PAUL D’ARNOT WAS THE FIRST WHITE MAN, AND THE BRAVEST, I EVER MET. I didn’t realize just how brave until much later, after I’d entered civilization and observed the ways of men. Then I saw that most were not at all like my proud little French navy lieutenant; that many were deceitful, greedy, ignorant, and cowardly. But that was later, and even then I had Paul’s example to remind me that some men could rise above their circumstances and deal honestly and generously with their fellows.

I’m not sure which was my first glimpse of Paul, for he was only one of several soldiers who followed the Porter expedition in penetrating my jungle safehold. I remember spying on them through the tree canopy, fascinated by their strangeness, recognizing they were similar to me, yet also alien beyond understanding. Jane Porter held my interest particularly, and I made myself her invisible guardian, driving away the more savage jungle creatures that might have harmed her.

I was dreaming of her in fact, when native drums and dance cries roused me from my sleep, calling me to see what the fuss was about. Though I disliked and kept aloof from the nearby tribe, I watched them frequently, determined to keep them from encroaching on my ape band’s territory. So I knew where to go, even without their thunderous drumming to guide me. Outside their village I ascended high into an ancient tree, stretching out on my belly along a sturdy bough to study the proceedings below.

The tribe was gathered round a captive, a slightly built man who’d been stripped and tied to a post. Warriors circled around him, jabbing his flesh with sharp spears as the women chanted and danced. I’d witnessed such scenes before, and knew what would come next. The prisoner’s extremities would be cut away bit by bit, prolonging his dying until only a writhing shrieking torso was left to be thrown into a bonfire. The ceremony sickened me, but I’d never interfered, unwilling to challenge the tribesmen so long as they stayed clear of my territory.

The prisoner stood straightly erect, head lifted in defiant attitude. He was bleeding from many shallow wounds, and his naked skin was filthy with mud and blood combined. He bore the stabs of their spears in silence, which seemed to infuriate the tribe. I wondered at it, for previous captives had always screamed piteously until too hoarse to utter further sound. A lance pierced the man’s side, but he only squeezed his eyes shut, shuddering silently.

And then the women lit the bonfire, coaxing it to grow high. The flames lit up the prisoner’s face, and for the first time I saw white skin through the streaks of grime.

So many thoughts raced through me at that! He was not one of them, not truly their own to deal with as they chose. He had to be from Jane Porter’s group, the only whites I’d ever seen. And I had set myself the task of protecting them, of serving her. Why, the tribe must have invaded my territory just to capture this man! Rage swept through me, fed further by my desire to prove my loyalty to Jane.

I swung from the tree, dropping down on a warrior who’d seized the prisoner’s ear, about to cut it off. The tribesman turned on me in panic, and I caught him up easily, slamming him back down to the earth with enough force to render him unconscious. The rest of the tribe took my warning to heart, fleeing into the surrounding jungle for shelter.

In no time I was left alone with the injured captive. I turned to face him and our eyes locked. A premonitory thrill shot through me as I advanced on him. His gaze never wavered, though I could tell he was astonished at my sudden appearance.

He was not such a little man really, but I am very large, and I towered over him. He spoke some question in an unknown tongue, his eyes searching my face as if he might read the answer there. I took my knife up and his frame went rigid, as if he were prepared to receive a death blow. Pressing my palm to his chest reass-
suringly, I cut him free from the post to which he’d been lashed. He stumbled as the ropes gave way, too weakened by his ordeal to stand without their aid. He could not tear his eyes away from mine. “Mon Dieu,” he whispered, touching my face with shaking fingers. Then his body went quite limp as he slipped from consciousness.

He would have fallen but I caught him, raising his battered form in my arms to stride from that place of death. None tried to stop me. I took the man to a quiet area far from the tribal village. Settling the fellow on a nest of ferns within the hollow crotch of a massive tree, I broke leafy boughs from younger trees and leaned the branches against the trunk to form a covered shelter for him. He never stirred, head lolled back as I’d first placed him each time I checked.

Remembering plants which had proved useful whenever I’d been scratched or bruised, I gathered several and mashed their leaves into poultices. But the man was so begrimed I could not see all his hurts to treat them. So I left the pulped leaves aside and fetched gourds from nearby trees, filling them at the river.

He awoke as I began to clean him, starting groggily, then staring up at me with the same amazed acceptance he’d shown before. I held his wrist, lifting his arm up to run wet moss along it, sponging away the dried blood and dirt. He let me wash him without protest, only shaking his head now and again and murmuring lyrical phrases in a soft alien tongue.

Despite his simple state, unclothed and unable to communicate with me, I found him fascinating beyond description. He was so new, so strange to my experience, yet always our similarities called to me, prickling uncomfortably at my sense of self and identity. He was a stranger who was more like me than all the creatures I’d grown up with. I examined his body in minute detail as I dabbed it clean, noting how the brown skin of his face and hands paled over his arms, legs, and chest, and lightened to creamy whiteness across his loins and haunches. His hair was very short and very soft. The outer ends were bleached a pale honey color by the sun, but they darkened toward the roots, and that darker undercoat matched the shade of his body hair. Earthy brown, it swept down his chest, curling about tan nipples and thickening to coarse black curls below his belly.

He started again when I lifted his penis to sponge up between his legs. I supposed the cold water had discomfited him, and I pressed him to lie back, patting him reassuringly. Warily he did so, head crooked forward to watch my hands as I worked. His penis interested me, for where the crown of mine was protected with a supple fold of skin, his was uncovered, exposing the plum-shaped head even when flaccid. I ran my thumb along the thin white scar ringing it, wondering at first if the tribesman had cut it, but saw the wound was an ancient one, well-healed. The stranger gave a strangled gasp at my fingering, the first outcry I’d heard from him.

Contrite, thinking I’d hurt an old injury, I let go of him and backed away. But he smiled at me suddenly, a warm expression of goodwill and gratitude. I tried to smile back, managing only a clumsy approximation as I’d never practiced such a facial gesture before. But I knew the friendliness behind the symbol, having seen the natives smile so at their children and comrades.

The man pointed to his other arm questioningly. It was still smeared with grime, and I took that to be an invitation to finish my task. Soaking another handful of moss in the water gourd, I continued my work.

The man settled quietly as I finished washing him, exhaustion clearly gaining an upper hand. Yet always his eyes followed me, alert and intent. Once I had cleaned all his myriad cuts and wounds, I began the careful task of binding the leaf poultices to them with long strips of tough jungle grass. He bit at his lips from time to time, yet no pained cry ever called out to stop me. I was beginning to suspect he was more seriously hurt than I’d first assumed, and was keeping silent not from lack of pain but from some personal taboo. I worked gently therefore, feeling such kinship to the stranger that I desired to do my best on his behalf.

He beckoned for the water gourd when I’d finished, and drank thirstily as I supported his head and held the container to his lips. I offered him fruit too, but he shook his head and soon lapsed into a fitful sleep.

For five days as he slowly recovered I guarded him from predators, leaving his side only to fetch us food and water. At first he tossed with fever
and refused to eat. Concerned by his hollow cheeks and pallid features, I grew insistent, only to have him vomit up the food I forced on him. Bit by bit though he kept more down, no longer fighting me when I made him eat. His fever broke on the fourth night, only to leave him shivering in the cool of the jungle night. He was not used to nakedness, and tried to burrow beneath the mat of ferns on which he lay. I stretched alongside him, gathering him in my arms to keep him warm during the chill of night. My larger body easily covered his, and he relaxed in my hold, seeming to take comfort from the heat and security it offered. We slept thus from that night onward.

On the fifth day my friend, no longer a stranger, began speaking again. He was still weak and needed assistance to move, but his wounds had all scabbed over cleanly, and his bruised swollen features began to subside, revealing a face and form quite sturdy and attractive.

We began exchanging words for objects we could point to, but though I mimicked his sounds with ease, he stumbled and stammered his way through mine. He could manage few of the dozens of grunts, chirps, and guttural calls which made up the jungle languages. I laughed at his futile attempts, and eventually he abandoned the effort, concentrating instead on teaching me to speak his tongue. Propped up against the overgrown tree roots, he indicated plants, animals, and other objects around us, patiently coaching me in their new names.

One question he asked repeatedly, pressing his fingertips to my cheek, forehead, chest, or shoulder. I tried supplying him with the jungle terms for those parts of the body, tapping the corresponding places on him, but he would shake his head and kept repeating his question. “Comment appellez-vous?”

I finally gave up answering, returning his searching gaze with baffled silence. He frowned, a frustrated crease furrowing his brows. Then he tapped his breastbone, intoning, “Je m’appelle Paul d’Arnot.”

I echoed the phrase, tapping my own breastbone. He grabbed my hand and struck it against his chest. “Non, non! Moi! Je m’appelle Paul d’Arnot.” Now pressing my hand back to my chest, he questioned urgently, “Et vous?”

The meaning broke upon me. Nodding my understanding, I answered, “Tarzan. I am Tarzan of the apes.”


More solemnly he sat up straighter, pulling my arm to bring my face close his. He pressed his lips ceremoniously to each of my cheekbones in turn, and said firmly, “Mon frère.”

Thus began the friendship which has lasted to this day. Having declared me his brother, Paul would settle for nothing less than unearthing the mystery of my birth, and restoring to me that heritage which I had lost when, a six-month-old orphan, I’d been adopted by a band of jungle apes.

None of this happened quickly, of course. When Paul had regained sufficient strength to be moved, I told him I would carry him to the campsite of the Porter expedition. Paul questioned my stamina, worrying that I could not bear his weight all that distance. “Mais oui,” I laughed, flexing my arms to show him how strong they were. I had carried him nearly that far from the tribal village, but he had no memory of that journey. Paul laughed too, probably at my pronunciation, and readily consented to the move. In truth, I was as eager to find his people as he was, for now I would earn Jane’s gratitude by returning her safari’s navigator. Fascinating as Paul’s company had been, it had only whetted my appetite for further encounters with the foreign female.

But such was not to be, at least not then. We discovered the campsite abandoned, the riverboat gone. I was as devastated as Paul, for I was sure I had lost my chance to ever see Jane again. Poor Paul, I left him alone there all day as I struck off into the jungle to vent my fury at being cheated so.

My conscience prickled at me eventually, reminding me there was another to think of, one who, however brave and self-reliant, was still injured and dependent on me. And another thought dawned on me. Where Jane had gone, Paul could follow. And where Paul led, I too could follow. Jane had left. Very well, I would go to her.

My heart decided, I returned to the aban-
doned campsite. It took little persuasion to get Paul to agree to the plan. He was doubtful we could manage the overland trek to the nearest trading port, which he estimated could take a month or more on foot, but as the alternative was for him to live out his life in my jungle habitat, he was willing to attempt the journey.

Clothed once more in a uniform left behind at the camp and salvaging what other items he could from the site, Paul slapped my shoulder and gamely cried for us to march onward.

I learned so much during our time on that journey. Paul did what he could to prepare me for the cities of men, but much of what he described was beyond my comprehension then. Still, he drilled me in manners and customs so that none could call me barbarian and deny my right to join civilization.

The concept of civilization overwhelmed me at times. It seemed there were so many rules, so many customs that I would never remember them all. But Paul persisted with my lessons as we made our way slowly along the river to the coast, and I learned much that would prove valuable later on.

Being French, Paul took particular interest in culinary matters, and reformed my eating habits (which he proclaimed disgusting), until I knew down to the dessert fork how to politely consume my way through the most elegant banquet. Not that we had such niceties as forks, or finger bowls, or napkins, but Paul improvised with sticks and leaves, coaching me so that I would not be caught unprepared when we reached his country.

That began our first quarrel, actually. Not the etiquette lessons, which I found baffling but accepted as a social necessity, but his presumption that I would accompany him back to his home in France. I did not know where France was, nor did I care. I wanted to go where Jane was, and Paul had once mentioned casually that she’d likely gone to America with her father. Paul was not interested in going to America; it was all that I could think of.

We argued about it for three days, before Paul threw up his hands in exasperation and gave in. He was piqued though, and I think hurt that I did not wish to join him in his homeland. When I realized that he felt slighted by my decision, I tried to explain the compulsion I felt to find Jane.

“Ah, une jolie femme,” he smiled knowingly. He seemed mollified then and commented it was very French of me to abandon all for a pretty face.

The issue decided, Paul abruptly switched to a new language, English, which he claimed was the only one understood in America. It was difficult to learn, especially as the sentence construction was so different from French, and I groaned that I had ever been taught the latter. Why, I demanded of my companion, had he confused me with another language so unsuited to my purposes?

“But I taught you the best first,” Paul exclaimed. “If I had known you planned to keep low company such as Americans, I would not have bothered. But there it is, you can converse with the most intelligent and cultured of people where ever you go. And now you will know English too, to speak to the others.”

That night, for the first time since I had sheltered him, Paul made his bed of grasses apart from mine; not far, but separate enough that we did not touch. I did not think anything of it at first. I had curled up with Paul all these nights just as I’d done for years with members of my ape band, but I’d frequently pushed the apes away too, wishing for room to sprawl out on hot summer nights.

But this was not summer, it was autumn, and the night air was crisp. And Paul did not fling his arms out or toss about, but huddled in a tight ball, tucking his hands up in his armpits. I regarded him curiously, but went to sleep on my own mat without comment.

A faint rustling noise awakened me very early in the morning. Coming instantly alert, I opened my eyes but remained motionless, trying to identify the noise. It came from beside me, and I slowly tilted my head over to witness Paul fumbling with his trouser buttons and rubbing at his crotch. He worked silently, but for the soft rasp of skin stroking skin.

“That always feels so good,” I remarked. “I do that too, but not in the morning. It makes you want to go back to sleep.”

Paul froze. “Pardonnez-moi,” he whispered. “I did not mean to disturb you.”

I rolled over once, bringing me to his side, and propped myself on raised elbows to peer over his hip. “Let me see?”
Paul’s face reddened, but he pulled his hands away from his crotch, letting me view the semi-erect cock which he’d pulled through the trousers’ opening. Cock was the informal term for penis, he’d explained earlier. Again I noted the absence of a protective fold of skin on his.

“Was it a battle injury?” I asked, pointing. Paul had told me of the bloody conflicts in which he’d earned his lieutenantcy.

He looked surprised, as if he’d expected some other question than that; then he smiled. “No, my friend, it was cut when I was a baby. It is the sign of a covenant between my people and God.”

It seemed to me a very stern covenant. “Did it hurt?”

“Fortunately, I do not remember.”

“And all your people do this?”

“All of the men, yes.”

“Don’t the women have a way to make a sign?”

Paul shook his head, looking thoughtful. “I suppose it is because women do not need to show proof. They are better at keeping promises than men.”

I smiled happily, thinking of Jane. “If I ask Jane Porter to promise me something, then I can trust her?”

Paul shrugged. “I suppose so. She was always very polite to me. I imagine she is a lady of her word.”

“Do you think she would agree to be my mate?” The thought had become an obsession, the reason I would pursue Jane all the way to America.

Paul sighed as if the idea troubled him somehow. “I don’t know,” he admitted. “Perhaps. You are very handsome, my friend. Many out there would be happy to make love with you.”

“Make love? You can feel love, but can you make it?”

Paul grinned, his eyes regarding me slyly. “Oh yes, mon ami, the French know how to make love expertly. They taught the world.”

“Show me!” I demanded excitedly.

He laughed and shook his head. “It is not something for display, not real lovemaking. It is something you can only learn by doing.” His eyes twinkled at me, amused by some private knowledge.

“Then teach me,” I persisted.

Paul waved his hand dismissively. “You do not know what you are asking, I should not have teased you. Forget I spoke.”

I studied him speculatively. “You know how civilized men mate—make love—with civilized women, n’est-ce pas? I wish to know this. I do not want to repulse Jane. Show me how to make love as civilized men do.”

Paul closed his eyes, wincing slightly as if from a sudden pain. “You do not know what you are asking,” he repeated softly.

“It is no greater favor than the help I have given you,” I insisted stubbornly.

Paul’s eyes opened to gaze up at me with such sadness and longing I was taken aback.

“Tarzan, mon brave, mon enfant, I can not take advantage of such innocence. I have desired you from the first instant you touched me, but I can not be so selfish. You are a normal man inside. You love Jane and that is understandable. I am not such a man, I do not desire women. There are others like this, and we make love among ourselves. I will not lead you into such things where you do not belong.”

Paul’s words were oblique, hinting at mysterious secrets. “You mate with other men?” I asked, to make sure I had understood.

“Oui.”

“Am I not another man?” I couldn’t understand the difficulty. It seemed ideal.

Paul’s eyes flickered over my body. “You are perfection. You are what other men dream to be.”

“And you wish to mate—make love—with me?”

Paul fell silent. I was not willing to let it die. “If I want you to teach me how civilized men make love, and you wish to do this to me, then we are in agreement. Why do you argue?”

“Because it would not be right,” Paul whispered.

“Why not?” I was getting frustrated.

“You do not understand what you are asking.”

That third repetition galled me. We were going in circles. I took hold of Paul and pulled him to his feet, and began to strip him of his uniform. “I don’t care,” I told him when he protested. “I want to know. If you won’t explain, I’ll try for myself.”

Paul shuddered as my hands moved over his body. He threw his arms around me and clung tightly for a moment. “I am only a man,” he de-
clared with trembling voice. “I can not fight the
gods.” He pulled back to aid me in removing his
garments.

Now, as I focused on the thought of mating another at last, I found my cock hardening of its own accord. When I’d stripped the last piece of cloth from Paul, I pushed him down and pulled his buttocks back to position him as I’d seen the female apes presenting themselves for mounting.

Paul laughed and slipped around in my hold, not struggling but still blocking my intentions. “Not so suddenly, Monsieur Tarzan, it is always better to prolong the process. Remember this when you are with Jane; women cherish the lover who takes his time.”

I nodded and released Paul, squatting beside him to listen to his instructions.

“Gently too, my friend,” he said, taking my hand and lightly kissing it. “You are very big, and so fantastically strong. You must take care.”

He ran his hand along my shoulders and trailed delicate fingers down my chest. It tickled, yet left a trail of tingling sensation. I repeated the motion on Paul’s chest. His other hand caressed my cheek, and I touched his in return.

Then his finger circled the head of my cock, a slow silky brush which set my heart suddenly beating harder. His hand curled around the organ, bringing a rush of heat to it. He guided my hand to a similar grip on his, and I followed his example as he began a slow stroking motion. It was very difficult to concentrate properly, for his caresses had me enormously excited, and all I longed to do was thrust rapidly to completion.

Paul restrained me however, continuing his slow steady caresses until I growled with frustrated desire. I took myself in hand, abandoning Paul’s loins, and began the rapid pumping I’d practiced so many years alone. Paul sighed.

“We must teach you patience. One thing at a time, though. Allow me.”

He bent over my lap, and pulling my hands away, opened his mouth wide to swallow me in. I was astonished by the marvellous sensation his warm mouth imparted. Softer than moss, his wet tongue caressed the head of my organ, nudging it further back toward his throat to lick and tickle down along my shaft. Instinctively I caught hold of his head, holding him to me as I thrust into that slippery sucking haven. I must have come near to choking Paul, but he never protested, only speeded his licking motions in time to my thrusts. I soared to climax, spurting that cloudy fluid which was only emitted at such times. Even as I relished the pulsing waves of pleasure which accompanied the emission, I regretted ending the new experience so soon. Now I understood Paul’s admonition to proceed slowly, for it seemed a shame to finish before learning all the new ways of mating Paul knew.

My navy lieutenant did not seem greatly concerned, however. He swallowed all that I poured forth in his mouth, licking me quite clean, and then kissing me on my mouth, that I might taste my own fluids. I had sampled the stuff before, out of curiosity, and found it salty as blood, but not so sweet. Now, receiving it off of Paul’s tongue, there was a mellow flavor to it, a quite pleasant tang enhanced by the taste of his own mouth. We kissed and let our tongues explore each other’s mouths for several minutes, as I gradually recovered from my climax. Paul saw to it that I did not fall asleep as was my usual wont, stroking my body gently and playing with my flaccid organ until it stirred once more.

“He bon,” he commended me. “Now we start again. Now you will not be in so great a hurry to finish I think.”

He stretched out on his back, arms raised above his head, legs parted, a picture of striking vulnerability. No animal exposes its tender belly and sex organs to any but its mother or a trusted mate, and I felt a rush of tenderness that Paul should feel so safe with me.

He gestured for me to touch his nipples and I did so, rolling them under thumb until they hardened to raised nubs for me to suckle. This Paul encouraged me to do, assuring me that Jane would delight in such attentions. I practiced diligently, eager to learn, and fascinated by the responsiveness of his body. A flush stole over Paul’s chest and shoulders, and he sighed and stretched as I worked over him. His own cock had hardened long since, and he urged my hands over it, clasping them in his own to guide me in stroking him. He seemed to like a much slower rhythm than I used on myself, pulling upward then squeezing over the head and circling a finger along the slitted tip before
rubbing back down to the base and starting the outward pull again.

All this I knew would be impossible to do to Jane, but I paid careful attention anyway, for it occurred to me that I might teach her to do the same to me. I lowered my mouth and swallowed him within, startling him at the suddenness. He seemed pleased by my initiative, but also nervous to be in my mouth. “Keep your teeth covered, do not let them scrape,” he cautioned me. “That’s right, that is very good. Ah! Ça c’est merveilleux! Do not stop!”

I suckled at the thickened staff diligently, rolling my tongue over it as Paul had done to mine, but then choked suddenly as he thrust deeper. I spat him out, coughing heavily.

Pardonne-moi,” he apologized contritely. “To swallow a man is a skill which requires practice. I show you later. Here, I will make it up to you. Lie down, let me touch your ass.”

This caused momentary confusion, as Paul had previously taught me that ‘ass’ meant an uncouth person. The Kaiser of Germany was the one he most often used in conjunction with this term.

“La fesse,” Paul explained at my hesitation. That word I knew from our earliest language lesson, when he’d labelled all the body parts for me La fesse. Ass. I added it to my vocabulary for civilization. It was years before I realized that was not the polite translation, but it made no difference then. I knew he was going to do something delightful to my bottom, and eagerly rolled onto my stomach, chin propped on the back of my arm and legs outstretched. With a flutter down in my belly I felt his hands spread my ass wide open, and his fingers gently stroked the tender flesh between. It sent a little thrill through me, but that was as nothing to his next action. I felt warm breath on me, then a shock of pleasure as his tongue flicked at the hidden spot. He nuzzled closer, licking the tight ring of flesh and prodding at it with blunt slender fingers. He had such fine hands, his fingers long and aristocratic, and I shivered to think of them prying me open. He kept licking and toying with me until I was well excited and the muscle guarding my anus well relaxed; then a delicate finger pushed within. I tightened at once, giving myself a twinge of pain that the finger itself had not.

“Easy,” Paul soothed. “Push outward.” I did, and paradoxically it allowed him to push his finger in further without resistance from me. Another finger slid alongside the first, and Paul began to stretch at the opening. It all felt very strange, a little uncomfortable, but terribly exciting. Had I not so recently orgasmed I would have been fully hard again at the feel of it. As it was, my cock seemed to seriously consider re-joining the game.

“Now you are ready to take me in you,” Paul declared, easing his hand away. “It may hurt a little at first, but I know you are brave. If you can not bear it, tell me, but if you can wait there will be great reward for you.”

I was not afraid, knowing Paul would never do anything to cause me injury. And pain was something I’d learned to master long ago.

“I am ready,” I told him in voice not so calm as I might have wished. It was not fearful anticipation which made it quaver, but an aching yearning inside. I did not know what I needed to fulfill the desire, but guessed that Paul did, and that he would see it well taken care of.

He turned me onto my back and raised my legs high, having me wrap them around his waist. Wetting his cock thoroughly with saliva, he guided it to my anus and began a steady pressure. I felt him stretch me wider and wider until the head slid past and there was a slight easing as my opening snugged around the narrower underside of it. My rectum felt a slight burning sensation at being stretched so, but the pressure of his flesh within me was both soothing and stimulating.

Paul stopped once the head was inserted, and asked if I was all right. I told him it felt peculiar, but not unpleasant, and wondered what it felt like to him.

A blissful expression stole over him. “It is fantastic. You are hot and tight, a perfect delight.”

Hot and tight did not sound a very comfortable place to put one’s cock, but Paul assured me I would understand the pleasure when I tried it on him next. He wasted no further effort on conversation, clenching his thighs and pushing deeper into me. I clenched my own legs about his waist, drawing him closer as I bore the bulky intrusion within. I could not feel the exact texture, the skin-to-skin contact that my mouth had, but there was an overwhelming sensation.
of fullness and pressure and heat. Paul braced his hands alongside me and gave an angled thrust, burying himself fully and touching some phenomenally sensitive spot within me. My cock hardened at once and I cried out at the unexpected surge of pleasure that touch had given me.

“Again,” I begged, clasping my hands to his hips to guide him. Paul needed no urging, and began moving gently, rocking his hips as he thrust his cock through my hungry body. I think Paul intended to go slowly, to prolong our enjoyment, but again my instinctive arousal took over.

I held him tighter with my legs, thrusting up in faster rhythm, unable to get enough of the wondrous new sensation. My muscles clenched tight at each withdrawal, revelling in the sliding rub over them, then eased to allow him all the way back in, smacking up against my haunches and stabbing at that point of sensitivity within me. Paul’s face reddened and his eyes squeezed shut as he speeded his thrusts, pumping rapidly now and breathing in short moaning bursts. He strained deeply then, sunk fully in me but pressing his pelvis hard to my ass and quivering it in tiny circles. He was gasping something, a stream of guttural provincial French which I could not follow. His body stiffened and then jerked in a series of rapid spasms and then I felt warm wetness seeping through me. Paul groaned and thrashed his head as I pushed on, but when I paused he panted and ordered me not to stop. The pressure on my cockhead was considerable, but it felt slick and exciting, and I continued the penetration, determined to bury the length of my hard staff within his yielding body. Paul groaned again, but now I could detect pleasure in his cry, and it spurred me on.

“So big...” he moaned as I sank deeper within him. “Ah, how you fill me. You reach up to my heart.”

The buttery softness of his inner passage embraced me, hot and tight as he’d described, and so achingly good around me that I thrust hard the last inch, wanting only to feel him surround my entire length. Paul squirmed in my arms, his legs folded around my waist to lock me to him, and his hands clutching restlessly at my arms.

I took his reaction as permission to begin thrusting, and rocked back slightly to push in again. This brought an appreciative moan from my friend, and I began pumping myself back and forth with increasing force. Almost as exciting as the slick squeeze along my cock was the abandon with which Paul responded. His
face perspired freely and he panted as if he’d run a great distance, his hips writhing to meet my thrusts with solid jolts of contact. My cock seemed to swell to even greater dimensions as I felt again that surge of tenderness toward my vulnerable companion. The feeling washed over me, drenching me in a burst of love and affection for this man who shared such intimacy and trust with me. Now I understood the concept of making love.

I was thrusting very hard now, driving the breath from Paul’s lungs with each downward shove, panting along with him as if I too could not get enough air. It seemed all I could concentrate on, the warm tight wonderful sheath squeezing over my cock, the frantic urge to move, to rub harder and harder and burn with fire, and laced all through it the knee-weakening surrender to love.

I had orgasmed once already, and that gave me the respite I needed to prolong my current efforts. Time dissolved as we writhed together, my hard driving thrusts unremitting, Paul’s moans merging with the other sensations as I stabbed through him ever more forcefully. I felt a surge of heat rush through my loins and knew the moment was on me. Bracing my hands on Paul’s bunched shoulders, I drove myself into him as far as I could reach, threw back my head and howled my release. The ejaculation streamed from me deep into his body, making the passage even slicker. It pulsed for several seconds as I remained frozen in place, my muscles straining to lock me inside the soft body below. I felt Paul’s hands rubbing frantically between our bodies, then he splashed warm stickiness across my chest and stomach.

I lay on Paul, careful not to crush him with my weight, too sapped of energy to move further. He made no great effort to move either, letting his legs slip back to the ground and covering my hand with his as his eyes fluttered closed. I could hear his harsh breathing calm, and felt the racing thump of our hearts gradually slow.

I pulled my softened organ from him, and he gave a little sigh as his anus coiled shut behind its retreating bulk. He looked so appealingly sleepy and open that I kissed him again, letting my tongue mingle with his a moment; then I rolled back and pulled him around to be cradled in my arms. He acceded readily, resting his head on my shoulder and letting me wrap myself around him. The arousal had gone, leaving me more aware than ever of the melting tenderness he inspired in me.

“I will go with you to France,” I whispered to him, unable now to bear the idea of ever parting company.

He shook his head and slowly stroked the arm I’d wrapped around him. “No, I do not want you to.”


“You love being in love. It is all new and exciting, non? I am happy I have pleased you so. But I said I could not take advantage of your innocence, and I will not. What of Jane? Do you no longer wish to find her?”

I was troubled, for I did indeed want to find her, yet I did not want to part with my dearest friend. I didn’t answer.

“So. Then you go to America. I will provide you money and letters of introduction when we reach the port. You find Jane and tell her what you need to say. Then, after you have been with her, if you still want to return to me you may.”

He was a wise man, Paul d’Arnot. Once Jane and I were united we remained together from that day forth. But Paul is our dearest friend, and we remain in contact. I never slept with him again, but I always thank him in my heart for teaching me how to make love—and how to feel love.