

Jeremy and Me

A Gay Coming-of-Age Love Story



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About the Story:

High school is almost out for winter break. Fifteen-year-old Robbie has the hots for blue-eyed Jeremy, the handsome boy with cute dimples, whom he doesn't know very well. How will Robbie find love and have his first gay experience?

About the Author:

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Chapter 1

December 1985

I waited to get out of phys. ed, standing with the guys near the exit of the boy's locker room.

"Hey, you," Jeremy said, slapping my shoulder from behind me, "look at my face. I'm a lady."

I whipped around. "Oh, cool, dude. You're . . . like . . . a girl," I said, noticing the pink lipstick as he puckered for a kiss. "I feel like a woman, too, sometimes," I joked. I got that from a Benny Hill Show episode I had seen a while ago. He must have found a tube of lipstick, I assumed.

Jeremy was the cutest boy in high school, to me. I had known I was gay ever since I'd turned twelve. I wished and wished I were straight. Technically, I was bisexual, but I wanted a boyfriend. People didn't like gays, though, which is why I was scared about coming out. I could get hurt, and badly! Jeremy and I didn't really know each other. We hadn't hung out together at school.

We were high school sophomores, and winter break was in sight—in five minutes, to be exact.

Jeremy suddenly turned to the P.E. teacher, who was standing next to me.

"Kiss me, Mr. Camden," Jeremy said. Mr. Camden just stared into Jeremy's eyes with a straight face until Jeremy looked back at me again. He had the most beautiful blue eyes ever! He was so adorable. The guys smiled and smirked. They knew Jeremy was just being a big comedian.

"For the record, I am not gay." He gently banged his duffel bag against my groin.

His shorts tented a little in the front. Was he circumcised, like me? I wanted a lover just like me. He had nice legs, but I was focused on his handsome face.

He then scratched his groin, saying, "Scratch 'em. Scratch 'em good. Sometimes you've just got to stop what you're doing and scratch 'em good." He made me smile at his cute way of talking about his testicles.

"Oh, okay, whatever you say." I gripped my backpack tighter. My heart tingled with love for him. He was so cute. He looked pretty wearing lipstick; however, I'd prefer him without it. Was he gay? Was he a Nellie? Or a cross-dresser?

"Are you a Nellie?" I quizzed him. "That's a faggot who has feminine characteristics," I explained.

"Nope. I'm not a Nelle."

"I am not gay, and I'm definitely not a Nellie," I half-lied, hoping he'd believe me, because I wanted to keep my sexuality in the closet, at least for now.

"I wanna kiss your cute face," he said, and then he pinched my cheek—hard.

"Faggot!" I said, shoving his hand away, "Back off, faggot." He had hurt my cheek! I wasn't too serious about shoving him, though. It was more like a push that was a little hard.

"I love guys who make me feel like a lady," he said, smiling as the guys giggled.

"Do I make you feel like a woman, like right now?" I asked.

I was hoping to be in bed with him sometime soon, but how? Winter vacation was almost here, and I wouldn't see Jeremy again for another month. I didn't even know if I'd have any classes with him or even still have P.E. at the same time next semester.

"Pucker up, Robbie-boy, for a big, wet kiss," he said, joking. I saw out of the corner of my eye that the guys around me had grins and wide smiles. Then, I had an idea! I took out my art class sketchpad from my backpack.

"Here. Give me your best John Hancock, ma'am," I said, cracking a grin as he signed in huge cursive letters on the blank page.

"Put your phone number, ma'am," I said. "I'll do absolutely anything for you in return," I promised with a big smirk, knowing his reply.

"You'll do *anything*?" he quizzed. "*Anything*, like give me a blow job?"

I silently smiled for a second. "No."

"All right, dude." He puckered his lips for a second or two. Then, he pressed his lips to the page and wrote his number below!

"Okay. Thanks." I smiled widely. I planned to call him, and very soon.

My penis throbbed to be inside of him. But, how? I wasn't the only gay guy in this locker room, I assumed, but being gay wasn't accepted by most people, especially the guys at school. I'd get two black eyes and a bloody broken nose.

We'd had swimming in P.E. the first half of the semester, and I'd caught glimpses of the other boys' penises when we'd been changing, but Jeremy's locker was three rows down from mine. Some of the boys near my locker were really cute, but my heart longed for Jeremy's cute face and hot body.

I loved to see him swim during class. He had a cute chest; I loved his handsome nipples and cute belly button. He had a nice ass, too. Unfortunately, he was never placed in my swimming group. For the second half of the semester, we played badminton, though, and I got to play against Jeremy a few times. I always lost; I wasn't good at all at sports, and he was, even though he was short, shorter than me. He'd never be on the football or basketball team. His feet were smaller than mine, too, which made me so horny when I'd see them. I was attracted to handsome boys with feet that were smaller than mine.

I had seen his feet a few times, and they were handsome, but I'd never seen his soles. Were his soles handsome? I would do almost anything to see them. I knew they must be gorgeous, since they were a body part on such a cute fifteen-year-old boy!

I thought quickly. "I live close to Donaldson. Where do you live?" I asked before the bell rang. Donaldson was the elementary school I had attended.

"Oh, I live not too far from Donaldson. I live on the other side of La Cholla," he said, revealing his handsome smile, which made him so sexy.

"I live right down Omar Drive, right after the fence on the opposite side of the road that Donaldson is on—the house with the large boulder," I said.

"Oh, I've seen your house."

"It kind of really stands out, with that huge boulder. There's none like it anywhere else around," I said. "Did you attend Donaldson?" I was wondering why I'd never seen him in elementary school.

"No. I moved here from Pennsylvania before school began—it's much greener there, and more humid. I like the weather here better. And this is a nice neighborhood, unlike where I used to live. . . . There were a lot of gangs."

The guys were all talking and no longer focused on us. I felt better.

"Then it's good you live here," I said, hoping to make him fall in love with me. "Do you have a girlfriend?" I asked. Before he could answer, I added, "I've never had one." I didn't want a girl as a lover, though.

"No—"

The bell rang. Everyone left one by one in a hurry to get out and away from this place.

We lived in Arizona in the Sonoran Desert, and the weather wasn't cold today. The Sonoran Desert was much warmer than Pennsylvania.

"Do you ride the bus?" I asked, puzzled as to why I'd never seen him on mine.

"No. My mom drives me. Do you want a ride?"

"Yes, please," I practically cheered.

Now, I wouldn't have to deal with Kyle, the asshole junior who always picked on me. Thank God!

Last week, he punched me in the stomach, leaving me gasping for air. Then he laughed, calling me a girly-boy. Maybe Kyle's gay. . . .

"What's your mom gonna think about the lipstick?" I asked, looking at his dimples and cute lips. He even had a teenage mustache barely growing in.

"She won't care. It's not like I'm a faggot," he said.

Despite his words, I hoped he was gay. There was no way he'd admit to being gay at school, I knew. I would never admit it, either.

We approached the street in front of the school; several cars were parked on the shoulder.

I followed him to a light blue station wagon, which was smaller than my family's station wagon.

He opened the passenger door behind the driver. "Hi, Mom," he said. "Can we give Robbie a ride home?" he asked. "He lives near us."

"Of course," she said.

I slid in next to him. "Hi," I said to her in a low voice. I always felt timid, except around Jeremy. I felt different around him, compared to other boys whom I met for the first time. We were best buddies, already!

Jeremy's mom started driving.

"Can Robbie spend the night?" he asked. "Pretty please, with a cherry on top?"

"We'll see. I want to meet his parents, and I know they'll want to meet me before giving him permission," his mom explained as she braked at a stop sign.

"We are going to build a fort in the wash," he said. "When he comes over, I mean," he added. "I want to show him the jump I made for my bike, too."

I was absolutely ecstatic! "All right, I'll ask if I can spend the night. I can't wait to see your jump. My bike has a flat, though. Maybe I can fix it on break," I explained.

"You can use my old bike." He tapped the headrest on the front seat, asking his mother, "Can we give my old bike to Robbie? So he can go off the jump?"

"Maybe we'll give him the bike to use while he's over, if he can spend the night," she said. "He could borrow yours, until we are certain that your new one is okay for you."

"All right, Mom. Thank you," Jeremy said. He smiled at me, revealing his cute dimples.

"Thanks, Mrs.—"

Before I could say anything else, his mother interrupted me, not realizing she was being rude, I assumed. "Why are you wearing lipstick?" She glanced in the rearview mirror.

"I found it. I put it on to be a comedian, like Benny Hill," he explained.

I giggled. *I'd like to see your asshole up close*, I imagined telling him. "I've watched that show. It is full of sexism," I said. "It can be humorous, and imaginative at times. I like when he dresses up like a lady and uses a lady's voice. The best episodes are where Benny Hill makes fun of the sexism double standards against men. They're funny."

"Yeah, my dad and I watched it, before he and Mom got a divorce and we moved here. That's one reason we moved to Tucson. He wasn't a nice person all the time. He drinks sometimes, and once, he got all mean with my mom," Jeremy frowned and said lowering his voice so his mom wouldn't hear.

I felt so sorry for Jeremy and his mother. I wanted to reach out and hug him so tightly to my body to make him feel loved. I cared about his feelings, and his mom's, too. My parents never struck each other or were intoxicated and rarely had arguments; they loved each other and me very much!

"That sucks," I replied, scratching my eyebrow. "He's a deadbeat dad," I added, assuming that he was.

"Talking about sexism," Jeremy said, "isn't it sexist that we'll have to pay more for car insurance than the girls our age? What if the situation was reversed and girls had to pay more than us guys? They'd be complaining about sexism."

"Well. Women pay more for getting their hair done than men, usually, and a lot of girls and women have to spend more money and more time getting ready each day, getting prettied up and having to buy makeup. Also, I'd bet that women have to spend more money on clothes,"

Jeremy's mom explained, making us giggle and laugh. "It's true!" she added, clearly trying to defend women's rights.

"We are not equal," Jeremy declared, and I nodded.

I suddenly noticed that he wasn't wearing socks. Jeremy had sexy legs and ankles; I had always noticed them during P.E. His legs weren't very hairy, but his ankles were so handsome. He was gorgeous.

"Do you ever wear socks?" I asked, changing the subject because I didn't know what else to say. "My mom says that I have to, because if I don't, then my shoes will stink." I was hoping to see his soles very soon. I wanted to go without socks, to be like Jeremy. I glanced at his cute smirk, just as he removed his right shoe.

"It doesn't smell," he said, talking in a girl's voice and holding it up to his nose. "Here, you smell it," he continued, holding his sneaker up to my face.

"I don't want to smell it," I said. "It smells like your feet." I could feel my penis begin to throb. "Put your sneaker back on."

"I want you to take a big whiff," he said, talking in his normal voice. Then, he removed his other shoe. His feet were so perfect and handsome; however, I really wanted to see his soles. And I wanted him to know that I was attracted to feet.

"Robbie wants to smell my feet," he sang, placing his shoes between us on the bench seat. Then, he sang even more: "Robbie. He's a boy who likes ladies' feet." He sang the lyric again and again, snapping his fingers at me.

I just giggled and smiled at him, and then he crossed his leg, with his sole facing me! He spread his toes and curled his foot, making him very sexy and me very hard.

Does he have hair all over his crotch and testicles? I wondered. He didn't have hair on his chest or his armpits, I recalled from swimming.

"How about you come over today, after we get you home?" Jeremy said. "We'll go off my jump and build the fort."

"I'll ask my mom, once I get home," I promised. I was so in love with him.

He smiled at me, and—

We lunged forward, our seatbelts holding us safe, as the brakes squealed and the tires skidded, and the station wagon veered into the desert—almost into a small wash on the side of

the street! A wash is where water flows during and right after summer monsoon heavy rains. They are dry most of the year. Then, we came to an abrupt halt. What had happened?

"Is everyone all right?" Jeremy's mother asked us, removing her seatbelt and looking back at us.

"We're okay," I said. "Are you all right?"

"Just a little startled," she replied. She turned back around and tried to open her door.

Jeremy put on his shoes, and the two of us got out. A tree had crushed against the driver's side door. Jeremy's mother scooted over and got out the other side.

"Lucky us," Jeremy said, trying to cheer her up. "We could have gotten stuck in the wash."

"Oh, my car insurance will go up—and we have so many bills to pay." She wiped a tear.

"Oh. No."

"It'll be all right, Mom," Jeremy said, hugging her tight.

"Could you two push the car?" she asked. "And I'll try to back up."

"Okay," Jeremy and I replied.

Jeremy's mother started the station wagon and tried to back up over the shrubs and other desert plant life under the car. With us pushing on the hood, we were able to get back onto the street.

"Okay, boys. I apologize. There were two coyotes in the street, and I didn't want to hit them," she said.

"It's all right, ma'am," I said.

"Your mom and dad are going to just kill me," she said. "I could've killed their son," she added. "That's the truth."

"They'll be okay. I just need to wear a crash helmet while I'm a passenger in your car," I said, cracking a smile and giggling, just as Jeremy and his mom broke out laughing. "See? We're all right."

"At least we didn't hurt or kill any coyotes," Jeremy said. "There've been more of them in the area, I think because of all the construction. We humans are raping the land, and the animals have to suffer because of it. Mom. What if someone bulldozed our house? Where would we live? People are too cruel," he said, "to Mother Nature's animal kingdom."

"Are you an animal rights activist?" I asked, wanting to know more about him.

"I'm not some extremist, but I love furry animals. Maybe I should join the ASPCA. Can I, Mom? I can use it as an extracurricular activity to put on a college scholarship application," he said pointing upward, "I've got an idea! We'll start our own animal rights awareness group at school. That's it!" Jeremy beamed.

"I'll join," I said, feeling my chest flutter. "We can help each other. We can have club meets after school, like the Teenage Republicans and the Teen Democrats. I'll definitely be a part of it." I felt so happy!

"All right. I care about the environment, also," I said, "I don't like it especially when people litter. We can hold a special club meeting where we pick up the litter on campus."

"Great idea!"

"We can meet at one of our houses over the break to discuss our plans," I said. I was really thinking now. This was not only a great idea, but it was also a scheme to spend more time around the boy I loved.

"All right," he said with a smile.

"I've got another idea!" Jeremy beamed again. "We can also start a school club about the environment. Maybe something having to do with the Sierra Club."

"All right." I smiled.

Then, as we approached my neighborhood, I gave Jeremy's mom directions to my house.

Chapter 2

Mom gave me permission to go to Jeremy's house and to spend the night—but only after she met Jeremy's mom.

Mom drove me there and met Jeremy's mom. We went inside as our moms bantered. Jeremy carried my backpack inside. He wanted to. And I wanted his smell to be on it.

"We'll go into the desert first," Jeremy said, making me feel such love for him. "I want to show you the plywood I found. I put it on the side of the wash, near a bike trail," he said, making me want to be in love even more with him.

"I had no idea," I said, "about your dick." I was acting very serious. "Why does it curve to the left?"

"What?" he asked with a big smile. "My dick is straight, boy," he replied. I wondered if he was truthful.

"Mine does," I said.

"Oh."

"Wanna see?"

"Sure," he said, cracking a wide smirk.

Jeremy led me to a secluded area. It was inside the wall surrounding the backyard and behind a large storage building.

"Show me," he said, grinning and standing tall. "Show me that it turns to the left."

I unbuttoned and unzipped my shorts, and then pulled out my erect penis.

"See? It curves to the left," I said.

He shook his head. "It just goes to the left. It doesn't curve left," he said. With wide eyes, he stared at my erect, throbbing penis. I wanted so badly for him to get on his knees right then and give me oral sex. And then I could reciprocate by letting him make love to me, which would mean he'd become a real man.

Suddenly, with a big smile, he pulled his shorts and underwear down to his knees, which made my insides whirl with so much delight. I'd never felt that great before. I stared with lust at his nine-inch penis, which was so unbelievably handsome. He had been circumcised, like me. His penis curved upward much more than mine, which made it even more sexy.

"I like this," I said, making him laugh a little.

Then, he grabbed his penis and masturbated while looking at me and my penis, and I did the same, looking at his cute face and handsome body. We each finished at about the same time, leaving me with an icky feeling afterward, like I used to get sometimes after I'd masturbate when I was alone.

"Hi, guys. What are you two up to?" a voice and then laughter surprised us. An older teen boy, sixteen or seventeen, was peering down at us from over the wall. He had watched us!

Chapter 3

I felt so embarrassed. It was Kyle, the boy who had been bullying me on the bus! Kyle was Jeremy's neighbor. He looked me in the eyes and said, "You boys up to something? Doing something that's for faggots?"

Jeremy said, "Go away, Kyle," as we zipped and buttoned our shorts and quickly walked back into Jeremy's house.

My stomach sank to the center of the Earth! Now, Kyle would tell everyone at school! I quickly decided to just deny everything, and hoped for the best.

"Let's go to my room," he said, leading the way. "Kyle is an asshole. A real asshole," he added.

Jeremy closed his bedroom door behind us. Then, he got on all fours and pulled out something in a paper grocery bag under his bed.

"You'll wanna see this," he said. "Look." He unwrapped the top and pulled out a toilet paper roll. It had a latex glove inside the cylindrical hole, and on one end, the wrist area of the glove was wrapped over the outside area of the roll.

"What is it?" I asked, scratching my eyebrow. "Is it something fun?"

"It is," he cracked a big smirk. "It's a masturbator. I made it. Kyle showed me how, a while back, when we were still friends."

Jeremy pushed his middle finger in the hole in and out several times.

"I made it. All you have to do is remove the cardboard from a toilet paper roll and insert a latex glove. Put on some lotion, and away you go," he said.

I felt a hard-on coming. "Can I see?" I asked. After he handed it to me, I smiled into his beautiful blue eyes. "Can we make one for me?"

He tilted his head, taking back his toy. "Sure. We'll make one for you tonight, so we can use them together."

Those words made my penis get very hard.

"I want to see the look on your face," he said, giggling. Then, he put his hand on my shoulder for a second. "We can both go for it. It'll be really fun. It feels great—like real pussy, I assume," he said, making my chest whirl with love for him. For a second, I cared about what he

thought about me as a person. Jeremy was beautiful—an absolute angel. I truly cared about his feelings as we both laughed and giggled.

Then, he nudged my shoulder hard, but I nudged back a little harder. I guessed it had something to do with his rotten father!

Jeremy put his masturbator away, and we played video games on his ColecoVision game system in the family room. We played Donkey Kong and Zaxxon, my favorite video games. They were just like the arcade games at the Peter Piper Pizza restaurant my family and I went to sometimes.

"Why aren't you and Kyle friends anymore?" I asked.

"We're just not," Jeremy explained. "I don't want to talk about it. He's a faggot. A real faggot," he said, acting like he was masturbating for a second or two. "He likes guys—a lot," he said.

His explanation made me assume Jeremy wasn't gay..

"I know Kyle. He's always picking on me on the bus," I confessed trying to make my stomach stop twisting and turning with worry.

"Kyle is a true asshole," he said.

I hoped the people at school would believe me about denying what had happened.

"ColecoVision is so much better than Atari. We've got an Atari," I said. "The graphics are so much better with ColecoVision."

Jeremy removed his shoes, revealing his handsome feet as he sat crossed-legged next to me while we played.

"I'm better than you," Jeremy said as he played Zaxxon. "You suck big dicks," he added as I removed my sneakers and socks. "You are a faggot."

I felt my soles tingle as I sat cross-legged. The sole of my right foot was facing him. I wiggled the toes of both my feet, feeling very much in love. I wanted to wrestle Jeremy naked so that his asshole was in my face. My chest danced, just thinking about seeing his asshole and being barefoot with him. I loved his feet, and I wanted my feet to be bare around him.

"Maybe we should wrestle, to determine who's stronger: me or you, fag," I said, hoping he'd wrestle me good. As I turned my body toward him, he leaped onto me, wresting me onto my stomach and grabbing one of my feet.

"Oh, no, you don't," I said, as he pushed me down and continued to hold my foot. "I'm . . . better . . . than . . ." I began to say.

He slapped my face somewhat gently, teasing me, and continued to push me down on my stomach.

"You, asshole," I said in a low voice, so his mom wouldn't hear me cuss.

"You're an asshole," he said and slapped me again.

I squinted, and my cheek burned a little. "You, jerk," I said smiling, wanting him to force me to be submissive while he sodomized me, making me moan and groan with pleasure.

Suddenly, he was sitting on my back, facing my legs. He was strong for his size, and he wasn't going to give in easily. I asked, "Are you having fun?" I bent my knees, and he grabbed my feet.

"Oh, Robbie. I'm madly in love. I wanna fuck you good," he said, lowering his voice. He held on to my feet, making my stomach whirl and my soles tingle with delight. Holding my feet, and keeping his feet back, he said, "I'm going to fuck you good, dude," and then he let me wrestle him. I could tell he was letting me win; I managed to get on top of him, in the same position he'd just been in. I grabbed his feet. "Oh, I'm a faggot. I like boys' feet. I wear lipstick. My name's Jeremy. Oh, oh, oh," I teased, making my insides dance and my heart flutter with love for him.

"Why did you hold my feet?" I asked, as I let go of his. "Why?" I pressed. "Are you a faggot?"

"No. But you are," he said.

I let him wrestle me so that he had me in a headlock.

He slapped my face a little hard as he held me.

"Ouch," I said, exaggerating a bit. It stung, but not much. Then, he slapped harder. I was silent. After a moment, I smiled.

He let me go. "I slapped you," he said. "You're under me. I slapped you, and you didn't slap me back."

Then I did slap him, but not too hard.

He laughed and I wondered why he was so violent, at times.

Out of breath, we sat cross-legged, and it was my turn to play Zaxxon. He had the highest score so far.

"I bet you won't beat my score," he said. "Wanna bet?"

"No," I said. "You get to practice all day," I explained. "That's the only reason why."

"Do you hate your dad?" I asked caring about Jeremy's feelings, "I do."

"Yes. It makes me so angry at times," Jeremy said, "I just hate the feeling it gives me inside."

"I want you to relax," I said, "And don't stress out about it. He's not worth ruining your life."

Jeremy nodded and smiled as I admired his blue eyes.

"I don't want you to feel bad," I said letting him know I cared about him, "I want you to go on with your life," I said.

He smiled. Then, we nudged each other softly and played the game.

Chapter 4

After dinner, Jeremy and I talked in his bedroom on his bed.

"Did you hear that the popular kids at school got together at someone's house and had an orgy?" Jeremy asked. "I wish we could have gone and screwed some babes, like Becky. I like her. She's a babe," he said. "Dibs."

"Okay. She's hot. I wonder what you two would do alone—like ponder over what people do when they have sex?" I joked. "Like, try to figure it out?"

"Yeah. I guess there's a first time for everything," he said. "Are you a virgin?"

"Yes." I shrugged.

He said, "So am I." Then: "Let's beat-off again, after we go to bed."

"Okay," I said, nudging his shoulder. He nudged back, but not as hard.

"I bet Becky would give you a blow job," I said. "Do you think she knows how to give a good one? Like one a guy would die for?"

"Probably . . . not."

"I'd like to get one. I've heard that gay guys know more about giving good blow jobs. You know why?" I asked.

"How?"

"They are guys, and they know what they like. They know what makes their own penis feel great."

"How . . . about . . . I give you one," Jeremy asked.

"What?" I blurted, feeling my anus whirl.

"You know," he said, glancing away from my face for a second. "Give you a great one."

"Oh. Okay. I'll give you one, too," I promised, "if you want. Tomorrow. You give me one tonight, though, okay?"

"All right." He smiled and hugged me from his side, making my chest dance with absolute delight. My anus felt so good. But I had to wonder if Jeremy knew how to give a good blow job.

"I wasn't comfortable with people knowing I'm gay," I said, "I made fun of gays. Sorry."

"Oh, I know dude. We can't come out to everyone because we'd get our asses kicked," Jeremy replied.

Then, his mother called us into the kitchen. She wanted to know if we wanted a root beer float.

"Thank you, ma'am," I said, as she scooped two helpings of vanilla ice cream into a tall glass. Then, she poured in some root beer soda.

I scooped some ice cream and root beer out with my spoon. "Thank you," I said again with a big smile, as Jeremy's mom made his float.

"Can we watch the movie you rented?" Jeremy asked his mom.

"Sure," she said as Jeremy played it.

I felt better. I wasn't certain if we should be having sex, including oral, which was serious. Maybe, we'd be better off waiting until we were a bit older. Like, when we're eighteen and living on our own.

The movie *Six Pack* starred Kenny Rogers. There were also several young kids in the movie and a teenage girl, who was hot. But Jeremy didn't enjoy it.

"This movie is unrealistic," he announced after watching for a half hour. "Let's not watch it." He grabbed the remote and stopped it. "Besides, the movie is mean to animals. Did you see the scene where Kenny Rogers drives his camper through a farm and drives over chickens?" he asked. "That's mean to animals."

I couldn't help but wonder why he was so worried about a dumb animal.

"Let's play Zaxxon," he said. "I'd rather stick needles into my scrotum than watch animal abuse," he joked, and I burst out laughing, admiring his joking. "Mom. Would you like it if I drove a huge camper right over you as you tried to fly away?"

"No. If you two don't want to watch it, then that's fine. Please watch your language, young man. And, probably, no animals were injured. The people who make the movie probably might state at the end that no animals were hurt in making the movie," she said, taking the VHS tape from Jeremy and sliding it into its case.

"Okay, then. Let's play," Jeremy said.

We played Zaxxon until bed. We brushed our teeth, and he got out his sleeping bag for me. In our boxers, we talked until Jeremy's mom went to bed.

"Let's sit here," Jeremy smirked, patting his mattress. My stomach twisted and turned.

"I, don't, want to," I said, "Let's, not," I mumbled hoping we could just wrestle.

"Okay," he smiled widely looking into my eyes smiling which made me feel very loved because he was being considerate of me and my feelings.

I grabbed onto his body and wrestled him down to the carpet sitting on his back. I massaged each of his feet as he just lie there enjoying it! Later, we went to sleep. I loved him! I wanted to be his boyfriend.

Chapter 5

The next morning, I woke before Jeremy. I sat up in the sleeping bag to check out his handsome body as he lay there on top of the covers. Quietly, I scooted on the carpet to the foot of his bed, where his bare feet were. The soles of his feet were so handsome, curled there as he slept, slowly breathing.

I wanted to rub his toes. I wondered if I should. Then, I realized that it wouldn't be right to touch his body as he slept, without him knowing. His feet were so attractive, though; my penis throbbed very hard.

What if he were a girl? I suddenly knew that, in that case, I wouldn't have even considered touching him without his consent. I thought about it. It was another sexist double standard.

Then, Jeremy woke, and his mom went to work. We ate breakfast in our boxers. I decided to have the same as him, Fruity Pebbles.

"We'll take showers together when we're done," he said. Cracking a smirk, he reached over and held my hand as we ate. Afterward, I followed him to the bathroom, where we removed our boxers and showered.

"I'm in love," I said as I washed his very handsome chest. "I want to make love to you, sweetie."

He held his hands to his sides, enjoying my hands all over him, I knew as he was fully erect.

"I'm in love, too. We'll both do it, soon, in my bed," he said with a smile, leaving me even harder.

Then, he washed my body. My skin danced, and my stomach was full of butterflies at the feel of his handsome hands on me.

I dried him off, and then he did the same for me. We walked to his bedroom, holding hands and giggling, madly in love.

I hoped he'd still love me after today.

In Jeremy's bedroom, we hugged tight. As we embraced, I loved the feel of his warm body against mine. The fact that a boy was in love with me made my heart flutter and my stomach tingle and twist. I hugged him from behind, tight.

"I love you, Jeremy," I said, making him hard.

"You're wonderful. I love you so much," Jeremy replied, smiling into my eyes.

Then, he got out the masturbator from under his bed, handing it to me. He got out a bottle of hand lotion from his top dresser drawer and we each smeared some on. Then, I used the masturbator to completion, as he stood there watching me, and then he used it as I watched.

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