you mean by that?"

"Okay," Patty said, "it's nothing to be ashamed of, like having V.D., or like she's having an abortion. My sister has endometriosis, and she's getting it taken care of Monday. The doctors say that there's very little chance of anything going wrong, but I've told you about how sensitive my sister is. She's all worried that she's going to wind up sterile or something."

"I've never met your sister, but I remember how you've told me that you've always taken care of her since your mom died. From what you've said, she doesn't seem that bad. And I guess anyone would worry if they were going in for surgery, especially on something down there. But how is that a problem for you? Give her a call after the surgery and see how she's doing. That should help."

"Well, what she really wants is for me and Bob to come up and see her this weekend before she goes in."

"I suppose that's inconvenient, what with the three hour drive to where she lives and all, but it's your sister. Don't you want to go?" asked Jim.

"Of course I want to go, Jim," Patty said plaintively. She finished washing the last plate in the stack and moved on to tackle the pots and pans. "But there's no way Bob and I can afford to drive all the way there and stay at her place." Patty seemed almost stricken with emotion, and at the helplessness she was feeling. "She hasn't got much money either, and I wouldn't feel right freeloading on her and eating up all her food when she's got to pay for the surgery on top of being out of work for at least two weeks."

Jim took another sip of his coffee and considered the situation. He put his cup down, rested his elbow on the table, and put his hand to his chin as he thought.

"So if you could afford the gas to go see her, you'd stay at your sister's, huh?" he asked after a few moments.

"Well, yeah. She's got a 'sleeper' sofa that pulls out into a bed that Bob and I could use, so we wouldn't have to get a motel room. But we can't afford the gas, or the food, or any of the rest of what it would take to go."

"What about Jerry?" inquired Jim. "Would you take him with you?"

"That's another reason we can't go. I'm sure your boss would let Bob off work since he's only part-time anyway, but Jerry has school Monday, and we might not be back until at least Wednesday, probably Thursday. Besides that, my sister's sofa is too small for all three of us. He'd have no place to sleep if we took him along. My sister's place is an efficiency apartment and she sleeps on a single bed. He's not a little kid anymore, and he's way too big to sleep with her."

"And I suppose that she's not going to be feeling well anyway, what with her worrying about her surgery. Having another person crowding her in bed wouldn't be a good thing right now."

"So you see," Patty explained, "I really want to go, but there's just no way we can."

Jim sat quietly for a while as Patty turned back and did some more dishes. After a minute or two of silence, he spoke up again.

"I'll tell you what, Patty, if you want to go see your sister, I think you should."

"Look," Patty said almost pleadingly, "I just told you why we can't. Even if we could get rid of Jerry for the weekend to stay with one of his friends, we still can't afford it. And what would we do about getting him to school? We might not be back until Thursday afternoon."

"I tell you what," said Jim in an even voice, "I'll give you the money you need, and Jerry can spend the weekend with me. Since I work from home and set my own hours, I can make sure he gets to school okay. It's not a problem."

"Oh, Jim, I couldn't ask you to do that. I don't want to take any more of your money. You're helping us out all the time as it is." Patty stepped away from the sink and faced Jim. "And Jerry is over at your house too much already. It's one thing for you to baby-sit him when Bob and I go out together at night, but I can't ask you to take care of him for almost a week."

"The money's not the object and you know that, Patty," Jim told her in return. "I'm making more than I need, and I've got enough cash in the bank to get myself the things I want. I would rather give you a few bucks to go visit your sister than have it just sitting there and doing nothing but collecting interest. And I don't mind Jerry being at my place. He's a good kid and never causes problems or gives me any shit."

"You've gotten really close to Jerry, haven't you Jim?" Patty asked. Jim noticed slight a narrowing of her eyes and a subtle difference in the tone in her voice. He couldn't quite put his finger on exactly what change he noticed. She didn't sound accusing, but the way she asked made him wonder why she had posed that question.

"Well, sure. I've known him since he was nine years old," Jim said in as much of a relaxed manner as he could manage. "I guess he sees me as part of the family. I guess he's even one of the reasons I never move into a better place once I could afford it. His real dad doesn't spend any time with him, and Bob doesn't treat him like he's his son, you know. Not that Bob is mean to the boy or anything. It's just that I can tell Bob isn't really into having kids around."

"Bob likes Jerry okay and all that, but I know what you mean." Patty agreed. "Bob doesn't want to have any kids of his own, especially since we can't afford them. Jerry was something he had to accept if he wanted to be with me. I don't blame him. Some guys just aren't the 'father of the year' type. You watching Jerry for us when Bob and I go out gives Bob a break from Jerry constantly being around. That's something we really both appreciate, Jim."

"I don't mind," said Jim. "I actually kind of enjoy having him come over."

"What do you two do when he's there, anyway?" asked Patty. She again gave Jim a curious look that made him kind of nervous, as if she was thinking something that she wasn't coming right out and saying.

"Oh... ah... well," stammered Jim, trying to keep his cool. He shrugged his shoulders with a dismissive gesture. "You know, watch TV, or he plays games on my computers, and I sometimes show him computer stuff. You know. Things like that. Whatever..." Jim's voice tailed off slightly at the end.

"That's okay. I was just wondering," Patty reassured him, but she still was looking at Jim as if she had seen something in Jim's facial expression that she hadn't noticed before, and as if the pieces of some puzzle were somehow just now coming together for her inside her head.

"Anyway, I cashed my paycheck earlier today, so I can give you the money you need right now," Jim said, trying desperately to change the subject to one he felt he could control. "I've got five hundred dollar on me that I'll give you for the trip to see your sister. That should be plenty. And don't worry about paying me back," Jim said as he pulled the cash out his wallet and handed Patty the money. "If there's anything left over, it's yours, and you don't have to pay it back."

Patty slowing reached for what was Jim offering her at the end of his outstretched arm. She looked at the bills in her hand after she took them from him, and then looked deeply into Jim's eyes for several moments. It seemed to Jim that Patty was considering whether or not to take the money, as if it represented something more than just Jim's compassionate gift that allowed her to visit her sick sister.

"And you want Jerry to stay at your place while we're gone," Patty said. Jim caught an odd inflection in her voice, and the way she made her words into more of a statement than a question.

"Yes, that's part of the deal," Jim affirmed, meeting her gaze. He suddenly hoped he hadn't made a mistake by calling giving her the money and having her son stay with him for nearly a week a "deal". But Patty just nodded her head slowly, as if coming to a conclusion about what Jim had just said.

"Okay, Jim. Thank you," Patty said at last. "It's great of you to help me go see my sister. And if you want Jerry to stay with you, then..." Patty hesitated, as if at a loss for words. "Well, I guess that since he likes you so much, and... well... and how you two get along so good and all... and since I know you'll be nice to him, and everything..." Jim could see that Patty's hesitant manner was due to something other than her sudden relief at finding the money she needed and a baby-sitter for her son both at the same time. "Then I guess that's okay with me." So saying, she stuffed the bills in the front pocket of her jeans as if she were the finalizing an important event.

"That's great," said Jim. He suddenly was somewhat embarrassed about the whole affair, and decided that he should make his exit as quickly as possible before much else could be said about the matter. "Look, I'll stop by again in a little while, but I've got to... huh... check my email... and do some other shit, you know. I want to make sure there's enough food in the house for the weekend." Jim started to move towards the door. "Jerry should be home any time now. I'll be over again later," he said with his hand on the doorknob.

"Jim, it's okay," said Patty in a firm voice, "don't worry about it. I'm sure things will be fine."

"Ah... yeah," Jim said, not knowing quite how to respond. "I'll see you," he said as he opened the door and walked out, closing the door behind him.

Jim crossed the short distance to his own apartment and was soon back inside. He stood for a moment and tried to slow the beating of his heart and get himself back under control.

"Oh my holy Christ!" thought Jim. "She *knows!* It's obvious by way she was acting that she *has* to know. And she *went* for it, and... and she's going to let it *happen*." He shook his head in disbelief. "I wouldn't have believed it in a million years."

He sat down at his kitchen table. The layout of his kitchen was a mirror image of the one next door, but his kitchen set appeared almost new, and things were generally in better condition than in the one he had just left. He was often buying new appliances and giving his old ones to Patty and Bob—not because he needed or wanted new ones, but because he saw that the ones they owned were on their last legs.

His mind reeled at the thoughts of what had just happened. He realized that Patty thought she had surmised the reasons for Jim's close friendship with her son, and why he wanted the boy to stay with him while she was visiting her sister. She probably also believed that it had been going on right under her nose for a long time, but that she hadn't noticed it.

"But she's wrong," thought Jim. "It wasn't like what she thinks it was at all."

Jim tried to remember when the current situation came about, and about how it first started. When Patty and Bob and Jerry had moved in, Jerry had been just a little boy, running wildly around the tiny place next door, and—soon after he met Jim and found out that he was welcome—in Jim's apartment as well. Jim had thought of Jerry as being just a friendly little kid for a long time. When did that change for him, he wondered.

"Well, there's not much question about that," Jim decided. He knew exactly when he first saw Jerry in the way that he does now—in the way that Patty probably was now thinking that he had seen the boy all along. But it wasn't anything like that, Jim insisted to himself. He could almost pinpoint the very instant that thoughts of Jerry took on a whole new meaning for him.

He remembered that he had been sitting home one day about a year ago, working on updating things remotely at work, when the phone rang.

"Hello", Jim said briefly into the telephone headset he used so that he could keep his hands free for typing on the keyboard as he had conversations with people at work, or with customers who called in.

"Jim?" Jerry's voice greeted him.

"Oh, it's you," Jim said with a smile. "What do you need?"

"Jim, can I take a shower over at your place? Bob is in the shower here, and I want to go to my friend's house right away, and mom won't let me go unless I take a shower first. She says I stink and she isn't going to have me going over to a friend's house and having his parents think she's a bad mother or something. And I want to go right away, so can I use yours?"

"Yes, that's okay," Jim soothed. "You can take a shower here. Come on over."

"And can I borrow a towel too? Bob's got the bathroom door locked, and mom hasn't done the laundry yet, so there aren't any clean ones sitting out."

"Yes, that's fine," said Jim. He gave up on what he had been typing into the computer keyboard. "I think I've go to get one out of the closet up here. All the others are in the wash. I'll be down in a moment."

"That's okay," Jerry said, "I'll just come up and get it. You don't have to come downstairs."

“Sure, just let yourself in.”

Jim went back to his typing for a couple of minutes, and he was soon done with what he had started a while earlier. He leaned back in his office chair and relaxed for a few moments.

Suddenly Jerry came bounding up the stairs. Jim was slightly surprised, but not shocked in the slightest, to see that the boy was dressed only in his jockey-shorts.

“You ran over here in just your underwear?” Jim asked the boy. He laughed and rolled his eyes towards the ceiling. “Aren’t you afraid that one of the neighbors will see you like that? After all, it’s only four o’clock in the afternoon, and it’s still light out. You’re getting kind of old to be running around outside practically naked,” he admonished the boy.

“Oh, screw the neighbors,” Jerry shot back. “I’ve been doing that for a long time. They even don’t look anymore. Mom’s going to do laundry, so I just took my clothes off over there and threw them in the basket before I came over.”

The boy came over the computer desk and threw himself into the chair that Jim kept for visitors. It was the one Jerry always sat in when he came over to use Jim’s spare computer. “Are you doing anything on this box?” Jim’s young friend asked as he grabbed the mouse and wiggled it to stop the screensaver displayed on the monitor in front of him.

The patterns of slowly swirling colors of the screensaver suddenly disappeared and were replaced with the almost full screen image of a nubile young woman standing beside a swimming pool. The girl stared provocatively directly into the lens of the camera as she cupped her naked breasts as if to present them to the viewer. The shot was from far enough away that not only were her tits visible, but it clearly showed that she was completely nude and standing with her legs spread very wide apart. Her flat belly curved down to a narrow waist before flaring out to ample hips. The picture cut off just above her knees.

Jim was momentarily frozen, being surprised by the suddenness of what the boy had done, and it took him a couple of seconds to react. Jim moved as fast as possible to try to reach from his chair to the keyboard in front of Jerry and to hit the combination of keys that would close the current window. His only problem was that, in the heat of the moment, he had forgotten that he was still wearing the telephone headset, and the apparatus suddenly jerked his head backward as it reached the end of its cord.

“God damned thing!” Jim swore as the headset was torn off his head, and he made a second, more successful lunge to what he was aiming for. He finally managed to punch the right keys as quickly as he could, but not before the boy sitting next to him had obviously gotten an eyeful of something Jim didn’t want him to see.

“Whooh hoo!!!” howled the boy almost simultaneously with the image blinking out and finally being replaced by the desktop wallpaper that Jim had set for that computer.

Still leaning out of his chair across the boy’s legs, Jim turned to look into Jerry’s face. He saw the boy’s facial expression change from one of surprise at what he had just witnessed to a smug, “cat that ate the canary” smile.

“Oh, shit!” Jim said.

The boy sat slumped in his chair where he had wound up after he jerked back to get out of Jim’s way as he dove for the keyboard. Jerry was grinning at him from ear to ear.

Jim stared into the boy’s gleaming, excited eyes and asked, “How much of that did you just see?”

"Plenty," Jerry snorted with another big, mischievous smile, all but laughing at Jim's apparent discomfort at having been caught doing something he didn't want the boy to know about.

"Really?" Jim asked, hoping the boy was exaggerating. "Like what?"

"I saw her pussy and everything," the boy boasted, smirking back at Jim.

"No you didn't," Jim contradicted the boy, as if denying the obvious the truth would change what had just happened.

"Oh yeah, I did," reaffirmed Jerry. "I caught you downloading porn," the young boy taunted him.

"That's not porn," Jim said vehemently.

"Well, if that wasn't porn," Jerry pressed his point, "then what was it?"

"That was... ah..." Jim dithered as he struggled to find the right way to describe the obviously erotic image the boy had just inadvertently come across. "That was, well, that was glamour photography," he finally decided to call it. "That's just like Playboy magazine. That wasn't porn."

"That was a lot more hard-core than Playboy," Jerry insisted.

"Okay, so it that one wouldn't have made it into Playboy," Jim conceded. "But it still wasn't porn," he reiterated. Jim leaned back in his chair again and looked at his computers sitting on the desk in front of him, berated himself for forgetting that he was downloading some pictures from the Usenet, and for not closing the program when he knew the boy would be coming over. But he only expected Jerry to use the bathroom downstairs to take a shower; he wasn't expecting the boy to come upstairs and catch him at it.

"If that wasn't porn," the boy said, sitting more upright again in his chair, "then show me some stuff that is."

The boy's demand that he be shown some pornography really flustered Jim. Here was, alone in his house with a young boy who sitting there all but naked except for his very tight, thin underwear—and with the boy's mother only yards away in the apartment next door—asking Jim to show him dirty pictures. Jim wondered how he could have been so stupid as to allow himself to get into this situation. He tried to think of an appropriate way to get out of this mess. What should he say to the boy?

"No," he said at last.

"Yes," Jerry persisted.

"Oh, come on," implored Jim, "give me a break here. You know that I could get into really big trouble with your mom if I did something like that."

Jerry raised his right left leg until he could grab his ankle with his right hand and pulled his foot up until it lay against the inside of his right thigh. The heel of the boy's foot was pressing right up against where his almost transparently thin underwear covered his ball sack. Jim glanced down and felt a funny shiver run through him as he realized that the new position the boy was sitting in, with his left knee pulled up and his leg splayed out, his stretched, worn, ill-fitting briefs were pulled even tighter against his groin. Jim saw that he could clearly make out the outline of the boy's immature penis. He let his gaze roam from the boy's bare feet up his tanned, muscular legs; across his cotton coved genital; over his flat, lean abdomen and strong, young chest with its tiny, little-boy nipples; to the boy's shoulder and neck; and finally stared into the boy's intent, blue eyes. He never thought of any man or boy in a sexual way before, but he was

surprised at himself at how he was suddenly finding little Jerry's body so sexually provocative. The boy's next words made the situation even more complicated for Jim.

"If you don't show me something more," Jerry said with a hit of menace, "then I'll tell mom that you did *anyway*."

Jim was thrown into a panic by this last statement. Though he might not wind up in jail for showing the boy some "dirty" pictures, if Jerry told his mom that he had, then it would probably ruin the friendship he had with Patty and Bob. The boy's nearly naked state didn't help him think any more clearly as he contemplated his options. Finding himself turned-on by the boy was clouding his judgment and making it hard to think straight.

"So you're trying to blackmail me into showing you pictures of naked women?" Jim finally said with an almost helpless tone in his voice.

"Uh huh", Jerry responded. "Either you let me see at least that same picture again, or I'll tell mom that you were showing me porn."

"Okay, suppose I let you see the picture one more time," Jim bargained desperately, "and that will be enough, right? Then you won't tell your mom about any of this. Okay?"

"Yeah," Jerry agreed. "Show it to me again and I won't tell."

Jim felt himself being pulled toward some invisible barrier that he wasn't sure he was ready to cross, but he couldn't think of any way of avoiding it.

"So I show him one picture," Jim thought to himself. "Big deal. They can't send me to prison for that." Sliding his chair up against Jerry's so he could reach the mouse in front of the farther computer, he finally decided to concede to the boy's terms.

"I'll show you the picture again—but just this once, and that's all—then you've got to leave me alone about this and not ask me again." Jim thought furiously as to how he should best go about this. He realized that the picture was one of a series he was downloading, and finding the exact, same picture again in the list of Usenet messages might take some searching. He had only looked at a random, single post in what was obviously a series of photos before deciding to download the whole set and then look at them later. He couldn't just sit there and hunt around though a whole bunch of posts with the boy watching over his shoulder. "God only knows what might show up," Jim thought to himself. How should he handle this?

"Just wait," Jim told the boy. "First switch chairs with me so I can get to this other computer easier."

Jerry scrambled out of his chair and moved out of the way as they exchanged places. Then Jerry grabbed the arms of his newly occupied chair and rolled it right up against Jim's. "Move over so I can see better," he demanded.

Jim felt a sinking feeling in his gut again. The situation was getting out of his control.

"No," Jim said. "As a matter of fact, you turn your chair the other way so you can't see the screen while I get the picture back. Then you can turn around and look at it."

"Ah, come on," whined the boy, "why do I have to do that?"

"Because there's... well, there's more than one picture in that series, and I haven't checked them out yet, so I don't know what might be there. You have to look the other way while I search for what I'm looking for."

"Ah, just let me see all of them," Jerry beseeched Jim. "So I see more than just one picture. So what?"

"Why do you have to give me a hard time about this?" Jim moaned. "I should just kick your ass out of here and tell your mom exactly what happened, and that you tried to force me into letting you look at naked lady pictures."

"It would be just your word against mine," the boy rejoined.

"You know, young man," Jim shot back, "you're not going to get too far in life if you try to bully everyone into giving you your way all the time. Dale Carnegie would not approve."

"Dale who?" the boy asked with a puzzled look.

"Never mind," Jim said dismissively and sighed. "It would take too long to explain. But can't you cut me some slack? This newsgroup can sometimes get very... well... *adult*, if you know what I mean. Anything could show up here."

"You mean, like people screwing and shit?" the boy asked, obviously becoming even more intrigued by the possibilities that the situation was presenting.

Jim felt the waters closing in over his head and the surface disappearing from his sight. Instead of making things easier to deal with, his explanation had just gotten him in deeper.

"Not usually in this newsgroup, but maybe sometimes. This one is mostly just girls posing. But you never know what some idiot might have cross-posted in here."

"What's 'cross-posting,'" the boy wanted to know.

"Look, you're asking too many questions," Jim stated. "I'll take the chance that this series isn't a really raunchy, but when we get to that first picture again, then I get to stop, and we're finished. Then you can go take your shower like you came over here for in the first place. And I thought that you were in such a big hurry to get over to your friend's house," Jim said, suddenly remembering how this whole thing started.

"Not any more," Jerry giggled and pulled his legs up into the chair and sitting semi-cross-legged, "this is much better than playing video games with my friend."

Jim looked the boy's body over again. The way he was now positioned with his knees on the arms of the chair and both feet tucked beneath his legs showed his crotch area off even more than before. Jim could distinctly see the boy's dick lying against his groin, and his scrotum and testicles bulging out beneath.

"Things today started out so normal," Jim thought. "And here I am *now*. I'm sitting here ogling a boy's sexual equipment while I show him pictures of naked women." He couldn't believe that this was really happening to him, and it gave what was going on a very unreal feeling. The strange, forbidden sexual nature of the state of affairs made Jim's dick swell in his pants, arousing his even further.

Jim turned to the computer and relaunched his newsreader program and navigated to the newsgroup he had been downloading from before Jerry had interrupted his efforts. Scrolling down the list of messages, he recognized the series of posts he was looking for.

Before making a choice as to which one to start with, he turned to Jerry and said, "Now, no matter whatever shows up here, you can't tell anyone I let you look at something like this, Jerry. I'd get in trouble, and you'd probably wind up spending hours in a social services office getting counseling to fix up the way I twisted your innocent little mind. Is that agreed?"

"Yeah, sure. Whatever," Jerry said, uncrossing his legs and dropping his feet back to the floor. He scooted over in his chair getting as close to Jim as possible so he had a good view of the screen. "I promise and everything. Let's just get on with the show."

Resigning himself to his fate, Jim clicked on the first posting in the series. A picture of the same girl as before appeared. To Jim's relief, she was fully clothed in a red strapless dress with a skirt that reached mid thigh. Jim glanced at Jerry's face, and saw the boy's eyes fixed on the image. The boy bit his lower lip with his upper teeth. The anticipation that he would soon be seeing the girl in the nude was obviously getting him excited.

Jerry noticed Jim looking at him and said impatiently, "Well, come on. Let's go. What's the next one?"

Jim looked back at the screen and tried to decide which picture in the list to choose next. If he jumped too far ahead, he might run into something really nasty. If he instead followed the posts in order, there were sure to be shots of the girl peeling off the dress in what amounted to a slow strip tease. He couldn't decide what to click on next. Should he take a chance by skipping farther down and hopefully finding the picture he was looking for right away, or should he let the boy watch as the girl removed her clothing in what was sure to be the most seductive manner possible?

"Okay," Jim said as he made his choice. He knew if he followed the series in order, then at least he wouldn't run the chance of clicking on a close-up shot of the girl's spread beaver all at once. Jimmy was acting as if he was ready and eager to see whatever appeared on the computer monitor, but Jim didn't want to have to explain things to the boy should Jim inadvertently show him something really extreme. Suppose he clicked on somebody sticking their whole hand up the girl's cunt, or a shot of her getting pissed on. That would really be bad, he decided. If Jimmy was so excited just by getting to see a girl's naked body, he obviously didn't have much knowledge about sex. Seeing people doing really gross things as one of his first experiences could undoubtedly fuck-up his attitudes towards sex in the future.

"On with the crapshoot," Jim muttered to himself as he clicked the next photo.

Now the girl was sitting on a backless couch at the edge of the pool. She had her left foot on the tiles leading to the pool's edge, and her other foot rested on the couch. The elbow of her right arm rested on her raised knee, and her hand was resting on top of her head. Her position made her shirt ride up on her legs, but her left arm was between her legs blocking the view up her skirt. It was a very "sexy" pose, Jim conceded, but not something that would warp the adolescent boy's mind.

"Could you go a little faster?" Jimmy asked impatiently. "I could see this kind of stuff in a catalog. You said I could see her like she was before, remember?"

Jim knew that what the boy meant when he said that he wanted to "see her like she was before" was that Jim had agreed to show him photos of the girl's naked breasts, and the girl posing with her legs spread, showing-off her vagina. Jim bowed to the inevitable, and started clicking the photos off much faster.

The series of shots now showed the girl sitting upright with her legs spread and her underwear plainly visible. Then she was leaning back on the arm of the couch with her skirt raised and displaying her still panty-covered crotch. Then there were a couple of close-up shots of one of the girl's feet and her red, long-spiked high heel shoes.

"Evidentially the photographer's got a foot-fetish", thought Jim when he saw them. "I hope that's only as weird as things get," he mused.

Then the next photo showed the girl reaching down and pulling the leg of her panties aside to reveal her cunt. This was bad enough to make Jim hesitate for a moment, despite his promise to the boy to proceed at a more rapid pace, and his fears were realized when he clicked on the subsequent shot. It showed a very close-up view of the girl's genitals and shaved pubic area.

"Okay, that's enough," Jim said, clicking backward a couple of photos to return to those photos where the girl's panties were still covering her vital areas. "You've got what you were promised, so now we stop."

"You said I could see the photo from before," the boy countered. "You promised!"

Jim looked at the boy and saw that his face was flushed, and Jerry's wide eyes showed his excitement. Jim glanced down and saw further evidence of Jerry's arousal between the boy's legs. His little cock had stiffened up and its outline was pressing against the front of his shorts. Jim could see the shape of the boy's boner so plainly that he could even tell that the boy was circumcised. Jerry took no notice of Jim looking so frankly at his dick, but was staring back at the picture of the girl on the screen. He had seen something he had never seen before—a clear view of a woman's shaved pussy—and he was definitely not going to be satisfied until he saw more.

Jim couldn't swivel his chair to look directly at the boy. The arms of the chairs were butted up against each other and there was no room to turn, so he leaned with the top half of his body and brought his face up close to Jerry's face. Their noses were only about six inches apart. He looked into the boy's face closely, with its narrow chin, high cheekbones, and thin, sparse eyebrows. The boy's slate blue eyes looked back at Jim inquisitively from beneath his high forehead covered in blonde bangs. From his close vantage point, Jim could see a small sprinkling of light freckles covering the boy's cheeks, and Jim eyes followed the boy's small, straight nose down to his lips as they stood out red and full around his mouth.

Jerry wasn't sure how to react to Jim getting so close to him. He pulled his mouth down at the corners, his eyes crinkled at the edges, and he arched his eyebrows slightly with a soft, pleading look.

"Please?" said Jerry, very softly. "Be my friend, Jim. Show me the pictures."

Jim sighed deeply. The deep breath he took brought him the smell of the boy's body. Jerry's mother had been right in saying that the boy needed a shower. The strong, musky scent of the young boy suddenly surrounded him, filling his senses and nearly overpowering him. Jim broke his gaze into the boy's eyes, and instead looked down the boy's body to his crotch. The thin, grayed, tightly fitting shorts were so revealing that they might as well not have been there at all. As it tented-up in his underwear, Jim could see that the boy's cock was very hard and erect. Jim took another deep breath, this time deliberately to take in more of the way the boy smelled.

"That's when it all started," Jim said to himself, sitting at his kitchen table nearly a year later. "That's when I found myself actually falling in love with him."



End of First Chapter

(To be continued at a later date.)

The readers' feedback is welcome, (flames not notwithstanding).

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