

Anatomy of a Boyfriend

By Daria Snadowsky

Wes and I kiss passionately, almost desperately, as we undress each other. He removes everything but my underwear. ...Soon we're on the bed with me on top. Then I sit up, straddling his thighs. He lies perfectly still as I unbutton and unzip his shorts. I'm assuming he has underwear on, so I don't hesitate as I quickly draw his shorts down below his hips. ...I wasn't anticipating seeing his erect penis right away; it's protruding up through the flap in his boxers and resting against his lower belly. ...Even by the dim blue moonlight filtering in through the glass balcony doors, I can recognize the features of his penis from my anatomy books. The shaft, the head, the urethral opening—it's definitely all there. Only it looks so much more alive and urgent than any photograph could ever capture. ...Then I notice it bobbing up and down slightly with his heartbeat, as if it's waving me on. ...I don't feel ready to touch it just yet, so I start by easing my hands underneath his boxers and lightly rub the area surrounding it. His pubic hair is so long and coarse! ...Wes murmurs something unintelligible and closes his eyes. ...Soon I close my hands in on his balls, but I'm not sure what to do with them. I've seen enough slapstick about guys getting kicked in the nuts to know they're ultrasensitive, so I pet them in a tickly, feathery way. This is by far the most delicate part of Wes I've come across yet—the consistency makes me think of a baby bird, or squishy nectarine skin, scattered with hair. It's truly surreal to think I'm holding Wes's scrotum, his personal sperm generator. Now I'm on the bed to the side of his left hip, and I ease his shorts and boxers down to his knees.

...I lightly clutch Wes's penis with my right hand and start to stroke it lightly, up and down the length of it. ...“That's fine, this feels great,” he says hurriedly, over his heavy breathing. I continue to stroke him, and it's cool how the skin can move up and down a little, like it's not really attached to whatever's underneath. I try to

vary the speed and position of my hand, but Wes just continues to groan in the same, quiet way. After a few minutes of this exercise, I'm wondering why he hasn't ejaculated. ...I guess Wes can tell I'm getting discouraged because he wraps his hands around mine and guides me through a few strokes. He says it responds well to pressure. ...“You know what feels good? When you touch the tip.” “Oh, okay.” I take him back in my hands. “And, um, don't forget about these,” he says while pointing to his balls. ...Now my right hand is stroking his penis, and the other is caressing his testicles. ...I wonder if I'd ever be able to get my mouth around his penis if I tried. ...After five more minutes, still nothing. ...“Hey, could you lick your hands? Like, really salivate on them?” Wes has a desperate look in his eyes. ...I can't bring myself even to look at my slobbery hand as I move it back to his dick, but it seems to do the trick. “Okay, yeah, better, much better. Yeah,” he moans. “Can you go faster?” I can barely feel my arms now, and my shoulders are sore, but I take deep breaths and keep going. ...Soon a few drops of something hot leak onto my fingers. Wes's breathing is getting heavier too, and suddenly he mutters breathlessly, “Tighter. Ah, Aah, Dom. Dom—” I feel a stiffening of his penis in my hands as the tip expels a thick, creamy liquid. Wes's legs tremble and his back arches as he groans loudly. I discover the warm, white goo cascading down my knuckles serves as a great lubricant, so I stroke even faster. “Dom... you can stop.... Stop now!” he almost shouts. when it was happening?” “You mean when I came?” “Yeah. Then.”

-Page 112

4
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