

Teenage circle jerk...

That Boy That Summer

In his eighteenth summer between senior high and college, Engine remembered, he had beat off exactly 358 times for an average of nearly four loads a day. Early mornings he woke with a pisshard that wouldn't go away. He walked to the bathroom, down the hall flooded with the early dawn light of summer, with his dick big and hard and bobbing in front of his young belly. The weight of it felt as good, cantilevered out over his big balls, as did the heat of it in the cool morning air. In the john, he stood sleepily over the toilet, holding his large meat in his hand, aiming his rod down at the bowl. His piss was slow in coming. His hand felt good on his cock. His mind darted, waking up, to the kind of stuff he had plotted to dedicate his summer vacation to: he intended to beat off as much as he could everywhere he could, thinking about and spying on, well, not spying actually, more like watching, no, studying, yeah, that was it, studying the guys he couldn't wait to rub shoulders with in the locker room come the fall semester.

Engine had scoped his plan, start to finish. He knew what he wanted. He knew what he liked. He had, that summer, not yet let any man touch his dick. At the Y, and in a couple of gas station restrooms, and in at least one highway rest stop, men had taken a gander at the meat Engine flipped out of his jeans. They had tried, some of them, to cop a feel of his sizeable rod. He let them look. He even let one or two of them kind of kneel in front of him while they looked at his dick and rubbed their own cocks.

Engine liked that. He liked the way grown men knelt to worship dick. The couple times that he had stepped back from the porcelain urinal, he turned with his dick hanging out of his fly and stood with his booted feet slightly apart. He noticed that as soon as the other man knelt down in front of him, his own cock started its launch from its long, low-slung hang, filling up with a tidal flood of hard, swelling meat stretching the rosy pink skin of his young dick tight around the thick shaft that curved ever so naturally off to his left.

He liked to watch his prick's no-hands rise to fullness that flushed the thick mushroom head.

He was surprised the first time that a man kneeling on the hard tile floor in the gas-station john moaned at the sight of his big tool. He stepped back half a pace when the man bobbed toward his meat. A thin strand of pre-fuck juice, clear as crystal, started as a big drop forming at the slit of his dick. His step back caused the drop to fall in a slow stretch of juice that the kneeling man wanted. But Engine wasn't offering that. No touch. Not yet. Not until he was ready. He wasn't prick teasing. He was totally focused on what he had to exchange at the moment. He was okay in his head with men looking at his dick close up, but he wasn't ready, at least not yet, not until he had beaten off enough by himself to let another man touch him, lick him, tongue him, suck him.

Engine knew about all those things. No one told him. He just knew. He was born knowing. His secret knowledge he kept to himself. His plan was to act on what he liked when he got old enough. What he liked was older men. Older men, to him that summer, were the guys on Freshman College Varsity. His plan was never to be touched until he was touched by one of them. He was satisfied, all the way up to the fall semester, to hang out near where these guys played summer ball, to park his old car near their van at the drive-in movie, and to strip off his own teeshirt and jeans close by the lockers where they peeled down and horsed around snapping each others' butts with towels while their dicks and balls flopped in their wild grab-assing before they headed down to the beach.

He beat off in the bushes watching them sweating in a fast and furious hardball tournament that lasted all summer.

He beat off in his old car at the drive-in movie staring into their van where they guzzled beer and smoked dope and made dirty jokes about the stuff on screen.

He beat off in the locker room sniffing their socks and smelling the sweat in the pits of their white cotton teeshirts; he searched their white jockey shorts, dropped, in their messing around, carelessly on the floor, for that special bit of skid-mark that only the crack of a ripe sweaty butt can blot into a trace of guys who are really hot shit.

He studied the way the college guys moved and found his own moves were already as sure as theirs. He studied the way they cut their hair and discovered his own natural bent in grooming matched theirs. He studied their cocks and balls. He inventoried the variety of their upperclassmen bodies. He liked what he saw. He liked the look, when he was alone, in his room laid back naked in front of a mirror, of his own body and balls and

cock. He knew he would fit in okay. He could hardly wait for the fall. The thought of walking into the senior locker room, stripping down, playing a little ball, and showering all together in a tiled room echoing with loud shouting gave him a bone on. He could hardly wait to show off his dick, his sizeable big dick, to these guys.

He figured it might never happen, but he liked to think about standing with them all in a circle jerk. He knew they had done it. He had seen them, late one night, half-drunk and very stoned, standing stripped from a midnight swim around a small warming fire kindled on the sandy shore of Twin Lakes. They started out laughing and taking bets on who could last the longest or shoot the fastest or who had the biggest dick versus who had the smallest gun; but the longer they stood in the circle, the closer they moved. The laughing stopped. Their individual energies seemed to combine into one group energy. There was no touching. Only the movement of their arms stroking their hands up and down the shafts of their hard cocks. There was no embarrassment. No shame. They were buddies, all of them, together all the time, each one of them thinking, in the quiet of the summer night, mesmerized by the firelight, their own private thoughts, jerking off together as naturally as every other sport and pleasure they shared.

Engine could hardly wait to be part of a group of men like that. Dick in hand, he beat off thirty or forty times thinking about how they had looked, each and every one of them, standing around the fire, their faces and chests and bellies and cocks lit from beneath by the orange-and-shadow flickering in the soft summer night air. He knew all his life he would remember this summer of purposeful waiting. He even laughed at himself for holding out, acting almost virginal, until he could do it with the right upperclassman in the right group of men. Until then, that summer, he kept his dick to himself.

One thing Engine knew for fucking sure. He might be a “technical” virgin because he’d never done it with anybody else, but he was not gonna be any slouch. He knew when he finally hit the sack with the right man at the right time, he would know precisely what moves to give and take. A guy doesn’t jerk off a couple thousand times thinking about all the things two men can do without getting pretty good at basic pleasure.

Engine figured it took a lot of nerve for a guy to go out and make love to somebody else unless he had made pretty good love to himself first.

He liked to cup his hand around his cock and balls and move it slowly to his face. He held his palm and fingers steady and lobbed a nice-and-nasty wad of spit into his hand. His big cock kind of rolled expectantly

over on his left thigh. His dick liked stroking. His hand liked his dick. His head knew the right rhythms. His mind unreeled the right movies. Everything came together when his wet hand wrapped around the hot head of his dick and slid down the heavy shaft to his cockroot at the top of his tight balls. He liked to feel the hose-thick vascularity of the big vein that ran up the underside of his dick from his nuts to his cockhead. He was always rock hard.

That summer he played with himself in constant anticipation of the first man he would have and of all the men he would have after the first. He was absolutely and totally clear about the downright righteous encounter of man-on-man pleasure. That summer with 358 cumings under his belt, he developed a taste for his own cum, and through his own cum, a taste for the cum of the college guys he would soon join. He licked his own hand. He wanted to know for sure what his load tasted like so he'd know exactly how he tasted to the guys when they came back in the fall from working on construction jobs and from playing ball and from their own secret pleasures.

He had big hands. He had big cock. He had big plans.

He loved that summer when he had teased himself with total anticipation. He remembered all those private young loads he had shot on his own belly. He recalled how perfectly that summer had set him up for all the man-to-man fucking and sucking to come.

Sometimes, later on, pile-driving his dick, face-fucking some guy in a roadside toilet, he knew he'd think back on that summer when he had heated himself up to a hot, fevered pitch that would spur him on for a fucking lifetime!