



Sex
Education
Class

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By

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“Girls, grab your things and go with Mrs. Hampton.”

Noah Lankin couldn't keep his feet from bouncing as Mr. Prepp waited for the girls to leave their 5th grade classroom. He knew this day was coming. It was all most of the boys could talk about, and yet it was something Noah had dreaded.

When the sex education forms were sent home in their folders a few weeks back, Noah paled when his mom signed off without a second thought.

“It'll be good for you to hear it from one of your teachers first,” she said. “Besides, you can always come and ask your dad and I any questions you have after.”

Yeah, fat chance of that happening.

It wasn't so much that he didn't want to learn about sex stuff. It's just that he didn't know what to expect. This was all so new to him, and while some of his friends had older siblings to ask, he was flying solo. Noah wished they could skip the whole dumb program and start summer early.

After the girls cleared out, Mr. Prepp called them to rearrange their desks so they could accommodate the boys from Mrs. Hampton's class and create a space up front for those who wanted to sit on the floor. One of his best friends, Nathan, popped his head in through the doorway and took the empty seat next to Noah.

“You ready for this?” Nathan asked with a grin.

“No.”

“Dude, come on, it'll be great. We get to learn about puberty and stuff.”

Once all the boys came inside the classroom, Mr. Prepp laid some ground rules as he connected his laptop to the classroom's TV screen. He was fairly young, with graying hair on the sides, but Noah always enjoyed spending time in Mr. Prepp's class. He talked to them like they were young adults, not just little kids like some of the other teachers did. Especially Mrs. Clance—she seemed like such a miserable teacher anytime he passed her class in the hallway. Noah was grateful he didn't end up there.

On the screen, a simple colorful background popped up with a logo that read Understanding My Body and showed the cartoon face of a boy as he peered down at his midsection. The part he was staring at was cut off, but Noah could wager a guess.

“Alright, boys, lots to go through and not a lot of time. The number one rule I have for you today is to be respectful of everyone here. There are no bad questions. There may be some I can’t answer, but you are always welcome to ask your parents if I can’t. Are we understood?”

“Yes, sir,” the class answered. Noah noticed one or two boys burying their faces already. Maybe he wasn’t so alone in his embarrassment.

Mr. Prepp started off by talking through the basics of puberty: a deeper voice, growing taller, the potential for acne and need for good hygiene. When he pressed the next slide, a burst of giggles erupted from the classroom.

On screen were several nude cartoons of a boy transitioning into a man, along with a body clock that ranged from ages 9 to 21. What caught Noah’s eye the most was the amount of hair that came with each new stage of development. If this chart was to be believed, he was going to look like a hairy ape by the time he was in college.

Mr. Prepp waited for the laughing to die down. “Yes, yes, get it out of your system. Most of you boys are 11 now, so you can pretty accurately place yourself on this chart. What’s interesting about puberty, though, is that this is ultimately a rough estimate. Some of your bodies may not be ready for puberty yet, while others of you may already have a bit of pubic hair.”

“Oh, me,” a boy named Jonathan blurted out. A few more giggles popped up around him.

Jonathan was what Noah considered quietly popular, dressed often in designer clothes that seemed tailor-made for him. He got along well with everyone and was always confident in whatever he did without bragging about it. Noah wasn’t sure he entirely believed Jonathan’s claims since he was also one of the smallest boys in their class. Jonathan’s voice definitely

hadn't broken yet, and Noah wondered how much hair the brunette boy could possibly even have. His own pubic region was as bare as a baby still.

"I can't wait to grow hair," Nathan whispered beside him. His best friend wiggled his blonde eyebrows as his blue eyes twinkled.

"Eww, no way," Noah said. "You'll look like a gorilla."

Nathan scratched at his armpits while making chimpanzee noises which made Noah laugh. His friend was always doing goofy things like that.

"Boys," Mr. Prepp said with a stern cough. "You listening?"

"Sorry, Mr. Prepp," Nathan said and gave Noah another sly grin.

Mr. Prepp walked them through the different stages of hair that would come in as they aged and then moved on to a close-up view of an illustrated penis, which of course, got another round of nervous giggles.

"As you get older, the penis will start growing. This isn't something you can control, and it'll happen at its own rate."

Noah nearly died when Mr. Prepp put up an additional image of an erect penis, with its head pointed into the air like an arrow.

"And of course, as you get older, you'll probably notice you're getting more frequent erections. It's a perfectly natural thing, and it happens to all guys, even as adults."

"Does it happen to you?" a Hispanic boy named Leo from the other class asked.

Mr. Prepp stammered a bit. "Well, yes, of course."

Another boy piped up and said, "Mine usually happen in the morning."

This got a couple of chuckles and nods from the other boys, and while supremely embarrassed, Noah couldn't help but agree. For the past few months, he'd wake up daily with his penis stiff as a board. It wasn't until he went to the bathroom to pee that it finally went down.

"Why does it do that?"

"Mine hurts when it sticks up!"

“Boys, boys,” Mr. Prepp said, trying to gain control again over the classroom. “Let’s try and rein it in. I know you have lots of questions, and I’ll try to answer them. The biggest thing is that erections can happen at any time at all, especially as you’re about to enter puberty. Chances are you’ll likely be the only person to notice.”

Noah was shocked to see Nathan’s hand slowly raise beside him. What was he doing?

“Yes, Nathan?”

“What are we supposed to do when it happens, though? Sometimes mine is like that forever.”

A redheaded boy named Hudson in the front row shot his hand up. “Oh, my brother told me!”

“No!” Mr. Prepp held a finger out to Hudson as his eyes grew wide. “That’s one of those questions for parents, I’m afraid.”

Well that’s interesting, Noah thought. There was a way to fix an erection?

It seemed like one or two of the boys in the classroom were snickering as well. Maybe they all knew something he didn’t.

Nathan frowned when he didn’t get an answer, instead drilling holes in the back of Hudson’s head. Knowing his best friend pretty well, Noah figured Nathan would seek out his own answers soon enough.

Mr. Prepp moved to the final part of his presentation where a video was ready to play. It looked to Noah like one of those basic health videos that played at the doctor’s office, with cheesy Bitmoji characters and crappy animation.

His suspicions were confirmed as the video started. Mostly it relayed a lot of the same information they had covered so far, but then it started getting really weird. It brought up erections again and how when a boy got older, they would have something called a nocturnal emission, two words Noah didn’t have any clue about. The video showed the boy waking up and looking down at his wet sheets like he’d peed himself, and then it finally cut to him holding his sheets in his hands as he went to the laundry. Noah

was too focused on making any sense of the visuals that he hardly processed what was even being said by the clinical voice-over. If getting erections at the worst times wasn't bad enough, now he got to look forward to randomly peeing himself? Great.

"I'm sure you have even more questions after that," Mr. Prepp said, "but let me start by recapping and breaking down some of the technical terms."

Mr. Prepp explained that nocturnal emissions were something called a wet dream, and apparently it wasn't pee that came out at all.

"You may think you've just wet the bed, but once you're old enough, your body releases a fluid known as semen through the penis. It's wet like pee, but it actually looks and feels very different. Just like erections, this isn't something you have any control over and should try not to be embarrassed about."

His friend Mason from recess spoke up. "Yeah, that happened to me a few weeks back."

A few boys busted out laughing, and another said, "Gross, you don't have to share that with us!"

"Ryan," Mr. Prepp said, "remember what we talked about with respecting everyone. Thank you for sharing that, Mason. I'm sure it'll give others comfort knowing you're all going through the same things."

Mason buried his head a bit. Between the camo cap he liked to wear and his shoulder-length hair, it was difficult to see his expression.

Noah traded glances with Nathan and could see that his friend was thinking the same thing. Mason had the wet penis thing happen to him, yet another person who seemed to know something they didn't. And no way was he going to ask his parents about these things! That was dumb. He had several perfectly good sources of information right here in the classroom.

When the sex ed lesson was over, Noah was grateful to have gone through it after all. Even if it had left him with more questions than answers, he didn't feel as embarrassed about the whole erections thing. At least now he knew it was supposed to happen.

Before the two classes returned to their regular rooms, Nathan leaned over to him and whispered in his ear, “Meet under the jungle gym at recess. Secret meeting only.”

Of the four 5th grade classes at Misty Pines Elementary, they split two and two at recess and shared different portions of the playground. It was that time of year in early June where everything was too damn hot. The mist that lingered in the morning only managed to make the air thick with humidity by the time recess rolled around in the afternoon. About the only thing that offered the students any relief were the canopies stretched over the playground equipment to provide some shade. It was there beneath the two-story jungle gym where Noah and his friend Nathan met with a few of the other boys from class.

“What’re we doing here?” Jonathan asked. He stuck a thumb behind his shoulder. “I’m missing basketball, and we only have like two days left before summer.”

“Yeah, I wanna swing!” Hudson whined.

Mason waited patiently for either Noah or Nathan to speak. Noah gave his friend a nod.

“Listen,” Nathan said, “we were thinking about all the things Mr. Prepp shared today for that stupid sex education class.”

Noah sensed a nervous shift in the boys as Nathan lowered his voice. They didn’t want to risk being overheard by any of the students since they were given a strict no-talking policy about the content they had learned.

“What about it?” Mason asked.

“Well, we have questions. I’m sure you all do too, and it’s clear Mr. Prepp can’t talk about all the good stuff. What if we met up near the swimming hole during the first couple days of summer and swapped info?”

Jonathan shuffled the mulch at his feet and muttered, “I don’t know, man. I don’t want to get in trouble.”

“Who would we get in trouble from?” Nathan asked. “It’s just us. And look, it’ll give us a chance leave our houses and swim.”

“I don’t have any questions,” Hudson said. “I know everything already.”

“Perfect, then you can be our guide!” Nathan suggested.

“Maybe there are some things I want to know more about,” Mason said and agreed.

“Uggh, fine,” Hudson said, “but you guys better not say anything to anyone else. I don’t want people thinking we’re a bunch of gaybos for talking about this stuff.”

“I’ll see if I can come,” Jonathan said. “Later.”

When the three other boys split, Noah shrugged his shoulders and turned to his best friend. “Well, at least they’re open to the idea.”

“We’re gonna get to the bottom of this whole puberty thing,” Nathan said, cracking his knuckles. “Just you wait.”

Graduation day came and went for the 5th graders at Misty Pines. Other than the teachers forcing the students to wear nice clothing, Noah thought it was pretty fun. Especially the hours-long party they got to have after the ceremony. The principals even brought in a snow cone food truck for an afternoon dessert.

It was during the graduation party in the gymnasium where the five boys worked out a time and place to meet. Jonathan would be leaving for his family’s beach house at the start of the coming week, and Mason said his family had church Sunday, so it was decided they would meet up that Saturday. Luckily Hudson was able to make it too, since he was going to be their teacher for all things puberty.

Nathan spent the night at Noah’s house that Friday, and together they rode their bikes out along the dirt trail leading to the swimming hole. Laughter, shrieks, and music blared as they reached the quarry. It seemed like everyone was choosing to cool off in the chilly waters now that school was finally out, although the return of summer always made for jam-packed weekends until the fall temperatures moved in and made the waters too cold to bear.

They bumped into Hudson first who crested the hill with too much speed before skidding to a stop moments before colliding into Noah. Shortly after him, Hudson's brother Jake appeared, an older middle schooler who intimidated Noah. He knew they were all going to start growing up soon, but Jake seemed absolutely massive compared to Noah's scrawny height. He thought he remembered hearing something about Jake playing sports but couldn't remember which one it might have been. He didn't really care for after-school sports.

"Jonathan's supposed to be here already," Hudson said, slightly out of breath from the bike ride. "I don't know where Mason is."

It didn't take long for the three boys to find a shirtless Jonathan lounging on a towel, hands clasped behind his head as he soaked up the sun. When he spotted them, he lowered his sunglasses in greeting.

"Sup?"

"You seen Mason?" Nathan asked him.

"Guys! Wait up!"

Running down the embankment was Mason, holding his camo hat in place as he crunched through the dead leaves and dry branches on his way to meet them.

"Sorry I'm late," he said. "My bike chain's toast. I had to run all the way here."

"In Crocs?" Jonathan asked, eyeing Mason's choice of shoes.

"What's wrong with Crocs?" Mason asked. He looked down at the hole-filled shoes and plucked loose a leaf sticking out from one of the holes.

"Nothing." Jonathan sighed. "It doesn't matter. So what now?"

"You guys follow me," Hudson said and began walking. "I know just the spot."

The redheaded boy led the others up an unmarked path over the hill and through the sparse woods about half a mile until the ground gave way to stone and moss. The cheers of other kids as they swam or jumped from the

mini cliffs had all but died out. Noah wasn't sure how Hudson kept sense of where he was heading, but their friend never broke stride as he marched forward.

After the moss gave way to a jutting stone ledge, Hudson walked to the edge before carefully hoisting himself down and motioned for the others to follow. When they did, thick shrubs grew all along the outside of the flat stone surface, giving them plenty of coverage from potential onlookers. Not like anyone was this far out in the woods, but Noah figured it was better to play it safe.

"Alright, so remember, we're all here because we wanna be, right?" Hudson asked. Away from the sun, his curly hair looked like fresh, brass pennies in the dim light.

"Yeah," the boys agreed.

"Good, because if you want a real education, we can't be embarrassed around each other. Obviously you all can't talk to anyone else about what happens here, or Jake will kick your ass."

Message received. Each boy gave a silent nod of agreement which was as good as law in Hudson's eyes.

"Okay. So we have maybe half an hour before Jake comes looking for me. He's the one who showed me this spot first."

The boys gathered in a circle facing each other, some sitting cross-legged, others with their knees raised. Jonathan spread his legs and rested back on his hands. Mason raised a hand in the air.

"Mason, this isn't school. You don't have to raise your hand."

He lowered it slowly and blushed. "So how do we do this? I mean, do we just ask you what we want to know?"

"How about we start with one person, and then whoever answers the question gets to ask the next one. That way we all learn together, but it's not just total chaos."

The boys nodded their heads. Class was in session.

“Cool, I’ll go first,” Nathan said. He leaned towards Jonathan. “Is it true you already have pubic hair?”

“Yes,” Jonathan said simply.

“Can we see?”

Jonathan paused and raised an eyebrow, and his sunglasses toppled down his face, making the boys crack up before he set them to the side.

“How am I supposed to show you?”

“Maybe just pull the front of your trunks down,” Hudson suggested. “We don’t need to see your whole dick or anything.”

Jonathan shrugged and sat up on his knees. He was the only one of them who was shirtless already, and Noah didn’t spot any muscle definition on his lightly tanned torso, only his ribs. He wiggled a bit closer to them before grabbing his waistband and lowering it, and sure enough, there were about a half dozen little strands of brown pubic hair. They were mainly on either end of the base of his penis, but it was clear he wasn’t bullshitting.

Jonathan had the real deal.

“Oh, wow, you weren’t kidding,” Nathan said. He reached a hand forward, but Jonathan snapped his waistband back up.

“You didn’t say anything about touching,” he said.

When Jonathan sat back on the ground again, he kept his hands close to his lap.

“Okay, Jonathan, your turn to ask someone,” Hudson said.

Jonathan rubbed his chin in thought for a moment before snapping his fingers. “Mason, tell us about your wet dream.”

Mason grew wide-eyed and tucked his knees closer to his chest.

“Do I have to?” he asked.

“Yes,” Jonathan said.

“Only if you want to,” Noah added.

“We’re all guys, so it’s whatever,” Nathan said.

Mason took a deep, but shaky breath as he tried to calm himself. Damn, Noah thought, maybe this wet dream had been more like a wet nightmare.

“So it was weird because nothing different happened the night before that I can remember.”

“What was your dream about?” Jonathan asked.

“Ice cream,” Mason said. “I know, it sounds stupid, right? But I was eating vanilla ice cream, and we were at the beach. My family and I. All I remember was how sunny it was, and the sand felt so soft on my feet. I was eating ice cream while sitting on one of those pop out chairs, and then a little bit fell on my shorts. I went to scoop it and next thing I knew, I was having the wet dream. It felt...”

“Scary?” Nathan asked.

“Confusing?” Jonathan offered.

Mason shook his head and smiled. “It felt really, really amazing.”

“How can peeing feel good?” Noah asked.

Nathan slapped him with the back of his hand. “Dude, it’s not pee, remember? It’s that sea men stuff. It’s probably because he was dreaming about the ocean.”

A few of them nodded at Nathan’s wisdom, but Jonathan still had a puzzled expression.

“It wasn’t pee, but you had something come out?” Jonathan asked.

Mason nodded again. “I thought I peed too, but pee isn’t slimy. I was too scared to say anything, so I just covered it up with my blanket. When I got home after school, it was gone. Like the mess had vanished or something.”

“Sounds like it dried up.”

“Maybe. I haven’t had one since then, so I can’t say for sure.”

“Cool,” Jonathan said. “Answered my question.”

“Alright, Mason,” Hudson said, “you’re up.”

Mason’s cheeks looked redder than a sunburn. “So do you guys remember when Mr. Prepp put the picture of that erection on the screen? Did you guys think it looked weird at all?”

“What kind of question is that?” Hudson asked.

“Like, what kind of weird?” Nathan asked.

“Well, I mean,” Mason started but then paused. “I guess what I’m trying to say is, mine looks way different. When it’s hard, I mean.”

“Different how?” Noah asked.

“You’re going to laugh or think it’s dumb,” he said, “but to me it looks like a banana.”

Nathan and Hudson did giggle a bit but covered their mouths a moment later.

“Yeah? And?” Jonathan asked. “Don’t all dicks curve up like a banana?”

Mason shook his head. “Not up. Down. Mine curves down when it’s hard.”

“Dude, what!?” Nathan asked. “That’s so weird!”

It was Noah’s turn to slap Nathan with the back of his hand. “It’s not weird at all. Mr. Prepp said everyone’s penis was different, right? Maybe they just didn’t have a picture for Mason’s banana penis.”

Jonathan coughed to clear his throat. “Does anyone’s penis have its foreskin still? Mine still does.”

“Guys, why don’t we just show each other what we look like? I mean, who really cares?”

“It’s just us, right?” Nathan asked.

Hudson nodded, and the others eventually gave in.

It was Hudson who leaned back to remove his trunks first. Apparently the conversation had made his penis stiff because it was standing up all three

inches. Hudson's penis was as pale and freckled as his face, and his balls looked like tiny, drawn up marbles inside their sac.

"Do you you'll have red pubic hair?" Noah asked. "You know, since your regular hair is red?"

"Jake does," Hudson answered and immediately cupped a hand over his mouth. "Don't tell him I told you that."

"Alright, I guess I'll go next," Jonathan said.

His penis was hard too, but the boys were way more interested in the extra skin that folded over his penis. The tip was barely peeking through as his erection bobbed with his heartbeat. Noah thought Jonathan's looked really cool.

"Can I feel the hair now?" Nathan asked.

"I guess," he said.

Noah held his breath as his best friend leaned over to gently draw his fingers across Jonathan's sparse pubes. When he finished, Jonathan let out a raggedy breath as his penis gave a few twitches.

"That was really cool," Nathan said. "I'll go next."

When his best friend dropped his trunks, Noah realized he'd never seen Nathan naked once in the few years they'd known each other. He'd never wanted to honestly, but now, it just felt kind of natural. Nathan stared down at his rising penis. His balls looked almost nonexistent in their tight sac.

Noah declared he would go next, and even though he had three different boners facing him, he was still self-conscious about his own hard-on. Before the previous week, he would have never talked about his penis getting hard, and now here he was exposing himself in front of his classmates. He felt like his might have been a little shorter and stubbier than the others, but there was no way for him to know for sure. When Noah sat back down, he tried to shield himself with his legs.

"You guys sure you won't make fun of me?" Mason asked.

“Confident, dude, go for it.”

Mason closed his eyes and sucked in a breath before lowering his shorts.

The first thought to cross Noah’s mind was that Mason was bigger than the rest of them. Not by a whole lot or anything, but definitely bigger. The second thing he noticed was the prominent downward curve Mason had mentioned. The banana resemblance wasn’t too far off. It was like one day his dick just decided it would grow a different way. The head was purplish in comparison to Mason’s pale groin, and his balls looked to be a bit bigger than theirs as well.

“Well, I bet that makes peeing when it’s hard a lot easier,” Nathan offered, which thankfully earned a small chuckle from Mason.

“Does it hurt like that?”

“No,” Mason said. “I guess I never thought about it. I mean, does it hurt for you guys?”

“Only when I bend it like this,” Nathan said, and pushed his dick down before it slapped back against his stomach. Soon everyone started trying to get their dicks to slap against their skin, which only made them bust out laughing whenever someone did it.

Now that they were more relaxed with each other, they all had their legs spread out and just let their dicks point wherever they wanted.

“So, uhh, who goes next?” Noah asked. They had all collectively answered Mason’s question together, so it was up in the air.

“I have another question,” Nathan said. “Hudson, this one’s for you. What did you mean the other day when you said you could get it to go down? There’s no way I’m walking back to the swimming hole like this.” He pointed down to his dick and flexed it once.

“Well, there is a way,” the redhead started, “but if I tell you, we have to be sworn to the bro code for life. No going back for nothing.”

The four boys around Hudson each stuck out a pinky finger, and they all interlocked with each other.

“Bro code for life!”

“I didn’t want to say anything earlier unless it came up, but I actually know what happened to Mason during his wet dream. He had something called an orgasm.”

“Why does that sound like a disease?”

“It’s the farthest thing from it. Mason, you said when you woke up from the ice cream dream that it felt really good, right?”

“Uhh, yeah,” he said.

“Where did it feel good?”

They all noticed the way Mason’s curved penis jerked, and Mason reached a hand down to steady himself. “Here.”

“That’s what wet dreams are. They’re sleep orgasms, and orgasms are how you make your dick go down.”

“That sounds crazy,” Nathan said. “It’s like you’re speaking another language. How do you even know about this?”

“His brother,” Jonathan said, “remember? Back in class? It’s what Mr. Prepp didn’t want us to know about.”

“Wait, wait, wait,” Noah said, “So Mr. Prepp knows about these organisms too?”

“Orgasms,” Hudson corrected, “And it’s how we were all made. Our dads did an orgasm with our moms.”

“Ewww,” Noah said, “like sex?”

“More like sex with your hand,” Hudson said. “And it’s definitely not eww. Trust me.”

Noah still looked unconvinced, but Jonathan said, “Show us. If it’s so awesome, I wanna see.”

The four other boys watched with curiosity as Hudson readjusted himself on the flat stone surface of the boulder before spreading his legs a bit

wider, giving them all total viewing access to his privates. From Noah's angle, Hudson's crack was on full display.

"You gotta slide your fingers up and down but also keep a good hold on it." Hudson gripped his erection using just his thumb and index finger and began easing the skin back and forth in a smooth motion.

Hudson's tiny sac bounced each time he came back down, and Noah gave his own penis a squeeze. A little flutter of pleasure spiked through him, and while it was an unfamiliar sensation, it was by no means awful. He snuck a peek to see if any of his other friends were doing the same, but everyone's eyes were glued to Hudson's dick.

The redhead was beginning to pant as he worked himself.

"Eventually, you start getting this feeling that builds up like pressure," Hudson said breathlessly, "but you gotta keep going. You'll know when you get it."

A blush spread down Hudson's neck and chest, and his eyes were squeezed shut as he continued pulling on his dick.

Finally, with a groan and a shaking of his whole body, Hudson moaned out loudly, his feet lifting in the air before collapsing to the ground. His dick twitched automatically, and Noah spotted another pulsing happening between Hudson's balls and crack. It was like something was pushing out from inside his body.

"Did it happen?" Nathan asked.

"Oh yeah..." Hudson said, smiling with his eyes closed as he lay on the ground. "It happened."

Jonathan took a look down at his own dick and tried out the same motion Hudson did. His foreskin retracted and slid back over the head before bunching together at the tip.

"Yours is cool," Nathan said. "I kind of wish I had mine still."

"It does feel nice," Jonathan said. "But it's not mind-blowing or anything."

"Just keep going," Hudson said. "And speed up, too. You're going too slow."

Jonathan sat on his knees and rested back on his heels as he sped up. The few pubes along his groin moved a bit with each pull, and after about two minutes, Jonathan's breathing was becoming labored.

"My hand's cramping," he panted, "but I think I'm close."

"What's it feel like?" Nathan asked.

"Like I'm being tickled, but also like I have to pee."

"You won't," Hudson said, "That means you're right there."

"O-okay..." Jonathan said, "It's—something's..."

His head rolled back and Jonathan released a small whimper as his hand slowed to a stop on his dick. They couldn't see the same twitching like before, but Jonathan had kept his dick covered when the supposed good feeling happened.

"You weren't kidding," Jonathan said and sighed. He looked down and touched the tip of his penis, drawing away something thin and clear on his finger.

"Oh, you made sperms," Hudson said. "Mason, is that like the stuff from your wet dream?"

"I'm not touching his penis juice to find out!"

Jonathan instead squeezed his thumb and finger together before releasing them. A thin, clear strand connected the two fingers.

"Feels like what you were talking about. Slimy and slick."

"It felt good, too?" Nathan asked. Noah noticed his friend seemed the most eager of them all to try.

"It feels like getting a really warm hug all over your body."

As Jonathan's boner started to wilt, he wiped his fingers on the stone boulder before grabbing his swimming trunks.

"Who's next?" Hudson asked, and Nathan answered.

"Why don't all three of us just go at once? I mean, we have the idea now."

Noah couldn't help but admit he was eager to try. It seemed like Jonathan and Hudson both really liked the feelings they'd gotten, and Noah could honestly say his dick had never gotten a hug like that in his life, so what could it hurt?

Making eye contact with Mason, Noah gave him and Nathan a nod, and they each scooted beside each other before facing Jonathan and Hudson.

Nathan immediately started working on his own erection, but Mason seemed unsure of the best way to grip his.

"It won't bend like yours," he said.

Hudson frowned. "Maybe try holding it in your hand. You know, like a hot dog?"

Mason gave a shrug and lay his dick over his palm before squeezing lightly.

"Oooh," he moaned. "It does feel good like this."

"Noah, what're you waiting for?" Hudson asked. "I wanna go swim."

Noah looked down at his own penis, the only one untouched of the five of them. Why was he so nervous to try this? Everyone seemed to have it figured out so easily, but it just seemed strange to him. He wanted to, really, but it felt like the start of their sex ed class all over again. That had been fine in the end. Maybe this was the same.

He steadied himself, and then finally grabbed his penis like he'd seen the others do, and it just felt like he was holding it. Nothing special. No fireworks. How was this any different than peeing in the morning with a boner?

"Dude, it's not a joystick," Nathan laughed beside him. His breaths were coming a bit faster. "Here, watch."

Noah gasped as Nathan reached out and took hold of his penis. A surge of electricity shot through his balls as Nathan pulled up and down a few times on Noah's penis before pulling away. He hadn't realized he'd been holding his breath, and it came out in a shaky gasp.

Beside them, Mason gave a few high-pitched whines.

“I’m getting it!” Mason exclaimed with a gasp. “It’s just like my dream!”

Mason shuddered as his butt rocked forward in little thrusts, and Noah’s eyes sprang open as a little blast of something watery came shooting out of Mason’s penis in a few quick bursts. It peppered the stone between them with little droplets.

“Oh, way more than Jonathan made!” Hudson shouted.

Seeing Mason shoot his stuff triggered something within Noah, and soon a pleasure began to radiate somewhere in his body—behind his penis, but below his gut. Putting words to it would have been impossible. There was only a pleasure that strengthened with each passing second. He just had to try and capture it before it was gone.

“Dudes, I’m either about to piss myself, or it’s happening!” Nathan said beside him.

The blond boy squeezed his eyes shut before releasing an unintelligible groan as he doubled over. Noah didn’t get the chance to see if his friend’s dick was doing the twitchy thing like some of the others, but seeing his best friend enveloped in pleasure was enough to snap the seal on whatever was building up inside of him.

“It’s gonna...it’s gonna...oooooh!”

His skin was all feathers as every nerve ending exploded in his body. It was better than his favorite meal; it was better than his favorite video game; it was fucking phenomenal. It wasn’t until he opened his eyes that Noah realized he’d hit the ground. The sun blinded him as it streamed through the canopy of trees.

“Dude, are you alright?” Nathan asked beside him. “You looked like you went to the moon and back.”

“Yeah, yours was super bouncy!” Hudson added. “It must have felt amazing!”

Noah took a few minutes to steady his breathing as the amazing pleasure finished washing over him. He was a little disappointed it didn’t linger

longer than it had, but all things considered, he was satisfied. In his mind, the door to an ancient secret had been discovered, and he had the keys.

He sat up and looked around at his friends as they looked on with concern.

“I’m good,” Noah said. “Hudson, you were right. That was the greatest thing I’ve ever felt in my whole life!”

Jonathan punched Hudson on the shoulder. “Yeah man, if you ever hold something that good from us again, you’ll be sorry.”

Hudson flushed a bit and gave a wicked grin.

“Well, there is this one other thing I know...”

- The End -

Author’s note:

That’s it for this story. Hope you enjoyed your time with these boys! Feel free to send me some feedback if you enjoyed it!

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