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## Little Jerry's First Time

(End of previous chapter)

Jim let the boy's penis escape his mouth as rolled off the boy. He twisted around to take Jerry in his arms. He pressed his softening dick into the mess he had just made on the boy's abdomen and held himself firmly against the young boy. He slid downward and bought his face to within inches Jerry's. They looked deeply into one another's eyes for a long moment—Jerry's eyes slate blue, and Jim's a deep brown—and then they came together in a kiss that promised everything to one another, forever.

"I'll always love you," said Jerry softly as soon as the kiss ended, being the first one able to express what they both were thinking.

"And I'll love you for eternity," Jim whispered, "until the very end of time itself."

The locked in a mutual, forceful embrace, and held each other tightly, as if afraid that the moment would pass too quickly, and that they would be torn apart too soon.

(Chapter —The Sixth)

Grand pianos crash together  
When my boy walks down the street.  
There are whole new kinds of weather  
When he walks with his new beat.  
Everyone sings hallelujah  
When my boy walks down the street.  
Life just kind of dances through ya',  
From your smile down to your feet.

—Stephin Merritt, *Magnetic Fields*, "When My Boy Walks Down The Street"



"That was the beginning of the most amazing love I've ever felt for anyone," Jim mused as he awaited the arrival of his beloved young friend. "I had thought I'd loved the women I'd been with—and I guess I did. But what I feel for Jerry is so much beyond that, and in a totally different way than I ever knew was possible before."

The next day after that first that encounter, Jim found himself watching the clock and waiting for the boy to get home from school. He usually found some reason to go over to visit with Patty and Bob about that time anyway, so his presence next door was completely routine. The sound of the door slamming next-door announcing Jerry's arrival, and the sound of his young friend's voice calling to his mother as he entered the house made his heart beat faster. The sight of Jerry coming into the kitchen where Jim was sitting with Bob and Patty gave Jim a thrill. He was careful not to betray the depths of his feeling to the others, but it wasn't easy.

Jerry, for his part, seemed to enjoy playing the game of keeping secrets, and having something "private" that only he and Bob were aware of. As he came in the room, he broke out in a big smile when he saw Jim, but he quickly hid his excitement and addressed his mom first. He told her that he was off to his friend's house to visit for a little while, and that he'd be back for dinner. He stood particularly close to Jim as he talked to his mother about where he was going, and when he would be back. When he thought that neither his mom nor Bob were looking, Jerry managed to slip Jim some knowing looks and gave his arm a squeeze.

"Hey there," whispered Jerry, sotto voice into Jim's ear. He then grinned and wiggled his eyebrows up and down with a conspiratorial flourish.

Jim looked over and saw that Patty had gotten up from her chair and was searching though the cupboards for something as Bob talked to her. Since both their backs were turned, Jim reached an arm around Jerry and patted him on the butt. He smiled at Jerry and winked. In response, Jerry pretended to be shocked and gave a little jump, and exclaimed: "Ooohhh..." under his breath. They both just managed to break apart as both Patty and Bob turned back to face them.

Jim saw that Patty was holding a box of generic macaroni and cheese.

"Did you want to stay for dinner, Jim?" Patty asked. "I'm afraid all we're having is 'mac and cheese'."

"Well, Patty, come on," demurred Jim. "I don't want to eat up all your food. Especially... I mean, is that all you've got?"

"Oh, that's fine," Patty reassured him. "It's just that Bob cashed his paycheck earlier today, but I haven't gone shopping yet. We were going to go to the store later, after dinner. And you, young man," she said, addressing Jerry, "are going with us. I've got nobody to watch you, so you're going too."

"Ah, mom," whined Jerry, in his best annoying tone, as if to emphasize that he was going to be difficult about things if forced to accompany her on the shopping trip. "Come on. I'm old enough to stay home alone."

"No. I'm not going to have you setting the place on fire again," Patty scolded.

"That was a long time ago, and I put the fire right out. It was only a little bit of paper in the ashtray anyway," countered Jerry, as if to indicate that he was ready to argue about anything at this point.

Patty, for her part, didn't like to remember the "fire incident". She had wadded up a bunch of cigarette paper after pulling them out of the pack to find fresh ones in the process of rolling a joint. Jerry, who was nine years old at the time, had found the papers and a cigarette lighter and—because he was curious as to what would happen—had touched the flame to the corner of the ball of paper. The flash of flame wasn't dangerous in that it burned out in a second or two, but it totally freaked out Patty when she saw it upon emerging from the bathroom where she had snuck away from Jerry for a couple of minutes to take a couple of hits from the joint she had just rolled. Seeing her son in front of a blazing ashtray, and being freshly high, had left a real impression on her. Her guilt for leaving the boy alone while she crept off to do something forbidden made her feel as if she were an inadequate mother.

"No," insisted Patty. "You're not staying home alone."

Jerry recognized that he had hit his mother with an emotional bull's-eye, and he had her right where he wanted her.

"Well, if I can't stay by myself, then let me stay over at Jim's," the boy proposed. "I'll just go over with him after dinner. He's eating here anyway."

Jim, for his part, was careful not to appear too eager to second the suggestion, though a thrill ran from the base of his skull, down to the bottom of his spine, and out through the end of his dick. He just barely was able to keep his expression neutral as he turned to look at Patty and see what her reaction would be.

"Oh," she began, "you could, I suppose, but you can't expect Jim to have you constantly up his ass all the time." It was obvious that Patty really didn't really want to drag her son along shopping with her and Bob, but didn't want to force Jim into accepting the responsibility.

"Yeah," agreed Bob. "If Jim doesn't mind, why don't you just go over to his place while we're gone? That would make a lot more room in the car for groceries anyway," he rationalized. "You don't mind, do you, Jim?" asked Bob, thereby making watching Jerry actually a favor Jim was doing Patty and Bob, rather than simply another opportunity to get his clutches on Patty's twelve-year-old son.

"Sure, that's fine," smiled Jim. "Say, I've got an idea. I got paid today too, and I could use some things from the store. I'll tell you what: since I'm always over here all the time anyway, let me give you some money for food and things, and then I won't feel so guilty eating you out of house and home."

"Okay," agreed Patty. "As a matter of fact, you should eat over here more often. Instead of just sticking some food in the microwave and chewing it down like a wolf and rushing back to your computer, you should eat more regular meals. I'll cook for you along with these other two. It wouldn't be any extra effort."

"Sure, that's the best deal I've heard in a long time," responded Jim. "Here, let me give you some money," he said, reaching for his wallet. The opportunity to sit across from Jerry at the dinner table on a regular basis would have been incentive enough for Jim to agree to eat cold gravel out of the driveway with a smile—though Patty's cooking was actually nothing to complain about. "This should be enough to get what you'll need," Jim said, holding out a wad of bills.

Patty took the money and counted it.

"Oh, Jim," said Patty, "this is way too much. You don't have to give me anything like this; I can get by on a lot less."

"No," insisted Jim, "I want you to get something decent for all of us. As a matter of fact, since I'm going to be eating here tonight, be sure to get some steaks. And I don't mean

some chuck roast or round steak that you have to cook for hours. Get four nice t-bones or sirloins. If all you've got in the house now is macaroni and cheese, go ahead and stock up for a while. Don't be afraid to get what you would like—plenty of frozen pizzas, bunches of fresh fruit and vegetables, cake mixes—you know; do things right. After all," he said, reaching out to put his arm around Jerry's waist and pulling him close in his most avuncular manner, "you've got a growing boy here to feed. We can't let him go hungry."

Jerry put his arm around Jim's shoulder and smiled up at his mother with his best pleading, little boy look. Jim caught the mood as well and grinned at Patty as he gave Jerry another little squeeze.

Patty looked back at her son and Jim smirking at her, and at the fist full of cash Jim had just given her, and sighed.

"Alright, I'll get the groceries and do your cooking," Patty declared with mock exasperation. "And you don't mind watching Jerry until we get back?" she asked Jim.

"Not a problem at all," beamed Jim.

"Then how about if Bob and I go now?" she suggested. "Then we could have the steaks tonight instead of *this* again," she said, putting the box of pasta back on the shelf. "Are you ready to go right away, Bob?" she asked her significant other.

"Sure," agreed Bob. "I'm not so hungry that I can't wait for a decent meal for a change. Thanks," said Bob, addressing Jim.

With his arm still around the boy's waist, Jim gave Jerry the most subtitle, little tug before answering.

"The pleasure is all mine, Bob," answered Jim. "Believe me, I don't mind at all."

Jerry moved out of the way to stand behind Jim's chair as Patty and Bob got up and started gathering car keys, grocery lists, cigarettes, and all the accoutrements people carry with them when they go out. Unnoticed, Jerry laid his hands on Jim shoulders and began massaging them softly. Jim looked up at the boy over his shoulder when he knew no one would notice and smiled.

"Say, weren't you going over to Adrian's house or something before the plans got changed?" Patty called to her son from the living room.

"Oh," said Jerry with a start, "that's okay. I'll call and let him know that I'm going to be staying with Jim and playing computer games instead."

Jim could barely contain the burst of laughter that almost escaped his lips.

"Yeah," Jim thought, "there's *already* some games being played, but they don't involve the computer at this point."

"Okay, honey," acknowledged Patty, already following Bob out the door to the car. "You be good for Jim, now."

"I'm sure he will," called Jim to her departing back with as little irony showing in his voice as possible. Jerry and Jim both stood waiting as they heard the front door close. After a moment, Jerry leaned down and whispered into Jim's ear.

"So... are we going to do more stuff while they're gone?" he asked.

"Shush for a moment..." Jim cautioned, holding up his hand indicating he wanted complete silence. He strained his ears to listen for the sound of Bob's car starting up, and then for the sound of it being put in gear and driving away. He smiled with relief, and then took one of Jerry's hands from his shoulders where they still rested and pulled the boy around in front of him. He reached out both arms to gather the boy to him and pulled him onto his lap and put his arms around the boy's waist. Jerry smiled broadly as he sat

down and put his arms around Jim neck. They sat there for a while and looked into each other's eyes for several long moments, reveling in simply being close to each other again.

"You know, I missed you all day while you were at school," Jim finally softly murmured to the boy after they had immersed themselves in each other's presence for a while.

"You did?" asked Jerry in wonder, " 'cause I was thinking about you all today too."

"Uh huh," nodded Jim. "And were you thinking about anything else besides?" he asked pointedly, pulling the slim, youthful body closer to his own.

"Yeah," answered the young boy, blushing slightly at what had been occupying his mind. "I was thinking about you and me, yesterday... and what it felt like when you... you know... when you... ah... well, when you... did what you *did* to me." Jerry looked away from Jim in embarrassment at this admission, and then laid his head against Jim with his cheek pressing against the man's chest.

Jerry pressed his ear tightly to Jim's body and heard the rapid beating of Jim's heart through the thin fabric of the man's shirt. Jerry, held in Jim's arms, and surrounded by the sound of Jim's heartbeat, found himself comforted and secure in a way that he had longed for all his life, but never experienced before. Cuddling with his mother was nice, but he had never fully realized how much he missed having a father to love him, and hold him, and to tell him that he was his own. Jerry suddenly understood, deeply in his soul, and in a way that he could never put into words in a million years, how a vast emptiness in his being had been filled with Jim's love for him. He felt as if something had been made complete, that his glass had finally been filled to the top, and that he was at last totally a complete person for the first time that he could ever remember. Jerry put his arms around Jim and clung to him tightly, as if for dear life.

Jim sensed that Jerry was experiencing some profound emotions, and his spirit moved from inside him to envelope the boy, to strengthen and protect this person he had come to love so dearly. Jim felt his eyes getting a little misty as his very being encompassed all of what Jerry meant to him. He squeezed Jerry tighter to his body and rocked back and forth slightly. Then he bent his neck and kissed Jerry on the crown of the boy's blonde head. Jerry raised his head and looked deeply into Jim's eyes. They both understood each other's feelings and desires in an instant, and their heads came together as if moved by a single will, and their lips met and joined as they kissed each other passionately.

The kiss ended, and Jerry pulled his face away from Jim's.

"Do you want to go up and 'do it' in my room?" he inquired urgently.

"Hey," Jim retorted mildly with a smile, enjoying Jerry's directness, and the ardor of his youth. "We're supposed to be over at my place playing video games, remember? I don't think that coming home from the store and finding you and me in your room, naked and squirming around all over each other, is something your mom or Bob would put up with," Jim teased.

"I suppose not," giggled Jerry. "But we *are* going to do stuff, aren't we?" he insisted.

"How about if I just pick you up, pull down your pants, throw you on the kitchen table, and start sucking you off until your mom and Bob get home? Would you like that?" Jim baited the boy. He took both hands and began tickling Jerry under the arms and down his sides until the boy hollered with laughter as he thrashed about on Jim's lap.

"Okay, okay!" gasped Jerry between his merry shrieks, enjoying every minute of what Jim was doing. "I give up. We'll do it your way," he surrendered.

"So, do you think you can wait until we get over to my place," Jim asked factiously, "or do I have to satisfy your little hard-on right here and now?" He placed a hand into Jerry

crotch and gently felt out the boy's genitals. Without any surprise, he found at Jerry was indeed erect and waiting for attention.

"Yeah, I'm already hot to go," acknowledged little Jerry, enjoying Jim's attention to his little stiffy. "But you've got a boner too. I can feel it poking me in the butt right through my jeans," he said, wiggling his ass in Jim's lap for emphasis as he massaged the man's stiff rod with his rear-end.

"Oh my God, kid!" gasped Jim as Jerry ground his butt into Jim's lap. He took his hand from the boy's side and brought it to the back of Jerry's head to pull the boy to him for another kiss. As their tongues played against each other, Jim bucked his hips rhythmically to press his throbbing joint harder into the boy's bottom. He pulled his lips away from Jerry's and asked, "Do you think you can walk next door, or do I have to carry you?"

"Oh," responded Jerry, continuing the game they had begun playing with each other, "I feel so weak," he moaned, throwing his head back, rolling his eyes to the ceiling, and theatrically putting the back of his hand to his forehead. "I couldn't walk a step," he sighed dramatically, barely able to contain his laughter.

"Alright, Scarlett O'Hara!" Jim mocked. "You asked for it," Jim said gruffly as he picked Jerry up under the boy's arms and hoisted him over his shoulder. He carried his giggling, shrieking, thrashing burden over to the backdoor, opened it, and carried Jerry over to his door and let themselves into his apartment.

"Jesus Christ! I just hope the neighbors didn't see that," thought Jim as he dragged his willing young victim into the kitchen. "But fuck 'em if they can't take a joke," he decided. "It none of there business what goes on around here anyway."

Jim put Jerry down once they got to his living room. They both laughed at their little charade, and then Jerry became suddenly serious. He reached out and took Jim's hand in his.

"Come on. Let's go," he said softly, and began pulling Jim towards the stairs to the bedroom.

Jim let himself be lead to what he wanted so badly anyway. They both almost ran up the stairs and to the edge of the bed. Jerry stopped for a moment and let go of Jim's hand. Then he looked down at the outline of Jim's hard cock bulging in his pants.

"You said it was my turn this time around to undress you," Jerry declared. "I never got my chance last time," he reminded Jim.

"Okay," agreed Jim. "This time you can strip me first. But then it's my turn," he cautioned.

Jerry nodded and reached out to go immediately for the object of his main desire. He undid the buckle of Jim's belt, unsnapped the button of his pants, and pulled down the zipper. He then yanked Jim's pants to his ankles, and gazed for a moment at the erection tenting Jim's jockey-shorts. Then he sent the underwear down to join the pants around Jim's feet. Only once the briefs were all the way down did he allow himself to look back at the focus of his lustful behavior—Jim's full erect penis. He sank to his knees on the carpet in front of Jim and reached out to take the shaft of the dick in his hand. He began sliding the loose skin up and down on the solid flesh covering the hard rod. Jerry studied the pillar of Jim's manhood as he moved his hand back and forth. The veins visible on the skin, and the way Jim's erection was surrounded by the patch of curly public hair covering the man's groin captured Jerry's imagination. He got is face so close to the head of Jim's cock that it was all Jim could to keep from grabbing the kid's head and sticking his cock between the boy's red, moist lips that were exactly level with is pulsing member.

Jerry reached up and gently cupped Jim's balls in the palm of his unoccupied hand. He held them gingerly for a moment, and looked up to Jim's face, as if to ask permission for something.

"Yeah, you can feel them," reassured Jim. "But just take it easy," he cautioned.

Jerry held Jim's stiff cock in one hand as he rolled Jim's testicles around in his other. He pulled the scrotum down, as if to test its elasticity. Jim reveled in being the focus of Jerry's explorations, but he looked up and saw his bedside clock silently warning him that the minutes he and Jerry had together before Patty and Bob got back from the store were slipping away, and that he and Jerry would have to "get to the punch line" pretty quickly, otherwise they would literally both be caught with their pants down.

Jim looked back to watch Jerry masturbate him and play with his balls for a while, unwilling to let the wonderful moment pass too soon, but practical realities presented themselves instead.

"Look, we've got to get things moving a little faster here if we want to get done before your mom comes home," he warned Jerry. Kicking his shoes off and stepping out of his pants and underwear, Jim started to bend down to stripped off his sox, but Jerry stopped him suddenly by releasing his boner and taking over the job himself.

"You said I got to do it this time," Jerry reminded him. As soon as Jim was naked from the waist down, Jerry stood up and began pulling the hem of the man's tee shirt over Jim's head. Jim bent down to allow Jerry to pull his last remaining garment completely off. Then he straightened up and stood over Jerry, looking down at him with a wicked grin.

"Your turn!" he announced, and arched his eyebrows in imitation of the look Jerry had given him earlier.

"Oh, you'll have to catch me first," teased Jerry, who remembered how much fun it had been to be carried kicking and shouting from next door. "I'm faster than you think," he laughed, backing up and pretending to be trying to get away from Jim by throwing himself on the bed. He crawled away to the far side of the bed and giggled. "You'll have to come and get me!" he taunted.

Jim saw that the little game they had been playing had been resumed after a brief intermission. He smiled as he thought to himself about how much fun this was turning out to be. He noticed that Jerry, for all his protests, had managed to kick both his shoes off before he jumped on the bed, and boy's smiling face beaming at him with excitement only spurred him on into the role Jerry wanted him to play.

"I've fought bigger than you and won," he warned Jerry, advancing with his arms outstretched like a wrestler. "You're about to get 'what for', little man," Jim declared, throwing himself at the boy.

Jerry squealed and laughed as Jim made his counterfeit attack. He grabbed at Jerry, who avoided his first lunge, though Jim managed to grab the tail of Jerry's tee shirt. Jerry twisted away and sat back, allowing the shirt to be pulled off as he scrambled away to avoid capture. They sat just out of reach of each other on opposite sides of the bed for a second—each sizing up their opponent, each with a wild gleam of excitement and exuberance in either eye. Then Jim tossed Jerry shirt aside with a smug gesture, and grinned broadly.

"Now comes the rest," he warned the boy, still playing his appointed role.

Jim grabbed for Jerry, who feigned one way and then bolted the other, crawling on his hands and knees on the bed, as if to get away. Instead, Jim used the opportunity turn on his knees and to pounce on Jerry from above, thereby pinning the boy to the bed.

Jerry howled and shrieked with glee as he felt Jim's hands all over his bare upper body. He wiggled and tossed to keep the man's hands away from the front of his pants. He was playing the "helpless victim", but he didn't put up a very authentic defense.

Jim reached into the boy's bare armpits and began tickling the boy into submission. As soon as Jerry was sufficiently defenseless because of his convulsions of laughter, Jim thrust both hand around the boy's waist to find the button of his jeans. There was no belt to undo, and so he soon had the boy's pants unsnapped and the zipper down. Jerry chose this moment to make another false "break for freedom", and he began crawling rapidly away from Jim. Instead of getting away scot-free, Jim managed to hook his fingers in the waistband of the boy's pants and shorts, and both were pulled down and off Jerry's legs as the boy squirmed and slithered his way back to the far side of the bed. Jerry turned to face Jim, who tossed the pants and underwear on the floor to join the boy's shirt.

Jerry stared at Jim as he lay propped up on his elbows. He was naked except for his sox, and his hard little dick stuck up from between his legs as proof of how much he was enjoying the game they were playing with each other.

Jim crawled towards Jerry. He was equally naked, and his adult cock hung long and hard beneath him. He as he got closer to Jerry, the boy pulled back legs and bent his knees to keep his feet out of Jim's reach. Jim moved a little closer, and then suddenly lashed out with one hand and grabbed the toe of Jerry foot, capturing the material of the sox in his fingers. Jerry pretended to pull his leg away, but both he and Jim knew that the maneuver was actually designed to remove the sox. Once it was off, Jim made a snatch for the toe of the other foot, with similar results. Then they both looked at each other as they panted for breath from their exertions. Jim lowered his head and fixed his eyes on Jerry's face. He bared his teeth in a facetious glower as he scrunched his forehead down and looked at the boy practically through his eyebrows.

"I'm about to eat you up," said Jim in his best 'big bad wolf' voice.

Jerry giggled and wailed as Jim threw himself on the boy. Jerry's acceptance of the game they were playing gave Jim license to be somewhat more forceful than he would have otherwise have been. Jerry pretending to fight him off as he lay naked and tossing beneath him as Jim pressed himself to the boy and began to chew and almost slobber up and down the boy's neck. He let his oral attack continue as he wedged his body between the boy's legs, thrusting his hips to drive his hard cock against the boy's stomach and erect little penis.

Jerry was loving the attention Jim was lavishing on him, and threw his arms around Jim's back, and instinctively wrapped his legs around the back of Jim's thighs as the man knelt over him. He began pulling himself up and rubbing his hard rod against Jim as he felt the adult cock sliding all over the lower part of his body. Jim worked his way down with his mouth and captured on of the boy's little nipples. He twirled his tongue around it, feeling it become stiffly erect, just as he had so often before with one of his girlfriends. He traced a trail with his tongue over to the other nipple, and then nipped very gently with is teeth at the tip. Then he moved his head down Jerry's body as he slid farther down towards the foot of the bed. Jerry's arms came out from around Jim, and he placed both hands on Jim's head as the man's mouth moved across his ribcage, over his abdomen to pause briefly to dip for a moment into his belly button, and then lower still across his still bare pubic region to towards the throbbing hardness rooted between his legs.

Jerry ended his mock struggles as Jim mouth hovered and paused over his erect penis. Jim looked up at Jerry and reached up with one hand to grasp the boy's hard little dick in his fingers and begin to stroke the boy's erection. He made sure the boy was watching him,

and then looked down at the boy's cock, then looked back into Jerry's face and licked his lips.

"Un huh," the boy nodded in response to Jim's silent question. "Please", he asked with his best pleading, little boy look—the same one he had used on his mother earlier. The only difference was, this time he wasn't pretending at all—this time he was begging for real.

Jim wasted no time and brought his mouth to the boy's little penis and sucked it in. He teased the head of the boy's dick with his tongue, and began bobbing his head rapidly to bring the boy off quickly. They didn't have much time, he remembered, and all they would be able to manage now was a "quickie".

Jerry moaned softly and bit his lower lip as Jim's mouth enveloped him. The excitement and the novelty of what was being done to him sent thrills all up and down his spine and out through the end of his dick. He brought his knees up under Jim's arms and pressed his legs against the sides of the man's body. As the feelings from his straining, hard rod became even more intense as Jim continued his fervent activities, he couldn't help himself from grabbing Jim's head in his hands and almost pulling himself into a sitting position as he pulled Jim's mouth harder onto his cock. He had the first tingling of the approach to completion begin, and he began hunching his hips up to thrust his cock deeper into Jim's mouth as he forced Jim closer with his hands on his older lover's head.

Jim could tell he would make the boy orgasm if he kept up his sucking for just a little bit more, but he paused and slowed his ministrations to the boy's erection. Instead of being the active partner, he decided that—if there was time—he would let Jerry take the full initiative for the first time.

"Oh, why did you stop?" asked Jerry. "It was just starting to feel like it was going to start happening soon."

"I know," responded Jim, "but I want to do it another way this time, if you want to. I mean, if we've got time. What's the clock say now?" he asked.

"Almost a quarter past four," Jerry said, after twisting to look at the bedside alarm clock.

"If they went to get groceries less than half an hour ago, how long will it take them to get back?"

"Mom takes forever to go shopping," Jerry informed Jim. "And with all the money you gave her, it'll take her at least two hours, probably a lot more."

"She's going to be hurrying so she can get back and make dinner, remember?" Jim cautioned, "but we've got at least an hour before she gets back. I think that's time enough for what I want to do instead. Listen, how about if you sort of get on top this time?" suggested Jim.

"Uh?" Jerry questioned, not sure what Jim was referring to.

"You'll see, and I think you'll like this," predicted Jim. "Let me show you."

So saying, Jim moved from between the boy's legs and moved to lie beside him with his head at the top of the bed. What he was planning they do was something he had done several times with one of his girlfriends. Jim took several pillows and propped his head up against the polished brass headboard railings. The king sized bed had been a extravagance he had afforded himself after having been well paid for an independent programming job, and it had an arching brass frame at the head of the bed. The curved rail that topped it offered several perfect handholds to brace one's self when having sex, as Jim and his partners had discovered on numerous previous occasions.

"Crawl up over my chest and get on your knees in front of me now," Jim instructed, "and I'll suck your dick like that. This way, you can be the one making it happen."

"Okay," agreed Jerry, climbing up on Jim as indicated and presenting his stiff rod to Jim's face. "But I don't get what's going to happen like this."

"You'll see," said Jim with a smile. "Just grab hold of the top of that top railing on the headboard, and lean forward and let me do it to you. Instead of me moving my head, you're going to move your hips back and forth to make it go in and out."

"If you say so," acquiesced Jerry, and the boy took hold of the railing and pressed his little stiff-stander towards Jim's waiting mouth.

Jim captured Jerry's little boyhood in his mouth and brought his hand up to hold the boy around the waist. Jerry just waited for some sign as to what to do, and Jim rocked his head back and forth a little to get the action started. Jerry felt the man's lips sliding along the shaft of his erection again, and tightness of sexual excitement began building again in his groin. Jim encouraged the boy to move his hips by pulling Jerry with his hands around his waist. Once Jerry caught the drift of what Jim was trying to get him to do, he started pumping his hips in time with the movements of Jim's mouth on his cock. Jim pulled his harder to him, and then released his grip on the boy's waist to bring both hands behind his young lover to grab both the boy's ass cheeks in the palms of his hands. He began driving the boy faster as he slowed the movements of his head until they stopped entirely, and Jerry was doing all the work by plunging his dick in and out of Jim's mouth.

Jerry was indeed pleased with this new way of doing things. Instead of lying passively back as Jim was making things happen, he was in control of the pace of events. He grabbed the brass railing of the headboard and rocked on his knees from the hips to drive his achingly hard flesh in and out of the warm, suctioning cavern of Jim's mouth. He leaned his head back and closed his eyes and began pounding his hips harder against Jim's face. He suddenly thought better of getting so rough, but Jim pulled his mouth of Jerry's cock to reassure the boy.

"It's okay. You can do it as hard as you want. You won't hurt me. Just let yourself go and get into it. Keep going until you feel it happening."

With permission to do as he wanted, Jerry started his movements again. He looked down to see his hard little horn disappearing in and out of Jim's mouth. He looked up and fixed his gaze on the wall in front of him as he lunged back and forth with his hips. He recognized the first little quivers of the coming explosion, and he slowed slightly to savor and prolong the experience. He moved in this manner for several minutes, bring himself well along the path to his eventual orgasm, and then backing off to let the pressure ease, and then starting the journey all over again.

"Oh, it's getting there," he almost whispered to Jim. "It's getting closer every time. I'm going to do it soon... oh... oh... it's almost about to happen," he proclaimed.

Jim knew the boy was near the edge, and he did his best to give Jerry the final push over the brink. He lashed his tongue against the cock sawing into his mouth, paying special attention to the spot where he head joined the shaft and the opening in the end.

Jerry clutched the brass railing of the bed until his knuckles turned white, pounded his hips in sexual frenzy, and squeezed his eyes tightly shut as he passed the point of no return. His asshole clenched tightly closed as he experienced an empty feeling there. It contacted in a spasm from the sympathetic memory of Jim's finger plunging deeply into it the day before.

"Ohhh..." the boy squealed, "I'm doin' it! I'm doin' it! Oh, I can't stop... here it comes," he cried as his orgasm broke over him in a flood of biblical proportions.

Jim sucked hard at the little dick as it shot off in his mouth as he used his grip on the boy's bare buttocks to pull him even tighter against his face. He spouts of immature sperm filled his mouth with their few precious drops. Jerry was still very young, and though it was still thin and almost watery, the pulses of his ejaculation were powerful nonetheless. They fired volley after volley out of his little sex pistol into Jim's waiting mouth. Jim began swallowing as soon as the eruption began this time, no long hesitant to do everything he could to provide his beloved young friend all the sexual satisfaction possible. Whereas Jim had no desire to allow an adult male to fill his mouth with large, copious wads of the thick jism such as he had seen in the porn movies, Jerry's little squirts of cum were somehow different and powerfully appealing.

Jerry gasped and groaned out his climax in Jim's mouth. He hung his head as the feelings just went on and on for what seemed to him to be forever. Finally the tidal wave of sexual release broke upon the shore, began to ebb, and flowed in the other direction. He gasped one final time and then stopped. As the blood flowed back into his brain, his body went limp. He rolled off Jim's chest and collapsed next to him.

"That was great," he pronounced, panting for breath. "That was the very best one ever," he stated. "It just wouldn't stop, and it seemed to go on and on forever."

Jim rolled over in the bed and took the boy in his arms.

"Did I make you happy?" he asked.

Instead of answering, Jerry threw his arms around Jim and pressed his head firmly again to the man's chest in reply.

Jim just held his precious man child in his arms for several long moments, pleased at himself that he could provide such joy to someone he loved so much.

Jerry lay there basking in the afterglow of his orgasm, and looking down at the evidence of Jim's still straining, unfulfilled desire.

"You didn't get to do it yet," he pointed out to Jim, staring at the man's hard cock.

"It's okay," Jim assured him. "I can jack myself off later. You don't have to worry about that now."

"No, it's okay," countered Jerry. "I want to make you do it too. Just..." Jerry paused to catch his breath. "Let me rest for a couple of seconds," he panted, "and then I'll... I'll..." Jerry considered for a brief moment that he should really—if he wanted to repay Jim for the fantastic orgasm he had experienced thanks to the man—that he should suck Jim's cock in return. The notion flashed on him for just the tiniest of seconds as it brushed his consciousness before the thought was hastily rejected. He loved Jim, he decided, but he just couldn't bring himself to do... that... even though Jim had just done it for him... at least, not now... not this time.

Jim held Jerry in his arms as the boy's breathing returned to normal. The Jerry tentatively came to the decision that it was time to fulfill his promise to Jim. His hand reached slowly out and his fingertips grazed the man's staining erection. He traced the contours of the rigid pillar of flesh before taking the shaft of Jim's dick in his hand with a firm grip. He looked up into Jim's face to see the reaction his contact had upon his older friend, and was pleased to see that Jim had a look of almost rapture on his face as Jerry began stroking his hand on the throbbing cock.

Jim's mouth came open and his eyelids sagged until his eyes were mere slits. Jerry's slowing pumping hand was more exciting than almost anything he could remember. The last evening, when he can cum from the boy masturbating him, he was concentrating on giving Jerry as much attention as possible. His climactic pleasure was almost in reaction to

the boy's sexual completion. This time, however, he could focus on simply allowing himself to be jacked-off without having to be distracted by anything else.

Jerry shifted his position closer to Jim so that he could get the right angle with his arm to give the man's cock long, loving strokes. He remembered from his own masturbatory explorations that taking things right to the edge and then backing off were the most rewarding, so he stoked Jim in a slowly accelerating rhythm until he heard Jim begin to breath heavily and jerk his hips up to push his erection harder into Jerry's hand. Jerry was fascinated in watching Jim almost to the point of ejaculation, and then backing down again.

Taking his hand and putting it to Jerry's cheek, Jim held the boy with his other arm down the boy's back. Jerry seemed to be able to tell just how far he could take the man before retreating, and then resuming the climb to the peak all over again. Jim glanced again at the alarm clock and saw, though there was plenty of time remaining, that they had best not take too many chances by stretching things out any longer.

"This next time, keep going," Jim whispered to Jerry. "We can't get caught doing this, so we have to get it done with pretty quick now. Just keep going like you are now," directed Jim, "and don't stop for anything once I say I'm about to do it."

Jerry just nodded in agreement and pumped his hand even more vigorously. As the long minute or two it took progressed, Jim felt his balls rising in his sack, and the head of his dick swell and stain in preparation. A light sweat broke out on his body, and the pre-cum oozing from the tip of this hard rod flowed down and added lubrication to the boy's hand beating him off. Jim pulled Jerry even more tightly to him as he reached his final apogee.

"Don't stop... it's now... it's now... here it comes... just keep going" Jim uttered huskily.

Jerry watched as pulse after pulse of thick sperm suddenly surged out of the slit in the end of Jim's cock. The bolts of ejaculate flew up and landed on Jim's chest and abdomen. Jim ground his hips upward and came for what seemed like an eternity. Finally, the stream ceased, and the last few dribbles of sperm ran down and covered Jerry's still moving hand. The boy seemed nonplussed by the fact that he was coming in such close contact with the man's spendings, and used the gooey mess to coat the man's hard cock completely as he continued to rub his hand all around.

"Oh, stop now, buddy," implored Jim at last. "You did plenty. That's enough."

Jerry released his hand and laid his hand on Jim's stomach, using his fingers to explore the trails of white cum Jim had released.

"Yours is all kind of jelly-like, isn't it?" he said with interest. "Mine isn't like that at all."

"It will be one day," advised Jim between deep breaths. "When you get older, your cum will be thick like mine is too. But it only stays like it is for a little while. In a couple of minutes or less, it somehow gets all runny instead, so we had better clean it up before it gets all over. Can you get up and get some tissues from the box over on the desk?" he asked.

"Uh huh," said Jerry, and he rolled off the bed to grab the box of tissues to hand to Jim, and watched as the man blotted up the blobs of cum.

Jim removed the sperm from his chest and belly, congratulating himself on their luck that none of it had hit Jerry in the face, or anywhere else. He could make himself presentable quickly with a washcloth downstairs in the bathroom, but getting his wad out

of Jerry's hair, and the having to explain why the boy's hair was still wet from being shampooed, was something he didn't want to have to try to explain to Patty.

Climbing out of bed, Jim surveyed the litter of their clothing.

"Sort out what's yours and what's mine," he advised the boy, "and get dressed again. I'm going to wash up downstairs before your mother gets back." Jim winked at the boy and grinned. "Just try to be wearing the same clothes you came in with," he taunted.

"Okay," giggled Jerry, obviously as eager as Jim to cover up their recent activity from scrutiny. "But you better wear at least your pants when you go downstairs."

Jim nodded in agreement as he found his slacks and put them on. "Bring my shoes and shirt down with you when you come, if you can find them in this mess," and he headed down the stairs.

There had actually been plenty of time for the lovers to have extended things for even longer because Patty and Bob weren't home for at least another forty-five minutes. By that time, Jim and Jerry were sitting on Jim's couch downstairs, fully dressed and presentable, watching TV together.

Patty knocked on the door lightly when she got back and stuck her head in Jim's living room.

"We're back, you two," she called to them. "Jerry, we've got groceries for you to carry in."

"Right away, mom," said Jerry obediently, and he jumped up and rushed to the car to bring the food in the house.

"Jerry wasn't a bother to you while we were gone, was he?" Patty asked Jim as soon as the boy had departed.

"No, not at all," reassured Jim. "I don't mind having him around."

"You know, Jim, I want to thank you for the attention you show Jerry. His father is a real asshole, you know. He never pays the slightest notice to his own son. I mean, on Jerry's last birthday, Jerry refused to do anything but hang around the house. I knew he was waiting for his dad to call on the phone and wish him a happy birthday, but the bastard never did. I broke my heart knowing that the cock-sucker wasn't going to call." Patty looked warmly at Jim for a moment. "At least Jerry has somebody close to his dad's age around who makes him feel like he's wanted. Thanks."

Jim winced at the mention of "cock-sucking", but managed to respond evenly, "You're welcome, Patty. Jerry is special to me, and I'm glad I can make up for some of the hurt he's experienced in his life."

"It means an awful lot to me, seeing Jerry being happy when you're around," Patty stated. "So..." she said, her mood brightening, "I'm going to fix you the best dinner you've had in a long time. How do you want your steak cooked?"

"Very rare," grinned Jim. "I love raw, tender meat," he added with a wink.

"All right," agreed Patty, totally missing the factious sarcasm implicit in Jim's words. "I'll have dinner ready in less than an hour. I'll give you a call when it almost ready, or you can come over whenever you want."

Jim looked past Patty out his still open front door to see Jerry lugging two bags of groceries into the house, and the urge to be near the boy again welled up in him.

"I'll help Jerry carry things in, and I'll just come over now and wait until the food is ready," suggested Jim. Then he and Patty walked out the door, and he closed it behind himself.

Dinner that night was a feast, with soup to start with, followed by thick steaks, baked potatoes with sour cream, fresh vegetables, and a hot apple pie Patty had bought from the bakery on the way home. Jim couldn't remember when he had enjoyed a meal so much, especially since he had Jerry sitting next to him at the table. Every so often, when he knew Patty and Bob weren't looking, Jerry would look for long moments over at Jim. At one point, he let out a deep sigh of contentment. Jim caught the sound, and looked back at Jerry. The boy smiled somewhat shyly, and was a bit embarrassed that Jim had caught him making "cow eyes" at him. Jim just grinned in return and wiggled his eyebrows up and down in imitation of Jerry's gesture earlier in the day. Jerry giggled, and arched his eyebrows in return.

"What's so funny, you two?" asked Patty, catching just part of the exchange between her son and her next-door neighbor.

"Just a private joke between me and Jerry," Jim prevaricated. "It would take too long to explain."

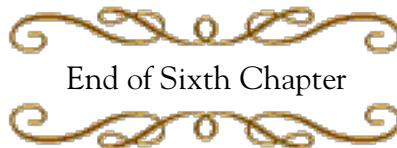
"I'll say," confirmed Jerry with a smirk.

Patty looked back and forth between the two smiling faces across the table from her, and shrugged her shoulders. She wasn't sure what all the hilarity was all about, but seeing her son obviously really enjoying himself was all that really mattered to her at that moment. Maybe it was the quality meal they were having, or something Jerry and Jim would only find funny, but seeing them both in such fine spirits was what was important.

"Whatever it means," she reasoned, "at least they're having a good time." She looked back down at her plate and surveyed the remaining portion of her food. "And I'm enjoying this too much to make an issue of it," she thought, taking another bite of the succulent steak. "Let them have their fun," she decided, and smiled back at the pair of comical fools sitting across from her.



After that day, Jim became a regular fixture in the apartment next-door. Whereas previously he had merely been a very frequent visitor, he now became almost part of the family. He ate with them at least five times a week, if not more, and Jerry became a full fledged part of Jim's life—so much so, in fact, that Jim had trouble imagining what life would be like without the company of the young boy he had come to cherish above all other things in life. Their relationship only became stronger, and more durable as the months wore on.



(To be continued at a later date.)

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

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