

All Boys Aren't Blue

-by George M. Johnson

He asked me to “turn over” while he slipped a condom on himself... But this was my ass, and I was struggling to imagine someone inside me. And he was . . . large... I had previously topped someone who clearly enjoyed it, but he had been enjoying anal sex before I ever came along... He got on top and slowly inserted himself into me... He then added more lube and tried again, which felt better but not by much. He began his stroking motion. Eventually, I felt a mix of pleasure with the pain... He didn't last long inside of me, thankfully. He gave me a kiss before he pulled out. I didn't stay long, nor did I masturbate after. -Page 271

You told me to take-off my pajama pants, which I did. You then took off your shorts, followed by your boxers. There you stood in front of me fully erect and said, "Taste it." At first, I laughed and refused. But then you said, "Come on, Matt, taste it. This is what other boys like us do when we like each other." I finally listened to you. The whole time I knew it was wrong, not because I was having sexual intercourse with a guy, but that you were my family. I only did that for about forty-five seconds before you had me stop. Then you got down on your knees and told me to close my eyes. That's when you began oral sex on me as well... After a minute or so, you stopped. You then laid me on the ground and got on top of me. You began humping me—back and forth back and forth—never penetrating me, though. It was just our bodies on top of each other going back and forth for several minutes while the music on the TV played in the background...Aretha Franklin was singing "A Rose Is Still a Rose." The irony of a song playing in the background about the deflowering of a young girl being used by a man. The irony of me lying on the basement floor. You eventually got up off me and told me to come to the bathroom, that you wanted to show me one more thing... You began stroking yourself in front of me. I just stood there nervous because I didn't know what to expect next. You said, "Just keep watching, Matt." So I stood there and watched you for several minutes. Then you began to moan slightly. I took a step back because I didn't know what was about to happen, and then it did. You ejaculated into the toilet in front of me.

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As we kissed, he began unzipping my pants. He reached his hand down and pulled out my dick...He quickly went to giving me head... He then came up and asked me if I wanted to try on him. I said sure. I began and he said, "Watch your teeth."... He didn't know I was a virgin, and I did my best to act dominant like my favorite porn star... His body felt great in my mouth. I came up after a while and kissed him again. We both got up and went into his bedroom, where we got completely naked. He took off his clothes and immediately lay on his stomach. I then took off my shirt, and then my boxer briefs. I got behind him... For the first few minutes, we dry humped and grinded. I was behind him, with my stomach on his back as we kissed. After a few minutes of fun and games, he got up and went to his nightstand, where he pulled out a condom and some lube. He then lay down on his stomach. I knew what I had to do even if I had never done it before. I had one point of reference, though, and that was seven-plus years of watching pornography. Although the porn was heterosexual, it was enough of a reference point for me to get the job done. I remember the condom was blue and flavored like cotton candy. I put some lube on and got him up on his knees, and I began to slide into him from behind. I tried not to force it because I imagined that it would be painful; I didn't want this moment to be painful. So I eased in, slowly, until I heard him moan...As we moved, I could tell he was excited and I was, too... I finally came and let out a loud moan...I pulled out of him and kissed him while he masturbated. Then, he also came.

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