A New Experience

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At long last Paul made a move, bared Ronnie's cock and wanked him.

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There was no more than a couple of year's difference in the boys' ages and they'd been close friends since they were at primary school. In time they'd become true confidantes, and even now, in their early twenties, they shared secrets that they never disclosed to anyone else. Every week they spent hours in each other's company, generally in one or other of their bedrooms as their respective families didn't want the idle chatter of a couple of youths disturbing them downstairs.

This night there was a subtle difference in the atmosphere; a strange sort of emotional charge that hung between them, the consequence of which was that they gradually lapsed into silence. Ronnie, the youngest of the pair, was sitting on the edge of the bed, apparently sorting through a handful of CDs, though admittedly without much attention. Paul knelt on the floor in front of him, idly turning the pages of a book. As it was a hot summer evening, both were wearing shorts and t-shirts and Ronnie's plump, white thighs, almost girlish with their soft curves, contrasted strikingly with the dark bedspread on which he was sitting.

Turning towards him, his expression registering a mixture of desire and indecision, Paul reached out and laid a hand on the expanse of bare flesh before him, ready to snatch it away again instantly if his judgement proved to be in error. He was relieved when Paul didn't move, but simply drew in a sharp breath and tightened his grip on the CDs in his hand. For a few seconds it seemed as though time itself had stopped and neither of them moved or made a sound.

Then Paul's hand moved slowly over the soft flesh until his fingers were inside the leg of Ronnie's shorts. Still not entirely sure if he was misinterpreting the signs or not, he slid his fingers round the curve of the limb until they were spread across the yielding flesh of Ronnie's inner thigh, his fingertips just brushing the fabric of the boy's underpants. There was another pause, during which Paul became acutely aware of the tickling sensation growing in his crutch and was prompted to inch his fingers forward a little further. Swallowing hard, Ronnie let the disks slip from his hand. Lowering his arms to his sides, he leant back on them, opening his legs wider as he did so.

Paul's hand moved across the front of his friend's underpants and stroked gently over the rapidly growing bulge they contained. Ronnie trembled slightly and gasped, but did nothing to stop Paul as his fumbling grew firmer and more confident. The younger boy's excitement was growing and his penis was swelling rapidly and straining against the restricting fabric of his underpants as the attentions of his friend became more urgent. Paul leaned towards him, looked into his eyes and said

softly, ‘I’m going to get your cock out.’ Ronnie’s response was to take a deep breath, nod his assent and whisper, ‘I’ve wanted you to do that for such a long time.’

After a moment’s rough fumbling the boy’s penis had been pulled from beneath his underpants and lay against his thigh. With the leg of his shorts already pulled up, its swollen tip was exposed to view and Paul held it in his fingers and played with it. Ronnie groaned and leant further back, letting his friend play with him, the eager fingers probing and stroking, occasionally tracing the contours of the rigid shaft outlined by the tight fabric. At these times he applied pressure to it and rubbed it.

As if by some unspoken agreement, Paul got onto the bed beside his friend, laid on his side and pulled the younger boy into his arms, immediately returning a hand to the boy’s exposed cock. Reacting to the powerful sensations surging through him, Ronnie’s hands also sought out the waistband of his companion’s shorts and slipped inside them. A sudden wave of pleasure swept through him as he encountered the throbbing erection that awaited his touch and he closed both his hands round it, exploring every part, even slipping his fingers between Paul’s thighs to bring them up beneath his balls and fondle them.

Their shared excitement increased rapidly and they were soon sweating and panting in their close embrace. A sudden greater need overtook them both simultaneously and after a period of fumbling and rolling back and forth they’d managed to pull each other’s shorts and pants down far enough to expose their inflamed cocks completely. Then, with legs apart and their naked bodies fully accessible, they surrendered themselves to the sheer ecstasy of excitement that their active hands continued to heighten in sudden jolts. It being a new experience for them both, their initial touches were exploratory and tentative and the journey of discovery was wildly exciting. Each varied touch on stiff penis or heavy balls gave the recipient a great surge of pleasure and they rocked together in a tangle of limbs, their bodies swamped by the most wonderful feelings of sexual arousal. The new closeness made them clasp each other even more tightly, like lovers, and their shared kisses were long and deep, being broken only when the need for air forced their mouths apart.

After a while they settled into a rhythmical sequence of mutual masturbation and their arousal was soon at fever pitch. Feeling a slippery wetness beginning to coat the tip of his friend’s penis, Paul whispered, ‘Are you going to let me bring you off? Will you spunk for me?’ In faltering and ragged gasps, Ronnie murmured, ‘Yes … oh yes please … wank me … please don’t stop … make me shoot.’ Feeling the muscles of his companion’s thighs twitching in rapid pulses, he told him, ‘You must do it to me as well; I want you to wank me hard so we cum together, grip my cock tight and rub it fast, and squeeze my balls.’

In those final moments, they surrendered to a realm of sexual gratification totally new to them and Ronnie’s body trembled uncontrollably as he moaned and pressed his mouth against Paul’s. The older boy was shocked by the sudden sensation of heat as Ronnie’s spunk jetted through his fingers in a succession of heavy pulses. Desperately excited already, that triggered his own climax. The muscles of his stomach went tight and his balls contracted in rapid spasms, shooting his spunk onto their united hands and thighs in great streams. Almost spent, they continued wanking each other until they were both milked dry. Then, with deep sighs of satisfaction, they sank down and lay in each

other’s arms, feeling the aftershocks of their climax as the pool of their mixed spunk trickled slowly across their thighs.

After some time, and with a sudden realisation of the passing of time, they sat up and exchanged glances that were rather shy considering their recent intimacy. They had never been naked together before and it was the first time either of them had handled another man’s genitals – consequently, now the spur of excitement was absent, the situation seemed strange.

Anxious to tidy themselves up before anyone disturbed them, they cast around for an easy option and decided they could mop the spunk off their bodies with their underpants. However, Paul, being the more practical suggested that they turn them inside out first so that no stains would seep through their shorts afterwards. Also, being of a dominant nature and wanting to test if Ronnie would submit to his wishes, he insisted that they use each other’s underpants and wear them when they parted. This suggestion added another element of excitement and Ronnie readily agreed.

When the time came for Paul to leave, both boys were a little unsteady on their feet and their aching cocks and balls were an insistant reminder of their adventure. However, checking in the mirror and finding that nothing of their love-making was obvious, they came close for a moment and kissed goodnight. As Paul was about to open the door, Ronnie asked him, with a blush on his cheek, ‘Will you do that to me again – soon – please?’ Stepping outside, Paul smiled and nodded before walking away.