

Confession of a Boy Lover



By Caliboy1991

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Chapter 1

I stretched, leaning back in my office chair, listening to the creaking of the metal hinges. I grabbed the mouse and clicked on the save button. I'd look at the trades tomorrow morning, like usual. Working out the math is easier when I'm fresh.

I was about to close the laptop when I noticed the little icon on the desktop. My finger itched to click on it, to enter the password to decrypt it and go back online. I let out a frustrated sigh and closed the laptop harder than intended. I would not go back down that road. Not now. Things were going well for me and there wasn't any reason to fuck it up, again.

I rolled the chair away from the desk and headed into the kitchen. My fridge looked like most other bachelors' fridges. There was Chinese takeout and a pizza box mixed in among the beer bottles. I grabbed a cold one and a cold slice of pizza and went into the living room. The spartan room held my TV and a La-Z Boy recliner. Not much to show, but my needs weren't very high either. I planned on adding furniture when needed. After catching a half-hour of Dr. Phil, I still had most of my beer left, although the pizza box could be thrown away. I grabbed it and headed toward the front door. I stored the Water and Sewer Co-op's garbage bin on the side of the house. As I walked across the driveway, I saw a moving van parked in front of the house across the street. It had been empty since I moved in a few months earlier.

I frowned as a guy with platinum gold hair climbed onto the back of the van and opened the sliding door. A few years before, I'd have called him a yuppie. Now, he looked like most of the folks who lived on the street. Comfortably middle-class. A woman with red hair, dressed in the same designer clothes, yelled, "Wes, we're paying good money to have the movers carry this stuff in. Can't you let them do their job?"

The yuppie said, "They're taking too damn long, Donna. We've still got to unpack everything tonight."

Donna, it seemed reasonable to assume that was her name, said, "Fine. Whatever. Just make sure they put the bedroom furniture together first."

A kid came up beside Donna. I didn't give him a second look, until the woman said, "Dammit, Jem, please stay out of the road." With that, she turned away from her husband and shooed the boy back into the yard.

I dropped the pizza box in the trash bin and with an unhappy sigh, walked back toward my front door. I stopped when Donna waved. I really wanted to ignore them. Pretend the house across the street was still empty. I wished I had finished that beer as I woodenly responded by waving back. Donna was halfway into the street, "Hi. We're the Nelsons. This sure looks like a friendly neighborhood."

I plastered a wooden smile onto my face and ambled down to the street, I offered my hand, "Welcome to the neighborhood, Mrs. Nelson. I'm Jack. If you've gotta work in Boulder, this is as nice a place to live as you could want."

Donna shook my hand. For a woman, she had a good handshake. Confident. "Wes, he's the lovable goof-ball over there, works for U of Colorado."

The kid had followed his mom into the street. Donna swiveled around, "What did I tell you, Jem, about coming out into the street?"

She grabbed the boy's hand. I tried to hide my frustration. With the boy standing right in front of me, he was hard to ignore. I was an expert at gaging a boy's age. Jem was probably seven. Maybe four feet, perhaps a bit less. I doubt he weighed fifty pounds, soaking wet. His hair is what you'd expect if you mixed platinum blonde and red together. It was a strawberry blond color that came to just above his collar.

He looked up at me with expressive emerald eyes and gave a timid wave.

Donna said, "And this is Jem, of course. He'll be in the second grade when school starts up in a few weeks."

My instincts told me to ignore the boy. Still, I hated being needlessly rude. I bent over and said, "Hi Jem. Welcome to the neighborhood."

When he blinked, I noticed the long, feminine eyelashes as he said in a cherubic, high-pitched voice, "Hi. Do you have kids my age?"

I shook my head, "Sorry to say, no."

Donna said, "Once we get settled, maybe we can stop by and say hello to you and your wife."

I shook my head. She added, "Husband?"

I chuckled, "Sorry to say, I'm single. Now if perhaps you have a single-sister, I'd be happy to have you guys come visit."

Donna laughed, and we parted company. Once the door was closed and chained, I took my bottle back to my room and finished it off. I turned the light off and fell into my bed as my memories came back and haunted me.

Seven years earlier, I was a recent college grad, working my first job in Atlanta. I was happily working as an investment broker. I had been lucky enough to get hired by a guy who had been in the industry for twenty-five years. He hired me because even in college I had been a whiz at numbers and had head for reading trend lines and market research.

I was living in an apartment complex near the downtown area. It was in a neighborhood trying to gentrify itself, and our complex was a mixture of upwardly mobile single people like me and section eight vouchers like Bev and Mark. Mark was twelve when we met, and as a boy without a father, he was quick to befriend me. Of course, that was his biggest mistake. How could this twelve-year-old boy know I was a boy-lover? By the time I was twenty-three, I had fooled around with five other boys since turning eighteen.

And when Mark latched on to me, I was smitten. His brown locks and gorgeous brown eyes drew me in like nothing else. When I wasn't honing my skills in the market, I was doing everything I could to manipulate things at home to see him and to have Bev trust me. It was easy. Mark worshipped the ground I walked on. Within a month of me moving into their apartment complex, Mark was spending Friday evenings over at my place, playing on my game console.

Two months in, and Bev came over one afternoon and asked if I could watch Mark for the weekend. Of course, I agreed. That Friday night, when

he didn't have to go home, he and I watched one of the Lord of the Ring movies on my TV in my bedroom. He didn't question why watch a TV in my bedroom when I had a TV in the living room. If anything, he liked it as he cuddled next to me and watched Middle-Earth burn. He snuggled closer when I put my arm around him and pulled him into a hug and told me how much he liked being with me. When the movie was over, I offered to let him sleep in bed with me if he wanted. He did.

We stripped down to our underwear and soon he cuddled against me as both of us were nearly naked. Being what I was, I hugged him to me and it wasn't long before I felt his little erection poking against me. When I brushed my hand at where he touched me, I felt him through his underwear and he jerked back, mortified I had noticed his stiffy.

I wrapped my arms around the boy and told him it was okay. In fact, it was entirely normal. Mollified, Mark resumed snuggling against my body. That night was hard for me, but intuition told me to not push. In fact, the next morning, Mark behaved as though he hadn't poked me with his boner. The second night, when it was time to watch a movie, he didn't blink about watching it in bed with me. He even let me take his clothes off. I think by then he knew I was into him, after all, I had breached his boundaries the previous night.

The second night, he was just as affectionate, snuggling into me. He didn't flinch when my hand slid inside his underwear and rubbed his butt. From there, it was just a matter of sliding his underwear off and admiring his four and a half inches. The only time he protested was when I was sucking on his erection. I'd been sucking on him for a couple of minutes. He pushed on my shoulders, "Ryan, S-, stop! I'm about to pee!"

Knowing better than him what was to come, I redoubled my efforts and sucked on his throbbing stiffy all the way to his orgasm. He stopped trying to push me away, leaning into me while his stiffy shuddered and spasmed. He squirted a couple of blasts of his boy juice into my eager mouth. He was young enough his semen tasted as sweet as it did salty. None of that cloying bitterness that comes with latter adolescence was present.

By the next morning, he was mostly back to normal. By the next week, when Friday came around again, he was entirely back to normal. Even though he couldn't stay late, that didn't stop me from getting him into my bedroom where I stripped him and sucked him to another orgasm.

Things might have continued like that, except he bragged about getting a blow-job at school to one of his friends. Word got around and the inevitable happened. I was picked up on my way home from work by the Atlanta police department. Despite pressure from the state, neither Bev nor Mark cooperated with the prosecution. Of course, when it comes to illicit sex, the state will still prosecute. The state of Georgia offered me ten years of probation and a life-time on the sex offender registry.

Without a chance in hell of beating the charges, I accepted a plea that kept me out of prison. Unfortunately, I lost my investor's license and my job. I was reduced to moving out and working temp jobs at call centers.

A year of this hell and I knew I'd never make it through ten years of probation. Using resources I found on the dark-web, I squirreled enough money together to buy a new identity. One night, I got into my still new BMW, the only thing I had held on to from my pre-arrest, drove it into the Chattahoochee River. I climbed out, changed into some dry clothes and caught a bus across town to the Gray Hound station. As far as I was concerned, Ryan Bennett died the night he drove drunk into the river. Jack Roberts was four states away before the authorities managed to pull the car from the river. Bottles of Whisky were the only suicide note I left behind. Still, it was enough. After dredging the river for a couple of days, the authorities began the process of declaring me legally dead.

I swore off boys from then on. Letting my predilections get the best of me would only net me more trouble. I read up on treatment programs and downloaded tools to help me manage my attractions, while steering clear of shrinks or others who were required to report.

Starting over was hard. Getting a job didn't take long. There are always jobs in call centers and retail, but I lived like a beggar the first year, saving money and establishing a credit history for Jack Roberts. I opened a

brokerage account under my new identity and gradually fed money from each paycheck into it, watching the balance grow month by month.

Within two years from leaving Atlanta, I moved from Dallas, from Des Moines and from Topeka. I arrived in Boulder at twenty-eight. After four years, I felt like my life was going the right direction. Through hard work, in-depth research and strategic buys and sells, I had finally reached a balance in my brokerage account where I was comfortable enough to draw a small amount each month while it still grew year by year.

Three years after arriving in Boulder, as I lay on my bed, I seriously considered selling my house and moving a fourth time. I have never touched a boy as young as seven, but the problem with boys that age is that they eventually grow up into boys that I find attractive.

Things might have turned out differently had I acted on that impulse. But this was 2009. The housing market had imploded, and I owed more than the house was worth. Also, I really liked Boulder. It was funky in a fun sort of way. Also, after being in this town for three years, I'd finally stopped looking over my shoulder, worried the state of Georgia was just jerking my chain and might still be looking for me. Normalcy was my friend, and so I vowed to ignore the family to the best of my ability. And to pretend Jem didn't exist.

Chapter 2

About a month after the Nelsons moved in, there was a knock at my door. I marked the place on the PDF where I paused my reading. I stretched as I stood. Market research never stopped and wading through SARs, trying to glean information that would gain me an edge in the market was mentally exhausting.

When I got to the door, I glanced through the peep-hole. Donna stood outside. Curious about why my neighbor would knock, I opened the door. “Oh, hi Donna,” I said, more guardedly than I intended.

She put on a big smile, “Hi Jack. Wes and I are finally settled, and we wanted to invite you over for a barbeque this Saturday. Thought it would be fun to get to know the neighbors.”

Remembering my pledge to do my best to avoid the Nelsons, I said, “Oh, that’s very thoughtful of you guys, Donna. This Saturday? Hmm, I’m sorry, but I’ve got plans.”

Donna’s smile faded at my manufactured news, “Oh, I’m really sorry to hear that, Jack. My cousin’s going to be here from Denver, and she’s also single. The other folks are couples, and I just didn’t want Cindy to be ignored. Plus, did I mention, she’s quite a looker?”

I had dated a couple of times while in college, and liked girls my age well enough that I enjoy those occasions. My problem was, my deeper attractions, they just didn’t hold a candle to. I was going on four years since Mark and had done a decent job not feeding my addiction. Maybe spending a couple of hours with this Cindy girl would help me.

I pretended to hem and haw in front of Donna before finally saying, “Let me see if I can clear my calendar. I’d hate for your cousin to be the odd-girl-out.”

When Saturday evening arrived, I dressed in a blue polo shirt and khaki shorts and some leather sandals. I had just turned the lights out in the living room when my doorbell rang. Cindy was standing there. Unlike Carol’s red hair, she had auburn hair. She wore a sundress with yellow suns

on a field of blue. Even though it was September, she could probably get away with it for another week or two. Holding her hand was Jem. His long strawberry blond hair had been under the care of a barber since I last saw him on move-in day. He grinned up at me, revealing a couple of missing baby teeth, and said, "Hi, Mr. Roberts. This is my Aunt Cindy!"

If it were possible, Cindy was even prettier than Carol. I manufactured a smile, told myself to enjoy it. Neither Cindy nor Jem heard the stress in my voice, "Hi!"

Funny how our minds work. Cindy was quiet and reserved, at least at first. And getting to know her over the course of the lawn party and dinner was actually a real treat. The handful of women I dated before, I dated because they intrigued me as people. They were actually interesting to talk to, to get to know. Of course, when I was alone, in the comfort of my dorm or apartment, they weren't the images to which I masturbated. I reserved those thoughts for the boys I loved.

Now, living under an assumed identity, I needed to watch what I said. Over the years, I've developed a background that is close enough to what my life was like as a kid and college student that I wasn't likely to slip up. And if I do, it won't be over important details. That led me to asking Cindy more questions than she asked me. I learned she was twenty-four and just a couple of years out of college. She repped for a pharmaceutical company in Denver. She was between boyfriends at the time, and with all the long hours she worked, wasn't too worried about settling down.

As she warmed up, it shouldn't have been difficult drawing all of this out of her. However, Jem latched on to Cindy and at one point after dinner, he sat on her lap while we visited past twilight. When it was time to go, I wasn't sure what to do. After all, this had just been a little dinner party for a few neighbors. Cindy helped me out by leaning in for a quick hug, "Thanks for the date, Jack. I enjoyed it. Maybe when I'm here in Boulder again we can hang out."

I bobbed my head, "Yeah, for sure."

We'd had a good time, but the distance was a serious impediment to doing more than just a causal date, and more importantly, she wasn't my

preferred demographic.

Before I stepped across the street, Jem came up and took Cindy's hand and waved at me, "Bye Mister Jack! Thanks for coming!"

He was too adorable. After that, whenever he saw me, it was "Hi Mr. Jack!" in his soprano-childlike voice.

Over the next few months, even though the markets were terribly volatile, I made a few trades where I killed it, shorting some Nasdaq darlings. Things were going well for me. I waved when I saw any of the Nelsons, and they waved at me. My next run in with Jem came as winter belatedly left Boulder and gave way to our short spring.

I was returning home from a run to Trader Joe's and had just turned onto our street. Jem was in the middle of the road, riding his bike. He was peddling as though his life depended on it, fairly flying as fast as his short, skinny legs could take him. Then I spied his target. He had set up a wooden ramp alongside the curb in front of his house. Having done the same dumbass move when I was around his age, I knew how it would end. Sure enough. When Jem hit the ramp, his bike went one way, tumbling end over end, and he went the other, rolling across the grass.

I stopped next to their curb and rolled down the window to the sound of Jem wailing. "Oh shit," I muttered, as I climbed out of my car and hurried over to him. Kneeling down, I said, "You okay, little man?"

Jem cried and pointed to his knee. Blood seeped through a slight cut. Of course, when you're eight and discover with disastrous consequences you're not superman, the tears flow pretty easily. I had him sitting up when Donna came out the front door. She took one look at the ramp and the bike and fairly yelled, "What the hell? Jeremy Andre Nelson, what did I tell you about trying to jump our curb? Now look what you've done. You've got Jack over here trying to help you and blocking traffic!"

Involuntarily, I glanced toward the road. The only traffic was my car. Still, never get between an irate parent and their kid if there's no abuse. I helped Jem to his feet as he continued sniffing. When I got him to the

front door, Donna opened it, “The bathroom is down the front hall, by Jem’s room.”

I had expected to turn the boy over to his mom. After all, I was committed to having nothing more to do with the boy than minimal social standards required. And damnit, Donna shouldn’t have expected this. Still, I helped him into the bathroom, with the boy hobbling along beside me, his hand grabbing my shirt to keep himself from falling. Of course, had he tried to stand on his injured leg, I bet he could have walked just fine.

I picked him up and set him down on the countertop next to the sink, “Where’s the stuff to clean this up?”

Donna was standing at the bathroom door with an amused expression. “There’s wash towel in the top drawer. There’s some antiseptic there too.”

I wetted the washrag and dabbed at the cut until the blood was gone. After all, it wasn’t deep at all. Then I smeared a bit of ointment on it before finding the band-aids in another drawer. After I applied the covering, Jem had stopped crying, and he glanced down at his knee, “T-, thanks Mr. Jack. You’re awesome.”

He shocked me and I almost hyperventilated when, as he scooted off the counter, he threw his arms around my neck and gave me a fierce little hug. He ran from the bathroom past his mom, all thought of pain in his knee forgotten. Donna said, “Thanks, Jack. He can be a real handful sometimes. But he’s a real good kid.”

I followed her back to the front door and said, “He gets that from the two of you.”

Donna laughed, but I could tell I hit a nerve. “Yeah. I’m here every moment I can manage. Wes... Well, he does what he can when he’s here.”

You’d think after knowing them for the better part of a school year, I’d realize how often Wes’s car was gone. But until Donna said something, I missed that little detail. “Well, he’s got a wonderful mom, anyway.”

Donna chuckled, “Maybe. But thankfully, he’s got a neighbor who’s looking after him too.”

I headed back to my car where I got in and pulled the car into the garage. As I unloaded the car, I wondered why the hell I had stopped to help. Clearly Jem hadn't needed my help. He was doing what boys his age do, being theatrical. I made another vow to stay clear of Jem. I really didn't need the headache of falling for another kid who was unattainable. Or if not unattainable, the risks and the rewards were clearly disproportionate.

Over the summer, Donna and I talked when we saw each other. Even Wes, when I saw him, was friendly and a pretty funny guy. My earlier pledge to avoid talking to Jem died the death of a thousand cuts. Jem made a point of coming over to me, when he saw me coming back home from some errand if he was outside. It was always just a "Hi, Mr. Jack. How is your day? Mine's good too," type thing.

During the third school year following the Nelson's arrival across from me, I paid more attention. Wes appeared to be working even longer hours, which I found odd for a college professor. One evening while it was still light outside, I was clearing some brush and weeds from a small flower garden in front of my house. The moment I realized something wasn't quite right, I heard a now familiar voice, "Hi Jack. How's your gardening?"

I felt something in my stomach, like the flutter of a butterfly. I ignored it as I turned. Jem was still in his school uniform. His hair was getting shaggy again. Of course, with summer less than two months away, I doubted he'd get it cut before the fall. He grinned as I looked up at him from where I knelt. He would be ten in a few weeks. Inwardly, I sighed. I knew I needed to avoid this pedophilic catnip named Jem. I patted the ground and said, "Just clearing some weeds. I'm thinking about planting some flowers."

The past three years had flown by, I realized, as I studied the boy beside me. He had grown a lot, now he was just a couple of inches shy of four and a half feet. Some ways, he hadn't changed. His legs and arms were spindly. If I didn't know Donna, I'd have sworn she was starving the boy.

Jem picked up a plastic trash bag and helped by taking the weeds I had already pulled and tossed them in. We worked silently for a bit until a door slammed from the boy's house. Donna stalked out and in the middle of the

driveway yelled, "The fuck you say? That's not my goddamned perfume, you son of a bitch."

She flung the car door open, and then slammed it shut with an earth-shattering echo. A moment later, she zoomed by us without a sideways glance.

I looked over at my little helper. Tears were brimming his eyes. I knew better than to touch him. Even as my resolve to avoid him had long-since failed, the one thing I had done was avoid physical contact. Yet, as tears spilled down his cheeks, I reached out an arm and gave him a hug.

The dam broke, and those tears turned into body-wracking sobs. Every minute or two Jem tried to speak, "They-, they've been arguing."

"I-, I hear them at night, s-, sometimes."

"Mom thinks Dad's ch-cheating."

I didn't have any words of comfort. And I mourned for him. Strange that I'm the one who's life was ruined by loving a boy and trying to give him what he wanted. But millions of parents drag their kids through horrible marriages and messy divorces, fucking up their kids far worse than I ever could. And society thinks I'm a bad person? Fucking ridiculous.

After he stopped crying, I helped him to his feet, "Come on, we're losing our light. Let's go check on your dad."

I knocked on the Nelson's front door. A moment later, Wes came to it. In one hand was a cell phone and in the other was a short glass with amber liquid in it. It took a moment for his eyes to adjust, "Oh, Hi Jack."

Then his eyes fell on his son, "Oh, Jem. I thought your mom took you after we, um, well, when she left."

Jem shook his head as tears beaded in his eyes. I said, "Sorry about that, Wes. Jem was helping me with my garden out front."

Wes shrugged, and he slurred his words, "Don't worry, son. This'll blow over and your mom will be okay."

The agony in the boy's eyes hurt my soul. I knew I needed distance right now, so I said, "Wes, take care of yourself and Jem."

I was halfway down the Nelson's drive when Jem's clear soprano voice cut through the dark, "Stop, Jack! Please."

I turned around and Jem had stepped away from his father. "Dad, I want to stay at Jack's tonight." He punctuated his words by pointing the cell phone in Wes's hand and the glass of whisky in the other.

Wes's shoulders slumped. He seemed a defeated man, "Fine."

Jem shot me a pleading look before he said, "I'll get my things!" Then he shot past his father into the house. I needed to stop this. Having Jem in the house was the exact opposite of what I needed. If society knew my past, they would tar and feather me to even allow a boy under the same roof.

I came over to Wes, intending to kill the idea. Wes took a drink and before I could explain why this was a bad idea, he said, "Thanks, Jack. I know our problems aren't yours. You're a good man to help right now."

"What?" I stammered, "Jem really belongs with you or Donna."

Wes shrugged, "What's it matter? I've gotta call Cindy back and warn her about Donna."

With that, he turned and left me standing in an open doorway. A minute later, Jem came out, a school backpack tossed over one shoulder. He took my hand and pulled me back toward my house. Alarmed at the circumstances, I let him lead the way while considered alternatives.

Once we were inside, I got him settled in front of the TV before asking, "Do you have a cell phone, Jem?"

The boy shook his head, "No. Mom says I'm too young."

While a cell phone with his mom's number would have been handy right then, in general, I agreed with Donna. I asked, "Do you know your mom's cell phone number?"

He nodded and repeated it for memory for me. A moment later, I dialed the number. It went directly to voice mail. "Shit!"

Jem looked up, a scared expression on his face. Worried I had startled him unnecessarily, I came over and sat beside him, and put my arm around his thin, narrow shoulders. “Not you, Jem. Just trying to let your mom know where you are.”

He leaned against me, “Thanks, Jack.”

The emotional turmoil was severe for the boy, and soon Jem’s eyes were drooping. I set him back against the seatback cushions and took my phone into the bedroom where I tried again to call Donna. This time, the phone rang and rang until it went to voice mail, I said, “Donna, this is Jack. Please call me as soon as you get this message. Jem is over here with me. But I want to get him back with one of you as soon as possible.”

It was nearing ten in the evening when Jem padded into my room. Donna still hadn’t called, and I was worried. Still, Jem needed at least one strong person in his life right then. “Hey Jem. Let’s get you ready for bed. Do you mind sleeping on the couch? I can put some covers on it.”

He nodded and followed me back into the living room. I pointed to his backpack, “Do you have a change of clothes in there?”

He nodded, and I grabbed it and said, “I’ll show you where the bathroom is.”

With this nine, almost ten-year-old standing beside me, I dug out a pair of pajamas, “Once you’ve changed, head on back into the living room. I’ll get you squared away in there.”

While I was waiting in the living room, my phone rang. When I answered it, Donna said, “Oh, thank God you have Jem. I’m such a fucking idiot. He’s got to think both of his parents are dumbasses.”

I made a non-committal noise, waiting for her to say something productive.

She said, “I drove all the way to fucking Denver, Jack. I was so mad at Wes that I drove here to kick my cousin’s ass. What the fuck was I thinking?”

I said, “Well, you were pissed, and you had a right to be angry. Anyway, Jem will be relieved to know you’re okay and ready to pick him up.”

There was an awkward silence from the other end. I added, "When do you think you'll get here?"

Donna's laugh was brittle, like she was at the end of her tether. "When I got into Denver, instead of finding my cousin, I found a bar. I'm actually calling you from the motel next to it. I'm too fucked up to drive back tonight. Do you mind letting Jem stay with you tonight?"

Jem chose that moment to return from the bathroom. He wore The Incredible Hulk pajamas. I said, "Yeah. He can stay. He's right here. Why don't you tell him good night? He wants to know you're safe."

With that, I handed Jem my phone. He picked it up, and the tears flowed again, "M-, mom! Are you okay?"

I couldn't hear Donna's voice, but the tears streaking Jem's face broke my heart. He deserved better of his parents than they were giving him that night.

"Yeah. I told Dad I wanted to stay with Jack. He was drinking."

This was going to be a long night. I normally just slept in my underwear. It was comfortable and as a bachelor, who did I have to impress. Now, I'd need to find some shorts, maybe a t-shirt.

"Tomorrow? Okay." Then Jem handed the phone back to me. "She wants to talk to you."

I put the phone to my ear, "Yeah?"

Donna said, "Thanks a million, Jack. I'll be home sometime around noon tomorrow. I'll be by to pick him up after that."

I hung up the call after forced pleasantries and turned to Jem, "Alright. Did you remember your toothbrush?"

He shook his head, "Darn. I knew I forgot something."

"Don't worry about it. Just remember to brush extra good tomorrow. Now let's get you under the covers and ready for bed."

Jem looked cute lying under the makeshift covers on the couch. I wished then that I could be the kind of adult who could help someone like him

without the complications of my attractions. He really needed someone other than his parents he could rely on, and that person definitely shouldn't be me.

"Good night, Jem," I said as I knelt next to him.

The boy offered me a sad smile, "Good night, Jack. Thanks for everything."

He caught me by surprise when his arms looped around my neck and hugged me fiercely. Once he let go, he sank back against the sofa. I turned out the light in the living room, leaving the bathroom light on and the door ajar.

I wasn't as emotionally worn as Jem, but I was still tired. I found an old pair of boxers and slid them on over my underwear when I undressed for bed. It was better than just my underwear, in the off-chance the boy wondered into my room during the night.

A few minutes after laying my head on my pillow, I was fast asleep.

It wasn't even light outside when I became aware I was not alone in my bed. Lying against my side was a smaller form. Cursing inside my head, I turned the lamp on my nightstand on, and saw Jem's little form curled up against me, his back against my side. A faint snore told me he was still asleep. Wondering how long he had slept in my bed, I glimpsed the time on my alarm clock. It was a few minutes before five.

Even though I knew the right thing was to pick him up and carry him back into the other room, I was tired. I killed the light and rolled onto my side, facing away from Jem. I closed my eyes, knowing it would take forever before I fell back asleep. But within a few minutes I was asleep again.

When I woke up, sunlight peeked through my curtains. At some point in the morning, Jem had shifted in his sleep. His front was against my back and a twig of an arm was draped across my chest. I rolled onto my back and felt a sense of relief. Most mornings I woke up with my morning wood. This morning, perhaps from the stress, maybe from something else, my midsection was remarkably disinterested in the fact I had a nearly-ten-year-old boy in my bed.

Jem stirred once I was on my back. He blinked himself awake until he swiveled his head around, taking in me and the rest of his surroundings. His voice was like magic, pitched high like so many preadolescent boys, "Sorry about coming in here last night. When I woke up and was all alone, I got scared. You're not mad, are you?"

"No," I said, wanting to reach out and hold on to the boy. Not trusting myself, I slid out of bed, "I don't mind, Jem. But maybe it would be best if anyone asks, that you let them know you staying on the couch last night."

As I pulled on a T-shirt, I saw his cognitive wheels turning until he nodded, "Oh, yeah. Right."

Jem didn't ask any questions about that, and I certainly wouldn't explain further. Instead, I headed into the kitchen. "You hungry, man? I got cold cereal and milk, or milk and cold cereal."

Jem followed me into the kitchen, "I guess cold cereal and milk."

I caught his smile as he deliberately mixed up the options. Over the years, Donna bragged on Jem, telling me how smart he was. I could see that native intelligence in his eyes as I grabbed milk from the fridge and cold cereal from the pantry.

After eating, Jem leaned his elbows on the table. His reddish blonde bangs hung down, brushing his thin eyebrows of the same color. His eyes, normally the color of emerald, were more like a stormy, green sea as his lips turned down, "Do you think my parents are going to divorce?"

In our day and age, what kid doesn't know about divorce? The lucky ones never see the hard work that goes into a successful marriage or the silent disagreements their parents manage to keep from impacting their kids' lives. Jem's safe and secure world was crumbling around him and I wanted to reach out and hold him, tell him things would be okay. Even though I have spent more time with him over the previous day than I had over the previous three years, I knew it was best for both of us for me to reign in my wreck of emotions and not let myself get so close to him that I slip.

I said, "I don't know. They need time to work things out. It's hard to figure out when you're nine... excuse me, nearly ten, but try to show them both

you love them while giving them a bit of space.”

He cocked a skeptical eye at me, “That’s like doing two opposite things at the same time.”

I nodded, “Yeah. They’re mutually exclusive.”

Jem mouthed the words, as though applying them to his memory.

I kissed the table and said, “Why don’t you get dressed. I need to run to the nursery and look for some flowers, I’ll call your mom.”

Donna picked up on the second ring, “Hi Jack. How was Jem?”

I was heading back to my bedroom and turned to see the boy. He had pulled off his green Hulk top. To go along with his too-skinny arms and legs, his chest was thin and milky white. I turned back around and continued toward my bedroom, “Yeah, he’s doing okay. Worried about you and Wes.”

“He’s not the only one,” she said with a worried tone.

Knowing it wasn’t my place to intrude, I focused on the reason I called, “I’m heading out to get some flowers for that empty spot in front of my kitchen window. I wanted to see if you wanted me to send Jem home to his dad or if it’s okay for him to come with me.”

Donna let out a nervous chuckle, “Thanks for calling to ask. I just got off the phone with Wes when you called. I’m heading back to the house in a bit and we’re going to talk about... ah, things. I really hate to impose, but do you think it would be okay if Jem hung out with you until this evening? I’ll come and get him sometime between six and eight. If that’s okay with you. I hate to fuck up your day.”

I glanced at the door as I said, “I guess it’s okay. Jem’s not going to fuck up my day. You’ve got a good kid there, Donna. You and Wes focus on yourselves today. Go figure things out.”

On the other end of the connection, Donna sighed, “God, Jack. You’re a life saver. Thanks.”

When the call ended, I grabbed a clean pair of jeans and a T-shirt. I was down to my underwear when Jem came around the corner. His eyes went

wide as he gasped, “Oops!” and turned his back on me as I hustled into my jeans. Once I was done, I said, “Sorry about that, Jem. That’s on me. I should have closed the door. Not used to having houseguests.”

He turned around as I wrestled my shirt over my head. His cheeks were rosier than normal as he said, “It’s okay. I’ve seen my dad naked before. You’re not as hairy as him.”

I was a bit taken aback at Jem’s observation. I knew he wasn’t checking me out. Kids his age are just observant and tend to say whatever comes to mind.

Growing up in suburban Georgia, I had always felt I was a bit behind the curve developmentally. It was probably one reason my self-esteem wasn’t very high. I didn’t have many friends when I started going through puberty, and it was worse, I think, because I was probably close to a year behind other boys my age when I started.

My best friend at that time was Jack Toliver. His mom and my mom were best friends, and we were actually next-door neighbors. Jack was several years older than me and had actually baby-sat me until I was old enough to not need a sitter. I was pretty close with Jack and confided in him about how these uncertainties made me feel. He told me he knew how I felt and even gave me a big hug and helped me feel better. A couple of weeks later, he invited me to spend the night over at his place. If our moms hadn’t been best of friends, and if the two of us weren’t as close as we were, it would have been awkward for a seventeen-year-old to invite a twelve-year-old for a sleep-over. The night of our sleep-over, we locked his bedroom door and as we discussed my body, we were soon naked, sitting on his bed. He was already fully grown at seventeen. His hairy penis was six inches when erect, while my little three inches left me feeling terribly inadequate. That’s when he taught me it wasn’t the size of the boat that mattered, but the motion of the ocean.

That night, Jack introduced me to mutual masturbation and oral sex. Even though all I could do was dry cum, he made me feel good about it.

After that, Jack and I had several more sleep overs until he graduated from high school and headed off to college at the end of the year. I had all my

firsts with Jack. My first dry orgasm, my first wet one too. Getting oral sex for the first time, and giving it too. He taught me how to swallow his cum and even enjoy it. He even took my virginity when he fucked me. I thought we were in love, but when he went to college we quickly drew apart.

The biggest thing Jack helped me with was feeling better about my body, even though I wasn't the tallest, strongest or biggest. By the time I was seventeen, I was still a few inches short of six feet, but was resigned to not growing taller. Also, I told myself it was normal to only be five inches when hard. And it was okay only having a few wayward wisps around my nipples and under my arms.

Looking back on it, I'm pretty sure I was trying really hard to feel okay about a body that I felt didn't measure up, and that's why when I was seventeen, what I learned from Jack, I paid forward to Ethan. Ethan was a boy in my scout troop. He was thirteen and on the small side. We were on a camping trip and as things sometimes happen, we were both naked in our tent in the wee-hours of the night. That first time, we just jacked each other off. But on subsequent camp-outs, we traded blowjobs. That's when I discovered that Ethan at thirteen, his cum tasted better than Jack's, at seventeen.

Looking at Jem, framed in the doorway of my bedroom, I said, "Well, we're all guys, right? We've all got the same plumbing."

The boy giggled and nodded. We spent the rest of the morning at the nursery picking out greenery for the flower bed. He had a good eye for flowers and enjoyed picking them up and smelling them. When we returned home, Jem stared at his house. Both cars were in the drive. I came over to him and put a hand around his shoulder, as he said, "You think they're fighting?"

I guided him toward the house, "Dunno. Let's eat, then we'll do some gardening."

Jem and I had finished planting the flowers and were drowning them in an appropriate amount of water when we saw Donna and Wes coming across the street. The sun was well on its way through the western sky. Jem's jeans were dirty and there were streaks of dirt across his shirt and face, but

until he glimpsed his parents, he'd been pleasant company. His smile faded as the two came up my drive.

Donna and Wes weren't holding hands, but they also weren't staring daggers at each other. Wes held back, clearly uncomfortable while Donna stepped forward, "Goodness, Jem. You look like quite the gardener. Are you having a good time?"

Jem was guarded when he came over to his mom, "Yeah. Me and Jack planted the entire garden," his hand swept behind him at the narrow flower bed next to my porch.

Donna came over and oohed and aahed. Then she said, "Jem, can you give me and your father a moment with Jack?"

Curious, I followed the boy's parents back down to the street where Donna, still in charge of things, said, "Wes and I really owe you for helping out."

Wes finally spoke, "Yeah, Jack. Thanks for not pointing out what an ass I was last night."

I shrugged. What could I say? "No problem, guys. If my ass was in a bind, I hope you'd do the same. That's what friends are for."

Donna offered a weary grin, "We really appreciate it, and that's why we hate imposing further. It's just that Wes and I need a bit more time this evening and with it being a weekend and all, was hoping we could impose on you one more night."

I glanced up the drive. Jem stood next to the porch, holding the water-hose. He was absentmindedly watering the grass, his eyes focused on us. I knew it was best for all of us for me to refuse. If the past twenty-four hours had taught me anything, it was I liked his company, and I doubted it was healthy for either of us.

"Sure," I said, ignoring the voice of reason in my head, "You guys take care of yourselves. Jem can stay over again."

I glanced up again. Jem really was a mess. His clothes were dirty, and it looked like he got more mulch on him than he did the flower garden. I said,

“He really has been a big help today, but like most kids his age, I think he got more dirt on him than he did the flowers. Do you mind if I send him back to get cleaned up?”

Donna looked embarrassed, “Oh, we made reservations at a restaurant. We’re a couple of minutes late already. Do you mind giving him a bath?”

My eyes grew round. I think Donna realized how she framed her question and she said, “Oh, Jem can handle most of it himself. But he needs help with his hair and back.”

What was I getting myself into? I nodded, “Sure, Donna. Now, go on, you two. I don’t want you losing your reservation.”

With that, Donna and Wes waved up at Jem, “We’ll see you tomorrow!”

I watched them get in Donna’s car. As they pulled out of the drive, I felt Jem’s hand slide into mine. “Where are they going?”

I squeezed his hand a little, “Out to eat. I think they need more time to talk this evening. You okay spending the night again?”

He looked up and smiled, “Yeah.”

As we walked back up the drive, I rested my hand on his back as he walked a bit closer to me.

Chapter 3

The pizza box, which was on the floor of the living room, was empty. It sat between me and Jem, where we sat cross-legged, also on the floor. The boy patted a full stomach, “That was DE-licious,” he emphasized the first syllable and then punctuated it with a burp.

We both laughed at the antics of Woody and Buzz in Toy Story 3 all the way until the credits rolled. By then, it was pushing nine o’clock. I grabbed the pizza box and climbed to my feet with an exaggerated groan, “Alright, I think it’s bath time, big guy. You want to head that way while I put this in the trash?”

A few minutes later, I found Jem in the bathroom, rummaging through his backpack. After a few minutes, he blushed as he said, “Is it okay if I wear my superman Underroos tonight?”

He held up a blue t-shirt top with the red and yellow S and a pair of red underwear. I was sure he would look positively adorable. I was equally sure I wasn’t crazy about him wearing them. I said, “What about your Incredible Hulk pajamas?”

He shrugged, “They’re dirty.”

Inwardly, I sighed. “Sure, buddy. Superman it is.”

Then, I turned on the faucet in the tub, “I’ll run your bath-water for you, Jem. If you need any help, just let me know. I’ll be in my bedroom. Okay?”

He nodded, the blush still on his rosy cheeks. Once the water was to a suitable level, I cut it off and headed to the door. He was already shirtless as I closed it behind me.

Back in my bedroom, I lay on my bed, wondering how I found myself in such a predicament. The more time I spent with Jem, the more I wanted to be around the boy. And that wasn’t good for either of us. My thoughts ran back to the other boys I had loved before my life had gone off track. The youngest had been twelve. The oldest, just shy of fourteen. My attraction had been for boys in the early stages of puberty, and Jem was still several

years away from that. So, I sucked in a deep breath and told myself I could handle myself, that I would never touch him. Not sexually, ever.

Around the time I made that vow to myself, his cherubic voice called out, "Jack! I need help!"

Holding tight to my vow, I went back into the bathroom. Jem was still in the tub. His legs were straight, and he was leaning back on his arms. That put his privates on public display. Like most boys in the US, he was circumcised, which gave him his penis a perfect bit of symmetry. His tiny glans created a perfect helmet above his thin, little tube of flesh. Even though he pointed nearly straight up into the air, it was because he was small, not really more than an inch in length. His sack was nestled tightly below his shaft and his balls, outlined within his scrotum, were probably twice the size of raisins.

He looked up at me, blissfully unaware his charms were on full display. I said, "Hey, buddy, you need help?"

Jem nodded, "Yeah, can you wash my hair? Mom usually does it for me."

I knelt beside him and tried to not stare at his little noodle, "Sure."

I had a plastic cup I had picked up at some U of Colorado game on the counter. I grabbed it and turned the water on and filled it up. "Let's get your hair wet first."

I doused his hair a few times with that cupful of water and then poured shampoo into the palm of my hand. There was something delightful in running my soapy fingers through his long strands of hair as he remained oblivious to how he gave me unfettered access to see him in all his innocent glory. Still, I needed to hold fast to my vow, so I did my best to not dwell on what he displayed. After thoroughly shampooing his hair, I rinsed it even more thoroughly, pouring warm water from the faucet onto his hair until the tub had filled up another six inches or so.

I leaned back, "There you go. Anything else before I let you finish up?"

Jem nodded, and finally leaned forward, hiding his boyhood below his hunch, "Can you wash my back? Mom does that too."

I could see his request was purely innocent. He was just doing what he usually did. I would not make an issue of it, no matter how difficult it made my vow. I grabbed the soap and lathered up my hands. His skin was warm and smooth as my hands glided effortlessly across his shoulder blades and down the valley of his spine. I stopped my hands when I reached his lower back, even though I could see the soft, white globes of his backside below the water's surface.

I used the cup to rinse his back off, "All done, big guy. You want a bit more time to finish?"

Jem shook his head and stood up, giving me another glorious look at his little boyhood. "Nah. I'm wrinkling up. Mom helps me dry off."

When he said that, I could have sworn I saw a twinkle in his eye. But as I gave him a second glance, it was gone or never there to begin with. Uncertain about that, I grabbed a towel and took to vigorously scrubbing his hair dry. Then I wadded it up and dabbed at his back before turning him around and doing the same to his chest and stomach. I ignored his middle, instead using the towel to dry his ankles up to just past his knees. He really was a very skinny boy. I doubt he weighed over sixty pounds. Also, I noticed how smooth were his ankles.

The youngest boy I loved had just turned twelve the first time we were together. And even though his plumbing was turned on, the rest of his secondary sexual characteristics lagged, and he was very smooth. Except for his ankles. Dark hair was replacing the near-clear vellus hairs around his ankles. Running my hands over Jem's ankles, his vellus hair was sparse and nearly invisible to the naked eye and the inspection by my hands.

Of course, that was the observation of just a couple of seconds. When I finished with his knees, I held up the towel to him, "There you go, Jem. I think you can finish the last bits yourself."

Jem didn't say anything cheeky, he just took the towel and finished drying off. I was at the door before he finished, "I'll leave it to you to finish dressing."

I was both proud of myself for my self-restraint and also terrified my self-control would eventually crack. I couldn't afford to let myself go with Jem. First, he was too young. Secondly, I didn't want to lose everything I have built since arriving in Boulder. Over the past seven years, I'd built a nice nest-egg. Between my returns on my day-trades and selling market research to other investors, I was doing pretty good.

Jem came into the door of my bedroom. His hair stuck up, still wet. He looked incredibly cute in his little superman underroos. He said, "I brushed my teeth. Can we watch some more TV before bed? No school tomorrow."

I nodded, "Sure, you want to find one of the movies and we can watch it in the living room?"

He glanced down. I could see he had something on his mind. "What's wrong, bro?"

He grinned at the comment. "I like how you call me bro, buddy, and stuff. It makes me feel like we're friends."

I beckoned him into my room, and patted the space next to me, "We are, Jem. As much as we can be."

He said, "It makes me feel like I'm not just some kid and that my parents didn't just dump me on you."

I told myself my vow wasn't in danger as I pulled him into a hug. The way he responded, wrapping his arms around my neck, told me I'd chosen well. He needed my friendship while his parents tried to keep his world from going to hell.

We watched another movie in the living room and I tucked him under the covers and even gave him a kiss on the forehead before retreating back to my bedroom, where I grabbed a clean pair of underwear and headed to the bathtub.

I showered, which I strongly preferred over baths. I wasn't strong enough for my thoughts to not return to Jem's bath-time. Even though I preferred boys who could give me their seed, I couldn't deny Jem's cuteness. Of course, I'd never let myself touch him sexually. I didn't need that complication. Still, thinking about him led to an erection. Long ago, I'd told

myself my five or so inches had been one thing women wouldn't like about me. I told myself they wanted big guys. And at seventeen, I already knew I'd never be that guy.

Now, just on the other side of thirty, I accepted my body as it was, just as I accepted I would always be a boy lover. Correction, I'd remain a celibate boy lover. One thing I had hoped for when I was seventeen is that my body would eventually fill out. I felt uncomfortable in gym class. All us boys were between fifteen and eighteen. Most of us had glory trails between our penises and our bellies. Some of us had nearly as much hair on our pits and chests as we had on our crotches. At seventeen, I had a few strands under my arms and nothing of note on my chest. My glory trail died out a couple of inches above my shaft. Even my legs weren't very hairy.

And now, as I washed my body, not much had changed. I had a few more errant hairs under my arms and a few lonely strands around my nipples, but apart from that, I was smooth down to my pubic area, where my hair started. I glanced at my pubic area. Just above where my penis pointed straight at the wall, my pubic hair struggled to spread away from the base more than an inch or two in any direction.

When I was in college, I shaved my pubes. It really made me feel closer to the boys I loved back then. And during my first job, I even paid to for laser hair removal. Mark had loved how smooth I was; Just like him. God, how I wish he hadn't bragged about us.

Now, in my early thirties, as I looked at the sparse hair over my erection, I wondered if I had fucked up getting the laser hair removal. Even though I had never sported a huge patch of curly pubes, ever since then, my hair had been sparser, straighter, and less coarse.

As the water poured over my body, I couldn't shake Jem's image from my mind. His adorable little cocklet was firmly embedded in my mind and soon I was stroking myself, feeling that familiar tingle thrumming along my penis until I felt my balls constrict. My knees threatened to buckle as I leaned against the shower tiles. The first blast of my ejaculate splattered the shower curtain with my cloudy seed. My dick kicked in my hand a half-

dozen more times, each successive blast less powerful than the previous until that which remained slid down my fingers.

Guilt set in as I washed my ejaculate from my penis and hands and even from the shower curtain. Come on, Jack, I told myself, I vowed to hold the line. How can I do that if I'm beating off to this gorgeous boy?

After drying off, my penis was back to its normal size, not quite three shriveled inches. I slid on my underwear and then headed toward my bedroom.

Jem was lying on my bed when I walked into my room. He had managed to find the remote and was watching some show on the Cartoon Network. At least until I walked in. His young eyes raked themselves over me before he said, "You're in your underwear."

I wanted to ask him why he wasn't asleep in the living room. After all, that's where I left him.

Instead, I said, "So are you. What's up? Problem with the couch?"

I slipped on my boxers, pulling them over my white underwear as Jem said, "Yeah. I got scared, Jack. I really don't want to sleep alone. Can I sleep in here with you? Pretty please!"

I shook my head. We were both practically in just our underwear. "Do you think your mom and dad would want you sleeping in my bed?"

I could see the worry creeping into Jem's eyes as he said, "I'll tell them I slept on the couch."

I warred with myself. Part of me wanted nothing more than to let him into my bed. Instead, I said, "It's not just your parents, buddy. What would your friends think?"

The worry deepened as his brows creased, "Jack, I promise I won't tell anyone. Please don't make me sleep alone."

Seeing Jem's genuine fear, I pointed toward my bed, "Fine. But no TV. Get your cute little butt into bed."

A few minutes later, I turned the light out and crawled under the covers, hyperaware of the boy sharing the space. A moment later, I felt him against my arm. There was a childish giggle, followed by, "Do you really think I've got a cute butt?"

I groaned, "Good night, Jem."

He giggled again, but at least he rolled away. A few minutes later, his soft snores confirmed he was asleep. It took a lot longer this second night before I fell asleep.

The next morning, I woke up on my back. During the night, Jem pushed the covers down. He had also cuddled next to me at some point. While he was also on his back, one of his legs now draped over one of mine.

That's when I noticed, unlike the previous morning, my morning wood was in full form, pushing against my underwear. A moment later, I saw a protrusion poking from Jem's red Superman underwear. Even though it wasn't sticking out far, I recognized a boner.

As best as I could, I slid out from under Jem's leg and quietly made my way to the bathroom. By the time I finished draining my bladder, things down below were back to normal. When I went back into the bedroom, Jem was stirring. He opened his eyes and saw me, "G'morning," he mumbled.

I tousled his messy hair, "Good morning to you too. So, this morning, do you want cold milk and cereal or cereal and cold milk?"

Jem giggled until he realized what I had realized earlier. He saw his little erection creating a tent in his underroos, and almost immediately one of his hands sought to cover it. His rosy cheeks turned scarlet as he mumbled, "S-, sorry."

I tried to make nothing of it, "No worries. Happens to every guy. Why don't you go to the bathroom while I get breakfast served?"

He joined me in the kitchen, still wearing his underroos. Of course, I was still in just my boxers. As we ate, he said, "D-, does that happen to you, too?"

I nodded as I took a bite of cereal. "Yep. Your dad too."

When he finished eating, he said, "Mom told me not to touch it when it happens. She hit my hand once in the bathtub."

This surprised me. Wes and Donna struck me as typical progressive parents. Kind of the norm with the faculty at the college. Maybe she just wanted him to be older before discovering the pleasures his body had in store. I didn't want to get involved in their parenting. Although I suppose I already was.

I said, "I'd suggest you not touch yourself when she's around, Jem. Women can be weird about that."

His face returned to that embarrassed hue as he said, "Do you, um, ever touch yours, Jack?"

I know my face turned red. I coughed. I really didn't want to answer questions about our bodies. To be more truthful, I didn't want to answer any question that could come back and bite me on the ass. I said, "Um, I'm not sure your parents want me answering questions about that stuff, Jem."

Jem frowned, "I think Mom's embarrassed about it. And Dad's really busy with his job. Please."

I leaned forward, resting my arms on the table, "I don't think so, buddy. They could get really upset with me if I told you things they didn't agree with."

Jem sighed, "Being a kid sucks sometimes."

I chuckled as I tousled his hair again and cleaned up breakfast.

Chapter 4

For a while, things returned to normal across the street. A month or two after Jem's sleepover, I was writing up an investment strategy for a client when the doorbell rang. It was a Saturday morning, and I wasn't expecting anyone.

Donna and Jem were standing there. Summer was almost upon us and the weather, even for Colorado, was warm. Jem wore a tank-top and a pair of shorts. His hair, still a tangled mess, touched his collar. He grinned up at me. Donna wore a long, flowing sundress. Her hair almost looked on fire when the sun reflected from it.

Donna said, "Hi Jack. Jem's been pestering me for a few days to come over and ask."

I raised my eyebrows in curiosity. "Sure. What's up?"

Jem butted in, "It's my birthday, Jack. I'm ten!"

I leaned forward and rubbed his hair, "Congrats, dude. You're out of the single digits now."

Jem said, "Yeah. We're having a party this evening!"

Donna said, "Yeah. We wanted to invite you to it. It's the least we can do."

Both cars were in the drive across the street. I asked, "Yeah. I'll come. When and where?"

Jem jumped in, "Our house. Six. There'll be hot dogs and cake!"

Donna smiled apologetically. "He's pretty hyped up. We've invited some kids from school."

I nodded, "Cool. How are you and Wes?"

She glanced down at Jem, "You know how it goes. One day at a time."

I knew a thing or two about just trying to survive. Things were still rough. I said, "You guys need anything, anything at all, just let me know."

She smiled wistfully at me and then surprised me when she stepped forward and hugged me. It was over in an instant, but the feel of her breasts against my chest caught me off guard. “Thanks, Jack. Jem thinks the world of you. And frankly, so do I.”

Just to make it complete, Jem charged me with his own bear hug. He nearly bowled me over as he wrapped his arms around my waist and gripped me as hard as possible. I couldn’t help myself, and my arms wrapped around him, patting him lightly on the back.

Once they had left, I wondered what kind of gift to give Jem. Since the weekend when he had spent the night, I’ve gotten to know the boy better. Although he hadn’t stayed over again, he came over a couple of times a week, just to water the flowers and hang out with someone where the tension wasn’t so thick. As a guy, I was a firm believer that cash makes the best gift. And after thinking through Donna’s potential objections, decided to give him the gift that keeps on giving—cash.

I finished the article I had been working on and made a trip by the ATM and a store to pick up a birthday card. I was a bit nervous about what to expect. Aside from Jem, I was pretty serious about avoiding boys in general.

That evening, I headed across the street. I got there a bit early and found the Nelsons in their backyard. There were streamers and bunting and a long folding table covered with baby-blue paper tablecloth. Jem raced over and gave me another earth-shattering hug, “Hiya, Jack!”

“Happy birthday, sport!”

He grinned, enjoying the pet nicknames I gave him. I handed him the birthday card, “Here’s your gift.”

Jem’s face fell. I guess he was expecting a present. I leaned close and whispered, “Don’t spend it all in one place.”

With that, his smile returned, and he bolted off, pretending to be an airplane, flying low between the tables and chairs.

Donna came over and gave me another hug. She was still wearing the same outfit. Her breasts still pressed against my chest when she hugged

me, "Thanks for coming, Jack. Not sure how many kids will be here, now that school's out."

Thirty minutes after the party was supposed to start, there were a grand total of three kids at the party, and that included Jem. And the other two were twins, a boy and girl. Jem tried to behave like he was excited, but having gotten to know him, I could see the disappointment.

The kids were in the yard, playing with a remote-control car. I was close enough to hear their conversation. The boy, Dillon, said, "This is pretty cool. I don't know why Dallas didn't want me to come."

Jem froze in position on his knees by the car, "What? Dallas told you not to come? Is that why it's just us?"

Dillon shrugged, "Dallas is a dork. He said you're gay."

Jem handed the controller to the girl, Megan, "Here Meg. It's your turn." Then he turned back to her brother, "What? Why's he think that?"

The other boy said, "You've got long hair. Dallas says only gays wear their hair long."

Jem frowned and didn't say anything else, only taking back the controller when Megan finished playing with it.

The twins and their mom were gone by seven thirty and although the sun was going down, there was still light in the sky and I joined Jem playing with the remote-control car. While I steered the little car around the Nelson's backyard, Donna waved me over to where she and Wes were folding up the table and chairs.

With my ten-year-old shadow following, I came over, "You guys need any help?"

Donna said, "Wes and I are really glad you could come over. Although I still think your gift is overly generous for a birthday gift, Jack."

I shrugged, "Jem's a good kid. I'm sure he'll enjoy spending it."

I could see that even though Donna and Wes were trying for Jem's sake, they were still struggling. When you knew what to look for, it was there. I

knew it wasn't my place to intrude, I added, "I know you guys are going through a rough spot and wish I could do more."

Donna said, "Thanks, that means a lot. Wes and I were wondering. There's a marriage retreat this coming weekend. We were going to take Jem to see Wes's mom, but he's been badgering me to see if you would let him stay with you. It's just a couple of nights."

While I really enjoyed having Jem around, I wasn't blind to my growing attraction to the boy. I was trying to figure out how to diplomatically decline, when I felt the boy's arms wrap around my waist, "Please, Jack. I promise I'll be good."

My resistance to the request crumpled under Jem's assault of love. I said, "Sure, Donna. Jem's welcome anytime."

I was in the office when I heard a noise from the front of the house. Then my favorite cherubic voice, "Jack! You home? You said I'm welcome. Right?"

I chuckled. I glanced at the clock in my office. It was in the middle of the afternoon on Friday. It was a bit early, but that's also why I had left the front door unlocked. I bookmarked the PDF I was reading and got up and stretched. I found him still standing in the doorway, his backpack slung over his shoulders.

"Hey, buddy," I said, "How's my favorite ten-year-old?"

Jem's eyes lit up like the sun when he saw me. "Hi, Jack. You're not upset that I came over early, are you?"

I came over and ran my fingers through his hair. It was below the collar. If he didn't cut it, by the end of the summer it would touch his shoulders. "Not at all. As long as your parents know where you are, that is."

He glanced back across the street, "Um, well, they were talking in their bedroom. I couldn't really tell if they were arguing or not. So, I thought I'd come on over."

Being single, I had no idea about marriage counseling or if going on some kind of retreat would help Donna and Wes. It wasn't really my place to get involved. I was pretty sure I was too involved already. I pulled my phone from my pocket and found Donna's name, "Let me check with your mom."

Donna answered on the fourth ring, "Oh, hi Jack. I hope your still able to watch Jem this evening."

I said, "Yeah. Your little munchkin showed up early."

She said, "Goes to figure. Wes and I have been discussing things. I guess Jem heard through the walls."

"Everything okay?"

"Yeah, well enough," Donna said, "We're both hopeful. If he's in the way, send Jem back home and we can drop him off when we leave."

I glanced down at Jem's hopeful expression, "He's cool. I'll put something on the TV for him while I finish up my work day. Any special instructions?"

Donna said, "I know it'll be like a slumber party, but don't let him stay up too late. Things with Wes have made his bath-time more difficult. He's become a lot more needy lately. I've been giving him baths for the past few weeks. So, don't be surprised if he asks for help. If that makes you uncomfortable, I guess a couple of nights without a bath won't kill him."

I moved away from Jem, allowing a bit of privacy, "No problem, Donna. If it bothers you, he can take a pass on a bath."

I heard her sigh. Her voice fell to a whisper, "God, Jack, I think you're the only man I trust right now. The jury's still out on Wes. Jem adores you, and if you can get him to take a bath, more power to you."

I said, "Okay. Jem and I will be fine. You and Wes try to go and enjoy yourselves. I'll send your rug-rat home whenever you're back on Sunday."

Donna said, "Thanks a bunch, Jack."

I walked back over to Jem, handed him the phone to let him say his goodbye. Then I set him up in the living room with some DVDs and finished the afternoon in my office.

I knew I wasn't setting a good example for Jem, but I ordered Chinese takeout for us as we settled in and watched Cameron's Avatar. After we finished our takeout, I kicked my feet up and rested them on the coffee table. Jem settled in next to me and did the same thing. At some point, he leaned against me and I responded by putting an arm around his shoulder.

I was still holding onto my vow. I actually felt pretty good about things as I realized how much Jem needed an adult to anchor his life and give him some stability. I knew the best way to do that was to keep my thoughts away from my attractions and focus on being there for him.

Once the movie was over, I said, "Your mom said you needed a bath. Get yourself a bath and we'll watch another movie before bed."

Jem jumped up and said, "Cool, I wanna watch Diary of a Wimpy Kid."

I got up and headed to the bathroom where I started the water. When Jem came in, he said, "Do I have to take a bath tonight?"

I felt the clinginess vibe Donna had described. I beckoned him over to me and pulled him in and smelled his hair. There was a hint of boyish sweat. That musk of unwashed childhood. I said, "You could probably use a bath, buddy."

He looked up at me, "Okay. Can you give me a bath?"

I knelt down and looked Jem in the eyes. I could see the stress of his parents' damaged marriage in them. Even though he was a couple of months older than the last time we were in the bathroom, Jem's carefree spirit was damaged.

I bit my lip as I considered his request, "Well, do you think your mom would be okay with it?"

He surprised me, "I think so. When she gave me a bath a couple of days ago, I asked if you could give me a bath this weekend."

Donna's earlier admission made sense. This was surreal. Here I was, a boy-lover given permission by Donna to bathe her son. Yet, instinctively, I knew I couldn't take advantage of Jem. I said, "Okay. You want me to step out while you change?"

He shook his head, giggling, "Why? You saw my thing last time."

With that, he took his shirt off and then removed his shorts. Instead of the superhero underroos, he wore a pair of plain white briefs. His cheeks colored as he lowered them to the floor, revealing the little noodle I had seen two months prior.

He stepped into the tub and sat down in the nearly hot water. Try as I might, I wasn't able to ignore Jem's gems. It was substantially unchanged from the last time; a soft noodle ending in the perfect helmet shaped little head.

I reminded myself I really needed to not stare, so I grabbed my soap and lathered my hands and started to wash his back. Once I finished his back, I said, "Let's get the front, shall we?"

When he swiveled around, he said, "Do you want me to stand up? So you can wash me easier?"

Uncertain about how to answer, I said, "What does your mom do?"

"She just washes me sitting down."

I shrugged, "You do you, bro. Whatever you're comfortable with."

He stood up and faced me. I grabbed a wash towel. It was one thing for me to wash his back with my bare hands. But as I lathered the little towel, Jem said, "You can use your hands. They feel better than the washrag."

I felt an old familiar fluttering in my stomach as I touched his shoulder, rubbing the soap against his skin. Working my way down his thin chest, over nipples that barely registered as such. I tried to be deft in my touch when I reached his belly. From there, I shifted to his feet, lathering up his impossibly smooth ankles, going to just above his knees. By the time I finished, I realized Jem was cupping his penis with both his hands.

I flushed red, worried I'd done something. "You okay, bro?"

Jem's rosy cheeks were just as red as mine, "Um, yeah." Then in a voice no louder than a whisper, he said, "I got a stiffy."

Part of me felt bad for him. But part of me knew it was a likely result of him flashing himself in front of me, especially when I've been running my bare hands over his little body. I said, "Happens all the time, bro. Do you want to finish the rest yourself?"

He bit his lip, thinking. After a rather long moment, he shook his head and dropped his hands to his side. I gasped. From its little one-inch softness, it filled out, stretched and pointing toward the ceiling. He was about two inches. His tiny balls still pulled tight at the base of his thin rod.

I knew what I wanted to say. But also knew I'd not dare to say it. Instead, I said, "Alright, big guy, I'll wash your legs and thighs. Okay?"

Jem nodded, and I resumed working up his legs with the soap, only stopping when my knuckle accidentally grazed his scrotum. I washed his hips, coming midway around to his front on both sides, stopping a few inches shy of his little erection. At that point, I said, "Okay, buddy, I'm pretty sure, your mom doesn't want me to wash that last part."

Jem giggled, "Probably not."

I stood up and said, "Let's wash your hair and then you'll be done."

As I rinsed his hair with the U of Colorado cup, I said, "You know, standing up like this is a bit like taking a shower. Have you tried that at your place?"

Wiping water from his eyes, Jem said, "No. Mom's afraid I'll slip and hurt myself. Do you take showers?"

"Yeah. Been years since I took a bath."

Once the shampoo was out of his hair, I grabbed a towel and dried his hair. Then worked my way down his back. I shouldn't have, but I enjoyed rubbing the cloth across his bare backside. But his soft cheeks felt delicious under the towel's protective covering.

When I turned him around, his little nail still stuck up in the air. I rubbed his torso dry, coming all the way down to just above his pubic area. Then switched and dried his feet and ankles, working all the way up his legs to just short of his erection.

I stopped, "Um, Jem, you want to finish drying yourself?"

He blushed as he took the towel and finished the job. Then he grabbed a pair of clean white underwear and put them on. His little nail was still poking out, but I tried to ignore it, “Nice underwear, bro. What happened to the superhero underwear?”

Jem handed me the towel, “Dunno. I guess I outgrew them. Men wear this kind of underwear, right?”

I hung the towel to dry, “Some do. Some wear boxers. There’s no right or wrong choice.”

His voice grew soft, “But you do. Right?”

My face felt hot, “Yes. That’s right.”

Jem pulled his toothbrush and toothpaste from the backpack, “Then this is what I want to wear.”

After he finished brushing his teeth, Jem said, “Can we watch a movie in your room?”

Worried what someone might think if they knew I had a ten-year-old boy in my bedroom in just his tighty-whities, I said, “Did you bring some pajama bottoms to wear over your underwear?”

Jem shook his head, “No. Why?”

I followed him into my bedroom, “Well, your mom might not like the idea of you sleeping in my bed in just your underwear. You think?”

Jem’s face grew pensive, “We could tell her I slept on the couch. Like last time.”

I sat on my bed and pulled him toward me, “Jem, do you really want to keep things from your parents?”

He shrugged, “They’re keeping secrets from me. And you letting me sleep in your bed isn’t a big deal. Is it?”

I looked around the room, trying to think about how to say what I wanted. “Let’s say that your friend Dillon, slept over at an older friend’s. What would you think if Dillon slept in just his underwear with the older friend?”

Jem's eyes grew round as he connected things in his head, "Oh. That!"

Then, for whatever reason, the boy giggled. "Okay. I'd think that maybe they really like each other."

I nodded, "So, what about watching a movie in the living room?"

Jem sat down next to me, "Um, Jack, I'd rather watch it back here with you. Even if it meant not telling my mom. Can we? Please."

I sighed, uncertain about where things would end up with Jem. "Yeah, bro. That's fine."

He was asleep by the time the movie finished. I turned off the TV, leaving the only light in the bedroom a lamp on the nightstand. I stripped down to my underwear and looked at the boy asleep on my bed. We matched. I felt confused, knowing how much Jem had come to mean to me. I was attracted to him, there was no denying it. And also, a powerful urge to protect him from the pain he was going through.

Unable to resolve my internal conflict, I decided not to put on my boxers and climbed into bed, pulled the covers up over us and turned out the light.

The next morning, I awoke to a nearly naked boy sprawled across half my body. When I opened my eyes, I saw Jem's head nestled against my chest. His torso was pressed against my stomach and abs, and his underwear touched mine.

Regrettably, I awoke with my morning wood straining against my underwear. Not so regrettably, I felt something poking against my hip, where Jem's crotch pressed. I was of several minds, and only one of them was remotely the right thing to do. I needed to untangle myself, letting Jem continue sleeping and go to the bathroom. I was determined to not be that guy who takes advantage of the sleeping beauty beside me and roll him over to gawp at the erection tenting his underwear.

I moved my leg, ready to slide the rest of the way out of bed when I felt a hand slide across my chest and an angelic voice say, "Mm, morning."

I froze in place, hoping he wouldn't notice something that only a blind man wouldn't. "Good morning, sleepy head."

A few moments passed as Jem moved his head against my side, "Oh, wow. You got a stiffy too."

So much for that. Jem, Blind Pew he wasn't. I said, "Yeah. Happens to all of us, bro."

Jem rolled onto his back, his stiffy quite evident in his underwear, "Yeah," he giggled, "We're twins!"

I couldn't help laughing. "Yeah, something like that."

He propped himself up on his elbow, "Dude," that's something he said when he was trying to be cooler than his ten years, "You're, um, thing is huge."

I took that moment to roll out of bed, "It just seems like that, bro. I'll be right back, gotta pee."

In the bathroom, I pulled the front of my underwear down and was waiting for my erection to go down enough to pee when I looked down beside me. Jem was so close, his shoulder grazed my elbow. He pulled his underwear down, revealing his erection.

Startled, I pulled my underwear up, "Dude, what happened to privacy?"

The crestfallen look on Jem's face broke my heart, as he said, "B-, but I thought you wouldn't m-, mind."

I put a hand on his shoulder, as tears welled in his eyes, "Hey, Jem, it's okay, man. You just startled me."

He sniffled, "So, it's okay to pee together?"

The correct answer was no, it's not okay. I knew I should've said that. Instead, I said, "It's up to you, bro. But it's definitely not something your mom would approve of."

With one hand Jem wiped at his tears, with the other one, he took hold of his penis and aimed for the water below, "Okay. It'll be our secret, big bro."

It's hard enough taking a piss with a morning wood. Throw in a ten-year-old boy, and I stood there willing myself to urinate. I felt something slide through my urethra and just before anything happened, Jem said, "Dude."

Damn, I thought, as my bladder seemed to hide. I glanced over at Jem. He was holding his little nail, apparently with no more success than me. "What?"

He said, "You're, like, huge. And hairy."

I couldn't help myself. I chuckled. Only a tween would think five and a half inches was "huge." And hairy? Not quite. I said, "By the time you're fifteen, maybe sixteen, little bro, you'll be as big, and probably hairier."

Jem wagged his little nail around in the air, "You think so? I've seen some of the other boys at the urinals and I'm not very big."

That little hard tube of flesh waving over to the toilet was perfection, as far as I was concerned. I pulled my hand away from my erection, giving Jem a better look, "Sometimes, bud, I feel the same way. There are guys bigger than me. I try not to let it bother me, and you shouldn't either."

With that, I took hold of my erection. I had gone too far; I was sure of it.

Jem grinned up at me, "Thanks, bro. I still think you're huge."

I chuckled as I finally managed to coax out a thin stream of urine. A moment later Jem joined his stream, and we pissed together.

Chapter 5

I flipped between two articles, trying to figure out why two respected investment advisors were advocating entirely different strategies for a particular tech giant's stock. Disagreements in buying, selling or holding strategies are common in my industry, the devil, though, is in the details.

In the living room, I heard death raining from the surround sound speakers. Jem used his birthday money, plus a bit more that I kicked in under the table, to buy a PlayStation. His mom didn't let him hook it up in their living room, so Jem brought it over here and played it as often as he could. And while there had been no more sleep-overs since the beginning of the summer, he was still over here a few times a week.

When the doorbell chimed, I set the two articles aside. I'd figure out later what games those investors were pursuing. Jem was still smashing buttons as I walked past. Donna was at the door.

"Hi Donna," I said as I waved her into the entryway, "You need Jem?"

Donna came in. Her hair was slightly mused from the current heat-wave. We didn't get many, but now and then the temperature would soar into the nineties. "N-, no. Jem is playing one of his games?"

I nodded. She leaned against the wall and tears streamed down her cheeks, "H-, he's at it again, Jack."

I hadn't seen Wes's car when I let her in. It was a Friday, so I figured he might be at work on campus. "Wes?"

She nodded as more tears came. Then she leaned forward until she was hugging me, soaking my shirt with her tears, "Oh, fuck, Jack. Why does he do this to me? I thought we could fix things. I even thought he was making an effort. What a fucking bastard."

I didn't know what to do. I patted her on the back, "I'm really sorry, Donna. I really was pulling for you. You deserve a guy who'll treat you right."

Donna's posture changed, and I felt her body meld itself to me. I became more aware of her breasts through the skimpy summer blouse she wore. She said, "Thanks, Jack. You've been a genuine friend since we moved in."

She tilted her head up, and her lips found mine. I blanked out. Aside from a couple of first-date kisses in college, I haven't touched a woman's lips in more than a decade.

My initial reaction, which was involuntary, was to respond to the kiss, but as I tasted the saltiness of her tears, I froze up. Then she pulled back with even more tears, "Oh, fuck! What the fuck's wrong with me, coming onto my gay neighbor?"

Gay neighbor? My face had to have betrayed my shock. I said, "Hey, Donna, it's okay. Life's fucked up right now, and I guess your feelings got the best of you. Actually, I'm kind of flattered you kissed me."

She had turned a bright shade of red, "I'm so fucking sorry, Jack. I just assumed you were gay. I've never seen women over here. But come to think of it, not any guys either."

I took her by the hand and led her into the kitchen, "No worries. I'm just not in the market to date right now. I got my heart crushed pretty bad a couple of years before moving to Boulder. I guess I haven't found anyone since then because I've not been looking."

Donna shook her head, "And here I go and kiss you. I'm a fucking idiot."

I shook my head, "No, you're pissed and upset because Wes had fucked up big time."

I got her a beer from my fridge. As she calmed down and dried her eyes, I said, "You thought I was gay?"

There was still some color in her cheeks, "You're not?"

I managed to avoid looking into the living room where we could still hear Jem playing. I shrugged, "But you've been letting Jem hang out over here a lot. Why would you let him hang out and be friends with some guy you think is gay?"

Donna's eyes traveled to the living room. We could just see the top of his strawberry blond hair from where we sat. "I know he's still young. But there are days when I wonder if Jem will come out of the closet when he's twelve or thirteen or if he'll hide his attractions until he's in college."

I was stunned at Donna. "How can you know? He probably doesn't even know."

Donna took a long drag at the drink, "Call it mother's intuition."

I wondered about that mother's intuition. If it were real, there'd be no way she'd trust her boy to me. My own feelings for Jem had always been complicated. But I wondered how I could resist his boyish charms as he neared puberty.

I subtly shook my head, "I guess so," Then leaning forward until my head was close to hers, in a voice no louder than a whisper, I said, "I don't understand, Donna. If you think Jem and I are both gay, why do you let him hang out with me so much?"

Donna said, "I've always got a good vibe from you, Jack. You've got a good heart and I know you'd never do anything to hurt Jem. Also, if you hadn't noticed, he doesn't make friends easily, but he adores you. And unless you missed how badly I fucked up by kissing you, I do too."

I was a bit taken aback by Donna's emotional admission. I blushed a bit, "Eh, don't worry about the kiss. What's one between friends? It means a lot that you trust me with Jem. I've probably come to adore him just as much."

Donna finished the beer. "I better get on back to the house. I've probably said too much or too little."

I felt a bit too warm as I stood, "I'll get Jem."

Her hand reached out, grabbing me, "Don't."

I felt perplexed by the emotional rollercoaster she was on, "Okay?"

She headed toward the door. When I opened it for her, she said, "I need some alone time this weekend. Maybe even go perving for some guys who aren't my gay neighbor."

I flushed at the comment, but didn't contradict her. She said, "I know it's sudden, but do you mind if Jem spends the weekend with you?"

I found myself nodding before I even knew it. “You know, he’s always welcome.”

She gave me another hug, and even though I felt her breasts pressing against me, I knew she wasn’t doing it for me. She bit her lip, and I could see some kind of internal conflict. She took a step, then turned back, “I know I’m right about my son, Jack. I really hope you’re still in his life when he finally comes out of the closet. He’ll need you more than even now.”

With that, she turned and walked back across the street. I turned and went back into the house. Jem was sitting on the couch, his game paused. “Was that Mom?”

“Yeah.”

He grimaced, “She thinks Dad’s cheating again.”

I collapsed on the couch next to him, “What do you think?”

Jem’s naturally rosy cheeks flared dark red as tears threatened to spill down his face. His next words shocked me, “He’s been fucking Aunt Cindy since right after he and Mom went to that marriage retreat.”

Jem had never used any profanity in my presence. When the tears spilled over, he flung himself into my arms and I pulled him onto my lap and I held him as he cried. I understood how he felt. His parents’ marriage was over in all but name. Even the stability of the summer was nothing but a façade.

After a while, I said, “Your mom asked me if it was okay if you stayed over tonight and tomorrow. Is that okay with you?”

The tears dried up fast as he looked up at me with a genuine smile, “Really? You said yes. Right?”

My arms went around his back and I gave him a big hug, “Of course, buddy.”

After a few minutes, Jem asked me to come with him while he grabbed some stuff. I had been in the Nelson’s house a few times, but this time, it felt less like a house and more like a mausoleum of Donna and Wes’s marriage. Donna was on the phone at their kitchen table when we came in.

She waved as we went by. This was the first time I saw Jem's room. Before, I have always treated it as off limits.

There was a large painting of a rainbow reflecting off some clouds with the Rocky Mountains as a backdrop. There weren't any clothes scattered around, and even his bed was made. There were even a couple of stuffed animals in one corner. Jem grabbed his backpack from the closet and loaded it with some changes of clothes and white utilitarian underwear.

The room felt little like what you'd expect a ten-year-old boy's room should look like. Not that it looked like a girl's room. Just something unique to Jem. After a couple of minutes, he said, "All packed."

Donna was off the phone when we came back toward the door. She waved us over and gave Jem a hug and then caught me off guard by giving me just as big a hug. "That was my friend Wanda. She's in Aspen. She invited me to come stay with her for the weekend, and dammit, I think I'm going to do it."

I nodded, "That's the spirit, Donna. Take care of yourself."

She said, "That's exactly what I'm going to do. But would it be a problem if Jem stays through Monday?"

As I shook my head, I said, "What about Wes?"

Donna spat, "Fuck that bastard. He'll be holed up with my whore of a cousin until then, I suspect."

With that, I took Jem by the arm and beat a hasty retreat. Things between Donna and Wes were even worse than I thought, now that she was willing to run her soon-to-be-ex down in Jem's presence.

Back in my house, I said, "Well, roommate, what do you want to do?"

Jem glanced toward my office, "Are you finished for the day?"

I thought about the articles I had been reading. I wasn't in the right frame to come back to them yet. "It'll be there Monday."

"Cool, can we play on the PS?"

Jem schooled me on a couple of his games and before we knew it, the sun was going down and we still hadn't eaten. With this responsibility suddenly thrust on me, my dinner selection was nearly nonexistent. Still, it wasn't something pizza delivery couldn't take care of.

With the pizza on the coffee table in front of us, we put something on Jem wanted to watch. After a few pizza slices, he turned off the TV and said, "Um, Jack, can I ask you something?"

"Sure, bro. What's on your mind?"

Whatever was on his mind had him embarrassed. He chewed at his lip before he said, "I know you said I should talk to my dad about, you know, stuff. But ... I can't do that. Is it okay to talk to you?"

I rocked back. The last thing I wanted to do was say something to drive a wedge between Jem and Wes. On the other side of that coin, Wes was doing a good job doing that on his own. I said, "Well, you should feel able to talk with him about stuff. But yeah, buddy, if you want to talk about stuff, you can ask me anything."

He went back to chewing on his lip for a moment. Whatever it was, he needed to work up the courage. He tilted his head as if looking at me differently, "Mom says that you're, um, gay."

My eyes widened, surprised to hear the same accusation twice within a few hours. The funny thing about progressive people like Donna is that having a gay friend is almost a badge of honor; their way of saying, "See, I support you." Letting her believe I like other men was a simple misdirect. I felt a kindred spirit with Jem, and I wasn't sure I wanted to give him the same misdirect. But the truth wasn't something I was willing to share, even with this wonderful and perceptive boy.

"She thinks I'm gay? Wow. Okay. What do you think?"

He kept tilting his head one way and then the other, studying me. "I dunno. I guess it's possible."

"Would that bother you?"

His lips curled at the ends as he shook his head, “No. If you were, I think that’d be cool.”

Cool? Not the answer I expected. “Oh? Why’s that?”

Jem glanced furtively toward the front door, as though half-expecting to see someone overhear our conversation. Then he turned back and moved back against me, “Jack, can you promise to keep a secret? I know you’re an adult and adults tell kids they’ll keep a secret, and then if they think they’ve got to tell someone, then they break their promise.”

It was my turn to cock any eyebrow at him. “Jem, the last time you stayed over here, and you slept in my bed, what did I tell you?”

Jem answered right away, “That it was something my mom wouldn’t approve of.”

I said, “I think we’re both pretty good at keeping each other’s secrets, don’t you?”

He flushed as he grinned, “Yeah. I guess so. So, you promise, right?”

I held up my hand, “I promise, Jem.”

He leaned forward, “I think I’m gay.”

One point for Donna’s intuition. I said, “Are you sure? Most ten-year-olds aren’t interested in girls or boys.”

He shrugged, “Not sure. But I think so. This summer, when mom took me to the pool. I saw several other boys in the showers, um, you know, naked. I got a funny feeling in my stomach and well, I wanted to look more.”

I said, “It’s okay if you are, Jem. It’s okay if you aren’t. Either way, it doesn’t change how I feel about you.”

He smiled coyly, “How do you feel about me?”

I reached an arm around him and squeezed him in a bear hug, “You’re the best thing that’s happened to me in a very long time.”

When I let go the hug, he settled into my lap, and said, “Do you love me?”

I wrapped my arms around him. Instead of another bear hug, I just drew him into my chest, “Yeah, Jem. I love you.”

His hands wrapped around mine, “Cool. I love you too, Jack.”

While I wasn’t sure what had just happened, Jem turned the TV back on and we watched a couple of cartoons before I saw it was getting late. After Porky Pig told us that’s all folks, I said, “Alright, I think it’s about time to get ready for bed. You need a bath?”

Still in my lap, Jem said, “Will you give it to me?”

Even though I knew I needed to back away, I also knew I was hopelessly smitten with Jem and I was willing to tread back into dangerous waters. I asked, “Your mom still giving you baths?”

He shrugged, “She still bathes me. But I can tell she would rather not.”

I said, “I know she told you last time that it was okay if you wanted me to give you a bath. Did you tell her?”

Jem shook his head, “No. She asked about it once, and I told her I didn’t take a bath that night.

Surprised, I said, “You lied to her?”

He craned his neck around until our eyes connected, “I figured it was like sleeping in your bed. Our secret.”

Somewhere deep inside me, I hated myself for falling more in love with Jem right then. I said, “Okay. Well, if we’re going to get your bath, we best get busy.”

With him sitting in my lap, it was easy enough to pull his T-shirt over his head. “You want to head to the bathroom now?”

Jem giggled, “I bet you can’t get the rest of my clothes off with me sitting here.”

My arms were already around his torso, “You’re on, big buy.”

Jem wore a pair of athletic shorts, with a drawstring to keep it tight. I lifted him up and grabbed the waist band from the back and tugged on them

until his shorts were midway down his thighs. Then, when he stopped squirming, I slid them the rest of the way down and off.

Having him sitting in my lap in nothing more than his underwear was a moment of erotic pleasure. And I felt myself growing inside my jeans. I leaned against his ear, "What do you want, Jem?"

He leaned his head back against my shoulder, "You can take it off, if you want, Jack."

He didn't squirm or wrestle about as I lifted his bottom off my lap with one hand and with the other, I tugged until his underwear slid down his legs. His little penis was pointing straight up, hard as a rock. His hands rested on his thighs, although ready to cover himself. But they didn't.

With that, I picked him up and had him stand, "Come on, big guy, let's get you that bath."

Running the water was easy enough and once it was full enough, Jem sat down in the water. He seemed truly okay with me seeing his erect little cock. Curious about it, I said, "Jem, how do you handle things when this happens with your mom?"

He shook his head, "It doesn't happen very often. But when it does, I cover it."

"Why are you so chill about it with me?"

He shrugged, "I dunno. I just am. Last time, you told me we all get them. Then I saw yours in when we peed. Also, I..." his voice faded away, until he whispered, "Do you like seeing me like this?"

I should have lied. Instead, as I ran my soapy hands down his back, I said, "Yeah, bro."

In the same near whisper, he said, "Me too."

Once finished with his back, I said, "Lay back in the water and I'll get your front."

Jem slid his feet toward the drain and his head toward the back of the tub. He looked gorgeous, lying in the tub, exposing himself to me. Over the

previous two months, he'd grown a bit. I guessed he was about four feet five inches. His marvelous penis still looked to be around two inches when stiff, as he certainly was.

I pulled the shower curtain back all the way and bent over the tub to reach his shoulders. As I moved down to his chest, he splashed some water at me, drenching my shirt. I knew the game he played, yet I felt powerless to stop it. I pulled my shirt off and worked my way down his stomach and abdomen, only stopping when I reached his pubic area.

Then switched down to his feet. As I worked my way up, I didn't stop when I reached his knees. Nor did I stop when I reached his thighs. I only stopped when I touched his immature scrotum. Then I said, "Well, we just about got you clean. Can you finish yourself up?"

This time, Jem shook his head, "Can you finish me?"

With his invitation, my fingers, still slick with soap, cupped Jem's little balls, caressing them gently. Then, as lightly as I could, I encircled his little penis and stroked him a few times, lathering his erection with soap. I also soaped up his hips and thighs, this time, not bothering to stop, happily and gently touching his erection. Once done, I said, "Okay, buddy, I think we've got you pretty well clean."

Jem sat up with a silly grin on his face that he kept sending my direction. I'm sure I would have felt guilt and remorse if I wasn't so fucking horny myself.

After washing his hair, I picked him up. At sixty pounds soaking wet, he was light. I wrapped him in a towel and set him on my lap as I towel dried his hair and then rubbed him dry over the rest of his body. This time, I didn't hesitate to touch his stiffy through the towel. At that point, I was all-in, I figured.

When I had him stand, he was still naked, and he stood, turned around and wrapped his arms around my neck, kissing my cheek affectionately. Absentmindedly, I couldn't help wondering how Donna would feel if, instead of her fifteen- or sixteen-year-old came out of the closet, instead, her ten-year-old did. Somehow, I didn't imagine it would go well for me.

I grabbed his underwear and said, "Come on, you little nudist, let's get you into these."

Once he was dressed in his underwear, Jem settled down a bit with the overt and sexual affection. As I headed over to the door, I said, "I guess there's no reason even pretending with setting up the couch tonight?"

Jem giggled, "Nope."

Once we were in my bed, I put some Cartoon network show on and then stripped down to my underwear."

Once I pulled the covers up, he moved over until we were touching. After a moment, he slipped his head between my arm and my chest, resting on my chest. A few minutes passed until he said, "Jack, can I ask you something?"

"Sure, bro. What's on your mind?"

"Can I see your, um, thing?"

I hadn't expected that. Although if he were indeed gay, then a request to see my boner shouldn't be a surprise.

I said, "Thing? What thing?"

He dug his elbow into my ribs, "You know, your, um, penis?"

I was beginning to wonder if he knew the correct name. I already knew my answer by now. And I didn't have it in me to torture out my response. "You want me to pull my underwear down and let you see me?"

He nodded, "Yeah. I can pull mine down too, if you want."

I had already seen and touched him. Although it was endearing how far he would go to see me. I said, "Okay, bro."

I pulled the covers down to the end of the bed and then pulled my underwear down to my ankles. I figured in for a penny, in for a pound. After all the touching I'd already done, I was hopelessly wound up. I even had a bead of pre-cum on my slit.

Not to be outdone, Jem slid his underwear down to his ankles. We propped our backs up with our pillows and Jem leaned over me, looking at

my modest manhood. After a moment, he used a finger and touched it, running a finger from my glans, down past my circumcision scar, all the way down to my base and the smattering of pubic hair. "Cool," he said.

His finger found the bead of pre-cum on my tip and he rubbed his finger around, causing my glans to become slick. "Wow, is this the stuff babies are made from?"

I sighed at his delicate touch, "No. That's a lube our bodies make."

Jem grabbed his stiffy in his hand, "Mine doesn't do that."

I gave him another hug, "Not yet, but give it time and it'll happen."

With that encouragement, he played around with my erection for a couple of minutes until I was sure he knew nothing about masturbation. While I had a growing awareness Donna wouldn't mind if I explained about masturbation to Jem, I was equally sure she wanted that conversation to wait another year or two and not involve mutual exploration.

But when he said, "How do you make the stuff babies are made from come out?" I knew Donna's concerns weren't mine or Jem's.

"Let me show you," I said as I gripped my erection. Then I moved my fist up and down on my dick, enjoying the tingling that started in my balls and then went to my shaft.

After a moment, I moved my hand out of the way, and with no words exchanged, Jem's smaller fingers wrapped around my shaft. Were I larger, I don't think he could have wrapped his entire hand around me. But when he started moving his hand just as I did, I really didn't care if he could fully encircle me or not. The feeling of his hand on my dick felt so much better than mine, even though he was inexperienced.

I let him go on for a minute or so, as the pressure in my balls built. My voice strained through the rising tide of my pending orgasm, "Watch out, Jem. I'm about to shoot my baby makers!"

To Jem's credit, his fingers didn't stop moving, even when my penis spasmed in his hand and a glob of cum shot into the air and landed on my

chest. The rest of my orgasm landed lower on my abdomen or ran down Jem's fingers.

When he pulled his hand away, the stickiness of my semen made it appear Jem had webbing between his fingers, "That was freaking cool, Jack."

The feeling of my orgasm at Jem's hand reminded me so much of my time with Mark, even though eight years separated the occasions. I said, "Yeah, for you and me, both."

I grabbed my underwear and used them to mop up my seed and grabbed a couple of tissues for the boy's fingers. As he was cleaning his hand, Jem said, "Can you do that to me?"

His quivering two inches called to me as clearly as a siren's horn beckons sailors. I said, "I can, bro. But you don't make that stuff yet."

Jem nodded, "I know, Jack. But the way you moaned and the look on your face, I want the same thing."

I wrapped my thumb and forefinger around his little boner and, as gently as possible, jacked on his erection. It didn't take long for Jem to moan in pleasure. I kept working on him, sliding my fingers over his incredibly hard boner. A couple of minutes had passed when Jem's eyes shot open, "Oh, shoot, I gotta pee!"

I sped the motion on his erection, "That's normal, sport. Just ride it out, and you'll like the result."

A couple of dozen strokes later, Jem went rigid as his first orgasm washed over his body. His little erection spasmed over and over again, trying to ejaculate what wasn't there. When his dick finally stopped jerking about, I took my hand off his two inches and said, "What do you think?"

Jem had a hazy and blissful look on his face, "F-, fuck!" he managed.

Then, as he came off his orgasmic high, he added, "Wow, Jack. I wish you'd shown me that the last time you gave me a bath. That was freaking awesome."

I got up and grabbed clean underwear from my chest of drawers, "I don't know if you were ready back then. I know for sure, I wasn't."

As he pulled his underwear back up, he said, "Because it's a secret. Is that it?"

I nodded, feeling the post orgasm tiredness creeping up on me. "What do you imagine would happen to me if you told them what we did?"

Even though I could see his eyes growing heavy, Jem shook his head, unwilling to say the words, "Nothing. Because I would never tell. Not anyone at school, not Mom or Dad. Nobody."

The guilt of what I'd done was settling heavily on me. But what I did was done. I couldn't undo the molestation. Jem seemed happy. And I hoped with every fiber in my being as I drifted off that he would always feel the same way.

Chapter 6

The first thing through my head was what the fuck had I done last night. Of course, it was easy to look back over the past few months and see the slide that led to our shared masturbation. I yawned and rubbed the sleep from my eyes, knowing that as much as the guilt ate at me, I wanted more out of my relationship with Jem.

My movement apparently woke someone else. Jem's arm stretched across my chest as he mumbled incoherently. After a loud yawn, he said, "Hmm, morning."

Even though I couldn't ignore my feelings, I smiled, "Hey, buddy. How'd you sleep?"

A grin crept onto his face, "Good."

He pulled the covers down, revealing a little tent in his underwear. He giggled, "Wow, last night was awesome, Jack."

I tousled his hair, running my hand along his neck, enjoying how long it had grown. "Yeah. It was. Just remember--"

Jem lightly patted my stomach, "I know, our secret, big bro."

My hand moved onto his back, "Thanks, Jem."

Even though I had a morning wood, I wasn't in the mood for fooling around, and after planting a kiss on the boy's forehead, I headed to the bathroom. I pulled my erection out and pointed it at the bowl of water when Jem came up next to me and did the same thing. I enjoyed looking at his perfect little cock. I didn't mind his less than subtle looks at me, either. Still, I managed to get a stream flowing and a few seconds later, so did Jem.

Once we finished peeing, we got started with our day. Breakfast followed by a beating at the hands of a ten-year-old on the PlayStation, followed by lunch. I stopped the beating, and we got dressed and went to the grocery store. I figured we needed something other than pizza or Chinese takeout.

When we got home, Wes's car was across the street. Jem took a step toward it, then stopped. "What's he doing home?" he said.

I took him by the shoulder, "Let's get the groceries put away. Then, you can check if you want."

After we filled up the fridge, Jem said, "I want to see Dad. Can you come with me?"

Uncertain I wanted to accompany him, even less certain about what Wes would say, I didn't want to go. But the worried look in Jem's eyes overrode my judgement, and I took his hand and said, "Sure, buddy. We'll go together."

When we got to the front door, Jem turned the knob. I half-expected it to be locked. But it swung open. I heard a noise and recognized it almost at once, although it was coming from the back of the house. Jem glanced up at me, a perplexed look on his face. I leaned down, "Maybe this isn't a good idea, bro. We can come back later."

He shook his head and nodded toward the kitchen and headed in that direction. Dreading what we'd find, I followed behind. The kitchen was empty, but the noises were louder. Beyond the kitchen was the expansive living area. Large plate-glass windows overlooked their back yard. Off to the left of the living room was Wes and Donna's bedroom. The noises came from there.

I reached for Jem, but he slipped from my grasp and hurried across the room. I was only a step or two behind him. But I was too late to keep him from going through the open bedroom door. Wes lay on the bed, naked. Stradling him, just as naked, was Donna's cousin, Cindy. She was bouncing up and down on Wes, her ample tits gyrating with the motion as she moaned, "Ah, I'm gonna fuck your brains out, Wes!"

Jem shouted, "Dad!"

Cindy shot off Wes like a rocket, exposing Wes's erection to Jem and me. Wes grabbed at the covers as the tension of the moment caused him to wilt visibly in front of us, "Jesus Christ, Jeremy! What the hell are you doing here?"

Cindy's voice was shrill, filled with both anger and embarrassment, "You said he was staying with friends, Wes. God Almighty!"

In a softer voice, Jem repeated, "Dad?" Then he swung around and buried his face into my chest as sobs wracked his body.

Wrapped in a sheet, Wes came over, "Jesus, Jack. What the hell?"

As I patted Jem on the back, I shook my head, "He wanted to see you, man. How the hell was I supposed to know you'd be..."

Words failed me as I waved toward Cindy.

Wes's shoulders slumped, "Donna's with friends this weekend. I figured... Oh, hell, I don't know what the fuck I figured."

Jem was slumped against me, still crying. I picked him up and said, "It's none of my business, Wes. But you and Donna need to figure your shit out. Not for your sakes, but for Jem's."

Jem's arms locked around my neck as my arms formed a seat of sorts on which he sat. Wes followed us toward the door. As I started back across the street, I heard the deadbolt slide into place.

I sat on the couch, Jem still clinging to my neck. The sobs had stopped, but I could still feel fresh tears dampening my shirt. I didn't say anything. What could I say? And sometimes, the best thing to do is to simply be there for the person you love.

Eventually, Jem loosened his grip around my neck and pulled his head back far enough to look me in the eyes, "I-, I should have listened to y-, you."

I rubbed his back, "How could you have known? Even I didn't expect that."

He swallowed and hiccupped. "I knew he and Aunt Cindy were, um, cheating. I just... I dunno."

I found it interesting, even at ten, he knew what he witnessed. There were no questions about what his father and aunt were doing together. I hugged him, knowing his world was shifting under him, and he rested his head on my shoulders.

One of my hands went to his hair, and I gently ran I through his soft mane and whispered, "I love you, Jem."

He lifted his head, "I love you too, Jack."

I kissed his forehead and squeezed him tighter, showing him some of the affection he deserved. He responded by leaning forward and kissing my nose. A shy smile appeared on his face as he gazed into my eyes. Then he leaned in and pressed his lips against mine.

I tasted the salt of his tears in that awkward, tender kiss. Sensing his deep vulnerability, my response was muted, going only so far as to accept the kiss with my lips. He pulled back after only a heartbeat or two, a questioning expression in his eyes. "Is it okay for me to kiss you?"

In response, I tilted my head forward until my lips found his. This second kiss was purposeful, telling him yes in deed rather than words. His reaction was to clumsily pucker his lips and push into my lips. I kept it simple as he explored my lips. Although I got a lot out of his affection, this was more about Jem than me.

As we kissed, I felt his arousal grow, and besides pushing his lips against mine, Jem also shoved himself into me. Although his clothes masked it, he was erect. Even though I was not in any hurry to give him release, I tugged at his shirt until I dropped it on the couch next to us. My hands rubbed his bare back as I responded to his kisses. When he broke the kiss, Jem rocked forward, pushing his crotch against my lower abdomen. I took the moment to bring my lips to his neck, kissing him in one spot and then another until my mouth found his flat, tiny nipples. I licked on them with my tongue, eliciting giggles from him even as he ground his hips forward.

After a few minutes of teasing and kissing his chest, Jem took my face in his hands and brought it back to his lips. After another kiss, breathlessly, he said, "Show me how to kiss, you know, with your tongue."

Happily, when I touched his lips with mine, I slid my tongue between his waiting lips. I felt a thrill of excitement when our tongues touched, and rapidly felt my erection return. I rotated between more passionate kisses where our lips locked with one another's, and deeper kisses where I probed Jem's mouth. Then I pulled back long enough to say, "Your turn, my love. Let me taste your tongue."

The boy's breathing was heavy as he giggled, "You're my love, too, Jack." Then he slipped his tongue into my mouth without bothering to connect our lips. I moved my tongue around as he explored my mouth. As he grew more comfortable with our Frenching, he began pushing forward with his hips again, and when we broke the kiss, my hands went to his waist where I pulled at the drawstring on his shorts and then pulled at his waist band until I saw his two-inch erection.

The way he straddled me made it difficult to do more than look down his shorts, but Jem sensed the problem and he slid off my legs and then pulled his shorts and underwear off. Then, smiling at me, he straddled me again, returning his arms around my neck as mine wrapped around his waist. Now, as I pulled him against me, his little erection poked against my bare stomach as we resumed kissing.

Jem's arousal built as we kissed and his crotch was pressing against me. Finally, when my mouth grew tired, and the kiss stopped, I moved a hand between us and massaged his erection, playing with his rock-hard flesh, rolling it gently between my fingers as he wordlessly moaned. When his hips began moving again, I wrapped a couple of fingers around him and slowly jacked him off, working in tandem with his hips. It wasn't long before his little dick spasmed and kicked in my hand, followed by his body shuddering in my lap.

One advantage Jem had over Mark and the other boys was there was not yet any clean up when he came. I simply wrapped my arms around him and drew him back into my hug. Murmuring happily and incoherently, his arms tightened around my neck and we sat on the couch until my stomach growled and brought him back to full awareness.

He said into my ear, "Sounds like someone's hungry."

I chuckled, marveling in the moment. My naked little love was hugging me while I held him in my lap. Although he was now soft, his little penis was pressed against my belly button. "How was your catnap?"

He giggled, "It was nice. But not as nice as you making me feel really good. I liked that more."

I scooted forward until I could stand, and still holding him against my chest, I headed toward the kitchen, "Me too."

We both tired of me trying to hold him as we tried to figure out what we were going to fix for dinner. And I was okay with that. After all, I got to enjoy watching him move around the kitchen naked. We eventually settled on spaghetti. It was easy enough. Just brown some ground beef and mix it in with some sauce, boil the noodles and, viola, spaghetti and meat sauce.

We ate in the living room, watching the first Lord of the Rings movie. Once dinner was over, Jem leaned against me, still as naked as the day he was born, "Can you hold me some more?"

As if I could deny him. I patted my lap, "Sure."

He reached his hands to the button on my fly, "Cool. You should be naked too."

Surprised, I leaned back and watched him unbutton and unzip me. Rather than make his work difficult, I lifted my hips as he tugged my pants down. Once I was down to my underwear, I said, "You really want to sit on my naked lap?"

Jem giggled as he nodded, "Yeah. I wanna be naked with you."

He reached for my underwear, pulling the front down and liberating my erection. He ran his finger along my glans before tugging the underwear down and off. He leaned over me and gave me a salacious grin, "I really like your stiffy, Jack. I hope mine looks like yours one day."

I let him climb on me. When he sat down, I pushed my penis down so it poked out, just below his. Wrapping my arms around his stomach, I tried to return my attention to the movie, even as I sat naked with a beautiful boy, just as naked, sitting on my lap.

Neither of us lost our erections for the entire rest of the movie. When the credits rolled, I was incredibly horny, and imagined Jem was too. I moved forward to stand, "Come on, buddy. Let's get that bath now."

Jem turned to me, "Can you take it with me, Jack?"

I'd already been thinking about that. "Sure, big guy. What about a shower instead?"

Jem glanced up at me, "A shower? Mom says I'll slip and fall."

I shook my head, "Bullshit. I'll be there with you and you'll be fine. I promise."

Once we reached the tub, Jem was ready to try it. Once the water was hot enough, I picked him up and set him standing in the tub and then joined him, closing the curtain.

I grabbed the soap, "I'll wash you first, buddy."

He giggled, "All of me?"

I reached down and took hold of his little cock and played with it for a moment, "Yeah, every inch. I think you'll like what I've got planned."

I spun him around and worked my soapy hands over his back, taking my time to knead his skin. Once I reached his butt, I soaped each alabaster globe and then ran my finger from his tailbone down his crack until I felt the little pucker of his sphincter. I stopped there, not really wanting to open the door to butt play. Not yet.

Then I gently turned him around until he faced me. Then, after washing my hands, I worked my way from his chest all the way down to his beautiful little erection. I wanted that little morsel in my mouth, and I felt Jem was ready for that. I sat down on the bottom of the tub and had him stand on either side of my legs. That put my mouth just about even with his erection. Then, taking him by the butt, I drew him in. The excited look on his face told me he knew what was to come.

My tongue tingled as it touched Jem's glans. I licked across it, feeling his little piss slit. He groaned, "Oh, wow, Jack!"

I rewarded him by gently taking his little helmet between my lips. My tongue wasn't done though. I swiped it across his tip even as I pulled him deeper into my mouth. At two inches, my lips touched his bald and smooth pubic area without the end of his erection coming close to my throat.

I licked his pole with my tongue as I applied different pressure with my mouth, sometimes sucking on Jem and other times moving back and forth, sliding his dick against my lips. He lasted a couple of minutes before he groaned, "Ugh, feels like I gotta pee again."

I worked his little bone for all it was worth and seconds later, his two inches fired off his blank shots as his penis jerked around in my mouth. The way I sat and held him against me, I was comfortable enough to keep sucking even after the sixth empty ejaculation. All the while, Jem's head thrashed back and forth as he was in the throes of the most powerful orgasm any ten-year-old boy had ever experienced.

His head stopped moving, and he sagged against me, and I had no choice but to remove him from my mouth. I eased him onto my lap as his head fell against my shoulder. I rubbed his back with increasing worry that I might have really fucked up. Following the most gut wrenching twenty heartbeats, Jem's eyes fluttered open. Seeing my face next to his, he grinned as he hugged me, "Holy shit, Jack, that was... I mean, God, it felt..."

I knew what he meant. Words didn't do justice to that orgasmic bliss.

A couple of minutes passed before he said, "My turn to give you a bath. Okay?"

We both stood, and I let him turn me around. Even though I was a few inches short of six feet, Jem had to stretch just a bit to reach my shoulders. As he washed my back, I couldn't remember the last time someone had scrubbed my back or even shared a shower with me. I was in the lap of luxury as he worked his way down my back. When he reached below my lower back, Jem kept right on going, washing my ass one cheek at a time. It didn't bother me that he ignored my crack. With a bit of luck, we'd have plenty of time down the road to explore that.

Then he turned me around. The look in his eye craved validation, I ran my fingers through his soaked hair, "You're doing outstanding, bro."

Smiling at me, he resumed his washing. At any other time, I would have felt self-conscious. Jem's dad was hairier than me, even though he didn't have a chestful of hair. He had that thick trail running from his belly down to his

six or so inches. But if Jem noticed the difference, he said nothing. Once he got to my dick, he knelt down until his face was level with me and licked at me.

I put a hand on his shoulder, "Hey, bro. You don't have to try everything I do."

Jem flashed me a grin, "I know, Jack. But I really wanna try this. Okay?"

He licked my head, sending powerful tingling through my dick, straight to my balls. Then, holding me by the end of my shaft, he opened wide enough to take my glans all the way into his mouth. There aren't many times where a man is happy to be below average in length and girth. At that moment, I was that man. At scarcely more than an inch in diameter, I was able to fit into his mouth.

"Ahhh," I said as his teeth grazed my sensitive skin, "Hey, buddy, not with your teeth. Try putting them behind your lips when you do this, okay?"

If he said something, it was muffled. He didn't take his mouth off me, but he didn't touch me with his teeth again. Even with just my head in his mouth, Jem was sending me into the sexual stratosphere. Not even Mark had made me feel as good. And this was just Jem's first time.

Bless the boy. After adjusting his mouth to my glans, he slowly took another inch into his mouth. Jem impressed the hell out of me for his effort. Then, slowly he backed out until my head popped out.

I said, "Wow, dude, that was pretty incredible."

Saliva ran down his chin as Jem sent me a big grin, "Thanks. I'm gonna take in more."

I patted him on the head, "You don't have to."

But he had already popped my glans back into his mouth, sending that tingling feeling I love so much washing over me.

He slid his lips over the first two inches and then pulled back a bit before sliding forward. I felt my glans hit the roof of his mouth near his tonsil. Damned if he hadn't taken in three inches. From there, as I went nearly delirious with sensory overload, he pulled back and then sank forward. It

didn't take long for that wave to rush up on me, "Ahh, Jem, pull back, bro. I'm about to blow."

I was still in Jem's mouth when my dick spasmed, blasting my cum across the boy's tongue. The second blast hit his chin as he pulled off me. The third, weaker blast splattered on his narrow chest, while the rest dribbled onto the bottom of the tub.

Jem's eyes seemed to cross as he swallowed the bit in his mouth. I helped to wash the rest off, "Jeez, dude, I'm sorry. I tried to warn you."

He grimaced, "It tasted weird. Kinda slimy."

I drew him into a hug, "Yeah, it's an acquired taste, bro. You don't have to do that unless you want to."

As we washed each other's hair, he said, "Would you, um, you know, swallow mine when I get it?"

I thought about the times I felt that hot, watery elixir hitting my tongue and the back of my throat. There was nothing sweeter than a boy's cum for the first year or so. "Oh, yeah. Definitely."

He quirked any eye at me, then shrugged, "Then, yeah, I wanna keep trying."

It felt weirdly exhilarating going from the bathroom to my bedroom in the nude. Even more so when I asked Jem, "You need your underwear?"

And him replying, "Nope. Can we sleep like this?"

It was late when I turned the light out and pulled Jem to me, wrapping one arm around him while he snuggled against me, his body resting against mine. This second night the sense of shame was less than the previous. My previous experience taught me that as long as things found an equilibrium, I could manage the stress of what we were doing.

I fell asleep to Jem's soft snores.

Chapter 7

Reunion

“Hello?”

“Jack! It’s Jem. I’ve missed you a lot.”

“Hey, bro. It’s been too long. How’re you and your mom doing?”

“Okay, I guess,” The enthusiasm in Jem’s voice fled. Shortly after that last weekend we shared together, his dad moved out and a couple of months later, the house went on the market and Jem and his mom moved back to Denver. Donna and I were still friends. But an hour’s drive might as well be a hundred when you can’t see or be with the people you care about.

I saw them briefly at Christmas and we had even promised we would have another sleep-over. The time before had been at his eleventh birthday. I glanced at the wall-calendar in my office. Had that really been a year ago? I shook my head at how time had flown. The periodic phone calls were nice, but they just weren’t the same.

“What about you, Jack? How’re you?”

Even though Jem still spoke with the same cherubic voice, every time we talked, I noticed more awareness of the world around him and a growing maturity. I said, “Hanging in there. Work keeps me busy. I’ve found a few more clients to buy my market research.

“Cool.” He lowered his voice. I had to strain to hear him, “Earlier this spring, I told mom I’m gay. I was afraid she was going to shit a brick. But she actually was super chill about it.”

For those few moments of Jem’s childhood when we had been together, he had kept his promise. It remained our secret. I said, “Oh, did you meet a boy?”

While his giggle was a bit lower than I remembered, it was still beautifully high-pitched. “No. I got sick of her trying to point out girls she wanted me

to go talk to.”

“I’m proud of you, Jem. Telling your mom had to have been difficult. So, is there anyone you’re interested in?” I said.

In a whisper, he said, “N-, nobody new.” Then his volume returned to normal, “Next year, I’m going to take art class, Jack. Mom bought me an easel. You should see it. I’m getting pretty good with it.”

In the background, I heard Donna’s voice. She hadn’t tried hitting on me since the divorce, and that made being friends easier. Jem came back on, “Hold on, Jack. Mom wants to talk to you.”

“How’s my favorite gay financial guy?” Donna never stopped reminding me she knew my secret. I wanted to laugh at how wrong she was. But hearing her call me gay had stopped bothering me a long time ago.

I said, “Wheeling and dealing in finance. You guys got Jem’s birthday planned yet?”

Donna snorted, “You know what that asshat Wes went off and did? He and Cindy are traveling to Hawaii the week of Jem’s birthday. God, I’m so glad to be rid of that man-child. Of course, he does it at the start of the summer, right when it’s supposed to be his summer with Jem.”

The way she talked, I could hear her breathing change as she walked around with the phone. I said, “Let me know the plans, Donna. It’s not every day a young man turns twelve. I’ve missed you guys since Christmas, I don’t want to miss his big day.”

Donna’s voice lowered, as though she wanted to make sure Jem couldn’t overhear her conversation. “Actually, that’s why I had Jem call. He’s been badgering me for months to let him come stay with you for a weekend. And with school about to end and his birthday the next week, I had been thinking maybe it was about time.”

Her voice grew even quieter, “Also…”

“What?”

Donna whispered, “Jem came out to me, Jack.”

I acted surprised, “Oh, really? How’d you take it?”

Her voice modulated in volume, “I’ve been waiting for it, to be honest. I’ve been trying to get him to tell me for a while. I kept pointing out pretty girls, trying to get him to ask them out. I guess he finally figured enough was enough.”

I wasn’t sure where she was going with this. “I can’t imagine Wes has been helpful with this. It’s a lot for a single mom to take in, especially at Jem’s age. If there’s anything I can do to help, you know I’m there for you and Jem.”

“I know, Jack. Thanks,” Donna said, “I’m trying to do right by Jem and I just feel adrift.”

I waited, sensing Donna was trying to say something. She finally continued, “I was going to let Jem come and stay with you for the weekend of his birthday. It’s the weekend before Wes’s turn.”

Uncertain where this was going, and feeling a sense of foreboding, I said, “And?”

She sighed, the note of uncertainty returning, “I was talking with him about the boys in his class, trying to figure out which one he was interested in. I guess I pushed him kind of hard. He blew up at me and told me he didn’t like any of them. I pushed some more, and he told me he’s had a crush on you for a little while.”

I let out a sigh of relief. Still probably not the best of news, but a lot better than what it could have been. I said, “Oh. Really? It’s really cool that I’m his first crush. Um, Donna, you know I’d never do anything to hurt Jem. You guys are the most important people in my life.”

“I know, Jack. And that’s why I’m struggling with the right thing. In the midst of all this, Jem really wants to see you, and I can’t blame him.”

I leaned back in my office chair, staring at the ceiling. Who could have imagined this phone call? “What’s your heart telling you?”

Another sigh, “To trust you and Jem.” There was a brittle laugh “It’s messed up, I know, but I had this little fantasy of Jem coming to me at sixteen,

maybe eighteen and coming out of the closet then. In this little fantasy, the two of you get together and live happily ever after.”

I chuckled at the image. While I cared deeply for Jem, I didn’t know how I would feel about him beyond his teen years. I said, “That’s an interesting fantasy, Donna. If you’d rather, we can meet somewhere for his birthday in Denver. Have a nice party.”

“No, Jack. It would hurt Jem. He really wants time with you, and when push comes to shove, I really do trust him with you. Plus, Wes doesn’t know Jem’s come out, and I think if he hangs out with you, maybe it’ll make it easier for him to tell his dad.”

My heart soared at the news. We made arrangements. She would bring him by the Friday after school was out. It was his twelfth birthday.

I kept looking at my watch, staring as the big hand slowly ticked toward the appointed time. It was foolish to be on pins and needles. How could I not be? More than a year and a half had passed since Jem spent the night with me last. It was completely silly to wonder if he’d still like me. After all, I had celebrated Christmas with Donna and him six months before; Even then, I could still feel that little spark we shared. What if Donna decided she couldn’t trust me after all? What would happen then?

The eighth, or was it the ninth time I looked out the window, I finally saw Donna’s car pull into my drive. Like some giddy schoolgirl, I was out of my chair and hurrying toward the front door. Jem stood next to the passenger side door and the way his face lit up when he saw me, all my doubts melted away. Jem was the same as before. Except that he wasn’t. He was taller. Just short of five feet. His beautiful strawberry blonde hair had been cut short, and I think some part of me mourned for those gorgeous locks of hair. His smile though, it was frozen in time, the same beautiful lips smiling at me, just like before.

I stepped onto the porch and saw Donna climb out of the driver’s side door. She was tired and worn. She was still the very attractive woman I met

five years before when her family moved in, across the street. But she looked like she needed her own vacation.

When I came across the lawn, Jem ran toward me, throwing his arms around my neck as he spun me around, “Jack, I’ve missed you so much. We’re going to have so much fun. Can you believe it! I’m twelve!”

Seeing Donna’s weary smile, I gently patted the boy on the back as I guided him over to his mother. Detached him from my neck so I could hug her. I said, “Donna, it’s so good to see you. You really look like the wrong Nelson went on that vacation.”

Jem said, “That’s what I told her too. She should take a vacation. Go somewhere to have fun.”

Donna patted Jem, “Gotta be here for you, my little man.”

Jem poked a thumb at me, “Jack would let me stay if you went on vacation, right Jack?”

This was the first I’d heard this, but from the way Jem and Donna verbally sparred, this sounded like a resumption of some ongoing conversation. Donna yawned, barely covering it with a hand, “You don’t want to impose on him, Jem. Right, Jack?”

I let go of Donna. How she managed to still push her breasts against my chest, I’ll never understand. I said, “You know, if you need more time to recharge your batteries, Jem can stay here for a bit. Maybe until it’s time to take him to Wes’s.”

Donna put a hand on my shoulder, “You’re too sweet, Jack. On the way over here today, this little heathen begged me to let him stay with you for the whole freaking summer. Can you believe him? Can’t do it, anyway, Wes would shit a brick.”

My eyes shot wide open in surprise. “Three months?”

Jem nodded, “Come on, Jack. We’d have fun. No bedtimes, movie nights, and lots of pizza. Dad doesn’t really want me underfoot. He’s more interested in Aunt Cindy, anyway.”

I chuckled at his pre-teen antics. My boy was growing up. I said, "I bet. I'm not sure your parents would approve, buddy."

Donna shook her head, "That's the entire summer, Jem. You really need to spend some time with your dad."

The boy smiled cheekily, "Yeah, right. All I do is crowd him and Aunt Cindy. He doesn't want me around. You know it too."

Donna said, "It's not really up to me. Your father has a right to have you stay with him for the summer."

Before Jem could push Donna further, I said, "Let's focus on the here and now. Donna, you still have your friend in Aspen?"

Donna nodded, "Yeah, was actually planning on talking to her this evening. See if she wanted to do a girl's weekend."

I said, "So, if you trust me to take care of him for the weekend, do you trust me to take care of him for, say... the next week or so? Go turn that girl's weekend into a full week."

I could see Donna was torn. Deep down, she worried about Jem's safety. She said, "Jack, promise me I can trust you."

Before I could say anything, Jem stepped between me and his mom, "Jeez, Mom. Is this because I came out to you? Now you can't trust my best friend? I thought you said you were cool with it."

Surprised at how assertive Jem had become, I waited. Donna said, "Oh, no, sweetie. I trust Jack. I know he'd never hurt you."

Jem crossed his arms, "Really? You just asked if you could trust him. What you really mean is that because we're both gay that we're going to do sex stuff with each other because that's what gay boys do. Is that it?"

Donna wore a mortified look. You've seen it before when someone calls someone out correctly. "No, sweetie, that's not... I respect your..."

Jem put his fists on his hips, "I told you about being gay because I thought you would support me, Mom. That you would be okay with my friendships. You remember that?"

Donna stammered, "I, I do, Jeremy."

"You know I like Jack. I mean really like him. I told you that because I thought you'd understand. But do you? You know he'd never hurt me. Ever."

Weakly, Donna said, "I do trust Jack, truly, Jem. It's just if something happened between you, he could get in a lot of trouble, and I don't want that for him or you."

Jem shook his head, "Then trust us. It's not going to happen, Mom. Not if I stay the weekend. Not if I stay the week. Not even if by some miracle you and Dad let me stay the summer."

I stepped in, "Donna, I'll protect Jem. You know that. Let's see how this week goes. Okay? Go set up that girl's week. Maybe when Wes is back from his vacation, he and I can work out a deal for Jem to stay here a bit, as long as you're okay with it."

When Donna nodded, I knew we had won. After Jem hugged his mom, the boy went and grabbed a much larger backpack than he used to have. There had to be a couple of weeks' worth of clothing in there. Say what you will about my boy, but he certainly planned ahead.

We stayed on the driveway and waved at Donna as she pulled away. Then, I helped Jem with his backpack, pulling it into the living room. Once we set it down, Jem turned and grew shy as we stood toe to toe. A lot of time had passed since we were last alone together. From only coming up to my lower chest to now nearly reaching my collarbone, Jem had grown a lot. I ran my hand through his short hair, "I miss your locks."

His smile was sad, "Mom finally caved to Dad. It's okay, easier to comb now."

Jem took half a step forward and stretched his arms around my neck. He tilted his head up, seeking my eyes with his. I lowered my head until his lips found mine. The kiss, the first since August nearly two years before, was warm and soft. He had forgotten nothing he had learned. When our lips separated, he said, "I've missed you so much, Jack. Please, help me talk Mom into letting me stay. I need this summer with you."

We had secured a week. Now holding my love in my arms, I found my head nodding. I would do what I could to talk Donna into letting him stay.

Chapter 8

"I hope they didn't embarrass you too much singing the happy birthday song," I said as I slid the key into the ignition.

Jem's face was back to his normal rosy cheeks, "I didn't think they'd do that at an Italian restaurant. When I turn thirteen, we're going to a Mexican restaurant. At least then, if they sing to me, I won't understand a word of it."

I started the car, enjoying how we were alone and in the dark. I said, "Your birthday, your choice. Now, you know what a young man needs after a birthday meal?"

Jem leaned against the console, "A birthday kiss?"

I glanced around us; for the moment, the parking lot around us was empty. I leaned over and tilted my head just enough to kiss his moist lips. The taste of garlic and oregano filled my mouth as Jem slipped his tongue through my lips. Only our second kiss of the day, I was surprised by how much he'd grown. When I broke the kiss, my eyes must have shown my surprise.

He flushed. Even in the dark I could see the red above his cheeks, "I-, I've been thinking about this for nearly two years, Jack. I really wanted to show you I love you just as much now as before."

Right after Donna and Jem had moved back to Denver, Jem had called me almost weekly for the first year or so. But since Christmas, those cherished calls had dropped off to just a few.

I said, "I have to admit, I was beginning to wonder, bro. I wasn't sure what happened around Christmas, but I worried you were moving on."

Jem rested his arm on my shoulder, "No way. It's just that's when I realized I needed to tell Mom about being gay, and I didn't want her thinking it was because of you. Then, when she got me so pissed off that I told her I had a crush on you, well, I really didn't want to call and get her worked up over stuff that's none of her business."

I would not argue the point, although I was certain Donna would take a different view. It didn't help that I wanted to pick up where Jem and I left off, regardless of any empty promises made to Donna. Instead, I pulled out of the parking lot and headed home.

Once we were home, as we came into the house, I took Jem by the hand and I led him over to the couch. I knew things wouldn't be the same, but I wanted to start with something fun and familiar. I sat down in the middle of the couch and pulled him so that his legs were on either side of mine. He figured out what I was aiming for and he crawled onto my lap, facing me, with his knees close to my hips. Now, his face was even with mine. There would be no leaning down. I snaked my arms around his waist and pulled him into an embrace. There was no need to lean in, our faces were where they needed to be for us to enjoy our kiss. He wrapped his arms around my neck and played with my tongue with his teeth as my tongue made love to his mouth.

As we kissed and traded tongues, I felt something against my belly. Instinctively, I knew he had to be as horny as me. After twisting my tongue around his, when we broke the kiss, I found the buttons on the front of his shirt and with little work, pushed the material from his shoulders, letting it fall to our feet.

I ran my hands across his chest. Even though he was twelve now, his shoulders hadn't broadened. Not yet. He was, as best as I could tell, as rail-thin as before.

Jem tugged at my polo shirt, pulling it off and dropping it next to us. I shuddered at the air on my skin, wondering if Jem would notice the difference. He ran his hands over my chest before kissing me again, while he continued to caress me.

When the kiss ended, he looked down at my chest. "You're as smooth as me, Jack. Didn't you have some hair around your nipples?"

After Christmas, in the hope of another sleep-over, I bought a top-of-the-line laser hair removal kit. It had worked as well as advertised. Then he lifted my arms, exposing my pits. When he was ten, he'd played with the

lonely few strands that grew under my arms. Now, he ran his fingers across the smooth skin.

“Dude, it looks like mine. Did you shave it?”

I said, “Something like that. Do you like it?”

He ran his hand across my chest a few times, just as I was doing to him, “Yeah. It feels pretty cool.”

I said, “Good, I like how smooth you still are. Reminds me of before.”

He put his arms around my neck again, “You really liked doing stuff with me before.”

I couldn’t deny it, “Yeah. I enjoyed opening your eyes to your body.”

He smiled and hugged me, “I liked it a lot to. Jack...”

“Yeah?”

He squeezed my neck a little as though trying to tell me, “When I get older, do you think you’ll still like me the same as now?”

One of my worries, even before, was wondering what would happen when the boy grows up. Before, my boys had moved on, or I had moved on before it was an issue. But with Jem, I thought I might actually get the opportunity to watch him grow up. Of course, I also worried he might tie my attraction to him to pedophilia, and that was the kiss of death in our culture.

Still, I felt I owed him an honest answer, “I’ll always love you, Jem. When you get old enough for your mom to let you date, I want to be your first date. If you’ll have me. I do know that the changes your body is likely going through are incredibly beautiful to me. For the next three, maybe four years, resisting you is going to be damn near impossible. I don’t know how I’ll feel when you’re an adult. Of course, your own tastes may also change between now and then.”

He kissed me, “So, you’re not going anywhere, anytime soon, even though I might start to get changes soon?”

I leaned over and nibbled on his ear, “Soon? As big as you’ve gotten, I figured you were going to be bragging about new hair down there.”

Jem giggled, “I wish. Well, maybe not. You want to see?”

He leaned away, giving me access to his jeans. He wasn’t wearing a belt, so it was easy enough to unbutton and unzip him. When I pulled apart the fly, he was still wearing that plain white underwear. Of course, they matched my own, all the way down to the brand.

He slid off my legs and let me tug at his pants until they fell to his ankles. I bent down and helped him until he was in just his underwear. My breathing was fast as I stared at the tent in those tighty-whities. The images of him at ten were still seared in my mind. He had grown in more ways than one, by the look of that tent.

Steadying my hands, I took the front of his underwear and pulled out and down. It had the desired effect. Jem’s erection was just as beautiful and perfect at twelve as he’d been at ten. Now, though, he was about three and a half inches. My fingers pulled at the waistband, sending his briefs tumbling to the floor.

Jem was right. I ran my fingers across his pubic bone. He was still hairless. His vellus hair at ten had been almost impossible to see. I was glad to see no change. His scrotum didn’t cling as tight to the bottom of his penis as it once had, and his little testicles were slightly larger than I remembered. All in all, he was gorgeous.

I pulled at him to sit back in my lap, but he stopped me, “My turn, Jack. I’ve waited too long just like you.”

He fumbled with my belt, but his eagerness won out and soon, he unbuttoned and unzipped me. And like nearly two years earlier, I lifted my butt off the couch so Jem could pull my pants down. Just like before, he managed to get hold of my underwear too, and in a matter of a few seconds, I was just as naked as him.

He stared at me, “Holy shit, dude, you weren’t kidding. There’s not a hair down there either.”

I wasn't sure what I thought of Jem's potty mouth. It was a fresh development, but given what we both intended, I wasn't about to say a word about it.

What I did was pull him back onto my lap. As I pulled him against me and he sat down, I felt my erection slide up his backside as he giggled, "Oh, wow, that's your dick!"

His erection was poking me in my belly as we returned to kissing. After a bit, I slid my hand between us until I found his erection, and Jem rewarded me by filling my mouth with a moan of pleasure. I wrapped a couple of fingers and my thumb around him as we both leaned back. I said, "You've grown, bro. I definitely like this change. Do we need a towel for a cleanup?"

Jem shook his head, "No. I wonder when it'll happen."

I flashed a grin, "Hopefully when we're doing stuff together. I want to be the first person to see it."

Jem giggled, "Then we better figure out a way for me to stay here this summer."

After a couple of minutes of playing with him, Jem groaned, "Oh, I'm about to cum!"

Sure enough, all three and a half inches thrummed in my hand as it spasmed a half-dozen times. After he came, I pulled him against me and teased more kisses from his lips. I was content, more than content to simply hold him close, enjoying the closeness of the moment.

After a while though, he shifted around, "Can we take a shower together?"

I looked at the time, while it was getting late, as someone had told me, he didn't have a summer bedtime. "Sure, bro."

I tried to hold him and carry him into the bathroom, but he'd picked up about twenty pounds since he was ten. Still, it was fun watching his bare, skinny ass walk into the bathroom. As the water warmed up, I said, "When did your mom finally let you bathe alone?"

His cheeks flushed, "Oh, wow. You remember that? I was kinda hoping you'd forget. Gosh, I guess it was right after we moved to Denver. She started giving me a bath, and bam! I had a stiffy. I think that's what convinced her I could do it on my own."

When we closed the curtain behind us, I said, "Well, as long as you're here, you'll never have to do that."

He giggled as he offered me his back. My soapy hands were soon roaming across his back. His butt had a bit more of a bubble shape than before, but that only made me enjoy lathering it up all the more. Before moving on, I pushed my soapy finger between his cheeks, sliding back and forth, going further along the split until I touched his sphincter. Unlike two years before, when I pulled back and made nothing of it, now I said, "You ever play with your butt?"

He giggled and nodded, "Sometimes. That's another reason I'm glad Mom leaves me alone in the bath now."

I ran my index finger around those tight little muscles until I put it in the middle of his hole and gently pushed. Jem shocked me when he pushed against me, letting my finger go up his ass to the first knuckle. He gasped at the invasion.

"You okay, bro?"

He nodded, "Yeah. I used a pencil the first time I put something inside me. A couple of weeks ago, I used one of mom's toys. It was shaped like a dick, although bigger than mine."

I was stunned. Jem had been fucking himself with one of Donna's dildos. Holy Fuck! After a moment, I pushed a bit more, and he gasped again as I went up to my second knuckle. "You want me to stop?"

He shook his head, "Fuck, no."

I chuckled at his casual profanity. "Why? I don't want you to hurt."

He pushed down on me as he said, "Because I want you to put your dick up my ass this week. I wanna show you I can take you, bro."

I buried my finger to the final knuckle. I wiggled it around inside and he moaned, "Oh, wow, do that again!"

I've read about prostate play online, but seeing Jem's reaction was the first time I've seen it in action. I wiggled it again, and he said, "Ahh, wow. That feels good, even better than the toy."

His erection was pointing up, proof he wasn't joking. I experimented with my finger until I got a response from him every time I touched him in a certain spot."

I hadn't intended to bring him to another orgasm, but seeing his response to my finger in his ass, I kept on pressing on his little prostate. After a couple of minutes, his muscles constricted tight against my finger as he gripped my shoulders, "Ahh, Fuck!"

Jem threw his head back, arching his back in pleasure. Even his penis was throbbing, jerking about as though cumming. Then, as he moaned aloud again, I realized that's exactly what was happening. I kept sliding my finger over that special spot until he finally stood up on his tiptoes, pulling away from me. I pulled it out as he leaned against me, "Wow. That was so cool. You made me cum again."

After a bit, I finished washing his front. After that powerful orgasm, his dick shrunk. Even small, he'd grown to almost two inches.

He started working on my shoulders, but as his fingers moved across my back, I could sense by his motions he was mostly interested in returning the favor. He gave a cursory washing of my butt cheeks before his index finger was sliding between them. He took less time to find my little rosebud. From there, he played around the edges of it for a moment as he built up the courage to fuck me with his finger.

Then I felt his warm finger pushing against my hole. I've read enough about gay romance to have some idea about how to take another guy, so I pushed against my muscles as he slid into me. More aggressive than me, his finger went all the way to the hilt on one push. There was a slight pain from invading me, and as he left things alone for me to adjust to him, even

that faded, replaced by a pleasurable warmth. He wiggled and flexed his finger until felt the tip of his finger brush against something pleasurable.

“There it is,” I groaned as Jem moved his finger around. “Deeper,” I explained.

I felt a bit of pain on my backside as Jem pushed up. I felt it again, that shot of pleasure spreading out from inside. “Yeah.”

As he pushed and pulled his finger inside, every second time or so, he’d touch that magical spot. My dick liked the butt play. After working his finger inside me for a couple of minutes, with his free hand, Jem reached around and gripped my quivering erection. With his right hand, his finger brushed against that pleasure spot, then with his left, he slid his hand up and down. He repeated this as I felt myself rushing toward my orgasm. When it happened, I felt it strongest in my balls, as they constricted and splattered my semen across the bottom of the tub, sending a half dozen blasts swirling down the drain.

He pulled his finger out, “What’d you think? I do okay?”

I pulled him against me and kissed him as deeply as I could, “Fuck, yeah. Great job, bro.”

By the time we crawled into bed naked, we were beat. That didn’t stop us from cuddling and kissing, or even from getting erections. We played pretty hard the night Jem turned twelve.

I felt a warm pressure on my stomach when I opened my eyes the following morning. Jem’s arm was slung across my stomach while the rest of him spooned against my side. The clock on the nightstand confirmed we’d slept past nine. Of course, it was a Saturday, and we had the day to do what we wanted.

My morning wood rested against my abs, a few inches below Jem’s arm. My bladder wasn’t uncomfortably full, so I closed my eyes and enjoyed the smaller body pressed against me. I think I had only just fallen back asleep when I felt a smaller hand envelope my morning wood. Jem’s head shifted against my chest.

I opened my eyes and saw the boy's fingers circling around my shaft. I felt a grin spread across my face. Today was going to be special. "Good morning, bro."

Jem tugged at my shaft, "Good morning. It was staring right at me. I figured somebody needed to slay the one-eyed dragon, Jack."

I chuckled. Even though he was still just a kid, I could see how much he'd matured over the past two years and I loved being a part of his life, watching him grow. There wasn't anything insistent in Jem's tugging, just a lazy way to show he wanted to pleasure me. I moved my left arm, which had been resting on the pillow above Jem's head, rubbing it down his bare back. Jem nuzzled closer, pressing his own stiffy against my leg as my hand came to rest on one of his bare ass-cheeks.

I closed my eyes, enjoying Jem's smooth butt and the gentle attention he paid my erection. I murmured, "So, my twelve-year-old lover boy, what do you want to do today?"

Jem lightly squeezed my shaft, "Oh, I dunno, my thirty-three-year-old boyfriend. I kinda like what we're doing right now."

I responded by squeezing his butt-cheek, "Okay. So, play with each other's dicks, eat, come back to bed, play with each other's dicks some more. That it?"

Jem giggled as he pulled on my erection, "That sounds like a good start. I like playing with yours."

After a few minutes, the pressure on my bladder overcame the gentle tingles, and I said, "Gotta pee. Let me take care of that, then you can do what you want with my dick."

I was out the door and to the restroom. Despite my erection, I opened up the valve to my bladder and was peeing by the time Jem joined me. I was nearly finished before he forced a stream through his hard-on. Seeing his delightful nail was enough for me to stay erect as he finished. He shook his stiffy, waving it from side to side. I said, "You hungry or you want to go back to bed?"

Jem turned toward me, waving his tube in front of me. Giggling, he said, "I'm hungry for you."

I bent down and picked him up and gave him a bear hug, pretending to eat his shoulder, "Nom, nom, nom, I'm hungry for you too."

Back in my bedroom, I dumped him on the bed and crawled on top of him, pinning his hands over his head. Unable to resist the look on his face, I leaned down and kissed him. I parted my lips when his tongue darted forward. Feeling him in my mouth felt so good, I felt my dick twitch in enjoyment. That's also when I felt Jem's erection against the crack of my butt.

When the kiss ended, Jem shifted his hips, rubbing against my backside. He smiled alluringly, "When do you think we can, um, have sex?"

My earliest thoughts had been to have plenty of butt-play to prepare him for my dick. But knowing he'd been playing with his mom's dildos, I figured it was just a matter of the right time. I wanted us to play around with each other's dicks before we graduated to sex. I said, "We'll get there soon, Jem."

He shifted around, rubbing his erection on my butt, "When we do it, can I do it to you too?"

My thoughts had been on deflowering my lovely boy. The idea of letting him put his stiffy up my ass hadn't come up. Still, the thought didn't turn me off. Not one bit. "Sure, bro. When we get to that point, we can take turns fucking each other's brains out."

Jem laughed, wiggling his hips and sliding against my butt, "Cool. I can hardly wait."

I let go Jem's hands and ran my fingers down his chest, enjoying the tiny protrusions of his nipples. I moved back on the boy's legs, spreading my legs on either side until I felt his feet on my backside. This put my face over his erection. I wanted to savor him, to taste Jem's true essence. I had no idea how long I might enjoy his delights before they changed. My desire was a paradox. Right then, I wanted to feel his prepubescent penis in my mouth, to stir him to dry orgasm after dry orgasm. The thing was, I was just

as eager to taste the sweet nectar of his clear, watery cum. Even if I would be perfectly happy if that moment delayed itself for a while.

It was silly to think this way, but I figured the longer puberty waited to visit its charms on Jem, the longer he would remain in that early adolescent stage where his immature prostate secreted its sweet, clear fluid. I had nothing against seeing Jem's body develop, or watching thick ropes of semen eventually blast out of his teen cock, but selfishly, I wanted mother nature to delay that inevitable moment as long as possible.

I lowered my head until Jem said, "Oh, wow, your hot breath is making me tingle all by itself."

With that, my tongue licked across his glans. Bigger than last time by almost half, it was still wondrously small as I slid my lips over it and slid my tongue across the slit. I tasted the acid urine from his recent pee and a hint of sweat from his night's sleep, but both faded against the simple taste of Jem in my mouth. What made it so erotic to me wasn't any particular taste, but that knowledge I had his sex in my mouth. My dick twitched between my legs as I slid my lips over his rigid penis, letting gravity take my lips down to his base. At three and a half inches, Jem filled my mouth more than he had two years before. Now, as I moved my tongue around, I felt his glans brush against the roof of my mouth, a bit short of hitting my tonsils.

As I backed out, my tongue slid around his skin, drawing out a sharp breath from the boy I loved. Moving down on him again pulled a wordless moan from him and then I settled into bobbing up and down, pulling back until his little helmet of a head nearly popped out and then sliding down, practically kissing his pubic bone. A minute passed as Jem writhed under my mouth. Another minute as his moans grew louder. By the end of the third minute, Jem's legs contracted as his dick grew harder in my mouth as it spasmed, doing its best to send non-existent shots of semen down my throat. I pushed down, trying to take even more of him in my mouth, sucking as hard as possible through a half-dozen of his intense spasms. Even then I continued sucking for all I was worth as his moans echoed through the house.

Finally, after another minute or two, Jem grabbed my hair and pulled me away as he gasped, "Oh, fuck, no more, I'm gonna pass out!"

His chest heaved as he drew in ragged breaths as a huge grin spread across his face. "Can we do this every morning?"

I tousled his hair, missing his long locks. What boy doesn't enjoy getting a blow job?

Without waiting for a response, he sat up and grabbed my arm and pulled me onto the bed, pushing me against a pillow at the head of the bed. I'm not sure how a twelve-year-old learns to leer, but as he straddled my legs, he leered at me, "Your turn now, Jack."

He leaned over and dabbed at my glans with his fingers, swiping the bit of precum beading from my urethra. He stuck his finger in his mouth, "Yummy."

I've tasted my pre-cum, it's not bad, a touch of something sweet. If I'm really close to cumming, there's a hint of something salty. But mostly it's tasteless. I said, "Really?"

Jem shrugged, "Well, yeah. It's yours. It could taste like broccoli or cauliflower and I'd still tell you it's great. Just because it's you."

I couldn't help smiling. Even though it had been nearly two years since our last encounter, our handful of get-to-gathers and our many phone calls had only deepened what I felt for Jem. For the first time, as his tongue licked my grans, even though I worried still about my sexual attraction lessening by the time puberty ran its course, I didn't fear falling out of love for Jem. What I felt growing in me was for something deep inside the boy, transcending his physical appearance.

Two years can make a big difference. Jem's mouth was bigger, and he easily took my glans inside his lips, locking my head just on the other side of his ruby lips. His tongue swiped my head, probably teasing out more pre-cum. Compared to the awkward way he'd sucked on me before, he carried himself with a confidence I wouldn't have expected.

He had taken two inches into his mouth when I said, "Damn, bro, you're really good. If I didn't know better, I'd ask who you've been practicing on."

Jem's head shook, and he pulled off as he giggled, "Promise you won't laugh. Mom's dildo. It's about your size."

I smiled at him as he returned to my needs. He began little bobbing motions, lightly using his tongue to caress my head and shaft. I noticed as he continued, he was taking more of me in his mouth. When I felt my glans hit the soft tissue in front of his tonsil, he had taken about three and a half inches in. He backed off as he focused on my glans and the rough skin around my circumcision scar. I enjoyed the tingling he gave me, closing my eyes, enjoying the bliss.

Then he went back down, going even further. I felt my glans touch his tonsils. He swallowed and breathed fast through his nose. Then it hit me. He was fighting off his gag reflex. He pulled up a bit and then went back down. My glans grazed the hanging tips of his tonsils. He twitched and pulled back, still leaving most of me in his mouth.

I was in awe of this young boy who had practiced so he could take as much of me as possible. After a few more shallow bobs and the tingling between my balls and my dick becoming more pronounced, Jem went down again. The feeling of my glans tapping the back of his throat as his upper lip touched where my shaft and pubic area met was too much. My hands grabbed the back of his head as my hips arched forward. My balls constricted, and I felt my dick spasm as I coated the back of his throat with my cum. Normally, my first blast is the most powerful. By the third, it's usually just a dribble. But with Jem's lips locked on my spasming penis, the fourth blast felt just as powerful as the first, only dying off by the fifth and sixth.

At first, when my hands gripped Jem's head, his eyes grew wide. I could see him trying to fight his gag reflex. Then, when I came, he had no choice but to swallow. He was still swallowing and breathing heavily through his nose, my five inches all the way back at his throat. As soon as he swallowed that first time, the fear was replaced by what I can only describe as triumph. The swallowing motion of his throat, even after I finished spasming, made my dick feel incredible, drawing out the intensity of the moment longer. But he coughed and pulled back, breathing deeply before saying, "How's that?"

I was still riding that orgasmic high, “Holy fuck, Jem. That was the best orgasm I’ve had in I don’t know how long. I think you put your mom’s dildo to better use than she ever did.”

He laughed as he wiped at his lips, “Yeah. I can hardly wait to show you what else I did with it.”

My first thought was to wonder how he sterilized it. The second was to think we would not wait long to find what else he’d done with Donna’s dildo.

Chapter 9

I set the broken chop sticks to the side and picked up my fork to spear the last bit of Szechuan beef in the small cardboard box, “Fucking chopsticks, civilized folks eat with forks, dammit.”

Jem laughed as he expertly tweezed a piece of General Tso’s chicken and adroitly plopped it in his mouth, “So says the foreign devil.”

I chuckled at the 70s kung-fu accent Jem attempted, before deciding I’d show him what’s what. I tossed my empty box onto the coffee table and lunged across the couch, digging my fingers into his exposed ribs. Of course, we were still naked. We’d managed twelve hours without a stitch of clothes as we watched TV today. There was, however, a bathrobe tossed over the back of the couch; my one concession to modesty when the delivery guy showed up with dinner. Jem squealed as he tried scooting away from me, but that only opened his body and I was climbing over him until I was on top of him, “I’ll show you foreign devil.”

He giggled and then threw his arms around my neck. Then he leaned forward and kissed me, mixing the spicy heat of his dinner with the more complex flavoring of mine. I decided I liked his food just fine when his tongue darted into my mouth, sending my taste buds into overdrive. When the kiss ended, he said, “Can we watch that new movie with What’s his name in it?”

I pulled back, ignoring my erection, and said, “Which what’s his name?”

“You know the one where the earth is destroyed this year.”

It clicked. I had a downloaded copy of 2012 with John Cusack. “Sure, let’s get dinner cleaned up and we can watch it.”

While I bussed our cardboard boxes and broken chopsticks, Jem headed to the bathroom. I was back in my place with the movie ready to play when he came back. “Feel better?” I asked.

He came over to me and moved my hands away and sat in my lap, “Yep. Ready to watch the world get destroyed.”

I hit play and enjoyed Jem's perfect orbs sitting on my lap. His balls rested on my erection, which was pointing forward, below his own. It was difficult to pay attention to the movie, knowing I had a beautiful boy barely inches away from being impaled on my dick. I tried to push the thought aside as Cusack played the part of a failed writing hack reconnecting with his kids.

At the part where Cusack's son tells him how much he dislikes his father, Jem put his hands over my arms, "If you were my dad, I'd never want you to go away."

I hugged him, "I'd rather be your boyfriend."

To emphasize my point, I reached down and tugged on Jem's erection. He sighed and leaned back against me, "You know what I mean, Jack. I really, really want mom to let me spend the summer with you."

I stroked him along the length of his erection, "One step at a time, bro. You know I'd love to have you stay. Why's it so important to you?"

He turned his head and kissed my cheek and ear, "I guess for two reasons. Mom needs to move on. She hovers over me. Maybe dating someone will help. The other reason is I love you. I watch other people who love each other being together. I want to know what that feels like. Even if it's just for a summer."

I turned my head and found his lips, and we kissed as Cusack and his kids trespassed onto government property. A bit later, Jem shifted his butt around, making me hornier with each move. Still, I didn't want to rush things. A boy's first time should be special.

As California slid into the Pacific Ocean, Jem finally shifted enough that he reached down and pushed my penis under him, where I felt myself poking against his hole. I gasped, "Whoa, Jem. Slow down, son."

I could almost feel him grimace at the discomfort caused by the pressure against his tight sphincter muscles. "Y-, you called me 'son.' I thought we were boyfriend."

I lifted him up from my lap a couple of inches, letting my erection move between his back and my front, "A term of endearment."

I could see his wheels spinning, “So, I can still be your boyfriend even if you’re calling me your son?”

The last thing I wanted to do was drive a wedge between Jem and Wes. But over the past two years, the boy’s father had put his own desires ahead of being a father to the boy I loved. “Yeah. I guess so. More emphasis on the boyfriend part, though. You think?”

Jem nodded and shifted around until he was straddling me, kissing me again. After coaxing my tongue into his mouth, where I enjoyed exploring every inch I could manage, when the kiss ended, he whispered, “Fuck me, Daddy.”

Although Jem stunned me with his language, I reminded myself that he had been exploring his body and learning about sex for nearly two years. How could I blame him when we wanted the same thing, even if he was exploring deeper parts of this relationship with me for the first time?

“Now?” I grunted.

Jem nodded, “Yeah. Just a sec.”

He stood and held up a finger for me to wait and raced from the room. A moment later, he returned. He held a skinny tube of lube. “I took this from Mom’s stash of toys under her bed. She has a lot.”

He resumed his seat in my lap, facing me. Of course, I wanted him, but I also didn’t want to hurt him. I ran my fingers over his back, drawing him into my embrace, “When was the last time you put your mom’s dildo in your butt?”

He flashed a cheeky grin, “Wednesday.”

Surprised by how recently he’d impaled himself, I figured I could test the waters and see if he was ready. I put a dab of the gel on my index finger and slid my hand under his backside. Knowing my body so well, I found Jem’s hole right away. When I pushed my finger against his sphincter, he pushed against my finger and I slid in as he moaned.

“That hurt?”

Jem shook his head, “Do another finger.”

I used the first finger to lube the second and while it took a little more work to get both fingers all the way in, Jem's face only contorted once. "How's that?" I asked.

Jem looked into my eyes, "I swear, Jack. I'm ready for you. Please fuck me!"

I lubed myself pretty good and proper, and even applied some more around his opening and inside the first few inches of his rectum. Then Jem positioned himself on me. I held my dick steady as he grunted and pushed down against me. Something gave way, and I felt myself gripped in the tightest of vices. He had taken my glans in.

Jem wore an odd expression. I asked, "You okay?"

He drew in a big breath, "Y-, yeah. You f-, feel okay. You feel different from Mom's toy."

I rubbed his back, "Bad different or good different?"

He let the corners of his lip drift up, "Good different, I think. I just need a sec to get used to you."

We lightly kissed until he nodded and pushed down. The sense of having my dick gripped so thoroughly and the knowledge that he still had three more inches to go. I said, "You okay?"

"Yeah. That actually felt okay. My asshole doesn't hurt anymore."

I patted him on the back, "Oh, Jem, I'm sorry. We should have taken more time."

He shook his head, "Nuh uh, this is how I dreamed about it."

He pulled up, dragging my penis along the tight confines of his hole, and then slid down, taking another inch. There was a hitch in his breathing. I was concerned, "Dude, you sure you're okay?"

He wore a silly grin, "Oh, yeah. That felt super good."

I must have touched his prostate. My own efforts at massaging my prostate had never gone far. Even Jem's butt-play with me in the bath hadn't done much for it. I wondered what it would feel like to have my young boyfriend

poking my prostate with his erection. With any luck, I wouldn't have long to wait.

Jem's knees flexed, taking him up a couple of inches, and then back down. He shuddered, gritting his teeth, sliding down me until he could go no further. All of my five inches were in him. We both wore shocked expressions as the realization hit. My arms around his back pulled him closer, "Dude, are you sure you're okay. This isn't supposed to hurt."

He flexed his legs, moving a couple of inches up before settling again against the base of my penis, "I've never felt this full. I'm not gonna lie, Jack. That first inch hurt more than I wanted to admit. But after that, it was just taking you in at my own speed. You feel super good. I've got a tingling that feels tons better than mom's dildo."

Then a smile spread wide, "Oh, my God. Jack, you're fucking me. I'm not a virgin anymore."

I scratched his back, "We're making love to each other, bro."

He nodded, "Yeah. We're fucking! Fucking!"

I think he just liked the sound of the word on his lips. That didn't stop him from rising, pulling back until his sphincter muscles trapped only my glans. Then he sank back down, sliding the four inches he'd pulled out, all the way back in. He shuddered as he bottomed out, "Ahhh, feels good."

I wanted to cum inside him. To fill him up with my seed. But even though I wanted a lot out of sex with Jem, this moment was his. I felt a rising sense of confidence. With any luck we would have at least a week of unbridled sex. I'd get mine.

Yet Jem was slow, rising and falling as it suited his body. I doubt he could have as easily taken a larger man. Even so, I could see his expression, the look in his eyes as he adjusted to my smaller than average penis. I had no doubt it felt as good as he claimed, even if it was more difficult than he let on.

Time was losing meaning. The movie's credits were rolling as Jem gradually fell into a rising and falling motion, stimulating my dick even more than a blowjob. The tingling boiled in my balls as they jiggled below his ass every

time his backside hit my lap. They ached for release as the tingling steadily increased. I bit my lower lip even as I wanted to tell him to speed up. Jem moved at his own speed and it was driving me wild as I craved for my release.

I felt the build-up as my balls began to retract. Then Jem stopped and leaned in for a kiss. I squeezed his back as I let him invade my mouth, his smaller tongue twirling around my larger tongue. The little fucker! Even though my ardor longed for release, the tingling in my balls subsided. When the kiss ended, Jem said, "T-, the last time I put the dildo up my butt, I kept it up there for t-, thirty minutes. I don't know if I can go as long with you in me, but this feels super good."

Thirty fucking minutes? How was I supposed to last that long buried to my hilt? A few minutes after kissing me, his knees moved again and his tightly gripping hole slid along my shaft. Jem found a rhythm faster than earlier and before long, that familiar tingling spread throughout my body. I was praying he wouldn't stop as my balls pulled up. I moaned, "Don't stop, son. Keep going!"

My dick tingled as I felt my load travel through my urethra. That feeling had to be because of how tightly constricting was his hole around my erection. Then, as I felt myself coat the insides of his bowels with my cum, Jem shook in my arms as his prostate couldn't take the stimulation any more. He yelled, "Ohhh, God!"

His knees shook as he kept trying to rise and fall on my shaft. My dick still spurted inside him and his prostate hadn't stopped orgasming. Overcome by it all, he collapsed against my chest, murmuring, "Wow. that's a lot of loving, right? Jack?"

I stroked his back, holding him close to my chest, "That's right. I've got nothing but love for you."

Still in my arms, he giggled, "Y-, you said butt love."

His giggles went straight through us, vibrating my still erect penis, heightening the aftereffects of my orgasm. Chuckling, I said, "Yep. I guess so."

He didn't stay on my lap for long. When he slid off, my penis was slimy with my semen, our lubricant and a bit of his own secretion. He sighed, "It feels like something's missing now that you're not in me anymore."

I climbed from my seat and took him by the hand. I was still blown away by how practiced Jem had appeared. How a boy can go from uncertain and needy to confident and asking for what he wants was something I marveled at and would take a bit of getting used to. "Let's go get cleaned up. Then we can head on to bed."

In the bathroom, Jem sat on the toilet, his ass making some interesting noises while I cleaned myself in the sink, washing thoroughly with warm water. I'm sure I could have suggested a shower. But I wanted to get him into bed. Seeing the utter bliss from our love-making on his face made me hungry to experience the same thing. I wanted him to take me and make me his own, just as he had given himself to me.

Jem beat me to the bed, crawling onto it and casting back the covers. His head propped against a pillow, he lay on his back, the newfound yet knowing look on his face conveyed a longing, "I liked it when you called me son. I know you didn't mean it like with my dad, but I like it even more."

I sat next to him, "You don't mind me calling you that? Son?"

Languidly Jem snaked an arm around my neck and leaned forward, kissing me. It was tender without the urgency of earlier, "No. I like it. As long as you don't mind fucking your son."

I reached over and grasped his erection, marveling at how the boy remained hard as iron even after his earlier orgasm. "Or being fucked by him?"

Jem sat up, "Now? For real? I wasn't sure if you really meant it."

Things with Jem had escalated far beyond what I had done with Mark or the other boys. My first boy had been nothing more than mutual masturbation. Aside from Mark, I'd only sucked off a couple of other boys. Sex had always been a fantasy, but one that was unrequited. Until Jem. Even when it had been a fantasy, I'd always imagined it as me making love to whichever boy I had been with at the time, never the other way.

My relationship with Jem, built over a period of several years was so unlike the ones before. I loved him more completely than anyone before, and if letting him invade me was what he wanted, then I would happily let him.

“Would hardly seem fair, if only I got to make love to you,” I said.

His hand went to his erection as Jem bounced to his knees, “How do we do it?”

I had enjoyed him sitting on my lap as we made love, but the differences in our size meant that wasn’t possible in reverse. The idea of being on my hands and knees while being fucked doggie style didn’t appeal to me. I wanted the first time he penetrated me to be as intimate as when he and I looked into each other’s eyes as I impaled him.

Lying on my back, I bent my knees and spread them, “Get between my legs, Son.”

Jem hurried to comply, positioning himself between my legs, resting his arms on either side of me. I spread my knees as far over as I could, and my young lover leaned over me until I felt his boner brush against the crack of my butt. I reached down and spread my ass open a bit more, “There’s some more lube in the nightstand. Put some on us.”

Jem pulled back long enough to smear his fleshy nail before finding my hole with his slimy finger. He had even more confidence when compared with the previous night in the shower. His finger smeared my sphincter with the goop before penetrating me, smearing the first inch or so of my rectum with it.

Then he was angling himself in front of me. He pushed himself forward until I felt his slick glans against my equally slick opening. With only his finger to compare to, I gritted my teeth, “Alright, Son, make love to me.”

Jem shifted his hips forward, and I felt the tight ring of muscles give way. It was painful in a way his fingers hadn’t been. It could have been worse. I imagine he found taking my dick worse. Instead of waiting for me to adjust, his hips kept pushing and within a couple of heartbeats, his pubic bone was against the bottom of mine.

There was pain around my asshole and discomfiture for the first couple of inches. Jem paused, penetrating me as far as his three and a half inches would allow. The discomfiture faded quickly. The pain took a bit longer. Still within a minute of Jem's invasion, the pain was gone and now I felt a warm fullness. Leaning over me, he said, "Am I doing it okay?"

I nodded, "Oh, yeah. You feel really nice."

Taking that as permission, he rocked his hips back a few inches, barely avoiding pulling out. He slid it in again. When he bottomed out in me, his glans tapped my prostate, sending the most intense shot of pleasure shooting through my body. My dick, which had been semi-erect, shot out to its full five inches.

Jem took my wide-eyed surprise at the intense feeling rocking my body as permission to rock back and forth, rhythmically sliding in and out, bumping against that sensitive spot each time. It wasn't long before I felt a tingling. Only it didn't start in my balls or along my erection. This one was deep inside me, and as it radiated out, I felt more pleasure rippling through me than I thought possible without actually cumming.

Buried in me to his hilt, Jem leaned down and kissed me. My arms reached around his neck and held him against me, enjoying the moist warmth of his lips against mine. I pushed my tongue through our lips, enjoying the moan Jem let loose.

When our kiss ended, Jem resumed sliding in and out. He had already enjoyed the most intense orgasm in his young life within the last thirty minutes. He was rocking along as I felt the tingling spread from within me again. This time, he didn't slow or stop. He kept on sliding in and out. Every time his glans tapped against my prostate, the tingling intensified until I orgasmed. My ass quivered as my insides shook, my orgasm started from within and spread like lightning through my body. My dick spasmed without my hand touching it, and my cum dribbled onto my belly. If anyone had told me I could cum without touching my dick, I'd have called them a liar, at least until that point.

My arms latched onto Jem's hips as he sped up, pounding my prostate mercilessly, keeping my internal orgasm coming long after the handful of

spasms leaked from my dick. I was barely hanging onto consciousness when my young lover pushed hard against me. His erection spasmed within me as he finally came. He managed to resume his humping motion for another few seconds until he collapsed against my chest. I could feel both our hearts racing a mile a minute.

After he caught his breath, he leaned forward, kissing me again, "I love you, Daddy."

I awoke the next morning to a feeling I never imaged waking up to. When I finally opened my eyes, blinking against the ray of sun shining through a split between my curtain panes. Then I looked down and saw a blond head bobbing up and down on my morning wood.

My very first inclination was to say, *What the hell, Jem?*

I resisted that temptation and closed my eyes and enjoyed the wet heat enveloping me. Even though I couldn't see him, I felt the boy bobbing up and down, sliding my morning wood in and out of his mouth. Sure, I had to pee, but what he was doing to me made peeing an impossibility. Instead, I knew I'd cum within a couple of minutes the way he worked my dick.

And I let him. As he enthusiastically sucked on me, I realized I wanted what he did. I wanted to find a way for Donna to let me spend more time with Jem. It wasn't simply about enjoying the moment, although as I neared orgasm, there was certainly that desire. I wanted to be the man in Jem's life.

When I came, Jem pushed down, swallowing through his gag reflex, pushing my dick against the back of his throat. When I stopped cumming, he pulled off me and gave me a hug and a kiss. I could taste myself on his lips, and that only steeled my resolve to be everything to Jem I could manage.

We didn't stay naked the whole week, although if I had let him, Jem would have. He loved the look in my eye when I drank in his naked form. But we went out to eat a few times, went putt-putting, and even went and raced

go-carts. It was great. Nobody stared at me, wondering what I was doing hanging out with my sexy twelve-year-old boyfriend. Why would they?

When we went out, every few sentences, Jem called me Dad or Daddy, and I called him son. Perhaps we were a bit of Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. In public, Jem and I fell into the role of a loving father and son. And then, when we got home, the clothes came off, and we experienced the fullness of our relationship.

All too soon, the week came to an end and Donna returned.

Chapter 10

I heard Donna before I saw her. Responding to the ring of the doorbell, I glanced out the peephole. With her cellphone against her ear, she said, "What the fuck, Wes? So you and Cindy didn't just go to Hawaii on vacation? A follow-up interview?"

Donna spun around, agitated, "You're supposed to have Jeremy through the end of the summer. I was hoping..."

Her voice died. Whatever she heard on the other end of the phone made her change colors. I had waited long enough. I opened the door. Donna's demeanor changed. The heat in her face replaced with her too-white smile. I said, "Hi, Donna. Come on in."

She held up her hand, "Well, fuck you, Wes. I'll figure something else out. One day you'll actually want a relationship with your son. And you know what? He'll be gone."

Swiping the phone and killing the call, Donna said, "Fuck men."

The color returned to her cheeks, "Sorry about that, Jack. It's just that Wes..."

"Trouble in paradise?"

She nodded as she stepped past me, "Yeah. Wes took a job in Hawaii. Son of a bitch told me that he and my shitty cousin were going on vacation. Instead, they went out there for a second interview at the University of Hawaii."

Jem chose that moment to look up from the game on the TV. He was shirtless, wearing a pair of loose-fitting shorts. I had tried to get him to wear something more, but he had told me earlier, he didn't want his mom thinking he was ready to leave. Somehow, being half-naked made the point in his mind. Even though I knew Donna liked the idea of me and Jem eventually being together. The key word was 'eventually,' like when Jem turns sixteen or seventeen.

He said, "I don't care. It's not like I was looking forward to spending the rest of the summer with him and Aunt Cindy making googly eye at each

other. And they could get kind of loud.”

His mom glanced at him. I could feel her taking in his semi-naked body. She said, “What kind of noise.”

Jem turned, and in a high, falsetto voice said, “Oh, Wes, fuck me hard, you stallion!”

Donna’s eyes bugged, “Jeremy Andre Nelson, what have I told you about your mouth?”

Jem shrugged, “Don’t ask if you don’t want to know. So, if Dad’s not going to be back, can I stay here?”

Donna came and looked at the game on the TV. It was paused on a racing game. My car was where I left it when the doorbell rang. Jem’s was paused in mid-jump. “How was the week?”

A smile lit up the boy’s face. To me, it was like he was saying, ‘we had fun. We fucked every chance we got.’

What he said was, “I had loads of fun with Jack. We went over to the go-cart track. I killed him. We played games and had an awesome time. He was more like a dad’s supposed to be than Dad has been in a really long time. I wish he was my father instead.”

I saw Donna’s expression soften at that. She said, “I’m glad you had fun.”

She turned back to me, “Can you honestly tell me he didn’t get in the way of your work? I know a lot of what you do is time sensitive.”

I tilted my head to the side, “Yeah. He mostly left me alone during the day. Of course, he entertained himself on the PlayStation while I worked.”

Jem nodded, “Yeah. And if you let me stay, I promise I’ll even start reading some books while Jack’s working. Please!”

Donna sat behind Jem on the sofa. I recognized the look in her eye. It was the same one she gave me when she admitted Jem liked me. “Did you get a chance to talk with Jack about your... feelings?”

I held my breath. Jem’s response could make or break me. If he said the wrong thing, not only would Donna grab him by the hand and yank him

away, she's be on the phone to the police. I didn't want to have to run again.

Jem's lips curled at the edges, "Yeah. It's cool to have someone who understands me to talk to. Dad would never understand what I feel. Jack does."

Donna shot a worried look my way, "How's he helping you?"

Jem's face grew hard, "What? You think he's doing stuff to me? Jeez, Mom. Either you trust us together or you don't. Jack hasn't done a thing to hurt me. And you and I both know he never will."

Donna raised her hands in mock surrender, "Okay, I get it. Nothing's happening."

Jem added, "And won't."

It felt strangely surreal, watching Jem lie to his mom. After all, my life depended on it. I added, "Donna, he's safer with me than he'd be at Wes's. How was your time in Aspen?"

Donna leaned back against the cushions, "It was good. I met a guy, my friend's cousin. I'm going back next Friday after work. We're going on a date."

I said, "See, I told you a vacation would do you well. You've gone off and met a guy."

Donna blushed, "Yeah. You were right, Jack. I needed the get-away."

I sat next to her as Jem turned around. "You look like you can still use some more 'me-time.' Why not take the summer and focus on Donna?"

Donna glanced between me and Jem, "I dunno. A summer's a long time, Jack."

Before I could reply, Jem said, "Please, Mom. With Dad abandoning us for Hawaii, Jack is the perfect sur-, serog-, um, replacement dad."

I saw Donna's expression thaw as she grinned at Jem's attempt to sound more mature, "I guess so. I really would like to spend some time taking care of myself for a bit."

We spent the next couple of hours visiting over Jem remaining with me for the summer. Eventually Donna relented. The sun was most of the way across the sky when Jem and I walked her to the door. After the boy gave his mom a hug, he came over and leaned against me, possessively. Still shirtless, I loved the way his body melted against mine.

Donna's eyes took in both of us, "Jack, you sure you're okay with Jem for the summer? I can be back out here if he's too much."

Involuntarily, my arm snaked around Jem, "I think we can manage it. Jem will be fine."

I could see the hesitancy in her eyes. What she wanted to know is whether Jem was safe with me. Sure, we've known each other going on five years. But she was leaving her gay son with her gay former neighbor. She stammered, "A-, are you sure?"

Jem must have picked up on his mom's cues. He said, "God, Mom. Just because me and Jack are gay doesn't mean he's going to, like, try to molest me."

Donna's eyes grew wide, surprised her son could read her hesitancy for what it was. "It's n-, not like that, sweetie."

Jem raised an eyebrow, "Yeah, right. Ever since Dad dumped you for Aunt Cindy, I might as well not have had a dad. Even when I go over to his place, most of the time, he'd ignore me. You're more worried about some stupid abuse from Jack, who would never hurt me, than about the abuse I've received after the divorce. That's pretty fucked up."

Donna quailed at Jem's prescient observation, ignoring Jem's profanity,. "I, I do trust you guys. I promise."

Now that we were all a bunch of liars, I said, "You've got my number. Call me anytime. Now, about that well-earned 'me-time' you've got coming."

Donna forced a smile onto her face. Jem's pointed comment about how badly he had been abused by his parent's divorce struck a chord. Of course, he was right. What he and I had shared wasn't abuse. Not when compared to the neglect and stress put upon him by Wes and Donna over the past few years.

Donna bobbed her head, “You’re right, Jack. It’s time to focus on myself for a little while.”

After hugging Jem again, she left a few minutes later. I felt bad for her as she pulled away from the drive. Jem had wounded her when he reminded her of how her divorce had victimized him far worse than anything I’ve done.

When I closed the door behind us, Jem wrapped his arms around me and stood on his tip-toes and kissed me, “We’re going to have the best summer ever!”

Epilogue

“Happy birthday, Jem. Welcome to the teen years!”

Jem gave me a bearhug as Donna stood next to the duffle bag. The boy said, “Thanks, Jack. Did you get those new games I emailed you about?”

I nodded as I grabbed the duffle bag. It was a lot heavier this year. Of course, this year he packed for the entire summer. “Yup. I even played them enough that I can kick your ass on them.”

The top of Jem’s head brushed against my chin. He’d added at least four inches since last year. He said, “You just think so, old man. I’ll show you who’s boss.”

I glanced at Donna, who smiled happily. Since last year, she succeeded in getting Wes’s parental rights terminated. Of course, it didn’t hurt that Wes didn’t bother contesting the petition, or that Jem had gone before the judge and told him of the emotional neglect even before Wes moving to Hawaii. Donna had also started dating the cousin of her friend from Aspen. They were happy together, and this guy, Gil, seemed happy that he didn’t have to make any effort to be a father figure to Jem. After all, I filled that role.

After last summer, Jem spent every third or fourth weekend with me, including a week at Christmas and Spring Break. Somewhere deep in Donna’s subconsciousness, I think she knew there was more going on

between me and her son than any of us were willing to admit. Of course, Jem didn't help things by tilting his head up and planting a kiss on my cheek. I couldn't resist and I ran my hair through hair he hadn't cut in a year. His golden locks reached his shoulders.

Donna ignored Jem's playfulness as she said, "You boys have a good time this summer. Jem, I want to hear from you at least once a week. Promise?"

Jem, now only a couple of inches short of his mom's height, nodded, "Sure thing."

Once Donna left, Jem pushed me against the closed front door as he leaned up and kissed me on my lips. Once the kiss ended, he said, "I've really missed you, Jack. I know it's only been a couple of months since I was here, but it was the longest two months of my life."

I didn't buy his hyperbole, but I was happy for Jem's attention. "Come on in, son, and make yourself at home. I'll put this in my bedroom."

Although I had the house's third bedroom set up for Jem, mostly for Donna's peace of mind, there was a place in my chest of drawers and in the closet for his stuff. When I set the bag down, my newly minted teenaged boyfriend's hands wrapped around my chest, "Three whole months, Jack. We're going to have a blast!"

I turned around and returned the embrace. I counted my blessings; even though his face was slightly more angular, Jem was still all-boy. His cheeks were smooth and his voice unbroken. I pulled him to the bed and pulled his T-shirt from his narrow, wiry frame. I glanced under his pits when his arms were over his head and they were still as hairless as the day we first met.

I knelt beside him and unfastened his shorts. He still wore those sexy white briefs that clung tightly to his ass. His erection pushed against the cotton fabric as I let his shorts fall to the floor. It strained the fabric enough that there was a gap between the elastic waistband and his creamy, soft skin. When I pulled his underwear down, his penis flopped upwards, making a satisfying smack against his abs.

I sighed at the sight. Even though he turned thirteen, my lovely boy was still devoid of pubic hair. I ran my hand over his pubic area, admiring the smoothness. His penis, though, was catching up with my own smaller-than-average erection. Erect, he was just under five inches, and his balls, also hairless, were the size of small grapes. By the time he turns fourteen, he'll be bigger than me.

At least for now, his girth was a good deal smaller than mine. I pushed, and he fell on the bed, laughing as though he knew what I intended. I'm sure he had a good idea. My face leaned into his groin area. The smell of sweaty body nearly drove me wild with desire and my tongue darted out, swiping across his glans. There was sweat, a hint of urine, and something else.

I wrapped my hand around his penis and gently stroked him until a clear pearl of precum appeared. I lapped the little droplet, savoring the faintly sweet taste. Even though Jem and I had fully explored our relationship the previous summer, his cums had remained dry. Even through the end of spring break, his body had denied me the pleasures of his seed. It was only in mid-April he called me up, more excited than normal, and told me he had ejaculated when he was masturbating in the shower. And now, for the first time since that auspicious moment, I was savoring the exquisite taste of his precum.

I ran my tongue down his shaft, enjoying the mewling he made as he reclined on the bed, quietly moaning. Jem had grown more in the prior two months than he had since the end of the previous summer. When I took his mushroom shaped head in my mouth, I definitely noticed a difference. He filled my mouth more than before.

From his glans, my tongue traveled down his rigid pole until I licked his nut-sack and took his balls in my mouth. His nuts were about half my size, maybe as big as a small grape. He groaned in pleasure when I managed to get both of them in my mouth and sucked and tugged on him.

Hungry for more, I moved back to his glans and sucked it into my mouth, and enjoyed another drop of precum oozing from his piss-slit. Then I sank my mouth on him. Well, most of him. For the first time, my lips didn't touch his pubic bone before Jem's dick touched the back of my throat. I

pulled back when my gag reflex kicked in. I contented myself with sucking on the four inches I could take until I was ready to try again.

This time, I bobbed down until my lips touched Jem's bald pubic area and slid back on his shaft, barely avoiding the gag reflex. Jem didn't complain. He just moaned, "Ah, fuck!" as I slurped on his pulsating rod.

Perhaps a minute in, Jem's butt shifted as he moaned, "I'm close, Daddy!"

I loved how he called me daddy when we fucked around. It was incredibly erotic. I applied suction, pretending Jem's penis was a huge straw. He let slip a wordless moan and my mouth felt even fuller than before and then I felt a warm wetness hit my tongue as his glans flared in my mouth.

Jem's penis jerked repeatedly, and the first two squirts I happily let fill my mouth. His cum was thin and watery. Later I would jack him off, eager to see the clear ejaculate of a newly pubescent boy. For now, I enjoyed the slightly sweet and salty flavor filling my mouth. Content that his orgasm was over, I swallowed.

When I pulled my head up, he grinned at me like a cat having caught a bird, "What'd you think?"

I leaned forward and kissed him, sliding my tongue in and letting him taste himself. When I came up for air, I said, "I liked it. What about you?"

The grin grew larger as he pushed me onto my back, "Now it's my turn!"

The End

Author's note: I contemplated telling the story of what happens later, but ultimately decided I wanted to leave that to the reader's imagination. Whether Jem finds a boyfriend his own age and ends the relationship, or whether they stay together, or whether something else happens... I leave all of that to the imagination of you, dear reader.