



# Boy-Lovers

## **Boy-Lovers**

FOUR SOCIOLOGICAL CASE-HISTORIES

OF MEN WHO LOVED BOYS

*Collected in the field*

*and edited by*

Dennis Harmon

**Jumeaux Publishing Company**

P.O. Box 2130, Grand Central Station  
New York, N.Y. 10017

# **BOY-LOVERS**

First Edition: November 1969

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## IMPORTANT NOTICE TO OUR READERS

*This book is the first of a series on the same general area of subject-matter, later volumes of which are already in preparation. If you would care to receive notification of each volume as it is produced, as well as generous pre-publication offers, please send us your name and address and ask to be put on our mailing list.*

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*Thank you for your interest.*

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Introduction: by the Editor

Part One: Daniel Templeton

*“I can truthfully say that all of the boys that I've known intimately have left my acquaintance with nearly the same tastes they came with.”*

Part Two: Anthony Campos

*“Boys, today, have a more careless attitude about sex than my generation had.”*

Part Three: Eric Winslow

*“They [boys] have shown me, again and again, that boys have a sweetness all their own.”*

Part Four: Daniel O’Neil

*All human beings have to love and be loved. It’s just that I like a different kind of love from most people.”*

## INTRODUCTION

While still in college, I made a discovery that piqued my curiosity. Out of desperation, my room-mate made a confession to me. He was so plagued by feelings of guilt that he felt he had to share his secret with someone. As I was his best friend, I more or less became his father-confessor. He told me that he was one of those rather special men who can only find sexual happiness and satisfaction with a young *boy*. Well, I must confess I was shocked. But, since he was my closest friend, and had turned to me for help, I listened to his story, and tried to understand what his problem was. And I came not only to understand him, but also, frankly, to sympathize, and even empathize, with him.

I was later to discover, in my years of work at various institutions of the State of California and as a social worker, that perhaps as many as one percent of American men are similarly interested.

But, anyway, I tried to help my friend, lest he end up on the wrong side of a set of cold steel bars. And, in so doing, I came to the conclusion that most of these poor souls are greatly maligned by our society, which practises on them a modern version of the Witch Hunt.

Why does Society pursue and execrate the boy-lovers in its midst? Society answers, because they injure, hurt, sodomize, or even murder little boys, or because they turn normal boys into people who will be homosexuals in their adult life.

But I found, upon investigation, that these charges are, almost entirely, irrational, untrue, and without foundation.

I found that the last thing boy-lovers want to do is to injure or hurt any boy in any way whatsoever, either physically or emotionally, because, of course, they are, as the name implies, *boy-lovers*, they love boys, so how could they be a party to harming them?

I found that actual sodomizing of their boy-friends (i.e. anal penetration of them) was practised by only a small minority of boy-lovers, and by that small minority on only a small percentage of the various boys with whom they had had sexual congress. More usual methods of the majority were mutual masturbation, fellatio, or intercrural intercourse. I also discovered that, far from accomplishing what sodomy that did occur by means of force or compulsion, almost all of it took place not only with the full consent of the boy concerned, and with his full co-operation, but also, in many cases, at his invitation.

As for the charge of murder, I believe any reasonable person can see the fallacy of this charge upon the face of it. Not only are very very few boys actually so handled (i.e. perhaps eight nationwide in any one year), but also such crimes are not committed by boy-lovers (who by definition *love* boys and certainly do not seek their destruction), but by a different sort of person altogether, a sexual psychopath *incapable* of love, who just happens to prey on boys, as distinct from young women (which is more usual). One might as well indict *every* so-called “normal” man as a murderer of young women, on the theory that they have admitted *loving* them, i.e. admitted to being *women-lovers* as the subjects of this book admit to being boy-lovers!

I found that very few boys indeed who are befriended by boy-lovers in their pre-pubertal and early-pubertal period turned into practising adult homosexuals. The vast majority of these boys, soon afterwards, as they began to grow up, acquired many girl-friends and subsequently married and had children of their own. Interestingly enough, however, not only did virtually none of them repudiate their earlier adult male lovers, but often continued to keep them as good friends, many years after sexual interest died, inviting them to their weddings and other festivities, and in some cases, actually naming their first-born boys after their earlier lovers.

Those boys destined to become homosexuals in their adult life are generally distinguished by their “*swishiness*” as boys, a trait that specifically does not commend them to the favorable attention of adult boy-lovers, who, contrary to public supposition, generally prefer the more masculine type of boy, a “boys’ boy”.



I am now convinced that boy-lovers do much good in our society. Far from being the menace they are so often pictured, they perform many worthwhile services in the world in which we live.

They help many boys to go straight who would otherwise have been lost to juvenile delinquency and thence to a lifetime spent in and out of prison.

They save many poor, homeless, and other friendless boys from potential suicide or utter despair, by showing them that at least *one* person cares for them.

They act as surrogate fathers for many boys whose fathers are either absent from the home or who do not care enough for them, providing these boys with a healthy masculine image on which to focus and mold their lives accordingly.

For many boys whose horizons are restricted either by a lack of money in their home, or by unimaginative parents, they open windows to a new world of culture — music, travel, books, life, love, and happiness.

They create in boys previously incapable of responding to affection, the capacity to love, and thus relate to the reality of the adult world to come.

These boy-lovers are the mainstay of our entire school system (a fact that is little known to their critics), because, feeling the way they do, they channel their creative energies into the instruction of the young minds they prefer.

But what is more important than their mere presence in the schools (which would be crippled, if not shut down entirely, were all the boy-lovers to be discovered and removed tomorrow), is the essential truth that they [the boy-lovers] are almost always the best teachers, the ones that can communicate with boys, inspire them to better things, make them interested in subjects they had previously thought dull, the ones that can make the classroom come *alive*, and they can do these things *precisely because they ARE* boy-lovers, because they *DO love* the boys they teach (only occasionally and infrequently is that love carnal, but it is love nevertheless), and *DO* care about them, in contra-distinction to so many of the old-maid schoolteachers who are teaching only because it was the only “genteel” job open to them (especially years ago), and who hate, with a passion, the “little devils” they are called upon to teach, and who get through each day of teaching thinking only of how

soon they can complete it, and of how tiresome their small charges are, and how “stupid!” (never realizing that the stupidity is in themselves, in failing to inspire the boys to care about learning for itself, and thus leaving them preferring to remain stupid in teacher’s opinion, because it seems easier, and not worthwhile to become otherwise).

In the same way, of course, they [boy-lovers] are also the vital backbone of the Boy Scout Movement, the YMCA, the Boys Clubs, the Summer Camps and the many other occupations in which they seek employment because they wish to see boys, to do wonderful things for them, not, obviously, just because they have an occupational classification (if there were such a thing) as “boy-love”, but because they truly do (and not just in a carnal sense, but in the best and truest sense of the word) *love* boys.

My initial experience in listening to my friend, and talking it over with him, led me to seek out and talk to many others of the same persuasion, and eventually, to want to explain to the world-at-large that boy-lovers are not the villains they are made out to be (which I have done, to the best of my ability, in this introduction), and to make outsiders understand more about the inner world of boy-lovers. To do this, I have drawn upon the actual lives and experiences of four real boy-lovers.

Every happening in these reports is real. Only the names, and some of the places, have been changed to protect these individuals who co-operated so splendidly with me in my survey of the world of boy-lovers today in the United States. I would like to express my sincere thanks to the four men involved, who gave generously of their time in talking to me, so that this book might be published. I hope that in my role as recorder of their speaking, and occasional transcriber of their thoughts, as expressed to me at other times, and as editor of these unique sociological documents, I have not allowed my own thoughts, feeling, and beliefs to show through their stories. If this has happened at any time, I am at fault, and I beg the reader to forgive me, for such was not my intention.

A truly representative cross-section of any large human group is by definition difficult to obtain. I know that we do not have a perfect one here. Space within the covers of one book does not permit it. Perhaps these four are

not perfect archetypes of the boy-lover, but they were four who seemed to me to be fairly typical or representative, and whose stories were sufficiently colorful and involved contact with enough different boys to present various aspects of boy-lovers' lives. Perhaps the most glaring omissions are those of four major sub-classifications which I ran across in my research for this book.

The first is that of the boy-lover who remains entirely faithful to just one boy, and one boy alone, for all of that boy's most vital formative years, from age six to age sixteen, only then graduating to another boy for whom he can do the same.

The second is that of the more-educated boy-lover who, as well as truly loving his small boy-friend, gives him as he goes along the foundations of a splendid liberal education, as well as exposing him to the broadening experiences of travel and multi-media cultural experiences, thus filling a role as an unofficial, but all-important, teacher to his boy.

The third group is that of happily-married men, frequently, indeed usually, with children of their own, who are truly bi-sexual, able to enjoy and satisfy their wives, and yet have an equal, if not greater, sexual interest in young boys. In most of these cases, although of course not in all, the men's wives know about their husbands' interests, and either approve of them or else feel them to be at least compatible with their marriage, realizing that these men have probably more love to give than most people are capable of, and that they need additional outlets for it. Some such wives also feel more secure with boy-loving husbands, because such men at least are not running around with other women, the curse of so many marriages, and since Society does not permit their boy-loving husbands to have their unions with boys officially sanctified, blessed, and recognized, such wives are likely to retain their husbands for life.

An interesting point that immediately comes up in connection with these married men, but which is applicable to almost all boy-lovers, is that, contrary to public opinion, boy-lovers are not really homosexuals at all, in the usual sense of the word, for they do not wish, indeed they are repelled by the idea of, sex with adult males, who are the target of those usually (and more correctly) called homosexuals. They [the boy-lovers] prefer young boys, who

are smaller, more delicate, less hirsute, and softer-skinned, all of which are, of course, characteristics which young boys share with women, whom they greatly resemble physically, at this time in their young lives. Consequently the loving of young boys (compared to the loving of adult men) is far less incompatible with the love of women, which accounts for boy-lovers' very frequent bi-sexual orientation.

The fourth group is that of those who, while most definitely loving boys, both as a whole and more especially in specific cases, are able to sublimate their sexual drives and just love boys (even while, in many cases, working with them daily) without ever actually engaging in any sexual contact with them. This is, of course, fine for those men who have a low or non-existent level of sexuality, or who have absolute iron wills, and naturally this is an adjustment to their love for boys which Society smiles upon, but this is impossible for the majority of men who are boy-lovers, who are ordinary human beings, and neither ascetics nor saints.

To these men [the more usual boy-lovers] Society's critics often say "Well, by all means, loving and inspiring boys is an admirable trait, but why can't you just not touch them sexually, surely that's easy enough and not too much to ask!" But what they forget is that the sexual urge is civilised man's strongest and most basic urge, and they might equally fairly suggest that all men who love women (perhaps 90% of the adult male population) should by all means continue to love them, but under no circumstances ever touch them sexually! Thus the boy-lover's answer to these critics is that it is precisely *not* easy enough and that it is too much to ask.

Perhaps I shall be able to bring to light the lives of these four groups, as well as those of some others who possibly ought to have been included here, in a sequel to this book, should the need be felt and expressed.

Meanwhile, I hope that this book is valuable to the average reader, as well as to the specialist, in giving him a better understanding of boy-lovers and their lives, thus leading in the future, to greater tolerance for, and acceptance of, boy-lovers in our society. If this book helps to achieve that, I shall not have worked in vain.

*Dennis Harmon.*

## **PART ONE : DANIEL TEMPLETON**

*“I can truthfully say that all of the boys that I’ve known intimately have left my acquaintance with nearly the same tastes they came with.”*

# CHAPTER I

I was lolling in the shade, doing a colored pencil drawing of the beautiful scene before me. Sunlight fairly dripped from the frothy green trees across the pond that reflected the cobalt-blue sky. The air was like wine, warm and so velvety that you felt you could break off a chunk and rub it between your fingers. I had spring fever so bad I felt like walking across the water and jumping over the trees. All I needed to complete the scene arrived a short time later. They were more than I expected, beautiful, lithe, small-sized and male.

They came over to me slowly and quietly, indicating a little respect for art. They stopped a few feet away. I looked up at them from my position on the ground, leaning against the bole of a tree. They were enough to make a man cry, they were so beautiful.

“Are you going to be here long, Mister?” the dark-haired one asked.

“Yes, why?”

Well...we were gonna go swimming,” the slightly smaller dark-haired one answered.

Go ahead. It won't bother me.”

They looked at each other and walked away to hold a conference out of earshot. They reached a decision and went over to the pond. Instead of stripping down to the buff, or to bathing suits, they intended to wear their jockey shorts. Apparently, they'd intended to swim bare-bottomed, but had changed their plans because of my presence. It suited my purpose almost as well, because wet jockey shorts are very revealing and I wanted to show nude boy swimmers in my drawings.

I sketched rapidly, in colored pencil, eliminating the clinging briefs and filling out the young bottoms from my memory. One boy, the bigger dark-

haired one named Tommy, came out, toweled off and got dressed, and then came to look over my shoulder.

“Hey,” he said softly, “you’re drawing Kelly with no shorts!”

“Artistic license,” I told him.

“Oh, you’d have liked it better if we hadn’t worn anything, hunh? But who wants to look at anybody’s rear, anyway? ’Cept a girl’s.”

“Oh, a boy’s bottom isn’t any less cute just because he’s a boy. An artist finds beauty in almost everything.”

“Yeah, I know. I like to draw too,” he informed me.

“Any good?”

He shrugged. “My art teacher says I could be...with training. I don’t know...”

I pulled a sheet of paper loose and positioned it on top of the pad. I handed it to him, along with a black pencil. “Here,” I directed, “do something. That rock and bush over there, for instance.”

He looked at the aforementioned objects, then started to sketch. His detail was good, but the proportion wasn’t. He made a face. “Not very good, is it?” He gave up in disgust.

“Here,” I took the pad back and made light, circular motions over it. “You have to block it in first.”

He looked on with interest. “Oh.” I handed it back to him. He did as I demonstrated, blocking it in lightly. The proportion was pretty good this time. He sketched the bush, with the rock in its correct position in front of it. “How’s that?”

“Pretty good. You have the feel of it. I think your art teacher is right; all you need is a little training. Do you live around here?”

“Yeah, down the road a way.”

“Do you come here often?”

“Yeah. Sometimes we come here every day. Not too many kids know about this pond, so we can get away from the rest of the little kids and the girls. Up until a year ago, nobody was allowed here. The guy that owned this property was a crab. He died last spring. How’d you find this place, anyway?”

“I was looking the property over,” I told him.

“Thinking of buying it? The house isn’t too bad. It’s really just a cabin.”

“I already own it. That old crab was my uncle. He didn’t leave a will, and the executor of his estate just found me.”

“Uh-oh. You didn’t take down the ‘No Trespassing’ signs. I guess we’re trespassing.”

“I’m not going to take the signs down either, But I won’t chase anybody out unless they start tearing up the place. You’re welcome to come any time you want. Don’t start any rumors around, though. I’d like to have a little privacy.”

The boy shook his head. “Don’t worry. We don’t want a lot of people tromping around here either. I never went swimming bare before we discovered this pond.”

“If you want me to, I’ll show you a few pointers about art. Just stop over at the cottage anytime. If I’m not there, I’ll be somewhere around the place.”

He came around, just as I’d invited. Once, he brought his younger brother, the other dark-haired boy. The next time, it was the sandy-haired boy his size, Kelly. From then on, he came alone. He was an apt pupil, with real talent. A strong fondness developed between us. I’d have been content just to know of his affection, without any demonstration of it, but it was not to be. I was showing him the drawings I’d made that day at the pond. The boys had been back once since then, when I’d been away.

He was looking at one of the drawings when he giggled. “It’s easy to see you never saw my brother Greg without his shorts.”

“What do you mean?” I demanded, looking over his shoulder.

“You’ve drawn his...er...balls too big. His are pretty small.”

“I didn’t see him very close that day. I only saw you and Kelly, really. Those underpants didn’t hide an awful lot.”

He grinned and paged on to one of himself and one of Kelly. “Well, you know what they look like basically. But these are only drawings. You couldn’t see that much, just the outline.”

I laughed through my nose. “I can’t help it if you guys are bashful. The only time you went swimming at the pond after that, I wasn’t around.”

He eyed me quickly. “I’m not bashful...any more. You can come out there anytime I’m swimming.”



“Yes, but you don’t go swimming alone,” I pointed out. “How do the others feel about me?”

“Well, Greg’s bashful about the size of his. But Kelly’d go nude. I could talk him into it. Then you wouldn’t have to use your imagination so much...you’d have living models!”

“Yes, that’s true!”

“So swim with us!”

“OK, I will. But aren’t my drawings pretty accurate already?”

“Well, I don’t know. Remember what you said about perspective? And even if I saw myself in the mirror, it’d be a backwards image, wouldn’t it?”

I nodded.

“You want to look?”

“Uh...I guess so...” I stammered.

“Well, I’ll show you, but not this minute — it’s not normal now!” He reached down and pressed back the material alongside his fly, displaying a long bulge that could only be an erection.

We went on to talk of other things. I thought the subject was dead, but he suddenly said, “It’s back to normal. Want to see?”

I didn’t say anything, not wanting to encourage him. But I guess he took my silence for anticipation. He unfastened the fly and pushed his jeans and undershorts down, exposing his tender boyish parts to the light of day. He was well-endowed by nature. I took up my pencil-box and adjusted the drawing, and then showed it to him.

He nodded. “Want me to strip? You could do some studio drawings.” Without waiting for an answer, he divested himself of his clothing and soon was pinkly nude. His summer tan hadn’t yet started to gild his trim, clean-lined limbs and torso.

I got my pad and posed him. I roughed the rest of him in and did his genitals first. I had no sooner finished when his small member pointed to the ceiling. He went “Tch!” and looked at me sheepishly. “Well the darned little thing seems to have a mind of its own today. What should I do?”

“Lie belly down on the rug and prop yourself up on your elbows. Maybe if we ignore it it’ll go away.”

I did that pose, and two others. The last one had him with a leg up a little, and I saw the little penis still arching toward his belly button. When I told him I was finished with that pose, he rolled onto his back. He reached down and pulled it downward, letting it snap back against his firm abdomen. “Well, it doesn’t look like it’s gonna go limp. What should I do now? Did you ever have a rod when you didn’t want one?”

“Lots of times when I was a kid. They have a habit of showing up at the darndest times.”

“One of the guys I know does this.” he said, grasping it between his fingers and stroking, “and after a while he closes his eyes, pushes it out. and white stuff comes out of the end. After that it goes limp. ’Course, it’s bigger limp than my cock is hard!”

“Are you really that innocent, Tommy, or are you putting on an act?”

He stopped stroking and eyed me quizzically. “Well,” he said, “it felt real good when the white stuff squirted out. You ever do that?”

I nodded. “Almost every boy does. What else do you know about it?”

“My friend said it felt better when someone else did it. Do you know if that’s true?”

“It does. Did he want you to do it for him?” Tommy rolled onto his stomach and nodded. “Did you do it?”

“Would YOU have?”

“Depends...on the kid asking...”

“I did it for a little while. So did Kelly and Greg.”

“I thought Greg was bashful?”

“He didn’t show his. But Kelly and I pulled our pants down when my friend asked.”

“He do anything to you?”

“He did it to Kelly and me. It felt good. Are we bad?”

I shrugged. “I don’t think so. But then I’m liberal-minded.”

He looked thoughtful, then nodded. I reminded him that it was time for him to be getting home.

A week later, school was out. Though I saw Tommy several times in the interim, neither of us mentioned that discussion or the events that led to it.

He volunteered no information about his home life, and I didn't ask for any, so I didn't know anything of his emotional outlook other than that which I observed. He never objected to my arm around his waist, or my hand on his thigh or bottom. In fact, he put his arms around my neck once while I had my arm around his middle.

I hoped this was the start of a rare friendship. I had finally found the gimmick I'd been looking for to attract boys: the pond.

# CHAPTER II

Being homosexually-inclined is not easy, under almost any circumstances. Being a homosexual who prefers young boys is almost impossible! A homosexual is, by nature, a very frightened individual. Naturally if he is caught with another man, he can be prosecuted. But the penalties are not nearly as stiff as they are if he's either caught with, or turned in by, a boy. This is, of course, considered child molestation. Just why they use this term to describe all cases, I don't know. Almost always the boy went along with it or even started the whole business. Most men who prefer boys are very careful about the contacts they make.

Of course, there are some who do force a boy, but the rest of us would prefer that they're caught, as they pose a threat to us as well as to the unwilling boys they attack. These, and the limp-wristed "swishes," we could easily get along without. Those who really don't know, point with alarm to the child molester as a maker of homosexuals. While this may be true in some cases, I can truthfully say that all of the boys I've known intimately have left my acquaintance with nearly the same tastes they came with. I say "nearly" because I always try to give them a better opinion of themselves and their sex. Not one has, to my knowledge, become a homosexual. Several were well on their way when I met them, though. Like most men who prefer boys, or "Boy-Lovers" as they're known to the others of their ilk, I usually like a more or less "normal" boy. That is, I don't want him to depants at the drop of a hat. I like to gain his confidence and talk him into it. If he's bashful, it really pricks my pleasure nerves. I've had quite a few virgins, but most have had SOME experience, usually self-masturbation or mutual masturbation with a friend.

A Boy-Lover who will accept one night stands hasn't too bad a problem. He can get in his car (preferably an exciting-looking one) and prowl the highways

for young hitch-hikers. He can work sex into the conversation somehow, and if the boy makes favorable comments, ask point blank. If the boy agrees, park and play. If not, there are usually lots of boys on the road and, with the easy outlook of today's youth, many can be had for the asking, if he doesn't like one night stands, as I do not, he has to have a gimmick to attract boys to him. A one-night stand can develop into something, but most times you never see the kid again.

I've never had a gimmick, other than my art. Though I was a pilot during the Korean Conflict and still hold a license, I can't really afford a plane of my own. Anyway, most parents wouldn't allow a child to go with a man in a plane without knowing him quite well themselves. Some people can detect the unusual urge in a man. And anyway, I prefer not to even meet parents. People just don't trust the average bachelor with an interest in boys.

I've had intimate relations with boys of almost all ages, but I prefer them in the nine to fourteen bracket. At puberty they not only have the best sexual development, but their whole bodies take on a sort of glow. And boys that age can really enter into close relations with a man, wishing to be taught about life. I've found that they're of sweeter disposition then, too. It was a boy of fourteen who was my first conquest.

I was medically discharged from the Air Force, after my B-25 was shot down. Since I'd already flown a great number of missions and since I was the only one of the crew that had survived the crash, I was sent home, after recuperating in Japan. I was still walking with a limp and using a cane when I went to the bus terminal in Los Angeles. I purchased a one way ticket to St. Louis and went to the waiting room to sit down until they announced the bus. A good-looking youngster came over and sat next to me. Naturally, with the war on and me in my uniform, he started talking to me. During this conversation, I found that we were going to be on the same bus, only he was going to go on to Chicago.

He sat next to me, way in the back left corner of the bus. We got even better acquainted in the course of the day. When we made the noon stop, he went into the Men's Room with me. We were alone in there, and I couldn't help catching the way he looked at my penis when we relieved ourselves. He

wasn't overly obvious about it, but he was interested. I had thought that a boy his age would be pretty well endowed himself, but if he was interested in mine, I wouldn't hide it. I turned toward him as I put it back in my trousers, but I didn't look at his. We ate lunch together during that short break.

I bought some stuff to eat on the bus and we settled back into our former positions, he being next to the window. We reclined the seats a little and leaned together, so we could talk on a more personal basis. He was a delightful boy in all ways. I grew fonder of him every minute. He was curious as a puppy and about as cute. He had soft, lustrous hair; long, dark lashes; dark-brown eyes; and a complexion like a tanned peach. We talked about a lot of things, going gradually to girls, then, in quieter tones, to sex. I soon decided that this boy hadn't had much sexual experience. I steered the conversation away again, not wanting to get into any trouble. He seemed to be content to leave it there, and we talked of other things. At the evening stop, he followed me into the Men's Room again.

This time we used the stalls, at different ends of the room. Again we dined together. Afterward, I said I had to go again and he quickly said, "Me too!" We went in and assumed the usual stance at the urinals. I was on a legitimate mission, but he accomplished nothing. This time, however, he turned to me as he put it away, and I glanced at the slim thing. He wasn't as surreptitious in his look at mine, either. He stared at it, grinning. "Big!" he commented.

I said nothing, but when we were again underway, he looked pointedly down at the bump in my crotch and whispered, "I bet it's real big when it's hard."

I looked around, but most of the few passengers were up front, and diesel buses aren't the most quiet vehicles in the world, even now. I whispered back, "About average."

"Mine isn't too big. You have any smaller brothers?"

"No, just an older sister. She doesn't have any kids yet. Hey, you seem to be awful interested in my tool."

"Uh, all I got's older sisters, too. And my old man hasn't been around in years. I'm visiting him in Chicago, didn't I tell you. Anyway, with no men around, I was just kind of wondering ... you know. I hardly ever see a ... tool,

except my own and my buddies'. And they're all about the same size as mine. What's normal?"

"I'm no expert."

"You're not mad, are you?"

I grinned at him. "No. Curiosity is normal for boys."

"Can I ask another personal question?" I nodded. "How big is it, you know, when it's ... big?"

"I never measured it, since I was your age. You see, I was curious, too. I'd say it was about eight inches or so."

"Wow!" he breathed, imagining it.

"I suppose yours is about four, eh?"

He grinned, nodding. "I'll show you, next stop if you want."

"I suppose you'll want an exchange look."| grinned back.

He didn't say anything more, for a while. After a little, he asked, "When's the next stop?"

"Midnight, for a driver change and check. They won't even wake us."

He nodded. After it started to get dark, I reached up and switched off the light. He took the pillow from behind his head and put it in his lap, and I shifted my raincoat from over the seat back to cover our laps. Most of the passengers had turned off their lights. It was quite dark and very cosy. We put our heads close.

"Dan," he whispered, "I like you a lot. I never realized that you could get to know a person and to like him, in so short a time. If I fall asleep, you'll wake me up when we stop? I really want to do that...thing."

"Okay. I like you, too, Ronny."

"You ever know a boy my age, real well?"

"No, and I'm kind of glad, because I can appreciate this a little more. I'm...kind of looking forward to the rest of the trip, now."

I felt his warm breath on my cheek, as he put his face near mine. I glanced quickly around, but nobody could possibly see us. "Want something?" I asked.

"Uh...I thought...I did. I guess I'm being awful fresh. I mean, you could easily be mad at me for what I've said and done. But I never felt like this

before, honest. You aren't mad, I hope."

"Look, I've been through Hell and back, and if you want what I think you do, I'm not mad."

His face was still near, and I don't know what came over me, because I kissed him. I don't even know how I found his lips in the dark. I think he helped a lot. Then, without a word, we did it again. It was impossibly sweet. He was awfully excited. I could feel his heart pounding when I touched him. I looked around again and put my face close, to see what would happen. He was really agitated, very warm to touch, and very, very sweet to kiss. We lay there, he with his hand on my neck and me with my hand on his warm belly. I had an almost overpowering desire to gather him into my arms, but it was impossible. I could have kissed him all night, and he'd have returned each kiss as warmly as the last.

I'd been around. In the service, you learn about homos early on. I'd never had such urges before, certainly not with men. But Ronny was so warm and wonderful, I couldn't help myself. We never spoke another word. There was just the warmth, the softness, his lips and mine, and a new, feverish feeling in my face. We kissed and kissed, deep-tonguing it, and all the while, my hands explored his slim body. Finally, my hand went under the pillow that covered his lap.

I felt the bulge through the thin, slippery material. He grabbed my wrist, and I thought he was protesting, but he released it. He unhooked the clasp and silently pulled the zipper down, then put my hand back where it had been. My heart was in my throat as I unbuttoned the fly of his boxer shorts and reached inside for the small cargo. I caressed the warm penis between my fingers and felt the few little hairs around it. I probed for the softer flesh of his testicles, but the clothing was in the way. He reached down and hooked his thumb in the vee of the zipper, lifted his bottom and pulled the trousers down a little. I felt the two small ovals and the tender, wrinkled, velvety pouch. When I returned to the penis, it was still firmer. I massaged it, causing a full erection.

He balled up his fist and held the pillow up, out of the way. I worked the skin back and forth over the bullet head. Just as my wrist started to tire, I felt



it swell and become even stiffer. A warm, sticky blob dribbled over my thumb. "Stop," he whispered. I didn't know what to do next, and I'm sure he didn't either.

He couldn't remove the pillow, for obvious reasons, and I couldn't remove my hand without getting semen on everything. Finally, he fumbled his right hand out and found his handkerchief. "My thumb," I directed, as he swabbed the other drop off the tip. Then I withdrew my hand. He closed up his pants and took his hands out from under the pillow.

"I didn't expect that to happen," he whispered.

I wondered how much of the previous willingness to love was sex urge, so I put my face toward him, after first checking to see if anyone was looking. All the lights were off, though. He kissed me, just as warmly and sweetly as before. I began to wonder what would happen at St. Louis. I didn't think I could leave him. I had never wanted anything the way I wanted this boy. I knew he was thinking much the same things, for he was weeping silently. I went after him, then, and got him into my arms. I would have done almost anything had we but been alone somewhere. I had to content myself with what I could have then and there, but not too much. I was afraid someone would discover us.

I had to tear myself away from him. "We mustn't do this any more," I told him.

"No, No!" he whispered. "I ... guess I love you, but it doesn't seem possible. I'm going to spend the summer with a man I don't love, and I love a man I met on a bus."

"Look," I choked out, "I love you, too. But if we're caught, it's all over for us. I'll go to Chicago on another bus. We'll be just new friends on the bus, until St. Louis. We can meet someplace. I'll get a room near your dad's place and you can come and see me, if you want to. Okay?"

He mashed his mouth against mine.

Three days later, he stood across from me in the room I'd rented. He looked so fine, like a Greek statue with clothes. His neatly combed, brown hair shone in the light from the two windows, I drank him in, the way I had on the second day I'd known him. Under his perfect brows were those bright,

intelligent eyes, shaded by almost girlish lashes. His nose was finely chiseled and a little shiny. The sensitive, rich red lips were slightly parted over his beautifully white teeth. My eyes swept over him, from the curve of his neck to his loafer-clad feet. There were fifty-eight inches of boyish beauty, weighing about ninety pounds. I hungered for him, but wondered if he'd reconsidered.

"How's your leg?" he asked. I studied the shading of the dark fuzz on his upper lip that, with the slight swelling of his crotch, proclaimed the beginning of puberty.

"Fine. How's your father?" I figured that last question would draw him out if he'd had a changed mind.

"Okay, I guess. His new wife is nice, but I prefer the old one. What I said that night on the bus still goes, Dan. I'm pretty sure it's you I like the best. I liked it...what we did, in case you're still interested."

"Uh...I'm new to this, as you know. I only know that I still want you like I did...after. If you liked it..."

He came to me and I wrapped my arms around his middle, burying my face in his shirt front. He hugged me to him. "I thought about this all the while, Dan. I told you I liked everything we did. But I never got to see you, all of you. Could I some time?"

"Sure," I told him, as I came up to really hold him with my face in his neck.

"Would I be rushing things, if I said I'd like to relax on the bed?"

"No. You still wearing those stupid boxer shorts? I got into jockey shorts as soon as I could."

"I could always take them off... or you could. By the way, are we queer?"

"I suppose some could call it that. But what's' normal? You love me, I think, and I sure love you."

He shoved his loafers off. I held him off, hands on his waist. I wanted to look at his young body, so warm and alive. I started unbuttoning his shirt, pulling it out of his pants to get the bottom buttons. His bare torso was well-formed and smooth. I shucked the pants down his smooth, tapered legs and he stepped out of them, leaving only those silly shorts and his socks. His shorts were kicked into the pile of clothes behind him, baring his developing reproductive organs. The artist in me found them pretty, too. I gathered him

into my arms and sought those sweet, young lips. His face was as flushed as I thought mine must be. He fairly dripped honey.

When his lips were freed for the fourth or fifth time, he asked, "You gonna strip, too? Or do I get to peel you, like you did me?"

I stripped as quickly as I could and threw the covers back on the bed. He came into my arms and I was aware of his mound of sex organs against my abdomen. I ran my hands over his back, shoulders, thighs and bottom while I drank the wine of his lips some more. I felt his erection growing between us, He got up on all fours to look at my equipment, and I looked at his, then took a handful.

"Yours isn't hard," he observed. "Can I play with you?"

Mine soon curved up, under his gentle ministrations. He began to masturbate me, still gentle as a puppy. "Would you cream, like I did on the bus if I kept this up?"

"I suppose. But I don't know if I'd still be in a loving mood if I did. And I'd like to make this afternoon last."

"So would I. But I didn't get out of a loving mood after I creamed. I just didn't want any sex for a while. You could have done it again, a while later. I'd like to see you cream. I want to give you that nice feeling. Will you let me?"

I grabbed him to me, getting a hand-hold on one cheek of his rounded bottom. My fingertip touched the heat of the inside of the cleft. "Go on!" he urged, when his mouth was again freed.

I let him work on me while I fondled his own small organs. He was fine and clean, all loving and tender. I suddenly had another overpowering urge, this time to kiss his forbidden places. Suddenly, the climax and orgasm came, flooding out over his pumping hand and onto my belly.

"Gosh!" he breathed, "You sure cream a lot. I only shoot about three drops, but you...! We'd better clean up this mess. You still want me?"

My hand still encompassed his curving, pink penis. The urge to kiss it was gone, but I still wanted his lips. He mopped up the emission and looked at me questioningly. I opened my arms to him. He came back on top of me, and I noticed a glistening drop of lubricant at the tip of his instrument of love. We just lay there, loving, occasionally kissing each other, soaking in the sweet

warmth. His erection left, but I found my hands on his bottom a lot, thoughts of things I'd always considered dirty floating in my mind. When the sex urge returned, I rolled him onto his back on my left and massaged his erection back. I masturbated him as tenderly as he had me, and gave him an orgasm a while later. I put a hand under his bottom and kissed his firm belly, which he didn't consider unusual. I was having that new urge again, but I didn't want to revolt him with it.

Again we lay there, loving. After a while, I answered the urge and allowed the tip of my erected penis to rest in the hot cleft of his bottom, right where I could put it inside him. He didn't say anything for a long time, then spoke, "It feels kind of funny there. But you can leave it. I don't mind. I knew a guy that did it, once. He said it wasn't bad, kind of hot and tight, almost like doing it to a girl."

We masturbated each other once more, then it was time for him to leave. The more I thought of it, the more I knew I loved all of him, completely.

The next time we were together, I didn't strip him right away. I petted and loved him for a long time, not wanting to get so hot, preferring a purer relationship. He felt warm and soft in my arms, his scent sweet to me, kind of soapy and clean. "How are you getting along with your father?" I inquired.

"Not so hot. I see, now, why my mother couldn't take him any more. I think about you all the time, Dan. I love you so much, I don't like to think of going back to California. Hey, gonna rap me some more?"

I stripped him then, and grasped him by the bottom, kissing his belly, thighs and the creases next to his testicles. He closed his eyes and I nuzzled his tender parts. I took the limp penis in my mouth and tickled it under the pink head, causing it to erect, I kept rubbing my tongue in the groove leading to his little pink asshole. He shivered with delight at this.

What reward is there to the active member in fellatio, you ask. I can only speak for myself. As said, I prefer to have a boy I can love. There is a certain thrill for me, in having him respond to the intimate loving which gives him a great deal of pleasure. For the few times I've done it to a boy I hardly knew, it was to see his reaction to this strange new pleasure.

The climax was a long time building in Ronny. I laid him on the bed and rested my head on his firm abdomen. I was getting a little weary, but I was determined to give him an orgasm. After a while, he started squirming, the muscles in his legs and crotch working. His slim penis would go rigidly erect, away from his body, then relax a bit, the spasms getting closer and closer together. Finally, it went very erect, the head and body swelling, and the tube standing out along the bottom. He thrust upward and I had to draw back my head to keep my tongue on the nerve. Sweet, warm semen erupted alongside my tongue, and I kept working it. The orgasm seemed to last a long time, but he finally lowered his bottom back to the bed and I discovered that I had a firm hold on it.

“Oh, Dan!” he crooned, “I creamed right in your mouth! Why’d you keep it in there? Why don’t you stop? I’m done, you know.”

I was reluctant to leave it, but I knew he’d want some tenderness now. I swallowed and laid my head on his belly, looking up into his handsome face. “How was it?”

“The best feeling I ever had. What does it taste like?”

“Kind of funny, but sweet. You seemed to take quite a while, though. Was it worth waiting for?”

“It was wonderful. I thought it’d never go, then when it did, I thought it’d never stop. Could you feel how I pumped?”

“Yes. You know, I liked doing that. I could feel everything that happened.” I kissed his belly and went up next to him, wondering if he thought I was vulgar. But he rolled right into my arms and kissed me as sweetly as ever. I was surprised, though, when he stuck his tongue in my mouth and probed around.

When he finished that long, loving kiss, he said, “You’re right. It doesn’t taste bad. Do you want me to do it to you?”

“You don’t have to.”

He rubbed his smooth cheek against mine saying, “I want to. It really feels good.”

“But,” I protested, “you’ll drown in my sperm You’d better just work it up to the edge, then finish by hand.”

He went down on me and put his mouth over it. The sensation was exquisite. He didn't stop, but went all the way to the end, keeping it in his mouth, but with semen and saliva gushing out onto his hand that held my penis. He hardly missed a lick. When I quit pumping and relaxed, he made a mad dash into the bathroom and spat into the toilet. Then he came back with a grin on his face. "I see what you mean," he said, as he came into my arms, "I could feel everything that went on. Only, it doesn't taste that good. And there's so much of it."

We lay in that comfortable position for a long time. I'd really had enough sex activity for one day but his small penis erected a while later and mine got the idea from his. I rested it in his warm cleft again right over the opening. Without saying a word, he reached back and grasped it, shoving his bottom down on it, but it didn't penetrate.

"Feels funny," he said, finally managing to get the very tip in. Of course, it popped back out. "We ought to try to make it slippery." He tried again, this time getting the head in.

I hesitated to tell him that I had bought a jar of petroleum jelly. I had mixed emotions about anal intercourse, having known several men who did it. I was torn between desire to try it, and that nagging thought that it was dirty and I wanted to keep our love as pure as possible. Desire won out, as I suppose it usually does. I went in and got the jar and gave it to him. He liberally coated my tool with it, then assumed his former position. This time, it penetrated way into his hot bottom.

"Hey," he whispered, "I kind of like that!" He moved a little, up and down. It popped back out, but he put it back in. "As a matter of fact, it sort of tickles." He rolled his bottom back to get more inside and started a little motion, but it was not satisfactory. "Why don't I get on my belly, and you get on top?" he suggested.

This didn't work out very well, either, for it arched his back uncomfortably. He insisted we try several different positions, none of which allowed much motion. Finally, at my suggestion, he rolled a pillow up under his tummy and got me inside him. This time I got deep penetration, which pleased him.

He liked the in and out motion, and it sure felt better to me than any female intercourse I'd had. It fitted so beautifully. In fact, it was the most supreme and ultimate feeling I think I'd ever had in my entire life. I felt carried away on a flood of pleasure, as if I had been on LSD. I couldn't stop! I plunged deeper and faster in the young nubile body beneath me, and felt his answering heaves, as he felt my big hard cock plunging in and out of his narrow canal, massaging his prostate gland and giving him the most extreme excitement. We plunged and heaved in unison, each encouraging the other with our panted exclamations of thrill, until, thrusting forcefully to the depths of the young boy in my arms, I consummated my defloration of this virgin ass, my hot come pouring into his vitals. Feeling the rich liquid warmth, Ronny responded by having his own orgasm, which flowed out over the bedsheet as he squirmed and sighed in his ecstatic state of completion. Being fucked by the man you love is a very special thrill for any boy, and Ronny experienced a thrill deep down inside, which welled up in him, so that he took me in his arms and kissed me spontaneously, a gesture which I treasure enormously.

Don't get the impression that our relationship was all in bed. We did a lot of outside things, too. We were real friends. We developed a sort of ritual about our sex relationship. I'd love him, perform fellatio on him, love him some more, then give him a good fucking. He kept his underparts immaculate, and I took to kissing and nuzzling all of his parts, crotch, thighs, and bottom. This may sound dirty to you, but we loved each other. Then when we were both excited, I'd put it in him. I had to work up to almost a climax, then quit, leaving it to him, because, otherwise, I'd come too quickly. After I calmed down a bit, I'd go back to pumping it in and out, this time taking quite a while. Sometimes he'd climax before me, shooting into the wad of tissues we put under his penis to catch the small orgasm. But usually we climaxed together. I think it was the swelling of my penis at the point of orgasm that excited his nerves fully. We always lay in that same position, me with my arms under his chest until I lost my erection and it pulled out by itself, with help from his sphincter muscle.

After a month with his father, he went back to California. I followed him. We saw each other for about a year, then he began to grow out of our relationship. I didn't try to hold him back. He just discovered a girl he really liked. We parted friends. He came to see me once in a while for a year or so after that. He loved me still and wanted a little affection, but no sex. I always gave it to him. I still loved him, you see.

He's married now. I kept tabs on him. He has two kids, a boy and a girl. I hope he's happy. I told him that love for a woman, if cherished in the right way, was best for a man. I didn't add that I thought I'd never achieve it.



# CHAPTER III

After I'd discovered my love for boys, I had a very rough time. I had to be careful, extremely careful. I'd see a nice-looking boy and want him, would wonder how his equipment was and whether or not he was circumcised. Not only is the penis cleaner, but also the bare little head excites me. And it is usually more difficult to perform fellatio on an uncircumcised boy of the age group I prefer. I also wondered if his erection were straight or curved. Circumcised penises vary, you know. I never could decide which I liked better.

After a while, I could not visit a place where boys were swimming. The sight of all that flesh, those pleasant bulges, would nearly drive me out of my mind, knowing I couldn't have any of them. Though there are many boys who are willing to let someone play with their pricks, you can't just go around asking every cute one you see. I didn't want to hang around boys a lot, either. Suspicion is easy to come by. I made a few mistakes, too.

I worked in a museum for a while, making miniature displays and painting backdrops. One day I was underneath a case, just coming out from the storage area when I saw two boys standing in front of the case. I could only see them from the waist down. One of them was feeling the other's bulge. One of them giggled, and the owner of the bulge put his hand down to brush the other's hand away. They didn't move on. A moment later, the boy who'd been felt reached for the other's bulge. He felt a moment, then removed his hand.

"Hey, Dick, I've gotta get home," one of them said. "C'mon."

"Naw, I'm gonna stay a while. I'll see you later," the other replied.

One pair of legs went away, and the other crossed the room. This room was devoted to primitive Indians of that region. Some of the displays were of family groups, where the children were naked, and one of the women was

naked to the waist, suckling a baby. These two must have been there just to get a charge, however minor. I came out from under the case. He saw me and colored. I went over to him and he watched me apprehensively. He was a well-formed boy of about twelve or thirteen.

“You two come here often?” I asked.

He nodded, knowing that I’d seen at least part of the performance. “You...work here?” he choked out, knowing that a normal adult would soon have him in front of his parents.

I nodded. “Are you interested in primitive cultures?”

“Kind of,” he replied, seeing a glimmer of hope. I might not have seen the play, after all.

“I have a display in my workshop. I’m working from several National Geographics. You can come look at them, if you’d like. I could show you how the models are built.”

I led the way to my private workshop. My boss was quite strict about having his men interrupted when they had the “Do Not Disturb” sign out. I opened the door for the boy and flipped over the sign, without his seeing the move. I showed him the models and opened the magazine to show him the photo I worked from. Then I flipped the pages to show him some native women, nude to the waist. I was seated on my stool with him standing on my left. He studied the pictures. I put my hand softly on his bottom. He looked at me out of the corner of his eye. I reached my right hand over and felt his bulge.

“Hey, Mister!”

“You let your friend do it,” I told him, the blood pounding in my ears. I didn’t remove my hand.

He didn’t say anything, and I kept exploring and probing. A long, round bulge formed along his left thigh, raising up in a ridge to the left. I concentrated on tickling it under what I thought was the tip. It jerked upward suddenly, and I could tickle it better. I could feel my own instrument swelling hotly.

He looked at my electric clock. “Hey, Mister! I gotta get home to lunch!” He pulled away and made for the door. When he opened it, he said, “See ya!”

After he closed the door, I wiped my hand across my face. Then, suddenly, I started shaking like a leaf. "Oh, God!" I thought, "What have I done?" If that kid tells anybody, my goose is cooked. Even if he tells any of his friends, I'm a goner."

I was too upset to go and get something to eat. I tried to work, but I was too nervous. Why had I been so anxious? I'd not thought at all, just rushed ahead. So what, if the two boys gave each other a quick feel? They were friends. What made me, a perfect stranger, think I could take indecent liberties with the boy, just because his friend checked him to see if he had an erection? My boss let me go home early, since I looked so ill. I hardly slept a wink that night.

But I must have fallen asleep, for I dreamed that the boy led a police officer into my workshop and pointed his finger at me, saying, "That's the man who fooled around with me." And the officer dragged me away, while I protested that his friend had done almost as much as me, and they weren't arresting him. I opened my eyes and looked incredulously at the clock. It was after ten. In my anxiety, I'd forgotten to pull the plunger out on my alarm clock. I telephoned my boss.

He wasn't angry. "There are two boys here," he said, "I think they're looking for you. One of them says he talked to you yesterday about model-making. They said they'd wait, when I told them that you hadn't come in yet. If you're not coming in, do you want them to come back?"

"I'll be in, in about an hour," I told him.

I showered and shaved, wondering what had caused the boys to approach my boss. It turned out later, that he'd been in my workshop and answered a timid knock on the door. When questioned as to what they were doing there, the boys had told as much of the truth as was necessary to answer sensibly.

I found the boys in the same room they'd been in the day before. The one I'd taken liberties with grinned bashfully. My boss had gone for a couple hours, so he wouldn't object to their being with me. We went into my cubicle without anyone knowing I had company, and I turned the sign out, to warn anyone on the staff.

Dick asked if his friend, Jan, could see the pictures. I let them look at them, but made no move to even touch their neat little persons. After a while Jan said that he wished that he had the skill to build such nice little buildings for his HO model railroad.

I told him that it wasn't as hard as it looked, and said that I'd seen some very realistic model railroads, done by boys not much older than them. Dick giggled, and said that I hadn't seen the hodge-podge that Jan had in the room over the garage. He asked if I lived nearby. I told him that I lived near enough to walk to work. Jan said that he lived a short bus-ride away. I figured that they were both wondering how to get the nerve to ask me to at least come and look at it. I wondered if Dick had told his friend about my roving hands.

"If you're really serious about making scenes for your model railroad, I'd be glad to give you a few pointers, if your folks don't mind your having a man around."

Jan told me, timidly, that he'd talk to his mother about it, and I got that peculiar feeling. A boy with no father around can usually be quite friendly to a man who'll pay a little attention to him. And I was perfectly willing to pay a lot of attention to these two cookies.

Two days later, Dick knocked on my workshop door and told me that Jan had dragged his mother down to see some of the models that I'd built. I followed him into one of the diorama rooms that I'd helped to set up. Jan's mother was an elegant-looking woman who looked like she wore iron plate under her expensive, tailored suit. She spelled money, with a capital M. She offered a gloved hand to me, trying to read my character.

"I told her that you were willing to show me how to make my own scenery and stuff," Jan told me, as if expecting a landslide.

She told the boys to go look at the displays in another room, and impaled me with her imperious, brown eyes. "Mr. Templeton, I took the liberty of inquiring about you from your employer. He speaks highly of you. Would you be interested in tutoring my son in this matter?"

"If you mean, would I accept money for showing the boy a few tricks of my trade, no. If he has no manual ability, I couldn't teach him. If he has the ability, I'd be happy to help him out. He Seems like a good lad."

“That’s very generous, Mr. Templeton. As you may have surmised, I’m a widow. I’m afraid I tend to flash my late husband’s money around, no matter how hard I try not to. Jan earned a lot of the money that went into his trains, and he built them, all by himself, with Richard’s help. I’m afraid I don’t always understand him, but I suppose that’s natural. Boys are strange people at times. Feel free to come at any time.”

I went over there that very evening. Jan’s railroad room was reached by a pull-down ladder. It was a fully-insulated and heated upper floor to the garage. He’d fixed it up quite cosily. There were two folding cots up there, which Dick announced were used sometimes, when they wanted to get away from it all. They ran the trains around the layout. Jan had obviously chosen to model the steam period of railroading, an area with which I was familiar, as my father had been an engineer on the SMKT Railroad. It was a happy coincidence this time, but it wasn’t something I could use as a gimmick for other boys. Boys aren’t drawn to railroading much any more.

I played it cool with them for a while, aching to get my hands on them, but waiting for an opportune moment. I think they were waiting impatiently for me to make a move. I finally gave in. I had bought some French nudist magazines and taken them with me, one Saturday. Mrs. Vanderhoff was away, but it didn’t make any difference anyway, since she never climbed the ladder. I broke out the books and showed them to the boys. They grinned from ear to ear. Dick suggested that we unfold the cots and lie down to look at the magazines.

I’d bought three of the books, which were rare then. Today you can buy nudist magazines in almost any city over twenty thousand population, and in a hell of a lot that aren’t. But not then. We kicked off our shoes and lay down on the cots, which were placed side-by-side. I kept glancing at their bulges to see if there were any reaction. I had a boy on each side of me, Dick on my right, Jan on my left. After a bit, Jan said he had to go to the bathroom. He went down the ladder, and Dick put down the magazine.

“You want to feel me?” he asked. “I’ll let you, if you’ll let me.”

“Did you tell Jan?”

“You mean about that first time?” He shook his head. “Just about the magazines. I thought it was too personal.”

“Do you and he...play around?” I asked.

He grinned “That’d be telling!”

I reached over and felt him. His hand explored me. He was just erecting when we heard Jan coming up the ladder. He came over and took the magazine that Dick had been looking at.

“Any good ones in here?” he asked.

“There’s a real one in here!” Dick told him, feeling my bulge.

Jan stared, as his friend didn’t remove his hand. “He said I could feel him,” Dick explained. “Hey, why don’t we pull up the ladder and really get comfortable?”

Jan pulled up the ladder, then stood there, hands in his pockets, blushing. “You aren’t really gonna strip. You’re as chicken as I am, Dick.”

I started unbuttoning my shirt. The boys were panicky. They were too embarrassed to look, too interested to turn away. They sort of looked at me out of the corners of their eyes. I put my shirt and pants on a chair and settled back with a magazine.

“Okay,” Dick said nervously, “We’ll just leave on our underwear.”

Now, underwear is more intriguing to me than bare skin. The white cotton looks so soft and clean And it leaves such interesting bumps. So I was perfectly agreeable to have them just strip down to jockey shorts. They came and lay down next to me again, in the same arrangement. They were flushed and nervous. They kept looking at each other and at me, surveying. I leaned and looked at that page that Jan was looking at. He giggled.

“How come their cocks look so funny?” he asked. Dick giggled.

“Because they aren’t circumcised. They still have the skin over the tip. Yours was probably cut away when you were a baby. That’s called circumcision. They don’t do it much in Europe.”

“Ours must be circumcised,” Jan decided. “Is yours?” Again Dick giggled.

“Yes. You can feel it, if you’d like.”

Jan’s small hand reached carefully over and felt around. Dick watched with interest. “Gosh!” Jan whispered, taking his hand away.

“You didn’t really feel it,” Dick told him. “Could I, Dan?”

His hand probed around and jostled my penis in a circle. It began to swell.

“It’s getting stiff,” Jan whispered. “Can I do it some more?”

Dick pulled his hand back. Jan raised up on one elbow and used his left hand. I reached over with my right hand and explored him. He was erecting when I touched it. Dick sat up and watched. I glanced at his bump and saw it coming to a point.

“Let’s strip,” Dick suggested, reaching tentatively for his waist-band.

I gathered up the magazines and put them under the cots, then took off the remainder of my clothing. I feasted my eyes on the boys, all soft, pink, and golden. They were frankly staring at my erection. Dick reached for it, but didn’t grasp it. I was looking between Jan’s firm thighs at his little instrument. God had been generous with both of them. Dick finally succumbed to the urge and felt all of my organs. Jan was content just to look.

“Gee, ours look little compared to his,” Jan commented.

“Get the ruler,” Dick ordered.

They measured mine, finding it to be almost eight inches long. I took the ruler and measured Jan’s, fighting the urge to eat him up. His was four and a quarter inches long, the head slightly larger diameter than the body, which was as big around as my thumb. His testicles were a handful that begged to be fondled, so I did. Then I measured Dick’s, finding it to be a little smaller. Their little jewel-cases were shaped differently, and the head of Dick’s penis was about the same as the diameter of the rest of it. I masturbated Dick a little, left-handed and he returned the compliment, right-handed. c

“You sure have a lot of hair!” Jan observed.

“And you guys sure have cute bodies,” I told them. “Could I hug you? Or would you object?”

“Aw!” Jan groaned, grinning that same bashful grin. Dick just shrugged.

I gathered them in to me, and they rolled against me willingly. I could feel the warm, hard penises against me, and Dick rubbed his thigh against my erection. They relaxed against me, and I hugged them. Suddenly, Jan jumped up and pulled the string, on the light, putting us in blackness. He came back to me. I felt the two nice bottoms and silently kissed each boy on the cheek,

Jan carefully planting one in return, not making a sound. Dick's hand stroked the head of my penis, which by now was oozing lubricant. He didn't say a word, but used it to lubricate, smearing it around the nerves.

"Dan?" Jan whispered, "Do you know what jacking off is?"

"Sure." I answered in a low voice.

"Dick and I do it once in a while. It feels real good, to have somebody rub it."

"Can I do it to you?" I asked.

"Sure. I like you a lot. So does Dick. My cock is still hard."

I took my hand from around Dick and masturbated Jan. He relaxed with my arm under his head. I nuzzled his face with my nose and lips, but I didn't kiss him. Then I couldn't resist any more. I sought his lips with mine and felt them firm up in answer. Dick had his hand around my penis and was masturbating me.

"Hey, Jan?" Dick asked. "Will you trade places with me for a little while? My cock's hard, too. You can jack his off, while he does mine. Okay, Dan?"

I sucked some honey from Jan's lips and said, "Okay."

Dick let me kiss his lips, too, but he didn't answer me as Jan had. I did it anyway. Then I must have got on the nerve, for he began answering. After a while I stopped and gathered them both into my arms, fondling their bottoms and kissing them. Dick must have decided that he loved me, for he answered as sweetly as Jan, now.

"Fellas, if you jack me off for a long time, I'd get a real nice feeling and stuff would squirt out of it. It's a wonderful feeling, and you can feel it, too, if you're open minded. But, first, I'd have to do something that you might think was dirty."

"No, we wouldn't, Jan stated, and Dick agreed.

"Who's first?"

"I don't care." "It doesn't matter," they said almost in unison.

I rolled Dick on his back and went down on him. He jumped, but didn't object. After a while Jan's curiosity got the best of him, and he asked what was going on.

"He's sucking my cock," Dick informed him. "And, boy does it feel good!"



He got his climax and I thought he'd push my head up to the ceiling. I got a warm kiss from him and asked Jan if he was still interested. He was, After he climaxed, we lay around and loved. They both got in the mood and talked about sucking mine, I said it wasn't necessary. Jan masturbated me to climax and marvelled at the semen. We reluctantly dressed, and I found that they'd let me kiss them in the light as well. All my boys were sweet, you see.

I've found that when a boy lets you kiss his lips and likes it, he'll usually allow fellatio. If he offers to perform fellatio on you, he'll allow the even greater intimacies that can be performed. I usually let a boy put the head of my erected penis in his mouth and try to do the tonguing. However, he has to be a larger boy to go all the way through with it. The smaller boys would almost drown in the semen.

Jan was a thoroughly delightful boy. He enjoyed the sex and love about equally. He liked the slightest show of either interest. I could fondle his bottom or privates through his clothing, kiss or hug him, he liked it all. His cute little erection was quick to materialize, and the head of it was very sensitive to affection. His powers of regeneration were good, too. That is, he got back into the mood quite soon after a climax. I tried not to overdo either form of affection, so as not to make him tired of it. Oftentimes, I let him make the first move.

Dick was moody about our relations, but he was in the mood more than out. He wasn't as sensitive as Jan either. Both boys enjoyed nude orgies, and suggested them often. Jan particularly enjoyed lying in my embrace when we were nude. He practically purred as I felt of his bare bottom, back, and thighs. Dick had to warm up to the idea, but he loved to have me "suck his cock". One day I pointed out that Dick's equipment was getting larger, and, sure enough, inside of a month he was ejaculating sweet semen. No hair showed for a while, though.

There is a certain thrill in knowing a boy through puberty and watching him bud. As I've said, boys this age are very sweet and are capable of strong emotional ties, whereas younger boys sometimes don't know what affection is all about. Their climaxes are different then, too. Semen gets stronger with the age of the boy, as more and more sperm is released with the charge.

While it is still quite watery and clear, it actually has a pleasant taste to it. Dick became very loving and enjoyed everything I did with him, just as Jan always had.

I didn't see Jan for a month, one time. Then his mother called to talk to me. I'm always apprehensive about calls from parents, for obvious reasons. She had to go out of town for a couple of days, and didn't want to take Jan out of school to take him with her. She couldn't leave him with anybody, she said, not even with Dick's family. She wondered if I'd sleep in at their house. I almost collapsed in a heap at the thought! I went over there after work the day she left.

Jan let me in. She'd already gone. Dick was there, too. We went up to the train room and worked on the scenery. It was really coming along, in spite of our fooling around. I think Dick may have been disappointed that I didn't attack both of them, but I'm only flesh and blood. I had two evenings to start anything Jan wanted to permit. He had hinted at that at supper, before Dick came over again.

"What time are you two going to bed?" Dick asked.

"It's only seven now," I observed.

We all sat around waiting for someone to say or do something. It's like that a lot. Everybody wants to do something, but they're reluctant to start it. Whole evenings have been wasted in this way.

"Anybody want to mess around?" Jan asked.

"How long since you guys have bathed?" I asked.

"Saturday night," Dick announced.

"Sunday morning," was Jan's answer.

I shook my head. "I took a shower this morning. Why don't you guys go in and wash everything real well, get dressed, and come back out? Dick's hair will be dry by the time he goes home."

They showered and came back to me, knowing that I was up to some special play. I wanted to love them, taking their clothes off slowly, then enjoying their naked bodies. I started by loving two arms full of boys. They responded like affectionate puppies. I explored them with their clothes on, getting erections easily. Then I gently removed their outer clothing. I noticed

that the two bumps seemed to be about equally matched. I came to the conclusion that Jan was entering puberty, too. This was confirmed when I lovingly took his shorts off him. About twenty dark, silky hairs were amassed on each side of his slightly larger organs. He grinned proudly. I kissed his fine equipment.

There never seemed to be any jealousy, derision, or impatience between those two. Dick was just as ready for my love, when I finished my lavishing it on Jan. They made a science of undressing me, and surprised me by both kissing me in the same places I'd kissed them. We put a blanket and some pillows down on the floor and piled together in an affectionate heap. I sucked on each small penis for a while, then lifted each bottom in both hands and kissed some very tender places. If either boy were shocked, he didn't say anything, and they always answered when I touched my lips to theirs. Jan even gently closed his thighs on my hand when I did something else new.

"How come we're not sucking each other's cocks much, tonight?" Jan asked.

"How good are your little jewels recharging?"

"I know what he means, Jan," Dick announced, "If you tingle, will you get out of the mood? I might. Dan, did we tell you that we've sucked each other's cocks? You sure you don't want one of us to do yours?"

I shook my head. I went down on Jan and brought him through an orgasm, the first I'd given him. I marvelled at how his pink cock had changed, swelled so nicely, that larger diameter head with the tube throbbing as the muscles pumped the sweet charge out. He had a really great climax, was very appreciative after. I took as great care with Dick, giving him a good one also. We lay together for a while until they got into affectionate mood, then Dick reluctantly left.

"Dan?" Jan said, his warm breath on my face after we were alone. "What you did...around my rear...it felt...it tickled kind of neat."

I put my penis up in the warm place. "That tickles a little, too," he told me. I went down and lifted his bottom again. "Oooooo..."

Well, after that it didn't take much to complete what I had started. Jan didn't seem to be worried about my producing some hand cream and

lubricating his cute little behind, as well as my super-hard cock. Then it was not very difficult to gain an entry into his little rosebud of an ass, and he really loved every minute of it. Even the slight pain went unnoticed as he arched his back to meet my thrusts, and reacted to my vigorous fucking. What a boy! It seemed like he was made to be the receptacle of a big male penis, it fitted so perfectly.

Well, it was heaven! I couldn't imagine a more perfect experience. And what made it even better was that Jan seemed to reciprocate my every feeling. Obviously, he loved being fucked by me. (Of course, every boy does love to be fucked, if you give him a chance, if he knows you love him, and that your entry into his small delicate body is part and parcel of your loving him).

I don't suppose many people ever have an experience so superb as that of being privileged to penetrate a cute young boy's rear end. It is something! But with Jan, it was extra special. As I continued, it was all I could do to keep from passing out from the gales of pleasure that shook my frame as I plunged ever deeper into his charming little bottom. As I felt the temperature mount in my throbbing cock, buried in Jan's pliant ass, I thrust home with a final powerful lunge, and then I came! Seeing stars is not even an adequate description of what happened! Being into a boy that I really loved, and who really loved me, and then experiencing a climax, this was almost more than I could stand. I shivered all over. It was a delicious feeling as I gradually felt my cock sliding out of Jan's sweet orifice, I knew that this had been something out of this world. I leant over and gave Jan a very special kiss. He responded in kind. Obviously, he had just been overcome by emotion.

It was a great and continuing experience, but eventually, unfortunately, we grew apart in the way of these things. They were just too old! The two boys didn't become homosexually-oriented because of their experiences with me. In fact, when I met them, some time later, they were double dating with two cute girls. There's always a chance that they're bisexual, of course. But this might be an asset in this changing world of ours!

# CHAPTER IV

It's surprising how few boys are virgins; that is, have had no sex-play at all. Some have tried it once, but don't make a habit of it. Others have tried only masturbation. Quite a few, though, have participated in mutual masturbation. One who is familiar with fellatio, though, is rare. Most have heard the term, "suck me" used, if they are teenagers or just under, but haven't tried it. I've described my relations with a boy who was willing to try anything (and enjoy it), but had no experience. I've also described a pair of boys who had had experiences with each other. I've known few virgins; however, on the other hand, I don't like a boy who is too forward, as I like them to be a little bashful.

I met Mike through a "friend of a friend". I was trying to put the grabs on a boyfriend of one of my young friends, and he brought along a friend. The third boy was much more interesting than the other two. He had long, silky floppy blond hair, a slim face, and pale blue eyes. At first glance, I thought he was pretty solid, but when I looked closer at him, I found he was really quite slender. The more I looked at him, the more I liked him. His personality was good, which was one of the things that hooked me. He was not exactly "pretty", but his personality made him cute. He was about four-nine, and weighed about eighty pounds. His bottom was not shaped spectacularly, but looked like it would pass the test, and there was a very interesting bulge between his legs.

The only problem was a certain degree of bashfulness. Also, he was on good terms with his father. The bashfulness was the worst problem. He didn't want to come out to see me unless his friend was along. He told me, in front of his friend, that he knew another boy who knew me. This other boy was one of the hotter, homo-leaning ones. I was instantly worried, as I'd heard that this boy had told one of his close friends all about our relationship. I didn't know just

what he'd told, since I'd heard about his telling second-hand. And I never could get one of my boys to convince the boy he'd told to come and tell me. So here was another boy who'd been hearing about me from a boy who'd suddenly decided that I was someone to dislike. I had to find out if Mike had been told anything incriminating.

I arranged to be alone with him.

He was nervous, but that, in itself, wasn't a bad sign. "Mike, I think you're one of the nicest youngsters I've met lately," I began. "I'd like to tell you about me and Mickey (the blabber). You said that he told you that his parents didn't trust me. The truth is, he wasn't supposed to be alone with me. He was always supposed to come here with his friend Rick. But he didn't always manage that, so he sneaked out here and lied to his folks. Then all of a sudden, he didn't come here any more. He told Rick that his parents were making it tough on him. Then he told Rick that he didn't like me any more, in any case. I don't mind that. But he's been telling a lot of stuff around school about me, and I haven't been able to find out just what. Is that, what you told us last night, all that he told you?"

He just looked at me for a long moment, then he said, "No. I didn't want to say it in front of the others, though."

"What did he tell you?"

"He said you did things with him...things that are illegal." He saw that I expected to know the whole thing. "He said you jacked him off...and blew him."

"So you worried about being alone with me? I wouldn't hurt you, you know."

"No, I'm no angel. I've played around some. I even fingered a girl. once. But, I never blew anybody. I wouldn't. Not even a girl."

I reached over and put my hand on his shoulder. "Nobody asked you to, have they? Certainly not me. Would you come and see me by yourself? I'd like to have you around, to talk to you, to look you over. Does the fact that I like boys bother you?"

"No, I guess not. But I don't...not that way. I have a girlfriend. But, I...I'll come and see you."

He did. We talked a lot. I gave him time to know me. He was quality, I could see that.

“Mike, would it be all right for me to love you? I’m not asking you to betray your father. I don’t want to replace him. But you’re an awfully nice kid and I want to appreciate you. Will you let me?”

He looked at me with his guileless blue eyes. “You want to get queer with me?”

I sighed. “I wouldn’t like to put it that way. But you have a nice, young body. It curves right and it’s nicely packed. I’d like to have a chance to show you how nice I think you are.”

“Do I have to do anything?”

“No. Just relax and enjoy yourself. Do you like me?”

“Yeah. I guess. I don’t want to get sloppy with you, though.”

“Well, okay. But I’ve never even touched you. May I?”

I rolled him over, fondled, petted, and explored him. I ended with him in his undies, on his back, resting his head on my arm. I was running my knuckles and fingertips over his jaw and neck and studying his face from a very short distance. I could hardly keep from “getting sloppy” with him. He must have seen the look in my eyes, for he asked, “You like me an awful lot, don’t you?”

I couldn’t trust my voice, so I just nodded. I put my hand on the ample bundle of flesh between his legs and fondled, for the first time, the softness there.

“Hey,” he said, “Do I really bother you that much?” Again I nodded. “What would you do, if I said you could do anything you wanted?”

“I’d get what you call “sloppy” with you.”

“You want to, that much?”

“I told you I was fond of you. You know what I am.”

“You love me?”

“I’m afraid so. Does that revolt you?”

“No. I like you an awful lot, too. if it really bothers you, go ahead.”

I shook my head. “It has to be two-way. I wouldn’t enjoy it, if you didn’t. It would just be going through the motions.”

Our faces were separated only by inches. Mike gave a little, nervous shiver, and then said, "Go ahead. I'll try to like it. You've been gentle with me. The way you touch me is really neat. You do it like you love everything. See if I like that, too. I never thought I'd like having a man touch me that way."

Our lips were only touching for a second, before he was kissing back. My hand was on the curve of his bottom. I couldn't resist asking, "Did you like it?"

"Couldn't you tell?" he replied. His lips were glistening, so close I did it again, and I asked the same question. Again he answered tenderly.

"I guess I did. Don't ever tell anybody, will you?"

"Of course not. Can I do it some more? You taste good."

I held him gently in my arms. He was a paradox; so tough but then so gentle; so firm, but then so soft...and so very sweet. My hand went to the front again. "Stand up," I ordered. He did, and removed his shorts. My hands played over his bottom. I kissed his belly and thighs. He had no more than a couple of little blond hairs that matched the tow locks on his head. His shirt came off next. I sought his mouth again, as his head came out of the shirt. He almost melted in my arms, my hands on his bottom and back.

"What are you gonna do to me?" he asked.

I eased him gently away and looked at his organs. They weren't as big as I'd thought, but a pleasant handful of testicles and a small, but charming penis radiated warmth. I moved him over and took off my clothing, so as to not put harshness against him. I again took him into my arms and lay back on the bed with him. His face was smooth and soft.

"O-o-oh," he groaned, "I never thought it would be like this. My heart sounds like a bass drum and I'm hot all over. Do you like all of me?"

I just kissed him again. He WAS awfully feverish. In spite of the fact that I might lose him when he was satisfied, I went down and reached between his legs for his bottom as I took his organ in my mouth. It throbbed almost immediately making me think it was coming, but nothing came out. He eased his legs up against my face and bent his body over me. "Oh. God!" he groaned, "What a feeling! Oh, God! I don't know if I can stand it, it feels so good." He flattened out again.



I worked for a long time. He was in ecstasy the whole time, but he almost exploded during the last five or ten minutes. His organ kept swelling and going rigid, his belly and leg muscles working almost constantly. When the orgasm came, it was an explosion. His organ seemed to almost fill my mouth as he shoved it almost down my throat. I backed up my head and kept working on the nerve while his body arched. It seemed forever before the pumping started, and the semen gushed out. Then he pumped for a long time before dropping limply back on the bed. He brought his knees up and ran his fingers through my hair as I lay there with the still hard organ in my mouth. I did no tonguing, though, as he was bound to be quite tender after a tremendous climax like that.

“O-o-oh, wow! Did I shoot much jazz?”

I came off the sweet little organ and swallowed. “Quite a bit, for a kid your age.”

“Does it taste bad? It smells like bleach, doesn’t it?”

“It doesn’t taste bad. It’s pretty clean stuff, you know.”

“You can’t do it again, for a while. It kind of hurts, you know, kind of touchy. Do you like blowing kids?”

“Yes.”

“But what if you get caught? They’d put you in jail, wouldn’t they?”

“Yes, I guess so.”

“Then why do you do it?”

“I can’t help it. I just love boys. That’s just the way I am. Anyway, the hell with it, let me hug you again!”

“I’m not really in the mood any more. But I guess so. It’s the least I can do.”

I held him, but didn’t kiss him any more. I respect a kid’s feelings. I never do it when I don’t think they want to. Because I like kissing them it doesn’t mean they have to like my doing it. I lost more than one in a couple of months because I got too friendly. Some just don’t want to be that close a friend. I felt his body, though. He was comfortable and didn’t object.

“What do you get out of it? I mean, how do you get your rocks off?”

“A couple of different ways. Sometimes a boy will give me a hand.”

“Would you be mad, if I didn’t want to?”

“No. You had a good one, and you’re probably pretty weak, inside. And out of the sex-mood. Just lie here for a while and let me love you.”

After a long time he said, “You still in the mood?” He looked down at my bump, then rubbed his cheek against my shoulder. “If it was hard I’d jack you off.”

“You could make it hard,” I suggested.

He did.

Another day, when he seemed to be more in the mood, and really loving me up, I took a chance on his reaction, and shoved it into his cute little ass (making sure, first of all, to have my prick well lubricated). Well, I needn’t have worried. He loved it! Although it wasn’t what he could accept if it was verbalized, as amongst his friends, when it really happened to him with a man that he loved (without quite realizing that that was the right term), then he could accept it, and lie back and enjoy it.

So I took his boyish maidenhead, and he never let out a whimper! In fact, he rose to meet me, every time, and panted so that I thought we both would burst! I know that was the way I felt, anyhow! It was so great! His lithe young body mounted by my wild rigid cock and penetrated to the depths of his innards. By stroking his prostate gland, I know I was able to give him as much of a thrill as his tight little ass was giving me. And what a thrill that was! All at once, I felt it coming. I hung onto Mike by his slim hips and went down deep, all the way into him. And then it happened! Wow! What an orgasm! I reckon I must have gushed a full pint of hot cream right into Mike’s tender little behind, and every drop seemed an eternity. And he reacted like it was the best present he ever had had. As I eased out, he rolled over and hugged me tight, so tight I thought he’d break a rib. Obviously, he’d shared my experience.

# CHAPTER V

Well, to return to my story, when I finally got my gimmick (the pond), I got a lot of new young friends, most of whom were introduced to me, as the pond was in the middle of the property. Occasionally, a boy or two would wander in, exploring. I made some of my best friends this way. Tommy and Kelly were the first, though.

After that day that Tommy posed for me, he brought Kelly with him most of the time. Kelly was more bashful than Tom, making it all the more interesting. Tom told me that Kelly liked me a lot, but I still didn't rush him. I never saw him nude, either, until I thought the time was ripe. I had taken to putting an arm around whichever boy was closest to me, so I felt both round rears a few times. They came and asked me if they could camp out, down by the pond.

I went down to see them, just as it was getting dark. I was surprised to find two tents pitched, end to end. There was another boy, who I didn't know too well, and both Tom and Kelly's younger brothers. I'd seen little, blond Timmy only once before. He was a little doll.

I hadn't done anything to Tommy, yet. But it had been another long dry spell for me. Seeing all that small male pulchritude had given me ideas.

However, I never did like crowds, and I didn't know Timmy, Kelly's brother, or Dave, Kelly's friend. They welcomed me with open arms and asked me to come into the tent. I didn't intend to stay, though. Each of the two small wall tents had been roomy, and they made a very large one when combined. It was quite cosy inside, with a canvas floor and everything. We didn't have anything like this when I was a boy.

I looked up at the clouds that hid the sunset. They were gathering in, close to the ground. My pilot's eye for weather told me that there was rain on the way. The weather man had said that it was going to bypass us, though.

However, air currents are strange things. I mentioned it to the boys. Tommy stuck his head out of the flap and looked into the darkening twilight.

“You’re right! It looks...Whoops! A drop just hit me!” He pulled his head back in and buttoned the flap. The drops were, indeed, drumming on the canvas roof. “You might have to spend the night, Mr. Templeton!”

“Hey!” “Neat!” “Wow!” were the comments.

“In that case,” I declared, “let’s go back on a first name basis, Tom.”

They had a kerosene lantern, which they lit. We talked for a while, then they wanted to look at some of my drawings, which I’d brought along. I was reluctant to show them, because I had some nudes in there that I’d done of some other boys. I had intended to show them to Tom and Kelly, before I found out about the two strange boys in the crowd.

“I think I’d better not,” I told Tom. I took him to the far end of the tent and told him why.

He looked at the others, waiting at the other end, and whispered, “Maybe something will develop. None of them is a blabber-mouth.” To the others, aloud, “Okay, maybe later, fellas. We’d better decide how we’re going to sleep.”

This brought protests of not being sleepy. Kelly said, “Okay, but we don’t have to go to sleep, just decide who’s gonna sleep where, and so forth.”

After that, we didn’t know what to do. At least, they didn’t. I KNEW what I wanted to do! The rain beat on the roof, in a steady tattoo. Greg wanted to tell ghost stories. I vetoed that, seeing the look on nine-year-old Timmy’s face. “Let’s play strip poker!” Tommy yelled. This brought snickers from most of the company. Anyway, only four of us knew how to play poker, and it wouldn’t have been fair to the beginners, as I explained. I noticed, however, that Dave hadn’t been shocked. I also noticed that a flash of white could be seen between his legs.

I went over to him. “It looks like we might have to have a Coming Out Party for Dave!” I observed, sticking my finger up in the hole in the crotch of Dave’s jeans. He clamped his legs shut, but my finger was already probing warm, soft cotton. He realized the mistake and opened them again to shove my hand away. I was instantly aware that I’d made one of the hasty mistakes again.

The group was laughing, though. And he didn't seem too embarrassed, either. Then Tom said, "We oughta have a rod-measuring contest."

More giggles. Kelly pointed out that they all knew who'd win, anyway.

"We could have three divisions," Tommy went on undaunted.

They were all embarrassed now. And they were all looking at me, to see what reaction the only grownup would have. "Your idea about strip poker was more fair," I said, grinning, "At least, it gave everybody a chance."

"I know!" Tommy added, brightly, "What if we played a game that everybody knows and have stripping as the penalties? Would all of you guys play?"

Again they looked to me for guidance. "You're sure trying to embarrass all these youngsters," I told him.

"I just want to have some fun!" he protested.

"Remember Carter?" Kelly asked, and Greg giggled. Carter was the boy that had showed them about masturbation.

"That would be too much for Dave," Tommy jibed.

"Yeah, look at the way he pushed Dan away," Kelly reminded.

"What would you have done?" Dave piped, before I could get a word in.

Kelly shrugged, but Tom jumped right in saying, "I'd have let him poke around in there!"

Timmy giggled through his nose, covering his mouth, I just sat watching developments. Dave looked at me and said, "What did Mr. Templeton do that for?"

"To tickle you, I suppose," Tom replied shrugging. "If I had a hole in my pants, and he wanted to, I'd let him!"

"But you don't!" Dave pointed out.

"I don't need one. if he wanted to, he could tickle me any time he wanted to. I'm giving him my permission right now. Anybody else have a hole in his pants?"

Everybody checked to see, giggling. "Stop embarrassing him, Tom!" I ordered.

"Why would he tickle me?" Dave asked.

"To make you feel good. Everything down there is sensitive, you know."

“He ever tickle you down there?”

“Nope. But he can, if he wants.” Tommy cupped the bulge in his hand and wiggled it ceremoniously, bringing still more nervous giggling.

Lightning struck a far way from us, and the thunder crashed. Tim looked frightened. I told him to come over by me, and I put my arm around him. He looked up at me and said, “If I had a hole, I’d let you tickle me!”

They all moved in close. I kept looking at Dave, who suddenly grinned. I made as if to reach and he still grinned, looking from the hand to my eyes and back again. Then he opened his legs a trifle, so I put my finger in the hole and felt around. He grinned Still. My finger brushed the bottom of the soft, cotton-covered mound of his privates.

“You ever let ANYBODY tickle you there?” Dave demanded of Tom.

Tom looked shamefaced. “Yeah, once.”

“I never have, before,” Dave admitted. He looked at Kelly, who nodded quickly. “What’s it supposed to do?”

“He didn’t do it that way. We all took our pants down.” Dave was looking at me, so Tom added, “It wasn’t Dan. Is anything happening? Does that feel good?”

Dave shrugged.

“Mine got hard when that kid touched it,” Kelly announced, bashfully.

In the fold of my other arm, Timmy giggled. “Does everybody’s get stiff, sometimes?” More nervous giggling. I removed my finger which obviously wasn’t doing anything to excite Dave. He sat up and put his knees up to hook his arms over them, looking pointedly at the juncture of my legs.

“Have YOU got a hole in your pants?”

I shook my head. “We could make one. It’s called a zipper.”

“Would you take your zipper down in front of all these kids?” he demanded, incredulously.

“Sure. Why not?”

“I don’t know. It’s not nice.”

“Why not?”

“I don’t know.” He looked at each of others. “Would any of you guys?”

“Heck, I’d take my pants off!” Tom said boldly. “We’re gonna, anyway, aren’t we...to sleep?”

Dave shrugged. “Would you let him feel you there, then? if he wanted to?”

“I guess so. How about you Kel?”

Kelly blushed hotly, shrugged, and said, “Maybe, if somebody else does.”

Eyes turned toward Timmy.

“He won’t tell. Anyway, it feels good,” Kelly admitted.

Dave’s head swivelled to Kelly. “Did you do it, too?”

Kelly nodded. Then all heads turned to Tommy as they heard the clinking of his belt buckle and the whir of his zipper. He shed his pants and looked down at the narrow curve of his thinly concealed erection. Everybody, including Dave, laughed for the first time. There was some casting about of glances, then a lot of rustling, including some at my left side. I looked at the small mound between Timmy’s legs and found it ample, though smaller than the three eleven and twelve-year-olds’. Greg’s was about the same size as Tim’s, presumably because of the smaller “balls” that Tom had told me about. I decided to be fair and shucked my trousers, too.

Dave had resumed his position close to me. I couldn’t decide which of the boys I wanted most. Then Tom reached toward Dave’s cute bump. Dave saw the hand coming and said, “Oh, no! None of that!”

Tom groaned, “I thought you were ready to try it! Jeez, aren’t you willing to try ANYTHING? You let Dan put his finger there.”

Lightning struck and thunder boomed. Tim pushed up against me, so I put my arm around him again. Dave stared at his stockinged feet and brushed away Tom’s hand once more. “You’re no fun at all!” Tom complained.

Dave rolled over on his stomach. Since he was so close, and so cute, I reached over and ran my hand over his bottom. He snapped his gaze to me. “Mr. Templeton...Dan...when you were small, did you let anybody touch your private property?” I nodded. He continued, “Do you want to touch mine? Kelly says you’re swell, and I trust him.” He looked at his friend. “Do you want to touch mine, Kel?”

Kelly looked just about as bashful and pointed to me. I still had my hand on that soft curve. Dave rolled over, moved closer. “Okay,” he told me, crawling

on his knees to get closer to me. His back was to everybody but Timmy. I felt the smooth inside of his right thigh, then examined the bulge tenderly. He hung his head and watched through the dim light.

Tommy snorted and pulled his underpants off. His fingers grasped in the boyish hold of young masturbation. Greg and Timmy giggled, and Kelly blushed. Dave turned his head and looked. Since nothing was happening, anyway, I took my hand from the soft bulge and stroked the hot side of his face. "I won't do it any more, if you don't want me to," I told him.

He looked at me, not pulling his cheek away from my hand, then grinned shyly, "It's okay. It doesn't feel bad. My mom and step-father would probably have a fit, but nobody's gonna tell them."

I reached under his arm and pulled. He came against me willingly. I got a handful of bottom and squeezed him even closer. He put his right arm behind my shoulders. I knew then that he was a lonely little boy. Timmy pulled away and lay down with his body and head away from me, sticking one knee in the air, his right. I reached over and felt his bump. He giggled and didn't object in any way.

"Isn't anybody else gonna strip?" Tommy demanded. "Come on, Kel, Greg. How about you, Timmy? Show us what you've got. Am I the only one that ain't chicken?"

Kelly blushed some more and, as usual, the younger boys giggled, as did the boy in my arms. He rested his head on my shoulder at least, surrendering I guess.

"Can I take your shorts off?" I asked in a very low voice.

Dave giggled again. "Are you gonna take yours off, in front of everybody?"

"Sure. You want me to?"

He shook his head. "Not if you don't wanna."

I had a bottom-cheek in each hand. I reached up with my thumbs and hooked them in the waist-band of his shorts, not really pulling them down. He looked at Kelly, who was watching with interest. "Would you let him, Kel? You said you liked him a lot!" Kelly turned crimson, nodded twice quickly. I pulled the shorts down over the cute swelling of his bottom, releasing the elastic and putting my hands back where they'd been. He put his hands on my



shoulders and looked into my face, then put his arms back behind my neck, hugging me. I was fully erected and hot.

“Stand up!” I directed, and as he did, I removed his shorts and looked at his equipment, finding it limp and beautiful. He knelt next to me as he had before, not knowing what to do.

“Let us see!” Tommy cried.

“Oh, shut up!” I ordered, “Can’t you see that he’s bashful?” I felt the inside of his thigh and then the tender goodies. After a couple of minutes, his penis was sticking straight out, very hard. He was breathing fast and nervously as I grasped it and stroked a few times. “Feel good?”

He nodded. “Tickles, sort of.” He turned, once more, to his friend. “Kelly, you gonna let him?”

Kelly lowered his eyes. “Come on, Kel,” I told him. “I’ll take your shorts off you, too. We’re friends, aren’t we?” Kelly nodded, still avoiding my eyes. “Then come over by me. You know I won’t hurt you.”

Kelly came over on all fours and I took him in my arms. He was bashful, but I was sure he was as crazy about me as I was about him. I ran my hands through his hair and said, “Hi, Irish. Stand up.” I bared him and he stepped out of the shorts. He was only half hard, expectant. I couldn’t resist, so I put my hand up between his legs and laid my thumb in his cleft, then I pulled him close and blew air on his privates, which were as pretty as I’d expected. I kissed his abdomen, right where he’d be getting hair pretty soon. Everybody giggled.

“Never mind!” I said, “Kelly’s my little buddy, and I like him as much as I would if he was my own little guy. He’s awful bashful, though. Aren’t you, Kel?”

He covered his face with his hands and shook with silent laughter, nodding. He was almost fully erected now, and it was as cute as the rest of him. I took him by the bottom and eased him down between my legs, my left arm around him, holding his left thigh, my right fondling his curving penis. I masturbated him for a little while, fondling his testicles. “Feels good, like I said,” he murmured to Dave. “Why don’t you let him do it some more. Hey, you didn’t ever tell me that yours was straight, when you got a rod.”

Dave had his hand over his. He carefully removed it and showed the ramrod straight organ.

Tommy reached for it, but didn't get to touch it, for Dave crawled on his knees over to my right side. So, Tom went after Timmy and pulled the smaller boy's shorts off, telling him to stand up. He did have cute fixtures, with more testicles than I'd expected. When Tommy reached for them, though, the little one pulled away and came back to me. And to me he said, "You can play with mine, if you want."

I didn't know which way to turn, but I eased Kelly out and took Timmy in the same position between my legs. He soon had an erection of generous size for a boy his size. I stroked it, getting a pleased gurgle from the little doll. I looked at Tom, who was masturbating his brother's erection. I half lifted Timmy out and said, "I'll come after you later, chum." Then I blew out the lantern. I went after Tommy, who, I could tell, had hurt feelings. I took him in my arms and kissed him for the first time, taking a handful of sex organs before arranging ourselves in a comfortable position. A little while later, he had a manual climax and gratefully kissed me full on the lips.

I went to where I'd left the knot of boys, warning them of my advance. I felt around and found several nice bottoms and firm penises. "Kelly? You going to come by me?" I asked.

"I guess so," he answered softly. "Where are you?"

I lay down in between the two that felt like the biggest boys. "Come on, Irish, come against me." He rolled from my left. I felt his organs against my thigh, so I got my hands under his arms and pulled him up on my chest. His erection and soft testicles pressed against my groin. I wrapped him in my arms. "Hi, chum!" I massaged his bottom before cupping it in my hand, squeezing the organs against me.

I pawed around to my right and found his friend, Dave. I sought his goodies and fondled them. His erection still stuck out straight. "I see it didn't go down," I observed. I stroked it in that awkward position. "Why don't you come by me, too?" I soon had that straight little "rod" poking me and a smooth bottom in my hand. His cheek was cool and soft against mine,

matching the one on my left. I hugged them both. “Did you two play a little, while I was gone?”

“A little,” admitted Kelly.

“You both still in the mood?”

“I guess so.” “Yeah, if you want.”

“Who first?” No answer. “How about Kelly? He’s in the right place for me to work on him best.”

Dave rolled off, but not too far off. He was still touching my side as I rolled Kelly onto his back and found the soft and firm things between his legs. He was downy and nice, and I wanted to go down there and use my more sensitive nerves in my lips and tongue, but didn’t want to get off on the wrong foot with him. I massaged his penis and found a good hold to masturbate him. After a long time, he said I should do it to Dave for a while. He and Dave exchanged sides. I got my fingers into the intimate places on Dave. He relaxed with his head on my arm, while I masturbated his superb little organ.

After a while, I decided to succumb to another urge, and nuzzled his face with my lips and nose. He bumped his nose back and forth against mine, then held it still while I just barely touched my lips against his. He didn’t pull away, so I increased the contact. He let my lips spread his and press against them, not answering. I pulled back and continued with my stroking. When I went back to his lips, he answered softly. He answered softly each time I kissed him, but his thoughts were on the sensations in his penis, I think. It began to throb and come alive in my grasp. He pushed it skyward and I tried to keep on the nerve. He came down and relaxed. I fondled his jewels for a while, but I knew he’d lost interest. I went for his lips, expecting him to pull away, but he firmed them into mine in a kiss of thanks.

Kelly was a wonderful little package. I gathered him in my arms and loved him. He was warm and tender, returning my hugging and nuzzling as though he’d been waiting for such an opportunity for a long time. He’d lost his erection, but I didn’t need it if he didn’t. I was content just to love him and feel his wonderful little body. I enjoyed my hands on his bottom and thighs. When my hand went deep between his legs and touched the softness of his

testicles, he opened his legs up a little. I drank deeply of his lips, then he whispered in my ear, asking if I still wanted to “do it”.

Dave had left my side. Later, when I checked with my hand over the lens of my flashlight, I discovered that he'd put on his shorts. But then when Kelly had hinted that he was still willing, I knew only that the blanket on my left was bare. I eased my sweet burden down on my left, lovingly, Then I went down and took the soft little penis in my mouth and fondled the end with my tongue. It soon did its best to fill my mouth, failing of course, since it swelled only to about three and a little more inches and was as big around as my thumb. It was beautiful for a boy of his twelve years. Back and forth, in the groove under the little spearhead, I moved my lips, sending, as I hoped (and I was correct!), delicious sensations through it. He had a very grown-up climax, complete with pumpings. He was very tender in my arms, afterward.

I guessed that he was sleepy and wrapped the blanket around him. It was then that I got my flashlight into action, looking for a blanket for myself. I saw Dave, his eyes closed, then discovered that Timmy was still bare-bottomed. He grinned at me, bashfully as his brother, his hand over his privates. “Want to come by me?” I whispered. He studied the hand at his crotch, released his hold, and crawled over to me. Without my asking, he came right into my arms. He was smaller than any of the boys I'd ever had, being only nine, and I don't usually go with kids much under twelve. But what a delectable little fellow he was: curly-blond and blue-eyed, with a cute face, and a well-formed body.

I fondled his organs, receiving a small erection which I started to stroke between my fingers. He seemed to like everything I did, including the kissing. I took a chance and went down on him. He didn't object, except for a giggle, until the climax was beginning. He tried to pull it back, but I followed greedily. He squirmed and thrust, pulling from left to right, finally thrusting with the climax. “O-o-o, that felt funny!” he objected. I put my arms under him and my face close, finding that he, like his brother, wanted to be appreciated. He slept in my arms for most of the night, before I left in the early light.

Kelly came up into the cottage as I was dressing after my shower. “Hi, Irish,” I greeted him. “I hope you still like me, after last night.”

That bashful grin appeared. “I wanted to be by you,” he said simply.

“You mean, privately, like in the dark last night?”

He nodded, three quick nods, then looked shyly away. I sat down and opened my arms to him. He came and put his arms around my neck. I was gently loving with him, enjoying all the firm roundness of his beautiful body. I took him into the small bedroom and took exquisite delight in stripping him. He enjoyed my ministrations of stripping him so much that he was erected when I finally removed his shorts. I put him on the bed and performed a long, careful fellatio on him. He reacted with the same whole-hearted surge that he had the night before. I mouthed his testicles and kissed his tummy. Again, he relished the after-love.

Kelly became my special little friend, more than the others. Tom wanted gratification more than love. I invaded his body on several occasions, but I never got the emotional satisfaction that I got from Kelly, Dave, having lost his virginity to me, was nervous and, I suspect, never thought about me when he wasn't with me. He always climaxed when masturbated, and always allowed me to get mushy. He returned a lot of my affection, but was not in the mood at times, even after climaxing. Timmy loved me, but not nearly on the scale his brother did. Which leads me to what I've always felt: youngsters under eleven are usually strongly attached to their mothers, and don't really know how to fully appreciate a man's affection. As usual, there are exceptions to this rule, however.

Eventually, I thought I'd better be moving on. I'd seen Kelly bloom into a sturdy, well-sexed teenager, loving me all the way. I often just enjoyed his physical affection without any sex-play. But I had to leave him. I sold the property and moved. Kelly wrote to me that, just after I left, there was a local storm when a boy told his parents about the man at the pond, “who did dirty things to boys.” I've never been caught, however, and, as I said, have never converted a boy to homosexuality. I may have made a few bisexual, but the future will probably see a lot of men of that type, anyway.

## **PART TWO : ANTHONY CAMPOS**

*“Boys, today, have a more careless attitude about sex than my generation had.”*

# CHAPTER I

I can't truthfully say just how I happened to become a boy-lover. It seems like I've always been this way. You know that some say that homosexuals convert others of normal tastes. Perhaps I may have been started by another boy. Others say that it may be something in the genes, like a "double X or double Y chromosome". Maybe this could also apply to me. The whole thing started when I was seven or eight years old. A boy who was a year or so older than me was with me in a field a mile or so from my home, in a small, mid-western village. There were, I remember, rolling, grass-covered hills and a small apple tree on the fence-line. We couldn't be seen from any direction.

"Want to do something that feels good?" Butch asked. I nodded, wondering what it could be. "Stick your thing out," he ordered.

I looked around to see if anyone could see us there, then unzipped my fly and pulled my small soft penis out. He worked his out, but it was long and hard. "Let me feel yours," Butch asked. He played with it causing it to erect. It did, indeed, feel good. I did the same thing to his that he'd done to mine, and it seems to me, now, that he never did it to me after that.

But I remembered that the act had felt good. I played with it by myself, but it didn't feel as good as when Butch had done it. I never got a chance to do it again with Butch, as his mother was very strict, and they moved shortly, anyway. I had no friends my own age around my neighborhood, so I talked smaller boys into showing me their organs, but none of them would ever let me touch them and they wouldn't touch mine. Then my cousin and I played around in a field behind his house. I was ten or eleven at this time. Understand, I wasn't feverish about it, I just liked it.

Then puberty struck. I was sleeping overnight, in a jungle hammock. They were all the rage, then. I was playing with my hard organ, daydreaming about someone else doing it, when I got the most tremendous feeling, starting in

the tip and going through my whole middle. A tiny amount of sticky stuff oozed out of it. In all my masturbating, I'd never before had such a thing happen. I vowed never to do it again, I was so depressed after the feeling quit. But a few mornings later, in bed, of course I did it again.

About this time, my neighbor Teddy, a year older than me, was telling me and another kid that he'd learned about something called "jacking-off" at Boy Scout camp. He said that the older boys did it in front of them, when the leaders were away. He said some white stuff, called "come" came out, that he'd felt it, and that it was a funny feeling. "It's slippery," he said, "and seems to have real tiny bubbles in it."

- He proposed that we try to jack off and see if we could get some come.

\* The other boy was violently opposed to this, saying it was dirty. I was too bashful to say anything, since they were both older than me. But Teddy was unabashed and pulled his pants down, sat on a log, and started "jacking off". I was fascinated by the size of his erection and the amount of pubic hair that he had. I had no hair, and my organs were quite small. Suddenly he closed his eyes and got a pained expression on his face. Several drops of milky fluid gushed from his penis.

I was too bashful to touch it then, with his friend watching. Teddy and I went out in the swamp and jacked off together a few times, but at this time I never had an orgasm with him. He never suggested that we do it to each other, either. About a month [later, I was beginning to get some fuzz between my legs, and although it wasn't apparent to me, my organs were developing. Ted and I went down to the local fairgrounds, where they were setting up for a carnival and trade show. After fooling around and getting in the way, Teddy and I went off by ourselves to talk. He talked about jacking off and what it felt like when the come came out. I told him that I knew what it felt like. He was incredulous.

We secreted ourselves in the overlap of one of the huge tents and I took mine out. It got hard quickly and I stroked it. He watched me in the semi-darkness, then offered to do it for me. It felt awfully good, having him do it, and I was afraid he'd quit, but he didn't. He didn't even stop when the small



charge of semen squirted out over his hand. I had to tell him to quit, because it was hurting then. He wanted me to do his, but I was out of the mood.

I did it for him on several later occasions, and he sometimes did mine. We always got out of the mood, so we couldn't reciprocate after having an orgasm. We tried doing it in unison, but found it almost impossible to concentrate. After summer, he started hanging around with his own friends again, and with girls. But I wasn't too interested in the other sex, only in my own. I enjoyed looking at and playing with boys.

I wasn't too badly built, and I found that shower-rooms were good places to see boys naked. I tried out for all sports, and got on several of the teams. I soon found that I was a good runner, so I concentrated on field events, like track. I idolized several of the other boys. Some of them must have been making fun of me, behind my back, because, without realizing it, I was getting pretty effeminate in my speech and movements. Then one night after a basketball game, I was walking home with the boy I idolized most, Jack.

Jack was about five foot high, with long blond hair. He was amply, but not overly, developed, and I longed to get my hands on him, but was afraid of offending him, though. We stopped at the malt shop where a lot of kids were gathering. I overheard someone, a boy, saying to a friend, "I see Tony left with his close friend, Jack." This brought titters. "Or, should I say, Jack left with his girlfriend?"

I had a sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach. Jack grabbed my elbow and steered me out of the fountain. We walked in silence. I sought a way to tell Jack that I wouldn't think badly of him if he stopped letting me hang around him, but no words came.

"Tony," he squeaked, his voice cracking, "Do you know what they were talking about?"

"Perhaps they think there's something ... funny ... going on between you and me."

"Yeah. Now don't get me wrong, Tony, but you don't help any. You follow me around like a puppy, and...well, you talk like a girl."

My face burned. "Why didn't you say something before?" I pleaded.

“Who am I, to tell somebody how to talk? Anyway, I don’t know if you can help it or not. Hey, look, it’s cold here. Let’s go to my place. We can talk better there. My folks are at a country-club dance.”

At his house we got a couple of bottles of Coke out of the refrigerator and we went up to his room.

Again we didn’t say anything for a long time. Finally, again it was Jack who spoke, “Well... do you think, now that you know about it, that you could, maybe, change the way you talk? I mean, I like you anyway. But, you see, they’ll keep talking like that until you talk like a boy.”

“I’ll stay away until you think it’s safe again, if you want.” I suggested.

He grinned. “Oh. knock it off. I wouldn’t be a real friend if I told you to do that.” What he was really saying was that I had only a very few friends. Jack had many, of both genders. I knew why, then. He wasn’t thinking of himself, he was thinking of ME when he brought this subject up.

Our Cokes finished, I attacked him, the two of us rolling on the floor. It was the first close contact I’d ever had with him, and, wouldn’t you know, I got an erection. I was on top of him, so I released my hold and rolled off next to him, turning on my belly. But he’d seen the rigid bulge.

He looked at my florid face and said, “Tony, you aren’t really...that way, are you?”

I put my cheek on the cool wood floor and looked at the braided rug he was lying on. “I...I can’t help it,” I told him, “being the way I am. I’ll go now, if you want. I won’t even talk to you, if you don’t want me to.”

He kept looking into my eyes with his own beautiful, long-lashed brown eyes. I had an overpowering urge to go at him like a girl. He shook his head slowly. “You’re still my friend. Only try to talk more normal. I never noticed...about your cock getting hard, before.”

“It does...a lot, when I think about you,” I confessed.

“What kind of things?” he asked. His voice soft, not angry.

“About how you look with no clothes on. About...what it would feel like to wrestle with you...like we just did. About...whether or not you jack off...how big it gets.”

“My cock? Gee, Tony. It ain’t any bigger than yours, I bet.”

“I don’t know. Size doesn’t seem to mean so much...to me. I just like you so much...”

He swallowed loudly. “Gee. Tony,” he repeated, “I’ve ... jacked off ... a couple of times. Have you ever tried to?”

“Yeah, almost every night.”

He chuckled. “Don’t it ... get sore. My cock once got so sore I could hardly take a leak.”

“Really? Mine doesn’t. You ... never let anybody ... feel you?”

“No. Do you think about that, too ... feeling my cock?”

I nodded, ashamed.

“Gee.” He looked at the ceiling for a while.

“You ... thinking about my cock now?”

I nodded again, my face on fire.

“You wouldn’t ... hurt a guy?”

I almost blurted that I loved him, but merely shook my head. “I’d be real gentle, honest.”

“You wouldn’t ever tell anybody that I let you?”

“Of course not. You’re my best friend, Jack.”

“I didn’t think you would. My dad said I shouldn’t ever ... play with my cock. And I’m not ever to talk to strange men. You know what he called guys who go after boys?”

I nodded. I could imagine!

“You really want to? I’ll just lay here and not look. You go ahead, if you want to.” He put His hands behind his head and closed his eyes.

I reached my trembling right hand for the bulge at the base of his fly. It was fairly large and still soft to the touch. I got up on my left elbow and unbuckled his belt. His eyes snapped open, but he didn’t look down. I unbuttoned the button at the top and pulled the tab down to the bottom. I got into a sitting position, then kneeled over him, spreading the fly apart. I could see only a smaller bump that must have been his penis in his snowy-white jockeys.

“Jack...could I take them down?”

He opened his eyes and looked into mine. He licked his finely formed lips and nodded, then closed his eyes. I seized the waistband of his jockey shorts

and pulled. He lifted his rear off the floor to let them slide over it. I looked closely at his reproductive equipment. His penis seemed longer, limp, than mine was in the same state. I reached over and felt the velvety pink head. It was a little more firm than it would have been if completely flaccid. I cupped his testicles and gently squeezed. He was tense, so I petted his thigh. His penis was getting longer, so I took the head between my fingers and rubbed where I knew it to be the most sensitive. It hardened rapidly, getting to be about four and a half inches long, and curving gently toward his belly-button. I wrapped it in my hand and stroked. Again he opened his eyes and looked deeply at me. I wanted so much to give him that wonderful tingle.

“You better not,” he whispered, “It’ll get sore.”

“Don’t you like it, though?” I asked through my constricted throat.

“Yeah. Gee, Tony. It feels awful good. You really know how to do it. You do this for...many boys?”

“No, Jack, honest. I’ve never really done it for anyone else. I like doing it, though. Let me make you get The Feeling.”

“I don’t want it to get sore, but you can do it for a while yet. You sure do it gentle. You like playing with my cock?”

“It’s a neat cock, Jack. Does it feel like the tingle is coming?”

“I don’t know, it feels so good. Maybe it won’t get sore, you do it so gentle. Gee, Tony. I’m glad you like it. It feels so nice.”

After a while he said, “I think it’s getting sore, Tony. Maybe you’d better stop.”

I didn’t want to let go of that hard, curving penis. I liked Jack more every second. I wanted to kiss him on the mouth. “Jack, I don’t want to quit. I just thought of something that I could do that wouldn’t make it sore. I never did it, though. I never wanted to do it to anybody else, either.”

“What? If my dad ever finds out I let you jack me off he’d kill both of us.”

“You’re my friend,” I protested. “You can’t go screw a girl, and you say it gets sore if you jack off. I think this other will work. Please don’t get mad at me. Jack, but I’m going to do it.”

I held it by the base, put my head on his hard stomach, and put the erection in my mouth. He jumped; I’m sure he looked. I rubbed my tongue around the

tip and came up for air.

“Gee, Tony, you shouldn’t suck my cock! It’s dirty.”

“No, it isn’t. I’m the one doing it, and I can’t taste anything. Honest!” I went back to sucking it. I concentrated on the nerves under the point and got some pretty good reactions out of him. I began enjoying it. I could feel every muscle that flexed, and I knew when he was starting to tingle. Then he humped up and squirted his warm come in my mouth, his cock swelling up and pulsating like crazy.

“Stop, Tony. It’s real tender now. Gosh, I guess I squirted in your mouth.”

I took my mouth off it, reluctantly, and swallowed. At fourteen, he didn’t have much. “Did . you like it?” I gasped.

“It never felt that good before.” He looked at the swelled bump below my belt and said, “I don’t want to do anything to you, though. Are you mad?”

There was fire in my crotch. But I shook my head. I looked once more at his nice fixtures. Hot tears flooded down my cheeks, and I threw myself on his neck, burying my face under his ear. I’ve met a lot of sensitive youngsters in my time, but none that matched Jack. “I wish I was a girl!” I sobbed. “Then I could feel this way about you without everybody hating me.”

He hooked his right arm around me and squeezed a little. “Oh, Tony! It must be awful to like a boy that much, if you’re a boy yourself!”

“You aren’t ashamed of me?”

“No. I’m surprised is all. It’s a good thing my dad never met you! We’d never be able to see each other again. He’s got some kind of complex about queers. He met a lot of them in the Navy.”

“That’s what I am...queer?”

“That’s what he calls them. He always beat ’em up, when they tried to proposition him.”

“You sure you’re not mad?”

“You just sucked my dick, didn’t you? It sure felt good! I’m not mad at you. You can’t help it. Anyway, I always did like you, from the first. We just gotta work on the way you talk, that’s all, so they don’t think about you that way.”

We did, too. We both enrolled in the judo course at the local YMCA. As my body developed muscle tone from the judo, the limp-wristedness went away.

He said my swishy talk went, too. We never talked about that night, though, heaven knows, I thought about it a lot of the time. As soon as he said I was ready, he had me over to eat supper at his house. Once his dad knew me, Jack had me overnight, one Friday night.

His folks were at the country club again, and we decided to turn in early. He noticed that I always watched him when he undressed, anywhere. That night he stood there in his underwear and looked at me studying his almost-fifteen body. He was a Greek God, but circumcised. I could see the outline of the head of it, the way it lay alongside his testicles.

He grinned. "You still like my cock, eh?"

I grinned back. "I never said I didn't any more, did I?"

"That's right, we just got rid of the slushy talk. I feel like a guy offering a reformed drunk another drink, for old times' sake, but do you want it?"

"You feel like it?"

"It gets sore if I jack off. I wouldn't ask you..."

I went to him in my undies and took his shorts down. We went on the bed, and I masturbated him a while. Then, after shamelessly kissing his firm stomach, I again blew him. He let me lie with my head on his shoulder for a while, contemplating kissing his face and lips. We talked about my affliction a while. Then he did another thing that surprised me: he reached over and felt the bulge of my still-erected organ.

"It's wet on the tip," he observed. "It soaked through your shorts. What'll your mom think?"

"Gee, I don't know. I'll have to try rinsing them out myself."

He continued the light stroking. "Why don't you take yours off, too. I gotta do something in return. Think you'd come if I jacked you off?"

It was a dream come true. I skinned off the shorts and squirmed over the top of him to get on his left. We both giggled like little kids when our organs touched. Then he grasped mine and experimented to find a good hold. Finding one, he stroked. It took a long time to build, but it was a good orgasm, gushing all over my belly and his hand. We laughed at it, then he got up, disappeared, and came back with a handful of toilet paper.

“If we use a hanky, we can’t get rid of it. And if we put it in my wastebasket, my old man’ll catch that bleach smell in a second.”

After disposing of the “evidence”, we got into our pajamas and climbed into bed. I confessed that I loved him, but hoped to overcome it. He let me rest against him, my head on his shoulder. His left hand stroked the side of my face.

“Gee, Tony, it must be tough. I don’t know how you stand it. Does eatin’ me help?”

“Yeah, a lot. But I want to do other things to you, things you’d never go for.”

“Like what?”

“Like kissin’ you, that’s what. I know it’s almost worse than wanting your cock, but I do.”

“Gee, Tony. My old man told me to stop kissing him when I was about seven, I think. He said. ‘Men don’t kiss each other.’ Unquote.” He looked into my eyes, grinned, and went on, “Anyway, I haven’t even kissed girls very much.”

In a half-hearted attempt at levity, I said, “You could practice on me.”

“Hey!” he snatched up the idea, “That might not be such a bad idea, after all. You’d get what you want, and I could polish up my technique. It wouldn’t mean anything to me, of course. But you might like it, even if my heart ain’t in it.”

I grabbed at the chance. He tasted as good as I thought he would. And though he’d said it wouldn’t mean anything to him, he put a lot of English into those kisses. I fell asleep a very satisfied boy. We awakened several hours later, when his parents came in. When his father started snoring, Jack giggled. Since we were both awake, I went for his treasure again. He squirted again, and I found I liked it. He allowed some kissing, then offered to masturbate me again, which he did.

After that we tried to get together about once a month. The “kissing practice” must have worked, for he kept his dates happy. He soon slacked off on that offer, but I didn’t object, as long as he was happy with the sex. When we were seventeen, my crush wore off, though we remained friends. I went on to get my white, green, and brown belts in Judo, my green belt in Karate. It

was Jack who suggested that I should get into the Scout movement, when I was sixteen. I'd been in Scouts, but had dropped out. Now I went back with a goal in mind: to find a replacement or two for Jack, for whom my love was even then dwindling. He was getting much too old.



# CHAPTER II

Scouting can be either very good or terrible depending on the Leadership. Since I was sixteen, I had to do a lot to make up. Our troop was a by-the-Book outfit. I thanked God that Jack's dad had been such a rugged type, in spite of the fact that he didn't really know how to appreciate his son. He'd taught Jack, and Jack in turn had taught me, a lot about woodcraft. And since I was pretty much of an introvert, I read a lot. I got higher and higher in the hierarchy of the troop.

It was difficult for me, though. I was losing my crush on Jack, and I didn't really like boys my own age. Whereas Jack had been a clean, wholesome boy, most of the boys my age were pretty coarse. I hardly even thought about getting close to them, let alone doing what I so enjoyed doing to Jack. But the smaller boys in my troop...I really looked them over. Some were real beauties, with firm round little bodies. My eyes were drawn to their round rumps and crotches like twin magnets. I had to force myself not to be obvious about it.

I was made a Senior Scout, with a small group of my own to shepherd around. There were mostly twelve and thirteen-year-olds in it. I had to be very careful. Some of them were little heart-stoppers, so beautifully formed that I began to hunger for them.

It was impossible, of course. To make any overtures would be to court disaster. I had to bide my time and hope one of them gave me an opening. Then an opening came.

We were on a bike hike up in the hills. We'd stopped for a breather at a turn-off near a creek. Three motorcycles roared up, ridden by three young toughs in black leather jackets. I guess they had all seen the movie, and thought they were at least as tough as Marlon Brando had been in it. They alighted and one of them walked over to where I sat on a rock. I stood up.

“Well, well, boys,” he called to his companions, “look what we have here, some Chicken Scouts. This must be their leader! Man, look at those legs! I’ve seen better legs on a piano!” This brought laughter from his friends.

I looked at my boys. They were getting scared. I wasn’t very big, compared to these three. He walked over to our bikes. I followed. He went straight to mine. “Looky here! He even rides a boy’s bike! I thought Den Mothers rode girl’s bikes!” More laughter. He started to throw his leg over the bar, had a better idea, and took hold of the handlebars, intending to throw the bike in the creek.

“Leave it alone!” I said quietly.

“You say something to me, Chicken Mother?” I was strangely calm inside. I said, “Leave it alone. And I think you guys had better beat it.”

He set the bike back on its stand and faced me, about three feet away. He was taller than I, and outweighed me by at least twenty pounds. He suddenly threw a punch at me, but landed on his back in the sand. He got up, surprised. He pulled a switch-blade out of his jacket pocket and snapped it open. His friends came over to help him in the fun.

“Go away, all three of you,” I warned. They edged closer. “Go away, before you all get hurt.” They laughed.

Number One slashed at me with the knife. I jumped back, dropped into a karate stance, and decked him when he tried again.

Had the other two been smart, they’d just have taken him away. Instead, they both rushed me. I decked the two of them. I deliberately pulled the blows: a green-belted karate student is registered with the police. I could kill, and I knew it. I checked them for broken bones, finding none. Then I picked up the knife, folded it, and tossed it in the creek. Even if they looked for it, with the blade folded, it wouldn’t reflect much.

I turned to my group of boys. “Come on, let’s go. We want to find a good camping spot by dark, don’t we?”

Later, as we pitched our tents, the respect and admiration fairly oozed. They were eager as puppies to please me. I even thought that, if I’d told them to, they’d have stripped for me. But I kept my cool.

We policed up the area, then started to fix something to eat. Over supper, they all just stared at me. Finally, I couldn't stand it.

"Well, somebody say something! You all look at me like I just stepped off a spaceship!"

"Gee, Tony, don't get mad!" one of them. Kenny, aged thirteen, begged.

"Yeah," another chimed in, "we wouldn't like you to get mad at us, like you did at those motorcycle guys!"

"I wasn't mad."

"You sure looked like it!" Kenny said, after a moment's silence.

"Look, do you think I enjoyed doing that?"

"Hunh?" It was almost unanimous.

"I gave them fair warning, didn't I? I tried to avoid a fight. But they wouldn't have it any other way, and attacked me, three against one. I just protected myself, that's all. Intelligent people try to avoid stuff like that, but I guess they weren't very intelligent. Just a bunch of dirty, cowardly punks."

You gonna give us a sermon about Scouts being clean, honest, and loyal?" one of the bigger boys asked.

"You need one? You're all nice little kids, and I wouldn't mind having any one of you for a little brother."

"That's right, you don't have any little brothers, do you?" a twelve-year-old neat kid named Joey pointed out.

I shook my head.

"I don't have any big brothers," another volunteered, "You can have me. My ma says she'd give me to anyone who'd have me!"

They all laughed. "She doesn't mean it," I assured him. "But you can all be my little brothers, if you want."

Most of them did, it seems, or wanted to at least be a good friend to me. We spent a pleasant evening around the campfire, then decided to turn in. "If you guys take your pants off, hang 'em up! If you leave 'em on the ground, they'll be damp in the morning," I told them.

I was putting some wood on the campfire, an hour or two later, in my skivvies, when Kenny came up, also dressed in his underwear. "Why aren't you asleep?" I whispered.

“It’s too crowded in Larry’s tent. Besides, not many are asleep, anyway.”

“I thought that three would be too many in a pup tent. It got pretty uncomfortable, hunh?”

He nodded. “They’re wrestlin’ around a lot, and it got awful hot in there.”

I looked him over, what I could see of him. He was very neat, compact. “It isn’t too chilly out here for you, is it?”

“You ain’t wearin’ any more than I am,” he pointed out in a low voice.

“I wasn’t wrestling around under any blankets, either.”

A dog howled at the moon, in the distance. “Was that a wolf?” he asked, looking around.

I sniffed, laughing. “No, just a lonesome dog. There aren’t any wolves in this area, any more.” I sat down on the log, hoping he’d move so the fire-light would show his front. He did. There was a small protrusion in his undershorts, between his legs. It looked like a nice handful.

He came and sat beside me. “Did you ever have a dog, Tony?”

“Yeah, once. I’d rather have a little brother, though. But, you see, you don’t just go out and buy one of those.”

He grinned. “I only have sisters, you know. I wouldn’t mind having a little brother.”

“How about a big brother?”

“I don’t know...all the big brothers I know pick on their little brothers.”

“If I had a little brother like you, I sure wouldn’t pick on him.”

“There are a lot of us who wouldn’t mind bein’ your little brother. All you have to do is ask, I bet, like you did before, only private.” He nodded toward the tent he’d emerged from. “Both of them said they like you a lot. Did you mean what you said...about likin’ all of us?”

I grinned. “Yeah. You won’t tell anyone what I say to you, will you?”

He smiled at the chance to share a confidence and slowly shook his head.

“Well, I always think of you guys as puppies.”

“Puppies?”

“Yeah, kind of little and play£ul...and cute.”

“Nobody ever calls me cute, ’cept a couple of my sisters’ girlfriends.” He stood up. “That darned log is hard on the rear.” He rubbed himself.

I reached over and cupped his rump in my hand. He looked around. "Hey, don't do that!" he said. I felt a sudden shiver of fear. I thought I'd done it, for sure! if he told anyone, I'd be disgraced, "Somebody might have seen!" he admonished. "You aren't mad, are you?" I asked. He shook his head, still looking from tent to tent. "Kenny, we can't be brothers, really, but will you be my little friend?"

He studied my face in the fire-light. I knew he wasn't too bashful. Any boy with four sisters and no father couldn't be too bashful. He swallowed. "Gee. You mean, besides when we're in Scouts?"

"If you want. I could teach you things, and we could do stuff together, better'n being brothers, maybe."

"Would you teach me what you did back there with those motorcycle guys?"

"I couldn't teach you that. I only have a green belt in that. You have to have a brown belt to teach.

I could teach you jiu-jitsu, though. You'd have to learn how to avoid a fight, to fight only in self-defense. That's what it is, you know, jiu-jitsu"

He nodded gravely. "Could we start tonight? Bein' friends, that is?"

I nodded. Then I took a chance. "Think the others would say anything if you slept in my tent?" I ventured.

"I'll go and get my clothes and blankets." He zipped over to the pup-tent and crawled inside. I heard them whispering, then he emerged, carrying a lumpy bundle. I helped him into my tent, putting my hand on his rump again. "Hey, Tony!" he whispered again.

"Nobody could see," I protested.

"All right, since we're almost brothers."

I got under the blankets and invited him in with me. He came under and snuggled up to me, on his stomach, on my left side. I felt his rear again. It was so round and squeezable. "Were they wrestling or were they doing something else?" I inquired.

"What else would they be doing?"

"Things boys can do to each other."

"Oh." There was a long silence. "Would you tell...if you knew about it?"

“No. I always think it’s a kid’s own business.”

“You ever do it, Tony?”

“Sure, I do!” I replied.

Then he came closer. “Tony, I’m not as big a smart-aleck as I seem to be.”

I ran my hand up and down one side of his rear. “I know, Ken. Why do you think I offered to be your friend? I wouldn’t do that for a smart-aleck. By the way, Kenny, you don’t mind my doing this, do you?”

“No, you can do it all you want. Tony, you said you’d teach me things. Would you tell me about babies?”

“Somebody already told you, didn’t they? And you got the idea that it’s dirty ... what you do to have a baby. All your life, I suppose people have been telling you that sex is dirty. And now they have told you that you use sex to have babies.”

“But my mother! She wouldn’t...”

I put my arm around his shoulder and squeezed him to my chest. He wasn’t a real big boy at thirteen. “Well, to start with, you have to know that sex is good, that married people do it even when they aren’t trying to have a baby, because it feels good and they love one another. It’s only people’s dirty minds that make sex dirty. Sex is a beautiful thing, one of the most wonderful and most sacred relationships there can be between two people. Do you understand the difference between what sex really is, and what some dirty-minded people say it is, Kenny?”

“Yes, I think I see what you mean. Hey, Tony, can I ask you a real personal question?”

“Sure, you’re my little friend.”

“Do...you have a lot of hair down there?”

“I’ve got a pretty big patch. D’you have any?” I was wondering just then, as I wondered about all the boys, whether he’d been circumcised or not. It didn’t make too much difference, but I hoped that he had been.

He giggled, just a little. “A few little hairs,” he finally blurted out.

“Can I see?” I asked.

“Well ... I ... don’t ... don’t know. Isn’t that sort of wicked?”

“No, not if you love somebody, Kenny,” I answered him. He still seemed hesitant, so I offered,

. “You can see mine if you want.” My erection stuck out. I slid the button on my flashlight, showing it to him.

He got to his knees and shoved his shorts down.

I put the light on him for a brief second or two and saw some very cute equipment. Not big, but it looked like fun to touch. He was circumcised neatly.

I imagined his erect penis to be about three inches long, from the way it looked limp. A few sparse hairs were appearing on either side, sort of framing the little member. I involuntarily grabbed for it, but he pulled his shorts up and got down on his stomach again, cleverly foiling my intent.

“You want to see mine again?” I asked.

“Okay.”

I slipped my shorts down, displaying my erected organ and the testicles below it in the pool of light from the flashlight.

“It’s awful big!” he whispered.

“You can touch it, if you like.”

“I’m not sure whether I want to or not!”

”Do you think I’m being dirty with you?”

“Golly, Tony, you’re the nicest big boy I know! If you say it’s all right, then it isn’t dirty to me.” He was silent for a moment, then said, “Yes I guess I would like to touch it.”

I spotlighted it again. He reached very slowly and felt the head of it, sending a shiver up through my body. I realized that he was probably completely unsullied, a virgin. His small hand encircled my penis just below the head and tested its hardness. He didn’t giggle or make a sound. He just gripped and ungripped it from my pubic hair all the way to the head. He felt the head again. I don’t think he knew just what he was doing to my nervous system. His hand stayed around the head.

“You can feel the rest, too,” I prompted.

His inexperienced hands went into my hair and down to my testicles. I knew he liked feeling them, he did it for so long.

“One of your balls is about the size of my two, and the sack...wow!” he exclaimed.

“You aren’t a big boy, remember. Can I feel yours?”

“Uh...Tony,” he stammered out, ‘Would you be mad if I said no?’”

“Bashful? No, I wouldn’t be mad. But you felt mine,” I reminded him.

“Yeah, Tony, I did, but this is the first time I ever did anything like this. Do you believe me?”

“Yes, sure I do. I thought so, actually. Kenny, I do really like you very much — can’t I feel you just a little?”

“Okay,” he relented, rolling on his back, “but you won’t tell anybody I let you? They wanted me to do something too, Larry and Freddy. They said I was a chicken ’cause I wouldn’t. I guess maybe I am. But with you it seems different, somehow.”

“You’ll get used to it, Kenny. I did.” I put my hand on his warm tummy. “Hey, where is it?”

I felt his right arm brush mine as he again lowered his underwear. His hand took mine and dropped it on his tender things. His penis was about half hard. I felt its short length, then fingered the little testicles. I went back to the penis and played it hard. After it was hard, he let me take about ten strokes, then took my hand away. “Don’t be mad please Tony, but that’s enough. I’m kinda mixed up. Do you still want me to be your friend?”

“Of course I want you to be my friend! Will you snuggle up to me a little? I like to feel you against me. It’s kind of nice.”

’ He came against me, cuddly and warm. I’d never realized how neat anything could feel until that moment. He wasn’t real little, maybe four-eight or so, weighing about eighty or a little more. He was hauntingly beautiful, with silky brown hair, large brown eyes with long lashes, a very cute face, so innocent and baby-like. His body was equally lovable. I put my arms around him, wondering if I dared do any more to show affection. He hugged me, pressing his soft face against mine. I wanted so much to taste him, but didn’t dare kiss him. Boys will accept sex-play before they will accept affection, especially anything they think of as feminine lovey-dovey, or mushy.



He hugged me for a while, then fell asleep. There was heat in my loins, but I knew he was trusting me, so I didn't do anything to him while he slept. I carefully disengaged myself and went out to the fire again, wondering if they were all asleep. I tossed some wood on the embers and watched it. After a bit, the flames grew back to bathe the camp area in light. Then Larry poked his blond head out of his tent. He spotted me, grinned, and crawled out. He came directly over to me. His eyes couldn't miss my still-erect penis pushing the front of my shorts out.

"Isn't it a peach of a night?" he asked softly.

"It's so warm, but not hot." He looked again at my large bulge.

"Yeah, it is. You and Freddy tired out from your wrestling?" I looked pointedly at his own small bulge. "I've done a little of that kind of wrestling myself, so I know how easily you can get tired out!"

He looked down at himself, embarrassedly, then up quickly. "Freddy fell asleep on me. Uh...did Kenny tell you anything?"

"Nothing. But I guessed a lot."

"You gonna tell on us?"

"Not me. I told you, I've done the same stuff you probably were doing."

"Oh." He eyed my private property again.

"Aren't you tired too?" I asked.

"Heck no. Is Kenny gonna be sorta...your little brother?"

"I guess so. I told you though. I like all you guys. No reason why I couldn't have a couple or three special friends."

"You like me?"

"Sure, like I said at supper. Want to go sit someplace and talk, as long as neither of us is tired?"

"Why don't I go get one of my blankets? We might as well be comfortable!"

We took the blanket and went to a grassy place a short distance away from the camp. We spread the ■ blanket under the full moon. My erection had gone. He checked with a glance or two. We talked a little about brothers and the boys in my troupe. I finally decided to break the ice and quit hinting around. I asked if Freddy had much hair.

“You mean...down there?” he said. I nodded silently in the moonlight. “Well, no, I don’t yet. But boy, you must have a big patch. My brother does.”

“You ever get your fingers in it?”

“Heck no! He doesn’t even LIKE me, but that’s okay ’cause I think he’s a drip anyway. I wish he was like you. I bet if you were my brother you’d show me things about sex.”

“I’ll show you anyway, if you want. What do you want to know?”

“You said you probably did the same kind of stuff Freddy and me were doing. My brother said guys that do stuff like that are queers. He said you and Jack Langdon were queers.”

“Your brother has a big mouth! Jack was my best friend for years. He’s no more of a queer than your brother.”

“You can’t listen to anything MY brother says, he’s such a cluck. Freddy’s got a nice pecker, but he doesn’t...let me fool with it much.”

“You like fooling with it?”

“Well, kind of. And it’s fun when he does it to me. I like fooling around. I don’t get much of a chance, though, unless I do it at somebody else’s house.”

“And on camping trips,” I pointed out. “You want to fool around ... with me?”

“I’d like that! What do you want to do?”

“Do you like me?”

“Lots!”

“I... I’d like to ... kind of ... er ... wrestle with you, you know?”

“Oh, sure. What should I do?”

I took him under the arms and brought him to me. We were leaning against a bank. I felt his body, finding it smooth and curving. His backside was well formed, but not excessively plump. He put his sturdy arms around my neck and hugged me. He smelled nice, alive.

“Does your Dad ... get mushy with you?” I asked, remembering Jack’s untouchable father.

“o, he hasn’t even kissed me since I was six or so!”

“Would you let him, if he wanted to?”

“I don’t know. But you’re different.”

“That’s the way I feel about you, Larry,” I choked out.

“Tony?” he whispered, hesitatingly, “I like you a lot.”

I kissed his soft cheek. He didn’t pull away. I kissed him closer to his mouth. He still didn’t object. Then he kissed me back. I almost melted. At last, somebody returned my love! I kissed the corner of his mouth. He returned my kiss right dead center, and we held our lips together as our tongues met in a wonderful deep kiss.

“You have a boner,” he told me, not moving his face.

“Hey, so I do,” I replied, acting surprised, although I wasn’t. “You know, Larry, you have such a neat body. And you sure can kiss—you don’t mind it, do you?”

“I told you, I like you a lot. I don’t mind anything you do.”

“I was massaging his rear. “You want to play?”

“Can I play with yours?” he said.

“Sure. But let me take your underwear off first.” I took the soft, white things off his wonderful body.

“Yours is hard too,” I commented. I felt his little bare bottom, firm and velvety, then took MY underclothes off. He was pretty good, for never having played with a big boy before. His penis was about the size of Kenny’s little organ. In the process of playing, I kissed his sweet young lips. He answered the kiss, sending chills down my spine. He was on top of me and I did it again and again. He answered each one.

I don’t know how long it took, but I gravitated down his young body, kissing all the way. I nibbled his privates, then took the small organ in my mouth and twiddled my tongue across the nerve. He shivered a little, but said nothing. In about ten minutes, I tasted sweet, new semen and enjoyed the reaction of his young body. When it was over, I took him in my arms and loved him some more.

“Gosh, Tony! That was wonderful. Freddy wouldn’t jack me off long enough to make me feel good. Would you do it again, please?”

“Aren’t you out of the mood?”

“Heck no! Do you get out of the mood when you get The Feeling?”

“I sure do!”

“So does Freddy! I thought it was just him! Am I supposed to?”

“Not necessarily. I’ll do it some more.”

I liked sucking a small organ. It didn’t fill my mouth, either with the fullness at the climax or with semen. His orgasm was almost nonexistent, but it actually tasted sweet to me. I got two more of them in a row, then took time out for more loving. I was never so happy in my life. After his fourth orgasm, he asked if he could “give me The Feeling.” He masturbated me to an orgasm. I held his lovely naked body to mine, but not as zestfully as before.

“Tony? Can we have fun like this back in town?” Then he sort of noticed a difference. “I guess you’re out of the mood, hunh? He yawned. I’m tired too. Tony? I guess we love each other, hunh?”

“Larry, I could love you to pieces. We’ll have to find some way of getting together, alright. Kiss?” He did. “We’d better turn in now.”

The next day, we took to the trail again on our bicycles. We wanted to find another camping spot and go home the following day. We found a perfect spot in the early afternoon. By going several hundred feet along a path, we found a small lake. The boys were delighted. My delight was even greater than theirs when they asked if they could go swimming!

“We didn’t bring any suits or towels,” one of the younger boys protested.

“Who needs them?” Skip Cronin demanded. “You got the suit God gave you.”

“Our birthday suits!” Joey piped up.

“Tony didn’t say we could go in yet,” Freddy reminded them.

They all looked at me questioningly. “Okay, you can go in. Naked’s okay, too. But if any of you don’t want to go in naked, you can keep your undershorts on,” I told them.

They hastily stripped off their clothes, a few leaving their shorts on, among them Joey and Kenny. They were all so beautiful, young and alive. I had to keep my mind and eyes off their cute organs or I’d have had an erection. I stripped to the skin and went in with them for a while, then lay on my blanket in the sun. After a while, Joey and some of the others took their shorts off too, at the urging of the others. Finding the feeling of nude swimming to be

delicious, they joined in urging the two remaining hold-outs to try it. Soon, all were wonderfully nude.

One of the quieter boys, Chris, was swimming out near the middle by himself, a practice that I frowned upon, but I hadn't noticed his location, before. I saw him struggling and going down, not crying out, but looking desperate. I hit the water in a shallow dive and boiled out to him. He must have gone down three times already. I got him by the hair and pulled him to the surface. The boys all gathered around as I carried him limp to my blanket and immediately applied artificial respiration. After about five minutes, he was breathing by himself.

I called to Kenny to bring his Army blanket. When I took it from him, I started gently rubbing Chris dry. The rough wool of the blanket restored the pinkness to his twelve-year-old body. I rolled him on his back and dried his front. Even in this relaxed state, he was a sight to make my mouth fairly water, but I was too concerned to become aroused. Chris opened his eyes and looked around at the circle of naked boys.

"What happened?" he managed.

"You almost drowned!" Joey told him.

"Yeah, Tony saved you!" Larry added.

Chris rolled over and retched onto the grass. A couple of boys turned green in the face and moved away from us. I asked for a canteen and gave him a drink, telling him to swish it around in his mouth and spit it out. Then I moved him, carrying him in my arms. Joey moved the blanket for me to lay him on. Chris looked up at me with his pale blue eyes and grinned weakly.

"Jiminy Cricket!" he said, "I got a cramp! It's been a long time since I ate, too!"

"Anybody can get a charlyhorse," I told him. "Does it still hurt?"

Jamie Hogan came over, interrupting "Are we going to have to go home?"

"He's not in shape to ride a bike, I don't think. How about it, Chris?"

He grinned again. "I sure ain't ready to go home. I'll be alright Tony, honest!"

I looked at Jamie. "You heard him. Go on back in the water. And tell the guys that you should all go over to where the creek goes out and scrub up a

little. 'A Scout is clean.' ”

“Do I have to get dressed, Tony?” Chris asked when we were alone.

“No, not if you don't want to. Is your leg sore? Do you want me to massage it?”

“Alright. It does feel like it's tied in a knot yet. It's the left calf.”

I took the bronzed lower leg and kneaded it. I went for the pressure points of nerve and blood vessels. He said it felt better, and I hoped it did. He was an almost perfectly formed little boy. The area of his genitals was bare of pubic hair yet. Instead a soft blond fuzz covered the tender flesh. When I finished the massaging, I rolled on my stomach and enjoyed an erection, looking at cute little Chris. I had pretty good control of my penis though. I could lose the erection on very short notice, thank God.

Some of the other boys lay down on their blankets to sun themselves. I discovered that there were positions that they took that I liked and others that I didn't like. For instance, I preferred them standing rather than sitting or lying with their legs spread. On their stomachs, their rumps were still cute. And sitting with just their rumps on an embankment or stump could be a very good display. I saw more pretty boy flesh that day than I ever had. I almost drooled.

The temperature grew oppressive toward evening. There wasn't a breeze to stir the leafy glade where our tents were pitched. The boys were loath to get dressed for supper. I defied all precedent and told them that if they kept quiet about it at home, they could wear just their shorts that evening. They were every bit as beautiful that way. I felt like a king: I was so wealthy with affection.

We all lay by the lake at twilight. Kenny came to me and lay down beside me on my blanket. “Tony, am I gonna sleep with you again tonight?”

“If you want.”

“I've been thinking about what you said. You know, about being clean-minded and all. I can see it now. Just a couple of boys were going to wear their jockey shorts today in swimming. It really doesn't make any difference, since we're all boys, does it? When we saw that the others weren't self-conscious,

we took ours off too. Do you think many of them would have done what we were doing last night?”

“I wouldn’t be surprised. I learned about it from a Boy Scout.”

“But it says in the manual that we shouldn’t do it.”

“The old manual, yes. The new one doesn’t mention it. Anyway, I’ve read elsewhere that most boys do it. It cuts down on rape, and things like that. You do know what rape is, don’t you?” He didn’t, so I explained. He was such a gentle, innocent youngster.

Later, in my tent, I held him in my arms lightly. There wasn’t a lot of sex-play between us, but I felt that he loved me in his shy way. I knew that I would cultivate that love, and it would be all the more beautiful then. I would savor the sex, but at a later date. He was still awake when I went out of the tent. I went to Larry’s tent first. He and Freddy were just lying there naked. I had suggested that we all open the closed ends of our pup-tents in order to get as much air in them as possible, since it was so hot.

Freddy was on my left, Larry on my right as I lay down between them. I silently kissed Larry’s lips.

I felt his privates, finding no erection. It hardened when I played with it, though. I squirmed onto my right side and took a foolish chance: I felt between Freddy’s legs also. He first grabbed my hand, then released it. His organ was a little larger than both Larry’s and Kenny’s, but not by much. I aroused him too. He didn’t say a word as I masturbated him with my left hand. Larry went out of the tent on a mission.

“Gee, Tony,” Freddy’s voice came to me softly. “I didn’t think YOU’D do this!”

“Why not? I’m human.”

“Yeah, but it’s dirty.”

“No it isn’t! It’s your body and my hand and they’re ours to do with as we please. True? And it feels good, doesn’t it?”

“Yeah.”

“I could work better if you were where Larry was.”

He moved and I got my three-finger-and-thumb grip on his hard penis again. Larry came in, discovered our move, and took Freddy’s former position.

I must have masturbated Freddy for about fifteen minutes before he finally humped up and dribbled a couple of drops of thin semen on my thumb and forefinger. He sighed, and I released my hold. Then I left that tent, went to mine, and got my blanket. I took it down to the bank of the lake, spread it out, and lay down, fondling my erection.

It wasn't long before I heard someone approach. I was expecting Larry, but it was another blond boy who came and stood at the edge of my blanket. It was Chris.

"Hi, Tony," he greeted me, in that soft voice of his. He must have seen my hand working on my large erection, as the moon was so bright. "Can I lay down by you again?"

"Sure, lay down here on my left."

He lay there a long time before saying, "Tony, you saved my life today. I don't know how to thank you properly. But I do have a question. Is Kenny being your little brother, sort of?"

"Yeah, sort of. But that doesn't mean that I don't like you other guys as much as him."

"I don't have any older brothers either, you know."

"Yes, I know." I wondered if I shouldn't make an effort to pull my shorts up. I didn't think he could help noticing, if I did, however.

"Tony, what were you doing when I first came up?"

"Something that feels good. Haven't you ever done anything like that?"

"You know how it gets hard in the morning? The kids call it a boner. I rub mine sometimes. Is that what you were doing?"

"Yeah. Didn't you ever let anyone else do it? It feels good that way."

"No I never did. You have a boner now, don't you?"

"Yeah. I guess you can see it pretty good, eh?"

"Yeah. I looked at it today, when it was limp it's pretty big."

"You want to feel it?"

"Oh...could I?"

"Sure. Can I feel yours?"

"Okay. But mine is kind of little, you know. You don't think anybody will come over here, do you?"



“I hope not. Let me take your shorts off.” I stripped the soft shorts off him and ran my hand along his thigh and one cheek of his rear.

“Gee, Tony, you do that like you’re petting me.

“That’s because I like you.” I reached up between his thighs and felt the tender testicles and soft penis.

“You’re right, it does feel kinda good. I’m getting a boner.” His small hand groped and found my hot hard organ. “Ooo, it’s big! How long before I have some hair, like you and the others?”

“I don’t know. Could be a year, or a couple of months.” I had caused a complete, though small, erection. I got the same finger-tip grasp and started stroking. “How does that feel?” I asked, noticing that he’d let go of mine.

“It sorta tickles and feels funny.”

I masturbated him for a long time, but nothing happened. “Is it sort of tingling?” I asked, wondering if he’d climax or not.

“It has, ever since you started.”

“But the tingling isn’t getting any worse?”

“No, I don’t think so.”

I stopped for a while and just explored his mid-section, rear and front. His erection didn’t soften any. After a while, he asked, “Aren’t you going to do it anymore? I mean you can if you want.”

“I’d like to do something else, if you don’t mind.”

“Anything. You know, Tony, I saw a movie once where a guy saved a native boy’s life, and the tribe said that the boy belonged to him. Could I sort of...belong to you, too?”

; “Can I hug you a little?”

“Does that mean that I do, sort of?”

“Yes.”

He came into my arms and hugged me softly. I wanted to eat him up, he was so nice. My hand explored his rump, finding it warm in the center. I kissed him on the cheek and neck, then his chest, under his T-shirt. I worked down his firming tummy and finally kissed his little pecker. He gurgled and wiggled, but didn’t try to pull away. He gurgled again when I took his little

penis in my mouth and I twiddled it with my tongue. Then he relaxed, saying that it felt better than anything he'd ever felt before.

I concentrated on the nerve, the way I always had since the first time I did it to Jack.

I really didn't know then that much about pre-pubic boys and their climaxes, but after a while he began to squirm a little. I felt his belly under my cheek go firm. The little "boner" took on a life of its own, springing up, getting harder, then relaxing. Then it got very hard and straight, swelling a little. He pushed up, just like the other two boys I'd done it to, but there was no pumping sensation. He stayed in that humped position for a long time. I think I enjoyed it almost as much as he did, discovering this hidden facet of boyhood. When it was over, he seemed astonished.

"I never expected to feel anything like that!" he said. "I don't know whether I want to do it again."

"I didn't expect you to be able to feel it, either. I thought only bigger boys could do that! I think you'll change your mind about not wanting to do it again, though. I did."

"You mean, you said you didn't ever want it to happen again, too? And then changed your mind?"

"Right. And you'll probably change your mind too."

The next troop meeting was disturbing. I got a lot of praise. I really didn't want that much attention. I always figured that I didn't want people to notice me very much; that is, adult people. I especially didn't want them to notice that I was very fond of younger boys. But I was given a warrant for my own troop, with no close adult contact. My fifteen boys wanted to learn judo, so you know who had to instruct.

This meant that I got to be with my favorites quite a lot. Every chance I got. I felt Larry's cute rear, even when we weren't alone. There are ways of accomplishing things like that. Finally, he said. "You're gonna have to stop feeling my butt in the meeting, Tony. I got a boner the last time you did it. You can still do it when we're alone, though."

A couple of times, he and I got together when we could be alone. I discovered that I really liked to undress him. Of course, we were both quite

ready to go by the time he was completely bare. He tasted sweeter every time I blew him. He took to finishing me too on these occasions. I never asked him to suck on mine, though. He just volunteered to do it, and who was I to say no?

Chris and I, too, managed to meet at my place on non-Troop nights a couple of times, because I found him a very lovable little fellow. He liked the feeling he got when I used my mouth on it. He also would masturbate me. His bottom was so smooth and firm, I always had the urge to chew on it. Larry's, though cute, was kind of rough. I supposed that it was because he was past puberty, but later found that I was incorrect in this assumption. It varies with the boy.

The way I found this out was through Kenny. He and I were alone in the shower room of the "Y". I looked at his artistic derriere behind me. I hadn't pressed him at all regarding sex. Finally, I took a chance. It looked so nice, I turned and took a step to close the small gap between us. I fondled his rear. It was downy, soft and firm. His head snapped around.

"Hey, Tony! What if someone came in?"

"We'd hear them soon enough to stop." I turned him around to look at his privates. They looked so touchable and nice in the better light. I wanted to do so much more. But I was taking no chances, so we both got dressed.

Then we went to my place, where there was nobody around. I remembered that my folks and two sisters had gone to a church function. I invited Kenny up to my room. I sat on the bed and coaxed him into my arms. I was thrilled to death when he came and put his arms around my neck. I cuddled him close, chanced a chaste kiss. When he didn't object, I nuzzled and kissed him some more, feeling his rear to beat the band.

"Hey Ken, your rear's nice and smooth. Is it OK with you for me to feel it?"

"No! I'm worried that somebody can catch us!"

"We don't have to worry. When I close that door, nobody ever comes in. I'd sure like to feel it some more."

"Okay. I guess if you like my rear, you must really like the rest of me."

"I could eat you all up. Do you mind me getting sorta close to you and loving you up a little?"

“No, I guess not. ’Fact, I don’t mind at all.” I opened his pants and slid them down, felt his rump a little, then his shorts joined his pants, below his knees. His sex equipment looked so golden and nice. “You can feel it if you want,” he invited.

He was a virgin, had never had a climax. I soon had him laid on the bed and tongued his “little equipment”. I got a big kick out of giving him his first orgasm. He didn’t think it was bad either, and he clearly enjoyed every precious moment of it.

It’s a funny thing about my Troop: out of fifteen or sixteen boys that were usually in it, most of them went for sex-play! Ten of them experienced it with me! I didn’t take a chance on the others for various reasons. Of the ten, only one didn’t like my favorite sport, sucking. It tickled him too much; he’d lose his erection. When I went to college, I would often come back and have one of the boys from the Troop, usually when I stayed overnight.

I finished college with a major in science, with a phys-ed minor. I’d never had much use for gym teachers before. They’re so nutty about sports and fitness. But I figured this was the best way to meet boys in the years to follow, after I would graduate.

I’m very careful now, though, about my contacts in the younger set. I realize that one slip-up and I’d go to jail! Nevertheless, I have quite a few boys, and a lot of them are virgins. Boys today have a more careless attitude about sex than in my generation. A lot of times a boy will introduce me to a friend who will also like it. And many of them really return my love! Life is a cherry!

## **PART THREE : ERIC WINSLOW**

*“They [boys] have shown me, again and again, that boys have a sweetness all their own.”*

# CHAPTER I

Some of us can't tell you how we got the way we are. Others were "converted" while they were young. I know how I got to be this way: I was born a homosexual, or at least I know I developed the tendency very early and by myself. I think I was about seven. I was spending the night at my cousin's house. We slept in the same bed. Of course, almost all kids are bashful. If their parents don't teach them to be that way, they sort of develop it. My cousin was no exception. But I saw him naked anyway. I had an awful urge to FEEL his cute tiny prick. I knew that he'd probably throw a fit, so I waited until he was asleep, then felt the little pink thing.

After that, I made it a project to get to feel everyone I could. I was quite shy and introverted. So getting to know the other kids wasn't easy. However, while most kids are shy, they are very experimental and curious. I soon knew what every little cock in the neighborhood looked like, and what MOST of them FELT like.

I was a late baby, that is, I came along when my parents were pretty far along in years. By the time I was six, all my brothers and sisters were married. My Dad died when I was ten, and since my mother was left all alone to cope with me, my sister Katherine and her husband moved in with us. My nephew wasn't very big at that time, being four years younger than me. I got the dubious chore of keeping an eye on him every time my sister and her spouse decided to go somewhere.

But, surprisingly, I took almost no interest in little Bobby until Katherine kicked Bob (Senior) out of the house.

Bobby was foisted on me good and proper from that day on. I began to resent him a lot, too, don't think I didn't. He was nine and I was thirteen. They hedged around and finally asked if he could be moved into my room. I

was just plain tired of fighting with them, so I gave in without a fight. I'd seen just how far my benighted brother-in-law had gotten with Katherine, anyway.

She didn't wait long after the divorce to start going out with men again, either. And she started picking on Bobby all the time. "You're just like your father," she kept telling him with so much scorn that even I felt guilty. I started treating him a lot better, and I guess he got quite a case of hero worship going.

My mother got a kind of second wind and started going to church functions and women's parties, sometimes with Kate.

One Saturday night, Bobby and I were left alone again. I went and took my bath, then flopped on my bed in my bathrobe. I was lying on my back when Bobby came in; the front of my robe was parted. I didn't care. He came and lay down next to me. I couldn't help notice that he kept looking at the handful of flesh between my legs. Finally I stood up and took the robe off. then lay back in the same position. After a few minutes. I told him to take his off. I watched, realizing for the first time how nice he looked now. He'd lost a lot of his baby fat. his prominent tummy with it. Bob had endowed him with a fairly generous set of genitals.

He still looked at my organs, but openly now. I told him to feel them, so he did, very tenderly. I had already started to erect, so that his gentle pressure did the rest. It fairly sprang into his hand. I told him to keep rubbing it and showed him how to do it. His erected too, surprisingly long for such a little guy. I got up and got a ruler from my desk and we measured them. Mine was four and a half, and his was a little over four. I knew enough to know that his was a pretty big one for someone his age!

He was standing, so I told him to put the ruler back in my desk drawer. As he walked over to it, I watched his rear. For the first time, I thought of a rear as being cute. I had the most overpowering urge to kiss its plump roundness. When he came back, I was still sitting on the edge of the bed, so I spread my legs and motioned for him to come in front of | me. I reached behind him and got a smooth cheek in each hand, sort of lifting him a little. He put his hands on my shoulders to steady himself, and before we knew it we were hugging

one another. I think we were both surprised when the kissing started, but I know that we both liked it.

I had him masturbate me to a climax, things calmed down for a while. After a bit, we started loving each other up again, lying there. When I noticed that we were both hard again, I put my face between his legs and kissed his genitals. He was quiet when I performed what I now know to be fellatio on him. The climax scared him a little and he also got immediately out of the mood. We put on our pajamas and went to sleep, but it took a while to drift off.

I loved that little boy almost too much for the next few years. I still had the urge to kiss that nice rear, and one night, without his knowing why, I helped him take a bath, washing his cute little bottom extra well. This particular night I told him we would try something new, getting him on top of me in a sort of 69 position. He started fellating me. I closed my eyes and buried my nose in his cleft. He found out why I washed it so carefully when I started doing things that I would have considered disgusting a few years before.

After a while, I tried a couple of different positions to achieve anal insertion. I actually penetrated him a little way, but he said that it hurt so I gave it up for a moment. Then I remembered that I had read somewhere that women sometimes used petroleum jelly to ease the penetration. I got the jar from the bathroom and applied it liberally to my prick and to his attractive little ass.

That did the trick. My hot throbbing cock slipped up his tight little rear entrance as if it had been custom-fitted for the job. And where Bobby before had complained that it hurt, now he seemed to be really revelling in it, as my eager cock massaged his prostate, and he felt the tremendous thrill that comes naturally to a little boy when he feels a big prick down deep inside him, penetrating him many times a minute as his bigger friend heaves in and out.

Bobby started to groan with pleasure and it was all I could do to refrain from yelling out with joyful abandon as I felt the muscles of his anal sphincter alternately tighten and relax on my vital organ. Wow, did it feel



good! At that moment I was forever committed to the pursuit of little boys' behinds, an avocation that has stayed with me throughout my life.

It didn't take much of that wonderful friction before I could feel the come rising within me, and I drove down six-fathom deep into little Bobby, who was lying happily prone beneath me, and I didn't surface until the rich hot creamy come had thoroughly flooded his freshly-deflowered anterior canal, and the unbelievable feeling of relief had flowed over me.

That was the beginning of a nightly ritual, and sometimes we managed it in the morning, too, if I woke up early enough to see that we could accomplish it before Katherine came in to wake us (as if we weren't awake already!). Bobby loved every moment of it. It seemed he was made for loving. No matter what I wanted to do, or when, he was always willing. Of course, he loved my loving him, and that's what made the difference. Anything I did was a signal of my affection, and that made my violent penetration of his cute little ass not something that he just endured, but something that he welcomed because of the love it bore.

Things went along really well for quite some time. Then I did a few things to a couple of Bobby's friends. Most of them really liked to be blown. Life was pretty good. Then, out of a clear blue sky, one of the kids that I had only done it with once told his mother and dad that I'd done something "dirty" to him.

Katherine would have horse-whipped me, if she'd had a horsewhip! The recriminations flew hot and thick. I was ordered to stay in my room, while the grown-ups thrashed things out. Bobby was in his mother's room crying his eyes out. He was truly a lost soul from then on. I never felt his warm young body against mine again. It was decided that I would be shipped out to my brother in Hermosa Beach, California. They didn't warn him that I was an incipient homosexual, however. Katherine thought that he might refuse me refuge if he knew. She said there was no danger since I only had nieces out there.

I got a letter from Bobby a few years later saying that he always loved me and thought that what we'd done wasn't as evil as his mother had made it out to be. He'd made the tone of the letter very plain: he was still very much in love with me.

Being uprooted in the middle of a school term just has to be hard on any kid. For me, it was doubly bad. I was so shy, you understand. I was a rather tall fifteen-year-old, not too bad-looking. But I had to pretend to be interested in girls since it was expected of me. I showed a little effeminacy, which I hastily explained as a carry-over from living among those dominant females. I told everybody that my brother had suggested that I could come out there. The funny part of it was that I lost the whole swishy bit in a few weeks. I was accepted by the boys and girls alike.

Then I met Linn. He was a vision of boyish pulchritude. I fell in love in the real movie magazine style. I mean it just that way, too. I was so fearful that I'd be discovered that I couldn't even talk to him. He was thirteen, with dark blond hair and brown eyes. He was a head shorter than I, with a perfect body. I hungered for him like nothing before in my whole life. The awful part was that I didn't dare try to be with him a lot for fear everybody'd suspect. He lived two houses away from my brother. He was an only child, a delight to everyone. His manners were impeccable, his schoolwork of the highest quality. In fact, he was so smart that he'd been moved ahead one grade. Through some mix-up that I was never able to figure out, we were in the same grade. It had something to do with my birthday being in December.

To my great amazement, he sought out my friendship. I dreamed impossible dreams about him but minded my P's and Q's. We spent a lot of time together. Because of his age and size though, he was hardly ever invited to the rollicking parties that the ninth grade gang threw almost every week. But when spring hit, the parties moved to the beach. And then he was invited to several. The girls just naturally enjoyed kissing the daylights out of this small guy. He admitted to me that he liked it, though he wasn't interested in any one of the girls in particular.

I worshipped Linn. I envied the girls who'd kissed him, daydreaming of it constantly. I also daydreamed about what he would look like naked. I was sure he was beautiful. I even wondered if I could stand to look at him, knowing that he was so desirable. Then one day we went to the beach together. It was spring and not too warm. There were a couple of girls sun-

bathing on the sand, but no-one else. We went into one of the cabanas to change into our suits.

He stripped down slowly and carefully. Without meaning to, I stopped, with my pants still on, and watched him. He was a golden dream, with a firm torso, tanned, tapered thighs, and just a trace of golden blond pubic hair around his small perfect little penis. My mouth watered looking at him. The only place he wasn't tanned so golden was where the trunks covered. He caught me looking at him.

“Eric, why’re you looking at my prick that way?”

My eyes watered and my face felt hot. “I’m looking at all of you, Linn.”

“You ever play with other guys?” he asked.

“You ever?” I hastily replied.

“I asked first,” he pointed out. “Anyway, you couldn’t be interested in mine, it’s too small.”

“It’s quality, not quantity,” I told him. not wanting to commit myself.

“You like it?” he queried.

“Would you still like me if I said ‘yes’?” I replied,

“Of course I would!” he came back. “Wow, I can tell you’re not from California! Kids out here are used to guys being more interested in them than in girls. I fooled around a little when I was smaller. You wanta?”

I reached out both hands, cupped his rear in my left, felt his soft privates in the other. He came in close and put his right arm around my shoulders. He smelled clean and soapy. Soon his small instrument enlarged to a full erection. It was small, perhaps only three and a half inches long, about the same in diameter as my thumb, but to me it was lovely. His warm rear settled onto my thigh as I stroked the pink thing between my fingers.

“Will you come?” I inquired, my face close to his.

“I guess so. But I’ve never had anybody do it to me since I started to get my hair. You do it well, though.”

My arm stole around his waist. I wanted very badly to kiss him but didn’t know if I dared. After a while, his eyes closed, his body got very stiff, and the little thing throbbed between my fingers. A couple of drops of milky fluid gushed from the pink arrowhead. I slowed the rhythm gradually to a halt. He

opened his eyes but made no move. He swallowed. "That was fun," he gasped. "You want me to pay you back?"

For reply, I squeezed him a little and then pulled my pants and shorts down, revealing my larger sized organ and hoping he didn't think it ugly because it was almost adult. He sat down on the shelf on my right, reaching for my erection. He tried a couple of holds, asking which I liked, and then he jacked me off. It didn't take long once he started. I produced quite a lot of semen, getting a lot on both of us. After wiping it all off with his hanky, he said he'd "lose" it.

We got into our trunks and idled around the water's edge, since the sea was cold. We talked about everything, both of us being very profound for our ages (or at least WE thought so!). There was no play when we dressed to go home, but I told him he was very cute, hoping he'd see how much I really liked him. Nothing adverse happened between us because of what happened that day. In fact it strengthened the bond that was growing every day.

About a week later, he again suggested that we go to the beach. We took the same cabana, and I again watched him uncover his lovely body. He grinned kind of flirtily at me, and this time I went to my knees and started to blow him. He was startled but said that it felt even better than when it was done with my hands, so I continued until he came. It seemed like his orgasm was more violent this time, with him thrusting his organ farther into my mouth while it throbbed for a long time. When he was through, I kissed his firm tummy. He offered to try blowing me, but I wanted something else. And that was LOVE!!

I discovered that he did love me when I took him in my arms. He closed his eyes and sort of formed his lips, inviting me. I almost cried as I kissed them. We sort of melted together. We didn't say another word until after he fellated me to an orgasm. After a couple of movie-type really deep French kisses he suggested that we should get our suits on and check the beach through the crack in the door to see if anyone was watching. Nobody was, so we went in for a quick dip.

Our affair developed much the same as one between a boy and a girl. We were together a lot more than formerly. Sometimes if we knew we weren't

watched by anybody, we'd hold hands. There was a strange sweetness in this that I can't describe. I'd often enfold him in my arms and engage him in a warm kiss. He always put everything into each one, so I knew he felt the same about me as I did about him. I enjoyed feeling his pleasing little body, often fondling his organs through his pants or massaging his rear.

The most delightful thing, though, was to slowly remove his clothing, kissing each glorious part as it was bared. By the time I reached his undershorts, he was always erect.

There was nothing vulgar in our love. I treated it as a sacred thing between us. His attitude was the same, making me love him all the more. The cabanas were a real life-saver, but as summer came, the beach became more heavily populated and we had to search for a safer place to love. We found a perfect spot amongst the rocks. It was too rough to fish in those waters, and there was no beach to swim from. It was reached from a wooded section of some private property.

By walking along a spine of rock, we came to a pocket of soft grass. From a short distance away, it couldn't even be seen. In it, we had seclusion, with open sky above, warmed by the sun and protected from the wind. But still, we were usually pretty careful. After a time, however, we began to feel safe, and we could divest ourselves of our clothing. We would love a while, then I'd usually start nibbling on his tender parts. He had very quick recovery from the disenchantment that follows an orgasm or dry climax. And he enjoyed everything I did and always showed the same single-mindedness when loving.

I was loving him one day breast to breast, tasting his lips, both of us nude, when something happened to make us think that the world had come to an end. A familiar voice said, "Well, well, looky here!"

It was a mutual friend of ours, my age, named Denny, who had spoken. With him, and grinning as broadly as Denny, was Wally, also my age. What we were doing was obvious to anybody. Linn's cute little prick was standing up in the sunlight.

"Uh-oh," my little lover whispered nervously.

"Now I see why you guys haven't been coming to the blasts! Tch! Tch!"

"I suppose you're gonna tell everybody?" I croaked, my throat dry.

“Hell no!” Denny assured us. “If you two have something going, it just leaves more girls for us, right, Wal?”

Wally nodded. “He got a tight little butt?” he inquired.

“Knock it off!” Denny ordered. “They’re okay. You don’t have to be crude, Wally. Look, guys, we followed you here because the girls said they missed you. We’re having an intimate little blast at Simmons’ beach-house tonight. If you guys want to show, come on. The usual refreshments, but I think the girls will be looser than usual.”

With that, they turned and left. I watched them disappear into the trees without a backward glance. Linn was lying down with his eyes closed. I told Linn that they were gone. He came into my arms and hugged me fiercely. “I thought we were...you know...gonna be split up, for sure. God, I couldn’t stand that. I love you too much, Rick.”

That was the only time either of us said those “three little words”. We just never thought we had to. It took a long time to get back in the mood for sex, but of course, eventually we did. For some reason we were extra tender with each other, probably because of the near-disaster.

That evening I met Linn in front of his house. He was dressed in pale blue cotton pants which clung to his Grecian-built body. The shirt was pale blue also, opened tantalizingly at the neck. His feet were clad in white socks and loafers. I had a sudden urge to skip the party and rape the little guy, but I had the feeling that Denny had something up his sleeve. We went to Simmons’ beach house, one of those ducky places built up on pilings to bring it level with the road and to protect it from high tides. At first, we thought perhaps we’d made a mistake, for no lights showed in the place.

We walked around the house on the narrow decking. When we reached the doors on the ocean side, we heard faint music. I tapped softly on the door. I heard a giggle as the door opened a crack. Denny called, “Who is it?” from the background.

Wally opened the door a little farther and looked out. “It’s Eric and Linn.”

We were ushered in, the door closed behind us. Then I found out why we saw no lights when outside. They’d put brown paper over the windows, sealing it with masking tape. As Denny had said, it was an intimate little bash.

Besides us four boys, there were three girls: Carla, Judy and “Sam” Simmons, the daughter of our unknowing host. They were drinking Cokes, into which Denny was splashing something out of a brown quart bottle. He gave me one to pass to Linn. I sniffed it, smelling the strong odor of whisky.

“Don’t put any of that stuff in mine,” I objected.

Linn tasted his and passed it back to me. “I don’t want any either. You guys are going to get sick.”

Carla was already a little tipsy. She flopped on Denny’s lap, saying petulantly, “Let’s go into the bedroom, Den-Den!”

Denny grinned lecherously. “We don’t want to offend our friends, do we?”

Go ahead,” Sam told them, “we don’t mind. There aren’t any virgins here, except maybe Linn.” She looked pointedly at my lovable friend, who blushed.

“No, I bet he isn’t!” Judy said through a wicked grin.

“How can you say that?” Wally queried. “You haven’t seen it. I have.”

“I bet it’s cute!” Sam opined.

“Why don’t you show us?” Judy asked. Or are you too bashful?”

Before Linn could stammer out an answer Carla piped up, “I think we ought to have an orgy, just like the ancient Romans! I say let’s ALL strip!” She stood up and dropped her skirt, revealing the fact that it was all that covered her lower body. Next, she pulled her sweater over her head and did an impromptu kind of dance, like she imagined strippers did. She peeled the bra quite artfully, in spite of her condition. “Ta-ta!” she wound up. “Now, a boy! Denny!”

Denny was not the least bit self-conscious. He stripped down. Strangely, he held no attraction to me, other than the curiosity of seeing how big his organs were. He was, of course, erect. Then “Sam” did a very good strip-tease act, because she wasn’t as pickled as Carla. Her body was very nice, with well shaped, firm breasts.

“I get to choose who goes next, right?” Sam queried. Everybody nodded. She crooked a Finger at my Linn. “I want to see if it’s cute!”

When Linn just sat there, Judy said, “I’ll volunteer to help you, you sweet thing!”

“Let Eric!” Wally said, “He knows how to do it best.”

It suddenly got very quiet in the room. All three girls looked at him “You mean ... Linny and Rick are ... uh ... uh ...”

Wally nodded.

”I don’t believe it!” Judy declared.

Sam looked puzzled. “I never knew that kids did that.”

“Oh shut up, all of you!” Denny ordered. “What’s so bad about that? Why don’t you strip him, Rick? Or don’t you want to share him with the girls?”

My mouth seemed like it was filled with cotton. I didn’t know what to say.

Sam came to my rescue. “Are you baiting him?” she demanded.

“No, of course not!” Denny answered. “I just want to see what they do ... you know.”

Sam followed this up, “What if they don’t want to give an exhibition?”

“Look,” Denny said, “Wally and I saw them making love to each other, just like boy and girl. I just wondered...who’s the girl?”

Linn wasn’t scared any more. “Neither one of us is! We just love each other, that’s all! Is it a crime to want to make somebody you love happy?”

“I think I know what Denny means, though, Linny,” Sam told us. “Could you...would you show us Linny’s body, Rick? Do it like you’re alone. Wally’s the only slob in the bunch. If he says anything, I’ll see that he gets his rear in a sling. I know a couple things he doesn’t think I know.” Sam was Wally’s sister.

I looked at Linn for some encouragement. He got up and came to stand between my legs while I was seated. His arm went around my shoulders. I couldn’t help but put mine around him. “Go ahead, Rick,” he said. “I hope they can see that it really isn’t dirty - us loving one another.”

I reached down and took off his loafers, then unfastened his pants and shucked them off him. I was a little surprised to see that his cute instrument was still limp. But that, of course, was because he was embarrassed. My hands went to caress his rear. He put his hands on my shoulders and rubbed his face against my forehead. I forgot all of the other kids were there, I really did. I took his shorts off and turned him around so his rear was just above my left thigh. His erection was just starting, so they didn’t see it at its smallest. I pulled the shirt over his head and he grinned at me, then the others. I felt the



tender things until his instrument was as long as it could get, short of when he was ejaculating.

“Oh, it is cute!” Judy squealed. “He’s cute all over!”

I grinned like I’d manufactured him. The girls came over and looked closer at his golden perfection. Sam smiled at me, and whispered in my ear, “Why don’t you take him into the bedroom? I would like to talk to you two, anyway.”

We followed her advice. I think we were all glad to get away from Wally’s insinuating looks. Sam lay down behind us when we sat on the bed. Her hand came around and caressed my erection.

“Who did that, the girls or him?”

“I don’t really know,” I told her truthfully.

“Do you guys do stuff to each other?”

We both nodded, red-faced. “We aren’t...awful, in your opinion, are we?” Linn asked.

“I don’t know. Do you...use your mouths? You don’t have to answer, if you don’t want to.”

I admitted that we did.

“Would you be embarrassed ... to show me?” she stammered.

Linn and I studied each other for a short time, then he got up and came in front of me. His erection was almost gone. I loved him a little, without kissing him, then went down on him. When his hard returned, I came up and looked at Sam, who was looking intently at the pretty little erection.

“How does it taste, or doesn’t it?”

“Uh...it doesn’t, until he comes. It’s sort of like kissing: it tastes sweet because you like it, I guess. Anyway, when he comes, I like it.”

You love him a lot, Rick. I could see it in your eyes, in there. Linny always looks so clean, anyway. Linny, could I try doing it? Would you tell me how?”

I got impulsive and stood up to take the rest of my clothes off. Sam and Linn weren’t looking at each other. Linn was considering her offer, I guess. Sam came over and sat on the right of my little lover.

“How about it, Linny? You’re so cute, I’d like to try it.”

He leaned back and said, “If you want to, I won’t object.”

She looked at me. "Rick? He's yours? May I?" I turned him a little and planted several more kisses. He slid down to his knees and engaged me in his embrace. Sam opened the door without our knowing it as I succumbed to the urge and started nibbling different place than formerly.

"You can use my bed," she suggested. "I wouldn't want to have to clean up anything on that rug"

We both looked at the fluffy yellow rug below us. I hoped she hadn't broken the mood. I stood up and looked in the medicine chest, and fortunately found a tube of hand-cream. As Linn brushed against my side, he looked at the tube in my hand. I put the other arm around him and kissed him deeply, closing the medicine chest. I'm sure he knew what the hand-cream was for.

Sam stayed in the bathroom and I figured she'd spy on us later. But I didn't care anymore. Back on the bed, we got in a 69 position. I let him suck on me. I did what I'd started to do before. When I started to get the feeling in the tip of my organ, I rolled him over. I blew him some more, teasing, bringing him near the climax and stopping. After three of these near-misses, I followed through. The climax was long and good. Then I loved him for a while longer, my own organ oozing a clear fluid.

Then, feeling a great tenderness, I gently rolled the little fellow over so that his cute little bottom was up in the air. Remembering the lessons I'd learned with Bobby, I reached for a pillow and shoved it under his hips so that his cute firm cheeks were really sticking right up. Linn must have sensed that this was something different, something special, for he grasped one of my hands and gave it a quick squeeze.

I whispered in his ear, "Just try to relax completely, Linn, and it won't hurt a bit. Even if it does just for a moment at first, I can promise you you'll enjoy it very soon afterwards. This is the ultimate thing to do together to consummate our love." Linn didn't answer in words, he just sought my hand again and gave it another little squeeze. Perhaps he was a little frightened, but I knew he'd permit me to enter because he really cared.

I reached for the tube, squeezed a goodly portion onto my fingers and gently probed into Linn's clean pink little hole. He writhed a little bit, but

then lay quietly. I lubricated my ready (and anxious) cock and adjusted my position so that I was hovering over his waiting orifice. Down I came, and helping my angle with my hand I entered my little lover. It went in surprisingly easily. I suppose Linn, loving me as he did, was able to relax knowing I would never really do anything to hurt him. He gave a gasp, but that was more from the sudden shock of feeling my hot rod inside of him than from pain. I reached under him and put my hands on his charming soft boyish breasts and began to thrust.

Linn not only permitted it, he sought to cooperate by lifting his little ass to meet my incursions, as they seemingly went even deeper. I kissed the back of his neck where the little hollow was, and Linn let out a sigh of pleasure. Then I set to in earnest, and went in and out in a furious rhythm, my love of Linn merging with near-animal lust as I used him as a vehicle for my pleasure. Linn didn't mind; he was too busy receiving new and exciting sensations as my prick delved far into his vitals, and he knew the tremendous feeling that comes to a boy who is being fucked by the one he loves.

At that rate, it wasn't long before I couldn't hold back any longer and my boiling-hot cream came gushing out into Linn's hitherto virgin ass. At that moment, I seized Linn's right hand and crushed it hard in mine, and gave him a little love-bite on his wonderful boyish neck. Never before or since have I felt so much in love as at that moment when I first took Linn. It is a rare pleasure given to too few men to experience, but none the less fantastic for all that. As I panted and lay totally drained and exhausted, on top of my wonderful boy, I felt an ineffable peace come over me, and I was supremely happy.

Eventually, of course, I felt my prick withdraw of its own accord as it became limp and I rolled off my lover. Then we found, much to my private joy, that my taking of Linn's maidenhead had so excited him as well that he had come all over the sheet, no doubt at that unbelievable moment when I climaxed within him. We, in our spent state, fell into each other's arms and klssed very tenderly.

; We were still lying in each other's arms when Sam came in. She watched us loving, then got into her clothes. Linn and I broke it up long enough to go

into the bathroom and clean up again. She was sitting on the edge of the bed when we came out.

“I suppose you peeked.” I accused. She nodded. “Are you disgusted with us?”

She got up and went to open the door to the living-room a crack. “No. I’m not. Denny and Carla love each other, and look what they’re doing.

We looked out and saw the two teenagers in the act of doing much the same thing as we’d just done.

We closed the door and I went back to sit on the bed. Linn came to me again, but this time we just held hands. Sam came and sat next to me.

“I think Denny and Carla understand how it must be between you two. But my brother is too selfish to understand the meaning of the word ‘love’. He’s only interested in his own feelings. Judy’s just a pleasant way of getting his kicks. Does that...other thing feel as good?”

“Yeah, it does. Much better in fact. But that’s the first time I ever did it to Linn, isn’t it, Linn?”

“What do you think about it, Linny?” Sam asked.

“It really sends me, especially knowing it’s Rick doing it to me. I want it always.”

We had no idea at all that that evening would change the whole relationship between us and the world. From then on, Linn and I were invited together to most of the parties that were given that summer. Nobody ever asked any awkward questions. I guess the word had spread. Linn and I belonged to each other, just as Carla belonged to Denny. I never made an exhibition of ourselves again, though. We would sit by ourselves and if we were in a dark enough corner, we could cuddle just a little. We both agreed that we would definitely NOT do much more than just be close when THEY were watching. The beach parties were most enjoyable for us; we could go off by ourselves and get cosy. Naturally, we often repeated that wonderful moment of the first party to our growing satisfaction and happiness. It got so I had to carry a small tube of hand-cream with me in my pocket whenever I knew I was going to be with Linn.

Sam invited us to the beach house a few more times. We could make love in the privacy of her room. Several times she wanted to fellate one or other of us, and she also often wanted me to have intercourse with her. I did, and more or less, we enjoyed it, but of course it was nothing, just nothing compared to doing it with HIM. On two occasions she fellated Linn to an orgasm at the same time as I took him anally. He liked this, and before any of us knew what was happening, we had a love triangle going in which there was no jealousy. It was a strange situation, but satisfying all around.

This strange turn of events went on for a year and a half, during which Linn grew four inches taller and became even more beautiful, if that were possible.

Then he came to me one day and we walked along the beach. I had that sinking feeling that I knew what was on his mind. I felt that he'd met a girl his own age. I could see the change in him already.

"Rick," he finally broke the silence, "I think I'm going to have to stop seeing you. I don't want to hurt you, but I'm getting a case on a girl I've met called Linda. I want you to know that I love you. I still love you. And you showed me what love is. I didn't suspect that I could apply it to a girl, but I have. And I don't think it's fair to the girl to keep on with you forever. But promise me you'll find another guy like I was, and love him. There must be plenty of them around. If you don't find one right away, I'll still come to you, like before. I still love you, of course, but more like a big brother. Please don't be mad."

I hugged him for the last time. I told Sam about it, and she sympathized. I never realized what her love could mean to me. At sixteen, she was beautiful, desired by many of the boys in our class. But she never went steady with any of them. She was especially sweet to me now, and tried to make up my loss by giving me wonderful sex.

"You must have known that I loved you, didn't you?" she whispered in my ear.

"Yes, but not like this," I stammered.

"I always have. Linny was little and cute, but you were always the one I wanted, Rick. You always can have me, if you want me."

"Thanks, Sam, thanks ever so much ... but, you know, goddamit, I'm going to miss him just SO much."

“I know. I loved him too. But he was more like a little brother to me. You never met my little step-brother, Doug, did you?”

I pulled my head back to look at her.

“No, I didn’t.”

“Well, he’s not really my step-brother. He’s my step-mother’s son from another marriage. But, anyway, I like him a lot. She had him in one of those posh boarding schools. He’ll be home for the summer, in one month. Maybe you can meet him then. He might help you forget Linn.” And with this, she grabbed me again, held me tight, and said, “Kiss me again, you big, sweet boy.”

## CHAPTER II

Mr. Simmons was quite comfortably fixed, as anyone could see. Besides the beach house, where we staged our orgies, he owned a sizable house in Hermosa Beach proper and a lodge up in the Palos Verdes. The lodge was not too distant from Hermosa Beach that Wally couldn't take his current girlfriends up there in his car, which Daddy thoughtfully provided for him. However, Daddy got wind of it, checked into the situation, and caught them red-handed. Fortunately for Sam and me, the Old Man didn't let Wally get a word in, edgewise, or we'd have had trouble, too. Instead, Mr. Simmons sent Wally off to be a counselor in a boy's summer camp, promising to send him to a Prep School for his senior year.

Sam's step-brother, Doug, came home about the same time. I'd been an almost permanent fixture around the Simmons household for a month. Mr. Simmons thought a lot of me, I understand. He offered me a job as a loading clerk on the dock of his local dairy, one of a string that he owned.

I was immediately impressed with young Doug, his wife's boy, when I met him. He was twelve, smaller than Linn was when I met him. He had light brown hair, blue eyes, and a nice build. He was four-foot eight, and weighed about eighty-five pounds.

I kept looking at the area under the lower part of his zipper, whenever nobody was looking. He had a nice-sized bump there. I wondered if there would be a chance for me. Sam had told me that her father didn't pay much attention to either of the boys, and that he just sort of tolerated Doug, to please his wife. This could be an "in" for me, especially since Doug and Wally never got along very well either. I decided to be very nice to him, but to let him make the first move. I had the feeling that Sam might do some prompting, but I hoped she'd do it sensibly. It wouldn't do to have the boy get the idea that I was hot after his body.

My job with the dairy was a good one. It paid quite well, and I only had to work six hours a day. When Mr. Simmons found out that I didn't have a driver's license, he had one of the young men who worked with me take me out in one of the company cars for an hour each day to teach me. The car was equipped with a manual shift, so I could drive almost anything once I got my license. When the great day came for my driving license exam, I was very elated, and so was Sam. She had failed HER exam, and her father had said that she must wait a year before trying again.

I came over to the Simmons house after work, the day after I got my license, to take Sam swimming, hopefully in the car. Mrs Simmons dangled a set of car keys in front of me. "Do you think you can handle the Mercedes?"

"I'll have to be very careful," I told her, my mouth watering.

Sam came out, grinning from ear to ear. "Don't get the idea that it's a great race-car, or anything. We aren't taking the 300, you know."

I tossed the keys in my palm and looked at Mrs. Simmons, then Sam. "Would Doug get in our way?" I asked.

"Heck, no!" Sam assured me. "Can he go, Mother?"

Her step-mother looked at me with amazement. "Are you sure you want to take him?"

"Sure," I told her. "We can always tell him to get lost, if we two have anything 'private' to talk about." Moments later, clutching a rolled-up towel, Doug climbed into the car's carpeted area jokingly referred to as "the jump-seat." We motored directly to the beach-house. Mr. Simmons had bought two extra lots of the shoreline, one on each side, and put the stilted house in the center of the land, insuring privacy. There was a boat-house, containing a large power-cruiser, and a sloop. Alongside the boat-house, a long wharf went out into the water. Some distance off the end of the wharf, a sturdy diving float bobbed on its steel anchor cable.

We went in, Doug and I, with me wondering that three of the four bedrooms had more or less permanent, personal effects, denoting that each belonged to someone. There was none for the youngster that I was with. Sam told me that he usually occupied the guest room, when he stayed there. I began to feel sorry for the boy, just as I had for my nephew, Bobby, long



before. I watched him when I could, but it was tough to see the front of him when he was naked. His rear was nice, though. It looked smooth, like Linn's.

Sam was ready the same time we were, and we all went out to the dock together. We frolicked a little more than we usually did, trying to make Doug feel like he was part of the group. His swimsuit was one of the tight gossamer-thin nylon racing ones, like mine, I was happy to note. It showed a pleasant double, and sometimes triple, bulge in the crotch. We all hated to go, when supertime came.

After that, we took Doug with us a lot. I asked Sam not to say anything to him, about my liking him. I preferred that any relationship between us was of our own building. I didn't want it to be in any way artificial. We spent the weekend at the beach, with Mrs. Simmons as hostess. She and Sam got along well. She knew that I admired the cabin-cruiser, and showed me how to operate it. She was a good sailor, herself, and seemed proud when I got along well under her tutelage.

When I thanked her, she lowered her voice and said, "You're a fine boy, Rick. I'm happy to do anything I can for you. Samantha thinks a lot of you, and so does Douglas. You may have noticed that my husband is one of the fierce American males that thinks that boys should be kept under a firm thumb, but rewarded with material things. He keeps my son in clothes and in a good school, but he's never really accepted Douglas as a person. And that ... " she searched for a word, " ... Walter! He always goes out of his way to hurt Douglas, in any way he can."

"I know what Wally's like, Mrs. Simmons. And I like Doug. He's a nice, quiet kid. He never says anything that he isn't sure of."

"Well, I worry about him. If he should ask you any questions, you know, about ... life, you could tell him in the right way, couldn't you?" I nodded. "He's such a sensitive boy ... I think, a lot like you. I think he looks to you as a sort of substitute brother, and perhaps as a father, too. I'm not embarrassing you, am I?"

"No, not a bit. Maybe Sam told you, I was the last child of my parents. I'd like to have Doug as an adopted little brother."

After lunch that day, a Saturday, Sam announced that she and her mother were going to sun-bathe, and we could join them, if we wished. "Or," she continued, "if it's okay with Mother, you could take Doug out in the Chris-Craft and show him how much of a J. Paul Jones you are."

Her mother readily agreed, and Doug and I were soon cutting waves in the big boat. We headed up the coast rather than go south into the more heavily populated Redondo area. After a while, I nosed up into a cove and checked the charts to see how far down the bottom was. When I found it was shallow I let down the anchor.

Doug looked at the clock. "We can't go in swimming now. It hasn't been an hour since lunch yet."

I strolled back and tossed some cushions on the deck, lying down on them. He came and lay down beside me.

"Can I ask some personal questions?" he inquired.

"Sure, go ahead!" I said, happily, sensing some excitement ahead.

He nodded at the bulge in my swim-suit. "I was wondering if you've been to bed with Sam."

I blinked. "That sure is personal. What makes you think I'd answer? A gentleman never tells."

"Then, Wally isn't a gentleman! He's done it to plenty of girls!"

"If you believe him. Does that make him some sort of hero?"

"Heck, no!" he spoke up, quickly. "He's a slug. I was just wondering. I think Sam would let you, if you haven't. She loves you a lot, I'm sure. By the way, she walked in on me, yesterday morning."

"Were you bashful?"

"I sure was! But she insisted. I let her look, even though I haven't anything to excite her!"

"She do anything, in return?" I queried.

"A gentleman never tells!" he reminded me, grinning.

"You're not going to tell me that she went to bed with you!"

"No, but she showed me her stuff ... everything. She only had a bathrobe on."

"Did you show her how yours gets hard? It did, didn't it?"

He nodded, bashfully. I looked at his bump. He was sort of stirring!

“Did you ever do anything with a girl, besides that?” I asked.

“You didn’t tell, so why should I?”

“All right, so I have. But, I’m not going to say who with.”

“Is yours as big as Wally’s?”

“When did you see Wally’s?”

Last summer. I woke up when he came in late. He caught me looking at it. He made me do something to it.”

“Something dirty?”

Not really. I just rubbed it for him. You know what that is, don’t you? A lot of the boys at school do it. It’s called, ‘jacking off’.”

“I know. You ever do it with them?”

“No ... or to them, like I did to Wally.” There was a long silence, then he said, “But, I’d do it for you, Rick, if you don’t think it’s dirty. I’d do anything for you, Rick. You mad at me?”

“No not at all.” I speedily replied. “If you really want to do it. then let’s take our trunks off.”

He slid his down, revealing a nice set of genitals, bare of anything but downy fuzz. I took mine off completely. Since he was on my left (I’d planned it that way, just in case), I reached over and felt them. His small hand reached tentatively over and explored mine. He became erect fast enough, and I stroked his cute little pink thing, paying particular attention to its bare, circumcised head.

“Do you like doing that?” he asked. I nodded. “It feels good, kind of tickly. You want me to do it to yours?”

“You can, later. I’ll do yours a while, to see what happens.”

“Will that white stuff come out, do you think?”

“No, you’re too little for that. It might feel good, just like it was coming out.”

“Is that why Wally closed his eyes?”

I nodded. “Doug, how do you feel about kissing?”

“You mean, girls? I don’t like girls. But Sam kissed me, yesterday morning, when we looked at each other. I kinda liked that.”

“Do you like me ... about as much as you like Sam?”

“Sure!”

“Could I kiss you, then?” I asked. I put my face close to his. He nodded, closing his bright eyes. I kissed him several times, deeper and more lovingly each time.

“Do you like kissing me?” he asked.

“Yeah, you’re a cute little package.”

“I’m glad. Hey, it’s beginning to feel funny!”

The little shaft was beginning to flex, all right.

It pulsed and pulsed, and finally it stiffened up, thrusting. I didn’t let go, but stopped stroking. He opened his eyes and grinned at me.

“You’re a real good friend. Rick. I’d do anything for you.”

“I just want you to love me, is all. You didn’t even have to do this.”

“That’s okay. It was fun. I never felt that, before. And it feels good to have somebody play with your prick.” He looked at mine. “What’s that on the end of yours?”

“Sympathy. It knows how yours felt.”

He grinned. “Want me to do it to yours?”

“Are you still in the mood?”

“Sure. Shall I do it?”

I reached over with my foot and pushed his trunks off his feet, motioning for him to climb over me. When our bellies touched, I put my arms around him. He cuddled right up to me, with no prompting. It was like holding a little Linn again. He pecked me, bashfully, on the cheek, and I really went to town with him, kissing and hugging him to beat the band. He didn’t object a bit. His little penis was still hard. I could feel it pushing against my abdomen.

“This feels real good. I like you a whole lot, Rick. Even more than my friend Kurt.”

“You never mentioned him.”

“He’s my best friend at school. The rest of the kids are just acquaintances. He’s a couple months older than I am, but not much bigger. His dad is dead, too, just like my real dad. I got a letter from him today. He wants me to come and stay with him for a while. I don’t think Dad would let me, though.”

“Why don’t you see if he can come and stay with you?”

“Dad wouldn’t like that, either. Unless...”

“Unless, what?”

“Well, he likes you. Maybe you could say something to him about it.”

“Well ... I don’t know just how much influence I have with him. There’d have to be a good reason to do it. What’s his last name?”

“Danzig.”

“Not any relation to Danzig Dairy Products, is he?”

“Yeah. His mother inherited it from his father.”

“Heck, you’re in like Flynn! She’s a big sailing nut, too, isn’t she? Your father’s always talking about her. He keeps saying, ‘I don’t know why we can’t come to some sort of agreement. We see eye-to-eye on almost everything else.’ He wants to buy her out, you know.”

He hugged me a little tighter. “No, I didn’t. He never says anything to me, just, ‘How’s life in that gold-plated school?’”

After dinner that very evening, I mentioned it to Mr Simmons.

Do you mean to sit there and tell me that Rhoda Danzig’s kid is a good friend of Doug’s?” I nodded. “Incredible! Here, I’ve been trying to get an ‘in’ with her for over four years! How did you find out all this?”

“Well, the kid asked Doug to come and spend a couple of weeks with him. Doug didn’t think that you’d give your okay, but I thought you might okay her boy spending some time down here. It gives you a logical excuse to talk to her, sir.”

He clapped me on the shoulder. “It’s better than that! She has a small yacht that I’ve been interested in for a month, now. I’ve been meaning to call her about looking it over before buying it, but business comes first, you know!” He disappeared into the house. I was talking to Sam later when he returned excited. “It’s all set! There’s just one hang-up, though. She suggested a hop down to Baja next week-end, for four or five days. Naturally everyone else is invited, but I’d rather not take the whole brood along. Sam, you wouldn’t mind staying home and minding Doug, would you?”

“Daddy!” Have you forgotten?” Sam screamed. “I’m leaving tomorrow night to supervise the Girl Scouts in how to make a shambles of a camp.”

He looked pained. "And I couldn't depend on my idiot son to come home and not end up in jail. Besides, he'd probably murder Doug." A gleam lit up his eyes, and he turned to me. "Hell, Rick, how would you like to make me eternally indebted to you? Do you think you could ride herd on those two hellions for two weeks? I'd pay you straight time for fourteen days, and you'd have the run of the place."

"Me?"

'Sure, you! I'll even give you an expense account, so you won't have to eat your own cooking all the time. You could use the boats, the Mercedes, and the beach-house. Sort of a summer camp, for two boys and one counselor. Think your brother would mind?"

Paul didn't mind. I was ecstatic. When we were alone later, Sam said, "Be careful, Rick. Don't rush this other kid." She said this because I'd told her about my fun and games with Doug. "He may be of a different temperament than Doug, you know. Maybe Doug can clue you in."

What Mr. Simmons had in mind was a sort of second honeymoon, I guess, with a third party along. He telephoned Mrs. Danzig to see if she would agree to the arrangements. I don't know why, but she did. How much of a second honeymoon it would be, I could just guess! Well, people with money didn't get it by being faint-hearted. Everything just about fell into place. The Simmonses, Mr. and Mrs., went home to pack after dropping Sam off at the train. Mr. said I was to get whatever clothes I would need and come to the beach-house, where I would spend the night again. And I was to take Doug with me! Mrs. Danzig and Kurt would sail down in the morning,

I spent a nervous evening until Doug came over and sat beside me. "Hey, Rick?" he started, "Did you have fun yesterday on the boat?"

I put my arm around him. "Yup. Still like me? Or are you sorry about it now?"

He grinned nervously. "No. certainly not. In fact I was just going to suggest that, since we're alone..."

I reached down with my free right hand and felt a little, sort of cuddling up to him. too. He grinned at me, not quite as nervously, reaching down to unfasten his fly. He was wearing those darned boxer-shorts, which don't

show anything of a boy unless the fly is loose. I unbuttoned his and reached in. His things were below the bottom of the zipper, though. He squirmed a little, then unfastened the top button of his shorts and pushed them down. His little pink thing soon arched towards his belly.

He looked around. "We'd better go in the bedroom. Somebody might come by the windows." So we went in the bedroom and drew the curtains.

We played for a while, until I got to loving him again. This time I wanted his love, not his sex. He gave it to me, sweetly and willingly, as though he'd saved it up for a long time. After nine o'clock, I told him he'd better go take a bath. He must have thought that I meant a tub, for I found him in it, when I entered the bathroom a little later. I stripped and stepped in, between his legs, and then bent over and twisted the handle to drain it.

I pulled the curtain closed and helped him to stand up. When the shower was operating, I turned and took him in my arms. He turned his face up to me, so I kissed him deep and tender. Then I started to soap him with an extra bar I'd carefully brought into the shower, and he, getting the idea, repaid the compliment. We avoided the water-stream, so that we could get really soaped up, and all covered with bubbles. At this point I took him in my arms, and we wriggled together, both getting giant hard-ons in the process. It's quite a sensation, in case you've never tried it, holding a kid you love in your arms when both of you are soapy all over! The only thing like it is to be in bed together when you're both all covered with baby oil, but that's rather a messy affair, especially if others may be looking at the sheets afterwards, as was the case here. Neither of us came — I didn't want us to, of course, as it would be more fun to wait, but we sure bubbled up near the point a couple of times! Then we washed off and towelled to get ready for bed, where we shortly went.

On the way to bed, I asked, "What's Kurt like?"

"Well, as I said before, he's just a little bigger than me, not much. He's rather handsome, a platinum blond, you know, but he's no sissy. He never says much, but he's awful smart. He knows a lot about boating, because of his mother. I think he'll like you."

"I hope so." By this time we were safely in bed, needless to say, in the nude, and I went down on him. He liked it, as almost all boys do, more the second

time than the first. He said the climax was a lot better too. Then he masturbated me, lying in the crook of my right arm, so I could feel his round rear. He was gentle and determined. I had a good orgasm.

“Wow! Is my arm tired!” he announced, after I told him he could stop.

He lay back, stretched, then relaxed, while I continued to hold and caress him. He was so little and sweet, just like my own personal boy. It was different to love a boy of that size. He was a real virgin, and they're usually sweeter, especially when they love you. The night soon passed.

The next morning, when he arrived, I felt weak in the knees to see Kurt Danzig. Where Doug was cute at twelve, this infinitesimally larger boy was incredibly beautiful, the way some little boys are after puberty. I don't know what it is that makes them so, but they are! His hair was soft-looking and shone in the sun as though woven from 24 karat white gold (for his hair was the true platinum blond color). His eyes were grey, like the sea he was so familiar with. His mother was a doll, too, and showed where he got his good looks. He looked like a small, male version of her. I could hardly wait to be alone with him and Doug.

From the beginning, I knew that I must follow Sam's advice. I didn't want to make a false move and make him think badly of me, or, worse yet, have him report me to the grownups. Doug introduced us, saying, “Rick's the greatest guy there is!”

I hoped that Kurt would think so, too, in a very short time. Mr. Simmons made a show of saying goodbye to the boys, especially Doug. He ruffled Doug's hair, just as though they were very good friends. When he'd gone with the others, Doug said as much.

“You mean, you haven't suddenly become his favorite little person?” Kurt asked, his voice a pleasant alto.

“Nope,” Doug reassured him, shaking his head “As far as I'm concerned, Rick's the only big person I like, outside of Mom and Sam. And they're GIRLS!”

“Nothing wrong with girls,” I told him.

“I guess not,” Kurt conceded, but we don't like them too well, do we, Doug?”



“Right! but if you want to know anything about them, just ask Rick. He knows a lot.”

“Except about boating!” I put in, hoping to have an “in” right away.

“Kurt can show us about that!” Doug replied, keeping in the same spirit.

I couldn't take my eyes off either of them from then on. I kept remembering that, if I played my cards right, they could BOTH be mine, as Doug already was. Kurt looked so crisp and clean, in his white pants and shirt, with careful creases. The back of the pants pulled tight over a very pretty little rump, fitting perfectly.

Things went this way for two entire days, with me watching him and waiting for an opening. I found that Doug had been right; this boy was intelligent and definitely not a sissy. He was as sturdy a boy as I have ever met, though he looked fragile. I longed for him to give me the opportunity to love him the way I'd loved Linn. Though Bobby and Doug were loved, I was never sure if they were really enjoying it, the way I thought that I would have when I had been small.

Doug had come to me each of those two nights and shown me a large amount of love. It's funny to think of it now, but I never got to the point of really being carried away either of those two evenings. Doug'd come to me, naked as a jaybird, and we'd cuddle and love. I'd blow him, then we'd love it up some more, after which he'd work me up to an orgasm.

The two of us were sitting on the porch overlooking the ocean, the morning of the third day. Kurt hadn't gotten up yet. I asked Doug if he'd ever seen Kurt in the nude.

He shook his head. “But I saw his cock this morning.”

“Oh, how? What did it look like? Tell me about it.”

“It was sticking out of his pajamas. We laughed about it. It's a little bigger than mine, longer and bigger around. And it sticks straight out, not a little curved like mine. The end of it is bigger around than the rest of it, a real knob!” He grinned, thinking about it, then got serious. “He knows that I went to bed with you last night. He could see us hugging and smooching.”

I got a sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach. “Did he see the rest?”

He shook his head. “I don't know.”

“What did he say? Is he gonna tell anybody?” Again a shake of his head. “He asked me about it, that’s how I know he watched. He was awake when I slipped out of the bed. He followed me. He asked if I liked what you were doing. I do, you know. I never loved anybody as much as I love you, except maybe Mom.”

If Kurt was shocked at our behavior, he didn’t show it when he appeared. We were going to go boating and both boys were in shorts. I was wearing Bermudas myself, while theirs were much shorter. We went up the coast again, heading for that same cove. There was somebody there, though, so we went further up. Several times, I had the opportunity to look up the legs of the boys’ shorts. They were both wearing those darned boxer-shorts, but, as those are looser around the legs, so I saw pretty far up into the warm spots. I even caught a glimpse of Kurt’s equipment, but not enough!

We found a nice cove, but the rocks looked treacherous to me, so I laid off some distance. We unshipped the dinghy and rowed through the rough water, studying the channel. I again got a glimpse of Kurt’s tender things. I didn’t see them long enough to study them. He told me that we could bring the big boat in if we were careful. I wasn’t too sure but it worked out all right.

They wanted to go in for a dip before lunch, so we went down into the cabin to change. I suggested that we could go in the nude, not really thinking that they would want to. They didn’t. For some reason, they were both bashful. To top it off. Kurt wore board-style swim trunks, showing only the very slight bulge in front, instead of the form-fitting ones that show it all. The rest of him was beautiful, with a slim torso and finely-shaped thighs.

Both boys swam well, Kurt the better of the two. I kept a wary eye out for Doug, continuing to teach him a little more about swimming. We fooled around on the small strip of sand that nestled along the shore, finding that it was inaccessible from land. We swam back to the boat, where I boosted each of them up the ladder. It was unnecessary, but I figured that, after I boosted Doug, Kurt wouldn’t mind it. It gave me a chance to touch him. He was as firm and smooth as he looked.

When I came over the rail, they were already down in the cabin. They were towelling off when I scrambled down the steps, their suits lying in a heap on

the deck. Kurt kept his back to me as he draped the towel over the rail of one of the built-in bunks. I studied his behind, as he pulled on those darned shorts. Doug was just as bashful, apparently because of his friend.

We ate lunch, then lolled around on the deck. I studied Kurt some more, and I'm certain he was aware of it, for he favored me with a grin once. I kept wondering how much he had seen the night before. They wanted to go swimming again, as soon as the hour of waiting was over. Again Kurt avoided turning around, though this time I saw the smooth sweep of his side and hip.

Late in the afternoon, I'd had enough. I told them we should retire to the boat. I dressed, then flopped on some cushions on the after deck. Doug threw caution to the winds and snuggled up beside me. To my surprise, Kurt lay down on my other side, though not so close. In a short time all of us were asleep. I woke up in the early evening, in the shade, for the sun was very low over the water. I reached over and squeezed one cheek of Kurt's rear. He opened his eyes, looked about numbly, then grinned and stretched, yawning. He got up on all fours, looking over the rail.

"Uh-oh!" he turned back to me, "The tide's out!"

Doug woke up too, and said in a sleepy voice, "Wha's 'at?"

"The tide's out," Kurt explained. The channel's too shallow to navigate around those rocks. We're in a hollow, or we'd probably be on the bottom. This boat draws a pretty good hunk of water for a forty-footer. We can't leave until the tide comes in. I guess that'd be about three in the morning. And then there'll be a terrible set of rips around the channels."

"In short, you're saying we're going to have to spend the night," I replied. "But I guess we're in no danger, unless we drift into the rocks! Come on. let's take up the slack on that anchor cable!"

"Those anchor cables," Kurt corrected. Then I remembered that we'd run out the after anchor, too.

I crawled out on the bow and saw that we were in no danger after all. From the direction that the cable was stretched, we would go nowhere near the rocks. We all went below, leaving the anchors alone. If we pulled too much slack back in, high tide would leave us unanchored, drifting around.

Well be as cosy as can be!” Doug commented. “We have everything we could need, food, water, bunks, the head ...”

“And each other, for company,” Kurt pointed out.

“Looks like we’re in for some weather, though!” I added, eyeing the heavy clouds that were gathering on the western horizon, rushing our way.

Doug snapped on the radio on the lower console, and then we made the upper decks shipshape, just in case. It wasn’t long before the radio was confirming my suspicions — a light squall was headed for the coast. We covered the console and went below, battening the hatch and transom behind us. We were eating when the winds started whistling around the ports and the lightning flashes came closer to us. The boat rocked gently with the swells, but the radio had only predicted thirty knot winds, so I didn’t worry overmuch. The rain started pelting down.

The cabin held a surprise for me, a section of the wall pulled down revealing a hidden bunk and providing for a double-width bed. I already knew about the curtains which could be hooked up to divide the cabin into three compartments, for privacy. Nobody suggested them, however. We stripped to our skivvies, and Doug again joined me, openly, on the big bunk. Only two lamps burned in the cabin, one above Doug and me, and one over one of the single bunks.

Kurt amazed me again by dousing the other light and coming to stand by the big bunk. “I’m not sleepy. Are you two?”

We confessed that we were not, moving over to make room for him. He sat on the foot of the bunk. Since half of it was under the side deck, it was hardly a bunk for too much wild horseplay. There was a built-in cupboard in the buried half, sort of like a bookcase headboard. In it, Doug found a flashlight, which he passed to me, “in case of a power failure.” I tried it, finding that it had a powerful beam. Kurt had one knee up, at just the right angle, so I shone the light down the leg of his undershorts. I could just see the side of his penis and testicles.

He grinned and put the leg down when he saw what I was doing. “Bashful!” I chided

I give Doug credit. He didn’t say anything.

When one boy who permits you to take liberties tries to convince another to allow it, it gives you a funny feeling. As that commercial said, much later, "I'd rather do it myself!" Anyway, Kurt looked pointedly at the large bulge in my jockey-shorts. I spotlighted it, and he grinned again.

Doug was under the buried half of the bunk. The rain drummed on the deck above, but it wasn't too loud. There must have been insulation under the wood paneling. "Dad and Mom usually sleep with their feet in here, with their heads out in the open," he informed us. "They had to have special sheets and blankets made, 'cause the bed's almost seven feet square. I think I'll sleep the other way. It'd be cosier!"

I tossed the pillow that was behind me at him, and he crawled under with it. The roof was about three feet up, and it was about four feet back inside, before the outer wall. It was dimmer in there, too. I crawled back out, telling him to do the same. We remade the bed with the foot outside. Kurt went across the cabin as we went back into the hollow. I no sooner got in there, than a third pillow thumped next to me, followed by Kurt.

"Mind if I join you?" he inquired.

I shone the light at him. He'd quite settled in. "Looks like you plan to spend some time in here! I declared.

Doug switched off the lamp, plunging us into darkness.

I spotlighted each private area, in turn, getting giggles from both boys. "You can't see anything anyway!" Kurt told me. "\$

"But I could before!" I returned in a teasing voice.

"I bet you couldn't," he said staunchly.

"I sure could! You have a little bit of blond fuzz."

"You could have guessed that!" he accused.

"I saw it!" I maintained.

I reached over and brushed my hand along his thigh. He jumped a trifle, but made no move to stop me, so my fingertips went up the leg of his shorts. I lightly touched the side of his testicles. No hand repulsed me. My fingers moved on to find the light wisps of soft pubic hairs, and then his flaccid penis.

"What's going on?" Doug demanded.

"None of your beeswax!" Kurt told him.

I moved my hand around to the fly and unbuttoned it, feeling inside.

“You feeling him ?” Doug asked me.

“Don’t get personal!” Kurt told him. “Did he ever feel you?”

“I refuse to answer, on the grounds that it might tend to incriminate me, and maybe him too, for that matter!” Doug snapped back.

I think Kurt was getting interested now. He was becoming erect. Doug was right; it WAS quite straight, and the head WAS larger in diameter than the trunk of it. I felt everything, finding his equipment to be of excellent proportions for a small boy. I went right back to masturbating him. as he seemed to enjoy it. I really wanted to go down on him, but I didn’t know if he’d understand that I did it out of love and appreciation for his beauty. I slid my arm under his shoulders and put my face close to his.

“Hey, Kurt,” the boy on my other side asked, “Just how much DID you see, last night?”

“I saw you two making mad Latin love to each other, that’s what.”

“Do you think we were wrong to do it?” I asked.

I suppose it’s a lot like what you’re doing now. I like it, and I guess you do, but it’s not legal. However, if you and Doug like it. that’s all that counts in my book. Were you thinking about trying to do some of that with me. too?”

“I’m crazy about you already. But I suppose you’d sock me, if I tried anything like that, eh?”

“I’m letting you jack me off, aren’t I? But I don’t know about the lovey-dovey stuff, though. Boys aren’t supposed to let other boys do that kind of stuff. But I know a lot of them that jack each other off.”

I pressed my lips against his soft cheek. He didn’t even let on that I did it, so I did it a couple more times. I quit stroking his stiff organ and gathered him in my arms. He was soft and warm, and smelled good to me. I nibbled at his neck and ear. He put his arms around me and pressed in close. I got my lips under his nose and found his own tender lips. He didn’t do anything to return the kiss, but he didn’t refuse it. I did it twice more, and on the third one, he firmed his lips into mine sweetly, and really warmed himself into the spirit of the thing.

My hand went down and found his firm little penis, to stroke it. It was a nice size, I kept thinking, not real little, not big enough to be too much to handle in my mouth. I kissed him on the lips and stroked. Then I felt Doug's hand come from behind and feel my sensitive member. I didn't want to ignore him either, but it's hard to love two boys at the same time, physically. "Let's all take our shorts off," I suggested, "shirts too."

This done, I gathered them both to me, revelling in the feel of their naked bodies against mine. I kissed and loved, getting some from each of them. Each of my hands had a hunk of rear in it, cool and smooth. I began to drink deeper of their lips. I could feel the two hard penises against me, and I wanted them. I rolled Kurt on his back and stroked his for a long time. It seemed like I'd done it twice as long as it had ever taken to cause a climax for any of the others I'd had.

"Doesn't it feel like something is going to happen, a tingle or something?" I inquired.

"Uh-uh," was his negative answer.

"Why don't you suck his prick?" Doug asked, "It feels better, that way!" °

"Would you mind?" I asked sweet little Kurt, kissing his lips before he could answer.

"Go ahead," he instructed, after he seemed to enjoy the kiss.

I went down to the smooth soft underparts, kissing and sucking, finally taking that unusual organ in my mouth. It was the perfect organ to mouth, with that plump head on it. It gave me a lot of satisfaction to note that he wiggled and squirmed with pleasure. Still, it took quite a while, which was okay with me as I enjoyed every second. Finally, after about ten minutes, he tried to push the cute thing down my throat and a couple of drops erupted from it. I enjoyed the sweetness of his young semen, just as I'd enjoyed Linn's.

"Oooo, that feels cool!" he told me. I tried to kiss him, but at this point he turned his head aside.

I was disappointed. I had thought that perhaps he really loved me, but as soon as it was over, his love wore off! I gathered Doug into my arms, for solace, and became amorously aroused when I found him warm and willing. I

almost ate him alive! He didn't even object when I attacked his rump. Finally, after a massively sweet, hot kiss on the mouth, I blew him. His dry climax had the same urgency that Kurt's wet one had had, and I was paid in full with sweetness from Doug's lips, afterward.

"Mmm," he groaned, "I wouldn't care if you did that to me on the grass in front of the Public Library!"

It became very quiet, while we loved each other some more. The silence must have bothered Kurt since he knew that Doug was finished. Suddenly, I knew that I had to have young Doug in the rear, I couldn't hold out any longer. I hastily took the flashlight and groped toward my airline bag, where I had my toilet things, and where, since the Linn episode, I had always carried a tube of Pacquin's hand-cream "for emergency use!" Thank goodness for that, I thought, what if I didn't have it with me?

Well, all's well that ends well, they say, and Doug sure did end well! I couldn't wait to get at it. Having quite a lot of experience, I knew precisely how to arrange Doug for easy entrance. I guess he must have known what I had on my mind, but he didn't protest, so I figured he was going to go along with the idea.

I soon lubricated his cute little bottom, and my penis too, though the pre-come had almost taken care of that! Then I raised myself up over him on one hand, and used the other to guide my happy member to its appropriate resting place! In it went, with hardly a whimper from Doug. Probably he didn't want to let Kurt know he was feeling any pain. But, anyway, as soon as I was well and truly in, I'm sure he felt no pain, because a young boy's flexible asshole soon opens up to admit an adult-sized cock as long as he doesn't fight it too much. Fighting it is the only way a boy's asshole ever gets ripped, as in anal rape, of which, of course, I don't approve, in any case.

"I was thrilled to the core, even as I had been that great first time with Linn. There is something about the first time with a new boy, especially an undefiled virgin, which makes it extra special, and this is the way it was with Doug. I was in seventh heaven! And in Doug, too, all the way to the elbow, as they say, or "balls and all!" What a sensation! I know that Doug loved it, too, because he whispered to me, "Wow, that sure feels good, with your prick in



me like this!” I whispered back, “And it sure feels wonderful to me to have it there, too!”

So then I started humping, in and out, each time getting just that little bit further into Doug’s right and tight little ass, and increasing both our response-levels. Finally, after not too many minutes, I knew the time was almost come. I tongued Doug’s ear, and he writhed in ecstasy. With one final lunge, all the way into the lithe young boy’s delightful rear, I came, doubling, I feel sure, my normal production of warm creamy come, and laving the walls of Doug’s much-worked rear entrance. Of course, soon after I came, I couldn’t keep my overtired cock in Doug’s ass, because it was too limp, and Doug’s anal sphincter reflexively discharged it. But, contrary to my expectations, and fulfilling my most optimistic hope, Doug turned right around and gave me a warm moist, luscious kiss full on the mouth, which lasted quite a time and which gave mute evidence of Doug’s love. As if that were not enough, he left my lips for a moment and, placing his lips right on my waiting ear, he declared, “I really enjoyed that, feeling you in me and all, let’s do it again soon!”

Needless to say, I took full advantage of that invitation and found Doug just as good in that area as had been Linn, and HE was no slouch, to say the least!

I didn’t touch Kurt for four days after that, even though I hungered for that funny, cute penis of his. It was a strange relationship, me adoring him from a distance, him acting guilty as hell about how he’d accepted my love just to get a “pop”. Finally,! guess he decided that he really DID like me, enough to eat humble-pie. He climbed into my bed in the beach-house and cried on my cheek.

“I was such a nut!” he bawled, “I didn’t know you for as long as I knew Doug, so I guess I figured that I couldn’t REALLY like you as much as him. But I guess he and I are both lost sheep.”

That was enough for me. It was enough to melt anyone’s heart, let alone mine! I took little Kurt into my arms, and hugged him tight. Then I gave him such a kiss as he probably never had had in his whole life before and will probably never experience again in the future. I loved him silly with that kiss, my tongue delving ever deeper into his cute little mouth, meeting and

marrying with his own sweet tongue, as our boyish lips stayed permanently welded together, seemingly for ever. It must have taken all of ten minutes, that endless kiss, and I know my lips were sure sore next morning! But I wouldn't have had it any other way. I wanted Kurt to know he was loved.

After that kiss. I stripped off his pajamas (for he had come to my bed demurely clothed in them), and feasted on his lovely little body. I licked him from stem to stern, not leaving out a single part of his charming slender frame. Needless to say, by this time his little penis was standing up quite straight and seeming to ask, "Hey, what about me?"

Well, I couldn't resist that appeal, and I soon went down on Kurt's lovely prick. It was a pleasure to suck on, so sweet, so clean, so freshly-scented from his shower, that I enjoyed every moment of the time I spent on bringing Kurt to a violent climax, during which he clutched me as if the world were coming to an end, and we were the only two remaining inhabitants! He told me afterwards that that orgasm had been the most titanic he had ever experienced, and that he almost fainted dead away from the emotion that coursed through his veins as he went through his climax.

Of course, all of this left me red-hot and unsatisfied, and I was thinking about what to do about it when Kurt whispered in my ear, "Rick, I love you. If you'd like to take me the way you did Doug in the boat, it's okay with me, although I am a bit scared of it." Well, I ask you, what's a guy to do? I knew that I really wouldn't hurt Kurt, and I really wanted to seal our reconciliation in the best way I knew how. I knew that after THAT Kurt and I would be tied even closer together.

So I started to prepare Kurt for his initiation into anal intercourse. When I probed his thoroughly delightful little opening, I discovered, to my joy, that he was not as tight as was Doug, and that it was likely penetration would be no problem. So, for a change. I didn't lay Kurt on his tummy with the pillow beneath his hips. I placed him on his side facing away from me. somewhat in the fetal position, so that his cute little posterior poked out at me and appeared most ready for penetration by my rather large (and much-used) tool.

After applying my trusty hand-cream, I cuddled up close to Kurt, forming my body to meet his every contour, so that we looked like two interlocking question-marks! Then, feeling his little hand grasping my willing prick and guiding it to its destination, I used both of my hands to hold on to Kurt's charmingly slim hips, so that I could better apply pressure when it was needed to enter his rear orifice. It went in like a dream, no effort required, and Kurt couldn't have felt even a tremor of pain as he felt my pecker slide all the way within him.

Keeping my firm hold on Kurt's delicate hips, I pounded home again and again, seeking a snug harbor for my yearning prick within the confines of his soft and yielding posterior. It wasn't long before I knew that I was coming, and soon. With a final desperate effort, I threw everything I had into one last great lunge into the welcoming depths of his boyish ass, and was rewarded by a torrent of my rich viscous emission, which flowed forth copiously and proved an extra sensation for young Kurt as he could feel it pulse forth all the way within him.

As this happened, Kurt reached behind him and urged me onward ever more frantically by holding tightly on to the cheeks of my own ass, and pressing me still further into him. All in all, it was a memorable occasion, and it took me more than a few minutes to recover my senses as I lay, totally satiated, in Kurt's welcoming arms, and kissed him again, full on the mouth, but this time gently and slowly, savoring every moment.

Well, that was how Kurt and I celebrated our reunion. And it was something that we often thought about in the rest of the time that Kurt remained in California. The week that remained passed much too quickly for the three of us, happy boys in the halcyon days of summer, seeking to postpone the inevitable.

But, of course, eventually Kurt had to leave, and Doug and I alone remained to finish out the summer in one another's company (and, naturally, also frequently in one another's arms!). It was a splendid summer, one I shall never forget — never.

When it came close to time for school again, I received a further wonderful piece of news. Mr Simmons, who had seemingly almost adopted me into his

family, had arranged with my brother (who still didn't know that I was a homosexual) for me to go to Doug's exclusive prep school (where, of course Kurt was also a student!), all expenses paid. I couldn't pass up such an opportunity, naturally, so off I went, happy as a bird.

Well, the school didn't make it precisely easy for me to get close to Doug and Kurt in the way that I wanted, especially since I was a senior, but somehow or other we managed it quite often, in odd moments, and many's the orgy we had in the school's ever-so-exclusive wooded preserves. Nobody ever caught us, either, though I suppose we did take a lot of chances, one way or another.

While I couldn't have Doug and Kurt with me at night, because they were in different houses, as well as different dorms, I was lucky enough to be chosen for the post of Monitor for Junior Dormitory A at the beginning of my second term, which meant that I had to maintain discipline and be responsible for a dozen cute little twelve and thirteen-year-olds while they were in the dormitory. Naturally, that involved my sleeping in the dormitory with them, although, as Monitor. I had a partitioned cubicle of my own at one end. which gave me quite a degree of privacy.

Well, there couldn't have been a better set-up for my special interest, if I'd designed it myself! There I was, in the midst of twelve nubile youngsters, all vying for my favor, every one of whom knew better than to speak out against their Monitor, because it was an unwritten rule at this school, as at most prep schools, that whatever happened, you didn't "sneak" and go off and tell the Masters. The penalty for such a breach of schoolboy etiquette was too terrible for any boy to undertake such a thing — even had he wanted to, which never happened with me, because I always treated my boys well (while maintaining discipline), and I was in fact, if I do immodestly admit it, a sort of hero to them, since I was on several of the school's teams in sports.

You can imagine what a feast I had! There was Roger, just turned twelve, with a shock of startlingly blond hair that constantly fell over his eyes, who had the most succulent young rear it's ever been my pleasure to seduce; there was Clive, thirteen, tall for his age, with silky long chestnut hair that was a delight to feel, and who gave the most astoundingly great pleasurable blow-

jobs; there was Neil, twelve-and-a-half, with a gleaming white smile that captivated your heart from the word “go”, and who loved nothing better than a busy orgy in which he was being simultaneously worked on from all sides while he employed all of his hands and orifices in a similar manner, and last but not least, there was Jonathan, five-foot-two, eyes of blue (literally), and a temperament to match, who had a special place in my heart because he could kiss the best of all the boys, deep-deep-deep into one’s mouth, until all was fused in ecstasy.

With these four, and others on occasion, I can truly say that I was fully satisfied, and knew the pleasure of continual love, a rare thing for metropolitan man today. I doubt if Mr. Simmons knew what it was that he was financing at this school-to-end-all schools, but it was a good education, albeit an unconventional one. And I certainly thank him for it. It is a truism to say that those years are “the best years of our lives”, but in my case, anyway, it was undoubtedly true. Despite a great deal of searching, I have yet to find another situation quite so perfect as that one — shepherd and father-confessor to a double six-pak of boyish beauty, just approaching (or passing) puberty.

I think that, on this high-spot of my life as an avowed lover of boys, I had better leave you, dear reader, because anything further would be an anticlimax. Just to fill you in, though, and not leave you worrying over loose ends, I’ll just tell you that I married Sam soon after graduation (you remember Sam, Mr. Simmons’ little girl?), who had loved me (and I, in my way, her) for so long, and we have two beautiful boys of our own now. Sam “understands,” she doesn’t mind my having an occasional amorous adventure with a cute twelve-year-old now and then, just so long as she knows she has my love, which, of course, she has. As a fairly well-off alumnus of the school (I inherited the dairy business on old man Simmons’ untimely death), who liberally supports his old alma mater, I often attend events there, and observe the new season’s crop of young beauties (though no season has yet beaten the harvest I garnered in my year in residence there), and even take out an occasional fatherless boy (for, in California, frequent divorce makes for many fatherless boys) for an evening or a weekend out, with the delighted

agreement of the school authorities, who are glad to see that their fine training of me in leadership and concern for those younger and frailer is paying off so well in later years (I, too, acknowledge my eternal debt to their fine old prep-school training methods, which put the final professional seal of expertise upon the solid foundation of my earlier experience, which I have related in this report, and confirmed me, irrevocably, as the lifelong pursuer of boyish beauty that I am today!).

Linn, Doug, and Kurt are all grown-up-men now, of course, and. I'm glad to say, all happily married. I still see them quite often, and "Uncle Rick" is a permanent, and very welcome, addition to their children's lives. And although those old boys of mine know I haven't changed a bit, I somehow have a sneaking suspicion in my heart that when Linn's Eric, Doug's Buster, and Kurt's Hans and Emil get to be about "that age", their fathers aren't going to refuse them permission to go with "ol' Uncle Rick" on a camping trip in the Canadian Northwoods, or on a quick foray through Europe with gun and camera. They know what's best for boys!

And I certainly agree with 'em!

## **PART FOUR: DANIEL O'NEIL**

*“All human beings have to love and be loved. It’s just that I like a different kind from most people.”*

# CHAPTER I

I suppose I'm the kind of guy that truly scares the average person: I'm what the "normal" world probably calls a "child-molester". Yet I have never hurt a kid in my whole life long, and I never will. I won't go into my background too much, except to say that I tried mutual sex with my boy-friends, when I was a squirt. I liked it. Later, I wanted to do it a lot. I enjoyed doing anything, with almost anybody. But I did have a sort of turning point.

I was an introverted kid, like a lot of we boy-lovers were when young, I guess. I didn't like any of the sports that most boys like, such as baseball, football, and basketball. I always liked the quiet stuff, like fishing and hiking. I spent a lot of time in the reading rooms of the Public Library. I devoured almost everything that was printed, on a variety of subjects, from trains to space-flight. At a time when most kids were going crazy over war pictures, I was reading Science-Fiction. I was considered a "Space Nut" by the other, "normal" boys.

One summer evening, I was back in the coolness of the stacks of the adult library. Being thirteen, I had graduated from the basement, the Children's Library. It was very quiet in there. I'd found a reading table in a side alcove, way at the back, where I didn't see more than a couple of people, all day. I was behind the table, reading, when a man came in and sat down next to me, though there were several other chairs he could have used. I looked him over, finding him to be fortyish, slim, with a quietness that had a hunted look to it. I turned back to my book and continued reading.

He didn't waste much time. I guess he figured that he'd rather not waste it, or he might be in jail without ever having had anything. I suddenly felt his hand on the inside of my thigh. I was wearing only wash-cotton pants, very soft and lightweight, instead of my usual blue-jeans. I didn't repulse him, just looked at him, then turned back to the book. His hand moved up to my tender



bulge. Still, I didn't do anything. It was such a strange feeling, having him explore me that way. His fingertips got more insistent, probing for the most sensitive thing. I inadvertently helped him along: I got a small erection. He soon found it and concentrated his attentions on the tip.

Soon I was very hard, and I could feel my cheeks burning. What he was doing felt very good! I let him do it for a very long time, maybe half an hour. Finally, I guess he got pretty aroused. He took his hand away, shaking. He sat there a long time after that. I kept waiting for him to start making me feel good again. I was still hard. But I think he was letting his go down.

He leaned over and whispered in my ear, "I'm going to leave, now. Why don't you wait a few minutes, then leave, too? I'll wait outside for you."

I was no longer hard when I left a short time later. He came out of the shadows and fell in step next to me. It was getting dark, and I had to get home soon. I told him that.

"Let's go into the park," he suggested.

The park was full of paved paths, but I knew from my daytime visits that there were several places where one could get off them. I also knew that there were several places where the lamplight wouldn't penetrate, far enough off the path. I led him to one of these. There was a bench in there, below the sheltering branches of a weeping willow tree.

Again he wasted no time. He sat on the bench and put his arms around me, breathing heavily. I got a little scared. But he soon started feeling my tender bulge again. He fumbled my fly open and shoved my pants down around my knees. He was very gentle. He had a grip on my rump with his left hand, though I didn't know why, then. His right hand did wonderful things to my budding organs. My friends had always been a little rough, but this man was so gentle, I almost wept from the feeling he evoked. I erected speedily, to my full three and a half inches.

"Beautiful!" he whispered in my ear, his hot breath on my cheek. His left hand was rubbing my rump, too.

I felt him move, and then there was a startling, hot, wet feeling on my prick. He had my very own penis in his MOUTH! I felt him rubbing it, under the tip, With his tongue. I was on the point of orgasm for almost the entire

time, and when the orgasm did come, it was outrageously wonderful. He couldn't seem to get enough, though. He kept sucking and tickling it with his tongue. His hand on my rump kept squeezing and feeling my now-damp posterior.

Finally, reluctantly, he removed his mouth. "Did you like that, darling?" he asked.

"Yeah, I sure did," I choked out.

Both his hands were feeling my rump now. His face was close, and I didn't like the way he called me, "Darling." He kissed my cheek. I wasn't sure I liked that. I pulled my head away.

"I gotta get home," I told him, reaching down for my pants and shorts. I got my clothing straightened out, and then I fled, precipitously.

Of course, I went to the library again the next night. Sure, I was a little filled with trepidation, but wild horses couldn't have held me back from going there.

He came in, and I was in the same old seat again. It was light out, as it usually is in the summer. He was there about an hour earlier than before. He sidled up to me and whispered in my ear.

"I'm sorry if I scared you, Baby, last night." I looked at him sharply. "Oh, of course, you don't like terms of endearment. Sorry, but you see, you're such a sweet package. Do you know any place we can go? Or, don't you trust me now?"

This time, I left first. He met me in the same spot that he'd done me, the night before. I took him down along the river, to a wild, jungle-like place that I knew about. There was nobody stirring. Way back there, there was a piece of concrete that had been a sidewalk at one time. In fact, most of the other pieces of that sidewalk were there, too. But this one was special. It was halfway down an embankment, presenting a smooth spot about four feet wide and about six feet long. Two of my friends and I had come here, not too long before, and pulled our pants down for some "fun".

He grinned, approving. "A fine space, but a little rough on the bottom, isn't it?" he noted.

I looked around in the jumbled heap of the arroyo and came back with a piece of cardboard. "Well, aren't you the smart one? What's your name, fella?" he asked.

"Danny. What's yours?" I replied.

"Joe," he said simply. "Can I do you again?"

"Do me? You mean, like last night?"

"Yes. You're not going to be bashful, are you?" I shook my head. "You going to take your pants down, or should I?"

"You do it," I told him. Actually, I WAS a little nervous. I didn't know if I could fight him off, if he tried to get too close again.

"That's just the way I like 'em. willing, but not forward. Come here, you little devil.

He felt me, all over. I could see that he building up to it, getting feverish. His right hand began its gentle probing of my front, again. I could feel the temperature under my zipper go up. The small ridge of my penis sloped up at an angle, along my abdomen. He gently uncovered me and looked at my gear.

"Beautiful!" he said again. "Do you mind if I kiss it?"

"Go ahead," I replied, "but don't come kissing too high, please?"

"Oh, all right," he complained.

He was soon using his tongue on the tip of my penis, and I was enjoying it immensely. At times it felt as though I would have to urinate, but I didn't, of course. It was SO good. Then he stopped.

"Boy! You squirm around so much all the time, I have a hard time telling if you're coming!"

"It feels so good that I can't help it," I explained happily.

"Well, try not to push until you're really coming. Okay?"

I told him I'd try not to. The feeling was just as good, and prolonged now by the delay. Finally, it was the real thing. I already had had my eyes closed, for a long time. I pushed, seeing stars and pinwheels, while my organ throbbed wonderfully. He stopped worrying the pink tip of my organ and just sucked on it. Then he came off it and kissed my testicles, the fuzz at the base of my penis, and my tummy. I stopped him as he came up above my boyish breasts.

"Oh, Danny, you're mean!" he protested.

“I don’t want to be,” I told him, “Not after what you did for me, but I really don’t know you.”

“I even shaved again this evening, just an hour ago, just for you. Didn’t you notice?”

Now that he mentioned it, I had noticed something different. He went down and made love to my middle again. It was getting dark, so I told him that I had to go. He was beside himself. I realize now how desperate he must have been. He could have hurt me, badly, of course, if he’d wanted to. But, fortunately, those who want to hurt a boy are few and far between. He must have been very unhappy then, being deprived of that one simple show of acknowledgment for his efforts.

I met him almost every evening after supper for the next week, missing only one night. Finally he could stand it no longer. He wrapped me up in his arms and tried to drink me in through his pores, I think. His lips nibbled at the base of my neck and my shoulder, where it was just showing under my collar. I didn’t object, since he’d given me so much pleasure. He must have held me like that for an hour, occasionally holding me out to look at me.

“You’re such a little doll,” he told me. “Do you like me, just a little bit, or do you just like having me blow you?”

“Sure, I like you, Joe,” I assured him. Then he went down on me again.

“I have wonderful news!” he announced, I’d known him for a little over two weeks. “My vacation starts Monday! I get two whole weeks!”

During that two weeks, I got to know that boy-lover named Joe. He didn’t try to buy my affection, either. We’d walk around town, not worried about my folks seeing us, because they were both at work, and talk. He liked beautiful things: art, music, scenery, and boys. And I suppose I must have been quite an attractive package, then. He was a very special person, I began to realize, and not just someone who’d “service” me. We went to the spot in the jungle, one night, right after supper. He got very hot and bothered about holding me, I could tell. That night. I even answered his hugging. He got even more disturbed, finally mashing his mouth against mine. I drew back.

“No, Joe. not so hard!”

He came back to do it again, softly. He smelled good, of after-shave and cologne. His breath smelled of spearmint, as it always did. He kissed my lips, again and again. To my surprise, I found I actually liked it! I must have begun kissing back, because he got very excited.

“Danny, you’re a little doll!” he finally gasped.

“I like you, too, Joe,” was all I could manage by way of answer.

In due course, he took me up to his apartment. Up there he gave me a cold bottle of soda and loved me up some more. When the soda was gone, he stripped me bare, saying that I was the most beautiful boy ever made. He took his clothes off too. It was only the fourth time I’d seen his organ, although I’d masturbated him a couple of times, rather than have him cuddling me. He took me into the bathroom and washed my midsection thoroughly, though he’d not complained about my cleanliness before.

After that he took me to his bedroom and threw the covers over the foot of the bed. He proceeded to love me, as thoroughly as he’d washed me. and in the same places. He parted my legs and used his lips, tongue, and even his teeth — gently! I thought I was going to burst at the seams! He worked me to an orgasm, then loved my budding boyish breasts. When he went back down to my private places, he discovered that I was still erect. So he sucked me again!

I was lying there, thoroughly satiated, and not a little exhausted as well, when he left me for a moment, and went into the bathroom. When he returned, he was carrying a large tube of what looked like some sort of ointment, but which I later learned was KY. I was still in my soporific mood when he gently rolled me over, and carefully lubricated my bottom. I wasn’t paying much attention to anything at that point, I was so sleepy.

Suddenly, I felt his big prick right in my hot cleft, and I realized what he must be intending to do, from what I’d heard some older boys at school talk about, although I had never, of course, experienced any such thing, I was torn by conflicting emotions. I wanted to please Joe, because he was becoming my hero, but I was filled with a terror of what I had heard about its being so painful and, for that matter, so shameful for a boy to submit to.

“What are you doing, Joe?” I asked him.

“Just getting ready to enter your cute little bottom,” he replied.

“Joe, I’m scared you might hurt me! And surely nice boys don’t allow anyone to do that to them, do they?” I queried.

“Don’t worry, Danny darling, I wouldn’t hurt you for the world. You see, it’ll slip right in easy, just so long as you don’t tense up. And it’ll give you a very special pleasure, too, Danny, you see, because my prick will rub against a little gland you’ve got in there, called the prostate, and that’ll give you a thrill, and make you come all by itself, without my even touching your cock. And, as for your worry about what nice boys do or don’t do, that’s a lot of loose talk you must have picked up in the street, for when people love one another, nothing they do together is wrong or dirty, so long as they do it with love, and it gives them mutual pleasure. Most men who have little boys to love sooner or later end up fucking them, because that’s the way in which they can be truly closest to their loved ones. Believe me, Danny!”

Well, I felt a lot better after I heard all of that, and I stayed where I was on my tummy, lying face down, well and truly relaxed after a whole session of coming just completed.

Joe didn’t waste any more time. He ever-so-gently ever-so-slowly eased his big prick into my little asshole, and, lo and behold, just as he had said, I found it was sliding right in with only just a couple of seconds of temporary discomfort on my part. Seeing as it was Joe, I welcomed the invasion. And when he started pumping away, I found he was right again! It DID feel good! I was delighted! Something new we could do together, which we’d both enjoy! I was sorry I’d even thought of resisting before, just as I’d foolishly rebuffed his kisses earlier, before I found out how good they were.

Of course, Joe was pretty excited by this time, and he didn’t have to pump away at it for very long before he felt the rising of his come, and he drove down all the way into my tight little asshole and delivered himself of a real load, which I received just as gratefully, because it felt so good in there, all warm and squishy!

Joe gave a giant sigh and then whispered in my ear, “Thank you, thank you so much, little lover. It was SO great!”

And I was happy that I'd been able to make Joe as happy as he had so often made me feel, not only sexually, but in so many other countless ways.

We loved very gently for quite a while longer before I had to skedaddle. And I was late getting home. My Dad bellowed and my mother agreed with him. He was the All-American he-man type, that thought every boy should excel in sports I was grounded for a week! And, to make matters worse, we were going to leave on our own vacation, just at the time I'd be un-grounded! I didn't sleep all night, worrying about how I'd let my big friend know.

The next morning, very early, before my parents were up, I slipped out of the house and went to his apartment. Throwing caution to the winds, I rang his bell. He answered, and then yanked me inside, scared that I had come there, where someone might have seen me. I told him what had happened. He held me close for a long time, then he stripped me and took me once more, as he put it, "for the road". It wasn't quite as good, that early in the morning and me so tired out, but I pretended that it was. We hated to part, but we managed it, finally. I got home before anyone was up, and slid back in bed, thinking that he'd be waiting, when I got back from vacation.

Three weeks later, I haunted our favorite spots, looking for Joe. He never showed up again. Then, one day a week or two later, I was looking through some newspapers that had been saved for us while we were on vacation, and I suddenly saw Joe's picture! He'd been arrested for "endangering the morals". He'd approached an unnamed twelve-year-old, who'd gone along, and then turned him in to the police. I wished that I knew who that kid was! I'd have shown him! Joe made him feel good, so the kid turned him in. What kind of gratitude is that?

# CHAPTER II

I never really found a replacement for Joe, one who'd fellate me. I talked a couple of my friends into trying it, but they all thought that it was dirty. They liked having it done to them, though, of course! I had to get MY satisfaction with my own right hand. This wasn't as good, naturally. And, strangely, I wondered what it would be like, to do it, all the way, to someone else. My friends were out. They were all too dirty-minded. I could see that, while I'd never tasted anything on theirs, they thought it was dirty, which tainted it somehow.

Then I started baby-sitting around the neighborhood. It was generally the younger boys, of course, when it wasn't girls. I could plainly see that girls would be no fun, that way. After all, part of the satisfaction had become reciprocation. And I was curious about boys, anyway. But, as my friend's case had pointed out, I had to be extremely careful.

There were three families that I frequently worked for, and they had boys aged, respectively, six, eight, and nine. Each was an only child, which was just about perfect for what I was interested in. The six-year-old, Jimbo, would be the easiest, I figured. I had to get him off to bed, most times. I knew him pretty well, having sat with him four times already. And, his dad was a lot like mine; never show a BOY-kid any affection. Feed him, clothe him, keep him warm, but don't ever show him that you even LIKE him!

"Do you want him washed, or anything, before he goes to bed?" I asked.

"Why, yes, that might be a good idea!" his mother agreed. "He roots around in half the dirt in the neighborhood. Lord knows, the neighbors must think I'm a terrible mother, the way the sheets look, sometimes! By all means, throw him in the tub!"

Aha! The die was cast. I drew the bath water for him. He came in, still in his clothes. When the water was deep enough, I shut it off and turned to him.



“You get undressed and climb in,” I told him. He started unbuttoning his shirt, bashfully. “Want me to help?” I offered.

He just looked at me, with a secret little smile on his face. He was a very cute little boy, I realized, not for the first time. I had always kind of wished for a little brother, but now anyway, I had a real nice little guy in front of me as a friend. I motioned for him to come over by me. He came slowly. I untied his shoes and slipped them off, then his socks. His heels were grubby. He giggled as I depantsed him. He had a cute little bump in his undershorts. I took off both his shirts, tested the water again, then pulled his shorts off. He giggled again. His sex equipment Wasn’t as small as I thought it would be.

He got into the tub and sat down. I soaped the wash cloth and scrubbed his feet, first. He splashed me, and I objected.

“Mommy says that I get her as wet as I am when she gives me a bath.” he told me.

“Maybe I ought to get in there with you then,” I told him. jokingly.

“Are you going to take a bath tonight? It’s not Saturday.”

“No. I’m not.” I washed his chest and back, then ordered him to stand up. I washed his bottom with the cloth, then soaped my hands and rubbed his soft organs. He giggled uproariously, but calmed down as I continued rubbing. My left hand held him by the bottom, which, somehow, seemed the right thing to do. He came erect rapidly, and it was very hard.

I didn’t do it very long, but pulled the plug and lifted him out. He let me towel him off. giggling when I tickled his still-erect penis. I carried him to his bedroom, though he was quite an armful. He wanted me to put on his pajamas, too. I was more than glad to. I felt his penis, through his PJ’s, finding it limp.

“Make it big,” he suggested.

I pulled his pajama bottoms down and played with his little pecker, and he soon had another very hard erection. He was quiet as I masturbated him, but commented that it felt good. After a while he asked me to stop, so I did. Giving me a big hug, he made me hold him close to me, smelling all soapy and clean from his bath. Then, he suddenly kissed me! I kissed him back, and

then, at that moment, his parents returned. so I left, hoping he meant that kiss, and wouldn't tell his mother what I'd done.

He didn't, I guess. The next time I was over, he waited until his folks were gone, then asked if I was going to give him a bath. I said that his mother had told me that he'd just had one, that she'd given him one in the afternoon. So I told him no. But the fact tint he wanted one with me I thought to be significant. He went up and got into his PJ's. then came to sit beside me on the couch. I looked down below his lap, trying to make out his small bump, but it was hidden in the folds of his pajamas. I reached over playfully and worked my hand around, trying to find it. When I did. he relaxed a little, and I began playing with the end of his peter.

"Can anybody see us. in here?" he asked finally.

I told him that, since it was still light outside, they couldn't see in. He was a sharp little kid, and saw the logic in that, so then he pushed his pajama bottoms down. I played a little, then stroked his young cock between my fingers, the way I had done to myself when I was little as he. He laid back to enjoy it, until eventually, about fifteen minutes later, he asked me to stop. After that, every time I went there, he asked me if I wanted to "rub his peter". On top of that, he liked me to kiss him. You can be sure I enjoyed that!

The same week as that second time of having fun with little "Jimbo", I sat with the nine-year-old, Fritz. His mother took me aside and said that he could stay up after nine, if he had his "Jammies" on. I saw the situation early, in that household. Mama wore the pants, hen-pecking the daylights out of the old man. This was about the tenth time I'd sat there, so young Fritz was very friendly with me.

He was quite irreverent. After his folks had left, he said to me, "Yammer, yammer, yammer! Did you hear that? Some day they're gonna drive me NUTS! I'm never gonna get married. He can't let a you-know-what without her say-so!"

"Watch it, they're your folks," I warned.

"Are your folks that way?" I shook my head. He made a rude face. "Do I HAVE to put my 'Jammies' on?"

"It won't hurt," I told him. "Besides, it might be cooler."

"I went to the pool today," he informed me. I just looked at him. "Okay, I get ya." He trudged upstairs.

I wondered how to get on the right subject, when he returned a few minutes later. Then I saw the ridge, running across his rear. "Hey, you got your underpants on?" I demanded.

"Sure, what about it?"

"You always wear them to bed?"

"Yes, don't you?"

"I certainly do not! I figure. you're in 'em all day, you shouldn't be in 'em all night, too. Besides, it feels better, looser, if you know what I mean."

He got a wicked grin on his face. "Oh, yeah? Right there he pulled his pajama bottoms off, and then his jockey shorts. I looked at his sex equipment, which was pretty interesting for a young kid like that. He put the bottoms back on. "Hey." he said, "remind me to take these jockeys upstairs later, will you!"

Then he said, suddenly, "Hey, it'd be even cooler, and looser in bed, if I slept without pajamas, either!"

"You bet, but your mother would probably yammer, yammer, yammer at that!" I replied.

"She already does that anyway, at both me AND Daddy. Say, you ever sleep without 'em?"

Sure thing! I sleep in the raw all the time. It's much more comfortable that way!"

Not bad, hunh?" he asked, grinning wickedly again.

"It IS kind of cool-feeling."

"You got any hair, down there?" he inquired, looking at my crotch. I nodded. "Wow, you ought to see my dad. He looks like Smokey the Bear! When does a kid get hair?"

"Twelve, or thirteen."

"You know, Danny, I don't HAVE to mind you, but I do, 'cause I like you."

I told him that I liked him, too.

"You ain't gonna be very cool, tonight, waitin' for those night-owls."

“I was thinking of going out on the second-floor porch,” I told him. “What’s on TV?” d

“Garbage. Let’s go up there now. I keep askin’ Mom to let me sleep out there, but she won’t.”

“Okay. Take your shorts.”

There WAS a cool breeze out there, on that screened-in porch. There was a day-bed out there along with a table and a wicker chair. He dived onto the bed.

“This is where I’d sleep,” he told me.

It was getting dark. “It must be going on nine o’clock,” I told him, “Your mother said you had to be in bed by nine-thirty.”

“Couldn’t you stretch that?”

“A little. Is this cool enough for you?”

“Yup.”

“I wish I had on shorts,” I declared.

“Don’t you?” he giggled.

“I mean, short pants. Would you tell, if I took my pants off?”

“Heck, no!”

I pulled my pants off. He giggled. I relaxed, in my T-shirt and shorts. I even had my shoes off.

“That old wicker chair will leave you a wash board-rear!” Fritz warned.

“YOU have the day-bed,” I pointed out.

“There,” he said, sliding over to one side. “I moved over.”

I went and lay down by him. He giggled.

I bet yours isn’t as big as my old man’s,” he taunted.

“My WHAT?” I asked, of course knowing full well what he meant. j

“Your thing!” he whispered loudly. I clamped my hand over his mouth. When I took it off, he whispered, “Sorry. Do you think anybody heard?”

“No.”

“Well, what about it?”

“Persistent, aren’t you?” I fumbled around his belly, and soon I’d found his bump. “How big is yours?” I asked while my hand rested on it.

“You saw it before!” he protested, wiggling away and dislodging my hand.

“Why be bashful?” I asked as I reached for it again, and once more found the soft flesh. I probed around, the way Joe had on me. Through the cotton PJ’s, I could feel everything. I concentrated on the soft head of it. It got hard and straight. Then I went in through the fly and felt everything, and stroked it, masturbating him. He remained quiet. I wondered if he was feeling as good as I had, that first time Joe had fooled with me.

He pulled away again. “Let me feel yours.”

I took my shorts off, giving him free access. Of Course, it was already standing stiffly up. He fooled around for quite a while, then asked, “Does this feel good for you?”

“Sure does!” I said. “Why don’t you take your ’jama bottoms off?”

He did. I reached over and got his hard penis going again, and he reached across for mine. We fumbled around a while, then I suggested that we take turns. I worked on him for a long time, accomplishing nothing. He worked on me for a while, and I began to get close to an orgasm. I told him to stop.

“What’s the matter, doesn’t it feel good any more? I like it, if you want to do it to mine.”

“It isn’t that, if you do it any more, it’ll feel real good, but then I’ll get out of the mood. I was trying to make you get that real good feeling, but I don’t know if you’re big enough.

“You mean, there’s something better than just rubbing it?”

“Yeah, and it’s real good, too! I wonder... No, you wouldn’t like that idea.”

“What idea?”

“Go wash your thing, and rinse it off.”

He returned a couple minutes later, his penis still arching in the breeze. He got on the day-bed and asked, “Now what?”

“Promise not to giggle! I’ve never done this before, but it’s been done to me. It tickles like crazy!”

I took the slender thing in my mouth. He didn’t make a sound. I moved my tongue over the head, tasting a little soap that he hadn’t rinsed away, in his haste. The hard thing sprang up at the touch of my tongue. I really attacked it, then. He didn’t giggle, but he went “Oooo!”

I came off it, and asked how it felt. “Nice!” he “Do it some more.”

I did it for a long time, then experienced the thrill of inducing a climax in him. He pushed and throbbed, and then relaxed.

“See what I mean?” I asked.

“Yeah, I sure do!”

“Will you rub mine, now, or are you out of the mood?”

“Uh, Okay!”

So he did, and it wasn't long before he had brought me to climax, and I came, deluging his little hand with hot creamy come.

That really surprised Fritz, and shocked him too, I think. “What's that stuff?” he finally gasped.

“Oh, that's come. Its real name is sperm, and it's what babies come from. All boys over thirteen and all men can make it; it comes when you grow hair around your pecker.”

“Gee, I never saw it before,” he said, “though I did hear some dirty talk about it at school sometime or other. Will I be able to come like that?”

“Sure you will, just as soon as you get a little older. And you'll love it too, because of the feeling you'll get when it comes pouring out. It's super-special!”

Another week, Fritz and I tried sixty-nineing. It was just great, although I had all I could do to keep his cute little cock in my mouth, it seemed to be slipping out all the time. The first time I came in his mouth. Fritz wasn't too happy about it, but after he'd once tasted mine, which was young and sweet, he decided he liked it, and from then on he couldn't get enough of it, he was always wanting to suck on it, and hoping that he could induce me to produce more of that creamy come for him. I think he figured it was just about equal to whipped cream!

Fritz and I had many great sessions together, both getting better at it, and enjoying it more and more. Of course, we were only good friends, not lovers. Fritz was at that awkward age where love is an unbelievable thing, something for soppy girls, grown-ups, and sissies ONLY! But he enjoyed having an older boy-friend whom he could give a little hero-worship to. The only trouble with Fritz was that I could only indulge when I was called to baby-sit. He was much too young for me to be pals with, and be seen with, at other times and

places. So I couldn't enjoy Fritz's sweet slender body as often as I would have wished.

It was with the eight-year-old, Gil, that I learned a favorite new trick. He was a cute kid, too, with a real nice body. I'd never seen him nude, though, or even in just his shorts, so I didn't know how he was stacked, in the sex parts department, that is. He wasn't babyish, just as little Jimbo wasn't, at six.

Gil was playful too, the way Fritz was. He wasn't above making a poke at a guy's crotch, figuring, I guess, that since it wasn't dangerous to him, it wasn't to anyone else.

He'd done this, one evening, when I was sitting early, right after supper. "Don't do that!" I ordered. "That hurts! That's for fun, but it's delicate. Don't ever hit anybody there, unless you're really trying to hurt him badly."

"What do you mean, it's for fun?" he asked, curious.

"I'll show you, Gil, for that's easier than explaining," I replied, but a little hesitatingly. Frankly, I wondered if I should take the chance, but it would be his word against mine, and I also thought he was "the type". I took him by the arm and brought him around in front of me. He was wearing those pants that were all the rage then, called "Putter Pants". They had elastic tops in them, like PJ's, and that gave me an idea. I slid my hand down inside, inside the shorts and all. It slid along his smooth abdomen, then my fingertips met soft, warm flesh. I pushed the front of the shorts out and got a small handful of sex.

He was breathing fast while I gently squeezed that little bundle of flesh in my hand. His penis started elongating, finally coming to its full length. I felt its length between my fingers, seeking the little arrowhead. Then I tickled it, as best I could in those cramped quarters. My left arm was around his middle. He was cuddly and warm, suddenly. We were in the living room, at the time, so I removed my hand and led him to the bedroom. There, I sat on the bed and repeated the process.

He stood, mute, while I fooled with him, then took his pants down. During all of this, he never said a word. I masturbated him as nicely as I could. He began to wiggle and twist his hips, closing his eyes. I knew it was going to happen, by the way his organ was sprung out, pointing away from his body.

Then it stiffened still more, and his prominent tummy went rigid also. He pushed, whimpering. When it was over, I stopped right away. I hugged him, a little, gently, but didn't kiss him, in case he wouldn't like it.

"That was fun!" he told me, "Do it again!"

I've found that a lot of little boys, before they get their pubic hair, will be able to have almost as many climaxes in a row as they want. Of course, these are only dry orgasms, there is no emission of semen in these younger boys. They are a lot of fun, too, for I enjoy giving them pleasure. I gave Gil a couple more climaxes, but something was missing. I asked him if he wanted to play with me. He wasn't too interested, but he did it anyway. We stripped and lay down on his bed. He warmed up to the idea gradually, but he didn't like kissing. He did like to hug, though. It was fun.

The next time I sat for him, he wasn't wearing the putters. I asked if he wanted me to do it to him. He shrugged. "Okay," he agreed, seeming reluctant, but not really being so. It was only a pose.

This time I wanted to suck on him. Nothing would do, other than having that cute pink thing in my mouth, to feel every pulse of pleasure. I laid him out on his bed, and went down on him. It was very good to give him such pleasure. He squirmed even worse than before and groaned when the climax came. He allowed me to kiss him and hug him, while I felt his bottom, which was very nice, too. I did him once more, then had him masturbate me. He didn't like the semen dribbling on his hand, and stopped being in the mood. This suited me fine then, as I was completely out of the mood, too.

That thing about the Putter Pants was to stand me in good stead. A lot of kids were wearing them. I had to be very careful in choosing boys to do it to, but I had a ball that year sticking my hands down inside those putters. The boys seemed to like it, too. Most became erect soon after my hand closed around the little bundles of tenderness. I couldn't do much to make them feel good, but that violation, by itself, seemed to excite them. A couple of them held the waistbands open with both thumbs, so I could play better. This still didn't work out as well as having room to work, though, so when I had privacy, I usually pulled their pants down to their knees and masturbated them.



Only two out of three of the kids I masturbated could get a climax. Fellation, however, almost always brought one about, but I rarely did it unless I was already on very sexy terms with the boy.

Jimbo was my little jewel. He gradually got so he liked to cuddle and kiss, particularly in the nude. I fellated him every time I got the chance. I talked him into sucking on mine (he was too little to perform real deep fellation), and often when I'd just taken him out of the tub, I submitted to the same urge Joe had had with me; I nibbled and tongued and kissed and kissed, driving that little boy to distraction.

On another night, when Jimbo seemed especially in the mood, I tried something new and rather special. I greased up my eager tool, which, fortunately, was only of relatively moderate size, since I was still quite young myself, and I encouraged Jimbo to sit down on it.

And, thank goodness, it worked just perfectly. It slipped right into Jimbo's little pink rosebud, and all the way up into the hot confines of his bottom. I was really almost out of my mind with excitement. What a triumph! A beautiful young virgin boy impaled on my spike and loving me into the bargain.

As soon as Jimbo was nicely settled on my hot rod, I lifted up his little legs, high into the air, and rotated the cute little fellow on my fine upstanding prick, still buried deep within him, so that, as I spread his legs again on either side of mine, he was now facing me.

This way I could French-kiss with him as I hugged him to me, and with a little help from my showing him what to do he was soon bouncing up and down on my lap while my rampant prick went in and out, in and out, of his tight little anal canal. At the same time, of course, I was jacking him off as fast as I could go, so that that poor little boy was getting it every which way, being kissed, felt-up, masturbated, and fucked all at the same time.

With such stimulation neither of us took long to come to a climax. Of course, Jimbo couldn't spout yet, just a dry orgasm, but he enjoyed these almost as much as if he could really come. And as for me, I didn't know whether I was coming or going, I was so thrilled!

As I felt myself coming, I hugged that little sweetie real close to me, kissed the bejesus out of him, and seated him down even more firmly on my rigid cock, so that it was all the way in him, where he could feel the come the best, and I could feel his anal muscles constricting and releasing and giving me that super feeling all the way up and down my prick. As Jimbo felt my prick swell at the moment of emission, and the hot fluids gush out into his vitals, he squealed with the delight that only a six-year old can allow without restraint, and his little hands clutched me tight.

And so it went, for most of my teenage period. I saw the boys growing more beautiful, every time I sat for them. In between times, I got a kick out of feeling the daylights out of virgin kids. By the time I was sixteen, there was Hardly a boy under twelve or thirteen in the neighborhood that I hadn't felt. It was fun to sort of check 'em off my mental list!

Then, when I was about seventeen, a new family moved into the neighborhood. They had three boys, seven, nine, and eleven. All three were beautiful. It wasn't long before I was asked if I would sit with them. Fritz, who now was at the age where he really could love me (thirteen), told me about it.

"My old lady and theirs are good friends, since they moved in. Theirs asked if there was a girl around who'd sit with the three kids. My ol' lady says, 'We used to use Danny O'Neil. I think he still sits for the Carsons.' Jimbo says the Renard woman called his ol' lady and asked."

Fritz, just thirteen, only saw me on very rare occasions now. I still was able to have him, though, one wonderful time, in the attic of an old carriage house. He was very sweet at this time with budding organs and a lot of love, which he saved for me. He now held his poor, hen-pecked father completely in contempt.

Mrs. Renard telephoned my mother and asked if she thought I'd sit with her three monsters. I went over and talked to her. From what I had learned from my spy, the family might prove to be an interesting situation. It turned out that this was one of those families, like mine, that liked to play favorites. The youngest boy, Blair, got all the attention. The oldest one was bearing the brunt of everything. The middle boy, Charlie, was like a lot of middle

children: he was independent, and didn't get involved too much. He was always out, doing something or other.

I laid it right on the line with Mrs Renard, saying, "Well, I've never sat for more than two boys before. Little girls are easier to control."

"I've talked to most of the families that you've priced for," she told me, "and they all agreed that they'd rather have you than a girl. You seemed to keep order pretty well."

"There's a secret to that." I replied, flashing her my most diplomatic smile. "I have the same rights mid privileges that an older brother would normally have: if they get out of line, I clobber 'em."

"That's perfectly all right with us, too. I think, by the way, the only one you'll have any trouble with is our oldest, Randy. He's eleven."

The first time I sat, Mr. Renard told the boys that I would have the right to punish them. He especially laid it on thick with Randy. Before they left, Mrs Renard kissed the two younger boys, and he kissed "Baby". "Baby" was the first one to try my authority. I growled at him and sent him to bed early. Then I had no trouble with the other two, not one little bit.

The next time I sat for them, I helped Randy with his schoolwork. On successive nights, I had to put down the seven-year-old several times: twice when he tried to get Randy in trouble. Randy started to take to me. I'd visit with him in his room while the others watched TV. One Friday night, I yelled down to Blair and Charlie to come up and get ready for bed.

"You too," I told Randy, getting up from the bed. "I'll wait outside, while you get into your PJ's." I knew that his brothers were both shy that way.

"You can stay," he said, "I'm not bashful."

So I watched him undress. He was very nicely formed, sturdy-looking. His body was uniformly browned, except for the pale band around his middle, where his swim shorts had covered him. His equipment was wonderful, a nice handful of testicles, and a penis that looked as though it would grow quite large. I went in and checked the others. Charlie hastily covered his bare genitals. I ducked out, then, when I heard the covers slide over him, switched off the light and closed the door.

Randy's light was off, too, when I went back to his room. I went in and sat on the bed. We talked until almost midnight. I saw the headlights from his folks' car pulling in the drive, and beat a hasty retreat. This set a precedent. I was sitting every Friday night, almost, and some nights in between. Mrs. Renard got on almost every committee and in almost every club, and her hubby travelled a lot.

One of those nights in between, Randy and I were in his room, talking as usual. Suddenly, out of the clear blue sky, he said, "I wish I were as cute as Blair!"

"What makes you think you're not?"

"Well, everybody makes such a fuss over him!"

"I don't. I like him, but I like being with you more."

"Really!"

"Sure. And you're real cute for a boy, don't think you're not. But don't get a swelled head on you now!"

We'd known each other for about a month, not counting the first few weeks when he was a little stand-offish. These Friday night things were getting later all the time. About a week after the "cute" business, the Renards told me that they might stay in town (L. A.) after the concert, because they were getting in so late all the time. They said they'd call me about one o'clock, if they weren't coming home.

I'd put the kids to bed about nine (an hour after they were supposed to retire), and stayed with Randy for another hour. Then, I went down and turned on the late movie. About ten-thirty, Randy came down, looking wide-awake.

"I can't sleep. Can I sit with you a while?" I nodded, and he looked at the TV. "What's this?"

An English war-drama. The American pilot has fallen for this English nurse, but she doesn't want to get too serious, because of the war, an' all."

At this point in the show, there was a lot of war action. I spread my legs, and motioned for him to sit on the easy-chair, in front of me. I wrapped my arms around his chest, and he watched the shooting and planes falling, on TV. When the love-stuff came back on, he leaned back. I squeezed him a little and

rubbed my nose against his peach-fuzzy cheek. He delighted me by pressing his cheek against mine. I took the cue. and hugged him for real.

“I was wondering if you liked me as much as I liked you.” he announced.

“I probably like you MORE than you like me. You’d better go upstairs, if you don’t want me to show you just how much!” I countered.

“Uh-uh,” he came back. “No. sir! This I want to see.”

At that. I reached my right hand down into the fly of his PJ’s. He stiffened in my arms, but said nothing adverse. So I felt his whole tight little tummy, then went for his prick. He spread his legs a trifle, so I got a whole handful. I used the same gentle squeezing technique that I had used in the Putter Pants. His penis soon became erect under my enclosing hand. I felt it, then stroked it, for there was lots of room in the front of his pajamas; Then the little beggar REALLY surprised me! HE kissed ME, without any prompting!

I took my hand out of his pajamas and got him standing in front of me, with my arms around him, under his arms. He put his own around my neck and I loved him. He was so sweet and warm, alive and sexy.

“Aren’t you gonna play with my pecker any more?” he whispered.

I picked him up in my arms, and carried him up to his room. There, I laid him on the opened bed and loved him, before I took his pajama bottoms off. I told him that I loved him so much that I was going to do a thing Of great love to him. With a little smile at him I went down on him and kissed the life out of his little prick and balls. Then I concentrated on giving him an A number one blow job! It was a great pleasure for both of us when he climaxed a little while later.

He asked me, the following week, if I’d mind having him around when I wasn’t sitting. I told him that I would like to have him around all the time, but that it would probably be hard for us to be together. Then, miracles of miracles, a way was found. His mother played viola with the local string quartet. I was a violinist with the high school orchestra, and liked classical music. My folks weren’t musically inclined, and Randy had never shown any interest in the classics.

Then I secured permission from Mrs. Renard to play my records on her hi-fi. I had a fairly large collection which I acquired after I built my own hi-fi out

of a kit. Since there usually wasn't much to do at the Renards' when I was sitting, I wanted to be able to listen to good music from time to time.

Randy took an interest, probably just because I did, and I was his hero! He started whistling passages that I'd played for him, around the house. His mother was thrilled. He was the only kid in the family that liked the classics. I offered to give him a sort of music appreciation course at my house, away from the upsetting crowd. And, foolish woman, she agreed!

Fortunately, I'd inherited my own room, in one of the attic dormers of our old-fashioned house. It had been fixed up and completely insulated to fend off the cold of winter evenings. The insulation not only kept in the heat from the small gas heater, it pretty well insulated the sound from my hi-fi.

That little boy became the light of my life. He usually initiated the hugging and kissing himself, so I knew it was for real.

I felt safe to love him in my room. Everybody usually stayed away from my room anyway, and I locked the door, besides. When I could no longer resist the temptation to feel his little body, I'd just pull his pants down. Then it wouldn't be long before I was sucking him. Then he wanted to get his little hands on my private territory. He wasn't uneducated, for eleven. He knew how to masturbate me. After I had showed him how, he did it very gently.

When I asked if he'd ever put his mouth on anyone's prick, he said that he had. It seems that, when they were little, he and Charlie had been pretending to be animals. Charlie was the calf; he, the cow. But, later, Charlie had demanded reciprocation, and managed to get it. So Randy knew how to do it, although I, of course, was able to refine his expertise! And, after every sex interlude, he thanked me with love and kisses. He was always a warm, sweet little guy.

One of those nights when his folks were definitely NOT coming home, all three boys landed in their folks' big bed with me. We got to talking about the human skeleton, which Randy was studying. I told them about suture joints in their heads and pelvises. I offered to show Randy which bones made up the pelvis. Since it was dark in the room, I HAD to feel his pelvis! I really played with his organs, kind of getting a kick out of doing it with his brothers in the bed!

Then, Charlie asked me to show HIM! I reached in the fly of his PJ's, felt his abdomen, for reference, then pointed out the ridge, or bridge, of bone above his organs. My fingers brushed his ERECTION! I didn't but brush it, though.

Blair asked next! But he was ticklish, so I barely touched the ridge in question. After the others went to bed, Randy started to say goodnight, very sweetly, with wet warmth. Of course, this led to one of our usual wild sex sessions.

About a half hour after Randy had left me, Charlie tip-toed into the room, "Danny, are you asleep?" he whispered.

"No. What's up?"

"Could I come into bed with you for a while?"

I told him he could, and he opened the covers.

He wiggled in next to me. My hand brushed bare thigh! For confirmation, I reached further up on his body and found bare bottom!"

"You won't tell?" he implored.

"No," I assured him, sliding my own pajama bottoms down. "Want to get on top of me?" He got on top of me, saying, "Ooo!" when he discovered about my pajamas. His thigh lay right across my hairy equipment, and I was quite aware of his rigid little prick that was against my tummy. We hugged each other. I hadn't been aware that he liked me that much. I reached down between his legs from in back and tickled the bottom of his testicles. A hardness crept along my penis. I asked him if I should stop it. He said no, he liked it. I reached under his belly and down between his legs. He had a cute bag of testicles, too, but his penis, of course, wasn't as big as his older brother's.

I rolled him to my left, and started masturbating him. After a while, I asked him if he wanted to feel mine. His hand shyly went out, felt around a little bit, to get its bearings, and then he gripped my rigid prick, fair and square, and started to masturbate it in return. Then, all of a sudden, he stopped, and I wondered what was wrong.

Before I had a chance to ask, I suddenly felt a warm and wonderful wetness enveloping my cock. It seemed Charlie had learned his lessons, from his

childhood games with Randy, rather well! I was astounded. It is relatively unusual to find a younger boy who will agree to really work at blowing you, even when you specially ask them to do it, but here was Charlie going at it like gangbusters!

And he really seemed to know just the techniques that would make me the hottest. Maybe when I hadn't been around, Randy had been passing to Charlie what he had experienced from me!

Whatever the case, Charlie was good! And he seemed to love doing it too, another rarity among kids when they do love you enough to do it to you. I was ecstatic.

When I felt my thermometer rising, I whispered in his ear, "Charlie, I think I'm going to come any moment now, you can quit sucking on it if you like." I said this, of course, not because I WANTED him to quit, but because I didn't want him possibly revolted by receiving a mouthful of come. But that didn't deter Charlie, not him! He never missed a stroke! And when I came, bucketloads because of the great job Charlie was doing on me, he swallowed every drop and didn't even come up for air until he'd made sure he sucked out every drop of my creamy come. An unusual boy, certainly! And one well worth cultivating, of course.

Well, I couldn't let Charlie think he could beat me at my own game! As soon as he reluctantly let go of my penis with his lips, I dived down on his little member, and gave it a real going-over, using every delicate technique I knew of, so that Charlie groaned with pleasure, and soon his little pecker grew extra rigid and stiff and throbbed, and I knew that he had reached his crisis, even though he couldn't shoot.

After that, Charlie and I hugged and kissed as if we'd never stop. And, of course, that wasn't the last time we got together, once we realised the fun we had been missing. But, fortunately, with the prescience that comes of being a middle brother, Charlie never showed up when I was pleasuring myself with Randy. He just conveniently arranged his arrivals and departures so that there was no show of jealousy, and no intra-family squabbles over me. Of course, this was the best way. In this manner, I could love them both, and I had love enough in my heart for both of them, although they certainly taxed



my body some, going at it as they did! In those days, however, I could sustain my hard-on for a good long time and come several times a night, if need be, so it was never impossible to meet their demands, though sometimes I did feel rather like a one-armed paperhanger (albeit a happy one!).

So, you see, babysitting proved for me, at least, to be a sure-fire route to a great deal of highly diversified sex, spread over quite a few years of my earlier and later teens. However, it was never my sole outlet.

# CHAPTER III

At the beginning, I always got to know the kids well, before I tried for their sex. But, after I was out on my own, I liked to do it the way Joe had done it to me, as a surprise. I've had kids in parks, theater rest rooms, even in alleys ... everywhere ... I don't mean that I went the whole route every time, you know. I'd just give a little feel to the little bulge or the cute bottom. I felt a boy's bare bottom in the locker room of a YMCA one time. It startled him then, but later, after he'd known me only a few hours, I got the rest of it, in his own bedroom yet!

A good turning point, in my later teens, was my acquisition of a car. It wasn't much, just a rather beat-up Morris Minor, but it freed me from the town. The boys liked it, too. I got it right after that winter when I spent so much time sitting for the Renards.

I guess small-town life is a lot the same, whether it's in California or New England. After the third week of summer vacation (or earlier), the kids run out of stuff to do. I got the jalopy in the middle of June. I had a pretty good reputation with the local mothers as a friend and confidant to their sons, so they were allowed to go with me a lot.

Man, in a car you can talk freely, and the kids loosen up. I found an ideal spot to go and park, any time of the day or night or night. It was an old farmer's driveway, which hadn't been used in years. It was overgrown with weeds, with Overhanging trees and brush lining both sides. From the road, you went up a slight rise, then down into a hollow, the bottom of which became a small pond after a summer rain. The drive was in the middle of a sharp "S" curve, on a lonely road, so even the few cars that went by were driven quite carefully. It was perfect. I think the neckers hadn't even found it. Leastways, I never saw anyone else in there.

I took quite a few boys in there. All my young friends had friends whose mothers were easily convinced that it was all right to let them go with me. I suspect that then, as now, they just wanted the kids out of their hair and really didn't care too much WHAT happened to them (within reason!). Funny, but Fritz wasn't allowed to go with me much in the car. But he found something almost as good. There was an old estate near us, that is, within walking distance. It had been a fabulous place in its time.

The back of this property had been let go. Our community had put in a new dam in the thirties, a WPA project, I think. The dam had backed up the stream quite a bit. This caused most of the lower section of this estate to go to swamp. Somebody bought the whole thing for a song and refurbished the main house into a night-club. On the edge of this quaggy ground was an old carriage house. The kids had always stayed away, for some reason, but ol' Fritz wasn't the type to leave anything undone. He explored it fully. Up in the hayloft, for some reason we never understood, was a little dormer room, sort of like my bedroom, but unfinished, of course.

One day, shortly after he found it, he showed it to me. Fritz was getting kind of big, so I wasn't as keen about him as I had been, but he still liked me to do him, and he'd generally do me in return. He'd picked up some old car-seats someplace, complete with plastic-weave seat covers, and dragged them up there. He'd swept the floor and spread cardboard around. The seats had been propped up so that they were level. He was quite proud of the place, just like he'd built it himself. He told me that he'd been up there, during the rainstorm the day before, and the roof didn't even leak! Of course, since we were there, we had sex. And we came there afterwards, every few days for a while. Until one day the luster wore off.

I'd asked him if he wanted to be done. "You know, Danny, it ain't as much fun as it used to be. I guess maybe we've done it TOO much. I'll pass. Not mad, are ya?"

I told him that I wasn't. He was getting really too big, anyway. Fortunately, I still had a couple of others to fall back on. But I was beginning to see some danger in recruiting new boys. One slip of a tongue and I'd be in an industrial school under lock and key.

A few days later, I knew that someone had talked. I saw a couple of boys I vaguely knew, twelve and thirteen-year-olds, to whom I hadn't ever made any advances, and they made some remarks, out of earshot.

I went down along the river behind the carriage house. One of the same two boys, a very neat, dark-haired beauty, followed me. I told him to get lost. He said it was a free country. I went up to him and repeated myself. He grabbed his crotch and said "Eat me raw!"

I don't know what came over me, but, anyway, I belted him. He was quite small, a head or so smaller than me, at least. I backhanded him, though. He went down on his cute rump, putting his hand to his face. I never wanted to hurt a kid, but, regardless, I had; his nose was bleeding. I reached down for him. His eyes were watering, but he never complained. He turned his head away.

"Hey, Kiddo, I'm sorry. But you shouldn't have said that ... not to a stranger. Let me help you up."

He got up by himself and beat it. I was afraid that he'd tell somebody, so I followed him, as secretly as I could. Finally, he stopped and sat on a log at the river's edge. I backtracked, then walked into the scene, as though I hadn't followed him.

"Come to finish the job?" he asked petulantly.

"Look, I SAID I was sorry, didn't I?"

"It's an easy word to say," he reminded me.

"Well, what you said to me made me pretty mad, you know."

"I suppose it would ... even if it IS true."

"So what makes you say a thing like that?"

"ALL the guys know about you now. Somebody said that you sucked him off."

"Who?"

"I'm no fink. Besides, you've been queering off with boys for a long time. Several kids told me that."

"Well, you STILL didn't have to get vulgar, you know!"

"My ol' lady says the same to my brother, 'Don't talk dirty, it sounds like hell.' We learned it from her!"

“That doesn’t excuse anything! You don’t even KNOW me! How could you say something like that?”

“I’m just crude, I guess.”

“What’d you follow me for, back there, anyway?” I demanded.

“My buddies dared me to ask you to come down to the hide-out.”

I was puzzled and said as much. “It’s a place we know of, down the river a ways. We go there all the time. Nobody ever comes there to bother us. We go swimmin’ B.A. We thought you might like to come there, if you’ll promise not to tell anyone.”

I assured him that I wouldn’t tell anyone anything, but I wasn’t really sure that I wanted to get mixed up with a nest of monsters like them, who’d taunt a guy on hearsay evidence.

But I went anyway! The spot was good, the way most kids’ places are. It was up a side-stream, and the path was so overgrown that you couldn’t tell it was there. They set up a row of tin cans on a string, to report intruders. I was amazed to find a good-sized lean-to set up, with a tarp for weatherproofing and a flap door, which was pulled aside now. The other three boys were sitting on logs arranged in a circle around a fire pit. Nearby they’d dammed the creek (or someone had), making a swimming hole. I could tell at a glance that they were all nervous. I didn’t have to guess at what they had in mind, but I was going to let THEM figure out a way of talking me into it!

I played it cool, seating myself on one of the logs and commenting on the locale. None of them really had anything to say. Finally, one of them suggested that we all go in for a dip. I stripped along with them, being careful not to look at any of them. I didn’t want to make it easy for them to get a toe-hold on me. However, as we got into the water, they all looked me over, which meant that it was all right for me to look at them. Outside of one too heavy one, they were all nicely put together. One was older than the rest and had a pretty good-sized patch of dark pubic hair, though his prick wasn’t too large to be fun, I thought. The one who’d brought me, Buzz, was exquisite!

He was about the size of my beloved Randy, with a beautiful body, nice-sized equipment, and about thirty pubic hairs! I wanted him at once. They were all circumcised, like almost all of the boys I’d known, but Buzz’s was

about the smoothest little thing I'd ever seen. I had to force myself not to think about how large it would be, erect, in order that my own would not get that way! I discovered that the pool was sort of kidney-shaped, with a lot of bushes in the point of it. I swam lazily around the point, intending to give them time to talk about their scheme. One of the hairless ones followed me.

Once we were out of sight, he stood waist-deep and regarded me for a minute, grinning all the while. I thought he might be the one assigned to ask the all-important Question. But, no.

"Don't you remember me?" he inquired. When I confessed that, while his face was familiar, it didn't ring any bells, he said, A couple or three years ago, you felt me over in my pants."

The bell rang! I remembered him. "Yeah, I guess I did. Did you ever tell anybody?"

"Just them. Wanta do it again? I'll swim away if anybody comes over!"

Well, I really WAS intrigued. I went close and reached down for a handful. Since the water was warm, it WAS a handful, too! He soon had an erection of over four inches, large I guessed for a boy his size.

"A little different, isn't it?" he queried.

I continued masturbating him. "Yes, it's a bit larger. You'll probably have hair, soon." Boys that age like to be assured that puberty is just around the corner.

Just as he closed his eyes, indicating to me that it was getting very good, we heard someone swimming toward us. He surface-dived away from me. At this point, I was certain that my original impression had been correct: these boys had a tiger by the tail. I was there, and now they didn't quite know how to handle it! They'd talked big amongst themselves, but now that it was past the talking stage, they found that they weren't as brave about sex as they'd thought they were. We all retired to shore, where a couple of them lit up cigarettes, to prove to me, I supposed, that they were pretty grown-up characters.

We lay around nude for quite a while. They looked at me more than I looked at them, again strengthening my convictions. I found that they were all a little crude, throwing in a lot of "bathroom" terms. It seemed to me

another attempt on their part to show me that they “knew what it was all about”. I tired of this, bid them goodbye, and promised to return again some time. As I went through the jungle-like path, I met a couple of those incredibly good-looking Mexican boys you sometimes see around California, who seemed to be heading for the swimming hole. I regretted that I wouldn’t be there if they stripped! I’d often wondered about this sort of boys.

A couple of days later, I went to their hide-out again. This time, there was only Buzz and the boy I’d played with. They were both fully clothed and seemed bashful. It was one of those muggy, hot summer days, without so much as a breath of wind. “What’s cooking?” I inquired. “Expecting the other guys?”

They both shook their heads. Buzz said, “We thought we’d go swimming. But it’s no fun with just the two of us. Want to go in?”

I shook my head. “Not really. All my friends are busy. too. I thought about going for a spin in my old jalopy. Want to come?”

They both tried to conceal their eagerness, failing miserably. I asked Johnny if he had to ask his mother before he could go.

“Heck, no!” Johnny replied. “I’m gone most of the day, usually.”

So we went for a ride in my Morris. We talked and got acquainted, but I couldn’t get them to say who’d blabbed. Of course, I never came right out and asked, but I gave them plenty of opportunities. My hinting went for naught, however. But all was not lost. I got to know them pretty well. I dropped them both off, different places, so as to avoid broadcasting the fact that they’d been with me.

Buzz met me alone the next time, down near the carriage-house. By prior appointment, of course. I was becoming very fond of the lad. It’s funny, but no matter how clean some boys really are, you don’t think of them as clean. Maybe it’s because THEY don’t, I don’t know. At any rate, Buzz was just the opposite: he had used the bathroom terms, just like the rest of them, but I thought of him as clean. I wanted his body, but, more than that, I wanted his true friendship. Most of my friends, including the ones I’d really been hot with, had drifted away. I wanted new contacts, but I was worried about the loose talk that was going around about me.

Buzz was the second eldest of four boys. His father had just disappeared one day, never to be heard from again. His mother was a rather coarse type, but the boys all seemed to like her anyway. And in spite of the rough way she talked to them, she was very fond of them. Buzz knew an awful lot about life, it seemed. And he was beginning to show signs that he liked me the way I'd hoped he would. Johnny was his closest white friend, but the two little Mexican-Americans that I'd met on the trail were just as close. They lived in the same sleazy apartment house as Buzz and Johnny. Buzz told me that, when they'd heard that I liked boys, they'd started to joke about me, then had dared him to approach me, never dreaming that I'd accept. After I'd left that day, they'd admitted being perplexed as to why I'd come, anyway, since I hadn't tried to rape anybody. Johnny hadn't mentioned our episode to all of them, but had told Buzz the next day.

So that day I swore Buzz to secrecy and showed him the room in the carriage-house loft. It had cooled off by this time, and it was nice up there. I sat on the old seats, talking to him. When he came over to sit next to me, I didn't give him a chance to say no. I put my arm around his waist and felt his beautiful bump.

"Why didn't you SAY you wanted that?" he asked.

"I don't like crowds. Besides. I wanted to get to know you better. Can I have it?"

"Sure. An' I won't tell anybody either, if you don't want me to."

I felt around until the bulge elongated up at an angle to the left of his zipper. He appeared to relax, trusting me. I took his pants down, finding loose, white, jockey-type shorts underneath. I tickled his pink testicles through the loose leg-opening, then pulled the shorts down. His equipment was about the size of mine when Joe'd got me. When I wrapped my hand around the cute penis, the dark pink head just cleared my thumb. I stroked it for a while.

"Gee, you jack-off nice!" he said softly, his eyes closed. "I could let you do it all day."

"I like you a lot, Buzz," I told him.

"I never thought, that time, that I'd ever like YOU, though," he confessed.



“Buzz, could we be special friends?”

“I don’t know exactly what you mean, but sure. You gonna want me to do this to you? It’s okay, I know how. You see, I got an older brother!”

I laid him back on the seat, made him comfortable, then went after his cute little prick with my mouth. He gurgled with pleasure. About three drops of his new, sweet semen gushed out a short time later. He sighed, heavily. I kissed his firm belly.

“Do you always do that ... smooching, I mean?”

“Only to special friends. Can I come up higher and do it?”

He said nothing, so I pushed his shirt up, kissed his little nipples, then gathered him up. He passively accepted the careful kisses. I didn’t try for his lips that first time.

We went up there three times before I got really warm with him. Then, like I did with Joe, he let me taste his lips. I found him returning the kisses that I tried to keep cooled off. This time I stripped him. I felt his bare rump and planted a small wet kiss on each cute cheek of his behind. Unable to stand it anymore, I rolled him on his back and gave him a really fine blow job.

# CHAPTER IV

At this point in our relationship, I felt Buzz would probably be ready to go all the way when next we met.

So I set up a date for our forbidden hideaway, then, that afternoon, I really went all out to give Buzz a great time, one that'd be extra special. I'd brought along a couple of beers to relax us, and it was just the weather for such sorts of fun. It wasn't so hot you would be all sweaty, but it also wasn't too cold so that you wouldn't want to strip off everything. It was the way it should be! Over the past few visits, we'd jazzed the facilities up a bit, bringing over a pair of discarded blankets I was able to scrounge at home and even bringing a sheet that I hoped my mother wouldn't notice missing from the linen closet. This is not to mention the impromptu pair of pillows we'd created by stuffing some old pillowcases with soft hay from down below. It was, frankly, rather a cosy little den and certainly a very sexy one, because there really wasn't much room for anything else but sex when once you had the bedclothes in position on the floor!

Once we got up to our hideaway, we exchanged a couple of really luscious loving kisses, just to get us in the mood, and then we stripped off all the way, everything - including socks (which I've noticed many boys seem to cling to as a last resort, maybe fancying themselves still clothed if they can hold on to their socks!), and toasted one another with the beer I'd brought. It certainly made us feel jolly about everything, especially Buzz, who wasn't as used to beer as I was.

Then I went to work on Buzz. I laved him with my tongue from the hollow of his cute little neck to his sweet little pink toes, not missing tasting his rosy red lips on the way and the darling little nipples on his boyish breasts, but saving his wonderful delicate penis for the last. Finally, I dived down on that as the main course of my boyish dinner, and it wasn't long before I had Buzz

writhing in transports of delight as he pumped out his vital juices into my waiting mouth. Once he'd made that supreme effort, he lay there, totally fagged out, but blissfully happy. I judged the moment was right. I reached for my windbreaker and pulled forth a jar of vaseline, put there in special anticipation of this moment. Although Buzz was tired, he was watching me sleepily with love in his eyes, but when he saw the jar he opened his eyes wide, and apprehension showed plain on his face.

"Danny, you want ... to ... do ... THAT to me?" he said haltingly.

"Yes, Buzz, I'd dearly love to do it, if you'd let me. But I love you so, I'd not want to do it if you didn't want me to. What do you say?" and as I said this, I looked him straight in the eye and he knew, I think, that I really loved him truly and that this violation of his physical body would be an affirmation of our incorporeal friendship.

He reached out a hand to me, like a frightened fawn in the forest, "Does it hurt ... very ... much?" he said, and squeezed my hand fiercely.

"Sometimes it can, at first," I said, "but just for a half-minute or so. Then the feeling changes, and it generally becomes downright enjoyable for the boy who's getting fucked, as well as for his lover. But, remember, I won't do it if you don't want me to."

"No, go ahead," he said, "I want you to. I'm not much good as a boyfriend if I can't bear a little pain momentarily to give you joy of my body. You know, I ... I ... like ... you ... Hell ... you know what I mean! And, suiting his action to his words, he immediately rolled over and turned his lovely pink bottom to my anxious view.

I needed no further invitation. I uncapped the vaseline, and applied it liberally around and even within the pearly gates. I did the same for my waiting cock, which was so hot it was likely to erupt whether I secured entrance or not! Then I moved into position, my knees astraddle Buzz's slim young frame, towering above him much as the eagle hovers over his prey, waiting for the moment to strike. There was no point in delaying it further, in fact speed was essential, lest I should foil the purpose by a premature ejaculation. So I advanced upon the target, meeting, as I approached, little

Buzz's hand, which he had thoughtfully provided to guide me most directly to the sought-for orifice.

Of course, after so much planning, thinking, and worrying on both our parts, it went as smoothly as clockwork. Buzz was so thoroughly relaxed by the sex and the beer that he didn't fight me with his sphincter muscle, and our mutual sizes of instrument and receptacle were so perfectly matched that they fitted together like a Swiss watch, as if made for each other, as indeed they were so crafted by Nature.

I don't believe Buzz felt more than a tremor of pain, and then I was well inside, and there was nothing to worry about, because the feeling of euphoria set in, coupled, (at least in Buzz's case anyway) with feelings of relief that it wasn't so bad after all, and that it was certainly the least one could do for one's love.

Safely ensconced in my snug haven, I relaxed for a short minute to savor the joys of my position. Securely mounted on a compliant and loving twelve-and-a-half-year-old beautiful lithe young boy, what more could the most demanding boy-lover want? Precious little, I decided, and with that, I fell to, ready to devour the dessert of my grand banquet, of which young Buzz's body had been the appetizer (appropriate word indeed!), and his cock the main course.

Of course, in the haute cuisine, the dessert can sometimes be the tour-de-force, the supreme achievement of the master. It was, of course, just so in this case. I slowly withdrew my fiery cock almost to the tip, and then I plunged it down again full-fathom-deep, so far within the yielding boy below me that only the circumstance of my balls' effectively preventing further ingress (as they slammed against the velvet cheeks of his lovely ass), limited the length of my stroke. What sublime ecstasy, beyond the powers of mortal man to describe!

But what we cannot describe, we can certainly experience, and I took, full advantage of the opportunity thus presented to broaden my experience quotient, of which, young as I was, I already had indeed full measure.

Rising and falling with the regularity and power of a gigantic trip-hammer, I allowed myself to retreat from my objective only in order to be able

immediately to retake it once again with redoubled force.

Overcome with emotion as I was, it was but the work of a short minute 'til I exploded, or erupted rather, filling the skies with the burst of rockets, and Buzz's boyish maidenhead with rich and precious juices.

As the fires subsided, I felt myself, or rather my appendage, slipping forth from my safe anchorage in Buzz's inner harbor, and finally coming to rest upon the shore.

We lay there in peace, Buzz and I, in one another's arms, neither of us saying a word, for maybe an hour. We knew that something wonderful had happened, something that transcended the physical and approached the mystical realm. We were content merely to lie there and know in our hearts that we loved one another more than either of us had ever thought that one person could love another.

# CHAPTER V

For some time now, Buzz had been bugging me to come over and visit him at his apartment. Knowing that there was no privacy, I wasn't overjoyed at the idea, but I thought I'd better put in an appearance, if only to satisfy Buzz. However, I wasn't looking forward to the mob scene!

The Anderson apartment was even shabbier than I'd imagined it would be. I had the impression that the kids did just as they pleased, short of completely demolishing the place. The Mexican family lived in the other upstairs apartment of the four family dwelling. Buzz's younger brothers, Cliff and Roger, were both sitting on the couch, watching TV, when I came in. They looked me over, then went back to watching the program. Buzz motioned to me to follow him. He led the way to a dingy bedroom.

"I have to keep an eye on them, while the ol' lady's workin' at the bar. After they go to bed, we can have some more privacy," he explained.

We didn't get to do anything, short of a little quiet conversation. My hopes of loving him on a real bed were dashed on the rocks. However, when the program was over, the two other boys came in and got to know me. They were nine and eleven, the older brother, who wasn't present, was fifteen - two years younger than I was. They were as cute as my slender young friend, a strong family resemblance.

I visited often, always hoping to get Buzzy on the sheets, but never daring to invade the bedroom where the two younger boys were. I saw the older brother. Ray. only once, and then he was leaving. The two Latin boys. Rafael and Miguel, dropped up almost every time. I got very friendly with all of them. One night the three Andersons and I were in their bedroom. I was telling bawdy stories and getting pretty descriptive about sexual intercourse. So of course I wasn't surprised when Roger's thin cotton pants soon showed a healthy erection. Cliff, the youngest, looked very interestedly at the ridge.

“I wish I could get a boner just by listening!” he complained.

I chuckled at him. “It takes practice and experience. You CAN get one. can’t you?”

“Yeah, if I play with it.”

“What if somebody else plays with it?” I kidded him.

“I guess so.”

“You guys gonna go to bed, so Buzz and I can have some peace?”

Roger snickered. “Don’t you mean A piece?”

I was amazed at his understanding of the mature language, but I guess it was understandable, since he came from such a family. It worried me that he might mean something connecting Buzz and me, so I said, “Now, you know there ain’t any girls here!” hoping to draw him out more.

It did. “Yeah, too bad. We’ll just have to give each other hand-jobs, I guess.”

I think this last mystified Cliff. Anyway, he looked puzzled. I was wondering what came next.

“Oh, why don’t you two go to bed?” Buzz demanded.

They both complained. How Buzz controlled them, I’ll never know! He wasn’t much bigger than Roger. But they always seemed to do as he said.

“Oh, they aren’t so bad, Buzz. Why don’t you let ’em get ready, then, if we REALLY get tired of them, we can stuff ’em in bed?” I hinted, hoping that he’d see that I wanted to win the younger boys over.

“Oh, all right,” they grumbled, as they went towards the bedroom.

“You guys don’t go to bed DIRTY, do you?”

“As a matter of fact,” Buzz informed me, “they usually do. But for once in your lives, anyway, why don’t you two wash up before you go to bed?”

They grumbled some more, then stripped to just their shorts. Roger’s erection had almost disappeared, but his bulge was still larger than normal. Cliff’s bump was smaller, but not a lot.

“Cliff first!” Roger ordered, Buzz nodding assent.

Cliff went into the hallway and then to the bathroom. When I looked back at Roger, he grinned.

“I don’t think he knows about jacking off, yet,” he told us, stretching luxuriantly and displaying his bulge to best advantage. For accent, he cupped

it in his hand and worried it around.

“Aren’t you going to check Cliff’s idea of washing himself before he leaves the scene of the crime?” I asked Buzz.

“Why don’t you? You’ve had more experience with baby-sitting than I have.”

This, of course, was just the opportunity I wanted. I went down to the bathroom, where I found Cliff just drying his face.

“Did you do a good job?” I asked.

“Of course!” he assured me.

“When did you last have a full bath?”

“Last Sunday night, at the Rola’s. Our tub leaks and the landlord won’t fix it.”

“It might not be a bad idea to wash under your shorts, if you haven’t.”

He shook his head quickly. “I haven’t”

I reached around him and slowly pulled down his shorts. His little body was very sleek and smooth-looking. His sexual equipment looked about the usual size for a boy his age, except that his testicles were a little larger than most of the boys I’d seen. I soaped a washrag and washed his round bottom. Then I soaped my hands and cleaned his equipment as a gambit to get my hands on the pink stuff. I washed and dried them, then hooked my left arm under his rear, squeezing him close to me. I looked quite openly at his things.

And it didn’t get hard during all that!” I commented.

He giggled. “I TOLD you. I have to play with it to get it hard.

“What if I played with it instead?” I asked.

“Go ahead,” he invited, shrugging.

It soon got hard alright. Then I masturbated him for quite a few minutes. He commented that it felt good. I was reluctant to stop, but I knew the others would be getting curious (unless Buzz had TOLD Roger, which I doubted).

I pulled his shorts up and went out. He followed. When we got back to the bedroom, he pressed his shorts close to try to cover his lingering erection.

“So THAT’S what you were doing!” Roger blurted. “You gonna help ME?”

“If you want me to,” I said.



As I said, he looked like a slightly smaller Buzz, even to his organ. It firmed up almost immediately when I rubbed it, after washing it. I stroked it to full length. He closed his eyes and enjoyed it.

After a while, he asked, "Why don't we go back to the bedroom and get comfortable? You could take yours out, too."

I dropped my shorts and washed everything that I'd washed on the two boys, Roger eyeing my erect organ all the while. Then I pulled them up and we went back to the bedroom. There I stripped nude. Buzz grinned and Cliff stared. Then Buzz left and we heard water running in the bathroom. When he came back, I was masturbating Cliff, and Roger was feeling my big one. We were all stark naked, so Buzz peeled, too. All that wonderful flesh made my mouth water. On an impulse, I started wrestling with the two smaller ones, just to be able to hug them. Cliff hugged me back, but Roger didn't catch on until I kissed the swell of his bottom.

He stared at me in disbelief.

"You're clean," I reminded him. "Anyway, I like you. It's all right, then, just like it's all right to jack a guy off, if you like him and he likes you."

I rolled him over and kissed his nearly flat tummy. He was non-committal.

"Have you ever sucked a cock?" he asked.

"Sure he has" Buzz told him, "but that ain't as bad as you think. Hell, I'd blow him right now, if he wanted me to. Besides, we're all clean now."

"Oh, I'd love him to blow me," Roger said, "Nobody ever did that to me, before. I guess it might be real good."

I took his warm, hard object in my mouth. There was a sharp intake of Roger's breath, and the stiff thing sprang out. He relaxed again, and I was able to get it back in my mouth. The climax was about ten minutes coming. I suspected he'd never had one before, because he at first tried to pull away from my mouth, and then suddenly pushed in again. Of course, he couldn't come. I wasn't surprised.

When it was all over, he grinned at me and said, "Gee, Danny, thanks a lot, that was just GREAT!"

Cliff had giggled a few times when I first started. Now he lay there playing with himself, rather roughly, I thought. I went after him, masturbating a

little. He accepted willingly. When I went down on him, he wriggled a lot, as a lot of them often do. He, too, took quite a while to reach orgasm and pulled before he pushed. But what was so unusual about doing him was the sensation I got halfway through. Roger had reached over and started massaging my organ. Since I was already quite excited, as soon as Cliff was done, I rolled onto my back, and Roger kept going. Roger seemed to be tiring, but, before he thought of quitting, I squirted hot semen all over myself and his hand.

“Guck!” he complained.

It won’t hurt you,” Buzz promised.

The two smaller boys were out of the mood and tired, so my Buzz and I went into the livingroom, naked, and lay down on the couch. It wasn’t long before I was pretty much back in the mood. Loving is always so much nicer when you’re both nude and comfortable. As soon as my erection came back, Buzz unfolded the couch. We ended up going “69”. I’d only done it a couple of times before. It was wholly his idea, too.

The next time I was over, Rafe and Mike, the two Latins, dropped up while the four of us were already in the bedroom, getting ready for another sex orgy. They were exquisitely formed, with beautiful bodies to match their incredibly handsome faces. So again I told some pretty descriptive stuff, watching for any reaction. The three older boys seemed to get about half hard. Anyway, their bulges enlarged, though they didn’t elongate. Rafe looked at the big ridge that formed at MY middle and giggled. Actually, it wasn’t so much the stories I was telling, as thinking about what was happening to THEM that made ME excited. I motioned for Rafe to feel my hard-on. And as he did so, I ran my hand over HIS intriguing bump.

Well, that was the start of some night, I can tell you! It didn’t take long before we got those two cute nut-brown Mexican boys stripped off, once Buzz and his little brothers showed them the way (not to mention yours truly). Of course, Rafe and Mike were uncircumcised, which added a fillip to the proceedings, and made for more variety (as well as aiding in identification once we got the lights out, for in other respects Rafe’s little peter was the perfect match for my Buzz’s one!).

Of course, having five beautiful young boys to love was somewhat taxing on my powers of endurance, especially since they all preferred to be sucked upon by me, although we had other willing mouths, Buzz for one, and eventually, when they got over their initial shyness, both Rafe and Mike.

I tried not to play favorites, although of course Buzz was my true lover, and the rest merely charming companions for an evening's entertainment.

But seeing that I had never had the pleasure of working on any Mexican before, and that Rafe and Mike were our guests, I performed the duties of a good host by not merely making them welcome, but by taking care of their personal needs as well, that is, I blew them both, one after another! After that, of course, nothing would do but that I must also blow Buzz, or he would have had his nose severely out-of-joint, and I can hardly say that I'd blame him.

But he earned it anyway, because, after I'd finished him off in the proper manner, he set up the next action for me, without appearing to an outside observer to be doing so.

Very innocently, he said, all of a sudden, "Hey, look, you guys! Fair's fair! Danny here has done three of us already, and loved up the little kids into the bargain! I vote we let him take one of us!"

"Yes, is fair," said Rafe, "but what means this 'take one of us'?"

Hey, don't you even know that, estupido!" said Buzz, It means he should get to fuck, screw, or bugger one of our tender little behinds with that gigantic dong of his!"

"But that weel hurt much, I theenk!" said Mike, with a worried frown.

"No, not with this handy-dandy pain-reliever!" said Buzz, producing from his hand, like a magician, the vital jar of vaseline. (Thank the Lord for Buzz, he must have slipped out and got it the last time he went to the john!) "Come on, don't be afraid! It doesn't hurt much, honest! And after Danny gets going, it's kinda neat, feeling that damn great thing going in and out of you! I think it'd be sorta nice if we had a volunteer, seeing as how this party is all friendly-like. I mean. I do volunteer myself and all that jazz, but you see, guys, Danny's had my cherry already, so I guess he'd prefer something new and different! So, how's about it? Speak up. don't be chicken!"

At the conclusion of Buzz' speech, there was a devastating silence. It looked as if I would have to stick with Buzz again, if I were going to do any penetrating that night. It was disappointing. Of course, I could understand the little kids being frightened and all, especially since my prick looked so big to them (although I knew already, from my experience with little Jimbo, that it was easy to enter even a very small boy's behind), but I had hoped for some response from the Mexican contingent. But, now, this silence.

As if answering my thoughts, cute little Rafe now spoke up, upholding the honor and glory of Mexico, "I weel be very honored to have Meester O'Neil fuck me, if he wishes to make use of my humble body."

"Well, that's very nice of you, Rafe, and it deserves a big kiss," I said, suiting the action to the words, to the loud applause of the rest of the boys (who were also secretly relieved not to have had to be the chosen one themselves).

Thinking of Rafe's feelings above all, I insisted that the remaining dim light in the busy bedroom be extinguished, before I even thought of the action at hand. Then I asked the blackness, impersonally, if they would please mind keeping to the side of the big king-size bed that was nearest the door, thus leaving a clear space for Rafe and me on the wall side. They all, I guess, complied, because soon I was able to crawl over to the designated area, and I found it free of bodies, save only that of Rafe. The others continued busy, however, on the other side, because I could hear a symphony of sucking noises, panting, sighing, occasional giggles, and all the rest of the cacophony of sex, especially among kids.

I lay with Rafe in the darkness and felt his delightful lean body from head to toe. It was firmer and more sinewy than the average American boy that I had been used to fondling, and it was a pleasant change, not that it was especially better OR worse, but of course caviar is a nice change if you've been eating filet mignon every day!

So I hugged him to me, and I noticed that he was a very affectionate boy, very willing to be loved, and to love in return, kissing particularly well. I surmised that his unfortunate family life, with a missing father (desertion) and a drunken slovenly mother made him especially grateful for any affection

that came his way. Anyway, I was happy that he felt this loving towards me, it made this chance encounter much more meaningful. I determined not to let this be the last time I saw Rafael, preferably next time all by himself!

But anyway, crowd or not, I just wasn't about to pass up the rare opportunity to take a young boy's cherry, so I continued loving Rafe, until I felt we were both at fever pitch and ready for anything. Then I rolled the young charmer over so that his cute little rear end was sticking up, and tucked a folded pillow under his middle, so that it stuck up more yet. Then, using the supply of vaseline so thoughtfully provided by my young ally in seduction, Buzz, I prepared the field of battle for the onslaught, and oiled the weapon to be used in the attack.

By feel alone, for there was no light, I guided my throbbing prick into Rafael's waiting little asshole, and attempted to insert it. It didn't enter right away, perhaps the angle was not yet quite right, and a little cry of pain escaped Rafe's lips. I searched for his hand and held it tight, and got a little quick frightened squeeze in return. I didn't want to hurt the boy, and I knew I could avoid any pain of importance, but I also knew that the anticipatory dread was five times as bad as the thing itself, so I pressed on as fast as I reasonably could to effect an entrance. Again, no dice.

I shifted the pillow under Rafe's hips a little lower down and felt his position relative to mine. It seemed right. So onward I pressed. And, third time lucky, I was in! In like Flynn! (I don't know where that saying originated, but anyway, it seems to fit right here, so I'll put it in!)

Rafe had given a little moan as I went all the way and buried that part of myself deep in him, and perhaps I had gone in a little too fast in my anxiety, but my apprehension was soon relieved by a whisper from Rafe.

"Is nice feeling, meester!" he said, and gave my hand an affectionate squeeze.

So off I went on my joy-ride, delving ever deeper into the boy's innards with my questing prick, and loving every minute of it. Seemed like Rafe did too, for I felt him rising to meet my thrusts, so that I could penetrate all the way, and I also heard him, in the darkness, panting with excitement.

Well, of course, before I ever started on Rafe, I'd been in a perpetual state of sexual excitement for at least an hour or two, so you can imagine I couldn't hold back very long from having an orgasm. In fact, it came only a rather short while after we'd started heaving in perfect unison. I felt it coming and grabbed Rafe's slim little hips, and really gave it to him fast and strong as I came what seemed to be at least gallons way down deep inside little Rafe. He didn't mind a bit, in fact, he must have loved it, because as soon as my rapidly detumescing penis shot out of Rafe's tight little ass propelled by his fast-closing sphincter muscle, he rolled right over, and hugged me so tight I thought I'd burst, and planted a rich wet kiss smack dab on my mouth, adding a little bit of tongue just to make sure I didn't miss the point.

# CHAPTER VI

As I've already said, I'd had just about every boy in the neighborhood, in one way or another, by the time I'd graduated from high school. I was no fool, though, I could see the signs that said I was headed for a fall. As soon as I could manage it, I got out of that town. There was a lot of loose talk going around about me and my penchant for boys. I enrolled in summer school the year I graduated from high school. I went to this quaint little music camp, up in the Palos Verdes.

This camp was kind of a jack-of-all-trades thing. I learned that my time there would count towards my credits in the college, when I entered it in the Fall. However, since I was considered a skilled performer already, they made use of me to instruct some of the younger students that were there. I gathered that they thought it would be beneficial to all parties concerned. I would have the benefit of the teaching experience, and they would have the benefit of my teaching.

The only trouble was, from their point of view (though fortunately they never found out!), this place was also set up just perfectly for me to practice my spare-time "trade". I was to have my students living in the same rustic cabin with me! I looked them over the first afternoon. They were just ripe for the picking. One was thirteen, two fourteen, and two fifteen. Since big, athletic types don't usually go in for the violin or viola, these were rather nice types. The older pair didn't turn me on much, but the other three more than made up for them. One of the fourteen-year-olds was a Latin, and quite good-looking. I've read an author who maintains that they come in two types: the kind that are impossibly good-looking and clean-cut, to whom you'd willingly surrender your daughter's virtue, and the kind that are pathetically unwholesome-looking, that look as though they'd cut their own mother's throats for a price.

Since I only had three weeks with each group of students, I'd have to make up my mind which were "the type" and which to leave strictly alone. I've found that there are several signs that are dead giveaways to some kids' inclination. With others, if I want to make a quick conquest, I have to rely on my intuition, which hasn't failed me yet. I like virgins the best, as I'm sure most boy-lovers do. But I also like someone reliable, and with whom I can get some affection. I size a boy up, make advances, usually in the form of a gentle feel, or a hint, and, if I'm repulsed, give it up. That way, the kid usually doesn't tell anybody.

In this situation, I felt that, if I played it right, nobody would ever be the wiser. I had my own partitioned-off bedroom, with a door. If I got a candidate, he could sneak into my room after the lights were off. I spent almost all of the first week sizing them up, waiting for an opening. Since I was to spend some time with each of them alone, it looked fairly simple. I'm quite brazen, so I take chances that another might not. The practice area was secluded. I would take each one into it and work with him. Naturally, I couldn't spend much time on sex, or they wouldn't make much progress. What was nice was the narrow age separation.

Sandy, the thirteen-year-old, was the first one I experimented with. When I reached down to position his left leg, because his stance was faulty, I brushed my arm against his bump.

"Oops," I said, "I hope I didn't damage much. But, then, you aren't big enough to have too much ... I don't think."

He was shocked, and his face reddened. "I suppose I don't, sir, after looking at all YOU'VE got!" he retorted rapidly, then perhaps regretted it.

I reached down and felt his. "On second thought, you have about the right amount for a boy your age."

"You an expert, sir?"

"Well, sort of! We had a rather loose group, in my neighborhood!" I kept on feeling. Though the violin and bow that he held did rather restrict his hands, still he made no effort to free one of his hands to push mine away. I felt considerable stiffening under his zipper, then took my hand away.



“I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have touched you. After all, I hardly know you. And I don’t imagine that you’re used to anyone trying that sort of thing with you. I hope you’re not offended.”

“No, sir. But I just hope my boner goes away before we leave here. It sometimes takes a while.”

“Oh? Do you get them often?”

He blushed. “Once in a while, in school. I don’t think anybody’s ever noticed though, except one boy who kidded me about it.”

“Don’t you ever DO anything about it, when it happens at home?”

What do you mean?” he asked, innocently.

“You certainly must know what men and women do, don’t you?”

“Of course!” he mumbled, bashfully, his face very red.

“Well, why do you think they do it? It feels good, that’s why. And if you rub it with your hand, it feels good, too. And it feels even better, if somebody else does it to you. Well, we’d better get back to Mozart.”

That night, I stuck my head through the curtain of the cubicle that he shared with Leon, one of the fourteen-year-olds. I knew that Leon had gone down to take a shower, at the communal bath-house. Sandy had just returned from there, and was getting ready for bed. He was in tight-fitting jockey-shorts, and only those.

“Are you still lonesome, Sandy? At night, like you were last week?”

“I didn’t think anybody knew!”

“Well, you see, I’m your friend, as well as your instructor. So I did notice. Anyway, if you still are, come in and see me, and maybe I can help somehow.”

Later, I heard somebody get up and get a drink from the camp icebox that we kept in the little sitting-room. I was just in my shorts, for it was hellish warm. I got up and looked out of my door. I was pretty sure it was Sandy.

“You all right?” I inquired in a whisper.

“I can’t get to sleep,” he whispered back, coming nearer to me. He was in striped pajamas.

I reached out and took him by the arm, guiding him into my room. Inside, I sat him on the bed between my opened legs and put my arms around his warm body. His arm snaked around my neck. I wanted to kiss his downy

cheek, but I thought that perhaps he wouldn't like that. Instead, I put my cheek against his.

"This help?" I asked in a whisper.

"Not with what's wrong, but it's okay anyway!" he whispered back.

I debated with myself for a minute or so, then felt between his legs, through the pajamas. There was a good set of equipment in there, if only he'd let me have it. I slipped a roving hand inside his fly. His testicles were warm and loose. I massaged them and his soft penis. Shortly, his penis elongated and became harder, then lifted toward the ceiling. I jacked him off.

I didn't expect it to happen, the first time, but he went rigid and ejaculated after I'd been working on him for about fifteen or twenty minutes. I stopped stroking and felt his penis. He'd come about two drops, but that had of course been lost on my hand! He had a nice little organ, about as big around as my thumb and a little over half again as long. The head of it was larger in diameter than its trunk and very smooth. His testicles were a nice handful. I looked forward to sucking on him very soon.

"I see what you meant, sir," he whispered, close to my face. "That was really nice. Am I supposed to do it to you, now?"

"You probably aren't feeling like it, just now. Is this really the first time this has ever happened?"

"Yes, but I hope it isn't the last!"

"I told you before, you can do it yourself."

"I tried it in the shower tonight, but it didn't work like it did here. And, anyway, you did it, now."

"Did the stuff come out when you tried it?"

"No. Is that what it made it feel so good?"

"Yes, that's right. You know, Sandy, I'll do it again sometime soon, if you want me to."

"I sure do!" he said, then suddenly, "Hey, can you keep a secret? I think Leon does it in bed. I heard the bed squeaking in a regular rhythm, when I left."

I had an edge with Leon, now, if Sandy was right. I used it the next session. Leon had a large bump. I don't usually like the large ones, but Leon was a

good-looking boy, and I knew he came from a broken home, which is a good sign that a boy is susceptible to affection, and thus to seduction.

“Say, Leon,” I initiated the conversation, “I got up last night for a soda about the same time Sandy did. I heard your bed squeaking in a steady rhythm. You weren’t, by any chance, practicing the vice known as ‘masturbation’, were you?”

“What if I was?” he grinned at me. “I noticed that Sandy didn’t come back to bed right away, last night after he got up. Was he, by any chance, in your room?”

“Unh-unh! I asked YOU, first!” I quickly came back in self defense.

“Well, I guess you’ve got my number okay. Alright, I’m guilty, I’ll admit it,” he said reluctantly, “but that doesn’t answer MY question. What were you doing with Sandy for so long so late at night?”

I smiled back at him. HE knew the score alright! “Don’t ask me embarrassing questions. But, tell me, do you enjoy jacking yourself off?”

“Sure I do,” he said, “I let it build up, then quit, just before it comes. If you do that a couple of times, it really feels good when you do come.”

“But did you let anybody else do it to you?” I said. “It REALLY feels good, that way. It has a certain something, knowing it’s somebody else doing it to you. More sexy, somehow!”

“I know what you mean!” he replied with a leer. “Want ME to get a drink late tonight?”

Well, of course I did, and of course he did! But his wasn’t nearly as big as I’d thought. And though I worked on it for nearly half an hour with my hand, he didn’t have an orgasm. I hesitated to suggest fellatio, for while not huge, his was quite a bit bigger than I was used to. Then, just as I was about to suggest it, I felt his hot, sticky wetness on my hand. Then he just gave me a simple “Thanks” and left. I felt terrible. There was little satisfaction for me in the masturbation of him, for I wasn’t close to him. He was hardly the cuddly type.

Then I heard someone at the icebox, and assumed it was him. I went out, prepared to bawl him out for making so much noise. Then I discovered it was Sandy! I was overjoyed!

I had him come in to my bedroom, held him in the same way as I did before, felt him, hugged him a little, then pulled his pajamas off. Sticking my hand up between his legs, I took hold of his pleasant bottom and laid him on the bed. I could contain myself no longer, so I buried my face in his freshly washed crotch. He had an orgasm in about half the time it had taken the first time, and it seemed to last longer. I couldn't stop, however, and went on savoring his smooth little penis for a while longer. He didn't object, either. In a short while, he orgasmed again, and again I tasted his delightful watery semen. When I finally let his cock go, he stretched and yawned like a kitten.

Some kids, after an orgasm, feel lonely. He was one of them. He let me gather him in my arms and love him. He didn't know that I wanted his bottom until I turned him over and, after a quick lube job, sunk it in him all the way. He sure didn't like it. I think that, if I hadn't had an almost immediate orgasm, he would have objected quite strenuously, and I would have had to quit, unsatisfied. As it was, I had hardly got it in him before I was tingling and pumping out my hot come into his cute unsullied ass.

He stayed a second three weeks, as did another boy, fourteen, who came later in the summer, after my original group had long disappeared, so I had a lot more fun with him, and got him so that he liked my penis stuck in him, rather than fighting it.

I had a lot of quality stuff that summer. I knew that the school term would be a drag, but I could always practice my surprise methods. I got a charge out of feeling strange boys in public places. As I said, even if they repulse you, they usually don't report you to anybody. I sometimes reach over and feel the bulge of the kid next to me in a dark theater. It usually works. I've had a ball this way.

Anyway, in my freshman year of college, I was drafted. I was sent to Japan. I was very careful to disguise my preferences in sex while I was in the Army. This wasn't too hard, as I still don't like anybody who's over five-feet-four or fourteen. On the one occasion that I blew a guy of twenty, I discovered that adult semen doesn't taste good, the way the fresh new stuff does. And, anyway, I don't like my boys to have whiskers!

I made two discoveries about Japan: the boys aren't circumcised and they're sexually smaller than we are. But I had a twelve-year-old Japanese friend who was absolutely delightful. He enjoyed everything.

When I got out of the service, I couldn't really stay interested in becoming a music teacher. So I switched to another of my favorite high-school subjects, French. And when I graduated, I was at the top of my class, in spite of the amount of time I'd spent out with good-looking boys.

I went home after graduation and found that it wasn't the same. All my favorite kids were grown up, and I didn't have any way to get at the ones who were now ripening. And anyway, my heart wasn't in it. There'd been enough talk before I left for college. Then I got the surprise of my life, in the form of an offer from, of all things, a military school! Now everybody will tell you that boys who are separated from mixed society are generally easy to seduce. So I went up to investigate, and investigation soon led to my accepting the position where I am now happily installed.

There's a fallacy that a lot of guys like me fall for, that says that we should get involved in Scouting, teaching, or some sport that will interest boys and make them easy to get at. I disagree. It's a trap, if you aren't on your guard. At least, I know that regular teaching is. You still have to be on your guard in a military school, of course, but not as much. For one thing, the boys have a pecking order, besides not wanting to rock the boat. And they defend their own. even more than in a regular school.

So it wasn't long after I arrived at the school before I became one of the gang, secretly. I don't think that many of the outside-of-the-group boys even knew about me being friendly to the ones that were "in" on the secret. I'm sure that the other faculty members never even suspected. I wasn't there more than a couple of weeks before I made friends with a very beautiful boy of fourteen. I knocked on the door of the four-man room that he occupied, was told to enter, and found him alone, lying on his bed in his skivvies. I'm afraid he saw that my eyes looked him over completely. I didn't rush things, but, a few nights later, I was enjoying all of his body, but with my hands instead of my eyes. We were in a secluded corner of the grounds. I used the usual formula of feeling his bump from the outside, getting him hard, then

putting his clothes down around his knees. He was VERY nice. I couldn't resist sucking on him the first night. He was practically a virgin, certainly anyway he'd never been fucked, and that was what he let himself in for by the second night. He was damn good that way too, I can tell you.

Since then, I guess I've had sex with quite a few hundred boys, one way and another. I don't have any idea whether or not I converted any of them into homosexuals. but I don't think I did. I've also had what I believe to be genuine love. And that's what REALLY counts isn't it? All human being have to love and be loved. It s just that I like a different kind from most people.