

# Dear Jason



by

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## Chapter one

Time is on my side. Finally! Now I could do whatever I wanted, whenever I wanted. Last week, my now ex-wife moved out to go and live with her new lover. She met him at work, and as I later learned, she had a sexual relationship for over a year before she found the courage and decency to tell me.

I was a little shocked when she told me, but it also opened my eyes and explained a lot. Our sex life had dropped to nearly nothing, and now I knew why. And after her confession, all the overtime she did at work made much more sense.

I was passed the mourning stage when she packed her things and moved out. We said our goodbye, and I even managed to make it sound sincere, we shook hands, and that was it. I kept the house, she got the cat and some other shit I didn't give a damn about. And since I was allergic to that stupid cat, I figured I came out even better than before.

I worked as an IT professional, and since the whole COVID drama, I have worked from home at least three days a week. In my spare time, I started writing erotica featuring kids who are supposed to be from ages twelve to fourteen. Somehow these kinds of stories turned me on, especially when there's an incest element in them. Of course, it's a niche market, but I managed to establish a small fan base and created and maintained a website. I used it to post my stories and other exciting things I found online.

Every now and then, I would receive an email from a fan. Most of the time, they complimented me on how hot the story was and how much they enjoyed it. Sometimes I received some pictures or other stuff that they thought would interest me. News articles, links to other stories, YouTube videos, etc. I tried to reply to every email I received because they took the time and effort to contact me, and it's only decent to acknowledge that.

So when I opened my email app, I wasn't surprised to see two legit messages between some obvious spam. The first commented on how pissed she was that I killed off a character in one of my stories. I kindly

thanked her for contacting me, and I once again explained the reason why I thought the story needed it.

The second email was a bit more interesting. Somehow it managed to spark my attention. The title, 'Offer', was one thing, but I couldn't see the email address it was sent from. Even the tools I had at my disposal couldn't find the message trail.

—

Dear Jason,

The stories you write are among the best I have ever read! Every time you release a new story, I feel excited and thrilled. You truly light up my life!

I know you write because you enjoy coming up with new ideas and seeing how they unfold. And you pointed out that you are not in it for money or fame. But I want to offer you something in return as a token of my gratitude.

Just let me know if you are interested, and we will work something out.

Kind regards,

JD

—

It wasn't that uncommon for people to offer me something. Usually, this meant some pictures I could use, story ideas, and that sort of stuff. I knew they meant well, but it was mostly illegal stuff or useless story ideas. So I clicked on reply and typed:

—

Hi JD,

Thanks for reaching out. I'm glad you're enjoying my stories, and I hope I can keep doing that for you.

And you're right, I'm not in it for the money or fame. It's emails like this that keep me going. But I can't deny that I like to get presents! So, yeah. I'm interested. But I won't accept any illegal pics or vids! I'll delete these immediately. Just so you know.

Again: thanks for letting me know you enjoy my work. Hope to hear from you soon.

Take care and stay safe,

Jason Crow

—

I pressed the send button and actually expected an error because the email address was empty. But it was sent out without problems. Ah well... In this genre, even though we're doing nothing wrong, everyone is pretty fond of their privacy, so I figured this guy had found a new way to hide his true identity.

Tonight was actually the first night I sat in my new office. After Karen had moved out, I almost immediately moved my in-home office into the spare bedroom in the front of the house. Karen didn't want to 'sacrifice the room' for some make-believe office, as she called it. So, finally freed of the witch and no longer doomed to sit in the hot attic with only two small windows, I hauled down my desk and equipment and installed them in front of the window. This way, I could look at our street and see some real-life people during the day.

I noticed it was getting dark, and as I got up to close the curtains, I saw the light flipped on in the opposite room in the house across the street. A few weeks ago, new people moved in there. The house had been empty for almost a year, and these new residents sure put in some elbow grease to fix it up.

I talked to the guy, William, a few times and learned that he and his wife Ellis moved here from San Francisco. They wanted to leave the big city behind them and give their kids a more rural upbringing. What better place to do this than in Chadron, Nebraska?

William's parents lived nearby, and with a population of around 6000, it was big enough to have some of the luxuries of a city but still small enough to be rural.

The moment I laid eyes on their kids, I felt a stir in my pants. I didn't want this to happen, but I couldn't help myself around kids this age, being this

cute. I never acted on my impulses and promised myself I'd never do. And up until now, I've never been even remotely close to crossing the line. So I knew I wouldn't do it now, but it couldn't hurt to look, could it?

As James came to introduce himself, his sister Julia was right behind him. William already told me they were twins and about to turn thirteen in two months. But he failed to mention how cute they were.

James was a typical twelve-year-old boy. About 5 ft 1, not fat and not skinny. His shoulders were still about as wide as his hips, maybe even narrower, but it was close. His dirty blond hair was cut in a style that many boys have today. A little bit longer on top, short at the back and the sides. His sister looked basically the same, but her hair was a little over her shoulder in a cute ponytail, and her small breasts started to fill out her t-shirt. But other than that and, what I could only assume, were the bits inside her underwear, she looked exactly like her brother. As they turned around and walked away from me, both of their asses made my mouth water. I've never seen an ass that good. Ever.

I had my hand on the curtain to close it as I noticed James enter the room across the street. He walked over to his closet, and as he did this, he started taking off his shirt and threw it in a corner like a typical twelve-year-old boy does. I could see he had a nice tan and a black necklace around his neck, but I lacked the details from this distance.

I made a note to myself to go out and buy a telescope to pretend to look at the stars. Or maybe a camera with a lot of optical zoom.

James stood in front of his closet, hooked his fingers in his shorts, and dropped them to the floor. He kicked them into the same corner as his shirt and opened a drawer. After he grabbed a clean pair of boxers, he turned around and looked my way.

"Fuck!" I grumbled, realizing I was busted looking at a twelve-year-old in his multi-colored boxer briefs. James noticed me, and instead of looking angry or offended, he smiled and waved at me. I felt relieved and also started smiling as I waved back at him.

I pretended my curtains were stuck and wouldn't close while keeping an eye on him from the corner of my eye. I got a good, long look at his cute butt as

he left the room and turned off the light.

“Damn! That kid is cute!” I mumbled to myself. I closed the curtains, opened up a new browser, and started searching for a small but powerful camera on Amazon. Nobody would notice if I could place it in the corner of my window along with some other equipment.

If he decided to make a habit out of this, I might as well enjoy it.

## Chapter two

The following day, after I arrived home from a day at the corporate office, William called me as I came out of my car.

“Hey Jason!” he said as he walked toward me.

“Hi, William. What’s up?” I asked, feeling my stomach tighten as I assumed he wanted to talk to me about me perving on his son.

“Please! Call me Bill,” he smiled.

“Right. What’s up, Bill?” I replied, feeling more relaxed now.

“We’re throwing a small party this Saturday to celebrate us moving in here. We’re also inviting some neighbors, and we hope you’ll be able to join us.”

“I... uhm... sure! Of course! I don’t think I’ve got anything important that I can’t reschedule. Thanks,” I stammered, still somewhat expecting him to punch me on the nose about last night.

“Great! We start at around noon. And you can bring your trunks if you’d like. The pool is repaired, so the kids decided it should be a pool party,” he laughed.

“Will do,” I said, also laughing.

“See you Saturday!” Bill said as he turned around and walked back toward the house where his wife was looking and smiling at us.

I started walking to my front door, where I noticed the Amazon package lying on the porch. I felt excited as I picked it up and immediately went up to my new office, where I started unpacking it.

It was a small but powerful camera. It had twenty times optical zoom, could shoot pictures in forty megapixels, and record video at 4K. But the best feature of it was that it was so small. It was bigger than some fancy spycam but way smaller than your regular camera. I liked it!

I played with it a bit during my microwave dinner to learn all about its features. Then, after I was done and cleaned downstairs, I placed it in my

office window, facing James's room. Next, I put some more or less logical things around it, so the camera couldn't be noticed. And if I could hardly see it from here, I was positive it couldn't be seen from across the street.

I plugged in the USB cable and opened up the recording app I had downloaded earlier. It would start recording when there was motion inside the predetermined frame and take a high-def picture every second it recorded.

I was content with my current setup and opened up my text editor to continue writing on my latest story. As I was getting into it, my email beep went off. I usually turn that off because it's too distracting, but I forgot to do it this time.

So, feeling slightly annoyed, I opened the email app. Moments ago, a new message had arrived, and it was a reply to the "Offer" email I received yesterday. I expected some YouTube link, zip files, or pictures in it, but it was just plain text.

—

Dear Jason,

Thank you for your kind and honest reply. You brought a smile to my face today, which is greatly appreciated.

Let me tell you something about my 'token of appreciation.' I work for a domestic government agency. I can't tell you much about this, obviously, but in my position I've got access to all sorts of assets that we work on.

Given the fact that you live in Chadron, Nebraska, I have arranged for the token to be delivered to a safe at the local bank.

If you decide to go to the bank, ask for Mr. Robinson. He'll ask you if you want to open or close an account. Your reply will be, "I'm only here for the air conditioning." Next, he'll ask you about the preferred temperature. You'll reply, "Below seventy degrees is fine."

After this, he'll take you to the vault, where he'll open a safety deposit box for you. In there, you'll find a big envelope. Put it in a bag or something, take it home, and wait for further instructions.

I know this all sounds very 'Cloak and dagger' like, but I promise you you'll love it!

Kind regards,

JD

—

What! The! Fuck!? Is he shitting me? That's either a very elaborate way to distribute kiddie porn or a nutjob trying to yank my chain.

But as I reread the email a few times, it hit me that he could never know where I lived. This was one of the best-kept secrets as my alter-ego. I always use a VPN when I do some work on my sites or communicate with my readers. I disable trackers, double-check files that I upload, everything! So how did this guy pick out this little city in the entire US? This couldn't be just a gamble.

I read the email several times but couldn't wrap my head around it. There wasn't much writing to be done anymore, either. So I checked the recordings my new camera had made, and it was immediately apparent that James had gone to bed already. He came in, threw his shirt in a corner, gave me a quick glance at his boyish chest in the process, and closed the curtains. A few moments later, his lights went out, and that was it.

I had already planned to work from home the following day, so I might as well go and pick up the package. And as I lay in bed, contemplating all of this, I just couldn't figure out how this guy knew where I lived. The only remotely logical explanation I could come up with was that he was indeed a very high-ranked figure at that agency. But then again, that sort of agency and mysterious figures only exist in movies and books.





## Chapter three

"I'd like to speak with Mr. Robinson," I said to the well-dressed man behind the big desk.

"I see," he replied politely. "And are you here to open or close an account?"

"I'm only here for the air conditioning."

The man's face didn't show any signs of surprise or anything. Instead, he asked, "and might I ask what the preferred temperature is?"

At first, I wanted to make it sound casual and not drill up my lines like a horrible actor. But instead, I decided it was best to just play it safe. So I just said the line, just like it read in the email, "It doesn't matter. As long as it's below seventy degrees."

"Follow me, please," the man said as he got to his feet.

We went to a corner of the bank where a small gate was. The gate was closed, but the man pulled a key from his pocket and unlocked it. We went through a small but tastefully decorated corridor and eventually arrived at a more prominent room where the safe door was located. The man pressed a few buttons, held his finger against some biometric fingerprint reader, and with a few loud clicks, the door opened.

I waited for the man to enter the safe, but he waited and politely gestured for me to enter first. So I entered the safe, which looked like a safe from a movie. It was well-lit and had small safety deposit boxes along the wall and a big table in the middle.

The man saw me looking, smiled, and walked over to one of the boxes against the wall. He unlocked it, pulled it out, and placed it on the table in front of me. Next, he unlocked the box and nodded kindly. He didn't say a word, turned around, and left the safe.

I opened the box, and inside was a big beige envelope, just as JD had written. I opened my briefcase and put the envelope inside. I closed the locks and, for the very first time since I had this suitcase, twisted the combination lock, so the locks couldn't easily be opened.

I closed the box and wasn't sure what to do next. So I coughed softly, and the man peeked his head around the corner. When he noticed I was done, he entered the room and stopped next to the table.

"Thank you, sir. Have a very nice day, and thank you for doing business with us."

I hesitated a second but quickly realized I was supposed to leave now. So I thanked the man, left the safe and walked to my car. The envelope was constantly on my mind as I drove home. What was it? Was it something illegal?

And then it dawned on me! Was I being followed? Maybe this was all a trap to catch a man who wrote smut on the internet about subjects, of which the general population had determined, was the worst of the worst. Maybe my witchy ex found out about me and told the police!

At that moment, I felt extremely paranoid. I kept looking in my rear-view mirror and checked every car that passed me as inconspicuously as possible.

I kept taking detours and routes I'd usually avoided, and after almost an hour of driving pointlessly around, I passed my house for the fourth time. And just like the previous three times, nothing seemed out of the ordinary.

By now, my heart rate had dropped significantly, but I still wasn't convinced. I kept telling myself that I was safe, no one followed me, and nobody was waiting at my house for me.

As I rounded the corner and entered my street for the fifth time, I decided to take the chance. I turned onto my driveway and parked the car as close to my front door as possible. I grabbed my suitcase, got out as quickly as I could, and almost ran to the door. I immediately closed it behind me and locked every lock and bolt it had. I quickly checked the back door, just in case, and it was still closed.

Next up: checking the rooms if anything was out of order. Even the slightest change could mean trouble. So I checked everything meticulously, and more than an hour later, the entire house was inspected. If they bugged the house, they did it in such a way that only the best of the best could. And

honestly, that was kind of hard to believe. After all, I was just an internet writer, and I figured the high-end spies had bigger fish to fry.

So I started to relax a little and went upstairs to check my emails. When I booted my computer, I noticed that a few new recordings had been made by my own spy setup, but I ignored these and immediately opened my mailbox.

There were a few new messages, but the one without a sender address with the subject 'ELDS' immediately caught my attention. So I clicked on it, and it was immediately clear this was an email from him.

—

Dear Jason,

A few moments ago, I was informed that you picked up the package. I trust you're home safely, despite all the detours you took. I'm sorry, but I have had you placed under surveillance ever since you went to the bank. I hope you understand because I needed to be sure I could trust you.

And don't worry, your house isn't bugged. This was also the last time I had you followed because now I know you're a trustworthy person, and the package is in your possession. So no more drones over your head ;-). I'm really sorry for this intrusion in your personal life, but I hope you understand.

As I mentioned earlier, I work at a government agency. Of course, which agency that is, has to remain a secret, but one of our tasks is developing and experimenting with certain specialized drugs and technologies.

As of this moment, you are in possession of the ELDS kit. ELDS stands for Enhanced Light Distortion Serum. This is actually our fourth iteration, hence the E in the name. I won't go into details on how this serum actually works, but I'll inform you about the what and how.

What it does is that it distorts the light that touches you. In its bare essence, light has no mass. The energy it carries is transported through particles, and the fact that light travels in waves. We managed to dissect that particle and wave pattern and created a serum that allows your skin to manipulate that light. To keep it simple: it will make you invisible to everyone that uses light

in the visible spectrum to see. We didn't manage to make it work in the infrared spectrum yet, but the most brilliant people I know are working on that.

Having this serum in our weapons arsenal is obviously a huge plus and gives us a massive advantage on the battlefield. But I don't want it to be solely used in warfare. If you think about it, the practical applications are almost limitless!

You're probably wondering why I chose you to have some of this. I can't give you the exact answer, but I did my background checks, and I just know you won't do anything stupid or evil with it. And, for my personal gain, I reckon that you'll be able to come up with a few new and exciting stories!

And that's basically all I want in return. I want to be the first to read the stories you will create while you put ELDS into practice.

About the package. Inside the envelope, you'll find a few things. Syringes, a short explanation about what is what, and a few small boxes containing the patches.

First off: the syringes. Inside these syringes, you'll see one containing a blueish liquid and one a more greenish. I'd recommend getting comfortable on your couch or bed. It's best to remove your pants and take something like socks or a towel to put into your mouth. Next, you inject the fluids into your upper legs. It's absolutely vital that you inject both fluids simultaneously. But I must warn you! Be prepared for excruciating pains! That's why you need the towel. Trust me, it hurts!

It will feel like your entire skin is on fire. The reason for this is that the molecular structure of the outer layer of your skin will change. An unexpected but not entirely inconvenient side effect is that you will no longer feel cold or hot. Your metabolism will also change; these things combined will let you walk outside naked in the frigid cold, and you won't be harmed. You won't even catch a cold.

The time it takes for the pain to die down varies between fifteen and forty-five minutes. After that, I can only recommend a good night's sleep. You will need it! The total effect of the serum takes about eight hours to kick in, so you won't miss anything on that part, either.

After these eight hours, take the round patches out of their packages. Next, you apply the patches to your thumb and index finger. These small, round patches are custom-made based on your DNA. They will mimic the state of your skin and are barely visible. These patches are one of the greatest technical wonders our scientists came up with, and they make the practical application of the serum possible.

There are about twenty pairs of these patches included. When you run out, just let me know. They're reusable, but people sometimes lose them or wear them out.

The purpose of these patches is to activate the serum. Once you press them together for more than two seconds, the serum starts to work, and the light will curl around you and make it look as if you're no longer present. This effect will last for about ten minutes. After this, you can press the pads against each other again, and the ten minutes will start again. You can also do this while the serum is active. Just look at it as a timer that's being reset.

At first, you will feel a bit disorientated. Don't worry. That's perfectly normal. For instance, the human brain subconsciously uses your eyes to determine where your hands and arms are. With being invisible, your brain loses that ability, which means that you must actively focus on the state and place of your limbs in the beginning.

You will also need to learn how to pick things up while you cannot see your hands. Walking can also be a challenge. So, in short, practice in your own home and don't get over-confident. Don't go to the mall or other public places in the beginning. We've had some of these cases in the past, which wasn't pretty.

That is about all there is to say about ELDS. There's no prescription or manual, just a few tips and tricks, and do's and don'ts. You will have to learn as you go.

I can only hope you appreciate my gift and will return the favor. If not, I misjudged you, but there will be no hard feelings. I assume it is unnecessary to mention, but I need to point out that no matter whether you choose to use it or not, confidentiality is a must. There will be consequences if you talk about it with anyone else.

If you want to return the gift, just go to the bank again, use the same sentences, and leave the envelope in the safe. That's all there is to it.

I hope you'll have fun and if you've got any questions, just reply to this email, and I'll get in touch with you.

Kind regards,

JD

—

"What... the... fuck!" I mumbled after I read the email for the second time. No way this could be true! Why would a big-shot CIA -like officer send me this? How could he use drones on US soil to spy on a citizen? DID he actually use drones? And wouldn't anyone notice? Wouldn't there be consequences? And why me? I'm just a regular IT guy with a few mediocre incest stories to show for. There's no way this can be true!

But then again, how did he know where I lived? How about the bank? What about the way his email showed up? So what if it WAS true? Wouldn't it be an amazing superpower someone handed me out of the blue? The possibilities it provided were virtually limitless!

I decided to let it rest for a few days and think about it. I dropped the envelope in my drawer and poured myself a big glass of whiskey. I needed to calm my nerves, and what better way to do this than to continue with my story.

I closed my email app, ready to open the text editor. And that's when I noticed the red icon above my recording software again. I almost forgot it recorded something. I clicked on the .mkv file, and my video player opened.

In the frame was James's room. Seconds later, the door opened, and James walked in. He wore a t-shirt and shorts and looked like he was singing a song. Then, again, he took off his shirt and threw it in the corner. So I figured I could zoom in and check out his chest later. But first, I needed to know what I recorded.

He walked toward his closet, and it was now clear he was singing to a song, as he also danced a bit to the music. He fished out what looked like

swimming trunks and a towel. All the while, he kept moving on the beat of some tunes I couldn't hear. He threw his trunks and the towel on his bed and stood with his back toward me.

I could hear myself sucking in a breath the moment he dropped both his shorts and underwear, showing his tight ass to me. He moved his butt from left to right on the same rhythm as he sang his song. After he kicked his shorts aside, he grabbed his trunks and started pulling them up.

As he put one leg into his trunks and was bent over, I could see his boy bits dangling between his legs. I couldn't see anything clearly, but it was unmistakably his junk I was looking at. Then, way too soon, he stood straight, grabbed his towel, and left the room.

I replayed the video several times, even skipping through it frame by frame. I opened the high-res photos, and as I scanned through these, I realized my dick was painfully hard from the moment I pressed play. This kid was HOT!

The moment I saw a close-up of his dangling balls, I lost it. I whipped out my dick and wanked to a quick but powerful orgasm. And as I sat there, covered in my cum and looking at a tight, twelve-year-old naked ass, I knew it. I needed to be in the same room as this hottie while he undressed. I needed to show him how to enjoy his body in the best possible ways. I needed to fuck him... I wanted him, and now I had a way to do this. If it worked, it would be absolutely perfect!

So I cleaned myself up, pulled the envelope out of my drawer, and emptied it on the desk in front of me. JD was right. Two syringes, about two-dozen patches, and a simple leaflet with tips and tricks inside. I opened one of the packages containing the small pads and examined them closely.

They had about the same color as my skin and were extremely thin. You could almost see through them. I rummaged through one of my other drawers and found my magnifying glass. I zoomed in on the patches and saw there were hundreds of tiny spikes at one side. They were very close to each other and just long enough to penetrate my skin but not pierce through it.

JD mentioned they were reusable, so I decided to press one against my left index finger. It was almost as if it was glued to my finger. It was stuck that

firmly. But at the same time, it wasn't uncomfortable at all, and you couldn't feel the needles. So that was a plus.

But the syringes. Oh boy. They looked brutal. The needle wasn't very long, but the syringes were thick! On the leaflet, a small illustration pointed out how and where the injection should take place. It looked easy enough, but the 'excruciating pains' he mentioned were slightly off-putting. But then I glanced at the cute ass on my screen again and realized I shouldn't wuss out now.

I switched off my computer, gathered everything from the envelope and went to my bedroom. I threw it all on the mattress, grabbed a pair of socks, and pulled down my pants. I looked at the illustrations one final time and figured, 'what the hell!' the worst thing that could happen was that I'd die. I didn't leave a child behind, and my ex-wife would hardly miss me. A few close friends would be sad, but that was it. So what did I have to lose, right?

So, before I could chicken out, I prepared the syringes, laid back against my headboard, and pushed the needles into my skin. This, of course, wasn't a pleasant feeling, but it didn't hurt. My thumbs pressed on the back of both syringes, and as the fluid entered my body, I sighed deeply. No going back now.

The moment both syringes were empty, I placed them on my nightstand and quickly put the pair of socks into my mouth to bite on. I already felt a minor burning sensation around the places where the fluid entered my body, and I was prepared for the worst. I looked at my clock and made a note to myself that it was seven thirty-five.

The burning feeling spread quickly, and before I knew it, I wished I had never ever injected this stuff. I felt like I was about to pass out, and I heard my muffled screams that were partially muted by my socks.

That guy wasn't wrong! I had never ever felt this kind of pain before. During this time, I wished I could die. It was that bad! But eventually, after what seemed like an eternity, the burning feeling started to subside a little. Finally, I could open my eyes again and tried to focus on my alarm clock and figure out how long it has been. Almost thirty-five minutes had passed, and the burning feeling started to go down seriously now.

I lay there panting heavily as I let the soaked socks drop from my mouth. I was feeling completely drained, and I could only think about sleeping. I had never felt this exhausted before in my life. It took every willpower I had left in me to crawl under the covers, and when my head finally hit my pillow, I was out.

## Chapter four

When I opened my eyes, I felt strangely refreshed. I quickly glanced at my alarm clock and learned it was a little past six in the morning. Still early, but I had a long, dreamless sleep behind me, and I felt that I could face the day.

It took me a few moments to gather my thoughts, but they quickly shot back to last night. I looked at my nightstand, and there were the two empty syringes. So it wasn't a dream. My fingers lightly caressed the skin of my arm, but it didn't feel different. And I felt the light breeze from the ceiling fan over my skin, which felt comfortable. So no change there either.

I carefully got up, expecting to feel a headache, sore muscles, or something like that, but I actually felt fit and... younger? It was as if I had gone back in time. I haven't felt this energized waking up since, let's say, a decade ago.

But the big question on my mind was, obviously, did it work? So I got to my office, ensured the curtains were closed completely and grabbed a pair of patches. There wasn't any indication of which patch needed to go on which finger, so I pressed the first one on my index finger.

But before I applied the second one to my thumb, I realized I needed a mirror. And JD warned me that I would feel disoriented, so having a toilet nearby wouldn't be too bad either. I was so anxious to try it that I practically ran to the bathroom.

I stood in front of the mirror, my hands trembling from anticipation. But I managed to apply the patch. I took a deep breath, looked at myself, and pressed the two patches firmly together.

Nothing happened.

"Fuck! I knew it," I cursed under my breath.

So I pressed them together again, with a little less force this time, and... nothing.

I looked at my reflection, and disappointment oozed from my face. Of course, this seemed too good to be true. But still... everything that led up to this had my hopes...

Wait! Did I just...

I wasn't entirely sure, but both my ears seemed to disappear for a moment. I checked them out and touched them, but now they were back.

Was this just my imagination, or did something odd just happen? My hands were still at my ears as my underarms suddenly vanished. My hands were floating in mid-air! I pulled my arms down to look at them and released a small yelp from surprise. They were gone!

Looking at my arms, I noticed my entire lower body was gone! Everything below my boxers was... well... wasn't there!

It was happening! I looked at my face, and my ears were gone again. But so was the entire upper half of my face. I couldn't see my eyes anymore, and as I tried to touch my forehead, my hands were also gone. A second later, I was looking at an empty shirt floating around. You could see it was filled because it hung around something, but I could see the inside of my shirt right through my body.

It worked! I was completely invisible, and only my shirt and boxers were evidence that someone was there.

That's when I felt my stomach churn. I rushed over to the toilet, fell to my knees, and out of nowhere, the yellow-brown substance splattered into the water of the toilet.

A good three or four more splats followed until I had nothing more to throw up. I gagged once more and fell onto my ass, panting heavily.

Both the realization I was given a superpower and the disorientation of not seeing what I was doing were utterly overwhelming. I tried flushing the toilet, but it took me a couple of tries to get my finger on the handle. This was way harder than I thought it would be. But after I found the right spot and flushed, I climbed onto the seat and started contemplating my options.

I needed practice. That much was obvious. And I needed the time to do it. Thankfully, the last assignment I got from work was an easy one. I've done it so many times already that I probably could squeeze it through in less than half the time I was given to complete it.

My new manager didn't know that, so that wouldn't be a problem. The guy was a colossal asshole anyways who only got the job because of the people he sucked up to and not because of his skills. So if I could cross him in any way, that would be a personal 'happy moment.' I giggled at the possibilities that lay before me to fuck this guy up.

So if I planned this right, I could finish my work and practice a lot with my new ability. I wasn't aiming for a specific moment to complete my practice, but I wanted to get the hang of it as soon as possible.

The return to visibility was a lot less messy than the other way around. I saw my skin for a second and went invisible again. But after another second or two, my whole body was visible and stayed that way.

This was going to be awesome!

\* \* \*

Over the next few days, I slowly but steadily started to get the hang of it. The first ten times I tried to touch my nose, I failed miserably. One attempt even missed my entire face! But as time progressed, it became easier and required less concentration.

The first time I saw my computer mouse float through the room, I couldn't help but laugh. I dropped a lot of stuff on the floor before I finally managed to grab something. In this case, it was the mouse. I broke some of my things in the process of trying to pick stuff up, but nothing I couldn't easily replace.

I also tried sticking something in my mouth to see what would happen, and it disappeared completely the moment I closed my mouth. It depended on the angle you were looking at what you saw when I had my mouth open. This looked weird and wasn't really usable. Funny but strange. If I needed to hide something small, this was an option.

The temperature changes on my skin felt different, precisely as JD had already pointed out. I put my hand into the freezer to feel what it was like. I felt the temperature change. Just as I did before. But somehow, it didn't

bother me at all. Instinctively I knew I could keep it in there for hours and not be bothered by it.

But when I put my hand into my oven, which was too hot for my skin, I felt the usual alarm go off in my head, and I pulled back. Thank god! A body needs these alarms to survive, so I was glad this still worked.

Between work and practice, I had my regular supply of shirtless and underwear-clad James videos to drool over. There was one more 'naked backside' scene, but I couldn't see his dangling bits on this one. As I established earlier, I realized again that this boy had an ass that was sculpted by god himself! It was absolutely perfect! A tight, round bubble butt with a clear tan line which made it even more pronounced. Magnificent!

Tomorrow, the pool party across the street was planned, but I didn't feel ready to use my ability in public yet. So I decided to leave my patches at home and tried to mingle with the neighbors. Maybe steal a few glances at James and his sister, but I couldn't be too obvious about that.

But on Friday evening, I couldn't restrain myself anymore. I needed to go out and test in real life. So I got into my car and drove to the skate park at the edge of town. Usually, there would still be a few kids hanging out there, but it wasn't crowded or anything, and there were a lot of bushes surrounding it. So if anything went wrong, I could probably manage some reasonable damage control there.

I parked my car out of sight and pressed the pads together. Moments later, I saw myself disappear in my rearview mirror. This was it. I took off my shirt and shorts. I deliberately didn't wear any underwear to make this easier. I got out of the car, hid my clothes from view behind the driver's seat, and looked around. In the distance, I could hear talking and laughing from the skate park, so I started walking that way.

This was my first time outside in this state, and it felt amazing! I always wanted to try walking around naked but never found the courage to do so. But now that I did, I wish I'd done it sooner! The wind caressing my balls, my four-and-a-half-inch soft dick swaying from left to right as I walked. It all felt wonderful and highly liberating.

Before I approached the skate park, I pressed the patches together again, ensuring I wouldn't be seen. I lingered around the park's edge but stayed close to the bushes. On a nearby bench, two boys were talking to each other. I guessed them to be fifteen or sixteen years old, and I decided to get closer.

"You didn't!" one of them said.

"Fuck yeah! I totally did!"

"So you're saying you fucked Megan?"

"Swear to god!" the other boy said and held up his hand to prove his point.

"And if I ask her, she won't deny it?"

"Absolutely. She said she loved it!" the boy said, beaming with pride.

"Oh wow... what's it like?"

"Almost as good as being sucked by you," the boy whispered, and both their faces turned crimson red in under a millisecond.

"Shh!" the second boy whispered, but a huge grin spread across his face.

"No offense, but it's true!"

"Did she... suck you too?"

"Nah. She just laid there like a starfish and let me do my thing. She wrapped her legs around me toward the end, but that was it. I loved sticking my cock inside her, but I couldn't help but think it feels better when we suck each other."

"My Dad is still at work. Let's go to my place and talk about it," the second boy said, emphasizing the word 'talk' and rubbing his obvious boner through his pants.

"Great idea! I can use some relief," the first boy chuckled, "not much privacy here anyways."

I looked at where he was pointing at, and a typical skater boy walked over to us. He looked to be about thirteen with baggy pants and a tight t-shirt.

He was carrying his skateboard and walked toward the bushes, grabbing his junk.

The boys I was eavesdropping on left, and the boy headed to the bushes to my left. I sneaked toward him when it was clear he was going to take a leak.

It took a few moments to determine where he was going to stop, but the moment he did, I made sure to position myself to his left, so I had a clear view of his front. He dropped his skateboard and looked around to make sure he was alone. Next, he started unbuttoning his pants, which slid down a bit. He grabbed them with his left hand, and with his right, he pulled down the front of his cotton white with blue striped boxer shorts.

I could barely hold back a soft moan as his dick came into view. It was a little over three inches long, uncut, and looked quite thick for his age. His balls were still underdeveloped but looked perfect on him. A small patch of black pubes topped off this mouthwatering view in front of me.

As the thick stream of pee left his body, he breathed a sigh of relief. I wasn't into water sports at all, and it didn't turn me on sexually, but I felt so lucky to be able to witness such a private act of a cute boy this age.

He started shaking off the last drops, and I could swear it grew a little as he did this. After he pulled up his boxers and pants and I realized I was stiff as a board, I decided it was time for me to leave. I knew I'd be back here again soon. But for now, I've seen and done enough.

I quickly returned to my car, dressed, and waited to become visible again before I started driving home. By the time I got there, I needed to jerk off at the memory of that hot young boy.

Across the street, the preparations for the next day were in full swing, and I actually looked forward to it. When I was married to Karen, she always hated to go to parties with people she didn't know. And her attitude on such occasions always rubbed off on me, causing me to feel bummed out too. But not now! I wanted to get to know the neighbors. Maybe dip in the pool and just have fun.







## Chapter five

When I opened the gate to the neighbor's garden the following day, there were already about twenty people present. They all seemed to have a good time and were talking to each other in small groups.

"Jason!" I heard a boyish voice shout, and moments later, James was standing in front of me in his swimming trunks.

"Hey, James!" I said excitedly, let my eyes glide over his underdeveloped chest, and held up my fist for him to bump.

His sister Julia was right behind him, and her bikini top was barely filled with her budding breasts but seemed inviting, nevertheless. And after she bumped fists with me and turned around to run back toward the pool, I noticed once more that she had the same fine ass as her brother.

"Wanna join us in the pool?" James asked enthusiastically.

This kid clearly didn't mind being watched by me from across the street. He didn't mention it and wanted to be close to me. So he probably wouldn't tell his parents, as it wasn't an issue to him. This put me remarkably at ease, and I figured I might as well join him and his sister in the pool.

"Let's get Jason something to drink first, right Jason?" Bill said, smiling knowingly at me.

"Oh, I don't mind too much. But yeah... a beer sounds nice," I said, smiling at him.

"Here," Bill said, handing me a cold one.

"Thanks!" I said, holding up the bottle. Then, I looked at James and said, "I'll join you two later, okay?"

I looked around and noticed I was one of the few guests who actually wore swim clothes. But my trunks looked like regular shorts, so I didn't mind much. I quickly found a few people that started talking to me, and before I knew it, the barbecue was fired up, and the sun was beginning to set.

I had a genuinely good time and occasionally glanced at the twins playing around in the above-ground pool. Every now and then, some adults joined them but left the pool after a few minutes of roughhousing with the kids.

So when I had a quiet moment, and nobody was around, I figured, what the heck? So I pulled up my shirt, ran toward the pool, and cannonballed right next to James into the pool. After I surfaced, James and Julia laughed loudly, and some of the guests looked at me, but I could see a big grin across Bill's face, so I was good.

Before I knew it, James was on my back, trying to dunk me. Julia was tugging at my shoulders, but neither could get my six-foot-three frame into motion. I felt James's jewels pressed against my back, and during the roughhousing, I accidentally touched Julia's boobs at least two times. I loved it!

But eventually, they gave up. Julia was called out by her mother to help her with preparing some of the salads. James and I chilled against the wall.

"You've got a nice office over there, don't you?" James asked.

"Yeah. Since my ex-wife left, I wanted to create the best home office one can think of in there," I smiled.

"Looks good from my room. Can I check it out sometime?"

"Of course you can! Your room also looks nice," I chuckled.

"Yeah. It's not finished yet. I still need to fix my computer. It's broken since we moved here," he said a little glumly.

"I can take a look at it if you want!" I said, feeling sorry for the kid and not wanting to miss out on an opportunity to talk to him alone.

"Would you?" James asked with a lot of excitement.

"Of course, kiddo! I work in IT, and I've got a few spare parts lying around. So yeah. I think we'll be able to fix it," I smiled, glad he was excited to come over.

We threw the ball around some more, and he just couldn't be stopped in his attempts to try and dunk me. After I let my hands roam all over his body,

making sure to grab both his ass and junk a few times in the process, I let him have one and faked that I couldn't stay on my feet anymore.

After I came up, faking gasping for air, I saw him standing there with his arms in the air and shouting, "YEAH! I did it!"

He was a lovely kid to be around. And a kid with an exceptionally fine ass. But that didn't matter at the moment. So I got out of the pool, grabbed a burger and some salad, and sat at the table with Julia and her Mom, Ellis, complimenting them on how good everything tasted. Ellis and I talked about a lot of things, and eventually, my divorce came up. I spoke openly about it, and she seemed to feel genuinely sorry for what happened.

I felt I had a beer or two too many, so I figured I needed to head home. But when I looked around, I was the only guest left. Bill was starting to put away some chairs and tables, and I offered to help him, which he eagerly accepted.

Almost an hour later, all the mess from the party was cleaned up enough, and the chairs could be returned to the rental place. I tried to leave at that moment, but Bill insisted on me drinking one last beer with him. I couldn't come up with an excuse, and honestly didn't really want to. I liked the guy and his wife. So when our bottles touched, and we both said "Cheers" simultaneously, I felt good. Especially when James joined us in just his swimming trunks. I found it increasingly difficult to keep my eyes away, but I had enough soberness inside left to not be too obvious about it.

"Jason offered to help me with my computer!" James said excitedly.

"Really?" Bill said, a bit surprised.

"Yeah! Cool, right?" James beamed.

"I... I work in IT, and I've got many spare parts lying around. So no big deal," I said, feeling the need to play it down a little.

"That's really nice of you, Jason! Just tell us if you need us to pay for anything. That thing has been broken since we got here, and no one wanted to burn their fingers trying to repair it."

“Don’t worry about that! I know how it is for a ten-year-old to miss out on his computer,” I smiled and winked at Bill.

“Hey! I’m twelve and a half already!” James said, acting offended, but after looking at my face, he realized I was kidding him.

Bill laughed at my mocking and said, “If you really don’t mind, it would help him and us a lot!”

“Sure! No problem at all! You know what? Come over tomorrow with it, and we’ll look at it together, okay?”

“Really?” James asked, looking at his father for approval.

“Knock yourself out! Just make sure to behave yourself.”

“Thanks, Dad!” James said and looked excitedly at me.

Bill and I drank another beer before we said our goodbyes. I went home and felt a little drunk but mainly excited to have James over tomorrow. I lost my trunks and let myself fall down on my bed the moment I entered my bedroom. I was completely spent!

\* \* \*

After I woke up, I felt a little hungover. So I got up and went to the bathroom. As the comforting water from the shower livened up my body, I tried to figure out what would be a good place to hang out while being invisible.

A locker room? Maybe... lots of naked boys, but each of them will do everything they can to hide themselves from the other boys. But it’s during a short period, and because it’s crowded, nobody will notice I’m in there with them.

A doctor’s office? No. The chance I’d have to be looking at old naked ladies is way more significant than the occasional boy or girl.

The skate park? I did hear those two boys talk about sucking each other off. These two were too old for my liking, but there were lots of younger boys

there too. Maybe follow one or two of them home? I'd need a bit of luck, but it'd probably be worth the time.

What about a boy's bedroom? I'd definitely see some skin, and maybe even more. But I could get trapped and be in there all night. And what if I fall asleep and fail to press the patches together? I'd be naked inside a boy's room. Kind of hard to explain in front of a judge.

I was still undecided as I turned off the water to start drying myself. The moment I grabbed my towel to start, I heard the doorbell ring. So I wrapped the towel around my waist and quickly went downstairs. Through the glass panels at the side of the door, I could see James standing there with the computer case in his arms. So I opened the door to let him in.

James came inside and looked expectantly at me. He must've seen my questioning look because he said, "Is today a bad day to fix my computer?"

Right! I didn't think about us talking about doing this today anymore, but I just smiled and said, "No. Today's fine! I just got out of the shower and didn't expect to see you this early. That's all."

I gestured for him to go upstairs. As he walked in front of me, I couldn't keep my eyes from his fine ass. He was wearing running shorts, which was a bit odd, but I didn't mind it one bit. They were short and hugged the curves of his ass just right. It also helped that his shirt was on the short side. Just barely long enough to reach the top of his shorts. I was sure the shirt fitted him fine last year, but seeing it now, made it apparent that he was starting to grow.

"To the left," I said as he reached the top of the stairs.

"This is great!" James said as he looked around my office.

"Thanks! I haven't finished installing everything because I just moved in here."

"I can help!" he immediately said, perking up.

"Okay. Thanks for the offer! But let's finish your PC first, shall we?" I smiled.

"Yeah. You're right," he said, and his eyes moved down to my waist.

I looked at what he was looking at, and I realized the top of my pubes was visible because the towel slid down as we walked upstairs. He didn't seem offended by it or anything like that.

"I'll grab some clothes," I said and left the room.

As I walked toward my bedroom, I heard James following me. He started talking about the specs of the latest GPU Nvidia had just released. He compared them with the AMD specs, and I was impressed by the knowledge he showed about the subject.

As I reached my closet and grabbed a pair of boxers, I looked at him, and he just kept talking like nothing was out of the ordinary here. I couldn't just drop my towel in front of a boy I hardly knew?

But he just kept on rambling about it, and when I lifted my boxers to prove a point, he just nodded. What the hell? I turned my back toward him, took a deep breath, and loosened my towel, making sure he got the idea of what I was about to do. But the teraflops the new GPUs could produce was apparently way more interesting than me, who was about to show his ass.

I decided to just do it. The kid didn't seem to mind, and I knew my ass was okay. Not nearly as fine as the boy's ass I was showing mine to, but still. When my towel hit the floor, James just kept on talking. I didn't linger, quickly slid my boxers up my legs, and adjusted my junk, so it was comfortable.

As I turned around and grabbed my shirt, James's eyes went to the bulge inside my boxers, but he still kept on talking. After I put on my shirt and pulled up my sweatpants, I smiled and said, "You sure know your stuff about computers!"

"Thanks! I wanna design new GPUs when I grow up. With quantum technology! It could be revolutionary what we can do!"

"Right. Let's get you set up in the office to see what's wrong, okay?"

We headed back into my office and started working on James's computer. The thing wouldn't boot, and after I started putting in a spare PSU, it became clear why. Several cables had come loose. So we ditched the original PSU and focused on that.

As we were waiting for the OS to boot, I asked James, "What's with the running shorts? You run track or something?"

He started laughing and said, "No, silly! I can't run that fast. I'm more into baseball. We actually won the first prize back in San Fransisco once!"

"Impressive! You're a real champion, then?" I smiled.

"Yeah... well... I play third base, so..." he said, blushing. And after a few moments, he pulled at the fabric of his shorts and continued, "these just feel nice. Mom always says that I'd run around naked if I'm allowed to."

He chuckled, saying that last bit. But when he saw my slightly raised eyebrow, he said, "Mom and Dad used to take us to nudist resorts. But when Julia and I turned ten, Mom said we were getting too old for it, and she didn't want to force us. I liked it there, and so did Julia. But no matter what we said, her mind was made up."

"Oh," I said, a little taken aback by this confession, "so you stopped doing it entirely? Even at home?"

"Yeah. At first, Dad said we could still do it at home. But Mom had other ideas."

"I see," I replied, realizing his upbringing was probably the reason why he didn't leave the room to let me change.

"But," he said softly and in a conspirative tone, "I don't usually wear underwear under these shorts. That way, it almost feels the same. That's the main reason I like wearing those."

He didn't blush or seem to be even slightly embarrassed by this confession. He trusted me, and to him, it was normal. So I decided not to press on it. Yet. But in my head, a lot of things were going on. I even felt my dick grow to the thought of only a thin piece of cloth separating his dick from my view.

By now, his computer had booted completely, and I felt a bit sorry for the kid about how slow it was. It was an old version of Windows, and probably the main reason for it being so slow was the old hard drive it was running on.

It was getting warm in my office, and I could see some sweat forming on James's forehead. I was feeling quite hot myself but didn't want to turn on the A/C for obvious reasons. So I looked at him and asked, "Do you mind if I take off my shirt? The A/C is broken, and it's getting hot in here."

"Not if you don't mind me taking it off too!" he chuckled, and before I could react, his shirt dropped to the floor.

This was even better! Shirtless and in thin running shorts. He was clearly feeling comfortable around me, and even better, he trusted me.

"You know what? I've got a spare SSD lying around for which I haven't found a good purpose yet. But I think I just did."

"Really?" James perked up and immediately threw himself at me for a tight hug. "Thank you!"

I loved the feeling of his bare chest against mine. But I needed to act like it wasn't a big thing to me, so I laughed, "Haha! Don't mention it. I'm close to the source, which means I've got lots of advantages in that area. I'd hate to leave you with a slow PC. What do you use it for the most?"

"Video editing. And a few games. And... you know... browsing online."

As he said that last part, he started blushing, and I knew enough. I looked him in his eyes, trying to ignore his naked and boyish chest, and smiled.

"I see. Browsing online..." I said knowingly, winked, and then smiled at him.

"Yeah... Uhm..." he stammered, and I could see his embarrassment from being busted.

"Tell you what. I'll install a new SSD, install the latest Windows version and make sure to upgrade it with some other components I've got lying around."

"Really? Would you do that?" he asked, clearly over the moon.

I had many spare parts lying around that I collected at the customer's sites when I was there. Some of these parts were just ordered as extra parts, just in case, and it turned out we didn't need them. Where others were replaced by new parts but were still relatively new. No one minded that I

took these with me. After all, they were all paid for and would otherwise be thrown away.

“Sure! I need to help out my neighbor, right?”

“Then I’ll mow your lawns! That’s the least I can do!”

I laughed at his eagerness and extended my hand for him to shake. “Deal!” I said as we shook hands.

I didn’t need anything in return. Doing this great kid a favor was enough for me. But then again, he’d be around more often this way. And that sure wasn’t a bad thing.

We spent almost the entire day picking out the right parts and installing them. We ate lunch together, and by the time he needed to go home for dinner, the first part of the new Windows setup was running.

During this day, I learned that James talked a lot. It was already evident when I needed to change that this kid didn’t have a mute button and was very bad at reading non-verbal messages. And he really talked about literally everything.

He hadn’t made any friends yet, because his school hadn’t started yet since they moved here. So I was the only person, besides his family, that he could talk to. And he needed to talk. That much was clear. I was flattered that he trusted me with some of the stuff, for instance, that he’d been bullied in his last school.

But he also gave me a complete verbal walk-through of their house and tried to explain the complex storyline of some obscure anime show. But I really didn’t mind. He was funny, VERY easy on the eyes, and I liked the company.

Across the street, we could see his Mom waving at us. About half an hour ago, I put on my shirt. As I stood up to wave back, I was glad I did. A grown man hanging out shirtless with a young, equally shirtless boy could look suspicious. Today I learned that his parents didn’t think like that at all, but still. It wouldn’t hurt that I was wearing my shirt now.

“I gotta go,” James said as he stood up and grabbed his shirt.

I took another good look at his tight ass as he was bent over and said, "I'll finish the Windows setup."

"I...uhm..." he stammered, "can I come back tomorrow so we can finish installing the rest together?"

"Of course! Tomorrow's a Sunday, so maybe a little later than today, okay?" I said while I ruffled his blonde hair.

We walked downstairs, where I opened the door, and we walked over to his Mom.

"Bye, Jason!" James said as he ran toward the house.

Ellis looked worriedly at me and asked, "Did he behave?"

"Absolutely! We worked on his computer all day, and he was a great help!" I answered as sincerely as possible but decided to leave out the level of eye candy he provided me.

"Thank God. He can be a bit of a... whirlwind sometimes."

"He talks a lot," I chuckled, "but he's funny, helpful, and kind. And since Karen left me, I didn't have much company over, so that was also nice for a change."

"Yeah... he talks a lot," Ellis giggled. "He didn't have a great time at his last school, so we're hoping things will be better over here. At least he's made a new friend already."

"Yeah. He told me. Well, he's always welcome at my place. And I mean it! The door is always open if he needs to blow off some steam or anything."

"Thank you, Jason. Good to know!"

"He'll come over again tomorrow to finish work on his computer. So I'll make sure to tell him this."

"You sure you don't mind?" Ellis asked, still a bit unsure.

"Cross my heart! I always wanted kids of my own, but Karen... Well, I'll be his cool uncle then. And, of course, Julia can come too if she wants to."

Ellis noticed my sad look when I brought up kids of my own and grabbed me gently by my shoulder. "That's great. I'll ask her, but I think James will protest about that," she chuckled, "Thanks for helping James out. He couldn't stop talking about you this morning. You're a great guy, Jason! And someday, maybe you'll find someone, and... you'll... you know..."

"Thanks. Appreciate it."

"Tell you what. After you finish tomorrow, you come over and have dinner with us. That's the least we can do to repay you!"

"There's absolutely no need to repay me! But I can't say no to such a nice offer," I said politely.

We wished each other a good night and went home. I heated some leftover Chinese and went into the office.

I finished the Windows setup and opened up my spy software folder on my own computer. I collected the good stuff over the years, and I installed a few. Of course, there was almost no way James could find those, but it gave me complete control over his computer. One of these could even turn on the webcam without turning on the accompanying light.

This wasn't very ethical of me, but if I played my cards right, I might just see some action from this hot boy. And it could also give me some insights into how a real boy's brain works on specific subjects. This could make my writing more believable, something I have always tried to work on.

## Chapter six

I was awake but still in bed when the doorbell rang. I looked at the alarm clock and saw it was half an hour later than yesterday. I smiled at myself, got up, and went downstairs. As I expected, James was standing there, almost bouncing with excitement. I hadn't bothered with clothes and opened the door in my boxers.

"Morning, James," I smiled and let him in, noticing that he wore the same clothes as yesterday.

"Hi, Jason! Still too early?" he asked as he looked me over.

"A little, yeah. I didn't have my shower or coffee yet," I smiled, rubbing my eyes.

"I'll make you some coffee so you can take your shower!" he said excitedly and rushed into the kitchen.

I shrugged and went upstairs. I wasn't sure what to do with the bathroom door. I could lock it, which would create a clear boundary. But if I'd leave it slightly open, James could decide for himself what he wanted to do. I wouldn't mind him seeing me naked. Heck! That would even enhance my chances of seeing him naked! I chubbed up a little at that idea, so I left the door ajar, dropped my boxers, and took my shower.

And sure enough, after a few minutes, James came in, carrying a mug of coffee. He sat down on the toilet seat, chatting away like it was the most normal thing in the world.

I grabbed my towel, and this time, I made no effort to hide myself from him. It was nice and warm, I was still a little chubbed by seeing him and from showing off, so I felt like I had nothing to hide.

James kept talking as I dried myself and glanced at my flopping dick a few times, but he did not comment about it. I brushed my teeth and did my regular routine naked. If he didn't have a problem with it, I sure as hell didn't. But after I stretched it enough, I went to my room with James still on my heels, grabbed a fresh pair of boxers, and got dressed. I also picked the

same outfit as yesterday, and after I pulled down my shirt, I was ready to face the day.

James pulled off his shirt the moment we entered my office and sat down on the spare office chair again. We started working on tweaking his system and installing all kinds of software. I had an extensive collection, and he was thrilled when I showed him Adobe Premiere Pro was an option.

Seeing him work on his computer in just his short track pants hit me hard. This was also the first time it actually got me hard too. This boy was sexy as fuck! I needed to find a way for him to keep coming over.

After we installed Apex Legends and it booted for the first time, James almost shouted, "It's so fast!"

I could only laugh at that, and as he squirmed in his chair to show me how it worked, I got an idea.

"How about we build a game computer for me? I've got more than enough spare parts for a new one. I don't wanna use my work computer for games, but by building a new one, we can play online together."

"Yeah! That's awesome!" he said and made the chair do a total 360. "We can even use hand signals next to our headsets, and no one will know," he smiled and pointed to his room on the other side of the street.

After another fun day next to this barely dressed boy, we shut down his computer, disconnected it, and crossed the street with it. When we entered the kitchen, the smell of home-cooked chicken filled my nose.

"Hi, Honey! Hi Jason," Ellis said excitedly.

"Hi, Mom," James cheerfully said, "we finished my computer!"

"That's great, Honey," his mother smiled.

"Is it okay to set it up in my room now?"

"Sure. Dinner is ready in half an hour."

"Come on, Jason!" James said, and he was halfway up the stairs before I knew it.

I shrugged apologetically at Ellis, and she just smiled and waved for me to follow her son. As I walked up the stairs, I came to the conclusion that James's verbal house tour was pretty accurate. And when I entered his room, it almost felt like I'd been there before. I quickly glanced across the street but immediately felt at ease. Even if you knew the camera was there, you couldn't see it. No way!

As we were connecting all the cables, the door to the bathroom opened, and Julia joined us. James already told me they shared a bathroom together. James found the term 'Jack and Jill bathroom' stupid. He said that they just shared a bathroom together. And that, in their case, it's a James and Julia bathroom. So he kept calling it that way.

"Jason gave me an almost new computer!" James said excitedly to his twin sister.

"Really? That's freakin' awesome!" she said, looking at me in disbelief.

"Yeah! Apex boots in under ten seconds now!"

"Wow!"

Julia clearly wasn't mocking him. She apparently was into video games as much as her brother.

"You're so lucky, Pep!" she said.

Since they were young, their parents called the two of them salt and pepper. The names stuck, and James became pepper, whereas Julia was salt.

"Maybe we can build her one too?" James asked cautiously.

"Maybe. I'll put all the spare parts I can find together over the coming week. I've also got some stuff at the office. Next weekend, we'll check it out, okay?"

"Told you he's a great guy!" James said to his sister, who nodded and smiled at me.

Before Ellis called that dinner was ready, I ensured his webcam was in the best possible angle. They thought nothing of it, but I was pretty sure I got

the whole room covered by now. When he closed the curtains, I'd lose a bit, but otherwise, there was no way to hide from my spying eyes.

Dinner was great, and Bill and Ellis thanked me plenty of times for helping their kids out with their computers. Bill was a construction worker with his own building company and knew nothing about that 'techy stuff,' as he called it. And Ellis was an artist who sculpted small statues. There was a fascinating statue in the corner of the room that I had noticed earlier, but I figured it was inappropriate to ask about.

But when she picked it up to show me, I could only compliment her on her skills. She sculpted her kids when they were about seven years old. They were both naked and with their backs against each other.

"It's amazing, Ellis!" I sincerely said.

"Thank you! As you can see, I created this in our nudist period, as I call it."

"Yeah...James told me about that," I said a bit evasively.

"I think they're too old now for us to keep going on with it. And still too young to make a conscious decision about it. So we go to more... regular resorts these days for our holidays."

"I see," I said, "and I think I understand."

"At least we had the chance to teach them that everyone is unique and that nudity is okay," Bill added.

I didn't know how to respond to that, but Ellis came to the rescue and asked me if I wanted some coffee. I gave the small sculpture a final look, handed it to Ellis, and said, "Thank you, but I need to go. I'm off to an early start tomorrow. Next weekend, we'll start working on Julia's computer. How about if I light up the grill, and you come over to my place for a change?"

They would have nothing of that. I helped them with the computers, and they provided dinner. And it would be another hot weekend, so we could also take a refreshing dip in the pool.

After I entered my office, I quickly closed the curtains. I gave both my camera and the spy software a quick checkup and saw that everything was fine. Tomorrow would be a day at the office. Usually, I didn't look forward to

that, but I had some great ideas about how to mess up the life of my asshole manager Fred with my newfound skills.





## Chapter seven

Undressing in the bathroom at work felt a bit weird at first. After I was done and had pressed the patches together, I lifted one of the ceiling plates and put my clothes up there so they were out of sight.

Walking toward Fred's office was a bit challenging. I almost bumped into co-workers twice, and I had to wait a few minutes outside his office before his door opened. Finally, I sneaked inside and sat down on the floor in one of the corners. I listened to a few conversations he had with my colleagues, and most of the time, Fred behaved as such an asshole that the other person was dumbfounded. Two female colleagues even started crying at his bluntness.

He surprised me even more when he came on to one of my female colleagues, Maria. She was the best-looking woman in our office and had one of the best IT skills in our department to show for. But it was just embarrassing to see how he kept hitting on her and how she kept trying to politely turn him down.

I watched all the interviews he had with my colleagues with disbelief. This guy just didn't know who was on his team and, more importantly, who was valuable and who wasn't. And on top of that, during his call with his supervisor, he managed to make it sound like he had everything under control. Convincingly.

This guy wasn't an asshole. He was a giant pain in the ass and a threat to our company. I needed to do something about that, and after I looked over his shoulder and memorized his password, I immediately started my campaign on him.

The moment he left, I logged in under his account, and I downloaded some grungy porn. The kind of porn with fake rape and molestation in it. This way, our firewall would definitely send out some alarms to the internal IT department.

Next, I quickly scanned his entire computer and noticed he had some really shady stuff in there. I installed the same spyware as with James from my

private server a moment later. It was convenient that I knew how to bypass our virus and malware scanners. After visiting a few more compromising URLs, I logged out and waited next to his door to leave.

The moment it opened, I sneaked out and went back to the toilet to change. During my interview with Fred a little later, I was so confident about getting rid of him that I actually managed to visibly annoy him a few times.

During the rest of the day, I had two main objectives. First, I needed to find a way to make my invisibility count. There needed to be a way that I could see some naked boys or girls. And if I could find a way to do more, it would be even better, and I could probably find some inspiration for more stories.

So I spent the rest of the morning looking for options. There appeared to be a small-scale foster home at the edge of town. An elderly couple started it because they couldn't have kids of their own and wanted to help unfortunate boys. They kept it low-profile since they feared the neighborhood might complain.

The kids lived there for various reasons. Some have had trouble with the law in the past, some had parents with addictions, and some were orphans. They housed about ten kids in there, ranged ten to eighteen.

I read a newspaper article from a few years ago, and they seemed to have a nice setup in there. The boys slept in pairs of two, so they could keep an eye on each other. They always ate dinner together and did everything they could to make it feel like home. According to some of the boys they interviewed, they managed.

My second objective of the day was ensuring that the prick was fired. The moment Maria came in crying during our break, and we learned that Fred had fired her, it was game on! I knew it was risky, but I opened the spyware tools on my home PC through a couple of VPNs. This didn't help in performance, but it made it virtually impossible to be traced that way.

Now that I knew his password, I had almost unlimited access to every resource he had. The background scan of his documents was finished, and I noticed something odd. He had two versions of the quarterly report. One had 'original' in its name, and another 'cleaned.' It wasn't my area of expertise, but it didn't take a genius to see he tampered with the numbers.

And judging by how he called the documents the way he did, he wasn't a genius.

I also found out that he had a personal spending account with an eighty-thousand-dollar spending limit on it. So I purchased about fifty-thousand dollars in Bitcoins and immediately transferred these around to some other wallets. After converting them to Ether and some other currencies, I send it all to another wallet where it would be safe for the time being.

Just a few internet searches under his account on how to trade in Bitcoin left, and he was doomed. I knew the corporate office had a zero-tolerance policy on stealing, and this would most definitely qualify as such. If this wasn't enough, I'd always have the two spreadsheets left that were currently waiting as a draft in his mailbox to be sent to a few randomly selected colleagues of mine.

I felt extremely satisfied after finally getting some payback on this douchebag. I made sure to hide all traces of the spyware, so he could never blame it on that, and shut down my computer. It was already late when I left the office and decided to celebrate.

So after eating some drive-through on my way home, I drove straight to the foster home. I didn't know what to expect, but the prospect of ten boys in five different bedrooms was more than enough to get me interested. Looking back, I felt a bit overconfident, but at the time, I figured I was good. The good thing was that I knew the house from all the pics I saw online.

I parked the car out of sight and pressed the patches together. Then, after I disrobed, I walked over to the house. Two kids, I guessed them to be around ten or eleven, were sitting on the swing in the garden, chatting with each other. I walked around the house and entered it through the back door.

I sneaked through every room on the ground floor and saw four boys, about fourteen to sixteen years old, lounging in front of the TV. In the kitchen, two older boys were helping the woman with cleaning up the kitchen. Dinner was clearly just done, and I noticed a schedule on the wall where cleaning duty was divided.

I crept up the stairs and saw all bedroom doors were closed except one. The moment I walked toward that door to take a peek inside, another door

opened, and a kid walked into the hallway with a towel wrapped around his waist. I recognized him immediately. This was the kid I saw peeing at the skate park!

He walked toward the open door, and as he entered the room, I sneaked in right behind him. The room wasn't big, but two beds and two desks fitted in comfortably, leaving enough room for a closet. The two beds were each against the outer wall and separated by about five feet of walking space between the beds. On one of them, a boy about the same age as the one who just entered the room lay there reading in his underwear.

The moment the boy closed and locked the door behind him, a feeling of panic washed over me. I was trapped! But when I realized I could always sneak out at night, that feeling quickly vanished. The only thing I needed to do was stay awake.

Being trapped in the same room as two barely dressed boys quickly sucked up all my attention. The boy with the towel around his waist had that skater look nailed down! Even now, his shaggy hair, tanned skin, and laidback attitude clearly defined this style.

As he sat down on one of the beds, he looked at his roommate, and so did I. The boy looked slightly younger than the skater boy and was lying on his belly. His purple and black boxer briefs hugged his boyish ass nicely, and I felt myself chub up at the sight of these two boys.

"You okay, Raf?" skater boy asked.

Raf looked up from his book and smiled half-heartedly at the other boy.

"Yeah. I guess. But ever since Lucas learned he's moving out, he's been such a pain, you know?"

"Yeah. But you shouldn't let him pick on you. Stand up for yourself!"

"Easy for you to say. You're tough! I'm still a little boy! Look at me!" he said and got up to prove his point.

He was indeed a bit underdeveloped and on the skinny side. But my eyes immediately went to his boxers, which was filled out way more than I anticipated.

“You do need to work out for some muscles. But you’re barely thirteen, Dude! Cut yourself some slack! And he’ll be gone in a week...”

“I know. But he won’t pick on you...”

“You know what? Come to the park with me tomorrow, and I’ll teach you some stuff.”

“Really? Thanks!” Raf said, clearly lighting up at that idea.

“And...” skater boy said softly, “I bet you’ve got a bigger dick than Lucas!”

That caused both boys to start giggling. And after a few moments, skater boy lunged at Raf, and they started roughhousing on the bed. Before long, skater boy’s towel came off, and I was looking at his naked ass with his semi-hard dick dangling between his legs. I gasped at that sight, and both boys stopped for a moment.

They looked around to see where the noise came from but shrugged simultaneously and continued wrestling. Skater boy was sitting on Raf’s legs, right beneath his boxer-covered balls. Skater boy’s balls must be touching Raf’s, but neither boy seemed to care.

They both looked thoughtfully at each other when Raf softly asked, “Wanna do it again?”

Skater boy blushed but nodded, and I immediately saw his dick grow hard. He looked at the door, got up, and walked toward the door with his bobbing boner leading the way. I could barely step aside in time, and he missed me by a hair.

After he checked if the door was locked properly, he turned around and started grinning. “Wanna do me first this time?” he asked, smiling wickedly.

Raf just nodded, and skater boy lay down on the other bed, his boner sticking up proudly. I guessed it to be a little under five inches. He was uncut and had a small but dense patch of black pubes and completely hairless balls.

Raf got off his bed, and I quickly glanced at his tented boxers. He got on his knees next to skater boy’s bed and extended his hand. Without hesitation,

his fingers wrapped around his roommate's hard dick, and he massaged it gently.

"Ohhh... that's it, Raf!" he moaned as Raf gently started jacking.

"You're already leaking some of your stuff," Raf whispered.

"Yeah. I was thinking about... hmmm... this in the shower. So I'm already a little worked up, I aaahhh... guess."

"Will you still shoot it?" Raf asked anxiously, his eyes focused on the hard cock in front of his face.

By now, I was also leaking precum badly, and I noticed a drop had landed on the end of skater boy's bed. The moment it left my body, it was visible, so I needed to be really careful here. I couldn't Jack myself to orgasm here, or I'd blow more than just my load. So instead, I scooped up the drops that formed on my tip and put them in my mouth. I figured this was the only way to keep myself hidden. It was undeniably a big turn-on. Licking up my cum while watching one of my fantasies unfold in front of my eyes.

"Ahhh... oohhh..." came from the bed, and by now, Raf was really working his friend's cock.

Raf's eyes were locked on the tip of skater boy's cock, beaming with anticipation as his hand kept going faster and faster. I felt SO privileged to be able to watch this intimate act, and it was so fucking hot watching these two boys getting it on that I had a difficult time keeping myself together.

"Ohhh... oohhh... ooohhhh! Aaahhhh!" skater boy suddenly moaned.

He lifted his ass from the bed, and I saw three spurts of almost clear cum leave his pulsing dick. Raf's eyes were wide, and a huge grin was plastered on his face. Skater boy lay there panting and smiled down at his roommate.

"Awesome, Raf!" he whispered.

"You shot more stuff than last time!" Raf said excitedly.

"Yeah...you also did better than last time!" skater boy smiled.

After he took a small hand towel from underneath his bed and cleaned up the drops on his tight belly, skater boy said, "Your turn!"

Raf got to his feet and judging by the way he was tenting his boxers, this boy was seriously packing! He pulled down his boxers without much of a show, causing his massive boner to slap against his belly. I was right. This boy was huge! Judging from this distance, his boner was just as big as mine at almost seven inches. But on his small frame, it was almost freakishly big.

I'm not at all into big dicks on boys, and I could only remember one boy coming close to him. He was in my junior gym class, and every boy in my class looked up to him and respected him because of the monster between his legs.

I hadn't seen that boy in gym class hard, and I didn't see Raf soft yet, so the comparison was difficult. But that he was in the top one percent of the world was clear.

Raf lay on his back on his own bed and smiled at skater boy as he said, "I'm so glad you learned how to do this! This is awesome!"

"Me too!" skater boy said as he got close and looked at the massive dick in front of him.

The moment he wrapped his fingers around the throbbing cut cock, Raf moaned softly, "ooohhh... yeah!"

"You'll leave every locker room you walk in as the alpha male! Dude!" skater boy said in awe as he was slowly starting to jerk his friend.

"Oohhhh... what's that?"

"Every guy in there wants to be you and will treat you with respect."

"Tell that to... aaahhh... Lucas," Raf moaned as he closed his eyes.

"I don't have to! Just show him your willie."

"Oohhhh..." was all that Raf replied.

"You really like it when I do this, don't you?" skater boy whispered and smiled wickedly as he used both hands to pleasure both Raf's shaft and balls simultaneously.

Being a fly on the wall as these young boys explored their bodies was magnificent. It brought back some fond memories of my time with Pete in

the woods. But I wanted more. I just didn't know how yet. If I said something, I might scare them. And if I touched them out of the blue, they'd probably be even more scared.

Because of my growing horniness, I probably wasn't thinking entirely rationally. But an idea popped into my head, and I immediately figured it was a good idea. I noticed the key was still in the door, so I could always run, and being invisible would give me enough edge to get out without getting caught.

As I walked over to the two desks near the door, I looked back at the two boys and just went for it. I threw some of the papers on their desks in the air and spun their two chairs around.

"Whoooo!" I said, mimicking Robin Williams's Ghost coming from Aladdin's lamp.

"What's that?" Raf asked with skater boy's hands still holding his junk.

"I... Dunno! I..." he stammered.

"Oh. I'm sorry, guys," I said with the most pleasant voice I had in me, "I didn't mean to scare you, but with me being here, I assume you need some help?"

"Who... who are you?" skater boy said, covering himself up and looking a bit frightened.

"Me? Oh. Right. You're new to this, of course. When you die, you become a ghost for a while. And I'm one of the few thousand ghosts at the moment to help out where needed."

"What do you mean?" Raf asked, clearly interested, not bothering to cover up, and sounding a lot less scared than his roommate.

"Look. When I was young, I did some... stuff with my friend. Kinda like you two are doing now," I started.

Raf looked at skater boy, and both boys blushed. By now, Raf's boner had started to deflate, and I learned I was right. He was as big as the boy I remembered from gym class, if not bigger. So it was now official he was the biggest boy I'd ever seen, but he was damn close to my former classmate.

“We’re just... uhm...” skater boy stammered.

“Don’t worry! Almost all boys do this! No need to feel ashamed or anything. It’s just that... well... there’s more. I didn’t want to try this when I was younger, so my job was to show three sets of boys how to do it properly after I died. After I’ve done this, I’m allowed to... you know... move on. I’ve only got one pair left.”

The two of them looked at each other, and Raf asked, “Wh... what do you need us to do?”

“First of all, it’s not an assignment or something. You both have to do it out of your free will. Otherwise, it won’t count. Second, I can show you what I mean and then teach you how to do it. After that, I’m free and won’t bother you again. But trust me, it’ll be worth it. You’ll love it!”

“Does it mean... uhm... sex?” Raf asked, clearly interested and already chubbing up again.

“It only involves blowjobs and handjobs. But I noticed you already worked the handjob part out for yourself. You two can have sex, and I’m willing to help you with that, but my mission focus is on blowjobs. Do you know what a blowjob is?”

Raf shook his head, but skater boy didn’t and nodded a little. However, he didn’t look too confident either, so I decided to ask him.

“Tell me what you know, blondie.”

“It’s Alec. And he’s Rafael. Or Raf. I... it’s where you take ‘it’ in your mouth and nibble on it, right?”

“Almost. It’s one of the best feelings in the world. Almost as good as sex with a girl. But since there are no girls around here, it’s the next best thing. And the two of you can do it whenever you want. And you do take the penis in your mouth, yes. But instead of nibbling on it, you lick and suck it.”

“But... I pee from there!” Raf blurted out.

“I know. And you also clean it after that. I promise you it won’t taste like piss! And giving your friend such good feelings will also feel amazing to you.”

"I did hear some boy talk about it at the skate park. He said he was getting it from his girlfriend," Alec said to Raf, "and he was all excited about it."

"Tell you what. I'll do it to both of you, and then you'll tell me what you think, okay?"

The boys looked at each other and shrugged. Next, they started giggling and just nodded.

"Alright. Lie down on your bed and close your eyes, Alec. I'll do you first, and then I'll do Raf. There's one thing... just... don't be alarmed when you see your friend's dick disappear. That's only because of my ghost form. Can't help it."

They nodded and didn't seem bothered anymore. Alec did as I told, and before I knew it, I felt like I had really died and gone to heaven. A young boy, thirteen-years-old, was lying on this bed, completely naked, awaiting my mouth around his rigid cock.

His naked, barely thirteen-year-old friend, hung like a horse and equally naked, looked eagerly at his friend, so he could learn how to suck cock from me. Pretty mind-blowing. I made a mental note to send a big thank you to JD for this.

"It's real easy. You need to open your mouth, take him in and just make sure your teeth are out of the way. Like this," I said as I felt a thrill of excitement shoot through me when I grabbed Alec's semi-hard dick in my hand.

I opened my mouth and wrapped my lips around his shaft. I looked down at his black pubes and saw his dick was gone where my lips were around him.

"Wow!" Raf said beside me and bumped against my shoulder as he came in for a closer look.

Thankfully, he didn't seem bothered by it and just seemed to accept the fact that I was there. I let my tongue slide over the underside of Alec's dick, and he quickly started to grow hard with each heartbeat.

"Ooohhh!" he moaned.

"Is it good?" Raf asked, eager and excited, looking at his friend's face.

"Ohh... yeah..." Alec kept moaning.

Feeling a hard young cock in my mouth sure brought back some memories of my younger years. Alec wasn't cut like Pete was, but this wasn't the first uncut cock I sucked. So I knew what to do. I gently pulled back Alec's foreskin as my tongue kept lapping away. As my tongue lapped over his piss slit, Alec lifted his ass from the bed and pushed hard into my mouth.

I felt the sweet, clear precum hit my tastebuds and reluctantly pulled back. I needed Raf to be in too. So when Alec's dick left my mouth, and his saliva-covered boner lay on his belly, he opened his eyes and looked pleadingly at no one in particular. He was so horny by now and couldn't do anything with it.

"Okay, Rafael. Your turn," I said, eying the almost seven-inch boner poking out from his groin.

Raf didn't waste any time and lay next to Alec. The bed was wide enough for the two of them, and seeing both of them lying there... oh boy. I almost came without touching myself.

"You'll love it, Raf!" Alec said as he propped up on his elbows to look down at his friend's crotch.

My face was now inches away from Raf's boner, and it was actually the first time I got a good, close-up look at it. It was big. Almost too big for him. I thought he was still completely hairless, but seeing it this close, also revealed some tiny hairs at the base of his dick. He was cut, and the pointy glans was still pinkish. Not red, almost purple like with a grown dick. This distinguished it from a grown man's cock, and to be honest, it made my mouth water.

I opened my mouth, and the moment my lips brushed his glans, Raf started moaning. I could only fit a little over three-quarters in my mouth, but I made sure to make it count. I used everything I learned in my life to make him feel as good as I could. And I loved it. But when I heard a soft, "uhm... can I try?" coming from Alec's mouth, I knew I should let him.

"Of course!" I said, letting Raf's cock slide out a little reluctantly.

"You sure it doesn't taste like piss?" Alec asked with his friend's cock in his hand and his mouth inches away from it.

"I promise," I said, gripping my dick at this more than erotic sight in front of me.

Alec lowered his mouth over his friend's big dick, and I could see the slight apprehension on his face make place for enthusiasm. He didn't need any direction from me. He even used his free hand to toy with Raf's balls.

But when I noticed another drop of precum on Alec's dick, I couldn't resist, licked it off, and closed my mouth around it again.

Both boys were moaning heavily by now, and as I really started to get into sucking off alec, my hand started moving on its own on my own cock. It was clear that both boys were close to cumming, and the boiling in my balls grew by the second. I was still on my knees beside the bed and realized I was going to shoot. But I was still clear enough to recognize that if I aimed it correctly, it would land on the carpet under the bed, and no one would notice until they needed to clean there.

Alec was basically fucking my face now, and I loved it. I saw his little balls move as he did this and could hardly keep my eyes from it. But seeing Alec's mouth around Raf's in-and-out sliding cock, made me realize I really helped these kids out. They would suck each other off multiple times a day. That much was sure.

I felt Alec's cock thicken in my mouth, and his balls pulled up in his sack. The moans of both boys became even louder, and when Alec's first shot of cum hit the back of my throat, I heard a muffled scream.

The taste of his sweet, watery cum was exquisite. It reminded me of Pete's cum, but sweeter, and maybe it tasted even better than Pete's.

In the corner of my eye, I saw Raf's butt had left the mattress, and he pushed hard into Alec's mouth. But Alec didn't flinch or anything. He took his friend's cock like a pro. Judging by the pulsing of that monster, Raf was also coming. And that did it. I felt four of five spurts leave my cock, and they landed under Alec's bed.

It was an incredible experience cumming with a thirteen-year-old cock in my mouth that just released a few drops of young cum. And seeing a boy's

mouth around his friend's cock, only added to that. I won't say it was my best cum ever, but it sure as hell was hot as fuck to cum like this.

But I also knew I shouldn't overstay my welcome here. So after I came down from my orgasm, I stood up and looked at the panting boys on the bed.

"You did great!" I said, causing both boys to snap out of their post-orgasmic trance.

"It was awesome!" Raf panted.

"One last tip before I... move on," I said a bit dramatically, "if you lie head to toe to each other, you can suck and be sucked at the same time."

Both Raf and Alec looked at each other as if the secret of the universe had just been revealed to them. It was clear they understood what I meant.

"Thank you, ghost," Raf sincerely said, "I hope you can move on now."

"Yeah. Thanks," Alec added, still panting a bit

"You're welcome. Maybe we'll see each other again sometime," I said.

I hadn't thought about my exit. But I decided to just turn the key and leave through the door. If they were clear enough to say something about it, I'd be out of there before they knew. But as I closed the door, both boys only had eyes for each other and didn't seem to think it was odd that I left through the door.

After I left the house and entered my car, I felt grateful and even a bit emotional about this fantastic experience. Never in my life would I've thought I'd be able to do something like this, and now I had sucked two young boys and even drank some of their cum.

It hit me hard, but now I knew my next mission was to get into James's pants. And maybe, just maybe, after that, I could even include his sister. I did need to figure out a way to do this, but a plan was already brewing.

## Chapter eight

It was an intense week at work. Our corporate office charged Fred, and a full-blown investigation was launched. It turned out that I did my job well. Every single piece of evidence pointed to him. I later learned they even used our internal CCTV footage to check if no one else had entered his office. Something Fred obviously claimed.

There was a lot of chaos, and everyone was required to come to the office instead of working from home. I didn't like it all that much, but it did give me plenty of time to work on my side project. I copied a few lesser-known websites, hosted them on a private server, and adjusted a few things on them. Of course, one could call it fake news, but I didn't care about that at all. Since I had complete control over James's computer, this was highly usable for the things I had in mind.

The mandatory working at the office was a bit of a bummer because I lost my direct view of James this way. But I always had his webcam I could use, and I sure got some excellent footage from it.

I replayed one clip the camera recorded over and over again. It was the first clip where I saw James entirely naked for the very first time. He was in his room, obviously, and about to change into his swimming trunks. He was playing some music from what I learned by looking it up, Lil' Nas X, and dancing to the beat. Then, after he ditched his shirt and shorts, he made some pretty decent dance moves in just his underwear.

But during a short break in the music, he unceremoniously dropped his boxers. He was facing the camera as he did this, and as he stood up straight, I saw him in all his glory for the first time. He wasn't fat or skinny. He had just the right proportions for a twelve-and-a-half-year-old boy.

His almost three-and-a-half-inch dick was cut and had a very traditional mushroom-shaped head on it. It wasn't pointy or blunt. It was like how you'd see it in a sex-ed drawing. This boy was as average as they can be, and I fucking loved it!

Thanks to the high-res camera, I could zoom in quite extensively, and I could see he had just a few strands of pubes above his cute-looking dick. His sack was completely hairless, and his relatively big balls filled it out quite nicely.

The music started again, and his dick swayed from left to right as he moved to the beat. James began to giggle at that, exaggerated the swinging, and even did a few full three-sixties. After the music was done, he turned around to grab his swimming shorts, and as I got another good look at his perfect ass, I was completely hooked.

I jerked off multiple times while looking at this gorgeous boy, and the urgency to do more snowballed in my head. But I needed this to be a mutual thing. With Raf and Alec, I more or less forced myself on them. I got away with it, it was awesome, and they probably didn't feel that way about it, but it didn't feel right to keep doing it this way.

My first opportunity to plant the seed I planned came Friday evening. I came home from the office feeling tired. But when James walked over, looking a bit sad, I was immediately on full attention.

"Wazzup, champ?" I asked as he approached me.

Something looked off because his whole body language showed he was down. His shoulders were hanging, and he looked at the ground. And it almost looked like he was dragging himself toward me.

"I... uhm... my keyboard is broken," he said, almost tearing up.

"Oh," I replied, expecting something much worse.

"Yeah... I was playing Apex, and when I got shot while I was in second place, I lost it, and then I turned my chair, and it accidentally fell to the floor, and then it..." and a tear flowed down his cheek, making my heart melt.

"I see," was all I could come up with, not trusting my voice completely.

"Mom said I needed to tell you, and I should pay for it myself, and..."

He started crying in front of me for real now, and I hugged him in an attempt to calm him down.

"Don't worry about it, Champ. I've got lots of spare keyboards lying around."

“You do? But I didn’t see any,” he softly said.

“That’s because they’re in a box in the attic. I don’t need that many keyboards when I’ve got a wireless one, you see?”

“Right!” he said, suddenly smiling brightly.

“And I’ll tell your Mom they break easily, so you’re off the hook there. Tell you what. Why don’t you come over tomorrow morning, bring your computer and we’ll play some games together at my place? You’ll have to teach me how this Apex thing works, okay?”

“Awesome! And thank you!” he said, hugging me tightly.

“Just look under that rock over there,” I said, pointing, “and grab the spare key to let yourself in, okay? Maybe I’m outside or something, and that way, you don’t have to wait with your heavy computer. And I trust you,” I added, smiling warmly.

“Wow! Thanks! I won’t tell anyone where it is. Promise!” he said excitedly.

“See you tomorrow at, let’s say, nine-thirty?” I laughed.

“Great! Bye Jason!”

And with that, he ran back home. I loved feeling him pressed against me. It wasn’t anything sexual. It was just genuinely nice to feel him express his affection for me. And I would’ve loved to have him over tonight, but I already had other plans.

\* \* \*

By now, I have learned the schedule of James and his family. Friday evening, they always made a point of eating dinner together. I knew it was a risk, but I wanted to try being inside James’s room for an evening.

As I disrobed in my bedroom, I felt anxious about what I was about to do. I inserted the voice changer in my mouth and pressed the pads together.

As I watched myself disappear in the mirror, I still felt a thrill of excitement shoot through me. I double-checked if the voice changer was invisible, and

as I tried it, I was pleased with the results.

I was planning on talking to James later on. But for obvious reasons, I didn't want him to recognize my voice. So after searching online for a while, I found a small device I could put in the back of my mouth, and it lowered my voice a couple of octaves. It used a microphone and a small speaker to change it. It didn't sound creepy or scary, but you couldn't make out my voice anymore. I tried using a different accent and a low voice, but it just didn't work. This little device did.

As I walked across the street, the anxiety I had felt earlier faded away a little. By now, I felt confident enough to go inside their house and remain unnoticed. And although it still felt a little weird to walk around naked, I was slowly starting to get used to this.

I walked around the back and squeezed myself through the small opening in their gate. I could see the whole family sitting at the dinner table through the window. So far, so good. The back door was open, and I didn't have to wait long for them to be distracted so I could sneak inside.

"Mr. Whiskers!" Julia exclaimed, "don't leave that in here!"

I glanced over and saw their cat had dropped a small mouse in their living room and sat proudly beside it. Bill quickly got up, picked up the mouse, and threw it in the trashcan outside. This gave me more than enough opportunity to sneak upstairs.

The moment I got upstairs, I noticed both Julia's and James's bedroom doors were open. I never saw Julia's room from the inside, so I decided to do a quick recon.

It was basically a mirror of James's room. Even her bed was in the same place as her brother's. Other than that, it was a typical girl's room with lots of pink and a few posters of pop stars against the wall. I only recognized Harry Styles, but I figured the others were probably also famous.

Julia was a little sloppier than her brother, though. I noticed a small bra thrown over a chair and a pair of white cotton panties on the floor beneath it. The panties were white with small red dots on them. I resisted the urge to sniff them and quickly went into their bathroom.

They seemed to have made some sort of agreement together because all of the girl's stuff was on the left side of the bathroom, and the boy's stuff was clearly on the right. I smiled inwardly at the difference between these twins.

A few moments after I entered James's room, the door opened, and he came barging in, shouting, "Okay, Mom! I'll do it after Julia's done!"

He clicked on his PC that was in the corner of his room, and as it booted, he took off his shirt. Of course, I was used to seeing him topless, but it was still an incredibly lovely sight to look at. Especially when he dropped his shorts and was standing there in his green army-camouflaged boxers. It showed off his magnificent ass perfectly. But I also realized that with an ass looking this good, even a paper bag would do it justice.

He walked over to the window and looked across the street to see if I was home. After he realized I wasn't there, he shrugged and sat in front of his PC, put his headphones on his head, and started his game.

I was lingering in the corner, waiting for the right moment to start talking to James. He was utterly engrossed in his game, and I could hear some sounds in the hallway. So I just had to wait a little longer.

I almost got a heart attack when the bathroom door suddenly closed. Next, I heard the sounds of it being locked from the inside, and moments later, the shower started. Now that it was clear what was happening, my heartbeat dropped back to normal.

James didn't move a muscle and was still playing his game, seemingly undisturbed. But when his bedroom door opened and his Mom came in, he looked up from his computer. A second later, his screen turned red, and James mumbled something under his breath.

"What's wrong?" his mother asked.

"I lost, thanks to you," he said disappointedly.

"Don't be silly! Just play another game," she said as she walked toward the window and looked outside.

"I'm sorry. But I was so close!" James said as he stood up to pick up his clothes and stopped them in the net hanging on the wall.

“Do you want the whole street to see you in your undies?” Ellis asked as she started closing the curtains.

“Only Jason can see me. And seems to me that he’s cool with it. Besides, it’s not like I’m naked,” James said as he sat back down on his chair.

“Guess you’re right. And Jason is a nice guy, indeed. Guess he starts seeing you as his surrogate son,” she chuckled and looked at his screen.

“Yeah. He’s really nice and likes having me over. He even told me where his spare key is. And he’s way cooler than most adults I know,” James said without looking up from his screen.

Ellis giggled softly at that but managed to hide it from her son and asked, “You’re going over there tomorrow?”

“Yeah. He asked me if I could show him how this game works. And he said he needs help with moving some of his furniture.”

“That’s great, honey! I think he likes having some company over after his messy divorce. And the two of you seem to hit it off.”

“Yeah. I like him. And not just because he helps me out with my computer,” James said, and as he looked up from his PC, he smiled warmly at his mother, and I saw a twinkle in his eyes. “Can I have a sleepover with him?”

“Haha! He’s a grown man. I don’t think he’s into sleepovers anymore!”

“But can I ask him? He’s got a really cool setup in his office, and that way, we can play games all night! And it isn’t a school day on Sunday, so...” James said, hyped up all of a sudden.

“Tell you what. You can ask him, but if he says no, don’t push! Okay? And make sure you don’t overstay your welcome because this might push him off,” Ellis said a bit sternly.

“YESS!!” James said and hugged his mother. “I promise I’ll ask him, and I won’t push. Thanks, Mom!”

“Just have fun! And if you stay the night, you can come and grab some fresh clothes. It’s just across the street, remember?” she chuckled as she nudged him in his side.

“Uhh... it isn’t cool to go out during a sleepover, Mom! And I can put on some fresh underwear the next day. That won’t kill anyone.”

“Well... you do what you do. Just make sure to be nice to Jason. And don’t forget your shower, mister!” she said as she left his room.

James balled his fist and whispered a soft “yes!” before he continued his game.

It was a no-brainer for me to allow James to spend the night when he’d asked me. But after moving my office, I only had one real bed left in my house and one mattress on the floor in another room. So I needed a way to find out if he was okay with sleeping in my bed with me. I didn’t expect him to have a problem with it, but it might look weird if he told his parents about it.

I noticed the shower had turned off and made a note to myself to hide in their bathroom next time to see how Julia looked. James seemed oblivious, but when his bathroom door unlocked and opened a second later, he glanced at the door, and so did I.

Julia walked into her brother’s bedroom wearing nothing but a towel around her hair and an almost too-fluffy and small towel around her torso. She looked smoking hot like this. Her tanned body was still damp, and her long, shapely legs were almost completely visible because the towel was just barely long enough to hide her pussy.

As my eyes roamed up over her body, they paused on her breasts. Almost the entire top half of her boobs was showing, and the towel just managed to cover her nipples. Her lovely shoulders and long neck were still damp, and she smiled as she looked at her brother.

I glanced quickly at James, almost feeling sad for no longer looking at this young girl’s body, and I couldn’t suppress a smile either. His eyes were wide, and his mouth was slightly open. Apparently, this was the first time she had come into his room like this. Or maybe this was the first time he actually noticed. But either way, it hit him hard. And also quite literally.

As my eyes went down to his crotch, I saw a small tent forming. And it kept growing rapidly.

“You’re up,” Julia said sweetly as she walked over toward his brother and looked at his screen.

James cleared his throat and casually placed one of his hands in his lap. “I’ll go in a second,” he croaked.

“Can you ask Jason tomorrow when he’s able to help me with my PC?” Julia asked, seemingly oblivious about how sexy she looked.

“I...” James stammered and cleared his throat again, “yeah. I’ll make sure I’ll ask him.”

“Great. Thanks!” she chirped and turned around to return to her room.

James’s eyes grew even wider as he looked at his sister’s backside. The towel wasn’t long enough to completely cover her back. This meant that more than half of the bottom of her pert ass was showing. I felt myself grow to full mast instantly as I looked at her walking away.

A few seconds later, we heard music coming from her room, and I heard James exhale. He released a soft “damn!” and saw his shoulders relax. This was it! This was my opportunity to put my plan into action.

“That was interesting,” I said while standing a little behind James.

The moment I said this, he almost jumped from his chair. He turned around and started looking around his room frantically. I got a good look at his still-tented boxers as he did this.

“Who... who’s there?” he stammered.

“Relax, James. I’m your inner guide. Or the voice of reason. Some call it conscience,” I said, impressed by how good my voice changer did its work.

“But.. I’m... you...” he stammered, looking directly at me, but looking right through me.

“I’m here to help you get through puberty. I won’t be here all the time, and I’ll only be here for a few months, maybe a year.”

“I... I never heard of such a thing. Or read anything online about it,” he softly said, clearly feeling less scared. His boner was gone now, but his bulge was still prominent, and he looked hot standing there.

“Yeah. I know. But would you post online that you hear voices?”

“Uhh...” he responded thoughtfully.

“That’s what I mean. There are some articles online and why I’m here is still a mystery to science. But hey! Why not make the most of it, right?”

“I guess... What do I call you?” James asked as he sat down.

“Well... Jiminy Cricket is taken,” I chuckled, causing James to giggle too.

“How about John?”

“That’s a bit generic, isn’t it?” I asked, but honestly didn’t care.

“That’s why it’s so good!” James smiled, “John is one of the most common names, so if I call you, it won’t be too obvious, right?”

“Then John it is!”

“But uhh... why are you here now?” he asked as he fiddled with his mouse.

“I don’t know. I guess your hormones are starting to work. And I don’t blame them with a pretty girl like that in your room.”

“She’s my sister!” he said, acting offended.

“I know. But you got hard seeing her. I don’t blame you, but it is what it is.”

“I didn’t want... it wasn’t... she..” James stammered with his face and upper half of his chest turning beat red.

“Don’t sweat it! She’s a girl, she’s hot, and she was practically naked. So it’s only normal to get hard. And just so you know, all your secrets are safe with me. You’re the only one I can talk to.”

James thought about it for a few seconds. Practically seeing the wheels inside his head turn was adorable to watch.

“We used to go to nudist resorts in the past. I saw lots of girls and women naked. It never bothered me. And we often walked naked around the house. I never thought of Julia as...”

I laughed inward at his epiphany. So I helped him out by saying, “And that’s probably why your Mom stopped this whole nudist thing...”

"I guess that makes sense. And I get it now," he said softly, "but... why do I get so many boners lately? It's very uncomfortable and awkward sometimes."

This was good. He started to believe what I said and already trusted me on such a delicate subject. So I said, "You get boners, also called erections, to prepare your body for reproduction."

"You mean..." he said after my dramatic pause and a few seconds of thinking about it.

"I mean sex, yes."

"Oh... but I don't have a girlfriend yet."

"I know. But your body doesn't care about that. That's why it's good to masturbate. It's like having sex, but you do it to yourself," I said, knowing this would put the gears inside his head in overdrive.

"But... I don't know how. I read about it online, but I'm afraid I'll break my willie or something," he said, blushing brightly.

Now it was my turn to spin up the gears inside my head. This was a great opportunity I shouldn't let go to waste. So I said, "I can't show you, but you can always ask your Dad. Or another male you trust."

I just knew he wouldn't go to his Dad with this. I knew I didn't want to do this during my own puberty. Dads are asexual creatures at that age. They can't possibly know how this works. And if they do, they'll probably make a big fuss out of it.

"My Dad?" he responded, clearly repulsed by the idea. And after a short pause, "Maybe Jason can help me," which was music to my ears.

"I think you can trust him. And he mentioned that he used to be a nudist too, so he'll probably understand what you're going through. And I guess he might not even care if you want to try that stuff over at his place," I said, laying it on a bit thick.

"You think so?" James said as his eyes lit up, "Mom said I shouldn't impose myself on him, so..."

“You can always ask, right? If he says no, just let it be. If he says yes, you’re good. Simple as that.”

“But what if Mom finds out?”

Damn! This kid sure overthinks his stuff! I thought for a second and said, “Just ask Jason not to tell your Mom if he says yes. He’ll probably understand.”

“You’re right,” he said after a few seconds.

“I think it’s time for your shower now,” I said, smiling.

James just nodded and, without any hesitation, dropped his boxers. Seeing his cute dick and ass up close in real life was even better than being able to zoom, pause and rewind. Of course, I write about it in my stories, but I never knew kids at that age could actually ooze sexiness the way he did.

He grabbed a towel from his closet and walked over to the bathroom. Right before he entered, I said, “Why don’t you leave both doors open this time? Maybe your sister wants to take a peek at you.”

“Uhh... why would she want to see me?” he asked with confusion all over his face.

“Why do YOU want to see her? She’s probably just as curious about you as you are about her. And maybe she’ll return the favor...”

That seemed to trigger something. He shrugged, and I could see his cute dick chubb up a little as I joined him in the bathroom. I sat down on the toilet as James did his thing. Seeing him take a shower wasn’t sexual at all, but I felt privileged to be able to watch him.

In the corner of my eye, I kept looking at Julia’s door. And sure enough, after a few minutes, as James was washing his hair, she peeked inside. She looked at her brother’s body, and I saw her eyes roam all over him, and they stayed focused on his dick for a while. This was working out better than expected.

When James turned off the water, Julia’s head disappeared, and I got another eyeful of his tight ass. As he started drying his back, he swayed his hips so firmly that his dick slapped left and right against his body. Of course,

all boys and men did this occasionally, but his adorable giggle as he did this made me laugh softly too.

When we got back inside James's room, and he started searching through his drawer for a fresh pair of boxers, I said, "I didn't mention this, but I'm not always around. I come and go unannounced. Even I don't know when I'm there and when I'm not, so don't be surprised if I'm suddenly gone."

"That's okay," he said without any visible emotion as he pulled up his boxers, "I think I'll go online and look for more info on you. Is that okay with you?"

This was precisely what I wanted! I already rigged his computer for this, so I said, "Of course I am! The more you know about me, the better. And I'm not sure if you know it, but there are a few sites online with good stories about boys your age who are also curious about sex and girls. There's Lubrican, Nifty, storiesonline, and a few others. You just have to find the right story. Maybe read some of that too?"

"Oh. I... I don't know. I think my Dad is monitoring the internet feed, so I'm not sure if it's a good idea. I'm not in the mood for 'the talk' with him," he smiled as he made air quotes saying this.

"I get it. It's up to you. Maybe ask Jason if he knows a way around it? I just..." I said, figuring it was enough now and wanting to end our first get-together dramatically.

James looked confused and asked, "John?" Then, after a few moments, he did it again but shrugged after he didn't hear me talking anymore.

James grabbed his short pajama bottoms, put them on, and pulled a t-shirt over his head. I made sure to linger near his bedroom door, so I could get out with the first opportunity I got.

That opportunity came sooner than expected because James opened the door and went downstairs after he pulled down his shirt. As I approached the stairs, I saw their cat walk up. He looked me straight into my eyes, walked up to me, and started rubbing his side against my leg. This was creepy. I didn't know if animals, or maybe just cats could see me. His coat looked funny with dents in it where my leg was, so I knew now I needed to

make sure to stay away from him. Otherwise, he might give away my presence.

After I got rid of the cat and reached the bottom of the stairs, I easily sneaked out of the house and was in my living room before anyone could see me. I got dressed, waited for the invisibility to wear off, and made sure to put the key under the rock I pointed out to James.

I poured myself a nice, big glass of whiskey, which I quickly gulped down. I poured myself another one, feeling pleased with how things were going. Sat behind my computer and checked what James was doing. And sure enough, he was currently browsing the websites I copied and filled with fake articles about hearing voices during puberty.

On his webcam, I kept an eye on him, and it was clear that the more he read about it, the more relaxed he scrolled through the remaining sites. He even scrolled around quickly on the Nifty website, scanning the young friends and incest section. But he only opened one story, which wasn't a very good one. It was about two adults and was very poorly written. This wasn't lost on James, and he quickly closed his browser window when he heard his Mom come upstairs.

After she told him it was time for bed, he shut down his computer and went to bed. Maybe it was the alcohol, but the feeling of victory about all this swept through me. I celebrated by drinking another glass and felt myself getting slightly drunk after that.

I undressed and crawled into bed, looking forward to another day. Tomorrow, I'd probably be in bed together with James because I'd let him have that sleepover he wanted without even thinking twice about it.

The image of James in just his underwear, lying next to me, filled my head. And even though I wasn't planning on doing anything sexual with him, I got hard and jerked myself to a quick orgasm, with images of his dick flopping from left to right in the shower, and his tented boxers, pushing me over the edge.

## Chapter nine

“Jason!” I heard in the distance as the clouds of my dream started to vanish.

Moments later, I felt something brush against my cheek, and I heard another, “Jason?” but this time, it was closer and without the echo. I opened my eyes, and after a few seconds of blinking the sleep away, I focused on the small face in front of mine.

“Hey, sleepyhead!” James said cheerfully.

But the moment he said this, I realized I was lying naked on top of my bed. Of course, James had seen me in the shower before, so that wasn’t the biggest problem. But when I realized I was lying there with my morning wood on display, I quickly grabbed a piece of the blanket to cover up.

James hardly reacted to my sudden movement, but I did notice him glancing down quickly before smiling.

“You didn’t answer your doorbell, so I let myself in. Then, when I put my computer in the office, I heard you snore, so I came looking. And as you were lying there, I tried to wake you by coughing and clearing my throat. But you were out like a light, so I even had to rub your cheek,” he giggled.

I cleared my throat and was glad my boner was rapidly deflating. I tried to smile back at him but felt traces of a hangover welling up. So I said, “I guess I drank one glass too many last night. Sorry that you had to find me like this.”

“It’s okay. I don’t mind,” he said, smiling. And as he glanced down, he softly added, “you’ve got a pretty big one!”

I winced at his words and stammered, “Uhm... yeah... well... you weren’t supposed to see me like that. So please keep this between us, okay?” feeling my face and upper chest glow from embarrassment.

“Don’t worry! I once saw my Dad like that, and I didn’t tell anyone... oh. I uhh...”

I started laughing at that and knew he wouldn't go blabbering this to his Mom or Dad. And if he did, I could explain, but James probably wouldn't be allowed to hang over at my place anymore. As my head started working at full speed now, I realized my hangover was starting to grow heavier on me.

"I need a shower. And coffee," I grumbled.

"I'll make you some coffee. Just hop in the shower, and I'll take care of that. We've got an awesome day ahead of us!" he chirped as he left my bedroom.

I smiled at his excitement but felt extremely stupid for drinking too much last night. I never intended for James to see me like this. Seeing me naked was one thing, but seeing me hard was just not done.

I loved having this happy and cheerful kid around me. And when I looked at him taking his shower, I loved what I saw! But I never intended on actually touching him or maybe even more! I just liked him too much to push him there. With Raf and Alec, it was different. I didn't know them, they obviously needed help, and I didn't force them in any way. But with James, it felt more like I needed to protect him. He clearly trusted me, and I didn't want to betray that trust. I wasn't a child molester, damnit! But the kid sure looked good! There was no denying in that.

So I quickly hopped into the shower, and sure enough, after I was rinsing my hair, James came in with the mug and sat on the toilet to talk to me. Judging by how he was acting, he wasn't bothered at all by seeing me like that. As I dried off, I mimicked his move by slapping my dick from left to right, which caused both of us to giggle.

"I do that too! Feels funny," James chuckled.

"Yeah... well... let's eat, okay?" I smiled as I pulled up a fresh pair of boxers.

After I ate breakfast, during which James brought me up to speed about the game's mechanics, we went upstairs. James was wearing a t-shirt and his running shorts again. The moment we entered the office, he took off his shirt. I kept stealing glances at his boyish chest as we hooked him up and connected him to my network.

As he sat down and booted his computer, I looked at him. He saw me looking, and I must've seemed all serious because he worriedly asked, "What's wrong?"

"Look... about this morning. I shouldn't have..." I stammered and took a deep breath, "you shouldn't have seen me like that. I feel bad about it and don't want you to feel weird about it."

His worries vanished from his face immediately, and he simply said, "I honestly don't care, Jason! I've been a nudist for years, remember? You see some weird shi... stuff when you're there. Trust me!"

"Okay then. I just wanted to get this out of the way. If you're cool, I'm cool!"

"We're cool!" he said, turned toward his computer, and logged in.

After a few moments of silence, I just had to ask, "You miss it, don't you?"

"Miss what?"

"Being a nudist," I said without taking my eyes off his.

He thought for a few seconds and then nodded. He started fiddling with his finger and said softly, "I liked going to these resorts. I felt... free, I guess. Not just because I didn't have to worry about getting my clothes dirty but because everyone I met had nothing to hide. You know what I mean?"

"I think I do," I responded after pausing for a few seconds.

"And I don't think it's fair that Mom decided for us that we couldn't do it anymore."

"You know why she decided that?" I asked tentatively.

"Something stupid about Julia and me needing our own pace in our development or some shit like that!" he said, a bit mad, but turned red when he realized he used a swear word.

"It's okay," I smiled, "And tell you what. If you want to, you can do it when you're over here. Just don't tell anyone because I don't think most people will understand."

That immediately lit up his face. He looked questioningly at me to see if I meant it, but when he realized I was serious, he simply nodded.

“Don’t you think it’s weird?” he asked after a few moments of silence.

“I don’t think it’s weird, no. I get why people want to do this. It’s how we were born, but society decided we should wear clothes.”

“Then... why don’t we do it together?” he asked, his blush spreading all over his face and upper body.

This caught me a bit off-guard. I thought about it for a second and weighed the pros and cons. He’d seen me already, so that wasn’t an issue. And he wasn’t a blabbermouth, so there was not a lot of risk there, either. And if his parents somehow found out, I was sure I could talk my way out of this.

So, just like he did, I nodded. It took him a moment to register because he perked up after a few seconds and asked, “ Really?”

“Sure! I’ve never done it before, but it sounds like fun!”

“You’re SO cool, Jason!” he beamed but didn’t make a move.

I figured I might as well take the lead, so I lifted my shirt. Then, I got up from my chair and started unbuckling my pants. James was smiling, and as my boxers came into view, he stood up and dropped his running pants. Moments later, I dropped my boxers, and we looked at each other.

After a few seconds, when neither of us moved, we started giggling simultaneously. Then, James began to sway his hips, causing his penis to flop from left to right. After seeing him do this, I did the same.

“Let’s play a game!” I said after we were done giggling.

James’s face turned red, and right before his hands covered it, I noticed his penis was growing.

“I’m sorry,” he whispered and sat back down in his chair, still covering his boner.

It only took me a moment to realize what was wrong, and I wished I had paid more attention because getting an unobstructed view of his boner was still on my bucket list. But I didn’t want to force myself, so I just had to wait a little longer.

I wanted to put him at ease because he was obviously embarrassed, so I said with a big smile, "Don't worry about it! This happens. Consider us even now," I sat down and turned around to log in on my computer.

I could hear a sigh of relief beside me but didn't hear his mouse or keyboard.

"Uhh... Jason?" he asked timidly.

I looked to my right and noticed his hands were still in his lap. I forced myself to look him in his eyes, and it was apparent he was struggling with something. He looked so cute and vulnerable at the same time.

"What is it? Something wrong with your computer?" I asked, knowing perfectly well it was something else.

"I... I uhm... I get a lot of stiffies lately, and I..." he said, looking at the floor.

"That's perfectly normal at your age, Champ. It's your body's way of preparing for uhm... sex."

"I know. I've read about it, and Mrs. Harris talked about it during health class. But... I heard boys talk about jacking off to get rid of these annoying stiffies..."

"That's an excellent way of dealing with it," I replied, realizing where this conversation was going and not surprised I was also boning up because of that.

"But I can't figure out HOW!" he said, sounding mad and almost tearing up.

"Relax, Champ," I said softly, placing my hand on his bare shoulder, "you'll figure it out. All boys do."

He was silent for a few seconds, turned his head to look at me, and with the cutest puppy eyes I ever saw, he asked, "can you help me, please?"

Not a single fiber in my body would deny such an opportunity! But I needed to make clear that this was a line we'd cross and that if James would talk about it, I'd be in serious trouble. So I pretended to think hard about it, acutely aware of my growing dick, which I'd obscured from view without being obvious.

The look on James's face grew sour as he saw me think about it. And when I started talking, it didn't get any better.

"Look... I really like you, but what you're asking me isn't a small thing. I could get into some serious trouble if someone finds out!"

"I know, but..." he tried.

I held up my hand to interrupt him and continued, "But I get that you're not going to your Dad about this. I didn't do that either when I was your age. The problem is that if you talk about this to anyone, and I mean anyone, I will go to jail."

"I won't tell anyone! I promise! I really promise!!" he said and the frown on his face started to vanish.

"Alright then. If we..." I started, but he got up and wrapped his arms around my neck the moment I said this.

I felt his stiff dick against my underarm and was tempted to touch it. But I knew better than to push this, so I placed my hands on his back and rubbed around. I briefly touched his ass and marveled at its softness.

We broke the hug, and he sat down in his chair, looking anxiously at me and not covering up his boner anymore. I couldn't help myself and checked him out. A few strands of pubes at the base and approximately five inches of hard dick sticking up from his groin. His relatively big balls were hanging loose in his sack, and his cut, mushroom-shaped dickhead topped it all off nicely.

He looked magnificent sitting there, looking anxious to start and without any bashfulness or hesitation. We were sitting down, so no one could see what we were about to do. And the only place from where we could be seen was the boy's room, who was sitting opposite to me. So despite the open curtains, I didn't feel the need to go to another room.

James was eyeing my full-blown boner. However, I didn't feel the need to cover up anymore since what we were about to do, required complete openness.

“So... jacking off... you uhm... you grab your, uhm... stiffie, or boner, loosely in your hand. Just wrap your fist around it and make sure not to grip it too firmly. Like this,” I said as I wrapped my hand around my throbbing member.

James mimicked my action and gripped his five inches in his hand. His glans was sticking out of the top, and his loose hanging balls jiggled in his sack as he did this.

“And then you move it up and down like this,” I said softly as I started jerking myself in front of a twelve-year-old boy for the very first time in my adult life.

“Ow!” James said as he moved his fist up.

“A little looser. Just enough to give it some friction. Remember, we’re trying to mimic a vagina here,” I said.

This last remark seemed to click on the internal light bulb. He started moving his fist up and down, his eyes flew open, and he looked excitedly at me.

“This feels awesome!”

“I know, right?” I chuckled as I started getting into it myself.

James started panting a bit, and after a while, he asked between his pants, “And now what? When do I stop?”

“When you keep going, eventually, you’ll start to feel a buildup in your belly. It’ll almost feel like you have to pee. But trust me, this isn’t pee!” I said, realizing I was panting myself.

James’s eyes were focused on my jacking fist, and I couldn’t blame him. I was almost constantly looking at the action in his lap myself. His balls were shaking in his sack, and his dickhead seemed fatter now, and it had gotten redder by the first stimulation it ever got.

“Ohh...” I moaned and had to force myself to hold back. I didn’t want to scare him by coming too soon.

“I... ah... ahh... I... it’s...” James panted, and I could see some panic in his eyes as he slowed down his fist.

“Keep... going!” I urged him on.

He looked me in my eyes, and I could see the panic slowly fading away. It was replaced with trust and curiosity. He picked up the pace, and I was treated with the most beautiful sight known to men. A young boy exploring his sexuality, completely naked and about to cum. If this was the last thing I ever saw, I’d die a happy man.

I saw his body stiffen, and his eyes flew open. A loud groan came from his throat, and he threw his head back between his shoulder blades. I saw his belly muscles tighten, and a hint of a six-pack was showing. In his fist, he held his hard cock firmly at the base, and I saw it kicking in his hand. A heartbeat later, a tiny spurt of clear liquid shot from his dickhead. It didn’t have the force to shoot, so it kind of dribbled down over his fist. After that, a big drop of the same clear liquid oozed out of his dick, accumulating on his piss slit.

I immediately wanted to lick it but knew this was a horrible idea. But the sight of this hot boy’s very first orgasm was all it took for me. I managed a soft, “ohh... me too...” before I felt my balls pull up to empty their load onto my belly.

After I was done cumming, I wanted to look at this naked boy with his hard, cum covered dick again. So I opened my eyes and drank in the sight in front of me. Feeling my orgasm die down, combined with looking at him, made me feel all warm inside.

After a moment of glancing at his incredible body, I managed to look at his face. I needed to size him up to determine what he thought about all this. When I saw his face, he looked wide-eyed at my chest and balls, his mouth slightly open.

“You okay?” I asked.

James blinked a few times and managed to look into my eyes. The moment he did, a huge grin spread across his face, and he nodded excitedly.

“You were right! This feels great!”

“It does. Doesn’t it?” I said.

It wasn't the most tantalizing conversation, but it was clear we both needed a moment to recover. James looked down at his fist and let go of his softening dick. A small drop hung from its tip and looked so fucking hot I needed to look away.

James looked intrigued at the small glob of his cum on his hand. He examined it briefly and then looked at my chest and dick.

"Yours is different," he simply stated.

"I know. Yours 'll be more like mine eventually. It'll take a bit of time."

What he did next didn't really surprise me. He stuck out his tongue and licked a bit of his cum from his hand. Of course, everyone was curious about their own cum, and James was no different. So I smiled at him and asked, "And? What do you think?"

He looked thoughtfully at me and shrugged. But, what he did next, caught me completely off-guard, and before I could react to it, he had scooped up a glob of cum from my chest and stuck it in his mouth.

"Yours is... thicker and saltier," he said and acted as if it was completely normal to taste another guy's cum.

I longed for a taste of his watery cum, and considering how laid-back he was about all this, I asked, "Can I taste yours too?"

James looked down at his still-hard dick and scooped up the glob on his piss slit. He extended his finger, and I took it in my mouth without a second thought, and before I could chicken out.

The moment his watery cum hit my tastebuds, a tingle went down my spine. It was actually sweet! A tiny bit slimy, but that was a good thing because this way, the taste lasted longer on my tongue.

"Nice!" I said, causing James to beam with pride.

"Thank you so much for showing me!" he said after a few moments where we were both lost in our thoughts.

"Of course! But remember..." I started.

"I know! Don't worry. But..." he trailed off.

“But what?”

“What about handjobs, blowjobs, sex, anal, sixty-nine, doggy-style, reverse cowgirl...” he blabbered, looking all excited.

“Whoah! Relax!” I laughed, “what about that?”

“I heard my teammates say these things. Can you help me with these too?”

“I uhh...” I stammered, inwardly shouting with joy.

Those puppy eyes were back, and a soft “Please?” sounded like a singing angel to my ears.

“I’ll think about it, okay? But first, I’m going to clean up. And you promised to show me how this game works,” I replied, not wanting to be too eager and maybe scare him off.

“Okay,” he softly said, clearly disappointed.

“Hey, I’m not saying I won’t help. Just not right now, so shortly after we had our orgasms.”

That seemed to do it. He smiled at me, and we walked over to my bathroom, where I grabbed my damp towel from my morning shower to clean off the spunk on my body. James felt the need to do the same, even though hardly any was left on his body. But his semi-hard dick sticking out from his body looked so adorable that I didn’t mind him joining me.

After this, we headed downstairs to grab more coffee for me and a coke for James. It felt a bit weird walking around naked, but because of the bushes in my front yard, no one could see us from the street, and my backyard was surrounded by a privacy fence, so we were fine.

I had that fence installed when I bought this house, so our pool was shielded from view. But I neglected the pool for a while, and after Karen left, I made a note to myself to get it back up and running. Skinny dipping was one of my favorite ways of swimming, and being with James this way convinced me it was okay to walk around in the buff.

James kept talking about the upcoming season of Apex, and much of what he said didn’t make any sense to me. But the subject had changed, which I

liked because we got more and more friends this way, and we didn't focus on sex or being naked together anymore.

I played the tutorial and, after that, a few more games where James helped me out. After a round or five, he said I was ready, and he joined on his own computer. I wasn't a natural, but I didn't suck ass, either. After another few games, we went downstairs for drinks and lunch.

I looked at him as he ate his sandwiches and smiled warmly at him, feeling a lot of affection for this magnificent kid. Then, out of the blue, he asked, "Can we have a sleepover tonight? I mean... that's what friends do, right?"

I pretended to think about it. Then, after a few moments, I shrugged and said, "If your Mom's okay with it, I don't see why not."

"Yes!" James exclaimed excitedly.

"But I don't have a spare bed anymore. So we'll have to sleep in the king-size together. If you don't mind that..."

"Of course not!" he said, even more excited, and added, "I'll text Mom."

"You already talked about this with her, didn't you?"

James nodded without taking his fingers and eyes from his phone. Of course, I knew this, but I wanted to act like I was never in his room. Maybe I overdid it, but I needed to be sure.

After his phone beeped, he looked at it and gave me a huge grin, accompanied by a thumbs-up.

"Well then... we have to decide what we eat and what we do this evening."

"I'd like some pizza if that's okay. And maybe watch a movie together?"

"Pizza and a movie it is!" I smiled, and the grin on James's face got even wider.

After we went upstairs for another round of games, James sat behind his computer and said, "Do you think my Dad can monitor my internet traffic?"

I smiled inwardly at this question. He wanted to read some stories. Great! So I smiled at him and answered honestly, "I don't think so, no. Your Dad is awesome in a lot of things, but IT and the internet aren't one of these."

“So I...” he trailed off.

“Yes. I think it’s safe to watch porn,” I chuckled.

“Or read porn,” he answered timidly.

“That too, yes.”

“Someone gave some tips about a few sites. And since I like to read, I’m quite curious about these,” he said and had already put a lot of thought into it.

“Fair enough. You can also do it here if that makes you feel safer.”

“I... I... I’ll probably get hard when I read some of that stuff,” he whispered, his face suddenly beet red again.

“I don’t care! And you know how to deal with that now,” I chuckled as I nudged him in his side.

“Cool. You’re the best! You know that, right?” James beamed.

“I’ve got my moments,” I smiled and asked, “Do you want some privacy? I can go downstairs if you want me to.”

“Not for me. And I think it’s probably better if you’re around when I’ve got questions.”

That sneaky bastard! I couldn’t suppress a giggle, but James didn’t seem to notice. I looked at him knowingly and just smiled. Then, I saw him opening his web browser, and as he typed the URL, I figured I might as well answer some emails.

I kept stealing glances, and sure enough. After a short while, his dick was sticking up from his groin, and he was too focused on his screen to even notice me looking. I felt my own dick grow hard, so I quickly focused on my email again, hoping he wouldn’t notice.

But after a minute or two, my heart stopped when I heard James ask, surprised, “Holy smokes! Are you also a writer of this stuff?”

Shit! How could I miss this!? Fuck! I was so focused on James wanting to see porn that I forgot to do something about my own website. I deliberately

told him about Lubrican and storiesonline because I don't publish there. But he found my site through Nifty... damnit!

Now I needed to think and act quickly. Should I be honest? Tell him this wasn't me? Maybe see it as an opportunity to do more? I opted for honesty, so I said with a burning face from embarrassment, "Uhm... yeah... it's... I... I wrote that, yeah."

It couldn't be missed that James was on my site and was about to read 'Indian Summer.' He smiled broadly at me and whispered mischievously, "I knew you were cool as fuck!"

He usually didn't swear, but I guess the excitement got the better of him. Although he didn't seem to mind and even considered it cool, I felt the need to explain myself. So I talked about how I liked Alex Hawk's stories and how much I hated it when he quit. I explained my site initially was just a tribute, but how completing his final, unfinished story triggered something and started my writing career.

As he started reading my story, I felt a feeling of pride wash over me. This was precisely the reason why I started writing. It gave everyone, especially young boys, a way to read stories containing taboos from a different angle, and then they could form an opinion of their own about the subject. And, seeing how he grew hard, it provided an excellent way to get off.

As he absentmindedly toyed with his hard dick, he looked up from his screen and looked at me. I could see the horniness in his eyes.

"This really happened to you?" he asked, his hand still on his cock.

"Most of it, yes. I was never in a commune, and my Mom died only a few years ago. But during my first-ever orgasm, I sprayed over my best friend's face, yes. And we did play war and Indians. So a lot of it is actually true, but I changed some of it just a little bit to help the story."

"Oh wow!" James simply said. And after reading a little further, he shyly asked, "Can we try that?"

I didn't know exactly what he wanted to try but hearing these words caused my hard cock to twitch violently nevertheless. I glanced at his crotch, where

his hand was slowly stroking his dick. The funny thing was that he wasn't jacking it, just toying with it. So I asked, "What do you wanna try?"

"Well... uhm... jacking you off. And maybe you jerking me?" he softly said, his eyes now locked on my hard cock.

"Sure! Just remember what we talked about earlier."

Before I could finish my sentence, he rolled toward me in his chair and reached out his hand. He hesitated just slightly before touching my dick. Then, his soft fingers caused a forceful twitch of my cock, and he quickly pulled back.

"I'm sorry. It just feels good," I softly said, putting him at ease.

He nodded without taking his eyes off my dick and went for it again. This time, he didn't pull back when I twitched, and he wrapped his fingers around my shaft. His fingertips barely touched as they did this, and he whispered, "It's thick! And warm..."

He wasn't saying this to anyone in particular, and he slowly started moving his hand up and down. I sat back in my chair and made sure I was comfortable. This was James's first sexual experience with another person, and I wanted him to have all the time he needed.

He started out a little clumsily, but after a few minutes, he was getting the hang of it more and more. I moaned softly to let him know he was doing a good job, and he looked excitedly into my eyes.

"This is hot!" he whispered hoarsely.

I could only nod because looking down at this hot, naked boy with his hand wrapped around my rigid cock, was almost too much visual stimulation for me.

As he kept jerking me, he scooted even closer. And, moments later, I felt it when other hand started toying with my balls. He kind of petted them, and after I urged him on with another moan, his fingers began exploring my sack and balls more thoroughly.

I could hardly believe it, but I was feeling my orgasm well up inside already. I didn't think this was possible with such an inexperienced boy tugging away.

Still, I figured that the sight between my legs, combined with all the nude flesh I saw already and the eagerness from James, was all accumulating to this undeniably fast-approaching orgasm.

“Ohh... I’m... look out,” I managed.

I expected James to pull back and let go for me to finish myself. But instead, he quickened the pace and looked intensely at my throbbing cock.

“I’m cummm...” I managed as a final warning.

The moment my balls pulled up and I felt my cum travel up my shaft, James was pointing my cock straight up. As the first spurt tried to defy gravity and shot out straight up, the second spurt attempted to catch the first. I had to close my eyes at this point, but I heard my cum splatter on my chair and the floor. Only a few drops landed on my belly but judging by the sounds, a few others landed on other body parts.

As my orgasm started to die down, James kept pumping my dick. I gently placed my hand on his wrist and smiled at him. He immediately caught on and stopped his movement. A huge grin was plastered across his face, and I realized his hand and wrist were covered in my cum.

“You were awesome, but it’s a bit too sensitive now,” I panted.

“You sure shoot a lot,” he giggled as he looked at his cum-covered hand.

“I know. But usually, I don’t shoot this much. You’re a quick learner, Champ!” I smiled.

He was beaming with pride, and I could see his cock twitch in his lap. Usually, my horniness dropped to below zero after I came, but seeing this young, anxious and sexy boy, with my cum dripping from his hand, kept my arousal at its peak.

He licked my cum from his hand now, which was also sexy as fuck. I grabbed my towel to wipe the few drops from my body and handed it to James. He stopped licking and wiped himself clean.

I didn’t want him to overthink this, so I reached out and whispered, “Your turn.”

He sat on his chair and leaned back to give me better access, and his whole body radiated a relaxed form of trust. When I touched his young penis, I felt myself return to my younger years when things were simpler and less complicated. Then, when my fingers wrapped around his thin shaft and I started jerking him, a shiver shot through his body, and I could see goosebumps all over.

He had closed his eyes, and I wanted to make him feel as good as I possibly could. So I kept stroking him at a slow pace as I eased myself from my chair and sat on my knees in front of him. Then, before he realized what was going on, I opened my mouth and let the blunt-ish tip of his dick slide between my lips.

“Aaahh!!” James moaned above me, and his hands immediately dropped onto my head.

I savored the taste of this boydick in my mouth and slowly inched my way down over his boner, caressing every inch he had with my tongue.

“Ohhh... you’re... I’m...” he stammered incoherently.

I knew he was experiencing all sorts of new feelings, and I wanted them to last. The feeling of giving him his first-ever blowjob and realizing he’d remember me by doing this for the rest of his life gave me a sense of pride and responsibility to do this right.

So I used every trick in the book I knew. I sucked, lapped, caressed, kissed, and even softly scraped my teeth over this fabulous tube of flesh in my mouth. But sucking a boy this young didn’t need every trick. He’d cum quickly no matter what. Despite knowing this, I made absolutely sure that he’d experience every feeling there was about to feel when getting blown. The only thing I didn’t do, was stimulate his ass. I toyed with his somewhat big balls but was careful to stay away from his pink rosebud.

Way too soon, I felt him squirm in his chair. His moans turned into soft whimpers, and as his hips started gyrating, I felt this dick grow even stiffer. He didn’t warn me, which was fine by me. He probably didn’t know exactly what he was feeling, and I was dying to taste the sweet drops of his second cum.

As his balls pulled up and his cock fattened, the sound of a high-pitched grunt filled the room. A heartbeat later, I felt the spurts land against the back of my throat, and two smaller spurts landed on my tongue. He came harder and more than his first time. A small dribble came from his piss slit, which I lapped up eagerly with the tip of my tongue.

As the small amount of cum swirled through my mouth, I lapped over the underside of his cock once more and let it slip from my mouth. I was still hard from blowing this boy, but as I sat back and saw him sitting there in the afterglow of his first blowjob, with his semi-hard dick in his lap, another wave of horniness washed over me.

James still had his eyes closed and was still panting heavily when I chuckled, "Are you okay?"

He blinked a few times before actually opening his eyes, and it took him a second to find my eyes. But when he did, he smiled broadly, almost jumped from his chair, and slammed his body into mine for an extremely firm and extremely naked hug.

His arms were still around my neck, and his softening dick was pressed against my hard-on when he looked me in my eyes and sincerely said, "Thank you!"

"You don't have to say that after sex, you know?" I chuckled.

"I wanted to ask you if you would do this to me. But I didn't know how. But now I do!" he said, still excited and avoiding my comment.

"You can ask me anything, Champ! As long as you keep your mouth shut to other people!"

"You're the best!" he said and firmly hugged me again.

James acted like it was the most normal thing for a grown man to suck off a twelve-year-old boy, which comforted me a lot. I didn't feel any regret about doing this. It was something I had expected the guilt to hit me hard, but it didn't happen once. I guess James's open attitude toward it all was to blame for that. After we were done, we played a lot more Apex games, and each time, I got a little better at it.

But after a few dozen games, we both got tired of it. So we decided to go downstairs, order pizza, and watch a couple of movies.

I threw on my bathrobe when the pizza guy rang the doorbell and ditched it again the moment I came back into the living room, where a naked boy was waiting. I couldn't get used to that idea, so I kept reminding myself about its awesomeness.

We ate pizza, drank soda, and genuinely had a good time together. After we finished watching the latest Minions movie together, James looked a bit shyly at me and asked, "Do you have more... intimate movies?"

"You mean porn?" I chuckled.

"More like... uhm... special movies with kids my age?" he asked softly, emphasizing 'special.'

"I hate child pornography," I started.

"I don't mean porn," he said, a bit annoyed about my ignorance.

"Ah! I think I know what you mean!" I said, suddenly realizing what he meant.

So I grabbed the remote and started scrolling through my special section. We started with 'Les Diabes', which contained a couple of nude scenes of a fourteen-year-old girl and a few with her younger brother. James wasn't bothered about it being subtitled because his mother watched many foreign movies herself.

This movie had a bit of an incest theme in it. The brother feels the deep, primal need to protect his autistic sister from all dangers thrown at them after losing their parents. But at some point, he starts feeling sexual urges that he doesn't want to feel for her. It's a pretty dark movie, but James was engrossed in it for the entire length.

I figured a boy his age wasn't into these kinds of stories and preferred to be entertained by the big blockbuster-type movies with lots of action, explosions, and CGI. But the opposite was true. I guess his parents did a great job showing him there's more to a good movie than just big explosions.

After the movie was finished, he looked at me with a blank expression. I had noticed that he got hard during the nude scenes but didn't mention it. Finally, he cleared his throat and said, "That was... interesting. I actually feel sad for them."

"Yeah. I know. It isn't exactly a happy ending. The latest Thor movie, then?" I asked, trying to lighten the mood.

"Why?"

"Because that's more fun?"

"I'd actually like these types of movies. Especially when there are naked girls in them," he chuckled.

I laughed at that and wanted to plant a seed for maybe more. So I proposed 'Cement Garden' as the next movie. After he learned what it was about and I said it had naked girls in it, he gave me a thumbs up. We refilled our drinks, grabbed a bag of chips, and as I sat back on the couch, he cuddled up against me.

"You don't mind, do you?" he asked as he laid his head against my shoulder.

"Not at all!" I answered as I wrapped my arm around his slender body and savored his soft skin under my fingers.

During the movie, he laid his hand on my upper leg and slowly moved it up until it rested on my thigh. I didn't think he did this deliberately, and I managed to stay soft, despite the little hand lying so close to my dick.

This movie was a bit tedious, but the last twenty minutes or so were extremely interesting. The brother and sister ended up naked in bed together and started having sex. James's dick stood proudly from his groin during these scenes, and he did not attempt to hide it.

After the movie was over, I figured it was time to go to bed. James agreed and yawned loudly to prove my point. But when I exited the movie and the overview of the entire list I had on there showed on tv, he asked, "What kind of movie is the Genesis Children?"

"It isn't much of a movie, to be honest. It's got some weird flashback structure nobody understands, and a story is barely there,"

“But...” James said in the silence that followed.

“But it’s got lots of boys running around. Naked.”

“Can we watch some of that?” James asked with a crimson red face.

I decided not to press and ask for the reason why, so I said, “Okay. But I’ll skip the opening and go straight to the nude bits, okay?”

“Sure!” he said excitedly.

So we watched about half an hour of naked boys running around on a beach. James didn’t get hard again, which surprised me at first. But then again, he’s seen many naked people before in his life, which isn’t something that turns him on. It’s the sexual act that does it for him.

I flipped off the TV when the priest started talking again. James got up, and I let my eyes roam over his fantastic backside again, never growing tired of seeing it. We cleaned and went upstairs.

“I didn’t bring my toothbrush,” he smiled as he skipped the bathroom.

“Skipping it once won’t rot your teeth all at once,” I chuckled as we entered my bedroom.

James walked around the bed to the other side, lifted the thin sheet, and got in. Right before he stepped in, I noticed his semi-hard dick flopping around. It wasn’t difficult to imagine what he had on his mind.

It was warm inside the bedroom, and all we needed was a light sheet to sleep under. After I crawled in and covered my lower body with the sheet, I looked at James’s smiling face.

“This is so cool!” he said, smiling broadly.

“Glad you’re enjoying yourself,” I laughed.

After a few seconds of lying side by side and looking at the ceiling, James asked softly, “Jason?”

“What’s up, Champ?” I asked without looking at him, but expecting something that had to do with having sex with me, one way or the other

“Is it bad for a brother and sister to have... you know... sex?”

Oh boy! The seed I had planted was undoubtedly growing! I didn't expect results this quickly, but I was thrilled to hear it was on his mind!

"What do you mean?" I asked, barely able to keep from grinning widely.

"Well... in that cement movie, they had sex. And they seemed to enjoy it. And in your stories, you also write a lot about it. But I heard that it's bad and illegal."

"Listen up," I said seriously as I turned to my side and looked him in his face, "when a brother and sister have a baby together, there's a bigger chance for it to have some birth defects. But there's also a bigger chance for it to have all the good bits in an enhanced version."

"Huh!?" he responded, and obviously didn't quite understand what I was saying.

"Partly because of the risk of birth defects, it is illegal in most states. But..." I continued after a dramatic pause, "us doing these things together is also illegal. It's what people call a taboo."

"But why is this illegal?" James asked, still confused.

"Because there's a high risk of an adult forcing a kid to do things they don't want to."

"But I want to do this with you! Is it still illegal then?"

"Yup!"

"That sucks ass!" he sternly said.

"Big time!" I added, steering away from the potential fun of actually sucking ass.

"But what about brothers and sisters? As long as none of them is an adult..."

"It's basically the same as with us. I don't see anything wrong with it as long as everyone involved is okay with it. The great thing about having sex with your sister is that you have a nice way to experiment. Neither of you is romantically involved, so no hearts are broken, and everyone is expanding their experience, which benefits everyone in the future."

"I see," James whispered after a pause, clearly needing to digest this.

"You're asking for a friend?" I chuckled.

"Huh!? Oh... uhm..." he smiled shyly and started blushing that cute blush again.

"It's okay, Champ! I'm just kidding. Julia is a cute girl," I said, brushing a hair out of his face.

"Yeah... she is..." he trailed off.

"I had sex with my older brother when I was your age," I confessed.

"You did!?"

"Swear to God! And he sure taught me some valuable lessons when we did."

"So you're really okay with this?" James asked and smiled again.

"I really am. Again, don't tell your parents. They're probably not as open-minded about this as I am," I laughed.

"So you don't think it's weird that I get hard over her, wanting to know what she looks like naked now, and dying to know how it feels to stick my willie inside her?"

"It's a bit specific," I laughed, "but no. I think it's perfectly normal, and you two should try it. I bet she's just as curious as you are about everything."

"I didn't think of that..." he whispered and went quiet for a few seconds.

As I looked at him as he contemplated all this, I felt a lot of affection for him. He trusted me completely, and I'd never betray that trust. But deep inside, I felt super excited about all this and needed to find a way to somehow be a part of it.

"Can I try giving you a blowjob?" James asked out of the blue.

A boy's mind sure can fly from left to right in a millisecond. I thought he was still trying to process everything we talked about, but he was clearly past that station already.

When I looked into his pleading puppy eyes, I knew I couldn't say no, nor did I want to. So I simply nodded and said, "Of course you can! Do you need any pointers?"

James was already pulling down the sheet and exposing my throbbing hard-on. He grabbed it by the base and said, "I just suck it, right?"

"You can do anything you like. Suck, lick, blow, anything. Just look out with your teeth. They might hurt a little. And just sucking isn't enough. You also have to use your tongue and lips."

"Okay, I get it," he said softly as he examined my dick from up close, "and what do I do when you... you know... shoot?"

"That's up to you, Champ. You decide what to do. There's no right or wrong in that. I'll warn you when it comes."

I actually saw him shrug before he pointed my dick toward his mouth and opened it. The moment his lips touched my dickhead, a tingle shot through my spine. Then, when his lips went further down, I felt his tongue lap over the tip of my dick, causing me to moan involuntarily.

"It doesn't taste bad at all!" James said excitedly, lifting his face from my cock just long enough to say this.

He eagerly went down on me again, with an enthusiasm I'd never experienced while I was being sucked. Not even in my younger years with Pete and the other kids who sucked me off.

He was going at it for real and did everything I told him and did to him earlier. Pretty soon, he swallowed more than he could handle and gagged.

"Easy, Champ! You don't have to put it in your throat. You're doing more than fine without that," I said, trying to steer him away from another deep-throating effort. He wasn't ready for that yet, nor was it needed for a good time.

After I said this, he took a more laid-back approach to sucking me off. It wasn't a race to orgasm anymore, and he actually listened to how I responded to his actions and learned from that. This was remarkable for a kid his age!

But I had to be honest with myself. Despite his enthusiasm and eagerness to please, it would take ages for me to cum this way. I needed some extra stimulation, so I asked him to turn his body around. Clearly, he didn't want to take my dick out of his mouth, so I guided him on what I meant.

The moment I saw his hard cock dangling in front of my face, a familiar surge went through my body, and my balls tingled. But when my lips wrapped themselves around his sweet and spongy dickhead and a moan resonated on my hard cock, I knew this was the right call.

I started slobbering on this fabulous piece of flesh that I just couldn't get enough of, and the moans on my dick and the squirming body on top of mine got me in the zone pretty quickly.

James was getting better and better at sucking me off, and the added stimulation of his sweet cock in my mouth made me realize I was approaching that fabulous peak right before my orgasm rather quickly. So, as a mild distraction, I started toying with his balls.

My other hand cupped the cheek of his adorable ass, and I started kneading it softly. I loved the feeling of the soft skin that covered his tight ass so much that my other hand left his balls and grabbed the other cheek. As I massaged his ass and my fingers got closer to his hole, his moans on my cock increased in both intensity and pitch. I wasn't sure if this wonderful boy was ready for anal sex yet, but I figured it wouldn't hurt to test the water.

My index finger started searching for his entrance, and the moment I touched it, his teeth scraped against my shaft. It didn't hurt and was, in fact, a very erotic feeling because he obviously couldn't keep his head together anymore due to all the new feelings his body was experiencing.

But when his teeth left my shaft and he started doubling his efforts, I realized again how close I was. I lifted my mouth from his dick just barely long enough to warn him. He didn't flinch or move. He just kept going, which was my confirmation he was determined to swallow my load.

As I felt a sense of pride and anticipation wash over me, I started inserting the first knuckle of my index finger. It slipped in easily, and his reaction was instant!

I was looking at his balls, and they pulled up so fast and tight against his body that it almost had to hurt. His dick thickened in my mouth, and as it thickened further, the first spurt landed in the back of my throat. It was immediately followed by a second spurt. I started moving my finger out of him a little bit, amazed by the force of his sphincter, and a third, although smaller, spurt landed on my tongue.

The texture and sweetness of it, along with his hot moans and squirming body on top of mine, were so amazing that it pushed me over without warning. I moaned deep and loud, but the sounds were muffled by the twelve-year-old dribbling cock in my mouth. Every fiber in my lower body was focused on that sucking young mouth on my cock, trying to swallow everything I fed him. I couldn't see it, but I felt I was spurting more cum than I had ever shot, as far as I could remember.

I did hear a cough, and I felt some of my cum ooze down my shaft. It was clearly too much for my young lover, but he was doing everything he could to swallow.

After my orgasm died down, I felt James starting to lick my cock clean. I was sensitive down there, but his tongue and mouth were now on my shaft and no longer on my over-sensitive dickhead. I did the same with my tongue and avoided his dickhead, while making tiny circles with my index finger that was still inside his hot ass.

After a few moments of this afterglow, I reluctantly let his dick slip from my mouth and pulled my finger out of his ass. James also stopped licking and turned his body around to face me. When I looked at his face, I started to giggle. Around his mouth, there were a lot of traces of my cum. He looked even hotter like this, but I pointed it out when he looked questioningly at me, and he licked his face clean. After this, he cuddled up to me and let out a deep, satisfied sigh.

"A blowjob feels so amazing!" he said to no one in particular.

"Yeah. It does," I whispered, still panting slightly.

"I can't wait for what real sex feels like," he softly said.

"Believe it or not, it feels even better!" I chuckled.

“Wow. But I also wanna keep doing this!” he chuckled excitedly.

“I hear you!”

“Jason?”

“What is it, Champ?”

“When you put your finger... you know...” he whispered.

“Yeah?” I asked in the following silence.

“That felt SO good! Does that mean... that... you know... that I’m gay?”

I could hardly suppress a giggle, but he was so open and vulnerable at that moment that I would’ve hated myself forever if I had laughed. So instead, I managed to keep a straight face and said, “No. It doesn’t. But it also doesn’t mean you’re not gay! It just means you enjoy anal stimulation. That’s all, really!”

He looked up at me with his adorable puppy eyes, and I could see him relax because of what I had just said. And as if we didn’t talk about it, he moved on to the next subject and said, while blushing a bit, “You sure shoot a lot of stuff!”

“Yeah, I did. But only because you did such an awesome job!” I said and ruffled his hair, and pulled him closer to me.

“I liked doing that. It’s great knowing you make the other feel good,” he said as he hugged me.

As I felt this soft dick press against my leg and his heartbeat resonate through my body, I knew I was starting to fall for this kid. I didn’t want to, but I just couldn’t help myself. As I started caressing his back, occasionally rubbing his ass, I noticed he got quiet.

After a few more minutes of lying like this, I heard his breathing deepen and felt butterflies shoot through me when I realized he was asleep. He felt safe and protected with me and trusted me blindly on his journey of sexual discovery. This realization brought a tear to my eye and made me feel all fuzzy inside.







## Chapter ten

Light was streaming through the window when I slowly opened my eyes. Something strange had woken me, but I just didn't know what. As I slowly returned to the land of the living, I knew what it was. A small hand gently stroked my hard dick, and a hard, preteen cock was grinding against my hip. What a fantastic way to start the day!

"Morning, Champ!" I grumbled, "having fun?"

"Morning. Sure do!" he said excitedly and asked, "Can we do again what we did last night?"

"Of course!" I said, eager to feel his hot young cock in my mouth again.

The following ten minutes were filled with muffled moans and squirming bodies. I probed his ass again, and a few moments later, he returned the favor. I never was much of an anal guy, but as his small finger entered me, I had to admit I enjoyed it tremendously.

A few moments after another shot of sweet boy nectar triggered my tastebuds, I filled his mouth with my spunk. He actually managed to swallow most of it this time, and only a little dribbled down my shaft.

After we showered together, we went down to eat breakfast. I was starting to get used to seeing James naked, but every now and then, it struck me how lucky I was to be able to witness this. Especially when he bent over to pick up a bit of spilled egg, and his gorgeous ass was shown in all its glory.

We didn't do any more sexual things together that day. And when we saw his Mom walk across the street toward my house, we quickly got dressed. I felt a surge of sadness shoot through me when his dick disappeared inside his running shorts.

When the doorbell rang, we opened the door together, and the look on his mother's face showed some genuine concern. At first, I was afraid she somehow saw us. But that fear only lasted a second when she said, "I'm so sorry, guys! But there's something wrong with Aunt Jane."

"I'm sorry," I responded, "is there anything I can do to help?"

“No. Thanks. But I’m going back to San Francisco to help her out,” she said with a sad smile.

I felt her pain as I looked at her, but I didn’t want to let on too much because she clearly had enough on her mind already.

“Hon? Can you come home, so we can talk about everything?” she asked, looking at James.

James looked questioningly at me, but I said, “Of course! I’ll clean up in here. I’ll drop your PC over later today. Don’t worry about it!”

James slammed into my body, giving me a tight hug, and said, “Thanks a lot, Jason! It was awesome!”

“I had a great time, Champ! See you next time,” I smiled as I ruffled his hair.

She nodded thankfully at me as she started to walk back to their house. James winked at me and smiled warmly as he followed his mother.

I closed the door behind me and felt sad that the fun was already over. Of course, we’d probably have another jacking or sucking session someday, which would be fun! But I didn’t think it would help us to overdo it at this early stage of his discovery.

I cleaned up, disconnected James’s PC, and placed it on the table near the front door. I had some spare time on my hand and figured I might as well put some work in now. This would benefit me later this week.

A couple of hours later, I saw a cab pull up, and they all came outside. Then, after Ellis’s suitcase was in the trunk and she gave everyone a firm hug, she took off. I quickly headed downstairs, opened the door, and waved at them.

James came running the moment he saw I was carrying his PC. When he took it from my hands, he softly asked, “I really enjoyed it! Can we do this again soon?”

I smiled at him and said, “Let’s see, okay? That’s more up to your parents than to me. In the meantime, enjoy my stories.”

A broad, mischievous smile spread across his face, and he said, “Oh! Don’t worry. I will!”

His Dad waved at me from across the street, and I waved back. I responded to his, "Thanks, Jason!" with a smile and a thumbs up.

I actually did get a lot of work done after this. And when I looked at the clock, I noticed it was time to spring into action. It was close to the time when James and Julia usually went to their rooms, so I quickly disrobed, pressed the pads together, and crossed the street.

I sneaked inside, petted Mr. Whiskers, and crept upstairs. The door to James's room was closed, but Julia's door was wide open, so I got into her room. She was fully dressed, lying on her bed, and listening to some music with her headphones on.

I got into the corner, close to her slightly opened bathroom door. I heard the door on James's side of the bathroom close and figured I'd find a way into his room soon enough. Right now, I was checking out his twin sister and had to admit she was cute as fuck, just like her brother. She was lying on her belly, showing off her perfect little ass, wrapped tightly in some short skinny jeans.

I almost let out a soft yelp as the door behind me opened. I was so engrossed in this girl's body that I didn't hear James enter their bathroom. The door missed me by a hair, and James almost bumped into me. Thankfully, nothing bad happened, but it was a little too close for comfort.

"Hey, Pep," Julia said softly as she took off her headphones.

"Hey," James softly said as he sat on Julia's bed, looking sad.

"You okay?" Julia asked.

"Yeah. I guess. I feel bad about Aunt June. I hope she gets better soon."

"I know. Me too," she replied with genuine concern on her face.

"Do you think Dad has to go too?" James asked while fiddling with the hem of his shirt.

"He said he might. But I don't know. That'll be a bummer."

"Yeah. I just hope we don't have to stay over at some old lady like Mrs. Chong this time," James said, looking sadder by the minute.

“That would suck ass!” Julia said with a bit of venom in her voice.

“Big time!”

They were quiet for a few moments when I saw Julia’s face light up. She poked James in his side and asked, “How was it at Jason’s?”

James blushed a bit and said, “Great! He’s a really cool guy!”

“Can’t we ask him to watch us?”

This lit up James’s face considerably, and he said, “That would be SO cool! I think he doesn’t mind. We just have to convince Dad!”

“If we both ask him and Jason is okay with it, I don’t think Dad will mind.”

“Great plan, Sis!”

They both went silent again, and I could see James was struggling with something. After an obvious internal struggle, he whispered, “Can you keep a secret?”

Oh boy! This could go south real quick now. I was thinking frantically for a way to stop him, but couldn’t find anything without blowing my cover.

Julia nodded, and as James opened his mouth, I felt like the earth beneath me opened up.

“He didn’t mind me walking around like... you know... what we did when we were younger.”

Okay. This wasn’t too bad, and I could talk my way out of prison with just this.

“Like... naked?” Julia asked, looking a bit surprised.

“Yeah. He even joined me,” James smiled.

“Cool! You really like doing that, don’t you?” she chuckled.

“Yeah. I do. I can’t help it. I just like how it feels!” he said, pouting a little.

“Don’t sweat it! I know you do. And I liked it too, but when Mom talked about it, I just... she made me feel like... I don’t know... like it was wrong or something.”

"I hear you. But it doesn't FEEL wrong, you know?" James said with a bit of fire in his eyes.

"I guess you're right. Never looked at it like that," she softly said, looking all thoughtful.

"And you know what else?" James continued.

Damn! Here it comes.

"What?"

"He's a writer!"

"What does he write? Like twilight or something?"

"No, Dufus!" James grinned, "he's a porn writer!"

Phew! Dodged another bullet! James didn't say anything about our actions together yet, but I needed to do something before he did.

"Porn? Eew!" Julia said, acting offended, but her face told another story.

"Yeah. And they're not 'Eew!' Check out [jasoncrow.eu](http://jasoncrow.eu)! There's a whole bunch of stories there. Not everything is written by him, but the few I read already were freaking amazing!"

"Really? But... can't Dad see what we're doing?"

I sneaked through the bathroom to James's room to turn on his computer in an attempt to lure him away. But I could still hear them talking clearly.

"Nah. According to Jason, this can only be done by people with good IT skills, and Dad has a lot of skills, just not that one!"

They both chuckled at that, and a few seconds after I pressed the power button on James's computer, the startup sound played loudly.

"Remember. We'll stick together when Dad has to go!" James said as he got up.

I quickly headed to the bathroom, and he almost bumped into me again as our paths crossed as he rushed past me toward his room.

"Deal!" Julia shouted, and James closed his side of the bathroom.

Her door was still open, and I saw her smile when I entered her room. "Dufus," she mumbled, still smiling broadly as she grabbed her tablet. But only a moment later, there was a soft knock on her door, and I heard her father say, "Almost bedtime," from the other side of the door.

He didn't enter, so Julia said, "Okay, Dad! Just five more minutes."

She sighed, dropped her tablet, and went into the bathroom. I watched her as she pulled down her pants, sat on the toilet, and started peeing. She sat down swiftly, and I didn't see anything, which was fine by me. I never found anything that contained pee or scat even remotely erotic, so I let her do her thing.

As she brushed her teeth, Julia was humming a song and was clearly in a better mood than before. Right after she spat out the toothpaste, James entered the bathroom. He was dressed in just his boxers, which made me smile. He obviously agreed with me that Julia was probably just as curious as he was. And judging by her roaming eyes that ended on his pronounced bulge, I was right.

I had already entered her bedroom, and as she said goodnight to James and walked toward me, I smiled at James's eyes that were glued to her ass.

"Dufus..." she chuckled again, and the huge grin on her face betrayed how much she liked her brother.

As she started lifting her shirt, I made sure to keep my eyes glued to her. More and more of her marvelous skin came into view as her shirt slowly went up. When the underside of her little black bra showed, I felt myself grow hard. Once her shirt was off and I looked at the upper half of her exposed body, I marveled at the beauty she was. She looked absolutely stunning.

But when her hand reached behind her back and she unclasped her little bra, I knew I was in for an even better treat. She didn't waste time, simply pulled her bra from her body and threw it on a nearby chair. Her little perky breasts were everything I imagined in my dreams. Two near-perfect globes, with small, almost boyish nipples topping it off. It looked so delicious that I wanted to cup them and lick her all over.

Because I kept my eyes glued to her boobs, I almost didn't notice she was unbuttoning her pants. But when she started dropping them and her yellow, bikini-style panties slowly appeared, I felt a drop of precum ooze from the tip. I quickly cleaned it with my finger and stuck it in my mouth. But I knew it was a lost cause as she stood back straight after kicking her pants in the corner.

Holy fucking shit! WHAT a beauty!! I already admitted to myself I was more into boys than girls that age, but she made me reconsider that notion. She was gorgeous! Her tight, pert little ass was as fantastic as her brother's, but her small boobs and tight body looked almost better. If someone pulled a 'Sophie's Choice' on me then and there, I wouldn't be able to choose either.

This all lasted only seconds because she was clearly getting dressed for bed like she usually did. So as she pulled down the tank top and her breasts disappeared behind the cloth, I felt a slight sting of disappointment shoot through me.

I figured the show was over and was trying to find a way out of her room. Since both doors were closed, my only option was to wait for her to fall asleep. Realizing this, I got mildly comfortable by half hanging and half sitting against her desk.

Julia listened for a moment, took her tablet, and lay down on her bed. Her head was against the headboard, and she started swiping around. After a few minutes, it was clear she was reading something, and after a soft, "He was right!" I wanted to see if she was reading what I thought she was reading.

So ever so softly, I sneaked up next to her and glanced at her screen. I immediately knew I was right! I recognized the site colors and layout and knew immediately that she was checking out my site. And after reading a couple of paragraphs, I realized she was reading 'All Dressed Up.' Actually, my first story on the site in alphabetical order. And coincidentally a story about a twin brother and sister getting it on. This couldn't be more perfect!

I stepped back a little to ensure Julia wouldn't notice or touch me by accident. And as I kept my eyes focused on her body, I saw two things. Her

nipples tried to poke out of her tank top, and a small dark spot was showing at the front of her yellow panties.

She looked intensely at her tablet, and her free hand started roaming over her body as if it had a mind of its own. She was caressing her boob with one hand, and she used the other to hold up her tablet and scroll slowly through the page.

Her face got more flushed by the second, and as her breathing deepened, it was clear she was horny as fuck. Her hand stopped toying with her tit and slowly inched down over her belly. When she reached the elastic band of her panties, she sneaked her fingers under it. Judging by the outlines of her fingers, she wasted no time and immediately pushed a finger between her folds. Although I couldn't see her pussy, it couldn't be missed what was going on between her legs.

As her hand started moving, a soft moan escaped her lips. My boner was leaking a good supply of precum now, and I knew I had to prevent it from dripping down. But it was difficult to divide my attention between the hot, young, masturbating girl on the bed and my rock-hard, precum-leaking boner.

Her cute soft, high-pitched moans filled the room. I never saw myself as a voyeur of any kind, but now that I was watching this extremely private act unfold in front of me, I realized everyone has a little pervert inside themselves.

Julia's breathing got faster and more ragged by the minute. Her fingers were moving fast and deliberately between her legs, and every now and then, a tiny bit of her pussy was seen through the leg of her panties as her hand and fingers moved it a bit out of the way.

"Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck!" she moaned, her eyes still glued to the screen.

I felt my balls tingle as I realized she was about to cum. I grabbed my dick but didn't dare to move my hand, or I'd pop off too. And sure enough, after a few more seconds, she grunted deeply, and her whole body stiffened. The movement of her hand had slowed down significantly, and seeing her as she let her cum wash over her and enjoying every second of it, was almost too hot to handle.

As she lay there panting, I saw she opened her eyes and she started reading the last bit of the story, still slowly fingering herself. After a few more minutes, she clicked off her tablet and put it on her nightstand.

“Fuck! Pep was right,” she mumbled softly as she got under the cover and turned off her small bedside light.

I stood there with a throbbing boner, waiting for her to fall asleep so I could sneak out and jerk myself to a much-needed orgasm. And after waiting for about half an hour, I was confident enough that she was asleep, and I snuck out of her bedroom. Thankfully, Bill was still up and sitting behind his laptop at the living room table.

He didn’t notice anything as he was clearly focused on his screen. Typical porn-like moans came from the speakers, and it didn’t take a genius to figure out what he was looking at. I let him have it and seized the opportunity to sneak out of the house.

When I entered my bedroom, I dropped onto my bed and jerked myself to a swift orgasm. The images of Julia and James fueled my imagination, and I came when I pictured James's tight, naked body lying between his equally naked sister’s legs! Seeing my cum launch into the air out of nowhere was creepy as fuck, but funny to watch, nevertheless.

“Holy shit! I need to make that work!” I mumbled to myself as I came down from my orgasm.

I cleaned myself, ensured the pads were safely locked inside my desk, and went to bed. What a day!

## Chapter eleven

I was woken rudely from my sleep. My doorbell rang, and somehow it sounded more urgent than it usually did. I tried to get myself back to the land of the living, looked at my alarm clock, and blinked a few times to get the focus to read the time. Six-thirty? On a Monday?

I quickly got up, pulled up a pair of pants, slapped on a t-shirt, and hurried downstairs. When I opened the door, I saw Bill standing there with a worried look on his face.

"I'm so sorry, Jason!" he said, very apologetic.

"No problem. Come in," I said as I stepped aside to give him room.

"Ellis called, and she really needs my help," he started, "but we uhm... it's James and Julia."

"What about them?" I asked, hoping this was going where I hoped it was going.

"Well... they can't come. That's simply not an option. And we don't know a lot of people here yet. When we talked about it, they both talked about... well... you."

"You want me to babysit them?" I asked, making sure not to look too eager but inwardly thinking about all the possibilities.

"It's not really babysitting anymore," he said, clearly playing it down, "they're very low maintenance, and James really had fun over here last time."

"Yeah. It was fun! But..."

"We'll pay you!" Bill blurted.

I started laughing and said, "No need for that! I'd love helping you out and have them over! But I need to work it out with the office. Maybe work a little from home and take some days off."

“Right! Didn’t think about that. The kids won’t have to go to school until after next week.”

“When will you be back?”

“It’s probably just a couple of days. Maybe a week. I don’t know yet.”

“I think I can work something out. Don’t worry. Give me half an hour, and I’ll make sure to get dressed and call the office. Just send them over. James knows where I keep the spare key.”

“You’re a lifesaver!” Bill said with tears forming in his eyes, and he gave me a firm hug.

That was a bit unexpected, but I patted him on his back and said, “You go now and worry about the important things. The kids are safe and taken care of.”

“We’ll make it up to you!” he said as he started crossing the street.

I smiled and felt my stomach do a backflip. I was about to spend a week with a sexually curious preteen boy and his equally curious twin sister. How could I not be excited?

As I was doing my thing in the bathroom, making sure I was ready, I tried to think of a battle plan. But no matter how hard I thought about it, a plan didn’t form. Each time, this little voice inside my head managed to tone down the excitement. Ultimately, I decided to ditch a battle plan and let things unfold as they came.

I wasn’t going to force anything. I wasn’t going to ask if they liked being naked. I was going to sleep on the couch and offer Julia a different place to sleep. I wasn’t going to talk about my stories, and I sure as hell wasn’t aiming for them to have intercourse with me watching. I was going to behave like a normal person and help out some friends. If the kids had questions, I’d answer them, but that was it. If anything else was going to happen, I’d figure it out as we went.

I found this state of mind extremely relaxing and liberating. I was just going to have a good time with these kids.

After I called my new boss at the office, we quickly worked things out. I only had three things that I needed to finish. But these were relatively easy for me, and I was already further than most people knew, but I wasn't about to tell this now. We agreed that I'd work from home as long as needed.

After I thanked him and he wished me good luck, the doorbell rang. This couldn't be timed better! As I opened the door, I was greeted with two big grins and one worried look.

Both kids were smiling, clearly excited, but the worried look on Bill's face caused me to act a bit more reserved than I'd normally do.

Bill was holding James's computer, and both kids were carrying a small weekend bag. James was wearing a white t-shirt and actual shorts. Julia wore a pink shirt and cut-off jeans. They both looked excited and ready for some fun.

"Thanks again, Jason! You're such a big help!" Bill said.

"Good luck over there!" I answered with a serious face, "And don't worry about us. I'll take good care of them."

Bill hugged both James and Julia and shook my hand firmly. He looked at his kids and said, "You to listen to Jason, okay? We'll call you every day."

"We will, Dad," James said.

"Yeah," his sister added, "there's the cab. Go and help Mom, okay?"

"You're the best!" he said as he turned around and headed over to the cab.

As the cab pulled away, Bill waved at us, and we waved back. When he was out of sight, Julia asked, "You sure you don't mind having us over?"

"Of course not! I've arranged everything with my work, so now I only have to do a little work from home in the coming week. This way, you guys can still have a nice vacation week."

"See!" James said with a snarky tone that only a brother and sister can use on each other.

We went inside, and as I placed James's computer on the table, I asked, "Did you guys eat breakfast?"

It turned out they did, so as I prepared mine, James gave his sister a tour downstairs. As I sat down to eat my breakfast and took a sip of my coffee, they came back inside with excited looks on their faces.

“Have you fixed the pool?” James asked.

“I didn’t know you had one,” Julia chipped in.

I smiled at this because my pool was probably far more exciting than their own above-ground pool. And putting in the effort of getting it ready now would add up to a lot of fun for them.

“I talked to a guy, and he came over and said I’d probably only need to change the filters in the pump and get the leaves and stuff out of the water,” I said after I swallowed my cereal.

“Cool! Can we do that?” Julia asked.

“Uhh... sure! There are new filters in the shack... I think,” I said, but seriously doubting if there were any left.

“Come on, Pep,” Julia said to her brother, and they were off.

I didn’t mind. I didn’t have any plans made yet, which I wanted to discuss with them. But seeing them all hyped about the pool was great. And it meant I could use my pool again.

I finished my breakfast and went outside to see how it was going. As I approached the shed, I heard some muffled talking. I figured they were probably arguing about who could change the filter. But as I came closer, they were clearly having a conversation I wasn’t supposed to hear.

“I know, right?” James said.

“Yeah! They’re really hot!” Julia said softly.

“And he writes about... different things,” James cautiously pointed out.

“Yeah...”

“I already did it a few times when... I mean...” James stopped talking and cleared his throat.

“Did what?” Julia asked with an obvious interest in her voice.

“Never mind. Let’s get this filter in!”

I coughed softly to announce my arrival, and I entered the shed. I looked around and noticed two flushed faces with looks like kids caught with their hands in the cookie jar. But I decided to ignore that. It’ll inevitably come to the table in the coming days.

“How’s it going?” I asked, looking around in the shed.

As I stood there, I realized it was probably half a year ago that I last set foot in here. My stupid ex didn’t want to swim anymore and said the power bill for the useless hole in the ground was way too high. I didn’t feel like arguing about it at the time, so I let it be.

“Great! You’ve got a couple of spare filters, so we changed them on both pumps. But don’t you need to check the chlorine level of the reservoir?”

“Right! That was the other thing that guy said I needed to do!” I said, feeling myself blush.

I took the can of chlorine and made sure the tank was filled to the maximum level. After I closed the can and the tank, I said, “Let’s fire it up!”

I flipped the switch, and with a bit of huffing and puffing, the pumps came to life.

“Yes!” James exclaimed and gave his smiling sister a high five.

We all high-fived each other and walked over to the pool. There was still a lot of debris floating around in it, but without even asking, both kids grabbed a net and went to work.

“If you want to, you can do some work now. This won’t be finished in a while,” Julia said.

“That’s actually a good idea! Thanks!” I said, glad I didn’t have to do the work on the pool.

I love swimming, but I hate how high-maintenance a pool is. So I told them to call me if they needed anything and that I’d be in my office.

The moment I knew I was out of sight, I ran upstairs, went into the bathroom, and disrobed. I grabbed the pads and was invisible in record

time. I made sure to close the door to the hallway from the inside and closed the door leading into my bedroom behind me. This way, I always had the excuse I was on the toilet or something.

I quickly got outside because I didn't want to miss a thing these two would say to each other. And sure enough, I couldn't help but smile when I got into earshot of them.

"... about kids our age!" Julia said.

"I know! It's strange to read about it, but still... it's hot!"

"Yeah. It is," Julia said, scooped up a few leaves with her net, and added, "Do you think he makes it all up, or are these stories true?"

"Dunno. But I read his FAQ, and according to that, he had sex a lot when he was our age. So I honestly don't know."

They silently cleaned the pool for a few minutes. Clearly both were lost in their thoughts.

"What did you do a few times?" Julia asked softly as she stopped scooping in the pool

"What do you mean?" James answered, but judging by his red face, he knew what was coming.

"You said it earlier. You did 'it' a few times when we talked about the stories."

"I... it's... uhm... I..." the poor boy stammered.

"You mean you masturbated, right?" Julia asked blankly and without judgment.

"Well... I didn't... it's..."

"It's okay. I did it too last night while reading one of the stories."

"You did!? But... you're a girl!" James blurted.

This caused both Julia and me to smile broadly. Julia just looked at him and said, "Yeah? So? Girls masturbate too, you know?"

“Wow...” he said softly after letting this sink in for a few moments, “I never thought about that...”

“Seriously? You read these types of stories, and you don’t come up with the idea that girls masturbate? You’re a real genius, Pep, you know that?”

“I just... ah, hell! Yeah! I jerked off a couple of times. Happy? I just didn’t think you would... you’re my sister. Sisters don’t do that stuff...” James said, still blushing and not looking at Julia.

Julia put a hand on her brother’s shoulder and soothingly said, “Don’t worry, bro. It’s our thing. No one will know!”

For the first time since they started talking, James looked into his sister’s eyes, smiled, and I saw a weight fall from his shoulders. “Thanks. We’re cool, right?”

“Yeah. We’re cool,” and Julia smiled an even bigger grin than her brother.

After another few minutes of silently cleaning the pool, James said, “Damn, it’s hot!” and he started pulling up his shirt and threw it on the grass.

Julia’s eyes roamed over her brother’s bare chest, and she chuckled, “You said Jason doesn’t mind if you take it all off...”

“Yeah... he doesn’t. But I don’t wanna scare you,” James said with a cocky face, looking down at his crotch.

“Pff! As if...” was Julia’s snotty reply, but she glanced at her brother’s crotch nevertheless.

After a few moments of mutual silence where neither wanted to trigger the other, they started a bit of small talk about some movie they saw and were clearly done with the subject of my stories. And I figured I had about five minutes left, so I headed back upstairs and got dressed. This was indeed getting interesting. Both kids were curious and weren’t put off by the whole incest theme in my stories.

I was sitting at my desk for a couple of minutes when I heard them come up the stairs. They walked into my office, and I noticed James was carrying his computer.

"I think the pumps need an hour or four, and then we can swim!" James said excitedly.

"Jason?" Julia asked timidly a second later.

"Shoot!" I said as I turned my chair to face her.

"Can we... uhm... build a computer for me? I mean... you talked about it last time, and I..."

"Say no more!" I said, smiling.

"We don't need to do it now, but it's just that..."

"Don't worry. We'll start collecting stuff and begin with the build. This alone will take us a few hours. The pool will be ready by then, and we can cool off a bit. Tonight or tomorrow, we'll finish it." I said as I got up and put my hand on her shoulder.

She responded with a little hug and softly said, "Thanks! Thanks a lot, Jason."

I felt her small boobs press against my chest, and I couldn't deny that I enjoyed how it felt. I enjoyed it a lot. Behind us, James was setting up his computer and asked, "Do you mind if I play some games in the meantime?"

"Knock yourself out, Champ!" I replied and started walking toward the attic with Julia on my heels.

After we picked out the correct parts and I explained each part's role to Julia, we went back into my office, where James was engrossed in another fierce game of Apex. He was still shirtless, and I was sure that if his sister wasn't here, he'd be naked the moment the door closed behind him. It surprised me a little that he was shy with his sister around.

During our work on her computer, James couldn't help himself and joined us. After a few well-meant comments, I thanked him and pointed out that this wasn't his computer. He got the message and pulled back a little but kept looking and 'helping' us.

I was sweating quite heavily now, and I noticed both kids had a couple of drops on their foreheads too. The moment the PC booted and the logo

came into view, Julia high-fived her brother and me, and a huge grin was plastered on her face.

"Just the Windows setup left," I said to her.

"And then some..." James mumbled next to me.

"Indeed. And then some..."

"I think the pool is ready. Can we go swimming now?" James asked hopefully as he wiped some sweat from his forehead.

"I don't see why not!" I said as I did the same.

I saw Julia fumble with the hem of her shirt and look at the floor. I knew something was up but didn't know exactly what.

"Uhm... I didn't bring my swimsuit..." she said softly.

"You can go get it. Your house is across the street," I chuckled.

"I know... but do you mind if we... uhm... you know... do it... naked?" she almost whispered with her face beet red by now, "...like when we were younger."

"I... uhm... it's..." I stammered, pretending to think about it.

"You let James do it last time..." she added without looking at me.

"True. But we agreed on something before we did it," I replied.

"What?"

"You can't talk about it with anyone other than the three of us. Most people won't understand, and I..."

"He can go to jail for this," James said seriously as he interrupted me.

"Jail?" Julia asked, clearly thinking she was being played.

"Yeah. A lot of people think it's inappropriate for us to do this," I said, making sure she knew we weren't kidding.

"But... we're the ones asking this!"

"I know. But that doesn't matter. But if you promise not to talk about it, I don't see a problem," I said, smiling.

"Cool!" Julia cheered.

"I... uhm..." James stammered.

"What is it, Champ?"

"I'm... uhm... I might be... I mean, I can get... you know..." he said with a blush spreading all across his upper body and face.

"Oh! Right. I see..." I replied, knowing what he meant, "that's not... uhm..."

"What are you talking about?" Julia asked, completely missing the point.

I cleared my throat and said, "James is worried about getting an erection. Right, Champ?"

"Well..." he started, and after a few seconds, he timidly said, "yeah..."

"It's about not wanting to offend you. And a little about feeling weird for having a boner in front of his sister," I explained to an obviously confused Julia.

"But why would you get a... boner then?" she asked.

"Duh..." James mumbled.

"Because you're a gorgeous young woman! And that can trigger something," I smiled.

"But won't you also get one, then?" Julia asked, trying to wrap her head around it.

"I'm a little older and not in puberty anymore. So I've got a little more control over it. But I can't guarantee it!" I chuckled.

"Oh..." she softly said and was quiet for a few moments. After that, her face lit up, and she switched her gaze between the two of us and asked, "You really think I'm pretty?"

"Hell yeah!" James blurted out simultaneously with my, "Absolutely!"

This caused Julia to blush, and the three of us laughed awkwardly at this.

“Well... let’s try to ignore the boners when they happen, okay? I’ll take it as a compliment, and you don’t have to feel weird about it!” she said sternly with her hands on her hips, looking determined.

“O... okay,” James said as a smile spread across his face.

“I just wanna have fun in the pool like we used to have a few years ago!”

“Deal?” I asked, looking at James.

“Deal!” he said and got to his feet.

We went downstairs to check if the pool was ready. The vibe I was getting from James was way more relaxed than before, and Julia was hyped. I blamed that on her curiosity about her brother’s boner. I grabbed some towels, sunscreen, and a couple of Cokes, and we went outside.

After I checked the pH levels and the kids removed the last bits of leaves and bees from the pool, the tension in the air thickened. This was it! I was about to skinny-dip with two beautiful preteen kids! I felt myself chub up a bit but thankfully managed to keep it down.

“Alright. Let’s swim, shall we?” Julia announced but didn’t make a move.

I wasn’t sure what to do at this point. I knew I shouldn’t push them, but we needed to keep the momentum going. But before I could say or do anything, James moved.

“This is ridiculous! We’ve done this hundreds of times!” he said with a bit of annoyance in his voice and started taking off his socks.

“Yeah. You’re right!” Julia replied and started lifting her shirt.

I slowly worked my way out of my clothes while looking closely at these kids. When her shirt was gone, and her little black bra came into view, I was shirtless, and James was already sliding down his shorts.

After Julia dropped her pants and I got a nice view of her black panties, James stood straight and looked at his sister. She acted like she didn’t see him watching and unceremoniously unclasped her bra, freeing her young, small boobs. I was standing sideways to her, and seeing her almost naked body in silhouette, was a marvelous sight.

A quick glance at her brother showed that he was on his way to boner city. He must've also realized this because he quickly threw his boxers on the pile of clothes and immediately jumped into the pool, his semi-hard dick bouncing as he jumped.

"Whoo-hoo!" he shouted while he was airborne.

With a big splash, he landed in the water, causing both Julia and me to laugh loudly. I quickly got naked and jumped in right next to James. When I resurfaced, James was wiping the water from his eyes and splashed a bit of water to get back at me.

But before I could react, I saw something in the corner of my eye. When I turned my head, I saw a naked girl flying toward me, her legs pulled to her chest and her arms around them. This hot little cannonball jumped right next to me into the water, sending another wave of water over James and me.

As we were coughing from the water and trying to wipe our eyes, Julia jumped on my back and started trying to dunk me. The feeling of her naked boobs pressed against my back was terrific, and as I felt her bare underside pressed against my ass, I felt like I had died and gone to heaven.

But it got even better when James joined her in a combined attempt to dunk me. I felt this hard penis press against my leg as he also wrapped himself around my body.

It was fabulous feeling these bodies against mine, but they were also doing an excellent job dunking me. Before I knew it, I felt my feet slip. I might've been able to postpone falling down, but I wanted to let them have their victory.

So I gave in and let myself slide under water. I quickly resurfaced, acted defeated, and pretended to be coughing because of the water. I opened my eyes, and Julia stood there with her arms triumphantly in the air and smiling broadly.

My eyes immediately went to her exposed chest, and I was treated with a good view of her little tits. A quick glance at James learned that he was also focused on his sister's chest.

“You’re next!” Julia exclaimed and threw herself at her brother.

The moment her body touched his, she stopped for a second. They exchanged looks, and it was clear his hard dick was touching his sister. This lasted a few moments where neither of them spoke, and the discomfort of the situation oozed from James’s face. But Julia quickly regained her cool, smiled, and dunked her brother with an easy push.

Her hands went into the air again, and she shouted, “Yeah! I’m the master of the water!”

“Not fair!” James pouted as he cleared his eyes and face.

“Oh? Why not?” Julia asked, acting offended.

“Your boobs! They’re too distracting!” James stated as if Julia didn’t already know this.

She looked down at her chest, said, “My boobs?” and then looked questioningly at both of us.

“Yeah!” James and I said simultaneously, causing the three of us to chuckle.

“But... they’re too small!” she softly said.

“They’re just perfect,” I sincerely said, knowing perfectly well that it was a little inappropriate.

James nodded and added, “I really like how they look,” and another blush spread over his face and upper body.

Julia was quiet for a moment when a sly smile appeared in the corner of her mouth. She looked at her brother and asked, “Is that really why you’re... you know...” and gestured toward her brother’s crotch.

“Uhh... yeah... I’m sorry?” he answered, clearly feeling not as awkward as before.

“It’s okay. Just wondering...” Julia said thoughtfully.

Looking back, I think this was the moment she realized she had a bit of power over boys and men by using her body. She acted as if nothing was out of the ordinary, but she was a bit more touchy-feely after that moment.

I figured it was best to let the tension die down a bit, so I grabbed a ball, and we started throwing it around. I glanced at Julia's exposed boobs as much as I could without being suspicious, but James clearly didn't have that discipline. He missed the ball on several occasions.

But when he missed it for the fourth time, it bounced out of the pool. Julia shouted with a big grin, "You missed, your problem!"

James looked at me with a bit of panic in his eyes, but I just shrugged. After all, we all agreed on not being weird about it, so this was a great test.

After he saw me shrug, his look suddenly changed from fear into determination. He waded toward the pool's edge and pulled himself out, giving us a great view of his tight little ass.

After he grabbed the ball, I could see him hesitate for a microsecond, but then he turned around and walked toward us as if nothing was wrong. But his bobbing boner that was leading the way told another story. He stopped at the edge of the pool, showing it all. I saw in his eyes that it was a struggle to do this, but the determination he showed to do it nevertheless, was admirable.

And now it was Julia's turn to stare. I had both James and Julia in my eyesight, and looking at her surprised and curious face with a naked boy in the corner of my eye made me feel all mushy inside.

James threw the ball and hit Julia on the side of her face. She was so focused on her brother's boner that she never saw the ball coming. Watching these two kids dance around each other's curiosity was adorable.

James dived into the pool and surfaced right next to me. He smiled and whispered, "You were right! She's checking me out too!"

I smiled at him and playfully punched him on his shoulder. We threw the ball around and played tag for a while after that. We had a lot of fun, and the staring and awkwardness were going down by the minute. James climbed out of the pool two more times, and his dick was now soft. But both Julia and I couldn't help ourselves and just had to look at it. James gave me a knowing smile before cannonballing back into the pool.

"I'm getting out," I announced.

“Yeah, me too,” Julia said, and James simply nodded.

As I waded toward the edge to climb out, I heard James and Julia whisper to each other. I couldn’t listen to what they were saying, but I figured it probably wouldn’t take long or wasn’t important.

I sat down on one of the chaise lounges beside the pool. As James and Julia walked toward me, I drank in the sight of their youthful bodies. James was hard again, eyeing his sister’s ass as he walked slightly behind her.

“Doesn’t it hurt?” Julia asked her brother as she sat on the chair next to me.

“What?” James asked, sitting on the chair next to Julia, furthest away from me.

“Your... uhm... boner...” she said, trying to sound as casual as she could but failing miserably.

“Uhh... no. Well... after a while, it sometimes does, but not now. And when I... you know...” he said with his fist making the up and down motion, “the pain or pressure is gone immediately.”

I hadn’t seen him talk so openly to his sister about this subject, but apparently, some wall was broken down between them.

We chilled on the chairs and didn’t talk for a few minutes. In the corner of my eye, I noticed all three of us were trying to look at the other but not be too obvious about it. Julia checked me out a few times, but her main focus was on her brother, which was encouraging.

After a few minutes of silence, Julia asked, “James... uhm... can... can we like... ask you something?”

“Of course! You can ask me anything,” I replied, curious about where this was going.

“I uhm... well WE... we read some of your stories...” she trailed off, letting the tension hang in the air.

“Oh. You know there’s an age warning before you enter? And you’re not eighteen yet,” I said, looking all serious.

“But it’s just that... I... uhm... we...” Julia stammered and blushed furiously by now.

“I’m kidding! I know it’s just there for legal reasons. I know it wouldn’t have stopped me when I was your age. But what about them? Did you like them?”

“They’re awesome!” James chipped in.

“Yeah... they are... they’re like... hot. But also... you know...”

“What? Is it the sex? The kids?”

“Yeah. The kids are... our age. And in a few of them, they’re even brother and sister. Like us!” she said, still blushing and not looking directly at me.

In the corner of my eye, I noticed James’s twitching boner, and Julia’s hard nipples were even more pronounced now than before.

“So?” I answered as if I didn’t feel the tension in the air rise by the second.

“Well... uhm... isn’t it like... you know... weird?” Julia stammered, with James nodding in the background.

“No. I don’t think it’s weird, actually. I had a lot of sex when I was your age.”

“Really?” James asked, feigning surprise.

“Yeah. And I liked it a lot,” I smiled.

“But... aren’t we like... too young?” Julia asked without sounding very convinced.

I sighed exaggeratedly and said, “Look. You’re curious about sex, aren’t you?”

Both kids nodded and giggled when they saw they were both nodding simultaneously.

“So...” I said, and paused for the dramatic effect, “why don’t you have sex then?”

“Pfft! Because no girl is willing to try it with me!” James blurted out, and Julia just nodded knowingly at that.

“Precisely my point! A lot of kids are curious. Both boys and girls. But due to all sorts of social issues, trying and experimenting just isn’t an option. Boys get careless and reckless, and girls are called sluts. So why not do it with someone who loves you and isn’t going to hurt your feelings?”

I saw both of them looking intensely at me. James’s boner had deflated a bit, and I could practically see the wheels turn inside Julia’s head.

“And in my humble opinion, romantic love and sex aren’t necessarily related. Sure! When you’re in love with someone, sex is a great way to express that love. But a sibling-like love, like yours, for example, might be even better to learn about and experience sex. You love each other and won’t hurt the other. But you’re not romantically invested, so you won’t be heartbroken, for example. And you’re free to experiment because you don’t have to worry about looking silly, inexperienced, or something like that. As long as everyone involved does this out of their free will and isn’t pressured, I don’t see any problems.”

Both of them nodded understandingly and looked all serious. So I continued, “And when you DO find the love of your life, this way, you’ve got enough experience to make the sex with your partner count.” I paused for a few seconds and continued, “That’s how I see it, at least, and that’s why I write about it.”

They were both quiet and lost in their thoughts. James was the first to react with a soft, “Wow...” but Julia had clearly given it more thought.

“I didn’t think of it that way. I was always taught that having sex with family is bad. But when you put it like this, I think you’re right. I love Pep over there, for sure. But not like THAT, you know?”

I just nodded and wanted her to speak her mind, so I kept quiet.

“I know he’d never hurt me, and I trust him too. So that part is true. But isn’t there something like inbreed?”

“It’s inbred. But that’s only a thing when you’re planning to have kids,” I replied, wanting to be completely honest about this.

“Oh. But Mom already took me to a doctor for my extremely heavy cramps during my period. He prescribed the pill, so I can’t get pregnant as long as I

take it.”

“I remember,” James said emphatically, “and I felt bad for you when you were in pain back then.”

“See?” she said, smiling at me, “he won’t hurt me!”

James blushed lightly, but they exchanged a warm, knowing smile. I knew by now they wanted to try it, and I sure as hell wanted to watch. But I wanted them to come up with it.

And sure enough, after a few more moments of silence, Julia asked, “We wanna try it. Can you help us?”

“You sure?” I asked, looking deep into her sparkling eyes.

“I’m sure!” she replied, and we both looked at James.

His dick had gone soft during my monologue, but it was growing rapidly with each heartbeat, and before he could answer, he was stiff as a board.

“Grpphh..” he cleared his throat and tried again, “Me too! I wanna know what all that fuss is about. But I don’t know how to start or what to do, so I’m hoping you’ll help us.”

“Okay. I’ll help you. But only if you keep your promise about keeping your mouth shut!” and with a big grin, I added, “And if I can write about it in one of my stories!”

“Of course! And I don’t care if you write about it. It might be fun to be in one of your stories,” Julia shrugged.

“Me neither. You won’t put in our last names, right?” James asked.

“Of course not. I’ll even change your first names.”

“No. Don’t do that!” Julia said, “I think it’s hot reading it back with our real first names.”

“Alright then. Just one more thing...” I said, forcing myself to blush.

“What?” Julia asked, a bit concerned.

“Well... I might get... you know... aroused watching you...”

“You mean you get a boner?” James asked bluntly.

“Uhm... yeah.”

Julia’s eyes lit up, and she tried to act cool, so she shrugged and said, “No big deal.”

“I don’t care,” James said and winked at me, “it might be even more fun with you around.”

“Great! What do you wanna do?” I asked, wanting the initiative to be with them.

“Uhh... what is there to do? I mean... I know about like, uhm... fucking, but there must be like... more, right?” Julia asked, checking her brother’s response.

“It’s called intercourse, but I know what you mean,” I smiled warmly. Seeing their eager faces, I continued, “There’s masturbation. Mutual or solo, oral sex in many different variations, anal sex, and of course, there’s intercourse.”

“I wanna try everything!” James said excitedly, causing Julia and me to chuckle.

“Tell you what. Why don’t you start by applying sunscreen to your sister?” I said, looking at James, “that’s a good way to explore her body and learn all about the good spots. Julia can do you after that.”

“Sounds good to me!” Julia smiled, flattened the chaise lounge, and turned onto her stomach.

James glanced at me, and the excitement was all over his face. I handed him the sunscreen, and he got on his knees beside his sister. He sprayed the sunscreen over her back, and after hesitating a millisecond, he started massaging her back, spreading the sunscreen in the process.

A soft moan escaped Julia’s lip, and she softly said, “This feels nice,” encouraging her brother even more.

His hands went lower, and after he rubbed the sides of her upper body, he touched a bit of sideboob, causing Julia to moan again. James didn’t seem to realize he was actually touching his sister’s boobs because he just went

lower and lower. The moment he reached her ass, James looked at me. A slight nod was enough, and he started kneading Julia's ass cheeks.

She spread her legs a bit, and James's hands went between them, but he was clearly green as grass because he stayed clear from her pussy. After her legs and feet were done, Julia turned to her back without any hesitation.

"Now what?" James asked insecurely.

"Just massage her like you did her back," I said, smiling warmly.

"Everything?" he asked, alternating his gaze between Julia and me.

"That's the whole idea, isn't it?" Julia replied, looking questioningly at me.

"That's right. Just do what feels natural."

So James started at her shoulders, but it was so obvious he was just killing time to get to her tits that I could hardly hold back a giggle. But both kids let out soft moans when his hands finally reached her small boobs.

"Ohh... that feels so good!" Julia softly said.

"Oh wow..." was all that came out of James's mouth.

As I sat there sideways on my chair, looking at the innocent first steps of these two, I felt myself starting to grow hard. But the awkwardness I was expecting, despite having talked about this before, thankfully didn't happen.

"They're so soft," James whispered.

"Try giving her nipples some extra attention," I urged him on.

James gently started pinching and tweaking his sister's nipples. The effect was almost instant. She started squirming a bit, and she opened her mouth a little. As she did this, she spread her legs slightly, giving me a great view of her young, moist, glistening sex.

But James clearly had shed his inhibitions. With his left hand, he kept massaging her boobs, alternating between them. But his right hand started traveling down over her tight belly, rubbing her there. But the end goal was clear from the start.

Julia kept panting heavily with an occasional moan as James's hand kept heading down. He started moving his fingers through her sparse pubic hairs and rubbed the outside of his sister's pussy. But that was about it. He looked at me with an adorable helpless look on his face.

So I looked at him, and he whispered, "I don't know what to do next."

This was my cue. I dropped to my knees next to them and realized how much I enjoyed the gorgeous look of young pussy and how intoxicating the smell was.

I looked at Julia. She had her eyes closed and her mouth still slightly open. So I asked softly, "Do you mind if I touch you?"

This snapped Julia out of it. Her eyes fluttered open, and she lifted her head. "N- no... of course not!" she stammered and moaned softly as James pinched her nipple again.

I started feeling bold, so I cupped her free boob and marveled at both the texture and firmness of her preteen tit. Her nipple was stiffer than any nipple I had ever felt before, and I toyed with it as much as possible.

My other hand moved slowly upward over the inside of her soft thigh, where I joined James's petting fingers. She started squirming more deliberately when I slid my fingers between her lips. I made sure to only let my fingers slide in to just below the outside of her lips. I needed James to be the one to do the actual probing and fingering.

"Look," I said to James as I spread her lips with one hand and kept massaging her tit with my other.

James's head moved down closely, and his eyes were wide as saucers. He'd completely forgotten her boob and only had eyes for that mysterious place between his sister's legs.

"This is her clitoris," I said, pointing to the red swollen bump at the top of her pussy, "she'll love it when you touch her there. But be careful! It's very sensitive."

James didn't hesitate. His index finger immediately went to that magical spot, and he gently rubbed over it. If the effect on her nipples was instant,

this effect was almost at lightning speed. Julia arched her back and let out a low grunt.

"See!?" I smiled, and the look on James's surprised and excited face was priceless.

"And this is where the penis goes in," I said, and I couldn't resist the temptation to penetrate this preteen girl with the tip of my index finger.

I slid in past my second knuckle, and James's stimulation on her clit, combined with me entering her, made her squirm and moan a lot.

"Lemme try!" James hoarsely said, and his left hand left her boob to start probing around in his sister's pussy.

"Oh wow. This feels... different..." James excitedly whispered as he slowly entered Julia.

I looked at the squirming girl and excited boy in front of me and felt joyful about how wonderful this was all playing out. But I wanted this to progress even further. So I scooted upward a little and latched on to Julia's right tit while massaging the other.

"Oohhh... oohhh... oohhhh..." Julia moaned constantly.

"Move your finger in and out and keep rubbing her clitoris with the other," I said, lifting my mouth just long enough from her preteen nipple to say this.

"Yesss.. yesss... oohhhh..." Julia moaned, her head thrashing from left to right.

It was clear she was very close to cumming. And in the corner of my eye, I noticed James was doubling his effort and slowly pistoning his finger in and out of his sister's pussy, which was making obscene sounds now, indicating she was enjoying this tremendously.

"Am I doing okay?" James asked insecurely and not reading into the situation.

I blamed that on his inexperience and found it extremely cute and adorable. But since Julia had trouble making complete sentences by now, judging by her, "ohh... you are... I'm... yesss..." I needed to answer for her. So I briefly

lifted my mouth from her nipple and said, "You're excellent! Keep going. She's close."

Moments later, Julia started lifting and dropping her pelvis, and her breathing became extremely shallow. Low grunts came from her throat, and a second later, "Oh yes... oh yes... oh YESSSS!!!!"

Her whole body stiffened, and she dug her fingers into my hair and pulled my face firmly against her chest. Right before she did this, I noticed she kicked James in his stomach when she extended her legs moments before she came. But James didn't stop fingering his twin sister.

I stopped licking and sucking her nipple and looked down to check how both of them were doing. James's face was crunched up a bit, but his face was filled with concentration as he studied his sister's every move during her orgasm.

"Slow down a little," I softly said.

James did as I told, and as Julia kept riding her orgasmic high, a sly grin spread across his lips.

"Oooohhhh!!!!" Julia moaned suddenly, and her whole body started shaking again.

James looked a bit scared at me, but I just smiled and whispered, "Girls can cum multiple times. So unfair..."

This orgasm wasn't as intense as her first one, and after a few moments, she opened her eyes. She smiled lazily at her brother, and her eyes immediately went down to his hard dick.

"Did I do that?" James asked, a bit cocky.

"Yeah... you were amazing..." Julia smiled and stretched her body.

"So now what?" James asked, looking at me.

But before I could answer, Julia lifted her head, checked out her brother's body again, and with a voice that oozed horniness, she said, "I wanna feel you inside me..."

I looked at her and was surprised at how horned up she looked. But there was absolutely no hesitation or apprehension to be seen. She wanted to be fucked by her twin brother, and she wanted it now!

I looked over at James, who suddenly seemed very nervous, and I could see him swallow. He looked at me like a deer in the headlight and said, "But... I... I'm... I don't know how..."

"Relax. I promised to help you," I soothingly said, "just get on your knees between her legs, and I'll guide you."

Julia had spread her legs obscenely, and I could see it all. With the fingers of her right hand, she was slowly rubbing her clit. She had taken over the moment James had stopped.

James crawled onto the chair, scooting closer and closer to his sister's pussy. When his hard cock hit her fingers, she rubbed a finger over his glans and smiled widely at him.

"Fuck me!" she said softly.

"He won't last very long the first time," I said, preparing her for disappointment.

"I don't care," she said as she placed both hands on his chest.

I sat next to them and had a first-row seat to the spectacle in front of me. I didn't want to prolong it any more than needed. Both for James and for myself. I needed to see these twins fuck. My balls were boiling from anticipation, and I felt I was also on the verge of cumming.

So I softly grabbed James's rock-hard cock, causing him to moan. I pointed it down, and as its head slid between the folds of her pussy, I made sure to point it toward her hole.

"There. Just push," I whispered, "and you're no longer virgins."

James looked at his sister and had a questioning look on his face. Julia's nod could hardly be seen, but it was all it took. James gently pushed his hips forward, and I could see his almost thirteen-year-old cock disappear into his twin sister.

“Aaaahh!!!” Julia moaned, and she couldn’t sound more satisfied than at that moment.

“Oh... I feel it go in...” James softly said, his eyes locked onto his sister’s.

“Ohh... keep... ohhh... yes... oh yes!” Julia was moaning incoherently, and her brother wasn’t even in completely.

“Ahh... ohhh...” James softly grunted.

“Keep going, Champ!” I said and didn’t dare to touch my cock, afraid I’d pop off immediately.

“I... I... I can’t go deeper,” James said and looked at Julia.

But she hardly noticed. She was at a place of her own right now. But I leaned forward and was treated to the most priceless view there is: two preteen bodies merged at their genitals and their sparse pubes mixed together.

“Pull back a bit, and slide back in. Fuck her, Champ!” I said, urging James on.

James did what I said but was about to lose his balance. So he leaned forward, laying his lean body on top of his sister’s. Julia responded by wrapping her arms and legs around him and started kissing him on his neck, groaning animal-like grunts as she did this.

When I saw James’s ass move up and down as his instinct took over, I knew I had reached a life-long goal of mine. These kids would fuck at every chance they got from now on! And I had been a part of this journey.

After a few moments, where James was getting into the rhythm, Julia clamped her arms and legs even tighter around her brother. Her whole body shook, and her deep, low “Ooohhh!! Mmmnnnnnggg!” grunts made me feel envious of her. I knew she’d cum a lot more after this, but having such a powerful orgasm during her first fuck, was something she’d never forget.

But James didn’t seem bothered by it. He kept fucking her with a steady rhythm and was still going strong. I was afraid he’d cum already by just entering her, but the opposite was true. This kid was a natural!

But seeing his tight ass move up and down, the low and high-pitched moans and grunts from both of them, and the idea I got them to do this made me lose my inhibitions. I grabbed my leaking cock and squeezed it tightly.

James increased his thrusting pace when I started moving my fist up and down. He was close. That much was clear. Julia's eyes were closed, and she appeared to still be cumming, or was at least close to it.

I only jacked it five or six times before I reached my point of no return. I saw James slam his pelvis hard against his sister. He threw his head back between his shoulder blades and moaned from deep within his chest. Julia's body started twitching again, and as my balls pulled up and I felt my cum enter my cock, I almost blacked out. Almost, because I didn't want to miss a thing.

I saw thick robes of my cum shoot through the air and land on James's back and some on Julia's side. But neither seemed to notice or care.

By now, Julia had stopped shaking, James's body went limp, and he laid down on his sister, his head on her shoulder. Julia released her grip around her brother's body and was lying down on the chair with just her arms wrapped around James's upper body.

We were all panting heavily, and when Julia said, "Now I know why you write about this stuff," the three of us burst out in a post-orgasmic silly giggling session.

After he regained his breath, James asked shyly, "Can I just pull out?"

"Yeah, Champ! Pull back and relax a little," I said, glancing at his sweaty body.

As James sat up straight, they both let out a soft, surprised sigh as he left his sister's body. The sun was making his sweaty body glisten, and I saw my globs of cum slide down his back. I felt another stir in my groin as I looked at this.

But I didn't want them to feel uncomfortable about this, so I grabbed a towel, got up, and wiped the cum from his back. Julia looked at me as I checked out the cum on the side of her body and wiped that off when she smiled at me.

“This was so freaking amazing!” James said after a few moments of silence

“Yeah. It was...” Julia replied, her eyes roaming over her brother’s body.

“We can relax in the pool a little. We can cool off a bit too, and get rid of the sweat.”

I didn’t wait for an answer and walked down the stairs of the pool and lay down in the shallow end, with most of my body underwater. By now, I was almost entirely soft again, but as James walked over, I noticed he was still almost fully hard.

Julia walked next to him, put her arms around his shoulder, and kissed him on his cheek. As she looked down, she asked, giggling, “Does it ever go down?”

James looked sheepishly at her and answered, “Not when it’s around a pretty naked girl like you...”

“Slick move, Champ!” I laughed.

James lay down next to me and Julia next to him. Our heads were above the water, but most parts of our bodies were under. “This is nice...” Julia sighed as she lay down. I looked over at them and smiled when I saw James’s dick sticking up from the water like a periscope and Julia’s nipples poking out of the surface.

Neither seemed to mind, and we all lay there quietly for a few minutes. Finally, Julia lifted her body, held herself up on her elbows, and looked at us. I looked back and saw James’s boner had gone down almost completely, and Julia’s eyes went down to her brother’s groin.

Without waiting or asking, she moved her body, grabbed his now half-limp dick between her fingers, and moved her head down. Before James could react to what was happening, she closed her lips around her brother’s soft dick and, judging by how her cheeks caved in, was sucking hard on it.

“Oohhhh...” James moaned as he looked down at what was happening between his legs.

“You don’t need to suck so hard on it. Lick it like a popsicle. And use your tongue around his tip,” I said as I moved down to get a better look at this

hot action.

I saw her nod, and when she opened her mouth to swirl her tongue around James's glans, I was hardly surprised that he was stiff as a board again. She was already showing some natural cocksucking abilities, and I was amazed at how quick she learned all this stuff.

As she bobbed her head up and down on James's hard rod for a minute, I saw her squeeze her legs together several times. So I softly said, "Lay down on your side," which she did without questioning or taking her mouth off her brother's hard cock.

Somehow James had moved back up on the steps. That way, we all moved a bit further back up the stairs, and now we were lying in just about an inch of water.

James was moaning loudly now, and I think he knew what I was about to do. James was lying on his back, my now semi-hard dick brushed his shoulder, and my face was close to Julia's crotch. I gently spread her legs and looked at this young pussy with a few wet pubic hairs topping it off. Her lips were swollen, and the smell coming from it was intoxicating. I adored the smell of young pussy. I couldn't think of a better smell anywhere in the world. If there was a way to bottle it, I'd drench myself in it every day.

Before my voice of reason could come and spoil the day, I wrapped my lips around hers. Her body stiffened at the contact, and I heard a muffled moan from her throat. I let my tongue slide in just a tiny bit between her lips to let her know I was there. The tip of my tongue was treated with her taste, and as I moved it around slightly, her body shivered a little.

This was it. I was going to eat her out properly and give her the best oral job I could ever give to a girl. I was determined to bring every technique I learned into practice here, just like I did with her brother. So when the very top of my tongue brushed over her swollen clit, and her thighs closed around my face, I applied a little more pressure.

I started alternating between firm and soft lapping on her clit when I felt a small hand handle my now rock-hard cock. It didn't take a genius to figure out what was going on. And sure enough, moments later, my cock was surrounded by a hot and wet young boy's mouth.

But I needed to keep focusing on Julia's pussy, and that's precisely what I did, even when James started going to town for real on me. I was overwhelmed by everything I felt and the realization that I was having sex with a preteen pair of twins. But I also knew that this was all far from over. These kids wanted to try everything I could teach them, and there was still a lot to be introduced to them.

I started lapping all around Julia's soaking pussy. Her cunt nectar was such an aphrodisiac that every time another wave gushed out, I kept wanting more and more of what she was feeding me.

When my tongue started entering her love canal, I was treated with an even better taste. I was now tasting James's sweet sperm, combined with Julia's salty cunt juices.

I was so in the zone by now that I hardly heard our muffled moans. But when James started jacking me while sucking me, I realized I was close again. And judging by Julia's squirming lower body and light squeezes from her pussy, she was also getting there.

But when James's hand firmly gripped my base, and he grunted loudly on my cock, I knew he was cumming. Julia's moans above me and her shivering body were enough indications for me to step it up. So I quickly but firmly inserted my index finger deep inside her. Her legs clamped shut again, and I felt her young pussy contract around my finger. At the same time, she was feeding me copious amounts of her salty love juice as she was cumming hard.

But James was still with us enough to keep stimulating me as he came. This, combined with the contracting pussy around my finger, was enough to make me cum too. It was unexpected and quick. I never expected to cum this quickly again after our session on the chairs. But when I felt my balls pull up and the familiar tingle spread around my throbbing cock, I knew I couldn't hold back. Not even if I wanted to.

Because of the legs pressed against my ears, I only heard muffled sounds around me, and I only saw the slit of Julia in front of my eyes. Because of all this, I felt like I was pulled into an orgasmic vortex or something, and I felt James's lapping tongue work hard to swallow everything I had to offer.

Spurt after spurt left my cock, and I had to work hard to keep Julia on top of her orgasm, but the combination of keeping an eye on Julia and James's lapping tongue prolonged my orgasm even longer. I had an astonishing climax, but as it started to die down, I noticed Julia was almost done too.

Almost like it was scripted, we turned to our backs. I was feeling both drained and excited at the same time. This was all awesome, and we still had a few days ahead of us. I couldn't be happier than at that moment.

"I can do this all day!" Julia said and splashed her hands in the water when she said 'day' to emphasize her point.

"Well... I can't! You kids really wear me out!" I smiled.

"Yeah... my dick went soft now," James chuckled.

"Really? I bet I can get it up again," Julia teasingly said as she kissed her brother's balls.

"We also need to eat. And it's getting late, so..." I said.

"Can we order some pizza?" James excitedly asked.

"We CAN go out to eat, you know?" I laughed.

"Oh! Can we go to Luciano's?" Julia asked.

"I don't see why not. But we need to get dressed before we head out. That's for sure!" I chuckled.

Both of them giggled at that. I sat up, looked down at these two marvelous-looking naked bodies, and said, "Why don't you two get dressed? I'll clean up here and get dressed after that."

"I'll wear my new skirt!" Julia said as she got out of the pool, extending her hand to help her brother to his feet.

As they walked toward the house, chatting about some latest TikTok viral video, I realized how comfortable they had become with each other over the last few hours. I also enjoyed how their similar-looking hot asses looked in the setting sun's light. And what a fantastic pair of asses they had!





## Chapter twelve

When we walked into the restaurant, I realized I had forgotten how fancy it was. Good thing Julia wore a skirt and James and I wore dress pants. We all laughed when we saw we all decided on white shirts and blouse when we came downstairs to head to the restaurant.

“This is fancy,” James whispered after we were seated.

We were seated in a corner, and as I looked around, I figured that these were probably the least favorite seats in the house. But I didn’t mind at all, because we had lots of privacy here and our conversation could only be overheard by the waiters or when we were shouting.

“Yeah. It is. I forgot how classy this place has become with its new owner,” I said as I picked up the menu.

After we ordered, James said he felt terrible about his aunt. And when he said he felt bad for not thinking about her all the time, but mostly about sex things, Julia nodded in agreement. I assured them that they didn’t have to feel bad. Their aunt probably wanted them to live their life and not wallow in pity all the time.

That seemed to put them at ease, and pretty soon, the conversation turned to my stories.

“Did you really have sex with your brother?” Julia asked softly, “I read it in your FAQ.”

“Yeah. I did. Well... we did. And it was... okay,” I replied and added, “Doing stuff with Pete was way, way more interesting and fun!”

“That’s that Indian story, right?” Julia asked.

“Indian summer, yes.”

“Didn’t read that one yet,” she said.

“I did,” James said with a wicked smile, “and you had lots of fun in the woods!”

“Yeah, we did. But it wasn’t a hundred percent accurate. I did take some writing liberties to make the story a little more interesting. But almost all the sex parts and walking around in loincloths were true.”

“Cool!” James smiled.

“I liked All Dressed Up,” Julia said, “It was almost like it could happen to us, you know? They had sex almost accidentally, and they learned that deep down, they both wanted it...”

“Don’t read into it too much,” I chuckled, “I make up these stories, and there’s rarely a deeper meaning or anything.”

“Maybe, but I still read it like that,” she smirked.

“I just love how you describe it as the most normal thing to do. Most grownups are so uptight about this. I mean... it’s just sex, right?” James said at a level only the three of us could hear.

“I know!” Julia chipped in, “Grownups know how good sex feels, yet they tell us it’s bad for us. I don’t think it’s fair.”

“I never felt anything better in my life than when I... you know... stuck it in. If I knew how good it felt, not just for me but for you too, I would’ve asked you way sooner!”

“Exactly!” Julia said, a little too loud. And then continued at a lower level, “I don’t wanna marry you or anything. But I do wanna have sex with you. Why can’t this be two different things?”

Both kids looked questioningly at me, so I said, “I don’t know. Honestly. I think society decided this a long time ago, back in the days when the church had a big influence on things. I also see them as two separate things. When you love someone romantically, you can use sex to deepen and express that love. But when you just wanna have sex for the sheer pleasure it gives you, and you’re not in a relationship with anyone, all you need is someone who respects you and likes to have fun with you. And then you can enjoy the sex and have loads of fun!”

Both kids nodded and smiled knowingly. We were quiet as the waitress placed our food and drinks on the table. The moment we were alone again,

I continued, "But there are a few pitfalls! When there's an adult involved, it's always risky!"

"What do you mean?" Julia asked, "You're an adult."

"I know. And I'm very aware of it. Adults tend to take control over kids, and kids automatically look up to them. So the mutual aspect of things might be off because of that."

"But... I don't feel it's like that with you!" James said and took a sip of his Coke.

"Thanks. Me neither. But it is something that's always just around the corner, and I need to keep reminding myself of this."

I started cutting my meat to let this sink in with them. After we were quiet for a few moments, Julia asked, "What about the other things?"

I swallowed and looked at both of them. I paused dramatically and said, "Pregnancy."

"Right..." Julia whispered.

"Especially with brother and sister. There's always the risk of inbreeding, as we talked about earlier. But pregnancy, in general, is hard to explain to your parents," I said, smiling.

"Yeah... I don't think Dad will be thrilled to hear I knocked you up!" James laughed.

"Haha! No! He'll ground us for twenty years!" Julia giggled.

"See?" I smiled, "Enjoy sex, but keep it safe and use your head! Then there's nothing to worry about, and you can have fun together," I said and lifted my glass to toast to that.

They both lifted their glasses and touched mine. James had a massive grin on his face and mumbled, "You'll also have to use other body parts than just your head to have sex..."

After we were done laughing about that and ate dinner in silence for a few minutes, Julia softly said out of the blue, "I'm not wearing underwear..."

I almost choked on my drink, and she held her hand in front of her mouth to hide her smile when she saw my reaction. But James just smiled and said, "Me neither!"

"Oh my... I opened Pandora's box..." I chuckled.

"See?" Julia said, turned her body toward mine, and lifted her skirt.

When I looked at her glistening slit and almost completely bald lips, my mouth watered, and all I could do was nod. When she turned her body back to finish her dinner, I smiled inwardly and realized I had really opened that damn box.

\* \* \*

"Shotgun!" James shouted and ran toward the car after we left the restaurant.

After I started the car and drove for a couple of minutes, I noticed how quiet James was beside me. I looked in the rearview mirror and saw Julia looking out the window. And when I glanced back at James, I saw a huge grin on his face, and he was looking at me.

"What?" I asked, but then I noticed something move in the corner of my eye.

There, in his lap, he had unzipped and unbuttoned his pants and pulled them open. I was now looking at his hard dick sticking up from his groin, and when it twitched, I laughed out loud.

"Told ya!" He smirked.

Julia moved her head between the chairs to check what I was looking at, and she started to giggle when she saw what James had done.

"Looking good, Pep!" she laughed and patted him on his shoulder.

"Zip up, Champ. I don't wanna be pulled over by a cop with a kid next to me whose boner is on display."

"And look out with the zipper," Julia chuckled.

James smiled knowingly, started putting his boner away, and carefully zipped up.

"I'm guessing you two want the bed tonight? So I'll sleep on the couch to let you two have fun," I said, figuring I'll take a look anyways while using my invisibility powers.

"Hell no!" Julia said and sounded sincerely offended.

"Of course not!" James said almost simultaneously.

"I wanna feel what it's like to have a bigger... uhm... dick inside!" Julia said as she poked her head between the chairs again.

"And I wanna try anal," James said without any apprehension.

"And I want to suck you..." Julia added.

"Alright... alright," I interrupted them, laughing loudly, "but it'll be a bit crowded with the three of us."

"So?"

"Just saying," I smiled, already looking forward to having these two young, hot, and naked bodies pressed against mine.

And Julia wanted me to fuck her... and so did James... holy shit! I expected to feel some reservations about this, but the exact opposite was true! I looked forward to sinking my throbbing cock inside these kids and fuck their brains out. This realization struck me hard, and there was nothing I could do to stop this. These magnificent kids wanted me to have sex with them in every way possible.

James and Julia practically ran to the front door when I parked the car. It was almost eleven when I unlocked the door and let them in. They ran inside and up the stairs, and before they hit the third step, both their clothes started coming off and were thrown on the stairs.

I smiled at their eagerness and felt myself grow to a semi from anticipation. I slowly walked upstairs, where I found socks and shoes, and in the hallway toward my bedroom laid James's pants and Julia's skirt in a heap on the floor.

When I rounded the corner to my bedroom, both kids were sitting on the bed, hands fumbling with each other's genitals and looking expectantly at me. I smiled at them and started unbuttoning my shirt. Before I knew it, James was working on my button and zipper. Moments later, my pants were at my feet, and I stepped out of them.

As my shirt came off, so did my boxers. James wasted absolutely no time undressing me, and I wondered why. Julia laid down on her back and looked both anxious and seductively at me.

"What's the rush, Champ?" I asked as my eyes roamed over Julia's inviting-looking body.

"Julia wants you to fuck her, and I wanna help."

I was already halfway there, but hearing him say this, and looking at the young, eagerly looking naked girl on the bed, got me to full mast almost instantly.

"You sure?" I asked, looking at Julia.

"Oh yeah! I wanna know what it feels like. But... won't it hurt?" she asked, eyeing my boner and suddenly looking less confident.

"It might. But I'll be gentle, and I've got enough experience to make sure you're fine," I said, smiling warmly at her.

Julia got a little more comfortable on the bed, and James almost dragged me by my boner toward his sister's pussy.

"One sec, Champ," I said and lowered my body down onto his sister's.

I looked Julia into her eyes and gave her a gentle kiss on her lips as my hard cock rubbed over her wet pussy, being tickled by her sparse pubes. I sat on my knees and pulled her by her legs toward me, causing her to giggle coyly.

"Hand me that pillow, Champ," I said to James.

After he handed me the pillow, I lifted Julia's ass from the bed and put it under it. This way, her crotch was almost at the same height as mine, making it easier for me to penetrate her.

I probed around with my fingers to determine if she was wet enough. As my fingers slid through the folds of her pussy and a soft moan escaped her lips, I was surprised at how wet she was. She must really want this!

Seeing no more reasons to stop this, I looked at James. His eyes alternated between my cock and his sister's pussy, and his throbbing boner showed he must've been as hyped as we were.

"Line me up, will ya?" I said to James.

He didn't need to be told twice. He grabbed my cock at its base and pointed it down. I moved my hips forward, and after I was close enough, he rubbed my dickhead up and down through Julia's slit, causing both of us to moan.

"Just do it," Julia hoarsely whispered.

"Here, right?" he said as he lined me up properly, and my dickhead pressed against her opening.

I nodded and pushed forward a little to prove my point. My dick was now trapped at the entrance of her pussy, and just another slight push was enough to enter her. I looked down at her, and the nervous look, mixed with horniness and anticipation, made me realize she needed something more.

"Yeah..." I said to James and looked him in his eyes, "Why don't you play with her tits a little?"

His eyes flew toward his sister's pointy nipples, and without saying anything else, he scooted over and started licking, sucking, and playing with them. Julia briefly closed her eyes and purred softly as her brother pleased her.

Julia's eyes opened and locked on mine, and for a brief moment, I thought she'd ask me to stop. But the slightest nod of her head was all it took. I nodded back and pressed my dick more firmly against her. My dickhead immediately slipped in, causing Julia to sharply suck in a breath and tilt her head back.

I let her get used to feeling me inside her and held perfectly still. When her eyes found mine again, and I saw she looked fine and even a little flushed, I started sliding in some more.

Oh boy... she was so tight! Her young pussy firmly gripped my rock-hard cock, but she was so slippery inside that I didn't feel any resistance other than a firm grip around my shaft.

I inched forward, and her breathing got shallower as I went. She didn't look in pain or anything, but the look on her face wasn't one of pure bliss. I figured she needed a little more stimulation than she was already getting, so I let go of her hips, and with my right thumb, I started looking for the sensitive knob at the top of her pussy.

When I started stimulating her little clit, her head flew back again, and James briefly looked up to see what was happening. His eyes widened when he saw I was almost completely inside his sister. And with one final push, my balls rested against her ass, and the tip of my cock hit her cervix.

"Oohhhh... you're... aaahh... I'm..." she groaned.

"You okay?" James asked worriedly.

It took Julia a moment to focus, but then she looked at her brother and softly said, "Yeah... he's just... big! I feel stuffed."

"Do you want me to pull out?" I asked, hoping she wouldn't let me.

"No, no! Just... one sec," she stammered.

I kept stimulating her clit, and I felt the walls of her pussy ripple over my shaft. I had never fucked anyone this young or tight, but I absolutely loved it. It took me some willpower to not start fucking her brains out, but I knew that wouldn't help any of us, so, with a lot of effort, I managed.

I slowly but deliberately started pulling out. I kept my eyes locked on hers, and when I saw the wonder in her eyes return, I knew I had done the right thing.

"Oohhhh... I feel you... aaaahhh!" she moaned and dug her fingers into her brother's hair.

James looked up and winked wickedly at me. I winked back, and when I was almost all the way out, I slowly slid back in. Keeping a slow pace again took me some effort, but this way, her incredibly tight pussy gripped me so snugly I could savor every second of it.

“Oohh, Jason! You’re so big... and it’s my... I’m...” Julia started moaning incomprehensibly.

After a few moments of slow in-and-out motions, I started picking up the pace. But every now and then, she winced when I didn’t get the angle perfectly straight. By now, I was wondering if she wasn’t too tight for me.

But when I kept it slow, her moans were urging me on, and she seemed to have an excellent time. And the way her tight, velvety sleeve felt around my throbbing cock, combined with her young, nubile body and the view of her naked brother working her tits, was a perfect stimulation for me. I would cum no matter what, as long as her tight pussy kept milking my cock.

The familiar buildup in my balls came quicker than expected. All the physical and optical stimulation must’ve been the cause of that. Julia’s mouth was open, and her breathing was shallow. I knew I needed to stay in my rhythm, and I was about to pass the point of no return. But I also knew that I needed to prolong it for as long as possible so maybe Julia could climax too.

But as my orgasm approached, I knew there was no way I could make Julia cum. I heard my own moans increase, and I saw James had turned his head so he could watch me but still sucked on his sister’s tits.

“Ohhh... I’m... I’m almost cumming... hmmm... Julia!”

“Do it!! Aaahhh... Shoot your stuff!” her eyes locked on mine again, and she moaned, “Fill me up!”

“You... oohhh... close?” I managed.

“Fuck me! Shoot! Shoot, damnit!” she raggedly moaned.

This was it. Hearing her talk like this and seeing her sweaty body glistening in the dimmed bedroom light made the dam break. I shoved my cock inside her for the final time. I managed to still do this slowly, but when the last bit needed to go in, I pressed hard and firmly against her groin. I knew I was also pressing firmly against her clit this way, but this feeling was pushed to the back when I felt the tip of my dick hit her cervix again.

I visualized how my cum was spurting out of my cock and shooting straight into her womb. Her tight cunt was rippling around my shaft, and her legs

wrapped around my ass. She was trying to push me in even deeper, which miraculously worked perfectly. My dickhead was pushed even firmer against her womb, and my third and fourth spurts were even more powerful than my first this way.

As my orgasm subsided, I opened my eyes and was greeted by two wickedly smiling kids. Julia loosened her legs around my body and said, "You sure came a lot! I feel it inside..."

"You were... oh wow!" I panted.

"You sure looked like you enjoyed yourself," James grinned, "glad you decided to join us?"

"Hell yeah!" I said and started pulling out of her.

"I feel your stuff seeping out of me," Julia giggled as I laid down next to her on the bed.

I looked at James's face, who was looking longingly between her legs. I wondered what was going on in his head, so I asked, "What's up Champ?"

"It's... it's nothing," he stammered and blushed.

"Oh no, mister!" Julia said, looking genuinely pissed, "you and I said we'd talk about everything and agreed there's nothing weird! So spill it."

"S-sorry. You're right. But..." he started.

"She's right, Champ. What happens here stays between the three of us."

"Well, I... I like to taste your cum, but now it's..."

"Have fun," Julia excitedly interrupted him, spreading her legs widely to prove her point.

"You don't mind me licking you?" he asked with wonder, which surprised me.

"Dude! You fucked me this afternoon. Why would I mind?" Julia laughed, and James's face betrayed he was feeling stupid about this.

"I don't know. I'm not... I just wanna..." he stammered.

“Shut up and lick me! I’m too worked up for all this!” she said with mock anger and gently pulled her brother’s face toward her crotch.

James hesitated only a second, but the moment his tongue hit his sister’s pussy, and he was encouraged by her low moans, he went for it. I lay there on my side, looking at what I had created. Two amazing kids exploring every inch of their sexuality together. They weren’t making love but having great sex. And the best part was that they both enjoyed it tremendously. James might need a little more steering to make clear that he should speak his mind. But other than that, my work here was done.

“Ohhh... you’re... aaahhh... so good!” Julia moaned.

I looked at James’s hard cock sticking down from between his legs, and I gently started toying with his balls. But this only lasted a second or two because, between her moans, Julia asked, “Will you please... hhhmm... fuck me? I’m... aaaahhh... getting close and... you’re... ahhh... not so big... and...”

Before Julia could finish, James sat on his knees, positioned himself between her legs, grabbed his cock, lined himself up, and easily sunk his hard dick inside his sister for the second time this day. My work here was indeed done!

As he started pounding away, I watched his magnificent ass move up and down. Both kids fucked as if there was no one else in the room. Julia clamped onto her brother’s ass with both hands, and as she arched her back and a high-pitched grunt filled the room, it was clear she came.

But James just kept on pounding away at a steady pace. I was amazed he hadn’t cum already, but judging by his concentrated face and the blissful look in his eyes, he wasn’t far off.

Julia came back down from her orgasm and looked at her brother’s face. She wasn’t completely with us yet and was breathing incredibly shallowly.

James started slamming in harder, and after he did this four or five times, he slammed in with such force they both moved up the bed a little. His tight ass became even tighter as his ass muscles contracted. His head flew back, and so did Julia’s.

Two familiar-sounding, high-pitched groans filled the room, and if there was any doubt that these two were siblings, you could throw them out of the window as you watched this. They acted exactly alike as they came. High-pitched groans, heads were thrown back, twitching bodies, and their mouths in a perfect “O” shape.

I realized I was hard again from watching this unforgettable spectacle. But I decided to let them have their moment together. So after a minute or so, James kissed his sister on her lips, slowly pulled out, and laid down on the bed between us, still panting heavily. So was Julia, but she’d already lifted her head to smile warmly at me.

After they caught their breaths, Julia said, “No offense, Jason, but I like James’s cock way better!”

“Haha! None taken,” I smiled, “its size suits you better. I get that!”

“Yeah... with you I’m so... I don’t know, like... stretched, I guess... It still feels amazing, but with Pep here, it just... you know, fits.”

“I know what you mean. And don’t worry about it. Really,” I smiled and stroked her cheek.

I saw James was yawning, and I realized I was getting tired myself. So I lay on my back and stared at the ceiling, wondering what we should do next.

“I’m feeling tired now,” Julia said softly.

“Me too,” James added.

“Then we should rest,” I said and yawned to prove my point.

After a few moments of silence, where I felt myself starting to doze off, a soft, “Jason?” Came from James’s side.

“Sup?”

“How did you do that conscience thing in my room the other day?”

My blood almost froze when he said it. Fuck! I was busted. Now I had to decide what to do. I promised I wouldn’t tell a soul about my invisibility abilities, but I also didn’t want to lie to them. Not now that they trusted me completely.

My mind was racing when James said, "Did you do something through my computer? Did you hide stuff in my room?"

This was my escape! I just knew it. I sighed deeply and pretended to feel ashamed.

"Yeah. I'm sorry. I installed some software on your pc that I wanted to test. And... yes... I wanted you and Julia to experience the joys of sex with each other. I knew you'd both enjoy it, so... that's why I did what I did. I'm sorry..."

"It's okay," James replied without any anger or disappointment in his voice, "I was just curious."

"Well... I'm glad you did it," Julia added, "if you didn't, I wouldn't have these!"

She lifted her body a little and petted both our dicks, and gave them a gentle squeeze, smiling coyly at us. She dropped back on the bed and cuddled up to her brother, draping a lot of her body over his. They both closed their eyes and sighed happily.

As I looked at this adorable sight next to me and realized I'd fulfilled one of the items on my bucket list. And I felt a lot of pride about my achievement. But now that my work was done, I felt a bit like the third wheel on the wagon. I needed to take a bit of distance to let these two figure it out by themselves.

As I lay there contemplating this, I heard light snoring beside me. These kids were amazing, and seeing them lying there completely naked and in each other's arms made me feel like I had completed a lifelong goal and enhanced the lives of two fabulous kids.

## Chapter thirteen

It turned out that they spent a total of four nights with me. During these days and nights, we hardly wore any clothes. Only when we went out to eat or shop did we reluctantly put on some clothes.

But we did have a lot of sex together. Oh boy, did we have sex! Having these young, horny, enthusiastic, eager-to-learn kids around me with recovery times I couldn't possibly match was both exciting and exhausting at the same time.

Every night I was awakened at least two times by a sucking or jacking kid, with most of the time them teaming up. James absolutely loved it when I fucked him, and with Julia sucking his cock every time I did, I couldn't blame him.

After an experimental double penetration session of Julia in the pool with me up her ass and James in her cunt, her reservation about this was gone. We did it like this several times, each time making her cum at least four times during that fuck. James loved how our cocks rubbed together, only separated by a thin piece of his sister's flesh, and wanted to do it like this every chance he got.

I've never felt this sexually drained in my entire life. I even had to pass on having sex with them several times. They didn't mind at all and made good-hearted fun of me and me being too old. Whenever I didn't join them, they just fucked or sucked each other.

But all good things come to an end. When their parents came home, and James and Julia had to go home, I insisted they come over whenever they wanted. They both smiled knowing smiles and hugged me tightly. Bill handed me a fine bottle of whiskey as a thank you for helping them out, which I grudgingly accepted, mentioning how it wasn't necessary and such. But he insisted.

When I closed the door behind me, I felt relief and sadness for being alone again. After I cleaned up, I decided to start writing this story. The following

day, I was sitting at my desk, writing away, when I noticed movement in the corner of my eye.

I looked at James's room and saw James and Julia looking at me. When I looked at them, they both waved, and I waved back. What happened next brought a smile to my face and a rock-hard cock in my pants.

James turned sideways, so his body was parallel to the window and my view. Julia dropped to her knees and started pulling down her brother's shorts and underwear. When his hard dick came into view, she wasted no time and immediately wrapped her lips around it.

As she started sucking off her brother, I unbuttoned my pants and openly started jerking myself as I looked at them. James glanced over and smiled when he saw what I was doing.

As Julia's head bobbed up and down on James's stiff shaft, he took off his shirt and laid his hands on his sister's head. Watching this unfold before my eyes, with my own hand almost having a mind of its own, was enough to quickly get close to the edge.

After the telltale signs of James's approaching orgasm, I sped up the movement of my fist, where Julia was doubling her efforts on her brother's cock. The moment he threw his head back between his shoulder blades and Julia was clearly swallowing his cum, I sprayed mine all over my keyboard and t-shirt. Fuck, this was hot!

After I regained my cool a little, I glanced over and saw Julia standing up and smiling at me. She opened her mouth and extended her tongue to show me that some spunk was still left in her mouth. A second later, they started Frenching, and her hands roamed over his chest and ass.

A couple of minutes later, they were done and glanced at me again. What happened next was a bit unexpected. Suddenly, Julia ran toward the bathroom, and James quickly pulled up his pants. A heartbeat after he was done, his mother came in and started talking to James.

I casually made sure nothing indecent was visible from her point of view, and after she was done talking to James, she waved at me. I gave her a friendly smile and waved back, and she left James's room.

James looked at me, and I could see the relief on his face. He overexaggerated wiping his head, and waved one last time at me before grabbing his shirt, and he headed downstairs

But this whole endeavor got my creative juices flowing, and I did some great time writing this story. I managed to squeeze out almost five thousand words each evening I sat down to write.

And almost every evening, I was treated to one show or the other. The best one was when James fucked his sister doggy-style. That way, I could see everything, and they kept a close eye on me.

But as they got older, their sexual escapades became less focused on me and more on each other. I knew this was inevitable, but it made me a bit sad nevertheless. Every once in a while, they came over to swim in my pool, and we still had fun together.

But when James mentioned with a big grin and in a conspiratorial tone that a new pair of preteen siblings had moved in at the end of the street, I couldn't help myself and asked him to tell me all about it. Both laughed knowingly and offered to help whenever I needed it.

That evening, I grabbed my pads and strolled down the street toward my new project. And when I saw the eleven-year-old boy and his thirteen-year-old sister, a new plan was forming in my head.

\* \* \*

There you have it, JD! The story you asked me to write about the fantastic ability you handed to me. I hope you enjoyed yourself! I know I did, and I promise to keep using this ability for the good stuff... maybe I'll write you about some other adventures in the future. But for now, this is it.

To James and Julia: thank you for the marvelous time we had together and still have. I hope you won't hate me for how I started all this and that I had to lie about it. The new kids that moved here are amazing, but I'll never forget the two of you, and I hope you won't forget me!

The end.